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- Asshole Of The Month: Discount Travel Agents

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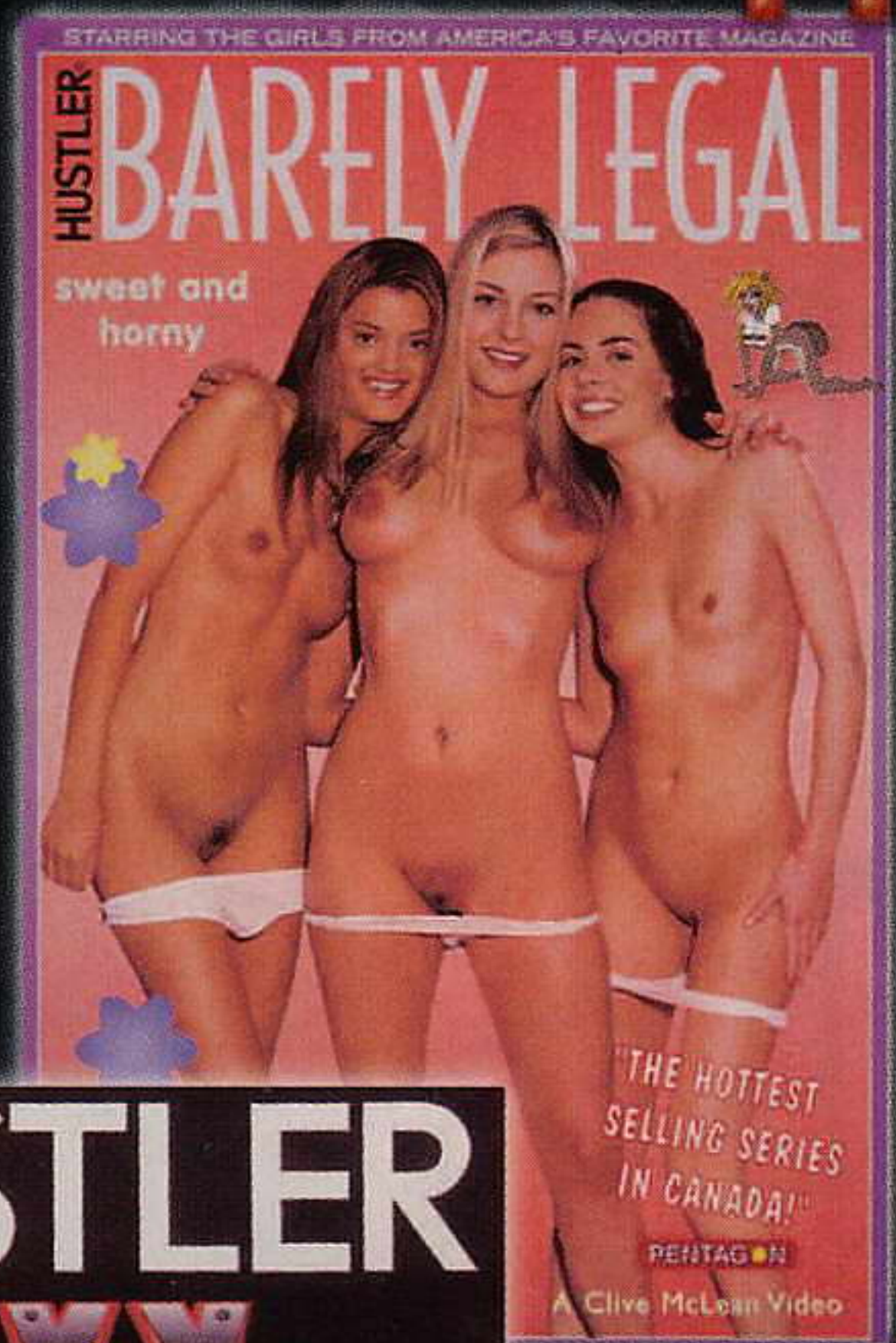


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Hustler March 2004 No.3

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**All nude models are 18 years
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Cover photo by Michael Bisco

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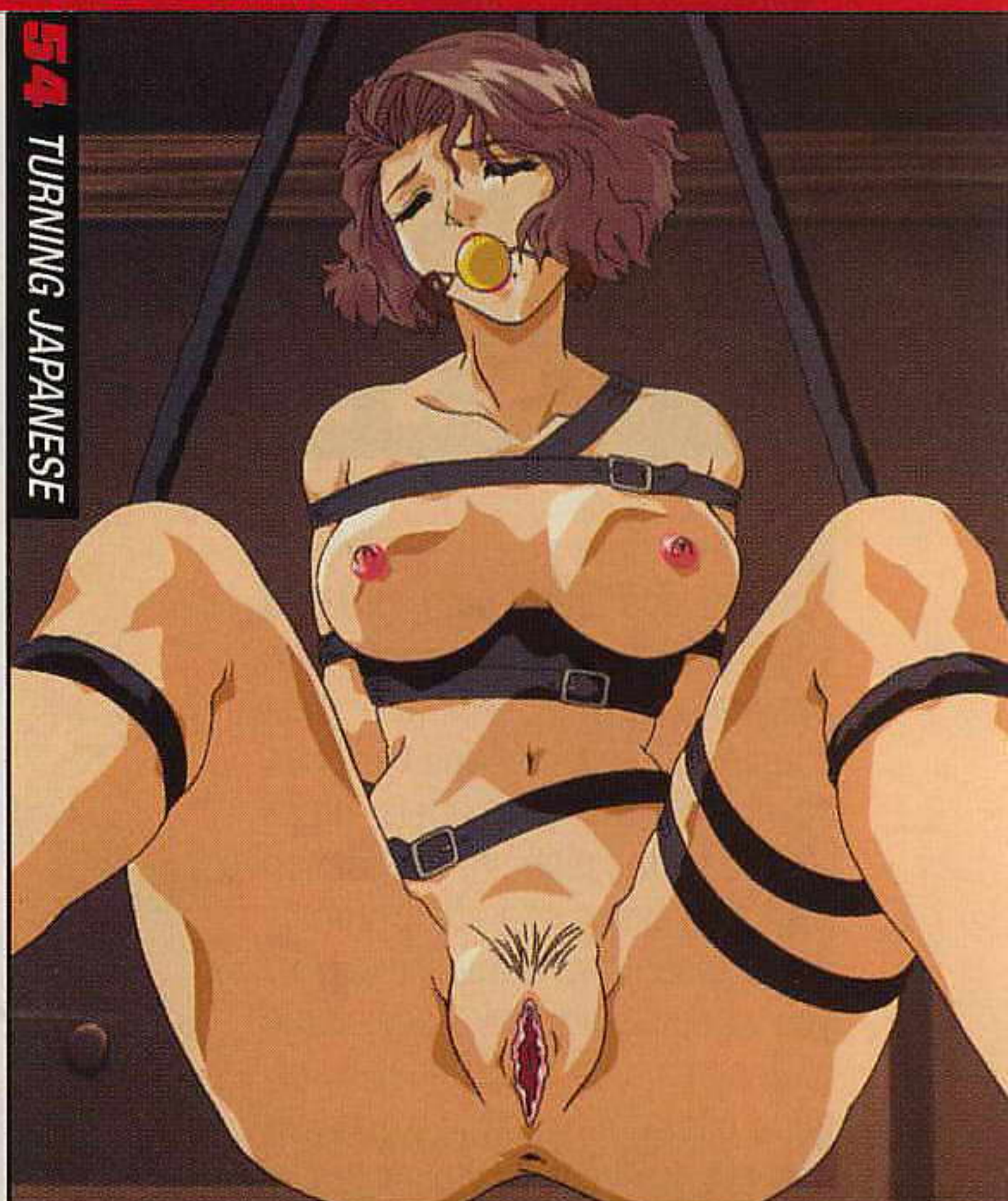
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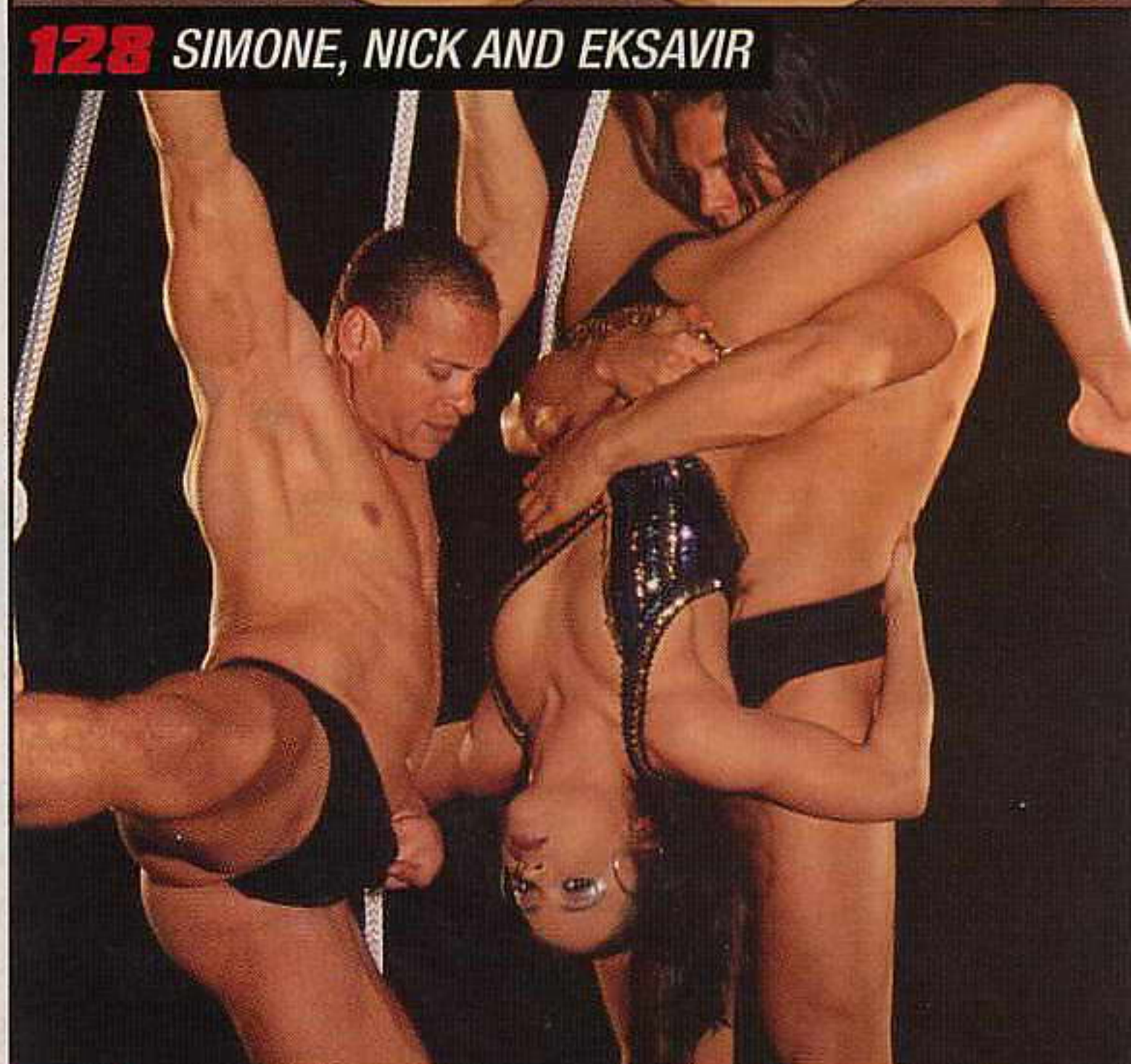
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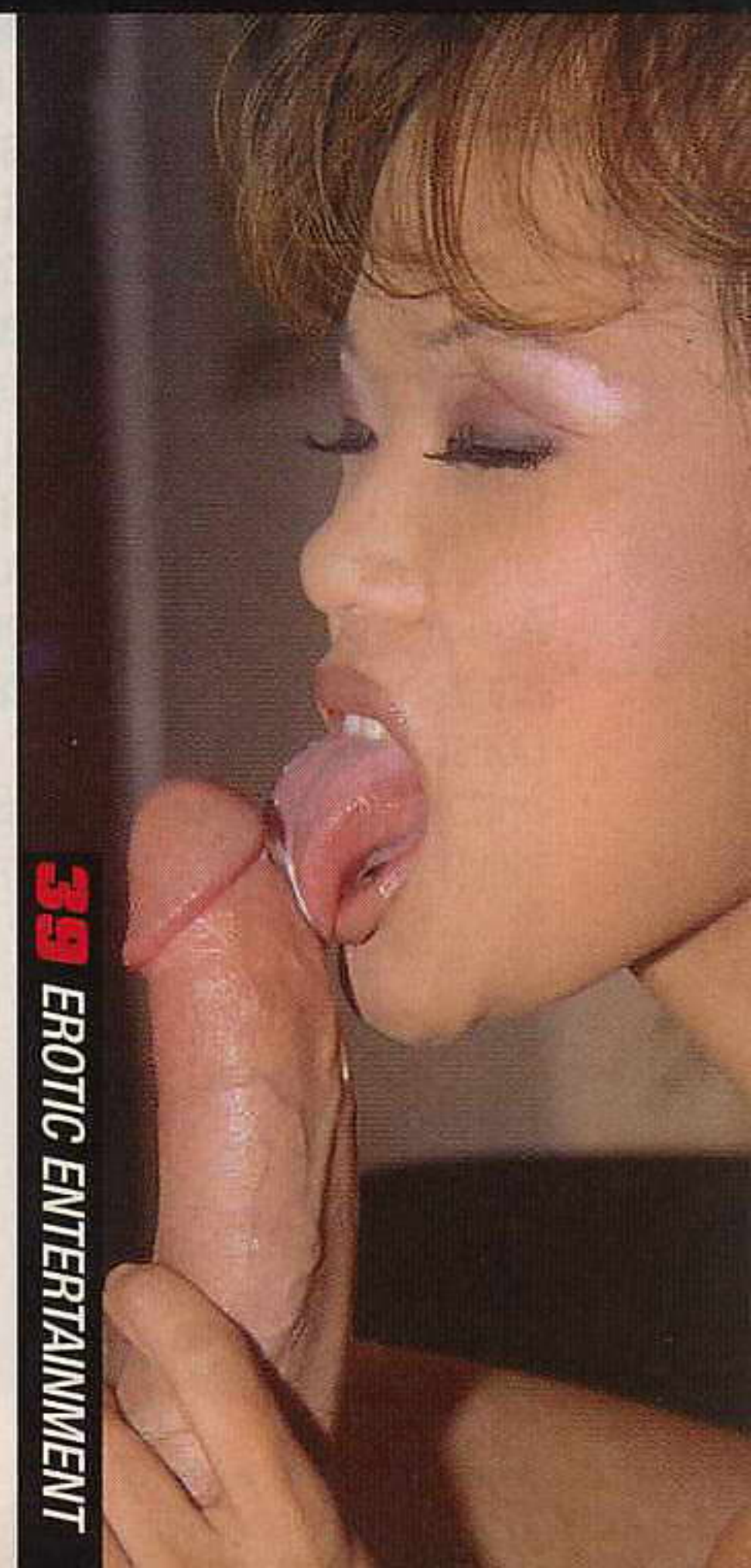
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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

