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MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT

I was packing for a long weekend with my boyfriend, and as I checked off the essential items (candles, lotions, lubes, toys), I also tossed in some sexy lingerie I knew he'd freak over: a baby-doll nightie with little openings for my nipples, a sheer teddy with a split crotch for easy access, a lace corset that served up my ample breasts like two melons on a platter, and lots of lacy crotchless panties. Just the thought of him fucking me while I wore these flimsy items had me in a constant state of arousal, dripping with wanton desire.

It had been two weeks since we'd seen each other, so I really wasn't concerned about what clothes to bring. I probably wouldn't need them. I intended to make the most of our weekend together, and that meant spending as much time as possible in the bedroom.

What had kept me going during those two weeks was lots of down-and-dirty phone sex morning, noon,

and night. One morning, he called while I was preparing to shower and told me to put the phone on speaker. He asked if I'd missed waking up with his morning woody wedged between my legs. When I told him I ached for him, he knew I hadn't been using the vibrator he'd bought for me before going on his business trip. He made me promise to put it in my purse when I went to work so I could look at it during the day and think about him.

Once I was in the hot shower, he told me to take extra care with the soap and be sure to work up a good lather between my legs. When I had, he told me to slide my fingers back and forth between my folds, and use my other hand to massage my breast. Before I knew it, my fingers were in my cunt and he'd talked me through an amazing orgasm.

Just the thought of him fucking me while I wore these flimsy items had me dripping with wanton desire.

I always have fantastic orgasms with him when we fuck, but as for masturbation? I never come as hard as when we have phone sex! The shower was incredible, but when he called me at work the next day during lunch it was even more thrilling because I knew that I'd be taking a risk.

He called me on my cellphone because he knew I'd use my Bluetooth headset. The first thing he ordered me to do was to close my door but not lock it. Then I went back to my desk and pulled down my panties. He told me to put them in my purse and take out the vibrator. I asked him if he planned on playing along, and he said he'd started stroking his dick as soon as he heard my voice.

The thought of him sitting in his hotel room stroking his thick cock had my pussy wet and throbbing. I told him I'd turned on the vibrator and was rubbing it back and forth along my slit. He asked me if it felt good, and I said it did—but it wasn't the real deal. He told me to close my eyes and imagine I had his hard cock sliding back and forth against my slick folds. I did as he asked and told him I'd pulled up my blouse and started tugging on my nipples. I told him how good his lips and tongue would feel on my breasts if he were with me.

My pussy was dripping by the time he told me to start fucking myself with the vibrator. I plunged it in deep and came in a hot rush, juices spilling onto my chair. But I wasn't through. I kept thrusting the tool in and out, faster and faster, while I shoved two fingers in my mouth to keep from crying out. The entire time, my boyfriend urged me on by telling me how close he was and how tight his balls felt. By the time I'd fucked myself to another orgasm, he was grunting and groaning in my ear and shooting his load in the panties he had taken from me the last night we were together.

I can hardly wait to get on the plane to meet him. I plan on wearing a long trench coat and a short dress with nothing underneath. I want to be ready for him as soon as he picks me up at the airport!—*T.M., via e-mail*

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■ WATERSPORTS

Last month, my wife, Gina, invited our friend Jackie over for burgers and an afternoon dip in our pool. Her husband, Todd, had to work overtime, but Jackie left him a note, letting him know she was at our place.

While I grilled the burgers, Gina and Jackie made baked potatoes and salad. Once everything was ready, we washed it all down with some cold beer. Later, after the sun went down, Gina and Jackie stripped off their bikinis and jumped into the pool. We have an eight-foot fence, so skinny-dipping is not unusual for Gina and me, but I'd never expected to see Jackie naked in our pool. She and her husband had spent countless afternoons with us, but whenever we had guests, our bathing suits stayed on. Apparently, someone changed the rules and forgot to tell me.

It wasn't completely dark yet, so I could just make out Jackie's shape. She usually wore loose-fitting T-shirts and sweatpants. After seeing her in all her glory, I had no idea why she chose to hide such a beautiful figure. She had firm, full breasts, a trim waist, and lush hips—a perfect hourglass figure. I knew she was our friend, but that didn't stop me from wondering what it would be like to fuck her while my wife watched.

I couldn't stop staring at the girls as they splashed each other in the pool, and I couldn't decide whether or not I should keep my shorts on or strip down and join them. My cock decided for me. Maybe, if I was lucky, something might happen with all three of us. Leaving my shorts in the grass, I jumped in to join the fun.

I made sure I created enough of a splash to get the girls' attention. As soon as I broke the surface, Gina and Jackie turned on me and tried to push me back under. We chased each other, and I started my own game of titty-tag, tweaking nipples when I caught them before swimming away. My cock had become rock-hard with all the fooling around, and when Gina finally caught me, she hopped up, wrapped her legs around my waist, and reached down to stroke my cock.

"Doesn't Jackie have a gorgeous figure?" she said before flicking her tongue against my ear. "You've been staring at her, and I know you're just dying to fuck her."



"You wouldn't mind?" I asked. I just wanted to make sure this wasn't some kind of bad joke. Gina said no, then I felt Jackie come up behind me.

"Of course, I don't mind," she said. Then the most amazing thing happened. She leaned over my shoulder and kissed my wife. I was sandwiched between two beautiful women who had, by all appearances, been lovers without my knowledge.

"What about Todd?" I asked, as Gina slid underwater and took the head of my cock into her mouth. God, if they kept this up I'd come before I got the chance to fuck Jackie.

"Don't worry about Todd," Jackie said. "I think he'd probably enjoy fucking your wife, given the opportunity."

I quickly pulled Gina off my cock and turned to face Jackie. Jackie made me chase her to the shallow end of the pool, where she held on to the edge. She looked over her shoulder at me and said, "Come and get it."

I came up behind her and aimed my dick at her entrance. After all the teasing, I was too excited to go slowly. I drove my aching cock into her and started fucking her for all I was worth. Jackie kept up with my pace, pushing her hips back to meet my thrusts. My balls had already tightened up and the pressure to come inside her was almost more than I could stand. I reached around her and found her clit, urging her to come with me. It worked, and in seconds her muscles clenched around my dick as I shot my load deep inside her.

When I came to my senses and realized I was leaning on her, my cock slipped free and I turned her around for a first kiss. It was slow and sexy and would have continued if Todd hadn't arrived. I still wasn't sure about fucking my neighbor's wife, until I saw Gina get out of the pool and tell Todd to hurry up and get in before he missed all the fun.

Todd looked as surprised as I must have looked earlier, but he slowly started to smile and quickly began taking off his clothes. —via e-mail

More letters on page 135

I was too excited to go slowly. Jackie kept up with my pace, pushing back to meet my thrusts.

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Hit-Replacement Surgery

Now that *ER* finally ended, the networks are searching for the next great medical success story. But are any of the new shows worth more than a quick trip to the incinerator? Who cares? We just want house calls from the hotties. The big three contenders hoping to cure our boredom feature Jaime Lee Kirchner (*Mercy*), Aimee Garcia (*Trauma*), and Katherine Moennig (*Three Rivers*), and while we can't say we'll be watching the shows, these ladies can take our pulse anytime.



TV

PREVIEWS

DEJÀ VUE

V... *NCIS* ... doctor dramas.... New shows, or Netflix DVDs to return? Everything old is new again this year, and our guide will get you through it all.

By Julie Foster



MEDICAL MELODRAMAS

Trauma (NBC)

The Backstory: NBC tries to re-create *ER*'s success with first responders.

The Elevator Pitch: *ER* meets *Third Watch*.

The Good: Executive producer Peter Berg (*Friday Night Lights*) knows how to tackle good drama.

On the other hand, *FNL* frequently overdoses on the melodrama.

The Bad: The cliché dialogue and stereotypical characters in one three-minute trailer left us traumatized. We can't imagine watching a whole episode, never mind a season.

The Verdict: It's going to take a brilliant team to save this from flatlining.

Three Rivers (CBS)

The Backstory: Follow organs from donor to recipient as the cooler travels through an angsty Pittsburgh hospital.

The Elevator Pitch: *Chicago Hope* meets *Seven Pounds*.

The Good: Ratings-giant CBS is rolling out only four shows this fall, so the powers that be must think this one is good. We're not convinced.

The Bad: The idea would have made for an intriguing episode of *ER*, but it's a pretty thin premise to hang a series on.

The Verdict: Keep this one on ice for now.

Mercy (NBC)

The Backstory: An Iraq war vet (Taylor Schilling; in maroon scrubs) joins a team of sexy nurses in the soapiest hospital outside of daytime TV.

The Elevator Pitch: *Grey's Nurses*.

The Good: Um ... we've never seen such low-cut scrubs before.

The Bad: Nobody needs another *Grey's Anatomy*.

The Verdict: Pull the plug, stat.

STARGAZING

Modern Family (ABC)

The Backstory: Ed O'Neill (*Married With Children*) returns to sitcom land for this mockumentary-style show about three quirky families.

The Elevator Pitch: *The Office* meets a friendlier *Married With Children*.

The Good: Offbeat parenting, like disciplining a BB-gun-wielding child by shooting him with the offending toy.

The Bad: Can O'Neill cut it if he's not Al Bundy?

The Verdict: If audiences tune in, they'll like it.

Hank (ABC)

The Backstory: A Wall Street whiz kid (Kelsey Grammer) goes bust and moves his pampered family to the sticks to start over; hijinks ensue.

The Elevator Pitch: *Funny Farm* with a dash of economic meltdown.

The Good: Grammer and costar Melinda McGraw (*Mad Men*) bring plenty of talent; the pilot's script was penned by an Emmy winner.

The Bad: The family's reversal of fortune might remind viewers of their own disappearing 401(k)'s.

The Verdict: Laughing at the downfall of the rich never gets old.

Community (NBC)

The Backstory: *The Soup*'s Joel McHale is a snarky suspended lawyer sent back to community college to make up for his bogus law degree.

The Elevator Pitch: A hipster *Back to School*.

The Good: McHale's trademark wit; Chevy Chase and *The Daily Show*'s John Oliver in supporting roles; *Arrested Development* alumni as producers. That's an A-plus combination.

The Bad: A band-of-misfits study group? Somebody OD'd on John Hughes movies.

The Verdict: A summa cum laude graduation.

Brothers (FOX)

The Backstory: A former NFL star (Michael Strahan) comes home to bail out his brother (multishow vet Daryl "Chill" Mitchell), then has to deal with some problems of his own.

The Elevator Pitch: *Everybody's All-American* with a fraternal twist.

The Good: The focus on brotherly bonding is appealing, and Mitchell is generally funny as hell.

The Bad: Not much sets this apart from the usual new edies that fumble every season. And really, how many letes can act?

Verdict: We're reserving judgment till halftime.

SCI-FI SPINE-TINGLERS

Flash Forward (ABC)

The Backstory: The world loses consciousness for two minutes and takes a mental trip six months into the future. Hope someone got lotto numbers!

The Elevator Pitch: A *Village of the Damned* blackout takes us *Back to the Future*.

The Good: Cool premise; strong cast (Joseph Fiennes, *Star Trek*'s John Cho).

The Bad: High-concept shows often fall flat after the first few episodes.

The Verdict: Could be the next *Lost*... or the next *Lost* circa rocky season three.

The soapy
Vampire Diaries
looks more
Twilight than
True Blood.
Where's
Buffy
when we
need her?

The Vampire Diaries (CW)

The Backstory: Vampire brothers—one good, one evil—battle over a demure teenage girl in a small town.

The Elevator Pitch: *Supernatural* sibs with *Twilight* fangs.

The Good: *Lost*'s Ian Somerhalder is back from the dead as the bad vamp.

The Bad: The soapy romance looks more *Twilight* than *True Blood*.

The Verdict: Where's Buffy the Vampire Slayer when we need her?





FRANCHISE REHEATS AND REPEATS

The Cleveland Show (FOX)

The Backstory: *Family Guy*'s favorite neighbor spins-off to Virginia with his new brood for wacky, irreverent fun.

The Elevator Pitch: *Family Guy Gets His Groove Back*.

The Good: If you like the character Cleveland, you'll probably like this show.

The Bad: Mild-mannered Cleveland might not deliver the kind of biting humor *Family Guy* fans crave.

The Verdict: Don't unpack that moving van just yet.

NCIS: Los Angeles (CBS)

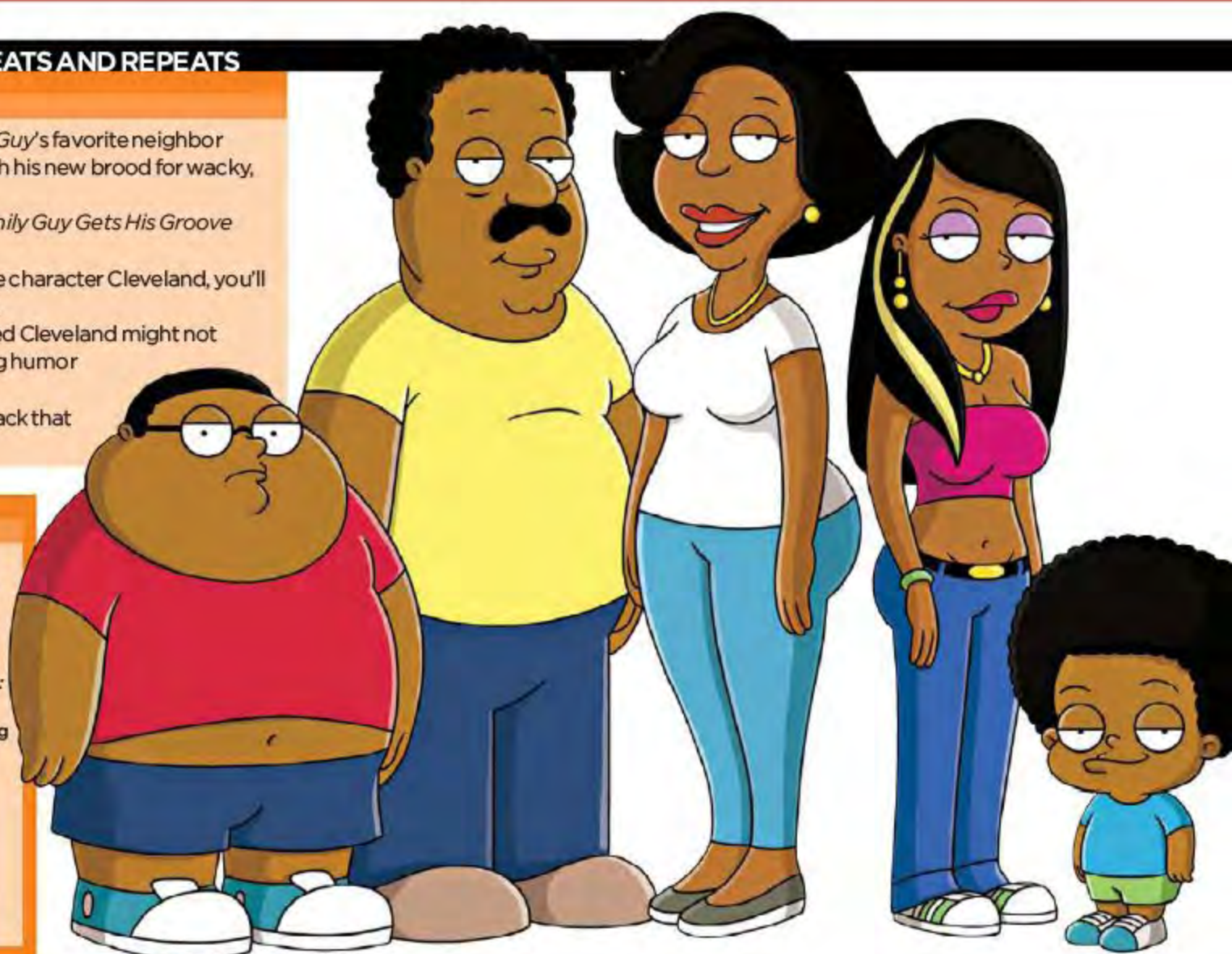
The Backstory: Chris O'Donnell and LL Cool J dive deep undercover in a new branch of CBS's hit show.

The Elevator Pitch: *NCIS: Special Ops Unit*.

The Good: With its strong cast and red-hot franchise appeal, it'll likely bring ratings gold.

The Bad: How many procedurals can one network sustain?

The Verdict: Things are looking sunny in L.A.



MIDSEASON THRILLERS



Human Target (FOX)

The Backstory: Mark Valley (*Fringe*) stars as a proxy to protect endangered clients in this adaptation of a DC Comics graphic novel.

The Elevator Pitch: *Terminator 2* meets James Bond.

The Good: Kickass effects, great action, and Tricia Helfer (*Battlestar Galactica*) in the pilot.

The Bad: The hero is, understandably, pretty one-dimensional; the premise itself could result in one-note staleness.

The Verdict: Our TiVos are locked on and ready to record.

Day One (NBC)

The Backstory: Global catastrophe strikes; ordinary citizens must unravel the mystery and rebuild society.

The Elevator Pitch: *Jericho* meets *The Stand*.

The Good: We love a good apocalypse!

The Bad: *Jericho* didn't fare so well.

The Verdict: We'll give it at least a day or two.

V (ABC)

The Backstory: Aliens with a secret agenda infiltrate Earth in this remake of the eighties miniseries.

The Elevator Pitch: *Independence Day* with shades of *Galactica* (the enemy looks like us!).

The Good: Full of surprises, even if you've seen the original; a great cast led by *Lost*'s Elizabeth Mitchell.

The Bad: The nature of the Visitors might be too cheesy for today.

The Verdict: Bring on the invasion!

Happy Town (ABC)

The Backstory: Seven years after mysterious unsolved kidnappings plague a small idyllic town, a new crime spree threatens the peace.

The Elevator Pitch: *Twin Peaks* meets *Harper's Ferry*.

The Good: Amy Acker (*Dollhouse*) and Sam Neill (*Jurassic Park*) bring weight to a spooky story.

The Bad: A tired concept that's been done before, and done much better.

The Verdict: This show will mysteriously vanish before long.



"A 21-year-old guy is good for only one thing! Everything else, we'll give to the 50-year-old."

Big Love's Noa Tishby

When it comes to men, here's what turns on this Israeli beauty.

By Ronnie Koenig

She's been through boot camp (the real kind, not the one at your gym) and could probably operate an Uzi in her sleep, so it's easy to feel a little intimidated by Noa Tishby. She assures us, however, that she's more interested in brains than brawn. "I'm not the kind of girl who will see you with your shirt off and go, *Oh, my God, I have to have that!*" she says. "The common thread that runs through my past relationships is intelligence."

The coexecutive producer of HBO's award-winning shrink drama *In Treatment* prides herself on her understanding of men: "There's nothing we can

say as women to stop men from cheating or looking around." This past spring the 32-year-old beauty played one of Matthew McConaughey's exes in *Ghosts of Girlfriends Past*, and she has a recurring role on *Big Love*.

Should a guy stay in touch with his ex?

Absolutely. I had two exes at my wedding. And one of my husband's exes as well. I don't believe that a girl has the right to say to her boyfriend, "Don't see your ex." [Although] I don't believe in open relationships, I don't think there's anything wrong with looking, flirting, chatting, checking people out....

What do you think about polygamy?

I don't think it's a great idea. It's always one guy and a few women. What about one woman and a few men? It would be weird for me personally, but that's a show that needs to be done. I'm very much "to each his own." If it works for you, great.

What about a threesome?

Too weird for now, but never say never!

How could a man seduce you?

With a sense of humor and confidence. I love surprises. Surprise me any day, any time. I love it!

Is there a difference between Israeli men and American men?

They don't have much in common. An Israeli man will see you as 100 percent equal. There is no opening doors. There is no standing up when you go to the bathroom. With American men, there's a lot more politeness.

How do men react to you since you were in the military? Do guys get turned on?

All the time. Guys love girls in uniform. They love 'em.

What's a deal-breaker in a relationship?

I hate guys who tell lies. That annoys the shit out of me. Like, don't tell me you have a certain car if you don't. Don't brag about yourself and have it not be true. Don't brag at all! It's a big turn-off.

If you were single, would you date an older guy or a younger guy?

An older guy. A 21-year-old guy is good for only one thing! Everything else, we'll give to the 50-year-old.

What's the one thing men should improve upon in the bedroom?

Kissing. (Not my husband; he's great.) A kiss should be lyrical, like a song. Not mechanical. It can't be repetitive.

You work with Mark Wahlberg on *In Treatment*—

Yes. I found the show in Israel. I asked to meet with the creator, who was so generous as to let me try to produce it in America. I always knew I was going to produce. This was a good project to start with.

What did you like about the series?

It's completely voyeuristic and addictive and incredible. And I'm a huge believer in everything that has to do with self-help. I was happy to be behind a series that would change people's minds about therapy. 



Seduce & Destroy

Slinky Megan Fox plays a demonic high school cheerleader in *Jennifer's Body*.

Jennifer's Body

Sweet lord of all that is enjoyable: Can there be a better premise than the luscious Megan Fox playing a demonic high school cheerleader in a horror movie? And showing a lot of skin? We say no. The script is by Diablo Cody, of *Juno* fame (or infamy, depending on your point of view), and where that film's snarky, jargon-y dialogue got annoying—until it was ditched entire-

ly—the sarcasm plays better here, as the naughty red-banded trailer that jolted the Internet this past July attests. The movie fits squarely in the long tradition of horror-comedy, where laughs sit side-by-side with genuine scares and gore. If it falls flat, hey, there's always Jennifer's—er, we mean Megan's—body to keep you entertained.





Extract

Mike Judge's last comedy, *Idiocracy*, was criminally underpromoted; it was slipped into very limited release with zero promotion in September 2006. Too bad, because it was a damn funny satire and almost no one saw it. *Extract* should get better treatment from its studio, as the *Office Space* creator returns to the workplace with Jason Bateman as the boss of a small bottling plant who's juggling distractions that include a sexually withdrawn wife (*SNL*'s Kristen Wiig), an ultrahot temp (*Forgetting Sarah Marshall*'s Mila Kunis), and a mutinous work crew. Plus: a shaggy, bearded Ben Affleck as Bateman's bartender/best friend.

