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LIFE ON TOP

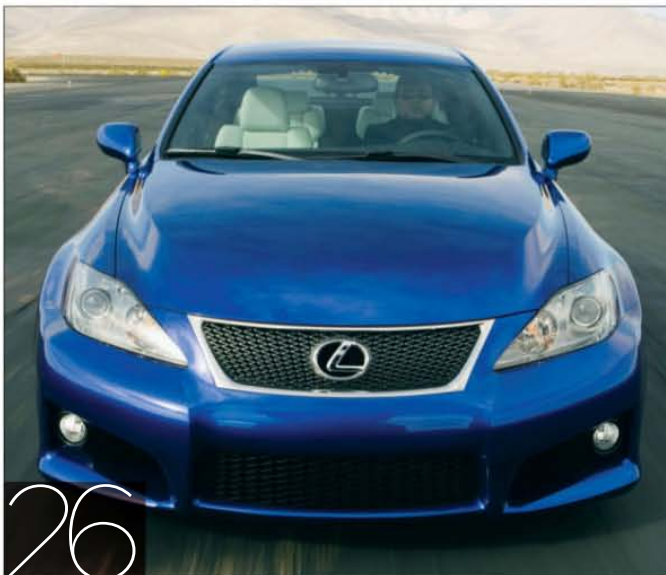
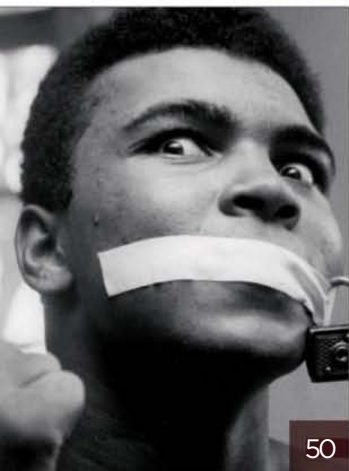
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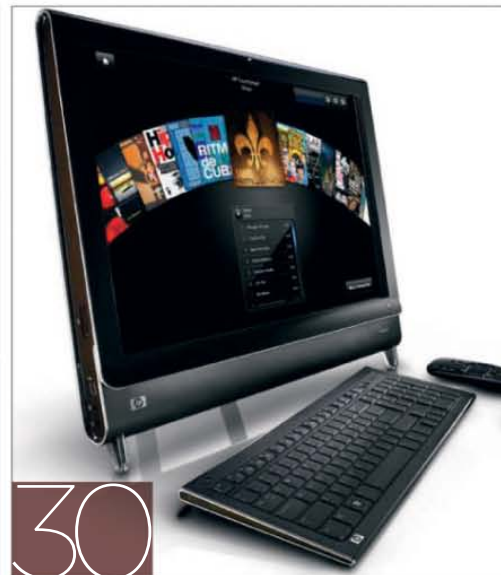
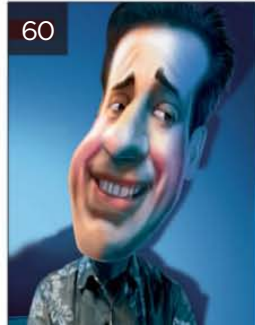
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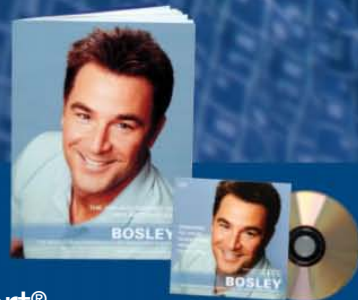
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Hot Body Ink

I was visiting Vancouver on business. My first night in town, I ordered up room service, eager to have a long bath, a few glasses of wine, and a relaxing dinner. When my meal arrived, I wasn't ready for the dish that was serving it, because I had walked one of the hottest guys I'd ever seen. Instantly, I wished my hair and makeup were done, and I wasn't just about to step into the tub. He turned around to set my dinner up on the table, and I got a nice eyeful.

"I like your tattoo," he said, noticing the Indian bracelet I have around my wrist. "How long have you had it?"

"About six years," I said, trying to take in every inch of his fabulous body. Was it me, or was his mischievous grin

telling me more than his words? "Do you have any?" I asked.

"Actually, I have three," he said, smiling. "Would you like to see them?"

Fuck, yeah. I smiled back and said, "Sure," trying to sound casual. As he took his shirt off, he began explaining the symbolism of the tree-frog tattoo on his right shoulder. Whatever. I was already envisioning all the things I wanted to do to that body.

"And this one ..." he continued, turning his back to me and pointing to some ink along his beltline, "you can't really see, but ..." He began to unzip his pants, and I couldn't even think

Suddenly his pants were around his ankles and he was standing in front of me, smiling and mostly naked.

straight. Suddenly his pants were around his ankles, his shirt was off, and he was standing in front of me, smiling and mostly naked. I didn't know how much more I could take. He was making me crazy and, for just a moment, I thought it might be all in my head, until he turned back around and I saw that he had a ginormous hard-on. I looked in his eyes and couldn't wait a second longer. I kissed my way down his chest, half expecting him to say no. He didn't. He tasted salty, and I quickly made my way lower.

Just above his pubic bone was his third tattoo—a small but ornate cross. I don't know why, but the sight of it turned me on even more. I got on my knees and took him into my mouth. He made a sound—a cross between a growl and a moan—and I began moving my hands all over his ass and thighs while I sucked and licked his gorgeous dick. I didn't think it was possible, but he grew even larger and harder in my mouth as I coaxed him with my tongue. I was so wet and hot I needed to screw him as soon as possible. I was having *such* a good time letting him fuck my mouth, but my pussy was ready to be fucked, too.

Without a word, I turned around, lifted my bathrobe, and leaned over the bed with my ass in the air. He put one hand on my hip and reached around me with his other to tweak my erect nipples. I gasped as he quickly entered me. I was more than ready, as his cock plunged deep into me. My head fell forward and my eyes closed as I clutched the bed to steady myself against the force of his thrusts.

His hand moved from my nipple down between my legs, to play with my clit ring. I felt the blood rush through my body, and my legs began to tingle and weaken. He continued pounding away, and with each plunge his balls smacked my ass. I was in total ecstasy, and when I came it was with an intensity I had never felt before. The rush was so strong I thought I was going to collapse. Then he pulled me toward him, and I felt him pulse inside me as he came with a deep groan.

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



World's Most Valuable Timepiece Disappears

Back in 1933, the single most important watch ever built was engineered for a quiet millionaire collector named Henry Graves. It took over three years and the most advanced horological technique to create the multifunction masterpiece. This one-of-a-kind watch was to become the most coveted piece in the collection of the Museum of Time near Chicago. Recently this ultra-rare innovation was auctioned off for the record price of \$11,030,000 by Sotheby's to a secretive anonymous collector. Now the watch is locked away in a private vault in an unknown location. We believe that a classic like this should be available to true watch aficionados, so Stauer replicated the exact Graves design in the limited edition Graves '33.

The antique enameled face and Bruguet hands are true to the original. But the real beauty of this watch is on the inside. We replicated an extremely complicated automatic movement with 27 jewels and seven hands. There are over 210 individual parts that are assembled entirely by hand and



27 jewels and 210 hand-assembled parts drive this classic masterpiece.

then tested for over 15 days on Swiss calibrators to ensure accuracy. The watches are then inspected in the United States upon their arrival.

What makes rare watches rare?

Business Week states it best... "It's the complications that can have the biggest impact on price." (*Business Week*, July, 2003). The four interior complications on our Graves™ watch display the month, day, date and the 24 hour clock graphically depicts the sun and the moon. The innovative engine for this timepiece is powered by the movement of the body as the automatic rotor winds the mainspring. It never needs batteries and never needs to be

manually wound. The precision crafted gears are "lubricated" by 27 rubies that give the hands a smooth sweeping movement. And the watch is tough enough to stay water resistant to 5 atmospheres. The movement is covered by a 2-year warranty.

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27-jewel automatics that are on the market today are usually priced well over \$2,000 dollars, but you can enter the rarified world of fine watch collecting for under \$100. You can now wear a millionaire's watch but still keep your millions in your vest pocket. Try the handsome Graves '33 timepiece risk free for 30 days. If you are not thrilled with the quality and rare design, please send it back for a full refund of the purchase price.



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I'd never done anything like that before, but it was absolutely the most powerful fuck I'd ever had. What happened between us was too wild for words. My room-service guy left my dinner, which had grown cold, on the table. After he left I realized he'd forgotten to get me to sign for my meal. Of course I called down to the front desk to let them know—and to order dessert.—*B.A., Ontario*

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT TYRA

I'd been going to the same spa for personal care for two years and nothing exciting had ever happened, until Tyra started working there. I noticed her right away because she didn't wear a bra and had a full rack that bounced freely under her top. I love having a rock-hard cock in me and had never been attracted to a woman before, but something about Tyra made my skin hot and my pussy wet, especially whenever I caught her watching me. I got the impression that she was visually undressing me and sizing me up. I've had guys look at me that way, but never women. It threw me at first, but then I realized I'd started doing the same thing to her.

One Friday night as I was preparing to get waxed, Tyra walked into the private room, flashed me a smile, and shut the door. I smiled back, undressed, and lay on the table.

"Want to try something different?" she asked in a sultry voice, her nipples pebbling under her tight T-shirt.

"What did you have in mind?" I asked, feeling my own nipples harden in response to her sexy voice, and the fact that we were finally alone.

"Let's take it all off and leave you baby smooth," she said. I could only stare at her as she licked her lips. "Trust me," she purred, "you'll love it."

I nodded, and she began applying some scented oil to my skin, her fingers teasing their way toward my pussy, then shying away. I thought I was imagining it, but my pussy wasn't fooled and it started throbbing. Suddenly I felt wet, so I started to close my legs—but Tyra lowered her head and her tongue darted between my legs. When she looked up, her lips glistened with my juices.

I'd never been so hot in my life. My clit was begging for attention as I squirmed on the table. But Tyra



only gave me a sly smile before spreading some of the heated wax on my mound. Then, as she placed the cotton strips over my pussy, I tensed up, anticipating that momentary sting as she pulled the strips away, leaving my pussy throbbing from the waxing and aching for her.

By the time she finished, I was longing for release. Then I had to endure additional torment as she gently rubbed more oil onto my pussy, just skimming my clit. I grabbed my knees and opened my legs wide, giving her access to do what I guessed she did best. I was rewarded when she

flicked her tongue over my clit and buried two fingers deep inside me. My pussy tightened around her fingers, and I moaned as they probed deep and retreated over and over again. Then her tongue replaced her fingers, thrusting in and out before she resumed lavng my clit. Her fingers found their way to my lips and pushed inside. I sucked on them, tasting myself, and then came, bucking my hips against her lips as she drove more fingers into me one last time.

I wanted to return the favor, but Tyra said she'd let me have my way with her next time—if I promised to set up my next waxing appointment with her. My next appointment isn't for another month, but I get wet just thinking about it.—*M.S., California*

More letters on page 130

Tyra lowered her head and her tongue darted between my legs. When she looked up, her lips glistened with my juices.



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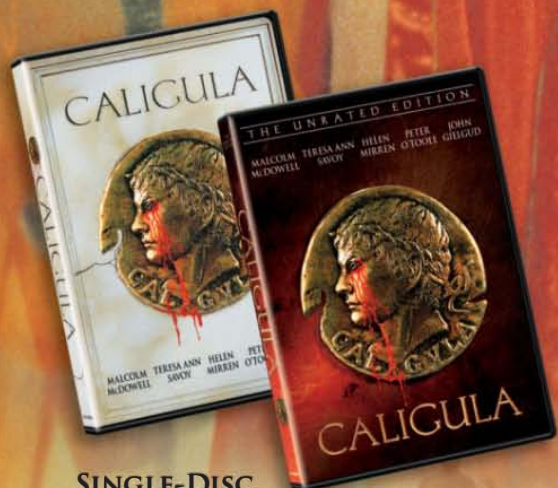
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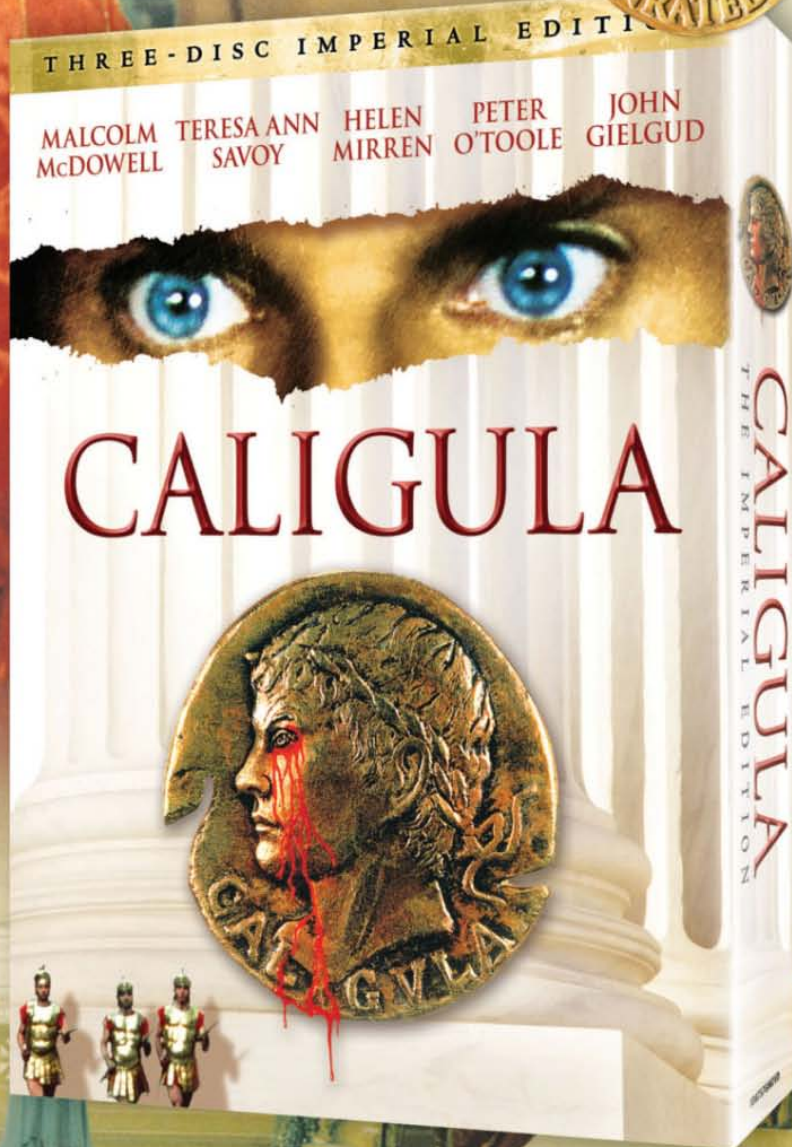
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Monster Mashup!

In the cultural tundra that is early 2009, we found signs of life: Certain stars are battling corporate bullies (Clive Owen, page 15), others are hot-wiring our hearts (Kat Von D, 20; Erin Cahill, 14), some swoop in from New Zealand (*Flight of the Conchords*, 16), and one or two keep fighting to stay famous (Hiltons Paris, 12, and Perez, 13). Oh, and that Jason dude's still rocking a hockey mask (15).



St. Valentine's Day Massacre

We don't need no stinkin' chick flicks. We'll take guns, gore, and sex any day.

By Barbara Rice Thompson



Repo! The Genetic Opera

The Plot: A sadistic repo man reclaims human organs and body parts from futuristic, fetishistic surgery addicts—while singing. This gory goth-rock opera is *Rocky Horror* meets *Blade Runner* on Broadway.

Buy or Rent? Rent. Despite incandescent performances from Sarah Brightman, Alexa Vega, and even Paris Hilton, the campy show-tune shtick wears thin. Use the fast-forward button liberally. **Added Value?** The DVD has audio commentary and featurettes. The Blu-ray offers extra featurettes, deleted scenes, and more Paris. —Christine Colby



RocknRolla

The Plot: Yet another Guy Ritchie crime caper full of tough guys and dirty dealing, this time starring Gerard Butler (*300*) and Idris Elba (*The Wire*).

Buy or Rent? Rent. While some Ritchie fans proclaimed this a return to *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* form, we're not that enthused. We'll get by with one viewing.

Added Value? Eh. Commentary from Ritchie, a behind-the-scenes featurette (and a second on Blu-ray).



Max Payne

The Plot: A wrongly accused man hunts for the men who killed his family, and exoneration. Yes, it's based on the videogame.

Buy or Rent? Rent. As much as we love dark and violent tales, even we won't watch the scenes of Mila Kunis kicking ass more than three or four times.

Added Value? Filmmaker commentary, a graphic-novel featurette; picture-in-picture interviews and behind-the-scenes info on Blu-ray.



Saw V

The Plot: Crazy serial-killer-by-proxy torments people by making them maim and mutilate themselves and one another.

Buy or Rent? Rent. These are strictly one-time viewing flicks. Besides, you've already seen it, albeit with slight variations and different stars, four times.

Added Value? Way more than we needed—two commentary tracks and five featurettes on the traps.



Vicky Cristina Barcelona

The Plot: Two young women vacation in Spain; both fall for the same artist. We were mostly interested in the part when Cristina (Scarlett Johansson) has a live-in relationship with said artist and his crazy ex-wife (Penélope Cruz).

Buy or Rent? Buy. Did you read the fantasy-inspiring part about Scarlett and Penélope? **Added Value?** Just the theatrical trailer. Woody Allen doesn't do bonus features.

High-def Update

The Bourne Trilogy

The Plot: Black-ops assassin Jason Bourne is both hunter and prey. The filmmakers do an impressive job of keeping things fresh through three installments.

Buy or Rent? Buy, especially if you're into dissecting the anatomy of hand-to-hand combat, car chases, and/or explosions. These films on high-def are an action fan's wet dream.

Added Value? A bunch, much of which has been previously available. There's also a Blu-ray Live strategy game, scene sharing, and picture-in-picture features.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ROCKNROLLA) COURTESY WARNER HOME VIDEO; (MAX PAYNE) MICHAEL MULLER; (PEREZ HILTON) MJ KIM/MTV/GETTY IMAGES

Perez Is Burning

Being a celebrity is hard work—even if you're only famous for being famous.

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

Perez Hilton's first book, *Red Carpet Suicide: A Survival Guide on Keeping Up With the Hiltons* (Celebra), written with Jared Shapiro, doesn't just tell you what you need to do to be a celebrity, but to be a "Hilton," meaning someone who is "skinny, notorious, mischievous, hot, loves to party, dates a lot, acts gorgeous, drives drunk, poses seductively for the camera, rarely works [at a job], dates some more, and doesn't eat." The 30-year-old professional gossip blogger gives us his take on the celebs he loves to hate, sex scandals, and why he loves pussy shots (even though he's gay).

What's the most important thing a person can do to become famous?

Work harder than anyone else. I'm the best example that you don't have to be born a Hilton to be a "Hilton." I mean, Paris was born a Hilton and even she has to work hard at it.

You yourself have become a celebrity, easily recognizable to your readers. Has that made it harder or easier to get stories?

Being a recognized face has made it exponentially easier to get stories. When I'm at an event, people usually come up to me. I usually go to events by myself so I don't have the burden of entertaining a friend. It allows me to work the room and make myself available. So every new person I meet is another source.

How has being gay affected your ability to get gossip? Are gay celebs more likely to confide in or come out to you?

I think being gay has allowed me to really relate to my [female] audience a lot more effectively. There are straight gossip bloggers out there, but I think they all suck. So being a big queer gives me a big advantage. But one of the disadvantages is that gay celebrities stay away from me. I'm kind of like a big bug repellent. A lot of them don't like me outing them. But I don't give a shit.

What are your favorite items?

I always love putting up pussy shots. I can say that, 'cause it's *Penthouse*. And everyone loves good poontang. If for some reason the paparazzi were able to get a shot of Bea Arthur's beaver, I'd put that up and it would get a lot of traffic. People like seeing things they think they're not supposed to.



What's one tip for the budding gossip columnist? Never make stuff up, which I don't. I take what I do very seriously, and I only report things that I know are 100 percent true. I think that's one of the reasons why people visit my site, because they trust me.

Which celebrity's sex life do you envy?

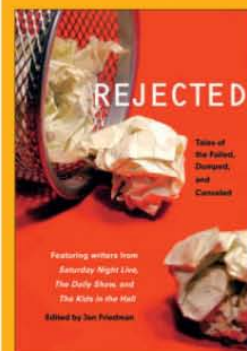
I'd say Victoria Beckham's, because she gets to bang David Beckham as often as she wants, and I can just tell he's a great lover.

What's the biggest sex scandal you've covered? Which sex scandal is too boring for words?

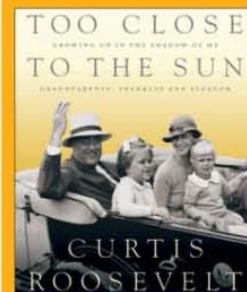
The juiciest is one I've really never talked about because it was too juicy. I'll talk about it now, but I won't mention names. There's this rock star—well, maybe more of a musician. So you'd think this musician was pretty good and virgin-like, and he had this celebrity girlfriend. But he would do things to his girlfriend, often odd things. And one of the things he would do is fuck her up the butt. Which is fine. But what he would do is watch gay porn while assfucking her. And that's kind of weird. That confuses even me.

As for the most boring sex scandal, I'd say it'd be Screech from *Saved by the Bell*, having his sex tape. That is too boring for words. I couldn't care less.

REVIEWS



This book, based on Jon Friedman's live "Rejection Show," features well-known and up-and-coming comedians dishing about the most embarrassing moments of their lives. Whether it's rejected "Weekend Update" *Saturday Night Live* bits or the more personal, kick-in-the-balls type, everyone can relate (and if you think you can't, you're fooling yourself). P.S.: I submitted a piece for the book, and guess what? It was rejected! —R.K.B.



Barack Obama has been studying Franklin D. Roosevelt to learn how to jump-start our nation's economy. For the sake of his family, he should also make a little time to read this book by Curtis Roosevelt, FDR's grandson, to get some insight into the pitfalls of a White House childhood. Only three years old when his "Papa" was sworn in, he lived, off and on, in the White House and FDR's home in Hyde Park, New York, for the next 12 years. This dramatic memoir beautifully tells the story of a quietly dysfunctional family. —Peter Bloch



SIRENS



Beauty and the Beasts

The intensely sexy Erin Cahill survived the kitschy horror film *Boogeyman 3*. Now, can she handle David Cross?

By Mac Montandon

She plays lead shrieker in the new, scare-slinging DVD *Boogeyman 3*, but it might be a pair of smaller parts that propels our new favorite tank-top wearer, Erin Cahill. When we spoke with the actress, the winner of the Mary Louise Parker look-alike contest of our dreams, she'd just been a guest star on CBS's *How I Met Your Mother* (hey, if it's good enough for Britney ...). And this year, catch her yukking it up with David Cross and Michael Vartan in a comedy about competing tire-store owners. (Don't worry: We're not about to make the obvious joke about how if you combine Cahill and tire stores, you're sure to get burnt rubber. Oops.) Anyway, Cahill proved to be lively, game, and ... very busy, as her cellphone kept blowing up. Happily, she didn't put us on hold every time it rang!

