

HOT THREESOMES FOR HORNY WIVES

02075
VARIATIONS BEST

LETTERS

PRIVATE COLLECTION

**MISTRESS
JASMINE'S
KINKY
LESSONS**

**BANGING A
BACKDOOR
BABE**

**SWINGERS
AT SEA**

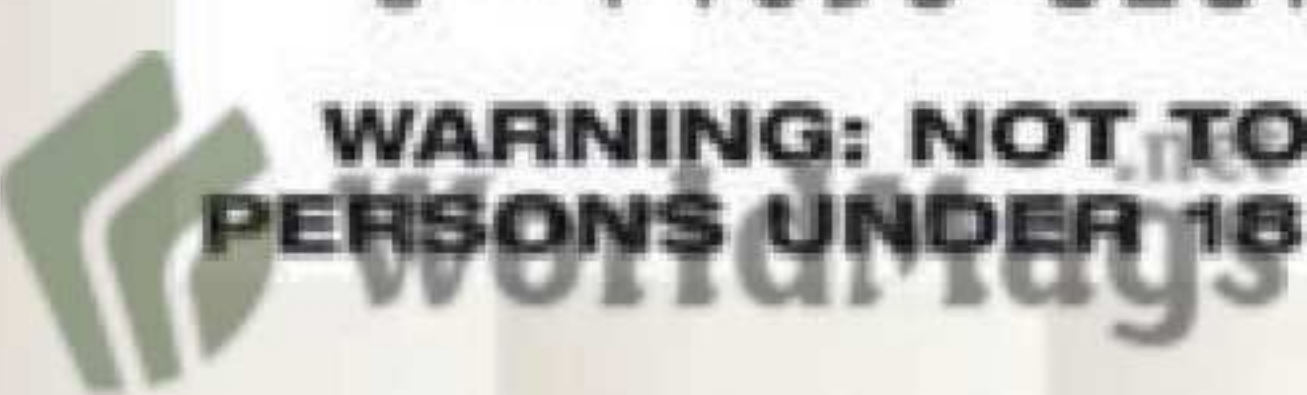
www.variations.com

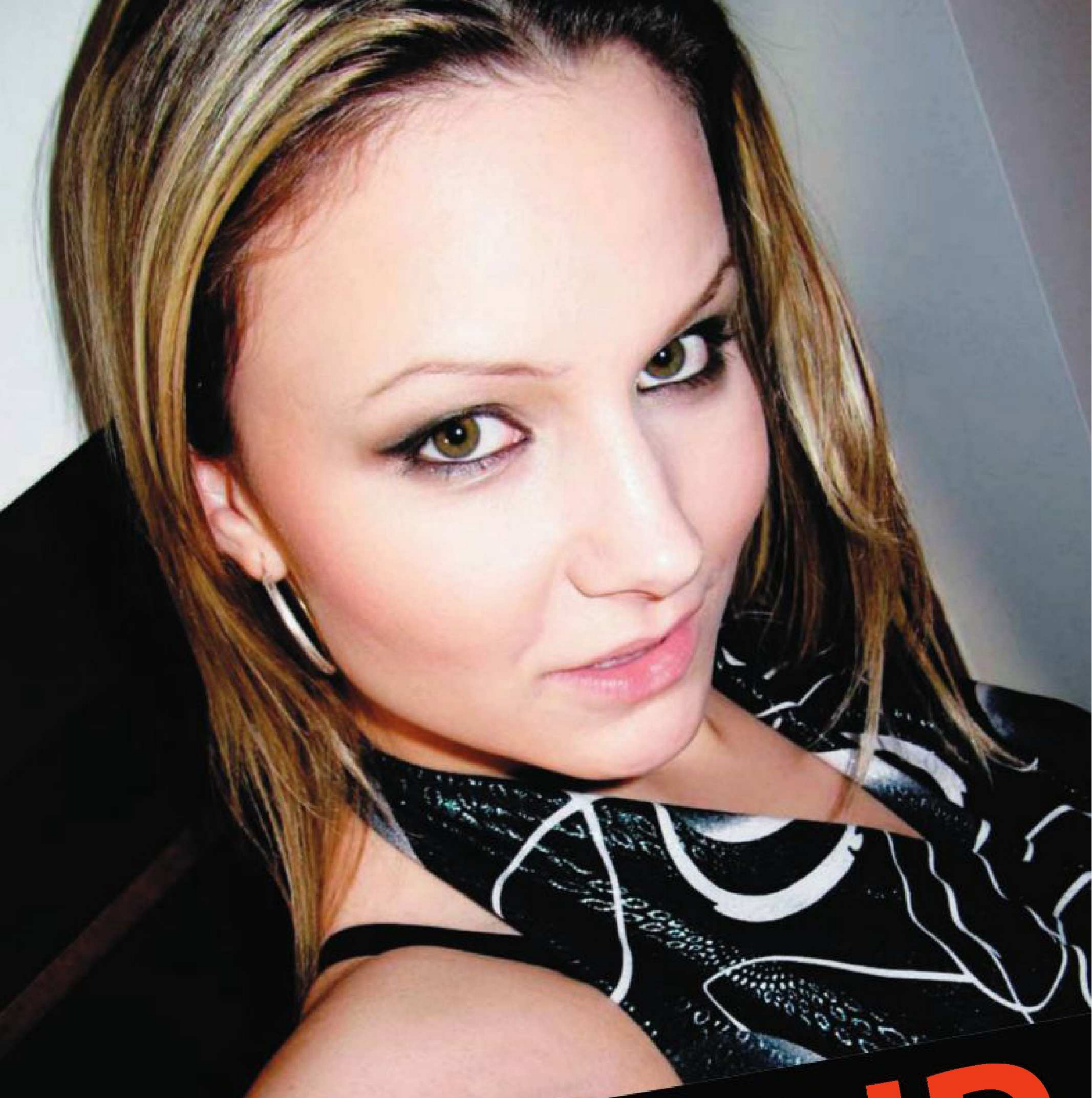
\$5.50



**Video
Inside**

WARNING: NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE





HOOK UP

TONIGHT NEAR YOU

Join for Free at

AdultFriendFinder.com
The World's Largest Sex & Swinger Personals Community

ADULTFRIENDFINDER.com® is a service mark of Various, Inc.
Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade
from a free membership to a paid membership.

WorldMags.net

EDITORIAL

Editorial Director • PETER BLOCH
Executive Editor • BARBARA F. PIZIO
Senior Editor • RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

ART

President, Penthouse Studios • KELLY HOLLAND
Art Director, Publishing Group • JOHN AROCHO

PHOTO LIBRARY

Art Rights Manager • MARIA ROTHENBERG
Photo Librarian • EVELYN BUTLER
Assistant Photo Librarian • NORMA DELGADO

CIRCULATION

Vice President, Dir. of Circulation • JOE M. GALLO
Director, Newsstand Sales • PAUL G. PEARSON
Customer Service Manager/Analyst •
MORGAN EVERETT

ADVERTISING & MARKETING

Associate Publisher • RICH McENTEE
Account Manager • ELYSIA G. BANDONG
Promotions Manager • LAINIE SPEISER

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING

Director, Global Clubs Licensing • JEFF STOLLER
Manager, International Publications • MONICA KIRBY
Director, Model Recruitment • STACY VALENTINE
Director, Licensing • AMANDA BYRD

INTERNET

President, Penthouse Internet • ROB BRACKETT
Vice President, Product Development
• MICHAEL McNICHOLAS

PRODUCTION

Vice President, Art, Manufacturing &
Production • MICHAEL TANG
Production Manager • MARIA KELLEHER
Photo Retoucher • GIL VELEZ
Type Systems Supervisor • MARIO IANNOTTA
Production Assistant • JANICE VENTURA

CORPORATE

Chief Executive Officer • MARC H. BELL
President, Licensing & Publishing •
JAMES SULLIVAN
Controller • FRANK MATASAVAGE
Accounting Manager • ANTHONY MANISCALCO

PENTHOUSE

VARIATIONS

BEST



Editorial and Advertising Offices

20 Broad Street, 14th Floor
New York, NY 10005
Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262
Advertising inquiries: AdSales@ffn.com

Entertainment/Licensing Office

Chatsworth, CA
Tel: 310-280-1950

PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS



Our cover model is
Sasha

Certification:
The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. 75.1—75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records of General Media Communications, Inc. at 20 Broad St., 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005

4 THREESOMES
READER LETTERS

15 PICTORIAL
SAMMIE RHODES

26 EXHIBITIONISM
READER LETTERS



BEST OF VARIATIONS (ISSN-1069-3114) Best of Variations #132. Volume 24, Number 3. Copyright © 2011 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of FriendFinder Networks Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of the Best of Variations magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York, NY 10005. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, NJ 08109. Certain materials herein were previously published in Penthouse Variations and were copyrighted in 2007 & 2008. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic or other matter. Submission of letters to the Best of Variations magazine, Penthouse Variations magazine, or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse Variations all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. Best of Variations and Penthouse Variations do not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, non-use, or other obligations. Names, places and identifying details in sub-

CONTENTS

40 FETISHISM

READER LETTERS

60 PICTORIAL

AIDEN & MIKEY



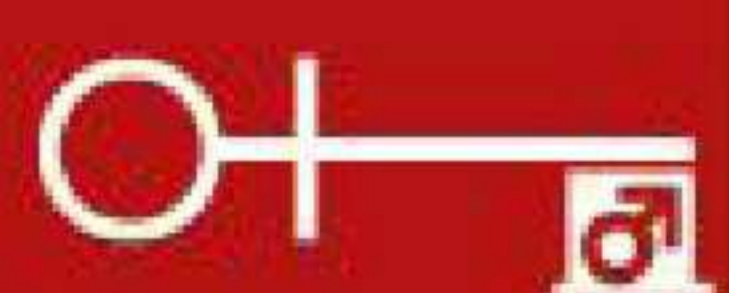
68 ANAL SEX

READER LETTERS

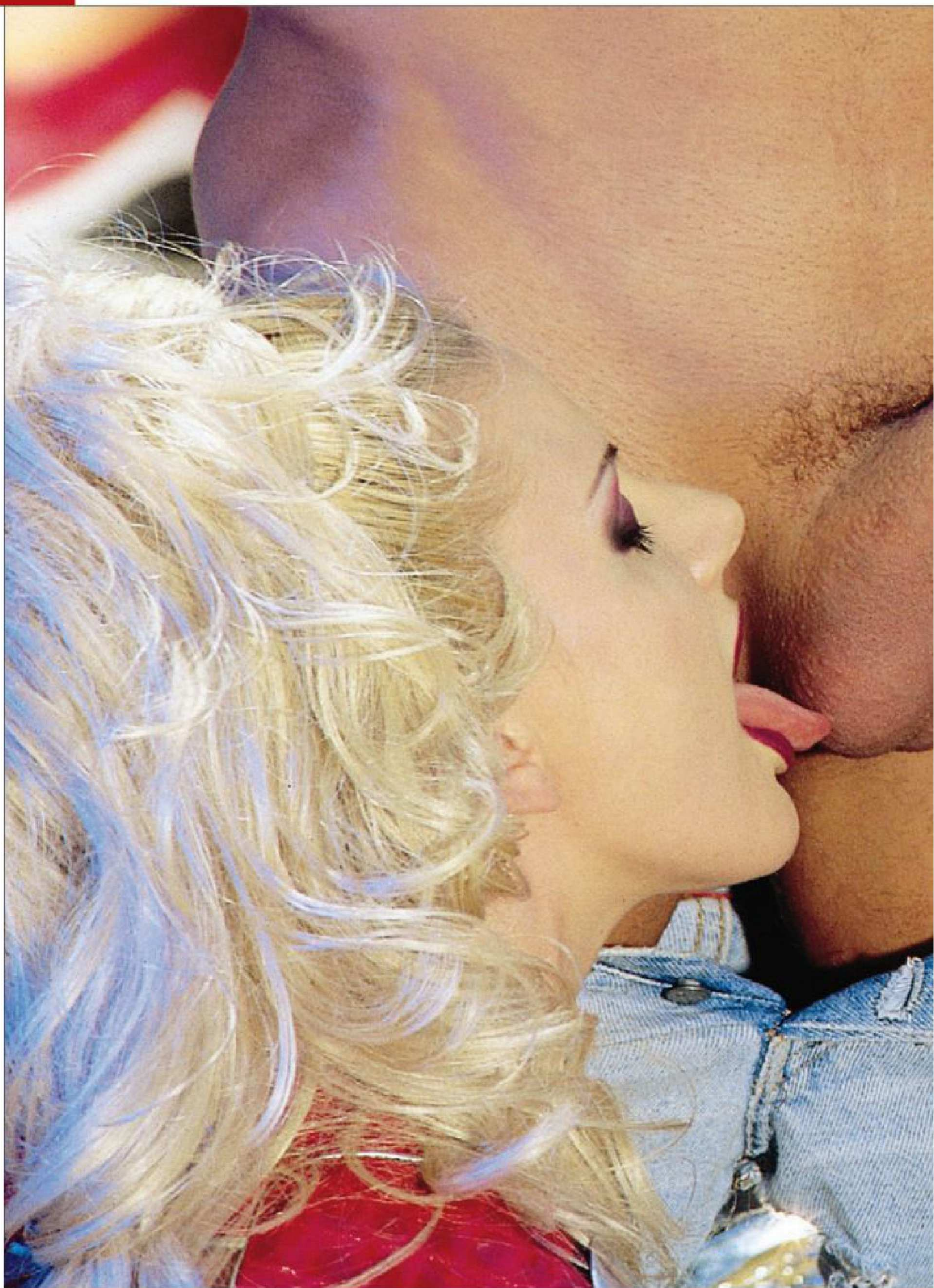
80 WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



missions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Single copies—\$5.50 in U.S. and \$6.00 in Canada. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquiries to Penthouse Variations, 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York, NY 10005. Tel. (212) 702-6000. Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York, NY 10005. Tel. (212) 702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 19749 Dearborn Street, Chatsworth CA 91311. Tel. (310) 280-1950. Tel. (510) 237-4423. VARIATIONS, the PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS logo, the Three Key logo, the One Key logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. PRINTED IN CANADA. Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificador de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación pública.



Threesomesletters





**HIS SEXY WIFE
SURPRISES HIM WITH
A SPECIAL GUEST—
IN THEIR BED!**

When my wife, Ally, and I hit the five-year mark, I figured we knew everything there was to know about each other. I had asked her to marry me because she's drop-dead gorgeous, has a voracious sexual appetite, and is the sweetest and most thoughtful girl I've ever met. I couldn't think of a single thing I'd change about her, even her quirks such as talking in her sleep, and liking to hike in the wilderness without a game plan, even though we often get lost. These qualities only serve to make her more interesting to me.

After all that time, I thought I knew

her better than anyone, but she recently managed to surprise me in a brilliant way. We'd moved up to Canada from our hometown of Albany, New York, and often got homesick for our friends, despite having a fabulous place in a great neighborhood. So we made sure to get a house big enough for guests and encouraged everyone we knew to visit whenever they could. Recently, Ally had been buzzing about her friend Claire's upcoming visit. I remembered Claire as being slightly aloof and sexy, but guarded. She wasn't one of our mutual friends. She was one of Ally's, but if my girl was excited, then so was I.

On the day of Claire's arrival, I

Maybe they'd become closer once we moved away. I wasn't sure, but with that lusty possibility in the back of my mind, I was also extremely excited about our visitor. I didn't press Ally for more details, just waited to see what would unfold. When Claire arrived, it was like she'd transformed into a different person. All the black garb and serious makeup had been replaced by softer colors, and her hair was lightened to a deep auburn. She greeted me with as big of a hug as she did Ally. She was hotter than ever, especially since instead of covering herself up, she was showing off her body in a tight brown sweater and velvet pants that hugged her shapely body. The whole room liv-

Claire told my wife to sit on her face, so Ally did, grinding her cunt against Claire's tongue as I pounded her.

helped her get the house ready and made my signature casserole, while she fixed her makeup and changed her outfit several times. I hadn't seen her this excited about a visitor in years and wondered what all the fuss was about. "Is there something I should know?" I asked. I didn't think they were the best of friends, but judging by the way she kept checking her appearance in the mirror, you'd have thought they were lovers. Suddenly, an image of my fair-haired girl with her darker friend popped into my head, their mouths joined and bodies entwined. Claire may not have been the friendliest sort, but I can't lie—she'd made my cock hard even when it seemed like she could barely muster two words for me.

ened up when she walked in. The sexual tension was palpable, and my mouth was already watering for my own taste of Claire.

Dinner was delicious, but I could barely enjoy it. The two women were talking animatedly about old friends, and hearing their sexy voices chattering away, while picturing them locked in an embrace, almost had me coming. I silently ate my food as my fantasies fed me in a different sort of way. Somehow, I was done before them and got up to clear my place. I was starting in on the dishes when Ally sidled up to me, grabbing my ass. I turned to look at her and found her face aglow, and I knew it wasn't from the wine. "Isn't it wonderful that Claire's here? I'd forgotten how much

I'd missed her," she said.

I turned off the water and pulled Ally close enough that she could feel my erection, then slid my hand between her legs. "How much did you miss her, Ally?" I asked as I pressed against her sex through the thin barrier of her panties. As I'd suspected, they were wet with her juices.

"A lot," she said breathlessly as I continued to toy with her.

"Do you think we should invite Claire into bed with us to show her a real welcome?" I asked, then I kissed Ally passionately. From her re-

sponse, I knew that she'd been thinking the very same naughty thoughts as I had. I pulled my lips from hers and my hand from between her legs, slapping her lightly on the ass and sending her out to our friend. "I'm going to finish the dishes. Why don't you work on seducing your friend, and then I'll join you?" I said, but Ally was already out of the room by the time I finished speaking. My cock swelled even more as I imagined them together. I hurriedly put the dishes in the rack, wiped my hands, and came out to find Ally strad-

dling Claire in her seat, her breasts mashed into her friend's face, both of them happily moaning. Claire's head was tipped over the seat back, her cascade of red tresses too beautiful not to touch. I walked up behind her and lightly stroked her hair.

"Hi," she said, grinning at me. For a moment, I marveled at the huge shift from the sullen woman I remembered to the sexy vixen before me, but when her hand stroked my erection, I stopped thinking and leaned down to kiss her. Ally had moved on from rubbing her nipples in Claire's



face to sucking on Claire's nubs. It was clear we had no more use for the dining room.

"Why don't we head into the bedroom?" I asked, grateful for our king-size bed that would provide more than ample room for three people. As my tongue tangled with Claire's and she undid my zipper, I groaned. "Claire, you're almost too hot to handle," I said, smiling as my wife's tongue darted against her friend's breasts, once again zeroing in on her hard nubs.

"With 'almost' being the opera-

BEST

"With 'almost' being the opera-

tive word, I hope,” she said, laughing as she pulled Ally up for another lusty kiss. We slowly made it into the bedroom, pausing to kiss and grope along the way. We all got naked, and the two women joined each other on the bed, their bodies merging easily. I was torn between watching the glorious sight before me and joining the two of them. I held off for as long as I could, watching Claire’s fingers dive between my wife’s legs. I watched her digits slam in and out, then emerge soaked with her juices, feeling my arousal soar.

my cock as she increased the pace of her finger-fucking. Soon Ally was crying out in pleasure as her juices gushed all over her friend’s fingers. Ally took several heaving breaths, then leaned down, gave my cockhead a wet, juicy lick, and then pulled up and said, “Eat her.”

I didn’t need any further encouragement to plant my face between Claire’s legs and lap at her sex. A quick glance upward showed me that Ally had returned to her friend’s nipples. I focused on the flavor of Claire’s pussy, thrusting my tongue



But when the women both reached out and tugged me toward them, I couldn’t resist and got on the bed with them. Claire continued to probe my wife’s pussy but also leaned over and started effortlessly pumping my cock. Naked, she was even more beautiful; her flawless body beckoned me, with her perfectly round breasts, flat stomach, and shaved pussy. “I want to taste you, Claire,” I said, and I heard Ally moan in response to my words.

“First, let me make your wife come,” she said, continuing to pump

deep inside her hole as she encouraged me by moving around and pushing back against me. Her fingers twined through my hair and her legs pressed against my ears as I brought Claire closer and closer to orgasm. But when her fingers began tugging at my head, urging me upward, I went, sad to be stopped mid-tongue-lashing. “I want your cock,” she said, and I heard two groans in response—mine and Ally’s. I didn’t know Ally would’ve been so turned on by the idea of watching me fuck another woman, but apparently she

was, because she helped guide my cock into Claire's pussy. Claire told my wife to sit on her face, so Ally did, grinding her wet cunt against Claire's outstretched tongue as I pounded into her.

As I pumped into Claire, I was impressed with her ability to lick Ally's pussy while I kept rocking our bodies with my thrusts. I pushed her legs slightly apart and heard Claire moan into my wife's sex. My eyes met Ally's, and we exchanged a silent communication; this would not be our last threesome, but we were as in love as ever. Then I had to look down, memorizing the way my cock looked as it probed Claire's pretty lower lips. I held her hips down and started

her whims wherever they led her. Ally and I are so glad they led her into our bed, and we made sure to keep her there for most of her Montreal stay.

*Mr. Griffin E.,
Montreal, Quebec*

READER RECRUITS A NEW PLAYMATE FOR HIM AND HIS WIFE

Last year, while on a weekend getaway in New York, I surprised my wife, Sara, with a gorgeous stud to fuck. Well, I had to get a piece of the action, too, and the three of us kept up our hotel neighbors well into the night. Ever since then, I've wanted to find another guy for us to share, but I wasn't sure where to look. Instead of

**I was impressed
with Claire's ability to lick Ally's
pussy while I kept
rocking our bodies with my thrusts.**

pumping faster, knowing I needed to come. "Give me your load!" Claire cried out before diving back into my wife's pussy, her having answered the question of whether I was going to pull out and splatter her and Ally with my cream, or pump it directly into her pussy. As I felt the liquid bubbling up in my balls, I played with her clit, which was enough to have her tightening around my cock as she came. Then I heard Ally's familiar moans of pleasure as she, too, climaxed, and only then did I actually unleash my semen into Claire's cunt.

I later found out that when Claire had left her high-pressured publicity job and started her own hair-care product company, she'd changed her entire life and vowed to follow

using a personal ad, I was hoping it would come about naturally, so we'd all feel more comfortable. We'd had such a fabulous threesome experience that I longed for another one that was just as mind-blowing.

As it turned out, we found another sexy guy right here at home, though it wasn't all that surprising since we'd attended a sex party. Sara had previously met a new friend while at a nightclub. The women got to talking, and it turned out that Melissa was a swinger! Sara was intrigued and got Melissa to invite us to a party that was largely for novices. There'd be a lot of new faces, and we were told that anything goes at such events. However, that didn't stop my wife from agonizing over what to wear. She fi-

nally settled on a bright red silk dress that barely covered the tops of her black seamed stockings, which were attached to a red garter belt. Topping it all off, she added four inches to her average height with red stiletto heels. My own “lady in red” wore a red demi-cup bra underneath, one that helped accentuate her large breasts and perky nipples. I wanted to ravish her right there at home, but even more, I wanted to show her off and tempt another guy to fuck her—and me, too. I wore a snug-fitting black shirt and black slacks, choosing to look classy even if I’d later wind up naked.

We went to the hotel where the party was being held and were

each of our shoulders, we all knew it was only a matter of time. Soon we were saying our good-byes, and he was steering us to his hotel room.

Once we got there, Ted took control, picking up Sara and tossing her on the bed. Her dress flew up to reveal that she’d gone pantyless. Ted motioned me over, and I got onto the bed near Sara. “Suck his dick,” I heard Ted say, and I almost shot my load right there. I rarely talked to Sara like that and hearing another man order my wife to go down on me was incredibly exciting. Of course, my cock was rock-hard, and Sara dutifully turned over while Ted pushed up her dress, pulled down his boxers and whipped out his own stiff dick.

Ted thrust his dick into her cunt. He held on to her hips and started pumping while she swallowed my entire shaft.

greeted by guests in all manner of dress and undress. Some were naked or in their underwear. Some were fucking wildly, and those couples and groups barely turned to notice us. But the rest of the people standing around—some dressed to the nines as we were, and some in t-shirts and jeans—took great interest in us, perhaps because we looked like we meant business. We chatted with a few people, but soon it became clear that there was one guy who was going to complete our love triangle that night. He was dressed simply in a black tank top and dark blue silk boxers, through which we could see the outline of his impressive erection. Once Ted started talking to us, slinging an arm around

Just as her lips wrapped around my cockhead, I looked up to see his erect shaft standing upright. He was pumping it, the swollen tip poking out from his fist. “I want to fuck your wife, Joel. I want to fuck her so hard that she wakes everyone on this floor with her screams when she comes.”

Sara went wild when she heard this, slobbering all over my cock, her saliva dripping down onto me as her throat seemed to open up and allow me even deeper inside. “Do it,” I said, unable to be as eloquent as Ted, with Sara bobbing up and down so mercilessly on my cock. I couldn’t tell her to slow down, but I had to force myself not to come, so I could continue to savor her sweet mouth. I’d have known the moment Ted slammed

his cock inside her even if I wasn't watching, because she sucked me even more tightly as he thrust his big, fat dick into her cunt. He held on to her hips and started pumping while she swallowed my entire shaft. She was still moving up and down, but instead of going all the way up, she'd rise to half-mast before plummeting back down, making it feel like my cock was buried in her throat.

I watched the other man fucking my wife, gauging how wet she was by how shiny his cock was when he emerged. He was pumping her so fast, it was a wonder he hadn't come. "Your wife's pussy is nice and tight, just the way I like it," he said, giving her ass a slap before squeezing her butt cheeks as he found a new angle. I had a feeling Sara was getting off on him talking about her in the third person, like the men in the room were the only ones in charge. She looked up at me and seemed to smile, even though her mouth was full of cock. I reached down and gently stroked her cheek, then lightly pinched it. She went wild, bucking not only against me but jerking her hips toward Ted. As she got worked up to the point of orgasm, her gyrations became too much for her studs to endure. Ted let out a whoop of pleasure as he spurted his semen into Sara's cunt. She then suctioned me so tightly, I think it would've been impossible not to come. I pumped a massive load of cream into her mouth, and she swallowed every drop, continuing to suck until I was milked dry.

But we weren't done with her yet! We cracked open a bottle of Champagne and enjoyed the fizzing bubbles for about a half hour, before Ted announced that he wanted to lick Sara's pussy. He lay on his back and even though his cock was soft at that point, they started sixty-nining. I didn't want to be left out, so I spread her asscheeks and began licking my

BEST

wife's asshole while Ted tongued her cunt. Meanwhile, I gathered that she had gotten his dick to harden, based on the loud sucking sounds I heard coming from her.

I pulled back for a moment and fingered her ass while Ted gave her clit the licking of a lifetime. I teased her backdoor as I watched the action as well as I could. He spread open her lips with his fingers and seemed to eat her whole, his mouth covering her entire sex. I was fascinated by what I was seeing and how devoted Ted seemed to be to making my wife climax. I watched until I couldn't hold out any longer, and when his mouth slid back to her clit, I thrust my fingers into her pussy, so close to where Ted's tongue swirled against my wife's nub. Her sucking sounds had decreased, probably because with us double-teaming her, she couldn't be quite as dedicated to her blowjob technique. Finally, she paused, leaning her head against his thigh as the two of us brought her to climax. It was a very intimate moment between Ted and I, as we shared the joy of making Sara come for a second time. Only after that did she return to blowing him, while I looked on proudly, especially when she gripped his dick in her fist and pumped his come all over her lips.

Ted gave us his number and said to call anytime we feel that two's just not enough, so I have a feeling we will have more adventures to share with your readers in the future.

*Mr. Joel O.,
Seattle, Washington*

THREE-WAY FANTASY COMES TO LIFE WITH A BRAND-NEW EUROPEAN LOVER

"Honey, he's the one," I said, causing my boyfriend, Geoffrey, to smirk before he kissed me with all he had.

You see, I had just gotten off the

phone with Carlo. We had met while I was studying in Rome and had connected instantly. A photographer like myself, Carlo was always up for an adventure, and we spent much of our time together traveling Europe. Carlo was gorgeous—tall with an olive complexion, dark, piercing eyes and wavy brown hair—and, I imagined, a wonder in bed.

