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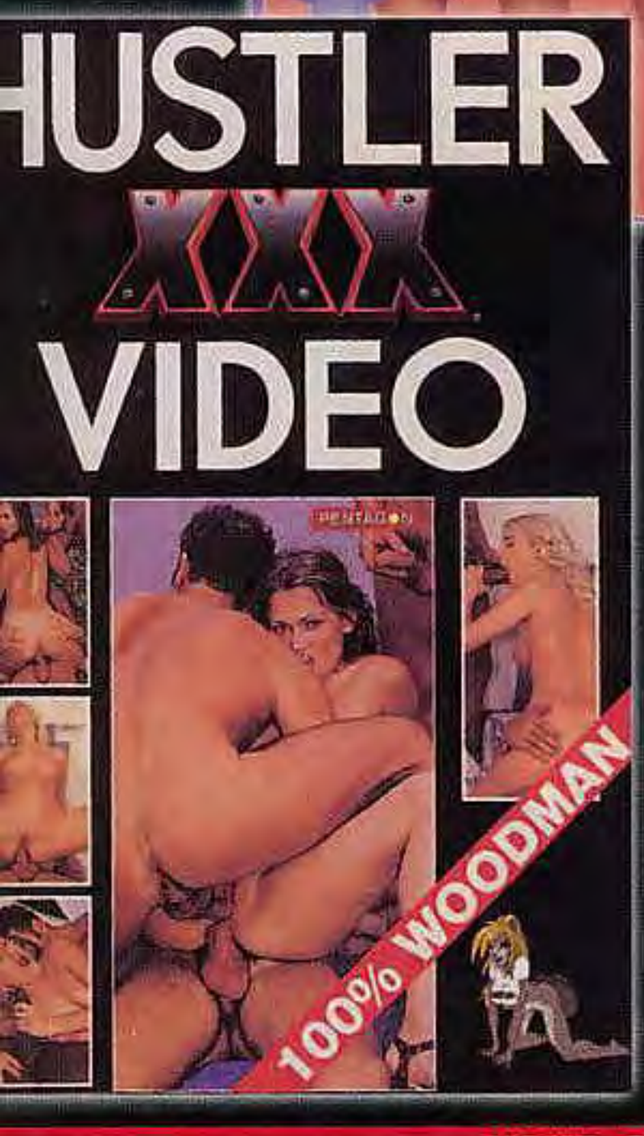
PLUS

- Asshole Of The Year
  The Canadian Insurance Industry

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HUSTLER®

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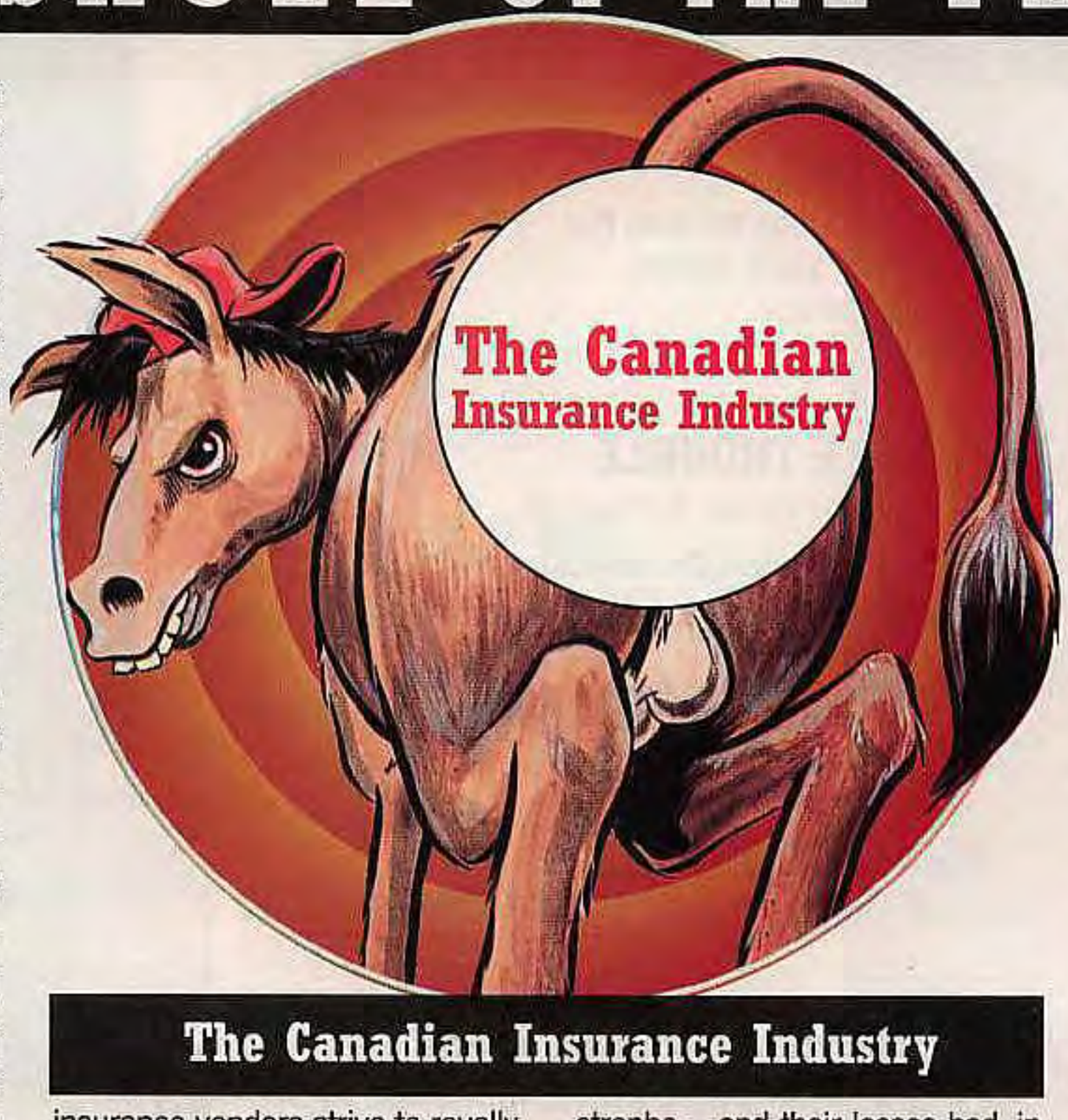
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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE YEAR



The Canadian Insurance Industry

They say there are two sure things in life, death and taxes. At HUSTLER we think there should be a third item added to the list – Insurance! If there is one thing we can count on in life, it is that we will have to dig deep into our pockets and pay outrageous insurance premiums for insurance that we're likely never to collect. The average Canadian pays a whopping $500.00 each month just for this false sense of security.

We have house insurance, fire insurance, life insurance, automobile insurance, employment insurance, disability insurance, credit card insurance, mortgage insurance and even fucking funeral insurance. We are so fucking over insured in this country that we shit out contracts and black ink, and have become defenseless patsies for an industry that gouges and screws us in anyway and everyway possible.

Every time you turn around some fucking dipshit is calling you and soliciting an insurance policy that will protect you from whatever impending catastrophic event. We are fed a diet of bullshit and baloney by these merchants of fear about how they will help us in our times of need. But for anyone who has ever made a claim – it is all too evident what a bunch of fucking cocksucking crooks these guys are.

It seems everyone wants to get in on the deceitful daisy chain as insurance vendors strive to royally fuck John Q. Canuk up the ass. Every fucking department store, bank and credit card company now has their own concocted insurance scam designed to part the unsuspecting consumer from his/her hard earned cash.

In the past year Canadians have stood helpless by and watched their automobile insurance premiums rise by over 20%. Our insurance crooks hand us some bullshit that there have been a lot of claims over the past couple years and higher premiums are a fact of life. The reality of the situation is that Canada's Insurance Industry and their greedy shareholders lost billions of dollars in the 9/11 catastrophe – and their losses had, in fact, nothing to do with claims over fender benders or cracked windshields. The bottom line is that you and I, John Q. Canuk, are paying for the elite's lost profits – plain and fucking simple!

And while provincial governments have vowed to put these profiteering fucks on a leash, the reality is that it will never happen. All one needs to do is look at the campaign contributions of these corporate frauds into the political coffers of party and individual candidate's bank accounts. It doesn't take rocket science to figure out where the buck stops.

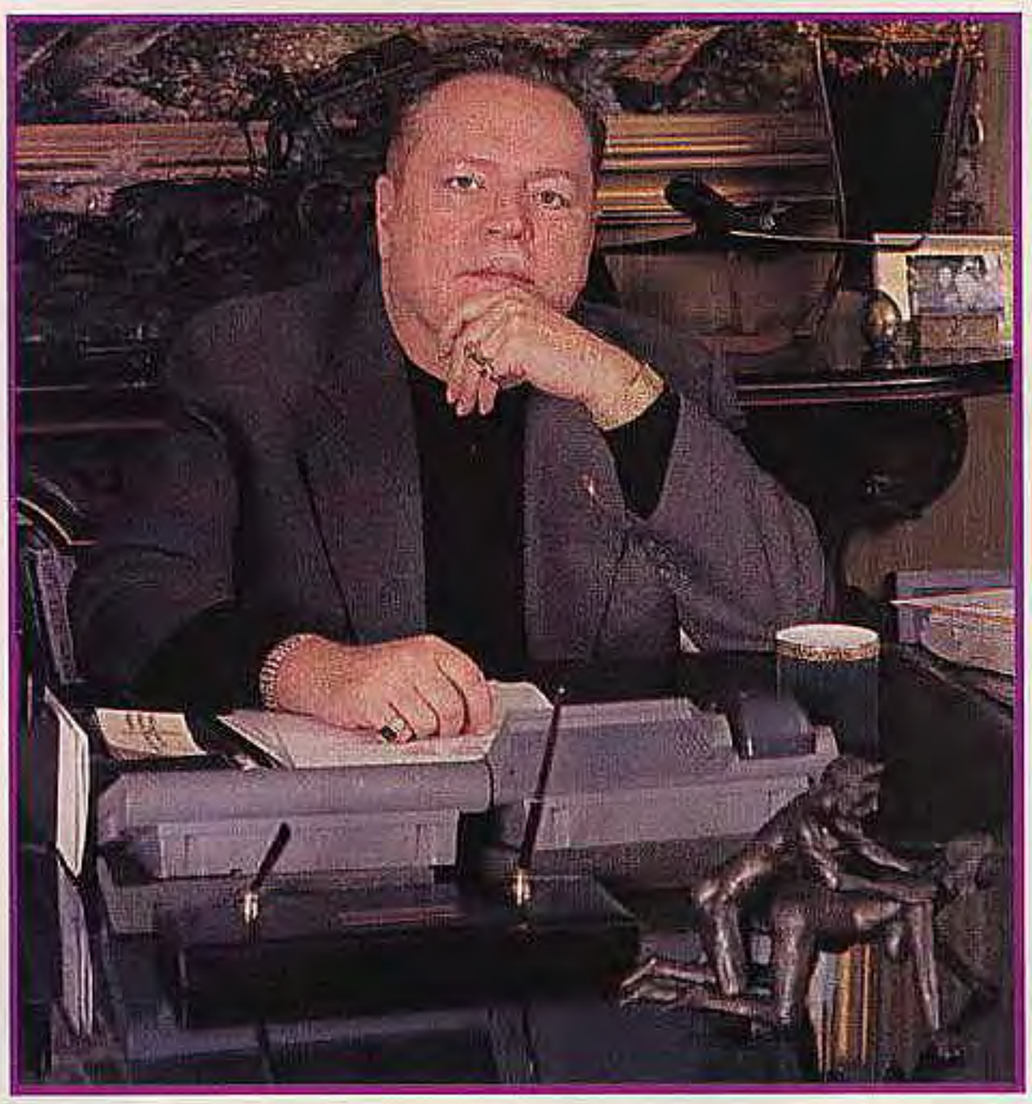
Not only are our governments in bed with these bastards, but also they've even got their own insurance scams running. Case in point – Canada Employment Insurance and the Canada Pension Disability Plan. By law, every working Canadian is forced to pay into these government-gouging scams, but when it comes time to collect – good fucking luck!

Our caring and compassionate government has devised every way possible to discourage and disqualify deserving Canadians who apply for these benefits. And to add insult to injury they take great pleasure in belittling us and making us feel like crooks and/or beggars.

It's time to get wise and take a stand. Do yourself a favor and put the money you spend on needless insurance premiums into the bank. Call your MP, your MPP, MLA or MNA and tell him/her that you're tired of getting ripped off. Tell him/her you want some return on what you invest into EI and CPP. Tell him/her that you want affordable automobile insurance, and do so when the time is best – during re-election. Because the only real insurance policy is being vigilant over whom we elect into public office to oversee this festering financial scourge.

For being a bunch of greedy, thieving, lying cocksucking bastards The Canadian Insurance Industry is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Year!

Send your suggestions for "Asshole of the Month" to:
www.northlandmedia.ca
Northland Media,
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ASHCROFT ATTACKS!

On August 7, 2003, the long-anticipated Justice Department attack on pornography was launched with the filing of a ten-count federal grand-jury indictment against Robert Zicari (otherwise known as Rob Black) and Janet Romano of Extreme Associates, a hard-core video company in the San Fernando Valley, California. Characterizing the raid as the first shot in a long-promised war against pornography, Attorney General John Ashcroft was quoted as saying, "Today's indictment marks an important step in the Department of Justice's strategy for attacking the proliferation of adult obscenity." The department, Ashcroft went on to say, will "continue to focus our efforts on targeted obscenity prosecutions that will deter others from producing and distributing obscene material."

Ashcroft attacked Extreme Associates because they are the most vulnerable. The company, a small player in the industry, produces movies like the *Extreme Teen* series and *Forced Entry*, which court documents allege contain fictional rapes and murders of women. Such fare is harder to defend in court than other types of adult material, especially in more conservative areas of the country, even though Hollywood fictionalizes these things all the time. However, it is a mistake to think that Ashcroft—a man who is so offended by the sight of female breasts that he covers up the Spirit of Justice statue every time he gives a press conference in the Justice Department—will be content with such marginal enforcement. His personal wet dream is to put every purveyor of adult material out of business, a goal that was only put on hold because of 9/11.

What we have here is nothing less than a declaration of all-out war by the Bush Administration. At stake is your right to purchase not just the videos of your choice, but even the kind of material you are holding in your hands right now. With the full weight of the federal government against us, the battle won't be easy, even though the adult industry is now a California powerhouse, bringing billions of dollars into our economy. And though we will fight Ashcroft and Bush tooth and nail, ultimately it is up to you, the buyer of adult material, to protect your right to purchase the kind of entertainment you prefer, without interference from a bunch of right-wing zealots and religious nuts. You can defend your rights by contacting your congressman and senator to let them know where you stand on the issue.

Go to House.gov and Senate.gov to fire a return salvo.



Larry Flynt
Publisher
HUSTLER

Fake Fucker

I've been a subscriber to HUSTLER for a couple of years now, and I don't think I've seen anything more ridiculous than your November spread of the gorgeous Gina Lynn with that Eminem look alike. I almost laughed when I saw the fake Slim Shady boning Gina like he was somebody special. I mean, I'm always a fan when Gina gets down and dirty, but she can do better than that can't she? Sure he's got a big knob, but surely they could do without the whole absurd charade. So to the great Gina Lee I say stay right down there and do your thing, but won't the real Slim Shady please stand up?

J.C.
Victoria, BC

Mr. Mathers was busy. You'll have to make do and use you're imagination!









Porn Fix

I've been a regular reader of HUSTLER for quite some time now, buying every issue almost the first day it becomes available. The problem for me is that the nearest convenience store that carries it is all the way in town, as I live about 20 minutes outside of Radisson. That's quite a way to go just to get my porn fix. How can I order a subscription so that I don't have to keep this shit up?

B.R.
Radisson, QC

We feel your pain, B.R. You can send a cheque for $85.20 (which includes GST, shipping and handling) to Northland Media Inc., 173 Lakeshore Rd. West, Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7. Please allow 6-8 weeks for the first issue to arrive





Impressed

I'm not the kind of guy that goes out and buys a lot of porn every month, but just for kicks I went out and bought an issue of the Canadian HUSTLER and I was impressed. Not only were the regular spreads great, but your Beaver Hunt feature was delightfully surprising. I was especially a fan of Brandy from Baysville ON., in your November issue. If HUSTLER keeps getting these kinds of girls sending in their pictures monthly, I may just have to get myself a subscription!

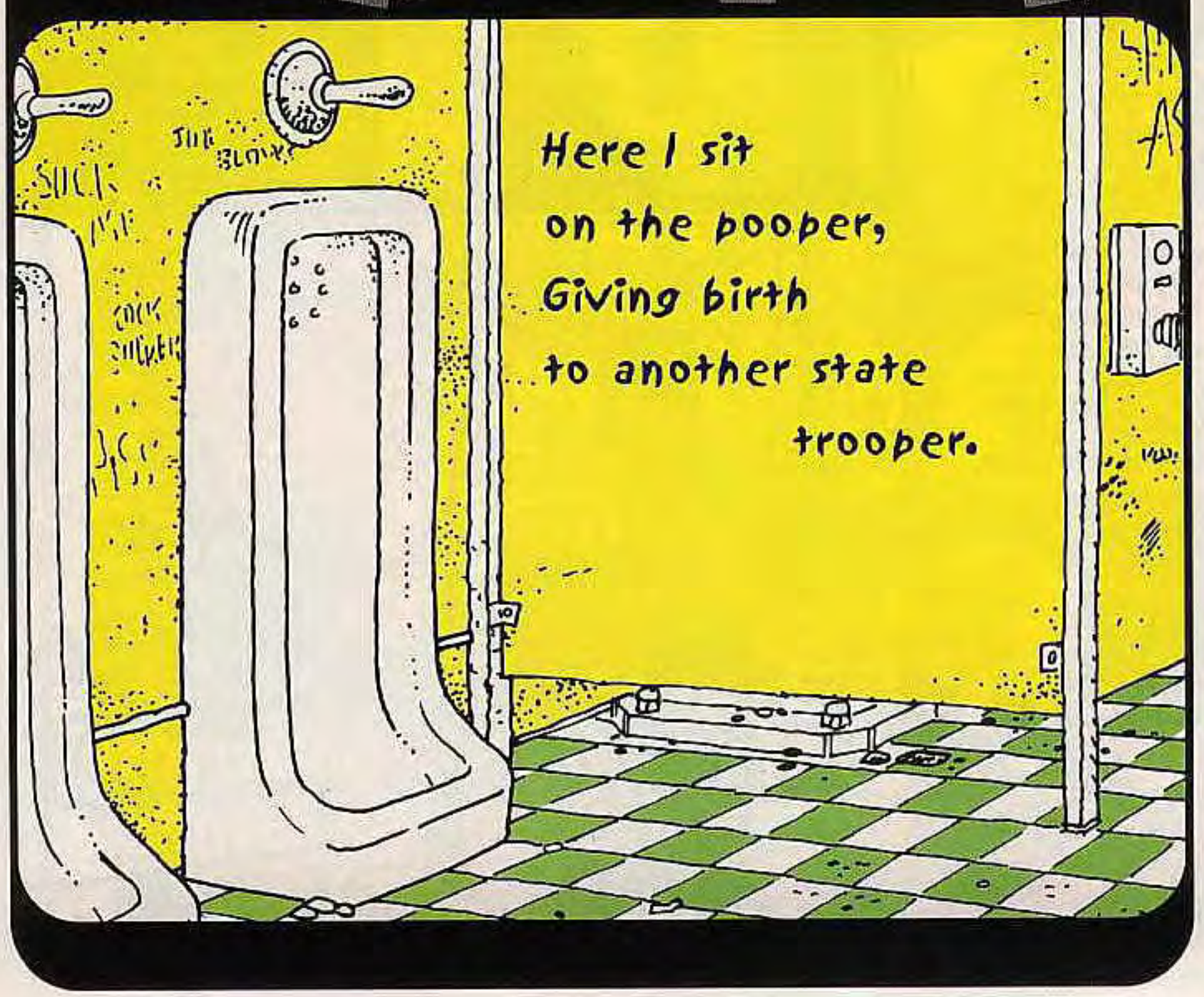
K.G.
Churchill Falls, N.F.

You've been missing out my friend! Happy future reading!