In *Boogeyman 3* you play an aspiring psychiatrist. Given the chance, how would you diagnose yourself?

[Laughs] Wait a minute, you got to see it, right?

Yeah. Have you watched it?

Yes, they had a screening in L.A., so I had about 50 friends and family there. But I have friends who are grown men that were like, *Uhhh!* And then I had other friends who are like me, die-hard horror fans, who were like, *Yeah, you know?*

Does it ever get scary on the set, or is that just ridiculous since there are a million people and a boom operator?

Oh, it's not really scary; you have to work from within to get the scary. It was really funny on our set because we were in Bulgaria and the ... guys, I'm so sorry; my mom is getting out of the hospital. I swear on a stack of bibles I'm not going to put you on hold again. **[Erin answers the other phone: "Hey, Mom, I'm doing my interview with Penthouse. How are you feeling? I'll call you when I'm done with the interview, okay? Okay, you sound great. Okay, I love you. Bye."]** Thanks, sorry.

That's all right. But if your mom is recovering from something and you tell her you're doing an interview with *Penthouse*, is that going to send her over the edge?

[Laughs] No! You don't know me at all, but I'm not a quiet person ...

Your mom is cool with it?

Oh, she's totally rad. She's the coolest.

So, shooting in Bulgaria ...

So anyway, there were two guys playing the Boogeyman. And they are both just so sweet! The scene where I'm in the closet and I'm all, whatever, not afraid of him, he was standing behind me and I'm getting in the moment, and he's like **[putting on a foreign accent]**, "Erin, I just have to tell you—you are doing a very great job." And I was like, "Aw, thanks so much."

You did excellent tank-top work in this. But what the hell did your character have against sleeves?

Well, working at *Penthouse*, you should automatically be happy I was not covering up more of my flesh.

Good point. You grew up in Virginia—I'm sure you are aware of the state motto.

Oh, yeah—Virginia is for loooovveerrrs!

Yes. Did you find that to be true?

Um. [Laughs.]

Did it seem to be a land full of lovers?

Yes, Virginia is very romantic and loving in every sense of the word.

You probably know that in the presidential election last fall, Virginia voted democratic for the first time in 44 years.

I know! My dad's a Republican, and of course all my friends are Democrats—so when it came out that it was blue, I texted him, "Ha-ha, Virginia turned blue!" It was like 11 o'clock at night and it was awful to text my dad, but I had to. It was really fun to be able to rub that in.

Okay, let's talk about some of your earlier work. I haven't seen this one, but *Nina and the Mystery of the Secret Room*—what's the mystery?

One of the best things about that was getting to work with Kelly LeBrock, she's just—

She holds a special place in every former-adolescent male heart.

Oh, God, I can't even tell you! I have friends who—and knock on wood, I've been a working actor for like eight years—they never cared about coming to set, and I've worked on some really fun stuff with great people. When I told guys I was working with Kelly LeBrock—

Every male friend called ...

Totally!

You were once also a Power Ranger. Pink, I believe. A nice perk of having been one, I imagine, is now you never need to buy another Halloween costume.

No one knows this, but those suits are wickedly expensive—the helmets are like the cost of a car, \$15,000 or something ridiculous. They have them locked up in a warehouse somewhere in Valencia.

No employee discount?

No, no, no. I don't even know where the suit is.

This year you're in *Demoted*, with David Cross and that little hobbit guy.

Sean Astin!

That seems like it could get some good attention.

I only have a couple of scenes in it but I play Constance Zimmer's sister; she's on *Entourage*.

So it's a smaller part in a fairly large production.

I've heard there are no small parts, only small actors.

Who told you that, Sean Astin?

Ohhh! ☹️



The International

Clive Owen, Naomi Watts, Armin Mueller-Stahl

Evil bankers. That's not so tough a concept to wrap one's head around, especially since our portfolio went south like an aging bridge champ. So it's likely that *The International*, a superthriller about financial corruption, will hit audiences where it hurts. British action-hero-plus Owen plays an Interpol agent who, with the help of feisty Manhattan attorney Watts, roots out wrongdoing in a corporate octopus. (Suffice it to say, we're talking about more than ATM service charges here.) The movie shuttles you everywhere

from New York to Berlin to Istanbul, and since the director is *Run Lola Run*'s Tom Tykwer, the shuttling is frenetic and exhilarating. Tykwer can count among his accomplishments a full-scale replication of the Guggenheim Museum's curvy interior—constructed for a multi-tiered shoot-out, no less—and a *Bourne*-again feel for mano-a-mano fight scenes. But will *The International* restore our confidence in failing economic markets? We'll be watching our checking accounts shortly after the film's release. Clive, we're counting on you. No pressure.



Fanboys

Sam Huntington, Chris Marquette, Kristen Bell

A quintet of *Star Wars* geeks infiltrates George Lucas's Skywalker Ranch in 1998 for an uninvited peek at the latest prequel, in an indie comedy that's been buzzed about for nearly two years. Amazingly, the movie's real-life evil emperor isn't Lucas (who says he's a fan), but whoever played a role in delaying the release until now. Frankly, we find that lack of faith disturbing.



Friday the 13th

Jared Padalecki, Danielle Panabaker, Willa Ford

Ready for another rebooting of a horror franchise better left to the grave? Break out the well-used hockey mask for an update that's been said to make goalie/slasher Jason Voorhees more sympathetic. Why, oh, why? To be honest, we prefer him vicious—and ruining summer camp for us forever.



Gomorrah

Salvatore Abruzzese, Simone Sacchettino, Salvatore Ruocco

Potentially the next *City of God*, this modern-day epic about organized crime in Naples feels like an Italian response to gentle American fare like *The Sopranos*. (Yup, we said it.) The scope of Matteo Garrone's deeply researched movie is total—from kids playing Scarface to businessmen bending the law. Miss this flick and you might get ... well, we can't really say.



Taking Flight

As the bumbling manager on *Flight of the Conchords*, New Zealand comedian Rhys Darby is tasked with guiding our heroes' musical careers. He's so good he has his own stalker.

By Ed Condran

Rhys Darby is the antithesis of his inept character on HBO's *Flight of the Conchords*. The charismatic comedian has been surprising fans with his unpredictable material for going on two decades. Now that he's shared the big screen with Jim Carrey in *Yes Man* and is reprising his Murray role for the second season of *Conchords*, it seems safe to say that his eagle won't be landing anytime soon. In fact, Darby is really starting to soar. Enough damn flying metaphors for you, already?

During a *Flight of the Conchords* concert in Philly, someone shouted, "Where's Murray?" Where were you? Probably making a movie. I think that's great. It's [Jemaine Clement's and Bret McKenzie's] show, but it's always been about the three of us.

Is Murray secretly cool and getting plenty of action?

I wouldn't say he gets much action, but he does have another life. Some power has gone to his head. He got successful and really didn't know what to do with that.



There's a stalker character on the show. Have you ever been stalked? Yes, back in New Zealand. One chap made me a jacket. He sewed it all himself and left it on my doorstep.

What happened to him?

He bought a giant bouncy castle. He wanted me to drive down to the beach so we could jump on it together, but the beach was an hour and a half away and it was at night, so I couldn't.

You got back to him? Are you as crazy as he is?

That was then. Now I have an entourage that can follow me around and just squire people away.

You sing on the Conchord's song "Leggy Blonde." Are you a leg man who's into blondes?

When I was younger, I guess I was into the stereotypical leggy blonde. It never happened. I never went out with a blonde or anyone who had long legs. It wasn't meant to be.


Do a lot of your stand-up fans expect you to be Murray onstage?

I hope they've done their homework and found that I've been doing physical stand-up for 15 years.

What was it like working with Jim Carrey? Did he give you any advice?

Jim said this to me: "None of this matters. It's all rubbish. We're just being idiots. Don't even think about all the cameras, the lights, all the extras. Forget about the millions of people that will see this movie. We're just mucking around." Great advice. I'll always remember that.

Is it true that a company in New Zealand is experimenting with jetpacks?

It's absolutely true. From what I gather, they haven't gone farther than six feet. I want to get a jetpack so if a set I'm doing is going badly, I'm out of there and off into the sky. 

Street Fighter IV

BY REBECCA SWANNER

(CAPCOM) XBOX 360, PS3

★★★★



When it comes to grappling games, you can talk as much smack as you want, but after a couple of rounds everyone knows who the real beat-down master is.

If you've got the chops, rejoice: After nearly ten years, you can finally lay your menacing mitts on the new installment of that bruising classic, *Street Fighter*. Your favorite characters are back on the mat—Chun-Li, Ryu, Ken, Cammy, and Blanka—along with a few welcome newbies, such as Mexican wrestler El Fuerte, the sexy spy Crimson Viper, and Abel, a French martial artist. The storyline—if you pay attention to such things—is set between *Street Fighter II* and *III*, but, of course, it's the combat that counts. The six-button control scheme for light, medium, and heavy brutality has been retained, but there's a new fighting system: Focus Attacks, which allows you to absorb your enemy's assault before performing a savage countermove that, depending on how skilled you are, is unblockable. Also returning are the Super Combos and the life-sapping Ultra Combos—enjoy unleashing them once your Revenge Gauge is full. Who says anger can't be productive?

**BIONIC COMMANDO**

(CAPCOM)

XBOX 360, PS3, PC

★★★★

It's all here: the exhilaration of swinging from one screen to the next with your extendable arm, and the hardcore bursts of nostalgia (minus the side-scrolling) as you play on and on. **Rocks:** Your cyborg arm is even more of a go-go-gadget than it was last time, and it lets you leap from building to building with effortless, thrilling momentum. The plot features the welcome return of Nathan "Rad" Spencer (voiced by Mike Patton), who has now discovered how to jump, and is on the run from the government and the evil Super Joe.

Flops: Um, why is Spencer sporting dreadlocks?

**AFRO SAMURAI**

(NAMCO BANDAI)

XBOX 360, PS3

★★★★

When this was a star-studded manga series on Spike TV, it delivered a protagonist with a take-no-shit attitude (and the voice of Samuel L. Jackson) and a block-rocking sound-track, courtesy of Wu-Tang's RZA.

Rocks: As seen in games *Killer 7* and *Prince of Persia*, when developers experiment with nontraditional art styles, the results can be spectacular. The game captures the spirit of the show and features a ruthless hero, who can slice enemies in half with ease and tear out throats with a nasty finishing move.

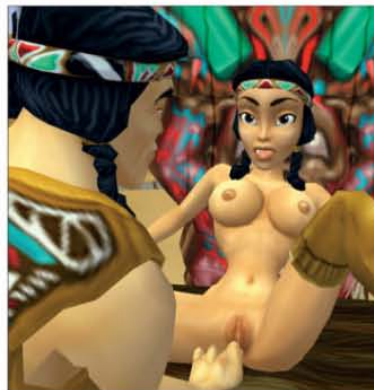
Flops: The hack-and-slash genre is starting to wear a little thin. Game makers should know that, no matter how strategic they try to make things, button mashing is getting old.



Bone Machine

We cozy up to the newest sex game aiming to help us get our pixelated rocks off.

By Chris Cechin



Soon after visiting *BoneTown* for the first time, discerning nerd-virgins, horny collegiates, and other esteemed smut connoisseurs will have only one question: *So when, exactly, do I get to the fucking?*

That's because, unlike you your first time, it doesn't come quickly in this *slightly* politically incorrect game. Only after a character ups the heft of his "balls" by winning street fights, indulging in drugs and booze, and completing missions on the way to reaching Ron Jeremy's shag palace is he sufficiently fortified to pick up women—most of whom are skinny enough to be mistaken for drug addicts/fashion models—and have sex with them. Think VH1's *The Pick Up Artist* meets *Repo Man*, but don't fret: As you improve physically, so do the women you'll virtually lay.

On your way to the love den, feel free to indulge in plenty of sexual fantasies, from the pedestrian—say, ass slapping—to the coveted regions of a hot-twin-based threesome. Just keep in mind that since the virtual sex is all about bringing girls to orgasm by tinkering with assorted controls, one's hands are not free to multitask.

The boning itself is more amusing than erotic, and it's stimulating not so much for its visual artistry as for the aural ravings of underpaid voice-over actresses. But that's not for lack of trying. With 360-degree, top-to-bottom navigation, *BoneTown* is a study in digitized orifices and appendages. For a blowjob, select the ruby red lips icon; to knock on her backdoor, click on the charming halved grapefruit; for missionary sex, highlight the alluring lavender oyster. If only real life were this simple.

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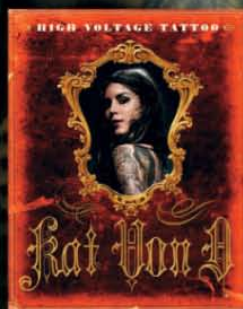
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INK, INC.



Kat Trick

By adding a new book to her tattooing gig and TV show, Kat Von D extends her inky empire yet again. In that way, she's like Napoléon—but hotter.

By Rebecca Swanner

The star of *L.A. Ink*, Kat Von D, has tattooed everyone from queer-friendly comedian Margaret Cho to her own boyfriend, Mötley Crüe's hetero-horndog Nikki Sixx. So we all know she has a way with the needle—but who knew she was gifted with a pen, too? In a new book celebrating her life and career, Von D puts herself on full, graphic display. Intrigued, we called up Kat to find out what makes her purr.

Tattooists suffer for their art.

"As a tattoo artist and someone who has been tattooed since I was 14 years old, I know what it's like to be an outcast. With musicians it's the same thing. There is a stigma behind the rock-star mentality."

She hates going under the needle.

"I can't wait until I'm done. Then I won't have to get tattooed anymore. This shit hurts! I love having them but I hate getting them."

She plays a vampire alongside Penthouse Pet Krista Ayne in the upcoming horror film *The Bleeding*, but she's not quitting her day job anytime soon.

"I would never call myself an actress, but I think I can act a little bit. I had prosthetic teeth and a stunt double who had better abs than I do. I had to kill a girl: She was all chained up and I had to bite her neck. I kept going, 'Oh my God! I'm so sorry!'"

With a metal streak as wide as a Marshall stack, she's a wicked, wicked deejay—with a heart of gold.

"If I put my playlist on and made everyone listen to it, it would probably drive the majority of people crazy. You can't have all Slayer and Dimmu Borgir. [Though she might like to.] You have to find a good balance... but you can't fuck with Motörhead."

Sadly, she's no dominatrix.

"I'm a hopeless romantic and pretty conservative when it comes to certain things. I've always picked guys because we have some sort of intellectual connection. I've never dated dudes who wanted to be with me because I'll get crazy. I'm pretty sure I give a mean blowjob, but I'm not going to be tying him up or anything."

MAIN STAGE /// BY ANDY GREENWALD

Wasted

The third album from former rock band du jour Franz Ferdinand makes us wonder if perhaps not everything in Scotland improves with age.



TONIGHT:
FRANZ
FERDINAND

Despite their nerd-baiting name and Scottish reserve, the members of Franz Ferdinand are naughty little buggers at heart. How else to explain the rampant randiness of their third album, *Tonight: Franz Ferdinand*? Over ominous, gurgling synths on "Ulysses," suave singer Alex Kapranos is hissing about getting high and comparing an endless night out to *The Odyssey*. The band's bread-and-butter

angular, post-punk guitars return in force on "Turn It On" and the riotously funky "Kiss Me." But, for all this dance-floor sweat, there's precious little release. Instead of building to a glorious pop climax (à la 2004's "Take Me Out") the album evens out halfway, settling for the pleasant but ultimately unmemorable fuzz of "Lucid Dreams" and the acoustic closer "Katherine Kiss Me." Is Kapranos no longer up to partying all night long?

Tonight: Franz Ferdinand
(Epic/Domino)

★★★

Penthouse Pick: "Kiss Me"

DISCOGRAPHY

Franz Ferdinand
(Epic/Domino, 2004)

From Archduke to arch disco: Franz Ferdinand's clinically cool debut was a global smash thanks to mega single and **Penthouse Pick** "Take Me Out"

You Could Have It So Much Better

(Epic/Domino, 2005)

This slightly rushed follow-up hews closely to its predecessor's dancey blueprint with detours into glam and acoustica.

Penthouse Pick: "Outsiders"

Sound Bites: *Eating on Tour With Franz Ferdinand*
(Penguin, 2006)

Before international fame beckoned, Kapranos worked as a cook. His first book collects his clever essays about fooding his way around the globe.

REVIEWS



LILY ALLEN

It's Not Me, It's You
(Capitol)

★★

The cheeky English pop tart had a rough 2008 rife with tabloid-attracting mishaps, drugs and drink, and a miscarriage. No surprise, then, that album number two skews considerably darker.



THE VON BONDIES

Love, Hate, and Then There's You (Majordomo)

★★★

The Detroit garage-rock quartet best known for brawling with Jack White returns with two new ladies and a poppier sheen. The shoe-gazing "Pale Bride" is immediately hummable.

PREVIEWS



ANIMAL COLLECTIVE
Merrweather Post Pavilion (Domino)

These Baltimore folk-freaks blend Brian Wilson-aping, pop vocal gibberish with digital stabs and tribal drumming. "Brother Sport" sounds like an underwater rave held in 1969. But, you know, *good*.



THE FRAY

The Fray (Epic)

Denver's schmaltzy piano-rockers return with more heartfelt mini epics about how to save a life and more. "Absolute" is a soaring, searching ode to God, understanding, or both. Prime-time hospital dramas: Meet your new soundtrack!

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Shred in Style

Whether you're catching air at the half-pipe or schussing the slopes old-school style, here's the hottest in cold-weather gear.

By William Spain



THE GOODS

With the economy doing most of the shredding these days, few in the snow-sports biz are expecting to make much out of this year's season. Pre-bookings were way down and resort operators are nervous. Still, if there's good snow, many of us will scrape up

the cash for a trip toward fresh powder. Or, as Michael Berry, head of the National Ski Areas Association, puts it, "A lot of people will just dump their \$5 lattes into the tank and drive up." At the very least, those of us who hit the slopes can look forward to less crowding—and maybe even some bargains.



COLD POLE \$80

Why spend a C-note on poles with trigger snaps and carbide tips when they're going to snap anyway? Cold Pole has all the aluminum alloy and epoxy powder finish called for, with a little something extra: Each pole holds about half a pint of hooch, chilled to outside temperature. Just unscrew the handle and pour while you wait for the ski patrol to haul your broken body out of the snow. The poles even come with a funnel and a cleaning brush. ColdPole.com



CHAKRA LEGIT KIT LAZY SUNDAY \$160

Chakra is the latest line from legendary goggle maker Von Zipper, which calls the Lazy Sunday "a ritual of oneness with the flow of the flurry universe." That may sound a bit too groovy, but the detachable headphone muffs will help drown out the sounds of humanity. Meanwhile, a smoke-gray chrome lens keeps visibility high in almost any light condition, and the limited-edition matching bandanna will make you easier to pick out. VonZipper.com

A layer of titanium reinforces the wood core, ensuring the skis won't break until long after your leg does.

VOLKL GRIZZLY \$1,525

With its new shape, this papa bear of the piste can fly over the powder and carve the pack. A layer of titanium reinforces the wood core for strength and stability, while ensuring the skis won't break until long after your leg does.

The ski also features Volkl's three-setting power switch—the world's first onboard adjuster—which can change rides from the canyons to the kiddie slopes with a simple turn of the dial. Volkl.com





2008 BURTON CUSTOM X SNOWBOARD
\$700

This is touted as the best wood-core board in the world, and designed for riders who want to kick things up a notch. A preconditioned, wax-impregnated base keeps it fast, while the core's 500 separate laminations keep it light, strong,



and lively. As an added bonus, the "Infinite Ride" technology means no break-in period, and stainless-steel pressure-distribution edges make for a sharper cut on packed snow, and extend under the binding for extra hold. Burton.com



REI SHUKSAN
\$290

This is billed as a climbing jacket, but it's well-suited for alpine skiing, especially if you're inclined to break a sweat. REI uses an "eVent" fabric with a membrane that lets perspiration out, keeping you warm and dry. It also has a helmet-compatible hood, sealed seams for total waterproofing, and six pockets. Plus, for anyone who's caught in a blizzard, or skiing recklessly on the day's final downhill run, it's windproof to 60 miles per hour. REI.com



FULL TILT BUMBLEBEE PRO
\$500

The boot that made Full Tilt famous is back. The pros love this one—Seth Morrison was hoarding them when they went out of production—but you don't have to be a world-class skier to appreciate it. The three-piece design provides a very natural flex, while the rubber bootboard absorbs the shock. But one of the most unique features is the liner: It's pre-lasted into the boot at the factory for a great fit to the shell, and can also be heat-molded to your foot for one-of-a-kind comfort. FullTiltBoots.com



SOFT NO MORE

Lexus worked for years to build cars that isolate the human from the road, and shroud the driving experience in disengaged luxury. But the IS F wants the driver completely involved with every curve, ripple, and tricky challenge of the blacktop.

By Bill Heald

Toyota's Lexus luxury-car division has earned a reputation for outstanding quality, yet they have also had to endure the naysaying of certain performance-car enthusiasts, especially owners of M-series BMWs and AMG Mercedes. They have belittled Lexus for a lack of tire-smoking horsepower and floaty handling, and they have a point. For years, Lexus engineers focused more on refinement and technical sophistication than serious performance. But change is in the air, thanks to the introduction of the IS series of sedans, and the king of this new direction is the muscular IS F.

Things get cooking in the engine room, with an amazingly detailed five-liter V-8; thanks to high-tech wizardry like dual continuously Variable Valve Timing with intelligence, it delivers a robust 416 horsepower. Equally important on this rear-drive machine is the torque, which at 371 foot-pounds

propels the IS F out of corners. The engine also sports a dual air-intake system, where a primary intake passage is used at lower rpm, but once you hit about 3,700 rpm, look out. A secondary air-intake system opens when the engine spins up, and the pitch of the mechanical concert changes to a much louder, deeper growl as you get pushed deep into the sport seats in a quest for light speed. As with most powerful V-8s, the exhaust note is bold and gutsy, but with the IS F you also get the under-the-hood ear candy that tells you this ain't your old man's Lexus LX.

As has been typical with the brand, new technology abounds, but this time it's aimed at making your favorite curvy tarmac an exhilarating playground. To tap the power of the V-8 I've been waxing erotic about, there's an eight-speed (yes, I said eight) Sport Direct-Shift automatic transmission. This gearbox is not only a mouthful to introduce, it also





SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door sport sedan
Engine	Five-liter V-8
Power	416 horsepower
Torque	371 foot-pounds
Transmission	Eight-speed Sport Direct Shift automatic
Front tires	P225/40R19 93Y
Rear tires	P255/35R19 96Y
Curb weight	3,780 pounds

PERFORMANCE


0-60	4.6 seconds
Top speed	170 mph
Fuel capacity	16.9 gallons
Fuel economy	16 city/ 23 highway
Price (as tested)	\$62,770



gives the driver a stunning taste of genuine race car-style shiftology. Lexus describes it as “combining the performance characteristics of an automated manual-type transmission with the smoothness and refinement of a torque converter, planetary-type automatic transmission.” That’s all well and good, but what does it mean? It means you can choose between quick, crisp, clutchless manual shifts or let the electronic brains make the decisions like a regular automatic. The full-auto mode operates smoothly enough, but it isn’t nearly as much fun as going manual, sequentially shifting with the paddles on the steering wheel and pretending you’re chasing Danica Patrick around Indy. This transmission lets you stay in the engine’s peak power zone with all those speeds available, and it really does put you in complete control.