Geoffrey knew all about my feelings for Carlo, but he also knew that I would never be unfaithful—no matter how tempted.

When it was time to leave Rome, I was thrilled to be going home to Geoffrey—with his short blond hair, green eyes and firm, tan body that any woman would be thrilled to get her hands on—but heartbroken about leaving Carlo behind. Six months later, when Carlo phoned to say he'd be in New York for the weekend—a stopover on his trip to Los Angeles—I was thrilled. That's when I knew he would be the one to make my ultimate fantasy come true.

Geoffrey and I had discussed threesomes in the past. It was something we'd both fantasized about, but we had never found the right person with whom to try it. Carlo, however, would be perfect.

That night, after making plans to meet Carlo at the airport, Geoffrey and I had the best sex of our relationship. Just knowing that our fantasies were going to come true in a few short days made us hotter than ever. Geoffrey fucked me hard and fast that night, like an animal, and I came more times than I can remember.

It seemed to take years for Friday night to arrive. When it did, Geoffrey and I found ourselves at the airport, waiting for Carlo's flight to come in. The closer we got to his arrival, the more excited we became. When I finally saw Carlo walking toward us, I felt my pussy starting to get wet.

After greeting Carlo, we went to

claim his luggage and then headed back to our apartment. Once inside, Geoffrey ordered dinner while Carlo and I got up to date on each other's life. We all talked companionably throughout dinner, and once the food was cleared, I suggested we have some drinks. I brought out a bottle of my favorite white wine and several glasses, and poured us all some before taking a seat on the couch next to Carlo.

As we continued talking, I moved closer to Carlo, lightly caressing his thigh while he spoke and running my fingers through his luxurious locks. When he put down his wineglass, I made my move. Leaning over, I put my hand on the back of Carlo's neck and pulled him to me for a searing-hot kiss. When the need for oxygen overtook us, we pulled apart and I smiled at Carlo.

"Think you're feeling up to some fun?" I asked him.

He looked over at Geoffrey, who nodded his consent, and then said, "Why, Courtney, I thought you'd never ask."

With that, I stood up and pulled off my shirt, revealing my large, firm tits, still covered by my lacy red bra. Carlo grabbed me by the hips and pulled me into his lap again, where he ravaged my mouth. I couldn't get enough of Carlo, and thought of nothing but how to get closer to him. That's when I felt another set of hands on me. Geoffrey had moved from his seat across the room to sit next to us, and one of his hands was inching down the front of my skirt while the other massaged my buttocks.

Just as Geoffrey's hand neared my slit, Carlo reached back and unhooked my bra, freeing my tits. He took a puckered nipple into his mouth as Geoffrey rubbed along my slit with one of his talented fingers. As the men continued to service me—Geoffrey alternately rubbing my clit and

fingering my hole, and Carlo suckling my breasts—I started panting uncontrollably. Suddenly, I needed them both, and the couch was not going to provide enough room.

“Stop, stop, stop!” I cried, unable to contain the pleasure I was feeling. “I think we need to move this show to a new venue. The couch was not made for what I have in mind tonight.” With that, the men stopped their ministrations, and we all stood to move to the bedroom.

The minute I entered the room, my clothing came off and I lay down on the bed. Without hesitation, Carlo and Geoffrey were at my sides, kissing my tits. But something was wrong. “You boys are overdressed,”

he licked gently up and down my cunt, tasting the moisture that had formed there, but then his tongue was burrowing deep into me.

The pleasure was almost too much to bear. With Carlo between my legs and Geoffrey at my tits, I could feel myself coming for the first of many times that night. Carlo lapped up my free-flowing juices and slurped away at my cunt while I rode out my orgasm. Geoffrey, who had released my breasts when I’d started coming, was suddenly straddling my chest, his rock-hard cock dangling in front of my face. I reached out and took him in my hands, stroking him several times before lifting my head and taking him deep into my throat.

**Having both holes
stuffed like that felt exquisite.
Being pounded by
such gorgeous men was heaven.**

I admonished. “Now strip!”

The two of them tore off their shirts and jeans, leaving them completely naked to my watchful gaze. “Much better,” I said, as they once again took their places on the bed.

While Geoffrey nibbled on my breasts, sucking and biting the nipples before licking around the areolas, Carlo moved south. He kissed and licked his way down my stomach until he reached my dripping cunt. Carlo gently spread my legs farther apart, kissing the insides of my thighs and the skin just above my pubic bush as he did so. He avoided any direct contact with my slit until I couldn’t take it any longer. I reached down and pushed his head into my sex, and Carlo took the hint. At first,

BEST

I sucked Geoffrey’s cock like I never had before. Reaching back, I cupped his balls with my hands and massaged them gently as I released some of his prick from my mouth, leaving only the head between my lips. I sucked the head in and out, bathing it with my tongue, before releasing him completely and nibbling my way up, and then down, his solid shaft. Geoffrey looked ready to come just from that, but it wasn’t time, so I released his balls and very carefully took him back into my mouth. Sucking more softly now, I ran my hands along Geoffrey’s ass, squeezing the cheeks gently and being careful not to do anything that would make him climax too soon.

As I lost myself in concentrating

13

on Geoffrey's cock, I felt Carlo's prick poking at my cunt. I was really wet down there, making it easy for him to slide into me. In one thrust, he was in me to the hilt. As the head of his tool hit the deepest part of my vagina, I moaned, releasing Geoffrey from my mouth. As Carlo began to pound into me, I knew what I wanted.

"Geoffrey, I want you to fuck me, too," I said, barely able to get out the words. "In the ass." His face showed his surprise at my request, but he instantly moved off of my chest. Carlo, having heard my plea, maneuvered us so that I was on top as he fucked my cunt. Geoffrey then climbed back on the bed, moving behind me. He poked a finger into my rear canal,

behind, I could do nothing but moan in ecstasy. I came again and again as the boys pummeled my holes.

Geoffrey came soon, too. I felt his cock start to spasm in my ass, and my cheeks clenched together, trying to keep him inside me. My boyfriend howled as he started to come, spilling his seed deep into my ass. He grunted more as my rear passage milked the last drops of semen from his softening shaft.

Carlo was next. As soon as Geoffrey had pulled out of my ass, Carlo flipped us over so he was on top again, pistoning hard and fast into my slippery cunt. Just when I thought I couldn't take another minute of this exquisite fucking without an orgasm,

As soon as Geoffrey pulled out of my ass, Carlo was on top again, pistoning hard and fast into my slippery cunt.

wiggling it around to stretch my sphincter.

I was on the verge of coming when he quickly removed his finger, and I felt the head of his saliva-slicked cock against my ass. He pulled my cheeks apart gently, and then slid his dick into my tight rear hole. He let me get accustomed to the feeling of him back there before he started moving, pumping slowly in and out.

Having both holes stuffed like that felt exquisite. Never had I felt so full in my life, and the sensations they were causing, one pushing in while the other pulled out, were indescribable. Being pounded by such gorgeous men was heaven. As they rammed in to me, one thrusting up in to me and the other slamming in from

Carlo came, soaking my pussy with his semen. I, too, came, my juices mixing with his as he slowed his pace and eventually pulled out of me.

"That was—" I started to say, unable to find the right word. "Wonderful," Geoffrey finished for me. Carlo nodded in agreement. With that, the three of us cuddled in bed for some much needed rest.

We spent the duration of the weekend fucking in every imaginable position. The sex was so incredible, in fact, that Geoffrey and I are planning a trip to Italy. Having seen the sights already, there will be no need to leave the bedroom—which we will be sharing, once more, with Carlo.

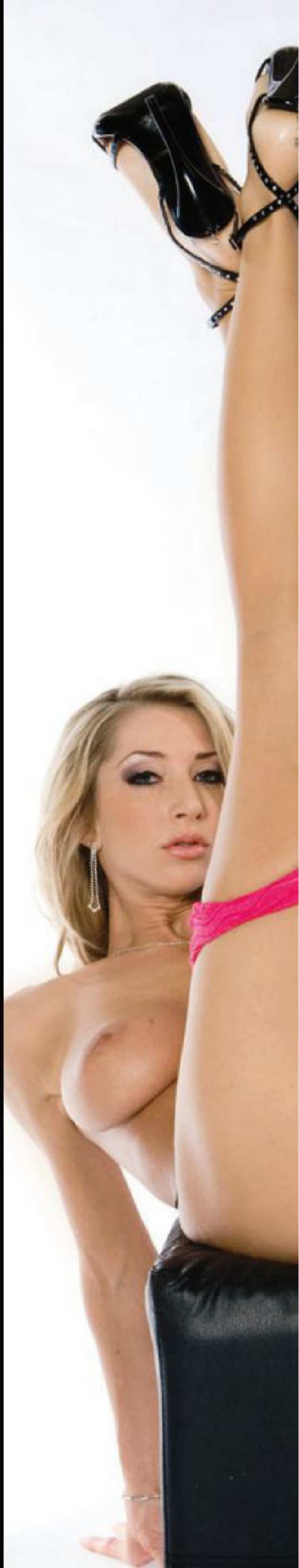
*Ms. Courtney S.,
Columbia, South Carolina*

WWW.VARIATIONS.COM

Ames

Photographs by Misha







Sammie's sexy pink panties were a gift from her lover. She gets them nice and wet, then slides them off. She will send them to him when she's done pleasuring herself.







Sammie has to take care of the ache that's throbbing deep inside her, so she presses her fingers into her perfect pussy and gets off on the sight of it.



It doesn't take her long to come a second time, and soon she's creaming all over herself, dreaming of her man's hot cock drilling into her.





JOIN US!

1-800-WET-4-PET

9 3 8 4 7 3 8

**UPDATED
PET INFO &
TALK WITH
SEXY LADIES**

\$1.99 -
\$4.99/MIN
18+

1-800-945-LEGS

5 3 4 7



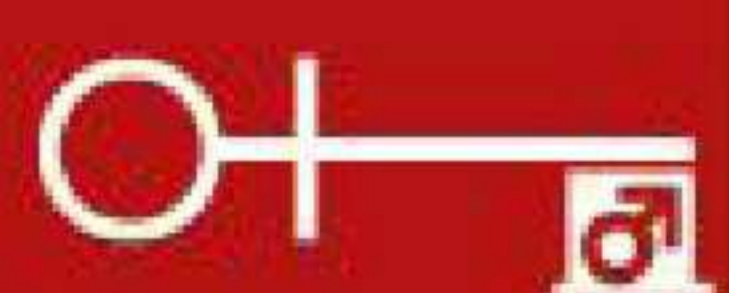
\$1.99 -
\$4.99/MIN
18+

1-800-759-20N1

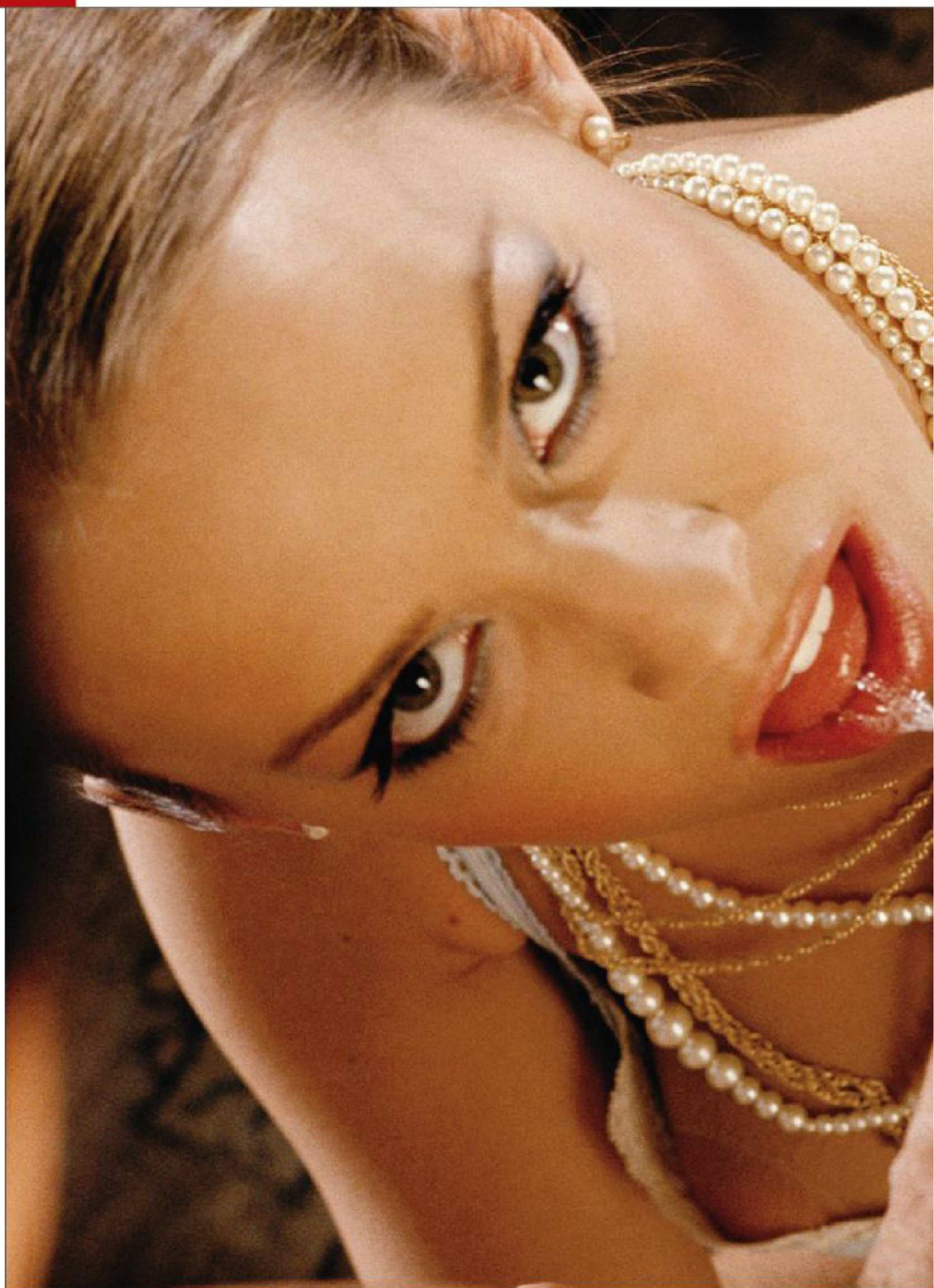
2 6 6 1

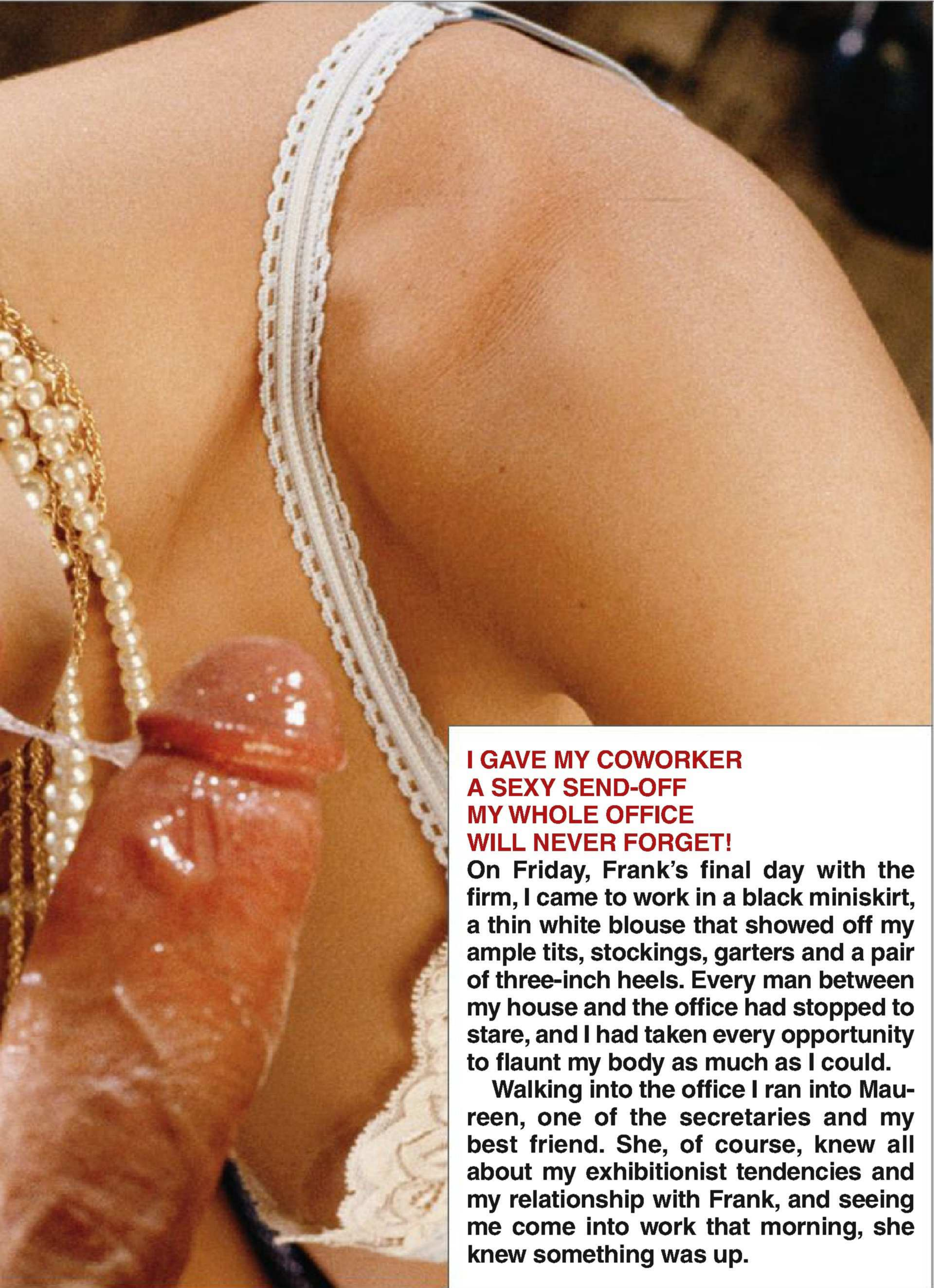
LOCAL GALS
1-800-962-6649

JUST \$1.99/MIN, 18+



Exhibitionismletters





**I GAVE MY COWORKER
A SEXY SEND-OFF
MY WHOLE OFFICE
WILL NEVER FORGET!**

On Friday, Frank's final day with the firm, I came to work in a black miniskirt, a thin white blouse that showed off my ample tits, stockings, garters and a pair of three-inch heels. Every man between my house and the office had stopped to stare, and I had taken every opportunity to flaunt my body as much as I could.

Walking into the office I ran into Maureen, one of the secretaries and my best friend. She, of course, knew all about my exhibitionist tendencies and my relationship with Frank, and seeing me come into work that morning, she knew something was up.

“What do you have planned, Coral?” she asked, looking me over and shaking her head in amusement.

“Well, it *is* Frank’s last day,” I said. “And as much fun as the office farewell party will be at lunchtime, I still think it’s not enough.” I looked at Maureen, smirked and continued, “Frank should go out with a bang!”

When we reached the office, I put my things down at my desk and got to work. If my plan was to succeed, I had to go about my routine as if nothing was different. Our office was comprised of a close-knit group of people, and after many years together, nothing anyone did could surprise the crew—something I planned

office and told him he was needed in the conference room for a last-minute meeting with some clients.

Frank, who had been getting ready to go out, dropped his coat back on his chair and followed me to the conference room. There are several small meeting rooms in the rear, one of which was going to be used for Frank’s farewell party. However, the room I was leading Frank into was our main conference room. With large windows looking into it from the office and out over the city, it was one of the most open areas on our floor.

After following me into the conference room and seeing no one else there, Frank started to get suspicious, wanting to know what was going on.

Minutes later we came, first me and then Frank, screaming in ecstasy as the rest of the firm looked on.

to change with Frank’s help.

While doing the filing, I made sure to bend over slowly and sensually, giving the office a view of my naked ass. It was nothing out of the ordinary, but it still turned me on quite a bit, as well as some of my coworkers. And when I had to get instructions from one of the men in charge, I made sure to sensually cross and uncross my legs numerous times, affording him a bird’s-eye view of my already damp pussy. He stuttered his request after getting his first glimpse of my bare cunt, and the look on his face got me hot. It was exactly the motivation I needed to go through with the rest of my plan.

Just before noon, when Frank usually took his lunch, I marched into his

I smiled and closed the door behind me. Frank’s party was supposed to be a surprise, but the surprise was on them. I looked at the clock and saw that I had less than ten minutes before the rest of the staff would walk past, heading for the party.

Strutting across the room to where Frank was standing, still looking perplexed, I shed my shirt before kissing him. He was shocked at first, but quickly responded to me, moving his lips roughly against mine. After a few seconds, I pulled back and started undoing his tie while he unbuttoned his jacket, throwing it across the room. Next came his shirt, which he pulled over his head and flung onto our pile of discarded clothing.

I immediately sank to the floor, re-

moving his belt and unfastening the button on his fly before yanking the zipper down. As soon as Frank's pants were open, I tugged them and his boxers down his legs before diving into his crotch and devouring his hardening prick.

Working his cock in and out of my mouth, and swirling my tongue around the head, I got Frank's shaft nice and hard rather quickly. He was grunting, starting to slam his hips against my face, but I couldn't let him come just yet. I glanced at the wall clock, and knew Maureen and the

his mouth with mine, swallowing the sound. No need to spoil the surprise by making all that noise.

After just a few moments of my riding Frank's prick, I looked up at the window into the office, and there stood a dozen members of the staff, with Maureen and another executive, Alan, at the front of the crowd.

I looked up and smiled at them before going back to fucking Frank. With the audience standing right there, unable to look away from the scene before them, I rode Frank's cock with everything I had.



others would be coming down the hall at any minute.

Standing abruptly, I shoved Frank hard against the table in the center of the room, pushing him back until he was lying down. Then I crawled atop him and, after another passionate kiss, slowly sank down on his rock-hard cock.

I started moving slowly up and down on his thick tool. As the clock ticked behind me, I started moving faster and faster, until I was bouncing hard up and down on top of Frank. He started to moan, and I covered

My tits were flying every which way as I slammed my cunt onto him over and over. Frank, having long ago overcome his stage fright, lifted his hips from the table and pounded into me, sending his prick deep into my hot pussy.

Minutes later we came, first me and then Frank, screaming out in ecstasy as the rest of the firm looked on. I kissed him once more and then turned to my coworkers. Except for Maureen, they were all standing with looks of shock still on their faces. I carefully climbed off Frank, his soft-

ening cock sliding out of me with a loud pop, and curtsied for our audience.

Still in awe of our display, the rest of the staff started to slowly drift further into the hallway as Frank hopped off the table. He stood next to me and put his hand on my ass. "What was that, Coral?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I asked innocently. "The sex? Or the audience?"

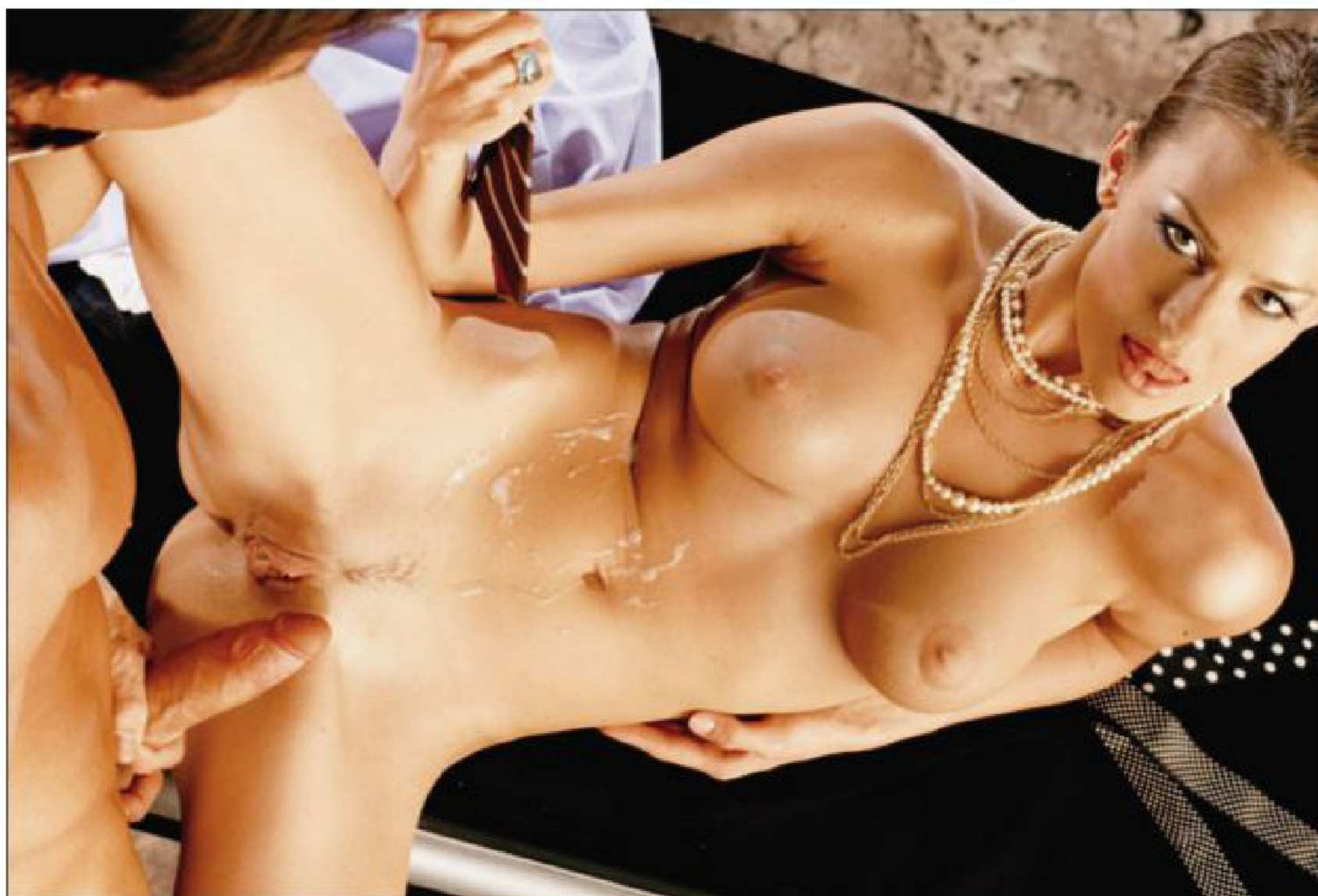
"Both," he answered, amused at my antics.

"Well, that was me giving you a proper farewell," I grinned. "And

pushed me up against the office window and spread my legs wide.

Frank ran his cock up and down my wet slit before positioning the head at my entrance. Then he gripped my hips tightly and slammed his cock into me. With just one thrust, he was in to the hilt. I wiggled my ass at him, and he remained still, letting the tension build.

When it became too much for either of us, Frank started moving in me. He started out slowly, but soon he was fucking me hard and fast. I moaned loudly with every thrust as



they," I said, gesturing to my co-workers, "were here for your surprise party."

Frank laughed at that and then kissed me. It started out soft and sweet, but soon our tongues were dueling for control, and I could feel his cock stiffening against my stomach. I smiled into the kiss, knowing that Frank was about to give the audience an encore.

Sure enough, he grabbed my hips and spun me around, slamming his pelvis into my ass, letting me feel his once again rock-hard dick. He

my tits were roughly shoved against the smooth glass over and over.

Reaching around me, Frank started playing with my clit. He massaged the sensitive little button as he continued to slam his hips into my rear. Before long, I was screaming out in ecstasy as an orgasm ripped through my body. Moments later, Frank grunted as he spilled his hot seed into the deepest parts of my love canal.

He collapsed against me, his sweaty chest pressed against my back, before the rest of the office

broke out in a round of applause.

Next month Alan is retiring, and he's been hinting at wanting a proper farewell. This time, Maureen and I are planning the surprise party together.