GRAFFILTHY



Game Break

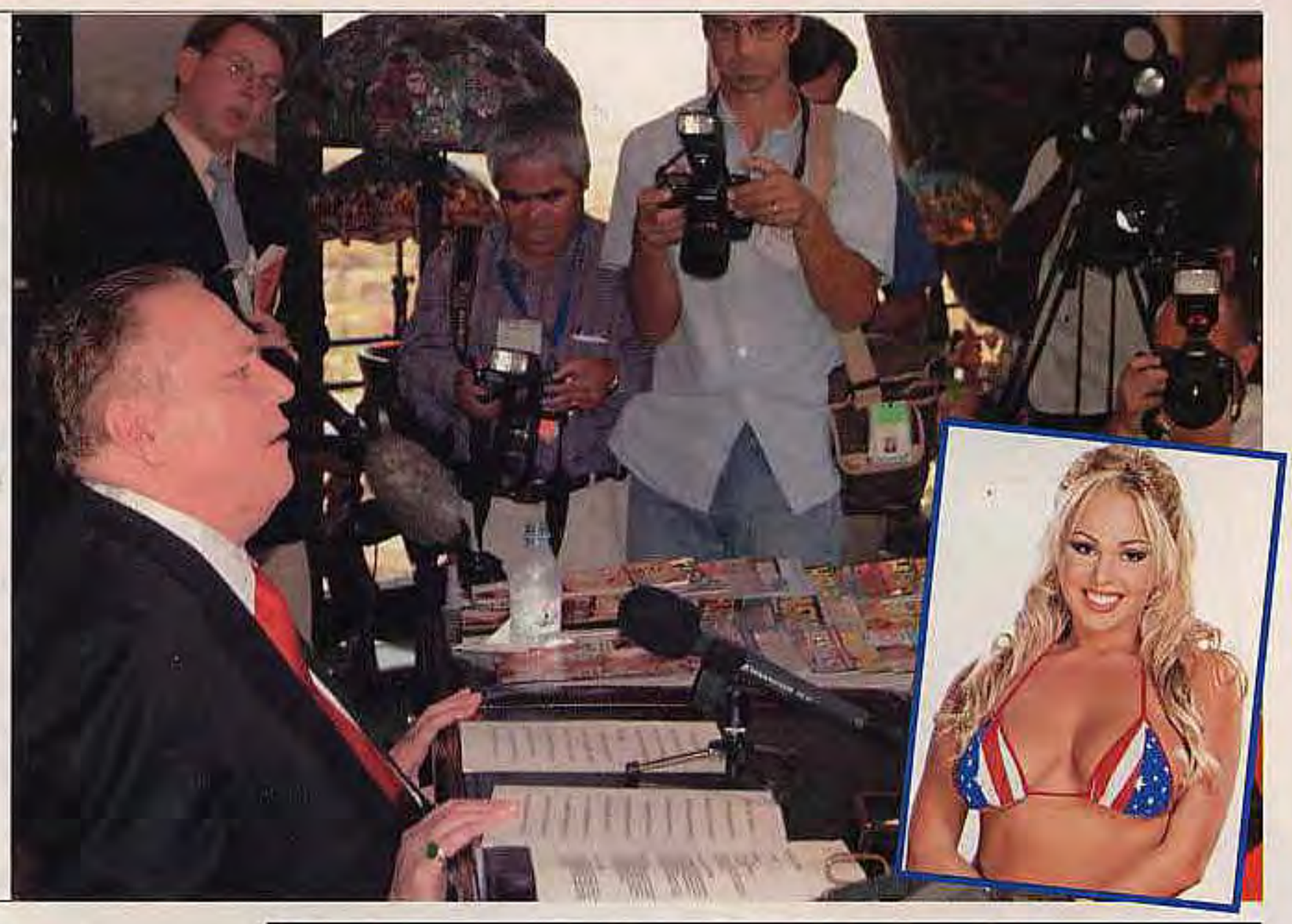
I love buying HUSTLER, but I have to admit, there isn't a whole lot of content that would appeal to a younger age group such as my own. That's why I was happy to find HUSTLER's Video Game Preview in your November issue. Being a 20 y/o student, it was nice to have something to read that wasn't about some corporate scandal or some other serious bullshit like that. I love porn, and I love video games. Keep up this great feature please and thank you!

J.M.
Windsor, ON

We're glad you can relate. Keep on gaming and keep on jerking!

Porn and Politics

As California's recall went into full swing, our fearless leader announced he was throwing his hat into the ring to be the next governor of the Golden State. Using the campaign slogan "Vote for a smut peddler that cares," Larry Flynt told a packed press conference that he would reduce the California deficit by allowing slot machines in private casinos and taxing those same casinos to raise an estimated $3 billion yearly. A lesser known gubernatorial candidate, porn star Mary Carey, said she would reduce the state's debt by taxing breast implants. Carey also vowed to boost the economy by making lap dances tax deductible, which would probably create a whole other mess to clean up in California.



Gummy Dongs



As if sex wasn't complicated enough, now there's Gummy Dongs, vibrators wrapped in jelly treats. It's bad enough that men today have to compete with vibrators that can go forever, but now we're up against candy-flavored ones! Not only that, just imagine how dangerous it could be when your girl is trying to eat the jelly and she accidentally clicks the vibrator on. Say goodbye to her sexy smile and hello to your new girlfriend, Nancy No-Teeth. If you still think this is a good idea, go to **www.GummyDongs.com**, but don't say we didn't warn you!

Porn From the Past



Helping Hands

Thanks and $150 go to B. H. of El Prado, New Mexico, for this horny couple. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

FROM THE POET'S CORNER

There once was a man named Mort,
Whose dick was incredibly short.
When he climbed into bed,
His lady friend said,
"That's not a dick it's a wart!"

A Newfie choirboy named Ed,
Awoke with a priest in his bed.
As they lurched in confusion,
It caused a contusion,
But we dare not reveal on which head.

There was young man from out East,
Who could shoot across the street.
A chemist named Kelly,
Would bottle the jelly,
And sell it as 'Extract of Meat'.



Gee, You're Right That Does Make Sticking it in my Ass Hurt Less!



The Phelps Report:

Bob Hope in Hell

All of America mourned when beloved comic Bob Hope passed away in July; well, almost all of America. The Rev. Fred Phelps, of www.GodHatesFags.com, *err*, fame, gave us his own unique opinion: "Bob Hope came to Topeka, Kansas, to raise money for this rich fag church, Grace Cathedral. I don't know if he was gay, but he kissed guys on the mouth, like (radio performer and '40s film star) Jerry Colonna. All these (editorial) cartoons about Bob Hope playing golf in heaven with Bing Crosby are pure blasphemy and a goofy notion. He joined the Catholics not long before he died. That will get you to hell; that's what that will do; that's going from the frying pan into the fire. Bob Hope split hell wide open when he died. He is in hell with the popes. If Bob Hope had the opportunity to come back to Earth for a couple of minutes, fire would be blazing out of his eyeballs and he'd say, 'Listen to Phelps, you fools. For God's sake, listen to Phelps!'"



Beached Boobs

The Poorman (a/k/a Jim Trenton) started off as a DJ in Los Angeles, where he hosted the highly popular talk/advice radio show *Loveline*. The former shock jock is back with a new show, *Poorman's Bikini Beach*, which features hot bikini-clad chicks engaged in jiggly activities such as sand wrestling, water jousting, tugs-of-war, chocolate wrestling tournaments, pillow fights (featuring three HUSTLER Honeys) and, of course, bikini contests! In between the boob action, Poorman interviews celebs such as our own Larry Flynt. Billed as the "world's only bikini reality show," *Poorman's Bikini Beach* airs in Los Angeles (KTLA), San Diego (XUPN), on the Urban American Network and also at **www.PoormansBikiniBeach.com**.

"Why should we take advice on sex from the Pope? If he knows anything about it, he shouldn't."—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



NEWSBITES

Mistaken Sexual Identity: Richard Allen Collins's license was suspended. So when he was pulled over in Norristown, Pennsylvania, for having fake inspection stickers, he handed the police a bogus ID, which listed his cousin's name, birth date and Social Security number. The joker in this house of cards was that Collins's cousin was a registered sex offender. When the boys in blue started questioning Collins about his "sex offense," he 'fessed up to his true identity. Collins was sentenced to 12 months in jail and, upon release, must register with the state as a complete moron.

War on Terrorism (and Trousers): The last time we dropped our pants in the middle of an airport, we got arrested, but Martin Holness apparently did so at the insistence of security. When the 34-year-old set off the metal detector at the Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport in Florida, he invited a guard to feel around in his pockets. Then Holness claims the guard told him to take off his trousers so that they could be fed through the X-ray machine. Holness did so and stood in the airport in his boxers. Extreme security measures and civil rights aside, the whole scenario sounds like gay foreplay to us.

More Boxer News: Marlin Patton is accused of allegedly carjacking a couple in Cincinnati while wearing only his boxer shorts. Police say Patton crashed his car into the victims' Chrysler near a post office, threatened to kill the couple inside the auto and then took off with their car. A police helicopter and dog search turned up nothing, but Patton was later found in an alley, still in his skivvies. Perhaps he was returning from the airport.

Bring 'em Young: In Utah, a police officer was convicted of bigamy and sex with a girl who was 16 when he married her as his third wife. Rodney Holm subscribes to the early beliefs of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which embraced polygamy. His defense attorney claimed Holm was simply following "God's law." Holm now faces several years in jail away from his three wives and 21 children. If he's smart, he'll ask the judge for the longest possible sentence.

All I Want for Christmas: Retail giant Best Buy is being sued by an Ohio couple that bought a camcorder for their son for Christmas. The digital device apparently had recorded scenes of men having sex, and now the family is seeking more than $25,000 in damages. If they win this lawsuit, we hope the kid doesn't blow it all on gay porn.

Audio Orgy

Cyborgasm I and *II* were recorded "on location" and feature "actual sex acts" by porn star Annie Sprinkle, performance artists and normal people. The recordings are a mixed bag of grunts, groans, erotic moans and fantasies. Some of the scenarios are grade-A whack-off material, others are just plain wacky; one gal sounds like a new-ager trying to mix sex with self-help mantras, bleating, "You are sexy, you are divine." *Uhh*, no, we're not; if we were, we would be getting the real thing. For the sounds of sex go to **www.PassionPress.com** or call **(800) 289-8423**.





Olsen Twins Countdown

Howard Stern, a huge fan of the Olsen twins, says he is on the lookout for some African-American twins that he can market as the "black Olsen twins." Howard also plans to go back to college when Mary-Kate and Ashley enroll back east. We don't have to tell Stern, since he probably already knows, but as of November 18, 2003, there are only **208** more days until the Olsen twins become legal!

Ten things a man shouldn't say to a woman during sex:

1. "Oops! It seems to have come off."
2. "If you come quick, I can catch the game on TV."
3. "You look just like your mother."
4. "You're better than your mother."
5. "Did you remember to lock the back door?"
6. "And to think, I was really trying to pick up your friend!"
7. "You carry on, but do you mind if I finish this book?"
8. "What's for dinner tomorrow?"
9. "I thought you had the keys to the handcuffs."
10. "It's my mobile! I must answer it."

Ten things a girl shouldn't say to a man during sex:

1. "And yet your feet are so big!"
2. "Don't worry, we'll work around it."
3. "I guess this makes me the early bird."
4. "Try not to smear my make-up."
5. "At least this won't take long."
6. "I want a baby."
7. "Do you know the ceiling needs painting?"
8. "Maybe we should call Dr. Ruth."
9. "Is that blood on the headboard?"
10. "Did I remember to take my pill?"."

Indecent Exposure



The idea of an all-nude vacation to Mexico, Jamaica or the Caribbean may conjure up visions of naked chicks who look like Pamela Anderson. In reality, the women on these trips are more likely to resemble Louie Anderson. Castaways Travel says their clothing-optional, week-long getaways draw all types: school superintendents, opera singers, doctors and lawyers (notice there's no mention of strippers). Still, these vacations are popular. Castaways tells us there's been no dip in business since 9/11, and we believe them; what terrorist would have the, *um*, guts to hijack a plane load of nude lard bags? If you're still interested in one of these trips, we recommend therapy, or you can go to **www.CastawaysTravel.com** or call **(800) 470-2020** to learn more.

"Love is only a dirty trick played on us to achieve the continuation of the species."
—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

My Sexual Things
(sung to My Favorite Things)

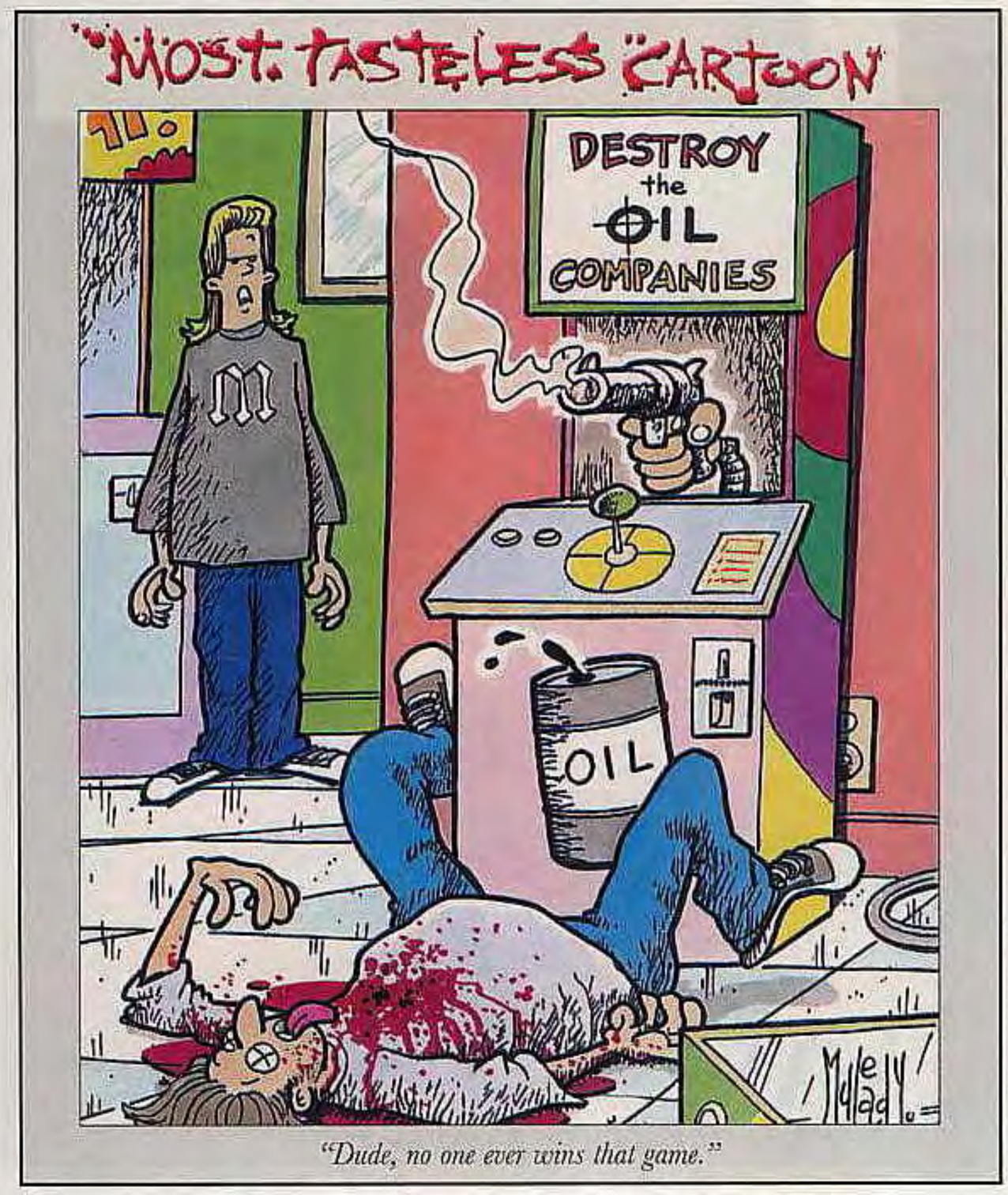
Cum drops on noses and spots where I'm bitten,
Women in leather with whom I am smitten;
I like my testicles tied up with strings,
These are a few of my sexual things.

Cream coloured panties all covered in strudel,
Covered in oil or being whipped with a noodle;
Cuffed to the bed and the pleasure it brings,
These are a few of my sexual things.

Whores in white dresses with wet dripping gashes,
Tonguing that stays on my nose and eyelashes;
Watching her tits like they're bouncing on springs,
These are a few of my sexual things.

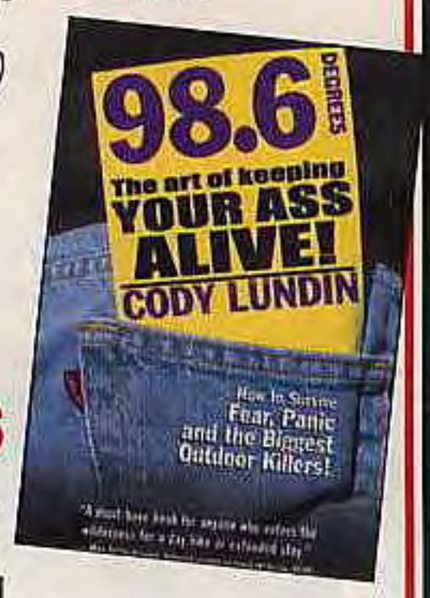
When the job starts,
When the day's slow,
When I'm feeling sad,
I simply remember my sexual things,
And then I know I've been bad.





"Dude, no one ever wins that game."

Covering Your Ass



This Month: *98.6 Degrees: The Art of Keeping Your Ass Alive!* by Cody Lundin

What It Is: A *MacGyver*-like survival manual on how to stave off death should you become lost or stranded in the great outdoors. Cody Lundin teaches you how to regulate your body temperature, stay hydrated and signal rescuers. This was not written by some wanna-be outdoorsman. Lundin lived for two years in the woods, where he slept on pine needles. The book is full of the author's wilderness wisdom and cartoonist Russ Miller's clever illustrations.

Why We Care: Most people think, *It can't happen to me*, but emergency situations often have benign beginnings. A wrong turn down a road or a simple day hike can easily turn into a life-threatening situation. Plus, if the economy keeps tanking, we'll probably all be stranded outdoors before too long.

Buzz: The book has gotten rave reviews from author Alan Dean Foster, Dan Hourihan (president, Mountain Rescue Association) and Peter Kummerfeldt (Former SERE training director at the U.S. Air Force Academy).

How to Get It: *98.6 Degrees: The Art of Keeping Your Ass Alive!* is available at local bookstores and at **www.ALSSAdventures.com**.

Bottom Line: This is the kind of book you never think you'll need, until it's too late. Read it now!



AIR CANADA

Flying Shit

As a student who travels home on pretty much every major national holiday, I found your November's ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH on Air Canada quite fitting. We're being gouged over and over again, and nothing is happening to make it better, in fact, it just keeps getting worse! I think your article on Air Canada will open up at least a few people's minds – I for one will start taking the bus back home to visit family...and I'm from Ottawa!

S.H.
Vancouver, BC

Good call S.H., enjoy your next bus ride home!

Nature Lover

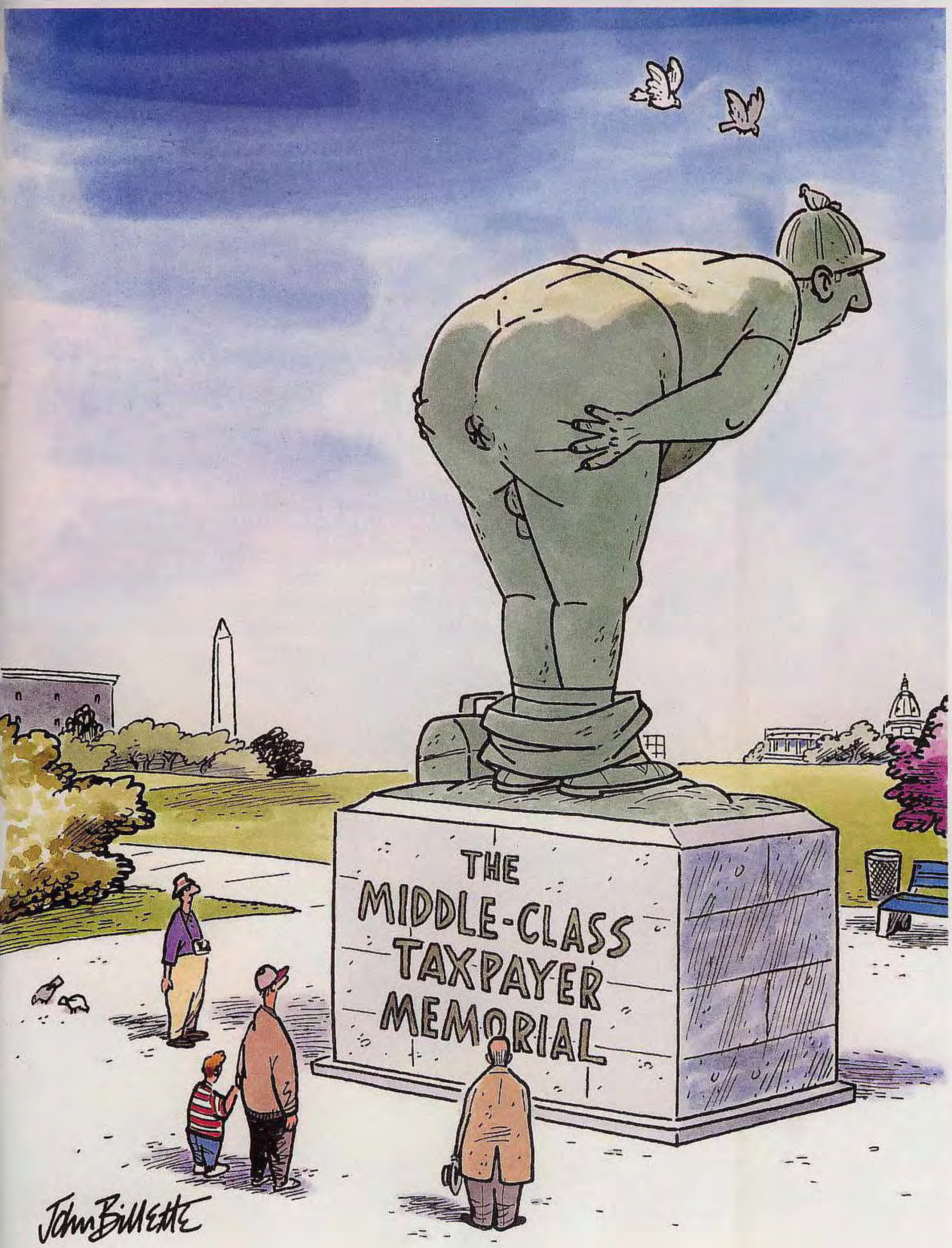
I've been buying Hustler since I was of legal age to do so, and still there's never a letdown! After taking a look at your November issue, I was in awe of the quality of your girls, who still for the most part aren't pumped with silicone and are natural looking. I especially found your spread of Kaitlyn Love quite enticing, and I couldn't expect better girls than HUSTLER puts out.