It's that time again – school is out, the kids are at your ex's and you're looking to go on that much deserved holiday. For the past couple of months you've been scanning the newspapers, impressed by the plethora of vacation packages being offered by numerous discount travel agencies. Now you've decided to take advantage of those great and unbelievably good offers. You look in the paper and choose your 'discount' travel agent and decide upon the perfect holiday. You call the person who's going to give you the dream vacation of your life, at a price that won't burn a hole in your pocket book, and that's when your trouble begins.

As you try to book your dream vacation you suddenly discover the 'deal' that was advertised in the paper or the flyer is no longer 'available', but you can still get the same 'holiday' at a premium price.

Welcome to the 'discount travel agent boogie' a dance that every consumer has learned as they've waltzed through the half-truths and outright lies with which discount travel agents constantly bombard us. Anyone who has ever had the misfortune to deal with these merchants of deceit knows, all too well, the precariously slippery road these discount travel agents send us down. From hidden charges to frequent cancellations, discount travel agents seem intent on providing the unsuspecting consumer with as little as possible, and for as much as possible. And if, you are actually fortunate enough to secure a holiday that doesn't require you to put a second mortgage on your house, you still have to get there – something



DISCOUNT TRAVEL AGENTS

that usually requires considerable skill and an awful lot of luck.

If you happen to be unfortunate enough to live in Montreal or Ottawa chances are you'll have to start out at Mirabel – the phantom airport stuck in the butt hole of Quebec. Getting to this fucking white elephant requires vacation planning in itself. And if you happen to find your way there and if your flight happens not to be cancelled and if you happen to arrive where you had planned to go, then you're just starting your holiday from hell.

Upon arriving at your destination you might be surprised to find out that there isn't a fucking soul in sight to take you to your hotel. So, after a great deal of speaking slowly and loudly, much signing and hand-waving to someone who doesn't understand a word

you're saying, you find a taxi driver, (with bad teeth and doused in pungent cologne), who goes by the name of Popito, to can take you to your hotel – that is, after you've had a tour of the city's side-streets.

Then you arrive at your 5-star hotel only to discover that it's a flea-infested sanctuary for cockroaches and hookers, and the biggest piss off is that the fuckers can't find your reservation. Surprise! Your friend Popito accidentally on purpose took you to the wrong fucking hotel.

When you do finally get to the right resort you discover this place makes the last hotel look like the Waldorf Astoria. Regardless, you're so fucking tired from 3 hours of sitting with your knees up to your chin in a flying sardine can, that

you grudgingly register and go to your room. Upon entering you quickly realize that room you're in and the photo you saw in the travel brochure bear absolutely no resemblance.

The 'ocean-view', for which you paid, can only be seen if you stand on your left leg, tilt your head at a fucking 45-degree angle and use a pair of high-power binoculars. And the fully stocked bar in your room consists of a can of Schlitz and a stale dated package of pretzels.

You decide you'll make the best of it; after all, you'll be at the pool most of the time anyway. Right? Well, you would be if it weren't for the fact that the pool is closed for 2 weeks to undergo its annual maintenance.

Still, being the optimist you are, you pack up and take the three-mile walk down to the local beach, only to find the sand is gravel and the water smells like your Uncle Joe's septic tank down at the lake. Despite it all, you sit in the oil stained muck, stake out your spot on the beach and try to sun yourself. Then you find out, as a torrential rain washes you out to sea that it is, indeed, the rainy season. Fuck, just another 5 days of it!

Perhaps you should have stayed at home, rented a good video, bought a six pack and enjoyed your March break the Canadian way?

For being a bunch of crooked, deceitful dickweeds, merchants of broken dreams, Discount Travel Agents are **HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month**.

Send your suggestions for "Asshole of the Month" to:

www.northlandmedia.ca

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Repressed or What?

On my weekly trip to the local 'Adult' store I noticed a cheap package (wrapped) of old magazines featuring 'Fiesta' and 'Reders Wives'. I bought it for \$9.99 and to my surprise it had hidden inside the August 2002 issue of Hustler magazine – Canadian edition. As it were, I had stopped buying Hustler years ago, as I could not stomach its preoccupation with shit, piss and anal intercourse. Suzy Randall's photography also put me off, as she depicted models in a totally artificial and unnatural way. Well, as I flipped through the issue I realized your magazine has gotten worse and is totally

Americanized. Very pretty girls with unnatural pink cunts, all the same color and all shaved. All open leg shots have the cunts obstructed somehow – pulled wide open, finger stuck in, plastic toys stuck in, fingers up the asshole, etc. Not one shot with legs spread wide ready to fuck view from front or rear, without obstruction or with natural pubic hair. Mutilated cocks (circumcised) abound. Two fuck layouts are quite good, but why are the men wanking their cocks to cum on the girls' face? It would be natural for me to have the girl do it. They have prettier hands anyway. Why this preoccupation with fucking up the ass? Ass



fucking is for those who like the smell of feces. The average guy with a pretty girl wants to get a blowjob and fuck her cunt, not her asshole. What are you guys – a bunch of repressed queers? You are still not my kind of magazine.

