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Pop Shots

Our quest art director this month is celebrity chef llan Hall-winner of the second season of Top Chef and the host of Knife Fight-whose restaurants in Brooklyn and Los Angeles are both called the Gorbals. Hall picked fetish model Masuimi Max as a tribute to his wife. and then worked with photographer Tammy Sands to cook up a superhot set of images that also capture the fun and playful atmosphere of the set. As he explains in his interview. "Masuimi is a goofball, in a good way. My life is injected with humor, and I feel like you can't take yourself too seriously-especially on a shoot with a woman who is naked most of the time. It's fun, and it's funny, and I think that is important to express.... The best parts of the shoot were the photos that were loose and fun, when it was not too serious." Check out the sexy results for yourself, beginning on page 35.



Point Blank

As part of the Penthouse brand's Golden Anniversary celebration, we're launching a feature called Point Blank. a monthly column dedicated to showcasing the vision, work, and talent of emerging photographers, Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and we want to see what they see. We kick things off with Kimberly Kane (above). You might know her from her work as an adult actress, or as an award-winning director. but this month she gives us a glimpse at just a few of her edgy, erotic photos, and tells us what inspires her work behind

the camera (page 50).



Chasing the Truth

Pretty much everyone has beard that Chase Bank closed the accounts of a number of pornistars but no one seems to know why. Michael Laufer, PhD. explores the rumors and attempts to ferret out the truth behind them, not to mention who at Chase could have made the decision to act against adult stars (page 59). Violet Blue reports on the larger issue of account closures and seizures, as well as denials of service, by a number of banks and payment processors. It's not just women on-screen who are at risk, and it's not just a question of bank accounts. You this article about how payment processors are managing to limit your access to sexual content, and how the real story is the war on

female entrepreneurs

industry (page 56).



The A to Z of

Beauties Of course the core of every issue of Penthouse is the gorgeous girls and this one is no exception. We've got naughty nudes to suit every taste, from stunning Pet of the Month Aspen Rae (page 64) and our Pet Cougar, Julie K. Smith (page 104), to the passionate pairing of Lena and Lexi (page 108) and the sultry Zafira (above, and starting on page 122). And be sure to allow yourself plenty of time to pore over our annual review of Pets in the 2015 Pet of the Year Playoff (page 86). It's time for the sexiest elec-









PIZZA AN



hat's a girl to do if she's free on a Friday night? If vou're Tracy, you round up your best girlfriends for a fun-filled sleepover. Tracy loves throwing parties. Sometimes it's just an intimate group, and sometimes it's a blowout with too many people to count. This particular night it was just Gina and me, and all we had to bring was the drinks. Tracy always provides food and

together, some of our first forays into kissing and experimenting were with one another. Now that we're in our thirties, our friendships are still solid. and just thinking about the last time the three of us got together is enough to amp up our libidos.

We could hear the music when we pulled into Tracy's driveway. The pizza had just arrived and we immediately began stuffing our faces between swallows of beer, while dancing around Tracy's living room.

I grabbed hold of Tracy and pulled her twat to my mouth, so the three of us were one grinding, squirming mass.

entertainment for her slumber parties (read: pizza and porn). After stopping for a couple of six-packs. I called Gina to let her know I was on my way. When I picked her up, she was waiting in front of her building with a small overnight bag and two bottles of wine. We were both giddy with excitement as we pulled into Tracy's driveway. We all enjoy screwing guys, but there's definitely something to be said for girls' night. Growing up

An hour and several beers later. we'd stripped off our clothing and were lounging in Tracy's huge bed, watching some hot girl-on-girl porn she'd ordered. Tracy and I had Gina sandwiched between us, and it didn't take long for us to start playing with Gina's huge tits. We'd always been a little jealous of her big boobs, but once we learned how sensitive they become when teased and sucked. they became our favorite playthings.

Pretty soon, the movie was reduced to background noise as Gina moaned and squirmed under our attention When I moved my thigh between her leas. I wasn't surprised at how hot and slick her pussy was. Tracy started kissing Gina and she pulled me closer. Then the three of us were exchanging kisses and touches. moaning into one another's mouth.

Tracy kissed her way down Gina's body, then pulled her sex up over her face and began licking and sucking her pussy Isconted behind Gina and went back to tonguing her ninples, moving from one side to the other, giving both equal attention. When Gina's body began quivering with pleasure. I made my way to the foot of the bed and shoved three fingers into Tracy's cunt. She pumped her pussy back against my hand. and I finger-fucked her, varying my strokes and twisting my fingers. She was hot and wet and my digits moved easily in and out. I worked her clit with my thumb and licked her pussy lips. Gina, having recovered, knelt next

to Tracy and gave her a couple of hard spanks. The third one was the charm. as they say, and Tracy came with a sharp scream and a shudder before collapsing on the bed.

Then Gina said it was my turn and crawled toward me. She buried her face between my legs and stroked my pussy with her tongue. I was getting more and more excited, moaning and crying out from her amazing oral skills, when she started making urgent sounds against my clit. I didn't have to open my eyes to know that Tracy was eating her out. I then grabbed hold of Tracy and pulled her twat to my mouth, so the three of us were linked, mouths to pussies. We were one grinding, squirming mass as we fucked and sucked one another to multiple orgasms.

When we finished, our faces and lips were wet with juices, and that's just the way we like it. We kissed, tasting one another and ourselves as we lay in one another's arms. Tracy found the remote and started the movie again. This time we actually watched it, and it was pretty erotic-but not as hot as our threesome!-B.K., via email More letters on page 132

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OUTOF THIS WORLD



Who could've predicted that one of the year's biggest movies would be led by a TV star and a raccoon? Add in that Chris Pratt (Parks and Recreation) was joined by the equally untested Duve Bautsta and a green skinned zo's stallana, and that cotasts vin Diesel and Bradley Cooper didn't show their faces. Crazy thinking, not genlus, right? Wiron; (Cardrains of the Gabay didn't) such dominate the box of fife; it won over even the grumplest

critics with its mix of fast-paced action, insane special effects, irreverent humor, and even a few sweaty-eyeball moments. In other words, it's basically a perfect superhero files. The Bills-ray combo pack includes loads of bonus material—such as deleted scenes, making-of featurettes, a gag reel, and a sneak peek at the upcoming Avengers sequel—that should hold you over until the 2017 Guardina follow—up. Exan Wahizera

Full Frontal Revealing entertainment

TAKING Director Clint Eastwood and his star, Bradley Cooper, line up their 2014 Oscarbids

in the Iraq war thriller American Sniper.

BRADLEY COOPER, SIENNA MILLER

It wouldn't be Orica' season without a movie from granite sculpture—turned-Hollywood legend Clint Eastwood—or, crone to thisik of it, increasingly respected leading man Cooper, broing to three-peat an acting nomination after Silver Linings Playbook and American Hutalic Cooper play Chris Krylic, the real-life US. Navy SEAL and rifernan deloployed to trace to help little toods in our favore seasor on Krylic similarly titled 2012 autobiography, this movie already freels like a Hut Locker-seque stam duck an action-pacied damma about good men under studiosial pressure. To his certific, Eastwood takes the view of the making damma about good men under studiosial pressure. To his certific, Eastwood takes the view of the making damma dout good men under studiosial pressure. To his certific, Eastwood takes the view of the mission accompanies honest sacrifice. We expect this one to deliver both realsman and unfussyl heroics—as well as anasticide to the remaile of Annie, also coming out this month.



THE HOBBIT: THE BATTLE OF FIVE ARMIES RENEDICT CUMBERBATCH, CATE BLANCHETT.

ORLANDO BLOOM

That's five armies, folks—not that we're talking oversill or anything. After three Jord of the Rings episce and a second trillogy almost completed, fans can't be blamed for feeling a touch of Middle-earth failighe. Halpe it's time to break the hobbit (corry), but not before director Peter Jackson goes big (before mercfully) going homely for this last installment. After things have us stoked, such as fire-breathing diagon? Smale, still at large and vicice by large-scale clashes and the chance to see the whole damn of the large-scale clashes and the chance to see the whole damn of the end already. One day in the future, the sheer size of Jackson's achievement will be appreciated—and perhaps missed.

REVIEW



ERENT VICE QUIN PHOENIX, JOSH BROLIN, CHRIS ROC

We'll follow director Paul Thomas Anderson anywhere: into Scientology's cultlike mania with The Master, down oil wells with There Will Be Blood, and, naturally, (balls)deep into the bodacious porn world of Boogie Nights. The director is going literary this time, with a freewheeling adaptation of Thomas Pynchon's stoner-detective mystery, starring a muttonchopped Phoenix making his wobbly way through a Nixon-era Los Angeles. Don't go in expecting The Big Lebowski, though: this one's its own beautiful animal. Rather, get yourself in the mood (cough, cough) and submit to the pot-scented spell of one of America's most uncompromising filmmakers.



TOPFIVE CHRIS ROCK, ROSARIO DAWSON

Maybe you were holding out hope for Rock to return triumphantly to the funny (and no, we don't mean another Madagascar paycheck). Frankly, this isn't that movie, But it's something better: a bona fide New York City romance, written and directed by its star, that actually deserves comparison to peak period Woody Allen. Rock plays Andre, a thinly veiled version of the stand-up's own highly skeptical self. He's a Hollywood actor whose impending wedding to a reality-TV succubus has him feeling lost. Enter spunky journalist Chelsea (Dawson), who, over the course of their walk-and-talk, reminds him of the good things in life. Soulful and honest, Top Five is a breakthrough.



HEBABADOOK SSIE DAVIS, DANIEL HEI

Claims of truly terrifying new horror films are as dubious as Bigfoot sightings. Sure, you can fake that freaked-out feeling with a Paranormal Activity sequel, but what about the real thing-what about a modern-day classic? We're prepared to go to that level of praise for writer/director Jennifer Kent's eerie feature debut concerning a widow, her preteen son, their spooky house, and a whole mess of psychological trauma. The title refers to a children's book that the two main characters pull off the shelf for some bedtime reading. Suffice it to say, the contents are inappropriate for kids, especially when everything starts playing out as written. Thriller fans: Don't miss this.○1-12

O READS

MULTIPLE CLIMAXES

The rise of internet porn is a catalyst for riotous family drama in Dutch novelist Peter Buwalda's gripping, genre-hopping debut.



BY PETER BUWALDA

Buwalda's dazzling debut novel opens with an epigraph from July 2007 Pet of the Month Sasha Grey before introducing the character

at the center of its outrageously pinwheeling plot, one Siem Sigeriusmath genius, intellectual celebrity. judo black helt and adulterous husband who turns to internet porn

after his paramour breaks off their affair because he won't leave his wife. Sigerius quickly develops a taste for one site in particular, only to realize that its star is none other than his stepdaughter, Joni. That's merely the beginning of this giddily twisting family drama, which blends literary depth with page-turning thrills.

OUTDOOR-ADVENTURE EXCERPT OF THE MONTH then be assembled to as guests. Ever. Even



Field & Stream editor Heavey's second collection of essays takes a wide-ranging, heartfelt, and humorous look at the outdoor lifestyle. The following selections, from a piece entitled "Camp Rules," fall in the latter category:

" • If a camp member should get lost, the distress signal is three shots, with an interval of ten seconds between shots. This is so members may distinguish between the truly lost and those who are merely poor marksmen

if he or she is a blood Any hunter observed missing a shot under 150 yards at a standing deer will have his shirttail cut off in the presence of all camp members that vening. However the "Henderson exception" stipulates that no hunter shall have more than three shirts destroyed in said manner per day. · A member shooting a buck under 100

member may gain no more than two antier points per hunting year, with a four-point maximum. To wit, a six-pointer may be referred to as an eightpounds live weight (or pointer the following doe under 70 pounds) season, and a tenmust leave the animal pointer the season where it drops. A party after, but will never including the shooter become a 12-pointer no matter how long the hunter lives members present will

retrieve the deer

Members hauling the carcass will express

incredulity at the im-

mense size of the

their backs. This is

camaraderie and

· A deer taken by a

group cohesion.

intended to promote

his first buck will, at that evening's dinner, be given the choice of eating either the right or left testicle of the ck. Cook will serve two hush puppies of not less than three inches diameter each to the boy. After a suitable silence, boy's father or quardian will say, "Hell, I'll make it easy for you, son," and consume one hush puppy whole. He will then smack his lips and declare, "Now that's a good testicle! Cellphones will be confiscated and

· Any boy shooting

dropped down the the outhouse, to be retrieved at their owners' convenience.'



BY MICHAEL CHRISTIE

Christie is a former professional skateboarder whose mother was afflicted with aggraphobia, and his lyrical, affecting coming-of-age novel tells the story of Will, an 11-year-old boy who can't recall ever having set foot outside his Thunder Bay, Ontario, home because his mother has convinced him that "outside" is rife with hazards and peril. When he does eventually explore the external world—with a newfound friend as his compass, and a skateboard as his vessel—Will finds there are challenges and dangers waiting for him, just not the ones his mother warned him about. Of a



SHAKE IT UP, BABY

A baker's dozen of our favorite records of the year all of which put new twists on established sounds.



Sarah Jaffe, Don t Disconnect

Twist: The velvet-voiced Jaffe completes her transformation from guitarstrumming singer/songwriter to electro-pop chanteuse.

and shout: The hooky, clever. Some People Will Tell You and the stark, powerful title song stand out on an album full of tuneful tracks in a genre Jaffe has effortlessly cliffed into. her dusty Texas rorots aside.



Against Me!,

Transgender Dysphoria Blues
Twist: It's all in the lyrics as singer, quitarist, and

founder Laura Jane Grace tackles a new topic, bellowing story-songs about gender dysphoria on the band s first recording since she came out as transgender.

and Shout: With a new drummer, Atom Willard, and bassist, Inge Johansson, Against Mel sounds re-energized, putting extra bite into its trademark rock-tinged punk.



Parquet Courts, Sunbathing Animal

Twist: The Brooklyn quartet stretches its sound beyond way beyond the jittery, Wire meets Jonathan Richman post-punk of its 2012 breakthrough, Light Up Gold, in a gleeful, ambitious expression of just how much more it s capable of doing.

and Shout: The harmonica-smeared, slow-building. She's Rolling and the trance-inducing Instant Disassembly both more than six minutes long chart interesting new territory, while the pogo-punk of Duckin and Dodgin and the ephedrine-fueled title track reassert their knack for frenetic guitar rave-ups.



Sunny Day in Glasgow, Sea When Absent

Twist: This dream-pop outfit strips away some of the gauzy layers that often accompany that style, to welcome effect: The songs are more direct and accessible with no shortage of gorgeous textures. and Shout! Low-

flying-angel vocalists Jen Goma and Annie Fredrickson steal the show no mean feat on a record crowded with highlights.



Bob Mould, Beauty & Ruin

Twist: Assembling all the styles he s ever worked in (apart from his oddball electronica phase), the alt-rock Godfather seamlessly braids them into his best album in years.

and Shout: Little Glass Pill is a dose of splintering H sker

D style hardcore; album centerpiece The War is an unflinching expression of grief over his father's passing.



Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Hypnotic Eve

Twist: Updating their late 1970s breakthrough records which it s easy to forget were lumped in with the punk/hew-wave movements goin at the time. That categorization wasn tstrictly accurate, but their music was appealingly raw back then, and they make a successful return to that sound here.

and Shout: If some young bucks from Austin or Brooklyn or Seattle had come up with that riff from American Dream Plan B (much less the lyrics), critics would ve been falling all over themselves to heap on the praise.



Sav Yes to Love

another way for hard-

core to be blistering,

by lodging singer

Meredith Graves s

piercing yowl at the

heart of the band s

back, and bashing

and Shout: We

Syracuse, New York.

quintet s name on

both an ironic and

appreciate the

unironic level.

drums.

churning maelstrom

of serrated riffs, feed-

Twist: Finding vet

Kelis, Food Twist: Following a career full of twists.

career full of twists, from her semi-init Caught Out There (and lits I hate you so much right nowl chorus) to her full-on hit Milkshake, the chameleonic Kelis teams up with TV On the Radio s Dave Sitek for an album of neo-soul and funk, with pospel and

indie-rock touches. and Shout: Kelis s voice has never sounded so raspy or sultry, and she tears hungrily into this tasty new material.



Freddie Gibbs & Madlib, Pi ata Twist: Matching

gravelly voiced streetrapper Gibbs with the off-kilter producer Madlib two great tastes that you wouldn't necessarily expect to taste great together. The terrific result is a gangster blaxploitation film on wax, as Gibbs described Pi ata. and Shout:

Standout tracks like Thuggin, Uno, and Deeper are like marble hard and smooth in equal measure.



Lone, Reality Testing Twist: Infusing

modern dance music with old-school hiphop grooves, blending analog rhythms with the luminous sounds of twentyfirst-century electronic music.

electronic music. and Shout: Lone, aka Matt Cutler, pushes boundaries but doesn t forget to be entertaining. Reality Testing may not be as Technicolor as his previous effort, Galaxy Garden, but it rewards repeat

listens handsomely



FKA twigs, LP1 Twist: The 26-year-

old Londoner with roots in Jamaica and Spain introduces glitchy, swoony, and experimental elements to contemporary R&B. and Shout: The juicity ambiguous line

When I trust you/ we can do it with the lights on from Lights On is the album's most overt hook. Pendulum swings over skittery, rattling percussion while twigs rolls out her trademark vocal accordations



Sturgill Simpson, Metamodern Sounds in Country Music

Twist: Injecting psychedelic religious-philosophical musings into super-traditional country music, as in Turtles All the Way Down, which compares various religious (and crackpot) perspectives to chemical means of enlightenment, concluding, Marijuana, I.S.D, psilocybil, and DMT/ they all changed the

way I see/ but love s the only thing that ever saved my life, and Shout: Simpson s commanding Merle Haggard style baritone adds a kind of disorienting authority to his lyrics about reptile aliens made of light.