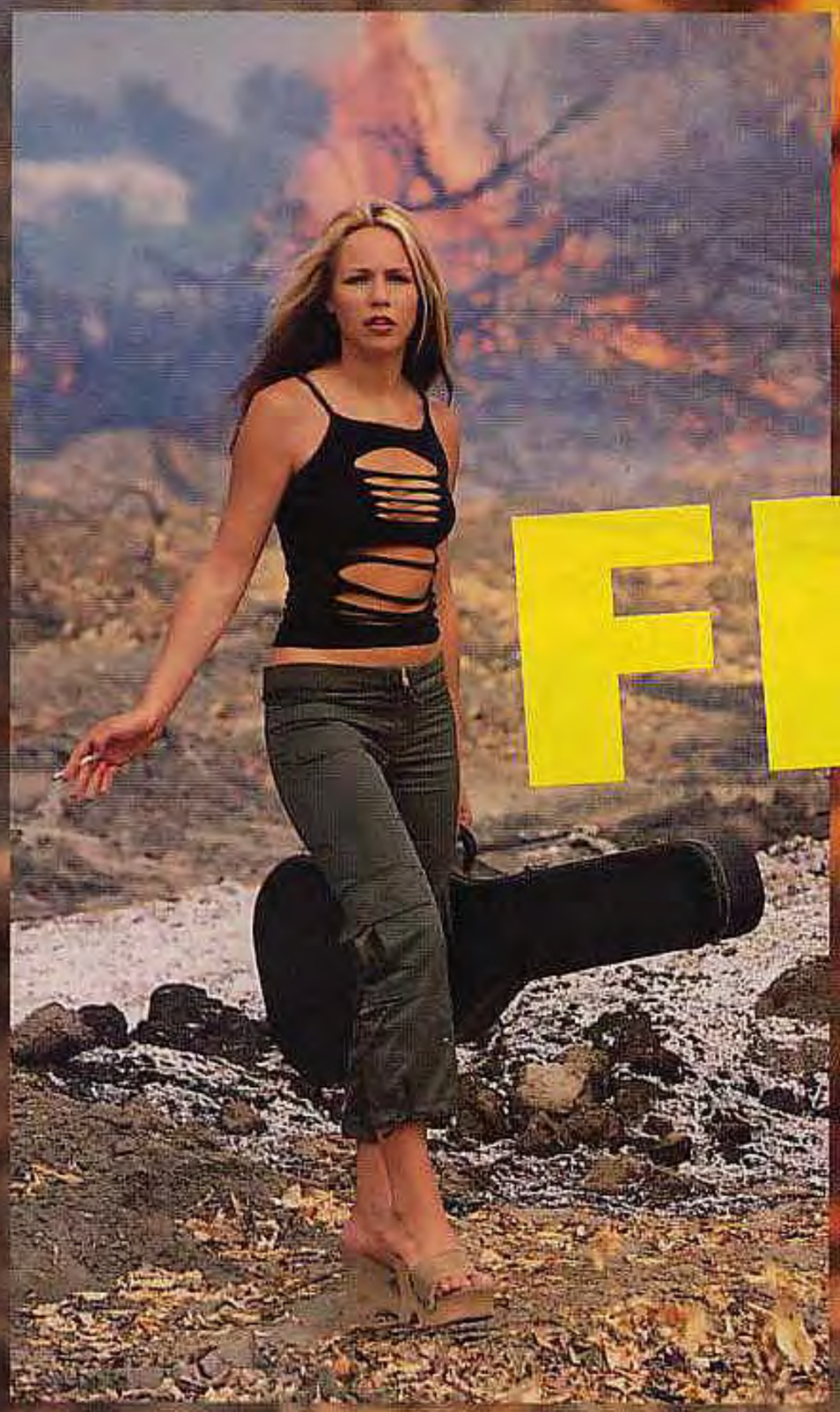
A.L.
Deep River, ON

We aim to please A.L.!






THE
MIDDLE-CLASS
TAXPAYER
MEMORIAL
John Billette



FIRE IN CRYSTAL KLEIN

Crystal was born in Austria, the motherland of candidate Arnold Schwarzenegger, and isn't afraid to offer her political analysis of the Terminator: "I think he's really an honest guy and has honest intentions." The 21-year-old brushes aside the rumors that Arnold has bench-pressed a lot of girls, opining, "I cannot see him as a womanizer. He has no sex appeal whatsoever."

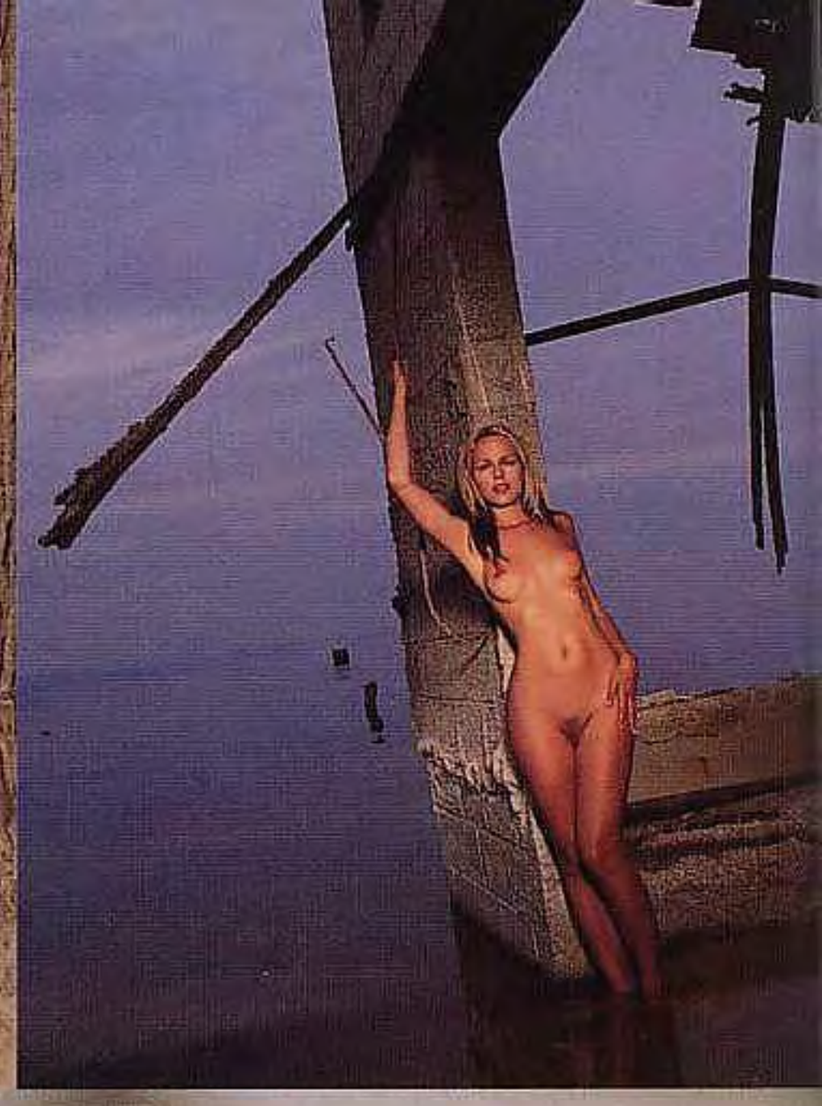


THE HOLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



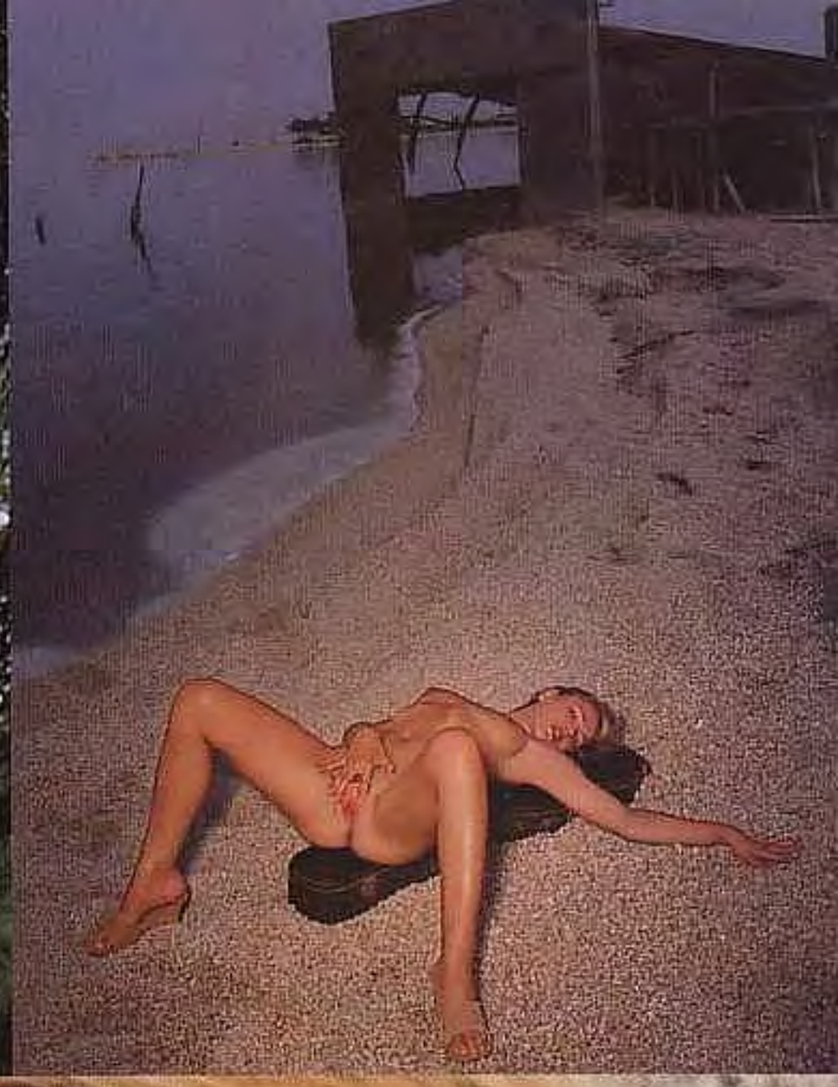


















The blond enchantress's ultimate goal is to be a psychotherapist, though the future shrink dismisses fellow Austrian Sigmund Freud's penis envy theory. "I think it's bullshit," Crystal snorts. "He had real problems with sexuality. He kind of tried to cure himself." Perhaps all he needed was Crystal's hot body.



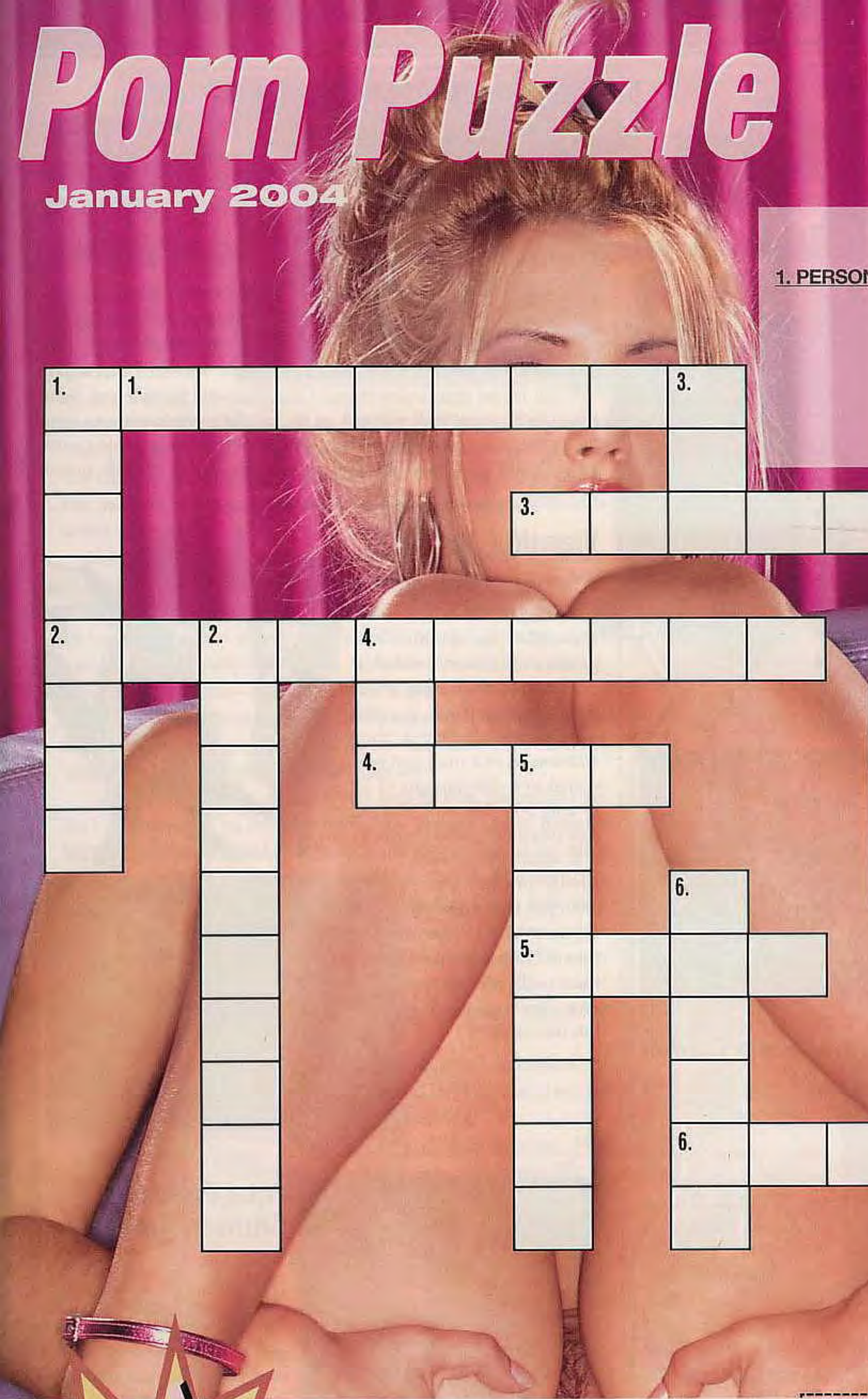

Gibson



"I concur Doctor, definite tendencies toward Nymphomania, however the patient is still requesting a third opinion."

Porn Puzzle

January 2004



ACROSS

1. PERSON OF UNRESTRAINED SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR
2. DEVIATION FROM THE NORM
3. KINK FOR SOMETHING
4. LESBIAN (SL.)
5. SEXUAL INTERCOURSE (SYN.)
6. GREEK GOD OF LOVE

DOWN

1. MAN WHO SEDUCES CHARMINGLY
2. OBSESSIVE SEXUAL DESIRE
3. PERFORM ORAL SEX (SL.)
4. PENIS (SL.)
5. BREASTS (SL.)
6. STIMULATE SEXUALLY WITH FINGERS

WIN

SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO:
NORTHLAND MEDIA INC.
173 LAKESHORE RD. W., BOX 177
OAKVILLE, ON, L6K 1E7
AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FINAL DRAW IN DECEMBER 2004.
50 PARTICIPANTS WILL WIN A FREE ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION.

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Adress _____
City _____
Province _____
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Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa



XIII
Ubi Soft
(GameCube/PC/ PlayStation 2/Xbox)



You wake up to discover that your memory is gone, and you've apparently killed the President. Good luck for the Democrats, but a nightmare for you. ***XIII*** looks and feels like a graphic novel but plays like the slickest of first-person shooting games. When you tag a baddie in the skull with a bullet from your sniper rifle, three comic-book panels pop onto the screen, portraying your victim's death in slow-mo. Killing never looked so cool.





World Championship Pool 2004
Jaleco (GameCube/PC/ PlayStation 2/ Xbox)

This simulation features 34 of the world's top players (e.g., Earl "the Pearl" Strickland) and 21 different venues to rack 'em up in. If you suck on the felt, the game features an aiming aid to help steady your wobbly stick. Die-hard strokers and casual bangers alike can brush up on their strategies in this realistic virtual pool hall.

Viewtiful Joe
Capcom (GameCube)



Viewtiful Joe is either the product of a twisted mind or an example of gaming genius. The cartoony game is packed with bizarre characters (think ***Ultraman*** in a tutu) and presented in a dizzying mix of 2-D and 3-D. None of the game's superficial flair would mean squat if it wasn't graced with wholly original game play. Joe can dispatch enemies with "Mach Speed" attacks or pick them off in *Matrix*-style slow-motion. Play this one on acid.





Ninja Gaiden
Tecmo (Xbox)



Video game junkies often cite the many old-school incar-nations of ***Ninja Gaiden*** as their drug of choice. This next-generation remake aims to re-create the martial-arts action of the classic game with eye-popping graphics and lightning-fast game play that only Xbox can deliver. ***Ninja Gaiden*** oozes with highly realistic gore, but it's the game's ultrahot female characters that cause eyeballs to pop from their sockets.



Fatal Frame 2: Crimson Butterfly
Tecmo (PlayStation 2)

The game's subtitle evokes the gout of blood one might find on a used Maxi-Pad, and the in-game experience is doubly gut-wrenching. In a haunted Japanese village, the only thing that stands between you and hundreds of angry ghosts is an antique camera. Snap pictures of the specters to stop them from adding you to their numbers. The scares in this game are much like those in the horror film *The Ring*.



JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

Hi, guys! I have a few days off after a particularly busy month, but I have some big things to report. I hope you've had the chance to see my billboard in Times Square! It's strange to see myself on a 48-foot-high, 32-foot-wide billboard, but I felt it needed to be done, since Times Square has been sanitized like Disneyland. I thought people might boycott the message and start marching against me, but there have been so many reports recently of people loving it. I think New York is going to take after Las Vegas now. They tried to clean up Las Vegas, and it didn't work! They tried to clean up New York, and that's not gonna work either. I'm going to make it my mission to sleaze up New York again!

A lot of my fans write to me asking what kind of music I'm into; so I thought I'd fill everyone in as to what's in heavy rotation in my CD player. I'm into all different kinds of genres. I like Jack Johnson a lot, and I *love* Disturbed, Snoop and 50 Cent. I honestly like anybody who's incredibly talented. This may surprise some of you, but I'm really taken by Justin Timberlake. I'm sorry, but he's badass. It's not just that he's cute—he's got the talent to back it up! I'm not really into boy bands, but I went to see his concert recently and came to the conclusion that he must have been black in his past life. He can really dance too. I mean, he's white. He's not supposed to be able to dance like that!

I also just shot a remake of *Devil in Miss Jones* for Vivid. The best part was that I got to work with the star of the original film, Georgina Spelvin! It was the first time I met Georgina, and I was really excited about it, because she was in one of the very first adult movies ever made. She was so free about everything, and I was totally inspired by that. I was amazed that she was so forthcoming about doing what she did. Back then, porn was so taboo. I can't even imagine being a girl and doing a sex film during the 1970s. She's so fun, and so crazy! She's a total hippie, and she's a really good actress as well. She plays my alter ego—she's the good half, and I'm the bad half. I had such a blast; you guys are gonna love it!

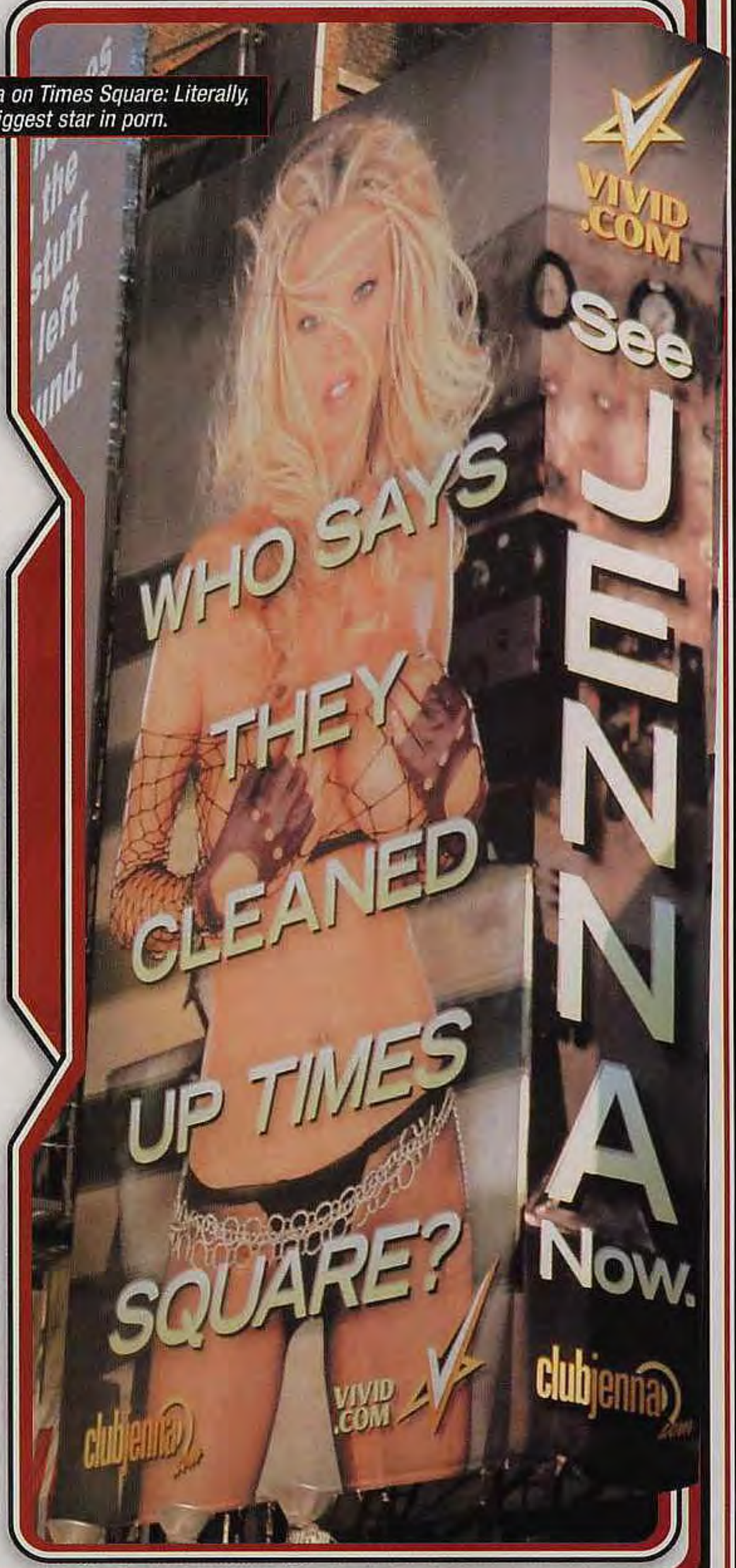
If there's anything the rest of you would like to see in the next installment of my column, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

See you soon!

XoXo, Jenna





Jenna on Times Square: Literally, the biggest star in porn.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

CEOHHHH!

AUGUST AND
ERIC MASTERSON









Office party: two words that have disaster written all over them. After having a few too many drinks last year, Eric knocked up a co-worker, lost his wife and gained child support payments for the next 18 years; so the executive horndog was determined not to let *that* happen again.









His best-laid plans to not get laid went down the drain when August showed up at this year's party in a red-hot cocktail dress. Eric told August he was staying out of the copy room, where his last child was conceived; so she offered to give him a tour of the office basement. It wasn't long before they were violating the employee handbook and each other.