Of course, none of this drivetrain stuff can get you around a closed course quickly unless the chassis, brakes, and

suspension are up to the task. The IS F body structure is commendably stiff, and serves as a good backbone for the ultra-sophisticated suspension and braking components bolted to it. Also on board is the Vehicle Dynamics Integrated Management system, which uses a switch to select Normal, Sport, or Snow modes depending on when you want the black box to electronically intervene if you start sliding the car. This safety feature is around to help keep you out of trouble, and it does the job admirably.

As you sit in the cozy cockpit of this fine driver’s car, you are still surrounded by the kind of luxury treatment that Lexus is famous for. But the moment you hit the start button and drop it into gear, you realize this is a whole ‘nother kettle of fish. The road is no longer something you’re isolated from; it’s now your dragon and you must slay it. The IS F is a genuine Excalibur, and man, does it sing when you let it fly. 

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HOOLIGAN

Triumph steals the speedy bits from its three-cylinder Daytona sport bike to cobble together a seriously nasty pavement prowler that captures the look of a homemade custom but shines like a polished, potent jewel.


By Bill Heald



The British have been known to take perfectly good peas and mash them into a vile green paste before devouring them. Weird, I know. And they don't just stop with their cuisine, as they also have been known to do odd things to motorcycles, but with far tastier results. This started years ago, when (as legend goes) a lad was out riding his shiny new sport bike and slipped on some diesel fuel and went down, destroying a good portion of his pristine bodywork. Instead of shelling out hard-earned cash that he didn't have for replacement panels, he just ripped all the remaining bodywork off—and liked what he saw. He then tucked away such things as wiring and other engine plumbing to make his Frankenstein a tad less homely. Since the front fairing that housed the headlight also was trashed, he grabbed a pair of headlights from a junkyard and stuck them on the bike, making his ride look like a giant praying mantis that still handled like the sport bike it was. A taller, motocross-style handlebar replaced the low racing clip-ons that broke off in the accident, and a more upright riding position (much more comfortable around town) was created. Our lad not only really liked his new street brawler machine, but a lot of other blokes did,

too, and started chucking their bodywork as well (without even wadding up the bike first). The hooligan bike was born.

Triumph watched as this new genre of street bike motored past its factory in Hinckley, and decided to build a bike from scratch that resembled these wild machines. Called the Speed Triple, it first appeared in 1994 and evolved over time to become one of the marque's most popular bikes. In 2008 we were graced with the new Street Triple, which took the basic chassis and 675-cc, three-cylinder, 106-horsepower engine from the Daytona 675 race replica sport bike and gave it the full hooligan treatment.

This year we have the Street Triple R, which may just be the ultimate sporting expression of this cool urban scoot. The R features top-shelf adjustable suspension components that work as well on the track as on the street, and when combined with the premium brakes from the Daytona, the performance easily keeps pace with the R's aggressive looks. A higher seat and Magura handlebars further tune the riding position for street work, so you have a truly potent urban beast right out of the box. Think about it: You could buy a sport bike, strip off the bodywork, and graft on some spare parts to get the urchin look with the performance, or you can get a ride engineered on the drawing table to be the best street fighter on Earth. 



Like a bit of menace in your ride?
Triumph's Street Triple has
the 'tude and muscle to back it up.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled inline triple
Bore x stroke	74 mm x 52.3 mm
Displacement	675 cc
Fuel system	Multipoint sequential electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Digital electronic
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	41-mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 308-mm floating discs with radial calipers
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	3.8 gallons
Wheelbase	54.7 inches
Seat height	33.5 inches
Dry weight	367 pounds
MSRP	\$9,499

Stroke Yourself

Sure, your girl's gonna be megapissed if you blow off Valentine's Day, but nobody ever said you can't treat yourself as well. These ridiculously beautiful and completely unnecessary gizmos for the office, at home, or out and about are the perfect way to reward yourself.

By Paul Stone



TOUCHSMART ALL-IN-ONE TV DESKTOP

BestBuy.com

\$2,100 with Intel Core Duo Processor T8100

Did you fall in love with the idea of a big touch screen while watching *Minority Report*? Welcome to the future, dude. The TouchSmart is a 25-inch joy machine. It's all here, from Blu-ray compatibility to Web TV, all at the touch of your calloused hands. It does anything a normal PC can, and you can leave yourself notes, set reminders, live blog as you watch a movie or TV show, or conference via Skype and the built-in Webcam. It just might be the most perfect computer ever, not to mention the most fun you're going to have with your clothes on.



GUNNAR OPTIKS OFFICE GLASSES

GunnarOptiks.com

\$100 to \$190

Americans now spend more time than ever in front of computer screens (and yes, the ones on your cellphone and PSP count), which means there's not just one, but two, eye-strain syndromes to treat. Gunnar Optiks glasses help save your eyes from Digital Eye Fatigue and Computer Vision Syndrome. The company's i-AMP technology means more relaxed ocular muscles, the amber tint prevents strain from other lights, and, according to Gunnar, the glasses even help prevent dry eyes. And of course they look kind of badass around the office.



AVATAR GAMING MOUSE

Nzxt.com

\$60

This mouse is perfect for lefties, since it was designed with the ambidextrous in mind. It's small and light, which means it's quick and responsive, and has a rubber grip to minimize unwanted slippage. And with seven—count 'em, seven—programmable buttons, you'll be able to shoot your way out of hot spots with a speed and ease you've never known.



SOLIO SOLAR CHARGER

Solio.com

\$100; \$170 for the magnesium edition

Taking advantage of Mother Nature's bounty never felt so right, whether you want to be sure your camera is ready for every fish you catch, you need your GPS charged so you can find your way out of the woods, or you want your cellphone video capture to keep working no matter how many tit-flashing coeds you film at Mardi Gras. If you're stuck with one rainy day after another, you can even plug it in and charge it off the grid.



SAMSUNG S2 MP3 PLAYER

Samsung.com

\$40

You don't normally get a lot of design for \$40, but the S2 is a real hybrid of form and function. It looks more like a rock than an MP3 player, comes in five colors, and fits in the palm of your hand or comfortably around your neck. The one-gig internal flash drive plays around 13 hours of MP3, WMA, and OGG files, but our favorite thing about it is the price. A practical workout player that's cheap to replace if necessary is a good thing.

You don't normally get a lot of design for \$40, but the Samsung S2 is a real hybrid of form and function.



KINDLE ELECTRONIC READER

Amazon.com

\$360

Amazon, which has undeniably revolutionized the book-selling business over the past decade, is betting that e-books are the future of publishing. With this impressive device, it's easy to see why. It's as light as—and not much bigger than—a pocket-size paperback, downloads are DSL-fast, and the screen is surprisingly easy to read. (Especially given the easily accessible half-dozen font sizes. Even older folks who need large-print books

should be able to figure out how to adjust the size.) The number of titles available is impressive as well, especially if you're into mainstream adult fiction and nonfiction. If you save money by borrowing books from your local library, though, forget this. You have to purchase whatever you want to read, and the prices aren't as low as we'd expected compared to hard copies, particularly for paperbacks.—Barbara Rice Thompson



Date Like You're Rich

With dating, you've got to give if you're going to get. Penthouse Pet Lexie Karlsen tells us how a little investment can yield some big returns.

By Jonathan Ages

■ LIVE LARGE

"A simple pair of cufflinks can look expensive. There's also the old rule: Buy the best you can afford. You don't need an \$8,000 Rolex. An Omega is nice, and that's not too much. Just steer away from the ones that look old man-ish. And don't wear any cheap jewelry. You don't want to be that guy wearing the gold rope chain."

■ NOT JUST THE TIP

"A guy can look like he doesn't have much money if he's a cheap tipper. On the first date you should always tip, like, 20 percent—even if the service wasn't that great. I'd be turned off by a really cheap guy. I'd probably blow him off a couple of times—you know, set up a date and then say I can't make it. I'd torture him."

■ QUICHE ISN'T KITSCH

"Brunch is a good time to go to a fancy place without having to spend quite as much money. The one big problem is, it's the middle of the day, so you're probably not gonna get laid."

■ THE VINTAGE DATE

"I think art galleries or wine tastings are really good, inexpensive-yet-upscale date ideas. People assume that people with money always drink and collect wine. I don't care. I just drink cheap wine."


■ RAID YOUR FRIDGE

"Picking up food and making a gourmet meal will score you major points for thoughtfulness while controlling the budget—she can't order a \$100 lobster. Pick up a \$10 bottle of wine and say, 'It was rated really highly by *Wine Spectator*.' And display the food really well. Nice plates and even cheap glasses make things look classy."

■ BROWNBAG THE BOOZE

"Bring-your-own-bottle restaurants make for an affordable, classy date. Just make sure to ask her beforehand what she likes to drink. I was on a date with this one guy who bought me a Cherry Coke and rum. It was this disgusting, white-trash drink!"

■ DITCH THE DIGGER

"It's difficult to know when to ditch a gold digger. I guess it all depends on how badly you want to get laid. The golden rule is to get rid of her if she buys the most expensive thing on the menu, then barely touches it." 

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Audrey Bitoni
November 2008
Pet of the Month

Tori Black
December 2008
Pet of the Month

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SCOUNDREL

Hallmark Love

Dumping your girl around Valentine's Day will land you in sticky territory. Here are some words of wisdom from our twenty-first-century rogue.

Illustration by Zachary Baldus

*Dear Scoundrel,
I know I should have been wining and dining my girlfriend on Valentine's Day, but I didn't feel like it. Things weren't going great with us and, well, I broke up with her. I'm still happy we're done, but I'm starting to feel kind of guilty. Was it bad form to dump her around Valentine's Day?
—Aaron N., Maryland*

Breaking up with your girl around Valentine's Day is bad form, but it isn't like you watched all four parts of *Alien* on your wedding day. And it's better than pretending you're still into her past the point of no interest. Your true feelings would have eventually surfaced—better now than at the altar or in the listless throes of monotonous sex.

As a formal guideline, you can break up with a woman at any time except on her birthday, the night before her ten-year high school reunion, or, for your own safety, during the peak of her PMS. It's okay that you dumped her, but you made it worse by ditching her on a day when even Hallmark deems her a loser for being single.

No guy gives a Jean-Claude Van Damme about Valentine's Day. But women do. You have taken this girl's pseudo-important lovefest and pissed all over it. If you're in a relationship come next February, restore your karmic balance: Succumb to social pressure and buy your girlfriend something *really* good. (You won't find it hanging on the sale rack at Victoria's Secret, buddy.) 'Cause with your bad karma, you could be on the receiving end of a Valentine's Day payback not known since the days of John Wayne Bobbitt. And when you're in douche-bag territory, no one can hear you scream.



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HOW DOES SUPER LQ FORMULA WORK SO QUICK TO GIVE YOU MAXIMUM ENLARGEMENT?

Super LQ Formula is a concentrated potent liquid formula that is produced into a quick effective delivery system that gives you immediate results. For many men there is the difficulty of swallowing or ingesting a pill. A liquid is just easier. **Super LQ** is easy to take and easy to digest instantly. You no longer have to take pills and wait 3 to 4 months. **Super LQ** will work in only a couple of weeks and you will see that you are longer and wider. Only **Super LQ Liquid Formula** with our exclusive blend of proprietary ingredients can give you maximum penis enlargement up to 5 inches and increase width 50% in just 4 to 5 weeks.

SUPER LQ WILL INCREASE YOUR STAMINA, SEXUAL HEALTH AND PERFORMANCE!

Super LQ expands the erectile tissues longer and wider. This creates a larger supply of blood for longer, firmer, thicker and longer lasting erections every time! Imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and firm you are. See how much greater the sexual satisfaction is for both you and your sex partner when you are able to penetrate deeper. Eliminate premature ejaculation and any worry of going soft. **Super LQ Formula** is an all-natural, safe herbal powerful enlargement formula that increases size fast. Maintain your sexual virility so that you can increase the amount of times a night you can perform. You will see your sexual performance improve substantially.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE FOR MAXIMUM ENLARGEMENT?

For best results we recommend that you take the entire 2 months supply (2 bottles) to complete the male enlargement process. The **Super LQ Formula** will increase your size and you will also feel firmer, stronger and more powerful than ever before. **FOR A LIFETIME OF ENHANCED SEXUAL BENEFITS WE RECOMMEND THAT YOU CONTINUE TO TAKE SUPER LQ FORMULA.** WE OFFER SPECIAL PRICING FOR ADDITIONAL BOTTLES.

My name is Dr. J. Richard and for more than twenty years my research team and I have helped thousands of men with erection difficulties and penis size. I personally introduced products for penis enlargement thirty years ago and had the first penis enlargement website in 1995. Please join the many thousands of men who have achieved success with the Super LQ Formula. Thank you.
Dr. J. Richard

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Love, Italian Style

Take our crash course in Italian wine, then charm the panties off your date this Valentine's Day.

By John Slover

There's a reason why every one of those weepy chick flicks starring Diane Lane and Richard Gere is set in Italy. From the rolling Alpine foothills of Lombardy to the sun-soaked olive groves of Puglia, the place just reeks of romance, and women are biologically incapable of resisting its charms. It's science. And there's a way to turn it to your advantage this Valentine's Day. You may not be ready to take your girl to Italy, but this primer on Italian wines will enable you to bring a little bit of Italy to her. Trust us, she'll be all over you like the Aglianico vines on the volcanic soil of Mount Vulture in Basilicata.

As an added bonus, the price-to-quality ratio of low-end Italian wine is unparalleled, as is its food-friendliness. But there are literally thousands of different native grapes in Italy, 20 different production areas stretching across three distinct climate zones, and a variety of winemaking styles. Navigating them without a little information is a pure crapshoot. That's where we come in. Here are six wines, two from each zone, from native Italian grapes, that provide a useful sample of affordable, unusual, and delicious options. (Prices may vary from retailer to retailer.)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETTMANN/CORBIS, MAP BY HANSA HUSSEIN



■ NORTHERN ZONE

Wine: Lagrein

Grape: Lagrein

Region: Trentino-Alto Adige

The cool, mountainous Trentino-Alto Adige region is a haven for local grapes, and Lagrein is the best of the bunch. It's dark, full-bodied, and spicy yet smooth. Drink it with pork roasted with black pepper and herbs. **Muri Gries Lagrein 2006** is an excellent wine at \$18 a bottle, and there are many lower-priced examples that hold up very well. Ask for the Lagreins in your local wine store.

Wine: Valtellina

Grape: Nebbiolo

Region: Lombardy

Lombardy, in the hilly northeast corner of Italy, is home to the fabled nebbiolo grape, which takes its name from the word *nebbia*, meaning fog—a reference to the region's heavy fogs during harvest time. Nebbiolo makes up Valtellina, a light-colored, elegant, but full and tannic wine, great for rich meat dishes. The **Sandro Fay 2006** is exceptional, and at \$12, an exceptional value.

■ CENTRAL ZONE

Wine: Lambrusco

Grape: Lambrusco

Region: Emilia-Romagna

This is a lightly sparkling, slightly sweet red wine, which might sound wrong for a steak-and-bourbon guy like you, but drink a bottle with a plate of prosciutto di parma and coppa cotta (salami) and we guarantee you'll go back for more. The **Medici Ermete Solo 2007** is great and retails for \$15, but try

their higher priced Concerto (\$20)—it's well worth the extra scratch.

Wine: Montepulciano d'Abruzzo

Grape: Montepulciano

Region: Abruzzo

Montepulciano is a workhorse grape, making full, robust, totally drinkable wine. It goes well with pizza, or pasta with lamb ragù. Looking for a cheap Valentine's Day? Sell her on a romantic evening at home and grab a **Lilla 2006** for about \$8. Hide the price tag, and she'll never suspect your tightwad ways—it's that good.

■ SOUTHERN ZONE

Wine: Aglianico del Vulture

Grape: Aglianico

Region: Basilicata

Aglianico is one of Italy's finest grapes, rich with minerals from the volcanic soil at the base of Mount Vulture. It makes a medium-bodied wine full of red fruits and earthiness. Try **Tenuta le Querce's Il Viola 2004**. It would be a deal at \$30, but it retails for \$15—and stands up beautifully to a rare, bloody steak.

Wine: Salice Salentino

Grape: Negroamaro

Region: Puglia

Salice Salentino. It just rolls off the tongue. Here's how your dinner conversation will go:

You: "Salice Salentino, it's made from the Negroamaro grape in Puglia, the heel of the boot that is Italy. It's a medium-bodied red that's soft, fleshy, and flavorful—great with a range of pastas."

Her: "You had me at Salice Salentino."

Leone de Castris 2005 is terrific for everyday drinking and can be had for the everyday price of \$6 a bottle.

Reverse Columbus

Put on your explorer's hat—it's time to make a solo trek into the world of Italian wines.

As with most things in life, the only way to truly learn about Italian wine is through hands-on experience—by drinking it. But just walking in cold to your local wine store can be daunting. Here's a simple, effective strategy to gain knowledge about Italy's dazzling array of wines: Find a wine store near you that has a good selection of Italian wines and a salesperson you can trust.

How do you know the salesperson is trustworthy? You don't. Build trust by asking for recommendations in the \$8 to \$15 range. A good store will have decent wines in this price range, and a good salesperson will work within that without making you feel like a cheapskate. They should ask you about what *you* like, be easy, helpful, and—again—willing to work within your price range. If they fail to meet any of these criteria, find a new store. If you like their recommendations, you're on your way to a good wine-store relationship and an expanded knowledge base that will impress future dates. It will take some time and money, but it's worth it: A trustworthy salesperson will save you major bucks in the long run.





Not So Innocent: THE TOP 40 Surprise Sex Toys

It could happen—you're browsing power tools at the hardware store and realize you forgot it's Valentine's Day. If it's too late to head to your favorite naughty store, MacGyver a sexy bag of tricks that will show her that her pleasure is your priority.

By Christine Colby

A few tips to bear in mind:

- Kinks come in all flavors. What is torture to you could be heaven to someone else, and vice versa.
- Always remember the maxim of the fetish scene: safe, sane, consensual.
- Play with a "safe word": an agreed-upon term to communicate "slow down" or "hell, no!"
- It's okay to laugh.
- Your mileage may vary.

■ HOME-IMPROVEMENT STORE

Clothesline/rope. Keep her just where you want her. Make sure you can always slip a finger between the rope and her skin, and never use rope around her neck.

Clothespins. More repurposed laundry supplies. These make excellent clamps for nipples or even labia.

Fly swatter. Please don't kill any flies with it before using it to spank her ass.

Electrical fly swatter. The battery-operated version makes a great paddle, but electricity is not for beginners. Don't use it above the waist!

Sandpaper. Rub the fine-grain type *softly* on her nipples. Be gentle—you want her to still have nipples next time you play.

Vacuum-cleaner fan belt. These rubber circles make perfect cock rings—almost indistinguishable from ones you'd buy in a fetish store.

Paint mixer. Most hardware stores give these away for free. They make great ass-swatters, but watch for splinters.

■ SPORTING-GOODS STORE

Ping-Pong paddle. Almost as good as a real paddle. Go for her "sweet spot," the lower curve of her ass.

Fishing weights. If you're the type of kinkster who likes to dangle objects from nipple clamps or cock rings, you'll find none better.

Chin-up bar. These are designed to hold the full body weight of an adult. If installed properly, they can be perfect for bondage, and no one will suspect a thing, even if you leave it up all the time.

■ KITCHEN/HOUSEHOLD STORE

Spatula/wooden spoon. Many mixing and serving tools can serve double-duty as paddles.

Feather duster. The touch of feathers can be very sensual and intense, especially when she's blindfolded.

Candle. Cheap, white candles (look for paraffin or soy) are the best for wax-dripping. The higher you hold it above her skin, the cooler the temperature of the wax.

Rug beater. These dust-busters come in various combinations of wood and wire, and most make a decent spanker.

Pastry wheel. Use this little tool to softly trace all over her body.

■ GROCERY STORE

Zucchini. You know what to do with it. Cover it with a condom, unless pesticides don't freak you out.

Plastic wrap. Pick up more than one box, then take turns wrapping each other up (from the neck down) like shiny, sexy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (SLEEP MASK) GEORGE DOYLE/GETTY IMAGES, (FLY SWATTER) C SQUARED STUDIOS/GETTY IMAGES, (CLOTHESPIN) DAVID TOASE/GETTY IMAGES, (GLOVE) STOCKBYTE/GETTY IMAGES, (ICE CUBE) JONATHAN STOREY/GETTY IMAGES, (PLASTIC WRAP) BARRY KENNEL/GETTY IMAGES, (PING-PONG PADDLE) GETTY IMAGES, (PING-PONG PADDLE) IMAGE SOURCE/GETTY IMAGES, (PING-PONG PADDLE) IMAGE SOURCE/GETTY IMAGES



mummies. You may need to (carefully) cut the wrapping off—preferably with EMT or bandage scissors, which are safest against skin.

■ DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE

Sleep mask. Any sensation is intensified while blindfolded.

Nail polish. It's a rare woman who would turn down a foot massage and pedicure.

Hairbrush. A traditional punishment tool. Don't neglect the bristly side.

Ruler. Another classic. Use it on her ass rather than her knuckles. It's much sexier.

Enema. Makes for clean anal play, and some enjoy the element of control.

Binder clips/alligator clips. Nipple clamps for those who can withstand more than a simple, wooden clothespin.

ACE bandages. Excellent for bondage, and you'll never have to explain why you're carrying them in your gym bag.

Icy Hot/Tiger Balm. Use very sparingly on nipples. Only true masochists will enjoy this on more sensitive areas.

Vibrating toothbrush. The handle makes the most innocuous of clit stimulators. Buy a two-pack so you have another to brush your teeth with.

Exfoliating gloves. Slip these on for a massage and give her goose bumps all over.

Dog collar and leash. Bad doggie is one of the most popular role-play scenarios.

■ CONVENIENCE STORE

Strong mints or cough drops. Give her some curiously strong oral sex and make your breath fresh at the same time.

Razor and shaving gel. Shaving each other's hair—down—there can be superhot.

Cigarettes. Some fetishists adore watching a hot woman smoke, blow smoke rings, and even play ashtray.

Shoelaces. Tie a bunch together to make a small flogger, or use them for delicate bondage.

Emery board. Scrape one gently across her nipples for intense sensation play.

Bobby pins. These hair clips can be serviceable nipple clamps.

■ WHAT YOU ALREADY HAVE OR MAY EVEN BE WEARING

Neckties. A classic for bondage, but such usage will leave your tie all wrinkled, so don't use an expensive one!

