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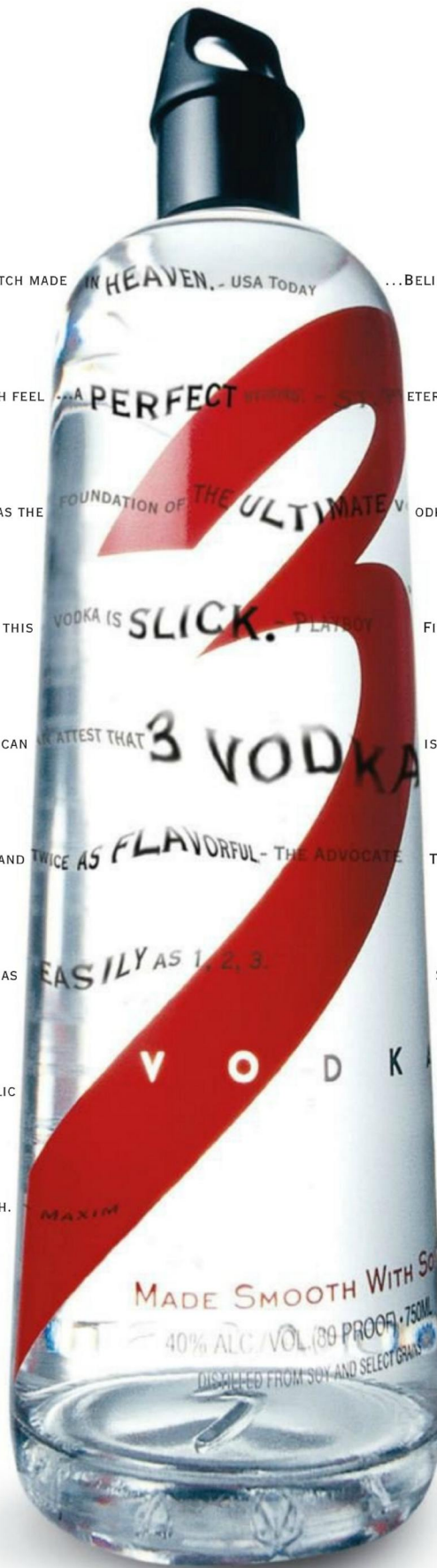
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Caught in the Act

I am a proud 25-year-old cougar-chaser, and I have my best friend Chuck to thank—well, Chuck’s mom anyway. We were 18 at the time, and hard at work in the garage installing a new stereo in his car. The job was nearly complete when Chuck’s mom, Shauna, came out to rag on him about a paper he hadn’t yet started for school. Chuck wanted to finish up the car but his mom wanted him to do the paper. Shauna won, but she said it was okay for me to stay and finish up.

Shauna was pretty hot for a mom, and when she followed Chuck into the house, I checked out her fine ass as she went up the stairs. Her shorts were tight, and I didn’t see any panty lines, which had me wondering if she even bothered to wear them.

When Chuck was upstairs, I took a closer look at the laundry basket filled with dirty clothes sitting next to the washer, and right on top were two pairs of black nylon panties. Chuck didn’t have any sisters, so they had to be Shauna’s. I picked up both pairs and brought them to my nose. They smelled wonderful, and I got an instant hard-on as I imagined Chuck’s hot mom wearing them.

I stuffed the panties into my pocket and went back to finish the stereo in Chuck’s car. After I was done, I listened to it while I played with Shauna’s panties. They were so silky and smelled so good and my cock was so hard that I just had to jack off with them.

I pulled out my aching hard-on, wrapped one pair of Shauna’s panties around it, and started pumping my cock with my right hand, while I held the other panties up to my nose with my left hand. I was so lost in lust that I didn’t hear Shauna come in, and by the time I saw her it was too late. She just looked at me for a second while I struggled to shove my wilting erection back into my shorts.

“Give me those,” she said in a stern voice. “You were smelling my panties and jerking off with them, weren’t you?” Then she snatched the panties and tossed one pair back in the basket, sat down in a folding chair,



and said in a much softer tone, “Come here, Paul. Would you like to smell these?” she asked, as she pulled down her shorts to reveal a lacy thong.

I stared at her crotch for a few seconds, wondering if she was going to take them off, and when she didn’t, I dropped to my knees and buried my nose between her legs. I caught a whiff of her musky scent and felt my dick get rock-hard again. God, she smelled good.

“Do you like the way I smell, Paul?” she asked.

“Mmm,” I mumbled, as I burrowed in and inhaled deeply.

“Stand up and let me see your cock, Paul,” she said.

She rubbed her pussy as she watched me pump my cock. Within seconds she was groaning, quivering, and panting.

When I finally did, Shauna wrapped the black panties around me and slid them back and forth along my shaft.

“You do it, Paul,” she said. “I want to watch you jack off.” Then she started rubbing her pussy as she watched me pump my cock.

“That’s it,” she added.

“I like watching you masturbate with my dirty black panties.” Shauna moaned softly as she rubbed her pussy. “Come closer, Paul.”

When my cock was only inches away from her pussy, she said, “I want you to come on me, Paul. I want you to come all over my pussy.”

That was all it took. Hearing Shauna say that made me pump my cock frantically, and seconds later I shot two huge streams of spunk on Shauna’s sheer thong as she fingered her snatch.

“Oh, yeah, that’s it—come all over me!” she moaned, and within seconds she was groaning, quivering, and panting.

“Mmm,” she purred. “Did you enjoy that, Paul?”

“Oh, hell yeah!” I said, as I used her panties to wipe up before pulling up my shorts.

“Good, because I did, too, and we can do it again if you promise to keep it our little secret.”

I promised, and I meant it. Shauna and I did a lot more in the coming months. Not only did it turn out to be the most amazing year of my life, it also helped shape me into the cougar-chaser I am today!—P.M., California

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■ THE RIGHT CUT

I tend to procrastinate when it comes to haircuts, so I hadn't gotten one in almost three months. I had been going to this fairly nice place that was overpriced, but close to my apartment. Plus, all the stylists were smokin' hot. I figured if I was going to be immobilized in a chair for 30 minutes, I should at least enjoy some eye candy.

One afternoon, I decided to take my chances and see if I could get a walk-in appointment. When I stepped into the studio, a gorgeous brunette I'd never seen before was sweeping hair off the floor.

"Hello," I said.

"Hi, I'm Cherise, the new owner. What can I do for you?"

I sighed and processed this curve ball. "I just need a trim—who would you recommend?"

Cherise laughed. "Consider yourself lucky," she said. "I'm the best, and you'll be my last client of the day." Confidence—I like that in a woman.

"Then let's do it," I said.

With that, she led me over to the washing station. Cherise was supermodel hot—tall and wispy with long legs. I leaned back in the chair and closed my eyes as she shampooed and massaged my scalp. It was a wonderful feeling. The week's tension lifted as her magic fingers did their thing and her soft breasts brushed against my shoulder and cheek. It wasn't long before she finished rinsing and handed me a towel. Then she led me to her chair.

Cherise stood behind me, gently playing with my wet hair and assessing it with a critical eye. Then she went to work while we talked. There was an ease between us and the conversation flowed naturally. I liked her, and not just because she was hot. When she finished, I wanted to stick around and talk some more. Cherise had a reason to be confident. It was the best haircut I'd ever gotten.

"It looks really good," I said.

"So, what do I owe you?" I asked, reaching for my wallet.

Cherise crossed her arms and regarded me with a mischievous smile. "Nothing," she said, "since it's your first time—with me."

"What?" I pressed. The silence in the studio was palpable. A heated charge flowed between us as Cherise



placed her hand on my chest and brushed her face against mine. When she spoke, I felt her hot breath along my neck and in my ear.

"Sit tight," she whispered. "I'll be right back." Cherise turned away and walked toward the front of the studio. I heard her lock the door and I couldn't believe my luck even as she approached me, her brown eyes displaying a predatory hunger.

Cherise leaned over and kissed me, sliding her lips across mine before slipping her hot tongue into my mouth. She raised her chin and I kissed her neck, then suckled her taut pale skin before kissing her collarbone. She moaned and knelt while opening my pants. I kicked off my loafers and the pants were shucked and tossed to the floor.

She licked my cock, sliding her hot tongue up and down the underside of my shaft, coating my length with her wet warmth. Then she took it into her mouth, devouring me, sucking my cock as she held the base.

With her mouth and hand working in perfect synchronicity—stroke and suck, stroke and suck—Cherise achieved a maddening, machinelike rhythm. I ran my fingers through her hair as her head bobbed in my lap. I began thrusting into her mouth, fucking her face as she sucked me, and before I knew it, she was gobbling my juice-splattered cock as I shot jet after jet of spunk down her throat.

Cherise disappeared into a back room, and when she returned, she was puffing on a fat joint.

"You read my mind," I said.

"I blew your mind," she countered.

We ended up fucking through the night, but that's a story for another letter.—C.M., Mississippi

More letters on page 134

She licked my cock, sliding her hot tongue up and down the underside of my shaft, coating my length with her wet warmth.

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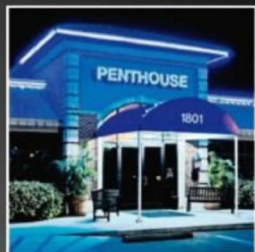
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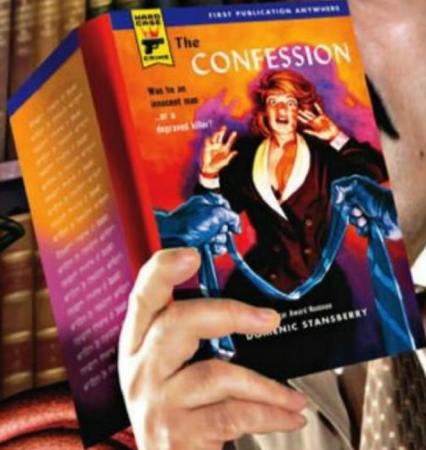


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MURDER BY THE BOOK

"Hard times call for hard fiction," says one of the writers of a new line of crime novels that reeks of sex and violence.





PULP FICTION IS BACK

No, it's not a remake of the Quentin Tarantino movie, but a new line of paperback books with lurid covers.

By Tom Callahan



Welcome to the world of Hard Case Crime books, a tiny publishing house that's a deliberate throwback to the glory days of pulp fiction. The pulps were hard-boiled tales of crime, sex, murder, and double crosses galore, with cover art aimed right at a male audience, often showing gorgeous femme fatales carrying gats. Sixty years ago, these were the books that got traveling salesmen through long road trips, that teenage boys hid beneath their beds and read by flashlight at night.

"Pulp fiction does not claim to be literature or art," says Charles Ardai, 42, founder and editor of Hard Case. Ardai started the imprint in 2004 after founding and then selling off the internet firm Juno. "It's pure entertainment. High-velocity storytelling with ingenious plots and crackling dialogue and characters you ache for every time they take a punch or a bullet. You are getting that, and some very sexy cover art."

Between 2004 and 2010, Hard Case Crime published 66 books. Some of them, like *Blackmailer* by George Axelrod and *Baby Moll* by John Farris, were reprints of books that originally came out in the glory days of paperback pulps—the 1950s—but had been out of print for half a century. Other titles were original stories by authors working today, including Stephen King, whose *The Colorado Kid* became a *New York Times* best-seller and inspired the popular TV series *Haven*.

Five Hard Case original books have been nominated for Edgar Allan Poe Awards—the mystery field's equivalent of the Oscars—with one, *The Confession* by Domenic Stansberry, winning.

Hard Case authors like Lawrence Sanders, still at the top of his game at 73, Christa Faust, 42, and Jason Starr, 44, are going to take pulp fiction deep into the twenty-first

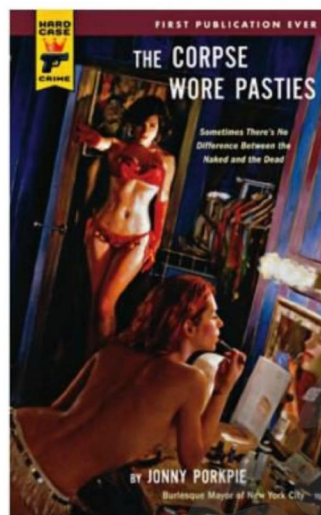
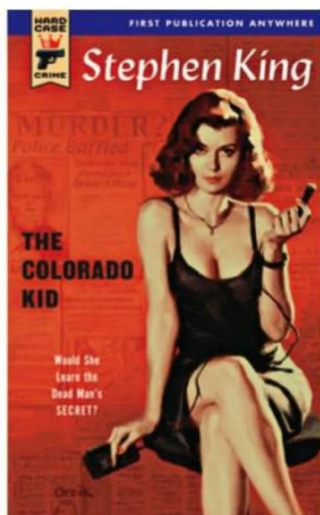
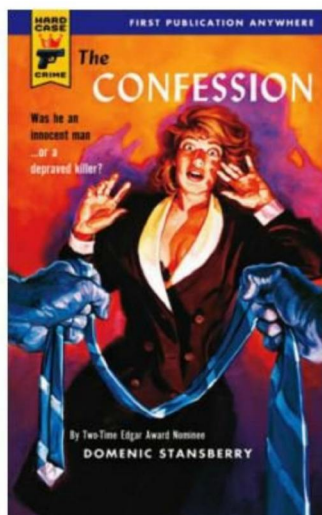
century. The pulps were born in the mid-twentieth century as the Great Depression and World War II upended the lives of millions. Now we face the scary twenty-first century—a perfect time for noir to flourish, as our entertainment reflects our fears.

"Hard times call for hard fiction," Faust says. "It seems only natural that in our current economic troubles, readers will turn to the same kinds of tough, uncompromising stories that they did in the heyday of the pulps. As long as the world stays ugly, we will keep writing about it."

"Hard-boiled pulp fiction cuts to the truth. It has the no-bullshit attitude that readers will always crave," says Starr, an acclaimed crime writer who has written or cowritten four titles for the label, including *The Max*.

All these books feature the distinctive Hard Case Crime throwback cover art, by such artists as Robert McGinnis, who is one of the most famous cover painters in paperback history, having done more than 1,200 paintings for books. Back in the day, these artists worked for pulp paperback houses with names





like Gold Medal, Lion, Dell, and Ace.

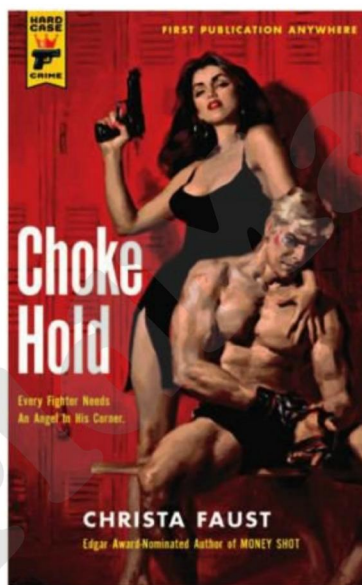
"Among crime writers, Hard Case Crime is the holy grail," Starr says. "Every crime writer I know wants to do a book for them. When you do these books, it's not just about the money. It's about being part of something special."

It looked like the imprint might be history in 2010 when Dorchester Publishing, which distributed the books, went out of the paperback-distribution business. But Ar dai pushed on and made a new distribution deal with Titan Publishing Group of London. After an absence of a year, Hard Case returned in September 2011 with its first and only hardcover, *Getting Off*.

This book, which is a new title (not a reprint), is one of the most sexually explicit titles ever published by a mainstream publishing house.

It's the story of a beautiful young woman who gets fucked in exquisite detail in just about every chapter, and then kills off her partners. First, her motive is robbery, but pretty soon she decides to compile a list of all her sexual partners, and literally travels the country rubbing them out. And many readers end up rooting for her. This is noir writing at its blackest.

One of the things that the pulps did was help give birth to noir and its cousin, film noir. Back in the golden age of paperbacks, in the 1950s, noir authors such as Jim Thompson pushed the boundaries of what was acceptable, writing about serial killers and psychos and sexual deviants long before they became



standard Hollywood fare.

Getting Off blows past any boundaries with its sex and violence. Indeed, the book was written by one of America's greatest mystery authors who started in pulp paperbacks in the early 1960s: Lawrence Block, writing under his pen name, Jill Emerson. Block and another legendary crime and mystery writer, the late Donald E. Westlake, allowed nine of their old books to be reprinted by the label. Among the five Block classics reprinted is one noir gem from 1965 about a grifter's caper, *The Girl With*


the Long Green Heart.

Block says, "*Getting Off* couldn't have been published by anyone in 1959. Period. And nothing this explicit was published in the 1960s. All I was trying to do was write the story and get it right. I must confess that I don't spend a lot of time defining noir or thinking about boundaries. If I am sufficiently inside a story to write it, I'm not viewing it from a distance."

Traditionally, pulps thrilled readers by taking them into worlds they'd never normally experience. So, for example, another Hard Case original, *The Corpse Wore Pasties*, from 2009, was written by a real New York City burlesque performer and producer named Jonny Porkpie. It is a light-hearted classical whodunit.

Choke Hold, one of the new Hard Case books published recently, is not so lighthearted. It features a fictional former porn star, Angel Dare, and is pure noir, filled with desperation and explosive violence. Its author, Christa Faust, was once a Times Square peep-show girl. And as this issue goes to press, Ar dai announced that, after a nine-year search, he had discovered *The Cocktail Waitress*, the final novel written by the legendary James M. Cain, author of *Mildred Pierce* and *Double Indemnity*. Hard Case will publish the book next fall.

"Our goal is to give people a great night's entertainment—that's all," Ar dai says. "Some of the greatest crime fiction ever written is being written today."

And Hard Case Crime wants to publish it. 

NEWS IN BRIEF

World's Jews Celebrate Christmas With Ceremonial Re-Murdering Of Christ

JERUSALEM—As Christians everywhere celebrate the birth of Christ this holiday season, the world's approximately 14 million Jews are also commemorating the special holiday, as they do each year, by ceremonially re-murdering the Baby Jesus. Details of the time-honored Jewish tradition include the baking of a baby-shaped potato pancake, which is filled with beet juice and then beheaded by a demon-horned rabbi using a specially blessed "baby-killing" knife. "I love devouring Christians' young almost as much as corrupting maidens," said Benjamin Levy, 89. "It's a magical time for all." The re-murdering is among the most important celebrations of the Jewish calendar, second only to the springtime "Poisoning of the Easter Wells" festival.

GAG GIFT

Need some comic relief for the holidays? Try this stocking-stuffer from *The Onion*.

The Onion® Presents: *Christmas Exposed*
Quirk Books
By the staff of *The Onion*



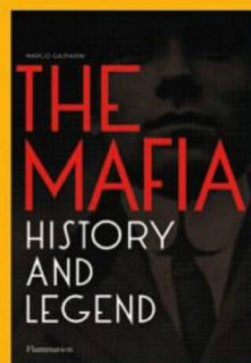
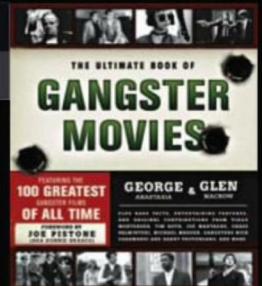
The Onion has plumbed humor out of a dizzying array of topics, from the near-impossible (9/11) to the fish-in-a-barrel-easy (Donald Trump), in its 23 years of existence. Now the paper's satirical journalists tackle the holidays with a collection guaranteed to provoke a few eggnog spit-takes this season. Standout articles include "Jesus 'Really Dreading' This Next Birthday" ("It was such a great time—I don't even want to tell you how much water we turned into wine that night"), "95 Percent of Opinions Withheld on Visit to Family," and "Chicago Rolls Out Cold-Weather Prostitutes." There's a spot-on "op-ed," in which an alcoholic receives a 12-pack of beer from her Secret Santa. "Ho, Ho, Ho! I Saw You Masturbating!" is one of the best offerings, perfectly mocking the Christmas spirit. Dare we say this would make a good Secret Santa gift?



The Ultimate Book of Gangster Movies

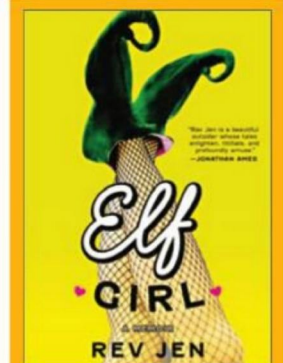
By George Anastasia and Glen Macnow

Bookended by *The Godfather*, in which Marlon Brando creates his iconic turn as Vito Corleone, and *The Freshman*, in which Brando hilariously spoofs his famous role, this guide to the "100 Greatest Gangster Films of All Time" from Running Press will provide hours of conversation and debate for any gangster-movie buffs on your holiday-gift list. They may quibble all they like with the rankings (*Casino* ahead of *Mean Streets*?)—that's the whole point, in fact—but urge them to dip into some of the lesser-known gems here, such as *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* (No. 38), *Get Carter* (the original, starring Michael Caine, No. 48), and Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing* (No. 54), to name just three. —John Bolster



The Mafia: History and Legend By Marco Gasparini

For a more journalistic approach to gangland, put this page-turner of a history book (from Flammarion) on your holiday list. Gasparini's text is lavishly illustrated with vintage photographs, and tracks the Mafia from its birth in rural Sicily to its ongoing dominance of international crime—and popular entertainment—today. —Peter Bloch



Elf Girl By Rev Jen

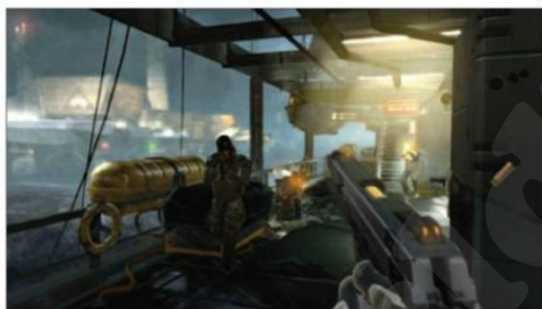
Rev Jen has been part of the Lower East Side art scene for more than a decade. In this collection from Gallery Books, the elf-ear-sporting art-school dropout reveals how she used sex, drugs, and Teletubbies to make her way. There's also lots of sex, public urination, drugs, heavy metal, stalkers, politics, a film called *Lord of the Cockrings*, and a love letter to the freaks of New York City. If that sounds like good reading to you, pick up a copy. Elf ears optional. —R

Game Changers

Add extra life to dusty games with these feature-packed expansions.

By Crispin Boyer

The holiday season brings a bounty of blockbuster games that you *simply must play right now!* Titles that were hot two months ago, meanwhile, wind up behind the couch buried under lost Netflix DVDs. Or, you can revitalize your favorite old games with downloadable content that won't break the bank.



DEUS EX: HUMAN REVOLUTION: THE MISSING LINK (XBOX 360, PS3, PC) \$12.50

Everything faded to black for gadget-enhanced hero Adam Jensen at a particular point in *Deus Ex: Human Revolution*, leaving players to ponder what they had missed. This appropriately named expansion fills that gap, delivering roughly five hours of gameplay that stays true to the series' anything-goes formula, and letting players experiment with different approaches to completing missions. Jensen will traverse all-new cyberpunked-out environments and encounter characters not in the main game. In fact, playing through *Human Revolution* isn't crucial to understanding the storyline in *The Missing Link*.



INFAMOUS 2: FESTIVAL OF BLOOD (PS3) \$15

This stand-alone scenario for the open-world superhero adventure *inFAMOUS 2* poses a question right out of a *Twilight* fangirl's Trapper Keeper: What if megawatt-wielding protagonist Cole MacGrath were bitten by a vampire? With his soul on the line, MacGrath has just one night to find and kill the boss bloodsucker, who's hiding somewhere in the city of New Marais. Hordes of lesser vampires prowl gothic streets and rooftops, giving our undead hero lots of opportunities to test electrifying new powers.



CALL OF DUTY: BLACK OPS REZURRECTION

(XBOX 360, PS3, PC) \$12.50

Leave it to a zombie outbreak to breathe new life into the year-old first-person shooter. This zanily spelled map pack replaces *Black Ops*' serious Cold War story with a mission to a Moon base that's been overrun by the recently deceased. Blast zombies in lunar gravity with experimental weaponry that has explosive—and often hilarious—results in the vacuum of space. Along with the new Moon setting, *Rezurrection* also includes four zombie-themed maps from previous *Black Ops*' expansions.



PORTAL 2 DLC PACK 1 (XBOX 360, PS3, PC) FREE

Just when you thought it was safe to slip into the vegetative state encouraged by most games, developer Valve has unleashed an expansion pack for its brain-straining masterpiece. The downloadable content includes new topsy-turvy test chambers that—like those in the main game—you can escape only by thinking outside the three-dimensional box. Other extras include leaderboards and solo/multiplayer challenge modes, making this an unbelievable value for its price. Oh, did we mention it's free?



Blue Hawaii

George Clooney is a Honolulu lawyer facing a midlife reckoning in Alexander Payne's latest film.

The Descendants

George Clooney, Beau Bridges, Shailene Woodley

You know it's getting to be awards season when Clooney appears in movies looking tired and beaten down by middle-aged emptiness. (Let's assume that's acting.) In his strongly sympathetic latest, Clooney plays Matt, a Honolulu lawyer and father grappling with his wife's coma caused by a water-skiing accident. Matt was nowhere near his thrill-seeking spouse when misfortune struck, and, indeed, as he reconnects with a pair of estranged daughters and faces down his shortcomings as a father, the guy learns about the other man—a crushing blow. From such complex, dicey situations, tough-minded pictures are born, and if *The Descendants* isn't quite top-rank for its director, Alexander Payne (*Election*, *Sideways*), it still charms with subtle grace notes and gentle humor. There's a gorgeous score of ukulele tunes and local ballads, and you end up caring about this well-off man and his family—you know they'll be all right, but that doesn't mean a fierce tropical wind isn't blowing.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE SITTER) JESSICA MIGLIO, (J. EDGAR) KEITH BERNSTEIN, (TYNKER TAILOR SOLDIER SPT) JACK ENGLISH

PREVIEWS

**The Sitter**

Jonah Hill, Sam Rockwell, Ari Graynor

It's hard to say if a slimmed-down Hill will still be funny—but thankfully, that's a prospect we won't have to reckon with for a couple more movies, including this one, which is an homage to the 1980s gem *Adventures in Babysitting*. But as a raunchy, unqualified child custodian, Hill seems prepared to take this comedy into rare, red-band realms of profanity. Director David Gordon Green may have stumbled with *Your Highness*, but you have to salute his continued willingness to infuse Hollywood fare with stoner humor and smuttiness.

**J. Edgar**

Leonardo DiCaprio, Naomi Watts, Judi Dench

The FBI's feared and revered first director, unafraid to play rough with presidents and senators, gets a biographical profile from director Clint Eastwood. Hoover, a buttoned-down yet impulsive and vengeful man, would be a difficult portrayal for any gifted actor; honestly, DiCaprio has us worried, even in the wake of mature work like *Inception*. But we're curious about the script, written by *Milk* screenwriter Dustin Lance Black, which explores Hoover's closeted sex life. Playing the fed's "right-hand man" is Armie Hammer, whom you saw twice in *The Social Network*, as the Winklevoss twins.

**Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy**

Colin Firth, Gary Oldman, John Hurt

John le Carré's classic 1974 spy novel has lost its commas en route to this big-screen adaptation, but rapturous early word suggests the gains are greater. The time is the Cold War: A retired British intelligence man is drafted back into the service to root out a Soviet mole. If you're expecting trench coats and terse exchanges, you're not far off, but it helps that the man behind the camera is stylish director Tomas Alfredson (of the supercool Swedish vampire flick *Let the Right One In*). The cast is first-rate: Firth, Tom Hardy, Hurt, Toby Jones, and—as our hero—Oldman, who's overdue for his Oscar. **A+**



SHE & HIM

A Very She & Him Christmas Merge

★★★

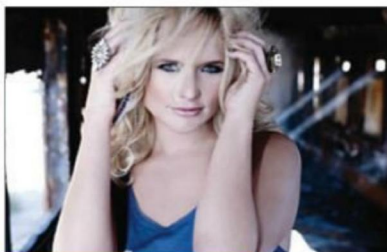
There's a lot of cultural clutter surrounding She & Him. A collaboration between dour axman M. Ward and professional pixie Zooey Deschanel, the duo traffics in the sort of smoky jazz-pop simulacra that can enrage as easily as it enchants. The pair's previous two albums are rarely judged on their considerable, catchy merits; instead they're treated like balloons set adrift on the constantly shifting headwinds of hipster taste. But perhaps, in the spirit of the holidays, it's best to drop all preconceptions about this stocking-stuffer: It's an unpretentious collection of merry standards ("Silver Bells," "Baby It's Cold Outside") and zippy curios. "Giddyap, it's grand!" Deschanel coos sweetly, and it's not hard to picture her standing under some mistletoe.

CROSSOVER STAR

Forget the punch lines about actors turned singers: Zooey Deschanel continues to pull it off on *A Very She & Him Christmas*, her third record with collaborator M. Ward.



While *American Idol* has rarely lived up to its lofty title—good luck finding Taylor Hicks—its country cousin, *Nashville Star*, has at least produced the genuine article. Of course, Miranda Lambert finished third, but has since rocketed to No. 1 on the charts. Now on her fourth album, the one-time *Crazy Ex-Girlfriend* is married (to fellow reality-TV star Blake Shelton) and far removed from the small-town travails she sings about. Thankfully, her muse has a long memory: *Four* is filled with visceral details delivered in Lambert's Texan twang. She remains the anti-Taylor Swift: On "Fastest Girl in Town," Lambert's drunk, smoking, and packing heat—all before the first chorus.



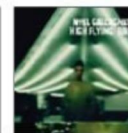
MIRANDA LAMBERT
Four the Record
RCA Nashville
★★★



The songs on the first few Los Campesinos! albums were as earnest and impassioned as a freshman-year romance. But beneath the wild-eyed intensity there thrived undercurrents of spite and melancholy, if not nastiness and depression. Now Los Campesinos!, who all attended the University of Cardiff in Wales, have matriculated into masters of self-laceration. While front-man Gareth David tries to talk tough ("I'll have my hot hands over her soft parts soon," goes "Songs About Your Girlfriend"), he's best when battered: "By Your Hand" dreams of post-romance death, and the bruised yawp of "The Black Bird, The Dark Slope" makes disembowelment sound like relief.



LOS CAMPESINOS!
Hello Sadness
Arts & Crafts
★★★★



The combustion engine that fueled Oasis from their mid-nineties heyday through their muted, mid-aughts denouement was the enmity between brothers Noel (the songs) and Liam (the voice) Gallagher. If one of them decelerated into a solo career, some wondered, would it stall out before getting into gear? Noel's solo project suggests otherwise, and if it doesn't soar as its title promises, it certainly rolls along—particularly on the jaunty "Dream On" and the pastoral "The Death of You and Me." The record is relaxed, the sound of Abel chasing his Beatles-esque muse without looking over his shoulder for Cain.



NOEL GALLAGHER'S
HIGH FLYING BIRDS
Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds
Sour Mash
★★★

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Who's Your Santa?

When it comes to gift ideas for your wheels, look no further. We've rounded up enough goodies to stuff your stocking and then some.

Here are some portable, high-tech, and smart baubles to shake your tree.

We've come a long way since the days when you tossed a flashlight into your glove box and longed for another set of hands when you actually needed to use it. The FLEXiT, which resembles a waffle iron that's been run over by a semi, packs flat and is a welcome provider of illumination for midnight vehicle repairs. You can activate two, four, or the full grid of 16 LED bulbs to suit your needs, and a pair of magnets helps this bendable light-buddy perch anywhere.



Keys unlock our most treasured possessions, yet they can jab us in the leg, too, if not contained. The Keyport is a clever little box that turns jangling keys into cool, compact sliders, and the six slots can stow a USB fob or LED light, too. Motorcyclists will appreciate how the Keyport keeps their keys off the finish around the ignition cylinder, and everyone will love how classy it looks.

Expect the unexpected, no matter what style of conveyance you choose. Whether you're varmint-hunting in your Range Rover or canyon-carving on your Ducati, an ultra-portable survival kit makes perfect sense. Survival expert Bear Grylls has teamed up with Gerber to put together a comprehensive 16-piece survival pouch that includes everything from a jewel-like Miniature Multi-tool to a fishing kit. A tightly packed pocket survival guide helps you make the best of what you have until rescue.





■ **True Temper AutoBoss**
AmesTrueTemper.com
 • \$13

When you get caught in an unexpected snowstorm, using just a credit card, your hands, and/or a copy of this publication to dig out your vehicle can prove unsatisfactory—especially when your date is waiting in your stuck car watching the minutes tick by. The AutoBoss stows almost anywhere in your trunk or interior, and with the flip of a lever locks into a surprisingly sturdy shovel that'll help get you on the road and to your destination in time for the first course.



■ **OnStar FMV**
OnStar.com • \$299 plus installation and monthly fee

We're becoming more connected to everything and everybody with each passing day, and GM's OnStar subscription telemetric communications system (including automatic crash response, turn-by-turn navigation, hands-free calling, emergency services, and roadside assistance) is a part of that trend. Until this year it was only found in GM vehicles, but now the company has launched OnStar FMV (For My Vehicle), which allows for installation of the rearview mirror-based device on a broad variety of cars and trucks.



■ **Stanley Lithium-Ion Jump-Starter**
Amazon.com • \$150

When your electrons are not cooperating on the battery front, you'll go nowhere no matter how exotic and sexy your ride may be. Stanley's surprisingly compact lithium-ion-powered Jump-Starter is an intelligent little powerhouse that can provide enough oomph to safely jump-start your hoopty, and it even has an onboard light and USB port to charge portable devices. Robust construction makes it durable, and the state-of-the-art battery recharges quickly after use, using 120V house current.



■ **Roadgear Programmable Tire Gauge**
Roadgear.com • \$33

As amazing as modern technology is, tires are still tires and accurate tire pressure is critical to everything from handling and fuel economy to getting you safely down the road. While Roadgear's programmable tire gauge is designed primarily for motorcycle use (you can enter your front- and rear-tire pressures so you always have them on the gauge for reference), it's so good at accessing hard-to-reach tire valves that you'll use it on anything.



■ Aerostich DarienLight Jacket

Aerostich.com • \$427

Nobody does versatile motorcycle wear better than Aerostich, and its American-made DarienLight may just be the ultimate jacket for anybody who spends long days in the saddle, whether commuting or touring. This lighter-weight version of the Darien jacket has a roomy cut that works on everything from sport bikes to dual-sports. It's especially suited for hot weather and has billions of pockets, huge ventilation zippers, high-tech body armor, and Gore-Tex technology for all-weather performance.

■ Garmin Montana 650t

Garmin.com • \$700

There are a lot of GPS units out there, but only one offers the ultimate in rugged versatility. This is a stout, weatherproof, sophisticated GPS unit that's as at-home as a handheld hiker as it is mounted in your car, motorcycle, boat, or ATV (using a mounting kit). A barometric altimeter, five-megapixel camera, and the ability to run off of a lithium-ion battery pack or good old AA batteries are just a few of this tough titan of tech's features.



■ Alpinestars CR-4 Gore-Tex XCR Boots

Alpinestars.com • \$200

Did you know that in the realm of proper motorcycle footwear (meaning far more protection and support compared with street shoes) we now have a lot of stylistic choices? Alpinestars is famous for great riding and driving apparel, especially racing gear, and now this includes a great new pair of all-weather casual riding boots that are ideal for around-town scooting. Composed of coated leather with suede and textile components, there are numerous protective features and a Gore-Tex lining for all-weather comfort.



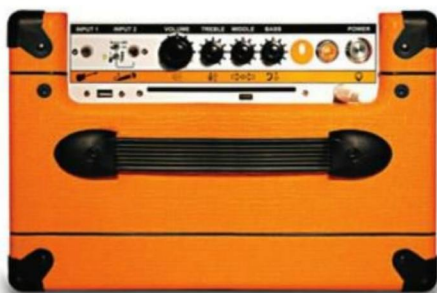
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■ **Orange PC**
Orange • \$1,500

These days, a computer is as crucial to garage-band success as a Marshall stack and a mini fridge full of PBRs. Amp maker Orange has combined at least two of these necessities into a striking aluminum-and-wood speaker/PC combo bristling with instrument inputs and A/V outputs. The rig's hardware—including an i3 dual-core CPU, a 500-gigabyte hard drive, and four gigabytes of RAM—is a workhorse at lag-free audio processing and storage. Stereo speakers built into the cabinet work whether the PC is on or off, but most musicians will covet this system for its incredible suite of recording, instrument-effects, and tutorial software.

Check out this gloriously
nonessential gear that you
never knew you wanted.

By Crispin Boyer



Simple Luxuries



■ **Roku 2 XS streaming player**
Roku • \$100

The original Roku media player—which was invented by the guy who created the DVR—was a simple idea that gave cable companies a big headache. Roku users just jacked the little box into their TV, connected it to the internet, and used the easy interface to browse hundreds of video and music channels—or their own local library of ill-gotten entertainment—in HD resolution. This follow-up device sticks to the same straightforward formula, but adds an extra layer of entertainment: Gamers can play using the motion-sensing remote. The fun but ubiquitous *Angry Birds* leads the charge, with more titles on the way. It's no Nintendo Wii, but then the Wii can't replace your cable box.



■ Kobo eReader Touch Edition

Kobo • \$130

The high-contrast E Ink displays of the competing six-inch eReaders all capture the readability of conventional paper books, but the low-frills Kobo Touch tops them all when it comes to the sheer simplicity of leafing through a novel. Flipping pages is as easy as swiping or tapping its touch screen, which also grants access to readability options and Wi-Fi settings. Support for the widely accepted EPUB (electronic publication) format means you'll never run out of stuff to read, while the touch-screen interface lets you scroll and zoom PDF work documents with iPhone-like simplicity. At just 6.5 ounces, the Kobo Touch is among the lightest and most comfy-to-grasp eReaders, and it's just small enough to cram into your back pocket.



■ Triumph smartphone Motorola • \$300

With its vibrant 4.1-inch screen, one-gigahertz Snapdragon processor, decent front-and-rear cameras, and stout rubbery case, this is a more-than-adequate Android smartphone that delivers zippy performance via a conveniently streamlined interface. The phone's real draw isn't the hardware or software, though—it's the lack of a network-service contract. Virgin Mobile's billing structure starts at just \$35 a month for unlimited data usage and 300 anytime minutes. If you're a smartphone user who texts more than you talk, consider making the switch. The money you save—to the tune of up to a grand per year—could be your own.

■ Echo smartpen Livescribe • \$100 for the basic two-gigabyte model

In a world of smartphones, tablets, and eReaders, it seems silly to settle for a pen that's just analog and ordinary. The Echo "smartpen" digitally records everything you write or doodle on paper and imports it to your PC or Mac for later reference and easy sharing. Its built-in microphone also records audio that you can review via the pen's speaker or headphone jack. Games, language translation, handwriting-to-text conversion, and many other functions are available via apps you install on the pen. It's the perfect gizmo for students, journalists, artists, and anyone else who still relies on the written word.

■ Tilt-shift camera Photojojo • \$149

Even if you don't have a clue what tilt-shift photography is, chances are you've seen it. This flavor-of-the-moment photo effect turns scenery and cityscapes into miniature models that look as if they're straight out of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*. Phone apps and software simulate the effect, but you can't capture true tilt-shift images unless you own an expensive custom lens or buy this five-megapixel digital point-and-shoot that takes tilt-shift photos at 2560 x 1920 resolution, as well as trippy 640 x 480 videos. A built-in flash, 8x digital zoom, and a 2.4-inch LCD round out the paltry specs. It's really more of a novelty camera, but you're guaranteed to have the funkiest profile pic in any friends list.



■ DPF-HD1000 digital photo frame Sony • \$120 to \$170, depending on size

The photo-sharing functionality of smartphones and tablets has turned digital picture frames into a waste of wall space. At least Sony's new HD series—available at seven, eight, and ten inches—brings some new tricks to your Aunt Ethel's doily-covered photo shelf. Along with standard still photos, the frames play movies in resolutions up to 1920 x 1080 on their ultra-crisp backlit LCDs. Each frame has two gigabytes of internal memory and supports a variety of video and photo formats—even MP3 files, so you can play "The Way We Were" while looping that video of you taking a football to your nuts.



THE NIGHTMARE THAT IS CHRISTMAS

How soon is too soon to go home for the holidays with a girl? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to negotiate those treacherous, family-infested waters.

Illustration by Celia Calle

This girl I'm dating invited me to her parents' house for Christmas, where I would meet three generations of her family, all for the first time. I don't want to go, and I really don't want her to think that I'm going to invite her to celebrate the holidays with my family, either. We haven't been dating long, and we're not even exclusive, but as soon as I said yes to New Year's Eve plans, she went into couples overdrive and starting planning out our entire lives together. Dude, I just want to know for sure I'm getting laid every Saturday night. I'm not looking for a commitment, and I don't want to get cornered into one. The sex is great, though, so I need a way to back off without cutting her loose.

Three generations of her family? Ai-yi-yi! Better spike your eggnog with Tres Generaciones tequila to keep yourself relaxed enough to avoid getting your nuts roasted over an open fire.

You need to make it clear to this girl that she's merely Santa's little humper. Of course, you can't chase her off entirely or come Christmas Eve, it won't be trinkets you'll be filling socks with. To ensure you won't be stroking it yourself, give her the proverbial snow job. Tell her you'd love to meet her family, but you spend Christmas handing out turkeys at the local soup kitchen. You'll score points with her *and* get out of hearing about her grandma's bunions. If she tries to tag along, tell her the soup kitchen is no place for a lady. (See how gallant you are?)

If this goes down less smoothly than a fruitcake and she just isn't swallowing it, you have to ask yourself whether going home with her is really such a bad thing. Maybe she has a hot sister or a MILF-y mom who will spur fantasies about an under-the-mistletoe threesome. (Note: If you end up beating off in their bathroom, carefully eliminate all evidence that you put the "jack" in Jack Frost.) And if she goes home with you, your mom will talk her ear off instead of yours, leaving you free to sneak away and play videogames or go through the old porno magazines still hidden under your mattress.

Of course, your mom is 99.9 percent sure to tell her that one truly embarrassing story you hope no one ever hears again, so maybe you should just cut her loose like a gangrene-ridden reindeer. After all, the Christmas season is a damn good time to be single, assuming you have a few holiday parties to crash. (You haven't lived until you and some random receptionist have turned the office Christmas lights into anal beads.) And don't forget that New Year's Eve is the one time when perfect strangers are *obligated* to suck face with you. Don't worry about ending up alone. Girls are desperate for company during the holidays, and at least one of them will look at you and think, *I'm dreaming of a wet Christmas.*





FINE WINE

Forget the grapes. Heaps of malt and hops fuel barley wine, a burly, stomach-heating treat fit for frigid winter days.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

The English language is littered with oxymorons. People park in the driveway and drive on the parkway. I'll add another example: A barley wine does not contain grapes. In fact, this beer style has zip in common with fermented grape juice—save for an alcohol percentage that often tops double digits. Perhaps that explains why the thick, sometimes fruity, sometimes hoppy, always strong ale has become one of winter's signature belly-warming brews.

In eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Britain, many breweries employed a process called partigyle brewing to produce multiple beers from a single grain mash. The first running contained the most sugars for yeasts to convert into alcohol. The second running created "common" beer, and, if there were enough residual sugars left for a third batch, it was used to make "small" beer. (Today, brewers use a single grain bill for each batch.)

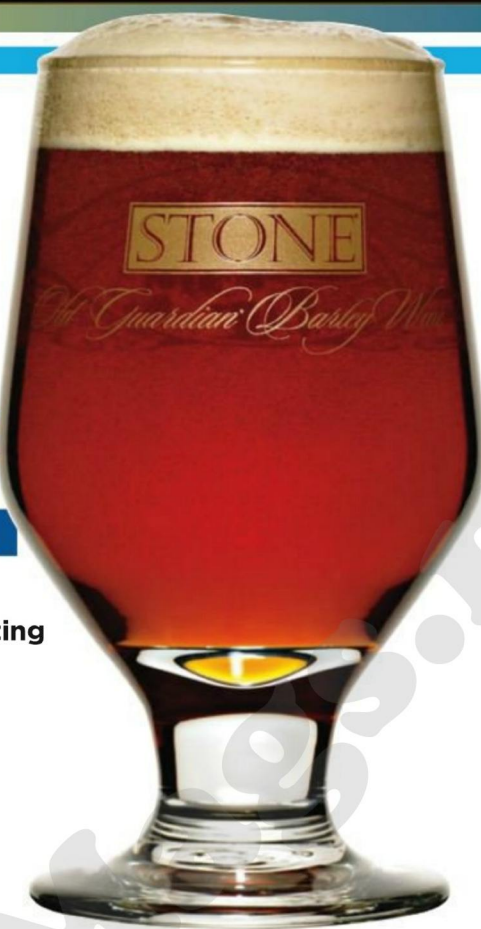
Weaker beers were quickly consumed, but the stronger first-batches were often consigned to storage—the elevated alcohol prevented spoilage. What happened next is debatable: Perhaps to better preserve their ales, or maybe to one-up fellow beer makers, British brewers kept boosting their beers' alcohol content. Since yeasts don't thrive at elevated alcohol levels, brewers rolled the barrels around the brewery to revive the intoxicated yeast.

In the 1800s, these potent brews went by several aliases: strong ales, stock ales, winter warmers, or old ales, or the wooden barrels were branded by three Xs or Ks. The term *barley wine* wasn't used

commercially until 1903, when what is now Bass Brewers Limited released its Bass No. 1 Barley Wine. Over time, British barley wines fell out of favor as breweries focused on strength, not flavor. In America, many drinkers weren't introduced to the style until 1975, when San Francisco's Anchor Brewing released Old Foghorn Barleywine Style Ale, which was (and still is) substantially hopped with flowery Cascade hops. And there began the divide. While British barley wines were typically less brawny and more rounded, American brewers went overboard with bitterness and booze. Case in point: Great Divide Brewing's Old Ruffian packs more than 85 international bittering units (IBUs) and 10 percent alcohol by volume (ABV), while Rogue Ales' XS Old Crustacean boasts more than 100 IBUs and 11.5 percent ABV. Drink two, and it's good night for you.

Nonetheless, you can't easily categorize barley wines. Some have spicy aspects, such as Real Ale Brewing Company's rye-driven Sisyphus Barleywine Ale. By contrast, Schlafly ages its Reserve Barleywine Style Ale on oak chips, which imparts notes of vanilla and wood. Stone Brewing doses its Old Guardian Belgo Barley Wine with a Belgian yeast strain, which imparts banana notes that complement the toffee flavors, bitterness, and warming 12 percent ABV. It's the ideal medicine to help you survive Old Man Winter.

Adapted from *Brewed Awakening: Behind the Beers and Brewers Leading the World's Craft Brewing Revolution*, by Joshua M. Bernstein, published November 2011 by Sterling Epicure.



5 Barley Wines Worthy of Your Belly

■ J. W. LEES & COMPANY: VINTAGE HARVEST ALE

On December 1, the British brewery debuts its once-a-year Harvest, which is concocted with the season's hops and barley yield. Expect a flavor profile that recalls maple syrup mixed with toffee, brown sugar, and whiskey.

■ SIERRA NEVADA BREWING COMPANY: BIGFOOT BARLEYWINE

Sierra's Bigfoot is a rare creature. The rust-tinged brew presents a fruity perfume and malt sweetness that's kept in check by a bitter streak. When aged, the beer grows more balanced as the hops recede into the background.

■ ROGUE ALES: XS OLD CRUSTACEAN BARLEYWINE

The ruby-tinged ale offers an enticing aroma of caramel, toffee, and lovely citrus—it's stuffed with hops. Luscious currents of raisins and brown sugar balance Crustacean's bitterness.

■ STONE BREWING COMPANY: OLD GUARDIAN BELGO BARLEY WINE

Though OG's recipe changes every year, you can expect the amber-orange ale to pack a sweet scent of brown sugar and subdued hops. It glides down rich and boozy, with a lingering bitterness and loads of carbonation.

■ GREAT DIVIDE BREWING COMPANY: OLD RUFFIAN

The ruby-brown Ruffian, released in December, presents an aroma of caramel, cherries, plums, and pine. The barley wine drinks caramel-sweet, with notes of dark fruit and a huge hit of hoppy bitterness. Watch out, or the 10.2 percent ABV will wallop you.



[this year's models]



2011 PET
OF THE YEAR
**Nikki
Benz**

2012

Pet of the Year

PLAYOFF



The national media is ramping up for the upcoming election year, but we're much more concerned with a truly important decision: Which sexy siren will succeed Nikki Benz as our Pet of the Year? Let's take a break from the holiday/end-of-year madness and look back at the gorgeous ladies who make up the Penthouse Pet Class of 2011.



Breanne Benson

JANUARY 2011

Photograph by
Cisco Lamessi

Vital stats:

32C-22-33; 5'2"
26 years old

Hometown:

Temecula, California.

Favorite vacation spot:

Anywhere tropical. I love
the beach, the cocktails,
and itty-bitty bikinis.

Favorite food:

Sushi and very spicy
foods.

Favorite drink:

Wine. I drink it every day.

Favorite sport:

Mixed martial arts.

Favorite workout:

Hiking.

“The most
daring thing I’ve
ever done was
sneak out of
school while I was
still living with my
parents to shoot
a porn scene. I
was 18, I swear! It
was right before
graduation.”





Jewels Jade

FEBRUARY 2011

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

34D-25-35; 5'4"

I'll admit to being 34, but
I'd rather just say I'm old
enough to know it all!

Hometown:

San Diego.

Favorite sports:

I played soccer for 12 years;
weight lifting.

Favorite food:

Sushi, Italian.

Favorite drink:

Sake, vodka.

Favorite movies:

Spy movies. I love Jason
Bourne!

Favorite workout:

One hour of weight training
plus 40 minutes of cardio—
in the nude!

“The biggest
turn-on for me is
hot women who
are into me *and* my
husband. I have
no problem being
faithful when it
comes to men, but
I need a hot pussy
every once in a
while!”



**Ella
Milano**

MARCH 2011

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

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

Hometown:

Long Beach, California.

Favorite vacation spot:

Puerto Rico, because I'm
Puerto Rican and I love
the warmth.

Favorite food:

Chocolate!

Favorite sports:

Baseball (Go, Yankees!),
football (Saints!), and
all extreme sports—
snowboarding, dirt
biking, wakeboarding,
skateboarding.

Favorite workout:

Kickboxing, yoga,
sports.

Favorite fantasy:

Sex on a ski lift in Aspen.

“I’ve had a lot
of great sexual
experiences,
but the most
amazing ever was
driving a manual
prerunner truck in
the desert while
being fucked.
Superfun!”





Franceska James

APRIL 2011

Photograph by
Penthouse Studios

Vital stats:

37-24-41; 5'8"
29 years old

Hometown:

Barcelona, Spain.

Favorite vacation spot:

Thailand. It's beautiful and peaceful, and I love the sea and spicy food.

Favorite food:

Thai and Japanese.

Favorite way to work out:

Thirty minutes of cardio, then weight lifting.

Favorite way to relax:

A real Thai massage to back and feet, soothing music, and an aromatherapy bath.

What gets you excited?

Dirty words in my ear.

“Women who are Virgos, like me, are very passionate, with very strong sexual impulses. We are great lovers. I just ask for what I want, when I want it—and I am always ready for sex.”



Tasha Reign

MAY 2011

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

36-24-34; 5'5"
22 years old

Hometown:

Laguna Beach,
California.

Favorite kind of music:

Hip-hop, rap, seventies
rock.

Favorite sport:

I love striptease.... Is that
a sport?

**Favorite sexual
experience:**

I had sex in a dressing
room at Barney's.
Sounds like a fantasy,
but it happened.

**The hottest movie sex
scene:**

Body Heat. It's beautiful,
hot, and just absolutely
sexy. I play with myself
over and over to it.

**If you could have sex
with anyone, living or
dead, who would it be?**

I would bang 50 Cent
and John Kennedy,
threesome-style.

“If I had to
choose between
my right arm and
my ability to have
orgasms, it would
be good-bye,
arm. Orgasms
are my go-to
achievement
every day. I wake
up and go to sleep
with them.”





Eden Adams

JUNE 2011

Photograph by
Mark Lit for Hicks Photo

Vital stats:

34D-24-35; 5'8"
21 years old

Hometown:

Ventura, California.

Dream vacation spot:

Italy.

Favorite sports:

Soccer and basketball.

Favorite music:

Alternative and indie rock.

Favorite sound:

The waves of the ocean,
and moaning during sex.

What gets you excited?

A true gentleman.

What gets you in trouble?

Speed limits. I often drive
too fast.

“I love that you asked how I would feel about getting caught masturbating by the pizza-delivery guy. That’s actually happened, and I’d be happy to have it happen again!”



Kiara Diane

JULY 2011

Photograph by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:

34-25-36; 5'8"
24 years old

Hometown:

Sunnyside, Washington.

**Favorite thing about
your hometown:**

Being able to quad
wherever the hell I want.

**What do you do for a
living?**

Take off my clothes and
show my body to the
world.

Favorite TV show:

Dexter, but between
seasons I've been
cheating on him with
Archer.

Favorite drink:

I can't live a day without
my dose of Starbucks.
Other than that, Jack
Daniel's is my man. He
keeps me warm at night.

Favorite sexual fantasy:

I'm deathly afraid of
sharks, but I'd love to
have sex in a shark tank.

“When it comes to music, it's country all the way. TLC gets me in a sexy mood. Any country song gets me in an 'I need a cowboy now' mood. Lil Wayne gets me in an 'I don't give a fuck' mood.”





Georgia Jones

AUGUST 2011

Photograph by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:

32-21-35; 5'7"
22 years old

Hometown:

Alma, Arkansas.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

It's still legal to shoot someone who comes onto your property if you have a no-trespassing sign posted.

What do you do for a living?

Working for *Penthouse* pays for the beach house.

Your favorite thing about your job:

The women.

Have you done any singing, dancing, or acting?

Do you consider porn acting? It's more like improv, but I love it.

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

I'm more of a voyeur. Can I watch my girlfriend and my boyfriend together instead?

“I go old-school when it comes to a favorite sex scene in a movie. I really like the threesome that's fast forwarded in *A Clockwork Orange*. But Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis were amazing in *Black Swan*.”



Emily Addison

SEPTEMBER 2011

Photograph by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:

34D-25-34; 5'4"
27 years old

Hometown:

Hollywood, California.