The Invention of Lying
Someone had to invent it, right? Then again, it comes pretty naturally to us—but not right now: Honestly, Ricky Gervais (*The Office*, *Extras*) is the funniest man on the planet and deserves another star vehicle after the just-okay *Ghost Town*. (Still not lying.) In this comedy, which he also cowrote and codirected, he plays a frustrated writer living in an imaginary world where no one has ever thought of bending the truth. (Which we are still not doing.) When Gervais does, the movie gives him some great dupes to play off: Tina Fey, Patrick Stewart, and Christopher Guest, among others. We say save your money. (Okay, that was a lie.)



Scorsese directs DiCaprio on-set.

Shutter Island

We are bracing ourselves, not too nervously, for what looks like a cheesy haunted-house thriller from Martin Scorsese. After all, the novel has the literary pedigree of Dennis Lehane (*Mystic River*, *Gone Baby Gone*), and it's Scorsese directing, for crissakes. But *Shutter Island* has all the makings of a bump-in-the-nighter: U.S. federal marshals investigating a missing murderer sprung from a hospital for the criminally insane. It's the cast supporting Leonardo DiCaprio that

has us most confident this one will deliver: Jackie Earle Haley, Ben Kingsley, and Max von Sydow. (The atmosphere will clearly be bald and ominous.) The 1950s setting is also promising, classing up the tired premise, and putting us in mind of Scorsese's 1991 remake of *Cape Fear*, a surprisingly vital entry in his filmography. Hey, if Scorsese can turn the Edith Wharton period piece *The Age of Innocence* into a visceral triumph—as he did in 1993—he should have no trouble here.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JENNIFER'S BODY DOANE GREGORY (EXTRACT) SAM URDANK/MIRAMAX FILM CORP. (THE INVENTION OF LYING) SAM URDANK (SHUTTER ISLAND) PARAMOUNT/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

DVDs

BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

Anvil! The Story of Anvil

These "demigods of Canadian metal" inspired groups that went on to fame and fortune, and filmmaker Sacha Gervasi puts that out front and center, kicking off the doc with quotes from Metallica's Lars Ulrich, Guns N' Roses' Slash, Motörhead's Lemmy Kilmister, Anthrax's Scott Ian, and Slayer's Tom Araya. But while *Anvil!* begins with talking heads discussing the band's seminal album *Metal on Metal*, and footage of the guys living the dream at Super Rock '84 in Japan, the film is really about middle-

aged rockers who are still trying to make it big. It's an emotionally rich, deep, and heartfelt exploration of the often completely average lives of singer/guitarist Steve "Lips" Kudlow and drummer Robb Reiner, who decided at 14 that they'd rock together forever. It's probably not the first time you'll see a band put together a demo, go on a low-rent tour of Europe (including a drug toss in fear of a police search), or borrow thousands from family to record a CD, but we bet it'll be the first time you see 51-year-olds doing it. There may be moments when you almost feel sorry for them, but their passion and enthusiasm for metal, the artists who create it, and especially their loyal fans is a joy to watch. You'll be thrilled that the guys are enjoying some post-doc success, including opening for AC/DC on their New York City-area dates.



Braveheart

This may very well be the ultimate guy movie, especially in this two-disc Sapphire Series Blu-ray edition. It's gorgeous, of course; boasts new Dolby TrueHD 5.1 audio; and has new content, including three interactive timelines and featurettes on the making of the film and the history of William Wallace and Scotland ("Smithfield: Medieval Killing Fields" and "Battlefields of the Scottish Rebellion"). Those of you who try to get a body count will be thrilled: Your chances of success have never been better.

PET PROJECTS



Jamie Lynn, our 2006 Pet of the Year (above, at right), was featured in *Break*, one of David Carradine's final projects; it's currently on store shelves. And this past summer, our July 2007 Pet of the Month, Sasha Grey, starred in Steven Soderbergh's artsy ode to call girls, *The Girlfriend Experience*. Her well-received performance hits the small screen this month.





The Kids Are All Right

English youngsters You Me at Six bring a bracing dose of mayhem and melody to the MTV2 crowd. Frontman Josh Franceschi breaks it down.

By John Bolster

You Me at Six don't necessarily reinvent the wheel on their heady debut, *Take Off Your Colours*, but they definitely give it a zesty, wrist-flipping new spin. And who knows? It may land on a lucky number for them. We wouldn't be surprised if they hit it big in the U.S., where many much-hyped British outfits before them have failed to make a dent. They may be young—and look even younger—but they've got the songs, the hooks, and, it should be said, the looks for a decent shot. They also have an uncanny way with a "whoa-oh-oh" chorus, a knack for gnarly, adrenalized riffage, and the ringing clarity of singer Josh Franceschi's achy tenor. Put it all together and you've got a band that can set fists pumping and honey dripping in equal measure.

You guys have gotten pretty big in the U.K., cracking the Top 30. How important is it to you to have success in the U.S.?

The U.S. could be really hard for us. It's a big, big place, obviously. We're concentrating on defining our success on a smaller level. If we can come over and do a headline tour and people come watch our band, then that'll be success to us.

You're frequently labeled as a pop-punk band, but there's more to your sound than that implies.

Yeah, for sure. We agree completely.

Are you concerned about being put in that box?

In the U.K., a lot of people are realizing that though we may be put under that category, realistically, we don't belong there. When I think of pop-punk, I think of Home Grown, Starting Line, um, you know—I think of *pop-punk bands*, really. But we're more of a rock band, maybe a rock-punk-pop band. Now that *Take Off Your Colours* has dropped in the States, I think people will realize that. But at





the same time, if someone were to say, "Oh, yeah, you're a great pop-punk band—you sound like Fall Out Boy," I would never take that badly. That would be a huge compliment, even if it's not completely correct. But at least it's pop-punk and not metal crap or whatever.

Or boy band.

[Laughs] Yeah, exactly.

You're all pretty precocious, musically. Were your parents big into music?

We were definitely brought up around music, but none of our parents were [professional musicians]. But from a very early age, I was really into music and performing live. I've been in bands since I was like 11.

The song "Save It for the Bedroom" seems to be about keeping female fans at bay. Is that right?

No, it's about this girl from where I'm from, and she's kind of promiscuous and very active, as it were. When I met her, she was very forward, and very on-that-wavelength to me. I said, "You need to chill and it's not all about that." Since I recorded it, she's kind of calmed down, so I think maybe it's sunk in.

Did you ever think that most guys might like to have a problem like that?

Oh, yeah! Sure, like, the majority of my friends are like that. But it wasn't my cup of tea. "Cup of tea"—how British! I like my cup of tea....

No worries; we use that expression over here.

Yeah? Okay. Beautiful.

I wouldn't be doing my job as a *Penthouse* editor if I didn't ask you for some good road stories with the girls.

Well, I don't have any for me, but we just went to Amsterdam, to the red light district, and a few, or, well, one person—actually, he's not even in our band, he's just in our crew—but yeah, he had a bit too much fun with a lady over there.

This was a hired lady—or a civilian he met there?

Hired. Yeah. But, by the way, I'm not into that. I'm into more, uh ... I don't know what I'm into, but I'm not into ... that.

Last question is random: Are you a soccer fan—or football, as you say in the U.K.?

I am, yeah. I support a team called Arsenal.

Arsenal?

Yeah.

I'm wearing an Arsenal jersey right now, while I'm talking to you.

No you're fu— No you're not! [Laughs] That's a lie. I know you're lying.

I swear. It's an old-school retro one, with the white sleeves and the cannon on the left breast.

Oh, my God.

[Laughs]

That is so funny. How cool is that, man?

REVIEWS

BY ANDY GREENWALD



BEASTIE BOYS

Hot Sauce Committee Pt. 1 (Capitol) ★★★

The Beastie Boys tried to pass themselves off as Beastie Men on 2004's stilted *To the 5 Boroughs*, an ill-advised attempt at gravitas that made MCA, Ad-Rock, and Mike D sound dull for the first time. *Hot Sauce* is a throw-back to the Beasties' mid-nineties peak, a mélange of fuzzed-out instrumentation, punch-line rhyming, and bizarro sound effects. "Grampa been rapping since '83!" Ad-Rock howls over the swagger of "Too Many Rappers" (featuring another grizzled hip-hop vet, Nas). In other words: Get off his lawn!



THE VERY BEST

Warm Heart of Africa (Green Owl) ★★★

Most of us search antique stores for bargains—but in the dusty shop next to their U.K. studio, deejay duo Radioclit unearthed a singer, Malawi-born Esau Mwamwaya. Thankfully, the Very Best, the trio's collaboration, is anything but secondhand: *Warm Heart* is a delightful cross-cultural party-starter. While Radioclit toys expertly with stabby synths and gorgeous, glittery new wave, the sweet-voiced Mwamwaya croons in English and his native Chichewa, sure to captivate dance-floor denizens from London to Lilongwe.



THE CLEAN

Mister Pop (Merge) ★★★

For more than three decades, New Zealand's the Clean have been consistently influential in indie circles and largely unknown to the world at large. *Mister Pop*, the trio's first album in eight years, isn't likely to change all that, but it should. Ratcheting down the high-energy, organ-bashing fun of their earliest work, *Pop* finds the gray-ing band in a reflective mood, focusing on dreamily atmospheric tunes like the Yo La Tengo-esque "Simple Fix" and the otherworldly, infectious "Tensile." Proof that old punks can learn new tricks.



PARAMORE

Brand New Eyes (Atlantic) ★★★

Paramore is a hyper-young quartet from Tennessee fronted by a real rarity in emo's boys-with-girl-trouble clubhouse: a girl with troubles of her own. On 2007's platinum breakout *Riot!*, 20-year-old Hayley Williams single-handedly made Paramore interesting, even when the band's songwriting let her down. Album No. 3 ups the ante, thanks to superproducer Rob Cavallo (Green Day) and some newfound melodic chops. Still, Williams is the star, transforming pogo-ready punk like "Looking Up" into something close to catharsis.

REVIEWS



The Beatles: Rock Band



★★★★★

MTV GAMES/EA (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii)

If you're a Beatles fan—and really, who isn't, at least a little?—the dream is to be onstage with the Fab Four. *The Beatles: Rock Band* gives you the next best thing—the ability to play along to 45 of the group's quintessential pop songs on instruments modeled after the Brits' own. As if that's not enough, we hear full albums are in the works.

Rocks: Creating harmonies by using up to three mikes at a time; psychedelic graphics that take you back to the Yellow Submarine; performing "Let It Be" and other classic tracks in historic locales, including the stage of *The Ed Sullivan Show*, Abbey Road Studios, and the Cavern Club.

Flops: These tracks are not compatible with previous *Rock Band* releases.

★★★★

GUITAR HERO 5

ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, PS2, Wii)

If you're not a die-hard Beatles fan but you can't get enough of playing with plastic peripherals, the latest edition of *Guitar Hero* offers more solid tracks and the chance to play with any combo of four instruments. You can finally have that drum-solo duel you always wanted, online or off.

Rocks: Drop-in/drop-out play makes it easy to keep on jamming as party members come and go; such songs as the White Stripes' "Blue Orchid" and the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" will test your skills, especially in the competitive RockFest mode.

Flops: Your band has to play well as a group to revive a fallen member. Sucks to be you, if teamwork is not your strong suit.

PREVIEWS

MARVEL ULTIMATE ALLIANCE 2: FUSION

ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, PS2, Wii, PSP, DS)

Marvel Ultimate Alliance was packed with entertaining superhero action, but the plot was on the thin side and the heroes repeated their quips over and over. Thankfully, all that has been mended for round deux.

Rocks: You can switch teammates on the fly without penalty ... for a while; eventually you have to decide which side to take. We were totally into busting heads with the new characters, which include the Green Goblin, Jean Grey, Venom, and Deadpool. Other high points are Fusion moves that combine the powers of two heroes, and vastly improved textures, lighting, and destructible environments.

Flops: The new ability to heal fallen comrades on the fly with revival tokens makes the game a bit too easy.



DARK VOID

CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

For a brief moment, the big thing in gaming was your character moving upward on-screen. Hey, Capcom, we remember seeing that in *Contra* way back in 1988. That said, this game pushes the concept far beyond anything we've seen or imagined. Pilot Will, aka you, has inadvertently landed in another dimension, and it's you against the robots that populate the place. To survive, you have to take cover in and hoist yourself upward through the stony crags of this unfriendly world.

Rocks: Your jetpack helps you gain tactical advantage over your enemies.

Flops: No multiplayer option; your character resembles a tougher version of the Rocketeer.

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Lusty Lady

Comedy's Queen of Mean, Lisa Lampanelli, is a woman of many appetites.

Chocolate, Please: My Adventures in Food, Fat, and Freaks
By Lisa Lampanelli
It Books/HarperCollins

Lampanelli has made a raunchy name for herself unleashing zingers at roasts and talking up her lust for black men. Here, she does more of both while also riffing on her experience at fat camp for adults. (Really.) Here she is on a recent romance: "Dating Tommy was like stepping in dog shit and then telling

your friends your feet have never felt softer." About alternative forms of education, she has this to say: "Homeschooling is the worst thing you can do to kids short of raping them." She pulls no punches, even when, as is often the case, the butt of her jokes is herself. Her lovably over-the-top story of dating woes and battling the bulge should appeal equally to male and female readers, and the details of her acute case of jungle fever just may open a few people's minds—or at the very least, make them laugh out loud.

REVIEWS

THE ADDERALL DIARIES

A MEMOIR OF MURDER, MASOCHISM, AND MURDER



STEPHEN ELLIOTT

This is not your typical memoir or true-crime book. It's not your typical book of any kind, really, as Elliott weaves childhood memories of his abusive father with an account of computer programmer Hans Reiser's trial for the murder of his wife. Along the way, Elliott muses on Paris Hilton, his interest in BDSM, love, and family. This elegant, intense book from Greywolf Press tries to get inside a murderer's mind, while candidly revealing what goes on inside the author's.



UNRAVELING THE SECRETS OF THE
PROFANE, THE SACRED & THE BURNING
— DEATH —
BECOMES THEM
ALIX STRAUSS



If you have a thing for famous suicide cases, like those of Sylvia Plath, Kurt Cobain, and Sigmund Freud (the father of psychoanalysis committed suicide; go figure), this book, from Harper Paperbacks, is for you. Strauss is a cheerfully morbid sort who divulges the gory details of each case, from the planning to the suicide note (if any) to the method of self-destruction. It's dark stuff, obviously, but she succeeds in giving us a glimpse of the human beings at the core of these legends. **A**

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Boxy Chic

The cube is like a piece of modern art—slightly off, but in a good way.

INSIDE THE BOX

Simple can be boring, but with the cube, Nissan shows us that if you take a basic shape and run with it, the result can be roomy, stylish, and cool.

By Bill Heald

Sometimes a carmaker is not the first one on your street with a fresh idea, yet they execute it better than anybody else. For example, both Honda and Scion have graced the U.S. market with what amounts to a building block on wheels, Honda with the Element and Scion with the xB. The Scion is now on its second generation and in many ways isn't quite as boxy as it was before, yet it still sports a shoebox-with-wheels persona. The Element is likewise a rolling brick of funk in its own right, with wild suicide rear doors and a unique sectional paint scheme. Actually, the chronology here can be confusing; Honda and Scion arrived first in America, but the Nissan cube got a head start in Japan and this is the third generation.

As great as these vehicles are, though, the Nissan cube (with a lowercase c so even the name is different) has taken the whole "box" concept to a new extreme. Nissan has polished and perfected this design exercise, creating a ride so stylish it draws attention like a supermodel in a hot tub. This is a pretty miraculous feat, especially since this wagon could easily be mistaken for a giant toaster that escaped from a Pixar movie.

The cube may be based on a mundane, fundamental shape, but once you examine it closely, you'll see a treasure trove of details that makes other cars on the road look lame, especially those in this entry-level price class. And though the overall form is based (like all boxes)

on a series of right angles, there really aren't any sharp edges and there is a flowing smoothness to the entire vehicle. Naturally, the wheels and tires resist the box theme, but surprisingly, the window styling is based more on an oval, rather than square, contour (all done with subtle body-sculpting and shading). Cooler still, the rear corner on the passenger side looks like a continuous wrap-around window, even though it isn't (more clever shading at work). This way these brilliant designers have installed asymmetry on the most symmetrical shape there is, for the driver's rear corner looks completely "normal" and doesn't have this continuous window treatment. Pretty much the whole car has touches like this, and is full of entertaining details inside and out.

The cube is so roomy and inviting on the inside (kind of like a dorm room that's actually habitable) that Nissan calls it a "social space" instead of an interior. Truth be told, the car is very entertaining while parked and even the headliner blows your mind with a pebble-in-a-pond (or Zen-garden) design. But this is, after all, a car, so Nissan could have screwed the pooch if the cube was a wheezer to drive. While it's no street racer, the cube can definitely get out of its own way and the Continuously Variable Transmission (CVT) gets what power there is to the front wheels smoothly. A six-speed manual transmission is also available, but, incredibly, the CVT cube gets better mileage (we saw 28 MPG in a week of mixed-road thrashing). Excellent ABS brakes

are standard, and handling is sound enough that you never feel you're navigating a shrunken school bus when you toss it around corners. Seats are firm and comfy, and your rear-seat crew gets to slide and recline their perches if they so desire. Fold those rear seats and you can haul a good chunk of your life with you—58 cubic feet, in fact.

Such spaciousness comes as no surprise, given the shape. That said, this is no empty vessel. The cube may be a big box, but it's filled with personality, style, and even some solid practicality. It also makes folks smile when they see it, which may be the best feature of all. 





While jokes about appliances come easily to mind, the cube is a whole lot more than just a wild-looking box.

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door wagon
Engine	1.8-liter inline four
Power	122 horsepower
Torque	127 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual or CVT automatic
Front tires	P195/60R15
Rear tires	P195/60R15
Curb weight	2,829 pounds

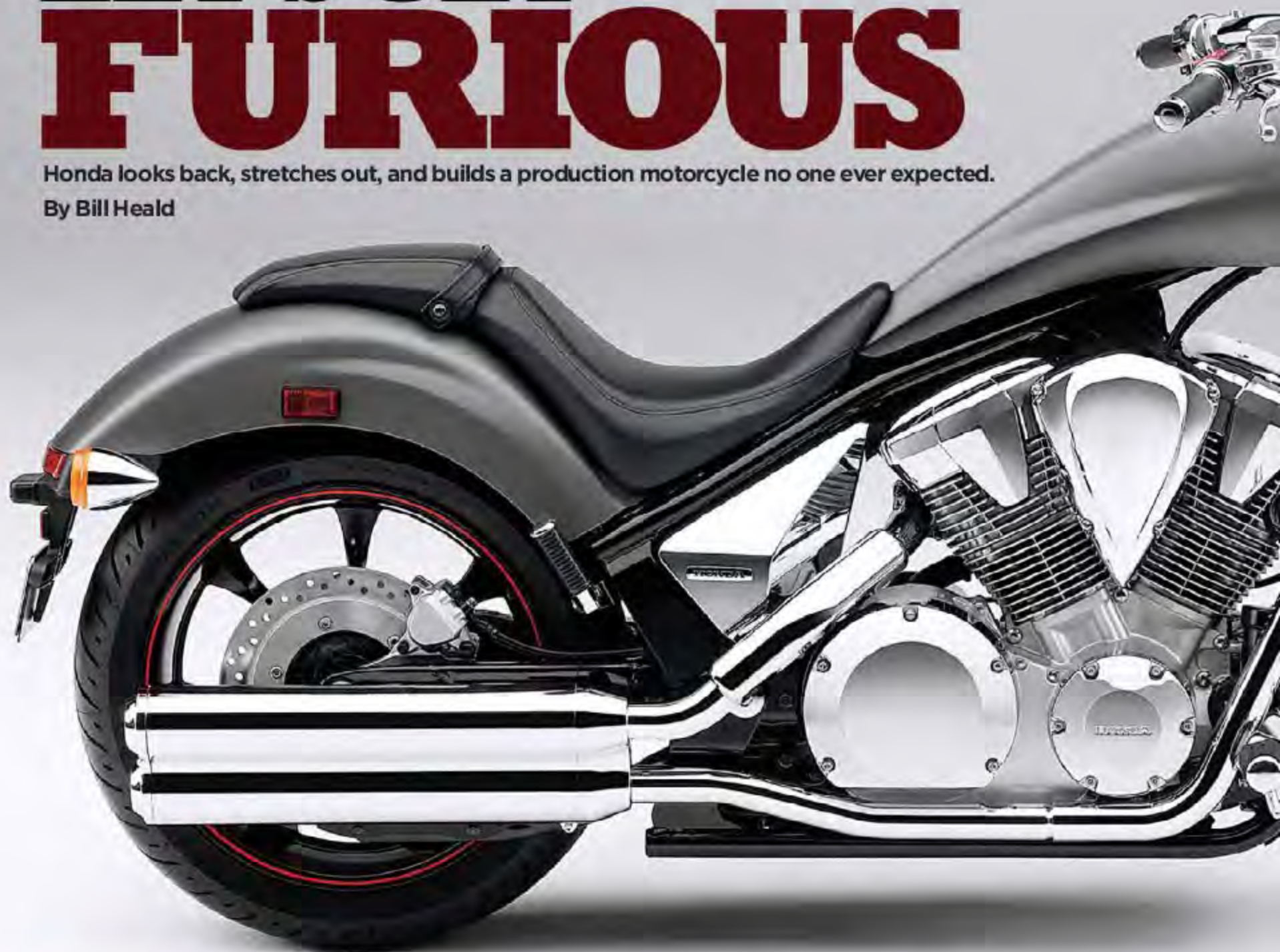
PERFORMANCE

0-60	7.54 seconds
Fuel capacity	13.2 gallons
Fuel economy	28 city/30 highway
Price (as tested)	\$14,690 six speed; \$15,690 CVT

LET'S GET FURIOUS

Honda looks back, stretches out, and builds a production motorcycle no one ever expected.