Pallbearer, Foundations of Burden

Twist: Making a doom-metal album for people who don t like doom metal (much like Deafheaven did for black metal on last year s Sunbather), with singer/guitarist Brett Campbell's soaring, Ozzy Osbourne esque vocals acting as the key that opens the door to outsiders.

and Shout: Riffs lurching with the force and heft of Dreadnoughtus, massive tempo shifts, emotionally charged and deliberately paced ten-minutes-plus epics, loud-soft dynamics, and gasp melody. If you re a fan of heavy music, there s definitely something here for you. Dread or heavy music, there s definitely something here for you.







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■ Powder Surfer snowboard

Innes • \$349

This is a different breed of board, for rookie ridders and hard-charger-alike, religioned by a fam Diops our throad in shape to course through their brought end of the probability of the course through the hip powder as if it were a perspectually breaking www. (If even has a least, the as unificantly intended of bindings, this idl-woot board features contoured hooks that locky our board in place the course the hooks to differ that locky our brooks in place. You can set the hooks to differ and religious that the form for a goody or regular stance, and it is just 4.5 feating will fill and backcountry hikes—the perfect alternative to buying pricey lift its clickes at the food size resort.







■ Hero4 camera

GoPro • Black: \$499: silver: \$399

Hero cameras have been pinned to the fins of great white sharks and carried into the crater of a percolating volcano, so, yeah, GoPro's ubiquitous adventure cameras can handle your typical wipeout in the terrain park. The Hero4 is twice as powerful as its predecessor, capable of recording 4K video at 30 frames per second and spanning poster-worthy 12-megapixel pics at 30 shots per second. (If you miss your moment of greatness in photo mode, you can pull 8.3-megapixel stills from the video.) The cheaper silver model trades slightly on performance for ease of use (it can't pull stills from video, but comes with a built-in touch screen), but it's still more than capable of capturing cinema-quality video.



Lynx snowboarding boot DC • \$280

Designed to give flashbacks to boarders who spend the off-season skinning elbows in the skate park, the Lynx boot was modeled after the iconic 20-year-old skate shoe of the same name. The snowboarding version mixes style with sturdiness, and they're sewn from waterproof Wolverine suede that's been Scotchquarded against stains. The boots rely on old-fashioned laces instead of a boa system or other quick-tightening tricks, but a built-in ankle harness keeps your heel locked down, while the articulated sole gives you plenty of flex for park tricks. The simple design hides DC's Aerotech ventilation system, which wicks moisture away from your foot for comfort, preventing that swampy stank during the drive home.



■ Halo 28 JetForce Avalanche Airbag Pack Black Diamond • \$960

Whether you're a rich kid of Instagram on a heli-skiing excursion or a blue-collar boarder heading out-ofbounds, a wall of falling snow can ruin your winter. The awesomely named Halo 28 will at least give you a fighting chance in the event of an avalanche. Instead of single-use compressed-air cartridges, the bag relies on a rechargeable jet-fan to inflate an internal bladder. The bubble then deflates to give you an air pocket in the snow until help arrives (or till you can dig yourself to safety using gear from the dedicated avalanche-tools pocket). And it's more than just a life-saving pack, as it's bristling with pockets and straps for supplies for a day's worth of offpiste exploration.



■ Chase MIPS helmet

Scott • \$185 Nothing ruins a day on the mountain faster than blunt-force trauma and a helicopter ride to the ER. No helmet is better at saving your gray matter than Scott's Chase, which incorporates a Swedish technology called MIPS (Multidirectional Impact Protection System) that mimics the fluid barrier of your own brain, MIPS protects against glancing impacts as well as direct blows, preserving your skull in just about every type of bail. In addition to its hard-hitting technology, this is a comfortable and cool belmet (thanks to its advanced venting) that locks on using a simple rotary-adjustment system.OH &



DRIVING FORCE

THE SEOUL OF LUXURY

Kia takes on the best with surprising results.

By Bill Heald



t's a pretty impressive feat to start from the ground floor and work your way up to the (dare I say it?) penthouse. But this is exactly what Kia Motors has done-at least metaphorically speaking. This Korean concern came into the U.S. market with a line of affordable, economical cars and SUVs that added a feeling of quality and sportiness to the entry-level class. and in the short span of a couple of decades, it is now introducing a fullsize luxury/performance sedan that shows just how far the company has advanced. But c'mon-a rear-drive Kia with a 420-horsepower V-8 and every bell and whistle known to modern man? Is the world ready for such a conveyance?

After a week of fine motoring, the awayer for this reporter is a resounding "you betcha." The Kila K900 is not a sedan so much as a big, bold statement and a worthy contender in a very tough class. This flagship is nearly as big as two Kias used to be, with a wheelbase stretching almost 120 linches and a rear seat that would serve well he all minosition. And "ellipse serve well he all minosition," And "ellipse serve well he all mousters, and "ellipse serve well he all mousters, and "ellipse serve well he all mousters," and "ellipse serve well he all mousters, and a rear seat that would serve well he heart into this very charismostic minosition."

from the futuristic LED headlights to the massive trunk with its 15.9-cubic-foot capacity and power-operated lid. The V-8 is as smooth as the class demands, with a delicious exhaust note and impressive acceleration through all eight gears of its sophisticated transmission.

so, his clearly of main states of the main states o

To complement the sizable presence of the can, the main touch screen on our tester was a healthy 12.3 inches. Technology in the VIP package includes a head-up display, Lane Departure Warning, Rear Oranger Traffic Alert system, nadar-based and a very introjuing Surround View Monitor system. Kie explains that this latter system was four discreetly placed wide-angle mini cameras in the front, the rear, and on the outside

rearview mirrors. These provide a view of anything within several feet of the K900, from cats and small children to polar bears, so you have a good sense of what's happening outside the ship. In addition to potential safety benefits, these cameras also help you negotiate the car in tight spaces.

Additionally, the onboard 900watt Lexicon sound system sounds superb in the cabin's whisper-quiet sience. All the contemporary voice-activated and Bluetooth interfaces are present, and are integrated into Kia's UVO telematics software. IIVO is Kin shorthand for "Your Voice," and is a very comprehensive package, encompassing everything from onboard diagnostics to smartphone apps to help you remember where you parked. A favorite feature is the huge panoramic sunroof, which makes the already spacious interior feel all the more airy.

Which brings us to the comfort level of the interior-and the bar is set high for a car in this class and price point. Nappa-leather seating and a generous use of genuine wood trim ddle you and your passengers; the seats are both heated and ventilated-including the rear outboard seats, which also recline. The big question with this sizable luxury sleigh is whether the Kia label will dissuade fans of the usual high-end brands from taking a test ride in one. The car offers a very satisfying driving experience for thousands less, with a similar list of technology and refinement. There's also that awesome V-8, which may just tip the scales and find a home for this new sedan in many upscale garages.O+---

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine	Five-liter V-8
Power	420 horsepowe
Torque	376 foot-pound
Transmission	Eight-speed
	automatic
Front tires	245/45 R19

4,555 pounds

PERFORMANCE

Curb weight

Top speed 149 mph
Fuel capacity 19.8 gallons
EPA mpg 15 city/23 highway



FREEWHEELIN

WORK, PLAY OR HAUL THE HAY

Kawasaki's mechanized Sherpa does it all. By Bill Heald







I two sback in the seventies when a rather odd whicke appeared on the scene, and few realized at the time that the floodgates were open for a totally new kind of offroad machine. These odd ducks, called all-terrain vehicles (ATVs, of course), first sported three wheels with big balloon tries and a single saddle, and allowed farmers, ranchers, and sportsmen to get to hard-to-reach places that were tough even for dit bials of horses, which require even more skill to openate). Safety concerns due to high many rates for horses, which require even more skill to openate). Safety concerns due to high many rates for the seven the safety of the safety of the safety of the duck of the safety of the safety of the safety of the and cargo racks, thus greatly increasing their versatility. They became really popular with racers, since their powerful engines and modified suspensions made them a gas to thunder around tracks formerly used only by dirt biders.

As is the practice with just about anything with wheels, thate which grew to the point where an entirely new type of machine was born-the utility task vehicle (UTV). These rugged beasts are also known as side-by-sides, because instead of the motorcycleides tradem seating on smaller ATVs, this is a proper mini truck with a benth sead- and even a rear seal in certain models. The bland AdA, which is a task without a turne, and you best friend when you need to haul somethin accordance when the contraction of the state of the seal of

The durable drivetrain is powered by a stout, liquid-cooled V-twin, and consists of a new continuously variable automatic transmission and a transfer case with two-wheel drive. four-wheel drive, and 4WD low settings. The high-twel suspension has MacPherson struts up front and a De Dion rear suspension, with a tilling dump body that can haul 800 pounds, The Mule has the ability to pull 1200 pounds, so you could low an actual mule. A steel brush guard is standard to whack the weeds, and if you get contribed Rollow Protection System helps keep you unbruised. A sgreat as the standard Mule 4010

is, it really gets stoked when you start adding accessories, like a snowplow, enclosed cab, interior heater, or a hard or soft top. A.6.3-gallon tank ensures you can get there and back again, which is what a good Mule is all about.⁰—





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Gadgets that will help vou keep vour New Year's commitments

■ Blast Golf sensor

Blast Motion + \$150 Finding more time for golf is a mission doomed to failure; improving your skills in the time you have, however, is a perfectly reasonable resolution, especially if you equip your clubs with the Blast Golf sensor. Tinv and light (it weighs less than half an ounce), the sensor attaches to most regulation drivers and putters and records swings and strokes. The included app records your moves, discerning real from practice swings. detecting key metrics such as speed and loft. plotting it all on a graph for later analysis. It also captures real-time video reconstructions of your swings, turning you into a sort of real-life EA Sports character. Collect swings in a highlight reel and share them on social media for bragging rights.





■ Cobra Slim bag

Boog • \$195

This shoulder-slung briefcase accomplishes two resolutions: It organizes you and plays nice with the environment. The rugged, weatherproof exterior is made from a plastic yarn spun from recycled bottles. The padded laptop compartment can accommodate a 15-inch MacBook Pro or up to a 15.6-inch PC. An interior easy-access slip pocket protects your tablet or smartphone, while the zippered compartment on the front organizes your chargers, keys, pens, etc. A third slip pocket on the rear is ideal for magazines, documents, or a portfolio. The padded strap-constructed of nonslip seatbelt fabric-sticks to your shoulder without digging into it.



Oral-B SmartSeries 7000 toothbrush

Braun • \$219 You'll put your money where your mouth is with this pricey "smart" toothbrush, which connects via Bluetooth to a smartphone app (and, soon, a line of smart mirrors with built-in displays). But if you'd rather spend more money now and less time in the dentist chair in 2015, the Oral-B 7000 will help you attack plague better than any toothbrush on the market. More than just a monitor for your brushing habits, the app turns oral hygiene into a game, showing goals for each session (tonguecleaning achievement unlocked!) and time checkpoints for your mouth quadrants Sensors in the brush warn when you brush with too much gusto and start scouring away enamel. Your dentist can even program customized brushing routines to target your trouble zones.



■ iGrill² thermometer

Sure you could spend this year learning another language or losing 20 pounds or growing as a lamma bringing. Not yell choose such selfath resolutions when you could benefit all bor menty? I'll the cliff—a smort could be could



Six-fret model: \$30: four-fret model: \$25 If you're determined to finally improve your quitar-shredding cred, do yourself-not to mention everyone within earshot—a favor and practice with this silent tutoring tool which consists of the guitar's business end: the wooden neck complete with real strings and frets It extends from a pocketfriendly plastic case with raised ridges to simulate strumming. The four-fret model is good enough for practicing chords, while the six-fret version lets you work on chords and scales. Both models help you build call uses and master fancy fingerwork without looking too dorky or annoving your neighbors.





■ Transporter backup drive Transporter, Inc. • \$99 to \$349.

depending on hard-drive options Nothing makes the blood boil like a technical snafu-a system crash, accidental overwrite, failed backup, etc.-that devours hours of your productivity. Vow to reclaim that loss of life with a backup device. Billed as a "private cloud network." Transporters automatically organize and save your documents photos tunes and videos on an internal hard drive (except for the external base model) and share that data across all your devices via a Wi-Fi connection. The software even saves versions of documents so you can go back and restore files that vou've accidentally overwritten. Unlike online cloud services such as Dropbox or SugarSync, a Transporter doesn't have any subscription fees. You just buy the device and install the software (or app).



■ Hexoskin smart shirt

Hexoskin • \$399 and up This "biometric" shirt, made from sweatproof textile sensors developed with the help of NASA, helps improve your quality of life while reducing your quantity of flab. A slim Bluetooth transmitter sewn into a seam transmits 3,000 points of info each minute, including heart rate, calories burned, breathing rate and volume, activity level, acceleration, and much more. The smartphone app breaks down all that data to give you the big picture of your fitness and stress levels. Wear it to bed and the Hexoskin even records your snoozing positions and cardiovascular activity. (Fortunately, the shirt is machine washable and dries quickly, so you can switch it between fitness and paiama duty with little fuss.)OH n



Last year, my fiancée (now wife) and I went out on New Year's Eve to an awful club in the city with a group of friends. We were bored and buzzed in less than an hour. After she dragged me away to help her find a bathroom, we noticed that the entire second floor of the club was closed to the public. I made a joke that it would be a good place to screw, because we'd both mentioned the nublica sex fantasy in recent weeks, and we proceeded to do just that. It was some of the best sex I've ever had, even though we ultimately got caught and were tossed from the bar.

This New Year's Eve, I want to do it all over again. Not at the same club, but wherever she drags me to to watch the ball drop. But she's sworn off public sex since that night, so she's not into the idea. How do! make my New Year's wish come true?

irst, let's all make a resolution to stop

fucking complaining but of the ways Eve. It is about going out for New Year's Eve. It is not like someone put a Glock to your head, made you ton a suit, and dragged you out to an open bar. It's a free country, and no one has to go out. The new year comes whether you're out celebrating or not. Stop ruining addiness. Stay home. Eat leftovers. Shut the fucks of the ways of the w

Now for the sex question: Don't bother trying to "make your wish come true." First off, no great sex take starts with "after she wasn't into it." a starts with "after she wasn't into it." of great sex take the start she wish that she wasn't into it." of great sex You can't re-create any amazing moment in life, especially when it comes to fucking. You had an amazing experience, and what's done is done. You can knock public sex off your sexual bucket list. This year, focus on creating a new New year.

an empty bar room.
Maybe just stay
home and screw all
night. Oh, right, you
can't. You have to
go out. Of—na

HEY, PUSSYCAT

Whiskeylike and way aromatic, the once-forgotten Old Tom gin is scratching its way back. By Joshua M. Bernstein

ne day in 2006, Ransom Wines & Spirits founder Tad Seestedt was dining with cocktail historian David Wondrich at McSorley's Old Ale House, a Manhattan landmark since 1854. The Oregon distiller mentioned that he was keen to create a new gin. "Why not make an Old Tom?" Wondrich suggested.

What's an Old Tom? As Wondrich

explained, it was a gin that would've been right at home in a mid-nineteenth-century bar, Back then, Old Tom was England's and America's dominant gin. (The name's origins are murky, though most lore revolves around a black cat-the namesake Tom.) Unlike the intensely aromatic London-dry style, which was developed later, Old Tom was heavier and more lush, with a sweetness supplied by malt, botanicals, or sugar Consider it the balanced midpoint between malty Dutch genever and London dry. Guided by Wondrich's research. Seestedt tinkered with test batches

for two years before hitting on a winning recipe. The distilller blended a wort made from malted barley with a high-test corn spirit perfured with angelica root, cardamon, Juniper, and was put through a pot still, then aged in French oak for up to six months. Old Tom emerged with a bourbonlike hua, a sweet undercurrent, and a beguiling botanical nose. "It has appeal to whiskey drinkers who may present the properties of the properties of the proporties of the properties of the proton of the properties of the properties of the proporties of the properties of the properties of the proporties of the properties of the properties of the proporties of the properties of the properties of the properties of the proporties of the properties of the properties of the properties of the proporties of the properties of the pro

Unlike with whiskey or bourbon, barrel aging is not a necessary step in Old Tom's production. "Barrel aging was meant to replicate what would have happened 150 years ago," Seestedt says, explaining that spirits were typically transported in barrels.

When it comes to reviving Old Tom, each distillery has its own technique. In Brooklyn, Greenhook Ginsmiths ages its Old Tom in old bourbon and sherry barrels, while London's Hayman's uses juniper and licorice

root to flavor its lightly sweet, incredibly balanced version. Relying on Charles Tanqueray's careful notes from the 1830s, that company's master distiller from Nichol redistills angelica root, icorica, and juniper, then blends in unaged wheat spirit (it adds body) and a bit of sweetners made from best sugar. The result is silkier than lingerie, with a lick of sweetners that keeps it far foo drink-weetners that keeps it far foo drink-

As for consuming old from, "It can be served in almost all drinks, be it a cocktall, straight, or on the rocks," Nichols ass, He favors the gin in a lemony form Collins, a classic cock-tall hat conjently incorporated of the straight of the straight of the constant of the straight of th

FOUR TO TRY



Greenhook Ginsmiths Old Tom Gin

The Brooklyn distiller's juniper-focused, 100-proof Old Tom spends a year slumbering in old bourbon casks before it's finished in sherry barrels.

Ransom Old Tom Gin

Rich, malty, and given depth due to a stint in French oak, the Oregonmade Old Tom is excellent on the rocks or mixed in a Martinez.

Tanqueray

Inspired by founder Charles Tanqueray's classic recipe, this limited-edition Old Tom is a velvety and voluptuous easy-sipper. You'll love the notes of licorice.

Hayman's Old Tom Gin

At the behest of London bartenders, the family-run distillery dug deep into its recipe archives and released this Old Tom, which thrums with juniper and licorice root. Other

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SMILEY FACE



EXCLAMATION POINT



LIGHTNING BOLT





TIC-TAC-TOE



ANARCHY



HEART







a Jizzing cock

THE "MONA LISA"

ABSTRACT





36 PENTHOUSE CO



Have you ever done anything like this before?