**Favorite thing about
your hometown:**

I'm in love with the
chaos, the city lights,
the diversity. There's
always something
exciting going on.

Favorite foods:

Sushi and cupcakes.

Favorite drinks:

Wine, Jack Daniel's, and
vodka.

**Where are you most
likely to be on any given
Tuesday night?**

In bed with my Hitachi
Magic Wand.

**Have you ever been in a
physical fight?**

[Laughs] I do topless
catfighting and bikini
wrestling.

“When I was in
school, one of my
friends brought
in old *Penthouse*
and *Penthouse*
Letters maga-
zines. I've wanted
to be one of those
girls ever since.
Penthouse is my
favorite magazine
because it's classy—
but naughty—
like me.”





Jenna Rose

OCTOBER 2011

Photograph by
Cisco Lamessi

Vital stats:

34-24-35; 5'3"
20 years old

Hometown:

The Victor Valley area of
California's High Desert.

**What's your dream
vacation spot?**

Rome. It has so much
history, and looks like it
would be very romantic.

Favorite food:

Mexican, Chinese, and
sushi. Actually, I just love
food.

Favorite workout:

Being on top during sex.
I like being in control, and
I get to work my abs at the
same time.

**Have you done any
singing, dancing, or
acting?**

I sing in my car, dance in
front of my mirror, and act
when I'm on-set.

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

My right arm, definitely.
I'm a lefty!

“I've made love
in many exciting
places: under a
railroad track, on
Interstate 40, in the
Colorado River, on
a dirt bike, and even
on the hood of
my car.”



Malena Morgan

NOVEMBER 2011

Photograph by
Mark Lit for Digital Desire

Vital stats:

34-25-34; 5'8"
20 years old

Hometown:

Bradenton, Florida.

Your dream vacation:

A trip all around the world. Cruise here, fly there, backpack over there.

Your dream job:

If I could be successful, I would design gift wrap. Random, right?

Favorite sport:

Skimboarding and longboarding.

Favorite way to work out:

Belly dancing.

Favorite way to relax:

Lying on a soft blanket in the sand, watching the clouds roll by.

Favorite fantasy:

I want to be part of a huge lesbian orgy.

“I don't like it when guys try to impress me by flashing their money in my face. If a man really wants to catch my eye, he needs to know how to move his hips.”





Natasha Nice

DECEMBER 2011

Photograph by
Dean Capture

Vital stats:

34D-26-36; 5'2"
23 years old

Hometown:

Fontenay-sous-Bois,
France.

Favorite vacation spot:

France, of course.

Favorite way to work out:

Running. I'm training for a
marathon right now.

Favorite fantasy:

Having a girl fist my ass
while a guy is fucking her
ass. Just thinking about it
makes me come hard.

**If I won a million
dollars, I'd:**

Go on a shopping spree,
then take my girls for
drinks at the club.

My dirty little secret:

Sometimes I pull my
panties down in traffic on
the freeway and touch
myself. I love it when the
truckers take their eyes
off the road to keep them
on me!

“I’m in school, and
it’s really hard to be
responsible. I love
fucking and having
orgies, but I need
to find a balance
between being a
good little schoolgirl
and a dirty little
slut.”



HOG WILD

*One more item for your bucket list: Oregon's
Tillamook County Fair Pig-N-Ford Races.*

*By Noah Davis
Photographs by Sol Neelman*



It's hard to say whether or not Henry Ford had pigs in mind when he developed the Model T in 1908. But not too long after his first mass-produced vehicle rolled off the line at Ford's Detroit, Michigan, Piquette Plant on September 27, 1908, a swine escaped from an Oregon farm, and two men began chasing the animal with cars that Ford built.

After a pursuit that probably should have been scored with a banjo, the men captured the renegade porker, and they enjoyed the experience so much they decided to make it an annual tradition. Their vehicular hog hunt blossomed, and will roll out its 87th installment in

August 2012: Gentlemen, start your engines for the Tillamook County Fair Pig-N-Ford Races.

There may not be an event on the planet that so unexpectedly combines the sublime and the ridiculous. The latter part, of course, is a shoo-in, but there's an evanescence to the races, and a dedication among the drivers that—along with their setting beneath a slate-gray sky on the Oregon coast—makes the event more than just the sum of its porcine, automotive, and human components.

For starters, there's the dedication and skill required to maintain a car that has been out of production for longer than the average American life span. It's more art than science, according to E. W. "Punk" Dunsworth, president of the Tillamook County Model T Pig-N-Ford Association

(yes, that's a real thing). "Those cars are tuned to perfection, I'll tell you," Dunsworth says. "Mostly by ear and feel."

The Model Ts that run the Pig-N-Ford are stripped down, essentially a running gear with a seat on them. Twelve-volt batteries have replaced the magneto flywheel that powered the cars when they rolled off the assembly line. Despite the simplicity of the driving machine, they can and do break down, and, well, try finding parts for a Model T. "We had one guy break the crankshaft last year and it took him all year to come up with enough parts to rebuild it," Dunsworth says. "You can't call the parts store and say, 'I need a crankshaft' or 'I need



No man shall cross the line pigless: If a driver loses his porcine companion, he must chase it down before completing the lap.

a piston.' You have to locate them [yourself]." An out-of-commission owner must scour eBay for parts, or call one of the few old-timers around the country who has a supply.

What this means, of course, is that eventually wear, tear, and a lack of parts will bring the Pig-N-Ford races squealing to a halt. At some point, the Tillamook County Fair will have to go on without its signature event.

When that sad yet inevitable day will arrive is anyone's guess, but one thing is certain: The fans won't be happy about it. In 2010, more than 74,000 people (almost three times the population of Tillamook) attended the county fair. Many came specifically to see Pig-N-Ford. "One year, it rained during the horse-racing event that precedes the Pig-N-Ford. The fair officials didn't want us on the track, so they forced us out of racing for a day," Dunsworth says. "They got more than 1,200 calls asking why there was no Model T racing."

Here's what the people were clamoring for: At the start of the race, five drivers stand along the fence on the grandstand side of the Averill Arena horse-racing track, their Model Ts parked at the starting line. When

the starter's gun fires, the racers sprint across the width of the dirt track to a series of bins housing locally raised pigs weighing between 20 and 60 pounds. Each man plucks a porker from the bin assigned to his car, races back to his vehicle, crank-starts it while holding the animal, and then mounts up and tears off around the 1.25-mile loop, clutching his pig—not a euphemism—all the while. (We use the term "tears off" loosely, by the way; the Fords' top speed is 45 miles per hour.)

After completing the oval, racers kill their engines, trade one pig for another, and repeat the process. If a racer drops his pig, he must go get it; drivers may not cross the line pigless. The first person to complete three laps wins. Races can last up to 15 minutes.

Think of it as a more concise, pig-centric alternative to NASCAR.


The Pig-N-Ford is a three-day event, with two races on Thursday and two on Friday; the semifinals and final take place on Saturday. Matt Walker, who inherited his car from

his septuagenarian father, won the 2010 edition, earning a trophy and considerable bragging rights.

Dunsworth is as close to an official spokesman as the event has. As president of the Pig-N-Ford Association, the 72-year-old retired logger is responsible for calling the meetings, organizing the race, and ensuring that participants adhere to the bylaws designed to keep drivers safe. (Model T brakes are not exactly the stop-on-a-dime variety.)

Dunsworth, who has been a member of the organization since 1958, competed in the race for 18 years, and he's sort of the Buffalo Bills of the event, having come in second place five times. He no longer handles wheel (and pig) work, but Dunsworth still tunes his car with a buddy while another friend's kid drives it. (Dunsworth's own son lives too far away to inherit the family franchise.)

The Tillamook County Model T Pig-N-Ford Association knows how important its contribution is to the festival. The group is a close-knit one, consisting of 10 franchises, around 20 cars, and roughly 30 members. The fair organizers pay the club a fee for its efforts, and the money is split evenly among the men.

As we said, it's a tradition that will inevitably go extinct, but as long as Dunsworth and the rest of the crew keep their mechanical wiles sharp and their crankshafts turning, the pigs will be grabbed, the dirt will be flying, and the races will continue—and we can keep wondering what Henry Ford would have thought of his most famous vehicle having a second life, hauling pigs around a dirt track along the Oregon coastline. 

What a Guy Wants



You've had all year to think about it, but we still came up with a few ideas to help you get some of the things you really want for the holidays. Read our list—no more lousy gifts!

By Deirdre Goldbeck



■ The Scoop 2-Way Brewer
\$90 • HamiltonBeach.com

Nothing's more important than your first cup of morning coffee. The Scoop lets you brew it up two ways—by using the included travel mug, which is perfect for your daily commute, or the carafe that brews up to 12 cups—and in two strengths, either regular or bold. You can use your favorite ground coffee or convenient pods, and program it to start brewing up to 24 hours in advance.



■ Scooba 380
\$500 • iRobot.com

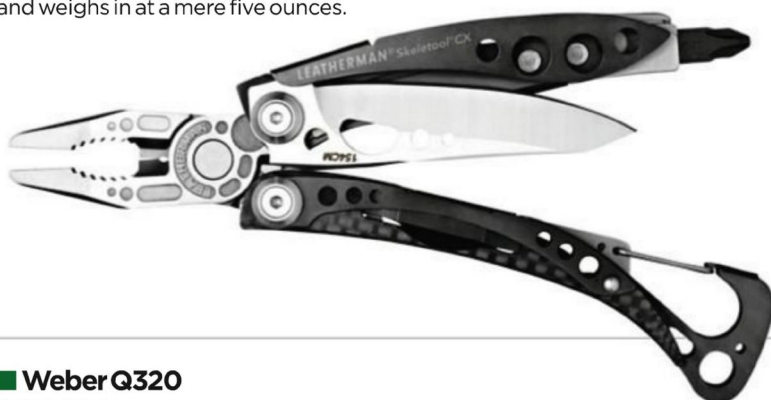
You have more important things to do than wash floors, so turn on the game and put up your feet while the Scooba 380 swabs the deck. It preps, scrubs, and squeegees tile, linoleum, and sealed hardwood floors. It can navigate its way under cabinet bases, tables, and chairs, and will have three to four rooms shipshape on one battery charge. Now, if only they made one that does windows....

PHOTOGRAPH BY (WEBER GRILL) © 2008 WEBER-STEPHEN PRODUCTS LLC. USED WITH PERMISSION. (FAR LEFT) ISTOCK PHOTO/JANIS LITAVNIKS

■ Skeletool CX

\$80 • Leatherman.com

If you ever had an Erector set as a kid, you'll love the mechanical, stripped-down look of this multi-tool. It's made of stainless steel, with a DLC (diamondlike carbon) coating to prevent scratching and corrosion. It has a 2.6-inch stainless-steel premium blade, needle-nose and regular pliers, wire cutters, a large bit driver, a bottle opener, and a handy carabiner clip. It measures four inches closed, and weighs in at a mere five ounces.



■ Weber Q320

\$479 • Weber.com

When it comes to grilling mouthwatering meals, Weber's Q320 can handle it. It has two gas burners rated at 21,700 BTUs, with porcelain-enameled cast-iron cooking grates, an electronic ignition, 462 square inches of grilling space, a warming rack, a handle light for night grilling, removable work tables, and tool holders. The nylon frame is glass-reinforced, the lid and body are both made of sturdy cast-aluminum, and it runs on a 20-pound propane tank. It even comes with a recipe book, but you're a grill master—you can wing it.



■ 20V MAX Lithium Ion Compact Drill/Driver Kit

\$219 • DeWalt.com

You'll drill your way from one project to the next with this powerful, lightweight drill. It's compact, so it works well in tight spaces, has two speeds, an ergonomically designed handle for comfort, and comes bundled with two battery packs, a half-inch drill driver, a 30-minute fast charger, an onboard bit holder, and a kit box.



■ Italian Sausage Five-Pack

\$130 plus shipping • FortunaSausage.com

Sure, it's winter, but a true connoisseur knows that grilling meat is a year-round thing. This gift pack includes five different varieties of sausage: one-pound ropes of sweet, Calabrese, Tuscano, Sandgate, and Vermont maple. Let it snow. You've got sausage.



■ Flex Neck Utility Lighter

\$20 • Zippo.com

Tired of getting burned? Then Zippo's gooseneck lighter will come in handy. It's perfect for firing up charcoal grills, lanterns, and fireplaces, and the flexible wand fits into tight, hard-to-reach openings (like the pilot light on that crappy furnace in the cellar). Be sure to take it along on your next camping trip, because the wind-resistant dual-flame feature is sure to ignite even the most stubborn campfire.



[holiday gift guide]

Comfort and Personal Care

■ Philips Sonicare DiamondClean

\$220 • Philips.com

Keep your pearly whites healthy with Sonicare's newest power toothbrush. The angled, diamond-shaped brush head is designed to reach your back teeth and provide a superior overall brushing experience. There are five modes (clean, white, polish, gum care, and sensitive), and the two-minute timer pauses at 30-second intervals for optimal cleaning. Charge it up by placing it in the exclusive charging glass, which you can also use for rinsing. If you're traveling, just plug the USB travel case into your laptop or an electrical outlet. Now when she tells you that she likes your smile, you'll know who to thank.



If the nightmarish specters of last year's presents are still haunting you like ghosts of holidays past, our gift ideas will leave you with visions of the right stuff.

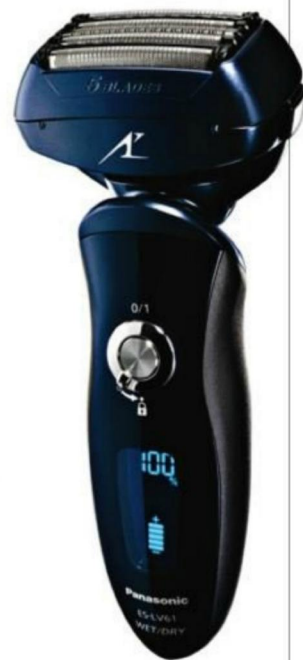


■ Five-Blade Wet/Dry Shaver

\$500 ES-LV61-A;
\$600 ES-LV81-K •

Panasonic.com

What could be better than shaving with four blades? Panasonic's answer is its new five-blade shaver. The hypoallergenic blades are embedded in a wider pivoting head that's gentler on your skin and reduces shaving time, whether you're standing over the sink or in the shower; the Lift-Tech Foil technology helps lift and guide your stubble closer to the blades. When it's fully charged, you'll get two weeks of close shaves. You can't ask for much more, but if you must, go for the ES-LV81-K with the automatic cleaning and charging system. You deserve it.



■ Total Coverage Shiatsu Massage Cushion

\$199 • HoMedics.com

When it comes to home massage, HoMedics has your back. Use the joystick on this Shiatsu massage cushion to guide the action precisely where it's most needed. It features a special program for shoulders, a rolling-massage option, soothing heat, and six custom programs for full, upper, or lower back. It's just what you need to help you relax while you watch the game and wait for your Scooba 380 to finish washing your floors.

■ Quattroporte Extended Trip Case

\$695 • Tumi.com

Talk about a mashup made in heaven. Tumi, makers of premium business and travel accessories, and Ducati, producers of some of the most stylish and successful motorcycles, have joined forces and designed a bold and sporty collection of travel bags. There's a total of six pieces, but if you have to choose, we say go big. Check out the roomy four-wheeled case that measures 31 by 20 by 12 inches. The polycarbonate blend makes it sturdy and lightweight, and there's a spacious, nylon front panel for easy access. The handle grip is similar to that of a motorcycle, and there's an add-a-bag strap—handy if you pick up one of the smaller bags, too.



■ Cobra Case

\$345 • BooqBags.com

If you're leaving town for the holidays and you're a workaholic, this bag will hold your laptop or iPad, your folders, accessories, and anything else you can't leave home without. It's made of 1680-denier, water-repellant ballistic nylon, and has leather trim. Inside you'll find a quilted compartment for your laptop with a weatherproof zipper, as well as compartments for your files, chargers, and other electronic devices. Use the shoulder strap with the nonslip pad, the nylon carry handles, or just loop it onto your luggage handle and you're ready to go.



■ Carbonated Drink Bottle

\$28 • Stanley-PMI.com

Leave it to Stanley to create a high-pressure bottle that'll keep your beverage cold and carbonated. This 32-ounce vessel is specially designed to keep the suds in your beer or the fizz in your soda. The wide-mouth opening makes it easy to add ice, and the removable insulated jacket will help keep the contents cold (without getting watered down) for three hours. It's totally leakproof, so toss it in the trunk of your car, your backpack, or your girlfriend's tote. You finally have a way to keep your beer fresh when you can't leave it in the bottle.



■ Victorinox Slim and Slim Duo USB Flash Memory

\$40 to \$450 • SwissArmy.com

Lighten your load with a flash drive that has data-encryption technology and password protection. The Slim USB is available in 4, 8, 16, 32, and 64 gigabytes, and the Slim Duo stores a whopping 128 gigs. They're waterproof, shock-resistant, and come in five different colors. They even resemble the Swiss Army Knife, but they're flight-friendly.



■ Full-Blooded Black Skull

\$170 • Store.Swatch.com

This Swiss-made chronograph features time and date, and a killer face. The case is black aluminum, like the adjustable bracelet strap, and it's water-resistant up to 98 feet. It also comes in white—if you're into the his-and-hers thing.



■ TXL Chronograph

\$725 • TissotShop.com

You'll have both time and style on your side with this striking timepiece from Tissot. It has a domed, scratch-resistant sapphire crystal, Swiss-made quartz movement, and a 316L stainless-steel case and bracelet with butterfly clasp, plus it's water-resistant up to 330 feet. But be forewarned—wearing this watch might cause you to upgrade your entire wardrobe.



■ Camden Date

\$120 • CatWatches.com

When you think Caterpillar, heavy-duty outdoor equipment should come to mind (not the fuzzy little insect). Now you can add the rugged, Swiss-created CAT watch line to the list. The Camden Date has a scratch-resistant crystal, a stainless-steel case, and Citizen precision movement; it's also water-resistant up to 655 feet. Choose either a black- or brown-leather strap, or a stainless-steel bracelet.

Remember, when she asks, “What do you really want?” don’t hold back. It’s okay to share your wish list.

Just for Fun

■ Jeep Wrangler Pedal Go-Kart

\$999 • BergToys.com

Remember that go-kart you had as a kid? Relive and improve upon those glory days when you coast along in this adult version. It drives in reverse, boasts a hand brake, an adjustable seat, an automatic freewheel, and pneumatic tires with sealed bearings in each wheel. It's rugged like a Jeep and comes with a one- to five-year warranty. And if you never had a go-kart, remember, it's not too late to find out what you missed.



Shades

■ Waterway Sunglasses

\$249 • Revo.com

These sunglasses are titanium strong, so they're lightweight and flexible, yet sturdy enough for all your outdoor activities. The Serilium lenses are polarized and can withstand flying gravel. The insides are specially coated to eliminate reflected light, and the outside coating prevents dirt, moisture, and oil from impeding your vision. The Motion-fit design, adjustable nose pads, and spring hinges let you position the frames for optimum fit.



■ Sprint Sunglasses

\$150 • Scott-Sports.com

You don't have to be a runner to sport these shades. The sleek, fusion-frame design makes them a comfortable fit for medium to large faces, and the easy-change lens system lets you select the OptiView lenses (light-sensitive or polarized) that best suit your needs. And, if you have to chase down that hottie across the street, the rubber temple ends will keep the frames on your face where they belong.

MORNING GLORY

Robin Meade's fans love her curves, her long legs, and her on-air manner. Only time will tell if they'll embrace the morning-show anchor as a country singer, but odds are in her favor.

By Alanna Nash

The star of HLN's *Morning Express With Robin Meade* thinks of herself as her viewers' emotional guardian. "My job is to get you up and get you going on the right side of the bed," says the ebullient TV journalist. One way she does that is by carefully choosing the music that leads in and out of commercials, which sets a tone in the studio as well. Readers of her 2009 autobiography, *Morning Sunshine! How to Radiate Confidence and Feel It Too*, know that Meade has triumphed over debilitating panic attacks that once threatened to sideline her career, and that she hummed songs just before her newscasts to tame her racing heart. But who knew the 42-year-old—voted sexiest newscaster by the online readers of a major men's magazine in 2004—could also sing?

The proof arrives in *Brand New Day*, her first album, available exclusively on iTunes and in Target stores. The CD, which was produced by Victoria Shaw (Lady Antebellum), finds the Ohio native in a country frame of mind, with such big-name guests





as Kix Brooks (formerly of Brooks & Dunn) and John Rich (of Big & Rich, and last season's winner on *Celebrity Apprentice*) on duets and background vocals.

Meade isn't about to bolt her anchor seat for a tour bus and a regular gig on the Grand Ole Opry, even though she was well-received during her recent debut. But the former beauty queen is as serious about her music as she is about her HLN duties, for which she has a rabid following. (Author Stephen King is a big fan.) And if she knows that a large percentage of male viewers tunes in as much for her décolletage as her delivery of world events, it doesn't seem to bother her. "If you watch for a reason other than for information, I don't care," she says. "You can watch with the sound down. You might be watching from prison. It doesn't matter, as long as you are watching."

There aren't a lot of singing news anchors. Why did you want to do this?

My passion kept leading me back to music. One of the first memories I have is of singing and learning music at church. And I kept having assignments in recent years that involved country music. It became known to us at HLN that Kenny Chesney watched the morning show when he wasn't on tour, for example. So when he came to Atlanta, his record label said, "Why don't you go out and interview him?" I interviewed him onstage as they were setting up and doing the sound check, and we just had a good time together. I picked up one of the guitars and was kind of plunkin' on it, and he said something like, "What do I have to do to get you to come out onstage tonight with one of those guitars on?" I said, "Well, I don't play the guitar, but I sing, so don't ask me to come and sing, because I will." And he said, "Come out then, and do the Uncle Kracker part on 'When the Sun Goes Down.'" So I went home that afternoon and told Tim [Yeager], my husband, "Kenny's probably just being nice, and he'll forget about it tonight, but just in case, let's make sure I learn the words." And lo and behold, when it came time for that song, someone came and got me, and out I went and sang harmony with Kenny on a couple of rounds of the chorus. When I came offstage, my husband was astounded. He went, "You're not right. That was 20,000 people, and

it didn't even faze you." But my favorite part of the story is that Kenny ran offstage in between songs and said to me, "You can *sang*! You can really *sang*!" [Laughs] Which must be better than *sing*.

You were at the Country Music Association Music Festival this past summer. Did you sit in a booth and sign autographs and sell your CD?

I did. And it's funny. I did it for four hours every day, which is a long time! Each day I'd be into that fourth hour going [voice dragging], "Why did I decide to do four hours?" But it was great, because some people said, "I didn't know you were into music."

A lot of country people have no social filter, for lack of a better term. Did you get any weird comments?

Yes. This one young man waited in line, and he had his camera, and he was kind of lingering when he should have been done. So I finally said, "Do you want a CD?" And he said, "Oh, no, I never buy music. I'll find it on some website somewhere, and I'll record it off a stream illegally." He was going to steal it! And he told me that to my face. He didn't even blink.

You recast Don Henley's "Dirty Laundry" in bluegrass mode, which took guts, especially since you're in the TV news business. Did you have any apprehension about doing that?

Only the night before the album dropped! I thought, *Did I make sure that my bosses knew I was singing this song?* Don Henley wrote it [with Danny Kortchmar] in the early eighties, and he must have been ticked at the news, buddy, because it totally rips a new one for the people who do the news and the kind of stories that get on the air. You know, "I make my living off the evening news/ Just give me something/ Something I can use/ People love it when you lose/ We love dirty laundry." I guess some people think I'm making fun of the hand that feeds me. But in reality, it's a tongue-in-cheek wink at what I do for a living. And when you look at the stories that caught our attention this year—the Casey Anthony trial, and Congressman Anthony Weiner, who liked to tweet his junk and then lie about it—the song still applies. That's dirty laundry. We watch these stories because we're all attracted to the human condition, even if it's just to compare our own situation.



“When I anchor the news, I’m just being myself, so I guess my style is Authentic Robin. I think I’m probably saying what you are thinking.”

You cowrote half the album with some of the biggest songwriters in Nashville. What’s your favorite of those songs?

I like “Because You Think I Can,” because I wrote it about my husband. Keep in mind that I only see him on Friday night, Saturday for an entire day, and then half of Sunday. So when I took a weekend to go to Nashville, it was time away from him. When I first told him I was going to do this, instead of grouching about it, he just said, “Okay, let’s do it!” And it struck me that you can do more than you ever thought you could if someone believes in you. So I love the words to that song. However, vocally, I love “Put My High Heels On.” That’s a kick-butt song.

You and your husband keep incredibly different hours.

My husband and I joke that the reason our marriage has lasted a long time is because we rarely see each other. And it’s true. I go to bed at 6 or 7 P.M. He rarely gets home before eight o’clock, and then I’m up at 2:40 in the morning and I scoot off to work. But the good thing is, when I see him on the weekends, it’s almost like absence makes the heart grow fonder. So, for the single men who are reading this, give her space, but be there when she needs you. Just don’t be in her face all the time.

Do you have certain rituals before you go to sleep?

I do. First, I take a melatonin a half-hour before. Melatonin is a natural sleep supplement. There are no side effects except for a hand that grows out of your arse. Kidding! And I have a white-noise maker that drowns out sound. And usually, I’ll have water by the bed in case I get thirsty, and Carmex, because what if my lips get dried out? I don’t want to have to get up and totally wake up and ruin my sleep.

You seem unfailingly cheerful on the air. Do you have your down moments like the rest of us?

Yeah, Fridays. My husband calls them “Meany Meade Fridays,” because on that fifth day I’m cranky as all get-out from lack of sleep. I can usually take care of that with a glass of red wine. But I’m naturally an “up” person, but not to an annoying level, I hope. There are those people who are fake “up,” and you’re like, “Get real. You talk like a Sunday-school teacher about everything.” But I do float on a pretty good energy level.

You’re a former Miss Ohio, and you were a Top 10 finalist in the Miss America pageant. What was your talent for that?

Well—could you guess?—singing. And back in the day, people would always sing show tunes. So I sang a Liza Minnelli version of “Alexander’s Ragtime Band.” It was a lot of razzmatazz and be-boppin’ around onstage, but I liked it because I could really blast it at the end and show my personality. I know people reading this wish I would say I was a contortionist, but I wasn’t.

Pageants get a lot of flak, but I imagine you would defend them.

When I did pageants, there wasn’t *American Idol*; there wasn’t *The Voice* or *America’s Got Talent*. If you had some sort of stage talent and you were working for scholarships, pageants were a very viable option. And as a preacher’s kid, for some reason, it just never fazed me that I would have to be up there onstage in a swimsuit. I would always tell myself, “Oh, it’s to show your physical fitness, because if you win, then you’re going to have to travel a lot and be physically fit the entire year.”

Yes, I’m sure that’s the major reason they put nubile young contestants in swimsuits.

Exactly! But pageants were great

practice, because you had to go out and speak at a moment’s notice before a group, and you had to think about your appearance. Let’s face it, TV’s a visual medium, and you really have to know how to communicate with people. So it was very much a portal for me. During my year as Miss Ohio, I called a general manager at a Cleveland television station. I knew I could get him to talk to me by saying, “Miss Ohio calling,” instead of, “Robin Meade is on the phone.” And this man gave me an audition and started me off there as a reporter. Now, I had already been a reporter in a smaller town. But I thought if I had the title of Miss Ohio, it would probably help me jump markets. And it did.

