CANADA'S MAGAZINE

HUSTLER

HARDER AND RAUNCHIER

FEBRUARY 2004

JENNA JAMESON

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AND SCORCHING
NEW LAYOUT

2 For 1
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To Vancouver's
Sexshow

NUDE CHEERLEADER SCANDAL

FULL-FRONTAL PICS
OF EX-RAIDERETTE
DANIELLE GAMBA

VALENTINE'S DAY QUIZ

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DOING ALBERTA

BANG ME IN BROOKS

PLEASURE WITHOUT PUSSY

TAKING
MATTERS
IN HAND

PLUS

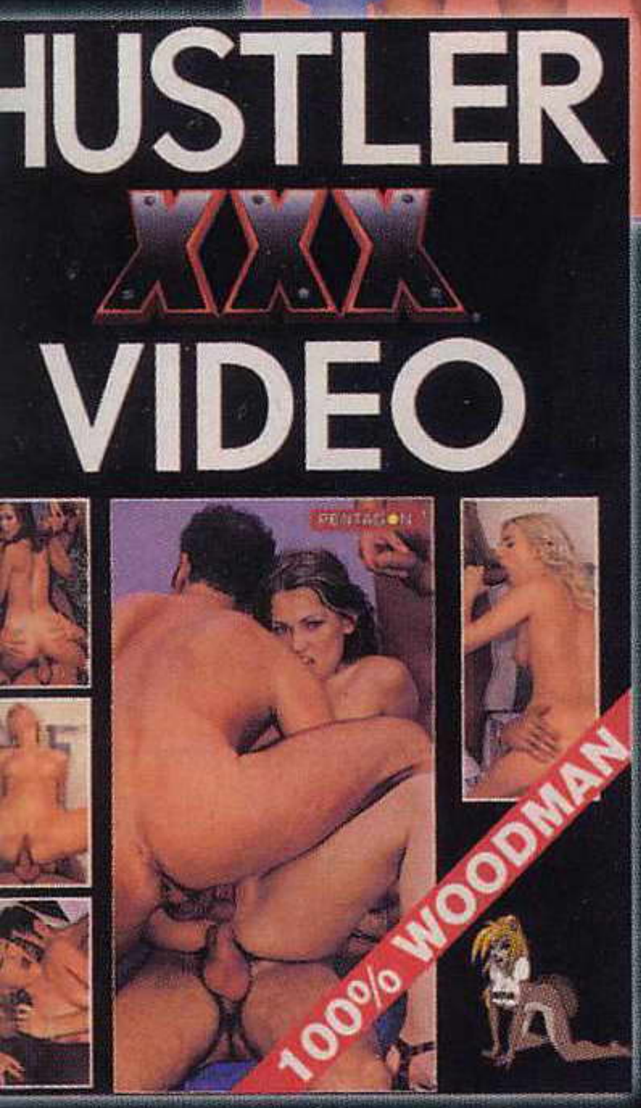
- Asshole Of The Month: APEC

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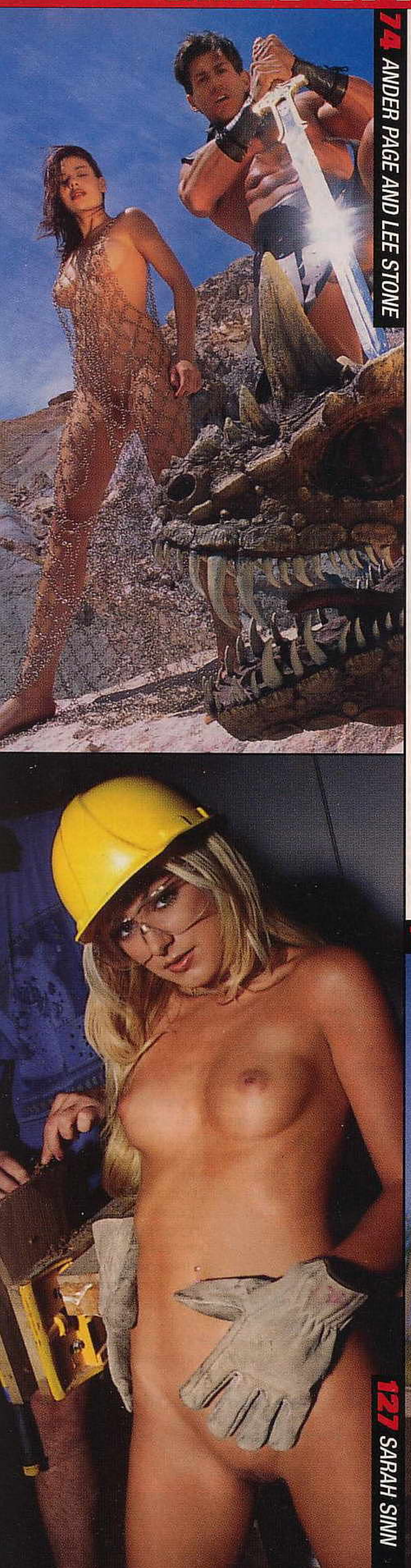
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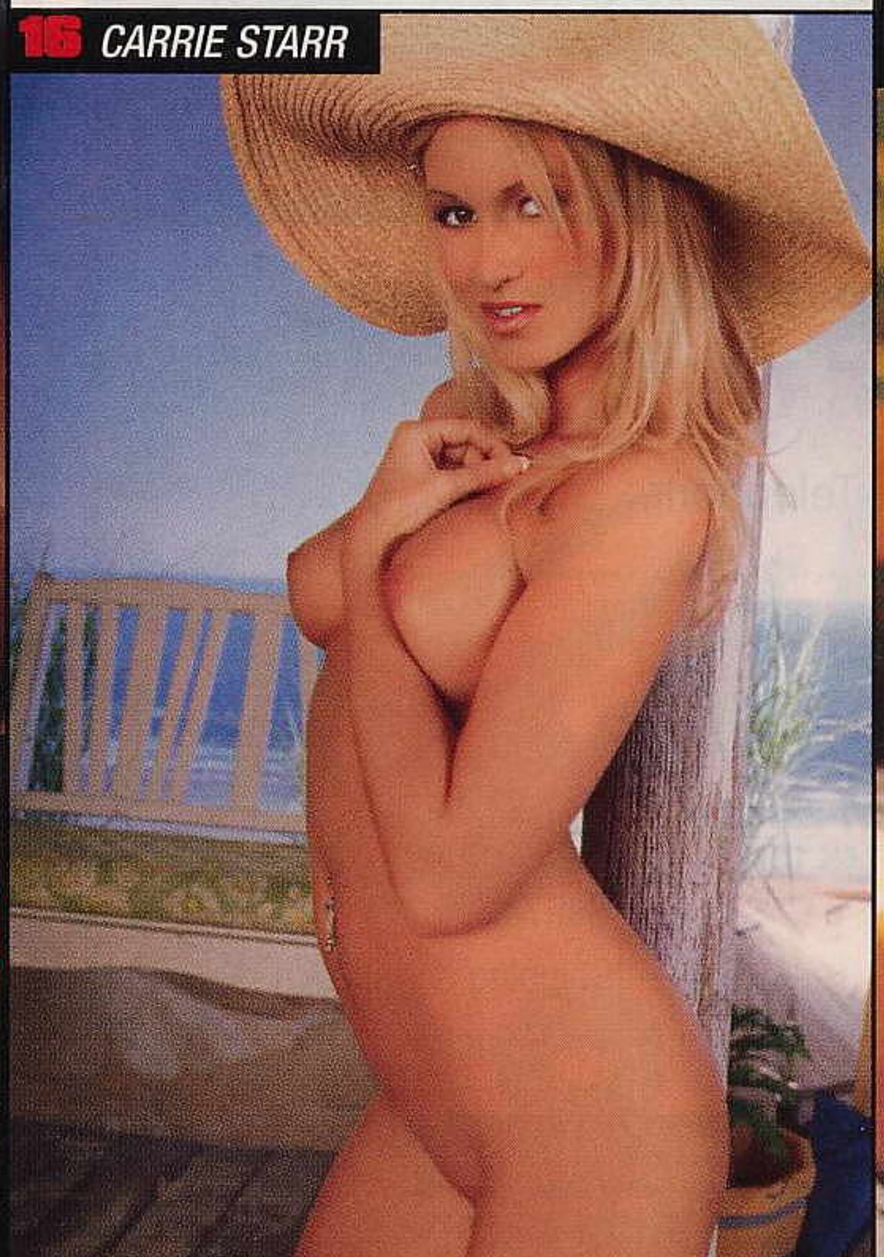
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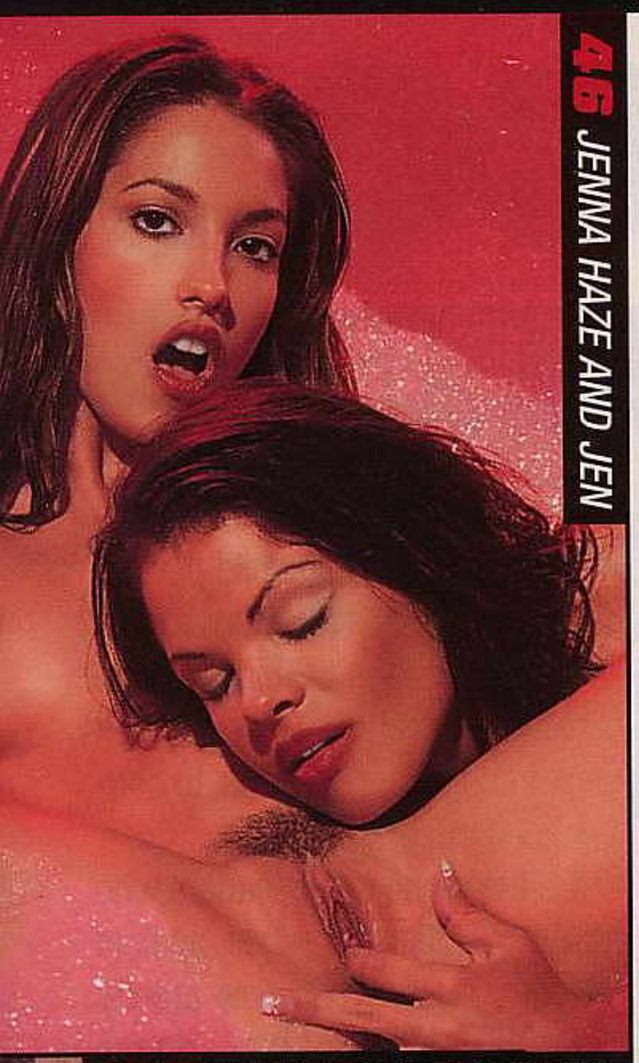








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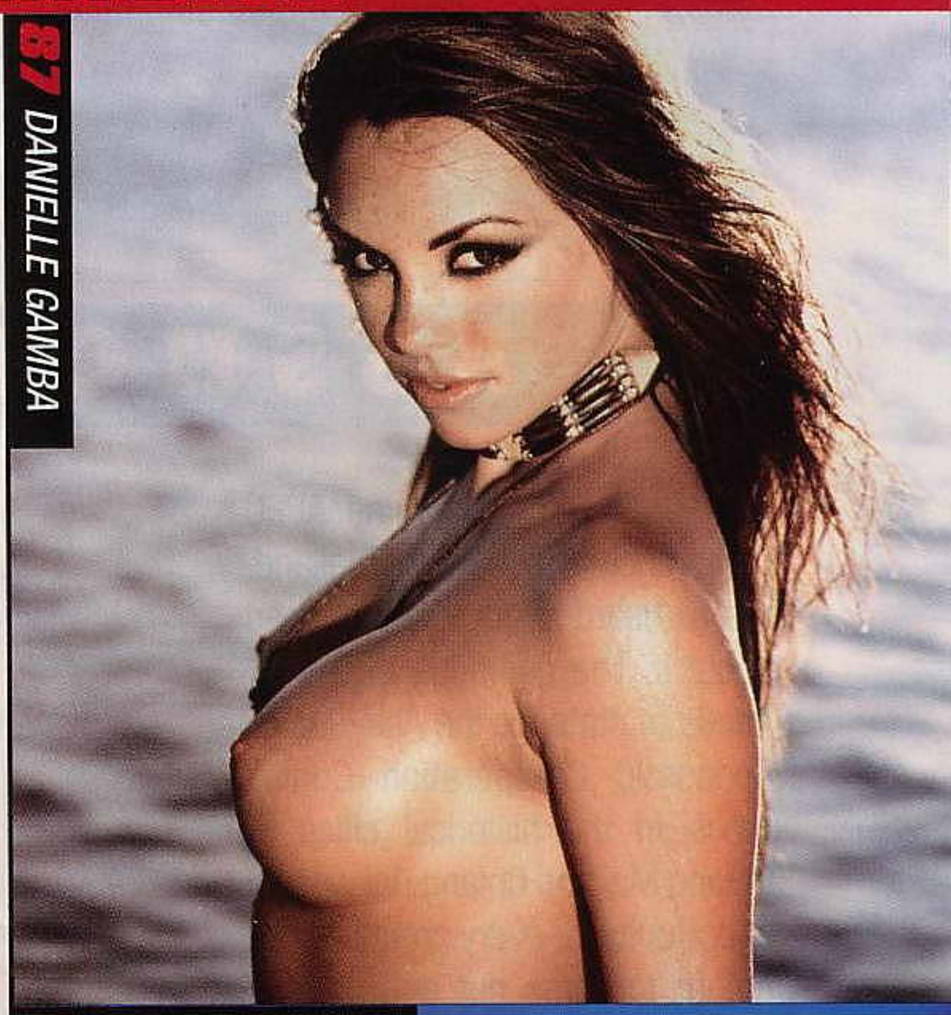
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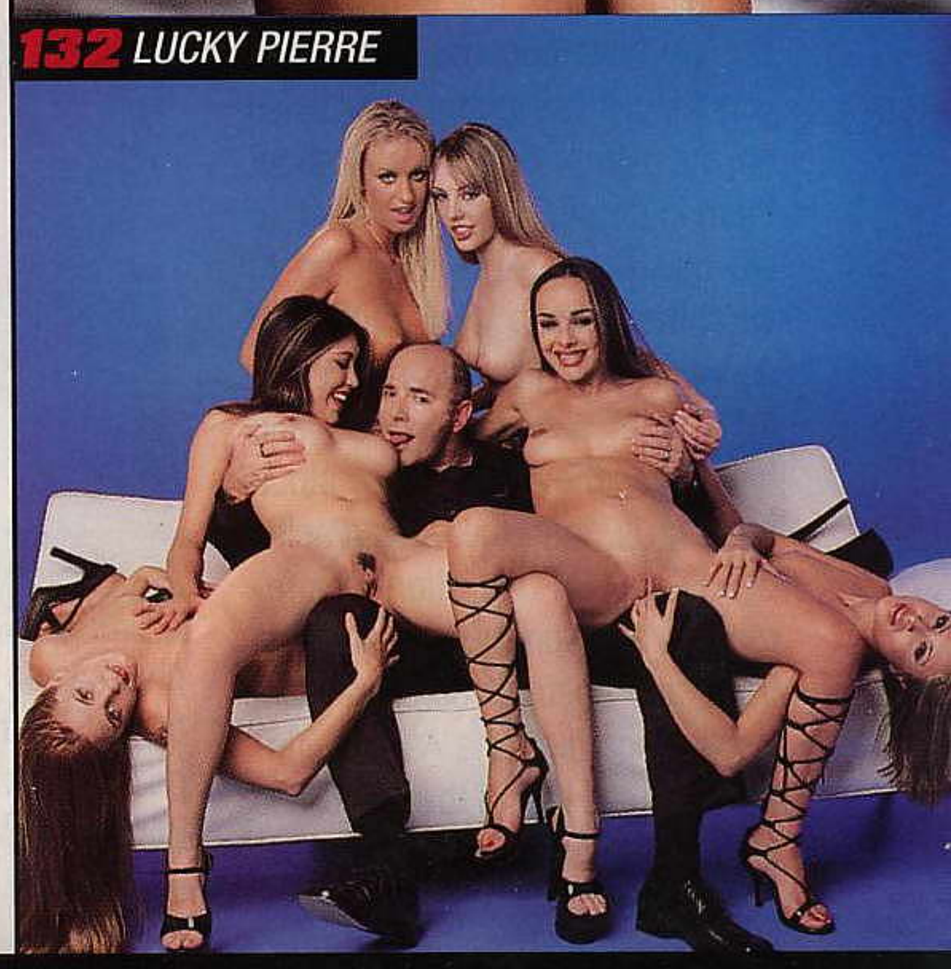
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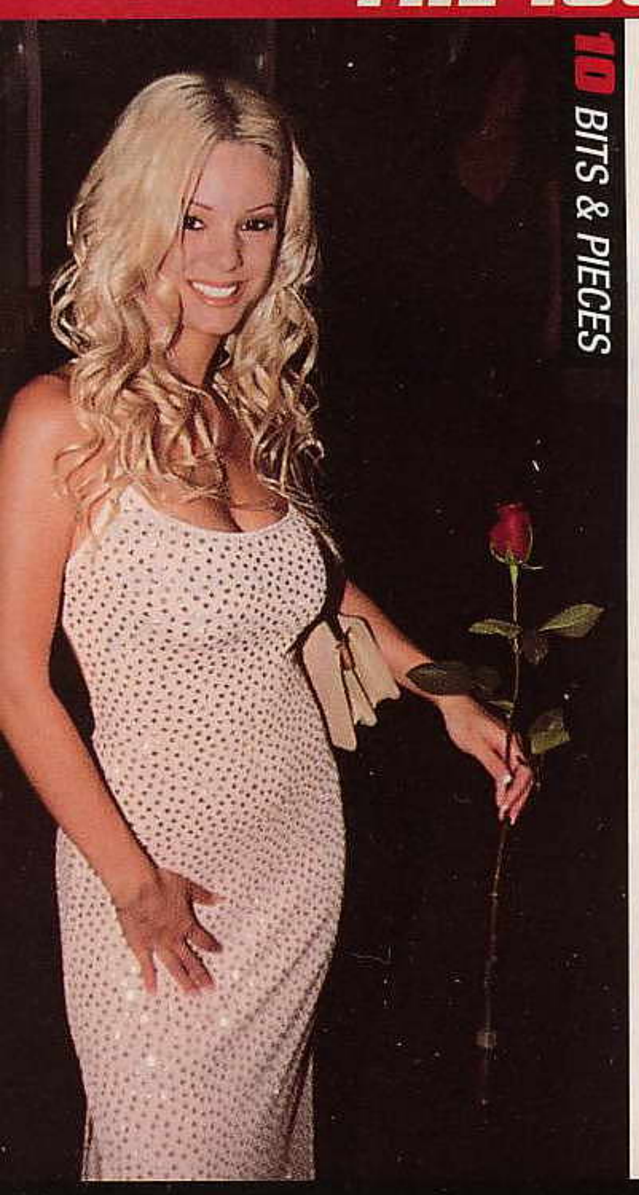


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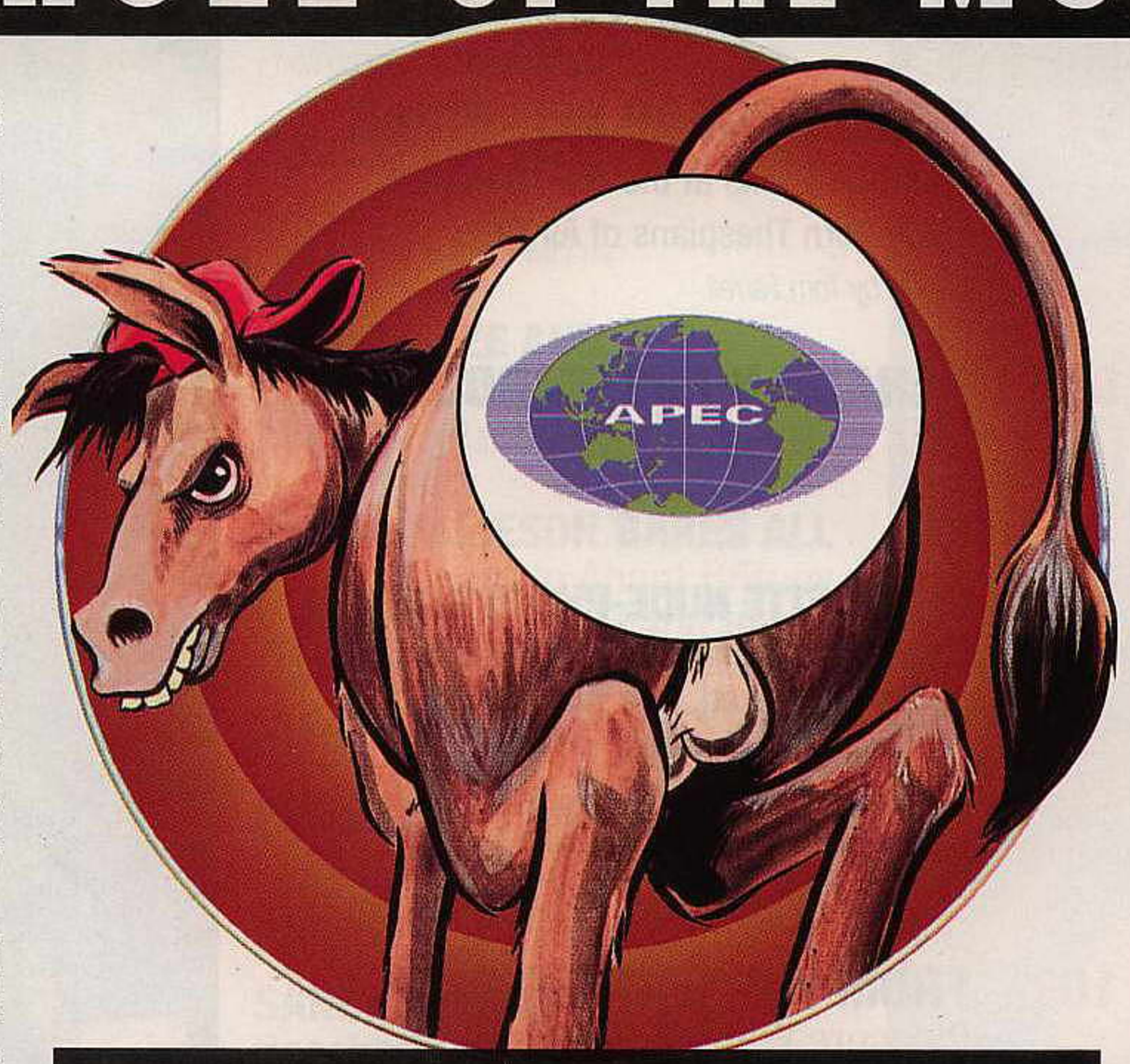
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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



APEC

In October of 2003 the APEC conference was held in Thailand. We all heard about it, we all read about it. The gathering of the 21 heads of state for the Asia Pacific Economic Co-operation Conference in the historical cities of Chiang Mai and Chiang Rai was an opportunity for every protester and nutbar to come out and protest. But we have become so used to watching these grand spectacles on the news and reading about them in our local newspapers that we usually pay little attention to what the hubbub is all about, nor do we usually give a flying fuck.

So what actually is APEC and what do they do? The stock answer is that the Asia Pacific Economic Co-operation Conference is an opportunity to promote trade and confront other relevant issues regarding the Asian countries with the rest of the world. It is intended to bring economic prosperity to all those who participate, along with better understanding and co-operation among the member countries. That's what it is supposed to do.

In reality APEC is little more than a drunken economic fuckfest daisychain for the ruling elite, all of whom come together to think of more ways to screw the working poor. The APEC agenda is to further globalization – making the rich richer, the poor poorer, and place world power in the hands of a select few.

The driving force behind APEC is not altruism, humanitarianism, nor philanthropy. The people who come together for this 'rob the poor' festival are definitely not motivated by such noble or lofty intent. The driving force behind APEC is pure, unabashed greed.

APEC's sole purpose is to design more ways to enslave the poor and enable the rich – plain and simple. And worst of all, it's done at the expense of those who can least afford it. The hypocrisy of the APEC sham knows neither shame nor conscience.

How so? While APEC encourages Western industry to set up shop in Asia, it does so at everyone's expense except those who really profit. Industry leaves the West, and sets up in Asia where goods and services can be produced at a fraction of the cost. And who benefits? Certainly not the workers in the West, as they watch their jobs and standard of living slowly erode, and certainly not in the East, where workers (regardless of how much industry they have) still get paid shit, and work under appalling and often dangerous conditions.

So then who benefits? You guessed it, the multinational fuckwads and the greasy politicians they own. Shareholders and CEOs get richer and richer, and the poor just keep getting their asses kicked.

It is a sickening spectacle to watch as our world leaders, donned in their hand-painted straightjackets, attend the APEC conference and profess their commitment to eliminate child poverty and disease – yet they turn a blind eye and continue to enable those who abuse children, either in their sweat shops or sex shops, to continue their operations.

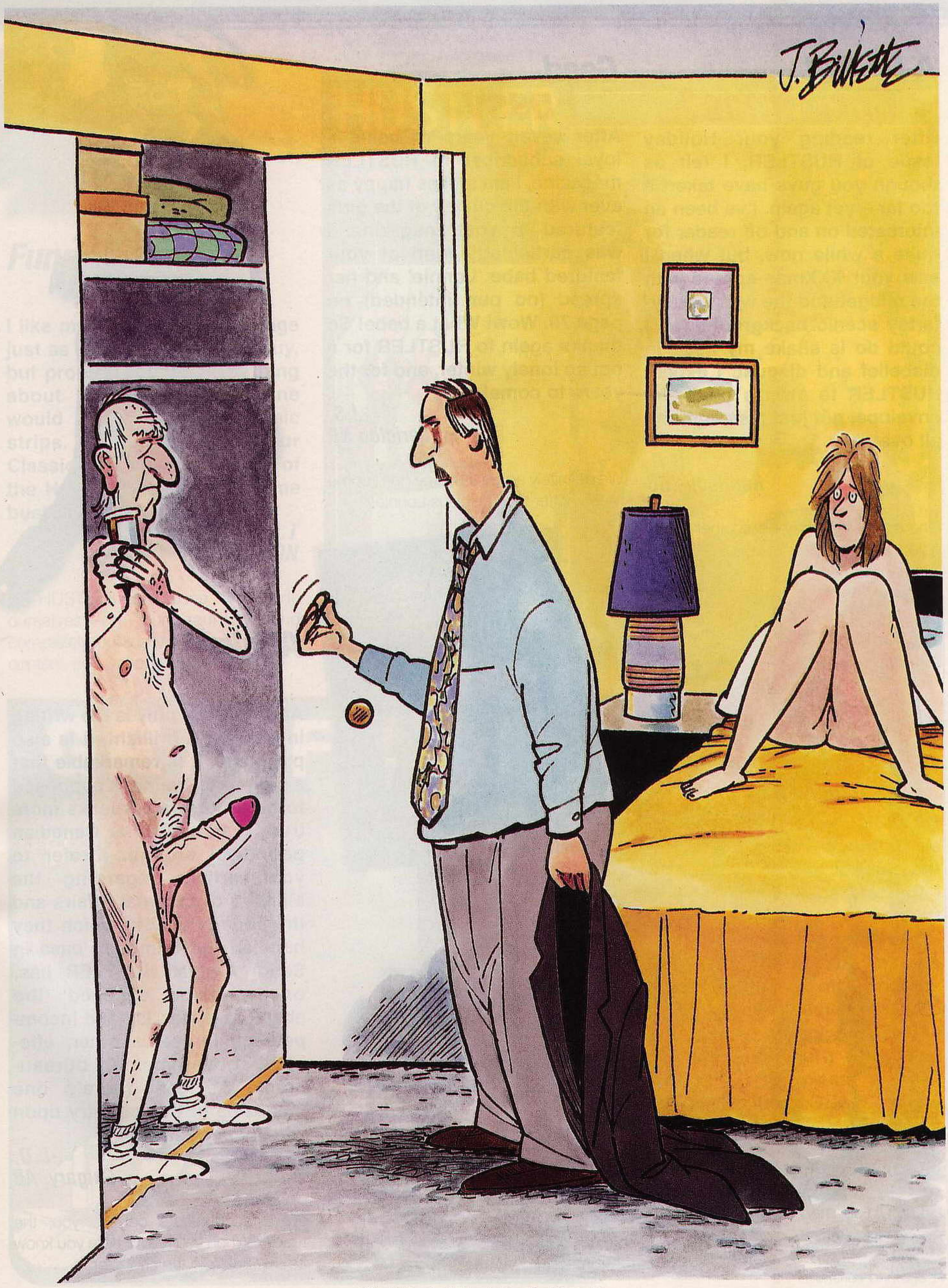
It is the same world leaders who make grandioso pledges against the fight of AIDS yet allow greedy drug companies to gouge Westerners with outrageously exorbitant HIV medications, and price out, all together, the poor in developing Nations. It's enough to make any human being (with an ounce of decency) want to hurl when the leader of South Africa denies state funding of HIV medication and then has the fucking gall, as he watches his own people die, to attend any world function such as APEC.

And while we listen to the doublespeak regarding the war on drugs, the simple fact remains; it is the very governments of the APEC members who enable these drug cartels to operate in the first place. It makes us just want to fucking puke!

Change requires political will and the only political will among these bought and paid for 'world leaders' at the APEC conference is to continue feeding at the trough of personal prosperity – the rest of the world be damned.

For being such a hypocritical, useless, ineffectual and shameful scam, APEC has the dubious distinction of being HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month.

Send your suggestions for "Asshole of the Month" to:
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"That's it, Dad! Hand over the Viagra!"

A Midget Christmas?

After reading your Holiday issue of HUSTLER, I felt as though you guys have taken it too far – yet again. I've been an interested on and off reader for quite a while now, but when I saw your XXXmas spread with the midget and the weird artsy-fartsy scenic background, all I could do is shake my head in disbelief and disgust. I expect HUSTLER to always push the envelope, not just piss and shit all over it.

-G.R.
Kamloops BC

One man's piss may be another man's gold.