Never in my life.

Was there any hesitation? Was this the type of opportunity that you had to talk yourself into?

No. I'm pretty open. I'm not afraid of nudity. I've viewed my fair share of naked photos, so it actually was ... I was a little nervous leading up to it—not nervous, I just didn't know what to expect, and it was lovely. All the people, the whole crew was great. Mad agood time.

How was it, being on-set for a Penthouse photo shoot?

Going at it from a seven-year-old's perspective, which is when I really first started to care about boobies. there is that little kid inside of you who's like, Oh, my God. I'm actually going to be directing a woman who is going to be naked? There was a little bit of that. But once you're on-set, everybody's so professional that those thoughts just completely dissolve. Not in a bad way. Just in the sense that this is a job. I took it as a job, everyone else who was working there took it as a job, and Masuimi took it as a job. Everybody was so professional and so organized that it was a different experience from what many would think. Directing a woman in various scenes and poses minus her clothes is not a sexually charged

What was the inspiration or story behind you selecting Masuimi as your model?

I wanted to emulate elements of my wife. I wanted to bring in elements of





why I think she's beautiful and how much I love her. To have her be a part of this.

And Masuimi is a precise representation of your wife?

No, not at all. My wife can't be replicated. But there were elements of inspiration within Masuimi that I

love and wanted to express visually. What were these elements of

inspiration? My wife is half Asian. Masuimi is half

Asian. My wife has big, full, beautiful lips, as does Masuimi. And then I just wanted to express more of my wife's fun and playful side.

Tattoos?

Well, my wife has a lot of tattoos. It's a part of her that I think is beautiful.

So does your wife also have really big boobs, or was that just a happy accident?

[Laughs] I have no—what's the word? I have no prejudice against any type of breasts. My wife has beautiful breasts. Masuimi's are significantly larger. They're surprisingly large for how small she is.

What do you find to be the hottest thing about your wife? What were you really trying to share? My wife's personality is what I love

the most, and I wanted a representation of when we first met how (un she is and how silly she can be. I fell in love with her over a joke, and I feel like that's important. Humor in a relationship keeps it sane. I wanted the shoot to reflect the personality of who I fell in love with and why I fell in love with her.

Masuimi really seemed to open up when you told her to get a little loose.

Totally. Because Masuimi is a goofball, in a good way. My life is injected with humor, and I feel like you can't take yourself too seriously-especially on a shoot with a woman who is naked most of the time. It's fun, and it's funny, and think that is important to express.

How did the setting play into the story you wanted to tell?

I wanted to be in a beautiful house with a beautiful view (even though we didn't actually use any of the view). But I wanted it to be a really pretty backdrop to a really fun event. I have a certain style and aesthetic for how I like a home. The same is



true for my wife. I love mid-century architecture, and the house was just that. It had a lot of outdoor space, and it had a pool, and a beautiful view, and it had a fire pit. These are all visual elements that I love.

You were pretty particular about wardrobe as well.

Yeah. I wanted it to be sort of loose bedroom stuff, like a tank top and underwear. Not too overtly sexy, but sexy because it's on her.

I like how you tapped into the fantasy about the strong, powerful woman who reveals her softer, sexier side behind closed doors.
[Silence]

Or maybe that's just a fantasy I have and I'm projecting it onto you and your shoot.

your snoot.

My wife is incredibly successful on her own. I met her when she was already completely self-made. And it's not even really a fantasy for me. [For) my entire life, i have had very strong women as role models, and leel comfortable when I'm with a woman who has her own opinions. Who does not need me financially. Who is my partner rather tham my property.

Is there a picture, or a scene, or a moment from the shoot that stands out to you?







Man, I would have sworn your favorite setup was when Tammy was taking your picture in front of the fire pit. It felt like we woke up a sleeping bear.

That was my favorite scene because I do like getting sexy in front of the camera, you know.

Do you have a favorite body part? Yes. I love my calves.

Do you have a favorite body part on a woman? Yes. I like legs. They are very





important. Masuimi has beautiful

Anything jump out at you on-set as being surprisingly hot or erotic?

Yeah. Not that it was startling to me, but the best parts of the shoot were the photos that were loose and fun, when it was not too serious. Being naked and being at home should be a celebration. It should be fun. I think the fire-pit stuff was fun because when we were all laughing, the best things came out. I like the welrd, slilly pitching of Mostimi just smilling pitchings of Mostimi just smilling the control of the property of the should be funded they for beautiful shots, but they are not that fun.

Did you hold anything back? No, I was just sort of rolling with it

to see where it took us. It was a new experience for me, and I didn't really know how it was going to go, so I just let it become what it was going to be.

In hindsight, do you wish you had done anything differently? No. I live my life with no regrets.

That's pretty bold statement. It's true though, Listen, Irry to do my best are person, as a businessman, as a husband, I but a lot of effort into elements of my life and litean from everything. I make mistakes, but I can't be mad at the fact that I've made mistakes because i'r an huma being. So, with that, I try to live my lot of the second of the lot of the lot of defending people. I cent feel pool about it! If say something offensive I don't say. Fuch it. I happened.**
But to a certain degree, you can't kill yourself over the past, 50 there.

Did the shoot and the pictures meet your expectations?

I go into situations that are new to me with no expectations. And this was fun. It was great.

Sure, but seeing the photos— It was a successful photo shoot, Raphie.

Raphie.

Are you giving me attitude?

[Laughs] You're such a shitty

interviewer.

I'm putting that in your article. [Laughs] Put in whatever you want!

But seriously, Ilan, you know I'm just—







THEY BROUGHT THEIR

By blending family-friendly entertainment with Slap Shot-style antics, the minor-league Danbury Whalers have found a formula for success.

By Matt Caputo



ulian Fraser is listed at six-fontthree, 215 pounds. in the Danbury Whalers game program, but that second stat may be a bit inflated. The wiry 22-yearold looks to be about a buck-ninety. but whatever he lacks in bulk, he makes up

for in grit. "Let's go to fucking war tonight, boys," he growls through a gap in his top front teeth a Zamboni could fit through, clomping with the rest of his teammates toward their home rink at the Danbury Ice Arena. "If we work hard it won't be a fucking game!" howls back Mike Brown. a veteran minor leaguer and the Whalers' starting goalie. It's hockey night in Danbury.

Connecticut, and the Whalers will skate in front of a packed house for the start of a three-game home stand. the last of the season. "Packed," that is, by the standards of the Federal Hockey League (four teams last year; six on tap for 2014-15)-a weekend bus-travel circuit composed of young guys trying to scrap (often literally) their way up the pro-hockey ladder. and older guys skating out their final days as "pros." (Hockey-movie aficionados will recognize the name "Federal League"-it's not an accident, but more on that later.)

There are about 2,300 spectators

in the building tonight, taking up most of the seats and all of the good standing room around the glass. Count the kids skating under disco lights in the adjacent rink, ladies working the concession stands, the cops and fire marshals, and you could claim the attendance approaches 3.000 people. The arena is a rowdy downtown "barn" where the home team plays a rough and emotional—as opposed to skillful and strategicbrand of hockey. There isn't a video scoreboard and most seats are bleachers, but there's cheap beer, great sight lines, and the occasional fistfight. It's the Whalers' last Fridaynight home game of the year, and everyone in the building gets pumped when the puck drops.

Tonight's opponents—the Danville Dashers—took a 14-hour bus ride to get here from Illinois, and they've been in last place for most of the season. Brown's pregame how! proves accurate, as the Dashers play like a last-place team stiff from a long bus ride, and get outskated early. The Whalers score on their first shot and glide to a 5-z win.

LOYAL LOCALS

Postgame, the action shifts to Two Steps Downtoon Grille, a dimin jit bar/ restaurant that is one of four places in the Whaller's packed with Whaller's area, and it's packed with Whaller's fans looking to raise some victory beers. Tonight, injured Whallers veteran Matt Carancii st the first quy with a pitcher in his hand, chattle with a pitcher in his hand, chattle is inception.

"I've been through a lot of minorleague hockey cities, and I've never seem more loyal or passionate fans," Caranci says, refilling his pint glass. 'The lifestyle is that you're living on buses and out of a suitcase for weeks at a time. At this level, for guyst to play for what we're making, they've got to really, truly love the eatme."

Danbury is a city of roughly 80,000 people. Before minor-league hockey arrived in 2010, the city's biggest claims to fame were its nationally ranked NCAA Division III Western Connecticut State University ("West-Conn") Colonials football team and its Federal Correctional Institution, which housed George Jung, the drug-dealing antiherroof the movie Blow.

Ninety minutes by car from the home of the NHL'S New York Rangers, and roughly an hour from each of Connecticut's two NHL affiliated minor-league clubs in Bridgeport and Hartford, Danbury has proved to be an ideal place for an independent pro team to devole fan base, but, mind you, the story of hockey in Danbury is not something out of Mayberry.

THE DON OF DANBURY The man who brought hockey to the

The man who brought hockey to the city—the man they call the "Godfather of Danbury Hockey"—is, well, a godfather, its name is James Galante, and he was a trash-disposal mogul with ties to the Genovese crime family. Before he pleaded guilty to charges of racketeering, wire fraud, and defrauding the IRS, Galante owned waste-management businesses reportedly worth \$100 million. In 2004, he bought franchise rights in 2004, he bought franchise rights in the now defunct United Hockey League, a second-tier minor league, for \$500,000. Naming his club the Danbury Trashers (note, that's Trashers—after his business—not Thrashers), Galante installed his 17-year-old son, AJ, as team president. (Why Tra Soyramos never fectionalized this we'll never know, the

wild sharled sevent in 2.0.

The Tashers brought in the best talent they could, and they quickly became a contender in the UHL, but their road to success was litered with hadry deals. Galante paid players and various companies, circumventing the UHL salary cap by nearly half a million dollars. In 2006, after Galante was hit with 72 criminal charges and then sentenced to 87 months in prison, the Trashers folded:

LIFE IMITATES ART

A few teams in floundering regional leagues tried to fill the void but no club lasted two seasons. Finally, in 2010, a scrap-metal king from Brooklyn named Alan Friedman and a career minor-league baseball executive named Herm Sorcher came up with the idea of bringing the Whalers back to Connecticut-13 years after the NHL's Hartford Whalers packed up and left for North Carolina. Instead of trying to join one of the existing minor leagues. Friedman and Sorcher helped found their own-the Federal League, or "the Fed"-and put their new Danbury Whalers into it.

If it weren't for Danbury, there probably wouldn't be a Federal Hockey League at all-in real life, anyway. The original Fed exists in the movie Slap Shot (where it will live forever, since Slap Shot is the greatest sports movie of all time, but that's another article). Sorcher, Friedman. and the league's other investors lifted it wholesale for the name of their league. And the similarities don't end there: If you put some thick-framed glasses on the wiry long-haired Whalers scrapper Julian Fraser, he could easily take the place of one of the Hanson brothers on their promotional tours. One of the Whalers' first publicity stunts, in 2010, was to sign wild-man pro skateboarder Mike Vallely to a contract with the team. To play. Ice hockey. Vallely, who would go on to a stint as the lead singer of







Black Flag (we're not even making this up), got into a fight in the first shift of his first game with the team and this first game with the team and the same that the same that two games the next season before calling a halt to his pro-hockey career. Fe's still tops among Whalers player jersey sales. "We ve probably had orders for about six Mike Vallely jerseys over the years now," Sorcher says with a chuckle.

FAMILY-FRIENDLY, LIKE VEGAS

The Danbury Ice Arena is too small for second-tier minor-league hockey by today's standards, so the level the Whalers and their ilk occupy hovers just slightly above "glorified beer





league." You could even argue that the FHL was created to give Danbury a league to play in, with the other outfits invited in to try to emulate the Whalers' success in Danbury. Of the original six (ha!) FHL teams, only the Whalers remain in their original location. There aren't a lot of highquality skaters in the Fed or a ton of tape-to-tape passes, but the Whalers are the defending champs, there's the aforementioned affordable brew, the Danbury fans aren't afraid to cut loose, and there are plenty of activities for the kids. It's here that the Slap Shot comparisons start to wane. Danbury takes a decidedly familyfriendly approach to their enterprise. Fights do happen, but not much more often than they do in the NHI. The Whalers enforcer Fraser racked up 139 penalty minutes in 34 games last season, a not-too-crazy average of about four minutes per game.

At one time, fighting sold lots of tickets in minor-league rinks, especially in the southeastern United States. Goons from Canada and New England populated the minors and became stars in their own right, legends beloved by diehard local fans and internot hockey neeks. Whalers coach Phil Esposito-hilariously not the hockey Hall of Famer of the same name-was a minor-league enforcer known as "Fighting Phil" during his decade-plus on the hardscrabble circuits.

"In 11 years I got into a couple hundred fights. I understand why I the NHL1 wants to do away with fighting, but I think it takes away from the game." says Esposito, still looking capable of breaking a nose or two. "They want to make the game more family-oriented and less violent so they can put it on TV. but the funny thing is, everything you see on TV now is violent.

"When I was playing I didn't like the banter that went on between the two teams. When I lined up against a guy the only thing I wanted to do was hurt that quy." Esposito says, "It's a totally different style of game now. Totally different."

Danbury, like most minor-league teams these days, has recognized that a family atmosphere drives group ticket sales. And since most leagues have shortened rosters, enforcers are

"With the Hartford and Bridgeport AHL teams so close, people wonder how we can compete," says Sorcher, who was an intern for the Hartford Whalers during his college days, "We show people a good time."

On Saturday morning, a Whalers booster has set up tin trays of hot food after the team's morning skate. There's a game later, so it's mostly rookies and guys like Caranci who are nursing injuries in attendance. The boys are all hungry once they're off the ice, but they peel back the covers on the tin travs to find some soggylooking corned beef and cabbagelikely held over from St. Patrick's Day the Monday before.

"Lunch smells like a sweaty pair of hockey underwear today," says one Whaler.

While the players walk around in various stages of undress, two of the most seasoned members of this year's roster are holding court in the tiny lounge area, which is squeezed into a hallway between the team's offices and locker room. Plopped on the couch next to Coach Esposito. veteran goalie Brown is tending to the tape on his stick. A Syracuse, New York, native, Brown was drafted by the Boston Bruins in 2003 and spent some time with their ton farm team The closest he came to the NHL was when he was on-call as a backup goalie for the Bruins. He was once a few hours away from getting the call. until the team traded for another goalie on game day, costing Brown his chance to dress in the show.

"The [Federal] league has its issues with [only] four teams. ridiculous travel, getting sticks and equipment, and getting paid on time," says Brown, who works in the maintenance department of an auto dealership when he's not playing. "Off the ice, there's that group looking to get to the next level, and another looking to have fun and look to the next stage of their life."

When they're not on the ice or the bus, the Whalers enjoy their share of partying, as well as the kind of micro, hyperlocal celebrity the Charlestown Chiefs enjoyed. There are late nights. more complimentary beers, and plenty of women. And while the Whalers may never see their jerseys hanging from the arena rafters, they do have some good stories-even heroic ones. Like the time in November 2010 when former Whalers Devin Guy and Ryan Donovan jumped out of the team bus on the way home after a road game and pulled a woman from a pickup truck that had spun out of control, flipped into a ditch, and rested precariously against a tree. Guy and Donovan risked being crushed underneath the truck to free the driver. They were honored by the Red Cross and cited for heroism by local police.

Then there are the uh less honorable tales. Like the one about the veteran defenseman who, in a moment of drunken foolishness. pulled two live lobsters from a tank with his bare hands at a chain restaurant and dangled them in front of his son in jest. The post-practice drinking session had started with a drink-and-dash at a downtown bar and ended with one of the three

players involved having all his possessions emptied onto the lawn outside his apartment by his enraged girlfriend. This one is known, euphemistically, as "the Lobster Story."

There's also according to some a "Super Bowl-Suite Group Sex" story. but the details and the accompanying video have been lost to history.

EXORCISING THE DEMONZ Saturday night presents Danbury's higgest challenge of the home stand The Dayton Demonz are in town-

having traveled from Ohio (679 miles arena-to-arena) in an ancient bus that was once used for Walt Disney tours and still has temporary Tennessee plates. The Demonz met the Whalers in last year's Commissioner's Cup Finals and recently knocked Danbury from first place

The Dayton and Danville Dashers franchises have been relatively stable since entering the league two and three years ago, respectively. Both play in real arenas as opposed to ice rinks, but neither can match the Whalers' fan base-in fact, it's been hard for other teams to even match the level of success that Dayton and Danville have enjoyed in Danbury's shadow

"In the league's infancy, I was paying for other teams, their travel. \$1,000 here and \$10,000 there," says Friedman. "Year two, another team can't make it, so I put my foot down. I'm not letting just anyone in the league just to have a local road trip. because I know I'll end up paving for them by March."

So Friedman is pleased with the emergence of Dayton and Danville. but on this Saturday night, he'd like nothing more than to put the Demonz back on their bus following a good hiding. Danbury takes a 2-1 lead, and late in the second period, the Whalers' Tim Richter and Dayton's Brett Wall square off for the only fight of the entire home stand.

The fisticuffs seem to fire up the Whalers, and they close out the game by a score of 5-1. Afterward, Esposito is in on the loke when one of the Whalers delivers a "shaving-cream surprise attack" on the team's media play-by-play man during the coach's postgame interview.

KEEPING THE PRIVATEERS AFLOAT

Sunday night's game starts at 5 p.m.after the usual complement of about a dozen ceremonial face-offs. A group of local grammar school students receive awards from the Whalers for improving their grades. There's a gang of wrestlers promoting an event at a high school-they get to drop pucks, too. The crowd at Sunday's game is about half the size of Friday's and Saturday's, but it's still a good turnout. And the Whalers are wearing replica jerseys from the old New Haven Nighthawks. a beloved AHL club that operated from 1972-1992

The Watertown Privateers are visiting; they're a club being financed by the other owners in the league since the Privateers' ownership group ran out of money toward the end of the season. Having played in a neutralsite game in Connellsville, Pennsylvania (where the FHL hopes to place a team), the night before, the Privateers are winded and lose 5-2.