There’s a hilarious story in your book about your early coanchoring days and Mother Teresa.

[Huge laugh] Yes! It was probably the biggest blooper that I’ve ever been involved in. It was in 1996. I was a local anchor in Chicago, and I did the morning news. My coanchor was very experienced in the business, but when you do the morning news, sometimes you’re half-awake, or half-paying attention. And suddenly I heard him say something about Mother Teresa. We were on a two-shot, and he started saying, “Sad news from Calcutta. Mother Teresa died today on her 86th birthday. They had just held celebrations for her, but we’ve just gotten the news.”

And you could see my face flash to anger. I was like, *Hey, I want to help out on breaking news. Why aren’t the producers telling me this?* And then I thought, *Where’d he get that information?* So you could see me looking at my computer. Nothing. I looked over at his computer. Nothing. And then I remembered we’d had a story that day about Mother Teresa, but we were tight on time, and the producers said, “Let’s kill some stories. Mother Teresa’s dead, this story’s dead,” and they went on with their list. But for some reason, my coanchor only heard, “Mother Teresa is dead.” And then he went about saying she was dead on the air.

But what’s crazy is that nobody was in my ear going, “Correct him! Correct him!” I think they were just too incapacitated, rolling around on the floor. Well, you never want to make your partner look bad, so I let him finish, and I said, “Actually, we are getting corrected information.” And Tim was watching at home, and

he said it sounded like I was talking to God, because I said, "Let me check upstairs," because that's where our control room was. I said, "She is okay, correct?" And finally someone beamed into my ear with just one word: "Correct." So I went about cleaning it up. Now, today, I would just tell the audience what happened. Back then, though, I was so *[deep tone]* "the voice of information" that it was just klutzy all around.

Today, you have an unconventional approach to delivering the news. How do you define your style of broadcasting?

Well, when I anchor the news, I'm just being myself, so I guess my style is Authentic Robin. If there's a story and I think, *I can't believe we put that in there*, I'll say that. Or if there's a stupid-criminal story, I'll go, "Oh, he's a beaut!" I think I'm probably saying what you are thinking, with the exception of politics. I don't go there, because I respect that we have viewers from every corner of the political spectrum. And when someone is on trial, I respect that they are innocent until proven guilty. But other stories, well, we had a story about a man who pried the jaws of an alligator off his head. He had 50 stitches on his face. And yet the wildlife and game preserve in Florida said, "We're investigating." And [I said on the air], "What's there to investigate? The guy's got 50 stitches on his head. I think that's a pretty good indication there's a gator in that water, you know?"

So Walter Cronkite ...

He would not like me. *[Laughs]* Maybe he would like me, but he would not like my style of anchoring.

That's one of the reasons you're so popular. You also show a lot of leg.

Yep. We've got this couch on the set that came all the way from Italy, legend has it, and I'm out there a couple of times during each half hour. I have this certain sit that I hear drives some men crazy.

You want to describe that?

I call it the skinny sit, because I'm just trying to take off the 15 pounds that the camera gives you. And cameras can be so precarious in their position, because they look right up your skirt. So I've got to make sure that that's not happening. Then I sit at a slanted angle that somehow makes my legs

look way longer than they really are. It's an optical illusion.

You do a segment called "Salute to Troops," a daily message of photos and videos from the families and loved ones of servicemen and -women. What has been your most memorable military experience?

Somebody who served in the Vietnam War was so moved that the current troops are getting such appreciation that he sent me his medal, which was the Bronze Star. The case was all banged up, and it was dusty. You could tell that this had sat around for some time. I just held it and looked at it. I wasn't even sure if I could accept it. But he said that he had another one, that he'd kept one, and sent one to me. Maybe he sent it because he wasn't shown appreciation when he came home. I don't know. I can't imagine what he went through, fighting.

You have had some amazing experiences, not the least of which was skydiving with George Bush Sr. How did that come about?

The Army's Golden Knights, the parachuting team that you see at air shows, asked me if I wanted to jump out of a plane with them. I wasn't really keen on it. I mean, I didn't see the reason to jump out of a perfectly good plane. So we basically said to them, "Give us a reason why we can't turn you down." And the next time they called, they were going to be jumping with President Bush 41 as he turned 85. How can you turn that down, jumping out of a plane with the president, the Secret Service, and the Golden Knights? I thought, "At least I'm gonna be safe." Now, he was cool as a cucumber, despite the fact that it was not a great-weather day in Kennebunkport, Maine. What tickled me was when he said, "Hey, guys, can you tilt the plane? I want to show Robin my boat." He started talking about how many engines he had on the thing, and it was some ungodly horsepower, considering this was not a huge boat. I'm going to make up a number, but I was like, "Mr. President, why do you need 900 horsepower?" He went, "To beat the guy with 800 horsepower." I just thought that was so sharp. When we jumped and I was falling, you'd think I would have had heart palpitations. But I was thinking, *When you land, what are you gonna say? Don't forget people's names. And don't be talking too fast.* It kept




me from thinking, *I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die.*

Have your panic attacks come back at all?

No, and I'm so grateful for that. I think it's because I gave them permission to go away. It's strange. You have to say, "I love those panic attacks! Man, they're such a benefit to me!" And then you give them permission to stop coming, because you stop fearing them. If you can face whatever you fear the most and look at it as a plus, and say, "What are the benefits of that horrible thing?," it's almost like you're doing a mind-flip. It doesn't have control over you.

What are your ultimate goals?

I want to do another CD. I want to do duets with some of the sexiest men, and duets with women, too. I want to continue in my news job, where it's different every day, and where I feel the freedom to be myself. And I want to become thin enough that when I look at myself naked I'm happy. 

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GOLD THE NEW RUSH

The economy seems to be stalled and people are pissed off at Wall Street. But these twenty-first-century prospectors hunt their fortunes the old-fashioned way.

**By Michael Estrin
Illustration by Johnny Dombrowski**

It's a hot weekday in August, and whether he knows it or not, an intrepid thirtysomething is paying homage to California's legendary history as he works ankle-deep in a cool river, swirling water and mud around in an orange pan. The idea, he explains in an Arkansan twang tempered by a decade of living in Los Angeles, is to let the heavier material—hopefully gold—sink to the bottom while water and worthless debris spill over the sides. It's a very old technique, and except for the plastic pan and the metal detector by his side, Eric Gustafson could easily be a California gold prospector circa 1849. That year marked the beginning of the gold rush that made California a state, brought more than 300,000 people to the area, and helped finance the Union during the Civil War.

But this is the twenty-first century, and when you first hear about people like Gustafson, you might think they're crazy. A diminutive drummer for the L.A. rock band Just Off Turner and a part-time contractor, Gustafson seems an unlikely candidate for prospecting. Up until late 2009, Gustafson says he had thought of prospecting only in a historical sense. But that was before he read a newspaper article that made the gold in the foothills outside Los Angeles seem like easy picking. Gustafson

can't remember the exact article, but in the past two years, numerous news outlets have banged the golden drum. In April 2009, *USA Today* ran a piece headlined "New Gold Rush Hits California." A year later, a Los Angeles TV news show cited unnamed geologists who claimed that 80 percent of California's gold is still in the ground. And as the economy tanked, no one failed to notice that the price of gold was going up, up, up.

All the media attention has worked better than advertising. According to several retailers of prospecting supplies, sales are up and most of the customers are novices. "There has been a noticeable increase, both in interest and sales, pertaining to small-scale gold-mining equipment and its use," says Jeff Kuykendall, CEO of Proline Mining Equipment in Coulterville, California. "There has been a renewed interest in our [gold-prospecting] products that we haven't seen since the early eighties."

Last June, *The New York Times* called gold "the resurgent passion of the doomsday crowd, [and] a bet that everything will go wrong." But most of that so-called doomsday crowd—which runs the gamut from liberal tycoons like George Soros to right-wingers like Glenn Beck—is

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impatient to go looking for gold. Instead, they've fueled a gold-buying rush, plunking down greenbacks for gold coins, bars, and even gold-backed financial instruments, says Martin Grant, a 20-year veteran of the gold business and owner of Phoenix-based Grant International, a firm that advises clients on adding gold to their investment portfolios.

Grant acknowledges that talk of prospecting is on the rise, but he isn't so sure prospectors are likely to find anything more than rocks and a few flakes. "Put it this way," Grant says with a chuckle, "I've known a lot of guys who said they were going to become prospectors, and all but one of them went bust. I mean, there's a reason why Mark Twain described a mine as 'a hole in the ground owned by a liar.'"

Last June, three Utah men set out into the Arizona desert looking for the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine. A mother lode dating back to the 1840s, rumors of the mine's whereabouts have captivated prospectors for more than a century. But these men, like so many before them, don't seem to have found it. According to an Associated Press story, their car was found abandoned near a trailhead and a three-day search ensued. But in July, believing the men hadn't brought much in the way of water or supplies, authorities called off the search. Their remains were found in January.

Despite the risks, fortune hunters never stop trying, says J.R., a Santa Fe, New Mexico-based prospector who runs the blog *Bedrock Dreams*. J.R. (he prefers to give only his initials for fear that gold hunters will hound him) says he's seen a "surge in newbies," and many of them are of the "get-rich-quick variety."

"A lot of them believe this myth that they'll just walk into a stream and pick up whole nuggets of gold," J.R. says with a laugh. "Maybe it was like that back in the forty-niner days, but not

today. Prospecting is hard work."

It also helps to be lucky. Most sites have been picked over by hundreds or even thousands of prospectors in the past 150 years, says John Clinkenbeard, a geologist with the California Geological Survey, which looks after the state's mineral resources. Clinkenbeard said he was dubious of the claim that 80 percent of the gold is still in the ground, but he speculates that finding gold is still possible.

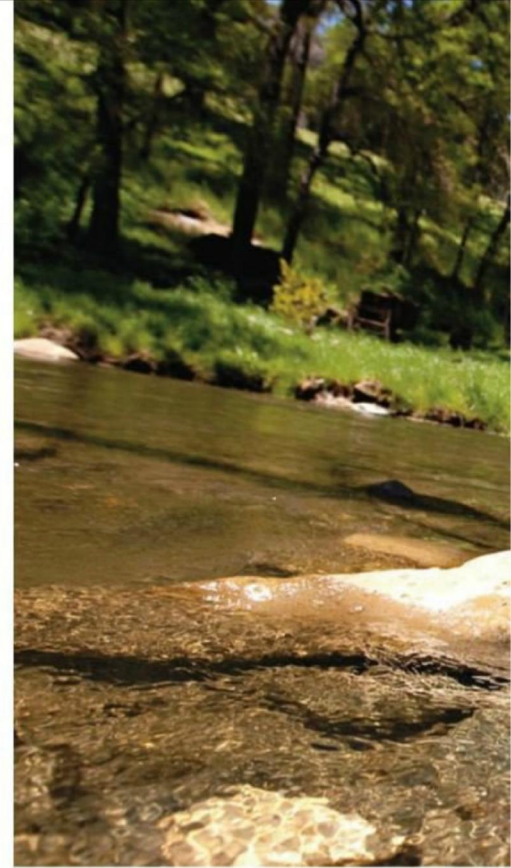
"You can still find gold, for sure," he says, "But you've got to look in the right place. I just wouldn't quit my day job to go looking."

Of course, if you don't have a day job, you might see gold prospecting as a way to pass the time with a potentially huge upside.

"For a lot of people, unemployment is like forced retirement," says Eathan Mertz, the owner of Black Cat Mining in Harrisburg, Oregon. "They can't stand being idle, but they can't find work either. Picking up a gold pan gives them something to do that's inexpensive to get involved in, and has a potential payoff."

For Gustafson, work has been sporadic since the economic downturn, and this has given him plenty of time to prospect, research, and refine his technique. He's planning a trip up north to California's gold country next spring. Hopefully, the winter snow will have melted by then, and the streams will unearth gold nuggets and carry them downhill.

But for now, Gustafson practices by looking for the perfect spot at a place called Nugget Alley on the East Fork of the San Gabriel River in the Angeles National Forest. The perfect spot is a place in the river just below an S-curve, where the slow-moving water has (hopefully) deposited gold in one of the many nooks and crannies that line the banks. But searching for gold is about pinpoint exactitude. If you're a few inches off, you'll come up empty. And that's the maddening lesson Gustafson has learned in the



dozens of trips he's made this year. You can be in a place like Nugget Alley, you can pick a good spot, you can toil for hours, and a few feet away, another guy plucks gold from the river while you come up empty.

Gustafson squints and points when he thinks he's found a good spot. It's not far from a small path that offers access to the river through the brush. The distance isn't a big deal, but in this heat, hauling your gear (a metal detector, pan, bucket, and a few hand-picks) is something you want to keep to a minimum. The spot also has a little nearby shade, which pleases Gustafson, because it means he won't have to drink hot water to stay hydrated. But, most important, the spot is just below that coveted S-curve, and there are no less than three man-made rock dams spanning the 20-foot-wide river. The dams, Gustafson explains, are barriers put up by prospectors to trap gold in the shallow water. You can spend days making such a barrier, but it's generally accepted that they can be used by anyone. Of course, that means the real question for this spot is whether others have already picked the area clean.

"I wouldn't look over there," a lanky stranger advises. With an outstretched arm, the man points in the opposite direction. His two fingers wrapped around a half-smoked cigarette indicate a spot on the other side of a gully overgrown with brush. "That's where you want to look. That's where the gold is."

MARTIN GRANT LAUGHS AT POTENTIAL GOLD DIGGERS: "MARK TWAIN DESCRIBED A MINE AS 'A HOLE IN THE GROUND OWNED BY A LIAR.'"



The man identifies himself as “Missouri Bob.” Some of his teeth are missing, and if you saw him back in town, you could safely assume that he’s homeless. But out here, he’s a regular, according to Gustafson, who says he’s seen him around before.

They chat for a minute about how the river seems more crowded these days, and then they wish each other luck. Missouri Bob continues up the road. Gustafson ignores Missouri Bob’s advice, and instead heads for the spot he had picked out.

“The question you’ve got to ask yourself is,” Gustafson says with a smile, “why isn’t he looking there if that’s where the gold is?”

But it’s not that prospectors are unfriendly types who will try to steer you wrong, says Zachary Z. Zguris, a hobbyist in Concord, New Hampshire. Zguris has no plans to leave his job as chief technology officer at Lime Design, a firm that engineers household products. But on weekends he often pans for gold throughout the Northeast. It’s a tradition he learned from his uncle, who in turn studied under a burly mountain man named Ronnie.

“It’s known in the family as the legend of Ronnie and Jake,” Zguris explains.

Supposedly Uncle Jake met Ronnie somewhere in the mountains of New Hampshire, at a rest area on a small river near the town of Rumney. It was a little more than 20 years ago. Jake, a novice at the time, had been panning for gold all morning, but hadn’t had

any luck. As Zguris explains, “It’s really hard to find gold in New Hampshire.”

While Jake was eating lunch, Ronnie approached and told him he was doing it all wrong. *Maybe so*, Jake thought, *but what does this guy know?* The proof came when Ronnie peeled back a piece of duct tape he had fixed to the inside roof of his battered pickup truck.

Here, the story takes on the style of a fishing yarn. According to Zguris, the mountain man had a “giant flake of gold.” But how big the flake was, no one could really say. “It was about the size of a man’s torso, but paper-thin,” Zguris says, referencing his uncle’s description. But, he concedes, like any fishing story, the size of the catch has likely gotten bigger with every telling.

The encounter is now part of the Zguris family lore, but so is the location of a “secret spot.” Ronnie gave it to Jake, who in turn told his nephew. It’s not exactly a mother lode, but Zguris says that over the years he’s picked up some nice flakes and some smaller nuggets there.

“It sounds crazy,” Zguris says, “but the spot is real. Now, maybe if it were in more fertile territory like somewhere out West, Ronnie might not have told my uncle, but he did.”

While it’s rare to hear of a helpful stranger offering up the location of a good prospecting spot (no questions asked, and nothing in return), stories of prospecting camaraderie seem to be the norm. J.R., the blogger who shares his hard-earned knowledge with newbies online, says he first




learned how to prospect from a total stranger while out hiking in the hills east of San Diego. “Old-timers are the best source of information,” says J.R. And these days, that knowledge is being shared digitally. On YouTube, there are scores of videos featuring gnarly-looking miner types, each offering advice on where to look and how to pluck “color” (prospector slang for gold) from the ground. There are even clubs you can join if you want to learn the basics and have a little company. Some charge a fee for their expeditions; others are free.

But for the most part, prospecting for gold is a loner enterprise, according to J.R. “A newbie can learn a lot from those clubs,” he says, “but I avoid them like the plague. I prefer to go solo.”

Gustafson is the same way. The river is a little too crowded for him, and he talks a lot about his plans to explore up north, in the area of California’s mother lode. It’s not that he doesn’t like people, it’s just that when gold is on the line, you really don’t want to advertise. It’s that gold fever at work again. A man can vouch for himself and maybe his family. Maybe. But according to Martin Grant, gold fever can cause men to do things they’d never even considered.

“I’ve heard of a lot of swindles,” Grant says. “If I had a dollar for every time some miner offered to sell me a mine that was just about to pay off ... Greed can overtake anyone with gold fever. You don’t know the content of a man’s character until you settle up in gold.”

Alone, with a few tools, it’s much easier. Gustafson need only vouch for himself, and that’s the way he prefers it. As he swirls water around in his pan, the sun bronzes the exposed flesh on his arms, face, and neck. He spots a few promising flakes, but the silence from the metal detector confirms they aren’t gold. The day’s haul is zero. 

Above left: Scott Sprague of Manassas, Virginia, hunts for gold earlier this year in Jamestown, California.
Above right: Prospector Brent Shock holds up some “color” (a piece of quartz with gold) from Jamestown.

KILLER

Disappointed with the Taliban-tracking gadgetry issued by Uncle Sam, one tech-savvy Army captain created his own smartphone weapon.

By Crispin Boyer

APP

The rocket-propelled grenade slammed into Forward Operating Base Blessing with an Earth-rumbling thud, scattering shrapnel across the remote outpost. Another round soon followed, and then another. Like any resourceful U.S. Army officer, Captain Jonathan Springer made the most of the situation: He tested out his iPhone app.

Springer is the mastermind behind Tactical NAV, an iPhone (and soon Android-compatible) application that provides navigation and location-tagging functions for soldiers in the thick of combat or on patrol. Civilian sportsmen might find it handy, too, along with soccer moms lost in the cereal aisle. On the January morning described above, however, Springer relied on Tactical NAV's strictly military functions. "I used it to call in mortar and artillery strikes on the enemy," says the 31-year-old fire-support officer, now stationed in Kentucky after completing a third tour in eastern Afghanistan. "It worked."

Tactical NAV is one of a growing army of iPhone and Android-compatible apps designed for men and women in uniform (see sidebar). It includes a compass and camera that sync with any smartphone's GPS to share coordinates and points of interest with comrades-in-arms. An infantryman wielding Tactical NAV might call in air strikes, log the position of potential improvised

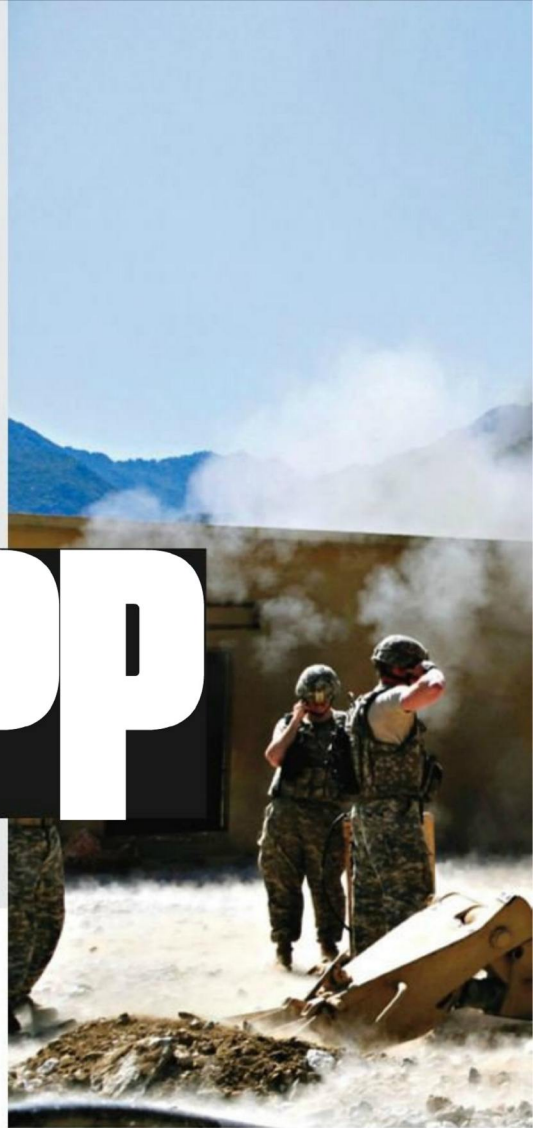
explosive devices, or radio for helicopter evacuation. The app fulfills the functions of the bulky gear Springer carries into battle.

Springer didn't sink about 30 grand of his own money into developing Tactical NAV just to lighten his pack, though. (He still carried all his navigational gear in case his iPhone took a Taliban round.) The idea for the app came to him in a dream in July 2010, not long after he lost two friends to a rocket attack. The military doesn't issue its GPS devices—bulky so-called "green boxes" that run on four AA batteries—to every enlistee and officer, yet the gizmos can save lives in the fog of war, when situational awareness is key. "I saw a lot of dudes buying their [own GPS devices] on Amazon," Springer says, "and I thought it was bullshit. I see all these soldiers carrying iPhones and Androids, and all they use them for is to play *Angry Birds*. The Defense Department can't fund an app to save soldiers' lives?"

The U.S. Army has recently warmed to the idea of military apps and the devices that run them. It's launching Army Marketplace—a noncivilian version of the iTunes Store—to distribute war-ready smartphone applications, and it's encouraging soldiers to invent their own in regular "Apps for Army" challenges. But while the software might be rallying for deployment, the hardware needed to run it is MIA. Android

smartphones and iPhones have yet to pass military muster for operating on the government's secure networks. The Army is toying with an Android-powered prototype for its soldiers, and several defense contractors are readying similar devices, but the bureaucratic process for approving such technology wasn't moving fast enough for Springer. He contacted a developer in Las Vegas to turn Tactical NAV into a reality for the civilian smartphones that soldiers already own.

Springer spent most of his off-duty hours hashing out features and interface minutiae with the app's programmers. When development costs maxed out one credit card, he whipped out another. The only thing Springer didn't have to fund was a focus group to test his app. For feedback, he turned to the troops under his command—a dozen men deployed in the ideal Tactical NAV test bed of Afghanistan's Pech Valley. "I'd take soldiers out with the beta version and ask them what they liked or didn't like, what they would change," says Springer. "That's why I can say the app was created for



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) JONATHAN SPRINGER AND (TOP RIGHT) MICHAEL OSSA

Soldiers assigned to 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault), fire artillery on a known enemy fighting position after taking RPG fire near Nangalam, Afghanistan, in May 2010. Right: U.S. Army Captain Jonathan Springer, an active-duty artillery officer.



taken anything that resembled a profit and sunk it back into the app's development, using feedback from soldiers around the world to spruce up newer versions. Springer insists that making money wasn't his mission here; he never intended to kick-start some military-app version of PopCap. "I heard from a contractor in Kabul who was taking fire," Springer says of his true motives. "The only thing he had was Tactical NAV and an iPhone. He was able to give the tactical-operation center his location and get some help. That's all I needed to hear to make this whole thing worthwhile."

the troops, by the troops."

The result is software that's both user-friendly and doesn't require network service to function. Videogames ranging from *The Legend of Zelda* to *Gears of War* inspired Tactical NAV's interface, making it immediately intuitive to soldiers of the PlayStation generation. "A lot of the

shit we get issued by the government isn't easy to use," Springer says, "and I really wanted something straightforward and inexpensive for the soldiers to download."

Tactical NAV launched in the iTunes Store earlier this year for \$5.99, and has sold well enough for Springer to pay down his plastic debt. He's



ATTACK OF THE APPS

Three applications for the front lines—and a case to keep them safe.

BulletFlight • \$30

This ballistics app crunches all the numbers—from wind speed to gravity coefficients—that snipers compute before they point and shoot. It offers a firing solution for targets nearly two miles away, and is compatible with all government-issued guns and ammo.

SpeechTrans • Free to \$20

While the Defense Department readies its universal translator, soldiers abroad are relying on this straightforward app that takes any spoken phrase and translates it into the local language.

Army Survival • \$1.99

We're betting that *Army Field Manual FM 21-76* isn't nearly as gripping as the latest *Game of Thrones* novel, but this reference app takes the drudgery out of flipping through 1,400 pages of olive-drab prose. Succinct how-to guides to surviving any outdoor crisis are a finger-swipe away.

Vapor Pro Black Ops case • \$150

This lightweight iPhone 4 body armor from Element looks badass, and since it's wrought from aircraft aluminum, it can take a beating. An RF insert prevents signal loss in the heat of battle.






naughty *and* nice

Our newest Pet may be known as Natasha Nice, but there's no doubt she has a naughty side. With her ample curves, bright eyes, and blatant love of sex, we have a feeling she'll bring out our naughty side, too!

Photographs by Dean Capture

Penthouse rhinestone bracelet and Jeweled Key necklace by Penthouse Jewelry, available at PenthouseStore.com.



"I'm in school, and it's really hard to be responsible. I love fucking and having orgies, but I need to find a balance between being a good little schoolgirl and a dirty little slut."





"Right now
I'm in an open
relationship with
a guy. He lets me
fuck anyone I
want, and I bring
home girls for him
and let him put
it in wherever he
wants."



♀ NATASHA NICE
DECEMBER 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RP







"I got recognized at the metro station in London recently, but I was waiting for someone so I couldn't do anything except say hello. If I'd been alone, I totally would've blown the guy."



♀ NATASHA NICE
DECEMBER 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Vital stats:

34D-26-36; 5'2"

23 years old

Hometown:

Fontenay-sous-Bois, France.

Favorite vacation spot:

France, of course.

Favorite food:

Tacos. I have to have them every week for Taco Tuesday.

Favorite TV show:

3rd Rock From the Sun.

Favorite movies:

Finding Nemo, The Bourne Identity.

Favorite way to work out:

Running. I'm training for a marathon right now.

Favorite fantasy:

Having a girl fist my ass while a guy is fucking her ass. Just thinking about it makes me come hard.

If I won a million dollars, I'd:

Go on a shopping spree, then take my girls for drinks at the club.

My dirty little secret:

Sometimes I pull my panties down in traffic on the freeway and touch myself. I love it when the truckers take their eyes off the road to keep them on me!