*Ms. Coral W.,
Durham, North Carolina*

SUPERMARKET SINGLE FLIRTS AND VAMPS HER WAY DOWN THE AISLES

I've always been a huge show-off, and since I graduated from college, I've only become more of an exhibitionist. I work as a trainer at my local gym, so plenty of people get to see my fit body every day, but that's not enough for me. Even when I'm running errands, I like to dress in a

me and encourages their stares. If only they knew how much it turns me on—and that I'm watching them right back! Thankfully, I have a poker face and don't blush when I see them looking. But while I was at the store that day, I met my match in a bold, hunky starrer. He very blatantly checked me out while I was selecting, appropriately enough, a bunch of bananas. When I turned around and pushed my sunglasses down enough to give him a glimpse of my eyes, he didn't blush or turn away like so many others had.

Instead, he stepped closer, reaching for a neighboring cluster of the yellow fruit. "The bigger ones taste better, you know," he said, select-

**My pussy spasmed.
Flirting in public without panties
was taking my
exhibitionism to a whole new level.**

way that will attract the attention of everyone around me. Having strangers check me out, feeling their eyes roam from my pedicured feet up my toned, tan legs to my trim waist, and over my large breasts, turns me on like nothing else.

Last weekend, while grocery shopping, I was wearing a typical outfit: a tight, tiny white t-shirt that also showed off my midriff, through which my nipples were visible, and a short denim miniskirt, with no panties. I let my honey-blonde hair fall around my shoulders in an artfully tangled mess, added red lip gloss, and headed out with a straw bag over my shoulder and sunglasses on. I've found that wearing shades makes people think that I can't see them when they ogle

ing a lone banana and pushing it toward me. I took it, and our fingers connected. My lips parted and my pussy spasmed in excitement. For a moment, I wished I had worn panties because I was about to get very, very wet.

I took the fruit from him and said, "Thank you. I want to make sure I only put the best in my mouth." With that, I looked down at his crotch, noting the impressive bulge I saw there. He stepped closer and brushed my hair off my face. Flirting in public without panties was taking my exhibitionism to a whole new level, which I realized when another shopper cleared his throat as he passed us by.

"What else do you know about food? Maybe you can help me make

dinner,” I said. “I’m Belinda.” Then I ran my tongue over my already-glossy lips, quickly enough to plant the image in his mind of what else my tongue might be able to do.

“Tony.” He offered me his hand, and we properly shook, then I turned to put the fruit in my cart, making sure I rose up on my toes enough to give him an ample view of my bare ass. My legs were together, and I knew he couldn’t see my pussy yet, but it was enough. I turned back around and found his cock even bigger than it had been moments earlier.

“You like to show off, don’t you, Belinda?” he asked. “Well, I happen to know they’re giving out ice-cream cones in the frozen food section. I’d

soon felt Tony standing so close to me his erection brushed against my ass. He blew on my neck, making my hair flutter. “You looked warm, so I thought I might cool you off,” he said, speaking directly into my ear. “Smell anything good?” he asked, reaching around to grope the package of brie I held in my hand. Our fingers sank into the soft cheese.

“I think we’re going to have to buy this,” I said, sliding it out of his grasp and putting it into my cart.

“‘We’ is it?” he said, chuckling at my use of the plural.

I smiled at him, then caught the eye of the guy behind the deli counter who’d been checking us out the whole time. “Hi,” I said, pushing the

**He immediately
pulled out and jerked his dick a
few times, then
spurted his come all over my tits.**

like to see you lick one for me.”

Knowing that I had an eager audience that encouraged my public displays of horniness was all that I needed. I stood up straight, making sure my breasts thrust forward as much as possible, with my hard nipples pressing against the t-shirt and my belly ring on display, then wheeled my cart through the store. I didn’t look behind me because I knew Tony was following me, not only from the sound of his footsteps but because he couldn’t resist the sway of my ass. I noticed people checking me out as I casually wheeled my cart, laden only with bananas, through the store. I stopped to peruse the cheese aisle, picking up and fondling various carefully wrapped packages. I

cart toward him. I bent down to get a closer look at his selections. He was looking at me with hungry eyes, taking in my appearance and clearly realizing that Tony and I were very close to having sex right there in the store. I wouldn’t actually do it, but I was tempted, and I knew that if we’d wanted to put on a real sex show, he would’ve been happy to watch.

“What’s the best meat you’ve got today?” I asked, leaning against the glass so my breasts were pressed flat. He ducked down, feigning to look at his wares, but we all knew that he was really checking out my tits. I slid along the glass to give him a better view and then pointed at the ham that was closest to my breasts. He took out the slab and shaved off

a slice, then handed it to me. I tilted my head back, opened my mouth, and slid the razor-thin piece of meat between my lips.

“Wow,” he said. “We should hire you to come here and promote our products.”

I winked at him, then said, “Anytime,” before sauntering off, with Tony in hot pursuit. “What did you say about licking some cream?” I asked him, staring pointedly at his cock again.

“You’re such a bad girl, and I know you know it,” he said, then took

my turn, I sucked on my finger, then acted like I was deep in thought. The guy passing out the cones, who was only a year or two my junior, blushed as I bit my lip before turning around to consult Tony. Really, though, I was giving the ice-cream man a chance to check out my ass.

I rose on my toes to provide the best view, then said, “So, should I get chocolate or vanilla?” I leaned forward and brushed my lips lightly against his, and even that simple touch electrified me.

“Get whatever’s going to make you



the cart away from me. I marched ahead of him and we speed-walked over to the ice-cream section. They were giving away free pre-packaged cones, and people were eagerly lined up. I waited in line in front of Tony, wiggling my ass every few seconds. Several people who were walking away from the line looked at me as they licked their cones, and I winked back at them, vamping for my ever-expanding audience. My nipples were clearly visible through my t-shirt, and my belly ring caught the light from above. When it was

BEST

happiest to lick,” he said, and hearing him say “lick” made me imagine I was licking the head of his cock. I casually brushed my fingers across it before turning back around.

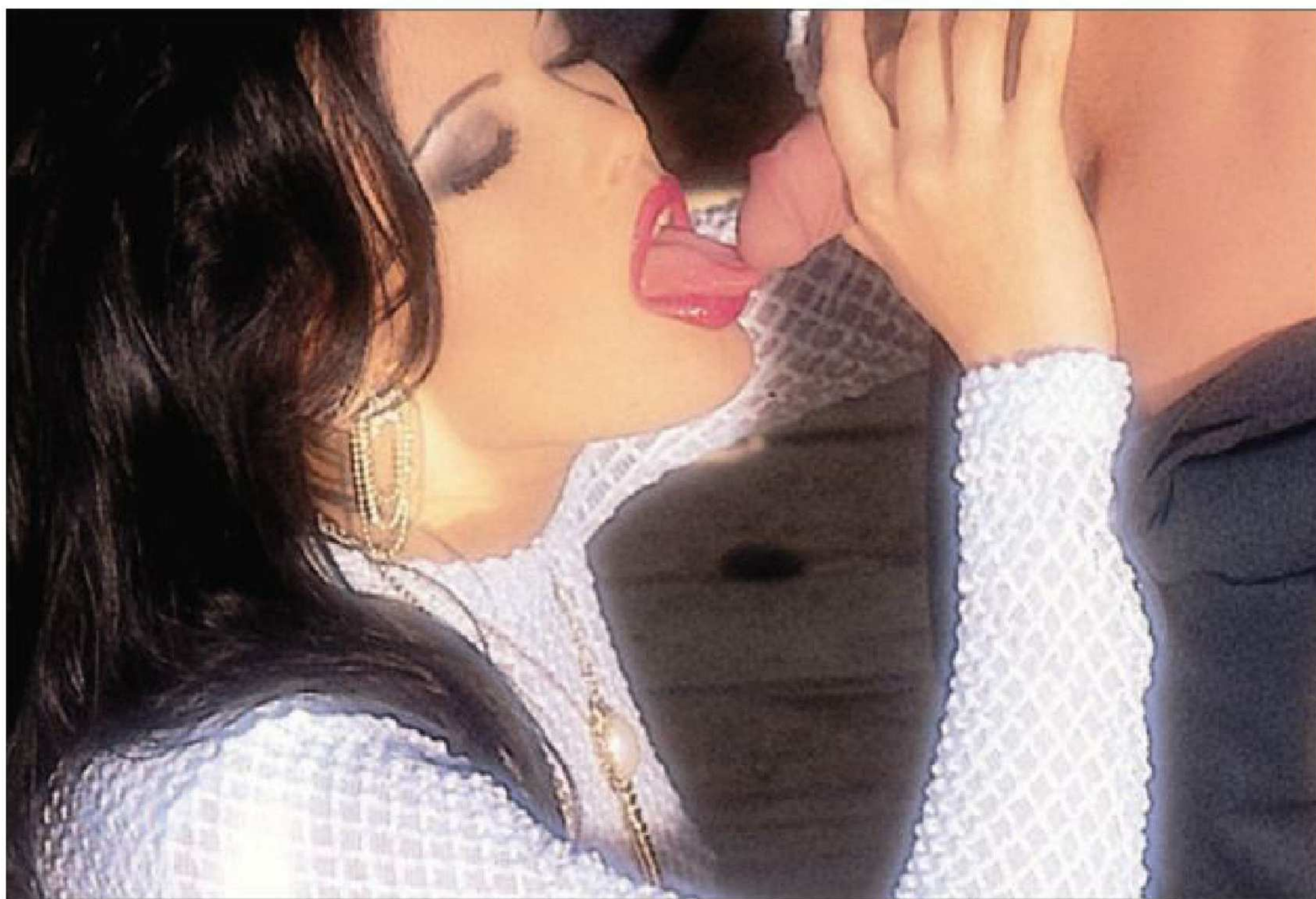
“Vanilla, please,” I said, smiling directly at the poor clerk, who surely had an erection of his own. He fumbled with the box of cones before pulling out a vanilla one. I took it from him, peeled off the wrapper, dropped it in the nearby garbage, then gave a very lusty lick to the hard ice cream. “Mmm . . .” I said, knowing I was holding up the line but not caring.

33

“It’s delicious.” I then sucked on it until the ice cream melted enough to leave my lips slightly sticky with the sweet cream. I batted my lashes at the clerk before stepping aside to let Tony order. He opted for chocolate, and then we moved to the other side of the aisle to eat our cones.

“Want a taste?” he asked, offering me his cone. I could see his cock, which was still hard, and I couldn’t wait to get it in my mouth. For the moment, though, I opened extra wide to take the entire top of the cone into my mouth, where I noisily slurped

corner as we headed to his car. It was parked conveniently in the far end of the lot. We climbed into the backseat, and he immediately undid his pants. I pulled up my skirt and showed him my now-wet pussy, fingering myself as he stroked his cock. We were showing off our respective packages to each other. His certainly met with my approval; his dick was long and wide. “Is this for me?” I asked as I wrapped my hand around his cock before leaning over to take my long-desired lick. He moaned as I sucked on the head before pushing



it. Feeling it scraping against my tongue while in full view of the other shoppers made me tingle all over. “You better hurry up and eat yours,” he said when I finally relinquished my grasp on his cone. “I don’t think I can wait much longer for you to wrap your lips around my cock.” He didn’t lower his voice when he said that and the two people passing by stopped speaking when they heard him.

I forgot all about seductively licking and gobbling my cone, too horny to think about anything else. We exited, discreetly leaving the cart in a

me back so I was laying down. Then he slid his length inside me, fucking me with sure, fast strokes.

“I’m coming!” I cried out two minutes later, so turned on from our supermarket strut and the naughty thrill of being pantyless with a hot guy, not to mention the way his dick stroked my G-spot. I shuddered against him, my eyes closed and my legs wrapped around his back.

“That’s it, Belinda,” he said, continuing his thrusting motions and clearly appreciating my wetness.

“Come on my chest. I want to see

it," I said, his cock bringing out my voyeuristic side. I lifted up my shirt to give him the target of my bare breasts. He immediately pulled out and jerked his dick a few times, then spurted his come all over my tits. He sank back against the seat, and I smeared his cream into my skin.

"I'm hungry. What do you say we go in and get some food for dinner for real?" he asked. So we did, me with his dried come on my skin, my hair ruffled and the dazed look of the newly fucked on both our faces.

*Ms. Belinda G.,
Santa Fe, New Mexico*

BOATERS SHARE THEIR LOVE OF SHOWING OFF WITH A HORNY VIEWER

I'm a lucky lady. My boyfriend, Patrick, is a well-to-do gentleman, who is generous out of the bedroom, but even more so in it. He loves nothing more than to wine and dine me, and take me on vacations, including long weekends on his yacht. However, our most recent adventure happened while we were still docked!

With our sex drive in full gear and the anchor dropped, we were walking on deck, enjoying the sun and the soft sea breeze. The soothing melody of gentle waves lapping against the shore provided a sensual soundtrack for Patrick and me. We began to kiss passionately, our tongues swirling in each other's mouth as I began to unbuckle his khakis. I put my hand inside his pants and started massaging his throbbing cock, which is when I noticed someone looking at us from the shore. His skin was tanned a deep bronze, and he had wide shoulders and long, dark hair. He was wearing loose cargo shorts and no shirt. He had been jogging and stopped running the second he saw us.

I consider myself quite the sex kit-

BEST

ten, so when I catch a man staring at me, I usually throw a little grin, or if I'm feeling bold, I'll blow him a kiss. But this was different. Here I was out in the open, with my hand in my boyfriend's pants, stroking his rock-hard dick. Suddenly, I felt a wave of arousal course through my body. Fondling Patrick's dick while having this stranger's eyes on me made my pussy ache with desire. Never in my life had I experienced something so completely thrilling. I knew I was onto something, and with the hunk's unyielding stare egging me on, I knew we had to take things further.

In between kisses and strokes of my fist on my boyfriend's mouth-watering dick, I said, "That man over there is watching us. What do you say we give him a show?" My face flushed as I awaited his answer, but I needn't have worried. Patrick instantly moaned his approval, and I knelt before him, eager to get at his dick. Before I slipped off his pants, however, Patrick reached for the hem of my sundress, lifting it up over my head. Now I was practically naked, save for my pink satin bra and matching thong. I turned to look at our audience and saw that he had sat down on a nearby bench, ready to take in our entire show. His eyes were locked on my curvaceous body, and I felt my nipples tingle inside my bra.

Patrick was still standing behind me, rubbing his throbbing cock against my ass. My body was trembling from the double effect of my boyfriend's grinding and the gorgeous stranger's stare. Our admirer shaded his eyes with his hand to get a better view as Patrick unclasped my bra. My heavy breasts were revealed in all their glory, and then Patrick moved in front of me and started lapping at my nipples. Although it felt fabulous, my eyes were still locked on the hunk watching us. When my

boyfriend started to move south, licking my stomach, I felt the need grow within me. I knew he was headed for my pussy, and I couldn't wait for the stranger to see me come on my boyfriend's handsome face.

Patrick lay himself down on a beach towel, and I straddled his head, so I was hovering above his mouth but could still maintain eye contact with our new friend. As I looked toward the shore, I noticed that our admirer had opened his pants and was stroking his cock!

At that moment, Patrick grabbed my hips and pulled me toward his face. I cried out in pleasure as he swiped his tongue over my aroused clit. Gyrate my hips as I balanced

intensity, and I sensed his impending orgasm. "He's coming!" I said to Patrick, and even from our vantage point, we saw semen spew from his crown, splashing onto the ground.

I wasn't quite finished with our show, however. I figured this was the equivalent of an intermission, and I let our little audience member rest for a bit and catch his breath. I gently pushed Patrick down onto the chaise and straddled his hips. We began leisurely kissing, until it seemed that our guy was starting to get his second wind. I felt his eyes on us as I licked Patrick's lips, letting my bare breasts rest against his muscular chest. By the time I began teasing Patrick's erect cock with my dripping

**Patrick started
lapping up the medley of liquids that
was glazing my pussy
lips, making me shiver with delight.**

myself on my hands, I lifted my head up every so often to see the man rapidly jerking his dick, inching closer to climax as I rode my boyfriend's face in broad daylight.

The feeling of his tongue moving along my sex while this stranger's eyes moved over both of us was overwhelming. I ground against Patrick, exulting in the pleasure we were both getting out of his pussy-eating. Soon, the waves of ecstasy were too much for me, and I climaxed, coating his tongue with cream.

The man continued to stare as Patrick kissed me, giving me a taste of my musky pussy juice. I hugged my boyfriend, then looked over his shoulder and saw that the man was stroking his dick with even greater

pussy, I could see that the man was fully hard again!

I moved down his prone body until my full red lips wrapped around Patrick's thick member. I started to lick his crown, smothering it until every inch of his cock and balls was drenched in my saliva. I looked up and saw the guy stroking his dick once again, and I knew he was imagining me performing this act on him. With every groan Patrick released, I imagined a similar one coming from our faraway hunk. I was getting increasingly turned on by the fact that I was inspiring the orgasms of two men at once!

Patrick ran his fingers through my hair as I was deep-throating him, and I couldn't see what the guy was

phone sex **1-800-600-8433**
the way you like it

★ These girls
have what
you want 24/7

T I E D

All girls are independent phone sex operators working from their homes.

18+



Janine

x7446

Guided masturbation specialist.
The best in jerk-off instructions.
I am your latex, PVC and
cock control mistress.



Danielle

x7351

Married woman that acts like a
street whore. Use me & abuse
me. Like a convenience store,
I'm always open & ready.



Lisa

x7474

Innocent & attractive - a true
submissive. Nothing is too
taboo for me. For whatever you
want, I am your servant.

Real girls
Doable girls
Lots of girls

Call NOW
for an introduction

Win a
FREE PHONE FUCK
Press "4" to learn how



Stephanie

x7349

Queen of strap-on. Hundreds of
toys for little boys. Deep prostate
pleasure. I've got dozens of
uniforms and outfits.



Katrina

x7462

Hot, sexy fetish girl extraordinaire.
If you want kink exploration -
then I'm your girl for everything.
All taboos welcome.

phone sex **1-800-600-8433**
the way you like it

★ These girls
have what
you want 24/7

T I E D

EXHIBITIONISM

doing, but I was sure he was enjoying our scene.

“Yes, baby. Deeper. Show him how well you suck cock!” Patrick shouted in encouragement.

After several long moments of teasing him with my lips and tongue, I removed my mouth, leaving his cock shiny and bobbing in the air. I moved upward and, while holding his shaft in my hands, I guided him deep into my soaking pussy. I leaned back a little, once his crown was bumping my cervix, and it created a sensation so intense, I shook immediately and

rick’s warm load spurt inside me, coating my vagina. The sensation spurred me on even further. I shook and came powerfully on his dick yet again.

Looking over at our friend, we saw that he was again pumping his shaft vigorously. Diving back between my thighs, Patrick started lapping up the medley of sexy liquids that were glazing my pussy lips, making me shiver with delight. Then Patrick sat up, licked his fingers and kissed me. His lips were the perfect blend of salty and sweet, and the sight of our



yelled loudly with pleasure. Patrick played with my tits as I was writhing on top of him, and I saw that this new position was getting our friend even more turned on.

Between the feel of my boyfriend’s dick inside me and having someone watching us fuck, I was about to come. I did my best to let the two men know that they were both turning me on to no end.

“Oh, my God! I’m going to come! Don’t stop! Don’t stop!” I screamed, loud enough that I hoped both men could hear me. Just then, I felt Pat-

rick’s warm load spurt inside me, coating my vagina. The sensation spurred me on even further. I shook and came powerfully on his dick yet again.

Looking over at our friend, we saw that he was again pumping his shaft vigorously. Diving back between my thighs, Patrick started lapping up the medley of sexy liquids that were glazing my pussy lips, making me shiver with delight. Then Patrick sat up, licked his fingers and kissed me. His lips were the perfect blend of salty and sweet, and the sight of our

*Ms. Nancy C.,
Miami, Florida*

PENTHOUSE TV

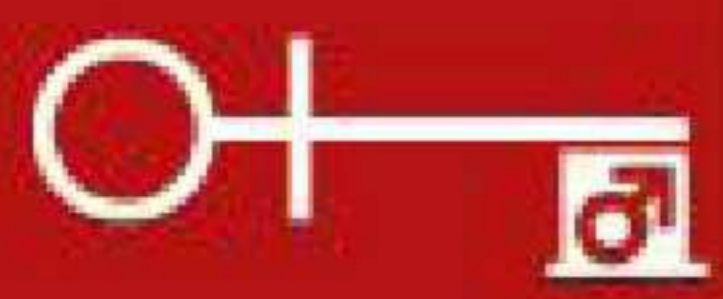
A HIGHER STANDARD FOR Hardcore.

AVAILABLE NOW
LINEAR / VOD / HD

LOOK FOR PENTHOUSE TV ON YOUR TV PROGRAM GUIDES AND LISTINGS.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE PENTHOUSE TV, CALL YOUR LOCAL CABLE OR SATELLITE PROVIDER AND ASK FOR PENTHOUSE TV.

© 2011 | NEW FRONTIER MEDIA, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



Fetishismletters





**A LUST FOR LEATHER
DRAWS THESE TWO
SOUL MATES TOGETHER**

I don't see too many women dressed in head-to-toe leather at any time of the year, but I certainly had never seen one in such attire in the middle of summer. But there she was, marching down the street in black leather pants and boots, as well as a leather bustier that thrust her breasts upward attractively. Her hair was also black, her straight and shiny tresses hanging down to her shoulders. She even had a leather handbag and was smoking a cigarette, while everyone else around her seemed to be sweating in shorts and tank tops. I was drinking a cup of tea in a café, sitting in the window so I could people watch,

but I immediately got up and followed this beguiling creature.

She stopped at an art supply store, and I pretended I had business there too, until the opportunity to speak to her arose. When the clerk went in the back room to fetch the paints she'd requested, I politely walked up to her. "Hi," I said, smoothing my damp palms against my jeans. "I wanted to tell you that it's a real treat to see a woman wearing leather, especially in this heat. Your outfit is amazing," I finished, hoping she wouldn't laugh at me.

The very opposite happened, much to my delight. She turned and gave me a smile that lit up her whole face. She held our eye contact for

stopped me. "Hey, if you wait for me to pay for this, maybe we can get a drink," she said.

I smiled back at her, content to watch her ass as she stood there paying for her supplies. My cock was hard, and there was no hiding it, but somehow I didn't think Marie would mind. I offered to carry her bags, and she let me. "Let's stop back at my place to drop off this stuff," she said, as if we were old friends about to grab coffee for the umpteenth time. As we walked, though, it was clear that we weren't about to be friends, but lovers. She kept finding excuses to rub up against me, while I soaked up her glorious presence.

When we stopped at a red light, I

**I grabbed handfuls
of her butt cheeks, feeling the
sensual leather
stretched tautly over her globes.**

long enough to let me know that she was checking me out. "I'm Marie," she said, holding out one hand. Her breasts seemed even bigger up close, and I had to force myself to look into her eyes, rather than at her cleavage, or down further where the leather pants clung to her curvy hips. "Are you an artist, too?" she asked, waving her hand toward the nearby painting supplies.

"Um, no," I said, blushing as I tried to think of a reason I'd be in the store. Taking a deep breath, I went with the truth. "Actually, I just wanted to tell you how much I like your outfit. I have a thing for leather, and it's rare to see a woman who wears it so well."

I was about to head out, sure that I'd embarrassed myself, but she

took the liberty of placing my hand on her leather-clad hip and saying, "Your pants are really turning me on." The lust in my voice must have been palpable because Marie turned and thrust her hip against my hand, wiggling it against me.

"I'm glad. I hope you'll move that hand down to my ass once we get inside. Wearing these pants makes me as horny as hell." Walking behind her and watching that hot ass twitch in those pants had my cock completely stiff by the time she walked up the steps to her apartment. She turned to kiss me in the hallway, wedging one leg between mine. I grabbed handfuls of her butt cheeks, feeling the sensual, soft leather stretched tautly over her bountiful globes. She was

slim but had a fine ass, one perfect for fondling. We stood tangled together in the hallway, until we heard someone approaching. On the way inside her place, we groped each other, and when we walked in, I was awed by her sumptuous decor. The building wasn't all that exciting on the outside, but her apartment was decorated in a dark and exotic manner.

The walls were painted a deep red, and a huge leather couch sat in the living room. The air even smelled of leather, but whether from her pants

pleasure. But I want to do it on your couch."

She grunted, and I couldn't stand the barrier between us any longer. We walked over to the couch, where I sat, and she stood before me while I undid her zipper. I eased the tight leather over her hips, revealing a thin black thong, which I also pulled down, leaving the pants bunched around her knees. It meant she couldn't spread her legs apart and show me her cunt in all its pink glory, but that was okay. "Turn around," I said, and she did, presenting her



or the couch, I wasn't sure. Marie reached behind herself and touched my crotch, grabbing at my hardness as she led me toward her bedroom. "Wait," I said, snaking my hand around her hip.

"Oh, you don't want to fuck me now?" she asked, spinning around and giving me a naughty grin.

I pinched her ass through the leather, then stuck my hand between her legs, feeling the warmth of her sex as I applied pressure to her pussy. "Oh, Marie, I'm going to fuck you so hard, you're gonna scream in

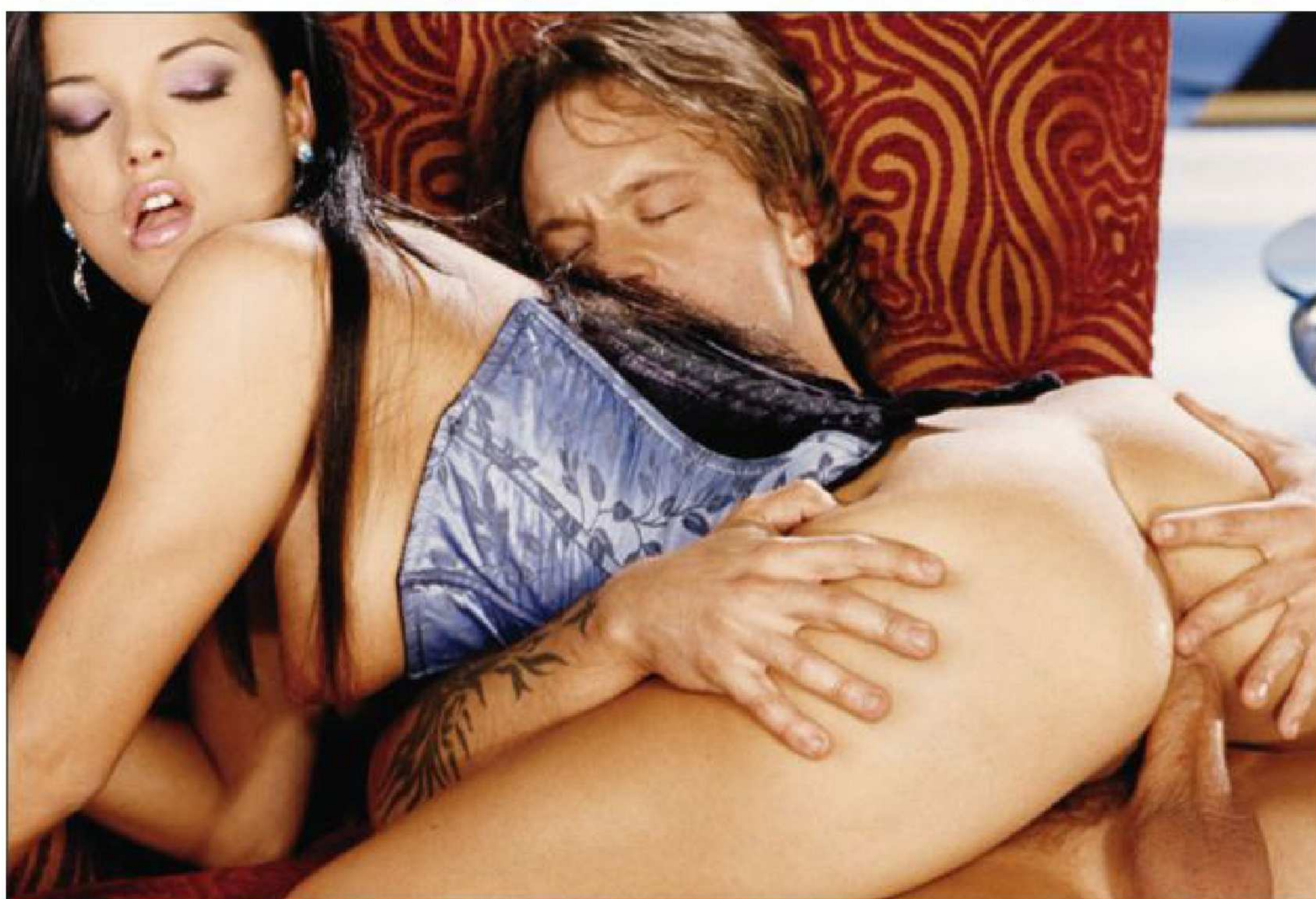
best bare ass to me. I pulled her close, so her leather-clad legs were touching me, and began kissing her ass-cheeks before moving down to her juicy slit. I tongued her pussy, feeling her get wetter and wetter, until I had to undo my jeans and let my cock out. I took one last lick, and then gave her a solid slap on her ass, watching my handprint bloom there.