By Bill Heald



Big companies can be wily creatures—unpredictable and full of surprises. I was stunned when Apple Computer decided to make a cellphone, so you might think I'd have learned that you can never predict in which direction an imaginative bunch of engineers might wander. But Honda blew one right by me this year when it announced the creation of a genuine production chopper, because these mantis-like rolling works of art aren't the kind of things Honda is

usually known for. The company that manufactures everything from lawn mowers to corporate jets has been motivated by a certain function-over-form mentality, where how well something works is more important than whether or not it looks cool when parked. When it comes to motorcycles, they've certainly made some very handsome cruisers, yet never jumped so deeply into the style pool as they have with the Fury. But is it possible that a machine that looks like it rolled off the set of *Easy Rider* decades ago actually is, at the end of the ride, still a Honda?

First, we must address the beauty in this beast. To really appreciate what a truly kicked-back ride the Fury is, you have to walk around it and soak it all in. All the styling cues that are icons of the radical 1960s chopper culture are present, including long raked-out front forks, a minimalist tube frame, a tiny teardrop tank, a huge rear tire, and lots of chrome topped with a flawless paint job. In the custom-building tradition, all wires, hoses, and assorted hardware are cunningly hidden so as to not disturb the clean lines. The V-twin engine is liquid-cooled, but the radiator is tucked

You don't need to go to a custom shop for this long, lean machine—it's on the floor of your local Honda dealer.



between the front downtubes so brilliantly that it all but disappears.

With all the extreme styling that compromises such things as steering geometry, one would think that, like most choppers, this bike would be okay for putting down Main Street, but not exactly sharp in the handling, ride, and braking departments. But this being a Honda, the Fury is a solid, comfortable, responsive motorcycle that is a true blast to ride. Rather than being a pricey custom cobbled together in a garage by a bike-builder who hasn't been near an engineering degree, this machine benefits from

the expertise and R&D that is a Honda hallmark. The counterbalanced engine is smooth and potent, and the balanced chassis takes the feet-forward, chopper-riding stance and makes it actually work on challenging tarmac. The rear shock is hidden (mimicking choppers of yore with no rear suspension) and absorbs assorted road evils well. Even the brakes are excellent, and Honda's amazingly sophisticated ABS is available for the ultimate in state-of-the-art stopping technology. The Fury is born to be wild, yet as refined as an Acura. Get your motor runnin', Jeeves. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 52-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	89.5 mm x 104.3 mm
Displacement	1,312 cc
Fuel system	Programmed fuel injection
Ignition	Digital transistorized
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	45-mm telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload adjustable
Front brake	Single 336-mm disc
Rear brake	Single 296-mm disc
Front tire	90/90-21
Rear tire	200/50-18
Fuel tank	3.4 gallons
Wheelbase	71.24 inches
Seat height	26.7 inches
Curb weight	663 pounds
MSRP	\$12,999; \$13,499 in matte silver metallic; \$13,999 w/ABS

Off the Hook

Wires are for yesterday's technologies. Ditch the cables and upgrade with this wireless gear.

By Jonathan Ages

■ **Jawbone2**

Aliph • \$130

The Bluetooth headset made users look stupid a decade ago and, um, it still makes users look like dorks. But it's a damn useful device—especially in the car. Aliph's Jawbone 2 may be the ultimate Bluetooth headset, and it makes huge strides toward looking like a fashion accessory. The device's big hook, though, is PRIME, the noise-suppression system, which isolates the sound of your voice much better than just about any other Bluetooth headset on the market. Now you can jack up the music in the car and chat on the phone at the same time—not that you should multitask at 55 miles per hour.



■ **Comfort Lapdesk**

Logitech • \$40

There are two kinds of fire crotch: the Lindsay Lohan overexposure and the really bad notebook-induced overheated lap. Pick up the Logitech Comfort Lapdesk and your computer will never again render your nether regions sweat-laden. It's lightweight, ergonomic, and padded, and looks surprisingly cool. It even

helps you work longer and more comfortably by tilting your computer to prevent neck strain and providing a firm surface so your notebook fan can work efficiently. Unfortunately, the Lapdesk doesn't have room for a portable mouse, but it can accommodate computers of up to 17 inches.



■ **Artisan 800 All-in-One Printer**
Epson • \$300

All-in-one systems tend to skimp on speed or quality. The Artisan 800 breaks the mold, churning out 38 pages per minute and quality photos in up to ten seconds. It can print, copy, scan, fax, and produce "Ultra HD" photos that last longer than photo lab prints. The 7.8-inch touch panel with its 3.5-inch LCD is great when printing photos directly from the card. Finally, there's an all-in-one that actually does it all.

■ **Time Capsule**

Apple • \$300, 500 GB; \$500, 1TB

Everyone has a horror story: the blue screen of death, the spilled coffee, the laptop left at airport security. All of your digital records—your life—are suddenly gone. Apple has a solution: the Time Capsule. It automatically, continuously, and wirelessly backs up all the Macs and PCs in your house. It's also a personal file server, since MobileMe users with Mac OS X Leopard on their home computers can remotely access the files on the Time Capsule. It's fast, too, syncing with computers, iPhones, printers, whatever, at 2.4GHz and 5GHz bands as well as the new 802.11n wireless technology. Plus, there's plenty of space for all those porn downloads.



■ **Share Video Memory Card**
Eye-Fi • \$100

Uploading snapshots to a photo-sharing site can feel like a chore. Eye-Fi's photo-share and video-share cards automatically upload your pictures and video to your PC or Mac and photo-sharing websites, including Flickr, Picasa, and Facebook. The Wi-Fi-enabled cards work just like existing SDHC memory cards and are compatible with hundreds of cameras. Just make sure to set the privacy settings on your site, 'cause there are some things your mom should not see.

■ **BD-P4600 Blu-ray Disc Player**
Samsung • \$500

This wall-mountable Blu-ray disc player looks like a piece of art. It also easily downloads large files through Wi-Fi, streams Netflix movies, and plays music from Pandora. You won't have to replace your standard-definition DVD collection, since they'll be upconverted and look crisp on a high-def

screen. The plug-in space for cables may be a squeeze and, sure, you could pick up a PS3 and a game or two for this sticker price, but the BD-P4600's onboard decoding for Dolby TrueHD and DTS-HD Master Audio means it's primed for the ultimate home-theater system.





LIVE & LEARN



An Unpleasant Scene

You might think the biggest scare for a college grad living with his folks is Mom walking in while he's having sex. I promise you that there's another experience that redefines horror.

By Kyle Dowling • Illustration by Tom Richmond

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" I moan, slamming the door and running into the hallway with my hands over my face. My eyes are closed so tightly that not even the Jaws of Life could open them; my knees are weak. I think positive thoughts: laughs (ha-ha), music (ah), friends (yes, now we're getting somewhere), family (wait a minute ...). Dad walks out, calmly closing the door while shutting his robe. His friend is still saluting quite a bit, but I'm not even going to think about that. I can hear my mother's laughter from behind the bedroom door. "Quit being such a baby," my father says. "You're 22. You don't know these things happen?" Quit being a baby! Is he kidding? Why didn't they lock the door? Why didn't they install the "Instant Sex Lock" doorknob? (Good idea, no?)

It's a common fear, I feel, catching your parents in the act. But it should be mentioned that when one is told to "man up," this situation never comes to mind. Dealing with a bully at school, the first sleepover, going to college—yes, those were times to stop being a baby. But indelible images seared into your brain, proving your parents still fornicate? Not once has that crossed my mind when I've considered how to earn and keep my man card.

After some heavy convincing by my dad, I find myself walking back toward the site of the incident. My mother is on the bed, still in her—*gulp*—lingerie. A somewhat arrogant

What I just witnessed was the equivalent of staring at the sun: "Look away, child! You'll go blind!"

smile lies upon her face, but she tries to soften it with a sweet "Hi, darling!" I don't think so, Mother! My father lies beside her in a sort of spooning position, which makes matters much worse ... for me, at least.

My heart is racing, yet I can feel each thump one by one. Time is slowing. Minutes are turning to hours. I listen to my father ramble on about his and my mother's countless sexual escapades, with an incredible amount of detail. Given the circumstances, you'd think he'd catch his tongue at some point, but no. The examples continue for I don't know how long: the kitchen, the living room, the car ... I'll spare you the rest (please hold your thanks). Yet all that's running through my mind is, *Dude, that's my mom!*

By the way, I'm sure this situation is not limited to parents. Anyone who has family in their life—parents, stepparents, siblings, half-siblings, stepsiblings ... whatever the blended situation—I imagine this scene would be just as unpleasant.

After a while, though, I think, *Is this really such a bad thing?* Don't get me wrong: What I just witnessed was the equivalent of staring at the sun: "Look away, child! You'll go blind!" And the way these two adults are handling the situation is rather suspect. But maybe it's good that they're sexually active—behind closed doors. Would I rather they loathe each other? I lift my head out of my hands and gaze at an amazing sight: happiness. The smiles they exchange are enough to make me understand that, after 30 years, a spark still exists in their relationship. Ponder that, my friends!

Surprisingly, I'm smiling. My heart slows to its normal rate. The minutes turn from endless hours back to mere minutes again. I am regaining stability. I rise to my feet in the middle of my father's sentence and, before I even think it, say, "I love you both." No response is needed. Their smiles are more than enough.

I grab the doorknob to exit, but not before securely locking the door from the inside. I walk to my room, still amazed that I have seen my mother and my father having sex and it's not the worst thing that's ever happened to me. Once I'm in the safe confines of my room, I pick up baby six-string and start plucking away, feeling remarkably free and happy. Plus, it helps me block out the moans coming from down the hall. They're at it again. *Oh—*

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Photo by Richard Anderson

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The Jack Rose

We know we're picking a fight by making the case that the definitive American liquor is the long-forgotten Applejack. So be it.

By Jonathan Ages • Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

The Laird family has been producing Applejack in New Jersey since the 1600s, making it the nation's oldest native distilled beverage.

It arguably helped fuel our country's inception, given that it was a staple of our Founding Fathers' drink diets. Our first four presidents are even rumored to have regularly kicked off their day by sipping it with breakfast, and George Washington liked the bonded liquor so much that he used the Laird family's recipe to distill and sell the spirit himself.

Applejack (aka Jersey Lightning) is an apple brandy derived from the freeze distillation ("jacking") of hard cider. Laird & Company, America's only apple-brandy producer, ages its liquor in used bourbon barrels for a period of six to eight years, then blends it with neutral grain spirits to make it 100 proof. The drink subsequently straddles the taste-bud line between fruity brandy and dry whisky.

Applejack is most popular as a mixer, and it is the main ingredient in a once wildly common drink, the Jack Rose, a supple, tangy libation of Laird's Applejack, lemon or lime juice, and grenadine. It was a staple of the fedora-wearing forties, and a drink that typified the American man of the early twentieth century. Today it's experiencing a resurgence, becoming a staple cocktail on the menu of the nation's top mixology bars.

This resurgence took even the Laird family by surprise. (They ran out of stock earlier this year and had to ramp up production.) Now you, too, can throw back some liquid patriotism and savor the drink your grandfather knew and loved. It tastes like America, but with a little extra kick. 

THE RECIPE

2 ounces Laird's Applejack

$\frac{3}{4}$ ounce freshly squeezed lemon or lime juice

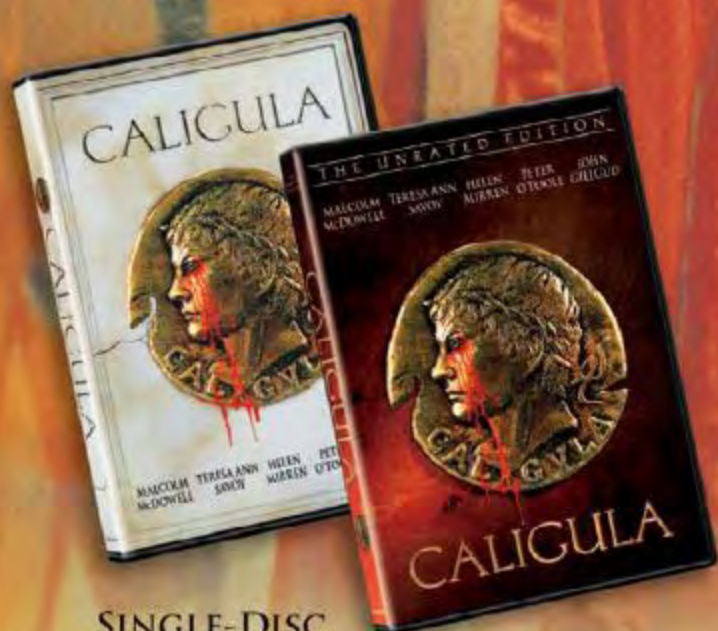
$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce grenadine

Shake ingredients well with cracked ice, then strain into a chilled cocktail glass.



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ava



Ava Blue clearly knows her way around a gym and looks like she could kick any guy's ass if it's called for, but she'd hate to seem too intimidating to men. This 22-year-old likes plenty of hands-on attention to her impressive 32DD-26-35 figure.

Photographs by Brett Silver

Let
me
know
if
you
like
it





"The biggest turn-on for me is being taken by surprise, and I like to be manhandled a bit, too. Not too much, of course, but I like it when a strong man picks me up and throws me around a bit."





"I once made love in a graveyard at night, which was exciting and scary, but it felt good to be a bit scared.... I love alfresco sex, or sex anywhere there's a chance I might get caught!"





“My favorite part of this photo shoot was when I was lying on the floor completely naked, really going for it, covered in so much oil that every part of my body felt so soft and sexy and sensitive.... Oh, sorry. I was having a moment there and nearly got carried away!”







"I love being a model because, let's face it, how many other jobs are there where you get to look sexy, get naked, and openly touch yourself? It's amazing!"

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PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF
AVA AT PENTHOUSE.COM/AVABLUE.



Shuffling off to Buffalo: After being released by Dallas in March, T.O. signed a one-year deal with the Bills.

Power Moves

Sometimes it's what your team does in March and April that determines whether they'll be playing in the Super Bowl in February. These six off-season pickups will be key. By Peter Schrager

The Wildcard: Terrell Owens, WR, Buffalo Bills—After being dumped by the Dallas Cowboys, Owens latched on with the Buffalo Bills, who haven't been to the playoffs since 1999, tying them with Detroit for the longest postseason drought in the NFL. Owens is expected to help end the dry spell. Of course, he's 35, and not exactly a clubhouse leader, to put it mildly. Good luck with that, Bills fans.

The Big Kahuna: Albert Haynesworth, DT, Washington Redskins—Redskins owner Daniel Snyder cracked open his piggy bank for Haynesworth, the All-Pro formerly of the Tennessee Titans, making him the highest-paid defensive tackle in NFL history. Haynesworth will shore up the middle of what has been the NFC East's worst defensive line for nearly a decade.



The Old Hands: Fred Taylor, RB, and Joey Galloway, WR, New England Patriots—These two accomplished vets have played a joint total of 25 seasons in the league and are a combined 70 years old. But neither of them has ever made it to a Super Bowl. Each took less money for a shot at a ring with the mighty Pats, Taylor coming over from the Jacksonville Jaguars and Galloway (top) from the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. We understand their choices; what we don't get is why more guys don't make moves like these.

The Emerging Star: Bart Scott, LB, New York Jets—The Jets may have quarterback issues, but their defense should be leather-tough: They hired former Ravens defensive coordinator Rex Ryan as their new head coach, and brought in one of Baltimore's brightest defensive stars in linebacker Bart Scott. Scott was an undrafted free agent who earned his Ravens roster spot through hard work and hustle, and now he has cashed in with the Jets to the tune of \$48 million. He'll spearhead the Gang Green D.



The Sleeper Signing: Andre Goodman, CB, Denver Broncos—While everyone in Denver is jacked up about the signing of seven-time Pro Bowler Brian Dawkins, Goodman (above) might turn out to be the better pickup in the long run. He was the Miami Dolphins' leader in interceptions and passes defended last season, playing in every game. Broncos fans will be pleasantly surprised by this under-the-radar acquisition.

Lone Stars



The Houston Texans are the only team in the NFL that has never qualified for the postseason. That changes this year.

Sure, the Texans only joined the NFL in 2002, but since their inaugural season, every other NFL franchise (except Buffalo and Detroit) has made the playoffs at least once. On the whole, the Texans have stunk. With a string of forgettable quarterbacks, a revolving door of head coaches, and a series of first-round-draft-pick duds, the Texans have plodded their way to a 40-72 franchise win-loss record.

But this year, mark it: The Texans are going to the playoffs. And not as an AFC wildcard team, either; they're going to win the AFC South.

What's that you say? Another pundit tossing left-field predictions just to get attention? Not so: Houston has been on the rise for two seasons, and when healthy, it's as talented as almost any team in the league. Last year, the Texans went 5-1 over their final six games, and this year, their AFC South rivals Tennessee, Indianapolis, and Jacksonville are all facing major challenges.

The Titans—who surprised everyone by going 13-3 last season—lost D-line cog Albert Haynesworth to Washington. Their quarterback, Kerry Collins, had a resurgent 2008, but he's 36. Can he do it again? The Colts will be working under a new coaching staff, and they lost key receiver Marvin Harrison to free agency. (He had yet to sign with a team at press time.) The Jaguars' offense was uninspired last season, and their defense was worse. They didn't make the necessary upgrades this winter to challenge for the division title.

But Houston is young, loaded with talent, and hungry. In quarterback Matt Schaub, runningback Steve Slaton, and tight end Owen Daniels, the Texans have three of the brightest young stars at their respective positions. In Andre Johnson, they have one of the league's top three wide receivers. The defense is also stocked with young talent, including former first-round picks defensive end Mario Williams, cornerback Dunta Robinson, and defensive tackle Amobi Okoye. In the off-season, Houston picked up defensive end Antonio Smith from the Cardinals and former USC linebacker Brian Cushing, via the draft, making their D a few degrees nastier.

This is the year the Texans put it all together and deliver an NFL division title to the city of Houston for the first time since 1993.

NFL WAGS

Vida Guerra

That's "wives and girlfriends" to those of you not familiar with British tabloids. Hey, contrary to popular belief, the quarterback doesn't always get the girl. Sometimes it's the wide receiver, or the linebacker, or the running back....

Here are ten NFL players from the past decade who have been linked to some pretty high-quality talent. Regardless of how they performed on the field (Cade McNown, we're looking at you), we're pretty impressed with how they did off it (Cade McNown, we're looking at your ex-girlfriends).

1. Jeremy Shockey, TE, New Orleans Saints
Score: Vida Guerra, model

2. Jeff Garcia, QB, Oakland Raiders
Score: Carmella DeCesare, model, former WWE performer

3. Reggie Bush, RB, New Orleans Saints
Score: Kim Kardashian, reality-TV star

4. Cade McNown, QB, Chicago Bears (1999–2000)
Score: Brande Roderick, model, actress

5. Tim Couch, QB, Cleveland Browns (1999–2003)
Score: Heather Kozar, *The Price Is Right* and St. Pauli Girl model (and no relation to Bernie!)

6. Adam Archuleta, S, St. Louis Rams (2001–2005)
Score: Jennifer Walcott, model, actress

7. Hank Baskett, WR, Philadelphia Eagles
Score: Kendra Wilkinson, reality-TV star

8. Tony Romo, QB, Dallas Cowboys
Score: Jessica Simpson, singer (?)

9. Tom Brady, QB, New England Patriots
Score: Gisele Bündchen, supermodel

10. Jason Campbell, QB, Washington Redskins
Score: Mercedes Lind-say, pageant winner

Kim Kardashian



Brande Roderick



Kendra Wilkinson





Shutdown Corner

He might be the best DB in the NFL, and it's a safe bet you've never heard of him.

should be. He's widely considered the best at his position, and was paid handsomely this off-season, signing a deal with Oakland that made him the highest-paid defensive back in NFL history: He'll make a guaranteed \$28.5 million over the next two seasons. That ain't shutdown corner money; that's franchise *quarterback* money.

Yet it's not his considerable talent alone that makes it such a shame this player is not more widely known. He's much more than just an elite NFL cornerback. During his senior year in college, at Cal, this player met Regina Jackson, the president of the East Oakland Youth Development Center. He's been a mainstay at the center ever since, volunteering his time whenever he can. In 2006, he took several of the Oakland teens who frequent the Center on a college tour to Atlanta. He paid for the trip out of his own pocket, and chaperoned the excursion himself. The next year, he took an even larger group on a college tour of Boston. In 2009, he brought a crew to New York City. Every student he's ever taken on one of his three college tours has gone on to attend college. He's set up a scholarship fund at the East Oakland center, giving kids—for whom a college education was a long-shot, at best—the chance to go to some of the nation's finest institutions.

He also serves on the advisory board for his family's foundation, Orphans and Widows in Need (OWIN)—an organization that provides food, shelter, medicine, and vocational training to orphans and widows victimized by poverty and abuse in Nigeria. He's played a leading role in community efforts headed by the Clinton Global Initiative, and he's been nominated for just about every NFL public-service award there is. To top it all off, he served as a pretty damn good ESPN draft analyst during this past off-season.

So why isn't he more famous? It can't be just because he has an unusual name, can it? Nnamdi Asomugha. Say it again. Remember it. 

He's extraordinarily gifted, eloquent, and selfless—he should be the face of the entire league. Alas, this two-time Pro Bowl cornerback is a star player stuck in the abyss of anonymity that comes with playing for one of the worst franchises in the

NFL, the Oakland Raiders.

During his six-year career, he's been part of only 25 NFL victories, compared with 71 losses. Needless to say, he's never played in a postseason game. His jersey is not in the Top 20 in sales, and his name is rarely seen on the ESPN Bottom Line. But it

2009 Penthouse Picks:

AFC Division Winners:

East: New England
North: Pittsburgh
West: San Diego
South: Houston
Wildcard #1: Indianapolis
Wildcard #2: Tennessee

NFC Division Winners:

East: New York Giants
North: Chicago
West: Arizona
South: New Orleans
Wildcard #1: Dallas
Wildcard #2: Philadelphia

AFC Championship:

Pittsburgh over New England



NFC Championship:

New York Giants over Philadelphia



Super Bowl:

Pittsburgh over New York Giants



The Mile-High Club

As a mecca of outdoor adventure, sports, meat, and flesh, Denver is the ultimate playground for a bender with the boys.