Peep Party



Angie and I had been on the university swim team since the beginning of our freshman year. We are both attractive young women, athletic and very sexy. We're also both pretty horny girls and, as you can imagine, we have no shortage of guys lining up to take care of our carnal needs. Last month we had a very interesting encounter, which lead to a very wild sex session.

We had just finished our swim routine and we were in the shower room rinsing off the nasty smell of chlorine from our beautiful voluptuous bods.

"I've got to pee," said Angie as she rinsed the shampoo from her long silky blond hair. Soaking wet, she walked away. "Be right back."

I continued to shower, waiting for her to return. Several minutes later Angie returned looking very agitated.

"What's up," I shouted through the hissing sounds of the hot shower.

She moved close to me and spoke softly in my ear. "I think there's someone peeping into the bathroom stall."

"Are you sure?" I asked with disbelief.

"I think so," she said. "I was taking a pee and noticed a small pinhole in the wall. I'm certain there was someone peeping through it."

I turned off the shower. "Let's go check it out." We both wrapped towels around our wet bodies and marched over to the bathroom cubicle. Looking in we could see a tiny hole in the wall.

"What's behind this wall?" I asked Angie.

"I think it's the boiler room for the pool."

"C'mon," I said as I stormed toward the door, "let's go catch the perv."

We quietly left the locker room and entered the hall. Right next to the girl's locker room door was the door for the boiler room. I quietly turned the doorknob and, sure enough, it was unlocked.

As we entered the dark room I turned around, placed a finger on my lips motioning to Angie to be really quiet. Slowly we crept around to the back of the room. There, kneeling on the floor, with his hard dick in his hand, was Jamie Duncan – the captain of the university football team.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" I shouted.

The startled voyeur jumped up, his pants dropping to his knees, and bumped his head on an overhead pipe.

"Ouch, shit!" he exclaimed.

"Is this how you get your jollies!" I growled at him.

Jamie stood there, red-faced, with his softening dick flopping down and totally lost for words.

"I can't believe that a guy like you would stoop this low just to get a peek at some pussy."

"I...I...I...," he stuttered.

"What do you think of this perv?" I said turning around to Angie. But her eyes were transfixed in a hypnotic stare on Jamie's 8-inch cock.

"Angie!"

"Uh, sorry Carmen, I was just noticing that our pervert is quite well endowed."

I looked at her with frustration. "You gotta be kidding?"

"No really, look at that fucking horse cock. Have you ever seen such a big dick?"

I looked down at Jamie's manhood. He did, in fact, have quite an enormous penis. I figured it was time to have our school pervert make amends.

"So," I began, "should we report you to the dean's office?"

"Oh please Carmen, don't turn me in – I'd be fucked – I'd lose my scholarship and probably get expelled!"

"Well judging by your carnal clandestine activities I think you'd like to get fucked!"

"What's that supposed to mean?

"Look," I said, "I'm gonna make you the offer of the century."

Jamie looked at me with suspicion. "And what's that?""

"You're gonna satisfy me and Angie, and if you do a good job we won't tell anyone about your peeping activities."

"Anything...anything you say, just don't turn me into the dean."

I looked at him and grinned. "Get back on your knees!"

Jamie obediently fell to his knees. I dropped my towel, revealing my moist and sexy body. "Eat my cunt," I ordered him. Angie let out a burst of laughter.

"W..wh..what?"

"Eat my pussy, perv boy and if you do a good job, then you can eat Angie too."

"Carmen!" Angie huffed.

I pulled open my luscious labe lips. "C'mon jock boy, let's see if you can do something more than just look."

Jamie leaned forward and stuck his wet licker in between my juicy cunny lips. "Mmm," I moaned, "it's not just his tongue that's long," I said, leaning over and smiling at Angie.

Jamie moved closer and grabbed my buttocks, pushing me closer into his face.

"Man," he said with a muffled voice, "your pussy tastes so good."

I looked over again at Angie. By now she had also thrown down her towel and was playing with herself.

"Good boy Jamie," she whispered, "eat Carmen's cunt, eat her cunt really good."

Jamie was doing exactly that. His mouth made the most wonderful smacking sounds as he munched my muff."

Angie moved closer and began to kiss me. I was taken aback at first, but I was so horny that I didn't really care. I returned the kiss. Our tongues swirled about in one another's moist mouths as Jamie's tremendous tongue continued to make beautiful love to my horny hatch.

I could feel my cunt about to explode on his face. I am certain he could tell I was coming too, because his movements became quicker and more deliberate. I moaned, but Angie's mouth, which covered mine, muted my cries of ecstasy.

Finally my pussy erupted in a tumultuous orgasm, spraying my twat butter all over his handsome face. My clit was so sensitive that I had to pull away from his cunt eating lips almost immediately after I came.

"Please," he begged, "I want more, I want more."

Angie moved up to the plate and pushed her bloated beef box in front of his cunt hungry face.

"Do me now, and do me good!"

Jamie grateful buried his face in Angie's hair pie and began to give her the best box job of her life. Grabbing his hair Angie pushed his head against her rubyfruit and began to fuck his face. I stood watching the pair, gently rubbing my clit and bringing on mini-orgasms.

"I want you to fuck me baby," she moaned. "I want to feel that big cock of yours inside me.

Jamie abruptly stood up and became a bit more aggressive. "Turn around, I'm going to fuck that beautiful cunt of yours and show you what a real man is!"

"I want to feel that big cock of yours inside me."

Angie turned around, put her hands up against the cement wall and perked her ass up in the air.

"Fuck me baby, fuck me real good and hard."

I watched with horny fascination as Jamie's big beautiful fat cock parted Angies lovely love petals. She squealed with joy as the enormous man tool split her tight little Beaver.

"My gawd," she moaned with pleasure, "your cock is so big, your cock is so godammned big!"

It was an awesome sight, watching my best friend getting fucked by this gorgeous stud. I moved toward the fornicators and pushed my pussy into Angie's face.

"Eat me," I ordered her.

Angie looked up at me with surprise, but did as she was told. She ate my cunt differently than Jamie – more gently but every bit as good. I stroked her long silky black hair.

"Man your cunt is tight," huffed Jamie as his fuck tool pistoned in and out of Angie's jam box. Each time he drove his mammoth dick into her twat her face pushed up against my convulsing cunt, driving her tongue deeper inside me.

Jamie's motions were becoming quicker and more erratic, signaling his impending orgasms. He reached around and began to frig Angie's clit.

"C'mon baby, I want us to come at the same time, c'mon!"

Angie began to buck as her stud brought her closer and closer to the point of no return.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she screamed, "I'm gonna come, I'm gonna co..."

Suddenly Angie's cunt locked around Jamie's mega member and blew off in a wild orgasm.

"That's it baby, come on my cock, come all over my cock!"

As Angie dripped her joy juice all over Jamie's rock hard rod, my own cunt was busy going off in Angie's mouth. She quietly and dutifully lapped up my sweet twat sap.

Finally Jamie withdrew his swollen fuck pole from Angie's blowing vulva volcano and began to wildly jerk himself.

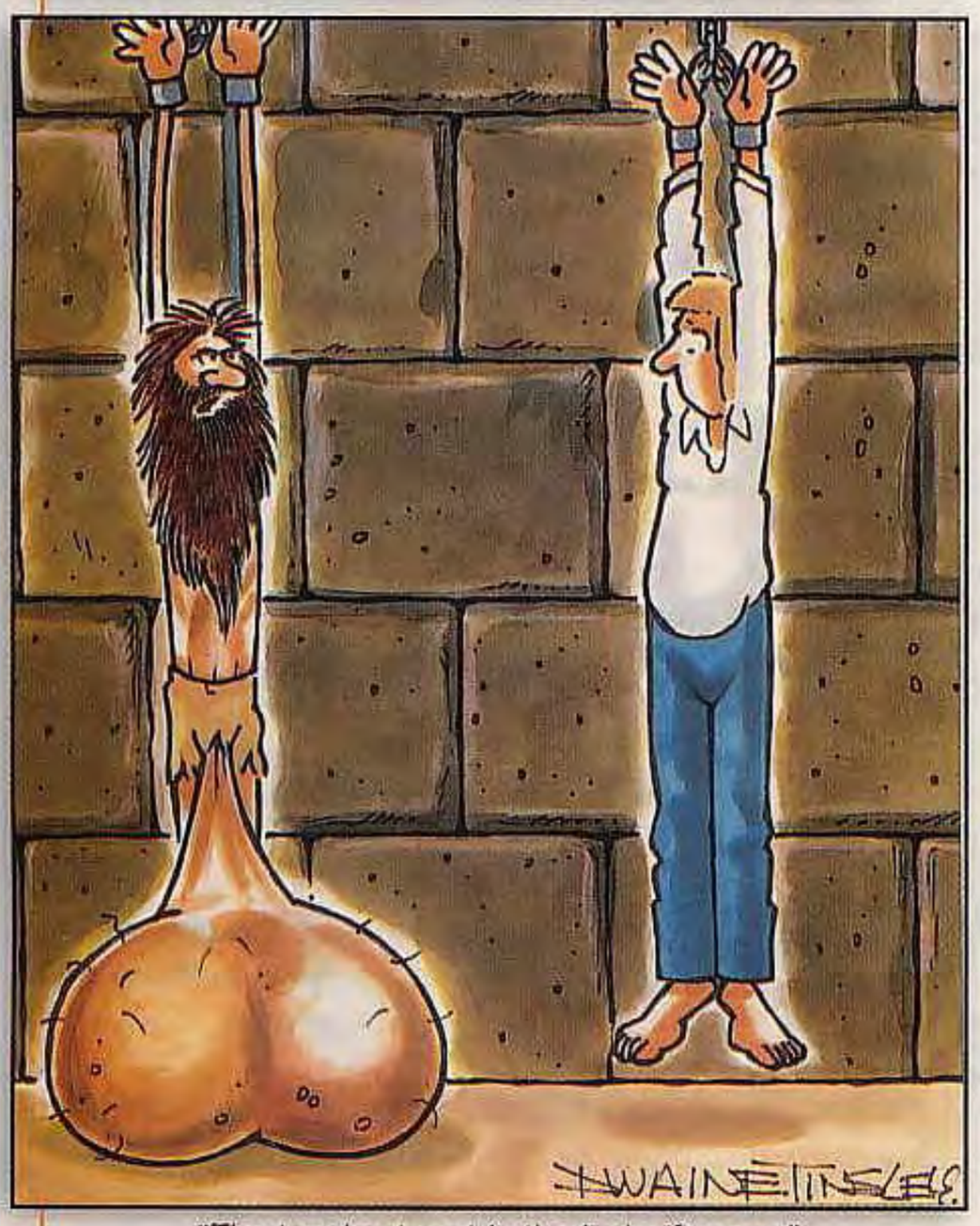
"I'm gonna come," he shouted, "I'm gonna fucking blow!"

Moments later Jamie let out a volley of knob nectar, which shot so far, that it hit me on the belly. The subsequent spurts blopped onto Angie's back and dripped down her hot crack. Angie finally fell to the floor, coated with cum and totally satisfied.

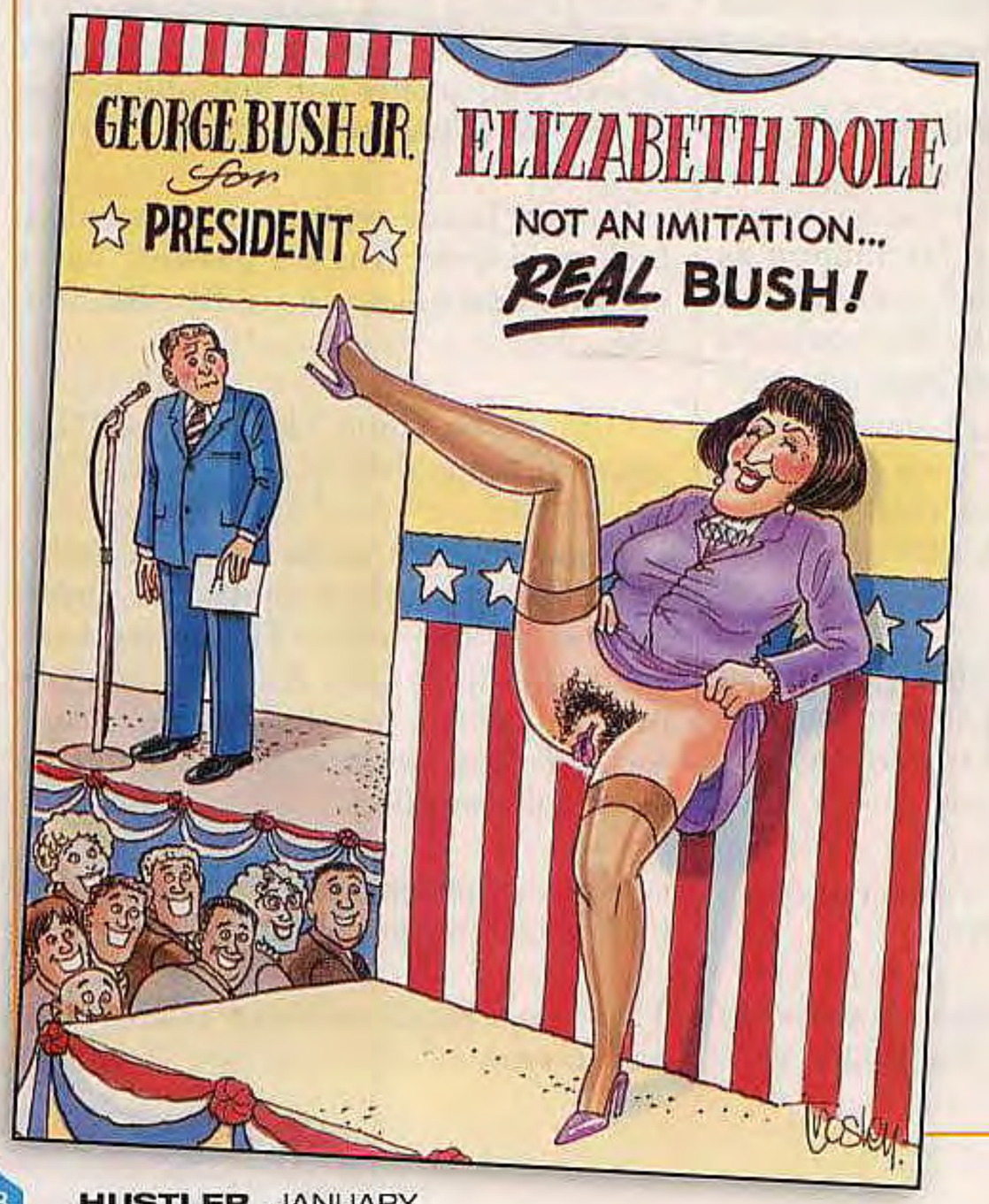
Now we make it a regular ritual to meet in the boiler room each Monday night.

There's so much more to school than just classes!

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

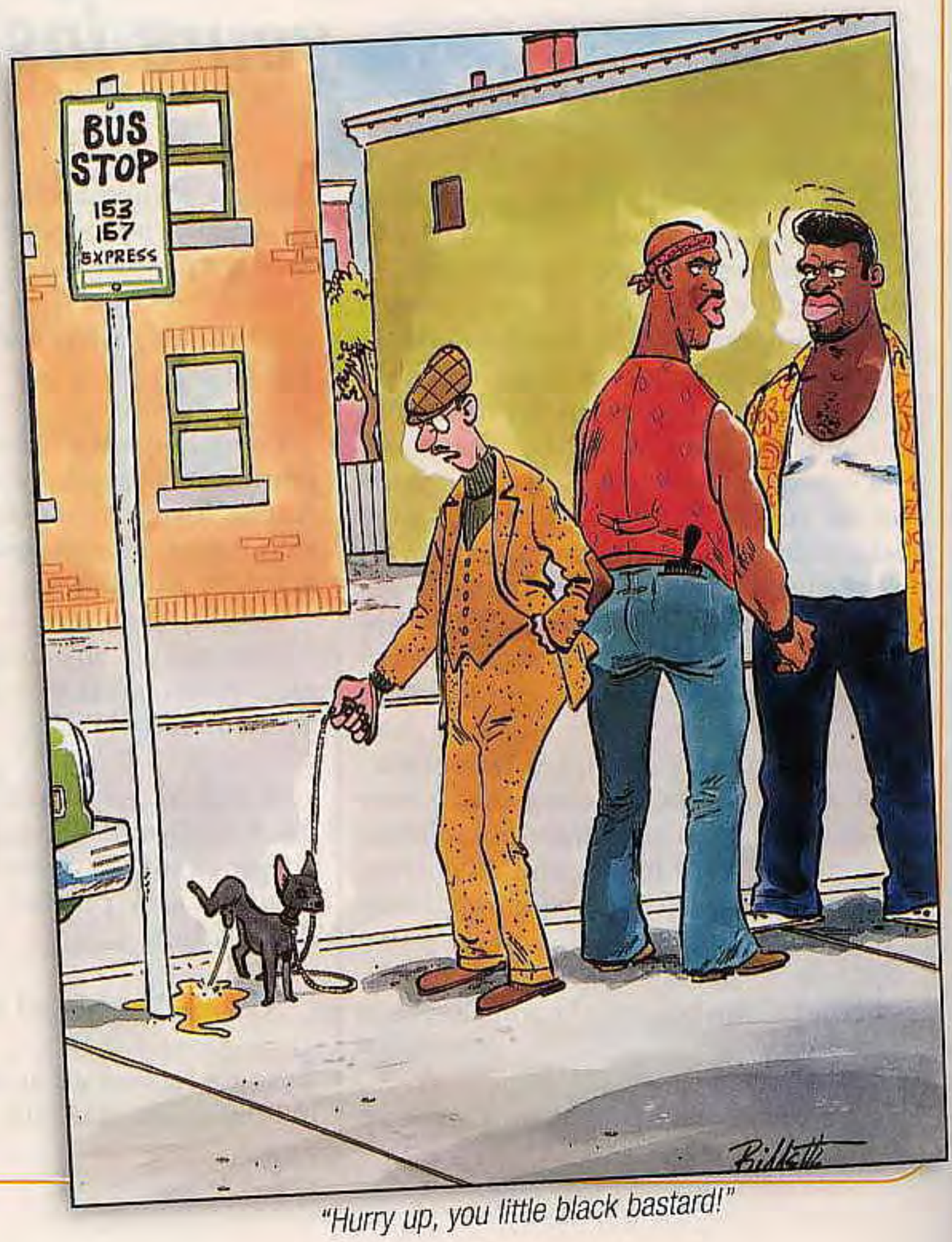


"The toughest part is the lack of pussy."





"It's a suicide all right. The radio is tuned to a country music station."



"Hurry up, you little black bastard!"

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by Randy Haberek





Opera: *Ashley Blue demonstrates how to get at those hard-to-reach areas.*



Opera: *Color-coordinating is Papillion's strong suit—well, aside from getting fucked in the ass.*



Opera: *Avy Scott mounts a Roman column.*



Opera: *Ashley Blue: "What the hell am I doing here? Oh, that's right. I flunked the bar exam."*

Opera

Directed by Thomas Zupko

Starring Papillion, Avy Scott, Ashley Blue, Viveca Vengeance, Katja Kassin, Allura Bond, Saline Diamond, Valentino, Allen Rene, Mickey G., Pistol Pete, Axel Braun, Trent Tesoro, Brian Surewood, Tony Tedeschi and Dennis Marti.

Videocassette and DVD: Elegant Angel.

Director Thomas Zupko has created a new genre of erotica: "art house porn." The film, *Opera*, is a cautionary tale of betrayal, redemption and heroin addiction that unfolds over a period of four seasons. The film is shot almost entirely in Italian with English subtitles (if this gives any indication of the direction in which Zupko was headed). Who else would hire a legitimate opera singer to play the lead role? Aside from the lush cinematography, *Opera* does contain steamy fucking. Ashley Blue's zipper-busting scene with Trent Tesoro serves to illustrate why she is one of the reigning anal queens in the jizz biz. Tesoro's schlong stretches her shit pussy to its limit. The final scene features the return of Papillion in an all-out fuckfest, with her pooper getting stuffed at turns by Hulk Hogan lookalike Brian Surewood and Mickey G. *Opera* will have viewers stroking their chins and puds alike.

—Stewart Wallace

Headache for the Hedgehog

XXX Starlets Accuse Ron Jeremy of Rape

Legendary porn swordsman Ron Jeremy has found himself in the middle of a media shit storm following allegations by at least two female porn performers who have accused the rotund stunt cock of rape.

The first was Ginger Lynn, the star of more than 200 movies since 1982, who told listeners on her popular Internet radio program, *The Ginger Lynn Show* on KSEXradio.com, that Jeremy had forced her to have sex with him in the early '80s after breaking into her condo while the pair were on location in Hawaii making a video. "Ron Jeremy raped me on my very first film—broke into my condo...raped my ass on my first movie when I was 20 years old."

Following this claim, other XXX performers asserted that they too were victims of rape. Porn starlet Jennifer Steele also claims to have been forced into intercourse with Jeremy when she entered the business. In her written testimonial on porn-news Web site TopProTalent.com, Steele claims that Jeremy tried to force her into fucking him at a HUSTLER shoot in the bathroom during a break, and then later again at his apartment, where she was staying at the time. Although Jennifer admits that she did let him perform oral sex on her that evening, it was only because he promised to leave her alone and let her get some sleep when the task was complete. According to Steele, Ron proceeded to anally rape her.

Jeremy maintains that he doesn't even know who Steele is, but veteran porn journalist Gene Ross claims that Ron introduced her to him as his girlfriend the very next day after the alleged assault.

Not everyone is quick to brand Jeremy a rapist. Following the melee, former porn talent Jerry Butler told TopProTalent.com a different account of the Ginger Lynn "rape." Butler states that he was dating Lynn at the time, and all three were on set in Hawaii when Lynn says the forced fucking took place. He claims that they were hanging out on the beach and, after going down to the water to urinate, he returned to find Lynn consensually performing fellatio on Jeremy: "She's a little run-around girl. Ron Jeremy is innocent."

To that end, it's important to note that Jeremy adamantly denies all of the allegations, and no charges have been filed against him. *Erotic Entertainment* will keep readers apprised of any further developments.



Jeremy: "Me, rape? Only at the buffet table!"



Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls: *Shai Lee knows that splooge makes a great moisturizer.*



2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3: *Catalina: "Can we switch positions, guys? My neck is killing me."*



Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls: *The reason why Mia Smiles is rapidly moving up the corporate ladder at Disneyland.*



2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3: *Catalina: "Only one dick? What's the title of this film again?"*

The Contortionist: *Steve Hatcher performs his own version of While You Were Sleeping on Cameron Cain and Anna Mills.*







S.M.U.T. #19: *Chenin Blanc is head-over-heels for cock.*

The Contortionist: *Honey rides the hairy beast.*



S.M.U.T. #19: *Dominica Leoni: "Grab me some batteries, this thing's running out of juice."*



Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls

Directed by Alex Ladd.
Starring Charmane Star, Avena Lee, Lucy Lee, Shai Lee, Mia Smiles, Nautica Thorn, Chris Toms, K-K, Rick Masters, Joel Lawrence, Jean Pallett and Chris Cannon.
Videocassette: DVSX.

The plaid-skirted geishas of *Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls* are all laid-back California cuties, most of them with uncharacteristically huge fun bags. Nautica Thorn is a top-heavy, brunet sex bomb with heaven-sent lips destined to wrap themselves around hard cock. Her scorching bout of beef injection kicks off with a ravenous cunt-lapping, where the guy thrashes around like a pit bull with a chew toy. Nautica's juicy glutes and giant melons bounce pleasantly while she rides pole hard and fast. Just when the almond-eyed temptress's mounds are hosed with nut butter and you think it's over, a bonus mini-scene of a bare-breasted Nautica masturbating adds a little blast to bring you over the top. With a nearly flawless cast of gorgeous and hormone-crazed Asian-American nymphos, *Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls* will appeal to pussy hounds of all persuasions.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

The Contortionist

Directed by Henri Pachard.
Starring Cameron Cain, Honey, Anna Mills, Brooke Balentyne, Layla Jade, Dru Berrymore, Herschel Savage, Nick Manning, Steve Hatcher, Tony Tedeschi and Gino Greco.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

In *The Contortionist*, Cameron Cain is Pinky, a distraught girl who, in the midst of scattering her dead boyfriend's ashes, is arrested by a cop (Herschel Savage) with a penchant for rescuing damsels in distress. He takes her in, she falls for him, and within no time, Cain's fuck hole is being consoled by Savage's night stick. We soon learn that Pinky is a sexual *Zelig* who morphs into whomever she's hanging out with. Whether she's a submissive, a bank robber or a prostitute, she's more than willing to trade her dignity for a load in the piehole. After Savage tires of the carnal chameleon, Cain hits the streets hooking and is picked up by blazing-hot, foul-mouthed fuck pet Anna Mills and "hubby" Steve Hatcher. During a boner-inducing threeway, Anna gets plugged by Hatcher doggy-style, all the while taunting a cock-deprived Cain between licks at her muff. Chock-full of goo-gobbling ginches, *The Contortionist* will have you twisting your fist around your prick.

—S. W.

2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3

Directed by Tyrone Shuz and Andre Madness.
Starring Ander Page, Anika Fox, Sabrina Snow, Kelli Tyler, Catalina, Steve Holmes, Tony Ribas, Trever Zen, Frazer Luvitt, Mark Ashley and Ben English.
Videocassette and DVD: New Sensations.

Fans of porn dude Ben English, rejoice: *2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3* has arrived. As a stunt cock in four out of five scenes, you see more of Ben's prodigious schlong than Ander Page's pert tits and ripe peach of an ass. The video's fundamentally flawed concept (unless you like nut sacs, crossed swords and guy butt) is somewhat salvaged by a crew of superior sluts. Red-hot Ander Page, sultry blonde Sabrina Snow and rib-cage-thin redhead Anika Fox burn up the screen when they're not being engulfed by a sea of dude flesh. These momentary respites make for a good five minutes. Without many close-ups, the talent is squandered and the action falls flat. The payoff? Double facials, very thick and extra creamy. Coating honeys with more splooge than one man could muster on his own is a splendorous sight, but double money-shots are the only asset that allows *2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3* to break even.

—J. P.

S.M.U.T. #19

Directed by Gus Delario.
Starring Zana, Chenin Blanc, Cynara Fox, Dominica Leoni, Ashley Moore, Saphire Rae, Vanessa Mackenzie, Barrett Blade, Cheyne Collins and Steve Hatcher.
Videocassette and DVD: Elegant Angel.

The box cover of *S.M.U.T. #19* promises "100% certified bone-choking action!" They weren't dicking around. The flick immediately opens with a cock-crazed Dominica Leoni hungrily huffing down Steve Hatcher's tube steak. Initially, there is no dialogue, just gothic-inspired techno music accompaniment. The sounds of a squawking parrot—or even a gagging Leoni—would have been a vast improvement on the horrendous soundtrack. Thankfully, the music dissipates over time so you can actually *hear* auburn-haired fuck slut Vanessa Mackenzie moan as her gash engulfs Cheyne Collins's man-muscle. The hottest scene in *S.M.U.T #19* is a three-way with insatiable flesh puppets Ashley Moore, Saphire Rae and Barrett Blade. Both girls get popped in the pooper after clawing at Blade's cock like a couple of starving weasels. Aside from one uninspired vignette, *S.M.U.T. #19* delivers the filth admirably.

—S. W.



Naughty Nights #5: *Jena pauses to savor the bouquet.*



Angel X: *Brittany and Alexis share troll meat.*



Double Anal Plugged: *Sandra Romain: "Can you see my small intestine?"*

Double Anal Plugged

Directed by David Luger.

Starring Sandra Romain, Trinity, Cristina, Vivienne La Roche, Sarah O'Neil, Wesley, Cristain, Steve Holmes, Eric Everhard, Claudio Melony and Manuel Ferrara.

Videocassette: Red Light District.

High-end porn sluts don't often feel the need to rip their coccyges asunder, so *Double Anal Plugged* has to play the hand it's dealt. A cadre of desperate foreign whores led by pale, carrottopped Vivienne La Roche surrender their gaping, ruby-red dirt boxes for defilement. The flick delivers what it promises: a pair of cocks rubbing together inside a cavernous crap hatch. Lamentably, to pull it off, the guys have to get closer together than conjoined twins, completely blocking the chick from sight. A couple of ginches have the chance to show off their firm bodies while they oil up. Raven-haired Euro-babe Sarah O'Neil lubes her entire ass until it shines like a honey-glazed ham. Sandwiched between dudes during her dual dung-hatch drubbing, Sarah's feet don't even touch the ground. These thrills aside, *Double Anal Plugged* sadly trades any real heat for an extra dose of schlong, gypping the viewer. **—J.P.**

Naughty Nights #5

Directed by Travis Knight.

Starring Gina Lynn, Kiani Li, Jena, Kris, Shannon Getsit, Travis Knight, Rick Roberts, John, Sully and Mac.

Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Naughty Nights #5 features a quartet of randy XXX greenhorns anxious to push their limits. Jena, the hottest newcomer by far, is also the wimpiest. An incredibly hot, young brunette with huge natural jugs and a cute face, Jena goes lesbo with the blond, fake-boobed spum target Gina Lynn. Their scintillating rug munch is set to explode into a threeway, except Jena backs away from the boy beef. Reduced to window dressing, the bashful nymph occasionally grabs Gina's tits as she stands around for the rest of the scene. Kris has a rough face and a wrestler's body but tackles two guys at once in her screen debut. In a bait-and-switch move, the last scene begins with a hot blonde sucking the cameraman off, but a homely brunette soon takes her place and brings the action indoors for a D.P. This bit of flimflammery only accentuates *Naughty Nights #5*'s already dim prospects. **—J.P.**

Chunky on the Fourth of July

Directed by Grip Johnson.

Starring Roxy Blaze, Nina, Lisa Sparxxx, Gen Padova, Lauren Smith, Steven French, Jeremy Steele, Frank Bukkwyd, Andrew Riviera and Kid Jihad.

Videocassette and DVD: SkinTight Pictures.

Chubby veteran Roxy Blaze comes home from Iraq in a wheelchair and must learn to go on in *Chunky on the Fourth of July*. With a nod to *Rear Window*, Roxy spies on her overweight neighbor Nina getting jiggy in the front yard. Back in Baghdad, Iraqi soldiers rape the captive Lisa Sparxxx, face-fuck her and force her to lick a picture of Saddam Hussein. One of the brutal Iraqis professes his love for Max Hardcore in the middle of berating the hefty blonde. The subsequent slaps, insults and degrading comments undermine the appeal for any core audience of cellulite worshippers. Skinny, pale Gen Padova nurses the crippled Roxy back to health with a sponge bath and a strap-on, leaving fat aficionados with little to chew on. In a jumble of contradictions, *Chunky on the Fourth of July* is an earnest parody, a jingoistic "tribute" to a scathing antiwar novel and a mean-spirited look at fat women. Who could jerk off to that? **—J.P.**

Angel X

Directed by Michael Raven.

Starring Kaylani Lei, Asia Carrera, Lisa Parks, Olivia del Rio, Brittany Skye, Lea De Mea, Alexis Malone, Nick Manning, Dale D'Bone, Lee Stone, Dillon, John West, Mike Horner and Sayo Daisuchin.

Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

A fetid, anime-inspired crapfest directed by Michael Raven, Angel X gets its priorities ass-backward. The goofy plot, elaborate sets and laughable special effects are taken seriously, while the sex is slow, soft-focus and cable-ready. Titular heroine Kaylani Lei is actually hot without the Kabuki makeup she wears throughout. She shares a soft-core, lovey-dovey night with co-star Asia Carrera and a mist-filled boff with an extra-dimensional stranger who packs condoms. Bad guy Nick Manning and his cronies reside in a dungeonous lair, where they're serviced by four delectable blondes. Buxom Brittany Skye normally raises the roof on any feature she's in, but she's wasted here as an anonymous slut decked out in cheesy Red Sonja regalia. If you're the kind of guy who enjoys mastur-bating to video-game chicks and Japanese cartoons, stick to Sailor Moon and shun Angel X's hellish hybrid. **—J.P.**



Chunky on the Fourth of July: *Lisa Sparxxx: "I guess this beats bamboo under my fingernails."*



Double Anal Plugged: *Sandra: "No need to crowd, guys. Can't you see my pussy's unoccupied?"*



Chunky on the Fourth of July: *Roxy does her part for the boys overseas.*



Angel X: *Kaylani Lei: "No, Tammy Faye Bakker did not do my makeup."*



Naughty Nights #5: *Kris: "See, Mom, I told you being double-jointed would land me a high-profile job someday."*

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Poking Around Under the Hood at Hot Import Nights

For the *Fast and the Furious* set, there is only one event that gets their proverbial motors running. Since 1998, Hot Import Nights has become one of the fastest-growing touring events in the country, with over 15,000 tickets sold at each venue. The promoters' secret? Mixing the latest tricked-out American and Japanese cars with even sexier, barely clothed women showing off the freshest automotive gear.

H.I.N.'s nightclub-esque vibe (complete with DJs and fire-breathing hotties such as fetish model Masuimi Max) goes over well with the guys who pretend that they are there to see the cars. However, everyone knows that the slutty girls who populate Hot Import Nights are the real attraction.

While the men who attend the exhibition at least purport to have an interest in the vehicular fare, the women of H.I.N. make no bones about why they are at the event. "I'm going to find a guy and fuck him tonight," laughs one petite, smoking-hot Asian model wearing skintight jeans and a black bustier, checking out a hydraulically modified Honda emanating neon underneath the chassis.

Hot Import Nights? More like Hot Escort Nights!

Look for Hot Import Nights at a venue near you. For a complete schedule, visit www.HotImportNights.com.



Hot Import Nights models redefine the term "auto-erotic."







ROCK in a HARD PLACE

This month's guest XXX reviewers: Sam Lewis and Garrett Smith of Feathergun



BARELY LEGAL #38: Kat and her roomies make the best of their cramped apartment.



Who's Your Daddy #2: Layla: "I don't think it's gonna fit, Dani."



Teens Revealed #2: Summer Luv: "You promise this photo won't end up on a Christmas card somewhere?"

Who's Your Daddy #2

Directed by Greg Alves.
Starring Dani Woodward, Layla, Tayler Lynn, Katsumi, Roxie, Jasmin Lynn, Elizabeth Del Mar, Kinzie Kenner, Alex Sanders, Jon Dough, Mark Wood, Anthony Hardwood, Ben English and Mark Davis.
DVD: Zero Tolerance Entertainment.

If you're into watching old, fat, uncircumcised men pummel young, drifter crack whores, *Who's Your Daddy #2* will fulfill all your desires. I'm talking balding, spare-tire-wielding schlubs with some of the most fantastic back-hair formations this side of the prime meridian. At least the girls were prepared to do whatever it took to get this film made. Having never seen *Who's Your Daddy #1*, I wondered if I would be able to follow the plot. Was it really a sequel, or a prequel? Luckily, there was no confusion. It was just a home video of old guys banging young girls. They even qualify all of the fucking by stating that the men were not actually their dads. No shit. *Who's Your Daddy #2* proves that there needs to be more creativity in the smut industry; any mook can pick up a camera and hire some hookers to take it up the ass from their loser friends.

—Sam Lewis

BARELY LEGAL #38

Directed by Clive McLean.
Starring Simone, Kylie, Kat, Cherry, Haley, Wendy, Mark, Anthony, Lucky, Ben and Tony.
DVD: HUSTLER Video.

Call me old-fashioned, but I miss the porn films of the '70s. I pine for the days when blue-screen divas like Kay Parker, Honey Wilder and Ginger Lynn got down and dirty to the funkiest of soundtracks in situations that played out like wild fantasies. However, this is a brand-new era. In the 38th installment of *BARELY LEGAL*, director Clive McLean remains true to the formula of the modern skin flick: Young, naive girls stumble into situations where desire always seems to get the best of them—minimal acting and absence of a storyline, all set to a backdrop of some cheesy music. The sex scenes follow the standard order of operations: blowjob to cunnilingus to multipositioned pump-thrusting, culminating in a rote cum-shot to the face. That being said, I still enjoyed this movie. The girls were all very cute and willing to share their pink pleasure with style and grace. Don't expect a plot, just hot young nymphos looking for a good time.

—S. L.

Teens Revealed #2

Directed by Michael Stefano.
Starring Shawnie, Brianna Blaze, Ember, Summer Luv, Ariana Jollee, Michael Stefano, Brandon Iron, Anthony Hardwood and Ben English.
DVD: Platinum X Pictures.

Welcome to Boner City! As the self-appointed mayor of this gloriously erect metropolis, I'd like to direct your attention to a fine piece of cinema entitled *Teens Revealed #2*. Just the name of this film excited me, but as I delved deeper into the world of these teens, I realized the true beauty within. Not only was I along for the ride, I felt like I was a part of the party! This is the kind of film I could blow my wad to over and over again, as these lovely young girls tickled me pink. These sparkling love goddesses had my senses working overtime! Hats off to Michael Stefano, who not only produced and directed this masterpiece, but also delivered his own serving of hefty humping! I suppose the only true way to really perfect a fuck film is to dive in and be a part of it yourself. This delicious *pièce de résistance* delivers the goods and will easily turn your limp frown upside-down.

—Garrett Smith

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Grrl Power #15 (Kick Ass Pictures)
Ander Page, Renee Pornero, Jessica Darlin, Boo

HUSTLER'S Girl+Girl #2 (HUSTLER Video)
Caroline Cage, Kate, Cola, Monica More

Multiple P.O.V. (Red Light District)
Roxy, Gisselle, Cytherea, Cherry Lane

Not Just Another 8 Teen Movie (Zero Tolerance Entertainment)
Li'l Bit More, Cassie Young, Roxy, Mark Davis

Three-Quarters Erect

Dirty Little Cheaters (Metro Inc.)
Katie Morgan, Alana Evans, Brittany Skye, Rafe

Sinful Creations (Digital Playground)
Alexa Rae, Monica, Angel Cassidy, Val Pacino

Spit Shined (Platinum X Pictures)
Mandy Lee, Leslie Taylor, Julie Night, Nacho Vidal

Travel Sluts (DVSX)
Taylor Rain, Mia Smiles, Phoenix Ray, Roman Holiday

Half Erect

Adult Stars at Home #3 (Adam & Eve Productions)
Brittany Andrews, Donna Marie, Honey, Steve Hatcher

Catsnatch (VCA Pictures)
Sunset Thomas, Chloe, Julie Meadows, Tice Bune

Chick Flick #3 (Legend Video)
Charmane Star, Tawny Roberts, Dee, Kaylynn, Lee Stone

Double Parked #4 (DVSX)
Sandra Mark, Cherry, Simony, Rick Masters

Gonzomania (Elegant Angel)
Summer Luv, Saphire Rae, Ashley Moore, Jake Malone

One-Quarter Erect

Makin' It (Wicked Pictures)
Stephanie Swift, Sydnee Steele, Lezley Zen, Mike Horner

The Visitor (Elegant Angel)
Ashley Moore, Julie Night, Flick Shagwell, Joey Ray

Totally Limp

Shane's World #31: The Life and Times of Drunky the Bear (New Sensations)
Faye, Porno Joe, Stinky Martinez

Rating Guide

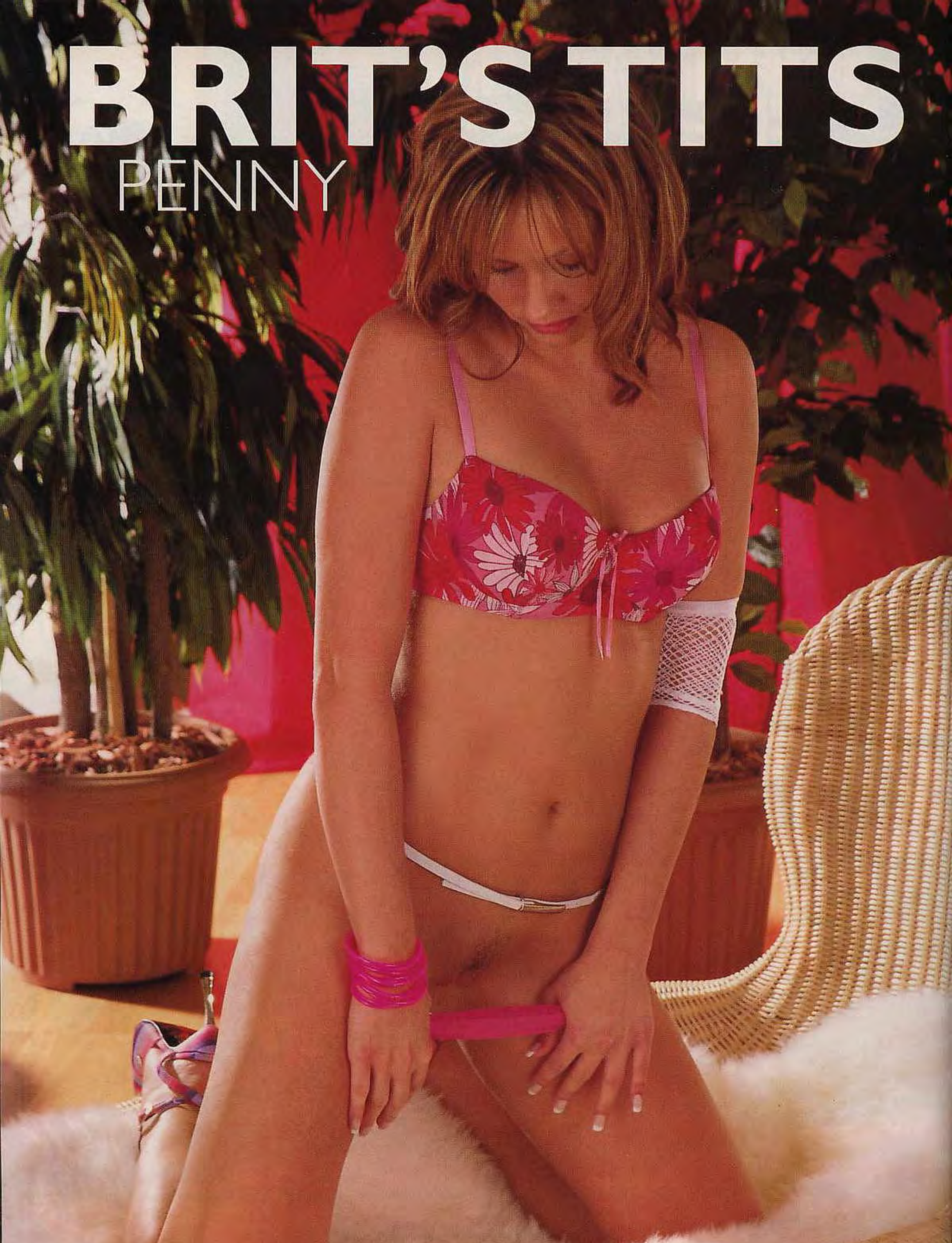
- **Fully Erect** — Superior. A top production.
- **Three-Quarters Erect** — Above average. Hard-on material.
- **Half Erect** — Standard fare. Has moments.
- **One-Quarter Erect** — Poor. Don't expect much.
- **Totally Limp** — A waste of time and money.



"Bart, I' m cutting you off, you've had enough."

BRIT'S TITS

PENNY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SCOTT WARD



Penny was born in merry old England. The creamy-skinned, 22-year-old Cancer says she fancies guys who are "rugby players" but is not turned on by the yellow teeth of some of her countrymen. Her parents know she works as a pole dancer these days, but they don't know she's posing nude. "I don't do it that often, just now and then," the comely tart notes. The busty Brit wants to be an actress and plans to go to drama school next year. Maybe she can pick up some tips from Tony Blair.















DOUBLE TROU

THE BARBI TWINS EXPOSED!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN WAHL



HUSTLER reveals the salacious secrets of America's favorite identical sisters, the Barbi Twins.

BLE



HUSTLER recently obtained these exclusive pictures of Shane and Sia Barbi, a/k/a the Barbi Twins, shot by Shane's husband, actor Ken Wahl (*Wiseguy*) pictured at left. Barbi Twins insider Scott Franklin supplied us with these kinky photographs and agreed to give our readers juicy details that have never been revealed—until now.

The Barbi Twins first hit the scene in the early '90s, when they appeared in *Playboy* and in their best-selling calendars. With their genetically identical large breasts, blond hair and shapely butts, Shane and Sia became instant sensations, attracting the attention of some of the world's most rich and powerful men. Prince William reportedly kept a Barbi Twins poster on his wall. Blake Edwards wanted the twins to star in a sequel to his film *10*, entitled *20*. John Kennedy Jr. and Donald Trump both pursued the girls. Even Saddam Hussein has been alleged to be a huge Barbi Twins fan.