I pulled one breast loose from her bustier, then tweaked her nipple while she bent over with her hands on the floor. I pushed my pants down so my bare bottom was on the leather

couch, and guided her downward, lowering her cunt onto my cock. I'd never fucked a girl in this position, but I'd also never been surrounded by so much leather. "That's it," I said, pushing her down onto me. She couldn't move that much, though she reached around to grip my shoulders, bracing against them to raise herself up and down. Not being able to thrust hard and deep was exquisite torture. It was so arousing that I thought I might come when the back of her leather top brushed against my lip. I bit her shoulder gently, then

leather as I was. I buried my face in her cleavage as my cock pounded into her pussy again and again. She wrapped her legs tightly around my waist, giving as well as she got, and soon I was pumping a hot load of come into her. "Oh, Arthur, yes, fill me with your come," she screamed. I took advantage of her parted lips to kiss her, letting my tongue dive deep into her mouth as she trembled, so turned on by my orgasm that she'd had one herself.

We eventually eased off the sofa onto her soft carpet, resting our



knew it was time to really fuck her.

I hoisted Marie off me, then finally removed her shoes and pants, and placed her on her back on the couch. The cushions were so large, she sank right in, and I shucked my jeans and climbed on top of her. I slammed my cock into her wet pussy, and it felt incredible. I got her other breast out of the grip of the bustier and sucked her nipple while Marie arched up against me, her cunt clutching me tightly. She was my leather queen, and seemed equally enraptured about being surrounded by the scent and feel of

heads against the leather couch as we got to know each other a little better. We have a date this weekend. We're planning to go shopping at a local fetish store, and see if we both can get some leather attire, and then hit the town. I can just picture us, clad in matching leather pants. We're certain to cause quite a stir because I don't know if we'll be able to resist the lure of leather. We might not be able to hold off, getting it on right there in the club. I can hardly wait!

*Mr. Arthur M.,
Providence, Rhode Island*

WWW.VARIATIONS.COM

LONG NAILS ARE HIS MISTRESS'S FAVORITE WEAPON

I'm a submissive guy, and I've had many dommes over the years, but my current one, Mistress Jasmine, is a cut above the rest. She takes the time to truly punish me when I deserve it and savors every moment of my submission. I am always willing to serve her in any way. She is absolutely gorgeous, from her flawless pale skin to my favorite parts of her: her long and always impeccably manicured fingernails. They are works of art, so sturdy and strong, and she makes sure I know just what they can do to me. While some women like to use paddles and other imple-

ably, when she's done with me, my body is full of fine red lines that I stare at with the help of two mirrors, even as I savor their lingering impact.

When she's fresh from the nail salon, I know I'm in for a real treat. Today, she called me on her cell phone on the way home and ordered me to be naked and ready for her when she arrived. I took off all my clothes, then tried my best not to jerk off as I pictured her placing her perfect hands on the counter to be massaged and ministered to by the spa ladies. I would have loved to paint and shape her nails myself, but my mistress nixed that idea, perhaps because she knew how horny it would have made me. Instead, she left that

**When she really
wants to work me over, she strings
me up and runs those
luscious nails all over my nude body.**

ments to punish wayward slaves, my mistress is a very hands-on sort of domme. This means that when I get spanked, it's with me across her lap while she slaps me with her stiff palm, and when she really wants to work me over, she strings me up and runs those luscious nails all over my nude body.

But her special nail treatment doesn't only occur when I've misbehaved because she knows I get off on the feel of her nails against my flesh. She's seen the way my cock jolts as they graze my skin. Therefore, she makes sure to tease me with her claws almost every day. Early on, Mistress Jasmine discovered which areas of my body are the most sensitive, like the back of my neck. Invari-

job to the professionals and made me wait for her.

I sat there naked, daydreaming about Mistress Jasmine's beautiful body, until I heard her key in the door. I couldn't hide my massive erection, which she noted as soon as she walked in. "I got my nails filed extra sharp just for you," she said. I have an indulgent mistress; she's always looking out for me. This time, she'd gotten them polished with a bright pink color and had affixed a sparkling faux diamond on each one that made her nails look even more elegant.

"Why don't you get down on your hands and knees?" she suggested. I'd been wondering where our scene would take place. Sometimes she

shackles my wrists to the restraints we've set up in the basement, while other times she ties me to our bed. She dropped her belongings on the living room floor, knowing I'd be more than glad to pick them up later, and dragged her sharp nails down my backside.

"Look at those pretty marks," she said, continuing to trace sensual lines over my body, scraping from the roots of my hair all the way down my spine, until she reached my ass. That's where Mistress Jasmine really went to town, pressing all ten perfectly polished tips into my cheeks. I dropped my head down, shut my eyes, and simply enjoyed the feel of her nails sinking into my flesh. She

her dancing talons made this an erotic experience. My mistress made sure that my toes and my cock were intimately connected, and she only let me roll over onto my back once my feet were tingling from the attention of her nails. She'd once told me that she got them treated with special acrylics so they'd be assured not to break. I liked that she was willing to go the extra mile so she could properly tease and tickle me.

On her order, I flipped over onto my back. My whole body tingled, and my cock stood straight up. "Lift your arms above your head," Mistress Jasmine commanded me, and I hurried to do as she commanded, knowing that any chance of fuck-

The feel of her long nails on my balls was an exquisite sensation, one that seemed to draw the come right out of me.

never goes so far as to draw blood or cause me pain. It's all about the sensation of hard nails against pliant flesh. My dick was so hard it was almost painful, and I thought I might come, but Mistress Jasmine let up and kept going. I curled my fingers into the carpet as she ran her talons down the backs of my thighs, laughing slightly as she reached the backs of my knees. She knows all my tender points, the ones that are arousing, as well as ticklish.

I put my head further down, my ass rising in the air, as she moved down to one of my most ticklish spots: the bottoms of my feet. You'd think they'd be toughened up by years of walking around barefoot in the summer, but even with the calluses found there,

ing her later in the evening would depend on me obeying her. Plus, I wanted to see—and feel—where those nails would go next. I got my answer immediately, as she nudged apart my legs, tracing my ankles with her nails. Then she ran one of the little jewels across my skin. That sensation was different, but still enjoyable. Her hands were making their way up my legs, and my dick jerked wildly. I watched it, willing it to stay still and not wanting to make a fool of myself, even though Mistress Jasmine knows how I respond to her touch.

"Do you want my nails on your cock, Alex?" she asked. "If so, I want to hear you beg."

"Please, Mistress Jasmine, I want to feel your nails all over me, espe-

cially on my cock and balls. I want you to make them throb even more than they already are.” I could see her shiny nails gleaming, so close to my throbbing dick, yet it was entirely up to her whether she’d heed my plea. My mistress looked at me thoughtfully, then licked one finger and pressed it against my nipple. Her nail was in the vicinity but not exerting any pressure. Then she flicked one strong nail against my puckered bud. I gasped as the arousal spread through my body. She did it again, harder this time, the momentary shock giving way to a flood of pleasure. Having my nipples pinched or stroked is often enough to make me ejaculate. I consider it a mixed blessing because on occasion a woman has sucked my nubs until I couldn’t help but spurt, even though I’d have preferred to wait.

But Mistress Jasmine knows what she’s doing, and she only flicks each nipple with her nails a few times before moving downward. My dick was solid and engorged, standing upright, and at first she just traced her nails up and down, enough to only tickle. I moaned, but did not beg again. She kept going, pressing more heavily each time until after a few minutes, she was making my whole body tremble. Then Mistress Jasmine moved on to my balls, while keeping the base of my dick trapped between her other fingers. The feel of her long nails on my balls was an exquisite sensation, one that seemed to draw the come right out of me. She made sure to build up my anticipation, running her rounded tips along my sac, then she surprised me by tapping her nails against my dick, as if impatient.

“Don’t come until I say it’s okay,” she warned before climbing on top of me and sinking her pussy down over my cock. I wanted to be a good slave to her, but it was a challenge not

to come as she rode me like a bull, especially when she leaned forward and ran those nails through my short hair, giving my head a sensual massage as her cunt tightened around my cock. She was getting wetter and wetter, and the more aroused she got, the harder she pressed against my head.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she panted softly, until her nails were digging into the sides of my head, and she unleashed a flood of her juices onto me. Only when she was completely done coming did she grant me the okay, and I jetted a stream of hot cream into her pussy. She looked as blissful as I felt, and it was one of those precious moments that makes our kinky relationship thrive. With her dominance and my need for submission, we make a fabulous team.

*Mr. Alex K.,
Grand Junction, Colorado*

A RAINY DAY IS HIS TICKET TO WET T-SHIRTS AND DRIPPING GIRLS

When I wake up in the morning and see storm clouds outside or hear the steady beat of rain, I get a smile on my face, and my cock immediately stiffens. I know rain makes most people want to curl up under the covers, but it gets me zipping out of bed so I can check out women rushing down the streets as the rain drenches them. I love to catch women who don’t have umbrellas, their bodies soaked head to toe; it’s like the ultimate wet t-shirt contest, except it covers their entire bodies. So when I awoke to the sound of rain last week, I hurriedly threw on a rumpled but still-nice pair of jeans and a long-sleeved gray shirt, brushed my teeth and hair, and headed out with an umbrella, my laptop in its bag and a spring in my step.

I live right near a busy café that

often serves as a refuge from the rain for soaked pedestrians. I parked myself near the door, facing outward, so I was able to observe all the women rushing to and fro. I love watching the way the wind whips their hair and the rain drips down their faces and bodies. Seeing them like that brings out my protective side, and I hoped that a hot woman would walk in, sit down next to me, shivering, and allow me to help her. As it turned out, that woman was my neighbor, Gina. She'd had an early morning real estate showing and was on her way back home when she got caught in the storm. Seeing me, she gave a friendly wave and stepped inside.

We'd always chatted, and I'd no-

reached for it to warm it between my own. "Is that okay?" I asked.

"Your hands feel good," she purred, sitting down and moving her chair closer to me. Little droplets of water fell from her hair. She looked so beautiful that I wanted to kiss her. "How come we've never hung out before, Ben?" she asked, shutting her eyes as I gave her a sensual hand massage. I took her other hand in mine and rubbed it between my palms until it became warm. She shifted closer, moving between my legs.

"Warm yourself up. Have a sip of my coffee," I said, offering her the cup. She turned to me and smiled. "You're so beautiful, especially when

Gina was wild, taking my dick into her pussy and riding me as the sound of rain accompanied our fucking.

ticed her sexy body, but she'd never given me any indication that she'd be interested in anything more than being neighbors until that fateful day. She walked over to me and gave me a big hug, then recoiled. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I've gotten you soaked," she said, trying to brush off the water that had landed on me.

"No problem at all, Gina," I said, smiling warmly at her. "Let me help you out of your coat." When I did, I couldn't help but notice that her breasts seemed even larger than I'd remembered them to be. Everything about her was sexy, especially the way she shook her wet hair out of her eyes when she handed me her coat. Our hands touched, and I noticed that hers was cool. I impulsively

you're all wet like that," I said.

"That's not the only place I'm wet," she murmured before taking a sip of my coffee, looking up at me when she put the mug back down.

"What do you say I take you home and dry you off?" I asked, imagining her beautiful body totally nude. Gina turned around so she was facing me, my prominent erection now totally visible to anyone who might walk by. Just then the door opened and a blast of cold air rushed toward us. A stunning blonde stood there in a skimpy t-shirt and skirt, completely soaked through to the bone. The thin fabric didn't hide anything, including the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra. Both Gina and I watched as her nipples puckered against the fabric.

I heard Gina suck in her breath, and I wondered if she was as turned on by the sight of the wet woman as I was, but then the soaked stranger went to the counter to buy herself a beverage, and I forgot about her as Gina nuzzled against my neck.

“Take me home and warm me up,” she said, reaching over me for her coat. By then, my clothes were dotted with wetness. I helped her into her coat, before slipping on mine. We had a four-block walk back to our building, but with the driving rain, it would take longer than usual. Since

By the time we got back to our building, lightning was striking and she was shivering. I quickly ushered her inside; I was impatient by then to get out of the rain and inside Gina. “Why don’t you come inside, and I’ll warm you up?” I said, leading her into my luxurious bathroom with its heated lights. I stripped her bare, and I wanted to get down on my knees and lick her right then and there, but first I wrapped her in my largest towel, watching it dwarf her body as she slowly stopped shivering. I have always stocked extra-ab-



she didn’t have an umbrella, I gallantly carried mine, trying to shield both of us. However, it was an average-sized one and couldn’t adequately cover two bodies. Instead of moving it more toward her side, I let some of the rain drip down onto her arm, liking the way she had to huddle closer to me in an attempt to stay dry. When we heard thunder booming loudly, she wiggled even closer. I liked that she wanted to use me as shelter from the storm, and I linked my arm through hers as we walked faster through the rain.

sorbent towels, ones that are plush and soft to the touch. I hugged her tightly, feeling her nipples hardening even beneath the thick towel.

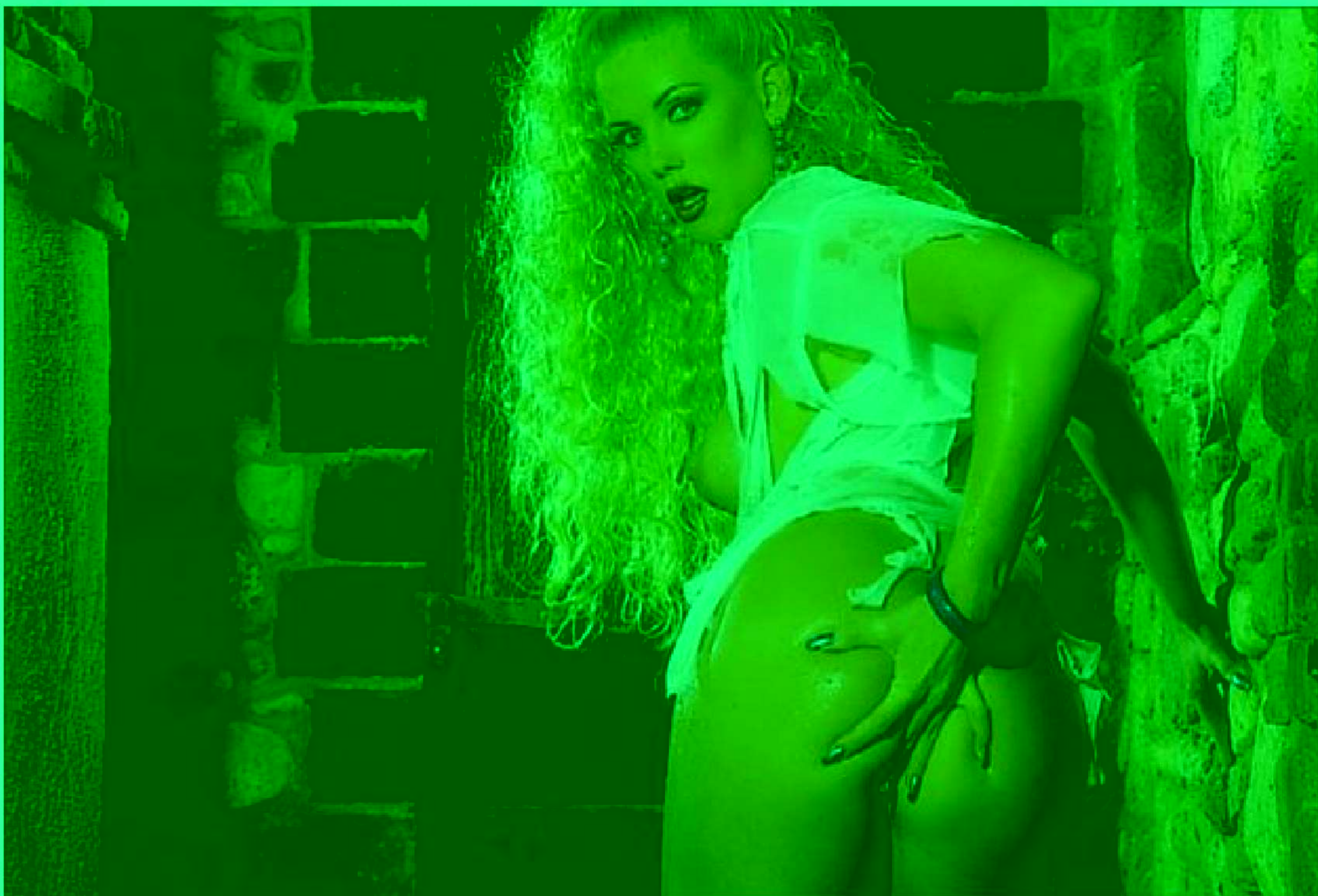
I reluctantly parted from her, letting her towel herself dry, while I made us a batch of soothing chamomile tea. I called out to her to join me in the living room. I expected her to emerge still wrapped in the towel, but when Gina came walking toward me totally naked, I almost dropped the tea tray. Her hair still retained some of the water, and droplets had made their way to her shoulders, but she

wasn't even high in the air, in fact, she looked like she was in heat! I hastily put down the tray on my coffee table before Gina pounced on me.

"I think I should repay you for rescuing me from the rain," she said, then sucked on an index finger before tracing its wetness along my cheek. Her fingers crept down my neck, making me shiver, before she slowly unbuttoned my shirt. I swallowed hard. I was standing before her and wasn't sure whether to sit or keep standing, but she seemed to want me to stay on my feet as she

couldn't exactly stop such an exquisite blowjob, one she seemed so eager to give. She soon came up for air, then pushed me down onto the couch before climbing on top of me. Gina was a wild one, taking my dick directly into her pussy and riding me as the sound of raindrops accompanied our frantic fucking.

Maybe this was the real Gina, and I'd just never responded to some silent signal she'd been sending me. She whispered in my ear, "I've wanted to fuck you for a long time," as she gyrated against me. I barely



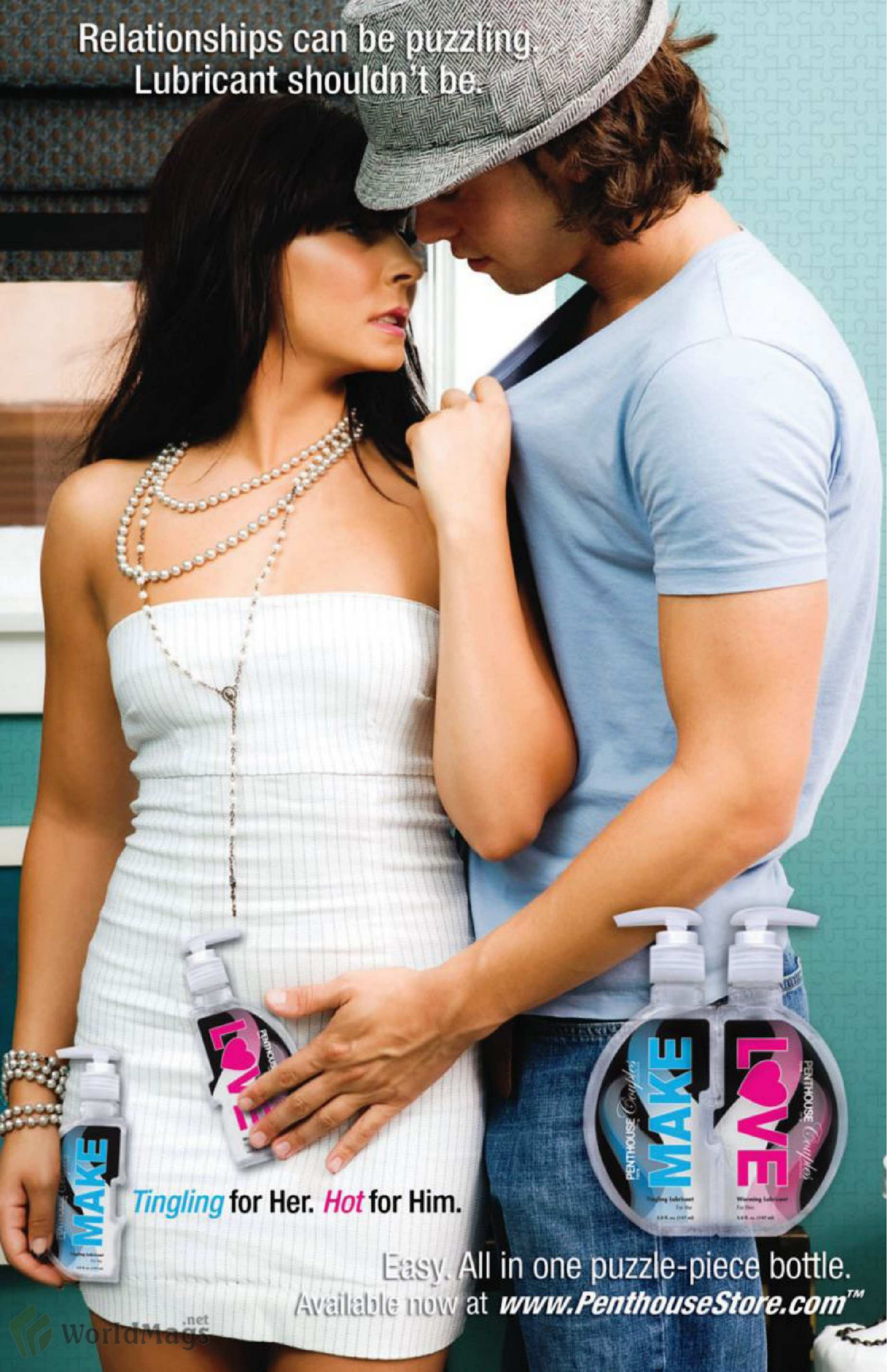
painstakingly took off my shirt. My nipples were erect as well, and when her hard buds brushed against mine, followed immediately by the flash of lightning outside the window, I was a goner. "You got stuck in the rain. You need to be warmed up, too," she said, wiping my forehead with her hand.

She gradually undressed me until I was standing before her with nothing but a huge erection. She took my cock into her warm, wet mouth, swallowing me whole. I longed to taste and touch her as well, but I

had to move, since she was stroking her clit and letting out a stream of naughty words that served to push us both into the climax zone. She came first, shuddering against me as she wrapped her arms around me, her hips pressed against mine as my entire length burrowed into her quivering cunt. "I want to feel your come," she said, continuing to rock her body against me until I did, indeed, spurt inside her.

We lay against each other, the tea long gone cold, as the rain pounded outdoors. "I hope it keeps raining all

Relationships can be puzzling.
Lubricant shouldn't be.



Tingling for Her. *Hot* for Him.

Easy. All in one puzzle-piece bottle.

Available now at www.PenthouseStore.comTM

night. I like the sound of it when I'm safely inside, especially with you to keep me warm," she said. "And now every time it rains, I'm going to think of you." I didn't need to tell her that I would do the same.

*Mr. Ben A.,
Seattle, Washington*

THE SMELL AND FEEL OF SUNTAN LOTION MAKES HIS COCK HARD

I'm a beach bum, so it makes sense that summer is my favorite season. But my reasons for busting out my bathing suit and taking in the sight of endless hot girls jiggling around in their bikinis may be slightly different than the average guy's. I have

terms of finding women to slather with my favorite sunscreen.

I started out by initiating an intense workout regime in February, so that by the time the first rays of summer sunshine came through, I had a very fit body that I was hoping would look good on the beach. I also picked up lotions with several different SPFs, so as to be compatible with as many women's requests as possible. On the first day out, I used the highest one on myself, since I planned to be on the beach all day, and felt my cock stiffening as I smeared the scented cream onto my skin. I've always had a theory that summer is the best season to get laid because without so much clothing on, we're

**I drizzled a stream
of the white cream against her skin,
watching it drip in
random formations down her back.**

always been especially sensitive to certain scents, but none gets me going more than the smell of suntan lotion. That deliciously intoxicating smell of coconut has made my cock hard for as long as I can remember. During the summer months, I always have it on hand, and I've even used it to masturbate at times.

But what I really love is having a hot girl sitting between my legs, her butt crack flush up against my cock while she leans forward and I rub the creamy lotion into her skin. Two years ago, my girlfriend Mandy and I had a lot of fun frolicking under our beach blanket, and she let me massage lotion into her flesh as often as I'd like. This past summer, I was single, so I had to be a little more creative in

all more likely to flirt and touch each other. Proving me right, a pretty young woman turned to me when I was done with the lotion and asked, "Pardon me, but would you mind putting some lotion on my back? I did the rest of my body but can't reach behind me, and I don't want to get burned."

She had a sexy Southern drawl that immediately got my attention, and when I turned around, she was everything I could've hoped for: slim, with large, natural breasts bursting out of a pale blue bikini. Her nipples seemed like they were ready to pop, and while part of me longed to play with them, I was so excited about the prospect of slathering her with lotion that I figured that could wait. "Sure,

Call us...
We want to play with your cock!

\$2.98/min. Live, 1-on-1
1-877-992-GIRL
 18+ NO Connect Fee! 1-877-992-4475

Live Local
 Totally FREE to try
1-206-426-4475
 Real live talk
 Real girls from your area!

1-800-700-CUNT
 2868

no per-minute fees, 18+ Long distance/air time may apply

REALLY Horny Girls
1-888-278-GIRL
 XXX Live, 1-on-1, \$2.98/min. 18+

Eat it out!

Rim my sweet ass & Fuck it!

1-800-685-ANAL
 2625
 \$4.95 PER MIN. 18+

Taste my pussy juice!

1-800-375-CLIT
 2548

Let's Fantasize Together

Your call is answered by a live operator - not a machine - so you get exactly what you want.

I have masturbation techniques to teach you...

Live, 1-on-1
1-877-969-GIRL
 \$2.98/min. 18+ 877-969-4475

ma'am," I said. "I'm Dean." I offered her my hand to shake, and when she did, electric sparks traveled up my arm from where we touched.

"Erica," she said simply, before agilely shifting over to my blanket, settling herself so she was facing the water. We were in a popular part of the beach, but thankfully there was nobody directly near us, allowing us to have a slightly more intimate setting for our first lotion experience. I moved behind her, the sun beaming down on both of us. She shook her head, pulling her luscious tresses

tell if she was being friendly or if she wanted to jump my bones, so I took it easy, casually rubbing the lotion into her skin as opposed to massaging deeply.

I was more than happy to rub copious amounts of the velvety cream into her pale flesh, moving from her shoulders on down. When she squirmed, her tiny, round ass moving closer to me, I wasn't sure if I should move away; if she came in contact with my body, she'd quickly find out how hard my cock was. I tried to keep her in place with one hand,



in front of her to give me full access to her back. I wondered if she was going to remove her bikini top, but seeing as we'd just met, I wasn't going to push her on that.

I started by pouring a 30 SPF lotion onto her back. I'd searched high and low for just the right kind, one that would actually protect against the sun's rays, was creamy but not too thick, and had a pleasing tropical scent. I like to watch the rich white liquid dissolve into the skin, and being the one to make that happen had my body lit up with pleasure. I couldn't

while I used the other to smear more lotion down her back. The lower I got, the more turned on I was getting, and at one point, she turned around and grinned at me. "That feels good," she said, giving me a once-over while I paused in my movements. "Please keep going," she said.