-R.K.
Coquitlam, BC

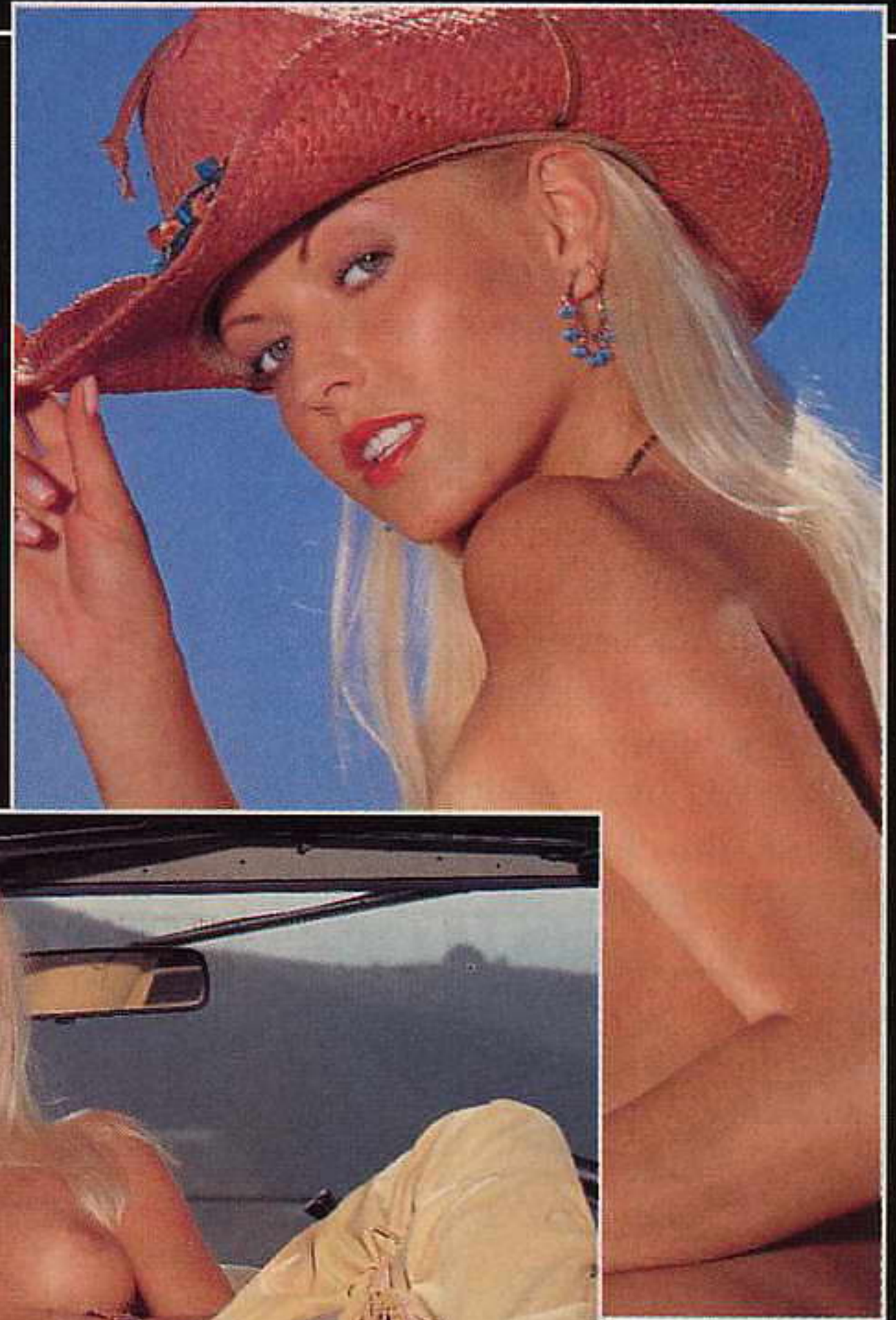
Thanks for your input R.K.; we're glad to hear that you've rediscovered us.

Masturbatory Masterpieces

I want to express my sincere heart-felt gratitude and thanks for letting me subscribe to your wonderfully published magazine. I feel, in my humble opinion, the Canadian edition of Hustler is one of the best-published pieces of pornography I have ever subscribed



Jana



to. Would you please put more of the March 2003 Honey, Jana of Alberta in your future issues? She made me go wild. Whenever I get down in the dumps I look at your masterpieces and my day seems to go a whole lot better. Please keep publishing?

-M.F.
Bangor SK

We appreciate your very positive feedback and, to be sure, we will continue bringing you the pink.

GRAFFiLTHY

There was a young
hottie named Duff,
Who had a beautiful
and lovely blond muff.
In his haste to get in her,
One horny beginner
Got taken away in
handcuffs.



Misogyny and Muff

Now that Hustler is in Canada, I wish Larry Flynt would stop using derogatory words like slut and whore. Also, his obsession with body waste in cartoons is disgusting; it smacks of misogyny. Your magazine is a powerful tool and should be used to inject a bit of education (e.g. most young people don't know how to even spell 'smegma', yet alone know what the fuck it is). Keep it classy guys and continue with great articles like your May 03 Asshole of the Month, 'Boozing Politicians'. Thanks!

-J.P.
Pointe-Claire, QC

Thanks for your input J.P. but remember, Hustler doesn't play favourites – everyone and anything is fair game. We also try to be entertaining and informative.

Continue On Page 14

"Never feel remorse for what you have thought about your wife. She has thought much worse things about you." -JEAN ROSTAND

Stupid Quotes

Question: If you could live forever, would you and why? Answer: I would not live forever, because we should not live forever, because if we were supposed to live forever, then we would live forever, but we cannot live forever, which is why I would not live forever.
- Miss Canada during the Miss Universe contest

Outside of the killings, Toronto has one of the lowest crime rates in Canada.
- Toronto Mayor, Toronto, ON

Whenever I watch TV and see those poor starving kids all over the world, I can't help but cry. I mean I'd love to be skinny like that but not with all those flies and death and stuff.
- Mariah Carey, pop singer

China is a big country, inhabited by many Chinese.
- Former French President Charles de Gaulle

The Internet is a great way to get on the Net.
- Alliance party leadership candidate

Traditionally, most of Australia's imports come from overseas
- Former Australian cabinet minister Keppel Enderbery

Researchers have discovered that chocolate produces some of the same reactions in the brain as marijuana.... The researchers also discovered other similarities between the two, but can't remember what they are.
- Matt Lauer on NBC's Today show, August 22

It isn't pollution that's harming the environment. It's the impurities in our air and water that are doing it.
- Former U.S. Vice-President Dan Quayle

Smoking kills. If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life.
- Brooke Shields, during an interview to become spokesperson for a federal anti-smoking campaign

That lowdown scoundrel deserves to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'm just the one to do it.
- A Reform Party candidate in Alberta

Condom Slogans

- 1) Cover your stump before you hump
- 2) Before you attack her, wrap your whacker
- 3) Don't be silly, protect your Willie
- 4) When in doubt shroud your spout
- 5) Don't be a loner, cover your boner
- 6) You can't go wrong, if you shield your dong
- 7) If your not going to sack it, go home and whack it
- 8) If you think she's spunky, cover your monkey
- 9) It will be sweeter if you wrap your peter
- 10) If you slip between her thighs, condomize
- 11) She won't get sick if you wrap your dick
- 12) If you go into heat, package your meat
- 13) While you're undressing Venus, dress up your penis
- 14) When you take off her pants and blouse, suit up your mouse
- 15) Especially in December, gift wrap your member
- 16) Never ever deck her, with an unwrapped pecker
- 17) Don't be a fool, vulcanize your tool
- 18) The right selection, is to protect your erection
- 19) Wrap it in foil, before you check her oil
- 20) A crank with armor, will never harm her