After the game, fans are invited to "Skate With the Whalers" and turn victory laps with the players. Later, the party moves to TK's American Cafe for beers and Buffalo wings. The owner Tom Kennedy was sponsoring the Whalers' annual New Haven night.

Kennedy goes on to note how much hockey has done for downtown Danbury, and it's true: The sport has given the town-geographically wedged between the edges of New England and the suburbs of New York City-an identity. It's a hockey town, and guys. who play here exist in a bubble where they're treated like they're members of the New York Yankees by locals, if not by owners. It's a place where families can come to a game at a reasonable price, and players can find a way station in their careers-wherever they're headed next.

"I'd gone to training camp with the Philadelphia Flyers before I worked in the oil and gas industry for two years," says Igor Karlov, an original Danbury Whaler. "The industry was unstable, so I went back to playing." None of the Whalers are really sure

what they'll do when their playing days end. Most, like Caranci and forward Matt Crowley, lack college degrees, but they're happy with the cheap pitchers and easy access to New York City that being part of the Whalers affords them, Karlov, 28, is joining the National Guard when the season ends. Defenseman Shaun Fisher, who turned pro in 2001, is

playing again after taking three years off. He painted houses with his uncle and felt lost until he decided to lace 'em up again. It's not an uncommon scenario in the Fed. Recause despite the long bus trips late paychecks, and shitty lunches. the Whalers provide a chance for guys to get paid (a little bit, anyway) to play the game they love in front of appreciative fans.

"This is my six-month vacation when I come here " says Fraser sucking a beer through his missing front tooth. "I bust my balls all summer calibrating oil wells back in Alberta. My friends back home working might have more money in their pockets, but I've got the better stories."OH m







KIMBERLY KANE

For the past half century, Penthouse magazine has been a celebrated resource dedicated to honoring the raw appeal of the female form. Now, with Point Blank, we're once again showcasing the vision, work, and talent of emerging photographers.

Kimberly Kane has worked as an erotic model, a porn star, and a director. Here, she tells us what inspires her as a photographer.



"I love shooting women involved in the adult-film industry because they're my kind of people. We're all misfits, and we're all one big, weird family."







"I remember the first time I saw a Penthouse magazine. I was rifling through some of my dad's stuff when I happened upon a porn stash. I wasn't old enough to see the images as sexual. To me, even at that time, they had a profound and powerful allure. The photo set that struck me the most was an Amazon queen in her jungle throne room. She had a hig black bush and sat nude on her throne. This was the first of many powerful erotic images I would see in my life and ultimately try to capture.

"I entered the adult business right before my 20th birthday, in 2003. I started directing movies in 2005, and got into photography in 2007. In that time. I've been nominated for and won awards for my directorial efforts. My photography has been published in mainstream magazines and books, most notably Vice magazine and the Taschen book The New Erotic Photography 2. For the past four years, I've been mainly shooting with a film camera, which is a painstaking process given the quick-turnaround demands of publication. However, I've always been more satisfied with the outcome of my film photography, because often the mistakes I make while shooting with film can be really beautiful surprises. "I love shooting women

involved in the adult-film industry because they're my kind of people—free-spirited, hardworking, and usually with no ego, which can be said for most of the industry in general. We're all misfits, and we're all one big, weird family:"O—F



Strong Strong

Liv Jagrell of Sweden's Sister Sin has powerful pipes, a hot body, and can definitely kick your ass. With their fifth album, *Black Lotus*, and a fall European tour under her belt, she's poised to dominate the U.S. heavy-metal scene. By Christine Colby

ister Sin vocalist Liv Jagrell's voice transcends most modern metal singers, invoking more the classic, soaring sound of Judas Priest's Rob Halford or maybe even Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson. When she's not recording or on the road, her "day job" is just as metal—she's a personal trainer who can kick

just as metal—she's a personal trainer who can kick your ass and make you do squats till you puke. In the wake of the release of their fifth album and an extensive European tour, we caught up with Jagrell to talk about the steamy shoot in these pages, being a metal maven, and how she keeps that body fit.

What was it like doing the photo shoot for Penthouse? Me and the photographer, Jen Hell, and makeup

artist, Therese [Skrinjar], had so much fun! We played around with lighting, fans, and smoke. I'm very happy with the result. Jen Hell is really awesome and easy to work with.

Were you nervous at all?

Not that much. I've wanted to shoot with Jen for a long time, so finally we made it happen. But, of course, I was a little bit nervous—it's a big magazine and I wanted to look the absolute best.

Were you in any bands before Sister Sin? Yes, I've been in several bands before, but nothing

res, i ve been in several bands before, but nothing big or famous. I started my first band when I was 15 years old (I'm 34 now), and since then music has been my everything.

What is your vocal background? Well, when I first got the idea that I wanted to be a

rock star, I actually wanted to be a guitarist, so I got into playing the guitar. I started my first all-girl band, but we didn't have a singer, so I jumped on that, too, and realized that it was so much funl And I wasn't that good of a guitarist anyway, so I ditched the guitar and focused on the vocals instead.

Do you find yourself more influenced by femaleor male-fronted bands? I'm definitely more influenced by male metal

singers. Mostly because there weren't so many female ones when I grew up, not at least who sounded like I wanted them to—heavy, balls-to-the wall kind of vocals with a lot of attitude, but also with great range and pitch. So I decided I would be the one. Today, there are many more cool and powerful female metal singers. In other genres, I had idols like Aretha Franklin and Eva Cassidy.

Sister Sin originally was looking for a male singer. What was it about you that changed their minds?

Myself and [drummer] Dave [Sundberg] are the founding members. He'd kind of started the band and played a little, but it was after I and later Jimmy [Hitula] joined that we became Sister Sin for real. When I first tried out, they wanted the whole Mötley Crüe thing with a good-looking male singer. But







it was my attitude and the fact that my voice had more balls and power than any male they tried out. At least that's what they told me. And they hired me on the spot!

Do you find people make assumptions about you as a female rocker as opposed to the male members of the band? Yes, like that my band just wanted me because I

look good, not for my talent, and stuff like that. Also, something that I hear a lot and that annoys me really badly is that people think I'm dating someone in the band. It's like they can't believe that a girl wanted to just be in a band and play rock in' roll. So stuid!

I've seen Sister Sin described as a "dirty metal cartel" and "old-school metal." How do you

differentiate your sound from new/nü metal?

Our music is from the oba-school arising or metal where you have that authentic sound of drum, bass, and guitar. We play the music we like to listen to and the sounds that we were brought up on. Then of course we get influences from newer bands as well. I would say we tend to get heavier and heavier with every record. Black fours being our heaviers all plan wet.

Your lyrics are all in English. Is it challenging to write songs not in your native tongue?

I would say the opposite! English has so many better-suited words somehow, and flows easier than Swedish.

Some of your lyrics are very confrontational, for example, in "Fight Song": "Fuck you! Fuck them and fuck the world, too/ Do I look like some bitch to you?/ !!I bet a blackened eye that you!! remember my name/ Weil, shorty, step back and get out of my face and my way!" Is that attitude in response to anything in particular?

It's a bit of all our experiences, if you like. There are a lot of people with a lot of opinions about you and how you should be or sound or behave, and they know nothing about what they're talking about. It's pretty frustrating, so we wrote a song about it.

Other songs have a decidedly female point of view, such as "in it for Life": "Ten years down the line, would change my ways' Lookin' back and say 'could have had kids,' 'could have been rich', 'Regret the choice I've made', 'Not too likely, my friend, I'd say the same." Do you think that's at all allenating to male fans?

If someone would not listen to our music because of that, then I'd actually prefer to not have them as fans. It's like being asked to not listen to Mötley Crüe's "Girls Girls Gurs" or W.A.S.P.'s "Animal"—their lyrics are way worse and sometimes even disrespectful, but it still listen to them. They sing about their lives and points of view, I sing about mine. It would be very strange If I didn't sing from a very female point of view, don't you think?

Recently, Gene Simmons was quoted as saying that rock is dead. What is your response to that? Look around! Rock is not dead! But I am a bit afraid that it could die because of the industry today. Artists are tired of fighting for no money at all after dedicating their whole lives to this. There needs to be a change somehow soon.

The video for "End of the Line" showcases your physical fitness, with you doing pull-ups and push-ups. Tell me about your "day job" as a personal trainer.

ladmitti, I am a bit of a trainaholic. When I'm home in between tours, I almost live in the gym since I also work there. I help people who want to get in shape, lose weight, or just want someone who pushes them. It's a fun job, but i hope to be able to concentrate on my music in the future, and just do some fitness stuff from time to time.

Does being very fit help you as a performer?







They wanted the whole M tley Cr ething with a good-looking male singer. But it was my attitude and the fact that my voice had more balls and power than any male they tried out.... They hired me on the spot!

Definitely! I need to be in good shape to be able to run around the stage like a maniac.

Do you have a favorite workout for when you re on the road?

When Sister Sin is on the road, I do short, highintensity interval, body-weight workouts, mostly Tabata or similar, where you really try to push yourself to the limit in only 15 minutes.

How do you deal with temptations on tour, such as beer and fast food?

Well, for me those two aren't really temptations.
I do enjoy beer sometimes, but I prefer red wine and Mojitos, if I drink. On the road, I don't drink very much because it's not good for my voice. The most important thing for me is to do a good job, and with

a crappy voice, then I will for sure not be able to do that [Jaugh5]. Fast food I don t like at all I m a vegetarian and I really like good, healthy stuff; it makes your body feel so much better. But I have a hard time staying away from chocolate; if I m gonna be honest!

Can we look forward to a U.S. tour?

Yes, we will definitely come back; I just don t know exactly when right now. Stay tuned!

What is the average Sister Sin groupie like? Do you have male and female admirers?

I definitely have both! And to be honest, girls have much more guts than guys [laughs]. Most guys act a bit shy when they talk to me. I don't know why do you?21—18

TARGETED

Being in the business of sex means routinely dealing with bank-account closures, account seizures, and removal of services—actions that disproportionately affect female entrepreneurs.

By Violet Blue



Penthouse Pet Teagan Presiev

decade of reports across multiple sectors shows that companies like Paylot. Chase. Square, Amazon, and Weby have denied female entrepreneurs in sex-related businesses access to equal economic opportunities. And desafet what companies like Square say about "feveling the playing field," the situation is only getting worse. People involved in sexually pointed businesses of all kinds have faced sudden and unexplained bank-account closures, crowd-funding campaign shutdowns, colling payment-processor account shutdowns, account seizures, and the removal of such services as wish lists. These actions occur without recourse.

processor account shutdowns, account selzures, and the removal of such services as with lists. These actions occur without recourse, with companies citing policies related to obscenity, risk assessment, or terms prohibiting pormography, which is often listed alongside illegal activities. That porn stars are treated poorly by banks, fund-raising websites, and

social-networking sites is common knowledge to anyone who keeps up with national news. The most-cited detail in press coverage is the compolianatty occupations; less frequently noted is that they're predominantly female—as are most Western prop performers, sex workers, independent sex retailers, erroric writers, and a sizable churk of the internet's new generation of online promographers. The problem goes beyond a string of slotted incidents, and the same company names appear frequently—though Chase and PayPal emerge as the undisjutudel leaders.

When JPMorgan Chase closed the accounts of several porn stars in April 2014, Penthouse Pet Teagan Presley told Vigorian Chase Jan Chase Bank (a subsidiary of JPMorgan Chase) had terminated her bank account because she was considered high risk: Phortly afterward, performers Dakota Skye, Layton Benton, and Veronica Auku plaso received letters from Chase



notifying them of immediate account termination without explanation. Adult-film director David Lord was targeted as well, in what became a sweep that some believe was tied to the Justice Department's bank-fraud program, dubbed Operation Choke Point.

After Presiley's letter of termination was published online, the story mader national news, and an online petition unriging. Chase to stop discriminating against porn stars gainness (1000 chase) and the president pre

When organizations are pressed for a reason, the conversation insurtably returns rois fis flue even the Federal Financial institutions Examination Council instructs that in a bank's risk-assessment processes, "it is essential that banks exercise judgment and neither define nor treat all members of a specific category of castomer as posing the same level of risk." The Contest the types of castomers considered to be high risk, like contest the types of castomers considered to be high risk, like or other contests the types of castomers considered to be high risk, like or other contests and the contest of the contest

It's up for debate just how "high risk" adult entrepreneurs are or whether Chase, PayPal, Square, WePay, Amazon, and other companies are simply getting away with "redlining"—the practice of denying services based on discrimination.

During the time porn stars were losing their accounts. Chase refused to process symments for Lowelbity CEO Tiffany Gaines, whose company sells condoms. In the harsh light of media attention, including NERC pointing out that Chase Bearin handles the mergers and acquisitions of Trojan condoms. Chase referred the Gaines said when the CMO of Chase Poymenter. Lealled to "apologise for the "misunderstanding," she agreed to process my condoms from the "crobiblest adult" category."

But for banks, employment-based redilining is business as usual. in 2015, the porn star Stoya was desired an account outright by Chase, while Penthouse Pct Chanel Preston experienced sudden account termination at a different bank, Los Angeles City National Bank. In 2012, Condy Gallop launched a company of Callop Staffornas (Park Park) and Callop launched a company of Callop's Informas (PET) Talk, which played with the idea of realworld ser/ versus "porn sex." She discovered what countless other sex entrepreneurs got through when tryings to do simple banking and payment processing. Gallop had raised \$500,000 from an undiscosed angel investor, but "Couldn't work with Papifal couldn't work with an Amazon, couldn't work with Google Checkould, couldn't work with an Amazon, couldn't work with Google

Gallop adds: "We thought, Let's go back to Chase, we have a business banking account there, let's apply for a commercial account. Unfortunately, that application surfaced the nature of our business within higher levels at Chase. And it resulted in a meeting with a more senior guy, who essentially said to us, "Not only can we not give you a commercial account, but you now need to close your business bank account."

While the internet ushered in an empowered landscape for sex workers and porn, and facilitated access to a market eager for women-run and-directed porn businesses, denial of access to economic opportunity by as also blossomed. Over the past ten years. PayPell—the world's most ubiquitous payment processor—bas become notorious for seizing accounts and keeping money. Five years ago. PayPel banned dominatrix. January: Seraph and

any business run or owned by her "for life." Blogger and adultindustry writer Cara Sutra was banned by PayPal for selling a corset through her sex blog. Porn performer and producer Maggie Mayhem tried to do a fund-raiser to do relief work in Haiti: PayPal closed her account and seized her funds after she linked to it from her sex blog. PayPal told Mayhem that the "dispute was ultimately with a Visa policy about "blasphemy" Vicki Gallas, a former escort, was banned from using PayPal to process payments for her memoirs because they included stories about sex work. The Seattle Frotic Art Festival also had its account frozen, even though it only used the service

to process fine-art submission fees. Erotica writers were purged from PayPal's husiness channels in 2012 when the company told online booksellers BookStrand, All Romance Ebooks. eXcessica and Smashwords to remove titles PayPal considered "obscene" under parent company eBay's policies. Author Selena Kitt, owner of eXcessica, noted in her exchanges with PayPal that the company was "targeting legal sex between consenting adults." As Kitt put it. "PayPal considers anything BDSM to be rape." To stay afloat, the retailers and publishers gutted their catalogs, essentially banning their own books, which marked a setback for independent erotic authors so large that a collective created the website BannedWriters.com.

Square, thought by many to be a more progressive version of PayPal, has shown itself to be no different in its practices. Many sex workers report having their Square accounts frozen and money seized. Feminist pornographer Courtney Trouble was shut down by both PayPal and Square. Searah Devsach is the owner of Chicago's highly respected, education-focused sex-toy store Farly to Red. She told Penthouse. "I tried so hard to work with Square for Early to Bed, but they would not budge."

When it comes to commerce, it's not just in banking that women connected to sex don't get a fair shake. Amazon removes wish lists if they belong to sex workers or happen to list "inappropriate" items, such as porn or personal massagers of a "suggestive shape"-bizarrely, of course, items that are listed for sale on Amazon's own site. Porn star Tanya Tate was one of many women-along with phone-sex worker Miss Fiona; cam models Emma Ink, Blaze Fyre, and Rose Red; and adult performer Jenna J. Ross-whose Amazon wish list was removed in 2013. Amazon told Tate it deleted her wish list because the company believed it was for "bartering purposes"-then closed her account and seized all the money on her Amazon gift cards when she tried to create a new wish list that was unconnected to her adult-entertainment life. (Amazon eventually returned the giftcard funds.)

When porn star Eden Alexander was suffering from a staph infection that caused organ damage, her crowd-funding attempt to raise money for medical bills was shut down by WePay. The company stated that its terms and conditions "restrict fundraisers of a pornographic nature"—and that the more than \$1,000 she'd raised toward her \$4,000 goal would not be collected and dishursed to her

As with Chase, when Alexander's experience with WePay

made national headlines, the company backpedaled and offered her help with a new fund-raiser. Alexander already had set up a new medical-expense fund on another site. Tilt, that promised not to remove it

Michelle Austin is another sex-themed entrepreneur shut down by WePay, allegedly because her business was linked to an adult company: PayPal seized her donations when it discovered a porn shoot on her blog. Queer porn star Andre Shakti attempted to raise funds to travel to the 2014 Feminist Porn Awards; platform Fundly shut her out for being in the "adult" category, forbidden under the terms of its processor. WePay.