I took that as a sign that Erica was interested in more than just protecting herself from the sun, so I leaned forward, whispering into her ear. "I'd be happy to," I said, before putting more pressure on her back, sliding my hand up her spine and back to

HOT PUSSY NEEDS COCK!
1-800-293-HOT1
 \$1.99 - \$5.99MIN/ 18+ 4 6 8

HORNY HOUSEWIVES
1-800-587-9876
 \$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+

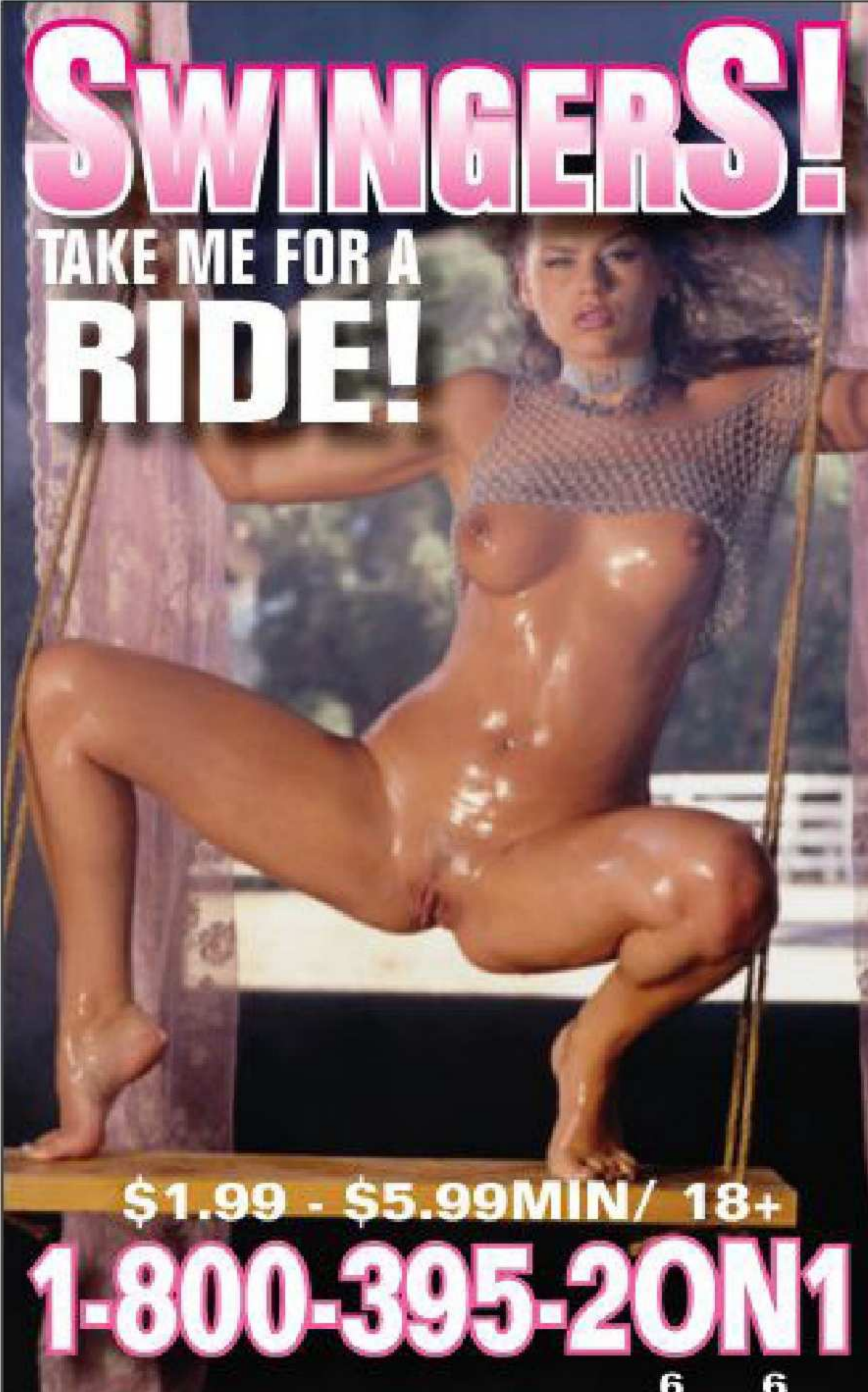
WILD FANTASIES
1-800-664-ROXY
 \$1.99 - \$5.99MIN/ 18+ 7 6 9 9

BIG, BUSTY BITCHES
1-800-552-6649
 \$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+

DOMINATING SLUTS!
 WE KNOW HOW YOU REALLY WANT IT!
1 ON 1
 \$4.99 MIN
 18+
1-800-983-KINK
 5 4 6 5



SWINGERS!
 TAKE ME FOR A RIDE!
 \$1.99 - \$5.99MIN/ 18+
1-800-395-20N1
 6 6



JACK-OFF
 WITH
1-800-247-JODI
 \$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+ 5 6 3 4

ALWAYS WET AND HUNGRY FOR YOUR CUM!
1-800 513-SLUT
 7 5 8 8
 \$1.99 - \$5.99 MIN/ 18+

her shoulders. They were already adequately covered, and we both knew it, but nevertheless I took the bottle, held it in front of her, and said, “Do you need more lotion, Erica? I think you do—I think maybe we need to use up this whole bottle on your beautiful skin.”

“Hmmm,” she murmured, and I drizzled a long stream of the viscous white cream against her skin, watching it drip in random formations down her back. This time, when she inched herself backward, I didn’t stop her. When she bumped up against my

too, as I thought about laying her on her back, stripping down, and climbing onto her suntan lotion-smearred skin. But I wasn’t totally sure that she was thinking along the same lines until she reached behind her back and began fondling my cock. I had just about gotten all the lotion worked into her skin and then leaned forward, resting my chin on her shoulder. “Erica, you’re making me want to slide my cock into you right here on the beach.”

She laughed softly. “I wish we could . . . but I have a place almost



hard shaft, instead of pausing, she kept on wiggling.

“You’ve found out my secret,” I said quietly, before leaning in and gently running my hands along her back. I took my time, making the lotion last; I especially liked the brand I’d chosen because it didn’t simply melt into the skin, but required human contact to have it blend into the body. This meant more opportunity for me to stroke her skin and feel her warmth beneath my hands. I knew she was getting turned on from the way she was breathing, and I certainly was,

as good—I’m staying right over there,” she said, pointing to a nearby hotel. I couldn’t believe my luck!

She stroked me a few more times before standing, leaning down so her lovely breasts swayed in my face. I heard someone wolf whistle behind me, knowing they were staring at her sexy ass. I looked toward Erica’s admirer, stood and fondled her warm bottom, and the guy gave me a thumbs-up. “I bet every guy here wants a piece of you,” I said, pulling her close.

“But you’re the one who gets to

PENTHOUSE

VARIATIONS

■ ■ ■ ■ C I N E M A ■ ■ ■ ■

CLICK TO PLAY

To purchase this DVD in it's entirety or any other DVDs visit:

www.penthousestore.com

FETISHISM

have me,” she said. We hastily bundled up our belongings and went to her place. She pushed me down on the bed, undressed me, and immediately took my cock between her lips. She didn’t go too fast or too slow, but instead sensually wet my cock with her saliva, sucking just enough to make me rock-hard. The scent of the lotion emanated from her skin and served to make me even hornier. I had to focus not to come on contact when she climbed on top of me and plunged her pussy down on my dick, encasing me in its warmth. She was

moved off my cock when it was duly soft. “Come here,” I grunted, and she did as I’d asked, planting her legs on either side of my face and giving me the chance to lick her pussy for as long as I wanted. I could tell she was on the verge of coming, but I teased her, toying with her clit and lightly brushing my tongue over her slit, until she pushed down even harder against me. I’m sure I was imagining things, but it was almost as if her pussy tasted like suntan lotion, which made my cock stir again. When she came, I swallowed every



so feisty, grabbing my arms, rocking back and forth, and pinching her nipples. When she dropped forward, pressing her chest against mine, her skin was warm and soft as a result of the sun and her recent lathering. She nipped at my shoulder with her teeth, and I grabbed her ass, squeezing it firmly. She rocked harder, and I barely needed to do a thing except let my coconut-scented sweetheart ride me until I spurted a huge load deep inside her.

She egged me on, telling me she loved the feel of my come, and only

drop of her delicious juices, keeping my mouth connected to her cunt until she pulled away and gave me a sloppy kiss.

We spent the rest of the summer together, and I even got her to put some cream on me. I probably spent more on suntan lotion than I did on beer that summer, but I can assure you, it was well worth it, and I can’t wait to spend next summer at the beach with her, and many bottles of suntan lotion, by my side.

*Mr. Dean G.,
Cherry Hill, New Jersey*

WWW.VARIATIONS.COM

Let's Fantasize Together

Your call is answered by a live operator - not a machine - so you get exactly what you want.

I have masturbation techniques to teach you...

Live, 1-on-1

1-877-969-GIRL

\$2.98/min. 18+

877-969-4475

Call us...

We want to play with your cock!



\$2.98/min. **Live, 1-on-1**

1-877-992-GIRL

18+ NO Connect Fee! 1-877-992-4475

I'm Waiting CUM INSIDE



1-800-666-UCUM

1-800-937-BUTT

\$4.95 per minute. 18+

I'm here to Pleasure YOU!

1-888-355-GIRL

4 4 7 5

LIVE, 1-on-1 FUCK and SUCK \$2.98/min. 18+



Live Local

Totally FREE to try

1-206-426-4475

Real live talk
Real girls from your area!

1-800-700-CUNT

2 8 6 8

no per-minute fees, 18+ Long distance/air time may apply



Aiden has a kinky surprise for Mikey. After their date, she strips him down and teases him with well-placed licks and kisses, but she soon turns his world upside down. Bound in leather wrist cuffs, he becomes her willing captive—and that's when the real fun begins. Catch every wicked second of her playful domination in the Penthouse Variations DVD *Flesh Desires*, directed by Skye Blue.



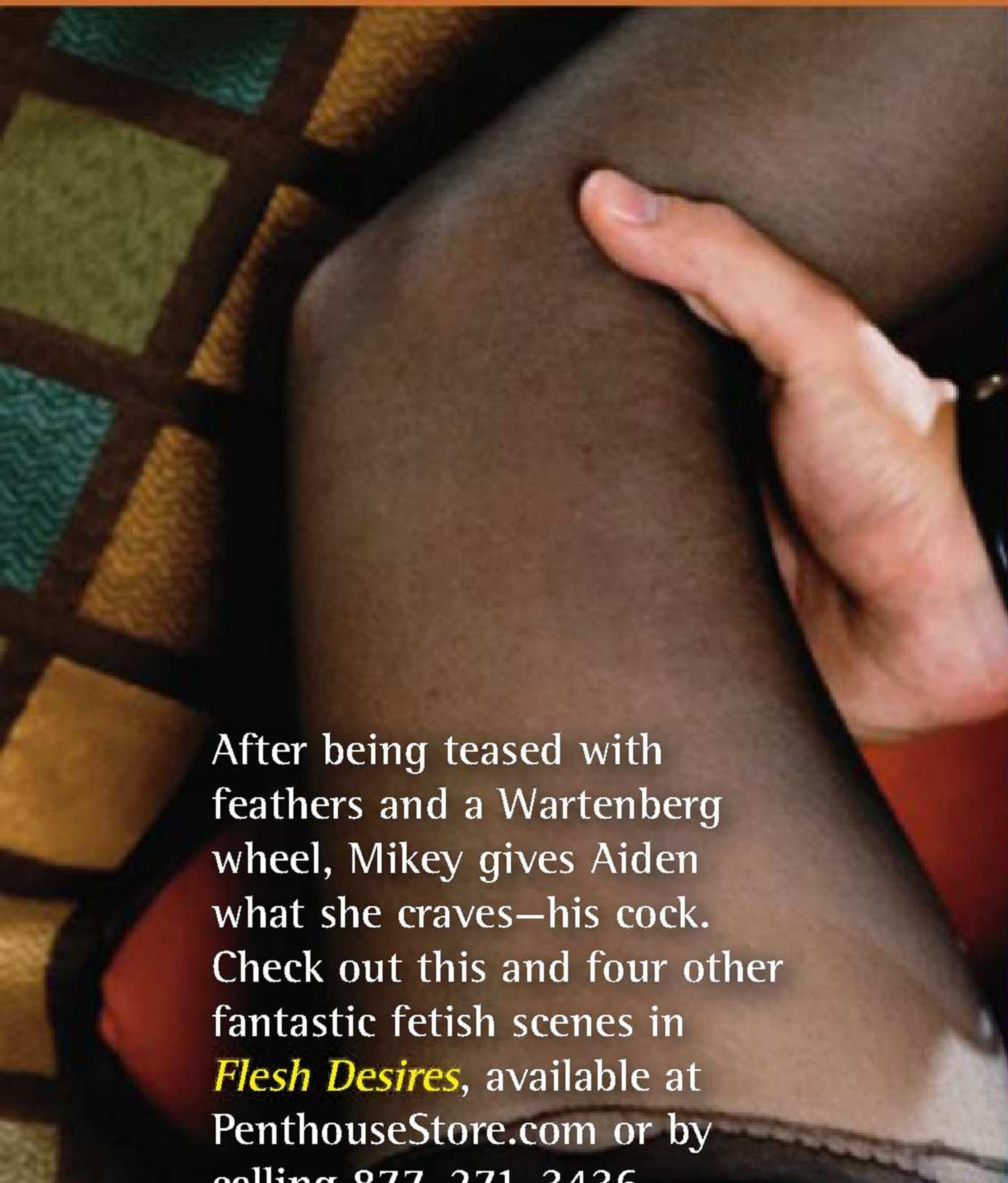






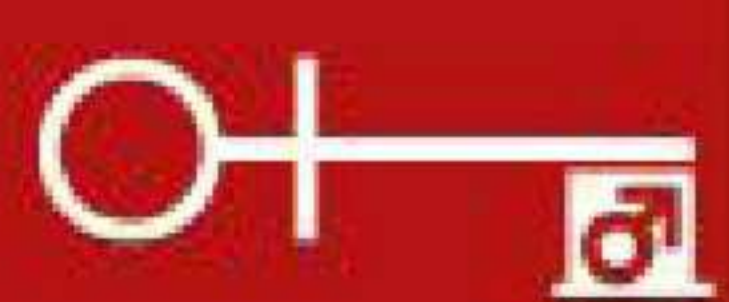




A close-up photograph showing a woman's hand with a black ring on her ring finger touching a man's hairy leg. The man is wearing black lace underwear.

After being teased with feathers and a Wartenberg wheel, Mikey gives Aiden what she craves—his cock. Check out this and four other fantastic fetish scenes in *Flesh Desires*, available at PenthouseStore.com or by calling 877-271-3436.





Anal**Sex**letters





THEIR VACATION GIVES THEM PLENTY OF TIME FOR ALL KINDS OF ASS-FUCKING

I've been happily married for more than twenty years. My wife is five-foot-seven and weighs about 120 pounds. Stephanie's 34C breasts have always been my obsession, but her long, shapely legs are also gorgeous. However, I have to confess that when I see her from behind, all I can think about is fucking her ass.

We discovered the pleasure of anal sex many years ago, but for some reason, it has been a rare part of our sex life, happening only three or four times a year. Reflecting on this last week, I was prompted to say to Stephanie,

“I was thinking about how we both enjoy anal sex but don’t do it very often. So I plan on using your ass rather intensely when we’re on vacation next week.”

Stephanie smiled and replied in her sexiest voice, “My ass has been horribly neglected. It’s been available, but you just haven’t taken it. But now you’ve given me an extra reason to look forward to our trip. Be sure to pack lube and any toys you might want to use. Mmm, I can’t wait.”

Our vacation couldn’t come soon enough. Our hotel was right on the ocean. We had a second-floor suite that overlooked the beach. As the bellman brought our bags into the bedroom, he gave us a rundown of

up and down Stephanie’s asscrack. “Well, I guess I *have* been neglecting this sweet little ass. Don’t worry,” I said, slipping a lubed finger into her tight pucker. “I plan on making up for it over the next few days.” With that, I positioned my cock at her asshole and eased it inside. She moaned and pushed back against me, wiggling her bottom invitingly. When I was all the way in and my balls were crushed against her plush cheeks, I stopped for a moment to savor the sensation of her snug back passage clutching my shaft.

“Don’t stop! Fuck my ass!” she shouted. Hearing those words nearly put me over the edge, so I knew I wouldn’t last long. After taking a deep

My cock slid into her ass. Stephanie groaned, and her whole body shook as she impaled herself on my dick.

the amenities available at the hotel. I noticed Stephanie surveying the living room and standing behind a large upholstered chair in the center. As the bellman dropped off our suitcases in the other room, Stephanie bent over the back of the chair and shook her ass at me. I smiled and said, “We’ll have time for that later.”

She straightened up just as the bellman came back into the living room. Eager to be alone with my wife, I cut off his speech, informing him that we had stayed in that hotel before. As soon as he was gone, I grabbed the lube from my suitcase, and told her to strip and resume her position over the back of the chair.

Within ten minutes of our arrival, my cock was lubed, and rubbing

breath, I started thrusting in and out of her hole, using firm strokes that I knew would please her. Stephanie reached between her legs and began rubbing her clit as I pounded her behind. My wife came after only a few strokes, and the rhythmic pulsing of her ass pushed me over the edge. Afterward, we both stayed completely still, relishing the afterglow of our trip’s first glorious ass-fuck.

When we had recovered, we laughed about our mutual horniness. We then unpacked and planned the rest of our day. That night, Stephanie wore my favorite panties, a pair with a seam up the back that accentuated her shapely cheeks. On top of them, she wore a short silk dress, and high heels that perfectly displayed her

legs and ass. I couldn't resist fondling her butt when we were in the elevator heading down to dinner. Her dress was so thin and the panties so tight, it nearly felt like I was cupping her bare bottom. Needless to say, I had a raging hard-on by the time we reached the ground floor. I walked close behind Stephanie to hide my erection as we crossed the crowded lobby and entered the restaurant.

During dinner, Stephanie told me she had seen the tent in my pants and had been turned on by the sight. "If touching me through my dress got

and we hurried back to our room. I'd noticed earlier that our balcony had a couple of small chairs. I thought I could sit in one with Stephanie on top of me, while my cock was nestled in her ass. My wife thought that sounded rather daring but the idea excited her, and we immediately headed over to the balcony.

It was twilight, and there was no one in sight anywhere on the beach. Stephanie stood at the railing surveying the waves. I pressed myself against her from behind, grinding my rock-hard cock into her ass. I fondled



you hard, I guess you'll want to fuck my ass again when we get back to our room," she said. I replied that I thought that was obvious from our hurried encounter when we'd first arrived at the hotel. She smiled and then said, "Here's a thought for you: Before I got dressed for dinner, I lubed my ass for you. I thought you'd like to think about how I'm sitting here in this fancy dress with my ass slick and ready." My cock twitched in my pants as she continued. "I can't wait for you to slide your cock inside me."

I hailed our waiter for the check,

her hips and butt through her dress, and told Stephanie her panties were really sexy and thanked her for bringing them. Within a few minutes, I had my hands under her dress. I caressed her soft cheeks and reached around to trace my fingers over her mound, sneaking them up to her waistband. As I slowly lowered her panties, she seemed to get even more excited as they slid down her legs. I helped her step out of them, and then my hands roamed up and down her gams.

I grabbed Stephanie's hips and walked both of us backward toward

the chair. I fumbled to remove my pants and underwear, and pushed my shirttails out of the way as I sat down. I reached up and bunched up her dress with my right hand, and then grabbed her hip to steer her. I asked her to sit down slowly. As she did, I guided my cock toward its target. She hesitated at just the right moment, so I could align myself with her hole, and then she continued her descent. My cock slid into her lubed ass as if our body parts were made for each other. Stephanie groaned out loud, and her whole body shook

making her bounce with excitement. We each made noises that were a mix of groans, growls and heavy breathing as we rapidly approached orgasm. Finally, with a large shudder, Stephanie shouted as she came; that was all I needed to reach my climax. I thrust into her one last time and exploded deep inside my sexy wife. I felt completely drained. I hugged Stephanie from behind as she shook through several spasms and pressed her body against mine for support.

On the morning of the second day, we enjoyed a light breakfast on our



as she impaled herself on my dick. Both of my hands now gripped her hips. We couldn't move too much, but between the gentle bucking of my hips and Stephanie's rhythmic rocking, we soon settled into a very sensuous fucking motion.

We ground our bodies together to maximize the depth of my penetration and to intensify the sensations of my cock in Stephanie's ass. As she writhed in my lap, I reached around and stroked her pussy. She was so slippery, I had to work to keep my fingers on her clit. I flicked it quickly,

balcony. Observing that there were a fair number of people on the beach prompted me to say how much I had enjoyed our activity on the balcony the previous night. It was exciting to think that anyone could have seen me fucking my wife's ass. This discussion got us both in the mood, although Stephanie was too shy to go at it in the light of day. I reached for Stephanie's arm and tugged her inside.

In the bedroom, I slowly removed her robe and positioned her on her back on the mattress. She was wear-

ing only a baby-doll nightgown and looked very sexy. I lay down next to her and kissed her passionately while reaching underneath her nightie to grope her ass. After long moments of kissing and stroking each other's body, my index finger found Stephanie's anus and teased around the opening. She moaned and squirmed against my hand. After warming her up for a few minutes, I said, "I have a new dildo I brought to use in your ass. It's a small silicone one, and I think you're going to love it." She nodded energetically, so I lubed her ass with a slick finger and then applied some lube to the dildo. It was about five inches long and it bulged in three spots along its length—simi-

the dildo in and out of her hole, while her hands were busy at her crotch. With a groan that turned into a yell, Stephanie came violently.

I slipped the dildo out of her ass, and she lay back to catch her breath. As she came back down to earth, she absentmindedly stroked my stiff cock. After about ten minutes, I thought I'd come if she didn't stop. Stephanie sensed this and rolled over onto her side. Neither of us wanted to waste my erection on a handjob.

"My ass is yours," she said. I moved into position and guided my cock home. Stephanie gasped as I entered her butt, then pushed back hard against me. I grabbed her hips and fucked her ass almost violently.

**Stephanie gasped as
her ass stretched and relaxed over
the dildo's curves. I
worked the toy in and out of her hole.**

lar in concept to anal beads. Stephanie groaned as I slid the dildo in past the first ridge. I paused and then pushed forward, so that the second ridge stretched her hole and then popped inside her sphincter. Then I slowly repeated the process for the third bump. Stephanie gasped and said, "Fuck me, now!" I pulled the dildo out enough for two ridges to pass her sphincter and then thrust it back in. Stephanie gasped as her ass stretched and relaxed over the dildo's curves. I pulled her nightie aside so that I could suck on Stephanie's left breast and began to feast on her hard nipple, all without stopping my fucking of her ass. After a few more thrusts, Stephanie's hips were coming up off the bed. I worked

We both came in mere minutes.

For the entirety of our four-day trip, my cock was in Stephanie's ass twice a day, until the evening of the last day. I said I thought I might be too spent to do it for a third time, but Stephanie was not to be denied. She used her mouth and fingers to coax one more erection out of me. It took a little while, but she got me to a state of firmness that was adequate for penetration. Lying side by side, she backed up against me and told me to guide my cock inside for one last ass-fuck. Once I was in, she did most of the work by squeezing her ass and grinding back against me. I was really tired, but since I was lying down and my wife was fucking me, all I had to do was remain still and

enjoy it. Our writhing and grinding went on for a long time; it was a slow, satisfying fuck. Stephanie came twice before my cock finally started to ache, and ultimately gave up its last load of come. I told Stephanie I loved her, but my body was shot. She laughingly agreed, saying we'd need a vacation after our vacation. And I promised I would never neglect her ass again.

*Mr. Daniel K.,
Savannah, Georgia*

HER ANAL LUST INSPIRES HIM TO BEND OVER, TOO

"Fuck me harder!" I yelled as Paul slammed roughly into my ass. We hadn't fucked so fiercely in ages, and I wanted to enjoy it. My fiancé's cock was plundering my rear hole, and I was on the verge of a powerful orgasm. After several more thrusts, I felt his body stiffen, and then the feel of his load being released into my ass overtook me and I came, screaming in ecstasy.

An anal sex connoisseur, I enjoyed a good ass-fucking from Paul on a regular basis. Recently, however, with both of us working so much, we hadn't had time to really revel in the passion we share, and our fuck sessions had become few and far between.

I didn't know how to fix things, but I knew we had to do something. One weekend, while Paul was at work and I was home alone, I took out an old copy of *Variations* and started reading. As I flipped through the magazine, I came across a letter about a lesbian couple who used a strap-on dildo to fuck one another. Reading their letter had my cunt tingling instantly, and suddenly I had a brilliant idea.

That night when Paul came home, I decided to talk to him about our recent problems in the bedroom.

He apologized for the lackluster loving, but said he didn't know what we could do that would help us. Smiling, I told Paul I had a few ideas.

"You love fucking me in the ass, don't you, baby?" I asked him, seductively.

"God, yes," he moaned, getting excited at just the mention of our favorite activity. "You know there isn't anything I'd rather do than spend a day in bed, fucking your ass over and over again."

"Well, what about you?" I asked.

"What about me?" Paul seemed confused.

"Have you ever thought about what it would feel like if you were on the receiving end?"

Paul's face clouded over for a moment, and I thought I might have been wrong in bringing it up, but before I had a chance to worry, he was talking again. "Sure, I've wondered," he said. "I mean, you seem to enjoy it so much, it can't be all bad."

"I was hoping you'd say that," I grinned. "I was thinking that maybe that is the answer to our problem. Experimentation has always been good to us."

Paul smiled widely and told me that he was up for anything—and looking at his crotch, I could see that he wasn't lying. That night we fucked wildly, excited about what the future had in store for us.

A couple of weeks later, when I miraculously had a three-day weekend, I began planning our next sexual adventure. While Paul spent Friday at the office, I drove to our favorite adult toy store to pick up the necessary items for our weekend sex play.

After carefully perusing the store's selection of harnesses and dildos, I finally chose a set designed specifically for anal penetration. The harness was basic, with wide black straps to secure it around my hips and a sturdy ring to hold a dildo in

place. It also had a small pocket on the inside, near where my clit would be, in which a small vibrator could fit. It came with a medium-length, slender dildo specially made for anal beginners. It seemed perfect. After picking out a new container of our favorite lube, it was time to go home and start getting ready for Paul.

That night, when he got home from the office, I was waiting for him with a home-cooked meal and a bottle of his favorite red wine, not to mention a barely there cocktail dress that showed off every curve of my body. Although he was worn out from a long week at work, he perked up when he saw me. It was rare that I would be home on time, let alone be dressed

hidden under the sink and pulled out our new toy. Removing my short dress, I secured the harness around me, then pulled on my robe and started up the stairs to join Paul.

Walking into the room, I saw my fiancé lying naked across our bed, patiently waiting for me. Smiling, he beckoned me over to him, thanked me for dinner, then began kissing me hotly. We had been making out for several minutes when he pulled me on top of him. That's when he noticed that something was different.

"Honey," he said, "what's that?"

"What?" I asked innocently.

"Under your robe, I feel something," he said. He then untied my belt and my robe fell open, revealing

**The sight of him,
his asshole being penetrated and his
hands gripping the
sheets, had me incredibly turned on.**

up and have dinner on the table, so he knew something was up.

"I have a little present for you after we eat," I told him. "And enjoy dinner, because it's the only rest you'll be getting tonight."

Smiling at me, Paul dug into his meal, and by the time we were finished eating, the bottle of wine was gone and my fiancé was dying to know what his surprise would be. As I cleared the dishes, I told him to head upstairs and undress, and I would join him as soon as I was done in the kitchen. Walking over to me, Paul kissed me sweetly and told me he couldn't wait, then left me to finish cleaning up.

When I was sure Paul was in the bedroom, I grabbed the bag I had

my new toy. "Why, darling, I swear when I left for work this morning, you were all woman. When did this happen?" he joked, his cock growing hard at the sight of his surprise.