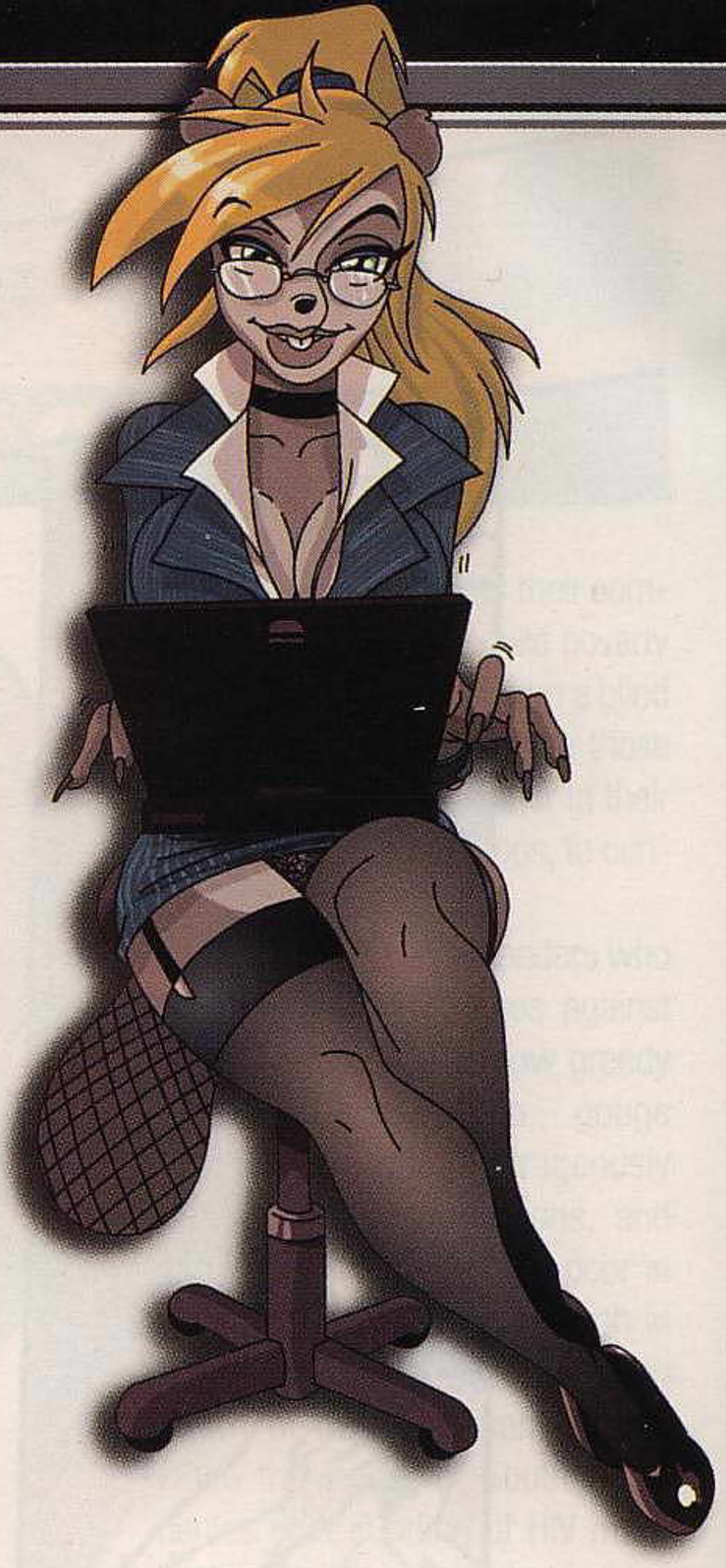
Good Pussy

After seven years of being a loyal subscriber to HUSTLER magazine, I am still as happy as ever with the quality of the girls featured in your magazine. I was particularly fond of your featured babe 'Lonnie' and her spread (no pun intended) on page 76. Wow! What a babe! So thanks again to HUSTLER for a not so lonely winter, and for the years to come!

-J.S.
Fredericton NB

We definitely agree J.S; they don't come much hotter than luscious Lonnie!





Affairs Asshole

As usual, not only is the writing in HUSTLER brilliant, it is also prophetic. It is remarkable that a magazine, which is supposed to be a porn rag, speaks more truth than any other Canadian periodical around. I refer to your article regarding the Ministry of External Affairs and the shoddy way in which they handled the Sampson case in Saudi Arabia. HUSTLER has, once again, exposed the absolute hypocrisy and incompetence in, yet another, effectual governmental bureaucracy. At least there's one magazine in this country upon which I can rely.

-L.D.
Calgary, AB

We're accountable only to you, the reader. When you read it here you know it's straight from the shoulder.

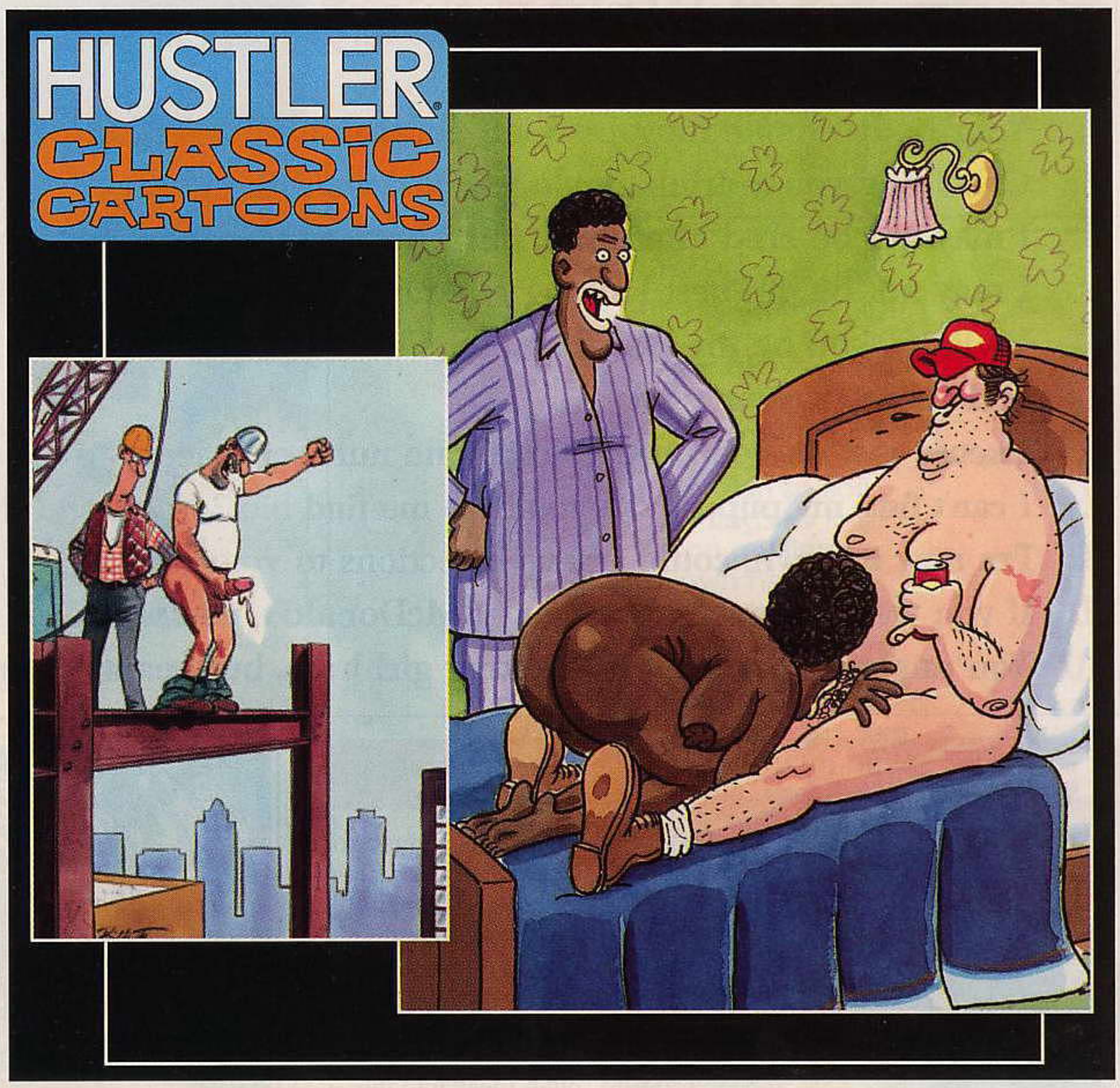


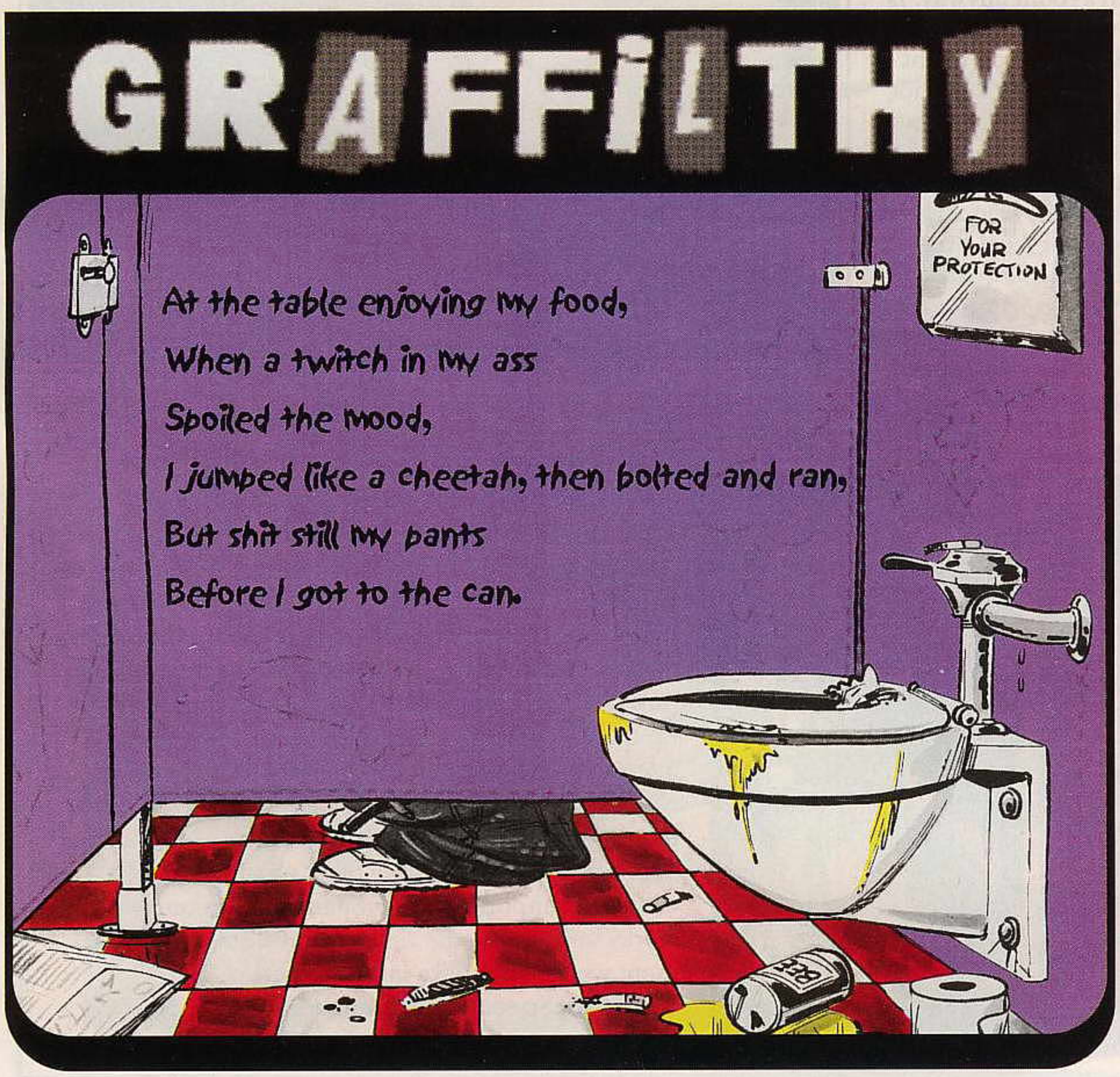
Funny Shit

I like my monthly porn dosage just as much as any other guy, but probably my favorite thing about HUSTLER magazine would have to be the comic strips. It's ones like your Classic Cartoons on page 38 of the Holiday issue that had me busting a nut laughing.

-N.T
Windsor ON

At HUSTLER magazine we pride ourselves on our raunchy and completely politically incorrect humour content, so we thank you for that N.T!





Oriental Enthusiast

This is my first year subscribing to HUSTLER Magazine, and I couldn't be much happier with the content of your great magazine, but I have noticed a lack of content featuring Asian girls. Personally I'm a big fan, and I'm sure there are lots of other noodle loving readers out there who are missing out as well. Please HUSTLER, do us a favor, and just give us at least a small taste of the Orient every month? Thanks!

-L.R.
Bentley AB

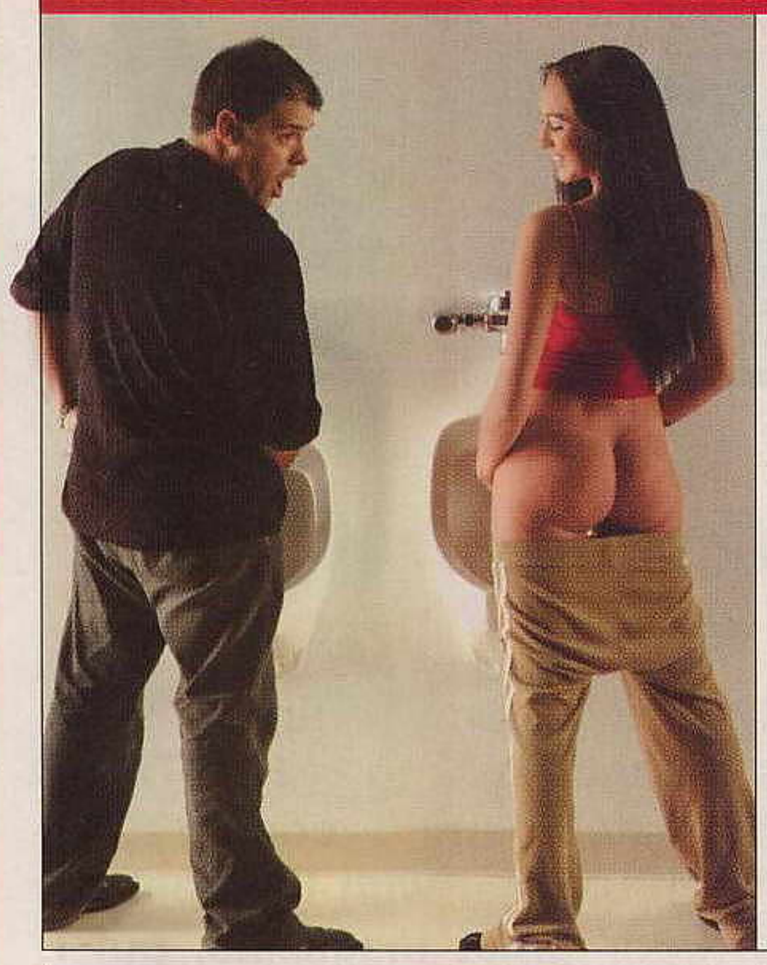
We aim to please here at HUSTLER magazine; we'll do our best. Keep reading.

Continue On Page 14

Ten Excellent Pick-Up Lines

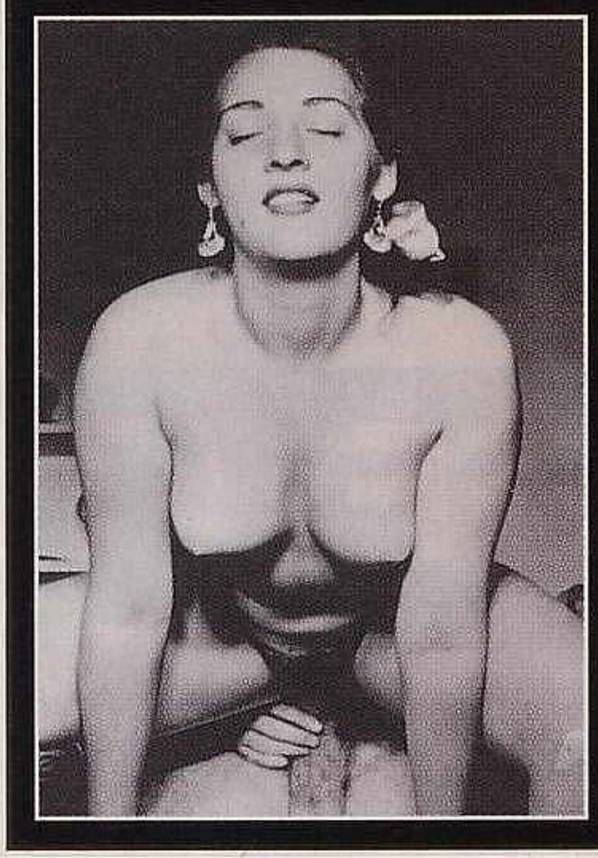
1. Your body's name must be Visa, because it's everywhere I want to be
2. Can I buy you a drink, or do you just want the money?
3. I may not be Fred Flintstone, but I bet I can make your bed rock.
4. I may not be the best looking guy here, but I'm the only one talking to you.
5. Yo Baby, you be my Dairy Queen, I'll be your Burger King, you treat me right, and I'll do it your way!
6. Excuse me, do you have your phone number, I seem to have lost mine.
7. I can't find my puppy, can you help me find him? I think he went into this cheap motel room.
8. I'm new in town, could I have directions to your house.
9. If you were a new hamburger at McDonald's, you would be McGorgeous.
10. You might not be the best looking girl here, but beauty is only a light switch away.

Piss-Poor Idea



The city of Minneapolis is actually considering making their public restrooms unisex. Apparently, women have complained about long lines at the john at the Metrodome and often sneak into the men's room anyway. Is co-urination a good idea? Sure, you might get lucky and see a hot chick taking a leak, but what about Grandma grunting and sweating as she shits bricks in the next stall? That pretty much ruins the magic for us.

Porn From the Past



He Finally Used Lube!

Thanks and $150 go to B.H. of El Prado, New Mexico, for this lovely lady assuming the position. 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.

Plaques for Squacks

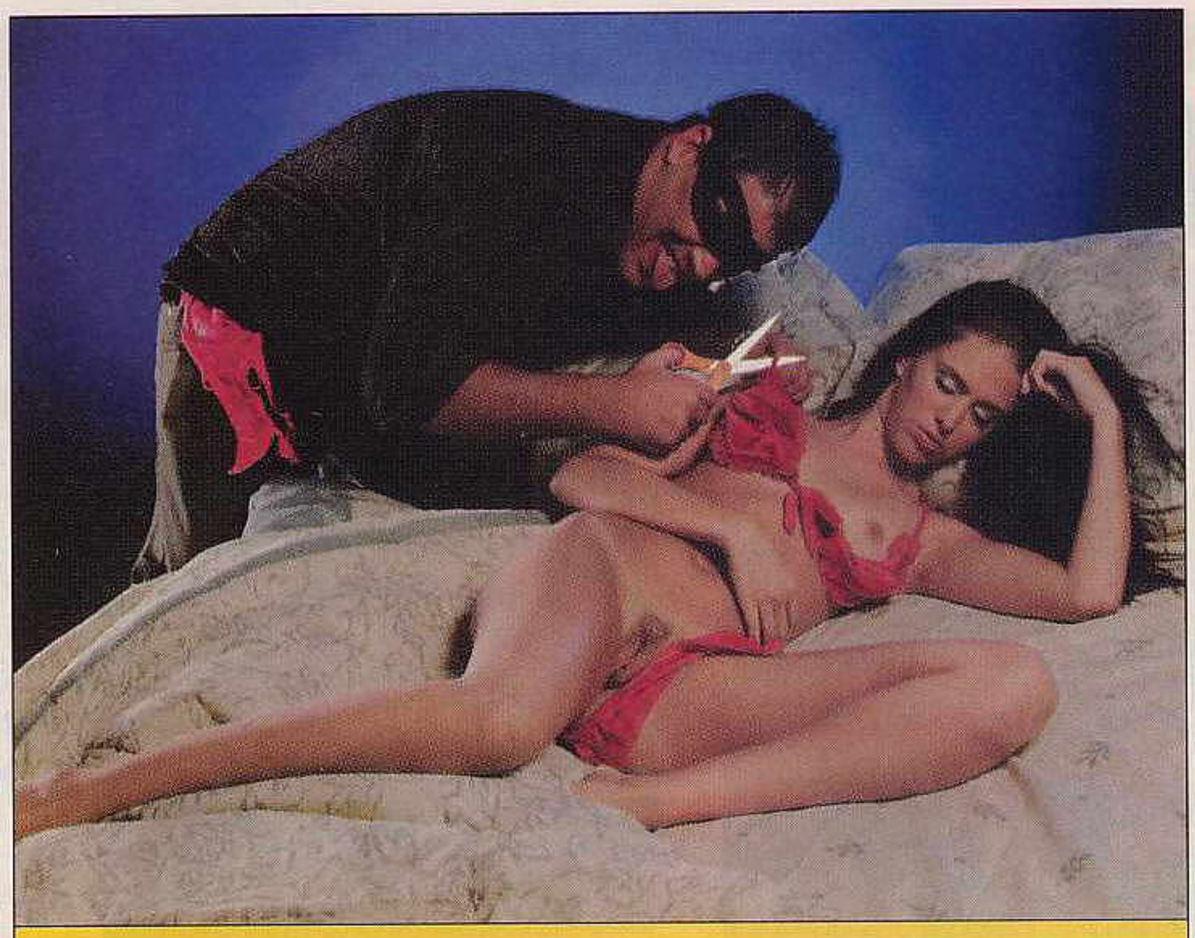






Sexier than the MTV Video Awards and less respected than the Soul Train Music Awards, the 16th annual Night of the Stars shined brightly in Los Angeles as the adult industry awarded porn's finest private parts. Amber Lynn took home the Lifetime Achievement Award in the Actress category; we suppose that's a legit accolade, if you consider taking it up the ass "acting." Porn star Carmen Luvana also attended the festivities, but unfortunately kept her clothes on. This lack of nudity probably disappointed our fearless leader, Larry Flynt, who was also on hand, but the Night of the Stars was for a good cause: to support the Free Speech Coalition, which works to preserve the rights of the adult-entertainment world. For more information, go to **www.FreeSpeechCoalition.com**.

"Many a man has fallen in love with a girl in a light so dim he would not have chosen a suit by it." –MAURICE CHEVALIER



Cutting Loose

In the sleepy college town of Durham, New Hampshire, an unidentified man dubbed "Jack the Snipper" has been sneaking into unlocked apartments of young, attractive women and cutting their clothes off as they sleep, taking the clipped scanties with him as a souvenir. The University of New Hampshire is keeping its dorms locked 24 hours a day, and the local police are consulting with the FBI and combing through sex-offender registries (they've even formed a special task force with other states). This all seems like overkill to us; the easy solution would be to require these hot, young girls to sleep in the nude; then the lingerie thief would have nothing to steal.

From The Poet's Corner

I'd willingly fertilize Mary,
And watch for nine months her shape vary,
From the very first day,
To the child-birth display,
When her tits would turn into a dairy.

From The Poet's Corner

The sky was dark,
The moon was high.
All alone just she and I
Her hair was soft,
Her eyes were blue,
I knew just what
She wanted to do.
Her skin so soft,
Her legs so fine.
I ran my fingers,
Down her spine.
I didn't know how,
But I tried my best.
I started by placing,
My hands on her breast.
I remember my fear,
My fast beating heart.
But slowly she spread,
Her legs apart.
And when I did it,
I felt no shame.
All at once,
The white stuff came.
At last it's finished,
It's all over now.
My first time ever,
At milking a cow

by Aaron Warner



NEWSBITES

Dear Diary: In Mississippi, Michael Clay Woods was arrested for allegedly fondling full-figured women, a/k/a "fatasses." Police say the alleged girth-grabber usually touched their breasts and once went for the feet and calves. The most damning evidence is Woods's diary, which reportedly lists details of the alleged incidents. The cops believe he may have been using the descriptions of his strange sexual activity in some songs he was writing. *Err*, isn't that R. Kelly's songwriting technique?

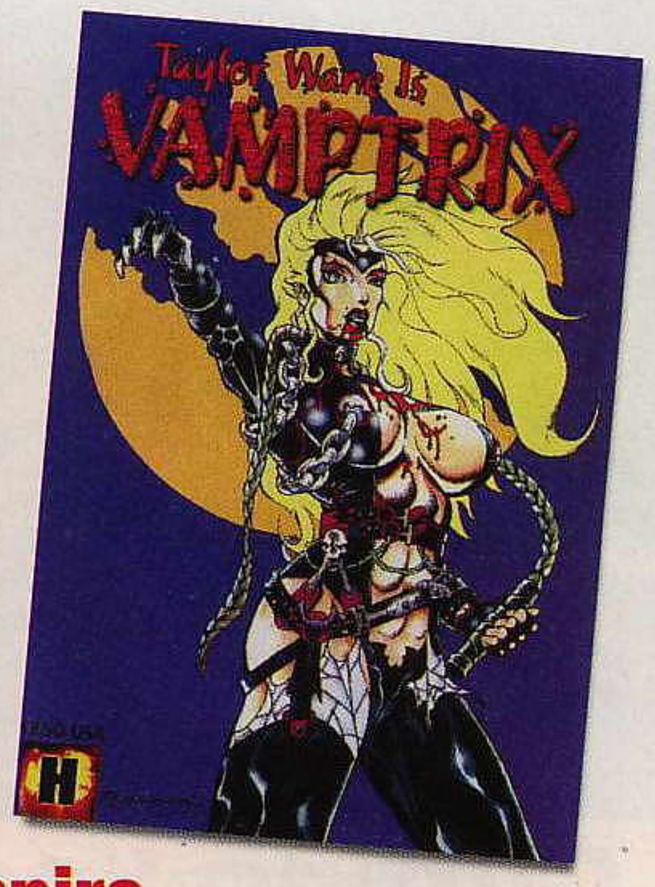
My Mother the Stripper: On her son's birthday, a 34-year-old woman in Sharon, Pennsylvania, allegedly took her boy and his three friends (all under the age of 16) to Ohio, bought them beer, got a hotel room and put on a striptease. Mother Loose reportedly gave all the boys one-dollar bills and told them to put the money in her bra and panties while she danced. Mom now faces charges of corruption of minors, indecent assault and reckless endangerment. To add insult to injury, none of the boys tipped her.

When Moms Go Wild (Again): Jacqueline McMahon, 52, pleaded guilty to misdemeanor battery stemming from an incident at her daughter's bachelorette party. Police report that partygoers became angry when a substitute male stripper showed up late, ended his show too soon and didn't show the bride enough attention. McMahon admitted that she attacked the hapless stripper, who suffered head injuries, bruises and scratches. No word on whether or not there will be a rematch at the wedding reception.

Sunburned Scrotum: Even though public nudity is legal in Santa Cruz, California, some humorless busybody called the cops on a homeless man who was sunbathing in the altogether on Its Beach. Kurtis Dapont had no ID (or anything else) on him at the time, but told the police that there might be a warrant for his arrest because of an unpaid ticket. His story checked out, and Dapont ended up in jail with a roof over his head and new clothes at taxpayer expense. Who says the system doesn't work?

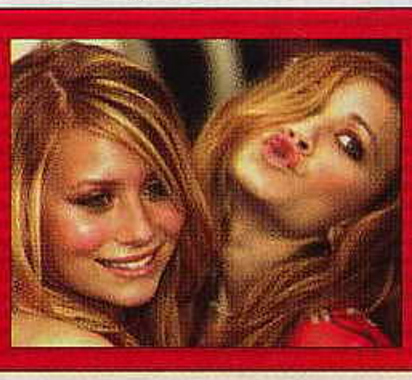
Speedo Gonzales: In Little Rock, Arkansas, Phillip Beard found himself in big trouble for allegedly wearing a tiny black Speedo bathing suit at a Taco Bell. Store employees called the police, who charged the scantily clad customer with indecent exposure. Although Beard never exposed his genitals, Arkansas state law defines indecent exposure as "conduct likely to cause affront or alarm." Perhaps Taco Bell should also be indicted, as their food affronts taste buds and causes intestinal alarm.





Intercourse With a Vampire

After performing in hundreds of adult films, there's not much that Taylor Wane hasn't done; so now the veteran porn star is spreading her career (and legs) into the world of X-rated comic books. Wane's alter ego, Vamptrix, is a cross between a vampire and a dominatrix, with an unquenchable taste for blood *and* cum. When the lusty dark angel isn't out prowling for victims, she's getting it on with her slaves. Could this signal the final death knell of the Comics Code Authority? We certainly hope so. Illustrated and written by Tim Taylor, and published by H Bomb Comics, *Vamptrix* is available at most comic-book stores or at **www.TaylorWane.com** and via mail at **P.O. Box 572229, Tarzana, CA 91357**.



Olsen Twins Countdown

As of December 16, 2003, there are only 180 more days until the Olsen twins become legal!



The Picasso of Porn

Artist Steve Montiglio describes his work as "conceptual realism." Having flunked Art Appreciation 101, we have no idea what that means, but any guy whose paintings are in the collections of Sylvester Stallone, Juliette Lewis, Clive Barker and B-movie scream queen Julie Strain must be doing something right. Montiglio's work has appeared in *HUSTLER Comix*, *RAGE Magazine* and in the movies *All the Pretty Horses*, *Hellraiser III*, *Lord of Illusions* and *Titanic*. Check out his abstract perversions at **www.Montiglio.com**.

Weird Sexual Statistics

Black men have naturally larger penises than white men.

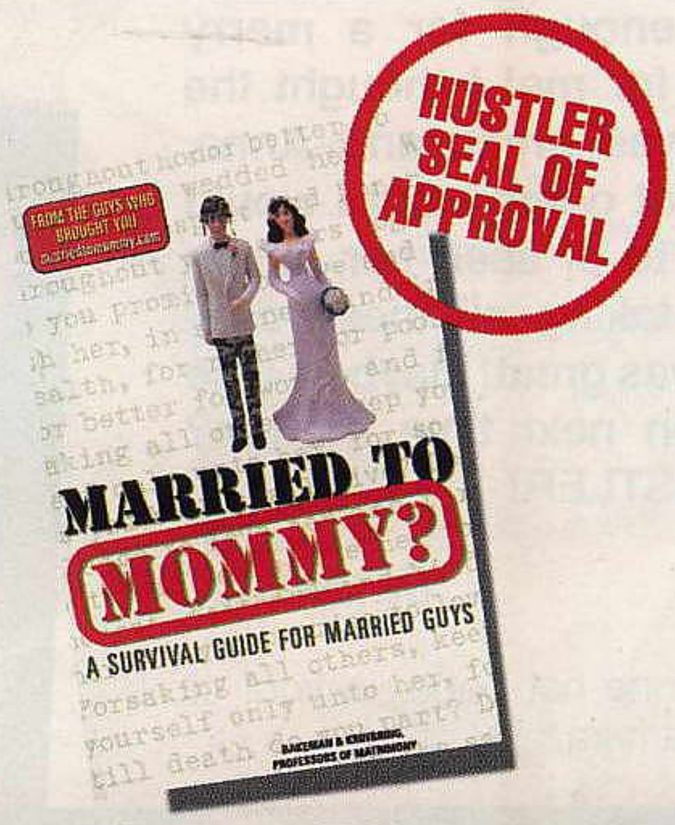
This couldn't be further from the truth. Based on a number of surveys (most notably Masters and Johnson), of thousands of men of many different races, white males actually have the largest penises. White males averaged an erect penis length of 6.4" while black males averaged 6.2". Hispanic men averaged 6.0" and finally east Asian men bring up the rear with a meager 5.6" (Did you catch that pun?). Erect penis lengths are taken by measuring from the TOP of the penis, where it joins the body, to the tip of the head.

Another word for breast is mamma or mammary gland. Mammals is a classification for more than 15,000 species of vertebrates (animals having a spine) including ourselves. Mammals are characterized by being warm blooded, having hair, and females having breasts. This amazing collection of animals is basically named after the scientific word for breasts. Why didn't they name the classification after hair? Because even male scientists are apparently fixated on breasts!

During a study regarding the effects of Ginkgo Biloba on memory improvement, one man told the researchers that his erections improved. This prompted a study on sexual dysfunction in patients taking antidepressants. While most patients were taking SSRI medications, some were on other antidepressants as well - including the newer ones and the older tricyclics. 91% of women and 76% of men reported success. Ginkgo improved all four phases of the sexual response cycle: desire, excitement (lubrication and erection), orgasm, and resolution (afterglow). The dose range was 60mg daily to 120mg twice daily, but averaged 209mg per day. The more common side effects included headache, feeling wired, and intestinal distress. It is felt ginkgo worked on many different mechanisms in the body.



"Mom, Dad's having a Vietnam flashback with the Nguyens next door again!"



Marriage Maneuvers

This Month: *Married to Mommy? A Survival Guide for Married Guys* by Jeff Bakeman & Brian Krinbring

What It Is: An instruction manual for hapless saps married to controlling women, a/k/a "Mommies." If divorce or suicide are not options for you, this book will teach you how to navigate the dangerous waters of "wedded bliss," steer clear of the spotlight of accountability, avoid futile conflict, communicate by using the art of vagueness and get more sex!