SEE MORE OF NATASHA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

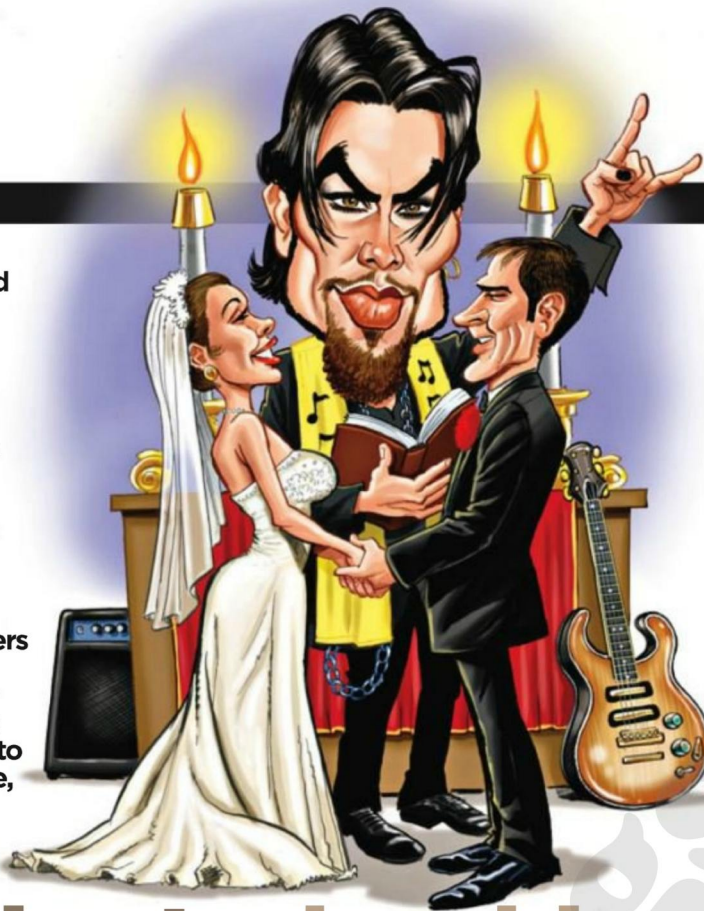




"I don't know how to initiate sex without sounding like a whore. My pickup lines are things like 'Wanna fuck?' and 'I'm horny. Meet me in the bathroom in five.' I wish everyone was that straightforward about fucking."

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



nothing's shocking

■ I'm a newlywed, and worried about falling into a rut now that we've passed that milestone. Do you have any advice on keeping things fresh?

Hmmm. If I had good advice on the subject, I'd still be married. Ha-ha!

Honestly, the best advice that I can give you is to make sure you enjoy the ruts. If you are destined to a life of schedules and routines, do your best to make those things fun and things you both like to do. Think about it: If you and your spouse went to a movie every week, it would get old. Then one night you end up going to a movie with someone else, and all of a sudden it's fun again. What's the common denominator? The best way to keep things fresh is to continue living your life, but be sure to include your partner in your outside interests and social engagements. Both of you need to keep evolving as separate people so there is a continuous flow of new information and experiences that you bring to the relationship. If one of you stops progressing, the nature of the relationship will as well. Marriage is a two-way thing, and both parties are responsible for bringing healthy and revitalized energy into the union.

■ I want my boyfriend to propose. How can I drop hints without seeming desperate?

It's 2011—there's no need to drop hints. Have the talk about the future with him. Tell him what you want. If it's meant to be it'll happen, and if it's not, the sooner you know the better. If you let your fear of how you may come across by bringing it up get in the way, there's a lot more to worry about than getting him to propose. If you think the two of you are ready to get married, you should be at a point where you feel comfortable discussing anything with him. If you are not at that stage, perhaps a discussion about marriage is premature.

■ I can't get my husband to turn off the TV. What do I do?

That's a tough one. No girl likes to think that her partner would rather spend his time watching make-believe stories about other people than live his actual life with his partner. And forget trying to get him to turn off sports completely. That's unrealistic and unfair. The obvious suggestion is to find common interests and try to schedule at least

a day or two during the week where the two of you have plans together no matter what. (This is what TiVo is for!) However, you should be aware that his behavior is unlikely to change anytime soon. You married a guy who likes TV, and pulling him away from his interests could cause him to harbor future resentments, even as his interests are creating resentment in you. Have an open and light conversation about this, and try to agree on a date night each week. You will both have to give and take.

■ I'm getting married. Do you have any fashion do's or don'ts for women on their big day?

Yes. Updos: Avoid them at all costs! I know you women like to "experiment" and spend all kinds of time and money creating something "special." But the fact remains that men want to feel like they're with a woman, not a man. We like your hair down. Personally, I never got why a woman would spend all day at the hairdresser only to come home looking like she has her hair pulled back so she can wash up for bed. I know it may seem regal and ultra high society to have your hair all Victorian and whatnot, but back in those days, they didn't have products and flatteners and blow-dryers and all that. They *had* to wear it up! And the more I think about it, the more I realize just how disgusting it must have been up in those old rats' nests. Unless you plan on hiding a family of hamsters up there, wear your hair down.

■ When you got married, did it change the nature of the relationship?


No, not really. Many people think that their relationships will change when they get married, but the truth is, many of them only get married when they feel like they need a change for the better. They're tricked into thinking something will change, but they're looking for something that won't happen. That's why you need to really look at where the two of you are at before taking the plunge. Marriage is not something to think about if your relationship needs saving. It may only complicate things and make matters worse. But if you're happy with how things are between you and only wish to solidify what you have, then getting married can be a much-welcomed celebration of your happiness, and a wonderful experience. 

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM RICHMOND

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.



BLOODY MARY IS BLOODY SEXY

Bloody Mary 3D is due to be released soon, and stars 2010 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Veronica Ricci. The tall, striking beauty plays a scorned, murdered beauty who comes back to life to seek revenge on her killer's descendant. "Veronica is a great find for the role. It was practically made for her," says coproducer David Sterling of Sterling Entertainment. "Veronica has risen up in the world of modeling and stands out among the Pets."

When asked how her acting debut went, Veronica says, "It was a lot of fun, and I hope to get more work as I go along. I originally took acting classes to get over some of my shyness, and I think it's working." The horror film also stars veteran porn star Ron Jeremy.

Veronica Ricci, one of our favorite redheads to grace the pages of *Penthouse*, is starring in her first independent film.



PROFESSIONAL

When February 2006 Pet Charlie Laine decided to take a step back from performing, she knew only one thing: She didn't want to leave the porn biz behind.

PET



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BLOODY MARY 3D) TED CHALMERS

VICE IS NICE

Penthouse Pets tend to be animal lovers, so it's no surprise that **Ryan Keely, Dyanna Lauren, and Charlie Laine** have been involved in this annual fund-raiser.

Vice Is Nice, which raises money for the animal-rescue groups Valley Cats and Life 4 Paws, is hosted by Kelly Holland, the president of Penthouse Studios and a respected adult-industry filmmaker. Holland was inspired by working with 1994 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Leslie Glass and July 1995 Pet of the Month Dyanna Lauren, who spearheaded the Pet-4-Pets animal-rescue charity. "The adult community has been quick to step up to help," Holland tells us. "Almost every studio in this business was a generous sponsor. The adult community is a small, close-knit group of people who have worked together for years. They're generous and empathetic, and they're friends—all 600 of them who showed up." This year's event had the biggest turnout yet. For Holland, it was a delight to see so many people support such an important cause.

February 2006 Pet of the Month Charlie Laine, a longtime animal lover, also believes that members of the adult industry know how fortunate they are to live the lives they do, and therefore understand the importance of paying it forward. "It's always nice to give back to a group that really needs help," she says. "People can help themselves in the long run, but animals can't really do that."

"Besides," Charlie adds, "I'm a girl. Girls love animals." Just like Dyanna and Leslie (who died of cancer in 2000, at the age of 36), Charlie says that today's Pets all really do love their pets.

Unlike other charity events, which Holland admits can be "stuffy and boring," the Vice Is Nice

event is a lively affair. "First and foremost, this is a great party," Holland says. "You can come and gamble and drop some cash, maybe win some back, but it's all for a good cause. I think that's why people come. Yes, it's great to support a worthy charity, but it's also nice to spend an evening under the stars with your friends, having fun."

"I saw Kelly getting her boogie on," Charlie jokes when describing the event. "Really, it was a lot of fun. I got my fortune told by a psychic, and I got to hang out with my friends. But I also met the people who run one of the charities the fund-raiser supports, and that was just as good as all the partying. It was nice to meet people who do such important work."

Our 2011 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Ryan Keely, who couldn't attend this year, still donated. "It's a wonderful event that is fun, fresh, and sexy while raising awareness and cash for a very worthy cause," she says. "There are a lot of needy animals in this world, and Kelly does fantastic work helping them get a second chance at a happy life. I love animals, and I'm very happy to donate to such an amazing cause."

"I love this industry!" Charlie Laine says enthusiastically. Lucky for her—and you—Penthouse Studios was looking for a new production manager. Who better to help make hot X-rated features than a seasoned starlet?

When the chance to move to the other side of the camera came along, Charlie couldn't imagine turning it down. "Penthouse has been a part of my family for years," she tells us, "and I'm so grateful to still be a part of the company."

Her new behind-the-scenes job means getting accustomed to an entirely different lifestyle than she had as a performer, but even a hectic schedule can't dampen her enthusiasm. "It's a lot of long hours, but I wouldn't want to spend 12 hours a day with any other crew," she says. "I've known some of these guys for seven, eight years, and now they're taking me under their wings and showing me the ropes. It's a lot of work, and I don't get a lot of sleep, but I love it. My creative juices are always flowing, and it's so much fun."

While she loves everything about "making porno magic," Charlie's favorite thing about her new gig is working with the talent. "I love choosing

the hot girls and the hot guys, or if it's girl-girl, I like putting those two performers together," she explains.

"I always ask the talent who they like working with because I want to produce a great scene, and if they're already into each other, it's better."

"I love when people come up to me after a scene and thank me," she continues. "I say, 'As long as you go home with a smile on your face, I can go home with a smile on mine.'"

Lest you think her new position spells the end of Charlie's modeling and acting career, fear not. She has no plans to give up the spotlight just yet, though she admits she'll be seen on-screen a lot less. "I'm a perfectionist, and I want to give this new job my all," she says. "I gave my all as a model, and I want to do the same as a production manager. Even though I won't be modeling full-time, I'm still contributing to making people's fantasies come true!"



LIBERTY AND LAP DANCES FOR ALL

Massive amounts of beer, meat, and babes make Philadelphia an outstanding bachelor-party destination.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

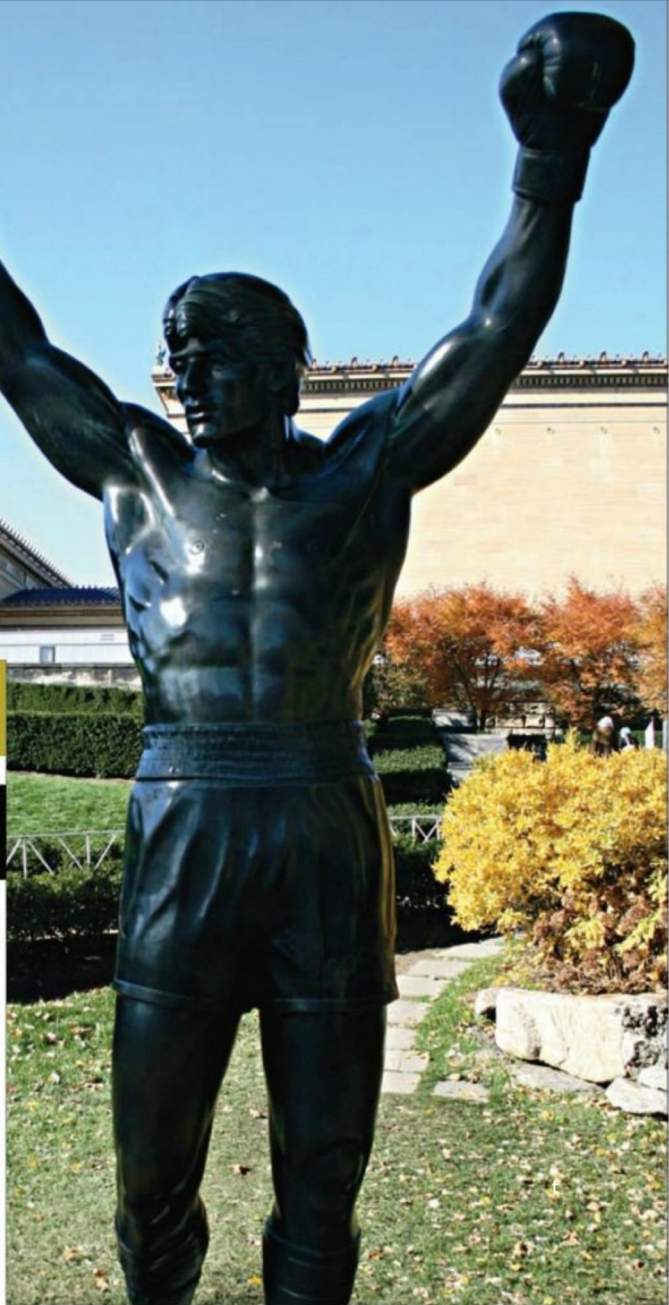
IT WAS AFTER 10 P.M. IN PHILADELPHIA, AND I'D SLURPED DOWN AT LEAST

ten beers by the time Donna slunk up to me, rubbed her rump against my manhood, and, over the hip-hop song's bass-heavy beats, whispered these words in my ear: "Dance with me, baby." She bent over, providing a target for me to attack. At that moment, the name of the smoky neighborhood dive where I was losing my sobriety made perfect sense: **Les-N-Doreen's Happy Tap** (1301 East Susquehanna Avenue; 215-634-1123).

My jaw dropped, my mouth wide enough to insert an orange. This was not the first time that a woman had propositioned me to dirty dance. But this was the first time that a woman old enough to be my mother had requested that I grind against her jeans-clad rear end. "Come on, honey," she called from the dance floor. "What are you afraid of? It's your bachelor party. Dance!" *What the hell*, I thought. I gulped my mind-bogglingly cheap whiskey and stepped toward her vintage posterior. *You only get married once.*

When critics compile a list of America's best cities for bachelor-party debauchery, the usual suspects appear like clockwork: Las Vegas, New Orleans, New York City. Philadelphia rarely enters the boys-behaving-badly conversation, written off as barely more than the birthplace of *Rocky*, the Liberty Bell, and greasy, heart-stopping cheesesteaks. What a major-league mistake. Just like Donna's surprise—and surprisingly rewarding—booty-dance, Philadelphia is packed with plenty of unexpected pleasures.

If you like great brews, Philadelphia is bursting with first-rate brewpubs and craft-beer bars. Food-wise, you can stuff your face with great grub ranging from the expected cheesesteaks to succulent roast-pork sandwiches anointed with broccoli rabe—and even whiskey-drenched donuts. Most crucial, Philly offers plenty of picture-perfect ladies eager to shimmy, shake, and do *whatever* it takes to separate you from your stack of one-buck bills. Here's how the City of Brotherly Love can make your last night as a single man memorable—or create filthy memories you might want to forget before first morning light.



■ WHERE TO HIT THE HAY

Before the debauchery begins, the first order of business is securing a home base to sleep off the coming morning's inevitable hangover. For starters, look to **Le Méridien** (1421 Arch Street; 215-422-8200). Once upon a time, this stunning, ten-story structure was home to a YMCA, but a thorough renovation resulted in the centrally located building's rebirth as a luxe boutique hotel that's decked out with intricate woodwork and a stunning central atrium. Le Méridien blends vintage style with modern comforts: The spacious guest rooms, anointed in red, black, and white, are filled with room-dwarfing beds topped with high-thread-count sheets well suited for sliding around. When hunger hits, the hotel's restaurant Amuse cooks up killer steak frites.

If you prefer more personalized lodgings, opt for the 24-room



Independent Hotel (1234 Locust Street; 215-772-1440), ideally located in Center City. The Independent's large rooms include fireplaces, exposed brick, and, should any after-dark shenanigans take a ride to the wild side, New Zealand wool rugs spread out across the floor.

Hotel Palomar (117 South 17th Street; 215-563-5006) is less rustic than sleek, but you can book in-room massages (sorry, no happy endings), blast tunes on the iPod docking stations, and grab made-to-order cocktails at the cool, ladies-packed lounge Square 1682. Begin your big night with potent riffs on the Manhattan or Sazerac, or originals like the ginger-spiked Philly With Love.

You'll find an equal dedication to cocktails at Liberté, a trendy restaurant headquartered at the **Sofitel** (120 South 17th Street; 215-569-8300). The hip hotel, which is housed in the former Philadelphia Stock Exchange, pampers guests with four-star amenities, such as a 24-hour gym and nightly turndown service. For a spare-no-expense weekend, book the Prestige Suite. The 600-square-foot expanse comes equipped with a bumping Bose stereo, a 37-inch flat-screen TV, and a marble bathroom with a glass-enclosed shower. It's up to your visitors to provide the wet-and-wild show.

■ BE A GOOD SPORT

Philadelphia's sports fans are famous for their ferocious loyalty. They'll fight till they're black and blue for the Phillies, Flyers, 76ers, and, most notably, the Eagles. Pity the opposing fan that comes into a Philadelphia stadium sporting his team's colors. But if you can shelve hometown loyalties during the bachelor party, you'll be able to join the devil-may-care tribe of America's wildest fan

base. How crazed? At the old Veterans Stadium, Eagles' fans behavior was so atrocious—pegging opposing teams with snowballs, cheering Michael Irvin's career-ending neck injury, fighting, excessive intoxication—that the city installed a judge and an in-stadium "Eagles Court" during game days to sentence rowdy fans.

Phillies fans, too, have committed their fair share of crazed antics. They once pelted former draft pick J. D. Drew with batteries (Drew spurned the team, eventually signing with the St. Louis Cardinals), while in 2010 teenager Steve Consalvi was Tasered after running onto the grass.

Shenanigans aside, the World Series-winning **Phillies** field one of the majors' finest squads, counting home run-hitting Ryan Howard and deadly accurate pitchers, including Roy Halladay and Cliff Lee. And the **Eagles** leave their brawling to the gridiron, too. Thanks to the career revival of dogfighting quarterback Michael Vick, quicksilver wide receiver Desean Jackson, and the signing of top-flight cornerback Nnamdi Asomugha, the Eagles are built to make a mad dash to the Super Bowl. Catching one of their games this season could be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Going to a **Flyers** hockey game can be a fun way to waste an eve (especially if fisticuffs break out), but a better bet may be hitting the hardwood. If the NBA lockout lifts, you'll be able to watch an entertaining **Philadelphia 76ers**

squad that mixes the crafty veteran savvy of Andre Iguodala and Elton Brand with the youthful energy of stars-in-training Evan Turner, Jodie Meeks, and Thaddeus Young. If the NBA is a no-go, then catch some alley-oop action starring the fabled Big 5. Since 1955, Philadelphia-area basketball powerhouses **University of Pennsylvania**, **La Salle University**, **Saint Joseph's University**, **Temple University**, and **Villanova University** have battled one another for hoops supremacy in the City of Brotherly Love.

And if you get your kicks from soccer, head to the nearby city of Chester, where MLS team the **Philadelphia Union** plays its matches in PPL Park. The soccer-specific stadium is a real looker, located beside the scenic Delaware River, and it's filled with such rabid supporters as the Sons of Ben, one of numerous groups that crowd PPL come game day.

But for a true taste of Philadelphia's signature blend of debauchery, unhealthy food, depraved fans, and drunkenness, we recommend the **Wing Bowl**. The competitive-eating contest, which coincides with Super Bowl weekend, was born in 1993, when a local radio host was fed up with the Eagles never making the big game. The first chicken-wing-eating competition was held in a hotel lobby, and was a lightly attended event that has evolved into a no-holds-barred ode to gluttony. Each year, tens of thousands of inebriated attendees flock to the Wells Fargo Center to ogle



Philadelphia Flyers at the 2011 NHL Stanley Cup Playoffs

[bachelor party patrol: philadelphia]



competitors gnawing chicken wings like rabid dogs.

Sit near the stage, and you'd better come packing a poncho, as fans are prone to launching beer, soda, mustard-covered pretzels, and, naturally, expletives at contestants. But the Wing Bowl is not all about watching grown men vomit. (The first competitor to do so receives the Donovan McPuke award, named after the Eagles' upchuck-prone ex-quarterback Donovan McNabb.) The eye candy is excellent, too, as female fans are prone to flashing their jugs, while lingerie- and bikini-clad "Wingettes" patrol the stage and cozy up to contestants while they scarf their chicken. Resist the urge to choke yours. The evening's fun has barely begun.

■ CITY OF BROTHERLY SUDS

Over the past decade, Philadelphia has become an epicenter of America's craft-brew resurgence. If you're crazy for craft beer, you'll want to plan your bachelor party around **Philly Beer Week** (PhillyBeerWeek.com), which typically takes place in June. During the ten-day celebration, the city is consumed by the sudsy stuff, with events ranging from beer-pairing dinners and boozy brunches to brewer meet-and-greets and tap takeovers (when a bar turns over all its taps to a single brewery) from America's top breweries—they always unleash their rare, burly brews for the celebration.

Should you be unable to attend Philly Beer Week, no worries. Every day, Philadelphia is a world-class drinking city. For a killer beer crawl, chart a course for Northern Liberties, a revitalized industrial neighborhood stuffed with hip haunts

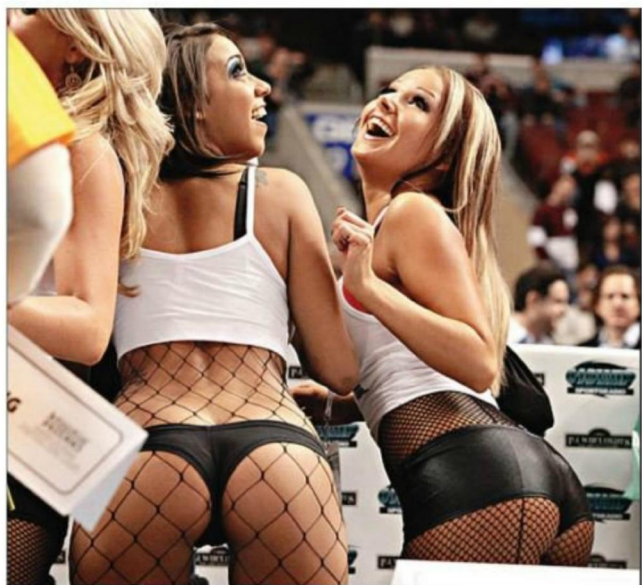
such as **Yards Brewing Company** (901 North Delaware Avenue; 215-634-2600). Since 1994, Yards has slaked Philadelphians' thirst with excellent brews, such as the fragrant Philadelphia Pale Ale, the malt-driven Brawler, the chocolaty Love Stout, and re-creations. Sit at the bar made from recycled bowling-alley lanes, slurp pints, and play pool or shuffleboard. (Saturday afternoons feature free tours of the brewery.)

Next, toddle a few blocks over to **Standard Tap** (901 North 2nd Street; 215-238-0630), a spacious, multi-floored pub serving hearty grub such as pulled-pork sandwiches and mussels with sausage. Even better is the array of 20-plus locally focused craft beers, including selections from the nearby Philadelphia Brewing Company, which are dispensed on draft. On sunny days, they're best savored on the roof deck. Equally excellent is Standard Tap's close-by sister bar, **Johnny Brenda's** (1201 North Frankford Avenue; 215-739-9684), located in Fishtown. Downstairs, the rocker haunt serves up impeccable beers alongside comfort food such as fat burgers with sweet-potato fries. (Johnny Brenda's also offers the only reason a man should do brunch: boozy, deep-fried whiskey donuts.) Upstairs, bands strum and deejays spin deep into the night. If you like your ladies tatted, pierced, and packing attitude, JB's might just be a mecca.

But good beer is not just found in Philly's northerly stretch. At the **Nodding Head Brewery & Restaurant** (1516 Sansom Street; 215-569-9525), which is decked out with dark wood and hundreds of bobblehead dolls, you'll suck down some of Philly's



Wing Bowl and (below) Wingettes



finest suds, such as the hoppy BPA pale ale and the malty Grog brown ale. And for fans of potent European brews, **Monk's Belgian Café** (626 South 16th Street; 215-545-7005) serves the city's most extensive collection of rare, globe-trotting ales.

If classy beer ain't your cup of tea, beeline to **Bob & Barbara's** (1509 South Street; 215-545-4511). The long-running dive is bedecked with gobs of Pabst Blue Ribbon memorabilia and, naturally, serves up plenty of the icy inebriant. Order the three-buck Citywide Special, and you'll receive a can of PBR partnered with a bolt of Jim

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (WING BOWL) SCOTT WEINER/2010/RETNA LTD., (TOP RIGHT) BOB KRIST/CORBIS

Beam. At the sooty, smoke-stained **Oscar's Tavern** (1524 Sansom Street; 215-972-9938), Pabst and other all-American beers like Bud Light cost just \$3.25 for a towering, 23-ounce pour. Another dirt-cheap option for getting your drink on is **McGlinchey's** (259 South 15th Street; 215-735-1259), where the booths are ripped and the cigarette smoke is thick enough to cut with a knife. Miller High Life and Yuengling bottles cost a couple of bucks and change, hot dogs are under a dollar, and the waitresses' attitude comes free of charge. Spend a couple of hours at McGlinchey's and you may end up making out with a saucy, sauced stranger in the graffiti-covered bathroom. Not that anyone I know has, um, any experience with that.

■ WHAT'S AT STEAK?

Let me get this out of the way first: You're not escaping Philly without ramming a cheesesteak down your throat. That's a very, very good thing. The combination of meat, onions, peppers, and melted provolone, American cheese, or Cheez Whiz is perfect for building a solid base in your belly so you don't pass out after your fifth shot of Jägermeister. Each Philadelphian has his own favorite cheesesteak—and the citizens will argue your ear off to sway your opinion—so you're just going to have to try several gut bombs and decide for yourself.

Begin your belly-stuffing adventures at **Pat's King of Steaks** (1237 East Passyunk Avenue; 215-468-1546), where, according to lore, the cheesesteak was invented in 1933. One day, hot-dog-stand operator Pat Olivieri was craving something different than frankfurters for lunch. He sent his brother Harry to the butcher for beef. Harry returned with the meat, chopped it up, grilled it with onions, and stuffed it into an Italian roll. Before the brothers could take a bite, a passing cabbie requested a steak sandwich, too. Harry sold him his sandwich, thus birthing an enduring culinary tradition. (Since Pat was older, the restaurant was named after him.) Nearly 80 years later, Pat's still turns out terrific, grilled-to-order steak sandwiches 24 hours a day, seven days a week—perfect if you need a bite at 5 A.M.

Across the street from Pat's, you'll find the equally commendable **Geno's Steaks** (1219 South 9th Street; 215-389-0659); in the spirit of competition, it's also open around-

the-clock. Since 1966, the shop has satisfied customers with its simple menu of superb cheesesteaks. The sandwiches are constructed with thin-sliced rib-eye, your choice of cheese, grilled onions, and, if you're feeling frisky, tomato sauce. Also superb are the juicy, jaw-stretching marvels from **Jim's Steaks** (400 South Street; 215-928-1911), ordered "Whiz wit" (with Cheez Whiz and onions, in the local lingo), as well as the numerous cheesesteak vendors at the **Reading Terminal Market** (51 North 12th Street; 215-922-2317). However, you need to save some space for that other Philadelphia tradition, roast pork.

Heaped with thin sheets of slow-cooked swine, sharp provolone cheese, and spinach or slightly bitter broccoli rabe, the roast-pork Italian is a two-handed stomach-stuffer of the highest order. Try it at **Tony Luke's Cheesesteaks** (39 East Oregon Avenue; 215-551-5725) or at **John's Roast Pork** (14 East Snyder Avenue; 215-463-1951), a weekday-only spot that started in 1930 by feeding laborers at the local shipyard. John's specialty sandwich, a seeded roll stuffed with a mountain of moist pork and chunks of provolone, is a carnivore's nirvana, the ideal marriage of cheese and meat.