By Tyler Gray

W

estward-bound visitors started landing in the Mile High City in 1858, but to this day, the average high plains drifter still thinks of it as a stopover on the way to the slopes. Or they grab a Coors and some Quizno's (the brands are based here) and make a beeline to the ball fields. Denver? They hardly even know 'er. It takes a prospector's eye to mine the bullion from the bullshit, so we're here to help you dig in.

Wedged between the perky peaks of the Rockies is a city that leads the nation in per capita beer production, including a slew of micro-mini brands brewed at the very pubs that serve them. Denver's a cow town at heart, too, and known for its savory steaks and chops. Of course all of those

brews and beef go hand-in-hand with sports—the Broncos at Invesco Field at Mile High and the Colorado Rockies at Coors Field in LoDo, short for "lower downtown." But venture beyond the stadium gates and you'll find a hotbed of raucous ball-lovers' bars and dance clubs pouring drinks till 2 A.M.

For those who like to get their pits in the breeze, there are plenty of dirt trails and white-water action on the outskirts, and the city even built a \$1.7 million, 36-hole municipal mini-

golf course, which makes perfect sense in a metro where possession of less than an ounce of marijuana is legal.

Finally, go exploring after the sun sets on the city's virginal natural assets, and you'll quickly tap into a less-than-virginal, surgically enhanced set of attractions. Denver's topless joints, led by the Penthouse Club, are the most obvious heirs to the gold-rush culture. They're a polyamorous marriage of gonzo entertainment, famous-name talent, and high-grade dude-food. And its bottomless spots are just plain nasty. Let's hear it for naked stripper Twister!





The Boat-Eater rapids make for a great day on the water, as these guys proved, but if you're going to Denver for a bachelor party, the outdoor attractions are only the beginning.

■ DO IT OUTDOORS

MILE HI RAFTING

3627 Alvarado Rd., Lawson
(30 minutes west of Denver)
(303) 567-0717

MileHiRafting.com

Blow out a hangover with a healthy blast of gas fumes, road dust, and icy river water. Mile Hi packages include four-wheeler ATV action and white-water runs guaranteed to freshen you up for the dirty nights ahead.

Special Attractions: For \$109, the "Full Day Multi Element" starts with an hour-long (two-hour packages are \$149) morning four-wheeler run, lunch by the river, and a white-water rafting "blast." If you fall out of the raft, the freshwater colonic is free!

Bachelor Bet: The Saxon Mountain Retreat (SaxonMountain.com) partners with the Mile Hi to offer discounts on white-water packages and accommodations at the four-bedroom mountain lodge. Think of it as a luxury fort in the woods for daytime thrills and a crash pad after nights of downtown debauchery.

RED ROCKS AMPHITHEATER

Red Rocks Park near Morrison,
Colorado (15 miles west of Denver)
(720) 865-2494

RedRocksOnline.com

We've all seen the live video for U2's "Sunday Bloody Sunday." That's Red Rocks. Bands want to play there as bad as you want to see them there, so only the best get booked. The amphitheater was formed about 160 million years ago, and is proof that Mother Nature was the girl on Jesus's shoulders flashing the lead singer of the Disciples.

Special Attraction: Take a walking tour of the 3.5-mile-long Dinosaur Ridge, where the exposed fossils will blow your mind and make you feel like an awestruck kid.

Bachelor Bet: Unless you like your music served with a side of frostbite, make sure you hit Red Rocks when it's warm outside.

AQUA GOLF

501 W. Florida Ave.
(720) 865-0880

DenverGov.org; search for "aqua golf"
When it comes to mini-golf, Denver doesn't putz around. The local government spent \$1.7 million last year on a 36-hole course.

Special Attractions: At hole nine, players have to defy gravity and aim just right to send a ball spiraling up a figure-eight bridge to make it into the hole. It'll remind of you of those

awkward trysts of young adulthood. At hole eight, you have to aim for a bridge over a stream but will likely end up with wet balls. The bad kind.

Bachelor Bet: There's no alcohol served, but plans are in the works to open the park from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M. for after-hours private parties. Otherwise, tuck a flask in your plaid knickers and act out Rodney Dangerfield scenes from *Caddyshack*. ("Whoa! Did somebody step on a duck?")

EXPEDITIONS INTERNATIONAL

(303) 666-5523

MtnGuides.com

With almost 30 years of technical climbing experience, owner Bill Morris is an oracle of mountaineering, and his tours are never prefab. For climbing Jedis there's the icy, snowy, Star Wars-named peaks of Skywalker Couloir. Beginners will prefer the warmer, shallower inclines of Eleven Mile Canyon.

Special Attractions: Boulder Canyon, about 45 minutes outside Denver, or the low-pitched stunning rock faces of the Flatirons, a 35-minute drive from the city.

Bachelor Bet: Private climbing packages with gear and instruction start at roughly \$140 a day. The trip will help you build up a thirst.

■ CHOW NOW

DENVER CHOP HOUSE & BREWERY

1735 19th St., #100
(303) 296-0800

ChopHouse.com

You can hear the cheers and the crack of the bat at Coors Field from the front door of the Chop House, which is right off the stadium entrance walkway. For big games, they hawk helpings of white cheddar mashed potatoes in cones to passersby. Inside, it's Sinatra-friendly, with big band music, signature Iowa pork chops and a Chop House Delmonico (a bone-in rib eye), plus chrome taps pumping the house-brewed pilsners and lagers.

Special Attractions: Book the back "Caboose Bar" for a game-viewing party. Roll back the retractable glass doors and look right out onto Coors Field. Enjoy highballs garnished with the occasional high fly ball.

Bachelor Bet: The Chop House is situated right on top of Sing Sing, a piano



Colorado Springs

bar voted by locals as the best girls' night out. Pop in. Tip the piano man to let you belt out Michael Bolton's "Soul Provider," and watch the love-hungry bachelorettes go wild.

LOLA

1575 Boulder St.
(720) 570-8686

LolaDenver.com

Hispanics and Latinos make up a little more than a third of the population in Denver, so it's no surprise to find authentic Mexican food that will melt your taste buds like a mound of hot jack.

Special Attractions: The outdoor space has racked up national accolades with its views of the Denver skyline. The restaurant flies in its fish for mind-blowing ceviche and makes guacamole right at your table. The brunch on Sundays is the best anywhere. Crawfish grits and tomato-jalapeño jelly, anyone?

Bachelor Bet: They stock 90 tequilas,



The roof deck at Lodo's Bar & Grill

you're looking to bro-down with team members, the 9,000-square-foot Column is your spot. It's a historic horse-feeding depot and still feels like a barn, though the fare these days includes an Iowa pork tenderloin and other nonequine delectables.

Special Attraction: Every Thursday night, there's a \$1 call-brand special, and happy hour runs from 10 p.m. to closing every night. The bar shows every UFC bout.

Bachelor Bet: Sports Column is one of the bars that gets into the flashing action with its rooftop neighbors, so bring beads and binoculars!

WYNKOOP BREWING COMPANY
1634 18th St.
(303) 297-2700
Wynkoop.com



Red Rocks Amphitheater



U2 at Red Rocks in 1983

from Asombroso (five-year) to Zapopan. Try as many as you want. Just know that you probably won't remember them afterward.

■ HEY, SPORT!

Lodo's Bar & Grill
1946 Market St., (303) 293-8555
LodosBarAndGrill.com

Check out their stats: 24 beers on tap, 50-plus high-def TVs, 10,000 square feet, and college alumni crowds that start filling up the joint at 10 a.m. It's right across from Coors Field, housed in a red brick, high-ceiling building from the 1800s—a former brothel called House of Mirrors that was run by a madam named Mattie Silks. The menu has changed some since then.

Special Attraction: Jägermeister. Lodo's orders cases by the hundreds. And you can see the stadium and the Rocky Mountains from the bar's 4,000-square-foot roof deck, where

you can also enjoy a stogie without pissing off the squares.

Bachelor Bet: During the Rockies' home opener and other big games, flashing wars have broken out between 40 or so ladies on the Lodo's roof and the gals on the rooftops nearby. The cops used to just sit below diddling their utility belts, but they've cracked down, says Lodo's managing partner George Mannion. So, now, only 38 or so girls air their wares—76 or so funbags, if you're keeping count.

THE SPORTS COLUMN

1930 Blake St.
(303) 296-1930
DenverSportsColumn.com

It's 96 steps from the home-plate entrance to Coors Field, and the official sports bar of the Colorado Rockies. If

In their best year, the 'Koop pumped out 3,300 barrels of Mile Hi.P.A., Railyard Ale, and other handcrafted beers brewed on site, making it one of the biggest brewpubs in the world.

Special Attraction: The 'Koop has the largest pool hall in the city, with 22 tournament-size tables. And, no joke, the place makes its own meat products—it's literally a sausage factory!

Bachelor's Bet: Ask the management about cordoning off a few pool tables (for parties of 35 or so), or book one of the two snazzy private pool rooms for the fellas and, perhaps, a lady of questionable character with an aversion to clothing. Blue ball, corner pocket.

■ DIVES

THE CHERRY CRICKET
2641 E. 2nd Ave.
(303) 322-7666
CherryCricket.com

If it weren't in such a posh locale,

this full bar and burger joint, which opened in 1951, would just be a typical neighborhood bar. But its wood paneling and "tacky sign from the sixties," as managing partner Kathy Huddleston calls it, set it apart from its gentrified surroundings.

Special Attraction: Try the spicy green chili and weirdo burgers, such as the one with cream cheese and jalapeño. The burgers are ground daily from locally packed Angus beef and have been voted some of the best in the country by the *Wall Street Journal*.

Bachelor Bet: The bar's open till 2 A.M. and the kitchen's open until midnight. It's a perfect pit stop on the way to the after-hours joints.

THE FRONT PORCH

1512 Larimer St. # 33R

(303) 825-3516

FrontPorchDenver.com

This spot is like a bro bar with the soul of a budget-conscious dive. There's an open-air façade (hence the name).

Special Attraction: "Flip Night," every Wednesday. Order a drink. Flip a coin. Guess correctly and the drink is free.

Bachelor Bet: Each night the bar writes a couple of first names on a board out front. If it's your name, your drink is deeply discounted. Look for the girl cashing in on the special and there's your in—you already know her name.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN PEEKS THE PENTHOUSE CLUB

4451 E. Virginia Ave., Glendale

(303) 322-1717

PenthouseClubs.com

Talk as they may about having world-class entertainment, no Denver skin joint can promise the steady stream of Pets that the Penthouse Club can. What? Like we're going to neglect our family?

Special Attraction: The club boasts the tallest rotating dance pole in the Western Hemisphere—26 feet high. Titillation is elevated to an Olympic level, especially when a gorgeous dancer wraps her thighs around the top of the two-story pole, lets go with her hands and "suicide drops" 20 feet, stopping just before hitting bottom. Oh, to be that pole.

Bachelor Bet: Denver bans alcohol at fully nude clubs, so Penthouse built a "separate" club above its topless joint. It's just a few stairsteps away from the full liquor bar, but since it's technically a boozeless location, performers and private dancers take everything off onstage and in special, roomy, private



THE PENTHOUSE CLUB BOASTS THE TALLEST ROTATING DANCE POLE IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE—26 FEET HIGH.

dance booths. We fought the law and ... you won!

PT'S ALL NUDE

3480 S. Galena St.

(303) 755-2575

Vcgh.com/PTsALLNudeDenverCO.aspx

Because it's a butt-nekkid joint, PT's can't legally sell alcohol. On the plus side, there are five stages, it closes two hours after last call at other bars, and, well, there's naked vag! PT's is right across from a golf course named after John F. Kennedy. And the grassy knolls here are always well-trimmed.

Special Attraction: "Donkey Boy Rides," in which the clients are the asses and the girls are their sexy, barebacked jockeys. Also, for a

healthy tip, they will play Twister with you. Whilst nude. Right hand, pink.

Bachelor Bet: PT's takes an exquisitely sick pleasure in embarrassing guys about to tie the knot. Bachelors are brought up onstage, stripped down, whipped, ridden, and generally humiliated. "I've had guys not be able to walk afterward," says manager Jeremy Elliot.

SHOTGUN WILLIE'S

490 S. Colorado Blvd., Glendale

(303) 388-9601

Shotgun-Willies.com

It sounds like a banana-hammock haven, but the schlongishly named Willie's promises girl-next-door-type females on eight stages and "never a male dancer." Koleen Brooks, the former mayor of Georgetown, Colorado, practiced pole-a-tics here before her hooter-flashing helped get her booted from office. And Daisy DeLa



Deejay Deadmau5
at Beta Nightclub

Hoya from VH1's *Rock of Love* and *Daisy of Love* peeled here when she was 18.

Special Attraction: "Here a man can look at that girl, say she has a great set of boobs, and not be slapped with a harassment suit," says GM Matt Dunafon.

Bachelor Bet: "We take the bachelor onstage, strip him down and humiliate him in front of the whole club," Dunafon says. "The girls strip him down to his underwear and give him wedgies."

CLUBS

BETA NIGHTCLUB

1909 Blake St.

(303) 383-1909

BetaNightClub.com

You love to rave like it's 1993, but you demand that your nightclub be totally "green" and in accordance with the laws of feng shui. Beta is your place, with its 900-person-capacity main room.

Special Attraction: The club touts itself as home to North America's No. 1 sound system and regularly hosts the decades-long kings of the digital dance party such as Josh Wink and Danny Tenaglia.

Bachelor Bet: Make the Beta's huge garden your home base—the views of Denver are spectacular there—and

watch for strippers getting off work. Beta is a favorite of theirs, according to one club's rep.

TWO:AM AFTERHOURS

1144 Broadway

(303) 832-8628

CoClubs.com

The insomniac sister of clubs City Hall, the Church, and others, Two:AM is a darkly psychedelic club where dance maniacs go when the excitement hasn't worn off by the time most joints signal last call. With its alleyway entrance and word-of-mouth rep as a spot for wee-hours debauchery, it's the closest thing to underground in the Mile High City.

Special Attraction: It's open from 1 a.m. to 5 a.m., and something keeps the dance floor packed and pulsing until then. They don't serve alcohol, so it must be the caffeinated drinks.

Bachelor Bet: After-hours clubs are to strippers what oxygen is to everyone else. They'll be there, likely right along with the headlining deejays who often come over to keep the records spinning. 

Ski Denver!

The three best day trips to the peaks for powder junkies



BRECKENRIDGE

Breckenridge.Snow.com

This resort has 155 trails, three peaks, 2,358 skiable acres, and one massive, 3.5-mile trail called "Four O'clock." It has something for everyone, from big bumps to bunny runs, but 36 percent of the slopes are designated "Expert." **Après ski:** Bergenhof (970-453-5000), home of Bergy Beach, the Tiki Bar, and BBQ is always slinging some après special and may be the only tropical-themed watering hole you've ever experienced at 10,000 feet above sea level.

Getting there: Colorado Sightseer (ColoradoSightseer.com)

WINTER PARK

SkiWinterPark.com

At the closest major resort to Denver (about two hours), you'll find 143 trails, 3,060 skiable acres, and 25 ski lifts including high-speed quad and six-person lifts. Got skills? More than half of the runs are tagged "Most Difficult."

Après ski: Mirasol Cantina has a 4 to 6 p.m. happy hour and \$1.50 taco specials (MirasolCantina.com). For more of the lodge feel, the Winter Park Mountain Lodge's Moffat Station Restaurant and Brew Pub has its own microbrewery (WinterParkHotel.com).

Getting there: Home James Transportation Services (Home James Transportation, HudsonLtd.net)

ARAPAHOE BASIN

ArapahoeBasin.com

It's almost as close as Winter Park and has the highest skiable terrain on the Continental Divide (13,050 feet). Warning: Sea-level dwellers will feel every foot. But the Rocky Mountain High isn't just about oxygen deprivation. The new Montezuma Bowl is a rush for steep-and-deep extremists.

Après ski: The Sixth Alley Bar has an award-winning Bloody Mary and big-screen TVs for sports-watching. Or thaw out and sip on a cider-based drink called the "Hot Apple Pie." **Getting there:** Colorado Mountain Express (Resort-Express.com)

BURN NOTICE

Cranking up the heat with Jeffrey Ross, Roastmaster General.

By John Bolster

Welcome to our Jeffrey Ross article—you look great, you mouth-breathers. How long did it take you to shave your palms this morning? Jesus. Hey, Jeff, nice fans you got here. You have a book coming out? Wow. It better be a pop-up book, because these Cro-Mags sure as shit can't read. Seriously, readers, you do look great. Take off your tan trench coats and stay a while.

What can you say about Jeffrey Ross that hasn't already been scribbled about him on the wall of a Jersey Turnpike rest-stop men's room? And man, is he ugly. Jeff Ross looks like Donnie Wahlberg and Droopy Dog had a baby and fed it bong hits. Hey, we're not saying Jeff Ross smokes a lot of weed, but during our interview we could've sworn we heard Willie Nelson in the background saying, "Ross, quit bogarting." No? Hey, we don't even do comedy; we're just here to put the commas and semicolons in the right places.

But if the roasting chops exhibited above are any good at all, well, they were learned at the foot, or, more accurately (and less stinkingly), from the new book of the Roastmaster General himself, Mr. Jeffrey Ross. *I Only Roast the Ones I Love* is out this month, and it's not only an entertaining and unexpectedly moving memoir, it's also a how-to book for roasting. The master reveals his joke-writing secrets and roasting tips so you, the nonprofessional comedian, can stage your own roasts and learn how to bust balls without burning bridges, as the book's subtitle goes.

We prank-called Ross recently and got that fat fuck to spill his guts on everything from saving Courtney Love's life to Tom Cruise's peacemaking skills to being orphaned

at 19 (he was) to his objection to flip-flops on dudes, and many, many of the man's other deep pathologies. Against all odds, we actually had a great fucking time.

Your book is a combination memoir and how-to book for at-home roasting. Are you concerned that the amateur roasting could go horribly wrong, like those backyard wrestling incidents you see on YouTube?

[Laughs] I hadn't thought about it going wrong, but I guess there's always that danger, you know? You have to be very careful. Roasts are like space launches. One element isn't right, and it's a catastrophe. One drunk astronaut, and you're fucked.



Who's been the easiest person for you to roast, so far?

I gotta go with Flavor Flav. That one could have been a three-part miniseries, since he's almost a punch line already. My opening joke was, "How do you embarrass a crackhead who wears a Viking helmet?" And I just took it from there.

Who's been the scariest to roast?

Warren Sapp. When I roasted him on *Dancing With the Stars*, I thought there was a chance he might rip my head off. But in the end I realized he was just using his jock-talking-smack kind of approach to try to psych me out a bit. But the truth is, he took me aside and said, "Don't hold back. I want you to really bring it." So it was a little scary for a second, but he took it pretty well. I told him, "I used to think you were on steroids, then I realized you're just fat."

Is there anyone out there you're dying to roast?

Obama would be the greatest roast ever. Because the ones that are obvious targets—like Flavor Flav and Pam Anderson—the ones I've done, they're *fun*, but the challenge is when you get somebody you don't hear a lot of jokes about. To me it's all about him whipping out his stimulus package and banging it on the table. I heard Obama's dick is so big he calls it Air Force Two.

You take credit for turning Courtney Love's life around. Can you tell our readers about that?

Well, she was headed down a slippery slope—and I'm not talking about Pam Anderson's vagina—and she needed to be stopped. I felt a sense of urgency that I could roast her into rehab, and that was my goal. She was definitely partying very hard that night, and she had a reputation, and we were scared. I took it upon myself to try to save her life. And I did it in one fell swoop, with one well-crafted zinger. I said, "How is it possible that Courtney Love looks worse than Kurt Cobain?"

You talk about how one of your idols, Buddy Hackett, always knew where the line was, and never to cross it, but that joke—except for the fact that it was used as a kind of intervention—seems like it is over the line.

Yeah, but I don't feel like I crossed it.



"Roasts are like space launches. One element isn't right, and it's a catastrophe. One drunk astronaut, and you're fucked."

"I took it upon myself to try to save Courtney Love's life. And I did it in one fell swoop, with one well-crafted zinger. I said, 'How is it possible that Courtney Love looks worse than Kurt Cobain?'"



Because first of all, she wasn't *present*. It wasn't like I was saying it to her, because she was completely out of it. So in essence, I was saying it *about* her. And when she saw the reaction in the room—there was a *gasp*! And then an *explosion* of laughter. And Courtney Love looked at me, she looked at Pam Anderson, she looked at the crowd, and then she sort of looked within herself. And now she seems like she's doing better, and I have to take credit.

You describe another incident in which Tom Cruise shows up at Jimmy Kimmel's house to watch football and ends up settling a long-standing feud between you and Cousin Sal.

[Cousin Sal had pranked Ross via text message when Ross was competing on *Dancing With the Stars*, sparking a bitter feud.] Tom Cruise—who knew he was Solomon?

[Laughs] I'm sure he would love that.

So that was all true, blow-by-blow?

Tom Cruise broke it down. He was nothing short of the greatest legal mind I'd ever met. I think, at first, he was a little taken aback by the whole thing. We kind of dropped it on him. I don't think he came there to talk about *Dancing With the Stars*. But in

the end he made peace between two warring factions. And I think he got a certain pleasure from the whole thing. He was really useful, really helpful. I think he saw the pain—or rather he sensed the pain in my voice—and he saw that Sal and I were really good friends who had had a really bad fight, and he wanted to help. And thanks to Sarah Silverman for moderating, and to Jimmy Kimmel for ...cooking. It actually winds up being one of the more uplifting stories in the book, and in my life.

Is there a cap on the number of "Abe Vigoda is dead" jokes that are possible? You've gotten unbelievable mileage out of that.

[Laughs] I'm not gonna lie to you. I am nervous about him, because my good friend Bea Arthur passed away after I finished the book. So now it's like, "Oh, boy, we're on the verge with my last living punch line." I'm a little nervous for my favorite muse. But Abe Vigoda jokes are kind of like grains of sand: Each one is different, and there are millions and millions of possibilities.

You were suddenly on your own at age 19, after both your parents passed on. What do you remember from that time?