Why We Care: When most men get married, they think it's going to mean a lifetime of great sex with the terrific girl they dated. But once she gets that ring on her finger, there is a good chance your hot babe will have a marital metamorphosis and change into an overcontrolling Mommy who is hell-bent on sucking the life out of you!

Buzz: *Married to Mommy?* comes from the relationship gurus who created the popular Web site of the same name. Between them, Bakeman and Krinbring, a/k/a "The Professors of Matrimony," have more than a half century of experience in marriage.

How to Get It: *Married to Mommy? A Survival Guide for Married Guys* is available at local bookstores and at **www.MarriedToMommy.com**.

Bottom Line: Marriage is a battlefield, so learn how to avoid the land mines–before it's too late!

Continue From Page 9

Anna Nicole What?

When I picked up the Holiday issue of HUSTLER Magazine and saw Anna Nicole Smith, I was excited at first, but then thought to myself it was too good to be true. I opened up and I didn't get Anna naked getting her holes stuffed, but I did get a rather interesting Segment of Anna taking some dirty photos, and that was enough for a merry Christmas for me! I thought the interview was great, and Anna, although not doing what I would have liked to of seen her doing, was seen taking all these dirty photos, it was great! Maybe a little more action next time though? Thanks HUSTLER!

-A.G.
Oshawa ON

Anna is still one hot babe, in front or behind the camera.

Polishing the Pearl

Hey guys! I really enjoyed your article, 'Gals Wanna Get Off" in your Holiday Issue 2003. It's nice to see that you take into account what women need and want. You guys really rock!

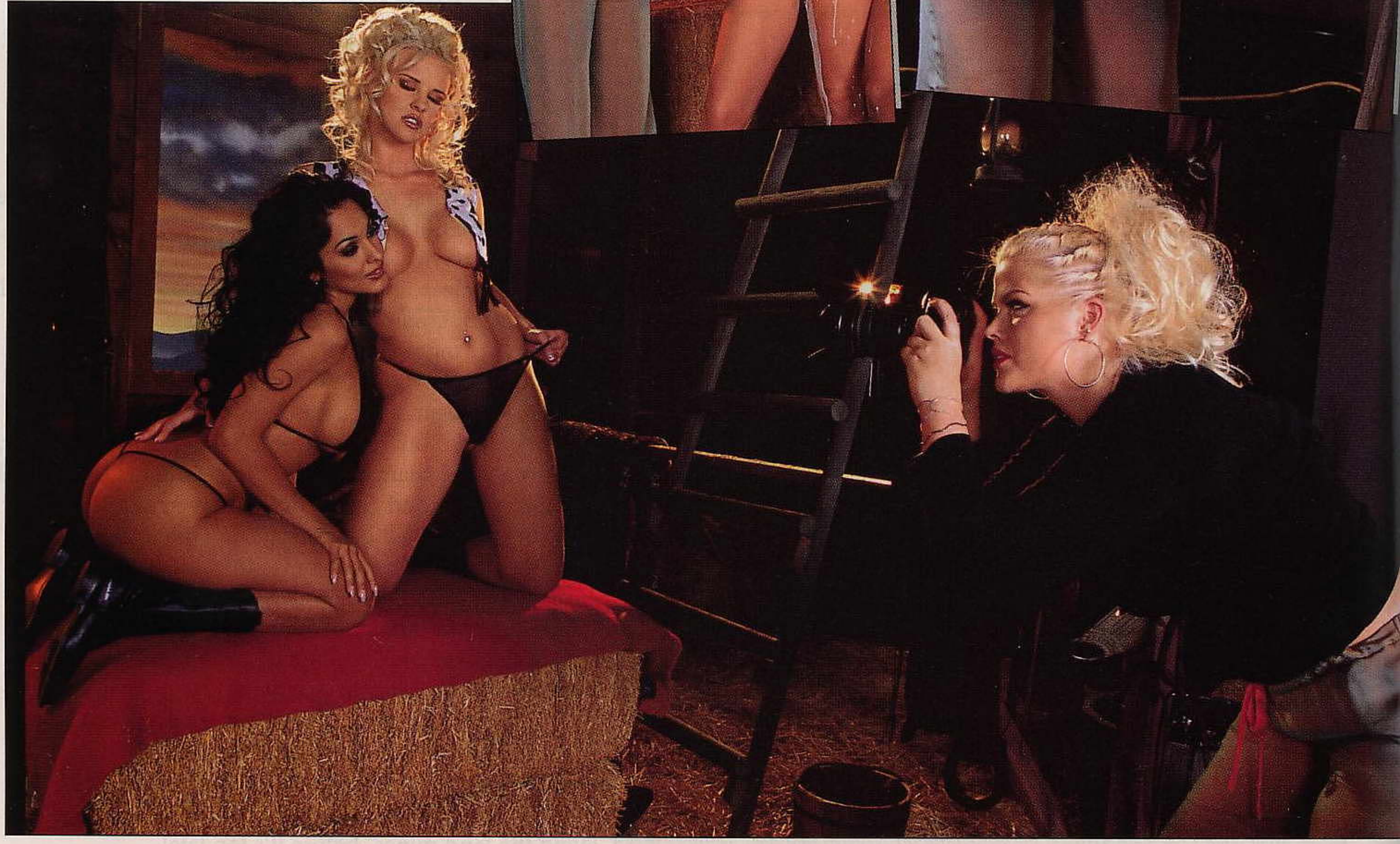
-N.N.
Toronto, ON

Thanks N.N., what you think matters!











"Hey! You shaved."

A REAL SWINGER

CARRIE STARR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

Carrie is from the south coast of England but recently moved to London to become a singer. "I love Michelle Branch. I'm taking singing lessons. I want to be on MTV," the future songbird giggles. If that doesn't work out, the British babe says she'd like to be a teacher, noting, "I really love working with children."

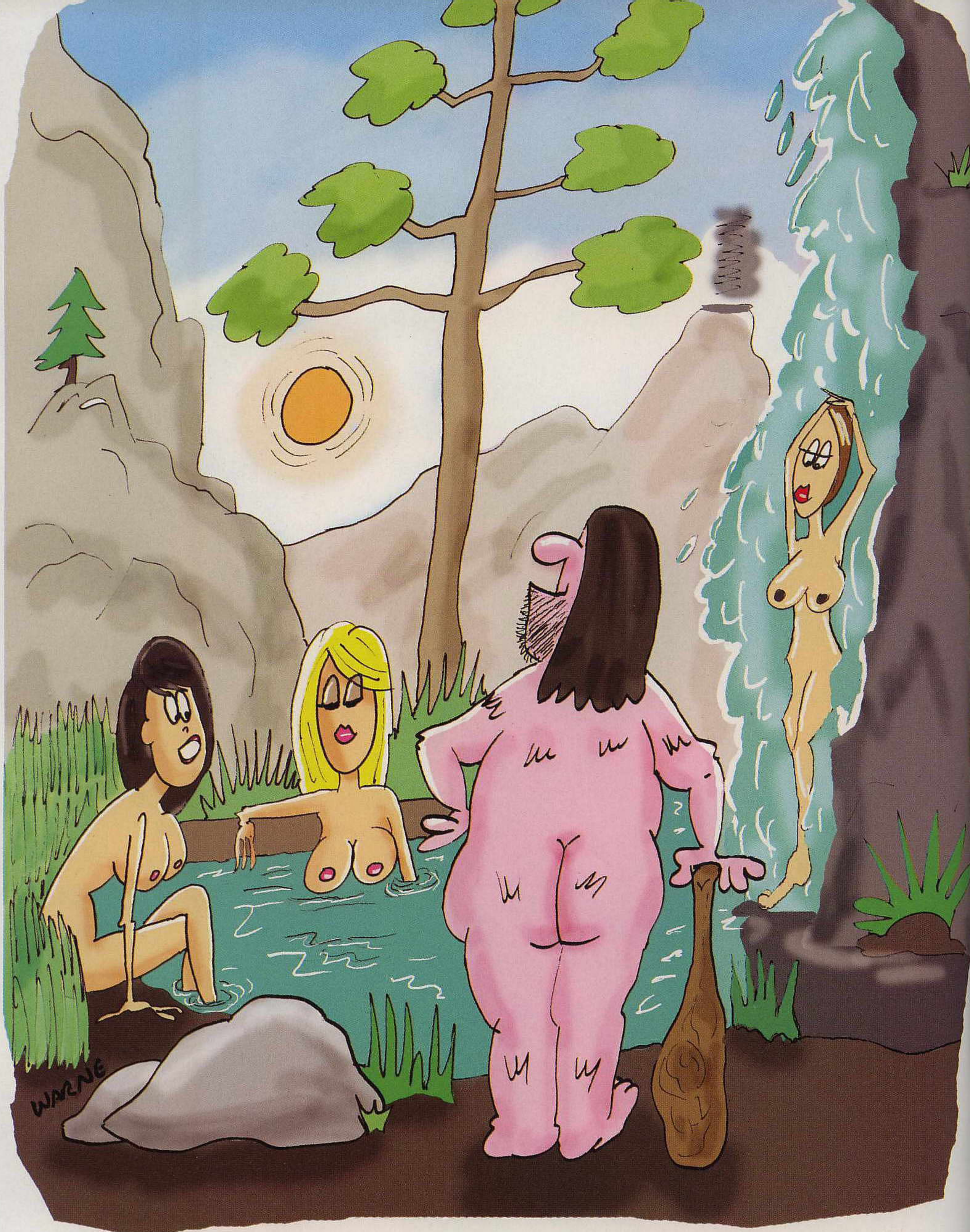




While in the U.S. to do her photo-shoot, the leggy blonde noticed some stark differences in movie theater audiences. "In England, if you cough or sneeze in the theater, it's very frowned upon, but in America, people cheer and clap and everything," she laughs. Speaking of generalizations, what about the impression that English guys have rotten teeth? She rolls her eyes. "They're not all terrible," the British bombshell claims. "That *Austin Powers* film has cursed England!"







"You must be the HOMO ERECTUS man we've heard so much about."

Porn Puzzle

February 2004

ACROSS

1. SUCK YOURSELF OFF
2. TO HAVE SEX WITH A GIRL (SL.)
3. POOP PLAY
4. VAGINAL SLIT (SL.)
5. PENIS (SL.)
6. FUCK ANALLY

DOWN

1. DEVIATION FROM THE NORM
2. WORD FOR TESTICLES
3. QUEER
4. PLAY WITH YOUR PUSSY (SL.)
5. SEXUALLY EXCITED
6. LOOSE WOMAN

WIN!

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Game On

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

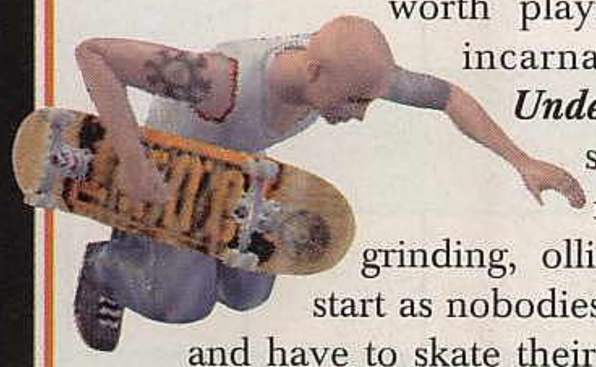
by Gus Mastrapa



Tony Hawk's Underground

Activision
(GameCube/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

The only household name in skateboarding returns with another edition of the only skateboard game worth playing. After four kick-ass incarnations, ***Tony Hawk's Underground*** freshens up the series by introducing a motivation for all your grinding, ollies and whatnot. Players start as nobodies in a nowhere neighborhood and have to skate their way to the big time. Stay true to your roots, dude.







Castlevania: Lament of Innocence

Konami
(PlayStation 2)



Sequels and remakes are a dime a dozen these days, but the ***Castlevania*** series truly deserves a life on today's next-generation consoles. After two exceptional turns on the Game Boy Advance, it's high time for the Belmont Clan's vampire hunters to live and breathe in 3-D. Grab your whip and holy water; it's time to give those bloodsuckers a good spanking. When you're done with the vampires, do us a favor and swat those bastards at the RIAA.

Ratchet and Clank: Going Commando

Sony Computer Entertainment America
(PlayStation 2)



Mayhem is fun. Ratchet and Clank are a sci-fi duo who wreak robotic havoc in the name of protecting the world from tyranny. The first game was a solid, action-filled romp. This sequel simply refines the formula. There's no official word as to the rumors that the game's characters will be appearing sans underwear as the title suggests.



SOCOM II: U.S. Navy SEALs

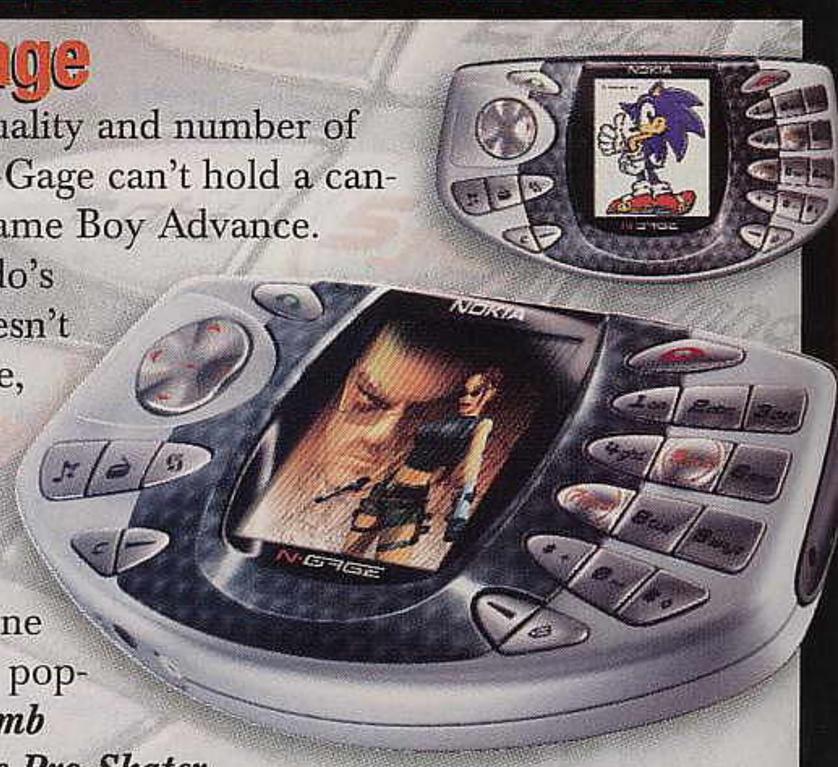
Sony Computer Entertainment America
(PlayStation 2)

If you missed out on all the "fun" in the Gulf, here's your chance to get your war on. This tactical shooter puts you in command of a team of Navy SEALs who sneak into foreign countries and bust heads. The real action starts when you play the game online. With the ***SOCOM*** headset, players can use voice chat to communicate with up to 16 other players on the Internet. Please keep the phone sex to a minimum, squad.



HOT PLATFORM REVIEW

Nokia N-Gage



When it comes to quality and number of games, the Nokia N-Gage can't hold a candle to Nintendo's Game Boy Advance. Then again, Nintendo's handheld device doesn't also serve as a phone, MP3 player and text-messaging system. The N-Gage delivers graphics tighter than any phone on the market. With popular titles such as ***Tomb Raider***, ***Tony Hawk's Pro Skater***, ***MotoGP*** and ***Super Monkey Ball*** already available, the $300 price tag is justified.

JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON



Hey, guys! I was just in Las Vegas recently for a little break, and I actually hung out with Pink! She is, by far, the coolest chick I've ever met. I love her to death because she's a real wild child. When we first met, she told me that she saw my layout in *Paper* magazine, and that I inspired her to get back in the gym! Isn't that nutty? She's one of those girls who doesn't let the hype get to her at all. She's a real down-to-earth girl, and I absolutely respect that. We ended up hanging out the whole night and gambled until nine in the morning. It was totally insane! I like playing blackjack and the slot machines; I guess it's all about visual stimulation for me. I won, but Pink lost.

On the business side, I just signed with Endeavor Talent Agency. I have a lot of stuff in the works right now, on which I'll elaborate in future columns. I've always said that my first love is the adult industry, and when Endeavor approached wanting to sign me, I initially said no. I simply didn't want to take away from how much fun I was having in the skin business. But when they came to me again recently to tell me they were ready for something different and edgy, I couldn't say no. They have all of these huge mainstream clients, such as Jennifer Garner from the TV show *Alias* and Jennifer Lopez. This could be the beginning of a wonderful relationship.

I've received a few letters over the past month asking me if I had any good drug stories. Well, guys, this one's kinda funny. A while back, I took two hits of LSD with my brother on the Fourth of July. That's the best time to do acid! My brother got the bright idea to light some bottle rockets to shoot at a passing car. Well, he missed, and the rocket hit me in the back of the head, setting my hair on fire. I didn't even notice at the time! All of a sudden my brother jumped on top of me. It was completely insane. Needless to say, I had short hair afterward. It's funny, because when you're in a drug-induced stupor, you don't notice any kind of pain at all. We were just young and stupid, I guess.



That's all for now, but before I go, I have to share a little something with all of you. I recently wrapped up a photo-shoot for HUSTLER with my favorite girl, Brianna Banks. It was one of the hottest shoots I've done in quite some time. I just love working with her. She gets me so excited. It's not coming out for a while, but when it does, you're all going to be pleasantly surprised.

If there's anything that any 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

SITTING PRETTY

FELICIA FOX AND BENJAMIN

Our photographers come up with some pretty wild ideas, but this latest concoction is truly bizarre: Felicia Fox and Benjamin screwing on a weird exercise chair? This looks like an X-rated ad for Bally Total Fitness. We wouldn't mind losing a few pounds by boning this babe, but what's this nonsense going on by the lake? Is this supposed to be some kind of art-house photo exhibit? At least the sex is hot, and Felicia Fox is prime masturbatory material; we could get a good workout whacking off to her.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN



























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. Read all about the naughty and sexy shenanigans as our lascivous 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'!

I had just passed my bar exam and managed to get a job with, Rowlings and McGathy, one of the most prestigious law firms in Ottawa. I'll never forget how nervous I was on my first day. A woman by the name of Lana Grokowski, who was a senior partner, was assigned as my 'mentor'. She was a tall woman, probably in her middle 40s and had a demeanor that demanded one's attention. I could tell that Lana was going to be a real taskmaster, little did I know how much more she would become.

Lana seemed to take great pleasure in working with me. She was always kind, thoughtful, but at the same time, insisted that my work was impeccable. As the months passed I grew under Lana's tutorage and my competence as a lawyer was becoming unquestionable.

Finally Lana assigned me to a very important criminal case that was going to trial the following month. Lana was the lead defense and I was the co-defense. We worked every night and by the time the trial arrived, we breezed through it getting our very high profile client an acquittal.

Lana was ecstatic at our win and promptly took me out to one of Ottawa's finest restaurants. After a lovely dinner we ended back at her penthouse apartment on Queen Street. It was beautifully decorated and very cozy. Lana opened a bottle of champagne and we ended up sitting on the floor, listening to Oscar Peterson.

"So, are you involved?" she asked inquisitively.

I looked down at my half-full glass. "No, not really, at least no one special that is."

"I'm surprised," she said, touching my hair lightly, "you're such a beautiful young woman."

I think at that point I must have blushed. A strange feeling came over me. I had never really had an intimate encounter with another woman before, though I did do a bit of fooling around with my dorm mate when I was in my late teens. I looked at Lana for the first time as a woman and not just my boss.

With her long dark hair and warm chocolate brown eyes, I realized that she was incredibly beautiful. I could feel a stirring below and my pussy began to moisten.

"What about yourself, anyone special?" I countered.

She laughed. "Who'd want me? I'm middle-aged, bitchy and a workaholic."

I touched her face lightly and smiled. "I would."

Lana looked shocked, but delighted at my candor.

"She slipped her tongue into my mouth and swirled about, exploring and teasing."

"You certainly don't mince words," she replied, leaning over and kissing me gently on the lips. Her breath was warm and sweet, her lips full and soft. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth slightly. She slipped her tongue into my mouth and swirled about, exploring and teasing. I could feel my nipples become taut and, at that very moment in time, I wanted to devour her wholly and completely.

Lana's hands moved down to my full round breasts and began to gently knead them. I reached over and returned the gesture. Her breasts were small, but firm. We took turns removing one another's clothing until; at last, we sat before one another in honest nakedness.

Lana was in remarkably good shape for a woman in her mid-forties, in fact, she was in good shape for a woman far younger. Her body was lithe and shapely, with tiny freckles covering her back and chest. It had been a long time since I had felt such intense desire for anyone, yet alone another woman. I wanted to have her so badly, to feel her tender embrace and to make sweet love to her all night.

Lana's hands continued to move downwards until her fingers lightly touched the gentle folds of my labia. A shiver swept through my body. I wanted to surrender myself to her and become the object of her pleasure.

"Do you like that?" she asked, as she looked into my eyes with a penetrating stare.

"Yes," I whispered, "it feels beautiful."

Lana did this thing with her fingers, which I can't describe except to say that it was wonderful. I could feel my pussy juicing and dripping. After several moments she switched hands and placed the fingers of the hand she had had in my pussy into her mouth. She took a long, slow and deep lick.

"Mmm," she cooed, "you taste so lovely and sweet."



We began to passionately kiss. Lana kissed me in a way no man ever had. There was a connection between us that was electrifying, and both of us could feel it. After several minutes of making mouth love Lana pushed me down to the floor and began to shower my body with kisses.

I stroked her long soft silky hair as her head moved lower and lower. Finally her hot breath swathed my horny pussy and began to tease my hard little clitty with her moist tongue.

"I want to taste you," she whispered.

Instinctively my legs blossomed giving her full access to my honey pot. Slowly her tongue probed my cunny lips and swirled about my clit. I held onto her head and pushed her face into my wanting blow box.

"Mmm," I moaned, "eat me sweetie, eat my cunty."

Lana inserted two fingers into my drippy wet quim while sucking on my love button. She began to move them in and out slowly. My hips began to rock back and forth, helping ease her inside me. Then once my love hole accepted her, she inserted another two digits. I squirmed with pleasure as her four fingers plunged in and out of my sopping fuck hole.

"Do you like like that?" she asked between licks.

"Yes," I said.

"Then tell me, tell me how you love me to suck your clit – tell me how you like me finger fucking your juicy wet hole."

"I do, I do, I love you fucking my hole. Fuck me harder, please fuck my cunt harder."

Lana pushed harder until her whole hand was engulfed in my hungry cunt. I gasped with pleasure as I felt my quim stretched to its very limits. She continued to suck my clit as her hand pummeled my hot slippery greasebox. I writhed and twisted with animation as this beautiful woman brought me closer and closer to the point of no return.

"I'm going to come," I gasped, "I'm going to fucking come!"

Suddenly Lana stopped, flipped around and positioned herself over my face. I had never seen a cunt at such close range, and Lana's was beautiful. She was perfectly manicured, with her pubes closely cropped and her long beautiful labes looked lickingly inviting. She eased herself over until her soppy snatch was on my mouth.

"Eat it baby," she commanded, "eat my cunt too, we'll come together."

I touched her labes lightly with the end of my tongue. It tasted a bit salty. I felt as though my head would explode. I'd never done such a thing to another girl and it felt so completely taboo, yet so totally wonderful. I continued to eat her forbidden rubyfruit, lapping up every drop of goose grease that dripped onto my lips. I could hear the moans coming from the back of Lana's throat. She began to make tiny pumping motions and I could feel her hard clit bump up against my upper lip. I sucked it gently and then began to frig it with a couple of fingers.

Lana was becoming more and more agitated, as was I. We both wanted to come, but at the same time, wanted our pleasure to last forever.

"Eat my cunt, she said with her mouth full of my pussy, eat my cunt and make me come."

"Eat my cunt," she said with her mouth full of my pussy, "eat my cunt and make me come."

I continued to suck on her lemon, trying my best, in spite of my inexperience, to make her feel wonderful all over. I was really getting off on eating her pussy, her beaver butter tasted far better than any guy's musty old spunk.

"You're so sweet," said Lana, "you've got the nicest cunt I've ever eaten. I wish I had a big cock to stick inside you. I'd love to stick my big thick cock in your deep hot cunt and fuck you until you beg for mercy."

Her horny words were really getting to me. I could feel my stomach begin to tense. My clit felt as though it had swollen to twice its size.

"Suck my clit," I begged her, "suck my clit harder, suck it fucking harder!"

Lana put a lip lock on my swollen love button and sucked really hard, letting go of her mouth grip at regular intervals. For my part I tried to imitate her and mirrored what she did. I could tell by her heavy breathing that I was doing exactly what she liked.

"You're very good at this, very good indeed," she whispered hotly, "suck me baby, suck my cunt!"

I just couldn't hold off any longer. It was the hottest sex I'd ever had and my pussy needed to blow off. My hips started to buck wildly.

"I'm coming," I screamed, "I'm fucking coming!"

Lana began to jab her closed hand quickly in and out of my cunt with great vigor. Her sucking motions became faster and faster, spitting my clit in and out from between her lips.

"Come in my mouth, shoot your beautiful twat nectar in my mouth. Let me taste you, let me taste each and every drop of your delicious maiden's milk."

I grabbed her hips and pushed my pelvis into her face.

"Make me come, make me come, make me come goddamnit!"

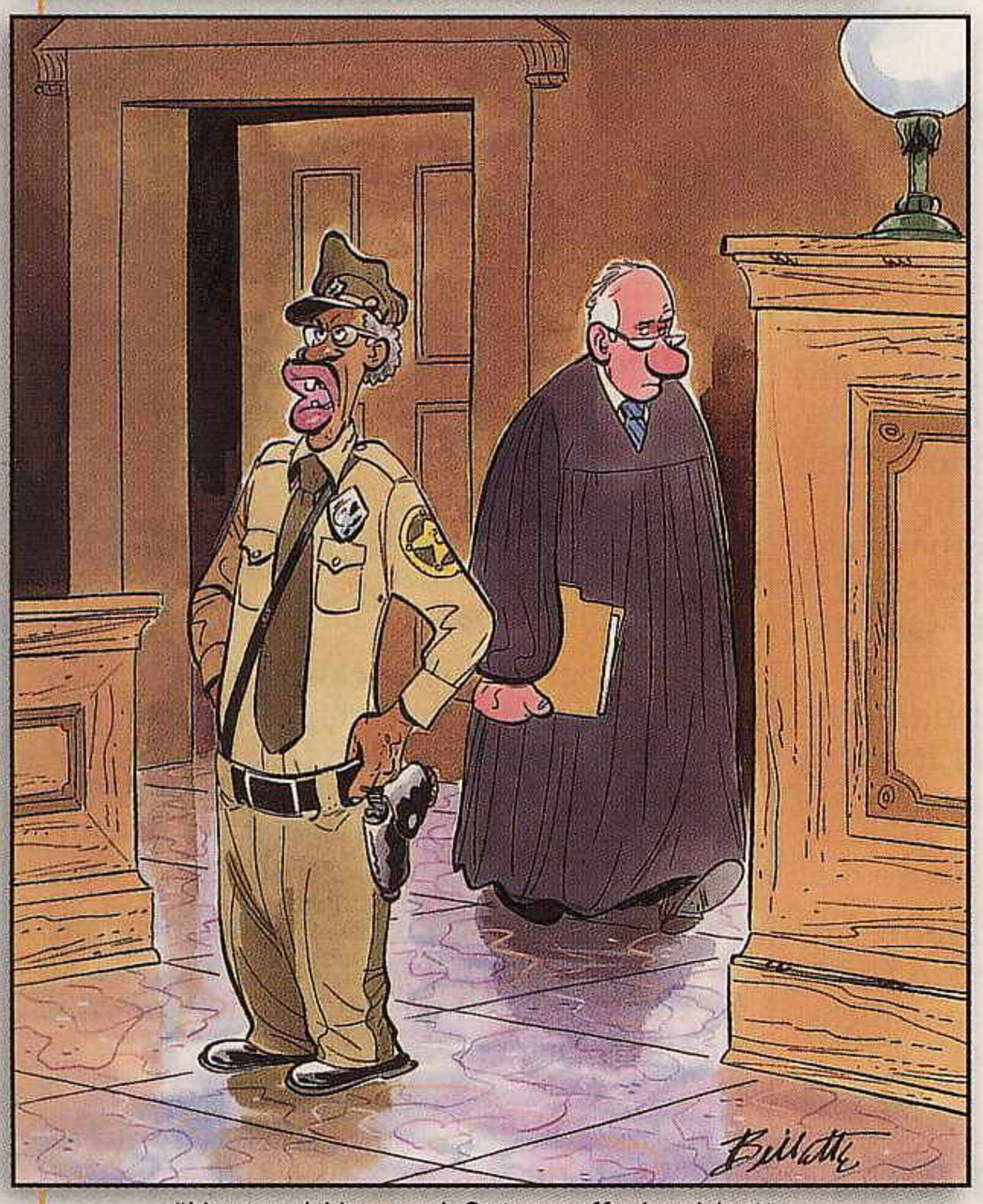
I was now totally out of control. All I could think of was surrendering my creamy muff milk into her hungry devouring goose-eating gob.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," I screamed with passion, "make me come, please please make me fucking come!"

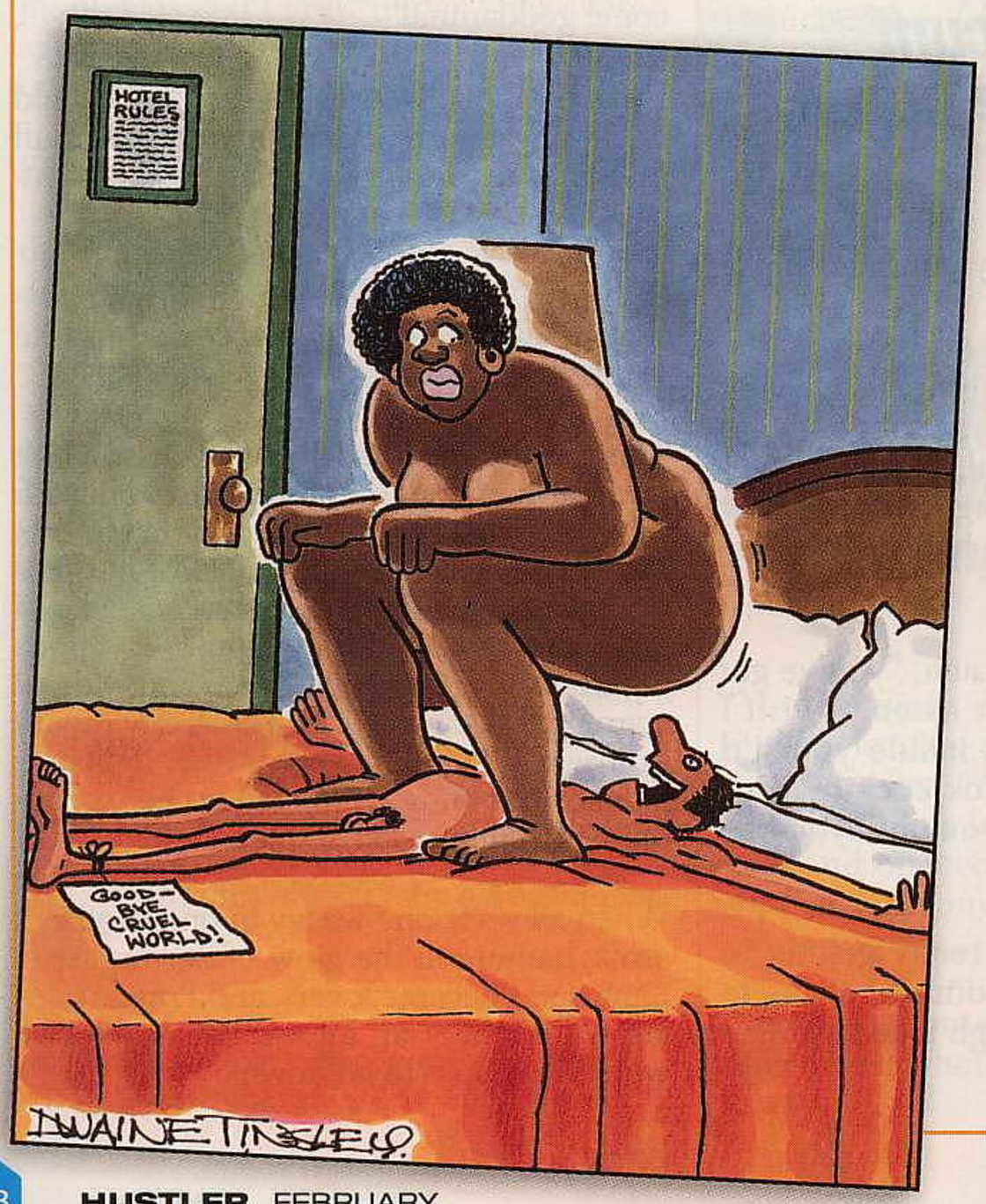
Then, as though I had been struck by a bolt of electricity, my beefbox blew off with such force that I thought I was going to pass out. As I grinded my hips against her face my squack spewed out a steady spray of salty slut butter, filling Lana's ravenous mouth to near capacity. Then, and without warning, I felt a tangy taste enter my mouth as it was filled with Lana's own delicious dyke drip. I hungrily lapped up her spendings with enthusiasm and tender love.