For a seated feast, look no further than **Brauhaus Schmitz** (718 South Street; 267-909-8814). In addition to pilsners and lagers served in mugs big enough to kill a man, the beer hall serves he-man portions of all your favorite meaty German fare, including crunchy platters of plate-dwarfing Wiener schnitzel, fat house-made bratwursts, and plenty of warm, salty Bavarian pretzels. Still, my favorite spot in Philadelphia is Fishtown's **Kraftwerk** (541 East Girard Avenue; 215-739-1700). The airy, industrial-cool space is outfitted

The eye candy at the Wing Bowl is excellent, with lingerie- and bikini-clad "Wingettes" patrolling the stage and cozying up to contestants.



Cheesesteaks at Geno's Steaks

with 25 taps, massive wrenches fit for Paul Bunyan, a U-shaped bar over which hangs a gigantic saw, and communal tables big enough to fit ten friends. The menu skews to meat-heavy masterpieces such as a short-rib sandwich topped with crispy onions and paired with garlic-herb fries; pretzel bites with beer-cheese fondue; and a beer-can-chicken sandwich finished with fried hot peppers. Better yet, nothing on the menu costs more than \$15. That leaves plenty of money for the evening's real main course.

■ THE BARE ESSENTIALS

Start your salacious adventures at the **Dolphin Tavern** (1539 South Broad Street; 215-467-1752), a go-go bar with a light-up dance floor and dirt-cheap beers. There's no cover charge, bottles of Budweiser and Yuengling run a skimpy four bucks apiece, and, like clockwork, tattooed dancers climb atop the bar—where you're seated a few feet away—on the hour to contort themselves to your hard, er, your heart's content.

You can tote a 24-pack of brewskis to **Show & Tel Adult Center & Show Bar**



Penthouse Club

(1900 South Columbus Boulevard; 215-755-8812), an adult bookstore that's expanded its offerings to include private session rooms and dancers slinking across the stage. Sure, the \$20 nighttime cover may seem steep, but you'll save bucks by bringing in your own beer and, better yet, the dancers are all nude. (If your crew contains any underage dudes, you'll want to hit the Show: 18- to 20-year-olds are allowed, but they're still not permitted to drink.) Take your time and slowly sip a few brews, then decide which lady you'd like to take back to a secluded room.

Daydreams (5200 Unruh Avenue; 215-338-3838) is also BYOB and suited for youthful revelers; it's "where the ladies wear nothing but a smile," according to the slogan. Sequestered inside an old warehouse and packed with pool tables and plasma-screen TVs, Daydreams features six stages—including a 60-foot expanse circled by candlelit tables and couches—where on weekends more than 50 dancers strut about in their birthday suits and perform girl-on-girl shows. To torture the bachelor, buy one of two Ultimate Dream Seats available on Fridays and Saturdays. He'll be handcuffed to a pole while a procession of ladies dance for him and, of course, on him. P.S. If you come Sunday through Thursday, you receive six free draft beers with admission.

If you've worked up a hunger handing out dollar bills, then perhaps it's time to snag a snack at **Delilah's**

(100 Spring Garden Street; 215-625-2800). Naturally, you may gravitate toward the strip steak, but also gnaw-worthy are the beer-battered fries and a luxe kobe-beef hot dog. After filling your stomach, feast your eyes on Delilah's roster of first-class female talent. Make sure you're here at midnight, when every showgirl on duty struts down the 60-foot runway and—can you believe your good luck?—freebie tableside dances are performed. For more secluded environs, book one of the pimped-out Sky Suites, where the VIP packages include bottle service and a stunning hostess. Spy a lass you like, and you can book them to perform a show in the private Ruby Lounge Dance Room.

Philadelphia's crème de la crème of adult entertainment, the **Penthouse Club** (3001 Castor Avenue; 215-423-6000), is an upscale outpost with the loveliest lasses in town performing in several signature acts guaranteed to quicken your pulse and dampen your palms. In the Martini Show, a couple of see-'em-to-believe-'em perfect tens demonstrate the ins and outs of touching a woman while entwined in an oversize cocktail glass rising from the floor. In the Chopper Show, a couple of gleaming hogs topped with barely clad angels slowly descend from the ceiling, revealing more than one way to rev your motor. Sweetening the deal even further, a session in the private booth and the intense lap dances are as good as they, or you, come.

On the off chance that you still have energy and money after departing the Penthouse Club at 2 A.M., we suggest you swiftly head to **the Republican** (1734 Snyder Avenue; 215-462-0310), a political meeting hall turned after-hours club. Thursday through Saturday it opens promptly at 2 A.M., then closes for business at 3 A.M. But during that brief, smoke-drenched hour, off-duty dancers from area clubs descend upon the Republican for one last run up and down the stripper pole. This is your last night as a free man. Make it count.

If you need a boobs-free breather, chart a course to the **SugarHouse Casino** (1001 North Delaware Avenue; SugarHouseCasino.com). The 24-hour gambling paradise offers plenty of slots, poker, blackjack, musical acts, and free bus rides aboard the Sugar Express. ☛



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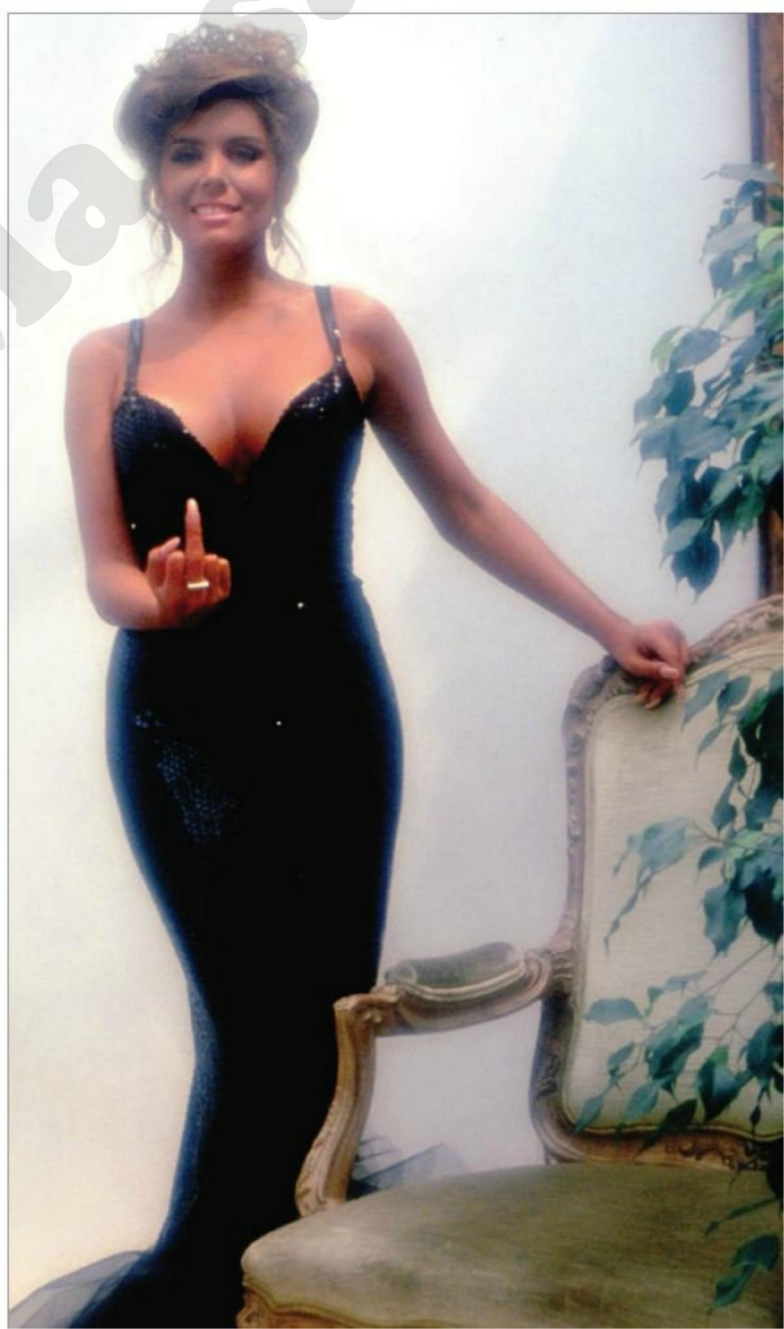


WILD, WET, AND HARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Twenty-five-year-old Corinne Alphen made her third appearance in these pages when she was crowned Pet of the Year in November 1982. The self-described "provocative overachiever" laughingly gave Bob Guccione the finger as she posed for her new pictorial. Never one to shy from controversy, Bob put the photo on the issue's cover. "I've gone from girlhood to womanhood with *Penthouse*," Corinne said. "It's been a fantastic journey, and I owe it all to Bob."







The Guccione Years: November 1982

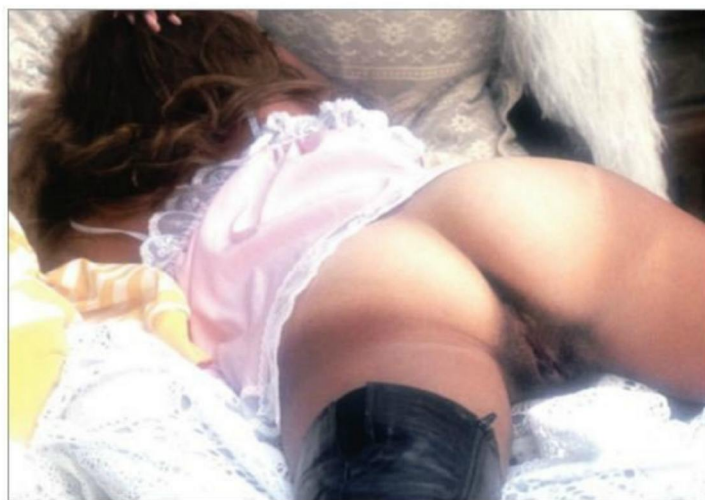




"Rules are made to be broken," the 37-23-36 Massachusetts-born actress told us. "I went to an exclusive girls' school, and I still have a fantasy of making love with a teenage boy at a drive-in. I guess that's because it's something I never got to do."



The Guccione Years: November 1982

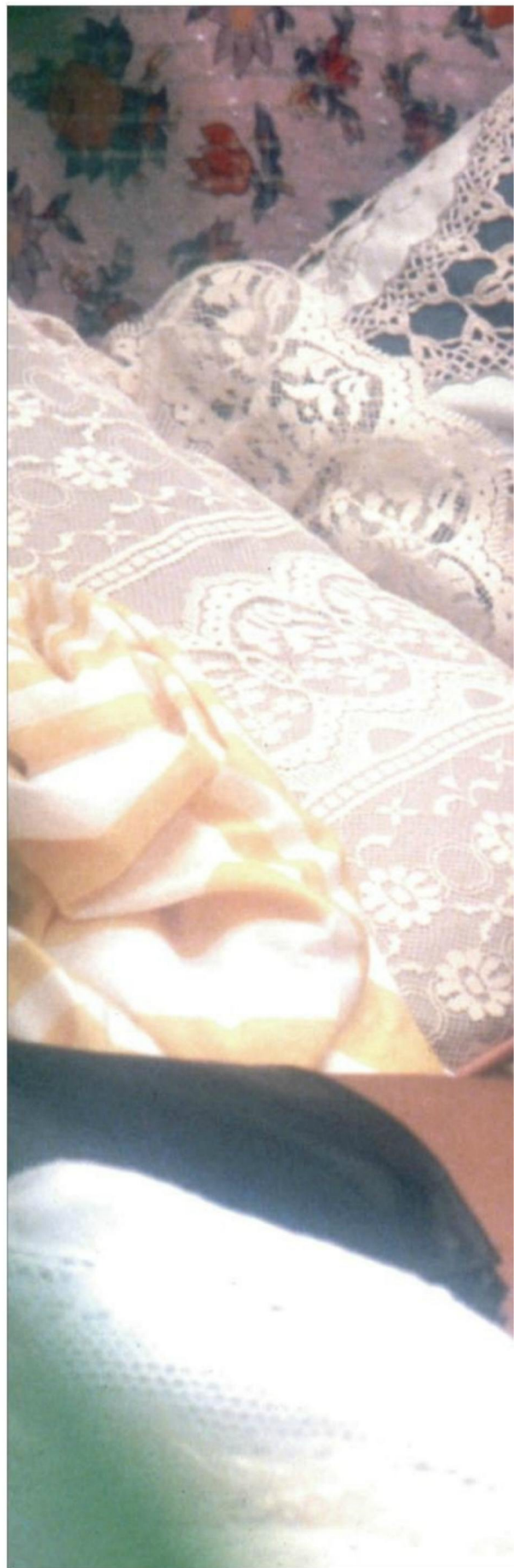


Corinne said she has “no stop signs, sexually,” and prefers her lovemaking “wet, wild, and hard.” But, she continued, her most erotic turn-on was hearing her boyfriend say he “didn’t intend to share me with other men.”





"Sometimes being tied up is the only way to calm me down," she said, adding that her very lucky boyfriend helped her learn to "love myself. All that I have to keep and give others is inside: It's the only real investment I can ever make in life."





SEXPOT ADVICE

It's called "medical" marijuana for a reason. In addition to its pain-relieving benefits, weed can make you feel better in the bedroom.

By Anka Radakovich



taking a vaginal bong hit? "Whenever I do it," she says, "people always seem to be eager to assist."

Mamakind recommends that you smoke before, during, and after the sex act. Before is for total relaxation, during is to heighten the sensation, and after is to make each other laugh during the afterglow. "It's better than smoking a cigarette," she says.

One sexpot game she recommends is "Do me while I smoke this doobie,"

where one person smokes while the other does all the work. "Pass the joint back and forth," she suggests, "taking turns doing each other," presumably until you've done every naughty sex act you can think of. "Pot is one of the few substances that both relaxes and excites you," she says. "It increases your oxytocin levels," the "feel good" hormones.

She also suggests a hybrid strain of the bud, such as Blueberry, which contains both indica, which relaxes your body, and sativa, which gives you a lift and takes you to an even happier place while you're gettin' it on. And the best varieties for a threesome or an orgy? The two strains called "4 Way" and "Fucking Incredible," of course.

In *Sexpot: The Marijuana Lover's Guide to Gettin' It On*, from Quick American Archives, *Skunk* magazine cannabis columnist "Mamakind," who is part of the growing "Stiletto Stoner" movement of young professional women who openly partake of the green, explains why adding pot to

your sex life can take it to a much higher level.

Unlike alcohol, which can have disastrous effects on sexual performance, the negative effects of pot mixed with sex are few. "I did get a drooler," she reports on her partners, "and I had someone fall asleep while receiving oral," she says.

Among her sex tips is a recommendation that women try "pussy toking," which she says is not only lots of fun but loosens everyone up. Who can't help but point and laugh at someone

"POT IS ONE OF THE FEW SUBSTANCES THAT BOTH RELAXES AND EXCITES YOU."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARILYN MONROE (20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP.) (BETTIE PAGE, TOP); WEEGEE (ARTHUR FELLIG)/INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY (GETTY IMAGES); (BETTIE PAGE, MIDDLE AND BOTTOM); MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; (KIM KARDASHIAN); RD/SCOTT KIRKLAND/REINA DIGITA



Marilyn Monroe
and (right)
Bettie Page



THE VAULT OF SEX

By Nick Redfern

In a move that's sure to have Hollywood's gossip columnists panting with anticipation, the FBI has created a new website—the Vault, at <http://vault.fbi.gov>—where each and every one of us can prowl the agency's online archives and learn about the crimes and sex lives of the famous and infamous, thanks to the Freedom of Information Act.

You can find details about the revelations that, during the 1940s, legendary comedy duo Bud Abbott and Lou Costello caught the FBI's attention when tales flew around Los Angeles that they possessed huge collections of pornographic movies, and were quietly bootlegging them for their famous friends. Also, the salacious tidbit that Costello was an aficionado of mouthwatering babe-on-babe action.

Of course the King of Rock 'n' Roll could not escape the eyes and ears of the bureau. Yep, Elvis himself became the subject of a secret file, a section of which is filled to the brim with homosexual innuendo. According to the FBI, in late 1959, when Presley was still the Army's most famous inductee, a gay South African doctor, Johannes Griessel-Landau, threatened to expose pictures showing Elvis in what agents described as "compromising situations." The pictures—if they existed—still have not surfaced.

At the height of the swinging sixties, the FBI learned that a "source" with links to the movie industry was trying to offload old film footage of Hollywood honey Marilyn Monroe performing "a perverted act" on an "unknown male." Or, as

it's known to just about everyone else, a blowjob.

Surf the Vault and thrill at the "obscene pictures" of 1950s pinup goddess Bettie Page. Immerse yourself in the steamy files on Anna Nicole Smith and the claims that she got it on "50 times a week." Or learn all about Ol' Blue Eyes' close encounters of the hooker kind. Or... well, we don't want to spoil it all for you.

Some of these claims might not surprise anyone familiar with tabloid gossip, but the ability to peruse the original scanned documents offers the frisson of feeling as if you're rifling the Bureau's own filing cabinets. The FBI claims on the site, "New files will be added on a regular basis, so please check back often."

No doubt, more than a few concerned Hollywood personalities will be doing just that.

BIG AND BOOTYFUL

By Anka Radakovich

J. Lo's ass may have owned the nineties, but so far, this millennium is crazy about Kim Kardashian. A plastic surgeon in Beverly Hills says a new demand has been created by the *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* star, and reports that women are coming into his office asking for bootilicious butts à la the "KardASSians." "The hottest cosmetic surgical procedure for women is Brazilian butt augmentation," says Dr. David Matlock. Having traveled to Brazil annually for almost 20 years, Matlock identified the "Brazilian" look on that country's famous beaches. He noticed the high butt cheeks and S-shaped curve at the tailbone that looks oh-so-sexy on so many Brazilian beauties. "It's just simply irresistible," he says.

Although known as "the Picasso of vaginas," Matlock has also turned his artistic hands to ladies' behinds. His Brazilian procedure is accomplished by "fat transfer"—extracting fat from a woman's stomach or hips and injecting it into the upper buttocks to give them a high, round shape. Matlock does not perform silicone butt implants because they can cause too many side effects, like shifting or hardening into concretelike blocks.

Like most plastic-surgery procedures, it can be expensive, depending on how much junk is taken out, moved around, and put into the trunk. Plastic surgeons couldn't have asked for better product placement than when Kardashian had her booty X-rayed, after having been accused of sporting ass implants. Plastic surgeons weighed in and speculated that she had had a butt lift instead, and demand for the surgery soared even more. (As did sales of "Booty Pop" padded panties.)

Ample asses have appeared in these pages a lot recently—see generously endowed adult stars Alexis Texas, who graced the cover of our June 2010 issue; and October 2010 Pet Isis Taylor and November 2010 Pet Phoenix Marie. It's a trend we're quite happy to celebrate. ☞



Kim
Kardashian



Isis Taylor

Amster



damned

ONE TOUGH-
LUCK DUDE JUST
CAN'T WIN IN
THE HEDONISTIC
DUTCH CAPITAL.
BUT DID THAT
STOP HIS BUDDIES
FROM HAVING
THE TIME OF
THEIR LIVES?
NOT EVEN CLOSE.

BY JONAH KERI
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL MASSO

IT'S OUR THIRD NIGHT IN AMSTERDAM.

Four buddies, awarded a brief pass from our dull, everyday existences. We'd sampled the best this famous city had to offer. The idyllic canals. The richest food. And, yes, the finest herb.

But as we stroll the dark alleys of the red-light district, we've yet to partake of Amsterdam's most notorious vice.

"Do it!"

"I don't know, guys."

Darts, the most sex-crazed member of our foursome, is staring at a buxom brunette. She beckons him from her canal-side window, a trademark of the Amsterdam sex trade.

"Do it!"

"I'm not sure I can go through with this."

"Do it!"

Darts is our last hope. He's our only hope.

"All right," he says, a sly grin cracking his face.

"I'll do it."

Game on.

We all had our reasons for wanting to visit Amsterdam. Well, everyone has a good reason to go to Amsterdam, but let's say we had *additional* reasons.

Stretch was in a serious relationship, and he wanted some fun with the guys before taking it to the next level. Not a bachelor party, exactly, but a few days of look-but-don't-touch-the-leggy-Danes wouldn't hurt. I'd just finished writing a book—two years of my life poured into 253 pages. I needed a break, bad. Lesh wanted it all, hedonism-to-go. And Darts? That guy could turn a trip to Walmart into a party. He was made for Amsterdam.

There was another reason, too. We'd heard the Dutch government might soon ban foreigners from the country's famous coffee shops, where the varieties and flavors of weed are marketed and sold like ice cream at Baskin-Robbins. The Dutch cabinet later said that "substance use of minors has to be countered more strongly," and "coffee shops have

grown into large points of sale of cannabis that are hard to manage,” with sales near the borders of Belgium and Germany causing particularly big headaches. Starting in 2012, Amsterdam coffee shops will be converted into private clubs for Dutch citizens 18 or older. Those wanting to partake will need to prove their residency, then buy a “weed pass,” which grants access to a restricted number of members per shop. Sure to put a Grand Canyon-size dent in the tourism trade. Bad times.

We land on a Thursday, just past noon, then shuffle to our bed-and-breakfast: Darts, Stretch, and I—half-delirious after red-eye flights and very little food. Lesh steps onto the curb to greet us, nearly as groggy as we were, having hopped a 6 A.M. flight from Berlin. Still, it takes about three seconds for the fatigue to melt away, and the giddy anticipation to begin.

“We’re in fucking Amsterdam!”

“Yes!”

First move: Find an Argentine steak house for lunch. We plow through some outrageous rib eyes (Lesh, who’s obsessed, will have three in our three days in town), then make our first trip to a coffee shop. We peruse the menu, and can’t help but laugh at the ridiculous names. Purple Nurple. Kolossal Kush. Toasty Spaceship. Lesh, Stretch, and I buy a couple of joints to split three ways. Darts, the only one of us who’s never smoked before, has another idea. “I want a bong!” he tells the lady behind the counter. She looks simultaneously befuddled and disinterested. She hands him one without a word of instruction, which Darts clearly needs. We’re not going to help either. It’s too damn funny watching Darts try to figure out if he should inhale, drink the bong water, or maybe try a ritual chant to get the damn thing to work.

After ten minutes of feigning ignorance, we finally show him the way. Darts inhales, coughs—and then won’t stop coughing. “Ugh, this is horrible!” he whines. Now we feel bad. I buy him a space cake, just to ensure that he gets off today. He takes a bite, then another, then another. Unlike a simple puff on a joint, a few bites of a space cake won’t kick in for a little while. Eating a whole piece is also a terrible idea, especially for a novice. By the time we get back to the B and B for a quick nap, Darts is tripping balls.

“I love you guys!” We love you, too, Darts.

Then ...

“Breeegggggghhh!”

There go the contents of Darts’ stomach.

It’s probably for the best, though. Now we won’t have to babysit him while we explore Amsterdam.

That night, all more or less of sound minds and bodies, we set out for Tempo Doeloe. Amsterdam is known for its Indonesian food, and Tempo Doeloe ranks among the finest Indonesian restaurants anywhere outside Jakarta. Lesh and I split an 18-course rijsttafel, the “crown jewel of Indonesian cuisine.” It’s easily one of the top-ten meals I’ve ever eaten, a delectable series of small dishes—pork belly, duck, stir-fried beef, spring rolls, and more—all accompanied by rice prepared in various ways. The waitress brings out the dishes in groups of six—“Medium, spicy,



and very spicy,” she says. To one plate, she points menacingly. “*Ikan pepesan*,” she tells us. “Very, very, very spicy!” We save that dish—steamed mackerel in chili-pepper sauce—for last. It takes less than a second for the spice to kick in.

“*Vlaaa!*” It’s a fancy restaurant, and we’re doing our best to stay cool. But Lesh and I are dying. We throw down a pitcher of water. Nothing. We gobble down some bread. Nothing. Finally, the waitress brings a plate of mango-based dishes, including a sorbet that finally puts out the fire ... or half of it, anyway.

We hit the bustling Leidseplein for some nightlife. Parked outside with beers in hand, we ignore the chilly conditions to take in the sights. A minute later, four smoking-hot women assemble on the sidewalk and start chatting amongst themselves. Back home, the usual course of action would be to sit and stare. And the other three guys seem content to do just that—or just too chickenshit to make a move.

This will not stand. Not in Amsterdam. I throw down the rest of my beer and saunter over to this

group of healthy females. I’m the only married guy in the group, but screw it, if the posse’s just going to sit and stare, someone needs to hook them up. I go with a bare-bones opener: “My friends and I are sitting right over there. Care to join us?” Creative, right? A pause. A sideways glance. “Yeah, okay, sure!” the perky blonde says.

Sometimes, less is more.

Stretch and I sit back and watch. Darts and Lesh, after overcoming their initial shyness, are working it. The girls speak





iPhone, and ran off. Which is just about the opposite of a titty bar. When we find him, he's disoriented and sporting the beginnings of a shiner—yet utterly unbowed. For him, the incident just raised the bar for the rest of our stay in Amsterdam.

Now, on our final night, Darts is sizing up the women in the windows. Pot might be on the verge of getting much harder to obtain in Amsterdam, but sex-for-pay is, and will remain, a staple in the city. The system works like this: Women stand behind floor-to-ceiling windows in the red-light district, attempting to lure guys in. The main thoroughfare offers the best talent—attractive, higher-priced women (though not as expensive as we expected, as it turns out), scantily clad and offering their best come-hither looks. As you weave into the smaller side streets, things get considerably sketchier.

Darts is now staring more than a little hungrily at a tall blonde. She may have tried to get him in earlier, but now she's throwing off get-lost signals, so we drag him away. A few steps down the road, another woman catches his eye.

"How much?" Darts asks the comely brunette.

"Fifty euro," she coos. For anything? For anything. None of us had ever done this before, but this seemed like a raging bargain. This girl was ... wow.

"It's a deal."

We leave to let Darts do his thing—which somehow seems equal parts ballsy and pitiful. Either way, we will pump him for every detail of the encounter. Thirty minutes later, he's back.

POT MIGHT BE ON THE VERGE OF GETTING MUCH HARDER TO OBTAIN IN AMSTERDAM, BUT SEX-FOR-PAY IS, AND WILL REMAIN, A STAPLE IN THE CITY.

excellent English, though they ask for some translation. Stretch's favorite word quickly becomes *proost*—"cheers" in English. Lesh and I eventually take off to let the other guys try their luck. We meet back up with Stretch at the home base around 3 A.M. Despite their best efforts, it seems both guys struck out.

Stretch is not happy, and, as a way of softening the blow of their rejection, he begins to disparage the young ladies, using some choice adjectives. Never mind that an hour ago he would have slept with any one of them and been grateful.

But wait, where's Darts?

"We got split up in the red-light district."

Ah, hell. We head back out and start combing the streets.

In a matter of minutes, we find Darts. Drunk, frustrated, and horny, he'd started chatting with a blonde British girl. "Want to come to a titty bar?" she'd asked him. If that extremely promising opening sounds too good to be true, well, it was: The girl led Darts down an alley, where two burly guys jumped him, beat him up, snatched his wallet and

"And?!"