Leather gloves. The feel of leather is so sensual; just caressing her while you're wearing gloves will turn her on, especially if she's blindfolded.

Leather belt. A great ass-slapper, and very discreet. Just be careful the buckle doesn't touch her.

Digital camera. You could plan your evening around taking your own dirty photos, and all the evidence can be erased later.

Ice cube. Temperature play is exhilarating and erotic. Play with the cubes using your fingers and your mouth.

Domestic servitude. Even if you don't show up with any treats, offering to play French maid and scrub her floors will please any woman. 🍷🧹



cindy



million dollar baby

Cindy Dollar looking good in nude photos is more of a sure thing than a long shot, but we're still happy to be cashing in on the Czech adult-film star. Another day, another dollar.... We can only hope.

Photographs by Viv Thomas





cindy





cindy





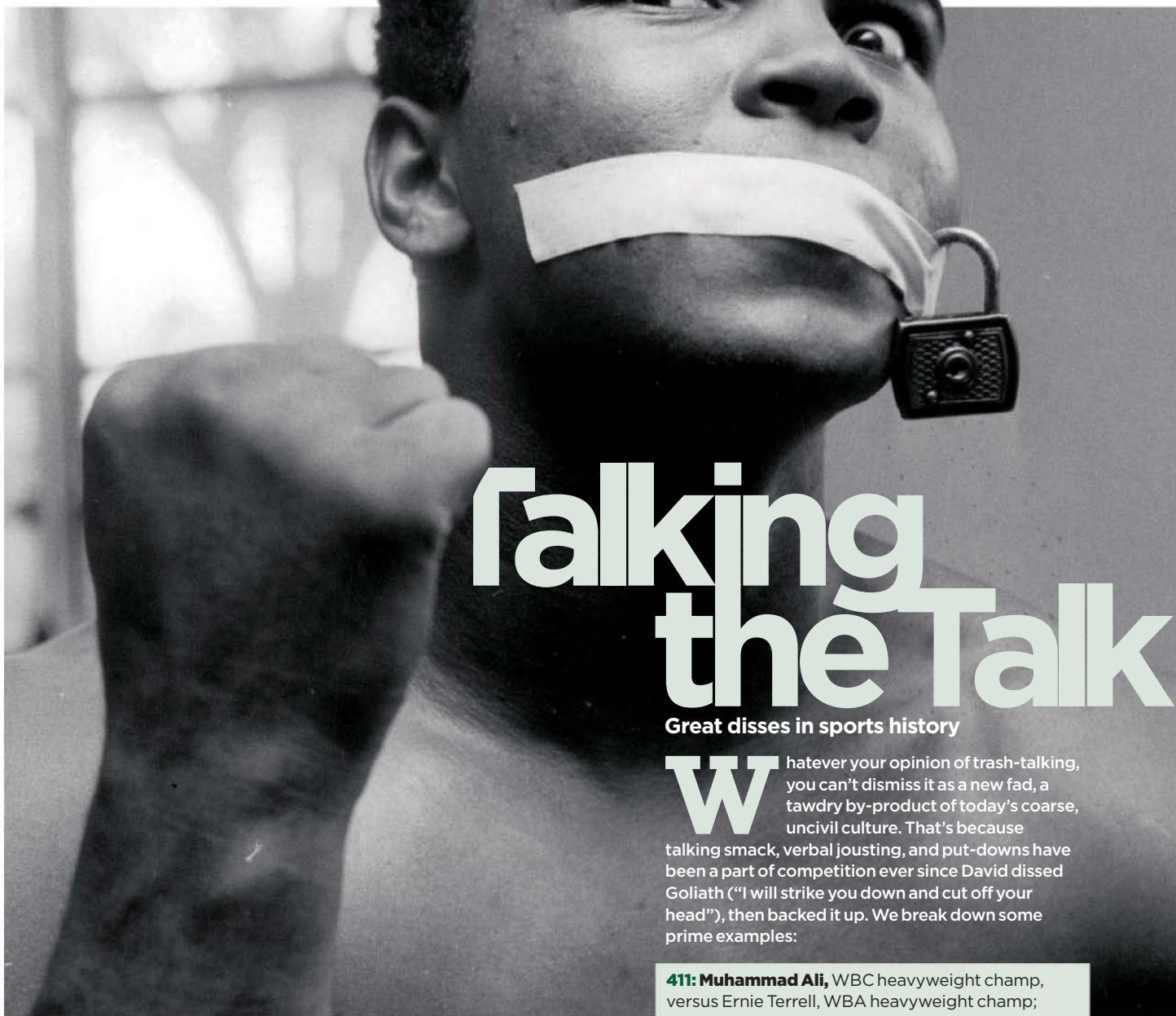








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Talking the Talk

Great disses in sports history

Whatever your opinion of trash-talking, you can't dismiss it as a new fad, a tawdry by-product of today's coarse, uncivil culture. That's because talking smack, verbal jousting, and put-downs have been a part of competition ever since David dissed Goliath ("I will strike you down and cut off your head"), then backed it up. We break down some prime examples:

411: Larry Bird, future Hall of Fame Celtics forward, versus the rest of the field; inaugural NBA three-point shooting contest, Dallas, 1986

Beef: None at all; Bird just liked to talk shit to motivate himself.

Zinger: "I'm just looking to see who's gonna finish second," Bird said, after looking over every contestant, silently, for a minute or two.

Walking the Walk? This one scores solid points for audaciousness, but the main reason it makes our cut is the devastating fashion in which Bird walked the walk, absolutely crushing the competition and making it look easy. Check out the footage on YouTube—the most deadeye display of long-range gunning you'll ever see.



411: Muhammad Ali, WBC heavyweight champ, versus Ernie Terrell, WBA heavyweight champ; unifying title fight, Houston, Texas, 1967

Beef: Terrell refused to call Ali by his Muslim name, adopted three years earlier, insisting on addressing him by his birth name, Cassius Clay.

Zinger: "What's my name, fool?! What's my name, fool?!" Ali shouted, while pounding Terrell.

Walking the Walk? You bet. Observers said Ali could have ended the fight by knockout at any point after the sixth round, but instead chose to batter Terrell for nine more rounds, shouting his question all the while. Ali is arguably the best trash-talker of all time, and we could have picked any number of more elaborate gems from him, but we went with this one for its stripped-down ferocity.

411: Patrick Roy, Colorado Avalanche goalie, versus Jeremy Roenick, Chicago Blackhawks center; Western Conference playoffs, Chicago and Denver, 1996

Beef: After a game in which Roenick was tripped on a breakaway and no penalty shot was called, Roy said, "I would have saved it anyway." To which Roenick replied, "I'd like to know where Patrick was in Game 3 [when Roenick beat him on a similar breakaway]. Probably up trying to get his jock out of the rafters."

Zinger: "I can't really hear what Jeremy says because I got my two Stanley Cup rings plugging my ears," said Roy, when presented with Roenick's "rafters" comment.

Walking the Walk? Yes. Roy went on to win two more Stanley Cups, gain entry into the Hall of Fame, and be named the greatest goaltender of all time by a panel of 41 hockey writers. Plus, his comment instantly entered NHL lore. Roenick, a nine-time All-Star and one of three American-born players with more than 500 career goals, soldiers on this season with San Jose, but he has yet to win a Stanley Cup.

411: Jack Johnson, challenger, versus Tommy Burns, champion; world heavyweight title fight, Sydney, Australia, 1908

Beef: After granting the African-American Johnson a shot at his title—a rarity at the time—Burns claimed that Johnson had a "yellow streak" in his character.

Zinger: "I was interviewed at the [train] station by a newspaper man," Johnson said of his arrival in Sydney, "and I told him to tell Burns that I had a yellow streak and was looking for someone to bring it out. I declared that we should see where the yellow streak was on December 26 [the date of the fight]."

Walking the Walk? No doubt about it: Johnson pummeled Burns over 14 rounds to become the first black heavyweight champion. Novelist Jack London, who shared the racial (read: racist) outlook prevalent among white men in the 1900s, nevertheless wrote an objective, memorable account of the bout for *The New York Herald*: "Johnson never ceased smiling when [Burns's] uncomplimentary remarks were addressed to him, nor did he cease smiling as he proceeded to wallop the naughty boy for his impertinence." Johnson later said, "If I had killed Burns for the language he used, I would have been fully justified."

411: Kobe Bryant, Los Angeles Lakers guard, versus Raja Bell, Phoenix Suns guard; Game 5, first-round playoff series, Phoenix, 2006

Beef: Bell clotheslined Bryant and flung him to the floor after what he claimed was a series of elbows to the face from Bryant, then said after the game, "I have no respect for him. I think he's a pompous and arrogant individual."

Zinger: "I don't know this guy. I might have said one word to this guy," Bryant responded the next day. "I think he overreacts. We go out there, we play the game, and leave it at that. Maybe he wasn't hugged enough as a kid."

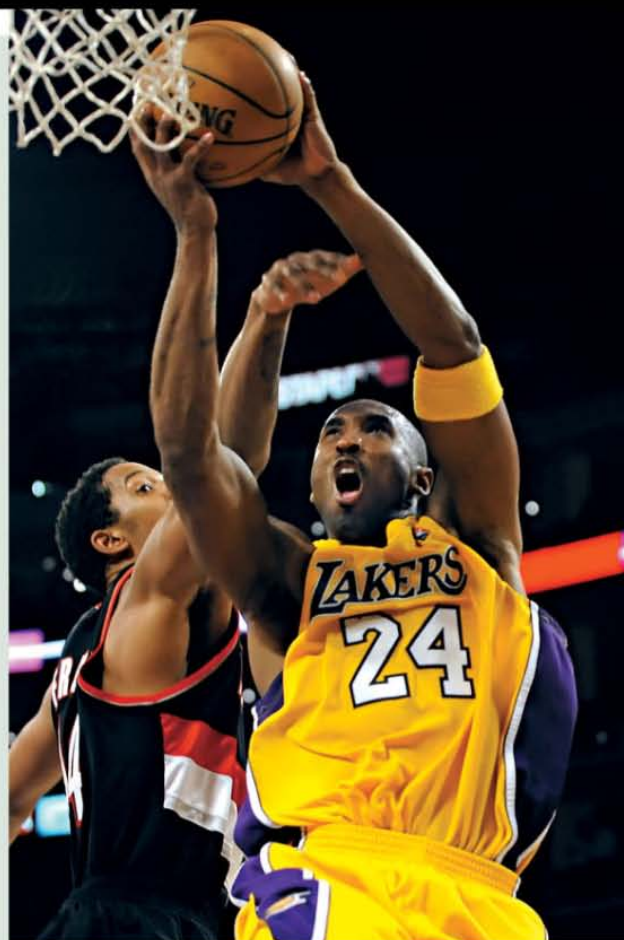
Walking the Walk? Signs point to yes. The Suns did go on to win that series (after Bell served a one-game suspension for his takedown), and they beat the Lakers in the 2007 playoffs, but Kobe and the Lakers are currently in ascendancy. They reached the NBA finals in 2008, and are favorites this season. Bell and the Suns have yet to win a title and, with their aging lineup, their window of opportunity is closing. Kobe had another verbal bitchslap for Bell last year: "I think he's a good defender. I don't want to understate, or take away from, his abilities as a defender. [But] I can score on him any time I want to."

411: El Hadj Diouf, striker for Senegal (and Sunderland of the English Premier League), versus teammate Souleymane Diawara; Sunderland, England, 2008

Beef: Diawara suggested Diouf was partly to blame for Senegal's elimination from the 2010 World Cup.

Zinger: "Who is Souleymane Diawara? If he went to play in Saudi Arabia, people would ask, 'What kind of ketchup is that?' Me, I'm known everywhere. I'm on Puma's A-list.... I was one of the best 100 players of the century."

Walking the Walk? Not really, as Senegal will not be in the 2010 World Cup in South Africa, and Diouf's career seems to be in decline, *but*—and let's make no mistake here—this is surely the greatest dis in the history of African soccer, and we'd put it in the running for all sports, worldwide. *What kind of ketchup is that?* It's inspired, inventive, and utterly dismissive. Bravo, Mr. Diouf. Bravo.



Sports Sex Scandals

Love life not what you'd like it to be? Just be happy you're not one of these guys.

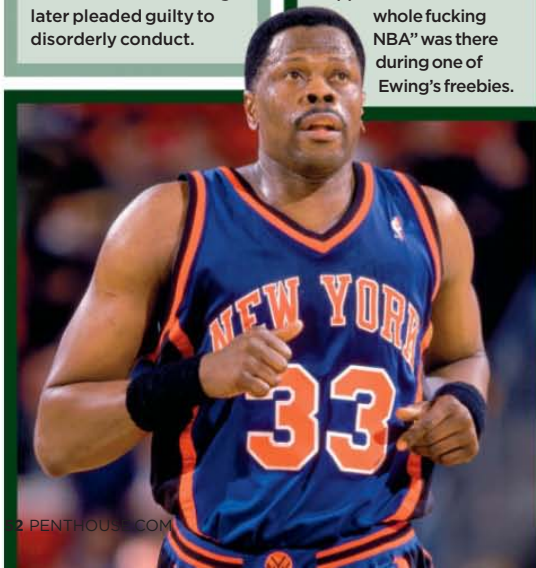
5 Ron Mexico That's the immortal alias that former Atlanta Falcons quarterback Michael Vick—he of the infamous dogfighting ring—used when he went to receive “herpes testing and/or treatment,” according to a lawsuit filed in March 2005 by Sonya Elliott. Elliott sued Vick for negligence and battery, claiming he had unprotected sex with her despite knowing he carried the virus. The case was settled out of court for an undisclosed sum.

4 Unleashing Their Inner Viking Off to a 1-3 start in 2005, the Minnesota Vikings decided to shake things up. Players booked two charter boats, flew in strippers from Atlanta and Florida, and staged a lovefest on Lake Minnetonka that made our *Forum* editor blush. Two Vikings later pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct.

3 Going for the Gold During the 2001 racketeering trial of Atlanta strip-club owner Steve Kaplan, former Knicks center Patrick Ewing testified that he'd been “comped” sexual favors at Kaplan's Gold Club. Former Braves centerfielder Andruw Jones's name also came up, and a stripper testified that “the whole fucking NBA” was there during one of Ewing's freebies.

2 Max Gets the Minimum A British tabloid released video of Max Mosley, head of FIA, which oversees Formula 1, engaging in S&M acts with five prostitutes in a London flat in 2008. The paper alleged that the session had a Nazi theme (Mosley's father was a fascist leader in the 1930s), but that allegation was rejected in court after Mosley sued the tabloid for breach of privacy and won a £60,000 judgment.

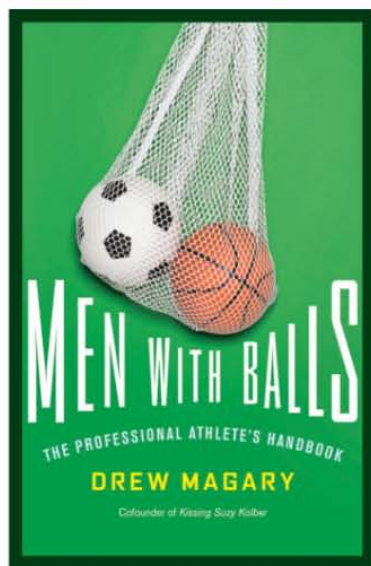
1 Wait, He Did What? When Swedish hockey fans bombarded the ice with dildos during an October 2008 game between Leksand and AIK, they were not celebrating a naughty new twist on the hat trick. No, they were mocking Leksand defenseman Jan Huokko, whose stolen cellphone had recently yielded a sex video that ended up on the Internet. What did the footage contain? It was Huokko, going solo on himself with a dildo, and then, well ... just Google Jan Huokko. Hey, if you want to top a 68-year-old British aristocrat with family ties to the Third Reich being accused of a Nazi-themed orgy with five hookers, these are the lengths you have to go to.



Distant Replay

Excerpts from four outstanding football-related books you may have missed in 2008

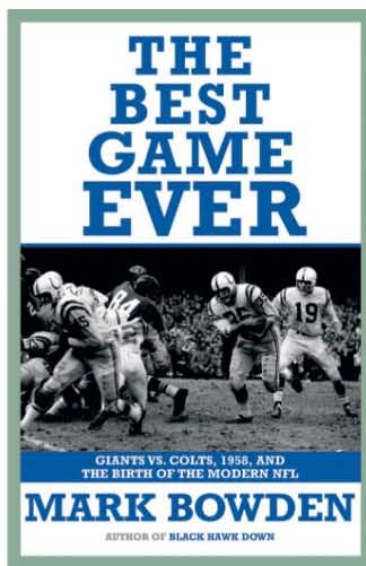
The holidays may be a fading memory at this point, but the Super Bowl, which, let's face it, really should be a holiday—or rather, the day *after* should be—is right around the corner. It's a good time to beef up your football library. Allow us to suggest the following four books, matched to your ever-changing football moods.



■ **NAUGHTY** *Men With Balls* (Little, Brown), 2008, Drew Magary, cofounder of football blog *Kissing Suzy Kolber*

Magary's frequently hilarious satire is subtitled *The Professional Athlete's Handbook*. Here's part of his introduction to "coping with losing":

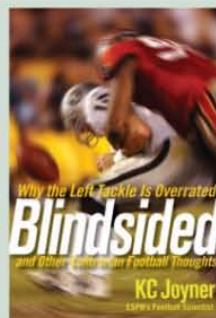
It is often said that losing begets losing. Once you lose multiple games, the dreaded "losing mentality" can seep in, marked by varying symptoms such as indifference, lethargy, testiness, and, of course, impotence. Breaking out of this cycle won't be easy, but I'm going to show you how. After all, I was a loser for 30 years. I've never won a fistfight. I didn't kiss a girl until I was 19. And I was caught masturbating while watching The Price is Right by my roommate's girlfriend freshman year. But look at me now! I'm a published author! Just like Hitler!



■ **HISTORY-Y** *The Best Game Ever* (Atlantic Monthly Press), 2008, Mark Bowden, author of *Black Hawk Down* and *Killing Pablo*

Bowden tackles the landmark 1958 NFL Championship Game between the Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants. This tilt featured 17 future Hall of Famers, was the first title game to go to overtime, and was watched by a then-record national TV audience of 45 million, launching the NFL into the modern era. Here's Bowden on the Giants' third-quarter goal-line stand:

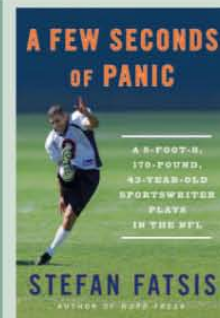
How best to recapture the moment?... Most New Yorkers were following the old-fashioned way, on the radio. The tinny roar of the crowd, the cigarette and appliance commercials, the jingles and slogans—"Call for Philip Morris!" and "There's a lot to like in a Marlboro / Filter, flavor, flip-top box!"—the distant sound of a marching band, all of it framing a smooth river of play-by-play from NBC's Joe Boland, the sounds were as familiar as a fire in the hearth and the smell of Sunday dinner. Boland had a perfect radio voice, warm, lightly Southern, slightly nasal, and unfailingly upbeat, and he delivered a narration so mannered and professionally modulated that it was a kind of song.



■ **WONKY** *Blindsided: Why the Left Tackle Is Overrated and Other Contrarian Football Thoughts* (Wiley), 2008, K. C. Joyner, ESPN's "Football Scientist"

Taking his cue from Michael Lewis's best-seller, *The Blind Side*, about the importance of the left tackle, Joyner uses Bill Jamesian techniques to poke holes in a wide range of received football wisdom. Here he is on the popular notion that, in this era of free agency and salary caps, the NFL dynasty is an endangered species:

None of the structural changes in the NFL should prevent dynasties from happening. Free agency and the salary cap are meant to balance out the field, but if NFL history is any indication, some sharp operator will find a way to use those very rules to get an edge. If that doesn't happen, some scout might use some of the new statistical tracking methods for college players and become the Bill Nunn of his generation [Nunn helped establish the 1970s Steeler dynasty by tapping talent from predominantly black colleges when no one else was doing so]. Another possibility is that in 10 to 20 years the NFL might have a very strong Mexican or European presence and some scout or team might find a way to gain a personnel edge there. It could be any number of things, but all it will take is one of these to give a team the edge it needs to become a dynasty.



■ **PLIMPTON-Y** *A Few Seconds of Panic* (Penguin Press), 2008, Stefan Fatsis, author of *Scrabble* best-seller *Word Freak*

Fatsis's book details—in thoughtful, insightful prose—his excursion into the world of NFL placekicking as a temporary member of the Denver Broncos. Here he is on his first moment in the spotlight, when coach Mike Shanahan huddled the troops and told them their training-camp workday would end a half-hour early if Fatsis made a 30-yard field goal against live pressure:

In sports, there is nothing quite so appealing as the split second before execution. There's the anticipation of what will happen, for sure, but also the exquisite beauty of the pause: the moment of nothingness before the explosion of everythingness. But instead of soaking in the attention, instead of appreciating the most unlikely moment of nothingness in my life, I am totally freaking out. I can't find a way to slow things down.... I can't see anything around me—but I can't shut out the fact that I'm surrounded, either. Nothing looks clear. It's as if I'm standing a few inches from an impressionist painting, the players, the Broncos staff, the fans on the berm all dissolving in a pointillistic blur. I want to fast-forward to tomorrow. I want to disappear. [It may not come as a surprise, but... Fatsis missed the kick.]

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King of Hearts

You don't have to be a Casanova to charm your special lady. You just need to master a few basic skills.

By Jennifer Matlack

This baker's dozen of Valentine's tips are romantic gestures that every guy should know how to execute successfully. While there's no guarantee that they'll get you in her pants, they'll definitely plant the thought in her mind. Good luck, Romeo.

♥ OPEN A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE

There's a theory that guys who let the cork pop prematurely are prone to letting *themselves* pop too early, if you know what we mean. The trick to opening a bottle of bubbly without incident is to remove the foil, then, with one hand covering the cork, ease off the wire closure. Gradually release pressure on the cork by gently rocking it back and forth. When it's almost out, the gas will escape with just a little hiss or a light puff. Remember—it's all about finesse.