In the aftermath, WePay told Salon that it had targeted Alexander because it had to "ahide by the rules and regulations of its acquiring bank (the financial institution that processes creditcard payments on behalf of WePay and our customers)

and the operating regulations of the Card Networks (e.g. Visa MasterCard American Express) Both acquiring banks and the card brands generally restrict the processing of payments for any activity that is deemed unlawful, high risk, or 'brand damaging' to the networks." Interestingly, Banned Writers contacted Visa and MasterCard in 2012 to ask if either could confirm or deny whether they had pressured

PayPal to enforce banning the sale of erotica books containing taboo subject matter. MasterCard told Banned Writers, "MasterCard had no involvement in the decision made by PayPal to refuse to process payments for certain books.... In this particular scenario, MasterCard would not take action regarding the use of its cards and systems for

the sale of lawful materials that seek to explore erotica content of this nature." Visa's response to Madeleine Morris of Banned Writers was similar. Visa's Doug Michelman, former head of Investor Relations, wrote. "We want to clarify that Visa had no involvement with PayPal's conclusion on this issue.... Visa would take no action regarding lawful material that seeks to explore erotica in a

fictional or educational manner.... Visa is not in the business of censoring cultural product Regardless, history shows that to companies that handle money, any link to sex, however weak, is an excuse to deny service and seize funds with no recourse. It contributes to a rising inequality that doesn't come from market forces. And it's not because banks and online-transaction services favor stability or risk-averse businesses-if this were true, start-ups and app

denials, and shutdowns. To the extent that porn stars, erotica writers, sex-toy shop owners, sex workers, lingerie sellers, and the internet's surge of female porn entrepreneurs have been targeted by financial companies, the conversation seldom centers on the fact that sex is a woman's business. Why should this matter to companies like Chase, PayPal, and Square? Because in a culture where Chase Bank spearheads initiatives in India for gender equality in business, "trying hard to ensure that women are not deterred from remaining in the workplace," it might help if all women in

business were treated like everyone else. O+ 15

makers would also be disproportionately affected by seizures,



BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR AT CHASE BANK

The Chase porn scandal is what brought inequitable treatment into the forefront, but it isn't just what you thought. It's much, much worse.

By Michael Laufer, PhD

It made national headlines when Chase Bank shut down the bank account—business and personal—of a handful of people who work in adult enterfainment, with the media jumping at the chance to talk about porn But the truth is. It could happen to anyone. Banks can pretty much do the chance to talk about the personal business. You'd be finding that the properties of the personal business. You'd be finding with the local banks, and he would choose to do business with you based on what you did for a living, your chrancter, and whether he liked you'd—or he'd choose not to do business with you based on those same things, or because he was racial. Now, you based on those same things, or because he was racial. Now, you based on those same things, or because he was racial. Now, you

Say you go to buy a gun. You know the dealer is going to do a background check. He tells you he's going to do it, and he makes you sign a form saying you consent to it. The same goes for plenty of other things, like applying for a job. There is no such overt request for permission at the bank when you open an account,

with you. So how do they decide?

but for every account you've opened, there has been a thorough background check through several different systems. And it's not just your social security number being run through some computer to see if a red flag comes up spaing you've worked for Al Caeda. It's done by a team of people who determine where your money is coming from, what you do for a living, where you doit, and who pays the people who pay you.

Why, you might ask, do banks have the latitude to just go ahead and do all this? Well, it's because of the Banking Secrecy Act (known as BSA to the people in the business), and its sister, the Anti-Money Laundering Act, which came out of our old friend the Patriot Act, Oh, yeah, that one, Almost forgot that was still on the books. But the Bank Secrecy Act started in 1970, and has been continually ratified ast time has one on. So what's different now?

We're in an era of banking in which the institution is so large that we feel it doesn't matter what we do or where our money comes from, so long as we pay our fees and let the bank use our money for its own investments while it holds it. In reality, the current incarnation of the banks is close to the original model, and the idea that your banking transactions are private or secret is an illusion. Not only is it in the banks' power to scrutinize every transaction variable, and to do research to see where your

But if someone has had a checking account for years, with a good record, what exactly is the bank risking? Or, for that matter, even if a client has a lousy record, what does the bank stand to lose? Plenty of its income comes from overdraft fees, most of that from those who have the least financial stability and are likely to be the clients with the worst records.

When you open a bank account, you're given a nice folder full of pamplies that you probably nod up never looking at. There's a good reason why they give them to you, though. That Supplementary material informs you that by signing your ATM card, you've agreed to a very long list of things that would have hornfed you. And you obthered to read: 1.0 rear relevant clause of Chase's version opens." When my close your account at any time account on your requised to close your account on your requised.

The information from Chase also includes these ominous statements:

- We may record or monitor any of our telephone conversations with you.
- We may decline or prevent any or all transactions to or from your account.
- We may remove funds from your account.
 We may cancel your card at any time with no notice.
- We may cancel your card at any time with no noting.
 We may refuse any transaction.
- You authorize us to share information about you and your account with affiliates and third parties.

When I started looking into the Chase situation, I decided to see what the process was for opening an account. I went into a local branch asking about the possibility of opening an account, and after suggesting that I might have a lot of capital to drop into that account, I made my way up the chain of personal bankers until

sex, politics, and protest

I was introduced to the bank's premier service, Chase Personal Client. I was talking with the top personal banker at the branch, a very polite gentleman who clearly was very good at his job. I finally dropped the bomb.

"So, there's a delicate matter here that I need to broach, but I'm not quite sure how." I then related that I work for the adultentertainment industry and was concerned by stories circulating about the personal accounts of adult-film stars being closed without warning or explanation.

"Yeah, it was in the papers," the banker said, before quickly assuring me, "but for personal accounts, it doesn't matter what you do for a living."

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Weak, ih and bearn in the papers, Everyone from the ultrailberal

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Lordon make and the supercontensive For a New York Danky News, New York Ports, expreprise had jumped in the bandwagon. But no one had a real handle on why it occurred.

The supercontensive for the supercontensive for a New York Ports, New York Ports,

New York Danky News, Ports Ports, New York Ports,

New York Tong York Ton

Operation Choke Point was actually designed to curb smallscale fraud, which is a fairly large sinc on the economy, and worth trying to stop. Among its many measures, the order says that banks should be caudious about ofling business with fraud-prone companies. Among the dozen or so types of businesses listed, the adult-entertainment industry dose appear. But this is far from a holy war on the industry as a whole, even if the porn industry was turned down for bealiust more in 2009.

However, account closures are not being done by any other bank. In fact, other banks, including Wells Fargo, have taken out ads welcoming adult performers. Additionally, Chase is not closing the personal accounts of people in any of the other mamed industries. So what's going on? Does Chase have some official agenda to deny financial services to members of the porn business?

Looking at the occurrences, there's no temporal or geographic contrality. These were singular incidences in different places, at different times. It seems unlikely that this was the result of an agenda to shut down every account connected with the porn industry, or a regional manager who wanted to clean up his area of the country. So what did happen?

As often happens with buzz-building stories of this type, one article had a small amount of information, and things grew out of proportion very fast. For instance, these "facts":

Hundreds of porn stars all over the world had their accounts shut down. Actually, no. There were fewer than a dozen closed accounts.

• The accounts were all closed on the same day. Also false. A few happened one month, several happened the following much and one had happened years previously. Things work on a cycle in banks, so it's not surprising that the letters issued were dated the same day, and then the same day of the following month. So, apain what its opins on.

The only logical explanation left is that someone way up the food chain at Chase feels guilty when they masturbate, and is trying to absolve themselves by putting a bump in the road of the "sinners." Who could this be?

It would have to be someone sufficiently high up that nobody is tapping them on the shoulder after reading the articles in the paper, asking what they think they're doing. Whoever it is would also seem to be someone at the national level, with no answerability. Who has the power to execute a unilateral anti-wet



dream like this? Not many people. There's the C-suite, and there's the board of directors. That's about it.

There are 11 members of the JPMorgan Chase & Company board: Linda B. Bammann, James A. Bell, Crandall C. Bowles, Stephen B. Burke, James S. Crown, Timothy P. Flynn, Laban P. Jackson Jr. Michael A.

Neal, Lee R. Raymond.

and William C. Weldon. And of course the board includes the

If one looks at the bios of each of these people, they read much as one would expect, and might give others a pany of enry that they werent born into a similarly charmed life, and didn't cuttivate they werent born into a similarly charmed life, and didn't cuttivate by the proposition of the similar they will be the similar to work the similar to avoid groupthier. This was done very pointedly in the sear of recutting lace. P. Raymond for the board, who was hired with the express intention of being a balancing force against James Dimon, the sufficiently frequently continued to the similar being and headstrong, and has been incharanced 'inon Ass,' le's devoulty Circlatia, and has been incharanced 'inon Ass,' le's devoulty Circlatia, and has considered the similar by and calcillating racino."

Raymond is a fascinating figure: a self-made man who started out as an academic and migrated to business almost by chance. He began his corporate career as a chemical engineer, then built Exoxon up into the giant it became, and spearheaded its merger with Mobil. He also dealt with the blowback over the *Exoxo Nalder* spill. Additionally, he publicly espoused his disbellef in global warming during his time running Exoxo Nuclear.

So was it Raymond who made a few calls and had the accounts of the perpetrators of moral turpitude shut down? It's impossible to know for sure, but he gets my vote.

Even if it were none of the people on the board and instead someone elso on the national level, it's clear that someone is wielding too much power, and abusing it without repercussion. And how does that happen? Why hant there been an internal investigation to try to stop the flurry of bad press? Simple: Chase has bigger fils for fry. A company that gives loans to the Department of Defense could care less if a few thousand porn lovers boyout its, the cheiring services.

It's easy to say that Chase is just a company like any other, and it should be able to exercise strying to route service to whomever it likes. But the same differences that obligate banks to scrutifize the lives of their customers must be blanked by the banking industry is flacularly responsibility to act impartially and to not use to privileged status unilstendy to make the survival of and in a status unilstendy to make the survival of all all the keys, they are guarding all the doors. They must be forced to act fairly.

Banking is trust. When we open a checking account, we are entrusting the use of our money to an institution. We trust that if we need our money, we will be able to retrieve it. We trust that it will not be invested recklessly and lost. We trust that we will be paid interest on the savings we give them to hold. Above all, we trust that our bank will not shut down our accounts, freeze our assets, or block our transactions without good meason.

Chase has a long road ahead to re-earn my trust.O+ a



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The Movable Art Show

 $The \, Embiricos \, Bentley \, is \, one \, of the \, most \, beautiful \, cars \, of \, all \, time. \, Gary \, Moore's \, variation \, on \, the \, coupe \, is \, nothing \, less than a \, rolling \, work \, of \, art.$

By Jonathan Ward









n the 1930s, Bentley dealers were reporting that they were losing sales to many of the new avant-garde designs from other European manufacturers and such coach builders as Talbot-Lago and Bugatti. The staid British bosses, however, preferred to stick with their traditions. From their perspective, given the parrow practs and live several limits in Britain.

such details as streamlining and swoopy curves seemed superfluous. Walter Sleator, the Rolls-Royce/Bentley representative in Paris (Rolls-Royce had purchased Bentley in 1931), found an opportunity to push this point once again when shipping magnate and banker André Embiricos, a huge Bentley fran and loyal custome, healtaded on a new Bentley was intrigued by the fluid cars and custom bodies being designed by Georgee Paulin, who was working for the renowned French coach builder Marcia Pourbout. It is time, not only official Marcia Pourbout. It is time, not only official Bentley, but they agreed to let Paulin custom-build Embiricos's new Bentley.



Georges Paulin was a dentist by trade, but his true love was designing cars. The magical machine he created, known as the Embiricos Bentley, is one of the most beautiful—and valuable—cars of all time. In fact, the conservative Brits were so impressed with Paulin's creation that the company ended up hiring him to work exclusively for Rolls-Royce/Bentley from 1938 to 1950.

Fast-forward a few decades to meet Gary Moore. After graduating from the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California, Moore spent a few years working at General Motors in the exhibits department, but soon left to found and build a successful interior-design firm that specialized in creating dynamic corporate and residential habitats. Through it all. Moore had seen himself as a frustrated automotive designer, but his career never went in that direction. Once he was retired. however, he found himself with an empty garage and some spare time on his hands. After years of pondering such a project, he was free to pursue his true calling and custom-build his own version of the Embiricos Bentley Little did he know that it would turn into a 20-year commitment.

If irst discovered this car at a local Southern California Concours d'Elegance, literally hours after it d' been complèted. As i'm a big fan of the Embiricos, Moore's rollinip sculpture blew my mind. The car clearly had been inspired by the original coupe version, but to call it a repilca would be a travesty. Moore applied his own taste and perspective, taking liberties with the shapes and forms to make if flow as a conventible.

Despite a myriad of modern CAD software and manufacturing techniques that can be applied to such a project. Moore embraced both the style and process of traditional coach-building. He built this classic as it would have been done in the 1930s. His first step was to locate and restore a 1936 Bentley 4.5-liter chassis. Next, he drew up simple sketches on top of factory blueprints of the chassis he had just restored. Then he progressed to lofting: the complex process of drawing fluid curves and shapes and carving them into a wooden mold that ultimately shapes the aluminum body. Even the nails and screws in the car (and the entire chassis) were placed just as they would have been back in the day. As time went by, Moore developed a network of skilled craftsmen in California who worked in concert to create the beautiful vehicle. Artisans like these fine men inspire me to do what I do.

In the upper exhelons of the car world, modern creations such as this master piece rarely get the respect they deserve. Host of the top auto shows don't even have classes that would accept such as have a such as the such a

















l occasionally like being tied up for rough sex. I like seeing the marks later: hickeys, maybe some bruises. But I only have anal sex if I ve been a bad girl and have some serious making up to do.













The most remarkable sexual experience I ve ever had is when I went out of bounds while snowboarding to get fucked on a cliff. It was amazing!







"I define kinky as anything that gets you out of your comfort zone that you consider erotic. I think kinkiness is in the eye of the beholder. But for me, it's having sex or masturbating in public or semipublic places."





PENTHOUS OH B ASPEN RAE JANUARY 2015 PET OF THE MONTH













h ves it's that time of year again. Time to overhaul our actions in an attempt to create healthier habits. regardless of how short-lived they may be It's resolution season folks Which explains the bombardment of information telling us how to eat and exercise Do this not that Set goals. Lead a holistic life. After all, food is medicine

Um. no thanks. Let's be real. This resolution thing is a bit ridiculous We're not trying to achieve groundbreaking goals over here. We just want to look better naked. Am I right or am I right?

And chances are good that on the path to dropping a few pounds and packing on some muscle, you're bound to encounter a little something known as the Paleo diet. Could it help you shed that spare tire and slim down a bit? Maybe. But first it would help to know just what the fuck "going Paleo" means, and how one goes about it.

You're about to find out.

EAT LIKE A CAVEMAN

The basic premise of the Paleo diet promotes eating like our ancestors or cavemen. Hence the name "Paleo," as in the Paleolithic era.

According to your iron-pumping, protein-shake-chugging bro of a buddy, the entirety of the Paleo approach can be summed up with. "Just eat what the cavemen ate, brah." At the core of this feebleminded statement is the belief that all that our ancestors ate was meat. They set out into the wilderness with a club and came back with a saber-toothed tiger for supper Not so fast. Hunting back in those

days didn't really go down like that. And it wasn't until later in the Paleolithic era that humans developed tools with which to hunt, and the ability to make fire upon which to cook meat.

MAKING PALEO PALATABLE That was a great history lesson and all,

but it doesn't get us any closer to losing our beer gut. Right you are, but that information is important because it proves that there are some inconsistencies in what it means to go Paleo. We can't fully comply with eating what cavemen ate because we can't say for sure exactly what that was. With that in mind, this diet is more

of an approach or a framework than a precise prescription. At its core, going





Paleo consists of eating foods you can grow, gather, or kill. By that definition, the bulk of the diet is made up of lean animal proteins, seafood fruits, vegetables, nuts, seeds, and other healthy fats

THE PATH TO PALEO

If you're game for giving the Paleo diet a go, test the waters

with these tins

Foods with few ingredients are best. When there are a handful of ingredients, pronounceable ingredients are preferred. Eat grass-fed meat, wild-caught seafood, eggs, tons of leafy green vegetables, some fruit. and plenty of healthy fats from oils. nuts, and seeds.

- Added sugar of any kind. That means real and fake sugars are out. Bye-bye Splenda, Equal. NutraSweet, xylitol, stevia, and the like.
- Alcohol, not even for cooking. · Grains including wheat bread pasta, cereal, baked goods,
- rice, etc. Legumes—that means no beans.
- In addition to black, red, pinto. kidney, lima, and fava beans, even peanut butter is a no-no.
- Dairy, from a cow or goat. Cheese. cream and vogurt (even the Greek stuff) are all off the list.

Because the definition of "Paleo" varies from person to person and from one Paleo practitioner to the next, some items are allowed from time to time:

- Grass-fed butter Yams and/or sweet potatoes
- Gluten-free or sprouted grains amaranth, quinoa, spelt, almond flour, etc.

Paleo proponents claim that eating in alignment with these guidelines reduces inflammation and regulates hormone levels by removing artificial ingredients and sugars, among other things. The list of "other things" is a long one, one that gives people fits and forces them to rethink this resolution. If you try it, let us know what does and doesn't work for you at PenthouseMagazine.com/paleodiet. Ol n







Let Slip the

Military working dogs serving on the front lines of the global war on terror truly are man's best friends. **By Jennifer Peters**

> t the height of the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, there were approximately 2.500 military working dogs (MWDs) serving the U.S. armed forces. These dogs and their handlers helped change battlefield dynamics so much that in 2004, there were bounties of upward of \$10,000 on the dogs' heads. In fact, it's estimated that the average MWD saves between 150 and 200 lives during its career. The dogs are classified as "equipment" by the U.S. military, however, and thus ineligible for the health care granted to their human handlers.

The benefits of the animals' abilities weren't always so well-known. During the invasion of Irag in 2003, the Marine Corps requested 30 MWD teams, and it took almost a year for them to be delivered. At the time, dogs had not served in a

combat zone since the Vietnam War, and it wasn't fully understood how much they'd be able to contribute on the new urban battlefield. Once the dog teams ventured outside the wire, however, it was clear that they were a force to be reckoned with.