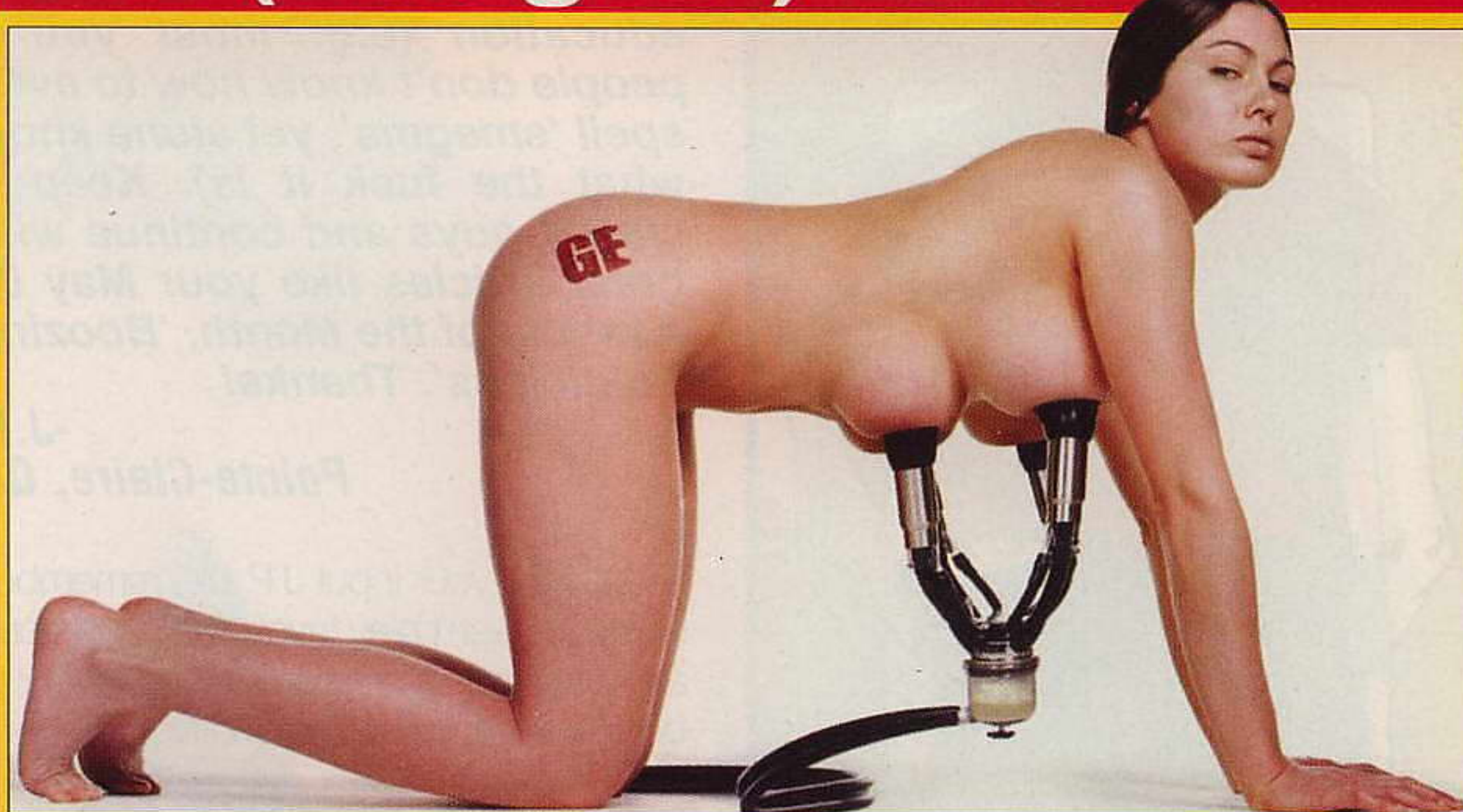
Porn From the Past



Golden-Age Garter Belt

Thanks and \$150 go to E. M. of Roanoke, Virginia, for this long-lost lingerie classic. 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.

Got (Designer) Milk?



The political activist group MAdGE (Mothers Against Genetic Engineering in Food and the Environment) has erected this controversial billboard in the New Zealand cities of Wellington and Auckland to protest a ghoulish new twist in genetically engineered foods. They say that AgResearch is currently placing human genes into cows in hopes of creating "designer milks." AgResearch's mouthpiece, Life Sciences Network, says "the (MAdGE) billboards denigrate women." And the actual research doesn't? To find out more, please go to www.Madge.net.nz.

NEWSBITES

Old (One-Eyed) Glory: Comedian Sam Walters thought he had a surefire shtick to win a September 11-themed contest at a comedy club in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Each comic had to describe Islam offensively in 100 words or less and pay a special tribute to America, so Walters pulled out his dick, which was painted red, white and blue. Amazingly, he lost the contest. "I don't think my penis has ever been so embarrassed or looked so small," the full-frontal funnyman lamented. Cheer up, Sam; at least you had the balls to put your tiny weenie on the line.

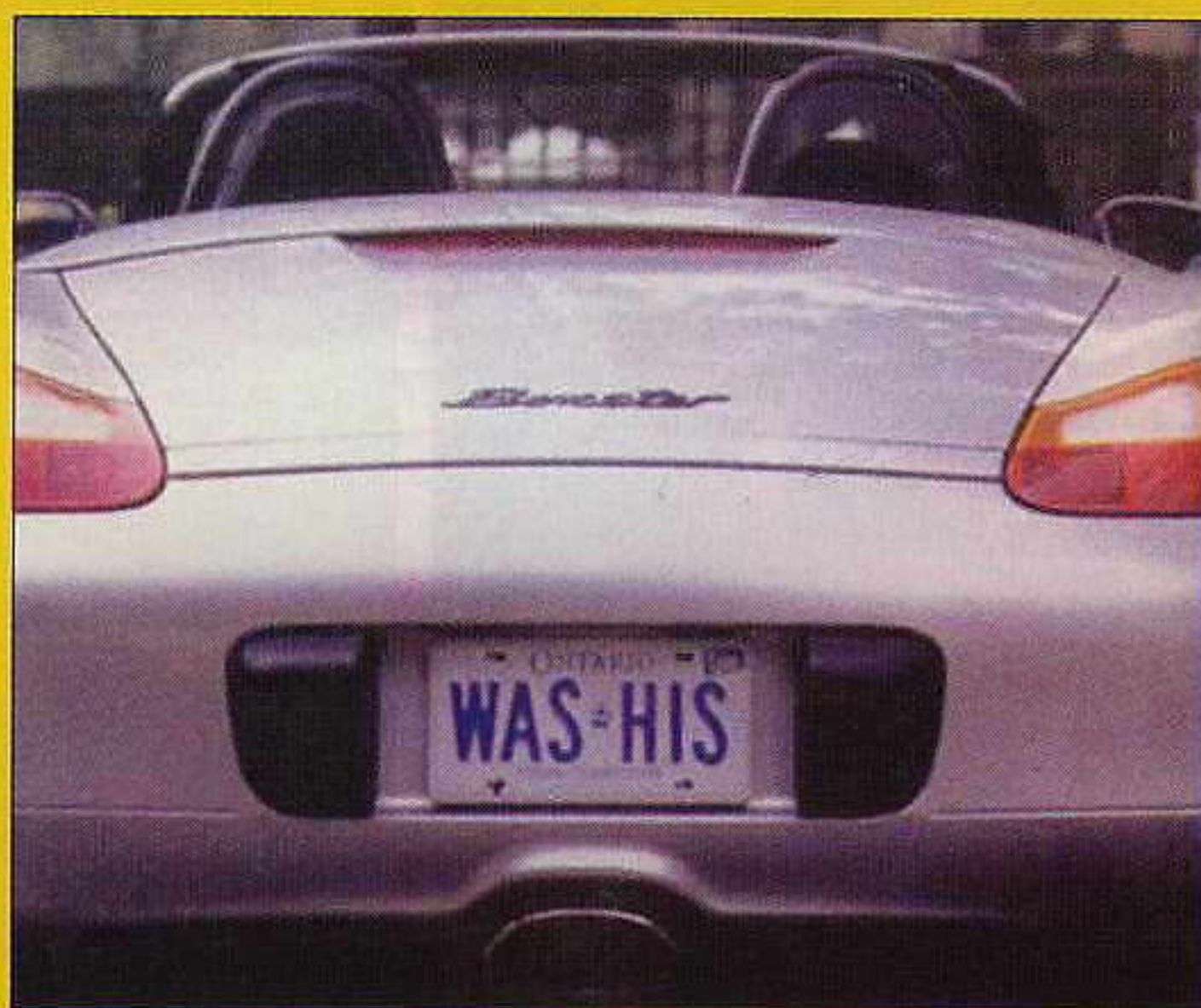
We're Looking for a Few Good Boobs:

At a court-martial proceeding in New Orleans, Louisiana, Marine Corps Staff Sergeant Sherry Pierre pleaded guilty to stealing from the government. Pierre used a military credit card to go on a \$129,709 spending spree that included a car, a motorcycle and breast implants. The newly buxom sarge was given 14 months in a military brig, fined \$30,000 and reduced in rank to lance corporal. She also received a lifetime invitation to all Navy Tailhook parties.

After-School Special: In St. Charles County, Missouri, police say that two girls and five boys, all aged 15, participated in the filming of a porn flick. One boy allegedly admitted to the cops that he offered to show classmates the porn movie for five bucks. In a letter to parents, Fort Zumwalt South High School Principal Graham Weir said, "It's a sad situation. Sad for those kids. Sad for those families." To offer a ray of hope in all this "sadness," we'd like these kids to look us up in three years; we're always looking for talented performers and filmmakers.

Gimme a B! Gimme a J!: Authorities at the University of Scranton in Pennsylvania say they received an anonymous letter detailing alleged sexual hazing rituals of the school's cheerleading squad. The note said that new pompom girls were told that they were required to drink until they got sick and give a male athlete a blowjob. *Hmmm*; sounds like a great college recruitment film to us. We know some 15-year-olds in Missouri who'd probably shoot it cheap.

Lesbian Latte: Four former female employees are suing the Minneapolis-based Caribou Coffee company for same-sex harassment. The women allege that their female manager felt one girl's ass repeatedly, rubbed her breasts and pelvis against the women, and invited one employee to have sex with her dog. The girls claim their complaints were ignored by Caribou. We, however, would love to hear these stories in explicit detail. Ladies, send your experiences to HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



Grand Theft Auto

When guys want a sporty car, they have to work their asses off to save up for a down payment, go to car lots, take test-drives, pay a mechanic to check out the vehicle, haggle on the price with a slimy car salesman and sign away their lives for years of monthly payments at high interest rates. But as this picture shows, all that some women have to do is pick up the phone and call a divorce attorney.

"Brides aren't happy—they are just triumphant." — JOHN BARRYMORE

web site of the month



Ever wondered what famous celebs look like when they're getting busted? Log on to MugShots.com, which features pictures of stars like Anna Nicole Smith, Yasmine Bleeth and Carmen Elektra looking like hell as they get booked for alleged misdeeds ranging from DWI to assault. The Web site also includes mugs of wacky crooks, famous gangsters and rowdy rockers such as Keith Richards and Axl Rose. To see if your favorite star has run afoul of the law, go to www.MugShots.com.