♥ SURPRISE HER WITH FLOWERS

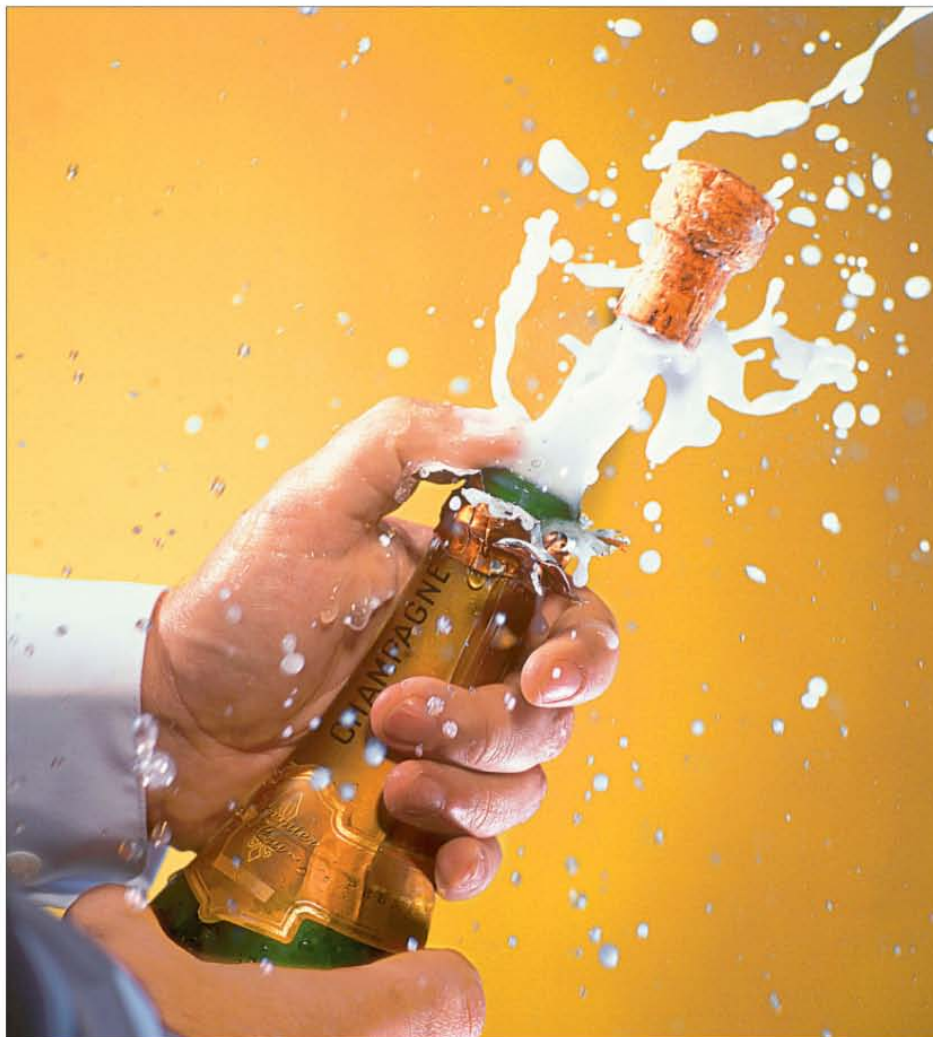
If you show up with a bunch of carnations, odds are she'll think you just raided a fresh grave. That said, a pricey bouquet isn't mandatory. Try to be resourceful. Depending on the climate, spend five minutes picking some roadside wildflowers, or clipping a few branches from a blossoming fruit tree. If you live where the dead of winter means there's no natural flora in sight, you can hit the supermarket for a cluster of bright blooms—just remember to ditch the plastic wrap before giving them to her. Convinced she wants roses delivered? Then send only 11—not 12—because, well, she's a rare flower, too.

♥ GIVE A GOOD MASSAGE

Massage is all about relaxing the person you're kneading. With that in mind, don't suggest that she undress and lie spread-eagle on your bed. First, ask her where she wants to be touched. She'll probably say her shoulders, back, or feet—not her ass. Once she names the place, warm your hands by vigorously rubbing them together. Then squeeze some massage or mineral oil on her skin. Keep her calm and comfortable by using only gentle rhythmic movements—no intense pressure—especially near the spine. Pay attention to whether she's moaning with pleasure or wincing in pain, and lighten up if she needs it.

♥ USE CANDLES TO CREATE A ROMANTIC ATMOSPHERE

Candlelight imparts romance and provides a flattering glow—pimples and errant whiskers disappear. But the trick is to not overdo it. Too many flickering tapers can call to mind a séance or Black Mass. Get the right light by clustering three candles



of varying heights at two or three different locations in the room. Keep in mind you're trying to create a mood—not an inferno. The intensity will be enough for you to see what you're doing, but not so much that she'll fear for her life. And don't go overboard on scented candles. One, if any, is plenty.

♥ PURCHASE FIRST-CLASS CHOCOLATE

The thing about chocolate is that it has to be high-quality. That means no Whitman's Samplers from the drugstore. Go for the sexy stuff: chocolates flavored with chilies, sea salt, or raspberries. Fail-safe brands include Ghirardelli (ghirardelli.com), Godiva (godiva.com), and Teuscher (teuscher.com). If she's a brownie kind of girl, whip up a batch yourself—you can find Ghirardelli brownie mix in most supermarkets—or show up with a box of decadent confections from Fairytale Brownies (brownies.com). You'll be her Prince Charming.

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Surprise her with flowers. But if you show up with a bunch of carnations, she may think you raided a fresh grave.



♥ BRUSH HER HAIR

Hair brushing can be an awfully sensual experience. With her sitting in front of you, run your fingers lightly through her hair. Work out knots by separating them with your fingertips. Then, using a natural-bristle brush (which doesn't pull or snag hair), brush gently from top to bottom in slow, even strokes. This should go without saying, but if it's one of your first dates, don't offer to groom her. "It'll creep her out, especially if you carry a brush with you, because that'll translate into a fetish," says Marty Savarick, a relationship expert and author of *101 Ways to Stop Hating Dating*.

♥ WRITE THE PERFECT LOVE NOTE

No texting. No e-mailing. The operative word here is *write*. You know—with a pen. Don't worry, it's easier than it sounds. Dear ____ (use her first name or a term of endearment). Then tell her one thing you love about her—her kindness, her crass sense

of humor, the way she gives head (just kidding about that last one). In the next sentence, explain what she's added to your life. For example, maybe you laugh more now or you feel more confident. Whatever it is, tell her, but keep it short and sweet. As an added touch, overnight the note to her. It'll show the urgency and sincerity of your sentiments.

♥ SLOW DANCE WITH HER

Slow dancing can make you feel like an idiot, but it doesn't have to. What helps is music that can drown out the voices in your head. You know, *Man, I must look like such an asshole right now*. Instead, move your body to the rhythm of the song. You don't even have to move across the floor. Just stand there, with your arms around her, rocking back and forth to whatever "oh, baby" tune is playing. The song will be over before you know it, and she'll be nicely primed to get horizontal.

♥ RUN A BATH FOR HER

Soaking in the tub is a ritual for a lot of women. To create the perfect bath experience for your partner, set the water just shy of hot. While the tub fills, add oils, salts, rose petals, or bubble bath. Light a candle, dim the lights, and close the door behind you, so the heat in the bathroom doesn't escape. She'll know what to do from there.

♥ PAY HER A SINCERE COMPLIMENT

The comments that will resonate the most are about more than how she looks—not that every woman doesn't love to hear that she turns you on. You should also praise her for something. For example, she's putting herself through college, kicks ass at her job, or plays poker like a pro. Accolades like these show that you value her for *who* she is, not just how hot she looks.

♥ GIVE HER A KISS THAT CURLS HER TOES

Mind your tongue. You don't want her to mistake you for a slurping golden retriever pup. Instead, focus on her lips. According to Savarick, you should start out slow with some soft kisses and hold or caress her face. Pull away during the kiss and look into her eyes.

♥ SAY "I LOVE YOU" IN THREE LANGUAGES

It's a small feat, but she'll be impressed, and besides, women love accents. In French, the language of love, those three magic words are *Je t'aime*. In Italian, it's *Ti amo*. To say it in American Sign Language, extend your pinky and pointer fingers like you're at a death-metal concert, then outstretch your thumb.

♥ SET THE TABLE LIKE A MAN

Paper or plastic? Neither! Even if the only meal you're capable of serving is takeout, break out the breakable dishes. Depending on what you're having, you'll need a dinner plate for the main course and a smaller plate or shallow bowl for the appetizer or salad. Make sure you include a water glass and wine glass. Don't get carried away with the silverware. Just one spoon, one fork, and a knife, if necessary, will do. Top it all off with a cloth napkin. It's loads classier than a folded paper towel. ☺



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Andie Valentino



PHW1

Jana Jordan



PHW2

Cassia Riley



PHW3

Jennifer Emerson



PHW4

Suzanna Birch



PHW5

Tyler Faith



PHW6

Hanna Hilton



PHW7

Jaime Hammer



PHW8

HOW TO ORDER

-  **Main Menu**
Phonebook
Messages 0
Multimedia
Settings
Create a new text message.
-  **PHW3** Enter code of cell phone content desired.
-  **25184** Text the code to **25184**
-  **Message Center**
Create Message
Message Inbox
Voicemail
Browser Msgs 1/1
Go to your message inbox. Select link.
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BREE OLSON
PHW9

SCREENSAVERS

Hanna Hilton



PHS1

Shay Laren



PHS2

Jamie Lynn



PHS3

Heather Vandeven



PHS4

Andie Valentino



PHS5

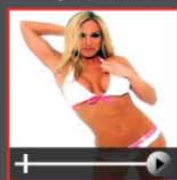
Kimberly Williams



PHS6

VIDEOS

Tyler Faith



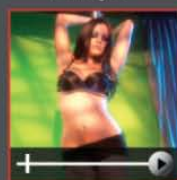
PHV1

Krista Ayne



PHV2

Mikayla



PHV3

Zdenka Podkapova



PHV4

Nicole Sheridan



PHV5

Gianna Lynn



PHV6

Suzene



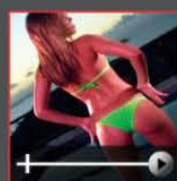
PHV7

Montana Bay



PHV8

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THE 27 YEAR OLD VIRGIN

Forget Hollywood. We found a real-life stand-up comic who nearly reached his fourth decade without getting laid.

By Dan Naturman

Illustrations by Coulas and Lourdes

I was 24 years old the first time I kissed a girl. That is not a typo. Most guys had their first kiss when they were wide-eyed young boys, in the wood-paneled basement of their neighbor's house, or at summer camp, stealing a moment in the woods behind the arts-and-crafts shack. I, on the other hand, was a law student with chest hair. Rare is the man who can boast a class on the federal tax code and his first kiss on the same day.

The young lady, about the same age as me, was named Sonia. We were set up by a mutual friend. Sonia was attractive and had a really good body. I took her to the restaurant on top of the Beekman Tower hotel, in Midtown Manhattan. It has an absolutely amazing view of the city. I don't remember what we talked about. I'm sure I asked her about her job and she probably asked me about law school. No doubt I tried to steer the

conversation to the topic of stand-up comedy, which was something I had just started doing and believed at the time was a lot sexier than being a law student. I do remember that, as we were leaving, she pointed out a couch in the corner of the lobby and said that it would be a cool place to make out.

Any normal 24-year-old male would have realized that such a statement was a hint, and not a very subtle one. But I was by no means a normal 24-year-old male. Seven years earlier, the day I was shipping off to college, my father had sat me down for "a talk." The talk, in fact. I was 17 years old, but I looked about 12. Puberty had only just started for me. I was five foot one and scrawny and had a big nose. I still have a big nose, but back then my face was smaller, so it looked even more ridiculous.

My father sat me down and started mumbling about girls, and living in the same dorm with them, and did I have condoms? I was thinking, *Does this maniac really think I'm getting laid any time soon? Why is he doing this?* Perhaps my mother had put him up to it: "You need to talk to Daniel about safe sex. He's such a handsome boy, like a young Alan



Dershowitz. The girls are going to be all over him."

I gave my father a simple "Don't worry about it." Thankfully, he backed off. We continued packing my Fruit of the Loom tighty-whities and tube socks with the three stripes around the top into the car, and we drove off to the University of Pennsylvania, where, as I had expected, I went without female contact of any kind for the next four years.

So, yeah, I was oblivious to Sonia's comment about the couch. I thought she meant the couch would be a good place to make out if you happened to be with someone you found attractive.

And yet, as we walked along Central Park West after having dessert in a nearby café, I asked if she would like to come to my apartment to watch TV. To my amazement, she accepted.

Sitting on my couch, Budweiser in hand, while watching *Letterman*, Sonia asked about a VHS tape resting on top of my television. It was a porno, and it belonged to my roommate. I hesitated a second, then simply told her the truth. She asked if we could watch it. I certainly was not expecting such a request, but being the good host that I am, I popped it in the VCR.

WE WERE WATCHING A GIRL GET BENT OVER AND STUFFED, AND I WAS STILL WONDERING IF I SHOULD MAKE A MOVE.

We were now watching a girl get bent over and stuffed like a Thanksgiving turkey, and I was still wondering if I should make a move or not. I actually thought there was a reasonable chance she might push me away in disgust. I imagined her screaming, *Can't a girl hang out with a guy and watch porn without being sexually harassed?*

But I finally convinced myself that this was as clear a green light as I was going to get, and I went for it. I planted my lips on hers and, wouldn't you know it, she didn't push me away at all.

We were kissing! I just kind of followed her lead, her tongue playing Fred to my Ginger. After a couple of seconds she asked me if I always kept my eyes open when I kissed. All I knew about kissing I had learned from watching other people, mostly in the movies and on television. Were Bogie's eyes closed when he kissed Bacall? They must have been. I mumbled something in response and resumed kissing her—eyes closed. Whether or not she suspected that I had never done this before, I don't know, but who would suspect a 24-year-old with no obvious psychiatric pathologies of never having kissed a girl?

At this point I felt sufficiently confident to unbutton her shirt and pull down her bra. After spending some time licking her small but nicely shaped boobs, I moved the operation into my bedroom. Things continued to heat up, and she said she wanted to have sex but couldn't, because we barely knew each other.

A few moments after that, she came out with a curve ball: "You're not gonna rape me, are you?"

She was obviously into some kinky domination shit, but of course I didn't pick up on this at the time and simply said, "No, of course not." It was as if she'd said, "I've been a really bad girl—I need to be punished," and I had responded, "Don't be so hard on yourself."

I was an idiot, failing to pick up on any of the brick-heavy hints she was dropping, and the passion eventually petered out.

That's right, I failed to close the deal. But don't forget: This was my first kiss.

Well, you must be wondering, *If his first kiss was at 24, when did he have sex for the first time?* Full disclosure: I'd actually popped my cherry two years earlier at an Asian massage parlor, but that doesn't really count, does it? (And there was no kissing allowed.) The first time I had sex with an actual unpaid civilian would not be until three years later, at the embarrassing age of 27.

There, I said it. Sure, there were some near misses in between Sonia and My Big Night—a broken futon





couch and a surprise S&M enthusiast, to name just two—but circumstances conspired against me every time, and it didn't happen for three years.

The deed finally went down one magical fall night when I put the lessons I learned from Sonia to devastating use.

I was performing at the Comic Strip, a comedy club on Manhattan's Upper East Side. It opened in 1976 and is the place where Jerry Seinfeld, Chris Rock, and Eddie Murphy got their starts. It is also where hundreds of comedians you've never heard of got their starts—many of whom are, at this moment, cooking a can of beans on a Coleman stove in a rooming house, their dreams of stardom replaced with thoughts of causing harm to themselves and others. But I digress....

I was a young comic, and happy to be getting paid to perform in New York City—although at \$15 per weeknight, it was very close to volunteer work. After getting off stage, I sidled over to the bar where

my friend Tom, another comic, was having a drink with two girls, Sally and Lisa. I vaguely knew Sally from seeing her at the club a couple of times before. She had a pretty face, but was rather heavysset—plus-size, if you will—and I was not particularly attracted to her. Her friend Lisa, on the other hand, was a total cutie. Naturally, Tom was going for her.

Nevertheless, I sat down and joined them. Within seconds, Sally started telling me about how she liked having sex in public places. She told me about the time she did it in the bathroom of an airplane. (I could only assume she was thinner then.) She also spoke of her oral-sex skills. All of a sudden, I felt more attracted to Sally. Funny how that can happen.

Eventually, Tom suggested a change of scenery. We moved a few blocks up Second Avenue to O'Flanagan's pub. The four of us sat down at a table, and after a few minutes of chatting, Sally got up to go to the bathroom. Then, a crazy idea entered my head. I furtively reached into my jacket pocket and grabbed a condom. (That's right, I had condoms on me, just in case. My father would have been proud.) I excused myself from the table and made my way to the ladies' room.

What drove me to such uncharacteristic boldness? Three years of reflecting on my missed opportunity with Sonia, for starters. I met Sally as she emerged from the bathroom, and kissed her in the doorway. We made out for a few moments, and I suggested we go into the bathroom. "Do you have a condom?" she asked.

Affirmative.

We went into the ladies' room and into one of the stalls, where I proceeded to ... make my debut.

When it was over—I won't lie, it didn't take very long—I scurried out of the bathroom, relieved to have not been caught. Sally returned to the table a few moments after me. Neither Tom nor Lisa had any idea of what had just gone down. Then Tom announced that we should leave because no waiter had bothered to come over to take our order. We all got up and walked out. In other words, I had sex in the can at a bar and left without even buying a drink. Bathroom for customers only, indeed!

Sally, a regular in Comic Strip circles, asked me not to tell anyone we "slept together." I thought this was a bizarre choice of words. I understand that "sleeping together" is just an expression, but still, can you sleep with someone without a bed anywhere in the vicinity? I don't know. I do know one thing: We didn't "make love." Making love requires, at a minimum, a place where you can't overhear people urinating, and a girl whose last name you know.

Lisa said she needed to get home, so we said our good-byes. Tom and I headed to a nearby diner. As requested, I didn't tell him Sally and I "slept together." I did, however, mention that I banged her like a bass drum. Tom nearly choked on his cheeseburger. ☺

Dan Naturman is a stand-up comic from New York City. He has appeared on *Late Show With David Letterman* and *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, as well as in his own *Comedy Central Presents* special.

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thesky's the limit

Lexi Blade may very well be a studious coed, but this communications/chemistry major has an adventurous streak a mile long. "I'm always up for new experiences," she says. "I especially like to venture to new places. I take long drives to nowhere, turn up the music, and meet new people."

Photographs by Christopher Love





"I don't have a way of calculating when the time is right to make love with someone new, but I have always been a big fan of nonverbal communication. I don't have to say a word, yet I always get what I want."





"I love kickboxing, running, and dancing, but my favorite way to exercise is pole-dancing. Man, what a workout! I just got a dancing pole in my place."





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

"I finished my associate's degree the year I was supposed to graduate high school, after finishing high school early. That was my proudest moment. But I was too innocent then for my own good. Everyone tried to corrupt me."



Lexi Blade
Pet of the Month
February 2009

Vital stats:

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

Hometown:

Napa Valley, California.

Favorite food:

I'm one of those sushi people.

Favorite drink:

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

Favorite TV shows:

Nip/Tuck, True Blood, House, The Simpsons.

Favorite kind of music:

From classic rock to metal, I rock it out.

Favorite sport:

Mud football!

Favorite way to relax:

Hot tub, bath, or massage.

Favorite fantasy?

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

The most daring thing you've ever done?

Skydiving.

If you could have sex with anyone, past or present, who would it be?

Myself. (Just kidding!)

What gets you excited?

Trying new things, being spontaneous, shocking people.

Lexi Blade

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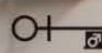
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Hail to the Dildo

Barack Obama's historic inauguration has arrived, making now the perfect time to pick up this most dubious of tributes.

If power really is enough of an aphrodisiac to give Joe Average Politician a stud rep, we have to assume that these United States of America—and maybe even the world—are full of women fantasizing about the new prez. And we're obviously not the only ones who think so. It was only a matter of time before someone in this great land of opportunity came up with a presidential dildo. (For the record, we heard about it a few weeks before the election. Apparently, that someone decided not to hedge his bets and do a John McCain version as well.) The seven-and-a-half-inch Head O State dildo comes in Democratic Blue or Presidential Gold, and while it's not a spitting image of the 44th president, we think it's a better—and more conveniently hidden—conversation piece than a Sarah Palin blow-up doll. (HeadOState.com)



Got Balls?

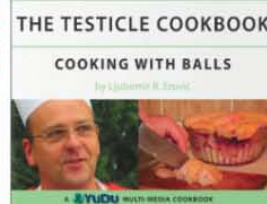
No, it's not a new gross-out show. These testicle festivals and traditions are the real deal.

You claim to have a strong stomach and say you're happy to pop anything in your mouth, whether it's haggis, fish intestine, or superhot chilies. But can you handle eating testicles? These once-sperm-filled sacs are a delicacy in many places, or at least a novelty. We're just thankful that the Chinese tradition of eating penis hasn't come to our shores ... yet.

Sportman's Club Testicle Festival Mount Sterling, Illinois

If your reaction to eating bull or turkey balls is "been there, done that," try this annual event, where you can also indulge in lamb, pork, and buffalo testicles. But we want to know which joker decided this was an appropriate activity for Father's Day weekend.

Mark Your Calendar: June 20, 2009

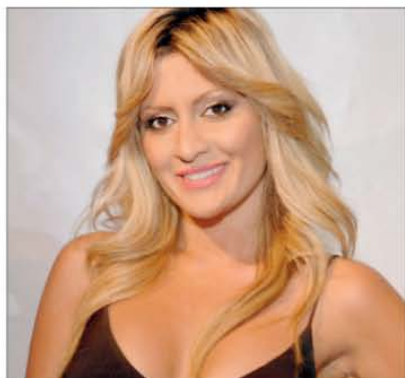


They Like It Rough

This is our kind of football game: girls grabbing each other's boobs, making out on the field, wearing next to nothing as they roughhouse with the pigskin ...

After the Janet Jackson wardrobe malfunction in 2004, the powers that be who manage the Super Bowl's halftime show have selected one lifeless act after another, with the exception of Prince. This year, Bruce Springsteen is scheduled to play the 50-yard line, and though we love the Boss, we'll be watching the return of the Lingerie Bowl instead. Maybe when the Los Angeles Temptation, the Miami Caliente, the Phoenix Scorch, and the Tampa Breeze take the field, we'll be lucky enough to experience Nipplegate Part Deux.

Next fall you'll be able to catch scantily clad beauties playing on one of ten Lingerie Football League teams. These are our Most Valuable Pinups, um, Players for this year:



Nicole Chandler

Team: Miami Caliente

Position: Quarterback

This 23-year-old South Floridian's lack of experience on the field means we won't be putting any money on her



team, but she looks pretty damn good on camera.

Blair O'Neal

Team: Phoenix Scorch

Position: Quarterback

O'Neal may *look* innocent, but the brainy blonde is a two-year football veteran and pro golfer who's sure to take down any girl who gets in her way.

Niki Ghazian

Team: Los Angeles Temptation

Position: Defensive line

This model and rising socialite (pictured far left) isn't just a pretty face. She's coming in with three years of Lingerie Bowl experience, and she's not afraid to get fierce on the field.

Bre Cotton

Team: Tampa Breeze

Position: Defensive line

This 20-year-old from New England is ready to bring the D. Hopefully her determination will lead to some amazing tackles.



Testicle Festival Clinton, Montana

At this annual fest, visitors chow down on more than two tons of deep-fried prairie oysters, engage in eating contests, and women (and men) get naked. Because if you're eating balls, why not show off your own, right?

Mark Your Calendar: July 29 to August 2, 2009

Turkey Testicle Festival Byron, Illinois

The brave souls who attend this 30-year-old festival go for the country tunes (including a song about turkey testicles) and to devour turkey balls,

which are not to be confused with turkey meatballs.