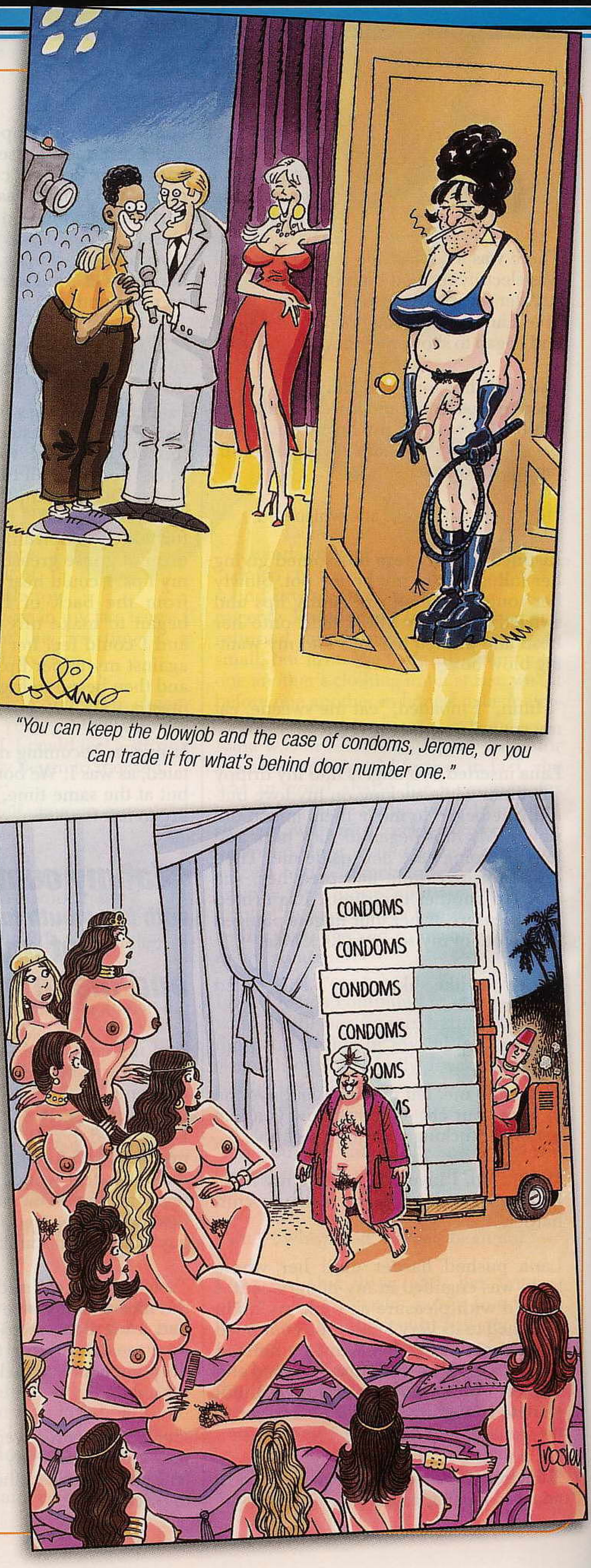
When all was done we lay in one another's arms, bathing in the glow of our orgasms. Lana and I became lovers, and I made partner within the year. I guess one of the best ways to get up is to go down!

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Hear ye! Hear ye! Get up off o' yo' butt—the man done come in da doe!"

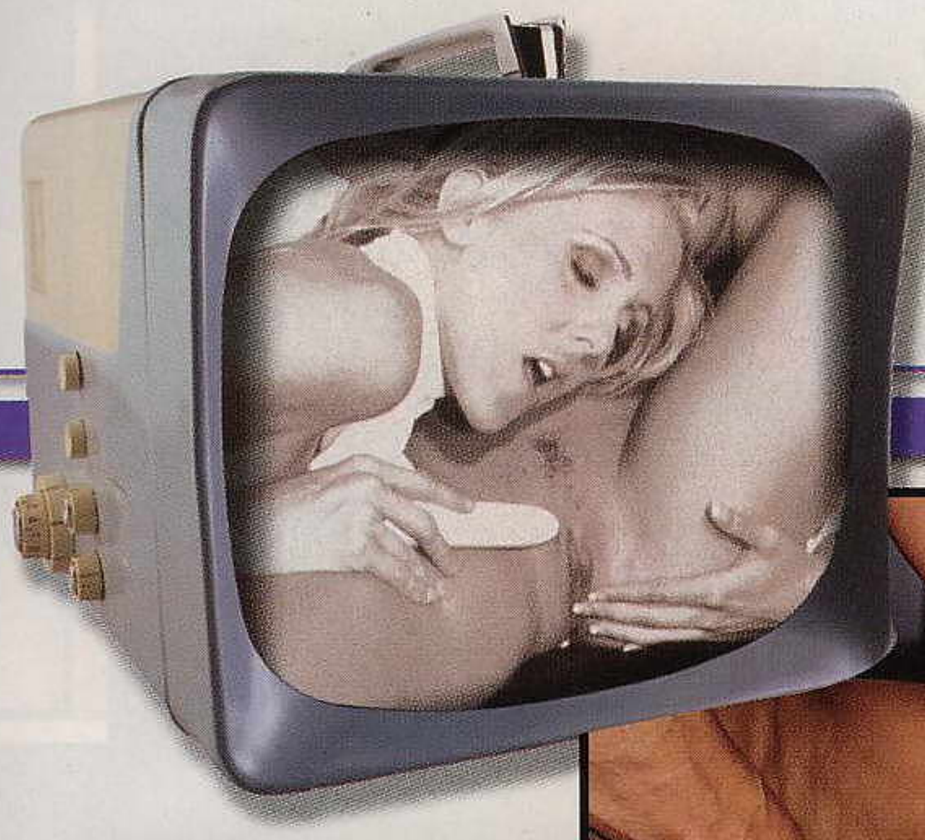




"You can keep the blowjob and the case of condoms, Jerome, or you can trade it for what's behind door number one."

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by Randy Haberek



HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #13: *Ann: "Before you go any further, could you kindly remove the roadkill from my head?"*





HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #13: *Lauren: "You really think I look like Paris Hilton?"*



HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #13: *Haley and Morgan prepare for a merger.*

HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #13

Directed by Kat Slater.
Starring Lauren Phoenix, Haley, Ann Harlow, Nevaeh Ashton, Amberline, Betty Sue, Talon, Morgan March, Joel Lawrence, Jay and Brett Rockman.
Videocassette and DVD: HUSTLER Video.

Newly adult sex kitten Lauren Phoenix turns her hot friends out as high-end call girls in *HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #13*. Lauren has the brains and looks to lead the pack, which also includes legal-teen sensation Haley, waifish minx Ann Harlow, drool-inducing lesbo Betty Sue and big-boobed brunette Nevaeh Ashton. Despite the lion's-mane hairdo Lauren sports on the box cover, the flawless young stars are at their most stellar in the tape within. Lauren's not only hot, but horny, and her carnality explodes in a sweaty, grunting, doggy-style boning. Red-lipped, blond pinup queen Amberline throws herself at the feet of Betty Sue, a sassy, caramel-skinned goddess who goes down on her worshiper. Copper-topped strumpet Haley and blond siren Morgan March double-team a dude, egging each other on to levels of ecstasy that make *HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #13* worth investing in.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

Robby D.

PORN FOR THE MTV GENERATION

XXX director Robby D. established himself as a singular talent in porn in 1998 with the launch of the popular *Action Sports Sex* series. Delivering a frenzied mélange of "extreme" sports (e.g., skateboarding), quick cuts and balls-to-the-anal-walls action, the line heralded D.'s arrival as the gonzo auteur for the ADD set. With more than 500 titles under his belt, Robby is now turning the reins over to his alter ego for his latest groundbreaking reality-porn series, *Jack's Playground*, shot in the beach communities of Santa Monica and Venice, California. Over dinner and drinks at one of his favorite beachside boozeries, Robby spoke to *Erotic Entertainment* about his current endeavor and his place in porn.

HUSTLER: Why did you decide to go into this industry as opposed to mainstream cinema?

ROBBY D.: I like sex. I like the girls. It's a recession-proof industry. It's also a very quick avenue to get into things such as music videos and commercials if I so choose. It's hands-on; you can dive right in. If you're good, you're gonna stick around, and if you're not, you'll be the one-hit wonder who is never heard from again.

HUSTLER: Have you been approached by any bands to direct music videos?

ROBBY D.: Some people from Capitol Records have hung out on set with me, but their offer was not enough money to keep me interested. [Nü-metal rockers/Ozzfest veterans] Grade 8 want me to direct one of their videos, and I just love those guys. Their videos are fucking great.

HUSTLER: *Jack's Playground* offers a pretty unique take on the reality-porn trend.

ROBBY D.: It's the most raw, innovative, cutting-edge stuff I've ever shot. I'd describe it as a mixture of *Jackass*, *Mad TV* and *Saturday Night Live* with chicks getting fucked. The approach is very schematic; everything I do is well thought out in advance. I know exactly how it's going to look, be it amateurish or professional. In the process I'm making fun of myself, the wanna-be music video directors scamming chicks and the mainstream film world. It is really based on my life. For example, the girl that plays my ex-girlfriend *really* is my ex-girlfriend. I film all around my neighborhood.

HUSTLER: How do you intentionally preserve the amateur feel of *Jack's Playground*?

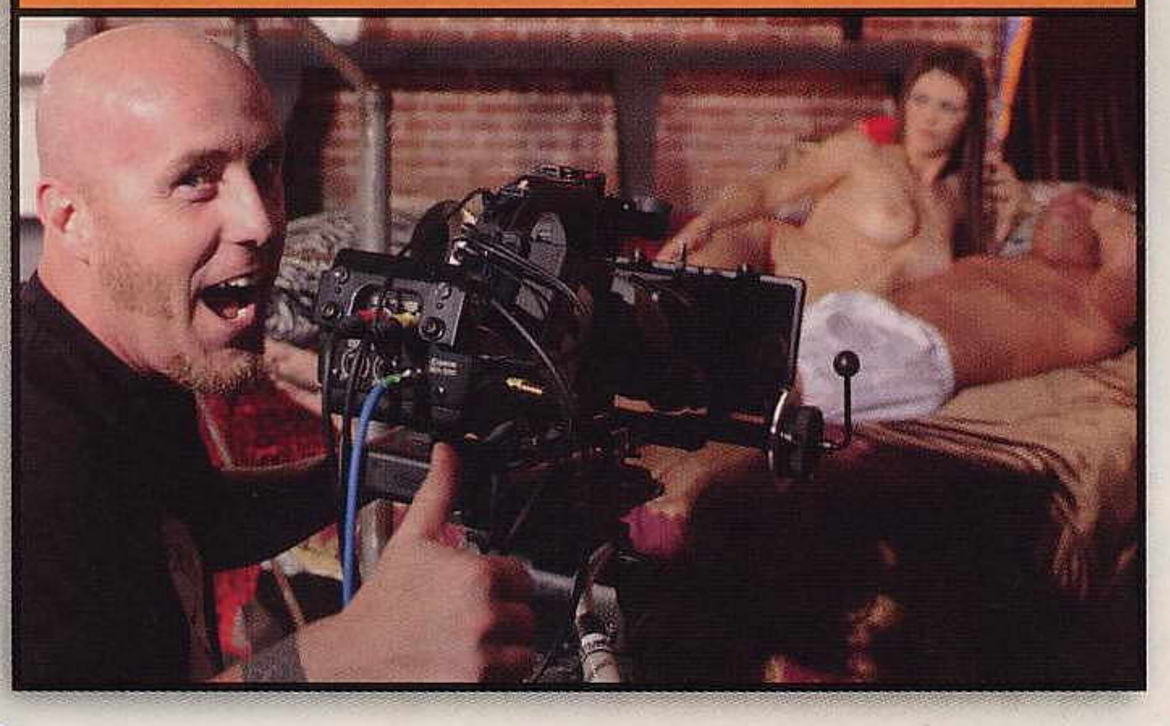
ROBBY D.: I use all-natural lighting to bring a hint of reality to the series, so if the scene is a little dark and fucked up, and the camera is shaky, it's meant to look that way. I approach the whole concept as an amateur. I go out of my way to frame things incorrectly, and I'll do aperture changes on the fly, which you would never do in a feature, to fuck with people and get the "this guy doesn't really know what he's doing" kind of vibe.

HUSTLER: So you find a lot of these girls just walking on the beach in Venice?

ROBBY D.: Some of the girls I've gotten to appear on camera for the first time, and then I hand them over to an agent; so by the time my film comes out, they've already made five or ten other films.

HUSTLER: Which directors have influenced you the most?

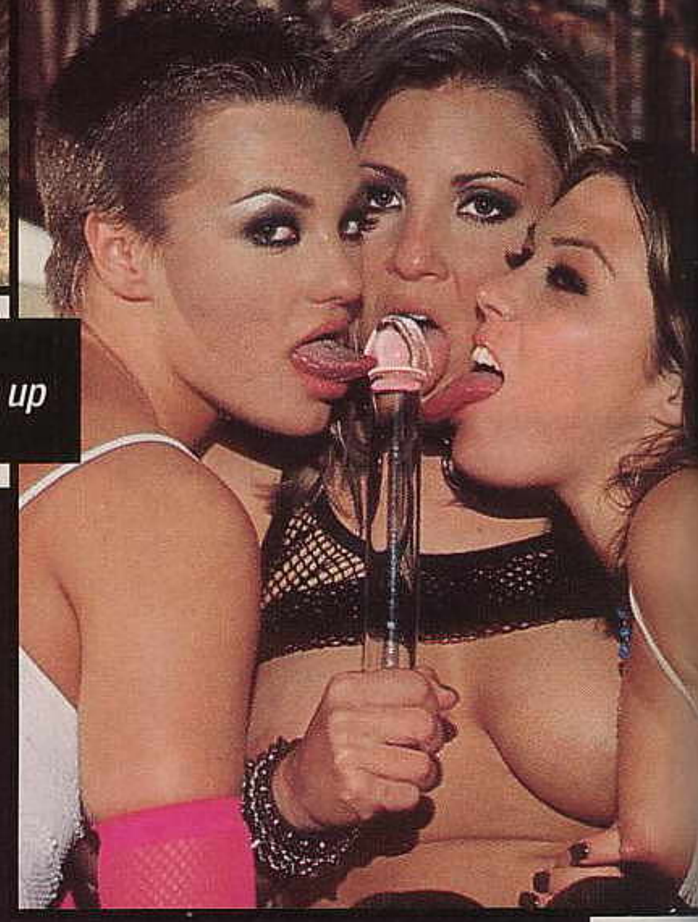
ROBBY D.: It's always been Andrew Blake for his integrity and John Stagliano for being a pioneer with his *Buttman* series.





Looking In: *Ann Marie: "You know, Savanna, that does make your ass look big."*





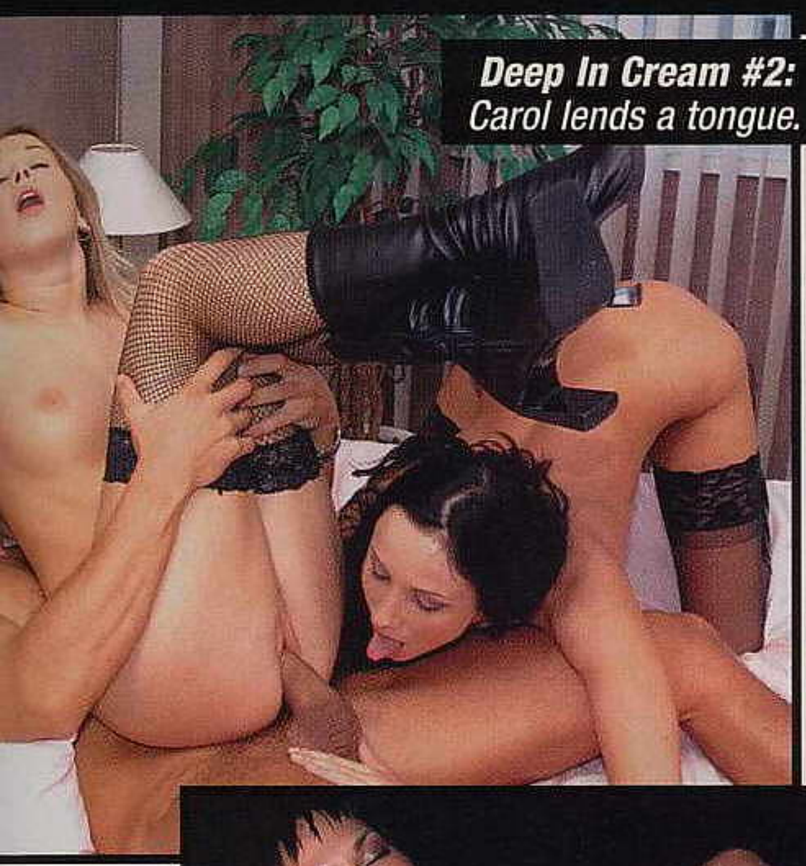
Disturbed: *Belladonna, Britney and Ashley warm up for karaoke night.*



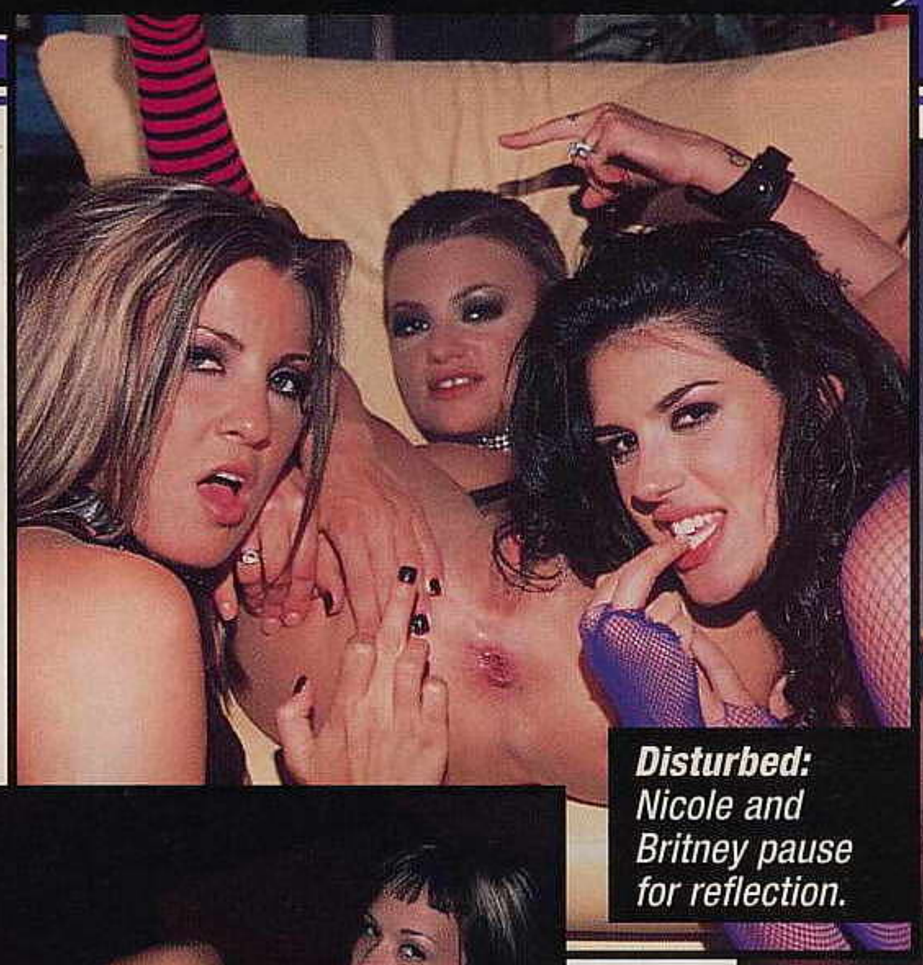


Barely Legal #40: *Malory: "It's okay; I'm with the band."*

Deep In Cream #2: *Delilah never got past the teething stage.*



Deep In Cream #2: *Carol lends a tongue.*



Disturbed: *Nicole and Britney pause for reflection.*



Looking In: *Savanna: "Honey, we really have to do something about these window treatments."*



Barely Legal #40: *Pixie and Peggy Sue always look forward to board meetings.*

Barely Legal #40

Directed by Clive McLean.
Starring Jamie, Dani, Cytherea, Malory, Peggy Sue, Pixie, Mason, Benjamin, Mark and Steven.
Videocassette and DVD: HUSTLER Video.

The luscious lineup in *Barely Legal #40* is truly noteworthy. While rubbing her moist, white panties on her bed, the delectable Dani daydreams about a boy from school. When he rides his bike past her window, she signals him in for a quick game of Bury the Boner. But it's the scene with Cytherea that will have viewers busting through their 501s while she seduces an unsuspecting interior designer. In the process of having multiple violent orgasms, Cytherea's pussy douses the room like a garden hose in a greenhouse before catching the guy in the face with a burst of sex juice. Malory shows up late to a band audition but wastes no time grabbing the drummer's schlong for a second-chance shaft-slurping. Bronzed, British beauty Pixie swaps spit with lean fleshpot Peggy Sue prior to a labored labia-licking during a casting call. The splooge-dribbling talent in *Barely Legal #40* is criminally enticing.

—Stewart Wallace

Looking In

Directed by Paul Thomas.
Starring Savanna Samson, Taylor St. Claire, Ann Marie, Dru Berrymore, Brittany Skye, Dale D'Bone, Steven St. Croix, Mickey G, Rafe and Anton Michael.
Videocassette and DVD: Vivid Video.

Three voyeuristic couples get their kicks from peeping in the plot-heavy soap opera *Looking In*. The video's expository downtime is crucial to recovery from an overload of ball-draining romps. Brunet sexpot Taylor St. Claire has been blessed with gigantic, natural fun bags, but her deep, messy blowjobs are the product of pure talent. You could bounce a quarter off firecracker Ann Marie's perfectly firm Latina ass. The tight-bootied *chica* blows another girl's husband in front of everyone, kick-starting an outdoor orgy of epic proportions with Taylor and Savanna Samson, the latter of whom flits from one screwing couple to another. An even more engaging orgy featuring brunet bombshell Dru Berrymore develops into a peeping Tom round-robin that practically bursts through the screen. Trump card Brittany Skye swoops in at the very end to steal the spotlight with a public-grope finale that shoots *Looking In* over the top.

—J. P.

Deep In Cream #2

Directed by Alex Ladd.
Starring Delilah Stone, Venus, Nicole, Sabina Black, Rietha, Alex, Carol, Neeo, Lauro Giotto, Brett Rockman and Steve Hatcher.
Videocassette and DVD: DVSX.

Deep In Cream #2 is a cornucopia of porn delight. Vignettes begin with a striptease from each of the fuck sluts before they get down to serious ball-draining action. Blond honey Carol and raven-haired Nicole, decked out in thigh-highs and leopard-skin panties, nearly tear each other's clothes off before their meat curtains are mutually parted. This sapphic tryst proves to be short-lived as a stealthy swordsman enters the room and the pair immediately plant their tongues on man-muscle. Nicole keeps her boots on while her pussy is plundered by stiff cock, and Carol happily engulfs the guy's shaft between thrusts. Another memorable scene finds petite cum-coaxer Venus squealing like a stuck pig as she rides Steve Hatcher reverse-cowgirl. Throughout *Deep In Cream #2*, director Alex Ladd thoughtfully concentrates on the goo-gobbling ginches and keeps the man-ass to a bare minimum.

—S. W.

Disturbed

Directed by Britney Foster.
Starring Britney Foster, Aria, Karina, Belladonna, Ashley Blue, Venus, Avy Scott, Renee Pornero, Trinity, Kay Lynn, Brittany Starr and Nicole Leshell.
Videocassette: Amazing/Metro Inc.

Disturbed turns the inherently limp all-girl porn model ass-side up, then fucks the shit out of it. A dream-team roster of gorgeous pervettes led by director and star Britney Foster elevate the no-dude format to staggering heights of extreme hard-core. Blond betty Karina gags on Aria's strap-on while Britney shoves her hand up Karina's fudge pipe, so Aria spits down her plaything's spread-open gape. Never-ending torrents of swearing, screaming, spitting, slapping and squirting make for the nastiest lesbian sex imaginable. *Über*-slut Ashley Blue particularly savors the oil-drill-sized sex toys inserted into her body cavities in alphabetical order. Yet the dizzying anal- and D.P.-filled dildo orgies pale in comparison to an intimate encounter with blazing-hot Nicole Leshell, a brunet legal teen who blows away the competition with just one tiny butt plug. *Disturbed* will drive viewers to the nut house time and again.

—J. P.



Three Timing: *Penny: "Hurry up, girls. My corn flakes are getting soggy!"*



Specs Appeal #13: *Roxy: "I don't think the Rogaine's working, dude."*

Three Timing: *Jesse: "It's called Viagra; look into it."*



Specs Appeal #13: *Lauren Phoenix works off her student loans.*



Girlvert #4: *Alura: "Chinese, Japanese, dirty knees...."*

Three Timing

Directed by Robby D.
Starring Jesse Jane, Penny, Julia Taylor, Kinzie Kenner, Charlie Lane, Jason Steele, Eric Masterson and K. Logg.
Videocassette and DVD: Digital Playground.

In *Three Timing*, towheaded temptress Jesse Jane stars in a modern tale of jealousy, corruption and white-hot sex. A lack of communication between Jesse and her boyfriend leads them to jump to conclusions, and into different beds, in the latest offering from XXX auteur Robby D. *Three Timing* is an excellent example of porn made with the MTV generation in mind: an easy-to-follow plotline punctuated by quick cuts between funky, stylized fuck scenes. With all of the dizzying camera angles capturing five of the hottest hose-hoppers around, you may need a Dramamine before it's over. Regardless, the twat/ass-licking session with Penny and her two roomies is worth the price of admission alone. Behind-the-scenes bonus footage on the DVD provides a brutally humorous account of first-timer Jason Steele's inability to attain wood over the course of the shoot. *Three Timing* doesn't cheat the viewer.

—S. W.

Specs Appeal #13

Directed by Andre Madness.
Starring Lauren Phoenix, Roxy, Cytherea, Holly Day, Trinity James, Talon, Lee Stone, Trever Zen and Brian Surewood.
Videocassette: Kick Ass Pictures.

Specs Appeal #13 is a crash course on how to bag a bespectacled babe. Hilarious skits, such as geeked-out cutie Cytherea being hit on at a *Star Trek* convention or bent-dick funnyman Lee Stone acting as *Spider-Man*'s alter ego, could play on *Saturday Night Live* if the show ever crossed over into XXX territory. Lauren Phoenix is a ball-swelling blonde with a surprisingly tight pussy. (Maybe it's because the deep-throating vixen goes straight for anal sex after Lee rests his nuts on her chin.) Cytherea's an amazingly cute, hypersexual brunette who loves slapping skins as hard as humanly possible. In the midst of getting fucked senseless, the nubile tramp hoses her cocksmith with a jet blast of cunt juice. Holly Day has delightfully huge tits and a juicy ass but lacks Cytherea's crackling energy. Packed with amazing chicks and useful pick-up tips, *Specs Appeal #13* just might help you nail a four-eyed ho of your own.

—J. P.

Club Inferno

Directed by Patrick Collins.
Starring Tina Crystal, Maya Gold, Allisa, Sandra Romain, Daphinie, Choky Ice, Franco Roccaforte, Claudio Melony, Leslie Taylor, Lauro Giotto and Uncle George.
Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Luckless, wart-faced schmo Leslie Taylor makes a deal with the devil he comes to regret in *Club Inferno*. The upside is that he can now shaft any pricktease imaginable, which opens the door to a phenomenal series of trollops. To-die-for temptress Maya Gold seals the deal when Taylor pumps her gaping asshole full of nut butter, and equally raunchy ass play dominates the ensuing string of orgies. Old geezer Uncle George, caked in drag queen makeup, continually pops up to cackle insanely prior to getting his wizened dick sucked. A balls-to-the-wall orgy featuring three hot babes and every male cast member under age 60 finally rakes the coals of this fire-and-brimstone gonzo flick. But be forewarned: Shut the video off before the tail end, when Leslie looks down to catch a hellish glimpse of Uncle George's face covered in splooge. Once the Euro-babes leave the building, *Club Inferno* raises hell, but nothing else.

—J. P.

Girlvert #4

Directed by Jim Powers.
Starring Ashley Blue, Crystal Ray, Alura, Brijaye Love, Weed, Alex Sanders, Trent Tesoro, Steve Holmes, Boz, Mr. Pete and Anthony Hardwood.
Videocassette: J.M. Productions.

Any hot sex in the extremely rough *Girlvert #4* is purely coincidental. Pigtailed brunette Ashley Blue relishes her role as a raging, foul-mouthed pimpette who constantly barrages her ho's with slaps and insults while violating their browneyes with a strap-on schlong. Ashley laughs as two black swordsmen pummel carrottopped crystal-meth addict Brijaye Love in all her holes while barking orders and ghetto slang at her. Despite a double facial, the true pop-shot for mean-spirited pervs is when Ashley scrawls derogative phrases on Brijaye's face with lipstick. Lanky blond Crystal Ray laps up her chance to be a cum Dumpster, cheerily gagging on shit-stained cocks while Ashley spits on her head and spoon-feeds cock snot to her directly from her gaping rectum. Ringleader Ashley saves her O-ring for last. The little nympho's harsh double-teaming leaves her in tears, pushing *Girlvert #4* to the edge of sick thrills.

—J. P.





Club Inferno:
Daphinie: "Umm...Paulie? Dan? Can I take off the blindfold now?"