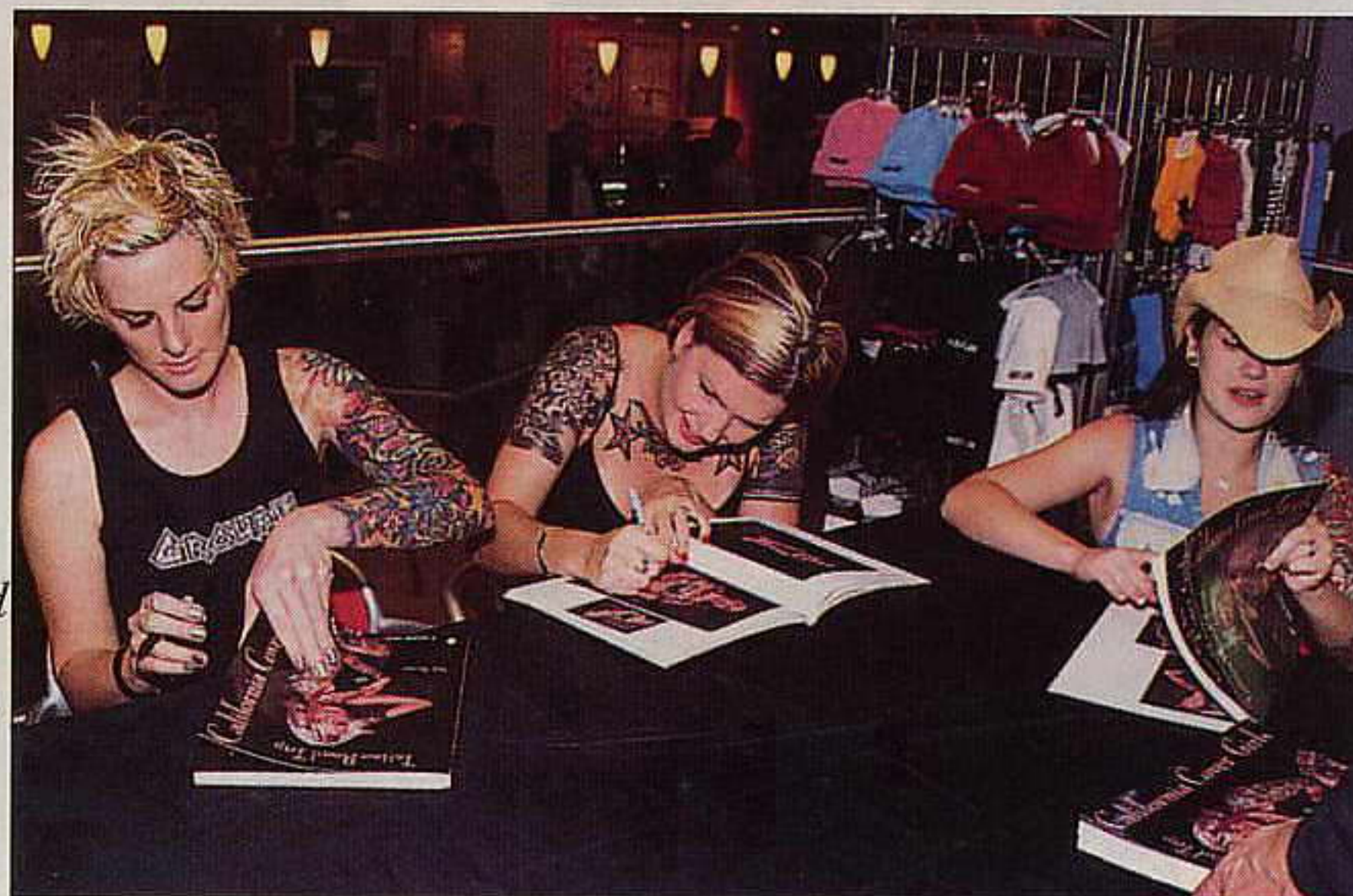


Olsen Twins Countdown

As of January 13, 2004, there are only **152** more days until the Olsen twins become legal!

Drawing Attention

There was body art galore at the HUSTLER Hollywood store in Los Angeles, which hosted a signing of Bob Baxter's new book: *Tattoo Road Trip-California Cover Girls*. (Faithful readers of HUSTLER may recall getting a sneak peek of the female canvases in our December 2003 issue.) Several of the tattooed babes from the tome, including Amy Mullin, Kristen Judge and Patricia McDonough, were on hand to sign copies.



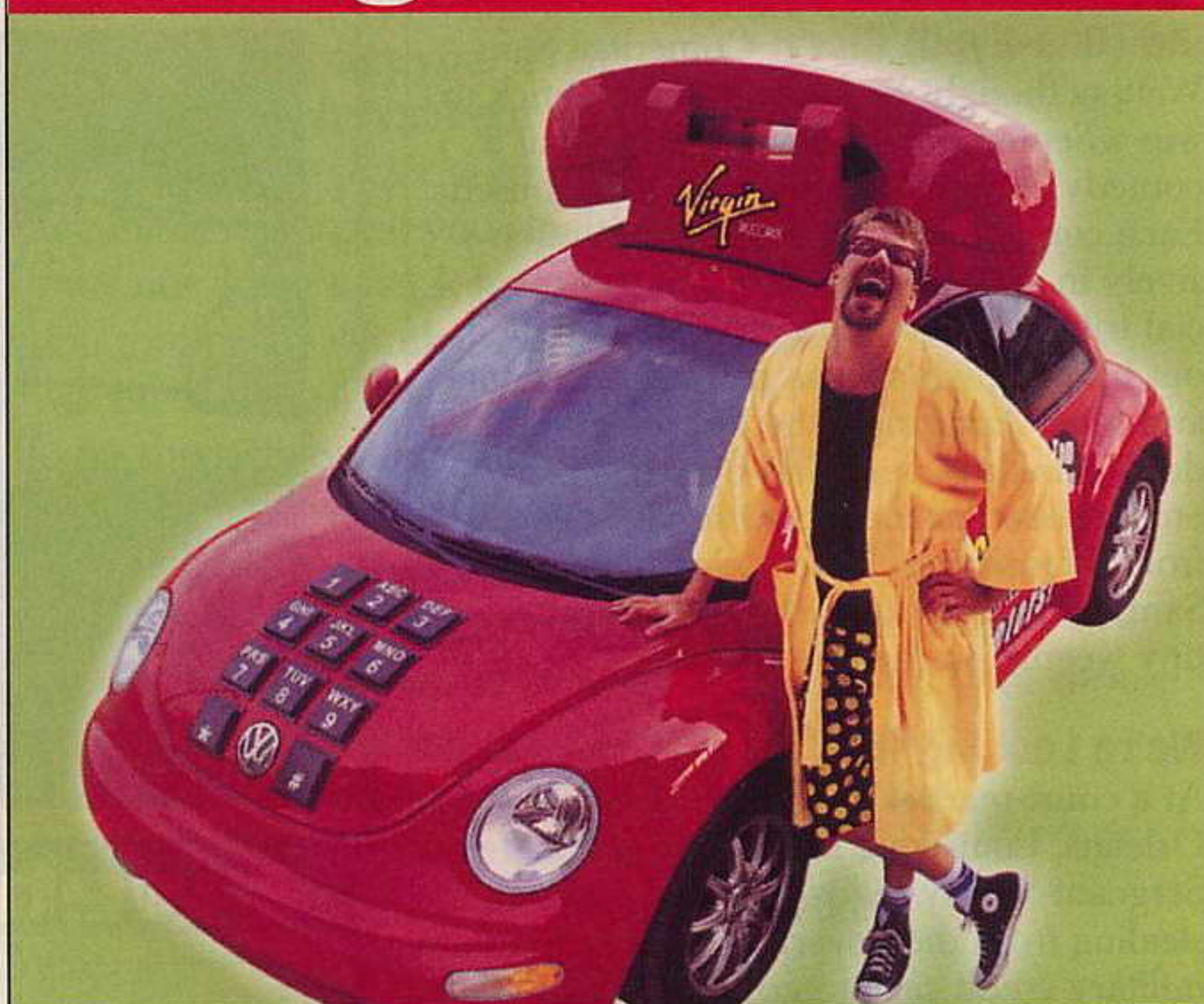
"A promiscuous person is someone who is getting more sex than you are." —VICTOR LOWNES



Swingers Swap Meet

In early August 2003, 2,000 horny couples descended on the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas for the Lifestyles 30th Anniversary Convention. The four-day swingers fest was more than just a good excuse to swap partners and boink strangers; there were also eyebrow-raising seminars such as "An Introduction to the Art and Science of Erotic Spanking" and "Vaginal Fisting and Female Genitorture." For those not into the brainy stuff, the Arabian Nights Costume Dance Party and the Ms. Lifestyles Beauty Contest provided ostensibly arousing entertainment. The chick action ranged from hot babes not wearing any underwear to heifers who clearly should have been. To experience the revelry firsthand, please go to www.Lifestyles-Convention.com or call (714) 821-9953.

Wrong Number



For those who are pissed that the National Do Not Call list doesn't have a death-penalty provision, Tom Mabe feels your pain. Mabe draws telephone salesmen into bizarre scenarios and records the calls; the best results are compiled on his two hilarious *Revenge on the Telemarketers* CDs. One of the juicier bits involves a caller soliciting charitable donations for the local sheriff's department, only to have Tom declare that he doesn't have time to talk because he's busy building a pipe bomb. His latest CD, *A Wake Up Call for Telemarketers*, features Tom calling up telemarketers in their hotel rooms in the dead of night during their annual convention in Washington, D.C. To get your taste of sweet revenge, please go to your local record store or visit www.TomMabe.com.

MY UNUSUALLY HIGH LEVELS OF TESTOSTERONE MAKE IT NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO EVEN DO THE MOST NORMAL THINGS.

TEMPTED BY EVERYTHING AROUND ME, IT'S INCREASINGLY HARDER TO GET ON WITHOUT GETTING OFF.

THE LONGER I GO WITHOUT AN ORGASM, THE BETTER EVERYTHING LOOKS.

WITH HORMONAL LEVELS AT AN ALL-TIME HIGH AND MY PHASER SET TO COME, IT ONLY TAKES SECONDS TO GO WHERE NO MAN'S GONE BEFORE.

YOU KNOW YOU WANT ME, DAVIS. COVER ME WITH YOUR OWN THICK SYRUP.

NO, DAVIS... HAVE US BOTH A MORNING MÉNAGE À TROIS!