I remember not feeling sorry for myself. I remember just taking it as it

comes. I don't know where that comes from. Maybe it's just a survival instinct that humans have, or maybe I'm just lucky that my parents prepared me to be on my own. I remember it being shocking and sad, but then also oddly liberating. Because suddenly I'm parent-free at 19, you know? You could bang a Chinese hooker on the kitchen table, and no one's there to tell you to go do your homework.

There's your silver lining.

That's the silver lining of being an orphan. You see all these documentaries about orphans, but hey, look at the bright side, I try to think positive.

You have a pet peeve about dudes and flip-flops. I agree. When I see guys wearing flip-flops in the city, I think, *Do you wear black socks and dress shoes to the beach?*

That's a good line. Shit! Fuck. I gotta do a rewrite. Maybe it's because I'm the son of a caterer, or maybe because I'm old-fashioned, but it just drives me crazy. Inevitably, every fucking show I do, there's a guy with big hairy toes in the front row, wearing these awful things. What makes you think that the entertainer wants to stare at your Frodo feet while he's up there? By the same token, when a woman is in the front row and she has a short skirt on, it's equally distracting, but not necessarily in a bad way.

When you roasted Jerry Lewis, you had Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese on the dais, and after your killer line about Jerry's Kids, you got "the De Niro Look"—that kind of half smile, half you're-gonna-get-whacked-later look.

[Laughs] Well said.

It's classic. What an honor.

Well, that's the thing about being a comedian. The later you sleep, the more messages you have on your answering machine and on your e-mail when you wake up, and you just never know what it's going to be. It's an adventure. One day you're face-to-face with the Goodfellas, and the next day you're fucking with Shaq. Or Suge Knight. Then you're in Israel at the West Bank, doing a benefit show for a settlement. And then a week later you might be in Columbus, Ohio, in a three-way with the staff of the club. It's always a lot of fun. I can't complain. I'm very lucky. ☺

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WE KNOW YOU LIKE TO WATCH

Devil's Advocate

A look inside the real Church of Satan—where sin is a sacrament and all manner of sexual activity is sanctified.

By Bob Johnson • Illustration by Coop

Naked nuns, a feast of wine and meats, and a giant, cock-shaped water dispenser set the stage as black-clad celebrants begin a litany canonizing

rogues, debauchers, whoremongers, and straight-up libertines. This is how the world's most notorious religion parties. Deep within the cold, damp caves of West Wycombe, England, the Church of Satan gathered on April 30, 2008 (Walpurgisnacht, a pagan holiday) in an invitation-only conclave to honor the church's inspirational forebearers—members of the seventeenth-century Hellfire Club, a secret society devoted to the goddess Venus, the pleasures of the flesh, and, some say, Satan himself.

Decked out in finery from top hats to flowing gowns, the church members appeared to be dressed up for the opera rather than a Satanic ritual designed to evoke the spirits of Sir Francis Dashwood, the Hellfire Club's founder, and his brotherhood of black-hearted devils, which included the fourth Earl of Sandwich and, allegedly, Benjamin Franklin. But once inside the actual caves of the original Hellfire orgies, a ritual and lavish

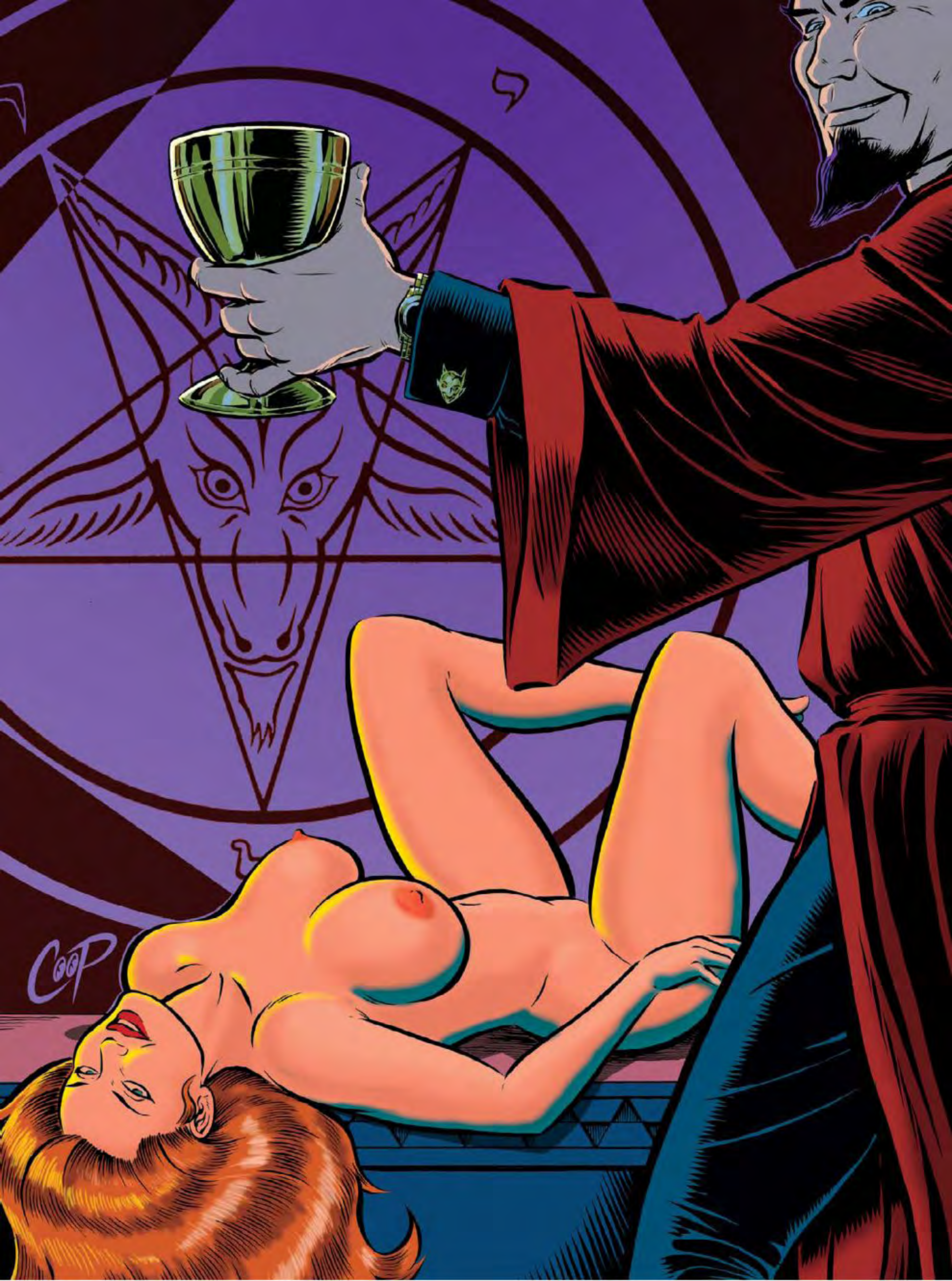
feast virtually stopped time as the guests were transported back to a place where the sins of the flesh were embraced as sacraments.

Religious gatherings that are steeped in history and elaborate preparation, with handmade ritual accessories and music designed to stimulate the congregants, may conjure thoughts of the Catholic Church's High Masses more than Satanists. But misconceptions abound about the Church of Satan, founded by Anton Szandor LaVey in 1966. More than 40 years later, today's *real* Church of Satan is alive and well across the entire world. After LaVey's death in 1997, his longtime companion Magistra Blanche Barton, High Priestess and mother of his only son, Satan Xerxes Carnacki LaVey, led the church until 2001, when the church's current leader, High Priest and Magus Peter H. Gilmore, was appointed.

He lives in a cozy Manhattan railroad apartment, void of any outside light as the only windows are blocked by a ceremonial Satanic altar. It's a bit eerie, hung with some original Gilmore artwork and full of rare books, ritual items, state-of-the-art computer gear, and archival Church of Satan materials, but not as foreboding as one would expect. It's also

heavily stocked with Godzilla collectibles and features an ever-present big, black Chow dog named Bella.

The setting fits the dashing, avuncular devil, who is extremely articulate and to the point when it comes to preaching the gospel of Satan and the history of his church. But let's get one thing straight: Members of founder LaVey's Church of Satan *do not* believe in or worship an anthropomorphic devil or evil demons. In fact, they don't embrace anything spiritual at all. The religion is based on earthly pleasure and Darwinian survival of the fittest. Gilmore makes it clear that the criticism of the church, especially the ideas most people have about modern Satanism—which may have come from notorious criminal cases of murder or sexual abuse—are totally unfounded, insulting, and often contrary to the truth. Even numerous FBI reports debunk rumors of criminal Satanic activity. Gilmore says the "S" word automatically petrifies people who, in most cases, are ignorant about Satanism. The truth is, members of the church span the world and are successful artists, musicians, entrepreneurs, sculptors, writers, law enforcement professionals, and even PTA members.



But many Satanists aren't *that* squeaky clean. In *The Satanic Scriptures* (Scapegoat Publishing), a long-awaited follow-up book to LaVey's *The Satanic Bible*, Gilmore lays out the marching orders for Satanism in the twenty-first century. Along with its core doctrines of social stratification, survival of the fittest, and exercising the power of one's will (with magic), sex and all of its temptations play a major role in the church, to the delight of its members and prospective initiates. But Gilmore refutes that most people become members *because* of sexual freedom, viewing their religion's stance on sex simply as a natural part of their make-up. He maintains that Satanists take "sex in stride" as naturally as eating or being creative. Of course, voluptuous nude women acting as altars during ceremonies is a benefit not found in any other organized religion.

"Satanism is based on human nature, affirming the inborn character of the carnal types of humans," Gilmore says. "Prior to the founding of the Church of Satan, there was no form of religion that addressed this portion of our species. Carnal people have no need to seek acceptance from some higher power, whether it be a deity or a dictator. We aren't spiritual at all, and see all mysticism as childish superstition. We who embrace our fleshly nature revel in the joys of the body and the mind. Fine food, exemplary sex, excellent literature, exciting music—we are gourmets in the buffet that is life. We don't deny ourselves pleasures, but we also don't overdo them. The primary point is to indulge in what pleases us, but not to allow such pursuits to become compulsions that control us. Satanists are not addicts, are not sex maniacs, are not gluttons—we find balance in healthful pursuit of all that we enjoy. It is all about getting the most out of our lives. Carnal people don't just pursue happiness—they have it."

It appears that a good deal of this Satanic happiness stems from a conscious denial of feeling guilt about pleasure, and a sense of worldly confidence. Members of the church identify themselves as "the alien elite," a congregation with no physical church and virtually no binding rules except to please yourself and not harm anyone else (unless they harm you). It has survived the past four decades because of this belief and exemplary actions of its leaders, who are, frankly, smart. They aren't "occultniks," but



Anton Szandor LaVey

rather achievers in the world. To become a member, a person must at the very least show that he or she grasps the philosophy and is *sane*. And no one gets promoted in the hierarchy of the church (the ascending ranks are warlock/witch, priest/priestess, magister/magistra, and maga/magus) unless they prove that they've accomplished something worthwhile in their chosen field. Being an artist is okay, being able to sell your work is better, and being a household name should be the goal. There's no room for an egalitarian "everyone's equal" mentality in this church. Some people are just okay, while others are superior, Satanists believe. It's tough but real, and the members like it that way.

This no-bullshit, no-poseur posture is what sets real Satanists apart from myriad other occult groups and individuals who follow the "left-hand path." Their magic and rituals are often self-designed to strengthen their will and are practical means to becoming superior human beings. By embracing the "S" word, they frighten most people, but when you dig deep, they walk the walk and aren't that scary at all. The church may be made up primarily of upstanding citizens, but what often initially seduces prospective members is that it's the only church on the planet that recognizes and celebrates man's carnal nature and indulgence as the true reason for existence, openly defying what's seen as the hypocrisy of other organized faiths.

A 1967 wedding, reenacted for photographers, with the "altar" clothed



A high-ranking Satanic couple, Magister Robert Lang and Magistra Dee, embrace this carnality. They live in a large house in rural Canada that's topped with a witch weather vane and features a below-ground ritual chamber whose flagstone floor is soon to be fitted with a giant four-foot Germanic rune, a power symbol that stimulates Lang's penchant for the BDSM fetishes he enjoys. He's the de facto Church of Satan Beau Brummell, often dressed to the nines 1940s style, a refined look that's popular with many members. He had his first ECI—Erotic Crystallization Inertia, an epiphany during which one first discovers a fetish—from erotic

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) MAGNUM/DENNIS STOCK, COURTESY OF THE CHURCH OF SATAN, AP PHOTO



Peter H. Gilmore



bondage photos in, yes, *Penthouse* magazine.

The couple is open and guilt-free regarding sexuality, and it's obvious that they think about it a lot. "Where [German sexologist] Dr. Iwan Bloch defined sexology from a literary, medical, and scholarly aspect, the Church of Satan brought those thoughts to life," says Magistra Dee. "We not only deem it okay to have sexual fetishes, but see them as a natural part of the human animal. We understand that suppressing these aspects of ourselves can be more damaging than accepting them and putting them into play in a safe, healthy environment."

High Priest Gilmore's take on fetishes is that they help to elevate love-making beyond just simple "vanilla" encounters. He says, "Common are shoe and foot fetishes, but other forms of clothing can be the focal point, as can bodily or other smells, foods, certain erotic toys, or really just about anything that one could make a part of sex play. Naturally, Satanism embraces the discovery of our fetishes and their use toward enhancing eroticism. They are what make us unique individuals, and our philosophy is always based on individ-

ualist thinking, whether it be in the kitchen, ritual chamber, or bedroom."

When asked if ritual plays into their sexual habits, Dee explains that ritual brings a practical awareness to a need or problem: "Let's say Robert has not been as sexually attentive as I would prefer. I set aside time to perform a sexual-need ritual involving meditation on the situation, masturbation ... and a set conclusion of how I want the problem resolved. When the ritual is over, I have made myself intently aware, thought of solutions, and created a positive outlook instead of drudging around bitching about it. Needless to say, the nights will get hotter than expected—even in the dead of winter!"

Sex, fetishes, and Satanism have commingled since the church's founding. Lang points out that while most people and movements in the sixties and seventies were simply knocking on the doors for the free love of heterosexuals, the Church of Satan was kicking down the doors and breaking new boundaries in sexual acceptance and religious tolerance on all levels. "We were the first organizational church to accept homosexual men and women into our priesthood," Lang says. "We were performing gay marriages long before the hoopla of today. We were congratulating folks for their fetishes internationally and in public view rather than condemning these people. We broke down the barriers for a whole host of alternative religions to crawl out from under the thumbscrews of Christianity. We opened the floodgates to a new era where people could shake off those shackles of Puritanism."

And any Puritan would surely be turning over in his grave if he knew of this Satanic couple nestled in a tastefully done *Addams Family*-like mansion in a traditional rural English village with thatched cottages, apple orchards, and church bells. Priest Steven and Priestess Fifi Roberts label themselves "happy, fearless sinners with healthy sexual appetites, with a preference for dark aesthetics and a deep interest in magic." Naturally, Satanism was their only choice when it came to religion. "Before we met, we were both nonspiritual

pragmatists who just hadn't discovered that the title 'Satanist' defined our viewpoint perfectly," says Steven. "We certainly couldn't relate to any of the mainstream religions that say, 'Be ignorant, penniless, celibate, and guilty, and you'll be rewarded when you are dead.' The so-called New Age alternatives are similarly dreadful: superstitious balderdash that both hypnotizes ugly, hairy, mediocre women into believing that they are 'goddesses' and further emasculates the type of ineffectual, unemployable, feeble-minded men who couldn't get laid in the first place."

The lusty couple (he is a professional movie-music composer and she is a talented artist, both drop-dead gorgeous) met at a full moon party—a Witch's Sabbath. During the feasting and drinking, Steven gave Fifi an "innocent" foot massage that led to a night of passion. Eight months later they were married. "I am convinced that feet are a woman's most important erogenous zone. All the women I know love having their feet massaged," Steven says. Fifi agrees and says with a wink that the couple is happily monogamous.

Bryan Moore and Heather Saenz, a San Diego couple with careers in toy design and the medical field, are staunchly family-oriented and active in the local PTA. They would be the central characters in an "American Satanist" movie, were it ever created. The stunning brunette and her dapper man, typically dressed in a 1940s-style bespoke suit and wide-brimmed fedora, don't broadcast their guiltless lifestyle. While they don't normally invite fellow Satanists into their sex lives out of respect for individual relationships, they are open to third members—young women impressed with their Satanic standing and intrigued by its dark, fetishistic world. And any would-be initiate would not be disappointed. Moore says they both perform rituals and use scenarios and fetishes that range from the sensual to downright rough, "enjoying their sexual potential to the fullest."

Moore says, "While we both feel that our personal sexuality is not defined by Satanism, Satanism can indeed enhance it. And we happily oblige those young women whenever possible. Very rarely do we maintain relationships with them afterward, as emotions can become volatile, and they have a habit of falling in love with one of us."

It's the only church on the planet that recognizes and celebrates man's carnal nature and indulgence as the true reason for existence, openly defying what's seen as the hypocrisy of other organized faiths.

Coupled or not, sex and Satanism still share the same bed. Stephanie Crabe, a Manhattan designer and photographer, would be pegged as more of a sexy retro chick on the streets of New York than a hard-core Satanic witch. Disarming as this Satanic priestess's vintage appearance may be, her diabolic wiles can't be underestimated.

Crabe is articulate about pragmatic Satanic sexual philosophy, noting that it's the only dogma that doesn't espouse "a bunch of higher-power nonsense and fairy-tale concepts about God." As she puts it, "More and more people understand that most of what is depicted about Satanism by the media and other religious groups is BS. People are seeing that the very obvious trappings of the philosophy are for fun and that underneath it is something extremely powerful that holds water and totally makes sense." This New Yorker openly uses her "magical powers" of seduction to get what she wants: "If I'm perfumed and appealing, I can expect some doors to be held open, some packages carried out to my car, and some bar tabs paid in full! It makes me sad to think of how so many women screwed up some of the good things about being a woman during the sixties and seventies."

In October 2007, Crabe published her first book of photographs, *Motel Bizarre!* (Scapegoat Publishing), a series depicting sexy and unusual situations that take place in anonymous motel rooms. "I see these motel rooms as very Satanic little ritual chambers where people go just to enact whatever (often sloppy) instincts or desires they have. I celebrate the sleazy, sexy, and weird in my book; it's full of odd characters, humor, and thrills!" Crabe explains.

Having an affinity for a particular time and place, no matter how odd or out of date, and creating this environment is also a Satanic basic that can disturb secular civilians. Crabe accomplishes this "time travel" through her photography and appearance, as does her man, Magister Christopher Mealie. To see the couple together, you'd think you stepped into a Raymond Chandler private-eye novel. Mealie, also an author, created a retro-pinup-photography book entitled *SexCats* (Goliath Books), chock-full of stark, amateurish nudes. He says he finds the cross between glamour, sensuality, and tragedy in his pictures a reflection of an integral part of Satanism.



"Satanism embraces the discovery of our fetishes and their use toward enhancing eroticism. They are what make us unique individuals, and our philosophy is always based on individualist thinking."

Crabe and Mealie aren't the only church members to use Satanic sexual energy to achieve more than personal pleasure. Because members are so aligned with the power of sex, they have no qualms about using it to build their careers, consciously wielding it as the catalyst for success in the business world. This fits their emphasis on real-world achievement. And taking the devil's name provides a rock-star marketing hook that allows a number of its members to earn a damn(ed) good living.

One of the flock's better-known professionals, a fine artist, illustrator, and photographer known simply as "Coop," is famous for his signature devil-girl illustrations and paintings. Coop is a prime example of one of the church's elite who has successfully taken the LaVey ethos to the max, marrying carnality to his creations. His voluptuous, iconic devil girl (who some believe was inspired by his beautiful, business-savvy wife, Ruth) graces numerous products, from T-shirts to hot-rod paraphernalia, and is the cornerstone of a highly successful cottage industry (CoopStuff.com). "Ruth fits the bill.

I think I conjured her up with the art instead of the other way around," Coop says.

Coop grew up in Oklahoma in the shadow of Oral Roberts University, and doesn't flaunt the fact that he's a Satanist. Nor does he deny it. He says that he feels he never consciously chose Satanism, but that Satanism chose him after he visited LaVey at his infamous San Francisco Black House, which has been leveled and replaced since LaVey's death. He says LaVey helped him crystallize his thoughts, especially his creativity.

The church philosophy has also helped him understand the power of ritual. Although some members perform formal rituals—the kind with altars, candles, gongs, and sometimes nude celebrants—Coop's idea of ritual, although in line with Satanic thought, runs counter to what most think of as magic. "All of my creative acts have become ritualized over the years—magic is all about the creation of something from nothing, and that is a pretty good description of making art, too," Coop says. "I have a dedicated ritual space: my studio. I have many specific steps and routines that I use to create, and at the end of the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) COURTESY OF THE CHURCH OF SATAN, (BOTTOM RIGHT) JO SEPH ROSSETTI/OLD NICK MAGAZINE
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process, I have conjured up a piece of art from mundane materials like canvas and paint."

Nowadays, Coop is conjuring up art from far less mundane objects—flesh-and-blood women, including local porn-star pals Kimberly Kane, Ashley Blue, and plus-size star April Flores. "Most of my models are friends of mine. The fact that they work in porn is just another part of their lives. I do find that I feel more comfortable working with models who do porn. They are usually much more professional and easier to deal with than 'regular' models, and rarely object to whatever strange thing I might ask them to do in a photograph. After all, I'm pretty tame, compared to their day jobs."

In true Satanic fashion, Ruth accepts Coop's fascination with naked women. A self-professed shoe diva with a fetish for expensive high heels, she also indulges in rubber clothing and some bondage gear. She says that expressing oneself sexually is just one more facet of freedom:

"Everyone considers Satanists to be sex maniacs, because we're all about indulging fantasies and living lives where we answer only to ourselves, but the truth is, we only do what everyone should. If it's interesting to me, I'm going to try it at least once."

Sex in business also sells for Lex Frost, a Texas-based church magister and one of the organization's first Internet entrepreneurs. A member of the church since he was 16, he's run his businesses—including an online store for Satanic products, Satanic social-networking sites, and a candle company—for nearly ten years.