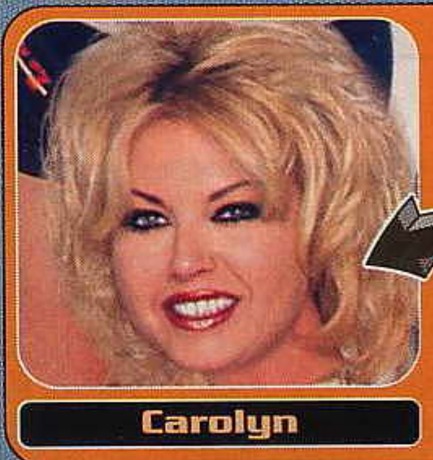
Club Inferno:
Sandra's weekly visits were quite popular at the nursing home.



Girlvert #4:
Ashley's suitors often have anger-man-agement issues.

CUNT DOUBLES

Is it possible that some of today's sauciest celebrities are moonlighting as blue-screen sperm spittoons? This month, HUSTLER proudly presents a few box-cover bimbos and their celebrity doppelgangers. You be the judge.



Carolyn



Jenna Elfman



Ander Page



Alyssa Milano

Tawny Roberts

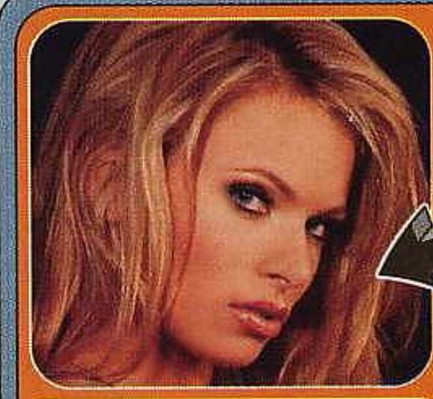
Liz Hurley



Dasha



Paris Hilton



Brianna Banks



Jaime Pressly

Disclaimer: We have absolutely no evidence that the starlets above have appeared in XXX videos. The chance of them forsaking overpaid mainstream fare for honest work in porn is infinitesimal. Nonexistent, really.



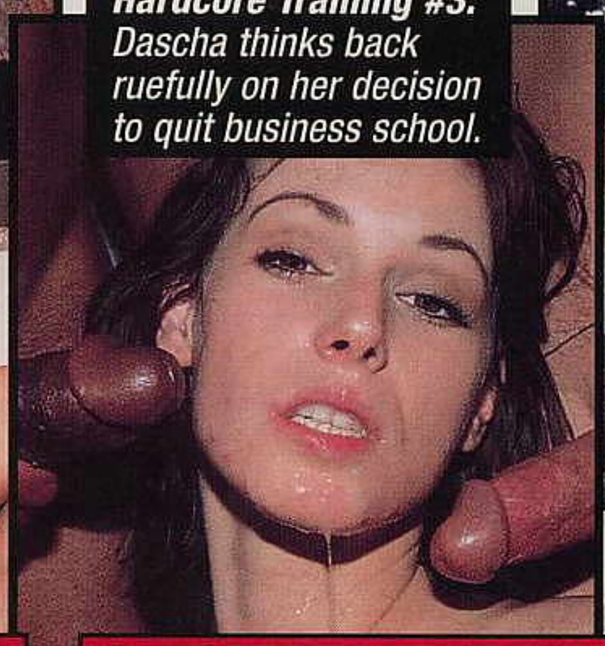
ROCK in a HARD PLACE

This month's guest XXX reviewers: Big Muff

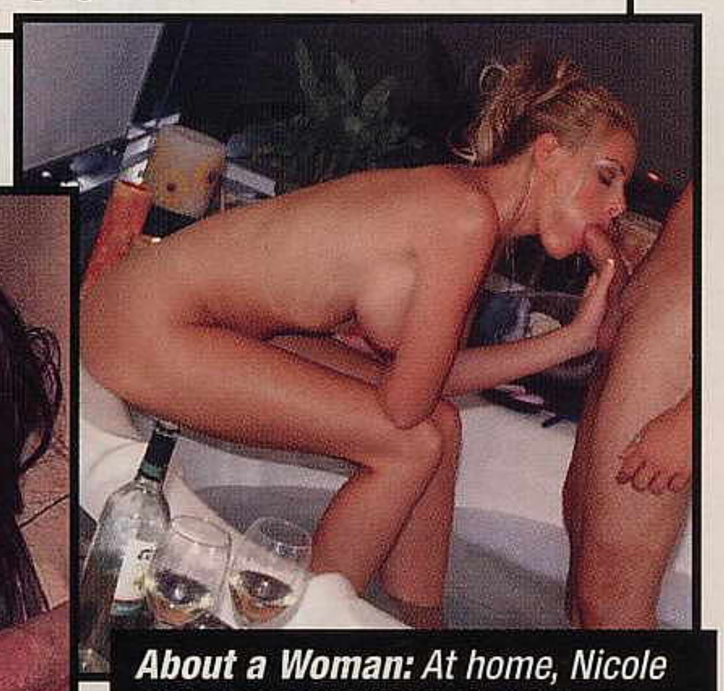
(See accompanying profile on page 92.)



Sweet & Easy: *Ashley: "Mom! What a pleasant surprise!"*



Hardcore Training #3: *Dascha thinks back ruefully on her decision to quit business school.*



About a Woman: *At home, Nicole enjoys a refreshing chardonnay, immediately followed by hard cock.*

Sweet & Easy

Directed by Peter Love.
Starring Eden, Betty Blue, Elizabeth, Layla Rivera, Faith Grant, Ann Harlow, Tabitha Banks, Rio Mariah and Ashley Blue.
DVD and Videocassette: DVSX.

Sweet & Easy is a tasty treat for those who love to beat the meat. This offering perpetuates the fantasy that one day your wife will offer you her best friend as a birthday present, your personal trainer will fuck you in the sauna, and/or that you could become a landlord watching two young girls fuck in the shower with an endless variety of toys. Particularly inspiring moments include the old boyfriend/new boyfriend combination with fantastic D.P. action, Rio Mariah's flexibility in the gym and Ashley Blue's impressively wet deep-throating skills. (Cock-gobbling vixen Blue sucks so hard, you'd think she was in Creed. She also takes it in the ass so thoroughly, you'd think she was a Ticketmaster customer.) Despite the video getting off to a slow start, the exceptional camerawork and good lighting make this delicious, two-hour fuckfest directed by Peter Love well worth watching. As far as porn goes, *Sweet & Easy* lives up to its title. **—Big Muff**

Hardcore Training #3

Directed by David Luger.
Starring Eimi, Evehn, Nicole, Tereza, Dascha, Lucy Lee, Mr. Pete, Brian Pumper, Eric Everhard and Brandon Iron.
Videocassette and DVD: Red Light District.

Hardcore Training #3 is like a D.P. boot camp for drugged-up foreigners. The lack of soundtrack was grating, with nothing else to listen to besides moans, slurping, "wow"s and the sound of ball-sacs beating against shaved pussies. In desperation, we threw in our new CD, and as we turned it up, it turned us on—well, almost. Unfortunately, the naked guys wearing nothing but white socks, grimaces and ass juice destroyed any chance of a romantic mood. But that's not what this movie is about. It's about fucking; a how-to guide on introducing the budding sluts of Prague to the world of hard-core. For the devoted fan, this is a very educational XXX offering with lots of D.P.s, ATMs and deep ass-plundering. The scene with Eric Everhard pummeling Lucy Lee's brown starfish was especially memorable, but only because it seemed to last forever. Otherwise, *Hardcore Training #3* loses steam quickly. **—Big Muff**

About a Woman

Directed by Jonathan Morgan.
Starring Devinn Lane, Stormy, Jessica Drake, Nakita Ka$h, Nicole Sheridan, Voodoo, Aria, Brad Armstrong and Barrett Blade.
Videocassette and DVD: Wicked Pictures.

About a Woman is definitely porn for your first date. Not only is it sensitive, but it will also bring out your politically correct side as well as some sweet backside. Locating good XXX fare to satisfy a four-girl/one-man band can be difficult—almost as hard as turning down the boss's nephew and coming out of the closet while fucking strange girls in bars, which is the fate that awaits the video's protagonist. Following a large-breasted lesbian and her friends as she struggles to unleash her desires upon her new assistant, this porn provides lots of girl-on-girl and guy-on-girl sex as well as an entertaining story. Devinn Lane's previous experience shines through as her scenes are full of inspired fucking and good acting—a rare combination in XXX. Gorgeous actresses and quality camerawork make this a great flick for those who enjoy a semblance of plot along with their wicked lesbians and hard-core action. **—Big Muff**

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

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

Opera (Elegant Angel)
Papillion, Avy Scott, Satine Diamond, Brian Surewood

Teens Revealed #2 (Platinum X Pictures)
Shawnie, Summer Luv, Brianna Blaze, Anthony Hardwood

Three-Quarters Erect

The Contortionist (VCA Pictures)
Cameron Cain, Anna Mills, Brooke Balentyne, Gino Greco

Sakura Tales #3: Asian School Girls (DVSX)
Charmane Star, Avena Lee, Lucy Lee, Rick Masters

S.M.U.T. #19 (Elegant Angel)
Zana, Chenin Blanc, Ashley Moore, Barrett Blade

Half Erect

2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3 (New Sensations)
Ander Page, Sabrina Snow, Catalina, Trever Zen

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

One-Quarter Erect

Double Anal Plugged (Red Light District)
Sandra Romain, Sarah O'Neil, Cristina, Manuel Ferrara

Naughty Nights #5 (Pleasure Productions)
Gina Lynn, Kris, Shannon Getsit, Rick Roberts

Totally Limp

Angel X (Wicked Pictures)
Kaylani Lei, Asia Carrera, Brittany Skye, Lee Stone

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.

Are You a Boring Lover

An Exclusive HUSTLER Survey

With Valentine's Day upon us, it is time to take inventory of our love lives. 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 Valentine's Day HUSTLER survey.

1. If you were making love to your girlfriend for the first time what would you do as foreplay:
a. Give her a bit of head.
b. Kiss her everywhere on her body.
c. Show her your new George Foreman grill.

2. Your idea of a romantic evening is:
a. A quiet candlelit dinner.
b. A walk in the woods, followed by a glass of wine in front of the fireplace.
c. A burger at Harvey's followed by a night in front of the tube watching NHL hockey.

3. When whispering sweet nothings in your girlfriend's/wife's ear you might say:
a. "You are the sexiest woman in the world."
b. "I want to make love to you forever."
c. "Would you like to be my jiz slut?"

4. Your girlfriend/wife gets her hair done. Your reaction should be:
a. "Wow honey you look great!"
b. "That style really suits you!"
c. "Why is your face all red and blotchy?"

5. Your girlfriend/wife arrives home wearing a new perfume. Your response should be:
a. "You smell so sexy!"
b. "You smell good enough to eat!"
c. "Did you fart?"

6. You are trying to dazzle your girlfriend/wife with your witty banter and sense of humour. You:
a. recount a funny story you read in the Reader's Digest.
b. show her your collection of special edition comic books.
c. tell her to pull your finger.

7. While making love to your girlfriend. You should:
a. ensure that she is enjoying herself.
b. ensure that she is awake.
c. first take down her pantyhose.

8. When you are about to orgasm you should:
a. ensure that your partner is coming too.
b. ensure that your partner is there.
c. shout, "touch down!"

9. If you wife is too tired to make love. You should:
a. tuck her in bed and kiss her good night.
b. offer to give her a back massage before going to bed.
c. tell her to go to sleep and you'll go ahead without her.

10. You and your wife are in bed and she is in a sexually playful mood. You should:
a. tickle her.
b. have a pillow fight.
c. fart and hold her head under the covers.

If you answered "C" 1-3 times: ***You are indeed a gentleman. Women dream about meeting a pussy like you. In fact, you are such a good and considerate lover that you probably like to spread yourself around. Check occasionally to make sure you still have your gonads.***

If you answered "C" 4-7 times: ***You are a typical guy. For someone like you it is always a difficult choice between pussy and whatever game is on the tube. Any woman who dates or marries you should have a good stockpile of batteries for her vibrator. Some self-help books might be useful, but it's unlikely you even know how to read.***

If you answered "C" 8-10 times: ***You are a fucking lost cause – a waste of perfectly good sperm. To call you an asshole would be an insult to assholes. Any woman stuck with you should buy a kennel rather than a double bed. Your idea of lovemaking is a 6 pack and a porn video. Someone should get you fucking fixed. Do every woman in the world a favour and go gay!***

BATHING BEAUTIES

Jenna Haze and Jen

As H_20 becomes privatized by greedy corporations and water becomes the "new gold," our own Jen and Jenna are doing their part to conserve by bathing together. The nubile nymphets begin their session of horny hygiene by gently scrubbing their most intimate areas.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT











Jen uses her tongue to wash Jenna's hard-to-reach places, and Jenna returns the favor, slurping her hot friend's crevices until they're squeaky-clean. Their conservation-minded pampering turns into equally efficient probing as the pair of Jens finish each other off with a dildo built for two.

Brown Sugar All-Stars ★★★★

"Black actresses had to fight for everything they got," recalls XXX veteran Ebony Ayes, a porn pioneer who entered the smut industry in the mid-'80s, when there were only a few black chicks on the blue screen. "The only way a black actress got any respect in the industry was after she had a solid fan base, and it was only a handful of black actresses in the industry that could demand a certain amount of respect." Testify, Ebony.

It took the industry a while to realize that black is beautiful; many black porn actresses feel that the jizz biz is still segregated. HUSTLER, in our longstanding tradition of equal-opportunity perversion, honors the ten sexiest African-American adult-film actresses ever.



Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTeam.com

MIDORI

Known to many as the younger sister of British pop star Jody Watley (and former squeeze of Kid Rock), Midori entered porn in 1996. After a stint dancing alongside Kitten and Houston prior to their porn careers, Midori was ushered into the business by Julian St. Jox, who co-starred in the majority of Midori's early scenes.

Fans quickly connected with her naughty 'n' nice appeal. "I'm kinda like the girl next door, but once you get me in the bedroom, I'm the nastiest little—well, you know..." she giggles.

Midori slowed her pace after her recent marriage. "My husband isn't in the business; so there's been some problems," she says. Of her 103 movies, only a handful have been shot in the past three years. While not officially retired, Midori's interests have diversified. "I'm working on my Web site, and trying to combine my music and porn careers together," says the 35-year-old actress. **www.xxxMidori.com**



HUSTLER looks at the Top 10 hottest black porn thespians of all time.

Report by Tom Farrell



Photo Courtesy of www.JohnDragon.com

JEANNIE PEPPER

In the beginning, there was Jeannie Pepper, the Rosa Parks of porn. Pepper got her start as a nude model for HUSTLER in 1982. After two years of magazine work, the dusky enchantress entered the adult-film world. Her debut, *Black Taboo*, featured the industry's first all-black cast. Pepper considers it one of her career highlights. "That's why I got into the business," says Pepper from her home in Los Angeles, "because there weren't any women of color."

Pepper's film career was launched in a day when porn and the police mixed like vibrators and nitroglycerine. "We'd find out the night before about the location, and we'd have to meet somewhere at a gas station or restaurant, and then they'd tell us where the location was," remembers Pepper. "That's what made it fun, exciting and kind of dangerous."

Pepper's film career lasted nearly two decades and 200 films. "I've had Queen Latifah and Tupac tell me they've watched me since they were 15 years old," beams Pepper, now 45. "It feels so good that they look up to me that way, because I kind of grew up with the music myself."

Currently, Pepper is semiretired, appearing in only a handful of movies in the past three years. **www.JeanniePepper.com**



Photo Courtesy of www.JohnDragon.com



Photo Courtesy of VCA

EBONY AYES

With her huge, natural breasts, wide eyes and thick mane of hair, Ebony Ayes was an immediate hit with XXX filmgoers. Her movies, in fact, are still treasured by the many fans that have organized Internet clubs in her honor.

Like many porn actresses, Ayes started her career on the bump-and-grind circuit. "My best friend from high school and I were approached while we were dancers at a strip club," Ayes recalls. "She dared me, and we both went to check it out; and, as they say, the rest is history."

Ayes's history, however, was a brief one, lasting a mere few years, from 1986 to 1989. During that time, she made 155 films, nearly a quarter of which were nonsex roles in wrestling and domination fantasy flicks.

In 1989, Ayes retired. "It was time for me to get out," she recalls. "I had done all I could do in the industry, plus AIDS was becoming a big problem at large. I didn't want to take the chance." Ayes, now 41, moved to Atlanta, where she works as a professional dominatrix.

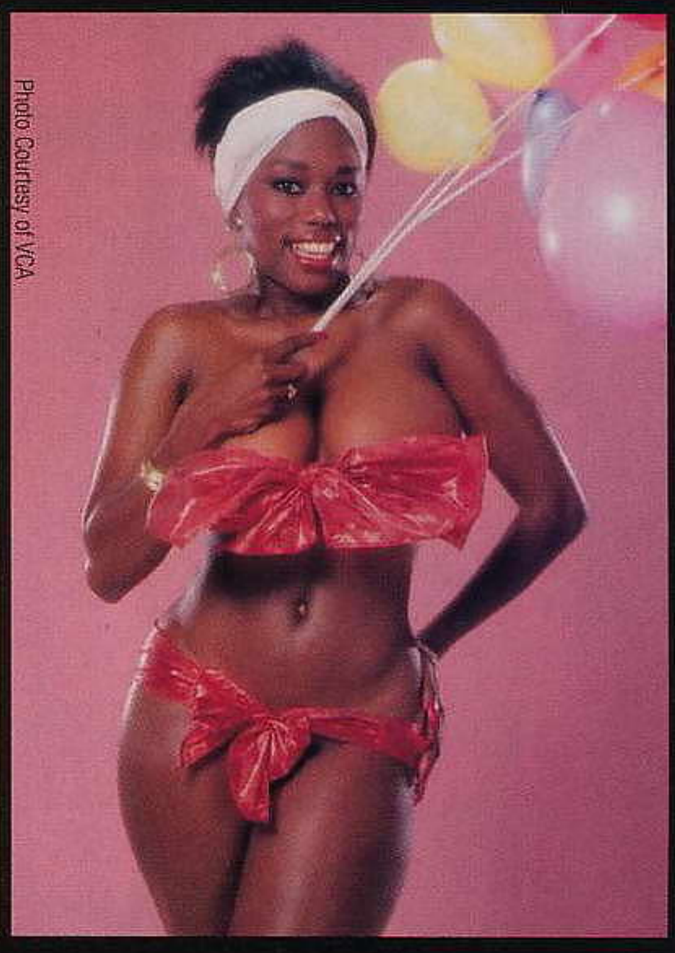


Photo Courtesy of VCA

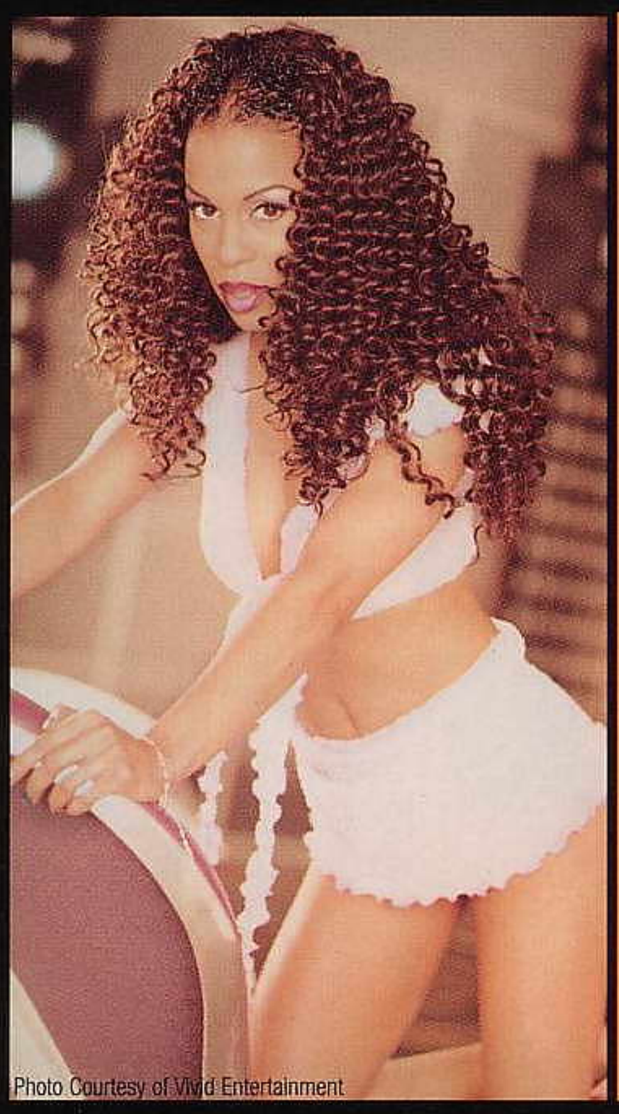


Photo Courtesy of Vivid Entertainment

HEATHER HUNTER

Considered one of the most glamorous black porn stars of her day, Heather Hunter moved at a leisurely pace, doing a scant 64 movies from her 1988 debut to 2001, when she officially retired. "I always had that idea that if you give them less, they want you more," she says. "I didn't want to lose my specialness."

Hunter's "specialness" was the doe-eyed, classy visage and waifish figure that made her a big hit with adult filmgoers. The Bronx, New York-born Hunter started out at the tender age of 18, doing just two movies her first year. For the next few years, Hunter lit up the screen under exclusive contract for Vivid. "I got into the adult-entertainment business because I was young and exploring my sexuality, and I was loving every minute of it," says Hunter, laughing. "The best part was all the people I got to fuck!"

In the mid-'90s, Hunter went into semiretirement—until a brief return at the end of the decade—and focused on her original passions: rap music and painting. Hunter, 34, recently became the first black actress to be inducted into the Adult Film Star Hall of Fame. "It was nice to be recognized for all the work I've done in the adult-film industry and to be proud to say that I did it with no regrets."

www.HeatherHunter.com

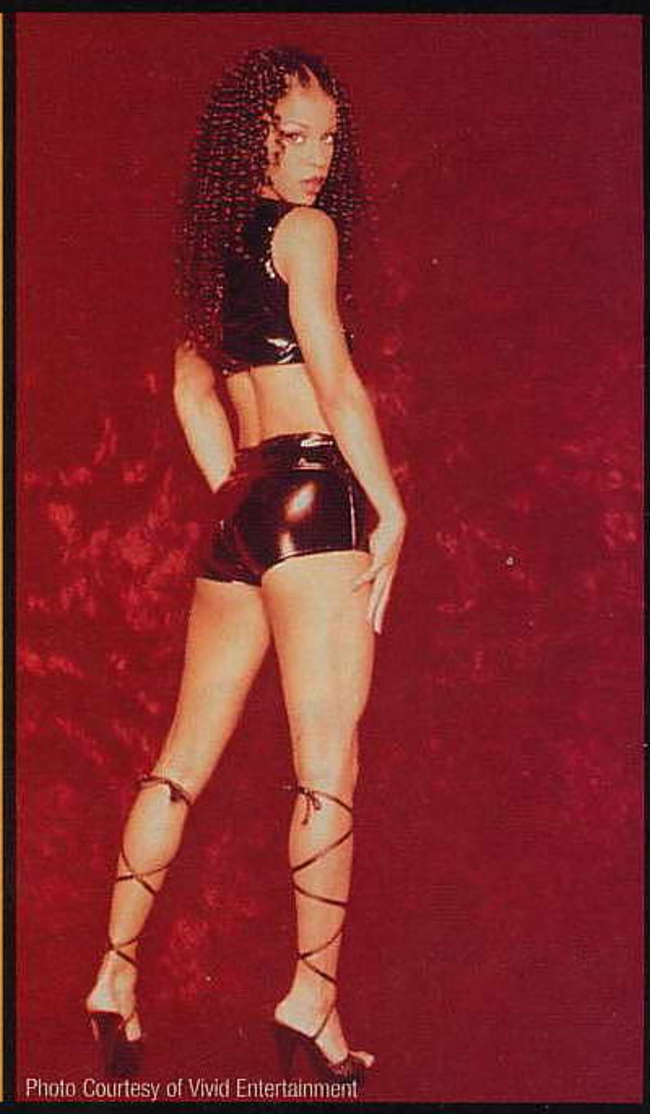


Photo Courtesy of Vivid Entertainment



Photo Courtesy of Vivid Entertainment

JANET JACME

"People ask me who my best scenes were with, and I have to tell them, it's Janet," says black woodsman Julian St. Jox, who brought Jacme into the adult-film fold. "Janet always put out 110%, and you could see that miles away. You could hear that miles away too!"

Widely regarded as one of the blue screen's wildest sexual athletes, Jacme started in the biz in 1992 and made 180 of her 200 flicks in the first four years of her career, working predominantly for Video Team/Afrocentric and Heatwave. In 1996, Jacme slowed her pace to a virtual standstill, and over the next few years, fewer than 20 Janet Jacme films hit the shelves. By this time, her mark on porn was indelible, as talk of Jacme's wild sexual attitude became the subject of rap lyrics and water-cooler conversation. "She's got the best ass; forget the rest," says Death Row Records rapper Crooked I.

"She got it. She suck a mean dick," echoes Diplomats' rapper Juelz Santana, commenting on Jacme's status as the ultimate head queen of the black-porn-starlet scene.

"I don't know what the appeal is," Jacme laughs. "It's probably that I forget the camera is there, and I'm just having sex, and maybe people see that I'm having a good time." Jacme, 36, recently shot a handful of new movies, and is very active on the dance circuit, particularly in the South, where she resides.

www.JacmeJanet.com



Photo Courtesy of HUSTLER Video



CHAMPAGNE

Certainly one of the prettiest porn starlets, Champagne Pendavis started doing magazine layouts and adult movies in 1993, immediately raising eyebrows and other body parts with her soft, good looks.

Prior to her adult-film work, Champagne worked a day job as a secretary in New York City. "I had an offer to do some nude modeling, which I did, then I got into dancing, then into doing movies," she says. Champagne's movie career spanned exactly 100 titles, mostly for Heatwave.

Around 1999, Champagne, now 33, began to wind up her screen career, and in 2000, only five movies featuring the mahogany-hued stunner were released. "It was time to get out," she says. "I really slowed down my movie-making and got back into dancing."



Photo Courtesy of www.HeatwaveVideo.com



Photo Courtesy of www.HeatwaveVideo.com

SPANTANEEUS XTASTY

Armed with a 55FF-24-36 figure, Fu Manchu fingernails and a set of tattoos a biker would envy, Spantaneeus Xtasty started in porn films in 1995 as an aside from her fledgling rap career, churning out picture after picture, mainly for Heatwave. Xtasty claims to have racked up a staggering 350 movies by 1998, and her popularity grew in leaps and bounds, along with her bust size.

Later that year, Xtasty filmed her crowning achievement, an all-day gang-bang featuring 551 participants. The film would mark her retirement, and like many retired porn stars, Xtasty took to the financially rewarding strip-club circuit. "I decided it was time to hit the road and perform, and my fans were asking me when I was coming to town," she says.

In addition to stripping, the award-winning porn star is returning to her rap roots. "I invested my money into my own record label, Xtasty Records. I'm the CEO and entrepreneur," she smiles. "I'm actually in college even as we speak to get my Associate degree in business; so I'll be a businesswoman, but still a porno babe!"





INDIA

Beautiful, sleek India got her start in porn in 1997, only a year and a half after she lost her virginity at the age of 19. As a matter of fact, the first time she went down on a man was while shooting a porn scene.

"I never gave a blowjob, until I did it on camera," the willowy, heavy-lidded knockout divulges. "One day, I was watching [the] Playboy [channel], and they had some girl explaining how to go down on a guy. She gave lessons, and I wrote down some notes!"

India is still actively doing movies, although her former average of about 20 a year has come down a bit. "I'm doing my music, doing my movies, still with Video Team, of course, and doing my Web site, ***www.IndiasPlayhouse.com.***"

Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTeam.com



Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTeam.com



Photo Courtesy of www.HeatwaveVideo.com

KITTEN

With her Gene Simmons-like tongue, unabashed approach to hard-core sex and street-cool attitude, Kitten has earned a spot in the VCRs of porn fans of every race. Since her 1996 debut, Kitten has banged out nearly 200 films, mainly for black-porn stalwarts Heatwave and Video Team/Afrocentric.

The 28-year-old video vixen chalks up her appeal to her "keeping it real" attitude. "From what I've heard from my fans, they say that when they meet me, I'm down-to-earth, but when they see me on camera, I'm really raw," she explains.

Like Midori, Kitten has cut down on her screen work considerably in the last two years, taking time off for marriage and family.



Photo Courtesy of www.HeatwaveVideo.com

DOMONIQUE SIMONE

Logging nearly 300 titles in her decade-long career, Domonique Simone was one of the first true workhorses in the black-porn-starlet field. The Atlanta native entered the biz in 1990 at the age of 19, armed with a commanding presence that earned her an immediate and vocal fan base. "I like the way she fucks. She got a really cool style," touts Juelz Santana, who counts himself among Simone's fans.

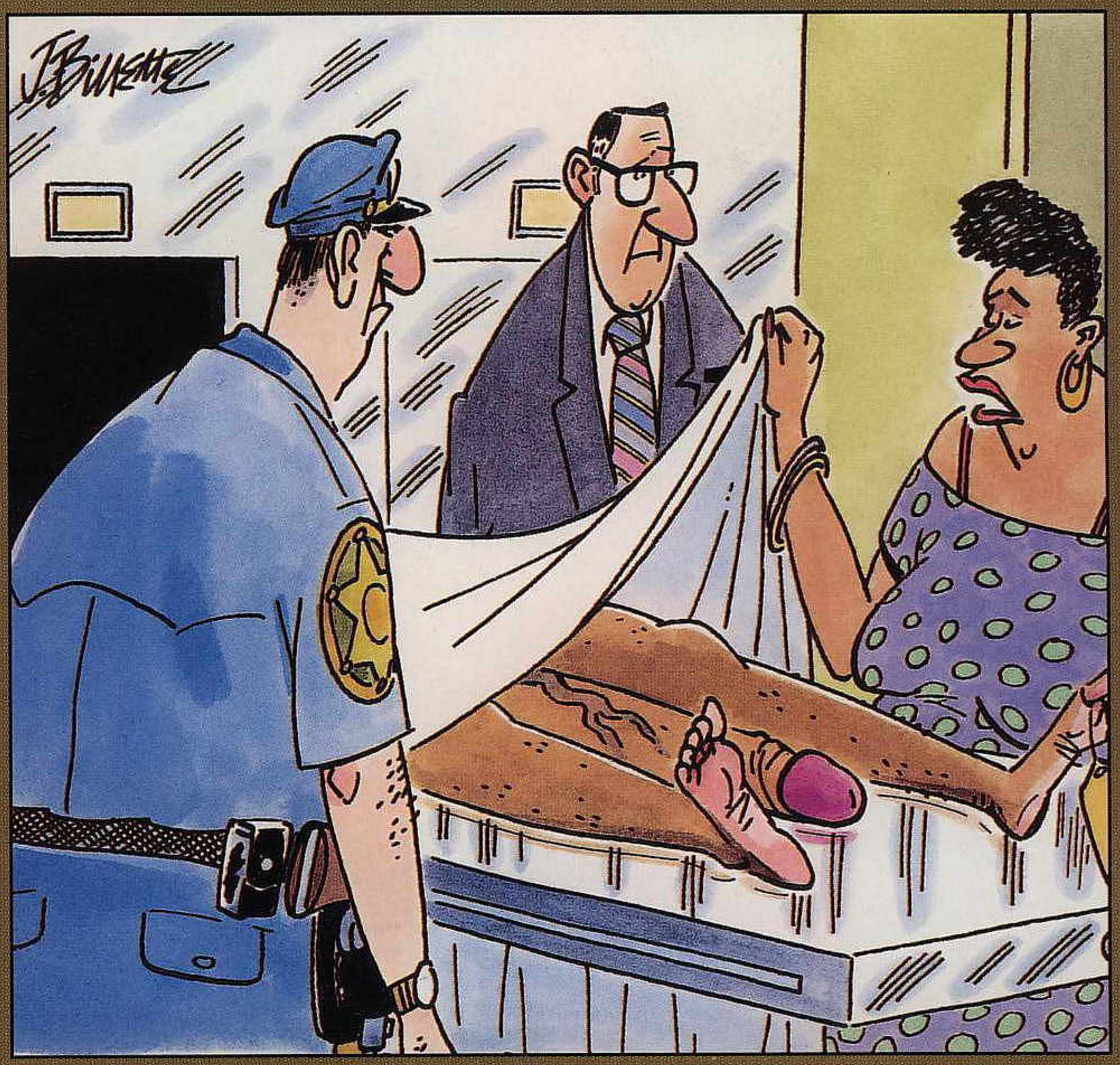
Occasionally resurfacing in adult movies, Simone has eased into the lucrative dance circuit. "I like it," says Simone, 32, in her husky voice. "It gives me a chance to connect with my fans."