Well.... Turns out the girl you see in the window may not be the one to render services. Not even close. Darts' companion was barely five feet tall, pushing 45, the years of wear and chain-smoking taking their toll on her face. Darts had been dying to get laid, but he found her performance stiff and mechanical, even beyond what he'd been expecting. Sure, this was her job. But she'd made sex as unappealing as humanly possible.

And there's more.


"She had a glass eye."

"Come on! You're shitting me!"

"A glass eye. For real."

Of course she did.

Poor Darts had botched getting high, thrown up, struck out with hot civilian blondes, been robbed, and capped it all off by fucking a haggard crone with a glass eye in some dank room.

Still, he remains undaunted. "I'm coming back next year," he says with a smile. "Nowhere to go but up, right?" 



【bibi & jesse】



tie one on

When BiBi Jones and Jesse Jane find themselves lacking male companionship, they delve into alternate means of satisfying their erotic desires. As they slake their thirst for each other, they also demonstrate some sexy new ways to have fun while getting all tied up.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



















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CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.



■ VEGAN VENERY

Are there any statistics on the reliability of vegan condoms?

A vegan condom, for those who haven't heard of such a thing before, is made without casein, a milk protein that's usually mixed with latex rubber in the manufacturing process. Only two condom brands, Fusion (a British company) and Glyde (an Australian company), carry the official Vegan Society seal of vegany goodness.

All condom makers, vegan or otherwise, have to comply with the same international quality standards. Manufacturers test random samples of their products in the factory for holes and durability. The FDA also tests random samples of condoms bound for American stores. The sampled condoms are filled with water to test for leaks. At least 99.6 percent of the samples should pass the leak test. Condoms are also tested by inflating them with air. Randomly sampled condoms must hold up to a certain amount of air pressure before bursting.

Any condom brand approved for sale in the United States or Europe is very likely to be dependable. It doesn't really matter if a condom's bursting point is 18 liters of air pressure versus 19 liters, or if 99.7 percent of a sampled lot passed the leak test versus 99.9 percent.

It's much more important to use condoms correctly. That means putting them on correctly, storing them properly, not using condoms past their expiration date, and using only water- or silicone-based lubricants with them.

■ PRICEY SHOTS

What do medical organizations say about HPV vaccination? The CDC recommends routine vaccination for women and men up to age 26. Should I get it?

That's not exactly correct. The human papillomavirus (HPV) vaccine is recommended for girls and women aged 9 to 26. The vaccine is approved for males up to age 26, but routine vaccination is not recommended for them.

An expert panel of the CDC that sets vaccination policy in the United States thinks it isn't cost-effective to routinely vaccinate all our lads for HPV. The vaccine is expensive, and the experts concluded that it's enough to vaccinate girls and young women against this sexually transmitted virus, which is known to cause cervical cancer, as well as genital warts.

It's not that young men couldn't benefit. It's just that vaccine policymakers see preventing cervical cancer as their top priority, because it's by far the most common and deadly kind of cancer caused by HPV. Nevertheless, HPV can also cause cancer in men. Men who have sex with other men are at high risk for anal cancer caused by HPV. Both women and men can get an HPV infection in the throat from sucking dick and eating pussy, which in rare cases can lead to throat cancer.

Ideally, people should be vaccinated against HPV before they become sexually active, which is why the recommendations call for vaccinating girls at age 11 or 12 (when they had damned well better not be sexually active).

HPV is the most common sexually transmitted infection in the world. A recent study funded by the National Cancer Institute found that about one-half of men aged 18 or older in the U.S., Brazil, and Mexico were infected with HPV. Other research has shown that 80 percent of women have been infected with at least one HPV strain by age



50. But the HPV vaccine has been available for only about five years now. If we could vaccinate more than 80 percent of today's tweens against HPV, we could realistically hope to eliminate the virus in the United States by the time their daughters start messing around.

If you're a woman under the age of 26 and you haven't had the HPV vaccine yet, just go ahead and get it. The vaccine protects against several strains of the virus, so even if you've had a few sex partners in your life, the vaccine could still prevent you from getting HPV strains you haven't had the pleasure of meeting yet.

If you have health insurance, it shouldn't cost you

anything to get vaccinated. One of the nice features of the 2010 health-reform law is that your health insurance cannot make you pay for any vaccination recommended by the aforementioned CDC Advisory Committee on Immunization Practices. Another long-running federal program covers the cost of the HPV vaccine for girls younger than 19 who lack health insurance.

I mentioned earlier that the HPV vaccine is expensive. The vaccination is given in three doses, at intervals over eight months. The retail price of each dose, plus the fee to administer the shot, and each office-visit fee, could total at least \$400 for the full three-shot series. Guys who choose to get vaccinated for HPV (and anyone else who falls through a crack in the health-insurance rules) would have to pay that out of pocket.

■ SEX COULD CUT CANCER RISK

Do people who have lots of sex or sexual gratification have a lower risk of cancer in their lifetime?

I'm not aware of any studies that have looked at sexual behavior and cancer risk generally. There are so many different types of cancer, and so many different risk factors involved, that it would be nearly impossible to prove cause and effect: Are people healthier because they fuck more, or do they fuck more because they're healthier?

There has been a lot of research on sexual behavior and prostate cancer, however. Some studies have shown that men who have sex or masturbate more often are less likely to get prostate cancer. Other studies have shown the opposite. Some studies show no relationship at all.

There are a couple of different theories about how sexual behavior could be related to prostate-cancer risk. One is that the male hormone testosterone plays a role in causing prostate cancer. Since testosterone fuels men's sex drive, it's thought that men who have more sex and masturbate more often tend to have higher testosterone levels, and therefore might be more likely to get prostate cancer. The competing theory is that frequent ejaculation keeps cancer-causing toxins from building up in the prostate.

A recent study suggests that both theories could be right. Researchers in the United Kingdom compared the frequency of sexual activity, including intercourse and masturbation, in men with prostate cancer and men who had never been diagnosed with the disease. They found that sexual activity both increased and lowered the risk, depending on age. Men who had the most frequent overall sexual activity in their twenties—and those who were the most avid masturbators during their twenties and thirties—were more likely to get prostate cancer. But frequent sexual activity appeared to have a protective effect for men in their fifties.

This could be explained by high testosterone levels, as well as by a salutary purging of the prostate. Raging testosterone could have led to prostate cancer in men who were the most sexually active when they were younger. At the same time, men who kept on coming later in life might have kept their aging organs healthier.



■ YOUR CHEATIN' TWEET

My girlfriend and I got into a heated discussion regarding the sexting exploits of Anthony Weiner and what constitutes cheating in a relationship. I don't think sexting counts and she does. Is there really a right and wrong here?

Anthony Weiner's real transgression wasn't adultery, exactly. But it was infidelity. A congressman should know better than to email anyone a picture of his genitals—especially a congressman named Weiner. His wife might or might not have viewed sexting as adultery, but she certainly expected him not to publicly embarrass her and jeopardize his career. In that regard, he was unfaithful.

Knowing your partner has had a sexual encounter with someone else might make you feel jealous. But finding out that something went on behind your back is humiliating and makes you feel like a fool.

What constitutes cheating isn't universal. Every couple has to figure out the rules for themselves. For some, fucking other people in front of each other isn't cheating, but a surreptitious kiss would be a betrayal.

So, if your girlfriend is firm about no sexting, that's her rule. If you believe it's your God-given right to sext at will, then feel free to protest, or openly defy her. But sexting on the sly will place you squarely in the wrong. ☹️

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CH [working stiff]

Cruising With No Control

If you think those “lust boat” tales are wild exaggerations, think again.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

I have been a cruise director for the past 11 years, and it's my job to make sure that everyone has a great time on the ship. It can be challenging trying to remember the names and faces of all the passengers and crew, but there have been a few special women whom I know I'll never forget.

“Tara” was one of the ensemble performers on the ship. She was a petite redhead with fair skin, and very attractive with a sweet, innocent, heart-shaped face. Since I'm in charge of all the ship's entertainment, I get to know the performers really well, and Tara had been flirting with me for some time. Then, on the last night of an Alaskan itinerary, she pulled me aside just outside the midnight celebration that the passengers were enjoying. She was still in costume, and her large breasts spilled out of the top of her Vegas showgirl getup.

Taking me by the hand, she led me out onto one of the decks. Since it was cold outside, we were the only ones around. Without saying anything, she unzipped my white dress trousers, pulled out my cock, and began stroking it. Of course this got me hard instantly. I took the opportunity to do what I'd been thinking about doing for a long time—I put my face between her huge tits and pulled down her bra top, pinching and kissing her pretty pink nipples until she started to squirm. “Let me fuck you,” I whispered. “Not yet,” she said, wetting her hand with saliva and increasing the speed of her stroke. Tara looked me right in the eye as she worked my cock, which made me even more excited. When she reached



down and caressed my balls with her other hand, I couldn't hold off any longer. I came right in her hand, sighing with the release. Without missing a beat, Tara put her palm to her mouth and lapped up every last drop of my come. We made plans to meet later that night in her cabin so I could return the favor.

On every cruise, passengers are required to attend a safety drill. One morning, I noticed a beautiful young woman at my muster station. She was giggling at a couple of the other passengers, and I warned her to take the drill more seriously. She told me that her name was “Elana” and apologized for making light of the drill. That evening I spotted her in one of the lounges. She had changed into a very revealing black cocktail dress. Feeling bold, I asked her if she was in need of a repeat of the safety drill. Reaching up and squeezing my shoulders, she said yes, she would like me to show her the proper way to put on the life vest.

An hour later, I knocked on the door to her stateroom with a vest in hand. “Since you weren't paying attention the first time, I'd better show you step-by-step,” I said. Elana stood at attention as I undid the knot that was holding the top of her dress up. I let the straps fall, exposing her perky breasts. “Take it all the way off,” I di-

rected. Elana stepped out of the dress, and aside from a pair of sky-high heels, she was completely naked. Putting the vest over her head, I snapped it shut and pulled on the straps until they were as tight as they could go. Reaching down, I slipped two fingers into Elana's slit, which was already very wet. She moaned as I bent down to bury my face in her pussy, and did her best to stand still as I darted my tongue around her clit. Pushing my fingers in and out of her little hole, I flicked my tongue directly at her clit until she shivered in orgasm. Pulling my fingers out of her, I put them in her mouth so she could taste herself. “Get on the bed, facedown,” I commanded. Elana assumed

my favorite position for fucking, and I removed the puffy orange vest so I could have full access to her tits. When I knew I was about to explode, I directed her to turn around and open her mouth. She swallowed everything, even licking my cock clean to get the last few drops.

One night, toward the end of a recent Alaskan voyage, I noticed there was a light on in the fitness center after-hours. I went inside and found “Emma,” a busty British naturalist who gave lectures on the ship, on one of the ellipticals. The front of her tank top was soaked with sweat, and she looked incredibly sexy. “I was thinking about taking a dip, want to join me?” she asked. I hesitantly followed her into the women's locker room and watched as she stripped off her clothes. Pulling the chain lever on the shower next to the spa, she rinsed off her perfect body and then stepped into the hot tub. I wanted to join her, but I had a huge erection, which was slightly embarrassing. I got undressed anyway, and Emma looked approvingly at my cock. I pulled her onto my lap and we kissed, but soon after, she got out of the water and towed off. “We'll have more fun next time,” she said with a wink. I'm not sure what will happen next, but you can bet I'm looking forward to embarkation day! CH

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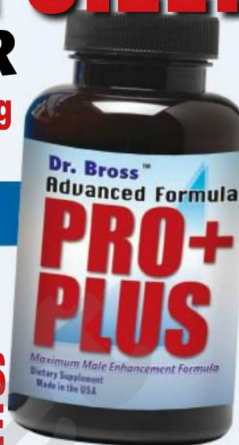


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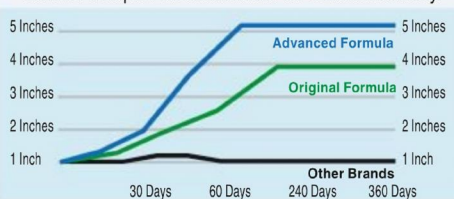
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Orchid

By Jacqueline Applebee
Illustrations by Ronnie Werner

I think I have the hots for Viktor." I adjusted my stockings and stepped out of the toilet stall. My best friend and fuck buddy, Peggy, gawked at me. "Viktor from Accounts?" I nodded. "Viktor with the long brown hair?" Viktor had glossy hair and bright green eyes. He was a beautiful man.

"Hang on." Peggy dried her hands. "You cannot have a crush on Viktor. He's, you know ..."

"He's Russian?"

"He's vanilla!" she

finally blurted. "Wendy in Personnel dated him when he first started here. She told me all about him. Face it, Katie. He's vanilla, and you're a slutty, submissive bottom."

"I know," I said with a sigh. "But vanilla folks need sexing-up, too."

"You can't date a vanilla guy, Katie. It's not natural."

"I can do whatever I want."

I thought for a moment. "I can do whomever I want, too."

Peggy shook her head. "Would you even know what to do with him?"

"I'll find out," I said weakly. "I'll look it up on Wikipedia."

Peggy was having none of it.

"Raspberry ripple—that's what you are, Katie. Raspberry ripple with extra sprinkles and a chocolate flake. You won't have a snowball's chance in hell of getting off with him. Viktor will never look at a pervert like you."

"Gee, thanks." I tried to put it out of my head, but Viktor was like an itch I couldn't scratch. I saw him everywhere: gazing down from his framed photo on the wall as employee of the month, standing in line in the cafeteria, or chatting on the phone, his beautiful voice a melody to my ears. I didn't know why I wanted someone like him. He was nothing like the other men I'd been with—stern tops and domineering businessmen. Even the female security guard at the front desk made me drool. But Viktor was different. He was soft-spoken, considerate, and smart as all hell. Maybe it was his vanilla nature that made him so exotic to me.

I saw Viktor outside work one day after lunch. A few teenage boys were kicking a ball to and fro in the parking area. Viktor did a fancy move, intercepting the ball as he walked by. He balanced it on his head, and then



balanced the ball on his chest. He twisted around, then kicked the ball to the boys, who smiled and waved at him. Damn, he was good with children, too. Viktor was perfect.

Peggy walked by, watching me eye up my Russian. "No, Katie. Viktor will not want to spank you. He won't know the first thing about restraint."

"Get lost. Stop bugging me."

"He's coming this way," she said, and then scampered off.

As he walked toward me, I spun on my heels and practically ran inside the building. I jabbed the elevator button, willing it to arrive quickly. I squeezed inside, then pressed the button for my floor. I looked up when I heard his voice from the foyer.

"Hold on." The door swished shut just as he stepped inside. I couldn't be in the same elevator as my fantasy guy; it was inhuman.

"Hello, Katie. Is that a new dress?" He sounded nervous, as if he was desperate to make conversation. Why would he be nervous with me?

I shook my head, trying not to speak. I was sure my voice would come out with a stammer if I did. My mobile phone chirped to life. Peggy was on the other end.

"Viktor is vanilla," my friend hissed. "He will sneer at your crystal butt plug. He will never use a cane on your ass." I pressed the phone to my chest, silencing her chatter.

Viktor leaned across me to press the button for his floor. "I was made employee of the month again," he said, looking almost embarrassed.

"I heard. That's three times in a row, isn't it?"

Viktor nodded. "The director gave me a special gift: two tickets to see *The 39 Steps* in Piccadilly Circus."

I looked at him blankly.

"Would you like to come with me?"

"Vanilla!" I could still hear Peggy's voice. "He will laugh at your floggers. He will pour scorn over your spreader bars. Stay away from him."

I clicked my mobile shut, and then I looked at Viktor, smiling. "Sure, that sounds like a lovely idea."

Viktor grinned and exited the elevator. As soon as the door closed, I pressed Peggy's number. "Listen, you crazy bitch, quit calling me. I'm going to shag that pretty Russian if it's the last thing I do!" I clicked the phone shut. The doors opened suddenly.



Viktor was still standing outside. Had he heard me? I inwardly cringed. He must have thought I was crazy.

There were positives to being out at work as a bisexual woman. I didn't have to dress conservatively for the office. Most people seemed to think "bisexual" meant that I ought to dress like a whore. So, as a result, my black lace tops were as welcome as my micro minis and my lip piercing. Straight people sure do think weird.

I got dressed for my date. I wore dainty earrings shaped like tiny, coiled whips. I found a black dress that was short, but not scandalously so. I actually looked quite subdued.

The 39 Steps was a hoot, of course. I especially liked the part of the play when the hero and heroine were handcuffed together, fleeing from the law through the Scottish Highlands. I wondered what it would be like to kneel in front of Viktor, hands shackled, eyes shut. My mobile vibrated against my lap; I knew I should have left it at home. I sighed when I saw that it was a text from my annoying friend. *Vanilla is vanilla*, it read. *He will never blindfold you.*

I started to feel a little down. Viktor and I went for a meal in Covent Garden when the play ended. I picked at my salad, but had no appetite.

"Are you all right, Katie?" Viktor asked.

"I'm fine."

"You look like something is on your mind." He squeezed my hand; it was heavy, solid. I shivered as I imagined that hand spanking me hard and fast. It was never going to happen.

"I think I'd best go."

"Why?"

"I don't think this will work," I said, pointing between the two of us.

"Is it because I'm Catholic?" Viktor asked, looking distressed. I shook my head. "Then it must be because I am Russian."

"You're vanilla, Viktor."

Viktor looked at me blankly. "I am white, of course."

I almost smiled at that. "Look, I enjoy being tied up. I like being ordered to suck cock." A waiter crashed into our table as I said that. He blushed furiously, then backed away. "You must know about me."

"I thought it was an office rumor, that people were being cruel."

"I don't think you'll like me if you get to know me. I'd rather be just friends, Viktor." It was a barefaced lie, but he was too gorgeous a person to lose completely.



"Let me make up my own mind about that, Katie." He held out his hand. "I am sure we can come to an arrangement that will be good for both of us." We walked outside and hailed a cab to his place.

"So if I am vanilla, does that make you strawberry?" he asked as we entered his building.

"Apparently, I'm raspberry ripple with sprinkles and a chocolate flake."

"I still do not understand. Is 'vanilla' an insult?"

I turned to Viktor on the threshold of his apartment. "I didn't mean it as one, but now that I think about it, 'vanilla' could be taken that way."

Viktor kissed me lightly on the lips, the barest brush of his mouth on mine. "Vanilla is also a type of orchid."

"Really?" I hadn't heard that one before.

"It is a highly prized flower that must be treated just so, or else the precious stamen will be lost." Viktor ran a finger over my breast. My nipples ached for him to squeeze them. "The sensuous fragrance is a well-known aphrodisiac, too."

My mouth hung open. I gulped as a thrill of desire shot from my tongue down to my clit. Viktor grinned at me, and then he led me inside, but instead of heading to his bedroom, he ushered me to the bathroom.

"I have never made love in this room before. It could be a not-so-vanilla experience for me, yes?"

"Sex in the shower? Sounds good." I stripped out of my clothes quickly, turned on the water, and got in. Viktor watched with eager eyes. I wondered what he'd make of the tattoos that ran down my back. "Aren't you going to join me?" I asked, enjoying the feel of hot water over my skin.

"You are rather nice to watch, Katie." Viktor stood with his hands

over his crotch. Poor soul, but he was a shy one. I started to feel quite turned on being naked in the sight of a fully clothed man. I squished my breasts together, and bent over to drape my fingers over my toes. I smiled when I heard Viktor's intake of breath.

"Let me dry you off." He held out a fluffy towel.

"Aren't you coming in?"

"I want you in my arms," he whispered. I sighed, then switched off the shower and stepped out of the tub. Viktor instantly surrounded me with the towel. He held me tight in a very strong embrace. I struggled a little, but he held me fast. Things were getting better and better. He kissed me, and this time his kiss was all consuming. I gasped, wriggling about in the towel. If this was what vanilla folks did, then I was over to their side like a flash.

"You are a very strange woman," Viktor murmured. "It arouses you not to be able to move?"

"That's right."

He pressed me to sit on the edge of the bathtub. "Then do not move now." The towel fell down around me. Viktor went down on his knees in front of me, then bent his head to my cunt. I willed

his head and humped his face until I came. When I saw Peggy, I was going to give her a blow-by-blow account of how spicy this vanilla guy really was.

"Quite enthusiastic, aren't you?"

Viktor wiped his face with the towel before he stood. I wrapped it around my hips and followed him out of the bathroom to his living room.

Viktor served me wine and strawberries. "No raspberries, I'm afraid," he said with a grin. "Although I am quite intrigued by the sprinkles part."

"Let me enlighten you," I said, and then shimmied out of the towel to stand naked before him. "Will you take off your clothes?"

Viktor did as I requested, though I'm such a sub that I hated to give him any instruction at all. Viktor sat demurely on his sofa, still covering up his erection. Finally he gave up and removed his hands. His cock was pink and delicious-looking. I rummaged in my handbag for a moment, tossed him an extra-strong condom and some lube. Viktor looked at me quizzically for a moment, then rolled it on.

"Put the lube over the condom."

"I need you nice and wet for me." As Viktor worked, I stood with my back to

something in Russian that I didn't understand. I was all the way on him, impaled on my vanilla lover. I moved forward a little and then back. Viktor hissed. I raised myself up and then came down with a quick, hard thrust. Viktor screamed like a girl. He held me by the hips, moving me up and down roughly. Every movement gave the same response. He reached around to grab a cushion, and then he shoved the corner of it into his mouth. I laughed as he gagged himself. I moved in a wild fashion, bouncing up and down on his cock, my arms flailing, my hips bucking. Viktor threw down the cushion and then pulled me to him fully, holding me so tight that I could barely breathe. It was heavenly. His movements stilled, and then he sagged against me.

"I suppose this means I am raspberry flavored now?" Viktor asked in a weak voice.

"Don't sweat it, love," I soothed, patting his leg. "I think you've made me appreciate vanilla, too."

"We are an ice-cream sundae," he said, starting to chuckle against my back. "With plenty of sprinkles." He kissed my back.

Viktor grunted as I slowly lowered myself. I reveled in the way **I stretched around him, savored the deep penetration** that I loved.

him to kiss me there, but Viktor only breathed over my sensitive flesh.

"Please," I begged shamelessly.

"Oh, please, Viktor." He grinned up at me. And then, in an act of extreme sadism, he touched my clit with the tip of his tongue. I thrashed about like a crazy person, desperately pushing my whole crotch up to his face.

"I told you not to move," he whispered. I took a breath, stilled. Viktor licked me again, tiny movements that were incredibly intense.

"This is torture," I hissed. "You're killing me!"

Viktor chuckled against my cunt. "Is this not exactly what you desire?"

I froze as I actually saw the light-bulb flash over my head. He was right.

"You clever bastard!" I grunted.

"Now, now, it is not vanilla to swear during sex." He pushed a finger into my cunt, making slow, deep movements. I wailed like a harpy. My clit throbbed. Viktor sucked on it, harder this time. I clutched at the back of

him. I planted one foot on either side of his feet. I reached back, held on to his biceps, and then lowered myself down to sit. I could feel Viktor trying to direct his cock into my cunt, but I angled myself so his cock prodded my asshole.

"Are you sure?" he whispered.

"You want to know about the sprinkles?"

"Yes."

"Then let me show you how sweet it can be."

Viktor grunted as I slowly lowered myself. Inch after inch of his length pressed inside me. I reveled in the way I stretched around him, savored the deep penetration that I loved.

Viktor was rigid behind me.

"Sprinkles," he whispered. "Candy-colored sprinkles." He moved carefully, slowly, and then he said

"Topped off with hot-fudge sauce," I replied with a laugh.

Viktor froze. "Maybe we can save the sauce for next time?"

I grinned. "To tell you the truth, I'm rather looking forward to you showing me how good vanilla can be." I eased myself up with a wince, and then collapsed in his arms.


"I will teach you my style, and you will teach me about yours." He kissed my hot skin. "Do we have a deal?"

"You got it." I snuggled closer to his furry chest. "Next time I'll bring my ropes. We'll have a blast."

"You are joking with me, yes?"

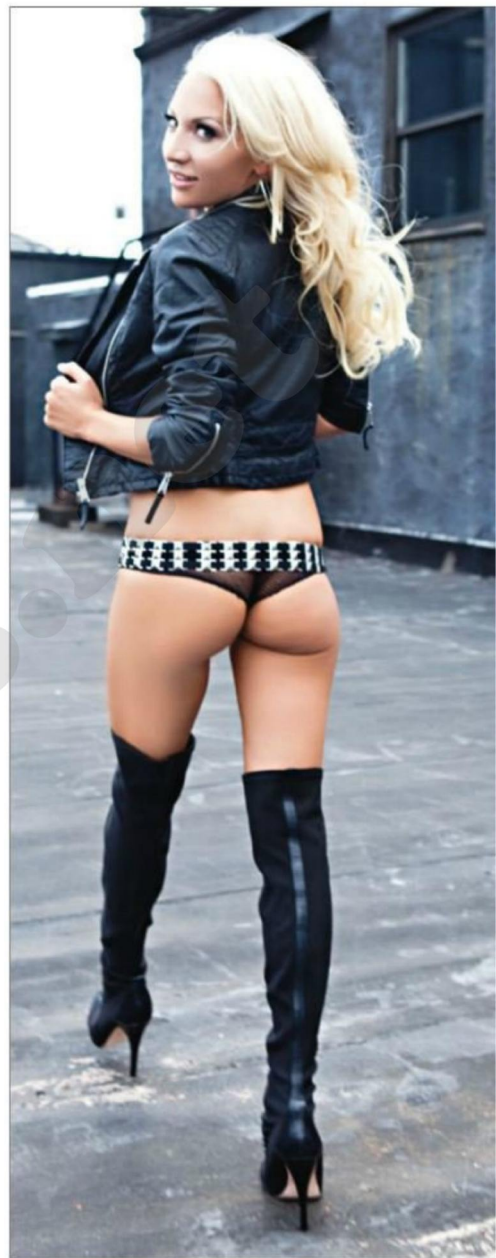
Viktor asked hesitantly.

"No."

My lover said nothing, but I could feel his cock stir. This would be the start of a beautiful friendship. 

"Orchid," by Jacqueline Applebee, from *Women in Lust*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2011.





upon the roof

Devon Alexis first caught our eye when she was named Miss Howard TV of the Year 2010 by online fans of Howard Stern's, but we still can't take our eyes off the 23-year-old. "I loved trying on all the outfits the stylist picked," she told us of her photo shoot, "and I loved taking them all off. Being out on the roof where anyone could see made it even more amazing."