Mark Your Calendar: October 2009

Mudijada World Testicle Cooking Championship Serbia

If you have a stomach of steel—not to mention more adventurous cooking skills than we do—sign up for this championship and compete against contestants from around the globe. The event's organizers are also responsible for *The Testicle Cookbook: Cooking With Balls* (Yudu.com/testicles).

Mark Your Calendar: Click over to BallCup.com for dates.

So You Wanna Be in Pictures?

Becoming a porn star isn't as hard as you think, but you do have to be as hard as you think.

By Anka Radakovich

We're sure you've fantasized about getting down and dirty with Penthouse Pets, but even if

you're serious about banging hot chicks as a career, you may not know where to start. Who better to provide the inside scoop than director Kelly Holland, who's the president of Penthouse Studios?

Not surprisingly, many of the prerequisites for aspiring porn studs are performance-based: keeping it up, not ejaculating prematurely, and ejaculating on cue. "Most male performers are chosen less on looks and more on their ability to perform," Holland says. "You'll have to learn to perform in adverse conditions, like doing it in front of a bunch of other people, including the 13 crew guys. You have to be a sex machine."

But before we get ahead of ourselves, let's talk about size: The legendary dick-heavyweight John Holmes and the enduring popularity of Ron Jeremy notwithstanding, the industry standard is seven inches. According to Holland, being hung like a horse isn't necessarily an advantage for an adult-film actor. "Female porn stars have sex every day," she says. "They don't always want some guy with a huge one pounding them all day. Most of the girls prefer a guy who is absolutely medium."

If you're still interested and want to teach your old body new sex tricks, hit the books. Jack Lawrence, porn star and producer of the eight-hour instructional video *Breaking Into Porn*, recommends Tracey Cox's basic how-to guide *Hot Sex* and Tristan Taormino's *Expert Guide to Anal Sex*. "Learn how to use what you have," Lawrence says. "Your penis is your money maker."

Once you think you've got what it takes, choose a porn-star name—and

forget that game about your first pet and the street you used to live on. Porn names for men generally fall into two categories: masculine, such as Dick Rambone and Johnny Thrust, or parody, such as Ben Dover and Arnold Schwarzenpeckertry.

Next, "Find a girlfriend and ask someone to videotape you in a few different positions," Holland says. "Then send the videos to adult agencies." Lawrence offers up two additional suggestions: "Perform in a gang-bang video or hook up with a girl who is already in the business and willing to book a job with you." How on earth do you do that? Make friends at porn-industry events, such as Porn Star Karaoke or the annual Adult Entertainment Expo.



She Said It

"She's so pleasant to kiss. Her lips are so soft and beautiful. Her curves are just so inviting.... I get the feeling it wasn't Eva's first time kissing a woman, judging by how good she was at it."—actress **Natasha Alam** on kissing costar **Eva Mendes** in *The Women*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (RON JEREMY) CHRIS GORDON/GETTY IMAGES; (HANDGUILF) TOM SCHERLITZ/GETTY IMAGES; (NATASHA ALAM) FREDERICK M. BROWN/GETTY IMAGES

She Fought the Law

Obscenity laws tend to lead to the prosecution of filmmakers and store owners, but their far-reaching effects could make it into your bedroom. By Brian O'Connor

Lisa Lawless's crusade began like a bawdy joke: "So there's these two dildos in Texas...." It was 2003, and Joanne Webb had been arrested for selling two dildos—although the sale itself was not illegal until Webb admitted to undercover narcotics officers, who were posing as a dysfunctional couple, that the toys were for sexual use. After CNN reported the breaking story of the

obscenity code in Texas, Lawless, then a Colorado-based therapist, offered financial and emotional support.

In response to the outdated code, and equally antiquated statutes in several other states, particularly in the South, Lawless formed the National Association for Sexual Awareness & Empowerment. "Our sexual rights are everyone's responsibility to protect," she says. In addition to assisting sex-

toy sellers, the organization provides one-stop networking and educational resources for filmmakers and porn-website owners, who must navigate a tangle of regulations and state codes to avoid prosecution.

The charges against Webb were eventually dropped, but Lawless and the NASAE continue to fight for your right to party in the bedroom the way you want, even if it involves a strap-on.




will be banned in Britain as of January 1, and he could go to jail for violating the ban on "extreme pornography."

Westwood, now 45, tinkered with photography in college, but started shooting more seriously when his uncle gave him a camera in 1991. "I liked pictures, and developing," he says, "but I wasn't going to be a photographer because I didn't really have anything to photograph. Then I decided to promote bondage. I worked on becoming a photographer, I suppose, for precisely this moment when they decide to ban my work, and I've got to ride to the rescue and get it all sorted out properly [laughs]."

Westwood credits Alfred Hitchcock's *Jamaica Inn*, which he saw when he was eight, with igniting his interest in S&M. "Whenever I saw a picture of someone getting tied up, I thought it was really interesting," he says. "I thought it was an adventure."

Some of the designs his mother was cranking out for her shop Sex intrigued him as well. "She did bondage trousers," Westwood says. "That's the first I heard of the word *bondage*, and I asked her, 'What's that strap for?' She said, 'It's so someone can grab you and tie you up.'"

Westwood has to worry about more than someone attaching a chain to his trousers, as under the new law a citizen caught with his book could go to jail for up to three years. That threat doesn't intimidate the photographer: "I'm not going to stop liking bondage, and I'm not going to destroy all the pictures I've got. I'll wait until I get arrested, same as everyone else with a porno collection. We're not doing anything wrong. Call their bluff." 

And the Law Won?

In 2005, Ben Westwood released an art book of photos featuring women in bondage. Should he go to jail for it in 2009?

By Rebecca Swanner

Ben Westwood, erotic photographer and son of British fashion designer Vivienne Westwood, could end up doing time for nothing more than keeping the photos he's taken. Westwood's book, *Fuck Fashion*, which includes more than 200 photos of women in various stages of bondage,



A Hero Dishonored

He gave his life for his country and his fellow Marines. His sacrifice was praised by the President. But a panel of "experts" denied this fallen warrior the true honor he deserved.

By Matthew Currier Burden

***Day is done, gone the sun,
from the earth, from the hill,
from the sky. All is well,
safely rest. God is nigh.—"Taps"***

When "Taps" is played at dusk, it has a completely different meaning than when it's played during the day. No soldier wants to hear it played during daylight ... that means a soldier has fallen. There is a belief among some that "Taps" is a clarion call to open the gates of heaven for fallen warriors, letting them know they can now "safely rest."

Marine Sergeant Rafael Peralta earned his rest the hard way. Sergeant Peralta was assigned to Company A, 1st Battalion, 3rd Marine Regiment. In Iraq, his job was leading the scout section. He was an illegal immigrant from Mexico who joined the Marines in 2000—the day after he received his green card. He later earned his citizenship as a Marine.

On November 15, 2004, the Marines were busy clearing houses in the Battle of Fallujah. Peralta, 25 years old, was responsible for locating the enemy and directing ground forces to destroy them. He was not supposed to join in the assaults inside the houses.

However, Peralta was not the kind of guy to stand around watching things unfold. He wanted to make things happen. In a letter he wrote to his 14-year-old brother a few days before, he said, "We are going to destroy insurgents.... Be proud of me, bro. I'm going to do something I always wanted to do." In this spirit, Peralta requested to join the assault teams entering and clearing the insurgent-filled houses.

During the fateful assault that day, he charged into a house that seemed to be empty. Two rooms on the ground floor were

unoccupied. But when he opened a third door, Peralta was hit multiple times with AK-47 fire. Severely wounded, he dropped to the floor and moved away in order to give the Marines behind him an opportunity to fire on the insurgents.

As the battle continued, the insurgents lobbed a grenade at the Marines. Two Marines were trapped in the room with Peralta. When they saw the grenade, they tried to get out of the blast area but were trapped. Peralta, bleeding out on the floor, reached for the grenade and pulled it to his midsection, cradling it tightly. The grenade exploded, killing Peralta and critically wounding another Marine. The others survived because Peralta absorbed the majority of the blast.

Sergeant Peralta's chain of command, all the way up to the Commandant of Marines and the CENTCOM Commander, recommended him for the Medal of Honor, our nation's highest award for valor.

In June 2005, President Bush cited Peralta's valor in remarks at the National Hispanic Prayer Breakfast. "We see the love of neighbor in tens of thousands of Hispanics who serve America in the cause of freedom," the President said. "One of these was an immigrant from Mexico named Rafael Peralta. The day after Rafael got his green card, he enlisted in the Marine Corps. Think about that. While serving in Iraq, this good sergeant wrote a letter to his younger brother. He said, 'Be proud of being an American. Our father came to this country, became a citizen, because it was the right place for our family to be.' Shortly after writing that letter, Sergeant Peralta used his own body to cover a grenade an enemy soldier had rolled into a roomful of Marines. At this prayer breakfast, we remember the sacrifices of honorable and good folks like Sergeant Peralta, who have shown their love of neighbor by giving their life for freedom."



Unfortunately, Bush's ringing words didn't inspire the brass at the Pentagon. Defense Secretary Robert Gates downgraded the recommendation. He hired a panel of "experts" to examine the evidence surrounding Sergeant Peralta's actions. There was a question of whether such a mortally wounded soldier could have made a deliberate decision to sacrifice his life. The panel decided he could not. There was speculation that his actions were initiated by reflex rather than intent—that he literally fell on the grenade, that he might have already been dead, instead of reaching out and pulling it to him.

Based on forensic evidence after the fact, and ignoring eyewitness testimony, the Medal of Honor was rejected, and Peralta was awarded the Navy Cross. Marine Corporal Robert H. Reynolds fought next to Peralta in Fallujah and last year he told the *Christian Science Monitor*, "I am living proof of what Sergeant Peralta did that day." Reynolds, the newspaper reported, "says that when Peralta saved his life, it gave him a new sense of purpose as he raises his young children. 'I have a second chance.'"

Many in our military see the rejection of the medal as not just a betrayal of Peralta, but of those whose lives he saved by giving his own. Here is just a small sample of what I've been hearing:

From a Marine veteran of Desert Storm: "The only reflex action that I see here is the common disbelief of Marines' testimony describing combat action. I can see how he could have been already dying, but that's not a disqualification that I ever heard of—we're all in the process of dying.

"If they want to contend that it's a reflex action for a Marine to defend his fellow Marines, even unto his (or her) own death, well, we do do that, sometimes, and we do so saving others, too, even REMFs [rear-echelon motherfuckers]. We call those acts of our brother and sister Marines who do so 'heroic,' however, not 'reflexive.'"

From a Marine sergeant: "That Sergeant Peralta was grievously wounded and still able to commit himself to such an action demonstrates the traits of an exceptional individual. Wounds, even moderate wounds, tend to cause sufficient shock to the mind and body of a man that he can lose awareness of his surroundings. The ability of the Marine under consideration in this issue to act as he did while grievously wounded tends to point toward him being the sort of man that does not ever lose sight of his duty nor abandon that duty under any circumstances. Such devotion to the 5th General Order [to quit my post when properly relieved], even to the point of death, is the foundation bedrock of the USMC creed."

Yet another Marine veteran agrees: "This Marine displayed what most people wouldn't and couldn't even comprehend. From one Marine to another, he will be missed among the ranks but will not be forgotten. He is now guarding the gates of heaven and St. Peter is at ease."



"Sergeant Peralta saved my life.... He is a true hero and his legacy will live on forever in my family."

An Army sergeant in Iraq writes, "Reflex?"

"A true reflex movement would be to get the fuck away from the grenade. Pulling a grenade to your body goes against every single self-preservation synapse we have ... and proves that Peralta was functioning enough to know what he was doing."

A Marine sergeant expands on this: "If his actions were reflex and not intentional, then why was he awarded the nation's second-highest award for valor?"

My own bottom line is that Sergeant Peralta will be remembered, not for his chest full of medals, but for his love of America and his Marines. But the last words belong to Corporal Reynolds: "Sergeant Peralta saved my life that day. He is a true hero and his legacy will live on forever in my family. When my two kids get old enough, they will hear the story of Sergeant Peralta and how he saved my life and the others of our squad.

"SEMPER FI, SGT P.

"YOU WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS PAGE) MASS COMMUNICATION SPECIALIST CLASS BRANDAN W. SCHULZE/U.S. NAVY VIA GETTY IMAGES; (ABOVE) U.S. MARINES/AP PHOTO

Rafael Peralta's Navy Cross

Awarded by the Secretary of the Navy, September 18, 2008

For extraordinary heroism while serving as Platoon Guide with 1st Platoon, Company A, 1st Battalion, 3d Marines, Regimental Combat Team 7, 1st Marine Division, in action against Anti-Coalition Forces in support of Operation AL FAJR, in Fallujah, Iraq, on 15 November 2004. Clearing scores of houses in the

previous three days, Sergeant Peralta asked to join an under strength squad and volunteered to stand post the night of 14 November, allowing fellow Marines more time to rest. The following morning, during search and attack operations, while clearing the seventh house of the day, the point man opened a door to a back

room and immediately came under intense, close-range automatic weapons fire from multiple insurgents. The squad returned fire, wounding one insurgent. While attempting to maneuver out of the line of fire, Sergeant Peralta was shot and fell mortally wounded. After the initial exchange of gunfire, the

insurgents broke contact, throwing a fragmentation grenade as they fled the building. The grenade came to rest near Sergeant Peralta's head. Without hesitation and with complete disregard for his own personal safety, Sergeant Peralta reached out and pulled the grenade to his body, absorbing the brunt

of the blast and shielding fellow Marines only feet away. Sergeant Peralta succumbed to his wounds. By his undaunted courage, intrepid fighting spirit, and unwavering devotion to duty, Sergeant Peralta reflected great credit upon himself and upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and the United States Naval Service.

Official PENTHOUSE Guitar Straps available at
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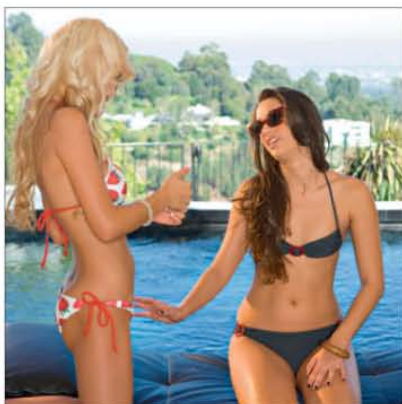




three's company

They say blondes have more fun, but the sweet and svelte brunette Georgia Jones can show her golden-haired bosom buddies a thing or two. What's more fun than an all-girl pool party? One without tan lines.

Photographs by Misha







When Lindsay Marie and Britney Amber invited Georgia over for a girlie day by the pool, they had more than sunbathing and gossip in mind. As soon as the bikinis hit the deck, the girls get to work, ensuring that Georgia's every need is met.



Ever the gracious hosts, these blonde beauties savor every sweet and sweat-drenched inch of the brunette's smooth and deeply bronzed skin. Georgia quickly finds herself in a position she won't soon forget!







The waves aren't the only thing lapping as the girls, driven wild by passion and need, work their tongues and fingers through the frenzied haze of ecstasy, with the sun caressing every inch of their quivering bodies.



The girls drive one another to climax over and over, their moans of satisfaction flickering across the water like skipping stones. We sure hope there's a lifeguard on duty, since this party looks like it will go all night.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF BRITNEY, LINDSAY, AND GEORGIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM/THREESCOMPANY.



Strip Town

You've already indulged in some of the most splendid flesh factories in this great, naked land of ours—from Las Vegas to Miami to Hotlanta. But before you tie the knot, you might want to consider one other destination for that final G-string fling.

By Jaime Lowe

Portland, Oregon, has many excellent qualities: proximity to lush, old-growth forests, downtown riverfronts, and a surfeit of brilliant bars and restaurants, to name but three. The best thing, though, about this liberal outpost in the Great Northwest is the way that its debauchery is so cleverly disguised. Yep, the soggy and progressive city with the word *livable* practically affixed to its name is an unlikely thriving mecca of after-dark entertainment. They're hidden between yuppified localvore hangouts, extreme mountain-biking trails, and renovated midcentury lofts, but Portland is home to the most strip clubs per capita (and the most breweries!) in the country. Walking around town, one half-expects naked nymphs to drop from the trees. When it comes to strip shows, the City of Roses is always in bloom—which makes it a great last-smutty-exit before you reach the domesticated bliss of Marriageville, population two. It's not like the locals are trying to hide their skin scene—it's just another eccentric store-front. This is the land of maple bacon donuts and bikini-clad baristas, after all, so why not flame-swallowing clothes-shedders and—it gets weirder—vegan strip clubs?

Ask a native why their fair city hosts more peelers than any other in the nation, and you're likely to get a variety of answers: a progressive interpretation of the First Amendment, licensing that includes all-nude dancing under the same umbrella as bands (entertainment is entertainment), a damp climate ten months out of the year that sends its hot-blooded citizens scurrying indoors, and, most important, a love of that almost-extinct alpha-trifecta: whiskey, steak, and loins. Consequently, when it comes to the fleshy arts, Portlanders are more than willing tour guides—cab drivers, green-market grocers, and even complete strangers will chuckle and swear they never go out to the clubs, just before they labor over a list of their top spots. The uninitiated could, in fact, easily get overwhelmed. That's where we come in.



bachelorparty patrol: portland

■ MARY'S CLUB

129 S.W. Broadway, (503) 227-3023,
MarysClub.com

What Five Bucks Buys: At least ten dances (from the onstage jukebox, not on your lap, sailor), or two pints of PBR. Mary's has only one small stage, so when you lay down bills at the rack, you're well taken care of.

Tats and Piercings: In keeping with the club's nautical theme, one dancer has a mermaid inked from her shoulder to her ass, so when she wiggles, the little mermaid does its own happy dance.

Special Attraction: There's a small back room to the left of the entrance for lap dances, but Mary's is really more of a quick-stop novelty, better known for burlesque than hard-core action.

Tunes: The dancers pay for their own songs, so between nude rounds, they slip bills in the juke, for anything from Gnarl Barkley to She Wants Revenge.

Who Goes There: The oldest topless club in Rose City, Mary's is a classic. The walls are decked with back-lit nautical murals, left over from when the joint was a piano bar that catered to merchant seamen. It's still popular with history-loving locals and pervy tourists.

Fun Fact: Courtney Love stripped here back in the day. We're not sure where she strips now.

■ DEVIL'S POINT

5305 S.E. Foster, (503) 774-4513,
DevilsPointBar.com

What Five Bucks Buys: One of three local brews. A good, long look at disrobed women who excel at swinging from thick metal chains.

Tats and Piercings: Many and everywhere. The vibe is more Suicide Girls than Penthouse Club.

Special Attraction: Twice-weekly fire shows with flaming batons and stripaoke. If you really like your friend, request a lap dance from local legend Malice.

Tunes: Here's a deejay with a sense of humor: Spinal Tap's "Big Bottom," Talking Heads, AC/DC, and Prince.

Who Goes There: American Apparel employees and Facebook junkies.

Fun Fact: The dancers are so talented, we'd take them against Cirque du Soleil in a flexibility-off.

■ THE ACROPOLIS STEAKHOUSE

8325 S.E. McLoughlin, (503) 231-9611,
MySpace.com/TheAcropolisSteakhouse

What Five Bucks Buys: A steak and a view.

The owner raises and butchers his own cattle.

Tats and Piercings: Your garden-variety belly-button rings and butterflies.

Special Attraction: Eating steak at the rack could be risky—are those sprouts in your salad or something else?!—but good luck resisting the urge to combine two of man's eternal favorite pastimes.

Tunes: Blur, J. J. Fad, and mainstream hip-hop.

Who Goes There: Dudes who like their steak and potatoes with a side of fresh, succulent flesh.

Fun Fact: A-crop (as the locals call it) opens for breakfast at 7 A.M. More coffee with that poonani?



None other than Courtney Love once took it off on Mary's Club's famous stage—but don't hold that against Portland's oldest topless joint.

The dancers at Devil's Point are so talented, we'd take them against Cirque du Soleil in a flexibility-off.

■ MAGIC GARDEN

217 N.W. 4th, (503) 224-8472,
MySpace.com/MagicGardensGirls

What Five Bucks Buys: A dance close enough to smell her ... perfume.

Tats and Piercings: We salute the young lady proudly displaying a thin chain running from her belly button to her love button and who was rhythmically tugging it toward those with bills at the rack.

Special Attraction: A \$20 lap dance in a private room from a stripper who studies the molecules of emotion and consequently knows how to use hands to manipulate energy. So there's that.

Tunes: The gamut: Leonard Cohen to Hot Chip.

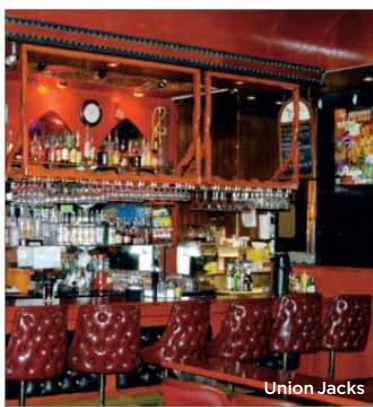
Who Goes There: Magic Garden is like the Cheers of strip clubs—everyone knows everyone in this friendly joint. A local engineer offered an appraisal of the talent: "They are all well-fucked and they want to extend their appreciation of love and sexuality." We have nothing to add to that.

Fun Fact: For 50 smacks American, some girls will sell you the panties off their backside.

■ SASSY'S BAR & GRILL

927 S.E. Morrison, (503) 231-1606, SassyBar.com

What Five Bucks Buys: Jalapeño poppers or ten minutes of rack action.



Union Jacks

Tats and Piercings: The locally famous Malice strips here (and Devil's Point, too), so you'll always have her blue hair and chains. Another dancer has zebra stripes inked from one knee to her waist.

Special Attraction: Ever-so-slightly robed strippers roam between sets, happy to share a shot.

Tunes: Britpop to indie rock—Pulp to the Walkmen.

Who Goes There: It's more neighborhood local—replete with endless ESPN—than thumping skin palace. One owner is a former performer herself, so tipping well is strongly encouraged.

Fun Fact: Try the Spanish Coffee. Ingredients

include brandy, Kahlúa, rum, Tia Maria, and whipped cream. No, those aren't also the dancers' names.

■ CASA DIABLO

2839 N.W. St. Helen's Rd., (503) 222-6600, MySpace.com/CasaDiablo.com

What Five Bucks Buys: Vegan taquitos, a vegan burger, or a vegan dance with benefits.

Tats and Piercings: The girls are mostly vegetarian, wear no leather, and are very likely members of a roller-derby league.

Special Attraction: The \$35 couch dance in a private living room environ and—about those benefits—she can touch you but not the other way around.

Tunes: Ladies' choice: expect a lot of Yeah, Yeah, Yeahs and Heart.

Who Goes There: PETA protestors organizing their next nude sit-in.

Fun Fact: A backstage sign reads, "Please do not wear fur, feathers, silk, wool, or leather on the stage. Thank you, the animals."

■ UNION JACKS

938 E. Burnside, (503) 236-1125, UnionJacksClub.com

What Five Bucks Buys: One-tenth of a Union Jacks Windbreaker and the most aerobic pole dancing south of the Arctic.