Photo Courtesy of www.HeatwaveVideo.com

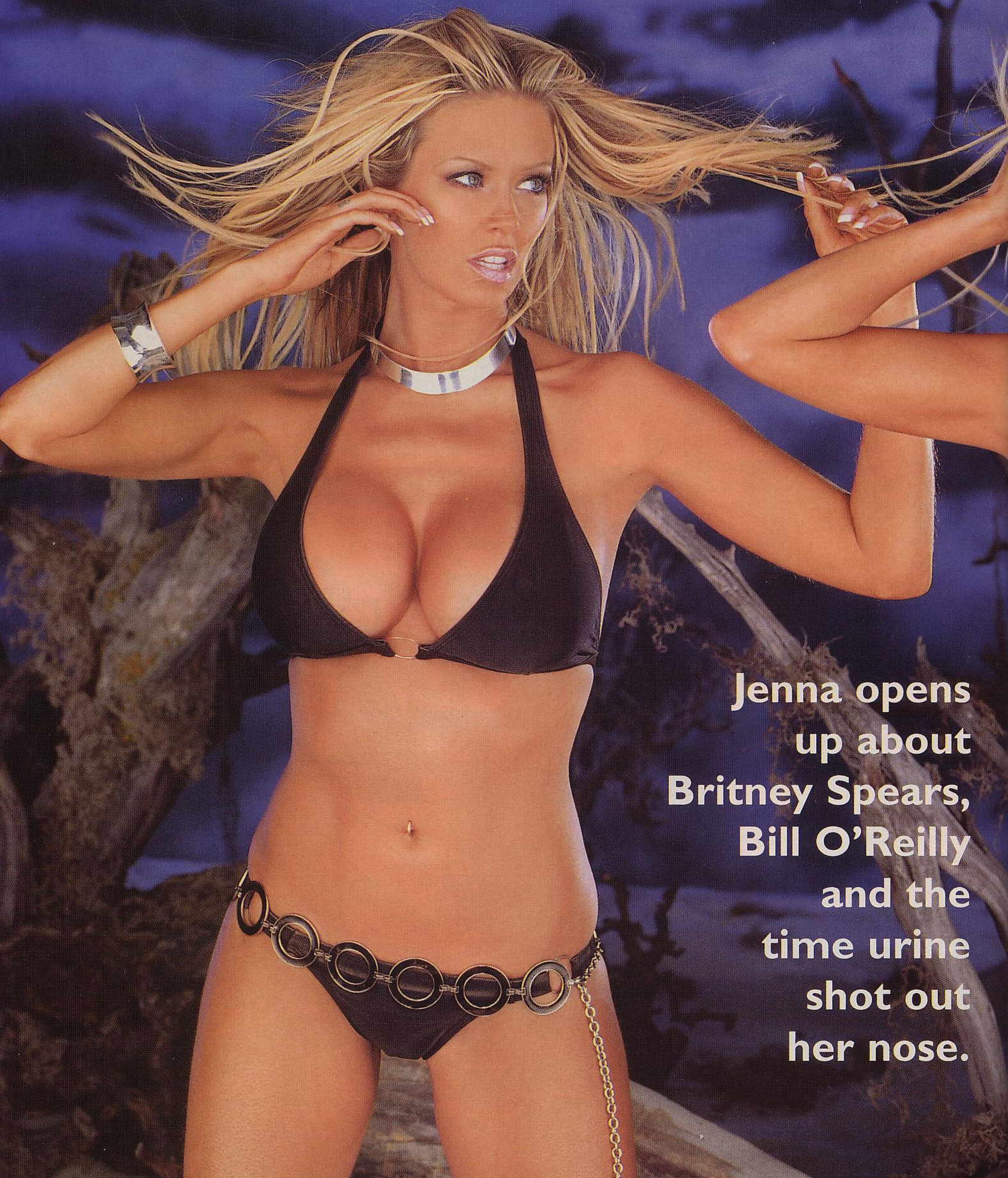


Photo Courtesy of www.VideoTeam.com



"Nope, that's not him. My Calvin has a big pecker."

JENNA JAMESON



Jenna opens up about Britney Spears, Bill O'Reilly and the time urine shot out her nose.

BARES ALL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY



The world's most successful porn star is bigger than ever. In addition to her image adorning billboards and mainstream magazine covers, Jenna Jameson has appeared on *The O'Reilly Factor* (after which host Bill O'Reilly asked her for some copies of her blue-screen work). The E! channel has even immortalized the XXX goddess in an *E! True Hollywood Story*. Much to Jameson's credit, she has never forgotten her hard-core roots. We caught up with the Queen of Porn as she prepared for a HUSTLER pictorial. She spoke candidly about dating rock stars, kinky sex and why she won't be insuring her vagina any time soon.

* * *

HUSTLER: How has the *E! True Hollywood Story* episode about you changed your life?

JAMESON: I thought I was popular before; now it's completely insane. I can't go anywhere without being recognized. Women come up to me, saying that I'm their role model. Drag queens come up to me and say, "I've taken naked pictures of you in to my doctor so he can form me like you." Strange, but cool. Hey, it's a major compliment. Now everybody knows my name, where I was born, my father, my brother–absolutely everything that's happened to me.

HUSTLER: Does your brother get recognized all the time now?

JAMESON: My poor brother–he tried his hardest, over all these years, to stay out of the spotlight. When this came around, I told him, "This is something that's really important; I need your take on things." So he agreed to it, reluctantly. My brother's a tattoo artist; so now everybody comes into his tattoo shop saying, "Can I get a tattoo of your sister?" My brother's like, "I'm a little weirded out, tattooing a picture on your back of a HUSTLER centerfold of my sister, spread-eagle."

HUSTLER: Is it true that your relationship with Britney Spears was manufactured by publicists?

JAMESON: I don't know if it was completely manufactured, but I try not to talk too much about it. Britney Spears is a very amazing girl. She's kind of gotten a clean rap for the girl that she really is. She talks like a truck driver, and she's a hot chick that's coming into her own. Knowing how hard it is for *me* in the media, I can only imagine how it is for her; so I didn't want to contribute to that. But I loved the whole kiss thing [with Madonna on MTV's *Video Music Awards*]. It was like, "I told you she was a freak." The chick's crazy. I saw her at a club one time, flashing her tits to people.



HUSTLER: Why didn't the E! program get into your relationship with Tommy Lee?

JAMESON: I didn't want to talk about it. Tommy's a cool guy, and he gets a bad rap. He certainly is a little bit clingy; he chased me for a long time, just like he did to Pam, and I finally gave in.

HUSTLER: Was Pamela Anderson catty with you?

JAMESON: No. Carmen [Elektra] was, though. He was dating Carmen at the same time. I met her, and she was just shitty. But I like her, and I respect the fact that she doesn't pull any punches.

HUSTLER: What other rock stars have you been with?

JAMESON: Too many to count. Nobody that I would want to talk about.

HUSTLER: Why haven't you married a musician?

JAMESON: Because every man I've gone out with in a rock band has Lead Singer Syndrome. They all get very upset about my popularity interfering with their popularity. I dated this one guy who is in a very prominent band, and we ended up breaking up because I would go to the meet-and-greets, and I would sign more autographs than him, and I would be standing on the side of the stage, and people would be chanting "Jenna." But you know who I'm really taken with? Justin Timberlake. I'm sorry, but he's badass.

HUSTLER: How would your husband, Jay Grdina, react if you had sex with Timberlake?

JAMESON: I'd pretty much be buried in the desert somewhere. It's not about sex, really. I just want him to dance naked over my head. Shake that shit, boy. Shake it!

HUSTLER: Do you have a favorite porn star of all time?

JAMESON: Probably Tori Welles. I had a thing for Savannah. She was pretty much the reason why I got in [porn]. I saw her, and I was like, "That girl's so beautiful, and she's doing this for a living. It can't be that bad; maybe I'll try it." I remember seeing a Tori Welles video and going, "Damn, that girl's fucking psychotic." I love that. I kind of modeled myself after Savannah–"I'm beautiful and untouchable"–and Tori Welles, who is a little psycho and likes to have sex.

HUSTLER: Who's your favorite male porn star?

JAMESON: Two stand out in my mind. Obviously Rocco [Siffredi]. He's a passionate guy, and he is the ultimate performer. But T.T. Boy is the best performer in the industry, by far. Never seen that man have a problem, ever. My first scene with him, he did four cum-shots in one scene.

HUSTLER: Does he use Tantric techniques or something?

JAMESON: Yeah, it was weird, like one leg









behind his head. No, he's really good at what he does, and that's what us girls in the industry respect–guys that can really come and bring it, because for us, it's easy. For them, it's not that easy; so if a guy can come in and really work it, much respect.

HUSTLER: Do you think Bill O'Reilly masturbates to your videos?

JAMESON: It's hard to tell because he has a 24/7 poker face. He never really broke down and told me exactly what he was thinking, but after the interview, he asked for my video, so I can only imagine. He keeps saying, "Oh, it's for professional use." Yeah, right–so is my vibrator.

HUSTLER: Would you ever star in a porn film with him?

JAMESON: It might round off some of those edges he's got, but I would certainly turn him down in a second flat.

HUSTLER: Would you ever have sex with Howard Stern?

JAMESON: I think Howard Stern's incredibly sexy. He has something about him that makes the girls flock to him. During the shooting of the movie [*Private Parts*], he invited me into his trailer. There was this weird, awkward thing going on, and I knew he wanted to make a move. I'm shy, so I couldn't really get the moment going, and he couldn't, so I just left.

HUSTLER: What's the kinkiest thing you've ever done?

JAMESON: My husband's really kinky, and I'm a game player. I will do whatever it takes. One time we were staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and we were having sex in the hallway, which is kind of a normal occurrence when it comes to what I do. People would walk down the hall, and we wouldn't stop. I'm giving him head, and I'm like, "Oh, my God. He's coming." But he wasn't coming; he was peeing. I had pee flying out of my nose. It was great. I've never met a man who can pee with a hard-on, but he can.

HUSTLER: Do you ever urinate into his mouth?

JAMESON: We tried it, because what's good for the goose is good for the gander. He was eating me out, and it's really hard to pee when you're turned on. It's almost impossible. So we sat for 45 minutes to an hour, and finally I was able to, and he was great with it. But I like it the other way around more. I'm more of a submissive girl; so anything that's kind of degrading, I kind of like at home.

HUSTLER: What about scat play?

JAMESON: Oh, no. I draw the line there, baby.

HUSTLER: Do you engage in public sex a lot, like in moving cars and such?

JAMESON: Oh, yeah. Are you kidding me? God, how many truck drivers [can say,] "I witnessed Jenna Jameson giving some guy head." It's hard when you're an adult-film star. You do so much stuff that you get a little jaded. You either go all the way vanilla at home, or you go really crazy. My sex life has gone a little bit crazy. I have the best sex life in the world. I really do.

HUSTLER: What's the craziest thing you've ever done on film?

JAMESON: I set guidelines for myself, and I won't ever go beyond those. There's a lot of things that I will only do at home. I've never even done anal on film. I've certainly thought about it. I'm good at it at home, but my career has gone so well without having to do it, why should I? I talked to my husband about maybe doing it for my last film, but I still haven't really decided whether it's something I want to do.

HUSTLER: Have you ever been double-penetrated in your personal life?

JAMESON: No. But I want to; it's a fantasy. It sounds like fun. *Woo-hoo!*

HUSTLER: Do you think you'll retire anytime in the near future?

JAMESON: Yeah, I'd better soon; I'm gonna be 30 next year.

HUSTLER: Do you want to have kids and settle down?

JAMESON: Yeah, but it's so hard for me to stop, because I'm selling better than I've ever sold in my life. Within the next couple [of] years, I'm gonna retire. I have to. I'm starting to break down.

HUSTLER: What do you mean "break down"?

JAMESON: My body. I've been in the industry 11 years. With all the dancing that I've done and just all the stress that I've been put through, there's been a lot of pressure for me.

HUSTLER: Have you ever thought about insuring your vagina?

JAMESON: No, that's fucking foolish. A lot of people have asked me that–like my ass and my HEARTBREAKER tattoo. It's more of a publicity stunt, and I have enough publicity; I don't need any more.








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xoxoxo, Jenna

A man goes into a bar with an alligator.
The bartender says, "Whoa, you can't bring that in here!"
The man replies, "He's very tame, watch." He then proceeds to pull out his penis and puts it in the alligator's mouth. Then he hits the alligator on the head. The gator does nothing. The crowd is amazed.
"Anyone else want to try?" asks the man.
"Sure," says a blonde in the back. "Just don't hit me that hard."

A little farm boy was walking to the school bus one morning when he began kicking farm animals. First he kicked a pig. Then he kicked a chicken. Lastly he kicked a cow. His mother, watching from the kitchen window, decided she would handle the situation after he returned from school.
When he comes home from school, his mother confronts him and says, "I saw you this morning kicking those farm animals. Since you kicked a pig you get no pork products for a week. Since you kicked a chicken you get no eggs for a week. Since you kicked a cow, you get no beef products for a week. Now go wait for your father and tell him what you have done."
The young boy goes and waits for his father. When his father comes home from a long day of work he is so mad he kicks the cat across the front yard. The boy looks to his mother and says, "You want to tell him no pussy or do you want me to?"

Two deaf people get married. During the first week of marriage, they find that they are unable to communicate in the bedroom when they turn off the lights because they can't see each other using sign language. After several nights of fumbling around and misunderstandings, the wife decides to find a solution.
"Honey," she signs, "Why don't we agree on some simple signals? For instance, at night, if you want to have sex with me, reach over and squeeze my left breast one time. If you don't want to have sex, reach over and squeeze my right breast one time."
The husband thinks this is a great idea and signs back to his wife, "Great idea, Now if you want to have sex with ME, reach over and pull on my penis one time. If you don't want to have sex, reach over and pull on my penis 50 times."

Q. How are a gay guy and a microwave different?
A. Microwaves don't turn your meat brown!

A kid was taking a shower with his mom and asks, "What are those things on your chest?" Not wanting to answer she changes the subject. The next day the boy went up to his dad and asks," What are those things on Mommy's chest?"
The father replies, "They are balloons so when Mommy dies they will inflate and she will float to heaven.
A couple weeks later the father comes home early and his son runs out and says, "Daddy, Daddy, Mom is dying."
The father asks, "What are you talking about?"
"Well, Uncle Harry is blowing up her balloons and she's yelling, "Oh God I'm coming!'"



One day a husband and wife were in the bathroom. The wife was getting out of the shower and the husband grabs her boobs and says, "If these were firmer you wouldn't need a bra."
The wife was repulsed by his behavior and ignores him. The next week the two are again in the bathroom and while the wife was getting out of the shower he grabs her ass and says, "If your ass was firmer you wouldn't need a girdle." The wife is now pissed and is plotting her revenge. One day a week later the husband is getting out of the shower and the wife grabs his dick and says, "If this was a little bit bigger I wouldn't need your brother."

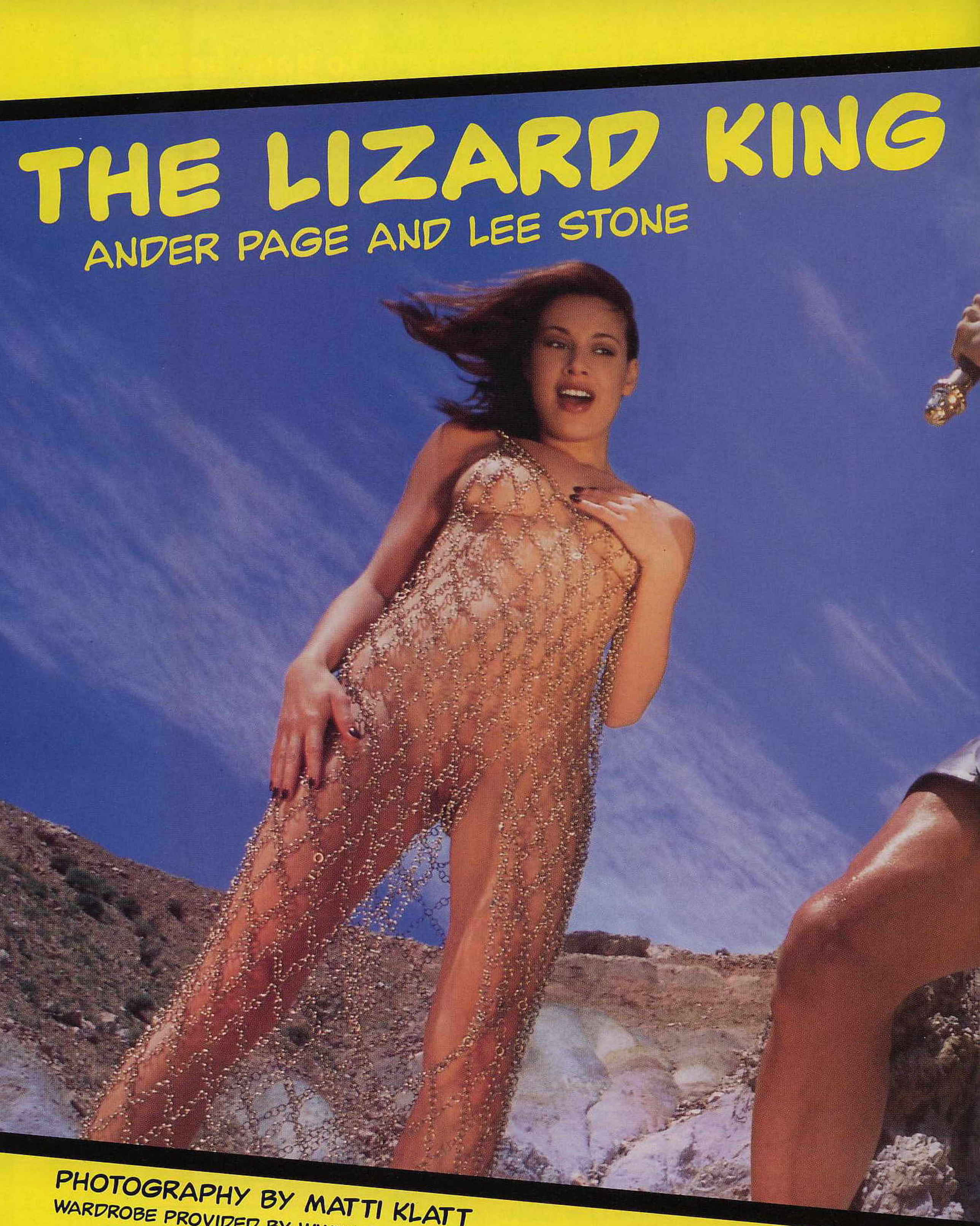
A man walks into a sperm bank and declares I'm of royal blood and an I.Q. of 165; I'd like to make a donation. The nurse gives him a sealed cup and directs him to a private room. Twenty minutes later the man hasn't come out, the nurse knocks on the door. "Is there a problem?"
"I'm so embarrassed, I used my right hand. I used my left hand. I poured cold water on it and hot water on it. Could you help me? "
The nurse replies, "I don't usually do this but you are kind of cute." She gets on her knees and begins to blow him.
With a surprised look on his face he say, "I really appreciate this, but all I needed was help getting the cap off the jar!"

There were three nuns waiting to be blessed. The priest asks the first nun, "Have you ever touched a penis?"
She says, "I touched one once with my finger."
The priest says, "Put your finger in holy water and say three Hail Mary's."
It's now the second nun's turn. She is asked the same question, but before she can respond the third nun runs in front of her and says, "I'm not going to gargle with that water after she sticks her ass in it!"

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

THE LIZARD KING

ANDER PAGE AND LEE STONE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

WARDROBE PROVIDED BY WWW.LEGAVENUE.COM

IN THE DAYS OF OLD, FAIR MAIDENS OFTEN FOUND THEMSELVES AT THE MERCY OF SLIMY CREATURES THAT WANTED TO RAVAGE THEIR BODIES. BUT ENOUGH ABOUT MEN; CHECK OUT THE TEETH ON THAT REJECT FROM *JURASSIC PARK*!

GREAT HORNY TOADS!

I'LL TURN HIM INTO SAMSONITE LUGGAGE!

AND A PAIR OF SHOES, PLEASE!

HOW LONG BEFORE WE GET TO THE SEX?

FIFTEEN MORE PANELS!

WAIT A SECOND- I THINK I SEE A CAVITY!

WHEN WAS YOUR LAST CLEANING? DO YOU FLOSS?

HE'S GETTING WOOD! HELP!

FOR SPLITTING HEADACHES, TRY BAYER.

AND TO THE WINNER....

GOES THE BOOTY!

THAT'S MY BAD KNEE, LADY!

YOU SWING LIKE A GIRL. TRY THE SHARP END!

I HATE IT WHEN I LOSE MY KEYS!

DID SPIELBERG HAVE TO WORK WITH CHEAP PROPS LIKE THIS?

CATCH ME IN MY NEW FLICK, *JURASSIC PORK*! I'M ATTACHED TO DIRECT!

HAVE YOU HAD AN HIV TEST?

IS THAT LIKE THE SAT?

LEE TAKES ANDER BACK TO HIS LAIR TO SHOW HER HIS TROUSER SNAKE!

MUMBLE, MUMBLE, MUMBLE....

MMMMM, ONE TESTICLE, JUST LIKE HITLER!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU. IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE A DICK IN YOUR MOUTH.

I TAKE IT YOU'RE A BREAST MAN.

THIS REMINDS ME, HAVE YOU SEEN *BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM?*

MILK DOES A BODY GOOD.

MY JAW IS GOING NUMB.

KEEP GOING, I ONLY NEED ONE MORE HOUR OF FOREPLAY.

OOOH, BABY!

TO-DO LIST: LAUNDRY, GET MY NAILS DONE, EXCHANGE DRESS FOR A CUTER ONE....

THINK BASEBALL SCORES, PICTURE MY GRANDMA NAKED...OH, GRANDMA, BABY!

HEY! HAND OFF THE ASS; THAT'S NOT IN MY CONTRACT!

TRICKY CHINESE POSITION NO. 87352.

AS A PORN MODEL, I HAVE A LOT OF SWEATY, UNPROTECTED SEX. THAT'S WHY I NEED AN EXTRA-STRENGTH ANTIPERSPIRANT!

LIFT ME UP A LITTLE HIGHER, SO I CAN WATCH THE NEIGHBORS SCREWING. THEY'RE SUCH ANIMALS!

MY, MY, ISN'T THIS AN EXPENSIVE LOCATION? THEY TOLD ME I WAS GOING TO CABO!

DAMN, I BROKE A NAIL.

CUE WIND MACHINE. CUE ANDER'S "FUCK ME HARD" LOOK.

YAWNNNN....

THIS POSITION IS CALLED "THE CARPENTER." IT'S WHEN I NAIL YOU TO THE FENCE!

LEG-LIFTS ARE A GREAT WAY TO KEEP IN SHAPE WHILE YOU'RE HAVING LOUSY SEX WITH A STRANGER.

OVER THE LIPS....

THROUGH THE GUMS....

WHAT THE FUCK?!? IS THAT A CAMERA?

SMILE—YOU'RE ON *CANDID CAMERA.*

I'M GONNA COME....

LOOK OUT, STOMACH....

HERE IT COMES!

CANADIAN POSTCARDS

Prince Edward Island

by Katy



Dear Readers,

Greetings from the Big, Red Mud!

After a wicked-good time in Nova Scotia, I hopped in a ferry over to Prince Edward Island and saw all of Canada's smallest province that same afternoon. Not quite! The island's not very big, but there's still plenty to see and do.

I visited Green Gables House in Cavendish, where the red-haired orphan Anne of Green Gables was created, went to the Potato Museum and the Irish Moss (seaweed) Interpretive Center – both a lot more interesting than they sound – then basically spent two weeks peddling around the whole island enjoying the sights and sounds, and eats.

The only two cities on P.E.I. are Charlottetown, the capital, and Summerside, and it was in Summerside that I got my first ever taste of outdoor sex. Sure, I'd sexed it up in my boyfriend's car once or twice, but that really doesn't count.

I hooked up with a group of kids my age who were participating in a Church-sponsored slo-pitch tournament. After playing a couple of games with them in the afternoon, they invited me to a clam-bake on the beach of a secluded cove that night, and I quickly had a cute guy named Steve catering to my every need.

Now, as everyone knows, there are no hornier guys on God's green, or in this case red, earth than religious dudes. So, sure enough, while the rest of the group digested their clams, roasted marshmallows, and sang Christian rock songs, Steve and I snuck away and hid ourselves behind a grassy sand dune further up the beach where we got to know each other a little better. Steve spread out a beach towel and we lay down next to each other, staring up at the flickering stars, listening to the Atlantic Ocean lap at the shore.

"You're really pretty, Katy," Steve whispered in my ear after awhile, and then, without warning, shoved his tongue inside my hear-hole and swirled it around.

I almost jumped out of my skin! But the sexual electricity surging through my trembling bod kept me grounded. Steve tongued my ear like he was digging for spuds, then started kissing and licking my neck. He roughly grabbed and squeezed my titties through the thin, nipple-indented material of my crop-top.

I did nothing to stop the eager guy, I confess, and he took that as encouragement to awkwardly grab my head and smack me hard on the pucker, before sliding his tongue between my lips and into my mouth. I bumped tongues with him, and we were soon excitedly slapping our tongues together like French was our second language. Then I got as bold as he'd been and slid my hand into his shorts, grabbed onto his swollen cock. I guess my recent experiences in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia had begun to transform me from a kitten to a tigress.

"Holy shit!" Steve yelped, like I'd touched a sacred object or something.

"What's wrong?" I asked, feeling nothing wrong with his growing cock.

"Uh, well, it's just that I've never ... uh, never gone all the way before," he admitted, bowing his head.
"Well, we don't have to – you know, if it's, like, against your religion or something."

"Too late," he replied, shaking his head. "You touched my thing – that means we gotta go all the way now."

I really didn't see the guy's logic, but my mind had gotten so warped lately that I made a mental note to hunt down a few more of the better-looking boys in Steve's group and touch their 'things' before I left P.E.I.

Steve scrambled to his feet and tugged down his shorts, so that his prick stood out arrow-straight and righteous in the humid air, silhouetted against the setting, orange sun. "Will you ... suck my prick, Katy?" he asked politely, his legs shaking despite the warmth of the evening.

I got to my knees and nodded up at him, then grasped his long, hard cock in my hot little hand and tentatively stroked it.

"Fuck, yeah!" he groaned, uttering the first real obscenity I'd heard that entire day.

I swirled my sweaty hand up and down the length of his incredible tool, in awe of its size and hardness and heat. It twitched in my hand, and Steve closed his eyes and started moaning, as I realized a tad too late just how cocked and loaded he really was.

"Fucking A!" he bellowed, white-hot cum suddenly blasting out of his piss-slit and into my face.

His jizz was slimy and salty – yeah, I tasted a little bit – and one thick spurt was rapidly followed by another and another. I held on tight to the bucking Jesus freak's pulsating sperm-cannon, and he kept coming and coming. He coated my face and chest with his sticky sperm as I throttled his dick, pouring out enough cum to fill a lobster pot to the brim – or so it felt. He'd obviously been saving up for just such a special occasion.

When he finally collapsed to his knees, his hosing of me complete, he helped me peel off my t and wiped the cum off my face with it, a satisfied grin stretched across his kisser – like he'd finally found the Promised Land after years of fruitless searching.

"Do unto others ..." he muttered, gently pushing me back onto the blanket and pulling off my shorts. He took up position between my legs, staring directly into the glistening folds of my tingling cunny.

A moist sea breeze caressed my bare-naked body, and I held my breath as Steve pushed my legs further apart, then gasped in amazement when he dove tongue-first into my cunny. "God, yes!" I squealed, squirming around on the towel.

Steve speared his tongue into my pink over and over, ardently fucking me with his hardened mouth appendage. Then he retracted his tongue from my greasy slit and licked me from bung to clitty. Repeatedly, his velvet sandpaper tongue was sending sexual shockwaves crashing through my dewy body. My cunny got as damp as the ocean, and Steve excitedly lapped up my juices like I was his Last Supper.

"Can I stick my fingers inside?" he asked, looking at me, his nose and lips and chin shiny with my slime.

"Absolutely, go right ahead!" I responded eagerly, moaning with joy when he jammed three of his digits into my hotbox and pistoned them back and forth.

With him feverishly finger-pumping my sopping twat and tongue-teasing my clitty, or at least the area around my clitty, it quickly became more than a girl could handle. "Fuck almighty! I'm coming!" I shouted to the starry heavens, not caring if an entire congregation gathered on the sand dune to watch us.

Steve went Old Testament on me, turned it up a notch, frenziedly pounded my puss and lapped at my clit, till my body convulsed with orgasm and waves of blissful ecstasy swelled up from my cunny and swept through my body. It was one of the most soul-satisfying orgasms I'd ever experienced.

"think it's time you put more than just your fingers inside me, Steve."

He and I rested for awhile, lay in each others arms and smooched, until I eventually said, "I think it's time you put more than just your fingers inside me, Steve."

"Huh?" he gulped, staring at me. Then, when I covered his softened member with my hand, the lights went on and he said, "Oh!"

I told him to stand up, and quickly encircled his cock with my fingers when he did so, started tugging on it, marveling at how fast and full it inflated. Then I stuck out my tongue and twirled it around his mush-roomed prick-cap. He groaned and clutched my twin ponytails as I painted his hood with my tongue. I popped his bloated cockhead into my warm, wet mouth and sucked on it for awhile, but not a long while – I didn't want another facial like last time; I wanted his wicked fuck-staff buried in my dripping cunny when he blew his top this time.

I lay back down on the towel and briefly admired the breathtaking scenery – his big, bobbing dick; a pair of lobster boats bobbing out on the fiery horizon. "Fuck me, Steve!" I urged.

He piled on top of me, and together we steered his throbbing dong into my slick, tight sex-hole. He sighed like he'd arrived at the pearly gates as his rod slid balls-deep into my cunny, and then he began moving his hips in a rhythm as old as all creation.

"Yeah, just like that," I moaned, his huge organ stretching my twat, sawing me in half, his heavy balls smacking my ass as he banged away.