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker



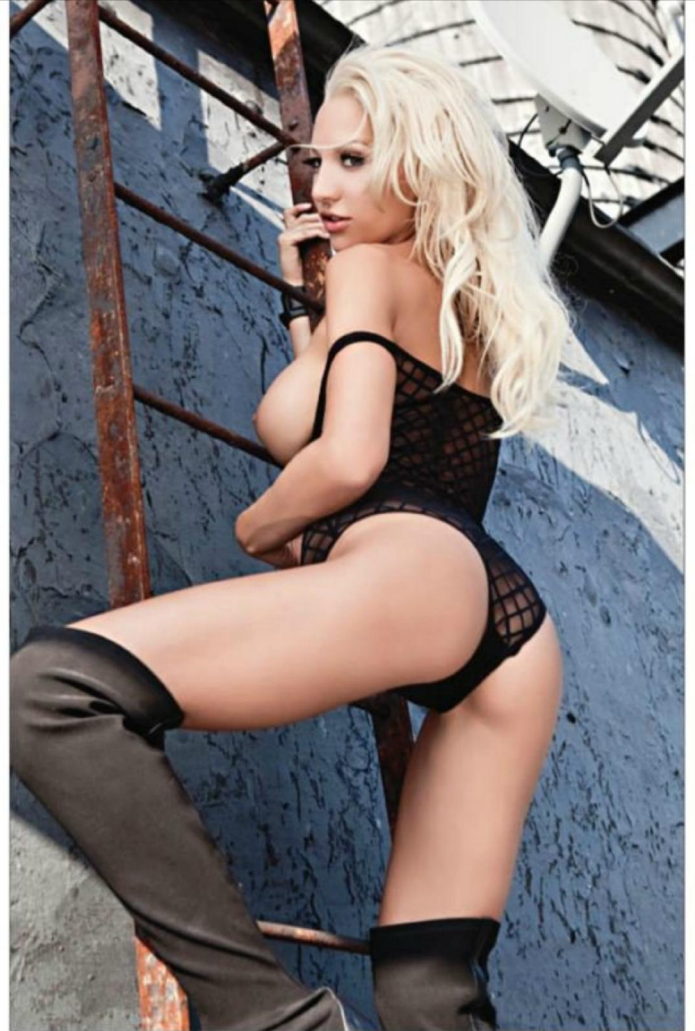
"My favorite fantasy is having a doctor take advantage of me. Any doctor. But it has to be in the exam room, and he has to be dressed up in the lab coat and everything. I want the full doctor/patient setup."



“You want to know about my wildest sexual experience? I met these swingers at a hotel bar, a couple, and then three people turned into four, which turned into five.... Let's just say it was a hell of a weekend!”







"One time my friend and I went through a drive-through car wash together, completely nude. It was crazy! When we came out, we tried to get dressed before anyone caught us, but one of the attendants definitely saw."





"I'm not really one to have sex with a stranger. Well, unless he's well-hung. That's happened once or twice.... But I want to be sweet-talked into the bedroom—and then I want dirty talk and doggie-style sex."

SEE MORE OF DEVON AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



BEAUTIFUL DARKNESS

This sex-charged cauldron of debauchery from director Rocco Reed is available as a download from PenthouseStore.com and by the scene at Penthouse.com.

Rocco Reed brings forth his erotic vision of the dark arts, and it should be of little surprise that it all relates—in one form or another—to hot sex and beautiful women. There are potions and powders that release inhibitions, and spells that can be broken only by a good old-fashioned fuck, as well as squirting. A supersexy cast and some wicked lovin' tie it all together with truly erotic style.

Lexi Swallow—a very attractive blonde—and **Mick Blue** have a potion-induced romp (3) that includes steamy oral work and various vaginal positions—all of them hot. This fine sequence is closed out with a facial.

Exotic witch **Annie Cruz** (4) uses a powdered-up libation to enhance her interlude with **Bill Bailey**. Among the oral and vaginal action that ensues, Annie manages to conjure up a good deal of squirting—sweet!

Briana Blair—a strong addition to any cast—and **Ruby Knox** play witches who use some magic treats to get **Rocco Reed** into their cookies (1). Briana's outfit is stunning—black leather-and-chain panties, a chain bra, and thigh-high fishnets—and the three-way that follows is, well, magical. The festivities are capped off by a double facial for the ladies.

Mr. Pete helps release **Kaci Starr** from a sexually enslaving spell by getting her to squirt (5). Indeed, squirting abounds in this scene, and the romp concludes with Mr. Pete doing some



squirting of his own onto Kaci's face.

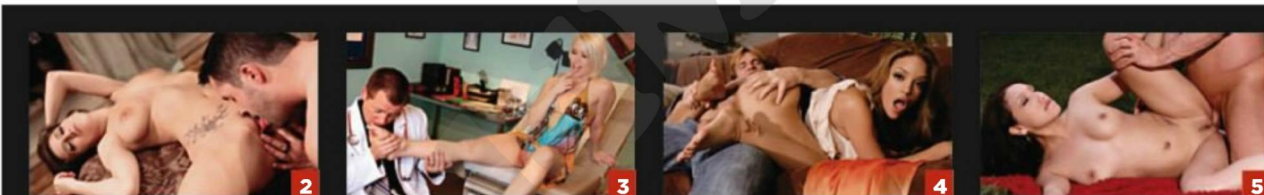
Ryan McLane—playing a warlock—has a steamy encounter with one of his slaves, **Lily LaBeau** (6), whose presence in a movie always generates heat. There's some enthusiastic oral work by Lily before the money shot on her tummy and inner thigh.

The ever-cute **Gracie Glam** takes

on **Bill Bailey** (2) after a potion frees her inner freak. The blowjob and handjob are supersexy, as is the reverse-cowgirl position that they employ. The scene—and the film—closes with a come shot to Gracie's stomach and chest ... and with Bill giving his version of the evil eye. All in all, it's a fun, sexy treat.



All the films reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.



PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS PRESENTS FOOT FUCKERS

Trying to sate your foot fetish, or get one going? This hot new release from director Cash Markman is a great place to start.

In this sexy and playful production, Cash Markman and his cadre of cuties bring forth a string of foot-centric encounters that should satisfy even the most jaded of foot fetishists. From panty hose to shoes to pedicures, this film covers the bases, and the sex that ensues brings plenty to the table for the nonbelievers as well.

All the sequences include mini plots as setups, and four of them are of the boy-girl variety. There's plenty of foot-on-cock and foot-in-mouth action throughout—with the latter

also holding true for the girl-on-girl encounter. This is some hot stuff.

As for the scenes, the adorable **Melanie Rios (4)** discovers that her panty-hose-clad feet are a great way to get the attention of her otherwise aloof husband (**Evan Stone**).

Two pedicurist roommates—**Allie Haze** and **Sophia Sutra (1)**—let some nail touch-up work lead to full-blown lesbian activity. You'll enjoy watching their fingers and tongues at work, not to mention the vibrator that Sophia uses on Allie.

Eric Masterson plays a doctor who calls in his patient (**Ash Hollywood**) for a follow-up on her chipped-toenail

injury (**3**). Wise to his shenanigans, she fails to wear panties—and off they go.

Kris Slater as a shoe salesman and his customer (**April O'Neil**) have a sexy in-store romp (**2**). Kris's special pair of shoes gets things revved up, and the two never look back.

In the final scene, **T. J. Cummings'** foot fetish is revealed while he's applying suntan lotion to **Vicki Chase**. Of course, no time is wasted in transitioning this discovery into a full-on sexual encounter (**5**).



PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS PRESENTS ASSRAGEOUS

A cast that includes Nicki Hunter, Mason Moore, Asa Akira, and Kristina Rose—to name just a few—makes this release from director Cash Markman more than outrageous.

Cash Markman strings together six sexy sequences that are certain to please. While the loose, overall focus is on the glory of the female ass—hence the title—each segment has its own theme, and each kicks off with the featured actress throwing down some stripping and teasing prior to the main event. These lead-ins set the mood for the often light-hearted scenes that follow. Don't skip over the setup to Nicki Hunter's scene, as it involves her dancing and posing with an enormous boa constrictor.

Of course, it shouldn't be all about the intros, and it isn't—the sex is scorching. **Mason Moore** takes on **Evan Stone** in a room featuring a pink bed and a Valentine's Day motif (4).

In standard Evan style, a wild romp ensues; he takes Mason in a variety of positions before finishing on her ass.

Mariah Madysinn has a surprise for **Ryan McLane** when he gets home (3). Mariah is on fire as the pair takes care of business in the living room. After a steamy blowjob and hot vaginal action, the scene closes out with a come shot on Mariah's ass.

In a seductive romp between a dominant wife (**Rihanna Rimes**) and her subservient husband (**T. J. Cummings**) in the couple's kitchen (6), the pair makes good use of the counter and a chair before T.J. blows a load all over Rihanna's backside.

Nicki Hunter shows **Michael Vegas** a good time in a witchcraft-themed

room (5). Nicki provides some voracious oral work, and the vaginal offerings that ensue are supersexy. A facial closes out this scene. Wicked!

Changing the pace a bit, **Asa Akira** takes care of **Darcy Tyler**'s needs out in her backyard (1). Fingers, tongues, and vibrators are all on the agenda in this sexy girl-on-girl tryst.

For the finale, **Kristina Rose** and **Karlo Karrera** head out onto the roof to watch New Year's Eve fireworks. Of course, the pair quickly decides to make some fireworks of their own, and a steamy vaginal and anal romp ensues (2). In closing, Kristina jerks Karlo to a pop-shot on her right leg and butt cheek in a spectacularly steamy finale. 

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■ SWEAT IT OUT

The girl who lives across the street from me likes to do yoga in her living room after work—*naked* yoga. She never closes her curtains, even though I'm sure she knows people can see into her apartment. At first I tried not to watch her, to be polite, but when she kept getting naked and stretching in front of the window, I couldn't resist taking in the show.

I was watching TV the other day, checking up on my neighbor's yoga session every few minutes, when I saw another girl, a pretty blonde, enter the apartment. My neighbor hugged her guest, and then the blonde got naked, too! I abandoned my show and got comfortable for the developing story across the street.

The neighbor got right back into her yoga routine, and her friend joined her in bending and stretching and folding herself up like a pretzel. At one point, the new girl seemed to be having trouble with a position, and my neighbor went over to help her. She pressed her body against her visitor's and guided her into position, her glistening flesh gliding against the other woman's own sweat-slick skin. It was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen.

I watched the women intently, but they went back to the yoga, and after a while watching women do yoga gets old, even if they're naked. When I'd seen enough nude stretching to last the night, I went down the street to pick up a six-pack and a pizza. When I came back, I put the hot pizza and the cold beer on the counter and headed over to the window to see what the neighbor was up to. I figured she and her friend would be done with their exercises and the place would be empty, but I was only half right.

As I peered into the window across the alley, I saw that both women were still naked—but they weren't doing yoga anymore. The neighbor, a smoldering brunette, was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows while the hot blonde went to town on her pussy. She was eating the brunette's cunt like it was her last meal, and from the way the brunette was squirming, she was really fuckin' enjoying it.

My pizza and beer were forgotten as I watched the scene unfold before me. The blonde ate her friend to what looked like an explosive climax, then stood up, licking her lips with an exaggerated smirk on her face. It was clearly a challenge, one the brunette



seemed happy to accept.

The blonde hopped up on the buffet across the room and spread her legs wide. My neighbor hurried over to her friend and bent over in front of her. She dove right into the blonde's bare cunt, and though I couldn't see what she was doing, I knew that the moves she employed were working. The blonde was digging her fingers into the edge of the table and working her lower lip between her teeth as she tossed her head, clearly trying to control herself as her friend gave her pussy one hell of a workout.

The blonde's legs started to close as she got more excited, but the brunette wouldn't allow it. She grabbed her friend's thighs and held them open, then went right back to eating her pussy. I was getting turned on watching them, so I unzipped my pants to free my cock. As the brunette licked her friend, my fist moved up and down my shaft. I kept my eyes glued to the girls across the street as I worked myself into a frenzy. The blonde was tossing her head from

side to side, and my neighbor was having a hard time holding her friend's thighs open, but neither seemed ready for things to end. I wasn't ready for them to call it quits, either. My dick was rock-hard, but I still hadn't climaxed.

The brunette suddenly pulled her head up from between the blonde's legs and replaced her mouth with one of her hands. From the other girl's reaction, it was clear my neighbor was now finger-fucking her lover. Then she moved up to kiss her, and I watched excitedly as their bodies pressed together. The blonde reached back to grab her friend's ass, and that was the turning point for me. As the girls fondled one another, I stroked my cock more quickly, hoping to reach climax before they stopped playing with each other.

The girls were still touching and making out wildly, and I was on the verge of climax. I stroked my cock a few more times as I watched them, and when I saw the blonde shake in climax, I came, too. It was pretty intense, considering I'd only been jerking off, and I milked my cock until there was nothing left in me.

When I was done, I washed up and grabbed a beer, then watched the girls for a few more minutes as I ate my pizza. It had been a very good night for me, considering I was home alone.—Name and address withheld

The blonde was working her lower lip between her teeth as her friend gave her pussy one hell of a workout.

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■ MY ASS MAN

Adam loves everything about women's asses, especially fucking them. I've never been with anyone who's as into ass as he is. Most guys I've hooked up with go straight for my pussy when they finally get in my pants, but as soon as Adam had his chance, he went right for my ass.

We'd gone back to my apartment at the end of our date to fool around. Adam's a really good kisser, and he was trailing kisses down my neck and had stopped to suck my pulse point when I decided I wanted to sleep with him. If he was that good a kisser, I could only imagine how good he was going to be in bed.

I let him kiss me for a few more minutes, then broke from the lip-lock to drag him back to my bedroom. Adam seemed surprised by my sudden aggressiveness, but when he saw where we were headed, his surprise turned to excitement.

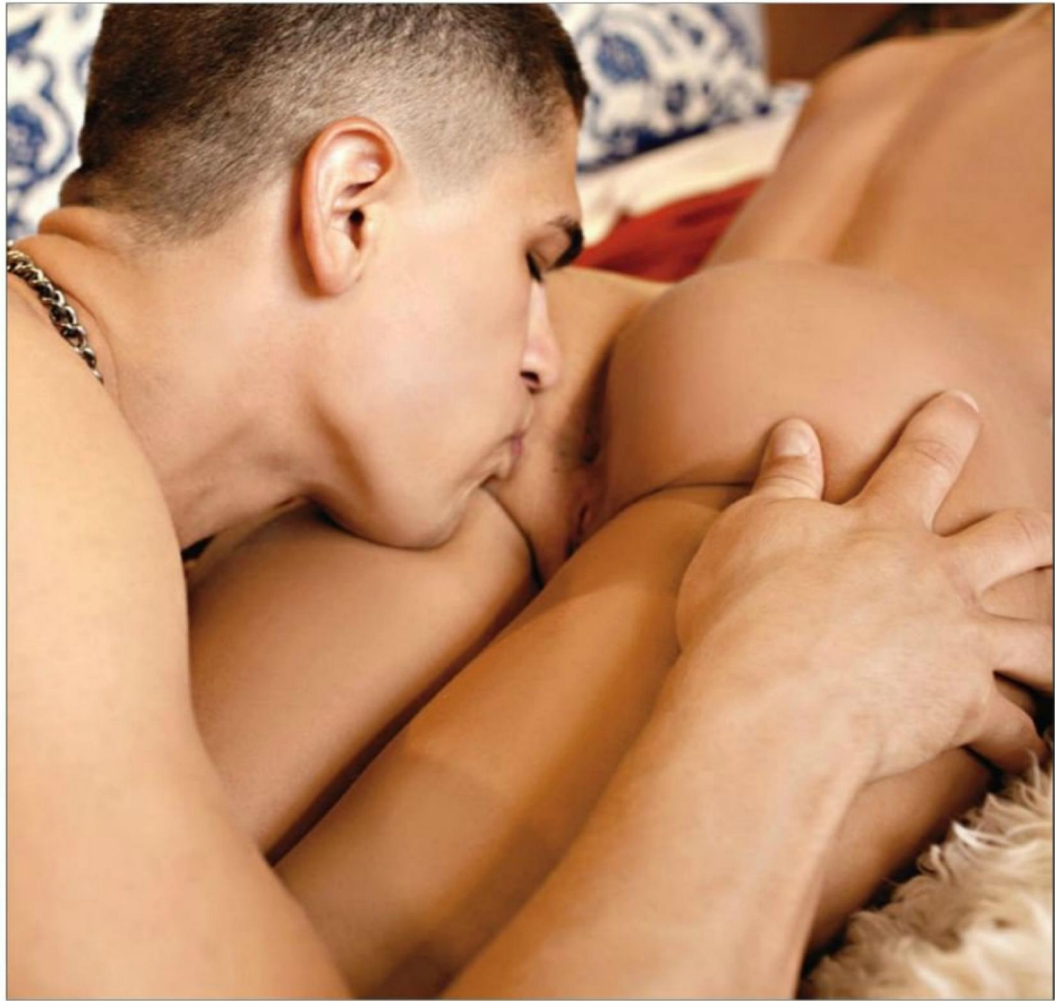
As soon as we got into the bedroom, Adam was on me again, his lips attacking mine, his hands groping everywhere he could reach. Mostly, though, his hands were on my ass, and they felt really good. He was kneading my cheeks, pulling them apart, and then he reached under my short dress to get contact with my skin.

His hands slipped under the lace of my panties and his fingers started fondling my bare cheeks. He groaned quietly, but we were so close that I heard him loud and clear. I could tell he was turned on by my firm, round ass, and I wondered if he planned to fuck it once we got into bed. There was only one way to find out.

I led Adam to the bed and pushed him down onto the mattress. Adam was on his back, his legs hanging over the foot of the bed, when I started to do a striptease for him. I unzipped my dress and shimmied out of it, then slowly removed my bra and panties, drawing it out as long as I could before standing naked in front of him.

Once my clothes were off, I worked quickly to rid Adam of his boots, jeans, and shirt. He shifted his hips so I could get his pants off, then I unbuttoned his shirt and pushed it off his arms. His body was toned and tight, and his muscles shone in the dim light, arousing me even more.

Adam shifted further up the mattress and I followed, crawling on top of him until we were eye to eye, mouth to mouth. I started to kiss him again, but he broke the kiss after less



than a minute and turned me around on top of him so he was eyeing my ass. He started kissing my ass, peppering each cheek with kisses, before he spread my cheeks a bit and started licking me. His tongue laved my crack, and then focused solely on my puckered sphincter. No one had ever rimmed my ass, and the sensations were driving me crazy. I'd never felt anything so incredible!

I wanted him to keep licking my ass forever, but when he could tell I was completely hot for him, he moved out from under me and repositioned himself behind me. He slid an arm underneath me and pulled me up so that my ass was high in the air, then he spread my legs wide and thrust into my pussy once, twice, three times,

going deep before pulling out and moving back to my ass.

He eased slowly into me, giving me a chance to acclimate to having a cock in there. Once I was stretched and ready to accommodate him, though, he went all-out to fuck me thoroughly. He pounded into my ass with pure glee, fucking me with such enthusiasm that I wondered if my ass was the only part of me he was really interested in.

I grabbed the sheets and cried out when his next thrust hit just the right spot, feeling an orgasm start to build—the first time that had ever happened to me from anal sex alone. The more Adam pumped into me, the more intense that feeling became, until I couldn't help but thrust back against him. I dug my elbows into the mattress, spread my knees a tiny bit wider, and started meeting each of Adam's thrusts with my own.

My movements made his seem faster, and a little bit more forceful, and I was getting closer and closer to climax. I thrust my ass back at Adam as hard as I could, wanting to come

His tongue laved my crack, then focused solely on my sphincter, and the sensations were driving me crazy.

more than anything. I'd never had an anal orgasm before, and I was dying to get the full experience.

Adam was getting close to climax as well, and he picked up his pace a little more. We were both panting and grunting as we fucked, and I felt the familiar tingling that told me I was about to come. I hadn't even touched my clit, but I was about to climax. I couldn't believe it!

A few seconds after the tingling started, I came. My orgasm was far more explosive than I'd thought it would be, and I could barely control myself. I was shaking my ass every which way as I tried to make the feeling last, and that's when Adam came. I felt his cock stiffen between my cheeks, and then I felt several bursts of come shoot into my ass. I just collapsed from exhaustion, and Adam lay next to me. I couldn't believe he'd given me an anal orgasm—and the first time we hooked up, at that—but I definitely wanted to find out if he could do it again.

We've been testing his skills regularly since then, and every time he takes me up the ass, he makes me come. I definitely have no complaints about my new boyfriend's anal fixation.—S.K., *Washington, D.C.*

■ THREE-WAY PICKUP

I met Pete at a hotel bar that my friend dragged me to. He was in town visiting a college buddy, and after we danced for a couple of songs, we got drinks and found a spot on a couch in a dark corner. We were both looking to hook up, so within minutes we were making out. By the time I got a text from my friend saying she was leaving, my legs were draped across Pete's lap with his hand under my skirt and his other hand up the back of my top.

We were both ready for some privacy, so he buzzed his friend Dave, and the three of us headed out to Dave's truck. Fortunately, Dave had a bench seat, so we all climbed in front, with me in the middle, of course. Pete immediately pulled my legs back into his lap, pushing my skirt halfway up to my crotch and sliding his hand between my legs, and pulled me up against him—but not before I caught

He pounded into my ass with pure glee. I dug my elbows into the mattress and spread my knees a tiny bit wider.

Dave checking out my legs. It took about 15 minutes to get to Dave's apartment, and the entire time Pete was caressing my inner thighs gently, teasing me till my juices were running down to my asshole.

Pete was sleeping in Dave's living room, so after Dave went into his bedroom, Pete and I got comfortable on the floor and fucked furiously, trying not to make too much noise. We didn't want to be obnoxious about the fact that we were getting laid and Dave was, well, he was probably jerking off while he listened to us.

After I came twice and Pete shot off a load that felt like it would overflow the condom, he cleaned up and we both dozed off. I woke up an hour or so later with a start, unsure of where I was for a minute, then happily realized I had access to a nice thick cock. I reached down and grabbed Pete's shaft, lightly stroking him until his dick, and the rest of him, woke up.

Once Pete was up, he rolled on another rubber and turned me onto my back. He pushed into my wet cunt easily and worked up a nice rhythm, and I slid my hand between us and plied my clit so we could both get off.

As I was reveling in the aftershocks of a tremendous climax, I felt a hand caress my calf, and for a minute I couldn't figure out what was going on. Pete's hands were by my head, holding his torso up over my chest, and he was thrusting into me hard and fast. I looked down and gasped with surprise, and pleasure, when I saw Dave running his hand along my leg.

Dave looked me in the eye, silently asking permission to go further, and "Yes! Yes! Yes!" burst from my lips. I felt Dave's tongue lave my ankle and the arch of my foot as Pete's dick stretched my cunt even more. Pete leaned down to kiss me and whispered, "I'll kick his ass if you want him out of here." But I'm pretty sure he could tell that I was way into Dave's ministrations. I swear I was halfway to another climax already, just from Dave's hand and tongue being added to the mix—and I was totally into the idea of being with two attractive guys.

I shifted my shoulders a bit and reached out for Dave's crotch, slipping my hand into his boxers and pulling out his cock. I had to stretch my neck to get my mouth up to it, and Pete stopped for a minute so I could move over and get closer to Dave. Then he laughed and said, "Just keep that thing away from my face."

I smiled at Pete and took Dave's





dick into my mouth, but I couldn't move enough to bob my head on him. I pulled my head back up and said, "Why don't we take this into the bedroom?"

The guys followed me in, and I lay on my back with my head hanging off the edge of the bed and said, "Okay, now somebody needs to fuck my face." Dave made a go-ahead motion at Pete, and Pete walked up to the bed with a grin and slapped his dick against my cheek. I took it deep into my mouth and grabbed his ass as he leaned onto the bed and resumed thrusting, this time into my warm and hungry mouth.

Dave went to the other side of the bed and pushed my legs wide-open, then went to town on my pussy. He ate my cunt like I'd never experienced before, and I was in heaven. I think he was rubbing my clit with his nose while he tongue-fucked me, and then he was using both hands to pull me open, finger-fucking my cunt and rubbing my clit, all while tonguing my asshole. Thankfully, Pete shot his load and pulled out of my mouth, because I was ready to scream.

Pete left the room and Dave brought me to a series of mini-orgasms before I fell apart with a climax that knocked me senseless. I've never

come so hard in my life!

As I tried to catch my breath, Dave lay down next to me and fondled my tits, keeping me on the edge of ecstasy by pulling and twisting my sensitive nipples. It took me a few minutes, but I finally looked up and said, "Holy shit, that was amazing! I owe you some serious payback."

He smiled and pulled me on top of him, moving on to lavish attention on my nipples with his tongue and teeth. I felt his already-sheathed erection against my stomach, so I pulled my hips up and hovered over him before guiding his shaft to my entrance, pushing down until he was balls-deep in my pussy.

I rocked against him slowly, rubbing my clit on his pelvis as I rode him, building up to a faster pace. Dave was already pretty close to coming, and I clenched my pussy around him, milking him as I took him to the edge. He thrust into me hard a dozen or so

Pete walked up to the bed with a grin and slapped his dick against my cheek. I took it deep into my mouth.

times before he climaxed, taking me with him one more time.

I collapsed on Dave's chest, smiling at Pete, who'd been watching us from the doorway. After Dave rolled me onto the mattress, Pete lay down on my other side and we all drifted off to sleep. In the morning, I fucked them each again while I sucked off the other, then we all showered and went to breakfast. We got some amusing looks from the waitress, then parted ways at the train station after exchanging numbers.

Dave and I have gotten together several times since then, just the two of us, but Pete is coming to town again in a few weeks. I should have another sexcapade to write about after that. —
R.B., California

■ A SEXY SOLO

I love sex. I love making love to my boyfriend and fooling around with other partners, men and women alike, but one of my favorite ways to get off will always be self-love. No one's ever given me a better orgasm than the ones I give myself.

A lot of my girlfriends are huge sex-toy fans, and while I occasionally use a dildo or vibrator, nothing beats my right hand. It's an old classic, and it's the best.

The other day I was watching one of my favorite sexy cable shows, and it was getting me really aroused. I was home alone, and as I watched, I started rubbing my pussy through my flannel pajama pants. I didn't even realize I was doing it until the show ended and I had to pull my hand away to get the remote and change the channel. At that point, I was so turned on that I had to make myself come immediately.

I slipped my hand inside the waistband of my pants to rub my moist pussy. It felt even better without the flannel barrier, and I alternated between gliding my finger up and down my wet slit and circling my hard clitoris. Each touch felt delicious, but the combination of sensations felt even better.

My fingers gently brushed my wet pussy lips and my bare mound, teasing and tickling, and then moved around my clit, which I rubbed and flicked lightly. The touches weren't very firm, and I hadn't penetrated myself yet, but the more I touched myself, the closer I got to an orgasm—and I knew it wouldn't take too long to get there.

As I became more aroused, I moved

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my finger from my clit to focus on the rest of my pussy. I pushed deeper into my slit, thrusting up into myself and reaching for my G spot. Once my fingers were deep enough, I stroked my inner hot spot, each touch making me shudder.

I moved my free hand up to squeeze my breasts, alternating between them. I tweaked my nipples, pulling and twisting them through my T-shirt as my other hand thrust between my thighs. Then I slipped my hand into my shirt, and the skin-on-skin contact really got me going. The sensations were so much stronger without the thin cotton between my fingers and my breasts. When I felt myself about to go over the edge, I reached my thumb up and rubbed my clit again. That was all it took to set me off, and within seconds, I was ready to explode.

The orgasm I gave myself was intense, and I moaned loudly, the sound filling my living room. My juices rushed out over my fingers as I came, and it took me a few seconds to get through my climax and come back from the incredible high. After that, I was ready for bed, and I fell asleep quickly, exhausted from my intense orgasm. Like I said, there's nothing better than self-love, and no better tool to achieving orgasm than my trusty right hand.—S.Q., Georgia

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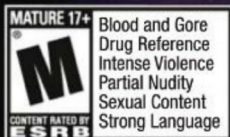


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