Frost agrees that the mix of Satanism and sex makes a powerful selling tool, saying, "I like to sponsor goth and burlesque shows and BDSM extravaganzas in which semi-nude performers act out horror-movie antics with a decidedly sexy twist." Frost also took advantage of the bucks in blasphemy by shooting the "Zombie Lovers Last Supper," in which he portrayed the Satanic equivalent of DaVinci's famous painting. According to Frost, the taboo shoot inspired some of the models to leave together and play after hours.

Satanic capitalism also thrives in, of all places, Fort Wayne, Indiana, commonly referred to as the country's "City of Churches." The city is home to Warlock Eric Vernor, aka Corvis Nocturnum, who could be considered a true Satanic renaissance man. The author of *Embracing the Darkness: Understanding Dark Subcultures* is also an artist, occult-shop proprietor, website owner, and publisher. He was guest speaker at a Purdue University-Fort Wayne seminar on world religions. After a front-page article in the Living section of the *Journal*

Gazette newspaper "outed" him and his pagan/activist wife Starr, they became local celebrities, often questioned about Satanism and asked to sign books on the streets.

They consider themselves polyamorous, having had other sexual partners in the underground community, and are active in the BDSM scene. But because they embrace the Satanic elitist attitude, they say they are very picky about who joins them. Like San Diego couple Moore and Saenz, Vernor says that it would be excellent to add to their family another female who is a submissive and a Satanist, but admits, "It's hard to get all of that in one person."

Hard to find, yes, but it's likely Vernor will find another female, as Satanism has attracted people for 40 years and will continue to attract the sexually curious. As Magister Mealie points out, "Satanists see the world as a carnival, with all of the glitz, showmanship, cons, lust, and earthy tawdriness found on the lot. Up front, there may be a tantalizing beauty mesmerizing the rubes, but in back there's a geek committing the lowest acts just for a cheap bottle." And that lust and earthy tawdriness, along with ritual, nude altars, and sexual permissiveness, will always be a powerful temptation, just as the devil intended. It's what makes the Church of Satan the most carnal religion on earth. ☐

Bob Johnson is a journalist, editor, and author of *Occult Investigator: Real Cases From the Files of X-Investigations* and *Corporate Magick: Mystical Tools for Business Success* (both Kensington/Citadel). He was granted membership by Anton LaVey in the early nineties.



Sex and the Satanic Model

Marilyn Mansfield is curvy to the max, with a 47-inch bust befitting her idols, Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield. Her figure fits the predominant taste for women among male Church of Satan members, a legacy begun by Anton LaVey himself, who reportedly had affairs with both of the aforementioned sex bombs.

What made you embrace Satanism as your religion?
I've always felt "different." I was viewed as rebellious, or the black sheep. I read [LaVey's] *The Satanic Bible* at a very early age, and knew from that point on that I was a born Satanist!

What do you do for a living? Do your coworkers know of your affiliations?
I'm a plus-size alternative model and cosmetologist. Most of

the people I have worked with, such as photographers and designers, know I am a Satanist. I don't hide it.

What are your views on sexuality and Satanism? How does it play into your everyday life?

I have always agreed with the Satanic philosophy that says to indulge your sexual preferences as long as they don't hurt anyone. Sex that pleases and is without guilt is my mantra. I display my sexuality with my looks, charm, clothing, etc., and, of course, my modeling work.

Do you do nude modeling?

Although I have had many, many offers and requests, I have only done topless stuff. If it were tasteful, perhaps I would bare it all. I recently did a shoot for a Satanic men's magazine called *Old Nick*. —B.J.

To read more about Marilyn Mansfield's modeling, fetishes, and ideal sex partner, go to PenthouseMagazine.com/MarilynMansfield.



ryan's privates

When asked about her proudest moment, adult entertainer Ryan Keely cites the photo shoot captured on these very pages: "I've wanted to model for *Penthouse* ever since I fished an issue with a pre-augmented Janine Lindemulder out of a free porn bin at Burning Man. It's an iconic piece of pop culture that I'm honored to be included in."

Photographs by Emma Nixon





"I describe what I do for a living as, take my clothes off (sometimes I prance around before I take them off), and occasionally get paid to have sex with beautiful women. Most of the dancing I do involves taking my clothes off—either burlesque or feature dancing. However, I think it's important for my image that I take time out to dance on tables and in crowded elevators."









"If I could live anywhere in the world, I would go to London. According to my astrological chart, that's the best place for me to be if I want to succeed in my world-domination plot. Words to live by: 'We'll do the same thing we do every night, Pinky: try to take over the world!'—Brain"

"I'd like to go to east Africa, because a week in Kenya wasn't enough; Tokyo, because one day I will track down Takeshi Kaneshiro and do terrible, erotic things to him; Brazil, because a magazine there never paid me for my shoot and I am sooo going to shake them down with a baseball bat and a miniskirt; and outer space."





"I'd also like to go to the future because I should have been born as the protagonist in a William Gibson novel or a space pirate/bounty hunter, à la Queen Esmeralda or Spike from *Cowboy Bebop* (who I also want to do terrible, erotic things to, but I respect his love for the long-lost Julia)."



Ryan Keely

Pet of the Month

October 2009

Vital stats:

24 years old;
36-26-38; 5'9"

Hometown:

Seattle.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

Dick's Drive-In, Lake Washington's infinite shades of gray, the world-class hiking, and the unparalleled alternative-theater community. And my family, of course.

College major:

Getting laid and being obnoxiously pretentious.

If you won a million dollars, you'd:

Do something practical with it. If I won \$2 million, I'd get a pony and a sailboat *and* be practical.

Favorite way to relax:

Read comics books and masturbate.

Favorite fantasy:

Being fucked in the ass on baby seal-skin by a Russian kidnapper who looks like a Tom of Finland leather daddy.

Most exciting place you've made love:

I don't make love, but I recently got pounded out while bent over the seat of a pickup truck in a questionable neighborhood of downtown L.A.

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

Right arm. I could make some hot amputee porn.

Whom do you most want to impress?

My drinking buddies.

Ever been in a physical fight?

I'm a lover, not a fighter—except when it comes to my little sister. I will tackle, noogie, and harass that girl for the rest of my life. And of course I beat up evil villains in my spare time.

Ryan Keely

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*By Christine Colby
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Hot for Words

If more English teachers looked like this, we'd all have Ph.D.'s in literature. Here's how language turns this blonde beauty on—which turns us on, too.

*By Marina Orlova
Photographs by Derek Caballero*



Why do our parents use “the birds and the bees” to explain reproduction to us? Why was America named after a guy who didn’t discover it? What does OK stand for?

These are the types of questions that keep me awake at night.

When you start looking at the origins of words, it opens up a whole new world for you—a world with a great view of history, in little bite-size chunks.

I can assure you that once this bug bites you, you will forever be hooked, and you will find yourself looking at words in a new and different way. Here are a few examples from my new book, *Hot for Words: Answers to All Your Burning Questions About Words and Their Meanings*. Class is in session, so please keep the noise down in the back.



■ STARK NAKED

This phrase dates, in a slightly different form, to the 1500s. It derives from an old German and Middle Dutch word that seems familiar: *start*. In this case, though, *start* doesn't mean “beginning,” but rather the “tail” of an animal. The original phrase, then, was *start naked*, and no, it wasn't the first instruction of a game designed for grown-ups. Instead, it described the state of being “naked even to the tail”—that is, completely nude. The word *stark*, without *naked* to keep it company, continued its development along the same lines.

Today, *stark* means “forbidding in bareness or lack of ornament” or “delivered in plain or harsh terms.” In other words—the bottom line, without anything at all to conceal it. *Naked* has meant “nude, without clothing” for a very long time indeed, dating back to the Old English word *nacod*, which carried the same meaning.

■ BOOBY

One word I've had a few questions about is *boobalicious*. A glance at the word reveals that it consists of two parts: *booby* plus *-licious*. As it turns out, many of my dear students have also requested a discussion of the origin of the word *booby*.

What's going on here? Why all the interest in the word *booby*?

Let's look at the word closely. *Booby* has been around since the late 1500s. It appears to have come from the Spanish word *bobo*, meaning “a stupid person,” and also from the *booby* bird, which is a very slow and seemingly unintelligent bird. That leads us to the definitions we find in *The Oxford English Dictionary*: “a dull, stupid person” and “the last boy in the class; the dunce.”

That's the earliest sense, but it's not the only one. *OED* informs us that *booby* is also slang for “a woman's breast.” Wait a minute—could that be why everyone is asking about this word? No, that can't possibly be it.

As it turns out, this second, later sense of *booby* appears to have come from the word *bubby*, which itself derives from the German word *bubbi*, meaning “teat” or “part of a woman's breast.” That usage in English traces as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century.

So *booby* can mean “a stupid person,” possibly from the Spanish put-down or the dull bird; it can also mean that which men strain for a glimpse of when they see women leaning over water fountains to get a sip of water on a hot summer day. Another mystery solved.

But now the question is: Is TV called the “boob tube” because it makes you stupid, or because of everything you can see on it these days?

■ SNAFU

As a noun, it has come to mean “a mistake or mishap caused by human error”; as a verb, “to cause delay or confusion by means of incompetence.”

Snafu's roots go back to World War II, when American soldiers kept their sense of humor about recurrent, or predictable, problems by dismissing them as follows: “Situation Normal—All Fucked Up.” Take the first letter of each word, and you've got an acronym ... and a new addition to the English language.

There are many variations and amplifications of *snafu*, including:

FUMTU—Fucked Up More Than Usual

JANFU—Joint Army/Navy Fuck Up

FUBAR—Fucked Up Beyond All Recognition

TAUFU—Totally and Utterly Fucked Up

Snafu has been a part of the English lexicon since it was coined; the U.S. government even created a cartoon character named Private Snafu during World War II. His voice was very similar to that of Bugs Bunny ... in fact, it was Bugs Bunny's voice! Go to HotForWords.com/snafu to watch the videos for yourself.

Fubar was an obscure younger sibling until it started to gain mainstream popularity following the Tom Hanks movie *Saving Private Ryan*, which offered an unflinching look at the realities of World War II as lived by servicemen.

■ COCK

This is certainly one of the very oldest colloquialisms in English for the male reproductive organ, and maybe the oldest, period.

It is not exactly a coincidence that the *cock* that crows in the morning has the same name as the attention-getting body part residing inside a pair of male trousers. According to researcher and historian Barbara Walker, the early-rising, early-crowing bird called the "cock" served as a special totem—an object of religious worship—within a special cult of the phallus in ancient Rome.

The Old English word *cocc* literally meant "someone who struts around proudly." The mental connection between the proud, strutting bird and the haughty, jutting angle of alert male genitalia persisted from Roman times well into the Middle Ages, and it persists to this day—probably because it is wired deeply into the collective human subconscious. The connection between the bird's aggressive demeanor and the man's aroused state plays out across multiple languages.

Closer to home, the familiar word *cocky* originally meant "lecherous," for reasons that seem obvious enough.

■ BLOW

Some explicit sexual words, like *cock*, have both double meanings and ancient pedigrees. Others, like *blow*, are relative newcomers to the intricate network of double entendre land mines that spread out across the English language. An ancient Proto-Indo-European root, *bhle-* has connected *blow* and its ancestors to the idea of "making an air current" for centuries, but the sense of "fellate, perform oral sex upon a male" only dates back to 1933. *Blowjob* is even younger, with the first attested reference dating to 1961. Both appear to use *blow* as a euphemism—or maybe a joke—describing the male orgasm. (It's possible *blow* in this sense connects to the old whaler's expression "Thar she blows!") What did people previously call this activity, other than the formal-sounding *fellatio*, before *blow* came along? Apparently, "sucking."

The female version of oral sex, *cunnilingus*, has a more simple origin; it simply comes from the Latin *cunnius*, meaning a woman's vagina, and *-lingus* meaning lick. *Blow* is also modern slang for cocaine due to its association with the nose, and was most likely a code word at one point.

■ THE F WORD

In its most basic form, it means "to copulate," and it has to be one of the most resilient, versatile, and powerful words in the history of the English language. It can be a noun, a verb, an interjection, a transitive verb, an intransitive verb, an adjective, part of an adverb, or even an adverb enhancing an adjective! But, like the comedian Rodney Dangerfield, it gets no respect.

You can *hint* at this word by means of an abbreviation or a euphemism, and you can *do* the activity this word describes, under certain conditions, and discreetly—but *saying* it or *printing* it can still get you in big commercial or social trouble.

The *Oxford English Dictionary* didn't even list the word when it first completed its *F* volume, probably because printing it had been illegal in Britain since 1857. It had been illegal to print it in the United States since 1873; James Joyce's *Ulysses* used the word and was banned in both the U.K. and the United States until Joyce won a landmark U.S. court case in 1933 that allowed him to publish the book in the States. It wasn't until 1965 that the word appeared in a general dictionary of the English language!

Due to the fact that this word was illegal to print for so long, it remained Forever Under a Cloud of Knowledgelessness, and all kinds of fake stories were created to make up for the lack of information. Some people to this day still believe that *fuck* is an acronym for Fornication Under Consent of the King, as, in order to control population growth in medieval England, couples would need to get the permission of the king in order to have sex. This is of course untrue, but a funny story nonetheless.

Another common story is that people found guilty of sexual crimes in Old England were forced to wear clothing with the initials *FUCK* indicating their sentence For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge. This story is also untrue.

The true origin of the word appears to derive from Germanic sources that connect it to the Dutch *fokken*, meaning "to strike" and "to have sexual intercourse"; the Norwegian verb *fukka*, "to copulate"; its Swedish cousin *focka*, "to copulate, push, or strike"; and the Swedish *fock*, meaning "penis." With all this striking going on, the word doesn't sound so pleasurable now, does it? 



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makeup sex

When Cindy invites Victoria over to sample the new cosmetics line she's selling from home, Victoria has no idea the demonstration will be so hands-on ... or so erotically charged.

Photographs by Viv Thomas







Victoria quickly discovers that Cindy has more than a simple sales demonstration in mind, much to Victoria's pleasant surprise. After pinning her friend to the bed, Cindy proves, with thorough and vigorous testing, exactly how long-lasting the lipstick is.



With each luscious and languid lick against Cindy's silky-smooth skin, Victoria's perfectly painted and plump lips tease the beautiful blonde to escalating heights of ecstasy, until she's on the edge of a passionate precipice.





After a shattering orgasm shakes Cindy's lithe body, Victoria continues to show Cindy just how much she appreciates the impressive lip service Cindy demonstrated during her sales pitch.









Clearly, they're both sold—and not on just the makeup. Wrapped in the sweet scents of each other's exotic essences, these sultry sirens will spend the day exploring these new and fascinating pleasures of the flesh. That's truly a beautiful thing!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF CINDY AND VICTORIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM/CINDYANDVICTORIA.



The Pursuit of Happy

The Further Confusion convention is a Neverland-like utopia for adults who don't want to grow up—at least for one weekend.

By Harmon Leon





PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL GOELANDRY/GETTY

Numerous questions cross my mind while looking at the simulated dragon vagina. From under a blue cloth, the mad scientist

behind this niche sex toy unveils Fem Dragon. "This is the prototype," he states with a Scottish accent. He explains that Fem Dragon won't be available until later this year. During product testing he says he discovered, "We made the hole too small!"

Impressed that one could create the scaly sexual reproductive organs of a mythical creature that breathes fire, I realize this is the first time I've ever looked directly at a man who has willingly fucked a simulated dragon vagina. In the furry community he's a *dragonkin*—in a past life he lived as a dragon and still retains those memories. (Conveniently, dragonkin never show non-dragonkin their powers.) Naturally, dragon-related carnal relations would be second nature to this man.

Fem Dragon's impresario is just one of the thousands of furries who have congregated at the Doubletree Hotel in San Jose for the Further Confusion convention—the second largest furry gathering in the country (the world's largest is in Pittsburgh). Furries are people who like anthropomorphic animal characters with human personalities. Some suit up in elaborate animal costumes to create walking, talking animal/human hybrids, while others merely sport animal tails and ears.

The original furries were simply into the kind of animals you'd see in Warner Bros. cartoons. Then a furry dark side evolved. Alongside the wholesome furries who come to Further Confusion to learn such things as team mascot skills or how to draw rabbits, there is a niche group that likes to partake in sex while adorned in full furry regalia. *Furverts* are sexually turned on by the whole animal/human hybrid experience. These deviant troublemakers, who are also known as *yiffs*, give the other furries a bad rep. Think of them as the seedy anthropomorphic black sheep of the furry family.

Hollywood hasn't helped. *CSI* had an episode called "Fur and Loathing" that followed a murder case linked to a *furpile* (furry orgy or *yiffing*).



On *Entourage*, Johnny Drama donned a pink bunny suit with a hole cut out for his privates so he could bone a furry in a squirrel costume who yelped woodland noises while in the throes of sex.

So now—or so I've been told—many furies feel as if they've been pushed to the back of the fantasy-role-playing bus because the world is only interested in the sexual aspect of their community. But I want to find out for myself. Throwing together a bunch of random leftover accessories from various Halloween costumes (pig mask, bear ears, furry vest), I'm going to infiltrate the world of furry fandom. If asked, I'm "ManBearPig" from *South Park*. I'll go by the moniker "Zoran XT."

The lobby of the Doubletree looks like the furry equivalent of the *Star Wars* bar (or a Hunter S. Thompson acid trip). A sea of furies mingles as the hotel staff looks on with bemused expressions. Some furies are dragged around on leashes. Two coyotes teasingly simulate oral sex. A pair of wolves make out, then playfully communicate through mime.

"Welcome to the village—you've been hugged, tagged, and sent back to the community," a wolf/human hybrid announces to a man in shorts, initiating him into the pack.

It's like a creepy Halloween celebration or comic-book convention minus comics and booth babes. Not entirely devoid of hot female interaction—even though the convention is roughly 90 percent

male—much flirting is involved when it comes to the busty female furies. The elevator opens. Three large female animal characters emerge: a big-breasted cat with pink hair, a curvy wolf draped in a tight dress, and a belly-dancing, yellow-haired giraffe. As they spill into the festivities, large IT guys sporting animal tails become very flirty with the busty female furies. Dungeons & Dragons-types amorously surround a corset-clad horse. These are the guys who got a "funny feeling" every time they saw Bugs Bunny wearing a dress, and took it to the next level.

"Thank goodness there are a lot of other freaks out there to join me!" exclaims a furry named Chad. "I get all giddy dressing up as a giant furry rat! We're all ridiculous. I choose to put the pride aside, and simply party how I wish to."

And it is fun. My pig mask lends the complete anonymity I need to schmooze at leisure.

"Where's the dogs?" someone playfully jests as what appears to be the cast of *Cats* scampers by, speaking German. The felines pose for snapping cameras. "Here kitty, kitty, kitty!"

"We outgrew the Doubletree years

ago," a photographer shares, gleefully snapping away. "I came here in '98, and you could fit all the costume characters into one hotel room."

"There are usually lots of wolves and foxes, some cats," notes a large humanoid nursing a beer by the bar. "This year we have some horses and deer." His excitement grows. "I even saw a Minotaur!" Though wearing human clothes, the large man has adopted a furry name that sounds like "Trendevor."

"Why do you think people are so into anthropomorphic characters?"

"For ages, anthropomorphic animals were there to teach us lessons," Trendevor reasons seriously. "Like Aesop's fables. Kids learn because they can relate to the animal kingdom."

"What kind of lessons?"

"Lessons about overcoming adversity and learning from our mistakes!"



"Thank goodness there are other freaks out there to join me!" exclaims a furry named Chad. "I get all giddy dressing up as a giant furry rat!"

I wonder to myself what lessons kids learn from a simulated dragon vagina.

Though a wolf and a lion grope each other and a group of guys grind on a rodeo dog, the furies are trying desperately to change their fur-suit-bonking image. As stated on the Further Confusion website, Double-tree's lobby *must* remain PG-13:

Groping, tongue battles, and nudity are not allowed. Collars and leashes may be worn discreetly, but blatant displays of bondage or BDSM in public may result in your badge being taken away. "Anatomically correct" costumes must be likewise clothed.

Apparently, "anatomically correct" mishaps have occurred in the past. But not all furies come to Further Confusion to bonk while wearing their costumes. "I don't really go in for the fur-suit sex," says Zuki, a large mythical beast with green eyes and fangs. "It's way too uncomfortable in one of those costumes to have much fun, and you'll only ruin an expensive piece of work!"

"The ones with stripes are more expensive because they need to be hand-sewn," Trendever interjects. Fur suits can range from \$500 to \$8,000, and it can take a craftsman up to 80 hours to construct a complex fur head. Some include movable animatronics. "The more elaborate costumes have fans built in."

All attention turns to a dog in an intricate fur suit engineered to appear like it's walking on all fours. Zoran XT follows the canine as it waddles toward an area with a large sign that reads, "Please only fur suits and helpers. No photos or video."

"What goes on here?"

"This is the Headless Lounge," announces the gatekeeper. "This is where people come to chill out and take their heads off 'cause it gets hot!"

Adjusting my pig mask, I enter the place others don't get to see. In front of industrial-size fans, furies sit with their heads off, looking severely dehydrated. Near a rack for hanging large furry heads, sewing machines and glue are on hand for fur-suit emergency repairs.

A headless Clifford sits in stony silence—the complete opposite of his outer, hugely smiling shell.

"That's certainly a big, red costume," comments a heavyset girl brushing the yellow mane of a furry horse. Clifford remains silent.

Enter the popular kids. The busty female furry characters who've been turning men's heads throughout the

convention march in. Strutting their stuff, the sexy corset-wearing horse with *huuuuge* tightly bound boobs removes her head. And ... it's a dude! The sexy coyote/Fembot also takes off her head. Another dude! More heads removed. More dudes. This is like some weird frickin' furry *Crying Game*. It's a whole flock of big-breasted guys—a tribe of men with tails, corsets, and fake J. Lo booties partaking in furry cross-dressing. Many issues are being explored here.

"I finally got the cleavage to work after much engineering," the busty horse/dude—who towers around six two—says, pointing to his big breasts. "It's a gel."

"That's sexy," the busty coyote/dude replies. "I got this makeup in New Zealand."