THOSE BASKETBALL STARS WILL HAVE SEX WITH ANYTHING!

Horn Dog Davis

by Aaron Warner

15 Things To Do In A Drive Through Lane

1. Stand close to the speaker and yell your order, using colorful expletives in ways which would embarrass the patrons inside.
2. Drive through backwards.
3. Belch your order.
4. After ordering, cover the speaker and mic with transparent tape. Watch as customers and order-takers are unable to hear each other and, thus, each raises his/her volume.
5. Barter. Offer a Whopper for a Big Mac.
6. Walk through.
7. Speak a foreign language (make one up if you have to). When the manager comes to the mic, speak English and inquire as to why the order taker had such difficulty understanding you.
8. Repeat everything the order-taker says.
9. Attempt to take the order-takers order ("Hi, may I take your order?") before they get a chance to take yours.
10. Order confusing items, i.e., "Hi, I'll have a large orange Coke and a small medium fries, please."
11. Drive through with a carload of naked people.
12. Speak in such a garbled fashion that the order-taker will think there is a problem with the speaker and ask you to order at the window. When you arrive at the window, speak in the same garbled, incomprehensible fashion.
13. Drive through with someone on the hood to accept the food.
14. Have a friend hide in the trunk. When you approach the window to pick-up your order, have him start yelling and banging his fists on the trunk.
15. If you are a male, have a female friend place the order by speaking VERY seductively and suggestively into the speaker. When she finishes, have her hide and pull up to accept your order. See how many of the order-takers fellow employees have been called over to the window to "check out the babe".

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"First of all, Chief, judging by the condition of the body, she hasn't been dead for long."

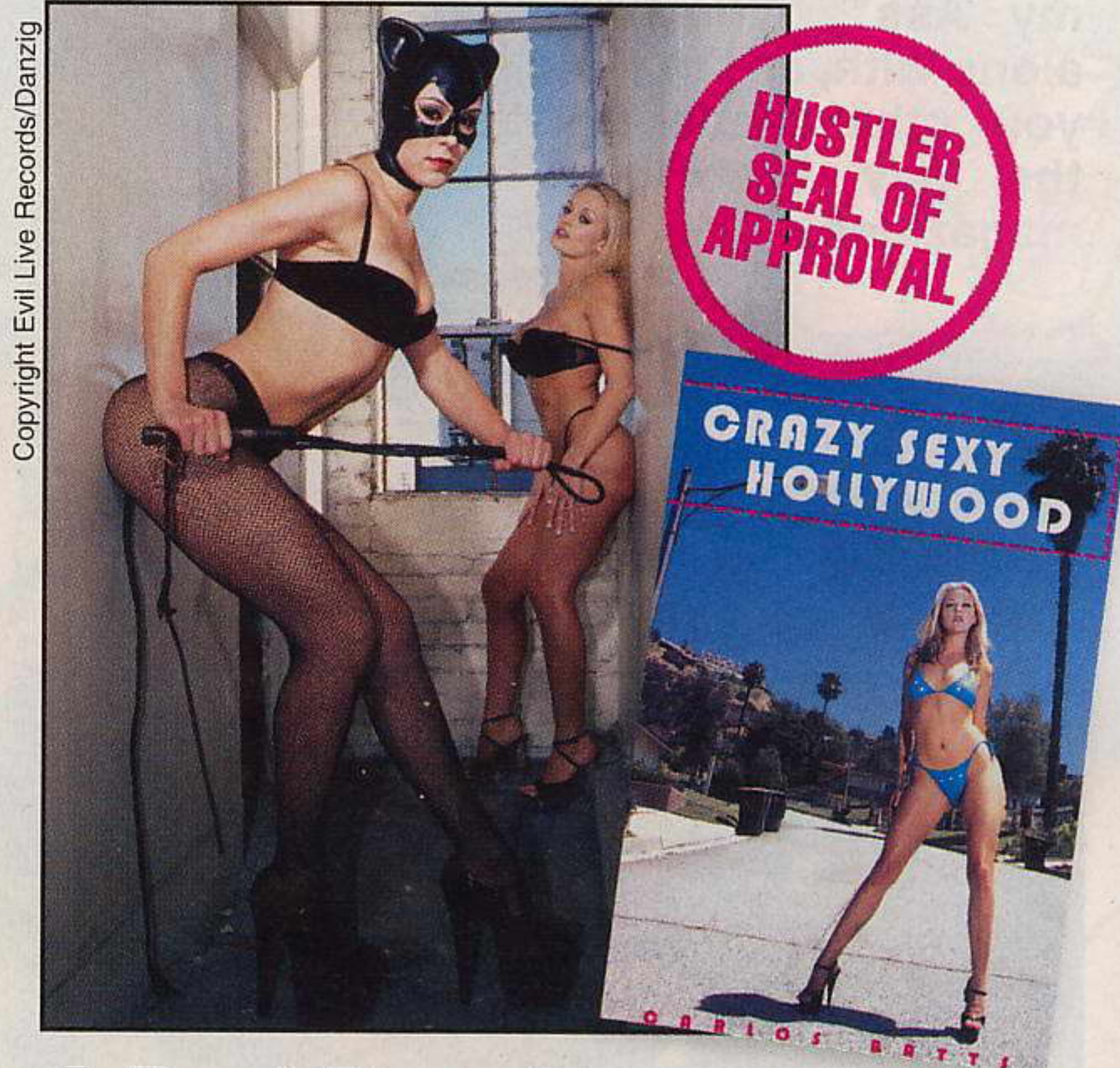
>>Did You Know?

Can you imagine working for a company that has a little more than 500 employees and has the following statistics:

- 29 have been accused of spousal abuse
- 7 have been arrested for fraud
- 19 have been accused of writing bad checks
- 117 have directly or indirectly bankrupted check
- 3 have done time for assault
- 71 cannot get a credit card due to bad credit
- 14 have been arrested on drug-related charges
- 8 have been arrested for shoplifting
- 21 are currently defendants in lawsuits
- 84 have been arrested for drunk driving in the last year

Can you guess which organization this is?
Give up yet?

It's Canada's House of Commons and various Canadian provincial legislatures. The same group of idiots that crank out hundreds of new laws each year designed to keep the rest of us in line.



A Real Page Turner

This Month: *Crazy Sexy Hollywood* by Carlos Batts

What It Is: A collection of avant-garde pics of up-and-coming models/actresses and down-and-dirty porn stars (e.g., Sunrise Adams and Dascha) shot completely in the greater Los Angeles area. (Exotic!)

Why We Care: A smut photographer with an artistic sensibility, Carlos Batts takes readers on a bizarre bohemian tour of L.A.; and by bohemian, we mean hot, unhinged chicks using dildos, midgets, masturbation and bondage to gratify themselves and the reader.

Buzz: Batts's edgy style has landed him photo gigs with top musical acts including Snoop Dogg and Danzig; his pictures will be appearing in an upcoming John Waters film, *Dirty Shame*.

How to Get It: *Crazy Sexy Hollywood* is available at Virgin Megastores, Tower Records, HUSTLER Hollywood stores, www.LastGasp.com or by calling (800) 366-5121.

Bottom Line: *Crazy Sexy Hollywood* momentarily redeems Tinseltown for that *Gigli* crap. We're still keeping our finger on the button though.

Contradictory Crap

This may seem outdated. As I browse through the July 1999 issue of Hustler I find that you are contradicting yourselves. In your Feedback (sixth column) "You Show Me Yours", you reply that you don't cater to the gay community - I stand by you on that. However, you feature a transsexual in the April 1999 issue. And in many of your ads you have photos of gay men holding their cocks, with captions such as "Fuck my Ass". This sickens me, along with, as I'm sure, many of your other readers. Let's leave the gay crap to the gay magazines.

**-M.M.
Lethbridge, AB**

Hey M.M., it's time to buy a more recent issue of the world's greatest bastion of heterosexuality, HUSTLER magazine.

Ass-Licking Love

I know I write you a lot but I had to write again to congratulate you on another sexy, hard-on-causing issue in the December 2003 issue. Seeing Anna Nicole Smith licking Mercedes's hot juicy wet cunt, when I could see Mercedes's delicious asshole too, gave me a hardon that wouldn't go away. I would love to lick her tasty asshole and kiss her ass myself!

Thanks for the great photos. How about showing us more great ass-kissing and ass-licking photos? Thanks!

**-R.S.
Hamilton**

You're getting to be a regular R.S. and we certainly appreciate your dedication to our magazine. We pledge to continue bringing you all the ass-kissing/licking action your little heart could ever desire and your dick can stand. Keep reading!





"So, Brent tells me you're a Gymnast."

FRENCH TART KATSUMI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LAURENT SKY

She might look like she's from the Orient, but 24-year-old Katsumi was actually born in Annecy, a French village near the Swiss border. "It's a beautiful place that everyone should visit when they come to France," the exotic sexpot smiles. Growing up, this heady Aries planned on becoming a professor, and studied political science and literature. Some of her favorite authors include Baudelaire, Zola, Edgar Allen Poe and Stephen King. As for turn-offs, the discriminating filly notes, "I don't like Spanish men. They stink. I mean, *bad BO*. But French guys are fine, thanks to our wonderful perfumes." Of course, if they'd just wash, they wouldn't need perfumes.