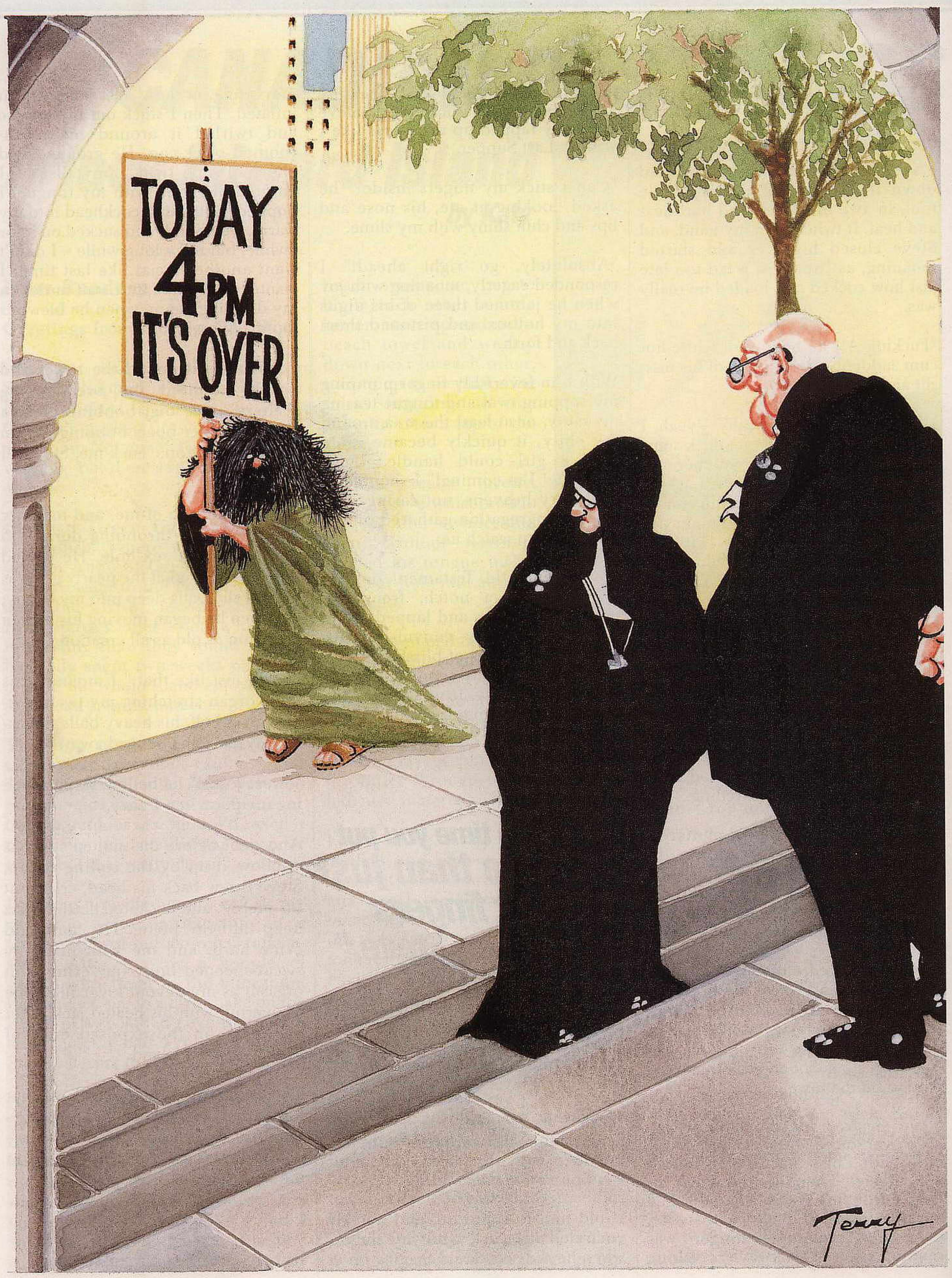
"Sweet Jesus!" he bellowed, pummeling my poon in a frenzy.

And right before the molten sun was swallowed up by the roiling ocean, Steve threw back his head, cried out for mercy, and rocketed sizzling jizz deep into my being. He came and came hard, and me with him, my sweat-sheened body quivering with orgasm as my devout lover filled me to overfull with his heated jack, right out there on the exposed edge of Prince Edward Island.

The two of us didn't crawl off that beach until a couple of clam-diggers – the kind that dig for actual clams – showed up at low tide, around five in the morning.

Luv,

Katy



"Well, if that's the case, Sister Selena, wanna fuck?"

RAH-RAH-RAW!

Raiderette Nude-Photo Scandal

Photos by Mark Daughn. Courtesy of www.Mystique-Magazine.com.



It would seem impossible to offend the Oakland Raiders' sense of decorum, but cheerleader Danielle Gamba managed to pull it off. The team fired Gamba when the organization learned that the 20-year-old had posed for these (and other) nude photos for Mystique-Magazine.com. HUSTLER caught up with Gamba at San Francisco State University, where she studies fashion design. The ex-Raiderette spoke candidly about her NFL controversy.

HUSTLER: Tell us your story from the beginning.

GAMBA: I entered the Model Safari Competition [sponsored by Mystique] last year. I never thought in a million years that I would win. It was a pretty lengthy process of elimination. It would go month by month as they narrowed it down to a group of girls. During that time, I had tried out for the Raiderettes, and I made it. It was probably about two months into the season that I found out that I won the contract from Mystique. I ended up posing for them, and the Raiders found out about it. They didn't appreciate the type of modeling that I was doing and dismissed me about two weeks ago.

HUSTLER: How did the Raiders learn that the pictures were on the Internet?

GAMBA: Honestly, I still don't know to this day.

HUSTLER: Is there any clause in the Raiderette contract that forbids you from posing nude?

GAMBA: There is a morality clause. We can't do anything to embarrass or offend the other girls, and it does include partially nude or nude [photos].

HUSTLER: Have other Raiderettes posed nude before?

GAMBA: Yes. Based on my research so far, I've found one Raiderette named Jane Lubeck. I didn't cheer with her, but she's actually a friend of a friend, who told me that she had posed for [the September 1974] *Playboy*. She did quite a big spread for them and faced no repercussions or anything.

HUSTLER: Why do you think you've been singled out?

GAMBA: I don't know. Like I said, the contract's black and white, but there are other things, like Jane Lubeck's situation, that caught me by surprise. Some of the girls have told me that there were strippers on the squad in previous years who were just asked not to come back once the team found out. They weren't dismissed or fired.

HUSTLER: Are you going to sue to get your job back?

GAMBA: No. It's not about legal justice; it's just a personal thing, in all fairness.

HUSTLER: The Raiderettes put out their own calendar in which the girls pose provocatively in skimpy outfits. Aren't the Raiders being hypocritical?

GAMBA: I don't want to put any negative light [on it]. Like I said, it's surprising, because we can walk around in G-strings in the public out on the beach, wearing close to nothing, but then we can't take pictures without removing that string.

HUSTLER: Are you lobbying to get back on the squad?

GAMBA: There's actually a petition going [around] right now—www.Geocities.com/BringBackDanielleGamba—which is really sweet. I would love to come back if they would have me, but right now it doesn't look too optimistic.

HUSTLER: Perhaps with the petition drive and all of this publicity, the Raiders will hire you back.

GAMBA: Yeah, my fingers are crossed. I hope I'm not upsetting them by doing these interviews.

HUSTLER: Is it fun to be a Raiderette?

GAMBA: It's fabulous. I worked so hard to become a Raiderette. All the girls are great. There were so many different experiences that I had, not just cheering at the games. I got to do a Fourth of July parade, and we just welcomed home troops from Iraq at the [Travis] Air Force base. I think that was my favorite.

HUSTLER: How long were you a Raiderette?

GAMBA: From May; so only about three months.

HUSTLER: Are you from the Bay Area?

GAMBA: Yes. I'm a native.

HUSTLER: Do the Raiderettes pay well?

GAMBA: No. You don't do it for the money, definitely. It was costing me more money just to do the commute and drive out to Oakland three or four times a week. That's okay. I love to dance, and that's what it was all about. So it was worth it, no matter how much I got paid or [was] in debt because of it.

HUSTLER: Did you get to keep your uniform?

GAMBA: No. They made me return it. I had to return it yesterday. I kept it until the very last day that I possibly could.

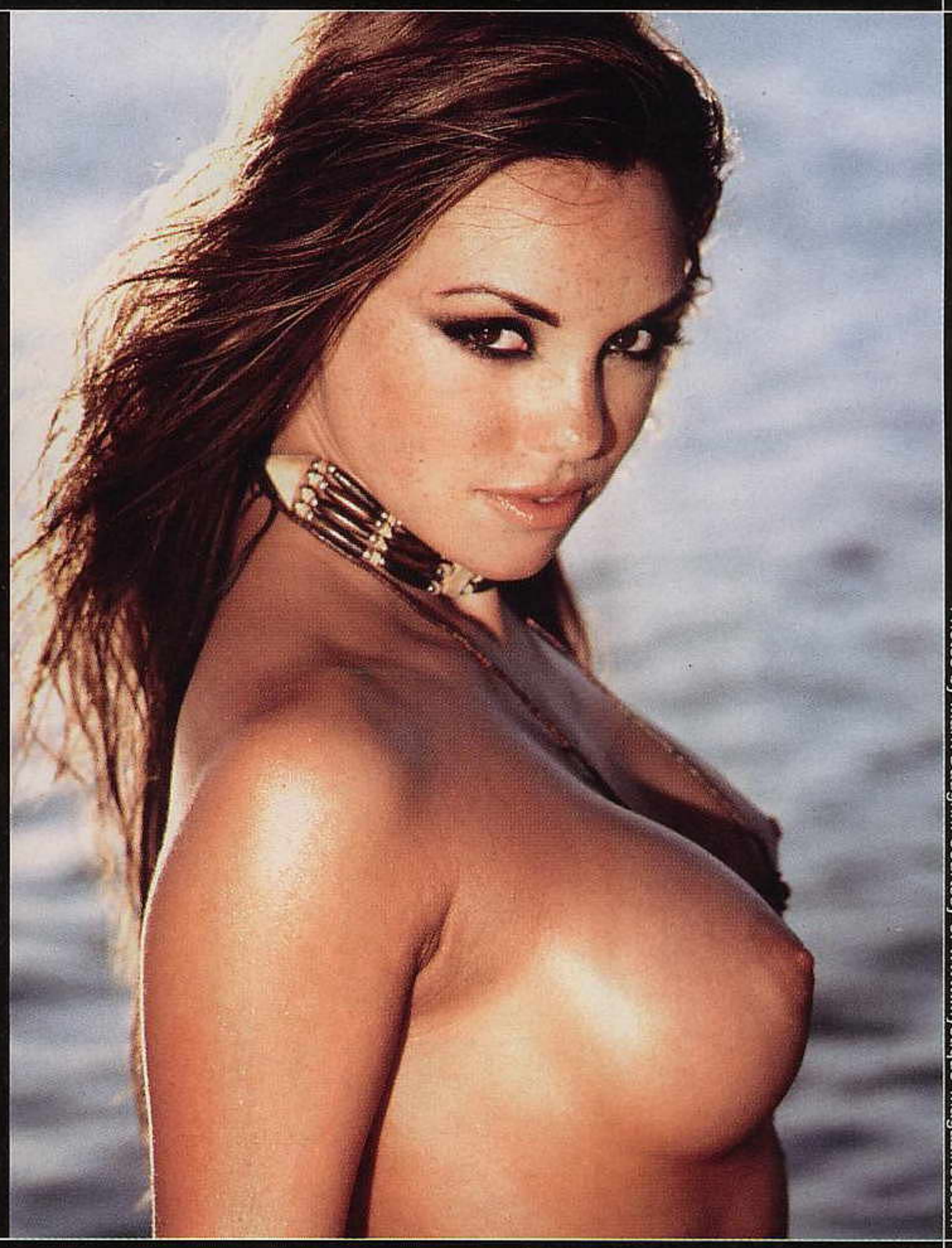
HUSTLER: Do the Raiders allow their cheerleaders to date the players?

GAMBA: The Raiders are the only organization in the NFL that does allow the cheerleaders to date [players]. All of the other ones have rules against it.

HUSTLER: That's odd that they're the most lenient in that regard, yet they fired you.

GAMBA: Exactly.





Photos by Mark Daughn. Courtesy of www.Mystique-Magazine.com.





HUSTLER: Have you ever dated a player?

GAMBA: No, I haven't, but it was funny. [Bill] Romanowski just got into a fight; he broke someone's eye socket at practice last week or the week before, about the same time as my dismissal. People around town were saying, "Oh, yeah, they got into a fight over that cheerleader that got kicked off." I've never even spoken to either of them; so it wasn't about that, but it was funny to hear that.

HUSTLER: The funny thing is that he probably won't get fired for breaking someone's eye socket, yet you were canned for posing nude.

GAMBA: He got suspended for a day. I'm getting a lot of feedback about that: "It's nice to know that the Raiders have their morality all correct and everything." They suspend Romanowski for one day, and I get the boot for taking off my clothes.

HUSTLER: What do people at school say about all of this?

GAMBA: It's funny, because we just started school last week. The teachers will be calling attendance—this happened a couple of times—and they'll say "Danielle Gamba." I'll say, "I'm here," and they'll say, "*Hmmm*, that name sounds really familiar, but your face doesn't look familiar. But I swear I've heard your name somewhere before." I'm like, "Oh, I don't know." I'm sure they probably just read an article. Someone came up to me and said, "Hey, I saw you on *Celebrity Justice* last week;" and I didn't even know I was on. Little things like that.



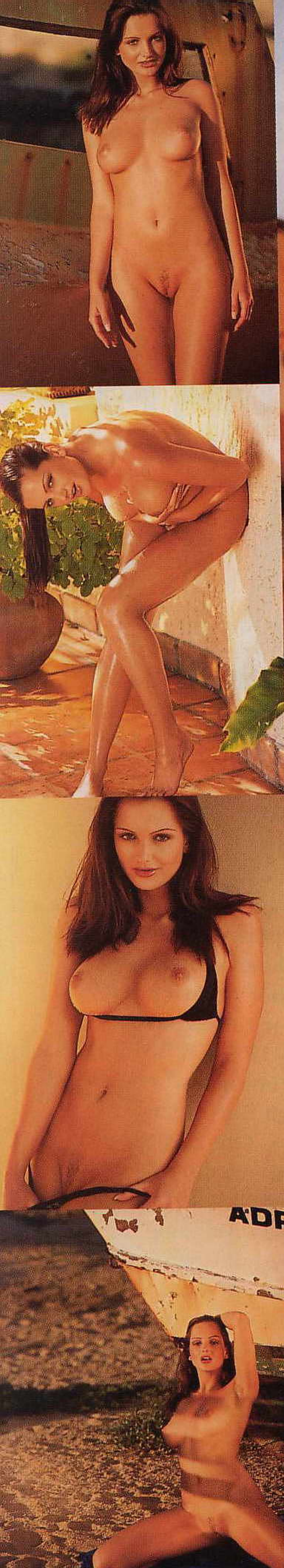


BEACHED TAIL

SANDRA SHINE

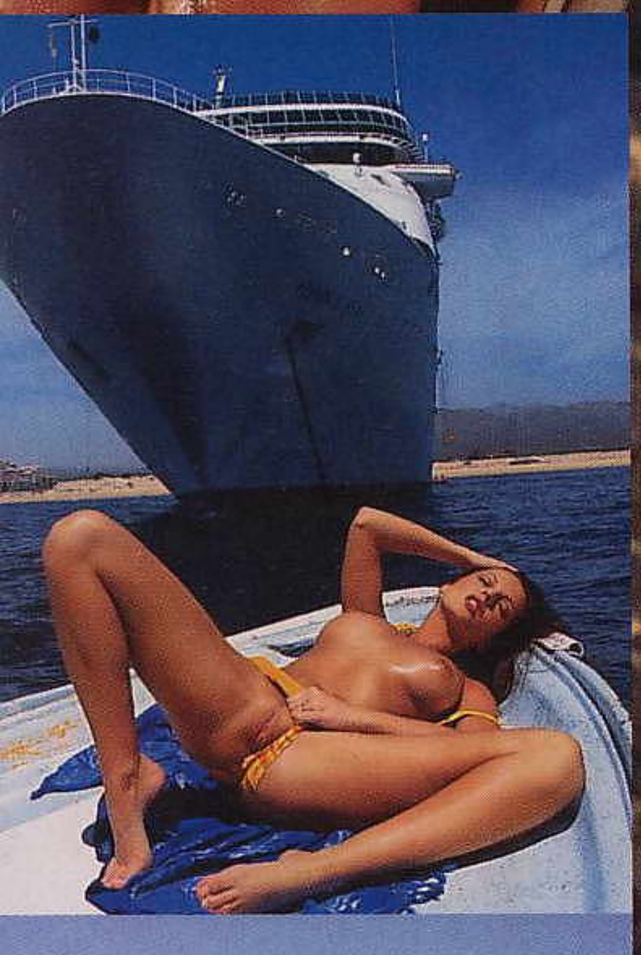
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

Born in Budapest, Hungary, Sandra says posing nude would have been considered shocking in her country ten years ago, but times have changed. "HUSTLER is doing very well in Hungary," the sleek Eastern European export winks. The 22-year-old plans to apply to college next year and says, "I want to study business management." Personalitywise, she describes herself as "a typical Virgo. I'm very sensitive and serious, but silly at the same time. I can change my mood in two minutes." Typical Virgo? That sounds like a typical *woman* to us.









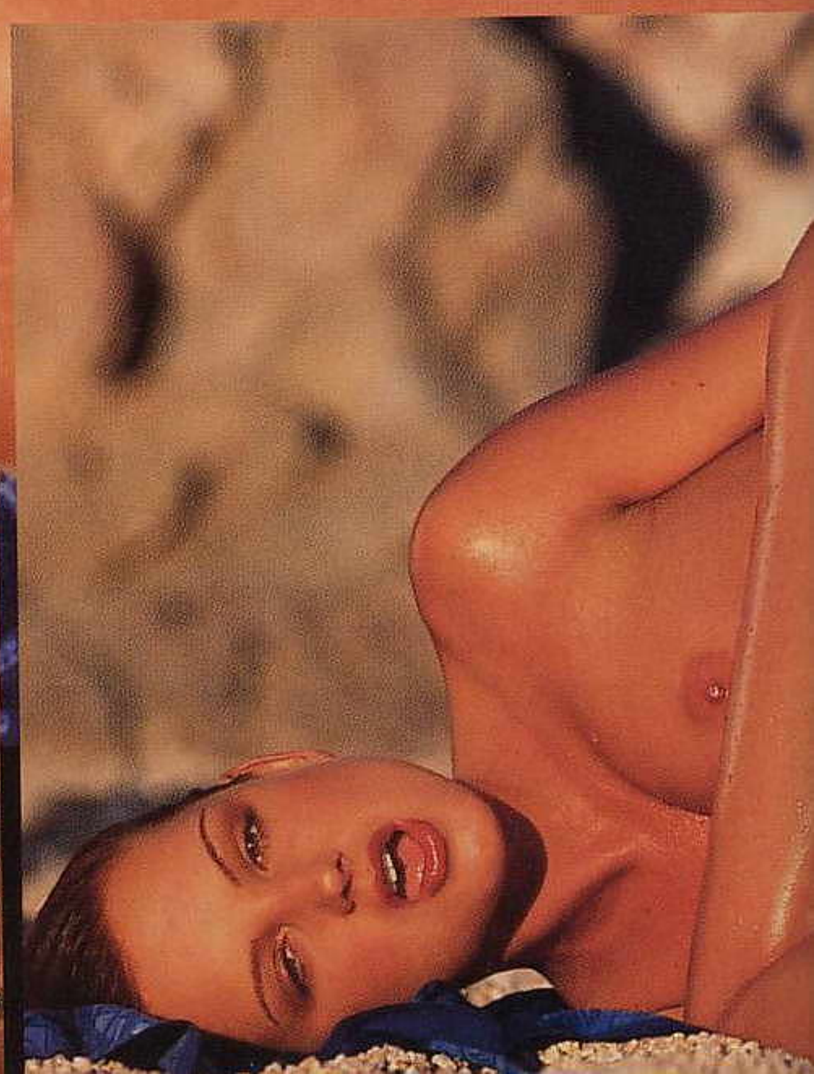






















Lexi, 23, is an archaeology major at **McLennan Community College** in Waco, Texas. The towheaded sophomore boasts an impressive 3.8 GPA, but still finds time between classes to swim and play outdoor sports. She lists her unfulfilled sexual fantasy as simply "having sex in public."

—Photo by Friend

Feast your eyes on the lovely Samantha, a journalism student at **Sydney University** in Australia. The sexy, 29-year-old sophomore's hobbies include martial arts, photography and rock climbing. Samantha's most memorable carnal experience in college has been "masturbating in class."

—Photo by Friend





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.



#2 – SEAL THE DEAL

BY LIZ

My sales territory is normally the three western provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Except when a certain colleague of mine goes on a weekend bender and can't answer the bell the following Monday. That's what happened a couple of weeks ago, when Head Office asked me to make a side-trip from Calgary, where I was attending a furniture show, to visit a dealer in Nelson, B.C. It seems that my colleague in Vancouver was 'under the weather', and couldn't make his usual monthly sales call. Being a company girl, I made the trip. And it turned out to be a hell of a lot more exciting than I ever would've expected.

Nelson is a sleepy, picturesque town surrounded by towering mountains and sapphire-blue lakes, chock full of aging hippies, granola gobblers, and so-called creative types – a place where the magic mushroom doubles as the town flower. The furniture store I wanted was Frank's Futons & Other Junk, which was owned by a thirty-something couple who looked like they'd fallen into a 1960's time warp, probably kept warm in the winter by burning bras and draft cards.

Frank was a tall, lean beanpole with rose-tinted granny glasses, a foot-long goatee, and a glazed outlook on life, while his soul-mate for the past five years, Mary, was a short, pretty brunette with a psychedelic headband, enough finger jewelry to make Ozzy Osbourne blush, and a gigantic front porch that almost put my natural endowment to shame – almost.

We shot business shit for most of the morning, until a clock cuckooed noon, prompting Frank to jump up and lock the front door of the store and hang out the unwelcome sign. Apparently, the lunch hour was reserved for uninterrupted chanting, meditation, and vegan cuisine. The all-veggie dinner did nothing to quell my appetite, left me hungrily ogling Frank's bulging meat, which was nicely packaged in a super-tight pair of bell-bottom jeans. He must've noticed my interest, because he contorted himself into a lotus position, openly displaying his plumping frank.

"you should know that Frank and I normally close a deal with a traveling salesperson, such as yourself, by engaging in a three-way."

"Liz," Mary said, placing a warm hand on my stockinged leg and staring earnestly at me, "you should know that Frank and I normally close a deal with a traveling salesperson, such as yourself, by engaging in a three-way."

I almost spat up my pea paste and herbal tea. Free love was obviously still a cheap commodity in historic Nelson. "Really? I, uh, didn't know ..." I mumbled, my astonished orbs drifting down to the attractive woman's enormous jugs. She was wearing some sort of spangled Stevie Nicks castoff, and her snowy-white mountains were avalanching out of the top of the garment.

"Yeah, that be the truth, sweet lady. Take the edge off all the capitalism," Frank explained, laying his own hand on my other knee.

I glanced from one paw to the other, from the blank expression of Mary to the stoned expression of Frank, and my pussy dampened with anticipation. "Let's get it on," I stated, always anxious to go the extra mile for a pair of loyal, lonely customers.

They smiled blandly and stood up. Mary undid a fastener at the back of her dress and it fell away like a flower child's ideals, leaving her at one with nature save for a pair of hemp sandals. Her body was lush and curvy, like mine, her tits huge and ponderous, capped by jutting pink nipples that looked to be more than a mouthful. Her pussy was sprinkled with soft, brown fur, and her labes glistened



underneath the downy covering.

Frank did his own quick strip, shedding his tie-dyed t-shirt and fashion-flouting jeans like he was going through U.S. customs. His cock jumped out big and straight and uncut, and it gestured at me to get naked.

"My turn," I responded, and stood up and whipped off my jacket and skirt.

When I started unharnessing my mams, Frank and Mary stepped forward and lent me a hand. The two of them slid the straining straps of my bra off my shoulders, and then Mary popped me open in the back and my big, brazen boobs spilled out into the open – into the open couple's loving hands. They each cradled a monster tit and gently caressed and squeezed and kneaded it, fondled my super-sensitive flesh-mounds till my legs went as weak as Frank's conception of reality, and then they bent their heads down in worship and tongued my inflamed nipples.

"Yes!" I hissed, watching through half-closed lids as the sexual free spirits swirled their tongues all around my engorged nips, bathing my electrified buds in their hot spit.

Frank flapped his Gene Simmons-like tongue over and under one of my rubbery milk-nubs, teased it relentlessly, then sucked it into his mouth and tugged on it. Mary followed suit, the both of them pulling hard on my titties with their warm, wet mouths. I stroked their heads, feeding them sexual pleasure and getting it in return via my mammoth hooters.

"Hey, how 'bout I fuck her while she eats out your pussy, Mary?"

"Hey, how 'bout I fuck her while she eats out your pussy, Mary?" Frank asked his common-law wife, after disgorging a solid pound of my damp, tingling tit-flesh.

"A wonderful idea, indeed," Mary responded from around an inch of my rubbery nipple. "Are you amiable to Frank's suggestion, saleswoman Liz?"

"Wet and willing!" I replied, pulling my milk bags out of their hands, my stockings and panties down and off. Then I got down and dirty – on all fours right there on the showroom floor – and thrust my big ass into the air like a bitch in heat. I impatiently grabbed Frank's foreskin and pulled him closer.

He got in behind me, gripped a round, fleshy butt cheek with one hand while he steered his wicked fuck-club into my sopping lovebox with the other. I groaned when his prick parted my puffy lips and plunged inside me, groaned again when he held tight to my waist and shoved his heavy schlong all the way into my snatch.

"Get down with me, Mary," I grunted, as her significant other started churning his skinny hips back and forth, ram-rodding my burning twat. "I wanna taste your funky pussy, girl."

Mary stretched herself out on the carpet, but she slid all the way under me, so that I was face-to-face with her, rather than face-to-fur. She clutched my blonde tresses and pulled my glossy lips down to hers, hungrily kissed me.

"Right on! Power to the pussy!" Frank enthused between breaths, and clenched teeth, as he fervently deep-drilled me with his dong.

Mary's lips were thick and soft and wet, and we kissed for a long, sensuous time, till I snaked my tongue into her mouth and aroused her tongue. We entwined our slimy tongues together, over and over, as Frank bounced my body back and forth with his pile-driving dick.

"Pussy! I want your pussy!" I finally gasped at Mary, when she stopped tongue-fencing me long enough to draw some air.

She squirmed forward until her dripping snatch was served up right in front of my drooling mouth. "Make love to my needful sex, beautiful lady!" she urged, grasping her super-sized casabas and squeezing them, rolling her rigid, inch-long nipples between her fingers.

I ran my tongue up and down her inner thighs, leaving a trail of fire behind, then pushed her legs further apart and dipped my wicked tongue into her honey pot. She cried out with joy, and I lapped at her shiny lips, not even trying to be gentle what with her man sawing back and forth in my cunt. I roughly licked her steaming pussy, gulped her hot, tangy juices, then drove my hardened tongue deep into her twat.

"Alright if I blow some smoke in your poon, sweet cheeks!?" Frank yelled at me, never breaking stroke with his cunt-pummeling.

"Blow your load inside me, yes!" I yelled back, my voice muffled by Mary's mound.

"Blow your load inside r e, yes I yelled back, my voice muffled by Mary's mound.

Frank re-doubled his already blistering efforts, smacking my rippling butt harder and harder with his thrusting body, his fire-hardened shaft almost splitting me in two. My body flooded with heat and my head went dizzy as multiple orgasms ignited like a string of fireworks inside me, one after another in rapid succession. I only barely managed to continue to tongue Mary's sopping sex, devastated as I was by ecstasy, but I doggedly tortured her swollen clit with my slippery, pink pleasure tool, desperate to reward her and Frank for their patronage.

"I'm coming!" they hollered in unison.

Mary bit her lip hard enough to draw blood, squeezed her giant tits so tightly that I feared her nipples would shoot off and embed themselves in the ceiling, all the while whimpering with orgasmic pleasure. Frank dug his fingers into my flesh and hosed down my burning insides with his gooey goodness, his upper body dancing around like a Woodstock reveler in the throes of good music and better drugs.

It was only when I talked to my sick colleague the following day, and he unequivocally stated that Frank and Mary had never offered him any deal-clinching three-ways, that I knew that I'd been had by the retro-couple from Nelson, and had good.



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

PLEASURE WITHOUT PUSSY

When it comes to sexual pleasure nothing beats a juicy wet pussy. But when the well is a dry guy has to find other ways to quench his sexual thirst. In this issue guys from across Canada tell HUSTLER how they take matters into their own hands. Pleasure Without Pussy looks at some imaginative alternatives for guys who aren't getting it.

PLEASURE WITHOUT PUSSY



"Sandy and I had been going out for over 6 months. She was incredibly sexy and one of the best lays I'd ever had. The only problem with my gorgeous girlfriend was that she was also tempermental and, at times, incredibly childish. She often used sex as a weapon, as leverage to get her way. After a while I became really sick of the whole thing. I thought about breaking up with her, but I really liked her (except for the sex thing). I even thought about screwing other girls on the side, but I'm afraid of getting some incurable STD.

I decided that I'd have to take matters into my own hands (no pun intended). It was a Friday night. Sandy and I had had a big fight and she hadn't spoken to me in over a week. I was lying in bed watching a porn flick and feeling really horny. I didn't feel like calling her and begging for sex. As I lay there with my boner in my right hand I happened to look over at my night table and spotted a box of condoms I had sitting there. Then the idea struck me!

I got up, took a condom and squirted some lube in it. I then slapped it over my putter and began to rub it up and down. The sensation was great. I continued to stroke my condom-covered dick while watching the hot porn action on the tube. I began to fantasize that my cock was sliding in and out of a wet juicy pussy. Then another brilliant idea struck me. I got off the bed, knelt on the floor and stuck my rock hard dick between the mattress and box spring. Snugly held in place, I began to slide my cock in and out of the lubed condom. It was fucking unbelievable. The mattress clamping down on my fuck tool felt like a nice tight pussy (much tighter than my girlfriend's slop box).

As I pumped my wanger in and out I watched the hot fuck action on my video player. I had bought this really great video from HUSTLER magazine and it was just great. As the hot blonde in the video got her beautiful wet beaver plugged by several studs I continued to fuck the greased up rubber cock sock. Finally when the porn queen received several good dollops of jiz all over her face my own dick blew off into the tight rubber. It was really quite amazing – a low-tech solution to a high priority problem.

I'm still dating Sandy but I have continued my masturbatory experimentation. Since I am no longer desperate for sex with her I've noticed a distinct change in her attitude. She no longer can use sex as a bartering tool and I find it has improved our relationship 100%. So guys don't be afraid to take matters into your own hands!"

Ted, from Bonshaw, Prince Edward Island is among the majority of Canadian men who have learned that self-pleasure is one of life's necessities.

In a recent poll of 500 Canadian men, HUSTLER was not surprised to discover that 100% of those men polled admitted to masturbating at least twice each week, whether or not they were in a steady sexual relationship. What did surprise us was of those 500 men, 97% said their masturbatory sessions were often far better than sex with their wives/girlfriends.

In fact, almost all men stated that regardless of how good the sex was with their partners that they still enjoyed time alone yanking their dicks. And the styles of masturbation were almost as varied as those who practiced them.

Take Bill from Stanley, Ontario – his approach to self-love is indeed novel!

"I'm a born skin-hound. I just can't get enough pussy. I love the smell, the taste and the feeling of a wet juicy snatch and I'd go to almost any lengths to get laid. The problem is that I live in a small community outside of Thunder Bay and sometimes pussy can be a bit scarce. I've often thought of buying one of those blow-up dolls that I see advertised in HUSTLER magazine, but the idea seems a bit strange. Then one day, while at work, a stroke of genius came over me.