Mike Dowling, a former Marine Corps dog handler and author of Sergeant Rex: The Unbreakable Bond Between a Marine and His Military Working Dog, was one of the first dog handlers deployed to Iraq in 2004. He and Rex were shipped to Irag's infamous Triangle of Death. one of the most volatile regions in the country. Initially assigned to gate duty, Dowling and his dog were soon invited to join patrols through the city, where Rex was able to really show his skills. "The marines absolutely knew how important a role Rex played," Dowling says, "They accepted us very, very quickly because the majority of people are dog people, so they just liked having a dog around, even before we'd ever been on a mission.

Once I'd gone on patrols with them and they saw how well Rex performed information got passed down to the other marines in the unit, so they were confident that we could perform "

Rex and the other dogs serving in Iraq had been trained to sniff out bombs, and because of their powerful olfactory sense, they could find improvised explosive devices that were buried in the road, as well as individual components in the bomb makers' workshops. Former Army animalcare specialist Lisa Phillips explains, "While you and I can smell a pizza, the dogs can smell each individual component. They can smell the crust and the spices in the sauce and the penneroni and they can pick out each scent."

While dogs like Rex were the grunts of the MWD program, venturing out into hostile territory to bring the fight to the insurgents, going into the field isn't the only way MWDs protect their human counterparts. Zizi, a former working dog partnered with Navy dog handler Cristina Collesano, provided base security in Sicily and Kuwait by searching vehicles at the gate. "At home and abroad, dogs are absolutely essential to base security," Collesano says. "Without them, we'd be putting our EOD (explosive ordnance disposal1 technicians at risk because they'd have to respond to every possible explosive hazard.

These dogs can tell that a car driving through our gate—one that looks very normal—could have C-4 on it, but you as a human being, if you don't open that trunk and see that, you wouldn't be able to tell. The dogs definitely have the edge when it comes to detecting these odors and finding this contraband."

When Zizi was medically retired. Collesano jumped at the chance to adopt her former partner, and now is a fierce proponent for awarding benefits to retired MWDs. Because working dogs are typically retired only when necessary due to failing health or advanced age, it is often very expensive to care for the animals. "As the owner of a retired MWD. I'm willing to pay whatever it takes to make Zizi comfortable." Collesano says. "But a lot of times the adoptive families aren't prepared or can't afford the medical expenses."

To fill the gap, a handful of nonprofits have sprung up to help cover the costs of the animals' medical care. One such organization is Gizmo's Gift, run by Lisa Phillips, After treating MWDs during her time in the Army, she fell in love with the hardworking animals and adopted Gizmo. a retired working dog, in 2005. To provide for Gizmo's health care. Phillips had to take on a second job, but the extra work and expenses were worth it. "These dogs are just so happy to be alive

"The handlers always ioke that iust treat dispensers and leash holdersthe dogs do all the work."







warrior wire

and to live with you," she says. "They're so special Lean't even express it. They're such wonderful additions to the family." Gizmo passed away in 2006, but Phillips's desire to help other MWDs didn't diminish. She later adopted Blanca, caring for her through her last days, and then got her current dog, Rambo.

Because of her extra income and her experience as a veterinarian's assistant, Phillips has been able to give her dogs the kind of comfortable retirement they deserve, but she realized that she was a unique case. She wanted others to experience the joy she gets from her canine companions, so she started Gizmo's Gift. "Recause they retire with medical issues it kind of limits who can adopt these dogs," she explains. "For instance, my dog Rambo, in the first month having him, I spent over \$1,000 for medical procedures and dog food and medication. I think it's worth every penny, but I don't think you should have to be a billionaire to adopt a dog. By offering financial aid, I'm hoping that more and more loving families will be able to open up their homes to these dogs."

Phillips worked with Senator Richard Blumenthal (D-con.) and Congressman Walter Jones (R-NC) to draft the Canine Members of the Armed Services Act, hosing to change the dogs? classification and quality them for benefits, but classification and quality them for benefits, but changed, leaving the dogs and their advocates little to be excited about. While the dogs are now more likely to be provided with transportation back to the States after overseas reterment, and enough care to get them into shape to be draft still considered equipment instead of canine service members.

Denying health benefits to the dogs is akin to denying human vets access to health care, Collesano believes. "These dogs served during war just like their human counterparts," she says. "They get the same service-related injuries as people, so they should also get the same care."

Dowling, whose Sergeant Rex drew attention to the MWD story in 2011, believes that the tide is finally changing. Last October, a monument was built at Lackfallad AF Force Base in 36n Antonio to honor MWD teams, while in the past year books, magazine articles, and documentaries have brought some much—needed press to have brought some much—needed press to proportion are really beginning to understand how important these dogs are. "Dowling says." They'er no longer the unsung herces the unsung her

"Every American should know what they are and what they do," Colleans adds. The handlers always joke that we're just treat dispensers and leash holders—the dogs do all the work." But the recognition from the public doesn't interest their partners, she asys. "Dogs don't know about medials or danger." she explains. "They want to please their handler." They love to vork and serve, proposed their partners, she of the proposed their additional and are area of from their handler, that's what they love. That's why they do it. "O" E.".

Dog Tales

We're not the only ones drawing attention to military working dogs.



War Dogs: Tales of Canine Heroism, History, and Love Author Rebecca Frankel, who brought the dogs of war to prominence with her "War Dog of the Week" column for Foreign Policy, delves deep into the history of U.S. soldiers 'ellance on their canine counterparts, as well as recounting fresh heroic tales of man's best friend. It's everything you've ever wanted to know—and then some—about military working door.

Sergeant Rex: The Unbreakable Bond Between a Marine and His Military Working Dog Handler Military Work was one of the first MWDs deplayed to Irac.

in 2004. Rex helped prove the usefulness of the military's canine teams on the twenty-first-century battlefield. Dowling makes Rex seem almost human in his retelling, and the man-and-his-dog camaraderie makes this a must-read for dog lovers.

Trident K9 Warriors: My Tale From the Training Ground to the Battlefield With Elite Navy SEAL Canines

Navy SEAL Mike Ritland, who trained dogs for SEAL service, and cowriter Gary Brozek take readers behind the scenes of how Special Forces canines are selected, trained, and put to work. Less than one percent of MWDs have what it takes to join the elite forces, but for those that make the cut, much is expected—and much is achieved.

Always Faithful

This documentary from director Harris Done follows five Marine Corps dog teams from the training grounds to the battlegrounds, giving viewers a front-row seat to the high jinks and heroics of some of the military's bravest members—and the dog handlers who lead and care for them.

Dogs of War

A&E's new docu-series follows returning veterans with PTSD as they are partnered with service dogs that have been trained to help them adjust to civilian life. Although it's not focused on MWDs, the series shows viewers how service doas can help soldiers off the battlefield as well.04—a Auckland Baton Rouge

*Chicago

Denver

Detroit

Kharkov

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Paris

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Set of the Genre

Finally, all the election-year hyperbole has died down. We d hate for that to get in the way of the waif) important vote to be east it a time to select our 2015 Pet of the Year. Which lovely lad ywill prace the beautiful Lext Belle as our Queen? Only time will tell. Well Jannounce the wilmer in our May Issue, so keep an eye on these pages and on PenthouseMagazina.com for updates on the competition.





ALLIE HAZE

JANUARY 2014 Photograph by

Cisco Lamessi Vital stats:

32-26-38; 5'7" 27 years old

Hometown:

Redlands, California.

What's your favorite thing about your

hometown?
I love the small-town
feel, where everybody

knows everybody.
On Thursday nights
the city shuts down
the only "downtown"
street, and vendors
and restaurants set up
booths, and local bands
play. It was the best
hangout spot for a kid.

l love watching football, but playing soccer.

Favorite way to work out: Running outdoors,

Favorite sport:

then an ab workout in the park. Favorite way to relax: In a hot bath with a

good book, or cooking a big meal. Favorite fantasy:

One giant group lovefest under the moon.

What gets you excited? Good food, good fun, and good people.

What gets you in trouble? Alcohol, but it's a good kinda trouble.

place I've ever made love is on a public gol course in the middle of the night. He laid me right next to the night hole."

OI 5 VICTORIA LYNN

FEBRUARY 2014

Photograph by Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats: 32D-26-34; 5'0"

19 years old Hometown:

Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Your favorite thing about your hometown: Everybody knows everybody, and we all party and go to the beach. And no matter what it's home.

What do you like to do in your spare time? I go to the beach, go shopping ... oh, and baking is my passion.

Favorite kinds of music: Hip-hop, reggae, rock.

Favorite sports: Football and Ultimate Fighting Championship.

Favorite TV shows: Sons of Anarchy, Ink Master, Naked and Afraid, Family Guy.

Favorite movies: Scarface, Friday, Get Rich or Die Tryin', 8 Mile.

What do you have that other girls don't? Ijoke that I have the best package available. Pretty face, bangin' body, good personality, brains.... And I cook and clean. Doesn't get much better than that.

While we're fucking, pull my hair, bite my neck, smack my ass, talk dirty to me. Sometimes I like it rough, so don't be a little bitch. If I wanted that, I'd be with a woman."



OI B BREE DANIELS

MARCH 2014

Photograph by Mark Lit for Digital Desire

Vital stats: 34C-24-35; 5'7" 23 years old

Hometown: Let's just leave it at "somewhere in Montana."

Your favorite thing about your hometown: My family is there.

Your favorite vacation spot: I don't really have one. I like to go camping

day trips. Your dream vacation spot: A ton of places. Ireland,

Greece, and New Zealand appeal to me. What do you do for

a living? Webcam, adult films.

What's your favorite thing about your job? The girls.

What gets you excited? Going fast, rayes, photo shoots.

What gets you in trouble?

Fireball whiskey. tequila, and go-go dancers. Oh, and Slipknot.

What do you have that other girls don't? Um ... I know how to change the oil on a car.





OH MAN

APRIL 2014

Photograph by Tammy Sands

Vital stats: 34C-24-34; 5'6"

24 years old Hometown:

All over, really. I know it sounds weird, but I don't have a hometown. Home is where my

family is.

Favorite vacation spot:
Switzerland in the
winter. It's absolutely
gorgeous, and the
people are so nice.

gorgeous, and the people are so nice. It's full of great food, castles, cathedrals, and quaint little towns. Favorite sports to play:

I ran cross-country and track, I'm a seconddegree black belt in tae kwon do, and I do CrossFit and Insanity.

Favorite sports to watch: Mixed martial arts, baseball.

Favorite kind of music: Rock, alternative, country ... and electronic when I'm working out.

What music gets you in the mood? Honestly? The sound of

hot women moaning. Your favorite fantasy: Random girls I'm

really attracted to seducing me. Have you ever been in

a physical fight? A few times, and I win every time. I've got skills.

I have sex for a living, which is perfect orme. I'm a sexual person, and I always elt like I had to hide it. Now I don't have to!"



OH B JASMINE CARO

MAY 2014

Photograph by Tammy Sands

Vital stats: 32DD-29-33; 5'4" 25 years old

Hometown: Miami.

Your favorite things about your hometown:

The beach, the weather, the variety of food.

If you could live anywhere else, it would be: Dubai, It's beautiful and fashionable.

Your favorite vacation spot:

Cuba. I still have family there, and I love to share memories with them.

Favorite food: Italian.

Favorite drink: Chocolate shake.

Favorite kind of music: I like all sounds. all genres.

What do you do for a living? While I'm in nursing school, I work full-time

as a porn star. What's your favorite thing about your job? I've been able to

become comfortable with my body in front of other people. You're always up for?

Sex and food. You're never up for?

Getting up early.

OH IN SERVING ANDREWS

JUNE 2014 Photograph by

Tammy Sands
Vital stats:
34-25-35; 5'8"
22 years old

Hometown: Miami

Your favorite thing about your hometown: The sun is always shining and the people are lovely.

Your favorite vacation spot: I take time off and stay in Miami. It's home and it's mesmerizing.

Your dream vacation spot: Barbados, Turks and Caicos, Brazil, or the Bahamas. I love beach-y vacation places.

Favorite sports to play: I've played everything from softball to soccer to basketball to volleyball, which was my favorite.

Favorite sports to watch: Watching the Olympics is the best thing ever. Other than that, soccer and football. What is the hottest

movie sex scene? The lesbian love scene in Blue Is the Warmest Color.

Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger? Only when I'm shooting a scene. Sorry.

"I can tell you straight up and without thinking about it what the most daring thing I ve ever done was: a ten-guy blow bang!"



OHE SKIN DIAMOND

JULY 2014 Photograph by

Holly Randall

Vital stats:

34-25-35; 5'5" 27 years old

Dunfermline, Scotland.

Your favorite thing about your hometown: I love wandering the Glen. It's a beautiful and lush park with gardens and an old castle.

Favorite food: Cheese! And bacon! I love ramen. Italian, Czech, Scottish, French.... I just love food!

Favorite kind of music: The kind that makes me want to dance around my stripper pole in my living room! Dirty beats.

living room! Dirty beats.
Favorite workout:
The kind that ends with

an orgasm.

Favorite TV show:

Dr. Who.

Favorite movies: Amélie, Howl's Moving Castle, Ju-on, Brick, Donnie Darko, The Little Mermaid, Natural Born Killers.... There are so many.

What's your favorite fantasy? A hot threesome with a boy who's never had one before.

"I could absolutely be faithful to one man, if he's the right man. But I imagine we would end up playing with my girlfriends. I could never give up cunt."





OH IN LAYLA SIN

AUGUST 2014 Photograph by Holly Randall

Vital stats: 34-24-36; 5'6" 30 years old

Hometown:

Tel Aviv, Israel.

Your favorite thing about your hometown: I love the beach. The warm water and the warm sand touching my body is priceless.

Your favorite vacation

spot: Thailand. I love the nature and exotic places. Scuba diving in Thailand is breathtaking, and the people are very nice.

Your dream vacation spot: New Zealand. It has

the most amazing landscapes.

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be? Host for a food show, so

Host for a food show, so I could go around the world trying new and special meals.

What's the hottest movie sex scene? The Indecent Proposal scenes in the kitchen and the hotel room.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done? Deep scuba diving with a shark.

What's your proudest moment? Serving my country.

place I've ever made love is at a water park. One of my exes opened up the whole place just for the two of us. That was an amazing pight!"



OH IN JESSI JUNE

SEPTEMBER 2014 Photograph by

Holly Randall
Vital stats:

34-24-35; 5'5" 23 years old

Hometown: Miami.

Your favorite thing about your hometown: The women! Miami has some of the most gorgeous women.

Your favorite TV shows: Game of Thrones, House (RIP!), and anything football. Every morning starts with Sports Center.

Your favorite movies: The Hunger Games series, How to Train Your Dragon, Casino, The Godfather, and Dirty Dancing. Oh, and Frozen's up there, too.

Favorite food:

It's hard to beat an amazing burger and hand-cut fries with a shake.

You're always up for? Sex, food, and dancing.

You're never up for? Heights, spiders, or waking up early.

Your most remarkable sexual experience: A fourway with two girls and my boyfriend. It was amazing!

Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger? If she was supergorgeous! But I make all men work for it. I'm a lot sluttier with women.

"My favorite way to work out is a fun wrestling session that ends up in a naughty poundfest."

OH B AIDRA FOX

OCTOBER 2014 Photograph by

Tammy Sands Vital stats: 36-25-35; 5'6"

19 years old Hometown: Milwaukee

Your favorite thing about your hometown: The Pridefest and Summerfest festivals.

Your favorite vacation spot:

Campsites by the water.
I love to fall asleep to
the sound of water
moving.

If you could have any job, what would it be? Oceanographer. I've always been in love with documentaries about people going underwater to spots man hasn't been to before.

Favorite TV shows: Don't Trust the B---in Apt. 23, TED talks, South Park.

Favorite movies: Rent, Moulin Rouge, The Secret.

What's the hottest movie sex scene? Just about any scene in Room in Rome.

What was your most remarkable sexual experience? One of my girlfriends can make me come to the point of crying. She just takes me to a different place!

"My favorite fantasy is coming home to a note of instructions from a man who's going to have his way with me. Being dominated is such a turn-on!"



OH IN ARIANA MARIE

NOVEMBER 2014

Photograph by Tammy Sands

Vital stats: 34-22-32; 5'5" 21 years old

Hometown: Clearwater Florida

Your favorite thing about your hometown: The beaches, for sure.

And sunny weather.

If you could live anywhere, it would be?

Anywhere by the ocean.

Your favorite sport: Hockey.

Your favorite kinds of music: Rap, country. Favorite movies:

The Notebook, The Heat, Ted.

Favorite TV shows: MTV, VH1, Family Guy.

What's the hottest movie sex scene? Anything with Jenna Haze or Jesse Jane.

Haze or Jesse Jane.

Your favorite way to work out:
Running with my

dog, Rudy. Your favorite way to relax:

Lying in bed with Rudy. How do you psych

yourself up for a nude photo shoot? I just think sex, sex, sex.

What goes through your mind while you're being photographed? My life doesn't suck!

"Ilike it when guys are nice and don't just assume III bone them. It's a huge turnoff for me when someone is being a douche lord. (That's like the king of douches.)"





OH IN MISTY STONE

DECEMBER 2014 Photograph by

Holly Randall

Vital stats: 32-24-35; 5'41/2" 28 years old

Hometowns: Inglewood, California, and Omaha, Nebraska.

Your favorite thing about your hometowns: How opposite they are. If it weren't for the dramatic move back and forth, I wouldn't be the balanced young lady I am. I got the best

of both worlds.

Favorite TV shows:
Sons of Anarchy,
Scandal, American
Horror Story.

Favorite movies: Blue Streak, Gone in 60 Seconds, All About the Beniamins.

What's the hottest movie sex scene? Demi Moore and Michael Douglas in Disclosure. I love the line, "You stick your dick in my mouth and now you get an attack of morality?"