"Come here!" the busty horse/dude says to a guy bouncing on a coyote's lap. He thrusts the guy's head between his gel breasts. Other men come over for a feel.

This is like in World War II when a guy from the army troop would put on a dress for the talent show and the rest of the platoon would flirt with him.

"You do get groped!" the horse/dude confesses about furry cross-dressing.

Lone Clifford suits up. He puts on his big red head. Once intact, Clifford suddenly comes to life. Clifford the Big Red Dog is now extremely animated. Following at his heel toward the lobby, we pass Tony the Tiger's girlfriend (is she also a dude?) and members of the San Jose Fire Department (or fetish fantasy group?). Clifford is now dancing like crazy.

On day two, I am accompanied by an infiltrating partner-in-anthropomorphic-crime. Going by the pseudonym "Fluffy," she is also attired in random Halloween costume accessories, including a large bunny nose. Fluffy and I head toward the volunteer brain center coined the "Gofur Room." As convention volunteers, we vow to do no volunteer duties whatsoever.

"You're not ManBearPig from *South Park*, are you?" a volunteer dressed as Napoleon Dynamite asks upon our arrival.

"Affirmative!" I reply in robot voice, delighted at the recognition. Across the room a commotion occurs around one of the computers.

"Is that a zombie penis?" an intense chick in a black robe exclaims. Excited,



she runs over to the monitor. "It is a zombie penis!" And then, "If you have sex with a zombie, would he always be hard because of rigor mortis?"

"Rigor mortis only lasts four hours," the volunteer coordinator authoritatively pipes in without looking up from his computer.

"Where did you get that bunny nose?" the intense chick asks Fluffy. "I'm already getting my costume ready to debut next year. It's based on a *Second Life* character."

Next, we head over to the bustling vendor room and its array of furry-related items: plush toys that might turn on those who first humped them as infants stand side-by-side with weapons—lots of them. Knives. Big fucking knives. Real knives, not pretend knives. Sharp.

"This is the sword-breaker," the stringy-haired dealer says, holding a large knife that could easily sever an



entire furry's head. "Most furries like blades 'cause most furries are drawn with knives or guns in their hand."

For the most part, the dealer tables are covered in furry artwork and comic books, with names such as *N'Dar the Wolf*.

A perky comic-book artist from Florida relates her furry fascination: "As a child, I thought I had invented it. Years later, my husband was on the Internet and said, 'Look, other people are doing what you do.' As a kid, I used to draw furry kid-type things,

like going to school. When I was a teenager, I would have them doing teenage-type things, like going to concerts. Now I draw things that my husband and I are into." She smiles. I smile. We both look at a humanoid/zebra graphically giving a fully aroused humanoid/giraffe a hummer.

With that, the dealer room content gets darker as *furnography* is explored. Almost every table has an "Adults Only XXX" booklet on display. A lion bones a zebra in a display of interspecies gay animal sex. A



humanoid/dalmatian clad in a fireman's outfit sticks its ass out while humping a stripper pole. Inside, Post-it notes cover the penetration points (as if removed it would warp our minds). Like William Wegman gone horribly wrong, *Big Boys Brandishing Boners* (described as "erotic art") has every animal species drawn with huge erections. "All I can say is that our fantasy is just that—a fantasy," explains a furry who goes by "Fur." "The probability that our fantasies will occur is infinitesimally small, so we compensate by over-representing sexuality in our media."

I'm beginning to understand why the wholesome, fun-loving furries would rather the media not focus on such things as the *Grapevine Uprock*: Right across from a table of young girls sketching princesses and unicorns for the G-rated *Baby Furs* comic, I find myself slack-jawed, staring at a drawing of a unicorn being fisted by a humanized horse. In extreme close-up, the unicorn gets its salad tossed. Juices drip from the fuzzy horse lips. The spectacle-wearing artist sits silently behind the table, furiously sketching more disturbing masterpieces. At what point do you cross the line?

"The question is what's sick, what's wrong, and what's the limit?" AstroCat says. "The anthro- thing



PHOTOGRAPH BY (TIGER) MARK PETERSON/CORBIS, (BEAR, DONKEY, CHICKEN/FOX) MICHAEL COGLIANTRY/GETTY



"I don't go for fur-suit sex," says a large mythical beast. "You'll ruin an expensive piece of work and it's uncomfortable!"

makes people uncomfortable because we're all taught from an early age that doing it like they do it on the Discovery Channel is something that Grandma wouldn't approve of."

"Drippy dragon is our most popular dildo," a Scottish man informs Fluffy. "It ejaculates a plastic polymer."

"Do you wear them?" a confused Fluffy asks. "Are they meant for men or women?"

"Are you a member of the media?" the dealer-room supervisor suddenly inquires.

Flat denial.

"You will have to leave the dealer's room," she says.

We're escorted out, but the supervisor follows us. Like Jason in *Friday the 13th*, she keeps popping up, always three steps behind us. It's a little freaky. We try to ditch her, quickly passing a group of chubby guys petting a dog (I've never seen so many people with dogs in a hotel before) while fat men stand by the Guest Services area and look on. German shepherds on leashes pass furries on leashes. A costumed Doberman pets a real Doberman. In this *Island of Dr. Moreau* world, will someone get drunk and end up sleeping with a pooch like the ugly girl at the end of a party? Sure, it's funny when Johnny Drama bones a furry, but the *least* weird thing would be a

heterosexual man having sex with a woman in an animal outfit. Throwing *real* animals into the mix is far more twisted.

Saturday night, hotel rooms are bustling with a cavalcade of furry theme parties. A female unicorn (or so I think) grabs her wolf-companion's ass. "Why don't we have *thumpty-thumpty* in Ron's room?" the unicorn entices. She plants a kiss with her unicorn snout.

Like an eight-year-old girl's dream bedroom, a Care Bear party is happening on the second floor. This party is for furries *really* into Care Bears.

"What's your furry scene like?" I ask a Care Bear by the door.

"It's a lot of drama," he replies.

Suspicion. An emaciated girl in her mid-twenties wearing Care Bear pajamas, tightly hugging a teddy bear, throws out furry code words and carefully looks us up and down.

"So how long have you been a furry?" she snaps.

"I'm kind of new." Pause. "Maybe you can show me the ropes?" Flattery. "You got the best-decorated room in the whole hotel!"

Clutching her pink teddy bear, she turns to Fluffy for cross-examination: "Do you go to the Million Bunny March?"

Pause. "Not this year." Pause. "But I want to go!"

Whispering. Tension. More teddy-bear-clutching.

"Look at what they're wearing!" I hear Care Bear woman say to the others. "They're asking the wrong questions." Tighter clutching of her teddy bear. Then: "Are you press?"

"No!"

"You need a *different* badge."

"Bye bye!" says a wee munchkin of a Care Bear man. "We're going to make sure you can't drink anywhere on this floor!"

Those motherfuckers! If there were ever a group in the world that *shouldn't* be judgmental, I think it should be the ones clutching the Care Bears. We freaked out the freaky people by being normal.

The furries crave mainstream social acceptance of their freaky passion, but get pissed off like angry children when others find only the sexual aspect interesting. Their anger seems to be coming from a very dark, unhappy place where reverting to the comforts of childhood has become their passion. But why must they persecute my people? 



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girl power

The luscious Anju McIntyre, 31 years old and recently gracing VH1 on a dating show with Antonio Sabato Jr., has worked in the entertainment biz for her entire adult life, since moving to New York from Phoenix at age 18. We don't know what Antonio is looking for, but just one glance at the photos on these pages had our love meter on the rise.

Photographs by Christopher Love



"Have I done any singing, acting, or dancing? Have I ever! That's my life! I was signed to a major label as part of a girl pop band. I've worked on numerous hip-hop videos as choreographer, dancer, model, actress, makeup artist, location scout, and casting agent."



"I also have done numerous horror, erotica, and B-movies, like *Lord of the G-Strings*. In my spare time, I play *Big Fish* games on my computer, visit haunted mansions, go out to restaurants (I always eat out!), listen to music (I can't live without music), dance, and—shameless plug alert—watch VH1 reality shows!"









"I'm a Gemini, which really suits me. I am a true Gemini! We're talkative, witty, and sexy! And I do have a set of twins ... on my chest!"

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Sinful



Penthouse Variations

As this DVD demonstrates, there are as many different types of sin as there are ways to enjoy them. The seduction of a married man is carried out in the opening scene, a scorcher featuring Penthouse Pet Kagney Linn Karter. The stacked blonde makes a move on her next-door neighbor, who—naturally—gives in to her advances (with a typically great finish). Perhaps the most intriguing vignette features Jessica Bangkok as a naked sushi model. Her orgasms while being eaten (in the sexual sense) are exciting and, far from being the usual adult-film-actress histrionics, seem genuine—always a high point for

me in a porno. The fact that she also demonstrates a healthy appetite for cock only serves to make her appearance here that much more tasty (her oral skills are put to excellent use). But the best fuck is performed by Angie Savage and Alyssa Reece, who play vinyl-clad lesbian lovers out to explore their kinky side. Savage's bodice-busting bod is slamming, and if you're a fan of kinky clothing, you'll be "slamming," too.

Above: Kagney Linn Karter and Rocco Reed. Right: Alyssa Reece



By Johnny Bronx



MIKE'S DIRTY MOVIE Penthouse Features

The playing out of one's life as a movie isn't the most original cinematic plot, but this vague combination of *It's a Wonderful Life* and *The Truman Show* is an interesting spin on the device. The titular Mike, played by Chris Cannon, watches as his life unspools as a film—a dirty one, of course—with splendidly erotic results. Ryder Skye and Ahryan Astyn are the standouts among the female talent here; Ryder works it out with Cannon in the first scene. Look for lots of well-shot cow-girlfucking, and keep an eye on her back tats while you're at it. The blonde and beautiful Ahryan plays a bride being taken on her wedding night; the combination of innocence and decadence is at once sweet and sexual—you don't see a woman get eaten out in her wedding dress every day—and helps make it the best in the flick. But enjoy the rest of *Mike's Dirty Movie*, written and directed by Randy Spears; it's one you'll probably wish you lived yourself.

Above, from left: Kristina Rose, India Summer, Dane Cross

SEX WITH STRANGERS Penthouse Features

If you're in a no-strings-attached relationship, it means anything goes, anywhere, any time—with anybody. These five tales of NSA encounters set up through an online social-networking site offer something for everyone. Nikki Fairchild is a happily married woman looking for something ... different. She finds it in a well-hung stud to whom she gives some impressive oral—for once not big on the deep-throat but with lots of handwork that must have felt as good as it looks. Then she splits her pussy and rides that long shaft to an ass-glazing come shot. Brunette hottie India Summer gives Dane Cross's hipster hard-on a workout in a scene memorable for its combination of the slackerly and the slatternly, giving a glimmer of hope to lonely emo dudes everywhere. Codi Carmichael wraps her beautiful face around a long, fat dick to serve up the best blowjob. And Kiara Dane and Jordan Kingsley do a fine job of pulling up the rear to make this tale of high-tech hookups a keeper. **+**

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Unconditional Surrender

Spice up otherwise vanilla sex with a walk on the wild side, courtesy of the Penthouse Variations Collection.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Has sex with your partner gotten too predictable? Are you experiencing a lull in your love life? Bondage and discipline, submission and domination, mild sadomasochism, and orgasm denial all have a way of reviving lost lust. Her total surrender of control to her lover can evoke her deepest—and sometimes subconscious—feelings and desires, enhancing her excitement and orgasmic response, and the male mastery that's demonstrated by teasing her to a monstrous orgasm satisfies the need for macho dominance that many men repress in today's post-feminist society. I recommend putting your inhibitions aside and opening your mind to new experiences—you need to look no further than the Penthouse Variations Collection to begin your journey. (Before

you start, agree on a "safe" word, one that neither of you is likely to use as part of your sexual play, in the event that someone wants to stop.)

Start small by restraining her hands with the Captivity Cuffs and/or her legs with the Ankle Cuffs, either keeping on the soft faux-fur sheaths or removing them so she can feel the cool metal against her skin. The cuffs come with two keys, but if you misplace them in the heat of the moment, there's also a quick-release trigger for fast escapes.

If you want a restraint that only you can liberate her from, go for the Leather Entrapment Kit, which contains wrist and neck cuffs with heavy D-rings and three padlocks with keys. Once you have her restrained, use the Lust Lash flogger on her breasts, back, behind ... and any other place your kinkiness takes you. The Lust Lash has rubber strands that will tease and tickle her but won't go beyond sexy snaps no matter how hard you swing it. The wooden handle and wrist strap keep you in full control by making sure you don't lose your grip.

After (or while) you warm her up with a flogging, try out the Nipple



Clamps. They have adjustable pressure keys for varying degrees of sensation, and the black rubber tips can be taken off to increase the intensity. The connecting metal chain can be used to remind her who's holding the reins. Of course, you can always let her take charge; there's nothing wrong with indulging your submissive self. Just remember: The object of dominant/submissive play is for the dominant to bring the submissive to new heights of sexual pleasure while gratifying his own lusts to the fullest. Anything goes between two consenting adults who are having fun.



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Ask Dr. Z



DUMPED BY THE BOOK

I am trying to understand why my girlfriend broke up with me. We seemed to be getting along just fine until her best friend lent her a book about dating. Then she announced that after reading it she decided she can do better than me. When I asked her to explain, she answered, "You're just not that into me!" I've heard about a book with that title. Could that actually be responsible for her sudden change of heart?

The book is *He's Just Not That Into You: The No-Excuses Truth to Understanding Guys*, and, yes, it is the likely culprit behind your breakup. The book (which is now a movie) has insidiously poisoned some women's minds, just like the nineties best-seller *The Rules*. It's basically a series of complaints from women about their boyfriends, and obnoxious answers from the authors recommending dumping these offending beaux. There's no way to guarantee that this kind of silly rejection won't happen again, but you could have some fun with your next date by accusing her of "not being into you" if she doesn't give you the loving attention you require. Of course, you'll risk having her say, "You're right, I'm not!" *—Z*

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

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM!

I've always loved masturbation, but lately I have been losing control. I have been caught by my secretary masturbating at work, which may have had something to do with her quitting her job soon thereafter. If I see a beautiful woman on the street, I will often follow her while rubbing myself. And lately I have been masturbating in my brand-new Porsche, at stop signs or while parked at the mall. So far the reaction of the women who have seen me playing with myself has been encouraging—a few have even smiled—which has led me to want to do it more. I do realize that this may get me in trouble, so what should I do? Should I see a sex therapist?

As my readers know, I have always been an ardent proponent of masturbation, but you need to find a way to curb your enthusiasm. Your masturbation has taken on a compulsive quality, and it appears you have developed an exhibitionism paraphilia—which is a risky business, because it's only a matter of time before someone calls the cops. You will not only lose secretaries but potentially your driver's license and even your freedom, if you are convicted for indecent public exposure. Write down the list of potentially negative consequences to your compulsive masturbation and read it to yourself daily. Wear a rubber band on your wrist and snap it hard every time you get an urge to expose yourself. Join the gym and get a hobby—it seems like you need some other passion in your life. And, yes, if that fails, see a therapist.

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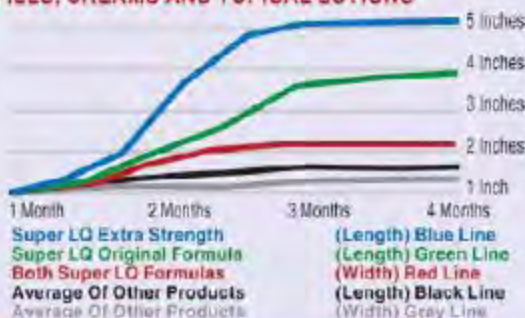
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DIRTY SEXY MONEY

By Clara Darling • Illustrations by John Proctor

Sophie tried not to slip on the peanut shells as she picked her way across the floor of the Rodeo Bar in her perilously high Manolos. A cold breeze blew up her trench coat. She couldn't believe she was actually going through with this. Bella and Maya had better be happy.

She stopped at the bar to order a beer first, because she didn't want to give this guy the wrong impression by letting him pay. This date was penance, nothing more. If she was lucky, she could be in and out of there in under a half an hour, before Tai even had the chance to notice that she had never taken off her coat. She took a deep swig of beer to give her courage and then she picked her way around the peanut shells to where Tai Stone was sitting.

She found him at a shadowy table in the rear, playing solitaire, drinking whisky, and smoking a joint. She couldn't believe he would smoke like that, right out in the open. She looked around, but everyone seemed to be minding their own business. Up on

stage, an old-time bluegrass band played a song about grass growing over a grave.

There was a full glass of whisky in front of the empty chair across from Tai, waiting for her. She hadn't texted him to say she was coming. She knew then that he had ordered drinks for her all those other nights, too, the nights she had not shown up. This struck her as extraordinarily sad, but that might have just been the bluegrass.

He raised his reddened eyes to her as she sat down before him.

Maya was right about Tai being gorgeous. He was part Vietnamese and part something else, and he looked a little like Keanu Reeves, only smarter. She watched as he reached up and pulled the long, dark hair back from his face.

"How about a little gin rummy?" he asked her, and he began to deal.

Sophie nodded. They played until Tai got to a hundred, and then they played until he got to two hundred. She finished the whisky and he bought her another. She was trying as hard as she could, but he

beat her effortlessly, with a kind of remorselessness that she had not known he possessed. She began to sweat within the trench coat. The lips of her pussy chafed against the rough cloth and the hard bench beneath.

She had thought he was just a big goofball, but even playing this simplistic game with him, she could feel the power of his mind. It was almost like he was drawing the cards that he wanted to himself, every time. She found it flattering that he wasn't letting her win, and she loved that he wasn't hitting on her. His conversation was limited to pithy little remarks about cards. He would say mysterious things like "Cards are war" or "Play away from thickness."

She might have found this pretentious coming from someone else, but there was something about Tai's face as he said them that was almost pained. He put the sayings out there like little offerings. This was who he really was, and he was letting her see it. The way he had been at school—all the wisecracks, all the swagger—was just a front. The hours rolled by as she gazed into his brilliant, dark eyes.

She wondered how he had chosen her to ask out. She had never been anything but unpleasant to him at school. Did he send texts out to a lot of women? There was no way to know for sure, but she thought not. She thought that he had seen something similar in her and so he had drawn her to him the way he seemed to always draw the queen when he needed one. He seemed to have senses that extended beyond the usual range. That made her think of the rumors about the tremendous size of his organ.

She looked up at him with a sly smile. She watched him reach for his whisky, the silver ring on his thumb gleaming. She watched his Adam's apple jump as he swallowed.

The thought of his huge cock no longer scared Sophie. In fact, she looked forward to seeing if it lived up to the legend. Life had stretched her out. She spread her legs apart on the bench and then slid them back together so that a bunch of coat fabric was bunched up between her inner thighs. She squeezed it and rocked to and fro.

Then *she* was the one who started letting *him* win.

If he noticed the drop in her game, he said nothing. He got to three hundred points, then rose from the



table and put the cards in his pocket. He held out his hand to her.

The bluegrass band was playing a sweet song about a fallen woman. Sophie took his hand and stood up, but she couldn't do it, especially not after two whiskies and a beer. She held tight to his strong arms and lifted a foot up to show him one elegant spiked heel.

"I can barely walk in these, let alone dance," she said.

Tai started to protest, but she pressed her finger to his mouth. Then she whispered in his ear, "Tai, I think you should know that I'm naked under this trench coat."

Tai's hotel room was filled with money. The bills were stacked everywhere—in an open suitcase on the nightstand, in a mound on the armchair, on top of the television. He even had bills on the floor in front of the toilet, as though he liked to count it while sitting on the throne. The minute he got her in the room, he began moving all the piles to the bed. He pulled back the covers to expose the clean, white sheets, and then let the bills rain down between his fingers, making a huge pile between the sheets.

Sophie took off her heels. She stood beside the bed in her coat and watched him move all the money.

"Are you just staying here until you find an apartment?" she asked him. "Because I bet my sister could help you find leads on places." Tai hadn't told her anything about his life on the cab ride over; they had been too busy kissing.

"I like hotels," he said. "They clean up for you every day and you can leave whenever you want." He dumped the last of the bills onto the bed. "Look at all the money I made today. Just for you, baby."

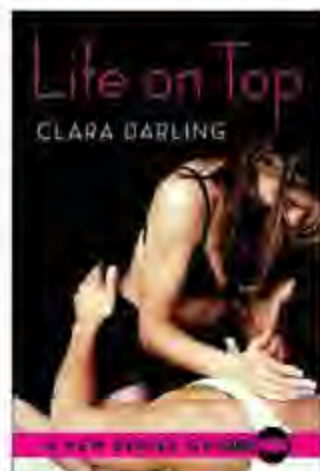
There was something beautiful about seeing so much cash in one place. Tai came up behind her then and began to unbutton her shiny green trench. Her coat fell to the floor around them.

She shivered as she felt him hard against the curve of her naked back. It was true what they said about Tai. Even like this, she could tell how huge he was. He bent down to nibble at her right earlobe, right where she was most sensitive. She felt so exposed with his body behind her and her whole front bare.

She babbled nervously, "So, uh, did you play poker today? Texas hold 'em?"

"Blackjack," he said, kissing a line down her neck. "There's some places I

She loved the feeling of all that length inside her. She smelled the bills mixed with his musk. She liked the smell of dirty money.



know in Chinatown."

"Do you just gamble, then? That's all you do?"

He chuckled. "If you do it right, Sophie, that's all you have to do."

She turned to look up at him. "I, I quit my job today. I don't know what to do."

He kissed her again, and then wrapped his arms around her. "I wanted you from the

first day we sat next to each other in orientation," he said. "You were eating Swedish fish and reading a book about probability." His voice was utterly naked. She couldn't believe what he was saying. "When you walked into poker club, I was so happy. But I made that stupid joke and scared you off. I always watched you after that, didn't you ever notice?"

Was that really true?

A montage of Sophie's college days passed before her eyes: Tai Stone at the study carrel next to her in the library; Tai Stone and his obnoxious friends at the table next to her in the caf; Tai Stone in her section for nearly every advanced math class; and that time that he inexplicably sent in a \$500 donation when she did Race for the Cure.