The identical sisters recently admitted on *The Howard Stern Show* that Wahl, who has been romantically linked to Traci Lords and various other sexpots, takes sexual turns with each of the Barbis. Franklin insists, however, that the sisterly love goes far beyond what they told Stern.

While these photographs illustrate that Ken enjoys looking at the nude bodies of his wife and sister-in-law, Franklin says that when the camera is off, the twin-on-twin action becomes much more explicit. In the past, the twins have denied lezzing out on each other, joking that they have higher standards and that it would be like masturbating. But Franklin, who has known Shane and Sia for years as both friends and business associates, insists that Ken and the busty duo do indeed engage in kinky threeways.

At first, Franklin claims, Sia would only have sex with Wahl when Shane wasn't present. However, the girls, who learned to kiss by practicing on each other and experienced their first ménage à trois with a runway model in Europe, wanted to please Ken further by performing incestuous sex acts in front of him. "Ken loves to watch them



together," says Franklin. "In order to make Ken happy, the girls decided to bring Sia into the act. Ken sits and watches as the girls warm up on each other—kissing, touching, digital stimulation. It excites [the girls] to excite him; so they'll do anything to keep him satisfied. If that means that they have to do oral, they'll do oral. They use sex toys on each other while Ken watches."

Professional belly dancers before they became famous pinup models, the Barbi Twins utilize their unique skills and elaborate costumes in the bedroom. "Ken likes them to belly dance for him," says Franklin. "It always ends up that Shane does a dance in Ken's face with her crotch, and Sia gives him a blowjob. They're all three in bed together. It's one happy family."

According to our source, sometimes the girls engage in various forms of role-playing, in which one of them pretends to be a dog. Other times, they activate their Barbi Twins powers, and one takes the shape of a cowboy while the other assumes the form of a horse. Shane and Sia also enjoy sadomasochistic scenarios. "In real life, Shane is the aggressor and Sia is the submissive," says Franklin, "but when they role-play, Sia likes to be the dominant, and Shane likes to be the submissive. They've got a nice little collection of stuff—whips and toys—that they like to use on each other."

The twins sometimes add to the fun by bringing home dancers they meet in strip clubs.

But things weren't always so happy in Barbi Twins Land. The girls suffered from eating disorders for most of their lives, and instant fame pushed them even deeper into the world of bulimia. In 1996, Sia had to be rushed to the hospital after she overdosed on laxatives. Since then, the sisters have managed to turn their lives around. Each Barbi received a master's degree in nutrition, and in 2000, the two released the book *Dying to Be Healthy*, an "anti-diet" diet book that details their eating-disorder battles.

In fact, one of the twins' seemingly sapphic activities is actually performed in the name of health: The recovering bulimics insert their fingers into each other's vaginas (and their own), then taste the juices in order to determine if

they are in good health. The twins are on a strict diet of raw fruits, nuts and vegetables, and they believe that if their pussies taste sweet, like oranges, they are eating correctly. The girls also apply the finger method to determine if a girl they pick up is healthy enough to have sex with.

The Barbis' taste for the fairer sex may actually be genetic. The girls' late father was a born-again Christian Republican, but their mother is a lesbian psychotherapist.

The elder Barbi, a former Miss Ohio and Miss America runner-up, divorced her husband when the twins were two years old, and is rumored to have been romantically linked with Shane and Sia's godmother, Dusty "Son of a Preacher Man" Springfield. Ma Barbi also had an affair with a well-known actress, of whom Franklin will only say that she starred in a television cop drama during the late '70s and early '80s. (Luckily, she is neither Cagney nor Lacey.)

Following in her mother's footsteps, Sia is currently romantically linked to a female television star. Although Franklin says that it would blow people's minds if they ever learned the actress's identity, he refuses to reveal her name because she's in the closet and married.

Before they were household names, the Barbis shared another man, a well-known athlete (they won't say who). The girls would switch off so that the sports figure thought he was only dating one girl. He eventually found out that he was dating twins, and instead of realizing that he had hit the sexual equivalent of the daily double, the moron was angry that he had been duped.

If the foolish jock is out there looking at this double-your-pleasure, double-your-fun pictorial (while hitting himself in the head, hopefully), this will be a lesson to him and anyone else confronted with a similar situation: It is better to have had a threeway with identical twins and lost them than to never have had a threeway with twins at all.

START MY ENGINE

DESTINY ST. CLAIRE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

Destiny hails from Cleveland, where she says she lost her virginity in the church baptismal fountain. "It was on a dare at the Catholic school I went to," she laughs.

The 19-year-old nymphet's parents never found out about that incident, much like they had no idea she was working as a stripper during her senior year of high school. "I started dancing when I was 17, with a fake ID. I told my parents I worked at a country club as a cocktail waitress," she winks.





These days Destiny resides in Las Vegas and is pursuing a career in porn, but her parents are once again in the dark. "They think that I work the conventions as a hostess," the devious babe grins. "They just believe I'm diligent."


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xoxo, Destiny



An elderly gentleman went to the local drug store and asked the Pharmacist for Viagra.
The pharmacist asks, "How many?"
The man replies, "Just a few, maybe a half dozen. I cut each one into four pieces."
The pharmacist replies back, "That's too small a dose. That won't get you through sex."
The old fellow then says, "Oh, I'm past eighty years old and I don't even think about sex anymore. I just want it to stick out far enough so I don't pee on my shoes."

A man is in a hotel lobby. He wants to ask the clerk a question. As he turns to go to the front desk, he accidentally bumps into a woman beside him and as he does, his elbow goes into her breast. They are both quite startled. The man turns to her and says, "Ma'am, if your heart is as soft as your breast, I know you'll forgive me."
She replies, "if your penis is as hard as your elbow, I'm in room 1221."

A young man walks up and sits down at the bar.
"What can I get you?" the bartender inquires.
"I want 6 shots of Jagermeister," responded the young man.
"6 shots?! Are you celebrating something?"
"Yeah, my first blowjob."
"Well, in that case, let me give you a 7th on the house."
"No offence, sir. But if 6 shots won't get rid of the taste, nothing will."

A businessman boards a flight and is lucky enough to be seated next to an absolutely gorgeous woman. They exchange brief hellos and he notices she is reading a manual about sexual statistics. He asks her about it and she replies, "This is a very interesting book about sexual
statistics. It identifies that American Indians have the longest average penis and Polish men have the biggest average diameter. By the way, my name is Jill.
What's yours?"
He coolly replies, "Tonto Kawalski, nice to meet you."

One night, as a couple lay down for bed, the husband gently taps his wife on the shoulder and starts rubbing her arm.
The wife turns over and says: "I'm sorry honey, I've got a gynecologist appointment tomorrow and I want to stay fresh."
The husband, rejected, turns over and tries to sleep.
A few minutes later, he rolls back over and taps his wife again.
This time he whispers in her ear:
"Do you have a dentist appointment tomorrow too?"



Bill worked in a pickle factory. He had been employed there for a number of years when he came home one day to confess to his wife that he had a terrible compulsion. He had an urge to stick his penis into the pickle slicer. His wife suggested that he should see a sex therapist to talk about it, but Bill indicated that he'd be too embarrassed. He vowed to overcome the compulsion on his own. One day a few weeks later, Bill came home absolutely ashen.
His wife could see at once that something was seriously wrong. "What's wrong, Bill?" she asked.
"Do you remember that I told you how I had this tremendous urge to put my penis into the pickle
slicer?"
"Oh, Bill, you didn't."
"Yes, I did."
"My God, Bill, what happened?"
"I got fired."
"No, Bill. I mean, what happened with the pickle slicer?"
"Oh, she got fired too."

What is the difference between meeting an old friend and meeting a Blonde?
One is pleased to meet you; the other is meat to please you.

HUSTLER Humour jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Canada, Northland Media Inc., 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177 , Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7, or e-mail us at: nmi@on.aibn.com

SHOCORE

BY KEITH CARMAN



"I'm a bonecracker/I come from behind/I'm a back attacker."—Shocore, "Bonecracker"

"Tough n' sexy: What I always wanted to be in High School," jests Shocore frontman Core White when asked if those two words would sum up his appeal to the throngs of bikers, leather boys and exotic dancers that have embraced the band's debut hit "Bonecracker" as their own.

"I never envisioned us having a crowd like that, but I can't argue with it," he continues. "When this band started a few years ago, myself and (fellow singer) Sho Murray were just looking to put out some kick-ass rock songs. Who knew we'd have such an influx of sex industry acceptance?"

Formed in Vancouver, British Columbia from the ashes of two indie acts that simultaneously disbanded from lack of support, the balls-out swagger of Shocore has certainly had no trouble in reaching mass acceptance. Hooking up to "waste some extra studio time," Murray and White "slapped together our first song 'Bonecracker,' then we got drunk, thought it was cool and decided to throw a band together and see what would happen."

"Tough n' sexy: What I always wanted to be in High School,"

Little did they envision two years of criss-crossing the Great White North, a bevy of alternative lifestyle fans and the penultimate performance: providing the musical backdrop for a live sex show ("full penetration and all...it was somewhat distracting but they involved me AND I got paid," laughs White), all before the band's sophomore effort Evilution was even a sparkle in Murray or White's eye.

And how does a band comprised of two buddies wasting time and getting drunk develop such an impressive musical resume, you ask? You obviously haven't seen them yet. With a live show that features pyrotechnics to make Motley Crue blush and a light rig worthy of Motorhead's praise, it's no wonder that both 'Bonecracker' the song and album have made hasty jaunts up charts across the country.

Still, White credits a great deal of the band's initial success to their on-stage stimuli: two sultry exotic dancers. Featuring full routines performed during the band's entire set, the Shocore dancers quickly drew attention to the band wherever they went.

"When you have women in school girl kilts with tape over their nipples smearing whipped cream against each other, it's going to be applauded," says White. "They were something to add extra entertainment. The live show is about entertainment; give the audience their money's worth. We've all been to shows where you pay a good buck to see people stare at their shoes and play the songs just like the record. These girls had routines...we wanted something raunchy and people will either love it or hate it."

For the most part people loved it. To the point where the honour of being a Shocore dancer has blossomed into something even the band has little control over, actually. At a point where Shocore has dropped their routine dancers, they are still approached by local ladies nightly, asking to be a part of the evening's performance.

"Bonecracker became a big song in strip clubs, so when we'd play shows, all of these exotic dancers would show up. After a while we got to know them and they'd come out to dance for us! We didn't need dancers anymore. We could use local dancers. All we had to do was pay for the party after the show and I'm alright with that," laughs White.

With the release of said sophomore effort Evilution though, Shocore are looking past the kooky frills and stage antics. Opting to let the music be the sole feature of their live shows, the initially nervous boys of Shocore have found quick acceptance by letting the riff-heavy rock tunes be the real draw.

White credits a great deal of the band's initial success to their on-stage stimuli: two sultry exotic dancers.

"Originally, the women were a part of the show to catch people's eye, but we knew eventually we'd want to surpass the 'freak show' aura. Now, we have so many people saying that while it was fun to be a part of our shows in the past, now it's really cool to just hear the music...the music. Man, there's no accounting for taste. Seriously though, it's cool to read that people just care about the songs, not the show."

Packed with solid tunes kicking out straight-up hard rock in a Judas Priest (back in the cool days...none of that "Ripper Owens" crap here) meets AC/DC vein, it's no wonder Evilution is garnering just as much attention as Bonecracker, replacing the camp-value with genuine herald, White abashedly concedes.

"Well, it wasn't that much of a departure for us with this album...we just used the same recording process: lots of beer and late hours. It worked out well the last time! It's a tough job, but someone's gotta do it, right? We tried to expand the song writing with Evilution, but that's about it. Nothing off the mark...We wanted it to be a bit heavier. Not so much punk as rock and I think we've accomplished it."

Somewhat awed with Shocore's degree of success, White is still quick to put the band into perspective: they've a long way to go before the name Shocore is considered a staple of Canadian rock.

"Someone once said that we're the poppiest heavy band and heaviest pop band they've ever heard. That's flattering, but we realize how much work is left to do with this band and that doesn't take into consideration that Evilution isn't a huge departure from Bonecracker and neither album is some crazy newfound scene or something. All those albums are meant to do is make you rock out and hopefully we'll be able to do it again and again as long as we all realize that with Shocore, there's no re-inventing the wheel going on...just good old rock n' roll."

(The first 100 new subscribers to Hustler Canada will receive a FREE SHOCORE CD.)



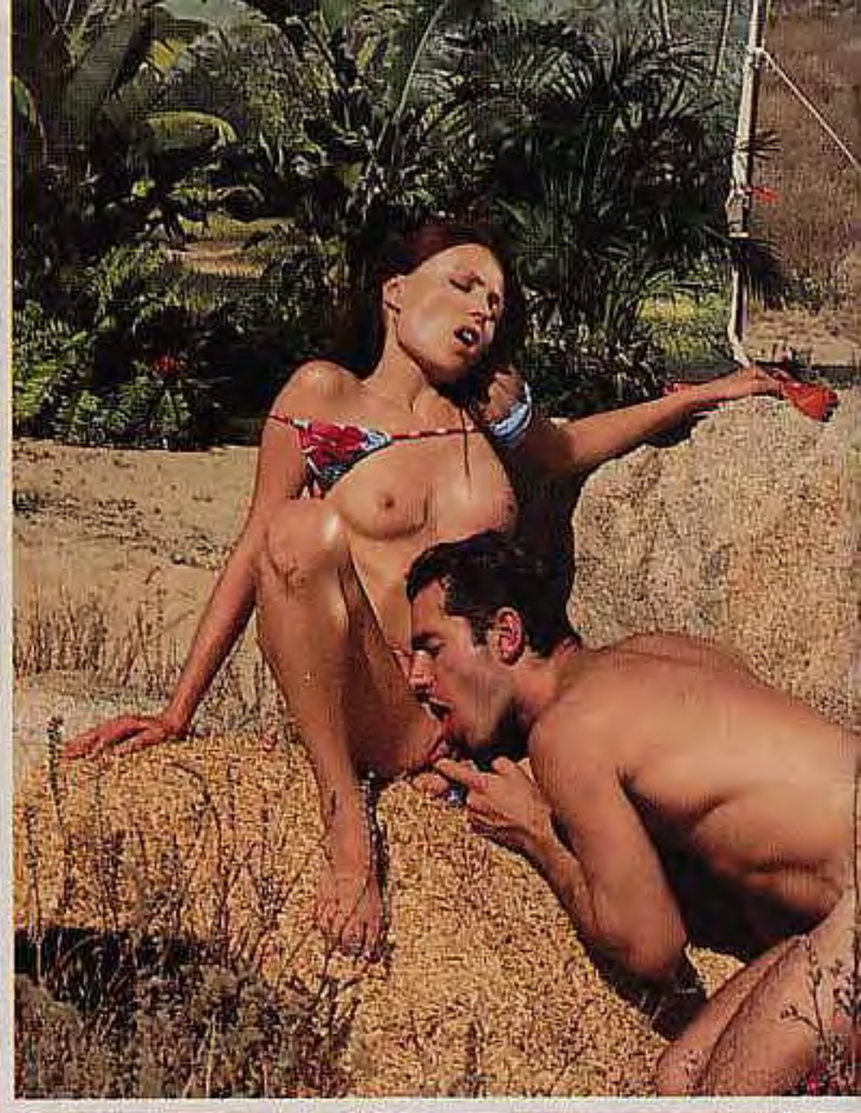
MEATY ROLES

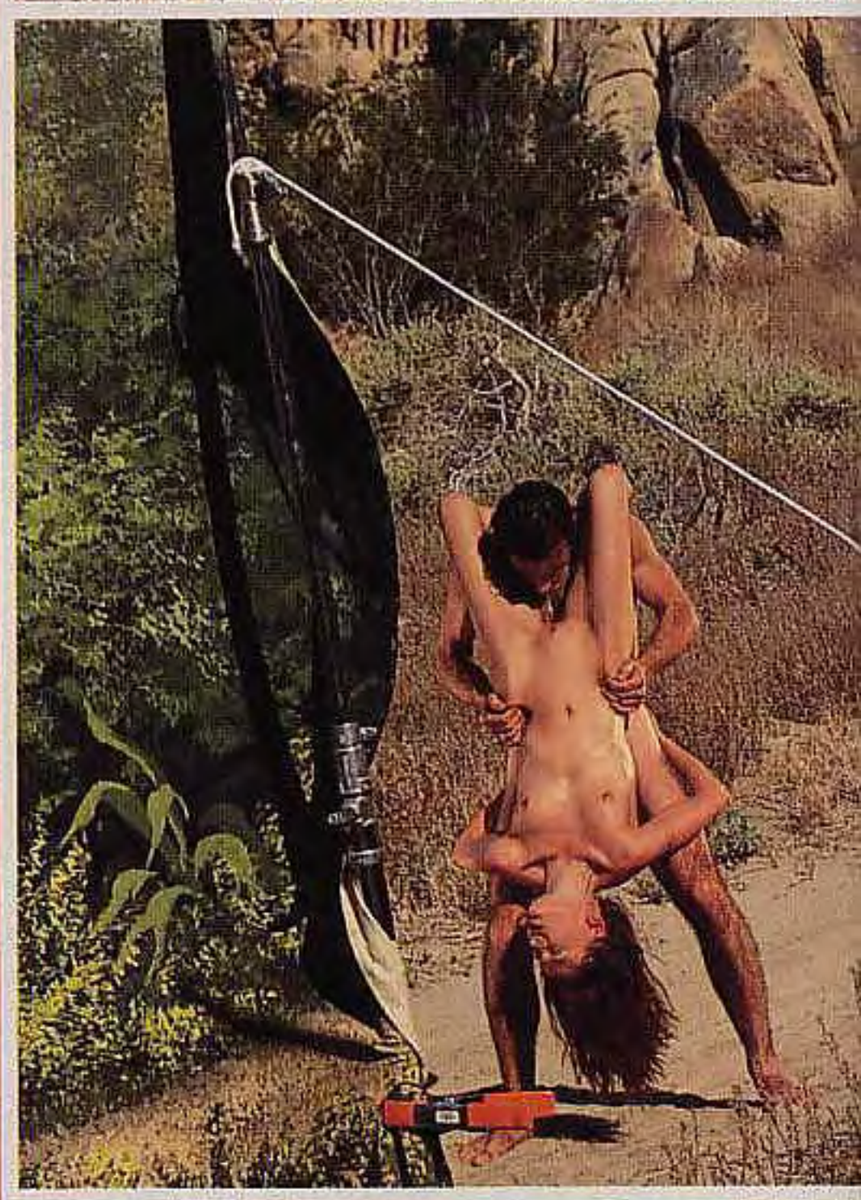
Katrina and Steven French

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Katrina and Steven chowed down burgers after a long and thankless day working as extras on a feature film. A lousy quarter-pounder and 50 bucks was all they got for standing around in their bathing suits for 12 hours.









The two thespians made sure the crew had gone home, then put on their own private show. Steven and Katrina embarked on a detailed exploration of major acting techniques such as the clitoral cold reading, the backstage boner and the orgasmic audition.











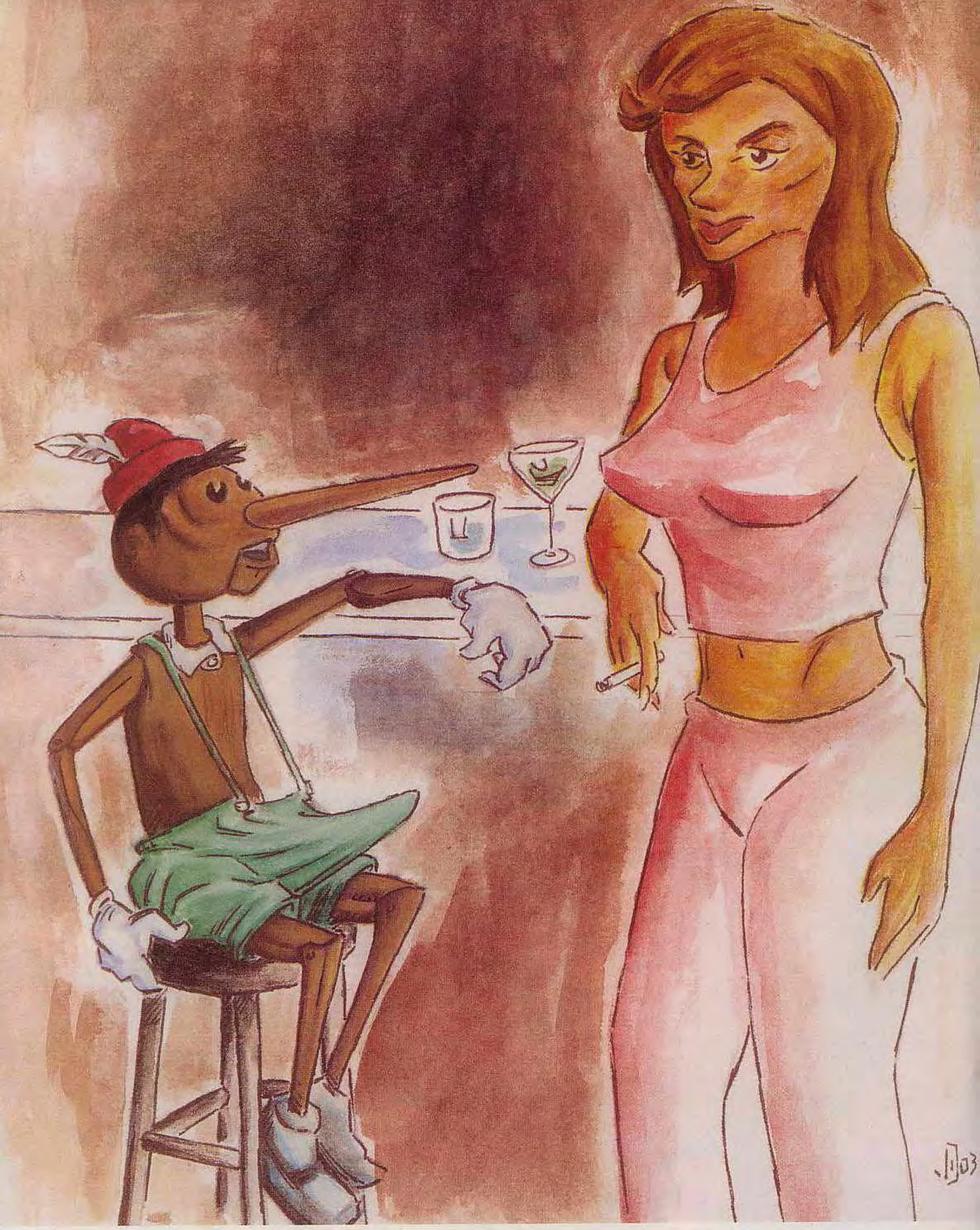












"I mean it baby. I really love you."