"I thought we could have a little fun, like we talked about," I managed to get out before Paul was on top of me again, kissing me fiercely. As we kissed, my hands wandered down to his ass, and I squeezed and kneaded his butt cheeks. Feeling his growing erection pressing into my stomach, I knew he was enjoying it, and I slid my hands closer to his puckered hole. As I gently traced his opening with my finger, Paul moaned. Feeling encouraged, I gently inched my fingertip into his ass, pressing past the tight crimp to enter his canal. As my

finger worked deeper into him, swiftly sliding in up to the second knuckle, he bucked against me. That was when I knew he was definitely ready for more.

When I pulled myself out from under my fiancé, he looked worried, but when I reached for the lube that we keep atop our bedside table, he perked right up. As I massaged the lube onto the dildo, Paul, knowing what was to come, got on his hands and knees, sticking his ass into the air and wiggling it at me. Seeing him so ready and willing got me hot, and I could feel my juices soaking the strap of the harness and running down the insides of my thighs.

Getting on the bed behind Paul, I

When the base of the dildo touched Paul's rear, I stilled to let him get accustomed to the feeling of being penetrated so completely. After just a few moments, however, he was wiggling his ass at me, trying to take me even deeper. I remained unmoving for another minute, letting him feel what he always puts me through when he makes me wait to be fucked. Then, I started pulling out.

Slowly, I began thrusting in and out of my fiancé's ass. As his tight crimp loosened even more, I moved faster and faster until I was sawing in and out of his hole. Within moments, I was fucking him almost as hard as he fucks me, and Paul was moaning as my hips slammed into his ass.

**I was fucking
him almost as hard as he fucks me,
and Paul was moaning
as my hips slammed into his ass.**

smacked his ass a few times before spreading his cheeks and rubbing a bit of lube into his sphincter. When my finger could slide all the way in without trouble, I asked him if he was ready for my cock.

"As ready as I'll ever be," he said, his voice husky and deep.

With that, I carefully slid the head of the dildo into his ass. His body stiffened as I entered him, but his moan of pleasure told me he was enjoying himself. Slowly, I pushed the rest of the toy into his ass, with Paul sighing the whole time. The sight of him, his asshole being penetrated and his hands gripping the sheets, had me incredibly turned on, and I began to understand why Paul enjoyed fucking me from behind so much.

"Do you like it, baby?" I asked. "Do you like having your ass fucked?" He could only grunt in response, too caught up in the feel of a cock sliding in and out of his ass to answer me.

Slowing my thrusts a bit, I leaned forward and reached under Paul to grab his dick. He was as hard as a rock and oozing pre-come. As turned on as I was, I knew the feeling was even greater for Paul. Gripping his shaft, I began stroking him as I continued slamming into his ass. Jerking him off faster, I could feel his dick begin to grow harder. I knew he was almost ready to come.

Jerking his cock relentlessly, while still thrusting into him from behind, I kept working to help Paul reach his orgasm. After a few more thrusts,

I felt him stiffen before he blew his load, the warm liquid shooting out of his cock. After pulling out and watching him collapse on the bed, I reached into the harness and rubbed my throbbing clit feverishly for a few moments until I, too, came, having been on edge ever since I started fucking Paul.

As I lay down next to him, he opened his hazy eyes and smiled sleepily at me. "That was amazing," he said. "You're amazing." Then his eyes drifted shut again and he dozed, fully satiated, next to me.

Since then, anal sex has become an even bigger part of our relationship, and I love it. In fact, I love fucking Paul in the ass almost as much as I love getting fucked. Almost.

*Ms. Alice R.,
Charlotte, North Carolina*

MAN LEARNS THE SECRET OF HOW TO GET HIS GIRL TO LOVE ANAL SEX

I am writing in to tell every man out there who has been dying to get his girl to let him in the "backdoor" that it can happen to you. I thought my longtime girlfriend would never let me have anal sex with her. In fact, she told me she would never do it. Still, I fantasized about it often. We had a good sex life before, but it seemed like her ass was the only part of her I'd never enjoyed. I wanted to know what her ass felt like gripping my hard cock. The only problem was that I couldn't figure out a way to convince her that she would enjoy it, too.

Then one day, I confessed to my hot friend Tracy that I had this obsession with wanting to try anal sex. She admitted that she loved getting fucked in the ass.

"How do you go about trying to get your girlfriend to let you have anal with her?" she asked me.

I told her that when Julie and I were doing it, I would flip her over and try

to wedge my cock into her ass. Tracy laughed hysterically. "And you wonder why she never lets you do it?"

Tracy guaranteed that if I did exactly what she told me to do, Julie would be begging me to take her ass and would love it even more than I would. "You can't just push your way in there. Listen to me, and you'll get what you want," she promised.

I had my doubts but listened to every word Tracy said, my cock bulging in my jeans merely from hearing about it. That weekend, I put my plan into action. Julie had an appointment to meet her friend for lunch at the mall. I gave her some extra cash and told her to buy herself some sexy lingerie because I had an extra special night planned. She kissed me deeply on the lips and then swirled her tongue around mine. "I can't wait," she said and promised to be home by five.

Tracy had told me that some women have hang-ups about anal sex because they feel it is dirty. She told me to have a bath prepared for Julie and bathe her before we got started. "Women love being pampered, and the feel of your soapy hands running along her body will get her extra excited," she advised.

Tracy also suggested starting out before dinner. "You want to fill her with your cock before food," she instructed. "There's always time to eat later."

So when Julie came home, I greeted her at the door with a glass of wine and guided her upstairs to the bathroom, where a warm bubble bath awaited her. I undressed her, peeling away her clothes, and then helped her into the water. "Aren't you going to join me?" she asked.

I explained how this was all about her, and got on my knees by the side of the tub and proceeded to wash her smooth skin with one of those poufy sponges she always likes

to use. I started at the back of her neck and then moved to her shoulders, massaging away all her stress. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply, really seeming to enjoy my attentions. She groaned as I made my way over her breasts, making circles around her nipples with the sudsy sponge, and then trailing my way under the water and between her thighs to rub her pussy clean. She ground her hips upward, trying to press her pussy against the sponge, but I stopped before she got too into it. Tracy told me to make sure I kept her wanting more. "You want to get her so excited that she is begging you to fuck her," she said.

I finished her front, even paying attention to her feet and toes, then asked her to flip over. She looked at me, not sure what I meant. "Can you get on all fours, please, so I can wash your back?"

Surprisingly, she did as I asked and looked so sexy as she propped herself up on her hands and knees in the water, her ass sticking out and covered with bubbles from the bath. I ran the sponge over her back and then down her thighs. Then I slowly made my way back up, between those glorious asscheeks. She didn't move; I think she liked it! I then made small circles on her cheeks and imagined what it would be like to stick my cock between them. I put down the sponge and stroked her with my fingers, being careful not to be too invasive. I had to stop myself before I got carried away. I got up, pointed to the towel and the Victoria's Secret bag with the lingerie she had bought, and asked her to get out, put it on for me and meet me in the bedroom. Julie nodded, very turned on.

She came into the room a complete vision. She was wearing a black lace tank with a matching thong and garters. The garters framed her asscheeks so beautifully I could have

come in my briefs right there. She has one of those asses that is tight and juicy at the same time. It is the perfect size, round and plump. Plus, she has this tiny waist and huge breasts. I had to think of Tracy's words so I wouldn't blow it. "Don't act like a boy just trying to get some action. Act like a man who knows how to get what he wants, and she'll want to give it to you."

We kissed as we always do, but this time, as I pulled her closer to me, I let my hands wander. Whatever I was doing was working because she seemed to be melting in my arms, and when I looked at her, she had that glassy look in her eyes that she gets when she is super turned on.

I told her how gorgeous she looked and asked her to turn around so I could get a full view of her. She spun around slowly, knowing how hot she was, her stiletto heels clicking on the wood floor as she turned. I stopped her mid-spin so her ass was facing me, and began kissing the back of her neck and shoulders. I had my arms wrapped around her and was running one hand over her flat belly. The other was tucked in her panties, diddling her clit. Every time she moved, her ass would press against my hard cock.

With her heels on, her ass was perfectly aligned with my cock. In the past, I would have tried to stick it in, but this time I had Tracy's advice to help me. I bent Julie over, and she used her hands to brace herself against the bed. Then I slid her panties down her legs and helped her step out of them. The thong snagged on her heel as she lifted her right foot, and I thought it was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. Her pussy was so wet. I kept playing with it, sticking my fingers in and out of her, and massaging her asscheeks. Then I took off my jeans and briefs and slipped my cock into her pussy from behind.

I fucked her very slowly. I didn't want her to come yet. She was loving it. "I like when you fuck me from behind," she said.

Just then she noticed the bottle of lube I had left on the bed. "We won't need this," she cooed. "I'm drenched."

I instructed her to squeeze some on my fingers as I continued fucking her pussy. She looked over her shoulder. "Trust me," I told her. "I am going to make you explode."

She did as I said, and I lubed up two fingers. With my cock still in her pussy, I slowly stuck the tip of one finger in her ass. Tracy had told me to go slow and that using lube is the key. "If you do it that way, she'll dis-

saged her asshole with my fingers and then slowly pushed in the tip of my dick. The bulbous head of my cock was sucked in by her snug hole, and Julie gasped. I was afraid I was hurting her and asked if she wanted me to stop, but she said, "Don't you dare!"

Inch by inch, I eased myself further into her ass until she was stuffed with cock. She pushed herself back and gently controlled the motions. It was better than I'd imagined it would be. She was so tight, and I think every ounce of blood in my body had rushed to my cock. As Tracy had advised, I then reached around Julie and began to massage her clit with my fingers. She started moaning

**I slowly pushed
in my dick. Inch by inch, I eased
myself further into her
ass until she was stuffed with cock.**

cover how good it can feel."

Julie surprisingly pushed back and took my whole finger. Now she had a cock in her pussy and my finger in her ass. She started squirming and moaning. I'd never seen her so turned on. I started to slide my finger in and out, but she bucked back against me, unable to control her desire. "I want more!" she shouted.

I went to stick another finger in her, but she quickly stopped me. "No. Fuck me in the ass."

I looked at her as if I was in complete shock, and this was all her idea. "You know you want to," she said. "Just fuck me in my ass!"

Well, I couldn't keep the girl waiting! I lubed my shaft up and reminded myself to go slow. I mas-

loudly, and I knew she was close to orgasm. She soon came so hard that her arms gave way, and she tumbled face-first on the bed, her ass sticking straight up in the air.

I was right at the edge myself, and when I couldn't take it anymore, I pulled out and sprayed my load all over her asscheeks and back.

That was the first of many times that we came like that. Julie loves anal sex now and often asks for it. She can't believe how much she enjoys backdoor play. She says she feels so liberated and wants to try everything she was ever afraid to do. I smile, loving the monster I have created, and I have Tracy to thank for it!

*Mr. Gabe M.,
Ypsilanti, Michigan*



OUR NEW NEIGHBOR KNOWS JUST WHAT TO DO WITH MY HOT WIFE

When I heard that our neighbors, Jim and Catherine, were moving out, I was sad. They'd become our closest friends in the building, and my wife, Michelle, was especially close with Catherine. We consoled ourselves with the hope that someone at least as cool would move in. Well, we got our wish, and Matt is even better than our old friends because he's much more than a friend—he's now my wife's fuck buddy, and the two of them give me weekly sex shows.

Michelle has always had a stronger sex drive than I do; she wants it at least once a day, while I'm comfortable with us fucking every other week. We've managed with a variety of sex toys, and I love going down on her, so I feast on her pussy often. But still, there's no denying that she wants more sex than I can give her, so when Matt moved in, I saw the solution to all of our problems.

See, I don't mind if Michelle has a crush or two, as long as I'm the number-one guy in her life. She'd been gushing about how sexy Matt was and how she wanted to set him up with her friend Emily. Finally, one night when I'd heard for the umpteenth time about Matt's hot body, I interrupted Michelle and said, "If he's so sexy, why don't you go knock on his door and invite him over? I'm sure he'd love to see you in that getup." She was wearing a pink and red lace nightie, through which I could see her nipples, and a flimsy pair of pink panties. She looked even hotter than if she'd been naked.

"Really?" she asked, stroking my cock.



BEST



“You want to watch me fuck Matt?”

“Well, I may want to fuck you, too, when you’re done, but yeah, baby. You know I love to look at you, and it seems unfair to both of you to deprive you of the chance to have his cock inside you. Don’t you think?” I said, tracing her pussy lips through the thin mesh of her panties. Michelle moaned, her grip on my cock tightening as I stroked her wetness. Then I gave her a light slap on the ass, pushed her away from my cock, and pointed her toward the door. “Go!”

She put on her girly pink slippers and toddled off. I wanted to take off my clothes but didn’t know how cool Matt would be with seeing me naked upon first entering our apartment, so

I just sat down on the bed and waited for my wife to return with a hopefully enthusiastic new sex partner. I flipped through a copy of *Variations*, lightly stroking my dick as I thought about Michelle’s lips wrapped around my cock—then around Matt’s. I wasn’t sure which image aroused me more. I was so lost in my reverie, I didn’t hear them enter the apartment, but certainly noticed when Matt carried my wife into our bedroom, clad only in her panties.

“Sorry, honey, we started without you.” She had such a cute look on her face, and was clearly enraptured by being held in Matt’s arms, that I forgave her.

“As long as you two saved the best part for me,” I said, giving them a lascivious look.

Matt winked at me. “You certainly have a very hot wife. I’m honored that you’d let me borrow her for a little while.”

Michelle moaned and slithered out of his arms. She faced me and rubbed her almost-bare ass against his crotch. Then she reached back and peeled down her panties, revealing her bottom to him and her cunt to me. “Damn,” Matt said as she bent over the bed, giving him access to her pussy.

I watched as he teased her, stroking her cunt even though I knew she had to be soaking wet. Then he turned her over so her nipples were accessible and leaned down to suck on them. “Your nipples are so sensitive—I like that,” Matt said, looking up at me as his teeth fastened around one of my wife’s breasts, as if he had been talking to both of us.

“Yeah. That alone might make her come,” I said as I took my cock out and began to lightly stroke myself. Any nerves I’d had about being naked in front of another guy disappeared as I saw how much Matt was into my wife. I wasn’t jealous at

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

all because she kept glancing at me and licking her lips hungrily. I didn't want to have a threesome, but I knew that later on she'd give me an exceptional blowjob.

For now, I was content to jerk off to the sight of the two of them going at it. "Give me your cock, Matt, don't be such a tease," whined Michelle, even as he tugged at her nubs. I could see them getting flattened between his fingers as he gave her exactly what her body demanded. He stopped and ran his hand down her body, holding open her pussy lips and looking at her dripping center.

"Please fuck me, please," she begged again, trembling as she looked at him.

Matt placed the head of his cock against the entrance of her pussy, holding it with his hand and rubbing the swollen crown against her. Then he pushed inside her in one smooth, hard thrust. She gasped and then I gasped, jerking my dick harder at this point as I saw the look of pure ecstasy flash across her face. She moved backward, and he held on to her hips as he slammed his cock into her cunt. "She likes it hard," I said, probably unnecessarily, as Matt was making Michelle moan in increasingly louder decibels. I liked saying it, though. I liked telling our neighbor what to do to my sexy wife, both of us sharing in her lusty body, even though my pleasure was coming vicariously.

Matt looked up at me and smiled, then fixed his eyes on the space where their bodies met. I shifted around so instead of staring directly at Michelle's face, I could better watch him fuck her. Though I was avidly staring at them, they were comfortable enough by then to simply go about their business, talking dirty as his cock drilled her.

"Turn over," he said to her, and I smiled because doggy-style is Mi-



chelle's favorite position. She immediately rolled over, keeping his cock inside her. I knew I was ready to pop at any moment but didn't want to get too far ahead of them.

"I like your ass, Michelle. Maybe next time I come back I'll fuck it," he said. She groaned enthusiastically and bucked against him, taking his entire cock inside her cunt. I heard and saw his balls slap against my wife's skin. Matt and Michelle were moving energetically, and showed no signs of stopping. "Steve, tell me, does your wife like it when you shoot inside her, or do you spray her with your come?" Matt clearly liked pulling me into the action, as if he was showing off for me as well. That



wasn't something I'd expected, but it was an added thrill.

"She's a woman of many talents and interests, and she'll take it any way you give it to her. She especially loves it when I come in her mouth," I said, and just saying that out loud to another man made me shoot my load into the air.

Matt grabbed Michelle's hips, thrusting hard and trying to get even deeper inside her. She was well on her way to climax, and he took advantage of the position to pound her with his cock. "If you want me to fuck your mouth, Michelle, then you need to come for me like this," he said, moving his hand below her body to tweak her clit. He strummed it while

steadily thrusting into her until she came, letting out a yell. He pulled back slightly, and I saw his cock was coated with her slickness.

Then she immediately scrambled to swallow his entire shaft, bobbing her head up and down while he placed his hands on her shoulders. Watching her go at it revived my cock, and soon Matt's eyes shut, his head titled back, and his dick erupted into my wife's mouth. We all lay down on the bed, with Michelle between her two men, one hand resting on each of our cocks. "Wow," Matt said. "You two sure know how to welcome a guy to the building."

"You have an open invitation to come back for more," I said. "But don't let the neighbors know. They might get jealous." With that, Matt got up, put his clothes back on, and left. Michelle and I stayed up most of the night reliving Matt's visit and fucking until we collapsed in exhaustion.

When Jim and Catherine ask if we miss them, I'm going to tell them the truth: Yes, but our new neighbor has done a fabulous job of easing our sorrow. And who knows? Maybe the five of us will wind up together in bed at some point!

*Mr. Steve D.,
Lincoln, Nebraska*

HOT BARTENDER IS SEDUCED BY A FELLOW BABE

My job as a bartender means fielding lots of come-ons from drunk guys. I've gotten very good at deflecting their attention—or pointing them toward the door. I've even set up some of my customers, but it wasn't until Sasha came in that I actually wound up going home with one of them. We're open until two, and she sauntered in just after one, making every head in the bar turn toward her. Mine is a jeans and t-shirt type bar, and I'm lucky if one or two of the patrons are

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

wearing button downs. Girls might wear a denim skirt, but that's about as dressy as it gets.

However, in waltzed this tall goddess, wearing a skintight black dress, sheer black stockings, and towering red heels she hardly needed. Everyone stared at her as she marched over to the bar, plunked herself onto a stool and ordered a shot of whiskey. The way she looked at me took my breath away. I busied myself getting her drink, then handed it to her, almost spilling it when our fingers met. I reached for some napkins, and she took them from my hand, causing more sparks to travel up my arm. "Thanks. I'm Sasha," she said, flashing a set of perfect white teeth at me.

"Liz," I said, then stopped talking because I couldn't think of anything else to say. My panties flooded as I stared at her. I'd only been with one other woman, but it had been one of the most memorable sexual experiences of my entire life. I work six nights a week, and on my night off I like to stay home and watch TV, so I don't get the chance to meet hot girls all that often. I've dated various guys, but when I met Sasha, I was single and horny from not getting laid for a few months.

Usually I dated guys who I'd become friends with first, but Sasha came on strong. She outlasted all the other customers, and then gave me a seductive grin and asked if she could stay and "help me clean up."

"Sure," I said casually, not knowing precisely what she meant until she came up behind me as I was locking the bar's door, then slid her arms around my waist. Her hands met the skin of my torso, and I couldn't help pushing my ass back against her.

"See? I'm helping," she said as she bent forward to kiss my neck. I'd been told by the owner that he wouldn't tolerate any extracurricu-

BEST



lar activities in the bar, but I'd been working there for three years and had been a model bartender, so I figured what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. I turned around and pulled Sasha close to me.

"Where did you come from? Why this bar?" I asked. As I kissed her gently, her soft, warm lips parted to let my tongue brush against hers. I kissed my way along her cheek to her neckline while she made little mewling noises.

"Maybe I knew there'd be a hot girl working the bar," she said, laughing as I reached down and pushed up her dress. All the memories of my first girl/girl encounter came flooding back to me, and I suddenly



needed to taste her pussy as badly as I'd ever needed to have a cock in my mouth. I dropped down to my knees, peeling off her tights to reveal her pussy. Apparently, she was the kind of girl who wore stockings but no panties.

I didn't ask or hesitate, I just plunged my tongue right into her waiting hole, my back pressed against the door of the bar. Very soon, I was sitting on the floor while Sasha stood over me, leaning against the door for support as my tongue lapped at her sex. She tasted delicious, even better than I'd remembered my old lover tasting, and I greedily gorged on her cunt until all I tasted and smelled was her. She came at least three times,

and I could tell not only from her juices raining down on me but from the way she pounded against the door and let out short, sharp cries of ecstasy.

"Liz, you are amazing. I want to taste you now though," she said, and I reluctantly tore myself away from her tasty cunt. She pulled me up and took her turn on her knees. I was wearing jeans, which I cursed because they took longer to take off. I was so aroused that I began frantically tearing them off me.

Finally, I was naked and she was licking me, her hot tongue diving between my lips to find the wetness within, then continuing upward to my clit. Instead of simply plunging deep inside, she kept on making that slow trip along my sex until I was the one who wanted to scream. I bit my lip so I wouldn't shout out my impatience, and finally, just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, Sasha started sucking hard on my clit while bringing two fingers to the entrance of my pussy, then shoving them inside. The contrast between her teasing tongue buildup and this steady pressure, her tongue firm against my clit, her fingers arching and thrusting into my cunt, was so exciting that I came right on the spot. I drenched her face, and some of my juices even landed on the floor.

When my shudders had subsided, she pulled her fingers out and sucked on them loudly. "Hmmm, I really needed a good dose of pussy."

She said it as if my cunt contained some essential vitamin or mineral. Then she gave me a look that made it seem like she wanted to devour me all over again. "Let's get out of here," I suggested, suddenly longing for the comfort of my bed to tussle with her in. She helped me clear all the dirty glasses and wipe my cream up off the floor, then we hopped in a cab and went back to my place.

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

I lit a candle next to my bed, and Sasha immediately zeroed in on it. She put her finger through the orange edge of the flame, and the candlelight made her face even prettier. “I love fire,” she said. Then she picked up the candle and held it close to my arm. “I guess you do, too?” she said as more of a statement than a question.

When I realized that she wanted to pour the wax onto my skin, I was shocked at first. I was ready to protest when she laid two fingers gently against my lips. “Trust me,” she said, and for some reason, even though I didn’t know her, I did. I felt comfortable with Sasha in a way I rarely had with the guys I’d dated, not worrying about what she thought of me or whether she was enjoying herself.

She turned off the lights in the room so the candle’s flame was our only illumination, and I stripped for her, grateful for the darkness. I was suddenly shy about my body, even though I have 36D breasts, a flat stomach, and a trim physique. I lay on my back and offered myself up to her. Sasha didn’t disappoint. She leaned down and kissed me, lingering over my beaded nipples, then pressing her lips to my clit, but this time not going further. Then the molten wax started dripping onto my stomach. I flinched for a second before the soothing, sexy warmth of the wax set in. “There,” she said as I visibly relaxed into the pleasure. She proceeded to cover my entire stomach and chest, my breasts a work of art with swirls of wax all over them.

When the candle was almost out, Sasha blew on the flame, plunging us into darkness. Then she bit down on one wax-covered nub while her fingers snuck between my legs and began fucking my cunt. I bucked against her, straining for more contact, and she added a third and then fourth finger while the pressure of her

BEST



teeth against my nipple got stronger. I surrendered to my sexy goddess, and she made me come in a way I never had before. Finally, we went to sleep. When I woke up in the morning, she was gone. For a minute, I wondered if it had been a dream, but then I reached down and felt the remains of the wax all over me.

Of course, I was disappointed. I’d have loved to welcome Sasha into my bed every night. But clearly she’s a free spirit who probably wants lots of lovers. I hope she returns to my bar someday, but even if she doesn’t, she still gave me a night of passion I’ll never forget.

*Ms. Elizabeth K.,
Chicago, Illinois*

87

SHE INITIATES HER BOYFRIEND INTO THE SPECIAL FUN OF SPANKING

When I started dating my boyfriend, Greg, he was as vanilla as could be. He was sexy, handsome, strong, and totally into me, but he had never so much as grabbed a girl's hair, let alone spanked one's bottom, as far as I knew; I've been a total spanking glutton since my first boyfriend landed his hand on my bare ass-cheeks. With Greg, I had to work a little harder to bring out this kinky side, but I eventually trained him to be as into seeing my ass reddened as I am.

It started out on the day I bought a fabulous, ultra-short skirt, one that made my best friend, Julie, laugh when I tried it on in the store. "One wrong move and everyone will be able to see your ass!" she said, giggling as I pranced around the dressing room. The little mini is made of denim but flares out, kind of like a tennis skirt.

The day I bought it, I was wearing a pink tank top that accentuated my large breasts, socks with pom-poms and sneakers—the very picture of innocence, save for the twinkle in my eye and my lascivious intentions. I was hoping that the sight of my ass would be enough to make Greg want to take me over his knee. I'd seen him check out other women in short skirts and knew he'd appreciate it.

I decided to wear the skirt out of the store, knowing I would turn some heads. I'm proud of my body and love to show it off. I enjoyed the looks I got from guys checking me out, however, I wanted to make sure Greg, the one guy I most wanted to appreciate the

skirt, fully did so. I sent him a text message that said, "I've got something you're really gonna want to see. But it's a surprise."

He kept texting me back, asking what the surprise was, but I didn't answer, wanting to maintain a little bit of mystery. By the time I got home, he was pacing around the kitchen. "Roberta, you're driving me crazy. What do you want to show me?"

I didn't know he was going to take my little message so seriously, but I was glad he had. "Do you notice anything?" I asked, smiling at him and twirling around so the skirt flew outward, exposing my ass.

He walked over and stared intensely at every inch of my body, bending down to inspect my feet before slowly raising his head. He lingered at my ass, his hot breath caressing my bottom and making me shudder. He kissed one cheek lightly before standing and saying, "I'm not sure—can I get a hint?"

I rubbed my butt against his cock and felt its stiffness. Then I stepped forward, bent slightly over, and lifted my skirt enough so he could definitely see my ass and new black thong. "Is that enough of a hint for you?"

Greg growled, then grabbed my butt cheeks, squeezing them tightly. "Yeah, that feels good," I said softly, grinding my ass into his hands and getting wet instantly from that touch alone. He leaned down and licked my asscrack, his tongue hot and warm through my thong.

"What is it that you want, Roberta? Because I've never seen you act like this," he said as his fingers stroked my pussy through my panties.

He was going to make me ask to

Editor's Note: Letters to Penthouse Variations or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in all media, in whole or in part, edited or unedited, in the U.S. and elsewhere, and may therefore be used for such purposes without remuneration. Letters for publication should carry name and address, which will be withheld by the editor. Submissions to Variations may only be made by adults who are eighteen years of age and older. By submitting material to Variations, you confirm that you are eighteen years of age or older. All correspondence should be sent to Penthouse Variations, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Attn. Letters. Letters may also be e-mailed to variations@ffn.com. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially. Letters become the property of Variations.

be spanked. It seemed like maybe he already had an idea that was what I was itching for, but having to say it out loud made it more real—and more arousing. I turned and said, “I want you to spank me. It would turn me on so much.” I was sure he could feel the wetness of my excitement leaking through my underwear.

He leaned over me, and I felt his erection pressing against me. “Baby, I’d love to do whatever will turn you on, but I’m not sure I know how to spank you. How about I lick your sweet pussy instead?” he said, sending his tongue trailing along the back of my neck. Now, Greg is a world-class pussy-licker, and I normally wouldn’t hesitate to agree to

this part,” he joked, then got more serious as I settled across his lap on the bed, my brown hair spilling across the sheets.

“Now just raise your hand and bring it down on my ass, wherever you want. And don’t worry about hitting me too hard—I can take it.” It was strange to be giving a guy instructions on how to spank me, but thrilling in its own way.

His first smack was tentative, the work of a man clearly afraid of going too far. I moaned anyway, because it still felt good, even though I craved something fiercer. He hit my other cheek, this time a little harder, and my moan wasn’t faked in any way. He kept going, getting progressively

Every time he spanked me, my grip on his dick tightened and my sex pressed against his fingers.

such a proposal, but right then I truly needed to have my ass spanked.

“I’ll tell you what to do, and I promise, once you get started, you’re going to like it,” I said.