She had always thought it was bad luck that he seemed to shadow her through school. She felt unable to speak, so instead she reached in her pocketbook for the fat envelope and ripped it open. A cascade of bills spilled out onto the top of his pile. He grinned.

"That's only a quarter of it," she said proudly. "I made it online, but I want to learn to play live. And I want to learn more games, too, and—"

He pressed her facedown onto the pile of green bills, and lay on top of her, pressing her into the money. Her cheek lay against it, and she felt it rubbing her breasts and her pubic mound.

"Look at it all, Sophie," he whispered. "Dirty, pretty money. We're going to make a lot of it together."

He lifted back off her and she heard

the sound of him unzipping his pants.

She was astonished by how connected she felt to this man already. She wanted to make that little bit of sadness in him go away forever.

"What was your take today?" he asked her.

"Twenty-seven thousand."

He laughed and she felt his hand cup her ass. "Nice job, baby," he said. He stroked the curve of her buttocks, barely grazing her pussy lips. She sighed.

He spread the lips of her pussy apart. She knew he could see how wet she was, and she wanted him to see. She wanted him to know how hungry she was for his cock. She felt the end of it enter her, and she shivered. She could feel the length behind it. It felt like the firm, hard tip of a battering ram.

"My take was \$129,000," he said. He held the tip of himself in her and ran a hand through her hair. "That means we give away \$15,600. Always give a tenth of what you take." He seemed to hesitate, and then added, his voice uncertain, "I mean, if you want to combine. You can keep your take separate if you want to."

Sophie lay there in a trance of bliss. She tilted her hips up toward him, begging for it. "I want to be with you, Tai," she breathed. She turned her head to look back at him as he stood behind her, her ass cheeks in his hands. "I want to surrender," she told him desperately. "Can you help me do that?"

He just smiled and tickled her sides lightly with his hands. He was looking down at her pussy with a strange expression. She followed his gaze and saw why. His cock was absolutely the longest she had ever seen. Not that she had seen lots of them. But Tai's was longer than she had ever imagined a cock being: It stretched from the darkness of his crotch to the wetness of hers, like a long tail connecting them.

"Wow," she said.

"Yeah. I was famous for it on campus." He laughed bitterly. "No one would ever sleep with me. They were afraid I would kill them or something."



He kept stroking her side, so lightly that she felt the goose bumps raise on her skin.

"But it's not so big, really." He slid a few inches slowly into her. "See?" He slid in more. "See?" More. "See? And ... there." Finally, his hips pressed flat against her buttocks, but she twitched as she felt him touch her cervix.

He pulled out a little. "Is that better?" he said.

"Yes, Tai." She reached back for his hips. His skin was very smooth and warm. She loved the feeling of all that length inside her, hard and long and warm. She felt bad for all of those college girls who had been scared of it. It was all hers now, all ten inches.

Tai was in perfect control of his enormous cock. He knew just how to fuck her so she felt the mileage without the pain. He worked it in and out like a piston, fucking fast but never going in all the way.

That only made her want him more, and she reached her hips up toward him, begging for the deep stroke. Once in a while he gave it to her, following some kind of complex pattern that he would later tell her he had read about in a tai chi book. He hit her hard just often enough to keep her on the edge, but never quite enough to send her over.

She writhed against the pile of hundreds as his hips grazed hers. She felt the banded bills slide against her lower belly and breasts, smelled them mixed in with his musk until she didn't know which was which. She found that she liked the smell of dirty money. It smelled like freedom.

He pushed her up the bed until she lay in the middle of it, keeping his cock in her the whole time until he lifted her up and turned her onto her back on the money pile. She gazed up at him as he knelt between her legs.

"Let's come now," he told her.

He pressed her knees into her chest so she was bent in half, and then he lay his full weight upon her and pulled the covers up all around them. Tai's body was soft and supple. It felt effortless to take his weight upon her. He stayed deep in her, pressing her back into the cash, and then he began to ream her with the full length of his shaft. He angled it perfectly so that each time he went in, he pressed into that electrical point that had made her shoot before. It only took about ten strokes before her pussy clamped down. Her hands and feet clawed the air.

Tai pressed his warm tongue in her mouth and they kissed as they came. She felt his cock quiver like a bow, and with his last few strokes he rammed her until the headboard slammed against the wall, until she couldn't tell which contractions were hers and which were his. The orgasm racked her body and she screamed into his mouth.

How could anything feel this good? She pulled back, laughing, and he laughed, too.

They slept belly to belly, and he stayed inside her the whole night long. She fell asleep to the slow trickle of their juices down her leg, soaking the bed of cash. ☐

From *Life on Top*, by Clara Darling.
Published by St. Martin's Griffin, 2009.



getting wet

Renee's new "pool guy," the lovely Asa, shows up looking like a porn star in search of a set, then offers Renee a sample of the intimate and personal service she hopes to provide to the sultry brunette. These bathing beauties are about to become extremely close.

Photographs by Ellen Stagg from Stagg Street









After just a glimpse of Asa's assets, Renee can't contain her growing desire and leans in for a closer view and a quick taste. She's thrilled when Asa moans throatily in response. Renee's reaction to Asa's ministrations is equally passionate.



The bronzed brunettes slip off the rest of their barely there bikinis to explore each other's supple skin with greedy mouths. Finally Renee goes for a dip deep into Asa's fragrant folds.







Renee elicits more
erotic moans from Asa,
but the pool girl
quickly makes her stop.
Asa pushes her
employer back on the
chaise, leaving Renee
with no doubt about
who's really in charge.





As Renee's ecstatic cries echo over the water, Asa savors her sweet, intoxicating taste. She can't wait to show Renee what she can do *in* the house.... Join us next month for the second half of Asa's "interview."

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■ GETTING THE REBOUND

The other day my friend Alicia stopped by and told me that she and her boyfriend had broken up. Alicia's pretty hot, and I'd always been attracted to her, but aside from jokingly hitting on each other, nothing had ever happened because she'd always been involved with someone. But now that she was single, I thought I might finally have a chance. She told me she was horny; she'd been fighting with her boyfriend for weeks and hadn't had sex in a while, so she was going crazy with sexual frustration.

"I'm so horny I'd probably fuck you," she said, and though I figured it was a joke, I couldn't resist letting her know that I'd be more than willing to help her out.

"Yeah, well, your going on about needing to get laid and standing there with your big tits is giving me a hard-on, so I just might let you."

Alicia looked surprised for a moment, but then she was all over me—her arms and legs wrapped around my body, and her lips glued to mine. She really was horny!

I responded quickly, kissing her and running my hands up and down her back. After that, things escalated pretty fast, and before I knew it we were half-naked and horizontal on the couch. I was fucking her in no time, my rock-hard dick pounding into her pussy without pause, and she seemed as into it as I was. Alicia was moaning loudly as I thrust in and out of her, our sweaty bodies sliding against each other on the cramped sofa as we tried to get ourselves off.

We were both so excited that it didn't take long to come. I was first, shooting my hot jizz into her cunt while she wiggled under me. That set her off and a minute later she was coming, too, her pussy gripping my cock and milking me dry.

When it was all over, we rolled off the couch and put our clothes on again. Then I walked Alicia to the door, gave her a quick hug good-bye and watched her leave. We haven't hooked up again since then, but I hope we do soon. She was a great fuck and suddenly, I'm feeling horny again.—I.K., Ohio

■ TALK DIRTY TO ME

My name is Janet and I'm a 33-year-old woman. I haven't been out with a guy in a while, thanks to long hours in the office. I do, however, have a special way of relieving all the sexual frustration that builds up: I love phone sex.



I'd seen phone-sex ads before, in magazines, alternative newspapers, even on TV, but I'd never bothered to call any of those hotlines. It seemed like something for sick, perverted old men. But I was feeling especially horny, and though I'd tried using my vibrator, it seemed impossible for me to come without additional stimulation. For only \$2.99 a minute, I figured I could afford to try a 900-number, so I dug out my most recent magazine and searched the ads for one that appealed to me.

The hotline I chose had a really hot girl in the ad, and there was a guy with a huge dick standing next to her, imploring me to call. I grabbed

the phone and dialed. A woman answered, asked for credit card info, then transferred me to one of the phone-sex operators, a girl named Kim. For the first minute or two she asked me questions about what I liked and why I'd called her. Once that was out of the way, she got down to business.

"I'm going to kiss you now," she purred, and I imagined a pair of soft lips pressing against mine. "Mmm, your lips are so soft and sweet. Now I'm going to slip my tongue into your mouth. I can feel your tongue sliding against mine, all warm and wet. I bet that's how your cunt is, too, warm and wet."

I moaned in response to her words, and I could feel my pussy moisten, too. She seemed to know exactly what I was feeling and how to make those feelings more intense.

"Is your cunt wet, Janet?" she asked. Again I groaned in response, but she wanted more. "That's not an answer," she exclaimed. "Do I need to feel your pussy myself, Janet? Is that what you want, my hand on your

Alicia was moaning loudly as I thrust in and out of her, our sweaty bodies sliding against each other on the cramped sofa.

dripping-wet cunt?"

I couldn't stop the groan that escaped me, and I slid my free hand under the hem of the oversize T-shirt I always sleep in. My pussy was absolutely soaked, and my fingers were drenched the moment I touched myself. While I played with my pussy, Kim kept talking, describing what she was doing to me, and I tried to follow along with the story she was creating. I moved my hand where she said hers was, and I used the motions she claimed to be using. It didn't take long before I started to believe that the hand touching me really was Kim's.

"You're so wet!" she exclaimed. "I'm going to slide my fingers deep inside of you. I'm going to finger-fuck your hot little cunt until you're screaming my name at the top of your lungs."

Following her orders, I started thrusting my fingers in and out of my pussy, picking up speed as Kim continued with her tantalizing story. I could already feel myself getting close, but when Kim heard my panting, she changed the story.

"Janet, you smell so sweet," she said. "I just have to taste you. I'm going to pull my fingers from your pussy and lick up your tangy juices."

I did just what she said, sucking my fingers loudly. She was right, I did taste sweet, and I moaned around my fingers at the same time she did; even as strangers separated by who knew how many miles, we still seemed to have an erotic connection.

A minute later my fingers were back at my pussy as Kim continued with her story. Now she said she was licking my cunt, and though I couldn't exactly do what she said, I kept my fingers busy thrusting in and out of my dripping sex and rubbing my aching clit.

"You taste so good," Kim moaned. "I love the way your juices are clinging to your cunt lips. Can you feel my tongue licking your lips? Mmm, I just can't get enough. You have the most delicious pussy I've ever tasted."

She was driving me crazy, and I could feel my cunt throbbing, begging for release. When she started telling me about having her lips wrapped around my clit, sucking, I couldn't take it any longer. I needed to come. With my fingers buried inside my pussy, I twisted my hand around so that the heel would press directly against my clit. I ground my palm against my sex, and a moment later I saw stars flashing in my eyes as I came. I threw my head back, crying



out in pleasure, and dropped the phone. It didn't matter, though; Kim had already done all she could for me.

I'm addicted now, and though I've tried dozens of other hotlines, Kim is still my favorite, and I make sure to call her at least once a week.—J.V., *South Dakota*

■ ORAL REPORT

He showed up at my house looking smoking hot. The minute he walked in the door, we started to kiss. It was slow and sensual at first, then hard and fast. I teased him with my tongue and he went wild. Then I started licking his neck and behind his ear, trailing downward until I reached the sensitive spot at the base of his neck, giving it a light nibble.

After moving to the other side of his neck and repeating my actions, I pulled his shirt over his head and started stroking his chest. I kissed my way down his broad, muscular body before turning my attention to his nipples, sucking them, one at a time, until they were erect.

I kept my focus on his nipples as my hands started unbuttoning his pants. When I felt his rock-hard erection, I got excited. I unzipped his pants and freed his hot cock. It looked so

good that I immediately pushed him down onto the couch and took it in my mouth. I bobbed my head on the shaft until I had his entire length down my throat. I kept it there for a minute before pulling back a bit so I could stroke the shaft and squeeze his balls while I sucked. Then I released his dick and took one of his balls into my mouth, sucking it lightly.

He was enjoying my attention so much that he didn't dare move, for fear he'd come and it would all be over. While he struggled to stave off his climax, I took the other ball into my mouth, suckling it and laving it with my tongue. I could tell he was on the verge of climax from how tight and hard he was, but I kept him on edge, not letting him cross the line.

When I was ready to give in to him, I started sucking his cock again. I tasted pre-come oozing out of the slit and I licked the tip, teasing him and bringing him closer to orgasm. Suddenly, he grabbed my head and pulled me closer, pushing more of his dick down my throat until he was fucking my face. He was about to lose control, so I started sucking harder, trying to push him over the edge.

A minute later, I felt him stiffen as he grunted and pumped me full of come. I swallowed every drop, then licked him clean. Afterward, he pulled me toward the bedroom, promising to pay me back for all my hard work. I can tell you this much—it took all night!—Name and address withheld

I bobbed my head on his shaft until I had his entire length down my throat.

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HOT AND FRESH

After moving into my new apartment, I was absolutely starved ...for food and sex. I'd been so busy preparing for the move that I hadn't gotten laid for a long time and it was starting to get to me. After I called in my order to the local pizza place, I pulled out my favorite vibrator and went at it.

The deliverywoman arrived only ten minutes later with my pie, and when she knocked I hurried to let her in, not thinking twice about my appearance. I opened the door wearing only my bra and panties and holding my still-buzzing vibrator. The pizza girl was hotter than the fresh pie, and when our eyes met, I knew she'd be helping me sate my real hunger.

Without a second thought, I grabbed her hand and pulled her inside, tossing the pizza on the coffee table before pushing my other tasty treat onto the couch and practically jumping on top of her. Our mouths immediately crashed together and our hands searched for bare bits of soft flesh to knead and caress. She, of course, had a much easier time than I did, and I began tugging at the buttons on her shirt and shorts, trying to get her undressed as quickly as I could. It was only fair, after all.

It took several minutes and lots of maneuvering, but eventually we'd stripped each other bare and had free rein of each other's body. My playmate was smaller than I am, her tits barely B cups and her hips much narrower, but she quickly assumed control of the action, and I had no problem surrendering to the dainty deliverywoman. She kissed, licked, and sucked every inch of my body, from the hot spot behind my ear all the way to the tips of my hot pink-polished toes. Her lips and tongue brought me more pleasure than I could've hoped for, but it still wasn't enough. I was aching and I needed more.

I was about to beg for the attention my pussy craved, but my pizza girl was a step ahead of me. Before a breathy "please" passed my lips, she was lapping up my sweet dew. Her breath was hot on my cunt and I shivered as she deeply inhaled my scent. She knew exactly what she was doing, and each pass of her tongue caressed a new part of my pussy, making my heart pound faster. It wouldn't be long before I was coming. She sensed my approaching orgasm and added several fingers to the mix, stroking in and out of my pussy, and



brushing against my G spot for good measure.

A dozen strokes in, I was ready to blow. My body started writhing, my arms and legs flailing as I tried not to knock my partner to the floor. She continued pleasing my pussy, undeterred by my squealing and squirming, and all too soon I felt waves of ecstasy roll over my body as I gave in to the pleasure. It was the most intense orgasm I'd experienced in a long time, and I loved every second of it.

When it was over, the pizza girl and I paused long enough to share several slices of pizza and a few beers before I returned the favor. At the end of the night—long after her shift had ended—she finally gathered up her uniform and headed out the door. I never got her name, and though I've ordered pizza from that same place dozens of times, she's never shown up at my door since. Her male counterparts, on the other hand, have come by plenty of times—but those are stories for another day.—N.T., California

Her lips and tongue brought me more pleasure than I could've hoped for, but it wasn't enough. I needed more.

THREE'S COMPANY

Like most guys I know, I think about little other than fucking or getting my dick sucked. Let's be honest, that's what life's all about! I'm proud of the fact that I'm well-endowed, and I believe in sharing my assets with as many girls as possible. So when the opportunity arose for a threesome with two smokin'-hot sorority girls, I couldn't turn it down.

I still don't know how it happened, really. All I know is I had a date with Janet, and, instead of showing up alone, she came with her sorority sister. We were supposed to go out to dinner, but when the girls walked into my apartment they started making out with each other almost immediately. It was every guy's wet dream come true, and though I wanted to know what the hell was going on, I wasn't about to interrupt them.

Watching those girls make out, their hands all over each other, was turning me on something fierce, and I could feel my erection trying to break through my zipper to get closer to the action. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do, but Janet helped me out. "Come on, Ted," she called as she broke away from the other girl. "Get over here and help me get Kirsten wet!"

It took me only a second to pull my pants off and join the girls. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to be doing

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to "help" Janet, but it didn't take long to figure out my role. Dropping to my knees, I crawled between the two girls, who were both in miniskirts, and began rubbing their asses and pussies. Neither girl wore panties, so I had easy access, and I made sure to give them both plenty of attention. While I massaged Janet's firm butt, I stroked Kirsten's moist labia, my finger sliding back and forth between her delicate lips. When they started moaning into their kiss, I began eating their pussies, Kirsten's first, then Janet's, switching back and forth every few moments.

By the time I started finger-fucking them, I'd brought them both to the edge so many times that they could barely focus on each other. They decided they'd been teased enough, and both girls got down on the floor and started to play with me. Janet rubbed my rock-hard dick through my boxers while Kirsten ripped open my shirt and started sucking my nipples. At some point the girls had removed each other's blouses, and I watched their breasts bouncing in front of my face as they had their way with me.

Eventually, all three of us were too frustrated to continue the way we were, and we wordlessly rearranged ourselves so that Kirsten could ride my cock while I ate Janet's dripping-wet cunt. It took a while to work up a good rhythm, but pretty soon I was

able to thrust up to meet Kirsten's downward strokes without breaking my focus on Janet's delectable pussy. Once we'd found a pace that worked, we were unstoppable. My cock and tongue moved in sync, each one thrusting into a warm, wet slit and causing the girl above to moan uncontrollably.

We went at it like this for 10 or 15 minutes, and then I couldn't hold back any longer. My dick was throbbing like crazy, and I let go, filling Kirsten with my load at almost the exact moment that Janet gushed onto my tongue. Kirsten was the last to come, and I felt her pussy spasm and clench my wilting dick as she exploded.

The three of us spent the rest of the night—and most of the next day, too—fucking each other in every position imaginable, and we've hooked up for more hot three-way action at least a dozen times since then. But I still have no idea how I got so lucky.—T.W., Iowa

I crawled between the two girls and began rubbing their asses and pussies, making sure to give them both plenty of attention.

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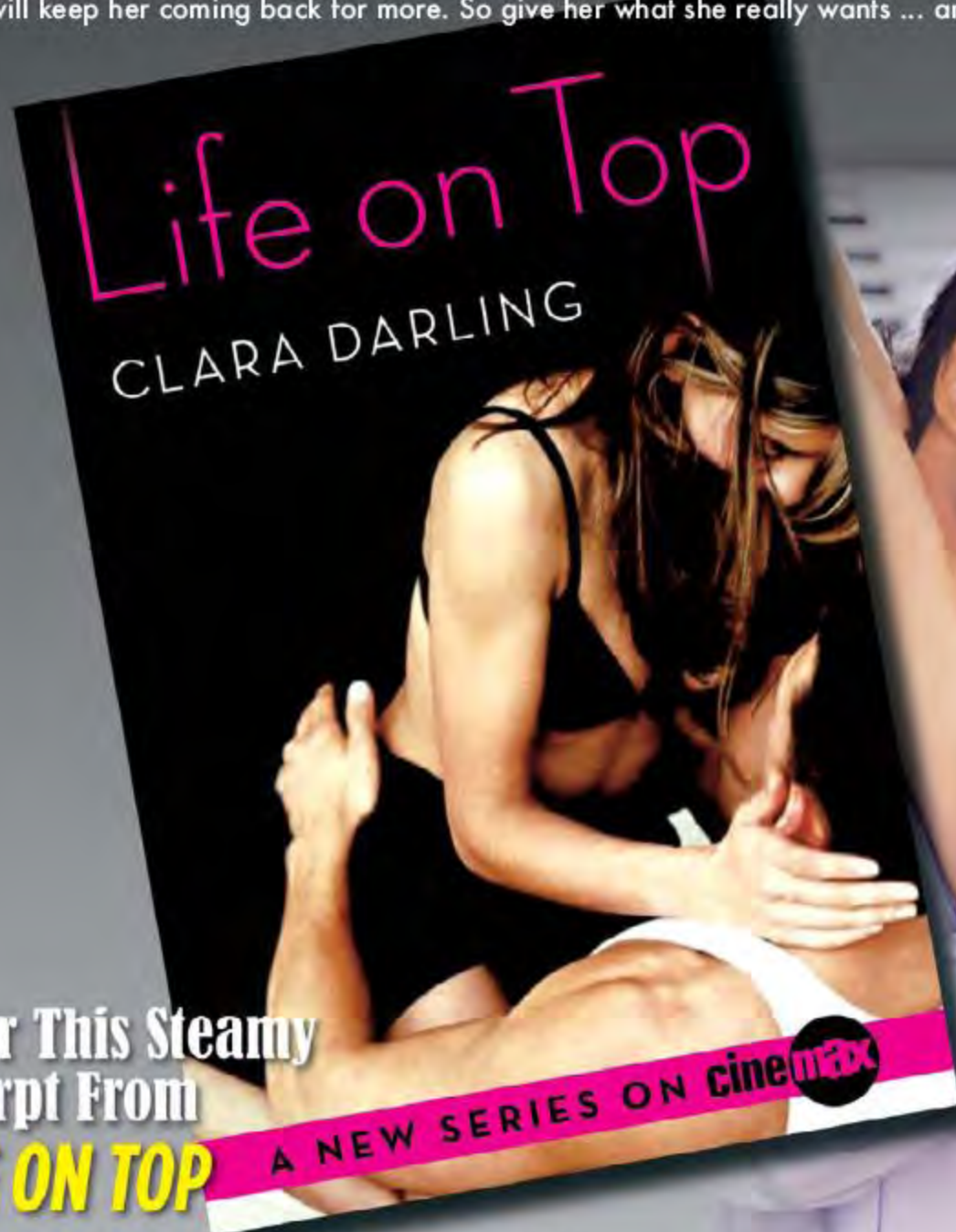
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