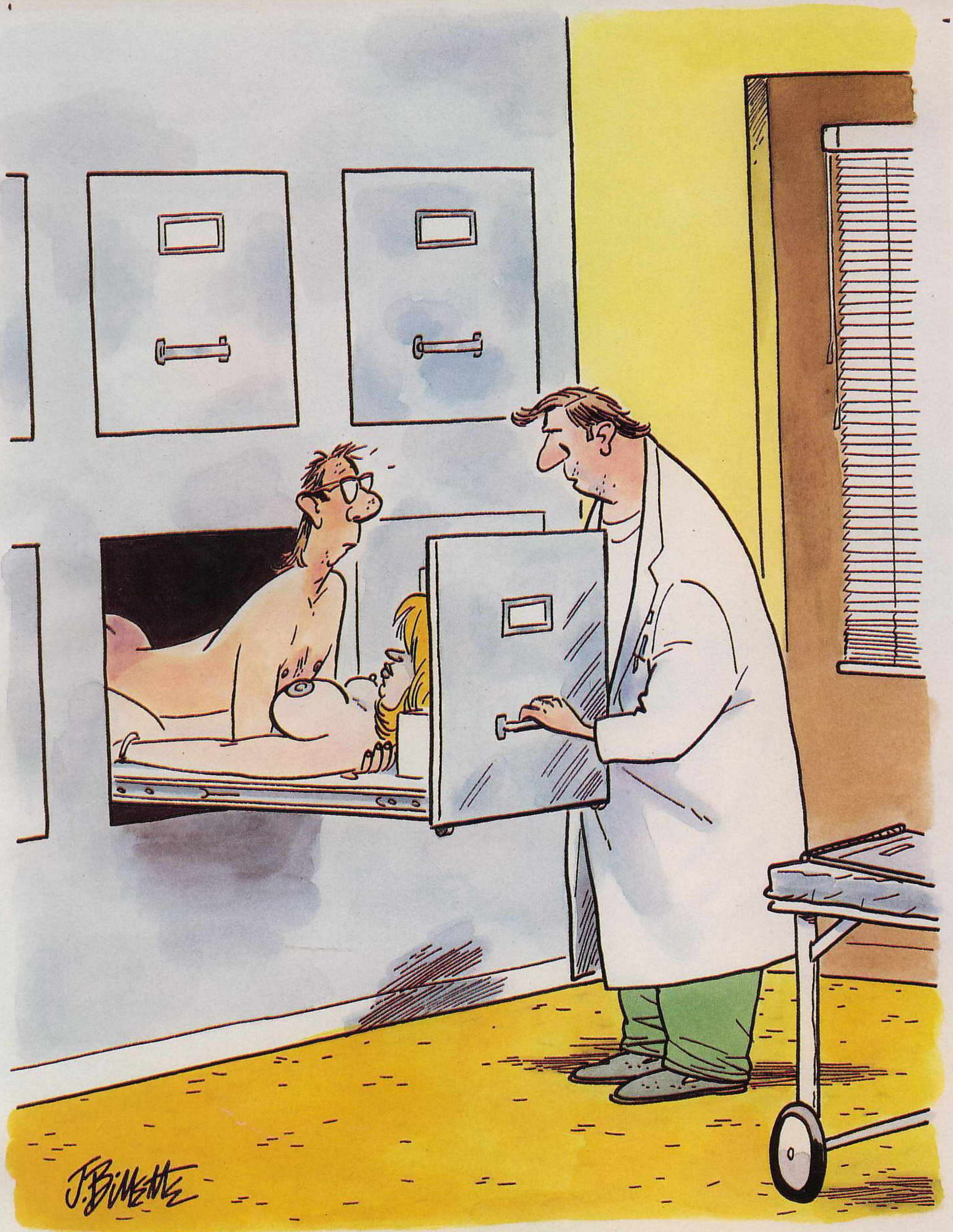


福祿壽喜

福祿壽喜







"Hurry it up—the family is here to identify the body."

March 2004

ACROSS

- # DOWN

- Postal Code

Game On

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

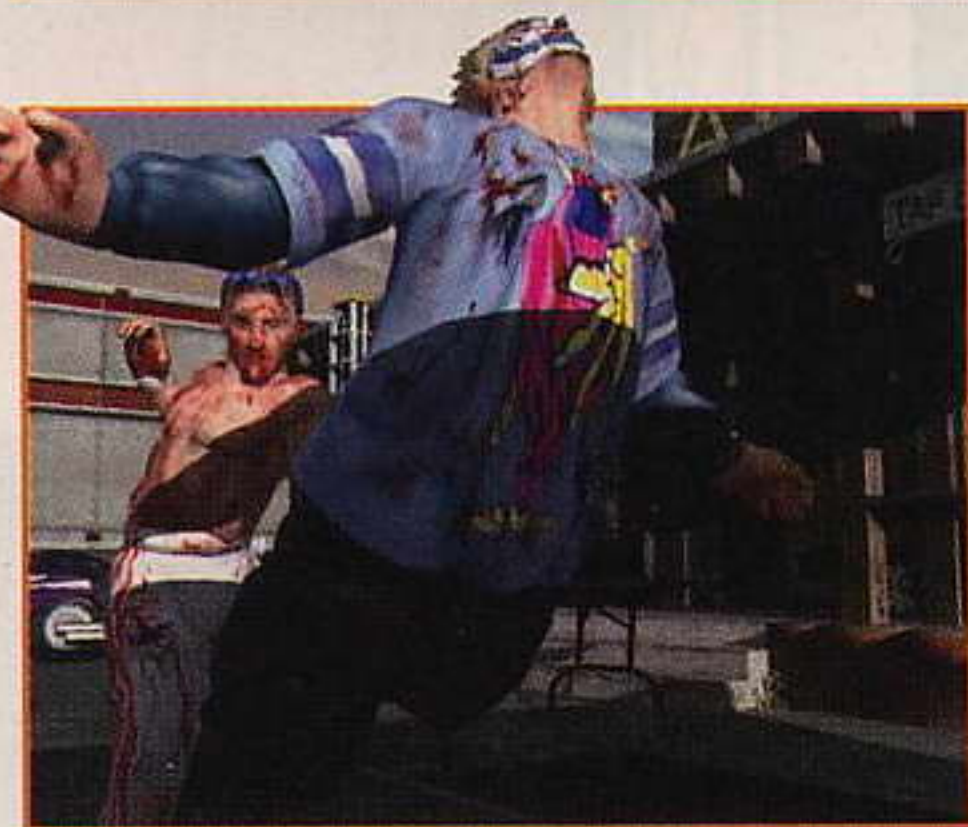
by Gus Mastrapa

Backyard Wrestling: Don't Try This at Home

Eidos
(PlayStation2/Xbox)

Backyard Wrestling is the digital love child of *Jackass* and the WWE. Combatants go *mano a mano* in suburban settings, talk-show studios and strip bars. Fighters wield

nasty weapons such as barbed wire, baseball bats and light bulbs against their opponents. With generous helpings of tits and ass, realistic wound effects and characters, and music from the Insane Clown Posse, this game is sure to throw Joe Lieberman into self-righteous paroxysms.



Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

Ubi Soft
(GameBoy Advance/
PlayStation2/Xbox)

Ang Lee's Academy Award-winning martial-arts epic is a logical choice for a digital action-er. Who hasn't dreamed of being able to defy gravity and unleash deadly kung-fu fury while the sweet refrains of cellist Yo-Yo Ma swell in the background? Four of the movie's kickass characters are playable, including Asian film legend Chow Yun Fat.

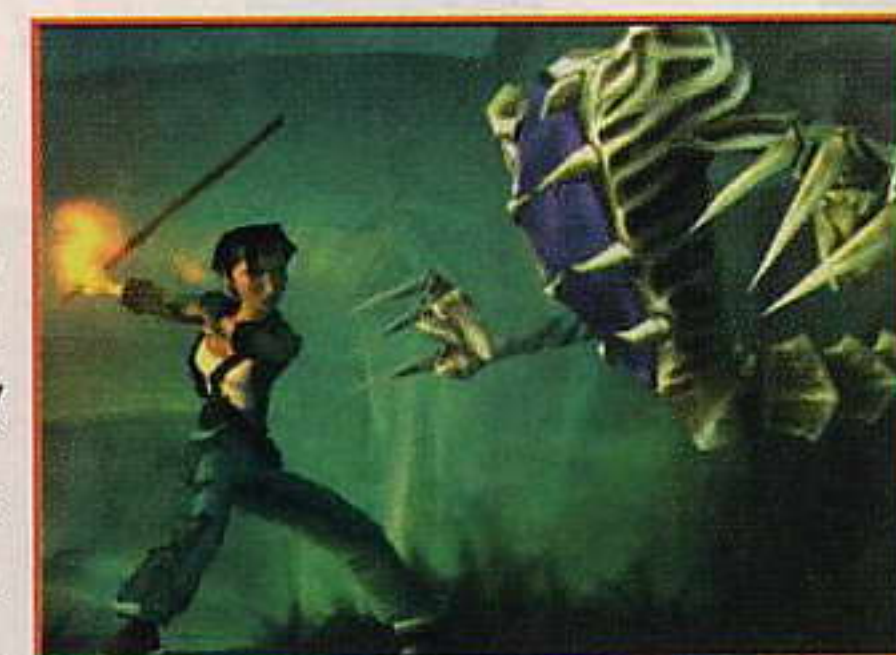


Beyond Good & Evil

Ubi Soft
(GameCube/PC/PlayStation2/Xbox)

A vast government conspiracy has been devised to sway popular opinion in favor of an ongoing war. Sound familiar? *Beyond Good & Evil* takes place on the planet