CANADIAN POSTCARDS

NOVA SCOTIA

by Katy



Dear Readers,

Greetings from the land of the Blue-nosers!

After a choppy ferry ride from Newfoundland, I arrived in North Sydney, Nova Scotia – the second province on my cross-Canada journey. I rented a moped and drove out to see a coal mining museum in Glace Bay, and then Fortress Louisbourg. They were both interesting, but the most impressive thing about Cape Breton Island was the impressive scenery. I zipped along the Cabot Trail, hiked through the Cape Breton Highlands, and then crossed over to Nova Scotia proper and visited Peggy's Cove and Lunenburg, saw a ton of lighthouses, ate a ton of lobster, and ended up in Halifax.

One day, after poking around Citadel Hill all afternoon, I spent the night checking out some of the nightclubs in downtown Halifax. I went in and out of four or five of them in rapid succession. There didn't seem to be much going on, other than the usual pervs trying to grope girls like me while they pretended to dance, so I decided to scope out one final club and then head back to my B&B.

This last club I entered was way different from all the others, with its subdued music and lighting, and people actually sitting around talking. I jumped up on a barstool and ordered a beer, and almost before I could pull out my ID, a woman was leaning on the rail next to me, introducing herself.

"I'm Michelle," she said, smiling.

"Hi, I'm Katy," I responded, happy to meet someone new.

She put her hand on top of mine and gave me the once-over.

Yup, you guessed it, I'd stumbled into a lesbian bar. Michelle didn't look like a muff-diver, though – no mullet haircut and plaid work-shirt and wallet chain, or anything like that. In fact, she was actually quite attractive, with warm, brown eyes, long, black hair, and a sleek, tanned body proudly displayed in a red halter top and deep-purple mini-skirt. She was, however, old enough to be my mother.

While I was planning my escape, she moved her hand down onto my bare thigh and started stroking my leg. I was wearing white shorty-shorts and a bellybutton-baring, pink top, and to my surprise I felt my nipples stiffen, strain the stretchy fabric of my crop-top as Michelle rubbed my leg. My body grew hot and my cunny wet.

Sure, I'd fooled around with other chicks before, but just in playing – like when I was younger my best friend would pretend she was a boy and jump on top of me, kiss me all over, and pump her hips like she was fucking me. But that was all in fun; this older woman caressing my leg was dead serious.

"Uh, I've, um … gotta go to the bathroom!" I squeaked, and took off running.

I fled down a hallway till I came to a pair of doors that both had women stick-figures on them. I pushed one open and rushed inside, into a stall. My nervousness didn't subside any, however, when I heard moaning and groaning coming from the stalls on either side of me. Then I noticed that the stall I was in didn't even have a toilet – just a carpeted bench where the john should've been. Then the door burst open.

"Hi again," Michelle said, staring hungrily at me. She slipped inside the cubicle, shot the bolt, and grabbed me in her arms and planted a wet one full on my startled pucker.

"Holy shit!" I yelped. The last woman to kiss me had been my grandmother – when I'd left on my trip.

"Don't be scared, Katy," Michelle said reassuringly, holding me tightly, her firm boobs pressing into my boobs, her swollen nipples tweaking my protruding nips as she swayed slightly back and forth.

I felt warm and safe and sexy in Michelle's strong arms, so much so that I made the snap-decision to stow my inhibitions for the time being. We're in Halifax … right?

She kissed me again, only this time she lingered, her soft, full lips pressing against mine. I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her right back. We clung to each other, kissing passionately, my body going all hot and gooey, my head spinning off into orbit. The urgent, sexual wailing coming from the other stalls filled my

ears and overwhelmed my senses.

Michelle painted my lips with her tongue, then darted her pink blade in between my parted lips. I quickly responded, bumping my tongue into hers and swirling it all around her slimy pleasure tool. She grabbed my head, and we frenched wildly. My hands drifted down her back, to her taut, round butt, and I grabbed her plush cheeks and squeezed, hardly believing my boldness.

She moaned into my mouth as I kneaded her pillows underneath her skirt, my sweaty hands on her panties. Then she started fumbling my top up, and I tore my hands off her bum to help. We pulled the skimpy garment off and flung it aside, my upper body now as bare as my emotions, my tits shining under the subdued lighting, my cherry-red nipples almost painfully erect.

Michelle cupped and fondled my boobs, her experienced hands feeling awesome on my naked tit-flesh, and then she lowered her head and flicked her tongue underneath each of my nipples, swelling them even further. I ran my fingers through her shimmering hair and closed my eyes, lost in the erotic sensations conjured up by another woman touching and licking my breasts.

She swirled her tongue all over my engorged nipples, bathing them in her hot spit, before popping one of my tingling buds into her mouth and sucking on it. I screamed, "Yeah!" completely oblivious now as to where I was and whether what I was doing was right or not. It sure felt right – that forty-something, super-sexy babe sucking on my tender titties, driving me wild.

She swallowed as much of my left boob as she could, and tugged on it, her tongue thrashing back and forth against the underside of my mouth-enveloped titty. Then she disgorged the one sopping wet boob and swallowed up the other. I clawed at her hair and moaned, my cunny wetter than a North Atlantic gale.

Michelle mouthed my breasts for what seemed like forever, then brought her head back up and breathed, "Time to really taste you, Katy." Her eyes gleamed as her wonderful hands massaged my damp, inflamed titties.

I nodded dumbly, mesmerized by the beautiful lady and what she was doing to me.

She popped open my shorts and unzipped me, then slid the skimpy, butt-cleaving garment down my long, slender legs. I stepped out of the shorts, and let her pull my white cotton panties down and off, leaving me nude and lewd with a wide-open attitude, except for my runners and bob-tail socks.

"She gripped my thighs and lapped at my slippery, pink folds"

Michelle stared at my juicy, blonde cunny, then reached out and covered it with her hand, at the same time frenching me. My whole body shook like I was plugged into a wall socket as she stroked my shiny labes, rubbed my swollen clitty, as we recklessly twirled our tongues together. She pushed me down onto the bench, dropped to her knees, and spread my legs apart. I leaned back against the wall and sucked some humid air into my billowing lungs.

"Ready, sweetie?" she asked.

"R-ready and w-willing," I stammered, grabbing onto my saliva-slick tits and squeezing them, rolling my rock-hard nips between my twitching fingers.

Michelle pushed her face in between my legs, and I felt her tongue tap my clitty.

"Fuck, yeah!" I hollered, jolted by the warm, wet touch of her tongue on my most private part.

She gripped my thighs and lapped at my slippery, pink folds, licked and licked my burning cunny. The feeling was pure bliss – unlike anything I'd ever felt before. She formed her tongue into a spear and drove it into my cunny, fucking me with her wicked tongue, over and over and over. Then she squeezed my clitty between her fingers and tongue-lashed it.

"I'm coming!" I blurted, unable to control myself.

Michelle latched her lips onto my pulsating clit and sucked hard on it. And I lost it – big-time. I screamed out in ecstasy as a searing orgasm welled up from my lip-locked buzzer and consumed me. I shook like a leaf in a hurricane, devastated by lezalicious orgasm, drenching Michelle's pretty face with my hot, gushing girl-juices.

When I eventually calmed down, Michelle looked up at me and smiled, her lips and chin shiny with my cum. "Think you can do the same for me, baby?" she asked.

I wearily nodded my head. We switched positions and I did my very best – which seemed to be pretty good for a cunnilingus-virgin, because I was soon frantically lapping up Michelle's tangy juices as they spilled out of her cunny, as I finger-fucked and licked her to whimpering orgasm.

The rest of the night was a blur of blistering girl-sex, and I needed all of the next day just to recover. But I left Nova Scotia the following morning, in search of even more thrilling adventures.

Love,

Katy

While writing her cross country adventures, Katy always uses her Companion Pen. It's more than just a pen...

www.thecompanionpen.com

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

FUCK BUNNY

LAUREN PHOENIX



Lauren is from Ontario, Canada, and was trained as an opera singer and dancer. The 24-year-old beauty appeared in the Canadian TV series *Due South* before moving to Los Angeles to pursue a career in porn. While she may look like a high-maintenance girl, the self-described tomboy says, "I've always been one of the guys." Lauren says she's a "football buff" and her favorite team is the Philadelphia Eagles: "I like them because Donovan McNab once played on a broken ankle and still managed to throw four touchdown passes. That shows character." Lauren says her future plans are to produce and direct porn films; the bisexual beauty grins, "I think we found each other, me and porn, you know?"















NEW YEAR'S LOSER

An Exclusive HUSTLER Survey

Do you make a New Year's resolutions, every year, and never seem to keep them? Do you find yourself constantly making any promise imaginable just to score some pussy? Perhaps it's time to either make things right or give up making promises. Gain insight into your personal will power by answering the following questions. Go to the bottom of the page to score yourself.

1. When walking by a porn shop you always:
walk by,
slow down,
stop and look in the window, or
stop, look in the window and go inside.

2. When your wife/girlfriend takes a shower and leaves her soiled underpants on the floor you:
step over them,
kick them out of the way,
pick them up and put them in the laundry basket, or
find the racing stripe and put them over your head.

3. When banging your wife/girlfriend you always:
make sure she comes first,
make sure you both come,
make sure you both come at the same time,
or drive home the salami, blow your load,
roll over and go to sleep.

4. When picking your nose you:
use a tissue paper,
put your nose nuggets in a tissue paper
after you've examined them carefully,
play with them for a while and then dispose of them, or
have a nice light snack.

5. Farting should be:
done in the bathroom,
done in the privacy of your bedroom,
done inconspicuously, or
enjoyed by all.

6. If you're walking behind an old lady and she drops a $5.00 bill you:
step over it and tell her she has dropped some money,
pick it up and give it to her,
pick it up and keep it, or
pick it up and then mug her.

7. When saying goodnight on the first date you should:
shake her hand and thank her for a lovely evening,
kiss her gently on the cheek and thank her for a lovely evening,
slip her the tongue and grope her, or
ask her if you can turn her around and do her doggie style.

8. You're walking down the street and see a gorgeous babe who gives you a boner. You should:
think about baseball until your dick softens,
think about your ugly old auntie until your dick softens,
masturbate when you arrive home, or
drop your pants on the spot and whack off.

9. You're in a strip bar and the peeler is doing a table dance for you. You should:
sit back and enjoy the show,
lean forward and try to get a whiff of her quim,
offer her another $20.00 to let you get a really good whiff of her twat, or
pull out your dick and start jacking off while sticking your face in her muff.

10. It's Christmas and this is the first time you've gone to church in 10 years. They come around with the collection plate but you only have a $20.00 bill and a loonie. You should:
drop in the loonie,
drop in the $20.00 bill,
drop in the $20.00 bill but take back a $10.00 bill, or
take out a couple of $20.00 bills and thank them for the donation.

11. You're driving home at 2:00 in the morning and stopped at a traffic light. No one is around. You should:
wait out the light, and proceed with caution when it turns green,
wait out the light, and floor it when it turns green,
stop, check for oncoming traffic and go through the red, or
look both ways and then fucking floor it.

12. You've just come home and caught your wife/girlfriend in bed with another guy. You:
jump in and join them,
sit in a chair and jack off while watching the show,
leave her, or
pound the shit out of the guy and sue her for divorce
(but make her suck your dick first).

13. You're walking down the street late one night and a sexy streetwalker propositions you. You should:
ignore her and keeping walking because you would not want to commit a felony,
thank her but continue on your way,
stop and try to take a quick grope while bartering her prices, or
ask her if she's having a two for one sale.

14. If you're date is giving you a blowjob for the first time and she asks you not to come in her mouth, you should:
fuck her instead,
respect her wishes,
try and convince her otherwise, or
hold onto her head just before you're about to come and blow your wad down her throat.

15. When fucking your wife/girlfriend you should:
give her your undivided attention,
try to get done before the hockey game starts,
tell her to hurry so you can watch the hockey game, or
do her doggie style so you can watch the hockey game—

If you answered "D" 1-5 times:
You have the will power of the Pope! There's nothing that can steer you off course once you've make up your mind. In fact, you might try and find work as a gym instructor at a private girl's school – not even pussy can crack your iron will.

If you answered "D" 6-10 times:
For the most part you have self-control. But given the right circumstance you could stray and give in. You view self-discipline as a good thing, but aren't a slave to it. If there's a bit of pussy and the time is right, you could find yourself with your pecker deep in and your resolution out.

If you answered "D" 11-14 times:
You regularly make promises to yourself and others, which you break on a regular basis. While you try and keep your word, you do so only if it suits your purpose. If a girl asks you not to come in her mouth, you might slowly pull your dick out as you blow your load. Integrity is not your first name.

If you answered "D" 15 times:
Not only do you lack will power, but you are completely devoid of any type of integrity. You couldn't keep a promise if your mother's life depended on it. And when it come to pussy, you are a spineless dick. The only head which does any type of thinking is the one in your pants – and the only thing it thinks about is pussy. Someone needs to put you on a leash or have you neutered!



"I thought you were supposed to be teaching him."



JENNA

Jenna, from Hollywood, California, is a 27-year-old graduate student at **Cal State Northridge**. Even though she has a 3.8 GPA and belongs to the Golden Key Honors Society, she's still able to devote time to hobbies such as gardening, dancing, cooking and fencing. This scholarly siren's fantasy is to "have sex with another woman while her boyfriend watches. He could join in eventually, but only after she and I climaxed together."

—Photo by Friend









Dre

Dre, 19, is a psychology major at **Bakersfield College**, in Bakersfield, California. While her 2.0 GPA could stand to improve, the carnal savant excels in extracurricular activities such as "masturbating and giving blowjobs." Dre lists her best sexual experience at school as "making a XXX movie with my future husband."

—Photo by Fiancé

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS

$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a $350 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of *HUSTLER's Real College Girls*. Finalists score $1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn $5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores $500, and the Finalists' photographers earn $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Major **College** **Year** **GPA**

Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date** (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.



#1 – SALES JOB

BY HEATHER TOWNE

First off, let me tell you something about myself. I'm forty years-old, 5'6", 130 pounds (give or take), and have blonde hair, green eyes, big tits, and a fuck-me attitude. I've been the Western sales rep for a Canadian furniture manufacturer for the past five years, which means I travel a lot – and fuck a lot, like any good road warrior dedicated to pumping up commissions. I'll do whatever and whomever it takes to close a deal, and if that means hand-jacking a distributor, cock-sucking a purchaser, or fucking the bodily fluids and brains out of a store owner, so be it. Take, for example, my recent visit to a prospective customer in Red Deer, Alberta.

I was making my usual monthly circuit – west along the Trans-Canada, then back along the Yellowhead – checking in with furniture dealers in Winnipeg and Brandon and Regina, etc..., when I hit Red Deer and learned that a new furniture store had recently opened. I quickly set up a meeting with the owner.

I got there just after closing time and found the twenty-something proprietor, Justin Fells, in his office in back of the place. The store was pretty small, Fells pretty and small, so my chances for profit and prick didn't look too great. But I'd dressed in one of my favorite business-slut outfits – short, black, butt-hugging skirt and tight, blue, nipple-imprinted blouse – which I was confident would entice any ball-bearing male to carry at least one of our company's lines.

"I don't know, Elizabeth," Justin waffled, in a high, whiny voice that was badly in need of steroids.

He had given me a quick tour of the store, and then I had maneuvered him over to a bedroom display in the back, so I could close on him.

"Liz. What's the problem?" I shot back, openly eyeballing the slightly-built effeminate's package, which required plenty of squinting on my part. But I was the type of gal who could get even the most dedicated rump ranger back into the pink, so I wasn't discouraged.

I pumped his cock, alright, squeezing and tugging it

"Well ... my vision for the store is somewhat more avant-garde than what your company supplies. Your line is a little too traditional for my taste, I'm afraid." He adjusted his flamboyant, red-framed specs and looked down his pug nose at me.

I met his gaze, and he blushed. Then I torqued up the sales pressure by grabbing him between the legs, squeezing what little there was to squeeze. "The traditional way has its advantages," I breathed into his face, before planting a wet one directly on his startled pucker.

"Hey!" he shrieked, jerking his head back. "I-I-"

"Take it easy, baby," I cooed, relaxing my grip on his wiener and beans, then smearing more lipstick onto his thin, trembling lips. This time I added some tongue to my pitch, and felt little Justin start to grow in my hand. "Let Liz show you just exactly what our company's got to offer."

He glanced nervously around the empty store. "R-right h-here?"

"Right here," I soothed, massaging his stiffening resolve. I painted his lips with my thick tongue, then shoved my pink pleasure tool between his lips and scoured the inside of his mouth. And after frenching him for a while, I dropped to my knees and unbuckled and unzipped the stunned young man's trousers with practiced ease.



I pulled his pants and shorts down, let his cock flop out into the open, knowing that I now had him firmly in the palm of my hand. Who can deny a sexy sales lady when your pants are down around your ankles and she's stroking your ego?

"My, you're really quite a big boy, aren't you?" I said, watching in amazement as his nubbin grew and grew and grew. What I'd initially pegged as a four-inch chubby at best, was now pushing past the eight-inch mark as I swirled my hand up and down its ever-expanding length.

"Stroke it, Liz," he groaned, closing his eyes and pumping his hips. "Stroke my pecker."

I pumped his cock, alright, squeezing and tugging it, till his purple dick-tip and pink shaft were as bloated as they were going to get – without some oral encouragement. I gripped his awesome fuck-club and tongued his hood, bitch-slapped his slit and cap with my slimy tastebuds.

"Suck it, Liz!" he hollered, excitedly buying into what I was selling him.

I bent my head forward and went to work on his giant-sized prong with all the oral suasion I could muster, popping his cobra head in and out of my mouth, drenching it in hot spit. Then I slid my hand down to the base of his pole and started gobbling up all of his head cheese. Cock sucking has always been a passion of mine, and I like to think that I'm a bit of an expert at the ancient art.

"I kept his huge dick locked in my warm, wet mouth and throat"

I slowly inched my puffy lips down the wobbly storeowners' member, gorging myself on his meat, till I had a good three-quarters of his heavy dong lodged in my stretched-out kisser. I sucked some air in through my nostrils, relaxed my throat muscles, and went the final distance – gulped down the rest of his swollen prod.

"Fuck, yes!" he wailed, clutching at my blonde tresses, his legs shaking like a cheaply-made chair.

I kept his huge dick locked in my warm, wet mouth and throat, then pushed out my tongue and licked at his shaven balls. I slathered slobber all over his tight, wrinkly sack, bounced his balls around with the tip of my tongue, before disgorging half of his dripping cock and getting a good sucking rhythm going.

I vigorously wet-vacced his prick, bobbing my head up and down over and over and over, his enormous cock sliding easily back and forth in my experienced mouth and throat, greased by my saliva and his pre-cum. He gripped my head and pumped my face, staring down at me as I stared up at him. Then he mumbled something about coming, and I spat his cock out of my craw and cradled it in my hand.

"This is a two-way transaction, honey," I told him, rubbing his throbbing tube-steak.

"Anything you want," he murmured.

"How 'bout carrying a couple of lines of our furniture?" I asked, not one to shy away from business in the midst of pleasure.

"Yes, yes, anything," he groaned.

I smiled and nodded, happy at having turned the sales trick. Now it was time for total customer satisfaction – a win-win, fuck-to-cum scenario for the both of us. I unhanded his sperm-cannon and climbed to my feet, did a quick striptease that left me as bare as an unpainted armoire, and then cupped and squeezed my huge titties, rolled my fat nipples between

my fingers. "Come to Momma," I said, backing up and falling on top of a bed.

Justin shed his gay apparel like it was covered in creosote, then dove on top of me, his rigid rod pressing hard and yearning into my flat belly. He gripped my hooters in his sweaty hands and swirled his tongue all over my nipples, flowering the super-sensitive, ultra-pink milk spigots into almost painful erection.

"Yeah, suck my tits, baby," I whispered, reveling in the warm, wicked feel of his fumbling hands and mouth. My over-ripe body flooded with heat, my pussy with moisture.

He bounced his head back and forth between my heavy balloons, tonguing and sucking and biting, pulling my nipples just about off my jugs with his hungry mouth, kneading and mauling my mams with his hands, till my tender titties got all raw and tingling. I spread my legs and grabbed his dick, steered it in the direction of my sopping mound.

"Fuck me!" I hissed.

He plunged his lethal flesh-spear into my dripping sex

He plunged his lethal flesh-spear into my dripping sex, thrust forward until he was buried balls-deep inside of me, then started churning his hips, pounding my poon like he was knocking on heaven's door. I grasped his clenched butt cheeks and desperately urged him to fuck me harder and faster. He redoubled his already frantic efforts, moaning and groaning into my ear, kissing and licking my neck, his little big man pistoning relentlessly back and forth in my snatch.

"That's the way," I muttered, biting my lip as a mammoth orgasm welled up from my burning, cock-stuffed twat and washed through my quivering body.

"I love you, Liz!" my overwhelmed business associate screamed, his boyish body jerking like a gaffed sucker fish as he squirted molten caulking down my heated love tunnel.

He came and came, as I came, his face stained red and the veins on his neck corded like dowelling, his sizzling juices smacking headlong into my gushing juices, until he finally collapsed in my arms.

"I'll get my order book," I said, after an appropriate interval of stroking his head, letting him nuzzle my nipples. I had to be in Edmonton by ten o'clock that night, to meet with a long-time customer over drinks in his private office.



CANADIAN CONSERVATIVES – WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

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When Brian Mulroney's conservatives were swept into power in the 80s, it marked the beginning of a new era. We all remember the images of the Prime Minister and, then president, Ronald Regan huddled together singing a chorus of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling". The friendship between the two men was a bit too cozy for the comfort of most Canadians, as was the national relationship with our gentle giant to the South. It was a time when Great Britain, the United States of America, Canada, Germany and many other major powers were governed by conservative governments and had swung so far to the right, that most of the electorate suffered severe whiplash.