He turned me around and lifted me up so I was straddling him, my legs wrapped around his waist and my arms clinging to his back. “You know I’d do anything for you, and if this is what will turn you on the most, I’m game,” he said, even though I could tell he was nervous. I had a feeling he was thinking that I’d be comparing him to the other guys who’d spanked me, but in fact, I was excited to be ushering him into my favorite kink.

We went upstairs and I took off all my clothes except the thong. “I like

bolder, until he paused and ran his fingers over my hot assflesh. “Wow, I can see the mark of my fingers on your ass,” he said.

“Do you like it?” I asked, holding my breath as I waited for his answer.

He took my hand and brought it between us, so I could feel how much harder his cock had gotten. “I think I do,” he said, quite the understatement. I kept my hand between us so every time he spanked me, my grip on his dick tightened and my sex pressed against my fingers. I whimpered as he started to take control, not needing any more explanation or coaxing from me, just doing what came naturally.

“You really do have a beautiful butt,” Greg said, as if seeing it for

the first time. In a way, he was, because he was looking at it in a whole new light, seeing the pleasure that spanking could give the two of us. He snapped the thong against my tingling skin, and I shivered. Then the strength of his smacks grew in intensity, like he was finally figuring out the power he held in his hands to deliver the sweet pain I craved.

“You like it hard, don’t you, Roberta? Just how you like it when I fuck you so hard you scream? Soon I’m going to have to do that, but first your bottom needs some more attention,” he said, his voice getting low and deep the more aroused he became. Then he did something I never would have expected: He stood up and re-

but when that first lash of the belt landed across both my cheeks, I was grateful. The heat sank into my body, slowly emanating outward from the spot where the leather had snapped against my flesh. He only struck me three times with the belt, but those three strokes were more than enough to seriously turn me on.

By the time he finally stripped off his clothes and climbed on top of me, I was ready to come pretty much from his spanking alone. As soon as he slammed his cock into me, I spasmed, shaking as he put his hand on my back and held me down. “Roberta, I don’t know why I doubted you. That was one of the hottest things I’ve ever done. I think I

**The heat sank into
my body, slowly emanating outward
from the spot where the
leather had snapped against my flesh.**

moved his belt. “Do you want to be spanked with this belt, Roberta?”

I shuddered upon hearing his question. I knew the belt would be intense, but it would give me the sensation I desired and would make my pussy drip even more. I loved the look on his face—the look I’d imagined a million times—as he held the belt above me. He was standing while I was on my stomach, splayed on the bed, my ass in the perfect spot to get smacked, my head swiveled toward him. I nodded, looking up at my newly dominant boyfriend with pure lust on my face. He took the belt and snapped it in the air once, then brought it down onto my cheeks. I hadn’t expected my little skirt experiment to yield such powerful results,

may have to institute a daily spanking for you.” He then sawed in and out of me quickly, the way he does when he’s so aroused he simply needs to come as fast as possible. I had already climaxed so I didn’t mind, not to mention that being able to get him so worked up made me happy. When he was about to spurt, he placed a hand on each asscheek, squeezing them and making the earlier heat that much more intense. I got to feel him shoot his load while experiencing that special spanking afterglow.

I’m so glad that I initiated our first foray into spanking, because since then, he’s become the one who wants to spank me almost any chance he can get. I think he just needed a little coaxing, and I wanted to share my

story to inspire the women reading this who are missing out on the special fun that only spanking can give.

*Ms. Roberta W.,
Memphis, Tennessee*

HUSBAND AND WIFE ON BOARD FOR CRUISE SHIP COUPLE SWAP

Every summer, my husband, Joshua, and I go on a cruise. This year's was certainly the highlight of all of our trips, but not because of anything the cruise ship itself offered; it was all about our company. We decided to try a couples cruise to the British Virgin Islands, seduced by the luscious array of food and entertainment offerings, along with the snorkeling, waterskiing and hiking excursions. We're both adventure buffs and love to see new places, but we wound up spending most of our time indoors, though I'm not complaining!

From the first night, we could tell there was something different about this ship. There was a sexual tension in the air that made us even more excited about setting sail. I'd urged Joshua to bring some fancier clothing than jeans and t-shirts, wanting to use the trip as a chance to wear some of my sexiest outfits. I was glad I did because the passengers on this voyage were dressed to the nines. On the first night, I wore a low-cut dark green dress with a slit up the side, sheer black panties and black heels, pinning up my long black hair but leaving a few tendrils hanging loose, framing my face.

In the dining room, we wound up seated with a couple who were also in their early thirties and hit it off swimmingly. Darlene and Andy were funny, witty and sexy, her with short red curls and him with a head of thick black hair. Both worked out and told us how excited they were to swim in the ocean and go hiking. They also

were madly in love even after five years together, touching each other lightly during the meal, feeding bites of their food to each other, and pausing for the occasional quick kiss. Watching them interact made me horny, and when we got back to our cabin, I pounced on Josh.

"Is being at sea making you want to fuck?" he asked.

I laughed. "Well, yes—that and Darlene and Andy. They're so sexy," I said.

"I noticed you checking him out. Maybe, if they're up for it, we could have a little on-ship adventure. I'd get Darlene, and you'd get Andy for a night. I mean, when else are we going to do something as wild as swapping partners?" he said, bringing his fingers to my moist lower lips as he spoke. He stroked my wetness as I pictured the hunky Andy on top of me, sliding his dick inside my cunt. It had been many years since I'd fucked someone other than Josh, and the prospect filled me with girlish excitement. We fantasized aloud about our shipmates as I climbed on top of my husband and rode him until we both climaxed.

The next night, I wore an even skimpier dress and no bra, making sure my hard nipples showed through my outfit. I didn't want there to be any doubt that we were up for swapping partners if Andy and Darlene were interested. We found them on the buffet line and snuck in near them, with Josh conveniently sidling up to Darlene while I hovered near Andy, making sure my breast brushed against his arm. I smiled as my husband and Darlene went ahead of us, while Andy and I waited for a hot platter of roast beef to come out. Standing so close to him made me almost breathless, and when he put his hand on mine, my panties got even damper. "You know, Maxine, I find you very attractive. Darlene and

I are swingers, and we were hoping to meet an attractive couple like you and Josh on this trip.”

I gasped; they’d been thinking exactly what we were thinking! “Funny you should say that,” I answered, then leaned close to whisper directly into his ear. My lips brushed his skin as I spoke quietly. “Last night in bed, we were both talking about how hot you two are and how we wanted to swap partners.”

“Want to come back for the midnight buffet? I think I’d rather eat you right now,” he said to me. We briefly stopped by the table where Darlene and Josh were flirting as they picked at their plates, told them our plans, and went back to Andy’s room,

Surely he could smell how aroused I was getting. I momentarily wondered what Josh and Darlene were doing, whether he was fucking her doggy-style, his favorite, or whether she was sucking his cock, but then Andy pulled my breasts out of his mouth and gave them a light slap, enough to make me shiver. And, happily, he wasn’t done with them!

“Do you mind if I add some lube and fuck these gorgeous tits of yours?” he asked. My man is more into my ass, fondling it endlessly, which I adore, but to have a guy be so smitten with my tits was a welcome change.

“Of course!” I said, pushing my nipples together for a double dose of

**With my pussy
slicked up, he shoved inside me
in a single swift motion.
We were a writhing mass of flesh.**

which was set up much like ours. He dimmed the lights but protested when I suggested we turn them off. “I want to see all of your beautiful body,” he said, reaching up to unleash my hair. I shook it loose, letting it cascade down over my shoulders, while he eased down the straps of my dress to reveal my bare breasts. He cupped them in his hands, pressing my nipples with his thumbs as he murmured appreciatively.

“You’ve got amazing breasts, Maxine,” Andy said. I knew they were bigger than his wife’s and was glad he was so into them. He pushed them together and began sucking both nipples at once. My panties were absolutely dripping, and I whimpered as he sucked harder.

sucking before I allowed him to get up to retrieve a bottle of lube. I lay on my back while he massaged the slick liquid all over my breasts, including my nipples. It felt sensual and exciting, and my pussy clenched in eager anticipation as he sensually rubbed it in. Andy took his time and appreciated my breasts, holding them in his hands and moaning as he stroked them. His enthusiasm made me even more turned on, so when he finally plunged his cock between my breasts, I thought that alone might make me come. There was also a thrill simply from being with someone new, but Andy made sure I was aware that he wasn’t just another guy, but one who couldn’t get enough of my tits. He truly reveled in them,

and I helped, pushing them together to form a slick, fleshy tunnel for his dick. I propped my head on a pillow so I could see his cockhead cresting from between my boobs.

I wanted him to fuck me but didn't want to take away from his fun. Thankfully, before he was too far gone, Andy shifted us around so I was bent over the bed. With him behind me and my greasy tits in his hands, he entered me doggy-style. If I'd thought his cock felt good between my breasts, it felt even more amazing sliding into my wet pussy. After a few strokes, he added some lube to his cock, even though that was totally unnecessary, but the extra liquid felt cool against my cunt and made his reentry a smooth one. With my pussy slicked up, he shoved inside me in a single swift motion. I gasped, looking out of the window at the ocean gliding by as our bodies merged. We were a writhing mass of flesh. At one point, I laughed when the force of my pussy-squeezing sent his cock shooting out of me. He wiped his slick hands on my back, then grabbed my shoulders so he could deeply penetrate me again. The combination of being with a new man, having my nipples treated to so much attention, and then getting fucked doggy-style, all while I knew my beloved husband was off doing who knows what with my new lover's wife, caused me to explode in orgasm all over Andy's cock.

"Wow," he said, grinding harder into me. "You came so hard," he sighed as he plunged into me to the hilt. "I'm gonna fill you with my come." Just as he said that, he did, his hot cream shooting into my pussy. We both moaned in pleasure. He stayed inside me for as long as he could, before we each took a long, hot shower.

We were in for a treat when we got back to my room, where we

found Darlene riding Joshua reverse-cowgirl style. She looked at us lustily while he grabbed her hips and moved her up and down until she came. To our delight, she sucked him off before letting him come on her face and neck. We didn't join them again during the cruise because we found other people to play with, but that encounter is something Joshua and I still fondly talk about to this day—usually while we're fucking. I hope next year's cruise brings us just as much fun and excitement!

*Ms. Maxine A.,
Arlington, Virginia*

BLUE SARAN WRAP INSPIRES HUBBY TO BIND HIS WIFE

Usually the most exciting part of a party is when the guests are mingling and flirtation is in the air. Even when I'm hosting, I get caught up in all the naughty conversations around me and will run up to my husband, Josh, to tell him how much I can't wait to fuck him. But our latest party was rather dull, which is why what happened afterward surprised me. While Josh tossed paper cups and plates into a garbage bag, I set about putting away the leftovers. Instead of clear plastic wrap, Josh had bought blue Saran Wrap, which made me smile; if it had been up to me, I'd have bought red. I was covering the potato salad, the loud squeaking noise of the wrap echoing through the kitchen, when Josh walked in.

"You like what I picked out?" he asked, putting his arms around me and hugging me from behind. I could feel his erection pressing against my ass but went about my task.

"Yeah, it's cute, and very you," I said.

"It could be very you, too," he replied cryptically.

I turned around. "What do you mean?" He had that look on his face

he gets when he's horny, and that, coupled with the hard cock I could see swelling in his jeans, made me curious.

"Well, I didn't get that plastic wrap only for the kitchen. Take your clothes off, and I'll show you what I mean."

I was starting to get an inkling that he wanted to wrap me with it. This was a bold idea for my husband, who's up for almost anything kinky, as long as I'm the one to initiate things. Maybe this was the start of something new! I immediately took off my miniskirt, grateful I hadn't worn any panties, then pulled off my top and unhooked my bra. My large breasts bobbed in front of me, and Josh sucked in his breath. He's al-

hips and legs were bound together with cling wrap, the blue tint lending my skin an intriguing tone. "You look so sexy right now," he said, leaning against me for a kiss. The plastic crinkled as he pushed me against the counter. The feeling of his body pressed to mine was dulled by the plastic barrier. As much as it turned me on, it was also frustrating to feel the wetness pooling in my pussy and not be able to do a thing about it.

"Do you want to see how hard you've made me, Gail?" he asked, teasing me by pulling down his zipper, then yanking it right back up. What I wanted was to be on my knees on the cold linoleum as I took my husband's dick in my mouth, but

The feeling of his body pressed to mine was dulled by the plastic barrier. As much as it turned me on, it was frustrating.

ways considered my tits to be my best body part, and this evening was no exception. But when he went to grab them, I pushed him away. "Hey! You're supposed to be showing me what this is for," I said, handing the roll to him.

"You asked for it," he said, then proceeded to wrap it around my body, starting under my arms so my breasts were squashed by the pale blue cling wrap. Suddenly, the color seemed perfect against my pale skin. My nipples certainly responded, puckering up against their new sheath as he continued to wind his way around me. I thought he'd stop at my waist so he'd have access to my pussy, but my earnest husband did no such thing. Soon my torso,

with the way he'd wrapped me, I wouldn't be able to get in that position. I nodded, then let out a moan of arousal when he showed me just the tip of his delectable organ. He knows how much I crave his cock and how horny it makes me. Josh took my hand and wrapped it around his dick, encouraging me to give him a handjob. He gave me one, too, sort of; he stroked my pussy as best he could through the blue plastic, which wasn't all that much. It was better than nothing, though, and I wiggled against his fingers while watching my fist rise up and down his shaft.

"I'm imagining how wet you're getting under there," Josh said, his breathing getting heavier as we stroked each other. We've been to-

gether so long that I had forgotten what it felt like to simply share masturbation with my husband; usually we leap at the chance to fuck each other. This agonized teasing was hot in its own way because I could only move my feet, arms, hands and head, while Josh had no such restrictions. Just as I was feeling like maybe I might be able to come, he pulled his fingers away, using them to pinch one of my plastic-wrapped nipples, then the other. He pushed my hand away, and I moaned at the loss of his hard cock.

“Turn around, Gail,” he said, and I did as he said, letting him guide me so I was clutching the countertop, my bound ass thrust outward as much as I could. I was about to ask him what he had in mind when I felt Josh licking his way down my asscrack. Feeling his tongue tempt and tease its way along my butt had me gripping the counter even more tightly. When he combined the tongue action with more stroking of my clit, I got even wetter, testing the powers of the cling wrap to seal in my juices. “I bet you’re getting really horny, Gail. I bet you can’t wait for me to unwrap you and sink my cock deep into your pussy, can you?” he asked as he took a momentary break. The questions were clearly rhetorical because he had to know exactly the effect he was having on me. But I kept quiet, letting him run the show.

Josh began jerking off, his grunting noises combined with the slapping of his cock against my ass making me long again to suck him down my throat. I peeked behind me and watched, realizing that he wanted to come all over the cling wrap. He spun me around so I could lean back against the counter and watch him jerk off. Sometimes he’d rub his cockhead against my cunt at the point where, were I unbound, he’d have slid right inside me. As it was,

BEST

my pussy had to settle for cock by proxy, and I pinched my own nipples, then bit my hand to stifle my moans as my husband finally came. A spray of white cream arced through the air and splashed the wrap, running down my breasts in creamy rivulets.

Without saying another word, Josh took some nearby scissors and released me from my bonds, then got on his knees and ate me with gusto. His tongue went all the places his cock couldn’t while I’d been bound by the cling wrap, and I pressed down against him. His pussy-eating was worth the wait as my skin soaked in the air it had been deprived of, and my cunt got wetter and wetter. His fingers reached up and dug into my asscheeks as he ate me in earnest. I flung my head back, wondering what our party guests would think if they could see us now, their sweet host and hostess making a sexy mess in their kitchen. Even though it added a blush to my cheeks, the fantasy of our friends peeking in the doorway and finding Josh on his knees gorging on my pussy was what gave me my orgasm. “Yes!” I cried out as he flicked at my clit. I could see the lower half of his face coated with my juices as he continued to lap at me until I pulled him up for a kiss.

“See, I was right! This stuff has plenty of other uses,” he said. I tore off a piece, then looked down at his cock, which was stirring once again.

“It definitely does,” I told him as I went about seeing how his dick would look wrapped in blue.

*Ms. Gail D.,
Fargo, North Dakota*

**HE GETS TO GO HOME
WITH TWO WOMEN,
AS LONG AS HE OBEYS
ALL THEIR COMMANDS**

Recently, I had a longtime sexual fantasy come true, though not exactly in the way I’d expected. I was at a local

bar last Friday night. I'd worked late, so I hadn't made any plans with my buddies, and desperately needed a beer to help settle me into the weekend. I wasn't looking to pick up any girls, but any time a gorgeous woman crosses my path, I can't help but notice. This time, two major hotties were sitting at a table across the room from me, sipping fruity cocktails, whispering to each other, tossing their hair around, and generally making every guy in the room take notice.

They weren't flirting per se, but I'm sure they knew they were on display. When I nodded my head at one of them—a slinky redhead—she gave me a cute smile. She was dressed in skintight jeans and a button-down shirt, while her brunette friend wore a black dress that fell to her upper thighs and exposed a good amount of cleavage. Her friend checked me out and apparently liked what she saw, because she blew me a kiss. Were they both flirting with me? I wondered. I gave them a sexy look, then turned away, letting my gaze roam over the rest of the bar.

Eventually, though, my curiosity got the better of me, and on my way to the bar for another round, I stopped by their table to offer them a drink. “But we don't even know you,” flirted the redhead.

I gazed deep into her eyes. “What do you want to know?” I asked as seductively as I could.

“Your name, for starters. I'm Lauren, and this is Maura. We're roommates—and best friends.” From the way she giggled at the end of her statement, I got the impression that she wanted to add, “and lovers.”

“I'm Mark. And if I may say so, you two are extremely sexy.”

“Why thank you,” said Maura, who then told me they wanted two cosmopolitans. I knew carrying three glasses would be a tricky prospect, but was determined to pull it off.

The bartender nodded over at the girls as he mixed the drinks. “You interested?” he asked me.

“Are you kidding? Of course.”

“Watch out for those two. They're wild,” he said. I wasn't sure what he meant . . . but I was about to find out.

They were looking at me expectantly as I very carefully balanced the two martini glasses in my hands, with my beer bottle tucked between my side and my arm. They could've gotten up and helped, but seemed content to just appraise me as I slowly walked across the room. Still, having them observe me so closely had my cock achingly hard, something I was sure was obvious to the ladies if they were looking in that direction.

When I placed a glass in front of each girl, they invited me to join them. “Thanks,” I said, sitting and admiring their beauty.

“So, Mark, which one of us do you think is hotter?” queried Lauren, appraising me again with her dark, blazing eyes. It was a trick question if ever there was one. If I picked one sexy woman, the other would surely be offended and tell her friend not to go home with me.

I stood up, then bowed gallantly. “Ladies, you are both too stunning for words. I could never choose between you, though I would be honored to join either—or both—of you privately at any time.” I'd thrown in “or both” thinking that a threesome wasn't even in the vague realm of possibility, but rather than looking shocked, the girls just smiled at me.

“Are you sure?” Lauren asked. “Because if you do come home with us, we're in charge. Of you—and your cock.” Hearing her say that made my dick even harder than it already was. I knew then that I'd do anything they asked.

“Of course. Whatever you want to do to me,” I said, confirming my original statement.

“Did you hear that, Lauren? Anything we want to do to him?” Maura said, turning to look at her friend before giving me a sultry once-over. Then they turned to each other and kissed, grabbing the attention of everyone in the bar. Maura turned toward me when their lips parted and said, “Here, carry our purses.” She thrust two bags, one black and one green, into my hands. They weren’t heavy, but it was clear to everyone watching that I was doing the bidding of these women as we exited.

“Too bad we didn’t have you yesterday,” said Lauren. “You could’ve helped us carry all that luggage. Well, we’ll put you to work anyway,” she said rather cryptically.

ing my cock. It was already rock-hard, and I was having trouble focusing on the road. “Aw, that’s sweet. He’s totally hard,” Maura announced.

“Maybe we can tie up his dick when we get home,” said Lauren as casually as if she were suggesting what to have for dinner. I would’ve probably stopped short if we hadn’t already been at a red light. “Unless we find something more interesting for him to do,” she continued.

There was more to these two than met the eye, and that became apparent when we arrived at their apartment. They loaded me down not only with their purses, but also a few shopping bags they’d had in the backseat. I tottered along, trying

**Maura began
stroking my cock. It was already
rock-hard, and I was
having trouble focusing on the road.**

“You drive,” Maura said, leading me to their car and thrusting the keys into my hand.

“Anything you desire,” I said, while Maura climbed in front and Lauren sat behind me. When they told me their address, I realized it was nearby and figured the drive would be routine. It turned out to be anything but. As soon as I eased into traffic, the girls decided to torment me. In the rearview mirror, I saw Lauren unbuttoning her blouse enough to let her bra peek out. Then Maura turned and said, “Show us more, sweetie.”

Soon Lauren was getting totally topless in the backseat. “Doesn’t she have nice nipples, Mark? I certainly think so,” said Maura, who also reached over and began lightly strok-

not to drop anything. Maura grabbed my ass as I walked, squeezing one cheek. “Firm—I like that,” she said.

I wanted to smile but had to focus on balancing everything. Lauren opened the door, and they ordered me down a long hallway to a bedroom. “Put down the bags, then get undressed and wait for us,” said Maura.

I did, trying not to stare at the moonlit girlie room, which was filled with perfume bottles and discarded bras. My dick was sticking straight up, and I just stood there, waiting for whatever they had cooked up. When they walked into the room, though, my jaw dropped. Both women were naked, save for towering heels. Lauren turned out to be a true redhead

with a flame-colored bush, while Maura was neatly shaved. Lauren was holding a ruler in her hand. “I used to be a teacher,” she said as she flicked on the light, letting me get an even better look at them. “I kept the ruler, and it certainly comes in handy.”

She passed it to Maura, and while I thought she was going to strike me with it, she did something even more humiliating: She knelt down and measured my cock. Sure, I was hard, and I think I have a nice dick, but it could be longer. “Seven inches. Not bad, but I’ve had bigger. You better show us that you know how to use it,” Maura said, not looking at me but at Lauren. Being spoken to without her

my entire length within her. I gazed up at her bouncing breasts in awe. Her teeth were bared as she looked down at where our bodies met. Then Lauren climbed over me, squatting so she was facing her girlfriend, before smothering me with her sloppy cunt. She was totally wet, and my tongue parted her pussy lips and plunged inside. She reached down and grabbed my ears for support, riding me as I tried my best to buck up into Maura and show her how great a cock I’ve got.

But Maura had other plans, and she pushed me down with her hips and pinned me to the floor, so I could only move my tongue. She wanted to let me know that she was fucking

Lauren climbed over me, squatting so she was facing her girlfriend, before smothering me with her sloppy cunt.

looking at me only made me hornier, and I wanted to do whatever I could to please her.

“Who should he fuck first?” Maura asked Lauren.

“Why don’t you go? He can lick my pussy while you ride him—I know how much you like to be on top,” said Lauren. Being talked about like a piece of meat was new to me, but completely arousing.

“You heard what she said—get down on the floor!” Maura suddenly barked. I’d been waiting to see if we were going to fuck on the bed or not, but apparently the hardwood floor was it. I lay on my back, and Maura settled herself over my cock. Without any warning, she impaled herself on me, gliding down and taking

me, and not the other way around. While Maura rode me to her climax, her cries filled the air. Lauren’s salty, tangy juices started to bubble onto my tongue. I licked faster, twisting my head back and forth a little to really work her entire cunt. Soon Lauren had exploded into my mouth, her grip on my ears loosening. I was still hard as both women slid off me. “Okay, you can get dressed now,” said Maura dismissively.

They weren’t going to let me come? Part of me was disappointed, not to mention horny, but part of me liked the idea of being their boy toy, one who could be used and discarded. “Will I get to see you again?” I asked hopefully.

“If you’re good. Stop by the bar in



Party with the Pets!

Get instant access to the Penthouse Pets, the world's sexiest women, in hundreds of the hottest full-length hardcore and erotic movies, thousands of explicit nude photos, and live, interactive webcam chats with the Pets and hundreds of other beautiful models!

Join for free* today at www.penthouse.com

LIFE ON TOP
PENTHOUSE.COM
NOW

PENTHOUSE, LIFE ON TOP and the One Key Logo are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. Used by permission. Models depicted in photo. *Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

a week, and if we feel like it, maybe we'll take you home again. Maybe we'll even let you come."

I've been holding on to those sweet words all week, and I truly hope I meet with their approval because that devilish duo is all I've been able to think about since I met them. My night with them certainly beat any threesome fantasy hands down. I've discovered my submissive side and never want to go back to vanilla sex again.

*Mr. Mark R.,
Nashua, New Hampshire*

STRESSED-OUT BUSINESSMAN DISCOVERS THE WOMAN WITHIN

As I write this, I am sitting in my office after hours, wearing nothing but silk panties, a matching camisole and thigh-high stockings. I feel so sexy because I'm finally allowing myself to express my feminine side. You see, I have a stressful business career, and it isn't always easy to find the time to let the real woman in me come out and play. But since I've discovered how much pleasure cross-dressing brings me, I've made an effort to do it more and more, and it has been well worth my while.

A couple of months ago, I went out of town for yet another business conference. It was going to be just like all the others—until I walked past a lingerie store and noticed a very sexy pink push-up bra, matching panties and a garter belt. They seemed to call to me, and my hard cock made the decision for me. I mustered up the courage to walk in and casually browse around the store, all the while knowing exactly what I wanted. I bought those lovely pink undies, as well as a silk nightie and stockings.

Gushing with delight, I made my way back to my hotel room as calmly as possible. I had a few hours before

dinner with another group of clients. It was all I could do to keep from shaking as I opened the soft paper wrapping and unfolded the lacy bra, brushing it against my nipples. Wanting to savor the moment, I decided to hold back for a while. I drew a hot bubble bath, sank down into the fragrant water, and let my mind drift off into sweet, lacy fantasies.

There in the privacy of my hotel room, I allowed myself to revel in my femininity. After luxuriating in my bath, I spread lotion all over my body. After soaking in the heated water, my skin was soft and smooth, and ready for my new silky treasures.

As I slipped one leg and then the other into my panties, I squealed with pleasure, feeling the soft fabric caress my balls and hardening cock. This was heaven; a secret passion I had fantasized about for years but had never had the courage to experience. At the first moment my nipples touched the lacy cups of the brassiere, sweet shivers ravaged my body, and pre-come dripped from my cock. The panties couldn't restrain it any longer, but my balls were still happily cradled in that silky cocoon. I then put on my garter belt and slowly slipped into each stocking.

In the half-light of my hotel room, I was beautiful and felt sexier than I ever had before. I stepped into the nightie and my body nearly convulsed from delightful electric shocks. I finally couldn't take it anymore and only stroked my cock a few times before blasting a huge load of come all over the soft hotel pillow.

It took all of my courage to wear my sexy panties underneath my suit at dinner that evening. It felt daring, exciting and fulfilling all at the same time. Throughout the whole evening, I had my own special secret, and it felt wonderful, but I could hardly wait to get back to my room to jerk off again. I was so incredibly turned on.

**2 HORNY HOLES
PERFECT TITS
A BIG COCK -
AND NO PMS...**

**95[¢]
min**

**1-888
644
TSTV**



All Models 18+

P6518

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED OR AUTOMATED CHECK BY PHONE

Last weekend, my wife was off on a business trip of her own. I planned out my weekend to the last detail. This time I bought red lingerie, a pair of high-heeled shoes and a vibrator. To take my fantasy one step further, I shaved my entire body, including my balls. It was no surprise that when I slipped into my silky things, my body shook from the sensation of them rubbing against my smooth, bare skin. I loved what the heels did for the shape of my legs. I pranced in front of a mirror and made believe that I was a beautiful woman waiting for her lover to arrive, and then I curled up on the sofa with my vibrator.

I had never had anal sex and was hesitant about shoving that thing up my tight asshole. In preparation, I massaged lube all around and into my hole and slowly worked the vibrator in as I groaned with delight. After a few more minutes, my anus fully relaxed and the vibrator slid up further than I ever thought possible. My hard-on was raging. I slipped one hand under my bra to pinch my nipples while the vibrator kept doing its magic to my backdoor. It was a struggle not to shoot all over my stomach and onto my garter belt.