You see, I'm a mechanic at a local garage. One day, while changing some hosing on a guy's Neon, a brilliant idea hit me like a ton of bricks. I was horny that day and must have had a hardon since I'd gotten up. All I could think of was pussy. As I changed the hose on this guy's radiator I couldn't help but notice that the rubber hose was about the same diameter as my dick.

At the end of the day I inconspicuously stuffed an 8-inch length of hosing into my gym bag and headed home. Once I got in my apartment I kicked off my shoes and clothing, and took a nice long shower.

Then, before proceeding to my bedroom, I stopped in the kitchen and pulled out a bottle of olive oil from the cupboard. Armed with the rubber hosing, olive oil and a couple of towels, I hopped into bed and popped on my favorite porn DVD. I have this incredible one of three girls in an awesome pussy-eating orgy.



I grabbed some duct tape from the drawer and sealed up one end of the hose. Then, I carefully poured some olive oil into the rubber cylinder. I started to get hard just thinking about the perverted thing I was about to do.

As I watched the muff-munching extravaganza on my television I carefully pushed my hard wog into the tube. It was a perfectly snug fit! As the three porn starlets performed their salacious cunnilingual sideshow I began to slowly slide the hose up and down over my rigid pork pole.

The olive oil, which was now warmed up from my body heat, dripped down over my balls sending shivers over my entire body. I began to increase my long stroking motions; pushing my dick in as far as it would go into my makeshift muff. I couldn't believe how realistic it felt, in fact, I think it almost felt better than the real thing.

After a few minutes I could feel my balls pull up and my dick begin to swell, locking it tightly inside my homemade fuck-tube. I couldn't hold off any longer and several seconds later my nut sack jettisoned blobs and blobs of guy gravy into the rubber cunny tunnel. It was just fucking amazing. I haven't lost my taste for pussy, but now I've got a back up for tough times."

When it comes to imagination, our survey discovered Canadian men are very imaginative with regard to masturbatory aids. Of the 500 men we surveyed only 43% of them actually went out to their local adult/porn store to buy artificially constructed cunts. Of those men who purchased devices, 92% favored the very low-tech rubber vagina. Of the 8% remaining, 6% chose various vacuum devices and 2% bought various full-sized rubber/plastic/latex dolls.

But 57% of our horny jackoff Joes preferred to make their own tailor made muffs. Of those who fabricated their own flanges, 90% preferred to use either polyurethane or latex rubber – the type of rubber found in hosing and/or condoms. Of the remaining 10% half preferred using various fruits and the other half enjoyed using meat products such as liver or steak.

Jared, from Montreal, Quebec, found his own very unique way to bleed the weasel.

I took it down and started to feel it. I was surprised at how soft and smooth the inside felt.

"I've always been really shy with women. It's not that I'm ugly or anything, in fact, most girls that I've dated tell me I'm quite good looking. I'm also really well hung too – so it's not like I'm sexually challenged in any way. But I really find the whole dating scene stressful and, at times, I just can't be bothered to play the game. That's when I bring out my 'granny glove'. What is my 'granny glove'? Years ago my grandmother had a mink fur coat. She also had this matching muff in which you would insert your hand to keep them warm. Years later, after my granny had died I discovered the muff tucked away in my parent's hall closet. I took it down and started to feel it. I was surprised at how soft and smooth the inside felt. I immediately started to get a hardon. Then the idea struck me.

I surreptitiously took the muff home with me. That evening I popped in my favorite porn video and placed the muff between two pillows. After a few minutes of watching the video fucking I got a massive boner. I rolled a condom over my dick and faced the television. My artificial cunt was stuck between the two pillows and I slowly slid my cock inside the furry fake chasm. A shiver ran down my spine as my dick easily began to slide in and out of my synthetic snatch. It felt just so fucking awesome. I continued to pump away as I watched the porn starlets on my television fuck and suck.

I really love porn, especially when it involves group action. In this particular video there was one girl who was trying to break a world record by fucking 150 guys one after the other. After each guy had fucked her they would go hang the used condom up on a hook. I always found the whole spectacle incredibly horny and jacked off to the wild scene on many occasions – wishing I was one of the lucky guys in the frantic fuckfest.

After several minutes of video voyeurism and rubbing my condom-covered dick in my 'granny glove' I emptied a massive load of spunk into the condom. These days I rely a lot on my trusty 'granny glove' – it never says 'no' and always leaves me satisfied."

It is doubtful that there will ever be anything able to replace a nice wet juicy quim, but for a lonely guy with a boner and a bit of an imagination the possibilities are endless. For more information on homemade masturbatory devices check out this awesome web site:

http://sleazesex.com/story/The%20Masturbation%20Page.htm

Meanwhile, if you have an imaginative way of whacking off, which you'd like to share with our readers we'd love to hear from you. Send your letters to: Northland Media Inc., 173 Lakeshore Road, West, Box 177, Oakville, Ontario, Canada, L6K 1E7 or you can reach us by e-mail at: info@hustlercanada.com.



SOLDIERS SALUTE SLUTS

















Beaver Hunt



#1 Maja

Maja, 29, is an exotic dancer from Burnaby, BC, who enjoys reading, working out and the occasional motocross event. What gets this girl's motor revving is "anything that includes being bound and punished."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#2 Kristine

A 20-year-old waitress from Vancouver, Kristine clearly loves playing with toys in addition to playing the drums, clubbing and skinny-dipping. Kristine's sexual fantasy is "being a slave for people, yet at the same time being dominant over someone. I'd love to have every orifice stuffed with something. I'd love to have all of this videotaped so I can watch it later while my boyfriend fucks me in the ass."

—Photo by Boyfriend

Beaver Hunt #3 CASSY



Cassy, from Maui, Hawaii, is a 20-year-old waitress. The slender gal digs nude sunbathing, rock climbing and snorkeling, and reveals that she longs to "be with my boyfriend and another girl."

—Photo by Friend



Diva is a 23-year-old sexy schoolgirl from Hamilton, Ontario. Her hobbies include traveling, swimming, hiking and pursuing a carnal ambition to "fuck at famous landmarks in countries across the world."

—Photo by Boyfriend



Anchorage, Alaska, cutie Nikki bears a striking resemblance to Reese Witherspoon, although she's not an aspiring actress. The 19-year-old's hobbies include singing and horseback riding. When it comes to sex, this Lone Star gal's thoughts turn to "making love on the beach at sunset with another girl and a guy."

—Photo by Friend

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.

Beaver Hunt



#6 LIL' RED

Four-wheeling, riding horses and taking care of her man are just a few of Lil' Red's favorite activities. The 27-year-old resident of Windsor, Ontario, dreams about "having sex with my boyfriend while he is working on his bulldozer."

—Photo by Boyfriend

Beaver Hunt



#7 Josie

Josie is a housekeeper from Coquitlam, BC, who enjoys having sex, laying out at the beach and traveling. The 29-year-old cannot wait for the day when she's able to "have a threesome with two other women."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#8 Kyah

Take a gander at the lovely Kyah, a 27-year-old "entertainer" from Montreal, Quebec, whose pastimes include skydiving, exploring the outdoors and dancing. Her fantasy is to "be involved in a photo-shoot/movie of an erotic threesome with another beautiful woman and a very well-hung, handsome man."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#9 Dawn

Iva, South Carolina, is home to 23-year-old housewife Dawn. In addition to her passion for mowing the lawn nude, she admits to a love for shopping, swimming and cooking. Dawn gets wet thinking about "being fucked by three men while my husband is tied up and forced to watch."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#10 Avril

Avril, 37, demonstrates that her twat is finger-lickin' good. The resident aide from Lehigh Acres, Florida, is all about NASCAR, fishing, camping and nude sunbathing. As far as her sexual fantasy goes, Avril admits that she is "very open-minded as long as there is no pain involved."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#11 Deja

Deja is a hootchie-mama from Moncton, NB. The multitalented 22-year-old is into reading, writing poetry, dancing and singing. Her carnal craving is "to be with another woman."

—Photo by Friend



Memoirs of Mimi

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!

As a free-lance writer/reporter I never really know where I'm going to find myself next. My assignments are as varied as the guys and gals I fuck. My latest adventure takes place in the picturesque town of Brooks, Alberta.

The small town of 9,000 is located in the 'Palliser Triangle' of Alberta. While mostly a ranching town, Brooks is also home to the strangest irrigation aqueduct, which was built in 1915. At the time it was one of the largest concrete structures in the world, spanning through 3 kilometers of prairie. It stopped operating in 1977 and is now a National monument to the town's early settlers. Brooks is also a major Canadian oil producer, with 26,000 wells in the area.

While people often have the impression that being a journalist is exciting because one travels all over the world it can, in fact, be less than glamorous at times.

My assignment in Brooks was to cover their annual cattle auction. As I drove in my rented car from Calgary into the remote town I suspected my editor was playing a cruel joke on me. Brooks, by any standard, is a less than memorable town – at least, so I thought. When I pulled into the brand new Holiday Inn I vowed I'd seek revenge on my boss and his perverse sense of humour.

The following day, after a good night's sleep, I made my way to the cattle auction. There was to be, on display, several cattle that had been produced by cloning technology, and I had to interview the mad scientist who was the brainchild of these abominable creations. When I arrived at the building I was almost disappointed that the cows looked pretty much the same as any other cow – and they certainly smelled the same!

"That's a bit of a disappointment," I murmured beneath my breath as I took a few photos of the bored looking bovines.

"What's a disappointment," said a handsome young cowboy standing beside me.

I turned around and looked at the six foot, muscular hunk.

"Oh," I said, "I was just expecting them to look different somehow."

"Different how?"

"I dunno, maybe an eye in the middle of their foreheads or something," I joked.

The young man broke out into a hardy laugh. "Well I could design one like that too if you'd like."

I immediately turned five shades of red. "Are you Dr. Fletcher?" I asked with surprise.

He smiled. "The one and only – Dr. William Fletcher, but you can call me Billy."

"Well, Billy," I replied, "they really are fine looking cows."

"Thank you kindly." he grinned, revealing his handsome smile.

I immediately began to feel my pussy moisten beneath my skirt. Billy was not only a brilliant scientist, he was also incredibly cute and I was determined I'd get him in the sack somehow.

"Billy," I began, "I'm a free-lance journalist and I would like to interview you about all your scientific endeavors. Would you mind?" I smiled innocently.

"No," he replied, "not at all, but I hope you want to do more than just pick my brains."

At that very moment I knew Dr. Billy was a sure thing. Soon we found ourselves in my hotel room. While it was a good interview, it was also incredibly difficult for either of us to keep our minds on the task at hand. After several awkward minutes of trying to focus on Billy's scientific abilities we abandoned the interview and made our way to the bedroom.

Billy quickly undressed me and threw me on the bed. Grabbing me by the legs he pulled me towards him, knelt down and threw my legs over his shoulders.

"I've been dying to eat your pussy ever since I laid eyes on you!" he exclaimed.

I pushed my moist muff into his face. "Be my guest," I giggled.

Billy's wet tongue began to dance over the lubed lips of my hot cunny. He was not only a brilliant scientist, but he was also an extremely adept clam digger. Billy sucked gently on my swollen clitoris while probing my sopping slit with his full, thick fingers. If a man's hands and feet were any indication of his penis size then I knew I was in for a treat.

As he ate my horny cunt out I grabbed his hair and pushed his face into me.

"Eat it baby," I cooed, "eat my cunt."

Billy first slid one finger into me, then two, then three and finally four. He tickled my insides and massaged me, making me wetter than I'd ever been before.

"I want you to come," he whispered. "I want you to come all over my face Mimi."

"That won't be difficult," I croaked out in a staccato fashion. "Just keep doing what you're doing now."

Billy was totally into eating pussy. I could always tell a guy who ate cunt to please his girl and a guy who ate cunt because it turned him on – Billy was definitely the latter. As his skillful mouth made love to my slit bit, I began to pump and buck my pelvis. I could feel my orgasm beginning to brew.

"Please Billy," I began to beg, "make me come sweetie – make my cunt come."

Billy sped up his hand/tongue action. "Come, come, come," I could hear him whisper between sloppy slurps.

The feeling of his skillful tongue, coupled with his adroit finger work, was just driving me

wild. "Eat me," I began to holler, "fucking eat my cunt, eat my fucking cunt!"

Billy began to suck hard on my clit, stopping to blow some cool air on it every couple of seconds. By this time he almost had his entire hand inside me. I was about to explode and I would do it all over his handsome face.

"I'm coming baby," I shouted, "I'm going to come."

Billy didn't utter another word. He continued eating me and not missing a single stroke. My stomach muscles began to tense and I could feel my cunt about to erupt.

"I'm coming," I cried in ecstasy, "I going to fucking commm…!"

At that moment my greasebox blasted off, spraying a considerable volume of joy juice all over Billy's handsome face. For his part, Billy continued to lap at my love hatch catching every drop of my girl goo. I soon found myself laying on the edge of the bed, like a limp rag doll, totally spent.

Billy stood up and looked at my flaccid body. He grinned and began to undo his pants. "Now it's my turn," he grinned. Billy quickly undressed revealing a massive boner.

"My gawd," I huffed, "you have such a big cock. Is it cloned too?"

"Nope," he smiled and moved toward my malleable body, "it's the real thing."

I opened my legs slightly, offering to receive him. Billy pushed his cock toward me until the fat swollen head began to prod my outer cunny lips. He rubbed the bulbous purple head gently around my pussy lips. It glistened with my joy juices. My cunt ached to feel his monster cock inside.

"Please," I panted, "put it in, please put your big cock inside me."

Billy was only too happy to oblige. Little by little he eased the mammoth member inside my dripping love chalice. As he pushed it in I could feel my cunny being stretched to its limit. I don't think I'd ever taken a cock that was so large and it felt just wonderful.

Once he got it all the way in he began to slowly pump his titanic tool in and out. His cock was so thick that I could feel it rubbing up against my clitoris too. I knew, if he kept it up, that I'd end up coming again. I began to moan with unabashed pleasure.

"Your pussy is so wet," he remarked as he knelt before me, watching his man meat slide in and out of my juicy wet fuckhole.

I wrapped my legs around his firm buttocks and pulled him toward me. I grabbed his head and pulled him toward my lips.

"I want you to come inside me," I whispered in his ear, "I want to feel your cum inside me."

I could tell that my passionate words aroused Billy even more. His pumping motions became faster and faster. We both looked down between our legs and watched his magnificent tool piston in and out of my well-greased box.

"That's it baby, come inside me, make your cock come inside my cunt. Fuck my cunt with your big fat cock, fuck me hard baby, fuck me hard!"

Billy was now like a wild stallion, slamming his porksword uncontrollably in and out of my juiced up jambox.

I could feel his tool get bigger and bigger – his movements more and more erratic. I knew that, within moments, he would empty the mother load inside my hungry cunt.

"Do you like my big cock inside your hot cunt?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Tell me how you like it!"

"I love it. I love your big cock inside my hot cunt. I love your big fat cock fucking my juicy wet cunt."

"I'm gonna blow now baby. Do you want my load?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes…yes!"

"Ask me nicely, ask me nicely to shoot my hot cum inside your wet cunt!"

"Please Billy, come inside my cunt, shoot your cum inside my horny cunt!"

Hearing those lascivious words Billy gave a loud grunt and his entire body stiffened. Suddenly I could feel his cock begin to spasm inside me – I knew he was coming. Spurt after spurt he emptied his warm sticky semen inside my ravenous cunt.

The wonderful warm sensation immediately made my pussy erupt in another volley of tumultuous orgasms. As my cunt convulsed with one orgasm after another the contractions pushed out Billy's warm love juices, which then dripped down and coated my ass, making it nice and greasy.

Billy did not want to miss an opportunity. He withdrew his still erect penis and pushed it into my tight bunghole. I cried with pleasure.

"Now I'm going to fuck that beautiful round ass of yours," he panted. "I'm going to fuck that ass until you beg me to stop!"

Billy had incredible staying power. His cock was still as hard as a rock and continued to glide effortlessly in and out of my tight redeye. I reached down and began to play with my clit. Suddenly Billy withdrew his cock, pulled me onto the floor and put me on all fours.

"I'm gonna fuck you doggie style," he said as he pushed his rigid pole back into my greased asshole.

I began to frig my clit again. Billy reached over and pushed my hand away.

"Not yet," he ordered, "don't touch that clit until I tell you!"

I put my hand back on the floor and braced myself for a good ass fucking. I thought Billy's huge cock would split my ass in two. He continued to pummel my ass for a good 10 minutes. I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

"Fuck man," he shouted, "I'm going to fucking come again. I'm going to shoot my come inside your hot asshole!"

"Yes," I moaned, "shoot your cum in my asshole."

"Play with your clit," he ordered. "I want us to come at the same time. I want your cunt to come as I empty my cum inside your hot asshole."

Billy's huge donkey dong continued to ramrod my tight asshole. I frantically rubbed my hard clitoris trying to synchronize my orgasm with his.

"That's it baby," he panted, "play with that clit, play with that fucking clit and come."

He reached down, pushing away my hand and began to play with my love button.

"Mmm," he panted, "it's nice and big, nice and hard. You're a horny little bitch aren't you?"

"Yes," I moaned, "I am so fucking horny. Please come inside my asshole, please come!"

"I want to feel your ass tighten around my cock as you come, I want to feel your cunt blow!"

Billy continued his fast long pumping strides. I closed my eyes and gave myself over completely. Suddenly my pussy, as though it had a mind of its own, just blew off in the most incredible orgasm I'd ever experienced.

"Oh fuuuuckkkkk!" I screamed. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Billy could no longer hold back. Seconds after my orgasm his rock hard horse cock began to spew out gob after gob of ball butter deep inside my bowels. Never had I experienced such an unbelievable sensation.

Later, as we lay on the floor enjoying the aftermath of our orgasms I looked down at his, still, semi-erect cock. I took it gently in my hand.

"If you ever get into human cloning, make sure you clone one of these for me!"

We both laughed and kissed.

More to cum!

GETTING WOOD

SARAH SINN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

California girl Sarah says she plans to go to school to study cosmetology. "I want to open my own salon someday," she declares. The 21-year-old future entrepreneur is not only a hot piece of ass, but she also has some interesting opinions on current events.





The following are actual quotes from our model. On President Bush's request for $87 billion for the Iraq debacle: "I think it's kind of ridiculous. I'm kinda into it, but then I'm not. I have my theories about it." Global Warming: "I kinda try to ignore it."

Lucky Pierre



Pierre (bottom) and friends. (l-r: Felix Vicious, August, Nevaeh Ashton, Cailey Taylor, Nautica and Cytherea)

XXX director Pierre Woodman is rich, somewhat famous and may very well be the ultimate super-fucker.

Profile by Dan Kapelovitz **Photography by Matti Klatt**

Pierre Woodman, the man behind popular porn series such as *Superfuckers*, *HUSTLER XXX* and *Anal Intensive*, is one lucky smutmonger. Not only has the auteur of ass-banging made millions of dollars and fucked thousands of women, but he has also, on a number of occasions, cheated death.

In his quest to produce the most beautifully filthy porn on the market, the baby-faced, 40-year-old Frenchman spans the globe, seeking exotic locations for his fuck flicks. With shots of soaring birds, magnificent landscapes and beautiful vegetation, many of Woodman's films resemble *National Geographic* nature documentaries—until his camera reveals two musclebound dudes double-penetrating a barely legal babe.

Woodman's quest for a beautiful location in Bali, however, nearly led to his demise. The XXX director was shooting a scene and noticed a couple of men masturbating to the proceedings. After busting their respective nuts, the men disappeared, and Woodman finished filming. When he went back to his hotel, Woodman was greeted by dozens of police officers, one of whom was one of the self-abusing looky-loos.

The jackoff-cum-law enforcement officer put Woodman in handcuffs and whisked him to police headquarters, where the chief told Woodman that shooting pornographic films is forbidden in his country.

To further illustrate his point, the chief produced a newspaper clipping with a picture of a man whose decapitated head was sitting on a plate. "Two months ago, I take off his head because he do the same job like you," he told Woodman. "You are next."

At first, Woodman was too scared to even speak, but he soon gained his composure and informed his would-be executioner, "If you cut off my head, your life will not change. And me, I will lose my life. But if you help me, and we become friends, I will make you good

money." Woodman explained that he too was at one time a cop and understood that police are not paid well.

The gendarme asked Woodman how much money he could cough up. Woodman actually had a whopping $185,000 in his hotel room, but he told his accuser, "I can give you one thousand, maybe two thousand dollars. I don't have much money in cash."

The man demanded $10,000, adding, "You have two hours to bring it back to me, or I'll kill you."

Woodman surprised the cop when he returned with the agreed-upon sum. Thinking that the officer might kill him anyway, Woodman told the man that he planned on coming back every three months to shoot more films, and that he would pay him each time. Ecstatic with this news, the cop not only let Woodman complete his movie, but lent him his men and equipment.

Needless to say, Woodman never went back to Bali.

Some may argue that this wasn't luck but rather shrewd thinking on Pierre's part. That may be, except for the fact that this trouble with the authorities caused Pierre to miss his plane, which went down, killing all 466 passengers.

Most sane men would learn from such an experience. Not Woodman. Not long after, he traveled to Egypt, where he snuck into a forbidden zone on the back side of a pyramid in order to shoot footage. Again, Pierre was arrested. This time, when Woodman attempted to bribe the officer in charge, the cop became outraged and said that if Woodman spoke of giving him money again, he would spend the rest of his life in prison.

After spending a night in jail, Woodman went back to the very same area with a camcorder, bribed the guards and shot the rest of the material he wanted. "I'm crazy," Woodman admits. "I've never seen this place in any book about Egypt, and I knew it was something unique that nobody will have on video."

Woodman may be lucky and crazy, but perhaps *stupid* better describes someone willing to risk his life for a few seconds of nature footage that some horny mook will most likely fast-forward through. Still, Woodman lives a life many men would sacrifice a testicle for. So how did a former French cop become an outlaw pornographer with a $5-million video contract?

It seems that Woodman's entire life has led up to him becoming the ultimate sex maniac. His grandfather, who lived much of his life in China, taught the young Pierre many ancient Chinese sex secrets. When Woodman was seven, his grandfather instructed him to exercise his sex muscles every day. "He said to me, 'Don't try to know why, but every day at the school, you do 100 times like this [*tightens his stomach muscles*] with your abdomen. Later, you will see it will be fantastic for you when you have sex.'"

Even before he lost his virginity, Pierre earned the Woodman nickname. Oddly, his seemingly carnal pseudonym has nothing to do with sex. When Pierre was a child, he was such a master tree climber that the older children dubbed him Woodman, man of the woods. (It wasn't until 1995, when Pierre came to a porn-awards ceremony in America and Jenna Jameson told him that his nom de XXX had sexual connotations in English, that he became aware of the double entendre.)

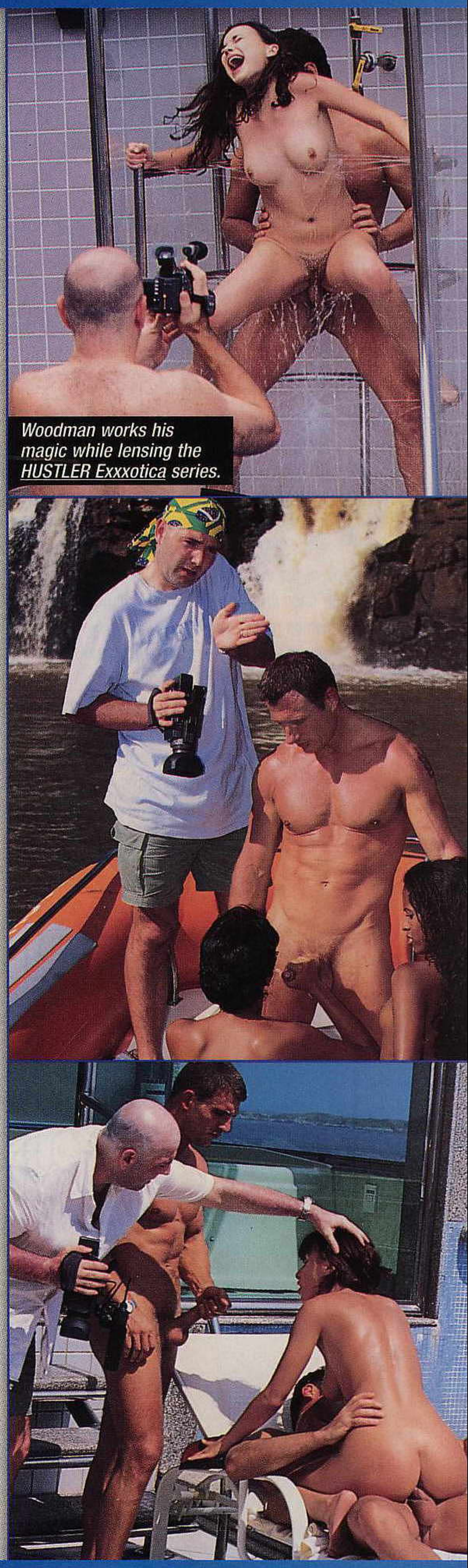
At the age of 19, Woodman became a cop in France but, through some friends he had made in Paris, he was able to shoot photography for mainstream magazines. He even shot Madonna (with a camera, alas). He quickly gave up his law-enforcement job to pursue the visual arts. Then in 1989, a French porn company asked Pierre to shoot some behind-the-scenes material. In 1992, Pierre shot his first XXX layout, and the next year, he lensed his first full-length porn flick.

At an awards ceremony, Pierre met his childhood hero, Larry Flynt, who told the filmmaker that he liked his work. A few years later, Flynt offered Woodman the chance to work for then-emerging HUSTLER Video and offered him an unprecedented contract.

Die-hard perverts might quibble that all of the money in the world is meaningless if you are not also scoring tons of poontang. On that count, Pierre is also very fortunate. In September 2003, Pierre fucked his 3,000th girl (yes, he keeps notes). When asked how many of these women he has fucked in the ass, he replies, "All of them."

Still, the mastermind behind *Anal Intensive* maintains that he's not obsessed with invading the ass. He doesn't even necessarily prefer the anus to the vagina: "If a girl has a big pussy, of course, I prefer to fuck her in the ass, because I don't have the dick for her pussy—I have the normal sex [organ] and not the elephant. But if a girl has a tight pussy, like my girlfriend now, it's the same."

Woodman's speciality isn't so much fucking, but



Woodman works his magic while lensing the HUSTLER Exxxotica series.

Lucky Pierre







rather convincing girls to fuck. In fact, his latest video line, *HUSTLER Casting Couch X*, is all about Woodman's persuasive techniques. Woodman prides himself on getting women who have never appeared in porn to star in his films.

Instead of going through a XXX modeling agency, as many porn directors do, Pierre has his own team of talent scouts who travel the globe, looking for fresh meat. After they've gathered approximately a dozen girls, Pierre interviews them.

Many of the women, including current porn queen Yasmyne, the highlight of *HUSTLER Casting Couch X*'s first installment, think they are applying to be mainstream fashion models.

In Yasmyne's case, Pierre interviews the Hungarian actress in a room somewhere in Budapest. He hands the girl a porn magazine and explains that he wants her to do nude modeling. On the tape, the then-18-year-old, self-proclaimed virgin is visibly uncomfortable and says she has to leave. She does, but not before Woodman convinces the raven-haired naïf to pose for him in her bra and panties.

Two months later, Yasmyne returns. After much persuasion, Woodman eventually finger-bangs her, eats her out, fucks her in the pussy and ass, and comes in her mouth.

Only after the dirty deed is done does Woodman ask his future starlets to sign a model release. Lamentably, many girls refuse, and Woodman has tons of sex tapes he can never offer to the world.

Woodman says he will spend months, sometimes years, trying to get inside a girl's pants. If cold, hard cash doesn't work, Woodman uses psychology. For instance, if a girl doesn't want to do porn based on her religious convictions, Woodman will first go about proving to her that God doesn't exist. Once this goal is accomplished, he can convince the girl to fuck him. "I like it so much," he says. "It's a challenge."

Although this sounds counterintuitive, Woodman claims that the dumber the girl is, the harder it is to convince her to fuck him. A stupid girl's mind is more difficult to penetrate—plus, she can't follow his logical arguments.

Presumably, Yasmyne was one of the smart ones. As evidenced in *HUSTLER Casting Couch X #1*, when she protests that she is a virgin, Woodman gets her to admit that she had been with women before. "Then you're not a virgin," the crafty horndog counters. He also argues that if she waits until marriage to have sex, she may live the rest of her life fucking a man who is not a good lover. He encourages her to rebel against her parents, and, of course, tells her that she can become a big star and make tons of money. At one point, he even pulls down his pants and says, "My penis is small, look." While it's unclear which argument won her over, Yasmyne not only had sex with Woodman, but went on to star in such films as *Brazilian Snake*, *Superfuckers* and *HUSTLER XXX #20*.

One girl whom Woodman has yet to win over is Hollywood actress Denise Richards (*Wild Things*, *Scary Movie 3*). In fact, she won't even be in the same scene with him. Woodman was set to act with Richards in a mainstream film in which he plays—what else?—a pornographer. He was even supposed to do a simulated doggy-style sex scene with Richards, but when she found out that she was supposed to perform with a *real* pornographer and not just an actor playing a pornographer, she balked. The producers were forced to find a Woodman lookalike for some of his scenes.

Maybe someday Pierre will be able to persuade the *Starship Troopers* sex kitten to star in a future installment of *Anal Intensive*. Or maybe Richards is just too dumb.



Pop!

Pop!

Pop!

Ryan

Coming Next Month in HUSTLER



PARTY HARDY

March break is here and it's time to party. Find out what Canadian university students do and with whom they do it. **Party Hardy** is a look into the wild and kinky sex that goes on among Canada's randy college kids. It's right here in the March 2004 issue of *HUSTLER* magazine.



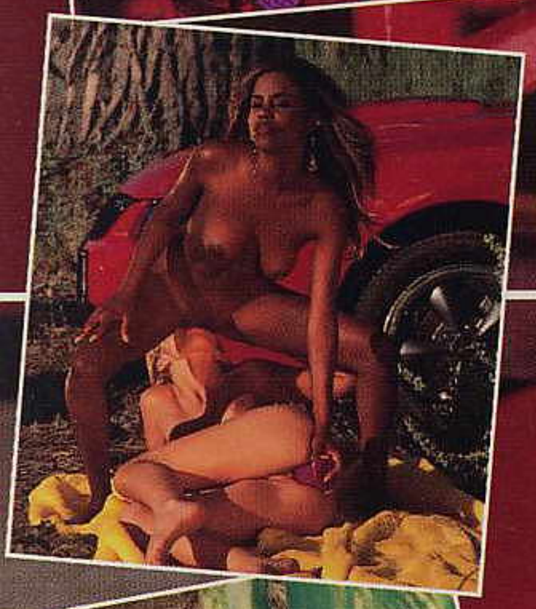
PUMPING IRENE

With Canada's obsession on fitness more and more people are joining their local gym and getting buff. But for some guys a workout at the gym is about a lot more than pumping iron. **Pumping Irene** – don't miss this exclusive *HUSTLER* exposé into the seamy sex world of Canada's private fitness industry.



LUSTY LIBERALS

It's non-stop sex down at Queen's Park as Mimi, our mistress of sexual mayhem, takes on the government's cockus. Don't miss **Lusty Liberals** coming up in the next hot issue of *HUSTLER* magazine.



CANADA SWINGS

Canada Swings is a look at the private fetish clubs that are springing up all over our country. Whether it's Summerside, Prince Edward Island or Kamloops, British Columbia, more and more Canadians are getting into the group sex and fetish scene. Find out why in the next issue of Canada's number one adult magazine – *HUSTLER!*



Katsumi

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