Tats and Piercings: We spotted a nocturnal clothes-hater with a vampire fetish who will happily show scars of where she's been bitten.

Special Attraction: There are three private rooms, and the club features a regular roller-derby night in which the girls use their skating skills to strip-skate.

Tunes: Known as a rocker joint, the talent often takes it off to live bands.

Who Goes There: The crowd consists of as many women as men, due to the pole-dancing classes held at the bar.

Fun Fact: Union Jacks is open 365 days a year—yes, you can have strippers stuff your stocking on Christmas day next year, if Santa doesn't bring you what you want. ☞

Every bachelor needs to take an occasional break from the Live! Nude! Girls! ... if only to get some air. Portland has no shortage of I'm-a-man-dammit options.

More interested in the ponies than the ladies? Portland Meadows is a racetrack with old-school charms (PortlandMeadows.com). You and your buds may be too old for bumper cars but does anyone ever outgrow vintage drag racing? The Portland Raceway (PortlandRaceway.com) excels at such pavement shredding. If it's fresh air you're after (yeah, that stuff beyond that wall panel thing), forage into Portland's 37,000 acres of open space: Fish for sturgeon or crabs of the enjoyable sort (FishingOregon.net), take to the air (DiscoverParagliding.com), take to the water (PortlandKayak.com), or take a nap (what, you were expecting a website?). Then try the legendary bacon maple concoction at Voodoo Doughnut. The dancers must admire the donut shop's motto: "The magic is in the hole" (VoodooDoughnut.com). After a long night of stripper-bingeing, seek out Portland's Bikini Coffee, where tanned, superfine java-hotties will add a little froth to your latte. Oh, and glad you asked: Yes, there is a delightful pottery-painting studio downtown (ReadyPaintFire). Finally, please keep in mind the sage advice of Mr. Wyclef Jean, who once noted in song, "Just cuz she dances go-go, it don't make her a ho, no!" Amen.

WHERE TO STAY:

Ace Hotel Portland, 1022 S.W. Stark St.; (503) 228-2277; AceHotel.com; Jupiter Hotel, 800 E. Burnside St.; (503) 230-9200; JupiterHotel.com. Downtown Portland is in the midst of a rebirth—industrial warehouses are being lofted and luxurized faster than a stripper gets nekkid. Amid the gentrification, a couple of boutique hotels (walking distance from many of the clubs) have sprung up in the Pearl District or the Northeast part of town. Ace Hotel is built for real rock stars and aspiring mike masters alike. The lobby serves local coffee, and most rooms are equipped with a turntable and vinyl albums. (Remember vinyl? It's not just for pants!) The owners considered installing a stripper pole in one of the suites, but instead decided to make pillows from club T-shirts. Jupiter Hotel is a converted U-shaped motel that surrounds a nearly 24/7 courtyard party. The hotel features a tattoo parlor in the lobby and a 21-hour adjacent diner, Doug Fir. And it's not just any diner—the Fir is a lounge and music venue that serves "a thick cut pork chop injected with Clear Creek Apple Brandy, Idaho crunchy trout with spicy mango and lime sauces, and smoked Draper Valley turkey breast with blood orange-pomegranate compote." Not exactly IHOP.

Letting the CAT Out of the Bag

It's not like anything you've seen in pornos, but if you have the patience to learn this hands-free lovemaking technique, it might be the most satisfying—for both of you.

By Em & Lo

By now, you've no doubt heard all about the Coital Alignment Technique. But have you ever actually tried it? It takes patience. It takes practice. And it goes against everything you've seen in pornos. But since when did pornos concern themselves with satisfying women? Beyond following the specific steps below, mastering the CAT requires a philosophical readjustment. Abandon your assumptions that intercourse automatically means a piston-like motion, lots of flailing around, and a rush to climax. The CAT involves small subtle movements, full-body contact with a focus on the clitoris and the pelvic mounds, and a Buddhist-like repetition of steps that may very well get her closer to Zen (i.e., orgasm) than any other hands-free intercourse position out there.

Step 1 Start off in the basic missionary: She's lying on her back with her legs just outside yours; you're inside her with your legs very close together. In order to initiate penetration most easily, your upper body should be raised a bit and your pelvis may be a bit lower than hers (i.e., a bit further down her body) and between her legs. This is a great position for the in-out, but once penetration has occurred, you must kiss this movement goodbye if you want to successfully achieve the CAT.

Step 2 Here's where the crucial alignment takes place: You cup her shoulders with your arms under her armpits so that you're resting on her (some of your weight can be on your forearms, but you should maintain as much body contact and pressure as is comfortable for her). While keeping your penis inside her, you pull your body up along hers, toward her head, so that your pelvises are aligned (yours directly on top of hers). Your legs are straight and together, and her ankles are resting on your calves (her legs should be as straight and elongated as possible while wrapped around your lower legs; if it feels better, she can try laying them straight on the bed right up against your legs). In this position, your head (the one on your shoulders) is beside her head (to one side of her face). Your penile head should still be inserted,

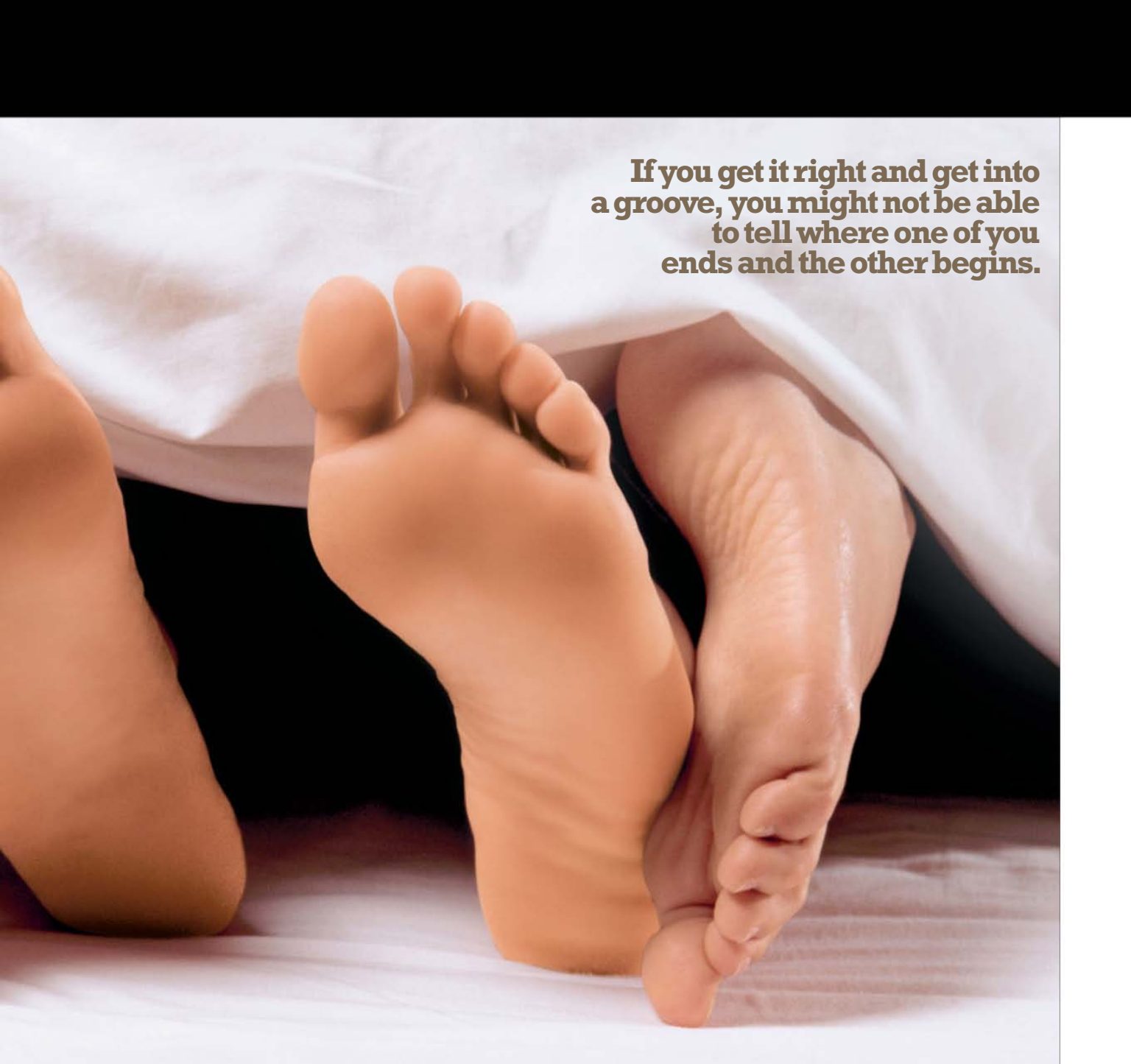
though much of the shaft will now be outside the vaginal canal, pressing up against the top half of her external genitalia. Both spines should be as straight as possible. Your upper body should be relaxed.

Step 3 As you're pushing up along her body (see step 2), she tilts her pelvis away from you (down into the bed) so your penis comes almost all the way out and she can feel its base pressing against her clitoris. It's a very small, subtle movement—you don't want the penis to fully withdraw from the vagina.

Step 4 Next, you push down with your pelvis so your whole body moves lower down her body and your penis enters her fully, while she tilts her hips up to envelop you. You're still lying on her, and both of your legs are in the same position as the previous steps—as straight as they can be with hers wrapped around yours as low as possible. Her aim is to keep her thighs and knees close together rather than bent open (as in more traditional




PHOTOGRAPH BY GHISLAIN & MARIE DAVID DE LOSSY/GETTY IMAGES



If you get it right and get into a groove, you might not be able to tell where one of you ends and the other begins.

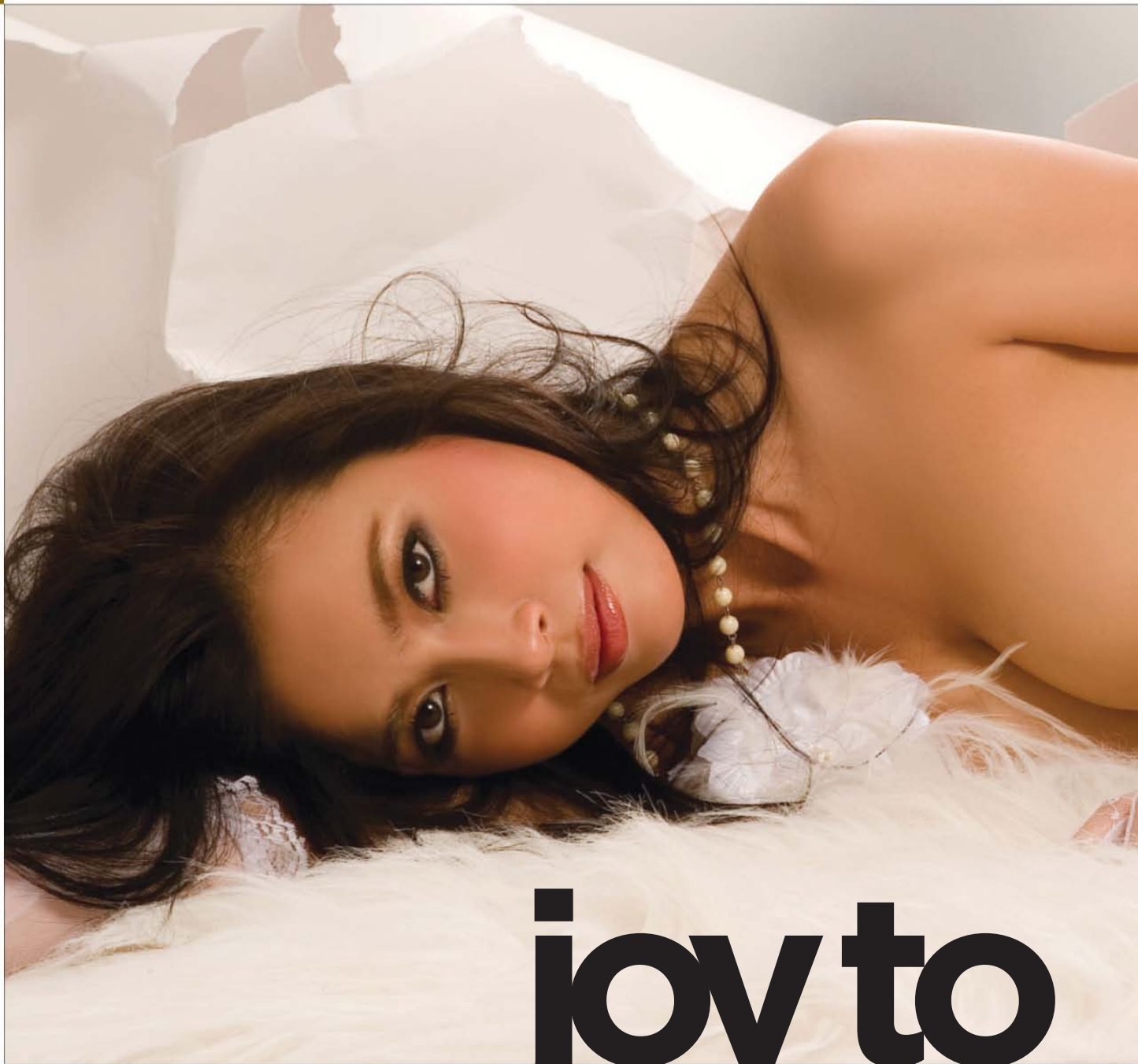
positions). The difference in your pelvis position between step 3 and step 4 is only about four inches (so in step 3, your pelvis is directly above hers; in step 4 it's about four inches lower down her body and your pelvis is closer to the bed, tipped at an angle and between her legs). Still with us? Now, just keep up this hip-rocking (alternating between step 3 and step 4): You move up as she tilts down, you move down as she tilts up, and so on. Do not speed up. The goal is to maintain a constant pressure and rubbing against the area from her pubic bone down to her vaginal opening (the clitoral head and U spot in between) with your penile shaft, your pubic bone, and the weight of your body. If you get it right and get into a groove, you might not be able to tell where one of you ends and the other begins.

The Reverse CAT You're on your back, she lies on top of you face-down. Your legs are together, hers are just outside yours on the bed, but as close together and straight as possible (she could also try balancing her legs on yours). Your pelvises are aligned

(hers on top of yours), and her arms under yours, cupping your shoulders as you do to her in the basic CAT. She shifts down your body a few inches by pressing her pelvis down, so your penis shifts out of her a bit and its base stimulates her clitoris. Repeat the above, over and over. The difference between basic CAT and Reverse CAT is that fuller penetration occurs when your pelvises are aligned in Reverse CAT; she gets the shallow penetration and genital stimulation from the base of your penis when she shifts downward. In Reverse CAT, she may feel like she has more control over the speed and range of motion, which may better suit her physical needs. But if she's light as a feather, you may need to help add some downward pelvic pressure by pushing down on her butt cheeks with your hands—not necessarily a drawback. 



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joy to the world

We had to go halfway around the globe to bring you 35-23-35 Joy Pimrawin, our 2007 Thai Pet of the Year. But once you get to know this sultry 27-year-old, we think you'll agree—she's worth racking up the frequent-flier miles for.

Photographs by Bee Chitchanok





"I'm happily single, and prefer dating more than one person at a time. It's kind of like Sunday brunch at a five-star hotel—you try a little of this guy and a little of that guy and you still have room for another guy or two."



Joy has been a lust object for a long time for our lucky Thai readers, but she's excited to gain exposure stateside as our latest International Pet. "Penthouse has always featured the world's sexiest women," she says. "I'm thrilled to be one of them!"



WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE
HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
TO SEE MORE OF JOY, VISIT
PENTHOUSE.COM/JOYPIMRAWIN.



Feet Treat

*A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXII:
Kinky Sex and Naughty Games
(Grand Central Publishing)*

I always look forward to summer because it means my wife, Kathy, wears her skimpiest sandals and shoes, the ones that best show off her feet. She has a gorgeous pair of perfectly formed size sevens. Not only does she indulge my complete and total worship of her precious peds, but she loves when I suck on them, making us a perfect couple.

The other day Kathy went off to work wearing a pair of strappy shoes, her toenails sparkling with a new coat of shiny, red polish. The sight of her skipping out the door, her legs elongated by those powerful heels, gave me a hard-on that simply wouldn't quit. I called her at lunchtime just to hear her sexy voice. "Baby, how are those beautiful feet of yours doing? Are you tired from standing all day?"

She played up her soreness. "Oh, yes, my feet are absolutely aching and the day's only half over. You're going to have to really do some work on them when I get home, if you know what I mean." I could practically feel her smile radiating over the line, and my hands itched to touch her feet. The rest of the day my mind was filled with teasing images of her shoe-clad tootsies as I tried to concentrate on work. Finally, it was time to go home to my wife.

I walked in the door and called her name, but she wasn't there yet. I quickly undressed and began running a bath for her, filling it with her favorite scented bubbles. She walked in just as I was turning the water off, and by the time she made it upstairs, I was ready to undress her and coax her into the tub. As her body sank into the relaxing heat, Kathy let out a sigh of contentment. I was in my bathrobe and promptly seated myself on the fluffy carpet beside the tub, then reached into the water to lift one of her legs so I could caress her left foot. She tapped it against the suds, sending some bubbles floating through the air, then moaned as I sank my thumb into her tender, soft skin. I kneaded her entire foot, my cock going wild beneath my robe as I felt her leg trembling beneath my touch.

Then I picked up her other foot and massaged it, too, running my thumb down the center of her sole, then pressing against the heel. Finally, I rinsed the soap off her left foot and took her slightly puckered toes into my mouth. I ran my tongue across them, then took her big toe into my mouth, licking the underside, making

love to her foot as she moaned. I sat back for a minute, shrugged off my robe, then resumed my position, this time leaning forward to slide my free hand below the water's edge and between her legs. I'd have climbed in with Kathy if there'd been room, but there was plenty of space for me to nibble and suck on her toes while probing her sweet pussy. The water had stayed warm, and stroking her doubly wet folds felt amazing. I timed my mouth's and hand's actions to coincide, so when my tongue sped up, so did my fingers.

"You know exactly what I like, don't you, baby?" she murmured as I slipped my fingers deeper inside her cunt, while taking three of her toes into my mouth. I had to hold her ankle up to my mouth, otherwise I'd have been beating off, but instead I rubbed my cock against the porcelain edge of the tub, feeling all of these sensations at once—her pussy against my fingers, the water swirling around my arm, her moist toes in my mouth, and the hard edge of the tub against my dick. I fluttered my tongue against her toes, then pulled away and licked around the edges of her feet before sinking my teeth lightly into her heel.

Kathy wriggled against my mouth, laughing, but when I eased off, she shoved her foot right in my face, her pussy clamping down around my thrusting fingers as I opened my mouth wide to take in as much of her heel as I could. She was driving me wild. Soon I was going to need to come myself, but for now I focused on my wife's favorite parts, and mine—her feet and her cunt. I shoved three fingers inside her while devouring her dancing toes as she rubbed them against my face, urging one foot into my waiting mouth while stroking my cheek and ear with the other. Finally, I had to be closer, and I pulled my fingers out of her tight pussy and leaned over to help her out of the bath. I carried her, dripping wet, into the bedroom, not caring about the trail of water we left on the carpet.

When we got to our destination, I wrapped her in a fluffy robe, then rubbed her down, pressing my hard cock alongside her while she wiggled against me. Kathy's skin was warm to the touch, and her cheeks were rosy when I finally placed her naked body on the bed and climbed on top of her. She felt soft and sleek as I stroked her hair while my dick fell into place between her legs. I nudged my cockhead against her wet opening, teasing her with my hardness, and when she ran her toes along the backs of my legs, then up toward my ass, I couldn't resist any longer and sank my full length into her hot, wet pussy in one steady thrust. Kathy embraced me, curling her legs around my waist and drawing me deeper, her fingers digging into my back as we moved in a glorious, erotic rhythm.

My bride was the picture of arousal, her mouth slightly open, slack with lust, her eyebrows raised as she gazed deep into my eyes. She gets a certain look on her face that I recognize when she's about to come, so I sped up my thrusts as her breathing got shallower.

"You not only have the most gorgeous and delicious feet in the world, but you're also the sexiest woman alive," I told her, meaning every word. She was contorting around my cock in such a way that I feared my orgasm might precede hers, but just then, she let out a gasp and clutched me even more tightly. I cradled her in my arms, slamming my cock as deep inside her as I could while her whole body trembled as she climaxed. I was torn between letting loose inside her or what I wound up doing—pulling out and shooting my come all over her gorgeous feet.

Kathy moaned as my hot load landed on her petite peds, and when I saw my white liquid slathered all over her curled toes, I thought it was the best sight in the world. She wound up having to take another bath, which led to a repeat performance, this time with even more attention paid to her whole body. I wouldn't wish soreness upon Kathy's adorable feet, but I am always happy to help soothe them, and ever grateful that she grants me my favorite wish again and again.—G.K., *Missouri*



**I'd have climbed
in with Kathy if there'd
been room, but there
was plenty of space
for me to nibble
and suck on her toes.**



Freshman First Timers

Penthouse Letters

Five stories told in a faux-interview style show the ins and outs of deflowering some very sexy first-year coeds. Ruby Knox's confession is the most extreme of the lot; she fucks her boyfriend on the back of a bus, and the public-sex angle amps up the rough-and-tumble raunch and adds nicely to the obvious attraction the pair displays. Some "late-night cramming" leads to some cramming of a different sort for Kylee Reese. The button-cute blonde looks convincingly innocent as she gets her cherry popped, staring wide-eyed at her lover's prick before wrapping her lips around its girth and eventually fucking him like a sorority slut (her moaning also earns her scene high marks). Sexy Rebeca Linares gets banged by a tall, dark stranger (the fact that her scene is introduced in Spanish adds considerably to its sense of heat). She attacks the lucky bastard full-on, and the rhythm of her full, ripe ass bouncing up and down on his fat, brown cock is particularly well-photographed. Director Kelly Holland does a good job of making these erotic pros seem like virginal coeds, and while the plot is a bit on the remedial side, the enthusiastic cast more than makes the grade.

Right: Ruby Knox



By Johnny Bronx



LAYOVER Penthouse

Fasten your seat belt, because the ever-dependable sexy-stewardess genre gets served up in this high-flying farce in which an unlucky airplane crew gets grounded for the evening and has to check into an airport hotel. Rider Skye gets a healthy fucking, her pretty pink pussy getting pounded mostly from behind. Steven St. Croix's wacky pilot chews the scenery as well as Devon Lee's leather-bound cunt; the pair's vaguely bondage-themed scene is a little out of place in the overall story, but you won't complain once they hit their stride. The best scene finds Angelina Valentine and Rebeca Linares taking flight in a girl-girl that shifts gears to become a girl-girl-boy fuckfest. My personal preference for husky-voiced honeys is satisfied by hard-bodied Hunter Bryce, whose enthusiastic technique (and lack of gag reflex) earn her her wings—and a tummy full of spunk—from her partner's uncut cock. A fun porno that lives up to its lofty premise.