Favorite way to relax: A full spa day with massage ... and smoking breaks.

Favorite way to work out: On a big, black cock.

place I ve ever had sex is on a baseball field. Granted, it was while shooting a scene for a movie, but the idea of being in a public place and possibly being caught was very exciting."



A late-night walk is quite revealing—and arousing—for a window dresser seeking artistic inspiration.

don't make a habit of walking home alone when I work late-but sometimes it happens. On those nights. Hike to stroll along the streets and look in the windows of the small boutiques. As a window dresser for a few high-end department stores in the city, it makes sense for me to peek into some of the smaller shops for ideas and inspiration. On this particular night, when I looked across the street into one window, there was movement inside. It was one of those places you could stop for a mani/pedi or a quick shampoo and blowout. I'd been there a few times-maybe six months ago. I'd since found a better salon closer to the

The sign over the door-sassy's-was new, as were the ornate lanterns suspended from the ceiling. I crossed the street and was disappointed to see a closed sign in the door. The place had undergone a complete renovation since my last visit. The faded walls, duct-taped vinyl chairs, and cracked flooring had been replaced with bright wall murals, upholstered banquettes, and mosaic floor tiles, giving the place a warm, Moroccan feel.

loft where I work where the service is better.

The movement inside turned out to be a man and a woman-maybe an employee and a customer. But as the man's hand was sliding up beneath the woman's short skirt, maybe a boyfriend and girlfriend. He herded her toward the back of the salon, dimming the lanterns to a soft glow with the turn of a wall switch along the way.

Curious, I moved closer, while trying to avoid being illuminated by the streetlight. I stood with my back flush against the building and waited a breath. The street was

deserted and yet somehow I knew something was going to happen. I'd never thought of myself as a voyeur, but there I was. lingering in the shadows as I peeked through the front door. I remembered there being vertical blinds in the picture window and the door. They'd been replaced by old-fashioned roll-up shades with tassels and fringe, which neither of them had bothered to pull down.

The lighting in the rear of the shop was low, but bright enough for me to make out the guy as he kicked off his shoes and climbed into one of the pedicure seats. I watched the girl as she approached him. Instead of filling the tub with water, she stepped into it, perching her rear end on the edge. I caught just a glimpse of her cheeks before she sat, and either she was wearing just a thong or she was buck naked under her skirt.

She leaned between his legs and gave him a quick if not chaste kiss on the lips before unbuttoning his fly and releasing his stiff cock. She's going to blow him. She's going to fuckin' blow him! I thought

Placing one hand on his thigh and the other around his erection, she lowered her mouth over the tip. When her head began bobbing up and down, his head fell back against the seat. This was the trifecta of porn: I got to watch this gorgeous girl-and she was a stunner, with her shoulder-length hair, pixielike features, and full figuregive this guy with his roughneck look of tats and piercings a full-on blowiob. I would have happily screwed either one of them, but watching them-which I'd never thought I'd enjoy as much as I did at that moment—was the cherry on a supersize sundae.

By Damaris Garcia • Illustrations by Amy Matthews

bedtime stories

She'd begun to suck faster since the guy had a grip on her soft curk. It loved like he'd taken over the pace as he helped move her head on his dick. I was no longer trying to keep my presence hidden and had moved right in from of the door so l was looking straight into the shop. My own beaching had quickened and my panties, which had grown damp from the walk and the sultry air, were now sopping wet with dissert lout my self in the guy's place, as it was me sitting in the platform chair, getting my pussy sucked and liwed by the right.

Just before he came, the guy opened his eyes, turned his head, and looked right at me. I could have disappeared down the street and never walked down the block again. Or I could have appeared was the street and never walked down the block again. Or I could have guy stand my ground and stay till the climax. Oh yeah, I stayed and stared right back at him as he held her head in Jace and spewed his seed into her mouth. Then I lost my nerve and left before either of them could confront me.

The following week I had to work late again. The first two nights I cabbed it home. On the third night, I found myself across the street from Sasy's. The lights were on and the same girl from the week before was inside, blow-drying a customer's hair.

What the hell? I thought. I could use a pedicure. I crossed the street and turned the door handle. It was locked, which made sense. It was late. I'd started to walk are used to be set in the set.

away when I heard, "I'm open."

When I turned around, the door was open and the girl was smiling and waving at me to come back, I did and fol-

lowed her into the shop.
"Let me just finish up here," she said.

Frieda's sweet scent called to me and I followed, leading with my tongue. I explored her with tongue and fingers, licking every part I could reach, teasing her inside and out as she did the same to me.

I plucked a magazine from the rack, took a seat, and began flipping the pages as she finished up with her customer. After the woman paid, the girl walked her out and relocked the door. Then she checked her phone and tapped in a couple of messages.

"Now, how can I help you? I'm not doing any more heads tonight, but if you want a quick manicure or pedicure, you're in luck," she said. "I'm Frieda."

"Who's Sassy?" I asked.
"Kind of my alter ego. I thought Sassy sounded better

than Frieda."
"Actually, I like Frieda. It's not a name you hear every day.
We have enough Briannas to last a lifetime," I said.

"Ha! That's my younger sister's name! I lucked out, being named after a beloved but eccentric aunt."

I told her my name. We were still chitchatting when I remembered I was there for a reason. "I'd like a pedicure, if it's not too late," I said.

"Oh, sure, just pick out a color. You're my last customer, so let me flip the closed sign around and turn down the front lights." When she was done, she told me to follow her to the back. She had on an apron over a tank top and a

scrap of material masquerading as a skirt. She wore opentoe cork wedges on her feet, and her toes were polished a sparkly purple, whereas her fingernails were neutral.

The low lights reminded me of the previous week, when I was on the outside looking in. Soft music played in the background and the woodsy smell of sandalwood permented the oir.

I kicked off my shoes and sat in the chair. I hadn't planned on getting my toes done, so I had on a skirt. The fabric stretched, so it wouldn't be difficult for her to work, but she was going to get a front-row view of my crotch. I wasn't really expecting anything to happen—or was I.

"You've been here before," she said. It wasn't a question, and I suddenly felt a tingle run up my spine.

"Yes—before you took over the shop," I said hesitantly.
"It's really nice—quite an improvement."

She turned on the taps and water flowed into the tub. She sprinkled some kind of bath salts in the water and took one of my feet in her hands. She began to massage and stroke my insten.

"No, you were here last week. My boyfriend said he saw you standing outside." Her hands had moved up my leg and she was now massaging my calf. She looked up and smiled and I knew that she knew. She knew why I came, even if I had been too stubborn to admit it to myself.

I took a deep breath. "Yes, that was me."
"And he said you were watching us." She placed my foot
in the water and went after the other one, rubbing and
stroking with a sensuousness that promised more than
a foot massae. "Did you like what you saw?! wanted to

meet you, but you left so quickly."
"I've never done anything like that before and I guess I wasn't sure how to act afterward—but yes. I liked it "

Frieda leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on my knee. Our gazes locked as her tongue flicked out to lick my skin. A shiver of desire rippled through me as she lowered my foot into the tub. She turned off the water, placed her hands on my thighs, and slowly bushed my skirt up as far as it would go. She pulled my hips toward the edge of the seat and spread my leas wide.

"You don't really need a pedicure, do you?" she murmured. Then she lowered her head between my legs and lifet her hot breath on my crotch. Her tongue stabbed at me through my panties and I wanted her mouth against my skin. I wanted her to rip off my panties and eat my pussy till I screamed.

Frieda put her mouth on me and sucked me through the thin fabric. I squirmed and fidgeted and wanted to press her tight to my pussy, but she pulled back, giving me a sly grin, her pixielike features looking more impish by the second. She was actually waiting for me to answer her.

"No, I don't need a pedicure," I said with an edge to my voice, as my frustration tried to gain the upper hand.

"That's good to hear," she said. Then she began working my panties down, telling me to lift my hips so she could slide them off. They ended up in the tub and she left them there. She climbed in and sat on the edge just as she had with her boyfriend.

Iknew what was coming next, but it still sent a shudder through me when her tongue licked across my click and some you. If My pussy was twitching and I felt butterflies fluttering in my stomach as she teased and injusped my conch with in her lips. Fingers came into play as she rubbed and opened my petals for deeper access. She blevy gently on me as the fingers slid easily inside. I was hot and wet as she thrust them in and out, it and out, twisting and turning them to



give me the utmost pleasure. Her lips and tongue would make fleeting contact, then disappear again as her fingers danced over and inside my flesh. I ground my hips against the seat, wishing she'd take me in her mouth again and suck me hard.

"Oh, God," I moaned. "Please ... please ... please."

"Please what, Kristin?" she said.
"Please, Frieda ... I need—shit!"

"Mmm?"

Her mouth was on me now and I could barely think, much less offer a coherent response.

"... to come ... make me come." I begged.

And come I did. As soon as she sucked my clit into her mouth and found my sweet spot with the pads of her fingers, I saw stars. I humped her face and ground my pussy against her lips and rode that orgasm till I was completely wrung out. I fell back in the seat, gasping for air as Frieda kept licking my cunt.

I opened my eyes when I felt Frieda straddle my hips. Her lips tasted like pussy—mine—and I licked her lips and kissed her desp. Her hands slipped up under my blouse and pinched my nipples. They were already hard and sensitive, and her fordling them made them even more so. A sudden tremor racked me again from the inside out and I fell back with Frieda in my arms.

"I want to taste you," I said against her neck. I licked the pulse point in her neck and felt my pussy throb again with need as her jubbed herself against me. Frieda wasn't wearing any panties, and her pussy was as wet as mine. Then she climbed of my lap and stepped out of the tub, dripoing water onto the floor.

"Come," she said, and I followed. She led me over to a cushioned table that was probably used for waxing appointments. She lay back on the paper covering the table, and it crinkled and ripped as she pulled me on top of her. I was about to bury my face in her mound when she began maneuvering me around so we could eat each other out. As I settled in, I looked toward the front of the shop for the first time, and there was her boyfriend, watching us from outside.

"Is your boyfriend going to join us?" I asked.
"No—sometimes Trevor just likes to watch me enjoy
myself. That's why I texted him earlier. Do you mind?"

"guess not—I never thought about it before." I said, Was a latent exhibitionis? That was comething else I would have to explore. At that moment, though, all I wanted to do was pet between Frieds sweet legs. Her scent called to me and I followed, leading with my tongue. Lesplored her with trogue and fingers, Licking every part I could reach, teasing her inside and out as she did the same to me. We drove each other to the helpid or dectast, where ding the paper beneath us as we sucked and fucked each other till we were one quivering mass of flesh.

After my third orgasm of the night, all Loud do was lie there while Fireds, little sex machine that she was, hosped off the table to let her boyfriend in. She introduced me to Twoor, which was, strange, He seemed perfectly at eas, telling me he enjoyed watching me with his griffrend. Then the two of them started making out and is wan't sur what to do. Hy pantles were still floating in the forb tablt, and dash and incided unm baso.

"Uh... thanks, Frieda," I said. She and Trevor came up for air long enough to ask me to stay, but I begged off. Frieda walked me to the door and kissed me before making me promise to come back the following week. She even promised to give me an actual pedicure—If really wanted one.

"Maybe," I said with a smile, but I knew I'd be back. > + 1s





24 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



Almost two decades after appearing in Penthouse as the June 1993 Pet of the Month. I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

enthouse has been around in the United States for 45 years, and thousands of women apply to be Pets, but only 12 a year have that distinct honor. That puts Penthouse Pets in an elite group of glamour models.

After they appear in the magazine, the Pets get great opportunities to work together, doing photo shoots, videos. and promotions for the company all over the world. You end up getting close like sisters and taking lots of road trips together.

I ran with a pack of sexy Pets when I was a centerfold. Fast-forward two decades, and

here I am in the car with my old-school best friend, Julie K. Smith, Penthouse Pet from February 1993. We're headed from L.A. to Palm Springs to work a bikini car wash and a burlesque show to benefit BOO2Bullving. an anti-bullying organization of which I'm on the board of directors

At 47 years of age, Julie is a sexy Pet cougar who's looking hotter than ever. To share more intimate moments with her. catch her online webcam show. Julie's Filthy Pia Pen, on ImLive.com. To keep up with her daily activities, follow her popular online blog. TheReal JulieKSmith blogspot.com

- I hate Chinese food, but I can eat it with my toes using chapiticks.
- 2. I usually carry about ten pairs of shoes in my car at all times. In case you didn't guess, I have a letish.
- 3. My tits are insured by a German company for an undisclosed amount.
- 4. I'm known worldwide for my signature dish: Holy Tacos. It's all about my sarret source
- 5. I'm an Army brat, and I traveled the world growing up.
- 6. My favorite color is purple.
- 7. I'm a music aficionada. I can quote any song, and I can play some guitar.
- 8. My favorite place on earth is the desert. Specifically, Joshua Tree.
- 9. I always sleep with a pillow between my legs.
- 10. I love to drink pickle juice. I never waste a drop.



pet cougar confidential]

- 11. I'm an excellent driver. It's never been my fault!
- 12. I love to ride the swings—the higher the better.
- 13. I was in the longest-running revue show in Las Vegas, *Splask*. I'm a fish out of water.
- I have a degree in Marriage and Family, Mental Health, and Drug and Alcohol Counseling.
- 15. I was a personal assistant for Cher for many years.
- 16. I currently work in retail.
- 17. When I'm tired, I twist the corner of my baby blanket. Yes, still.
- 18. I don't watch TV. I'd rather read a book
- I call my pussy my "China." I couldn't pronounce "vagina" when I was young and it just sort of stuck.
- 20. If I could have one dying wish, it would be to have a threesome with Keith Richards and the late Gram Parsons.
- 21. I'm a sex addict. I fall in love too easily, but I don't say "I love you" easily,
- $22.\,\mathrm{I}$ was the first Pet to tattoo the Penthouse Key on my body,
- I've alway had a swrit crush on Penthouse Pet Janine Lindemulder.
 I guess its not a suret augmere.
- $24.\mathrm{If}\ I$ die tomorrow, the best thing I ever did was create my daughter.







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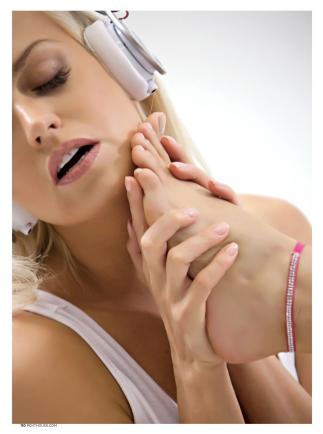


putting her best foot forward

Everyone else is celebrating the new year by making resolutions, but Lena and Lexi are more interested in the revolution happening in their relationship. They're taking time to explore all their prurient proclivities, and discovering a number of new kinks that will keep them satisfied till the end of 2015.

Photographs by Davide Esposito

































SEE MORE OF LENA & LEXI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.











OXYGEN CLAIM DEFLATED

I've seen NFL players breathing oxygen on the sidelines, and a few guys at my gym bring in small cans of oxygen to take hits from to recover faster between sets. I hear that breathing extra oxygen is also supposed to enhance sexual potency. Is this a proven benefit?

I'll leave it to experts in sports medicine to debate whether furfilling concentrated oxygen enhances attiletic performance. But I can say that oxygen pediders' claims about sexual benefits are dodyy half-ruths. It's true that oxygen is essential to oxygen charls that the say that oxygen oxygen is essential to oxygen charls both forwing to your pensis foolities oxygen causes problems getting it tup and keeping it there. Limited oxygen supply to the pensi soually doesn't have to do with the amount of oxygen you've breathing in Most often it's due to reduced blood from through blocked blood vessels, or a lang disease that impact the lungs' additing to

A healthy man breathing air near sea level gets all the oxygen he needs to have an erection. Breathing more oxygen doesn't do anything when your blood is already 100 percent saturated with oxygen. If your lungs are doing their job, but your blood vessels aren't in good shape, breathing concentrated oxygen wouldn't deliver more of it to your penis.

For men with chronic lung diseases like emphysema, breathing extra oxygen could help emphysema, breathing extra oxygen could help make up for what their lungs aren't taking in, which call the properties of the



RAPE ISN'T FUNNY

It bothers me when I hear frat brothers fall. Bit it's funny to take advantage of drunk girls, even though that's not something amone in our house does. But when one in our house does. But when ing up with actremely drunk or even passed-out girls, everyone treats illient it's just carry shenanigans and jokes about It. I want to say something about how uncool and unfunny! think it is, but I don't know a tool. Any supersections?

Inotice you didn't use the word rape. Call it rape, because that's what it is when a guy has sex with a woman who is too out of it to consent. Say "rape" out loud when you're with a group of people, and watch their faces. I guarantee no one will look amused. That's because rape is not funny. You don't need to get up on a soaphox to influence how people think about this, Just say "rape" instead of using euphemisms like "take advantage of," or terms for consensual see, like "hooking up." For example, "He raped a drunk freshmant the party," not, "He took advantage of a drunk freshman at the party," Those guys in the other frat aren't a bunch of crazy partiers. They're a bunch of rapists.

As for sounding like a tool, I'd say you're definitely a tool if you believe no one respects you enough to listen to you. If your frat brothers respect you, then what you think matters.

Consider this: Did you ever, as a kid, think it was funny to tease all augh at disabled people? If so, when did you stop? Maybe it was the first time you heard someone say, "Hey, that's not funny." Sometimes that's all it takes. Ohe

HACK YOUR SEX LIFE

Sex hacks are simple tips and tricks to make your sex life better and soli overyday sexual problems. Have a favorite sex hack you'd like to share? Email it to Sex Hacks @ finn.com, and your submission may appear in Carnal Knowledge.

Sex Hack 4

Make a key-chain condom case out of an empty mint tin. Choose a small mint tin that can hold one or two condoms. Punch a hole in the tin to loop a key ring through, and keep it on your keys. That way, you'll always have condoms and they won't get damaged by being left in a hot car or by friction in your pants pocket. Maybe leave some mints in the tin, too.