During this time we saw the NATO Alliance greatly fortified, the birth of the Canada/U.S. Free Trade Agreement and the G7 Alliance increase to eventually become the G9. We also witnessed the collapse of the Soviet Union and the reunification of West and East Germany.

We were told that communism was dead, socialism was unworkable and all of our troubles would be solved by a world of democratically elected capitalist governments whose mantra was 'free market'.

Two decades later, Canadians have woken up from the drunken right-wing capitalist stupor only to realize they've been lied to. Our flirtation with the right-wing has only made us feel like a deflowered virgin who put out with a promise of marriage, only to find out she's been taken for a whore.



We were told that communism was dead, socialism was unworkable

Regardless of the wealth, good fortune and prosperity our right-wing capitalists had promised, the reality is far different. Thanks to the conservative policies put into place by Brian Mulroney and maintained by Paul Martin, Canadians are working harder and longer hours, making less money and receiving fewer social benefits than ever before.

Compounding the tragic situation caused by the right-wing economic agenda is their fervent right-wing social agenda. The conservative movement in Canada has also been driven by a social policy that has seen poverty increase many times fold, an erosion of civil liberties, an intrusion into the privacy of every Canadian and a contempt for those citizens who are most vulnerable.

It is not a coincidence that the former Reform Party and their rein-

carnation, the Canadian Alliance Party has, without exception, voted against every bill brought forth in the House of Commons which, protected visible and invisible minorities against hate and discrimination. They have shown contempt for minorities and women in this country, and would see our constitution flushed down the crapper in a heartbeat. It has become increasingly crystal clear, given sufficient opportunity, that the Canadian conservative movement would once again relegate women and minorities as second class citizens in Canadian society.

And Canadians are catching on. We are beginning to see through the thinly veiled right-wing agenda of hate and intolerance.

The Canadian conservative movement would like to legislate their bizarre brand of morality and "family-values". But it is obvious their exclusive view of the family is something far removed from the reality of the Canadian mosaic.

The Canadian conservative movement wants to get tough on crime – build more private jails (run by the highest political contributors to the party), yet is completely oblivious to the "cause and effect" cascade as it dismantles our social safety nets.

And as Canadians find themselves without jobs and job security, deal with diminished EI and CPP benefits, and die waiting for medical help, the true mean-spirited nature of the Canadian conservative movement has become self-evident – it's an ethos of "survival of the fittest". The Canadian love affair with the right has been replaced with contempt and suspect.

As we watch the nightly news, there isn't a day that goes by in which a CEO of some major multi-national corporation is exposed for one or another form of corruption. We read about the obscene personal salaries of these CEOs and the cash cows their corporations have become for their shareholders.

Canadians can smell the stench of deceit as they are gouged by insurance companies and then discover that these companies have made record profits. We can taste the bullshit as politicians cut back our social benefits while every corporate bum in the country is given a plethora of tax breaks. And even if the Canadian Progressive Conservative Party and the Canadian Alliance Party join in holy matrimony, they would still continue to fuck every Canadian up the ass if given half the chance.

"We can taste the bullshit as politicians cut back our social benefits"

Canadians do believe in family values, far more than the right-wings in this country have anticipated. But family values are not about Dad, Mom, 2 kids and a dog, and going to church once a week. Nor are they about the person with whom we sleep or love.

Family values are about taking care of those we love and caring for those in society who are less fortunate. It is about having a society that values all its citizens and makes social returns, and not financial profit, the priority. And this is why the Canadian conservative movement is dying a slow death in our country.

Most Canadians, through their bitter experience of the past two decades, have come to realize that success is not necessarily measured in a ledger and the bottom line is not the main line. The worth of a society is measured by the way in which it treats its most vulnerable, and the mean-spirited exclusiveness of the right has no place among most Canadians.

Canadians no longer lend credibility to those who seek to criminalize abortion, proclaiming the sanctity of life, yet would readily execute adults for crimes they deem worthy. Canadians no longer believe in a political movement that reaps millions of dollars each year in taxes from alcohol and drug sales yet denies access to marijuana for those suffering and dying. There is little integrity in a movement that beats up on the poor and rewards white-collar thievery. There is no morality in hate and intolerance – and Canadians know it.

So whether or not the Canadian Progressive Conservative Party and the Canadian Alliance Party ever unites to fight an election has become irrelevant, because Canadians are no longer willing to swallow their convoluted brand of morality and economics.

So we say to the Canadian conservative movement, thanks but no thanks.

THE BLONDE IS A HUNGRY HUNTER

Appetites vary. Not every erotcally free and empowered woman craves doubles helpings of man meat, extra stuffing in all three holes and thick layer of jizz frosting. Just the slut do







What a slut wants, a slut makes the slightest slut effort, and she easily captures all the willing prey she needs to satisfy her slut appetite









Victoria, 48, is from New York. The retro-looking secretary's hobbies include photography, sewing and needle crafts. Her fantasy fuck is to "have several men force themselves on me."
—Photo by Friend



A 23-year-old actress from Calgary, Alberta, Jolene admits to a proclivity for reading, exercising and sucking cock. This gal's sexual fantasy is to "date and fuck two guys at the same time."
—Photo by Friend



Donna from White Horse, in the Yukon Territories is an insurance agent with a stuffed animal collection. The 19-year-old self-professed shopping and tanning nut can't wait to "eat out Jenna Jameson while my husband watches."
—Photo by Husband



Brampton, Ontario's Crystal is quite the tigress. The 22-year-old blond beauty's hobbies include traveling, rollerblading, camping and boating. "Passionate, hot sex in the middle of an open field during a storm" is what gets this gal's motor purring.

—Photo by Friend



Eureka, Manitoba's own Melissa, 22, is an especially industrious Beaver. Besides creating her own patchwork designs utilizing animal pelts, the wiry-haired maiden's hobbies include looking at HUSTLER. Her unfulfilled carnal desire is to "get it on with my boyfriend and another girl."

—Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST

FLASH FOR CASH

Attention, ladies! *Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2003 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to NORTHLAND MEDIA INC., 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7*

Every lady whose picture we print gets $150 and a chance at the 2003 Grand Prize. Grand Prize Finalists win $500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is $250, and the Finalists' photographers win $150. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of Northland Media Inc.

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter Hustler Beaver Hunt you must be over 18 years old, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos become the unreturnable property of NORTHLAND MEDIA inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Win $150 if we publish your photo. Send photos, IDs and release to NORTHLAND MEDIA., 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7

Please Print

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City Province Postal Code

Personal e-mail address Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) Date

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $150 for photographs, I hereby give NORTHLAND MEDIA inc., its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs . I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.



Talon, 26, is from Montreal, Quebec. Her favorite outdoor activities consist of fishing, riding horses and working on cars. Talon lists "sex in an F-16 Tomcat" and making love while "being covered in baby oil in a kiddie pool" as her fantasy.

—Photo by Friend



Miranda, a bronze-skinned 25-year-old from St. Paul, Minnesota, remains a mystery to us. Although she was not forthcoming regarding her hobbies and sexual fantasies, we choose to believe that a flight out to meet the HUSTLER editorial staff is near the top of her list.

—Photo by Friend



This suds-lovin' stunner is Jaynynn, 23, a bartender from Virginia Beach, Virginia. Aside from water sports, the freshly scrubbed vixen enjoys dancing, talking to friends and fucking her husband. Her mind remains firmly fixated on "having sex with another woman while my husband watches."

—Photo by Husband



#9 Melissa

Restoring her 1976 Camaro and making homemade porn movies are just a few of 32-year-old Melissa's talents. The soon-to-be grandmother from Manchester, Pennsylvania, looks forward to "a good, wicked night of hardcore sex with my husband while he slaps my ass."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt

#10 Shelly

Regina, Saskatchewan, is home to Shelly, a 21-year-old convenience-store clerk. This redheaded lass reveals that sucking cock and getting fucked by strangers are just a few of her favorite pastimes. Her carnal desire is twofold: "being in *Beaver Hunt* so men can jack off to me, as well as fucking three guys in front of my boyfriend and having them come in my mouth (I've done it once)."

—Photo by Boyfriend

Beaver Hunt



#11 Heather

Heather, 28, is a registered nurse from San Diego who digs nude sunbathing, swimming, camping and having sex. Her ideal fuck would involve "having a threesome with my husband on film."

—Photo by Husband

Memoirs of Mimi

GETTING DICK IN DAUPHIN



She's back out West again and up to her usual salaciously sexy shenanigans. It's triple action fun as Mimi gets down and dirty in rural Manitoba. It's another hot and horny tale from our incorrigible lady of lust – Getting Dick in Dauphin!

The residents of Dauphin, Manitoba often refer to their small city as "the City of Sunshine", but having visited there in January I find the name not all that deserving. Dauphin is a small city of 8,500 (if you count the livestock) and has really no claim to fame except its close proximity to Duck Mountain Provincial Park – where you can swim (when not frozen over) the pristine waters of Deep Blue Lake. But in the middle of January, swimming was the furthest thing from my mind.

I am not quite sure what I did to piss off my editor, but I had been sent to the sleepy Manitoba town to do an article about the committee that makes preparations for the National Ukrainian Festival held there each August.

Now don't get me wrong – it's not that I think celebrating Ukrainian heritage is without merit – one can never get enough of Borshch, Holubtsi and Varenyky, it's only that I wish they could plan it in July rather than January! In any case, my boss gave me a choice – do the article or be fired, so off I went.

Soon enough I found myself, freezing my tits off in Dauphin, listening to a bunch of committee members going into moans of ecstasy at the very thought of wrapping their lips around a large piece of Kyshka and drunkenly singing choruses of "den narodzhennia".

That evening as I sat in my hotel room, feeling horny and sorry for myself, I decided I would at least go to the bar downstairs and see if I could scope a stud. I got dressed, putting on my sexiest "fuck me outfit" and headed for the door when my phone rang.

It was Petro, one the committee members. He wondered if he could come up and visit me with his two younger brothers. Of course I was delighted at the prospect of having several young cocks in my room.

Petro was, in fact, the head of the committee. He was a tall slim man, with wavy brown hair and chocolate brown eyes – I guessed his age at about 35. He arrived at my door with his two younger brothers, Petruso and Prokip. Trying to repeat their names in one breath was definitely a tongue twister. But the Kostenko brothers were definitely not hard on the eyes and before I knew it, I could feel my pussy moisten at the anticipation of fucking all three of them.

My handsome suitors had brought a big bottle of Hetmans with them, (one of the finest vodkas the Ukraine has to offer) and the four of us were soon on our way to some pretty hot fuck action.

If memory serves me right, it was Petro who made the first move. I believe it started with a gentle massage, followed by some neck nibbling. Before I knew it I had three brothers undressing and seducing me. Once they had me completely naked Prokip began to tongue my hot hatch. Prokip was the youngest of the three brothers, but the way in which he skillfully ate my cunt revealed a man of great experience. As Prokip discerningly munched my muff, the middle brother, Petruso, started to gnaw one of my ample titties.

Petro came around front and began to give me a very wet and very deep kiss. He had thin lips and a moustache that tickled me and made me even hornier. After several minutes, Petro stood up and pulled out his colossal Kovbasa in my cock-hungry mouth. His slab of Ukrainian salami was fat and uncut. I'm certain, at the very sight of his mouth-watering member; my cunt must have juiced in his younger brother's cunt-devouring mouth.

As I began to slide my wet lips up and down the entire length of his thick shaft, I caught a whiff of his large hairy man-musky balls as they slapped against my chin. By this time the two younger brothers had switched positions and Petruso began to demonstrate his adeptness at eating cunt while Prokip stuffed my tit into his mouth like a suckling baby.

All the attention was really getting me fucking wild. As I continued to suck on Petro's wonderful cock, I could feel Petruso pulling me down onto his hard fuck pole. A moment later I was riding his pony while still making mouth music to Petro's ever increasingly larger cock.

A few minutes later Prokip popped my tit from his mouth and moved down to my red-eye, where he began to gently tongue my puckered tight asshole. There is nothing that gets me hotter than having a guy eat my ass

I pushed my ass into Prokip's pounding cock and slammed down onto Petruso' mammoth wog

out – and Prokip seemed to take great delight in it.

"Mmm," I groaned with my mouth full of cock and pushed my ass upward into Prokip's face. As I rode Petruso I could feel his younger brother's tongue probe deeper and deeper into my ass crack. I could tell that it was a precursor into having his young manmeat ramrodding my ass. And I was right. Eventually, I could feel the head of his swollen uncut cock as it began to pry open my tight bunghole.

I tried to position my butt as to allow him the easiest possible entry. Then, in one quick motion, Prokip's sizeable fuck tool pushed my ass crack open and buried itself deep inside my bowels. I let out a surprised yelp. After a few awkward minutes the four of us got into a really good rhythm and soon we became a well-synchronized fuck machine.

"Yeah baby," cooed Petro, "suck my cock, take it all the way down your throat...atta girl!"

My insides felt stretched to their limits as the two other Kostenko brothers filled my hot holes with their enormously large and thick Ukrainian cocks.

"Fuck her," shouted Petro to his younger brothers, "fuck her real good, satisfy that juicy cunt and fuck her beautiful tight ass.

It was obvious who was in charge and Petro made no secret of it. He was the ringleader and his brother's would do as they were told.

"Do you like my brother's big cocks in your ass and cunt?" he asked lasciviously.

I shook my head, indicating the affirmative.

"Do you like my cock?"

I nodded again.

"Do you like sucking my cock?"

Again I nodded.

"I want you to swallow my cum. Would you like that? Would you like to swallow my cum?"

His dirty words were driving me absolutely wild. I pushed my ass into Prokip's pounding cock and slammed down onto Petruso's mammoth wog.

"That's a good girl Miss Mimi," Petro praised me, "take good care of my little brothers, satisfy their hungry cocks, take all their cocks inside you and make them come. Make them shoot all their hot jism deep inside your hot holes."

The pace began to quicken. I could tell that the two brothers were getting closer and closer to spilling their seed.

"That's it, fuck her, fuck her good...fuck that cunt and ass, fuck it deep and fuck it long. Fuck her, fuck her," Petro cried out.

I continued to suck on Petro's ever-swelling cock while taking each and every thrust of the other two brother's pounding puds.

Petro put his two hands on either side of my head and began to vigorously fuck my face.

"Yeah baby, suck it, suck that cock, suck that fucking cock and make me shoot my wad!"

I was only too happy to service his wonderful fat dick and juiced at the anticipation of having him spurt his load in my mouth, on my face and on my tits.

"Are you just about ready?" Petro asked his two brothers.

"Yep, I'm gonna come," answered Petruso.

"Me too," echoed Prokip.

"So am I," Petro said, "let's give her a cum bath, let's shoot our cum all over her beautiful face and tits.

A moment later the three horny brothers pulled their boners from my orifices and kneeled around me, jacking their horse-like cocks.

"Play with your cunt," shouted Petro, "play with that beautiful cunt and come for us, make your juicy cunt come for us!"

I reached down and began to madly frig myself. The sight of these three hot studs standing over me jacking their massive cocks off was exhilarating. I could feel my quim ebbing closer and closer to an explosive orgasm.

"That's it baby," Petruso cheered me on, "play with your cunt play with your cunt for us...let's see you come, let's see that juicy quim come!"

Suddenly Prokip let out a grunt that was followed by huge blobs of boy goo spurting out and blopping onto my tits. With my free hand I began to rub the warm sticky fluid all over my orbs.

Then, and almost simultaneously, Petro and Petruso began to spew out their volumes cum all over my face and tits. As I bathed in their warm cum, I licked my lips and savoured the salty taste of their guy goo. The seductive smell and taste of their pheromone laced sputz sent my own cunny into violent cum convulsions.

"Yeah baby, come, come, come," they all shouted.

Wave after wave of orgasm swept over my sexually agitated body and I writhed with unbridled ecstasy. When I finally recovered, from what had to be the best orgasm of my life, Pero swept me up into his arms and the four of use hopped in the shower.

The evening the Kostenko brothers pleasured me in every way imaginable (and then some). I certainly have gained a new respect for the Ukrainian culture.

More to cum!



"I'd tell you to ignore the drunken letch but he's our captain.."

The Broody Bunch: Sevendust (l-r, Clint Lowery, Vinnie Hornsby, Lajon Witherspoon, John Connolly and Morgan Rose) apparently get fined a dollar every time they smile.

SEVENDUST

Interview by Nancy B. Sayle

Sevendust know all about the concept of delayed gratification. After being signed to TVT Records in 1996, the Atlanta quintet began an exhaustive uphill climb that included a grueling 21-month road stint and culminated in their fiery performance at Woodstock '99, where they wowed the crowd of 350,000. From that point on, Sevendust has been one of the trendsetters of the latest hard-rock revival.

Sevendust (vocalist Lajon Witherspoon, drummer Morgan Rose, guitarists Clint Lowery and John Connolly, and bassist Vinnie Hornsby) continue to grow and produce fresh sounds. With their fourth full-length offering, *Seasons*, the five musicians show that they are no longer angry young men, delivering a more mature sound and vibe, but don't think for a second that they gave up their headbanger roots. HUSTLER spoke to Witherspoon about the band's continued evolution.



HUSTLER: How does *Seasons* differ from your previous albums?

WITHERSPOON: For me, it was definitely the most laid-back we've ever been. I think as far as Sevendust [goes], it's the best. I know we always say that, but each time, you grow more and more. This album shows the growth that we went through in our lives—like a season changes, a grown man changes, and each of us had changed. We're not all angry at the world anymore like when we were younger.

HUSTLER: Sevendust started in the angst-ridden music scene of 1996. How did your sound fit?

WITHERSPOON: I don't think it was as angry, but it was still coming from young men. You have your whole life to write your first album; so I think you put all those experiences, like being the adolescent teenager going to school, coming home to hear your parents tell you what you can and can't do, into it. Like when you show up with a bad report card, you can't go out and you can't drive the car. You put all that into your first album. That second album, if you have a chance to do it, you start growing more. If you're smart, you don't always try to paint the same picture. By (2001's) *Animosity*, we were definitely writing about love and being true in our music.

HUSTLER: Who wrote the new material for *Seasons*? Was it you, or a collaboration with the band?

WITHERSPOON: I think it would be foolish for our music to come from one person's point of view when we are all grown men and we deal with things differently as far as everyday things and relationships. If a cat in our band has something to say, we all listen. We've known each other long enough to definitely understand each other, because we are married to each other. I would be foolish to say, "I don't think that; that's how *you* feel. I'm only going to sing about how I feel and only how I feel." We try to keep things even. That is what has kept this band together for so long. We don't try to exclude or single out someone. Without us all, it's not going to get across anyway.

HUSTLER: Tell us about the process of producing the new album.

WITHERSPOON: Our last tour was the Cutty Sark Rock the Boat Tour. Trust Co., Finger Eleven and a few other bands were out there with us, and we decided to do another album at that time. We decided to do this fourth album in our hometown of Atlanta, which was a plus. At that time, we decided to work with Butch Walker. If you remember him, he's old school; he was the singer of SouthGang. He worked on our first demo, and to go back home to him and to hear his ideas was refreshing. For me, working with a singer on an album was incredible. Then we went to Tampa to write—it's a good vibe there. We like Florida; it's cool and laid-back. We have a real good time there. Then we came back and covered the Marvin Gaye song "Inner City Blues." I love Marvin Gaye, and we put it on a Sevendust album.

HUSTLER: What's a day in the life of Lajon Witherspoon like?

WITHERSPOON: It's different now. Sevendust has defi-nitely changed my life. I live in a rural area in [Georgia's] Kennesaw Mountains, in a family-style neighborhood. I guess everyone knows the rock guy lives on the block. When they know I am home, all the kids set up their skateboard ramps in front of my house and do their trick-riding. It's like the Vans Warped Tour in front of my house. Another funny thing is what we call the "sightings." When I go to the mall and stop at Hot Topic, kids come out of nowhere. I am subject to a meet-and-greet at any given moment. There's never a time that I won't sign autographs. It's great. I live in a small town; so I tend to stand out.

www.Sevendust.com

Sylvie from Sydney says, "There's a lot more to Australia than mad kangaroos bouncing all over the place." The 22-year-old Aussie enjoys racing speedboats in Darling Harbor and going to concerts at the Sydney Opera House.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DARREN McCORMACK

SYLVIE GOING DOWN UNDER



She attends school part-time and wants to be an oceanographer. "The Great Barrier Reef is amazing," the comely sheila purrs, her charming accent creating a rock formation in our pants. "I love scuba diving, sometimes with only a tank and nothing else." When it comes to men, the not-so-virginal Virgo likes the Crocodile Dundee types. "I don't like men that just sit around watching TV. I like men who enjoy the outdoors and, at the drop of a hat, will go backpacking at midnight." What man could resist this Australian's outback?





Coming Next Month in HUSTLER



LESBO LAWYERS

When it comes to mixing work and pleasure, no one knows how to do it better than those who run our legal system. Don't miss the naughty and sexy shenanigans as our lascivious lawyers peel off their black robes and get down to business. It's lust and the law as Canada's legal eagles get down and dirty in Lesbo Lawyers, coming up in the February 2004 issue of HUSTLER magazine.



BANG ME IN BROOKS

A trip to a trade show leads to a sexual tryst with an unexpected twist. Join our naughty nymphet as she travels to Alberta in Bang Me In Brooks, another horny adventure in the life of Mimi Horowitz – right here in HUSTLER, Canada's number one jack off magazine!

ARE YOU A BORING LOVER

Does your partner seem ho-hum about sex? Does she not respond in bed? Does she eat jellybeans while you're bonking her? Perhaps you're the problem? Find out in this exclusive HUSTLER survey, Are You a Boring Lover – coming up in our next hot issue.



PLEASURE WITHOUT PUSSY

When it comes to sexual pleasure nothing beats a juicy wet pussy. But when the well is dry a guy has to find other ways to quench his sexual thirst. In the upcoming issue guys from across Canada tell HUSTLER how they take matters into their own hands. Pleasure Without Pussy looks at alternatives for guys who aren't getting it. Read all about these novel approaches to pleasuring oneself in the February 2004 issue of HUSTLER magazine.



Carrie Starr

The February HUSTLER is on sale January 13, 2004. HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at www.northlandmedia.c