IMPULSIVE Penthouse

Sex, murder, and intrigue collide when beautiful women are suspected of icing a dapper young dickslinger and questioned by a trio of increasingly impatient lawmen. Brooke Banner is great as the bitchy, Sharon Stone-inspired bad girl, and her two scenes show her to be a first-rate hump. The first pairs her with Charles Dera and the second, at the end of the disc, is a fantasy fuck that has her taking some stick in a chair in the interrogation room. Despite its implausible dramatic set-up, Tommy Gunn's grilling of murder suspect Victoria Sin is totally bone-bending; the combination of Gunn's cocksmanhood and Sin's ability to take everything that's thrown at her create a chemistry that will easily draw you in. Rachel Rxxxx's make-out session with pretty-boy stud Niko acts as a slow, steady build-up to a high-octane coupling with an emphasis on sexually playful interaction. *Impulsive* is hard-boiled and hard-core, and it's hard to imagine not finding something here to enjoy. **O+**

Top left: Angelina Valentine
Above: Brooke Banner and Charles Dera

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fine dining

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Photographs by Beck Images





















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TOP TEN THINGS She Wants to Hear

There is a great truth to the saying "Men fall in love with their eyes; women, with their ears." Be careful, though. These phrases are of little use to you if you're looking to keep things casual.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

There is a great truth to the saying “Men fall in love with their eyes; women, with their ears.” Be careful, though. These phrases are of little use to you if you’re looking to keep things casual.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

10. HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

This shows her that you are a thoughtful kind of guy who cares about her well-being and is interested in listening to her. Exhibiting empathy and compassion for any troubles she wants to confide in you will always win you points, but even a nod or an occasional “uh-huh” while she natters away will convince her that you are attentive to her as a person.

9. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

Whenever possible, try to elicit her feelings on various topics—this will definitely earn you extra “sensitivity” points. When she is complaining about her boss being a jerk, follow up with a shrinklike, “How does it make you feel?” Before making plans to go out, ask her, “How do you feel about [us going to a movie, visiting my mother, etc.]?” Women always feel attracted to someone who will lift the burden of their emotions, and becoming her confidant will make you indispensable in her life and guarantee you a warm spot in her bed.

8. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?

Women appreciate men who are proactive problem-solvers—instinctively, they sense that such men would be good providers and fathers. Most of the time the things a woman is fretting about are out of your control, and she’ll probably respond with “nothing, but thanks anyway.” However, she will remember that you were willing to help.

7. YOU’RE SO BEAUTIFUL.

Women know they are often judged on their physical appearance, so they judge themselves on this basis. Thus, when it comes to complimenting her looks, you can never overdo it. Tell her how sexy she looks, and how much you desire her—in long-term relationships, you can get quite graphic. Complimenting her fine ass when you first meet might earn you a slap on the cheek, but doing so when you’ve been together for a while will earn you an extra-hot roll in the sack!

6. YOU’RE SO SMART. I NEVER KNEW THAT!

Women love it when men appreciate them for more than their looks—after all, they know their looks won’t last forever. Showing your appreciation of her intelligence, talent, creativity, perseverance, or other nonphysical qualities tells her that you are not a



Becoming her confidant will make you indispensable and guarantee you a warm spot in her bed.

shallow horn dog, but may be playing for keeps.

5. SHE’S JUST A BRAINLESS BIMBO.

Face it—women are competitive and catty by nature and derive great pleasure from denigrating other women, particularly those they perceive as rivals. Use this approach any time you think she’s feeling insecure around some woman. And if she asks you, “Do you think that girl is hot?” always reply, “Not really,” or, “Yeah, but you’re much hotter!”

4. YOU’RE MY BEST FRIEND.

Telling her that you value her as a friend instantly alleviates her anxiety of being just your sex buddy. It



promotes the kind of intimacy and shared confidences she wants in a relationship. Save this line until you’re in a sexual relationship, though, because you don’t want her to think you view her platonically.

3. I LOVE YOU. Those three little words in a woman’s ear are like a fix to a heroin addict. No matter what your transgression, saying those words atones for all your sins. And on Valentine’s Day, they are more powerful than cards or chocolates. But make sure to deliver them with the right impact: Mumbling “I love ya” as you watch a game will not do the trick. To make her melt, draw her close to you, look deeply in her eyes, and whisper, “I love you so much!”—just like they do in those cheesy chick flicks. No matter how much she may think of herself as a tough-minded



feminist, hearing that will get her wobbly in the knees and wet between the thighs.

■ 2. YOU ARE MY ONE AND ONLY.

Any combination of “love,” “together,” “always,” and “forever” will also do the trick—no wonder they are the most frequently encountered words in pop songs! If you want to take the sappiness to the next level, tell her that you want to spend the rest of your life with her, but expect her to start seeing rings—as in promise and engagement diamond circlets—after hearing that phrase.

■ 1. WE'D HAVE CUTE BABIES TOGETHER.

The idea of motherhood is intimately tied to her sexual desires and her feelings about relationships. But use this one only if you truly mean it, as it could become a self-fulfilling prophecy if she “accidentally” forgets to take her birth control pills.

Ask Dr. Z

WINNING HER BACK

My live-in girlfriend of three years recently left me. I guess the warning signs were there for the last year, but they just didn't sink in until she moved out. Now I feel lonely and despondent without her, and I really want to get her back. I am willing to do whatever it takes. Please tell me how to proceed!


Nobody seems to appreciate anything until it's gone, and you seem to be a prime example of this. A guy will totally ignore his girlfriend and take her for granted until she dumps him, at which point he becomes obsessed with getting her back. Let me help you reframe your goal: Instead of focusing on winning her back, think of how you can make *her* want to win *you* back—that is, if you ever want to be with her again.

Ask yourself, do you really desire this woman, or are you just unable to kick the habit? Do you want her back because she positively contributed to your quality of life or because you can't stand the thought of being dumped? If, after grilling yourself, you still want her, you will need to take the following steps: First, you have to be or become the man who initially attracted her. Yes, that means losing the 20 extra pounds you put on once you became comfortable with her, and it also means being interesting and independent.

The next step is to avoid being seen as a desperate, needy wuss. Stay away from her until she starts displaying interest in you again. It will be hard, and may require all of your willpower. Date other women to distract yourself from obsessing over your ex. The word will soon get out that you are over her and dating other women, and if she still has feelings for you, that is when she will be back to reclaim her territory, to see if she still has her hold over you. If that happens, don't immediately profess your undying love; instead, give in to her slowly so that she can fully appreciate what *she* lost.

SHE'S A GAS

My girlfriend loves sex, but she gets embarrassed about farting a lot when I am inside her. None of my previous girlfriends had this problem. Is there a reason why she seems to pass so much gas when we have sex? Does it mean she used to have a lot of anal sex that she doesn't want to tell me about?

No, your girlfriend's propensity to be flatulent doesn't reveal anything about past anal experiences. When she climaxes, the muscles around her genitals, including the sphincter muscle, relax. When they do, it's not unusual for a little gas to escape. It is more likely to happen during intercourse because the penis rubs against the anus through the vaginal wall, and that in-and-out motion may trigger gas. If it really embarrasses her, suggest that she take an over-the-counter antigas medication before jumping in the sack. 

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





GIRLS AT PLAY

I couldn't wait for my girlfriend to come home so we could try out the toys I'd ordered. I'd had all day to think about how we were going to use them. When I heard a car door slam and the beep of an alarm being set, I knew she was home.

As soon as she walked in, I closed the door and pulled her close. Caressing her neck with one hand, I raised her blouse to fondle her soft breasts with the other. When she pulled my shirt up, we pressed our breasts together and I felt her erect nipples against my skin. The heat that started in my pussy spread upward through my body. I unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor, and slid my hand in her panties to feel her moist heat. The sound of her moans spurred

me on and I dropped to my knees, kissed her smooth belly, and then buried my face between her legs.

I was ready to pull down her panties when she pulled me to my feet. "Let's go," she said, as she led me upstairs to the bedroom, where I'd hidden the new toys. I couldn't wait to surprise her. We peeled off our clothes and tumbled onto the bed. I felt her hand move between my legs, and moaned and shivered when she slid a finger inside me. I was slippery, and the feel of her hands was almost enough to overwhelm, but I refused to succumb to the pleasure. I had my own agenda.

I felt her hand move between my legs, and moaned and shivered when she slid a finger inside me.

I eased her onto her back and let her breasts fill my hands before kissing and licking my way down to her twat. As I slowly moved my tongue over her hot flesh, I reached for one of the toys I had stashed nearby. Flipping the top open, I gently squeezed a small amount of the cool, cinnamon-flavored liquid onto my dessert and swirled the juices together with my tongue. The constant stream of fresh juices flowing from her pussy moved me to suck even harder. I felt myself get wetter with every swivel of her hips. Seeing her so turned on really does it for me. Then I reached into the bedding for the wand with the slightly curved attachment. I flicked the switch and heard a low hum. When I lightly touched it to her clit, she begged for more. I moved it to her

entrance and gently dipped the tip inside, teasing it in and out until she cried out for me to fuck her. I moved the wand faster and deeper each time, matching the thrust of her hips as she strained to feel the full length inside her. Finally, she came hard, and the muscles in her body relaxed.

After a brief rest, she took the toy from my hand and clasped her legs together, holding the vibrating wand between them. I slid into position and felt the wand hum against my pussy. I lowered myself onto it and began to move my hips as the buzzing sensation traveled through me. I was already on the edge, so it didn't take long for her to bring me over, especially when she started pinching my nipples. I cried out in ecstasy before collapsing in her arms.

She removed the wand and climbed on top of me, rubbing her body against mine as she neared my

mouth. Straddling me, she teased me, staying just out of reach, before lowering herself to my lips. When she was within reach, I slid my tongue inside her. She rocked against my mouth, and I tasted her, feeling her juices dripping down my chin as I grabbed the wand and again slid it into her. This time, her rhythm was slow and steady, gradually increasing until she shuddered and rolled on her side. Then she asked me what other surprises had come in the mail, but I told her she'd have to wait until the next day to find out.—*M.K., New York*

I got sandwiched between Kelly and Eden, and they were grinding and rubbing themselves all over me.

COMMANDO PERFORMANCE

My girlfriend, Kelly, had been after me to take her and her friend Eden clubbing. But, by the end of the week, I was not going to have the energy, so I called Kelly and told her to go ahead without me.

When I got home, Kelly and Eden were ready to leave, but not quite ready to give up on me. They both looked hot, but I told them there wasn't anything they could say or do to make me change my mind. That's when they made me an offer I couldn't refuse. They stood in front of me and slowly raised their skirts at the same time. Both girls wore garters and lace-topped stockings—but no panties. I felt like I was getting my own private peep show. Before I could say anything, they lowered their skirts and smiled at me.

What could I say? It was a miracle. Suddenly I had all kinds of energy and wanted to know where we were going, but the girls refused to talk to me until I'd showered and changed my clothes. In no time at all, I was ready to go. I couldn't stop thinking about the fact that they were both going commando under their cute little skirts. As for the garters and stockings—well, I'm a sucker for those, and Kelly knows it.

The 20-minute taxi ride to the club was absolute torture, as I sat between the girls, fully aware of what they weren't wearing. To make matters worse, they each held one of my hands in their laps, and every time I tried to reach under their skirts, I got my hands slapped for being a bad boy.

The club was dark and crowded, leaving little room to move, especially in the dance area, so the teasing continued when I got sandwiched between Kelly and Eden. They were grinding and rubbing themselves all over me so hard, I had what I thought might be a permanent erection. I couldn't believe what they were doing, or that no one around us seemed to notice.

When I'd tolerated as much as I could, I steered them toward the bar and told them they couldn't expect me to behave with their constant teasing. My indignation only amused them, so I told them to enjoy themselves while they could because someone was going to fuck me when we got home. After assuring me I'd be



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taken care of, Kelly dragged me back into the writhing mob as she and Eden continued to torment me.

Ten minutes later, I told them I'd had enough and I was leaving. The girls followed me outside and I flagged down a taxi. This time during the ride, Kelly started kissing me and fondling my cock, then her hands moved upward and came to rest on my chest. Mine moved under her skirt toward her pussy as another hand began to stroke me. It had to be Eden. Then Eden turned me toward her and kissed me, drawing my free hand under her skirt. As we took turns groping and kissing one another, I could hardly wait to see if we'd all be just as friendly when we got home. I was so horny I had to pull Eden's hands from my cock or I would have come in my pants. When I paid the cab driver, he muttered something about me being a lucky bastard. So I hoped.

The girls were already inside undressing. Kelly said I'd been such a good sport about the whole dancing and teasing thing that I deserved a reward. They stripped off my clothes and pulled me into the bedroom. After sandwiching me between them, they each gave me a deep, lingering kiss, then kissed each other, promising that the night was going to be a memorable one.

Kelly straddled my head, and as I began licking and sucking her pussy, Eden took my cock deep into her throat. By sheer force of will, I held

Kelly straddled my head, and as I began licking and sucking her pussy, Eden took my cock deep into her throat.

back my own orgasm as Kelly came, writhing against my mouth. Then Kelly moved aside and Eden rolled a condom on me before she lowered herself onto my cock. I pulled her forward and sucked on her big tits as she slowly rode me.

Meanwhile, Kelly moved behind Eden and started reaming her ass with her finger. Suddenly Eden groaned and her vaginal muscles squeezed my cock. I felt my balls tighten against my body and knew I had only seconds before I came. I grabbed Eden's waist and began thrusting hard into her. Several strokes later, I stayed deep inside her as I shot my load.

After I'd taken a breather, I went to toss out the condom and clean up. When I returned, Eden was lying between Kelly's legs with her face buried in her pussy. I lay on the sidelines and stroked my cock back to hardness while sucking on Kelly's breasts and watching Eden go down on Kelly. They looked so comfortable I knew this couldn't be their first time together—I only wondered how many times I'd missed out on the fun.

All in all, it turned into quite a night. I got to fuck Eden again and Kelly, too, and all because I let them talk me into going out with them. The next time they want me to do something, I still might play hard to get, but as long as I know the reward will be the same, I'll probably do whatever they want.

—D.B., Minnesota

FLIGHT PLAN

Margo and I had taken a last-minute trip to Las Vegas for the weekend. We'd had a really good time, but hardly slept. As soon as the plane took off, we were both sound asleep. Sometime later, I felt Margo stir. She was half in my lap when she opened her eyes and smiled.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Who cares?" I said. "I don't think either one of us is going to make it in to work tomorrow."

She nodded and sat up slowly, taking note of the empty rows near us. A mischievous smile spread across her face as she returned her gaze to me. I knew that look all too well. I was about to ask what she was thinking when I felt her hand on my belt.

"What are you doing?" I hissed.

"What does it feel like I'm doing?" she asked as her hand struck gold.



"We're not exactly alone here, you know," I whispered as a rush of cool air hit my rapidly stiffening dick. Her hand ran up and down it.

"Relax. The lights are off and everyone's asleep. No one will even know what I'm doing," she murmured, lowering her head.

Unable to resist, I pulled a blanket over my lap and reclined my seat. Margo laughed softly. She knew I wouldn't pass this up. Under the blanket, she went to work, licking my dick from base to tip before taking the head in her mouth and gently sucking it. I gripped the armrest as my hips bucked. I stifled a moan as I felt her take more of my shaft.

"Sir, do either of you want anything from the beverage cart?"

Margo stopped sucking, and my eyes flew open.

"Shh," I whispered. "She's still asleep. And thanks, but we're fine."

The flight attendant nodded, smirking slightly as she moved on. Seconds later, Margo poked her head out and said, "Now, where was I?"

I groaned softly as her lips encircled me again. I raised the blanket just enough to see her work her magic and had to stifle another moan as she bobbed up and down the length of my cock. Every ounce of energy was spent suppressing my moans as I neared my peak, but the effort was futile. I lost control as my fingers tangled in her hair, I groaned and held on to her as I exploded in her mouth.

Margo pulled back and swallowed her mouthful.

"Woman, you are going to be the death of me," I whispered. "How am I supposed to keep up?"

Giving me a wicked grin, she stroked my member with her slender fingers. I groaned, feeling my cock stirring again.

"I wouldn't worry about it. You seem to be managing just fine," she said, caressing my dick repeatedly until I was aroused once more.

I bucked my hips in response, but knew I'd be able to hold back a bit longer this time. Then I watched in amazement as she pulled up her skirt, revealing the fact that she was bare-assed naked underneath.

"You're not wearing anything under that skirt!" I gasped.

"Of course not, silly," she said.

"But, but ..." I stammered. "We had



to go through security. What if they'd picked you for a random strip search?

She laughed. "I changed once we were at our gate," she said.

"You had this planned all along, didn't you?" I asked.

She grinned mischievously. "The Internet is a wonderful thing. I checked the flight and could tell we'd be pretty much alone with our seats here. When opportunity knocks, you have to open the door."

"Well, I'm glad you did," I said.

"Now, about that plan of yours ..."

"Ah, yes," she said softly as she climbed up, facing me.

I adjusted my position and held her dress up as she moved over me. I felt her moist heat near the tip of my cock and moaned softly, closing my eyes.

Margo leaned forward and tilted my chin upward. "Open them, baby. I want to see you."

Her blue eyes locked on mine as she slowly slid her pussy down onto my rigid cock. Margo knew she'd have to set the pace, given our confined space and the desire not to draw attention to ourselves. She rocked slowly against me, savoring the heated fullness of my cock inside her.

I was content to let her lead. Snaking a hand beneath the folds of her skirt, I found her center. My fingers latched onto her clit, flicking and rubbing the engorged nub until she was whimpering in ecstasy. The combina-

Snaking a hand beneath her skirt, I found her center, flicking and rubbing until she was whimpering in ecstasy.

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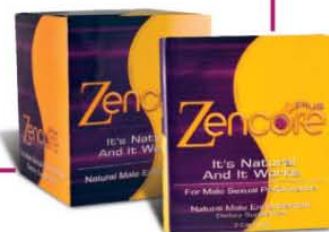
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tion of my hand and cock soon sent her over the edge. She convulsed around me with a small cry, sending me to my own orgasmic release.

Disentangling ourselves, Margo resumed her former place and snuggled against me. Ready for a nap, I pulled the blanket over us and we slept and cuddled for the remainder of the flight.

Hours later, as we were exiting the plane, we met up with the flight attendant who'd caught us earlier. She eyed us and smiled. "Did you two enjoy the flight?"

We grinned. "Best flight ever," I said. Margo agreed.

"Well, thanks for flying with us, and come again," she said, smiling.

"Oh don't worry, we plan to," I murmured as Margo laughed and we

headed toward the baggage claim.
—C.N., Canada

GOOD GIRL GONE BAD

Normally I'm a good girl, meaning I never do anything out of the ordinary. But one particular night I discovered my inner bad girl.

My fiancé, Max, and I were spending another boring night in front of the TV when we decided to call around to see if any of our friends were home. The only person who wasn't busy or out was Lindsay. Lindsay was my college roommate, and I'd been meaning to invite her over so she could meet Max.

We started doing it doggie-style, then Lindsay crawled under me and I felt her mouth on my clit.

When Lindsay showed up I thought Max would cream his pants. She had on a sheer halter and the sexiest pair of Daisy Dukes with a small rip in the right ass cheek. Although we had stayed in touch over the phone, I hadn't seen Lindsay in a few years, and I had to admit she'd really changed. She'd always had a good figure, but she never dressed to show it off. Women usually don't do a thing for me, but from the moment she arrived, I had an overwhelming desire to touch her. Just hugging her when she came in seemed to spark something inside me. It took me a few minutes to realize that I wanted her—bad.

Max started mixing drinks while I showed Lindsay around. It was the middle of August and we'd cranked up the air conditioning. I knew the place was like a meat locker because Lindsay's nipples were clearly visible through her halter. I wasn't the only one who noticed. Max couldn't take his eyes off her either, and when he suggested we play cards, I innocently suggested strip poker.

We started playing and after eight straight hands, I was totally naked and Lindsay and Max weren't far behind. When we'd all run out of clothes, we decided to up the ante, so the game became dare poker. Max dared me to kiss Lindsay, something he thought would pose a challenge for me. But I had no problem executing my task. When I leaned over to press my lips to hers, I got several surprises. First, Lindsay stuck her tongue in my mouth, and while I was getting worked up over the deep kissing, she stuck two fingers in my snatch. I got so aroused I just had to return the favor. Lindsay's tight body writhed with pleasure as she rode my fingers.

As for Max, I'd forgotten about him until he said, "Girls, girls—what about me?" I motioned for him to scoot his chair closer, and when he did, I took his hard-on into my mouth. When Max moaned, Lindsay knelt between his legs, pulled him toward the edge of the seat, and began to suck and fondle his balls while I bobbed faster.

Now, I always enjoy sucking Max's cock, but Lindsay was so close to me I couldn't stand not knowing what it would be like to go down on her. Without another thought, I abandoned Max's dick and pushed Lindsay onto her back. Then, after spreading her

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legs, I parted her labia and began to lap up her juices. I couldn't believe we were actually doing this, but everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves—especially Lindsay. I was new at this, but within minutes of my virgin efforts, she was grabbing my head, pulling it tight to her pussy, and flooding my mouth with her sweet release.

Max was trying to get back in the game, prodding me from behind with his stiffy. We started doing it doggie-style, then Lindsay crawled under me and I felt her mouth on my clit. But it wasn't easy for her to maintain contact because Max was fucking me with such enthusiasm. Adding Lindsay to the mix definitely affected him in a good way. He hadn't been that energetic in quite some time, and I loved it. I couldn't believe how


amazing it felt to have his hard dick pounding into me while Lindsay's eager tongue played with my clit. In no time their combined efforts brought me to one of the most intense orgasms ever. I'd barely recovered when Max released his hot load inside me.

I felt really good after that, but there was still one thing that would make me feel even better—to see Max fuck Lindsay. She was definitely up for it, so that just left Max. We tag-teamed him, taking turns sucking his cock until he was rock-solid again. Then he asked Lindsay how she wanted it. I think he was hoping for a chance to play

doggie again, but she had something different in mind.

Watching her ride Max was like watching a porno, and it gave me a brilliant idea. After Lindsay had several orgasms and Max had shot his load all over Lindsay's big boobs, I asked them if they wanted to get together again and record everything with our digital camcorder. They loved the idea, and for the next few minutes we sat around talking about what we should do and how we should do it. But all that talking only got us horny again. We ended up screwing around in the bedroom for the rest of the night.

The following weekend, we got together again, and this time we did have the camera ready, but that's a story for my next letter!

—Via e-mail. 

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Next month we'll introduce our 2009 Pet of the Year Runner-up, and while we're not about to give you a sneak peek, we're happy to whet your appetite with some of the other lovely ladies who'll be gracing these pages. We've got adult-entertainment star Rebeca

Linares, with her Catherine Zeta-Jones-style sultriness, and Danni Davis, one of the most popular seductresses on Cams.com. That enticing shot of Pets Erica Campbell and Shay Laren shows how steamy their photo shoot got ... and that's just one of the two girl-girl sets in store. You'll savor each and every page. 

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