I felt the garters straining against my cheeks as I raised my stockinged legs into the air, groaning with pleasure while deliriously pumping my cock. The silky things delighted my skin while the vibrator sent cascading shock waves throughout my body. I couldn't resist the combination much longer. I kept pumping and moaning with joy as the biggest load of my life was released in a series of spasms for most of a minute.

During the rest of the weekend, I kept my sexy underthings on and enjoyed one thrilling climax after another while making love to the pretty woman inside me. Now I slip into something frilly more and more often while trying to figure out how I will tell

my wife about my secret.

In case you are wondering, I am a good-looking, happily married man. Everyone has their own hidden closets where they keep their secrets, and I have now found mine. I don't fantasize about blowing guys or anything like that. I just want to be able to enjoy the best part about being a woman from time to time: getting to wear sexy lingerie.

Mr. (Name and address withheld)

HIS INKED BEAUTY SHARES A LOVE FOR THE SENSUAL ACT OF GETTING TATTOOED

Before alt porn web sites like Suicide Girls came along, offering views of hot and sexy inked women, I had to search far and wide to find the kind of women to whom I was attracted. And let me tell you, it's not easy to find tattooed women in the world of investment banking.

Ever since I got my first tattoo at age eighteen, I've been obsessed with body art. In fact, some would say I have a tattoo fetish. I can't imagine being with a woman who didn't have a tattoo somewhere on her body. A small star on the nape of her neck, a heart on her hipbone, a dainty chain around her ankle—any one of these is enough to have me hard and horny. What I really love, however, are big, elaborate designs, a sea of ink on a girl's porcelain flesh.

I myself have sleeves on both arms, a slew of tattoos on both legs, and a fire-breathing dragon across my back. It started simply enough, with a fraternity logo on my arm during my freshman year of college. My entire pledge class had gone together as a show of loyalty to the organization and to each other. Besides, a girl I liked at the time had a tattoo on her shoulder, and I figured getting my own would impress her. But the minute I was in the chair, my

DOMINATING SLUTS!

WE KNOW
HOW YOU
REALLY
WANT IT!

1 ON 1
\$4.99 MIN
18+

1-800-983-KINK

5 4 6 5

shirtsleeve rolled up and the needle working its way along the outline of the design, none of that mattered. I'd heard people talk about how your first tattoo can change your life, but I'd never believed it until that moment.

Rather than pain, a wave of pleasure washed over me as the tattoo artist worked quickly and quietly, branding me with his ink. It felt like such an intimate act. He was literally getting under my skin, and it was such a mind-blowing experience. When he was finished and I saw the final product, I finally completely understood why people get tattoos.

While I'd always had a thing for punk girls before I got my first tattoo,

ished talking to the man sitting behind the counter at the front of the room and came over to introduce herself. As I had no visible tattoos at the time, Noelle asked me what I was there to have done, and when I told her, she seemed pleased.

"I've always liked those classic designs, too," she said. Her voice was softer and sweeter than you would expect from looking at her, but I still wasn't paying much attention to anything other than the design that graced her chest.

"So you like the wings, huh?" she said, smirking at having caught me staring at her ink. I was embarrassed at being so obvious, and I stuttered and stumbled over my words for a

There was something sensual about watching Noelle being tattooed, and as the design became visible, my dick grew harder.

I couldn't even look at other girls afterward. It was like the ink had gotten into my bloodstream and infected my brain—and my penis.

Six months later, I was back at the local tattoo parlor, waiting to have a classic pinup girl design inked onto my leg, when I walked Noelle. She was a leggy brunette with short, choppy hair and bright red lips. She was wearing a black miniskirt and a white spaghetti-strap tank, but that wasn't what got my attention. What drew me to Noelle was her tattoo. There, on her collarbone, was a pair of angel wings that stretched from shoulder to shoulder. Just the sight of the ink had me hard, and I couldn't stop staring at her.

Sensing my lustful gaze, she fin-

ished before I was able to get a full sentence out of my mouth.

"They're awesome," I told her, feeling foolish at being unable to find a better word to describe them.

Noelle smiled at me and told me that she was glad I appreciated her art. "You know," she continued, "I love to watch people get inked. There's something so arousing about the experience."

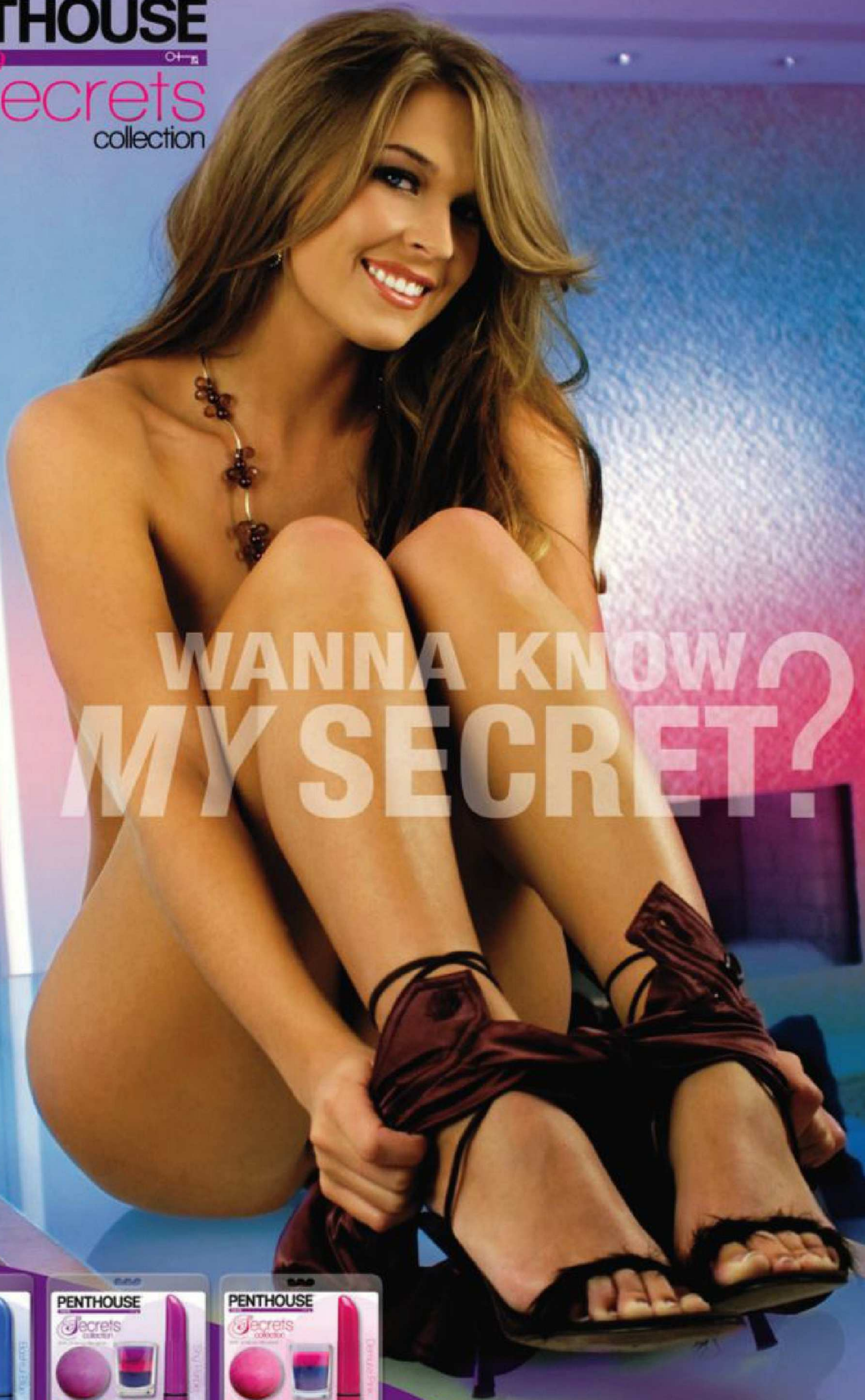
My heart rate sped up, and I felt my erection jump in my pants. This girl was amazing! Trying to keep my cool, I told her that she could watch while I went under the needle, but only if I could watch when it was her turn to do the same. Noelle nodded in agreement, but before she had a chance to say more, I was being

PENTHOUSE

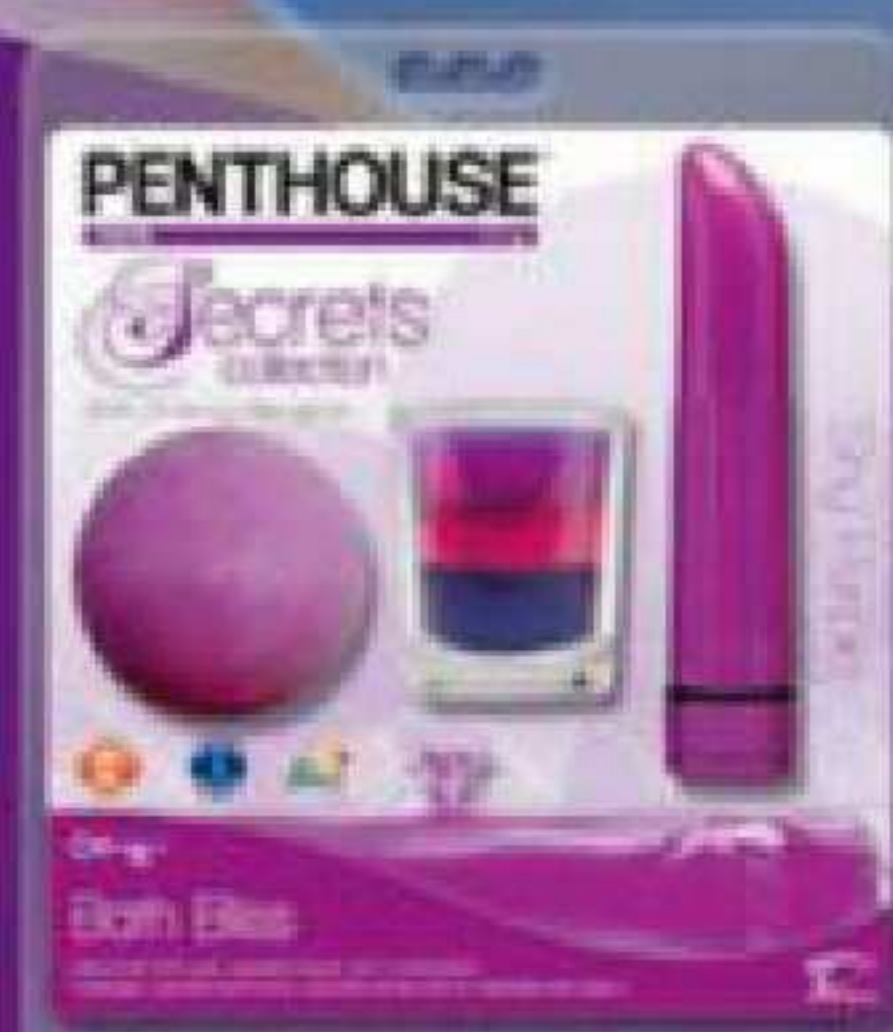
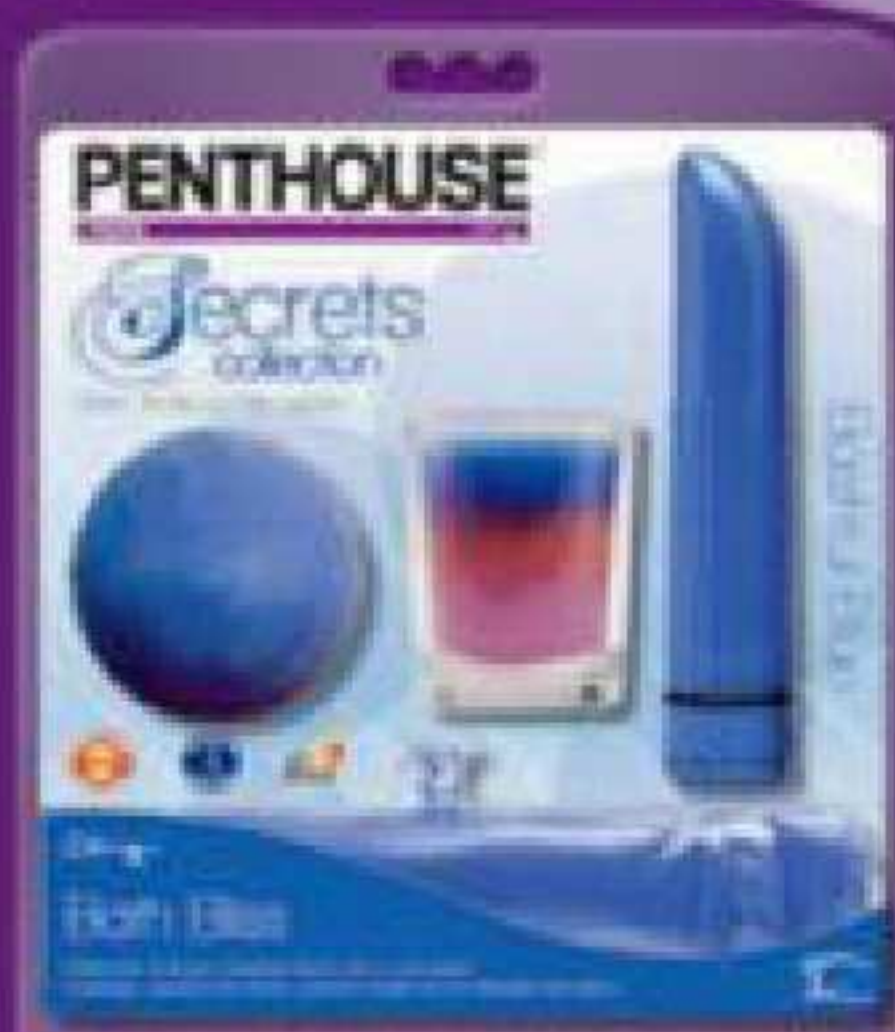
TOYS

Age 18+

Secrets
collection



WANNA KNOW?
MY SECRET?



Find the Penthouse® Secrets Collection at
www.PenthouseStore.com

WorldMaps

called to the back. It was my turn.

Noelle sat on the stool next to my chair and crossed her legs, leaning over to watch as Frank, the tattoo artist, got to work on my leg. The longer he worked on the colorful creation, the more turned on Noelle seemed to get. Her eyes were glazed over, and she was looking at me—or really, at the growing work of art on my leg—with lust. As Frank added more color to the stark outline, Noelle wriggled on the stool, her legs uncrossing and spreading the tiniest bit. When the tattoo was finished, she admired the image for a moment before Frank bandaged it, and then she whispered, “I’m so wet from watching Frank work on you, that I may come

sensual about watching Noelle being tattooed, and as more of the design became visible, my dick grew harder. I couldn’t believe how turned on I was from watching this girl get something drawn on her wrist. I didn’t even have to look at the rest of her body; my eyes were fixated on her wrist and the needle moving along it, and that was enough. Soon my pants were feeling awfully tight, and I knew it would be impossible to hide my erection from anyone once I stood up.

When Noelle’s tattoo, a large black scorpion, was done and bandaged, she walked over to me and leaned in, her hand coming to rest on my stomach, just above my hard-on.

**When she slid
her skirt down, I discovered that she
had a small skull and
crossbones tattooed near her hipbone.**

before my own tattoo is finished.”

Her words aroused me, and I moved to stand quickly, hoping to avoid Frank seeing my growing erection. I adjusted myself while Frank prepared his instruments for Noelle, and then I took her place on the small metal stool while she lay in the chair. She placed her wrist, palm up, on a small desk-like attachment that had been swung up from the side of the chair. Apparently she was getting her tattoo on her arm, and while I was disappointed that I wouldn’t get to see any more of her glorious body, I was eager to see what she was getting done.

As Frank applied the needle to the inside of her wrist, I felt my cock stir in my pants. There was something

“I see you enjoyed the show,” she whispered. “What do you say we go back to my place and put on another little performance of our own?”

Unable to voice my consent, I nodded at this beauty before me, and let her take my hand and drag me out of the shop. Fortunately, her apartment was only a few blocks away, and when we walked in she took charge, pushing me up against the closed door and ravaging my mouth. Her lips were hot against mine, and when she parted my lips and slipped her tongue inside, I began to grind my hips against hers. She pulled away moments later and tugged at my shirt, pulling it over my head and discarding it on the floor behind us. She grabbed my arm and looked at my

**1-800
926
2011**
2 6 6 1

as low as
95¢
min

**I WANT TO WATCH YOU GO
INTO HER INCH BY INCH**

**HORNY
HOUSEWIVES
NEXT DOOR**

**DESPERATELY
CRAVING A
GOOD FUCK**

**SHE GETS SO WET AND
JUICY WHEN I LICK HER**

**HERE, WHY
NOT JOIN
IN ON THE
FUN?**

**1-888
8 8 8
999
1200**

**I WANT
TO FEEL
YOU DEEP
INSIDE MY
TIGHT
WET...**

**1-800
846
LICK**
5 4 2 5

**1-800
554-TWAT**
8 9 2 8

original tattoo, smiling at the simplicity of it, and then she began to strip.

As her shirt and bra came off, I was afforded a clear view of the wings that spread across her chest, and up close they were even more amazing. Each feather was carefully drawn, and the prickly vines that grew out of their heart in the middle looked so real I thought I'd feel their sharp thorns if I were to reach out and touch them. When she slid her skirt down, I discovered that she wasn't wearing panties, and that she had a small skull and crossbones tattooed near her hipbone. When she turned around to lead me to her bedroom, I saw yet another intricate design, this one a series of Chinese characters

ers when I moved to the design's interior details. As I licked and sucked her chest, I moved one hand down to rest on the skull that graced her hip. Knowing that I was able to touch and taste Noelle's tattoos turned me on even more, and soon I was sliding my cock into her dripping cunt.

As I allowed her to acclimate to my girth, I kissed her again, never moving my hand from her hip. After several seconds, Noelle was wriggling underneath me, and I began to thrust into her. She was incredibly wet, making it easy to move within her velvety passage. Thrusting slowly at first, I was soon moving hard and fast, pounding into her pussy with all I had. She was moaning loudly

**My cock grew
harder as my eyes traced the outline
of the lettering on
her back. I was ready to pounce.**

across her lower back.

Seeing all of the tattoos covering Noelle's body, I was more turned on than I had ever been before. It didn't matter that she was one of the hottest women I had ever been with; what my mind focused on was that she had the most amazing tattoos covering her body. My cock grew harder as my eyes traced the outline of the lettering on her back, and when we reached her bedroom I was ready to pounce.

Pushing Noelle down onto the bed, I climbed atop her and began to kiss her again before moving down to her neck and then the tattoo on her chest. I kissed along the wings, tracing the outline with my tongue, and flicking it in the direction of the feath-

now, and I looked down at her, eyes closed, mouth agape, and her tattoos shiny with beads of perspiration.

The sight of my tattooed beauty underneath me started to send me over the edge. Never letting my hand move from the ink at her hip, I began thrusting faster, sending my cock deeper into her. Noelle came, screaming in ecstasy as she reached her climax. As her voice rang throughout the room, I felt my balls tighten, signaling my own orgasm. I pumped into her several times before releasing my load inside her.

As we both came down from our climaxes, I kissed Noelle hard on the mouth before once again kissing the tattoo on her chest. I had never had such a powerful orgasm, and I knew

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

I owed it all to the ink that covered this girl's skin, as well as my own.

Noelle and I stayed together for the rest of my college career, parting only after graduation and job offers on opposite coasts. During the course of our relationship, Noelle and I got a number of new tattoos, and each new inking was followed by some of the best fucking of my life.

My pleasure never comes from sex or women alone, but rather from the eroticism of tattoos—either getting them, seeing someone else get inked, or from being with an attractive woman who happens to have one. Thinking about it makes me hot and horny. In fact, writing this letter has made me rock-hard. I can only imagine how stiff I'll be tomorrow when I get my newest tattoo. Maybe there will even be an attractive, inked woman there when I arrive. But for now, I'll have to jerk off until I come, while visions of past tattooed lovers float through my mind.

*Mr. Art V.,
San Diego, California*

SHE SHOWS OFF HER MASTURBATION TECHNIQUE, AND HER TOYS, JUST FOR HIM

I'd been dating my girlfriend, Mona, for a month before I discovered that she has a whole stash of sex toys she uses almost every day. Even when we've fucked that morning, when she's home alone, she brings out either an electric vibrator, a pocket rocket or a Rabbit vibe. I discovered her collection when she had me wait at her place for her while she was at the gym. I wasn't snooping, but she had the box sticking halfway out from under her bed, and when I went to look for a pen I'd dropped, I discovered her stash.

Normally, I wouldn't have pried into her personal belongings, but when I saw a bright pink dildo, I

BEST

SPREAD YOUR MESSAGE: ADVERTISE!

If your ad isn't in PENTHOUSE LETTERS, VARIATIONS, FORUM or GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE, you're missing an incredible opportunity to sell to your most ideal consumers.

To showcase your website or products in this magazine or in other PENTHOUSE sophisticate titles, contact Rich McEntee at 212-702-6149 or rmcentee@ffn.com



couldn't help myself. I figured that I'd look, and she'd never know. But as I opened the box and examined its contents, I found myself wondering which were Mona's favorites and how often she used them. The vision forming in my head had my cock totally stiff in seconds: her on her back, naked, with her hips thrust into the air as she ground one particular purple vibrator into her pussy. I knew then that I wanted to see Mona use these toys. I wanted to watch her get off in the way she must have been doing since long before we'd met.

I put everything back after thoroughly perusing her collection, however, I wasn't sure what approach to use to bring up my desire. When Mona came home, she found me lounging on the couch watching TV, as usual. "Hi, honey!" she said, putting down her bags and rushing over to give me a big hug. This put her breasts directly in my face, and since she was wearing a low-cut white top, I couldn't help but nuzzle my face in her cleavage. Soon I was surrounded by Mona's large, beautiful breasts, sucking on each nipple in turn while she straddled my leg. I was so turned on I almost forgot about her toys, especially when she started massaging my cock through my pants.

But when I pressed my fingers against her pussy, I was reminded of my earlier fantasies. "Mona, baby, I want to ask you something," I said as I slipped my fingers into her panties. She groaned, wrapping her fingers around my dick and almost making me come. I actually moved her hand away and looked deeply into her eyes.

"Mona, do you have a vibrator?"

She stared back at me questioningly. "Sure, doesn't every girl? In fact, I have lots of them. But why do you want to know?"

"Well . . . I've never seen a girl

use one, and I'd love to watch you get off with yours. And then I'll fuck you as long and hard as you want me to," I said, lifting her so she was flush against me and my cock was pressing against her panty-covered pussy.

She ground against me for a few seconds, and I pulled down the cups of her bra to free her breasts. I pinched her nipples, and we both got lost in our separate fantasies, before she got up and tugged me into the bedroom. As she leaned over to get out her box of toys, giving me a glimpse of her ass from under her skirt, I was overcome by lust. I considered telling her that I'd already seen her toys, but I didn't want to ruin the moment, so I just ogled her as she fumbled with the box.

"What do you want to see me use?" she asked, thrusting the box at me and encouraging me to make the selection.

Having the power of choice in such a situation was almost overwhelming. Did I want to see her on all fours greasing up a butt plug and sliding it between her cheeks? Did I want to see her legs spread in the air while she drilled herself with a massive vibrator?

I decided that since what I most wanted to see was her pleasure and the process by which she acquired it, I'd turn it over to her. "Whichever is your favorite. I want to see the way you act when you're alone. I want to watch you make yourself come, and then get to do it myself."

Just saying the words made my cock even harder, and Mona got a little grin on her face as she fished around and pulled out both a set of chrome nipple clamps and a fat black dildo.

"You asked for it," she said, then she gave me a juicy kiss before getting totally naked and settling herself against her pillows and proceeding

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

to pinch her own nipples. My fingers itched to help, but it was a fascinating process to watch—and listen to. She was totally naked, her legs spread open to reveal her sweet pussy, as she attached one tweezer clamp to her right nipple, sliding the lever up and up until her nub was mashed flat between the silver tongs. I rested my hand on my aching cock as I witnessed this, and then I took out my dick when she gave the other nipple the same treatment. Mona looked up at me as she tugged on the chain connecting the clamps, its jangling sound mixing with that of my heavy breathing.

“Ready?” she asked in a seductive whisper. It would’ve been funny that she was asking me if *I* was ready—if it weren’t so damn sexy.

“Yes, more than ready,” I replied as she prepared to plunge the toy inside her waiting cunt. Mona rubbed the head of the dildo against her pussy, and I stared intently at the space between her legs. Her breath was coming in fast little pants, just like it did when I rubbed my cockhead against her. This was different and yet familiar at the same time, and I moved closer as she started to push the toy into her pussy.

“Spread your legs wider,” I said, the words out of my mouth before I’d truly thought them through. Would Mona be annoyed that I was telling her, essentially, how to get herself off? Or would my order add fuel to her erotic fire? Apparently, it was the latter because she dropped her knees farther apart and moaned, using one hand to push the dildo into her pussy and the other to toy with the clamps. My girlfriend tilted her head back and shut her eyes, though I knew she could still feel me watching her intently.

Up until that point, I’d been thinking that this would be foreplay, a prelude to me fucking her good and

BEST

Get close
and personal
with the
Penthouse Pets
and see what
they have
been up to.

Check out the
“On the Road”
column on

PenthouseMagazine.com



hard, but I had underestimated how sexy it would be to watch her. I was so turned on that I needed to jerk off immediately. I greatly enjoyed seeing this process up close. Mona's hips bucked forward to meet her thrusting toy while my fist was now working overtime as I pumped my cock. I wasn't holding back any longer, but really getting into it as we each worked ourselves into a masturbatory frenzy.

The more I watched her, the harder I got. I knew I would have plenty of jerk-off fodder for the next few months as my pretty girlfriend humped her toy and let her nipples get tormented in the way she liked best. I recalled how she always asked me to bite

pleasurable as it was—was almost secondary to my girlfriend's climax.

I'd felt her come at least a hundred times, but I got the impression I'd never truly seen her come until that moment. She bit her lower lip, spread her legs even farther apart and held the dildo tight inside her, while she rocked against it until she reached the point where her body took over. She beckoned me forward, and I leaned against her breasts and shut my eyes as Mona held on to me while she came. I felt every tremor that ran through her body. Then she pulled out the dildo and offered it to me to taste. I've never sucked a cock, but tasting her pussy-flavored toy was a real treat, and I put my full efforts into

**I shut my eyes
as Mona held on to me while she
came. I felt every
tremor that ran through her body.**

them harder and harder, until she cried out in pleasure and got completely wet. I noticed that the more she tugged on the chain, the harder she slammed the dildo into her pussy.

My hand was moving as fast as it could along my cock; I was hoping to wait until she came to do so myself, but wasn't sure I could last. Mona was so intent on enjoying her toys and focused on her climax. She was moaning and murmuring to herself, and then her eyes opened and she stared right at my dick as she shifted the dildo to a different angle so as to better brush against her clit. Soon she was crying out, and at that first orgasmic yelp, I spurted a hot load into my hand. My orgasm—as

delivering this mock blowjob.

Then I got to help her remove the nipple clamps, which, contrary to what the inexperienced may believe, can be more intense than putting them on, as the blood rushes back into the skin. "Lick them," she panted as she got used to the sensation, and I very softly sucked and licked each one, warming and wetting her nubs.

Since that day, we've gone through her whole arsenal of toys, and now I shop for new ones with her—and me—in mind. If any of you feel threatened by your girlfriend's vibrator, don't be. It may be her best friend, but it can be yours, too—if she's kind enough to let you watch her use it.

*Mr. Joshua E.,
Chicago, Illinois*



WHILE SHIE™

THEEROTICREVIEW.COM®

THE WORLDS FINEST SITE FOR ADULT ENTERTAINER REVIEWS

United Kingdom Italy France Netherlands Germany
Belgium United States Canada Japan Spain





REAL LIVE SEX!

Watch and Chat
with sexy cam girls



Cams.com is a service mark of StreamRay Inc.
Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.

*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade
from a free membership to a paid membership.