A New Sex Resolution

Our sister website, AdultFriendFinder.com, is providing a sensual, steamy, and stimulating way for its Gold members to increase their sexual skills, as well as their sexual satisfaction. This month it's all about trying new positions.

By Ava Cadell, PhD



What can we do for Mr Missionary who needs to spice things up? How about flipping the woman on top? You'll still have plenty of thrust capability, but she'll have the chance to take control of her pleasure by grinding her pelvis against you. This is particularly effective for G-spot stimulation, as that responsive spot (located about a third of the way between the vaginal opening and the cervix) can be stimulated by the penis when the guy is lying back. And he can easily bring her to orgasm in this position with added stimulation to her clitoris. By the way, men who favor "female superior" positions are voyeurs and eager to please their lovers

Sideways positions are great for slow, gentle rocking motions and sensual intimacy. For example, spooning is comfortable for the heavyset or pregnant partner, and a face-to-face scissors position allows for kissing and caressing. Since deep penetration is hard to accomplish this way, a sideways junkie might want to switch things up by lifting the woman on top of his penis so she can rock her hips from side to side for a different type of sensation, stimulating one of her hidden treasures: the U spot, the opening of the urethra, located above the vaginal opening Doggie-style lovers are goaloriented and the horniest of the sex personalities, so don't blame them for being rough and ready at any time, in any place. After all, they're alpha dogs by nature. Let's look at some doggie variations worthy of a New Year's resolution. Standing doggie-which takes more strength, balance, and coordination-is always a memorable choice. Lencourage starting with vertical missionary against a wall or a door, which is great for eye contact and kissing; then, when the passion is amped up, turn her around for the more animalistic rear-entry position. To vary things further, crouch like a tiger and press your body against hers as you enter her, which will help you achieve a deep and intense angle that is sure to stimulate her A spot, the anterior fornix. This is known as the "female prostate" and is located beyond the G spot. If you've already found her G spot, then locating the A spot should be a piece of cake. It's deep inside the vagina on the upper (anterior) wall, a narrowing of the uterus around the cervix that feels like a circular indentation. Putting some gentle pressure on this "Frisbee around the cervix" area can produce rapid vaginal lubrication and intense



naturally responsive sexually.

An orgasmic rear-entry position from the Kama Sutra is known as Varaha (the Boar). This position begins with the man penetrating his lover from behind while the woman rests her forearms on the bed or floor. This puts her rear end higher than her head and opens her wide, putting him in a direct path toward her G and A spots. He can slide one or both hands up to her shoulders for leverage as he thrusts deeply, and she can stimulate her clitoris to supercharge her pleasure. If the Boar becomes your favorite sex position, you are anything but a bore, as both the giver's and receiver's sex personalities are wild and animalistic in nature. For more exciting Kama Sutra positions, check out my latest book. Idiot's Guide. Kama Sutra, which features full-color photos and descriptions of ways to find the most satisfying positions.

Check out the Sex Academy's Sex Positions course and video to expand your position knowledge, explore sexual props, find the hottest positions for her orgasms and yours, and learn about more advanced positions.Of a



Dr. Ava Cadell is a world-renowned sexpert with a master's degree in human behavior and a PhD in human

sexuality. She is president of the American College of Sexologists International, the founder of Loveology University, a media therapist, a global speaker, and the author of nine books.





hungary heart

Zafira, a 30-year-old, 36-26-35 model from Galgaguta, Hungary, loves doing photo shoots, as the images on these pages prove without a doubt. This exotic beauty loses herself completely in every pose, and thus finds herself a place in our history.

Photographs by Davide Esposito





























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tight that each thrust made me feel like I was about to explode. I knew from experience, though, that Karina would come soon enough, so I didn't have to worry about a premature ending.

and the state of t

Satisfied for the time being, Karina rose from my lap, my dick sliding out with a wet pop, and slid her dress back on. She gave me a kiss good night and told me to sleep tight, and then she was gone.—K.B. Minnesota

Booty Call

When my phone buzzed at 3 A.M., I knew exactly who it was. Karina only calls when she's horny, and never before midnight. And I always answer. She's the ultimate booty call, and I'd just come home alone from a night out. Her timing was perfect.

She forced her way through the door as soon as it was open and launched herself at me, planting a hot, wet kiss on my mouth. She never lost her momentum, though, and she pushed me toward my bedroom. Like I said, she calls only when she's horny, and she was definitely raring to go,

and size was cere merely hind to gou.

Once we were in the bedroom, she was ready to get right (own to business. She unbuttoned my jears, then seen so that the second of the second of

Rafina passed me down on the bed Arafina passed me down on the bed and me more deep, hot kiss, then gabeen my dick, wrapped her hand around my shaft, and stroked me up and down. A minute later, her hand was replaced by her curt, and she lowered herself onto me. My hard dick slid easily into the right, we hole. She thrust up and down, fucking me frantically, and she was clenching her pussy muscles so

Spread 'Em

My husband and I like to roleplay, and we've done! fall: sexp rurse and doctor, naughty student and teacher, smokin' firefighter and damsel in distress. But our favorite game is cop and robber. We take turns playing the officer and the criminal, but I have to admit that I prefer it when Hank is the cop. We played our game the other day, and it was the hottest if is been yet.

I was dressed as a sey burglar, in a tipht catsuit and a mask covering year. face, I had "broken into" our house and was attempting to "steal" some of my best jewelry when Officer Hank busted me in the hallway, He was wearing a police uniform we'd bought during a halloween sale years sarties, compate with badge, hat, and badass shades, and if I hadn't been completely turned-on, I might have been alltitle intimidated. He really looked the part.

"Stop right there" he yelled, and id I turned briefly to see how calling out, run off, he yelled again, calling out, "I said stop?" and then followed after me before tackling me to the ground. We'd barely started playing, but as his body pushed mine into the floor, cloud feel that his cock was already hard. I'd known my tight new outfit was the way to was the way

He helped me up to my feet, and when I pretended that I was going to make another break for it, he pushed me up against the wall and told me to spread em. I did as he said, pressing



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Stormy Daniels.

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myself against the wall as I assumed the position. Hark patted me down a bit, looking for the jeweity, and he found it quickly, but he didn't stop his search. Her an his hands over my chest and down my ribs, then caressed my ass and thighs. I felt my pussy spasm as his hands approached my center, and I knew the crotch of my catsuit was probably during from my flowing juices. I want for the count me there so badly!

so bady! I shared my weight to one side, forcing his hand to graze my pussy, but he wouldn't stake the ball. He was still pretending that this was nothing more than a standard pat down life him continue to thin! I would behave, but a moment late. I clamped my legit together, capturing his hand between my thing! I bloog all for sure between my thing! I bloog all for sure a weight of the sure of the s

I did as I was told, and as soon as my feet were planted in their original position. Hank took charge, He pulled open the crotch of my catsuit, exposing my pussy and ass, then reached past the material to stroke one thick finger along my damp labia. After discovering how wet I was, he pulled his hand out, pushed his crotch into my ass, and reached around in front of me. He kissed my neck, and when I turned my head toward him, he kissed me on the lips before pushing his wet finger into my mouth. I moaned as I tasted myself on his skin, and I hungrily sucked his finger as Hank ground against me. I felt his dick get even harder through his uniform slacks and realized that we were finally getting to the part of the game I like most

When Hank pulled his finger from my mouth, he dropped his hands to his pants and unbuttoned and unzipped his fly. He pushed his pants and boxer briefs down just low enough for his dick to jut out, then guided his shaft into my dripping-wet pussy. I moaned loudly as he filled me, and he told me to quiet down or 1'd be in trouble for disturbing the peace as well as breaking and entering. I laughed, but when he slammed into me again, my giggle turned into a happy sigh. "Oh, yes, Officer," I promised, "1"Il be quiet."

Satisfied that I wasn't going to run away or make a commotion, Hank wrapped an arm around my waist and stepped back, pulling me with him. When we were far enough away from the wall, he pushed me forward so! was bent at the waist with my hair grazing the floor. The new position forced his cike keven deeper inside me, and I wiggled my hip, wanting him to get as deep as he could.

Hank bent his knees a bit, grabbed my hips tight between his hands, and fucked me right there in the hallway. He set a good pace, making sure his dick stayed deep in me the whole time -my favorite way to be fucked. I felt myself slowly building up to a major orgasm. I wanted it sooner rather than later, though, so I began to play with my clit. But as soon as my hand disappeared between my legs. Officer Hank was back, and he growled, "Hands where I can see 'em!" Startled by his command, I quickly dropped my hand to the floor again. He waited a minute. making sure I was going to follow orders, then reached around to rub my clit for me. Oh, yeah, that hit the spot!

I was so turned-on by this forceful, demanding version of Hank. His cock throbbed inside me, and I wanted to come, and I knew he was as close as I was. After a minute or so, I heard a loud grunt from Hank, and then I felt his dick spasm and shoot off inside me, just as my juices gushed out around

his shaft and down my thighs. It was the most intense orgasm I could have imagined, and I got so caught up in the feelings of pleasure that I let out a very loud moan without even thinking, Hank, however, still had his head about him, and as soon as we'd calmed down from our mutual orgasms, he pulled me up and slapped orgasms, he pulled me up and slapped



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a pair of handcuffs on me.
"What did I tell you about
disturbing the peace?" he said in
wy ear, making my pussy throb with
renewed excitement. Hank rarely
breaks out the cuffs, but when he
does, I know I'm in for a real treat.
Our game was far form over, and I
couldn't wait until he took me in for
interrogation." I was about to be the
most satisfied criminal in the city.—
J.R., New Yook.

Wired for Lust

When my buddy Logan and Imoved in together, like wish his partner would be part of the deal since they had a shit-lond rivers to do together. Lot was hist-lond rivers to do together, but Clindy was at the house more than I was. For the most part, she and Logan kept to his room or the dining room, but her shit sharted to accumulate She had the shift sharted to accumulate She had the shift sharted to accumulate She when the shift sharted to accumulate She was taking over II got It—our place was closer to campus and she did speed a lot of time working with Logan. But still, She wasta Togying rest and was

When I came home last week and she was there by herself. I freaked out and told her off. It was kind of a douche move, but I just wanted to hang out and play videogames to blow off steam, and now I had to entertain some chick who wasn't even putting out. That's not what I signed up for. After she left, I felt bad for blowing up on her and told Logan to invite her over so I could apologize. He told me she felt guilty, too, since she hadn't meant to take advantage of us and stay at our place so much. We agreed that she'd come over the next night for dinner so we could set some ground rules and bash out the situation

The next afternoon I got home from class and headed for the living room, and there was someone messing around with our entertainment center. But all I could see was this round, firm, knew it wasn't Logan — I was to be I was when wit wasn't Logan — I was to be I was who was fucking with my TV I claserad my throat. I hoping to get her attention, and when that duff work. I called out and when that duff work. I called out TV i That staffed the git, and the TV i Holy fusik; I was Cindy.

We stood there staring at each other for a minute, and then she started rambling about how she'd bought that hot new gaming system



but was never home to use it, so she thought she'd set it up at our house so I could play. Damn, I thought. She's got a nice ass and she's a gamer? Why the fuck isn't Logan doing her? Only, apparently, I'd said that out loud. Whoops.

Cindy's eyes went wide, but then she looked me up and down and told me Logan wasn't her type. "I'm more into blonds," she said. Then her eyes moved down and landed on my crotch, and she added, "And apparently so are you."

Sure enough, I'd gotten a chubby while onling her ass. I was almost embarrassed, but Cindy couldn't seem to look away from my dick, so clearly she wasn't. I was still picturing her perfect ass, and since she was eveing me like I was a piece of meat, I leaned in and kissed her. She responded immediately, opening her mouth wide and pushing her tongue between my lips to battle mine for control. Her mouth was hot and wet, and her lips were soft and supple, and damn, she was a good kisser. We made out like crazy, and we were still going at it ten minutes later when Logan got home. "I see you two made up," he said

when you two modeout, ne said when he found us, startling us enough to make us jump apart. I glared at him, letting him know he needed to get lost, and he nodded once before telling us, "As you were," and walking down the hall to his bedroom. As soon as heard his door close, I pulled Cindy into my bedroom and locked the door behind us, I didn't want any more interruptions.

I had barely turned around when Clindy dropped to her knees and opened my pants. She pulled my cock from my boxers and eyed it for a second before sucking the whole damn thing into her mouth. Fuck! She could deep-throat, too? Now I didn't care why Logan wasn't banging her—she was all misses.

She sucked my dick deep down her throat and held it there for a long moment, then pulled back so she could swift her tongue around the head and trace the tip of her tongue along its thick, throbbing veins. I groaned as she sucked me, and when it felt too good to control. I thrust my hips against her mouth a few times. When I dight think it could last much longer, I reached down and grabbed her hair, making her look at me so I

She looked pretty fuckin' pleased with herself, and the only way I could think of I to wipe that smirk of ther face was to repay the favor, so once she was on her feet. I pulled down her jeans and panties, pushed her back only bed, and got between her thick so I could eat her out. Her steaming curt was already dripping, and I licked up all the excess juices before unshipp and to push between her link. and fucking her with it. That drove her wild, but not nearly as wild as when I turned my attention to her clit. She went nuts when I flicked my tongue against it, and it didn't take me long to get her off. She screamed my name as she came, and I felt even more of her juices flood my mouth, letting me know Ifd succeeded. But I wasn't done with her yet.

As soon as I pulled back from her pussy, she took off the rest of her pussy, she took off the rest of her clothes, and followed, pulling my shirt off as fast as I could and finally kicking my pants away. I grabbed a condom from my dresser and rolled it on, then climbed on top of Cindy, slid into her juicy slit, and fucked the shit out of her. I pounded into her like she was the last piece of ass If ever get, and she en-

couraged me to go even harder. Damni I Idon't Know how legelt it up as long as I did with such a hot, willing partner, but we went at it for a good 15 minutes before I finally announced that I was about to come. Cindy grabbed my ass and squeezed it hard and I shot off, I lilling the condom with my come. Then she exploded, and her pussy spasmed and clenched acround me about a

dozen times before she was done.

Now, Cindy splits her time at the

mine, and I don't complain anymore
about her being there —R.C. California

Hot & Bothered

For my 30th birthday, I treated myself to a fancy vacation at one of those all-inclusive resorts in Mexico. I expected sun, sand, and lots of fruity drinks and good food. What I wasn't expecting was to get laid every single day. But that's exactive what happened.

Iwas alone on the beach the first day, slipping a big, ice-cold Dalequiri and soaking up some sun in my skimpy string blikin iwhen Iwas approached by a very attractive man. He asked if the lounge chair next to mine was taken, and after chuckling to myself about his very obvious line, I told him it was free and invited him to join me. As cheeys as his approach had been, I had to admit that he was save, enough to see what he if id on next.

We chatted a bit about what had brought us to the resort and why we were both alone on the beach, and when I rolled over on my chair to get more comfortable, he made his next move, offering to put some sunscreen on my back for me. I accepted handled

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him the bottle, and then luxuriated in the feel of his hands on my body. It was like every steamy tropical romance novel I'd ever read—only better, because it was hangening to me.

Louidn't control my desire, and a few minutes after he'd finished slathering my back and thighs with lotion, I told him that I should get out of the sun, and asked him to join me in my private, exhans.

He followed me inside, and as soon as I'd dropped the privacy curtains that served as a door to the little tent. I pounced. I kissed him hard, wrapping my arms around his strong shoulders and twining one leg around his thick highs. He responded by grabbing my ass and liftling me up so I was molded tight against his body. Oh, yeah, it was just like one of those romance novels for each but much much better.

His kisses trailed down my neck and shoulder, and then he was untying my bikini top and kissing my breasts. Oh, did that feel good!

Then he lay me down on one of the padded founge chairs in the cabana and resumed kissing his way down my body. He explored every inch of me, then tugged at the strings on my bikini bottom so he could kiss me there, too, he licked and kissed and sucked my pussy like a pro, and I had to bite my lip to keep from screaming when I came.

Once he'd licked me to orgam. he moved back up my body to kis me on the lips again. I could red his erection through his wim trunks, and treached into his bathing suit to feel just how hard he was. He apsped when my hand wrapped around his shaft, and stroked him a feet times. More than ready for what he was offering, jushed down his horts and he quickly stood up to strip. Then he was on me ment five sure and novel assume thim was the mind that the ment five sure and novel assume thim land the way and live ment five sure and novel assume thim land the way will five seredy to burst.

I'd never felt anything so big, I was sure, and I savored that I'ul feeling for a minute. Then he started to thrust, slow at first, then faster. His strokes were steady and deep, and he continued to kiss me, driving me crazy with lust. I couldn't get enough. He brought me to two nearly blinding orgasms before he finally came himself, and even then he stayed hard long enough to bring me to a thirt. Oh, my God!

After we enjoyed a few more drinks and some time in the sun, I helped him move his bags into my room, and he stayed with me for the week. Happy birthday to mel—N.G., Ohio 1—2

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Vital stats: 34-25-32; 5'8" 24 years old

Yosemite National Park.

Your favorite thing about your hometown: The natural beauty is unlike any other place

Favorite food:

Nothing beats my Italian grandmother's homemade pasta. It would make a Marxist believe in God!

Favorite sport: I live for hockey season.

What do you do in your spare time? I love to travel and try new food! In winter, I'm always in search of snow so I can board or ski. In summer, I love to go mountain biking with my family.

Favorite way to work out: I've discovered that sex in a car is a great way to do both yoga and cardio.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?

The masturbation/girl-girl scene in *Black*Swan. I have the hots for Mila Kunis, so that was superhot and erotic for me.

What's your favorite fantasy? I'd love to have sex in outer space someday.

What's the most outrageous place you've had sex?

In a gondola in Utah. That was pretty exciting. I was worried that we were going to be spotted and the police would be waiting for us at the bottom.

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(1-800-739-9738) CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER. COST: \$4.99 TO \$5.99/MINUTE