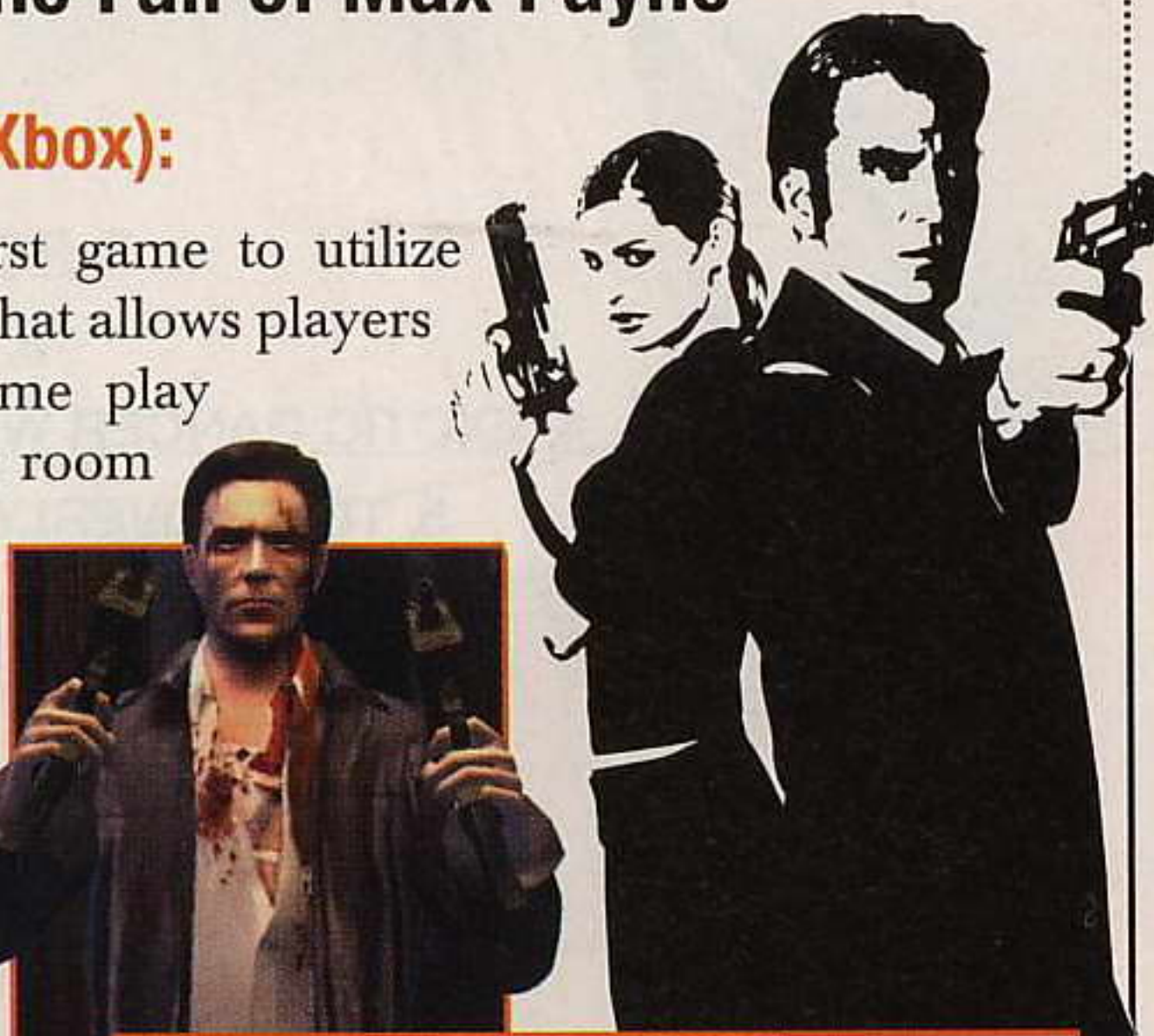
Hyllis, where alien invasions are organized to keep citizens happy with the occupying forces that defend the planet. You play Jade, a photojournalist who uses her wits, weaponry and shutterbug skills to uncover the plot and set the record straight.



Max Payne 2: The Fall of Max Payne

Rockstar
(PC/PlayStation2/Xbox):

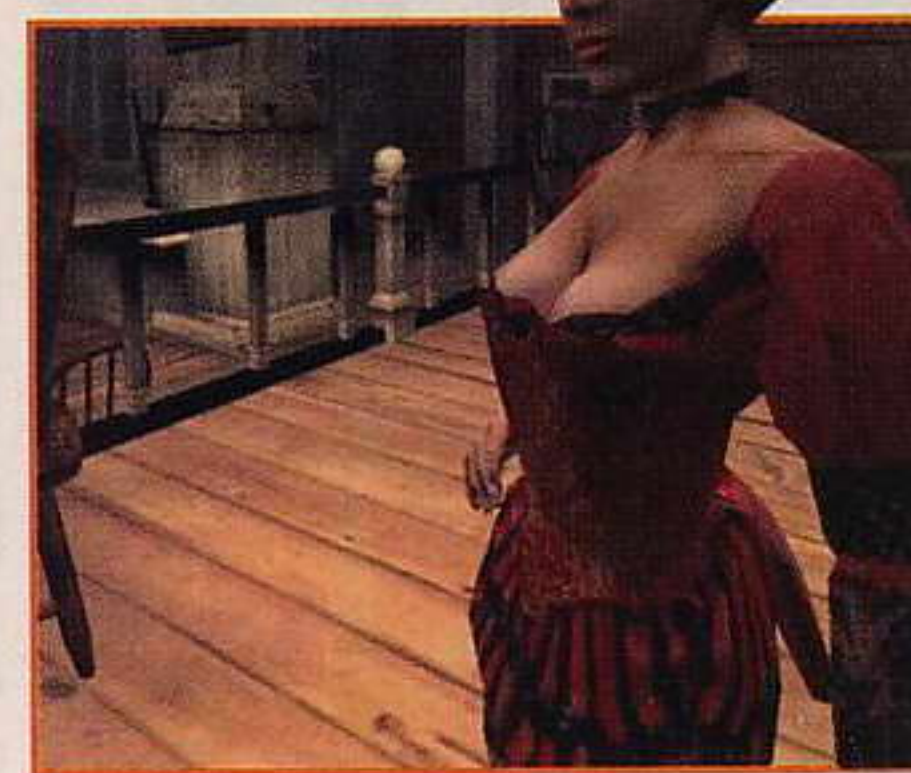
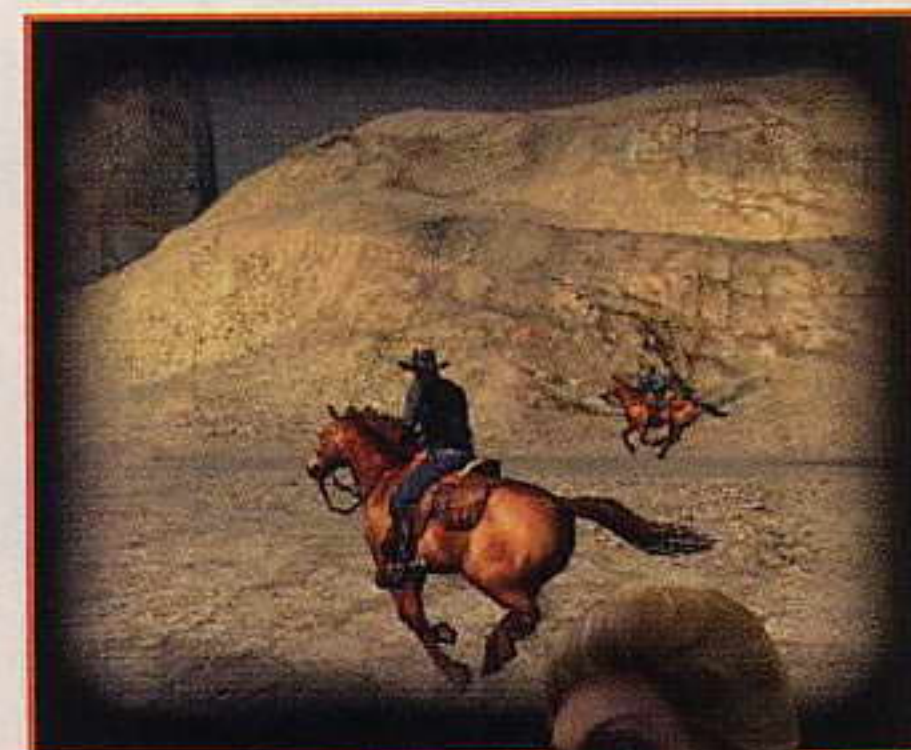
Max Payne was the first game to utilize Bullet Time, a feature that allows players to slow down the game play and use the breathing room to cap enemies with the accuracy of an action-movie hero. This sequel, dubbed "a film noir love story," updates this technology and places Max in a romantic entanglement with a sexy murder suspect. Expect a bigger, more cinematic experience than the first game, and don't count on a happy ending.



Dead Man's Hand

Atari
(Xbox)

Ever notice that 90% of video games are either science fiction or fantasy-themed? *Dead Man's Hand* busts out of the realm of laser guns and magic wands by throwing players into the middle of a spaghetti Western. We're talking six-guns, rifles, mustachioed villains, dusty saloons and two-dollar whores. Oater fans can grab some friends and stage their own standoff in a four-player, split-screen match or take on yellow-bellied, online opponents through Xbox Live.



JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON



What's up, guys? Let me begin by saying that I have some wonderful news. My company, ClubJenna Inc., just signed a deal with Pleasure Productions contract girl Krystal Steale to run her Web site and Internet activities. She's a true California girl who was born and raised in Orange County. She used to be a topless dancer, but made the transition into the wonderful world of XXX in 2001. (Regular readers will recall Krystal's spectacular cover and photo-spread for the July 2003 HUSTLER.) I think Krystal is one of the most incredible new talents the adult industry has seen in years, and at the tender age of 20, she has a fabulous future ahead of her!

Someone recently asked me whom my favorite person to work with is. Hands down and legs spread, that would have to be Brianna Banks. That girl is so beautiful and has no inhibitions whatsoever. She does things you guys couldn't even imagine. During our scene together in *My Plaything With Jenna Jameson*, we had these huge vaginal beads and decided to put them up her butt instead of her pussy. I swear to God, they were as big as tennis balls. I put four up her ass, and when I tried to pull them out, I couldn't! I actually had to put my foot on her ass for leverage. I tugged so hard that they came flying out. It was completely insane; I felt like King Arthur pulling the sword from the stone! I have so much respect for any woman that loves sex *that* much to endure that kind of pain.

Seeing as how my mailbag is about ready to burst, I thought I'd select a letter from one of my loyal fans. Here's one that grabbed my attention. Pete, from Delphos, Ohio, writes, "I'm one of your biggest fans, Jenna. I have masturbated to your videos, magazine spreads and your vibrating pussy many times. You are, by far, my all-time favorite porn star. I'd give anything in the world to meet you in person. If I might make a suggestion, I'd love to see you with Tabitha Stevens in HUSTLER sometime."

Thanks, Pete. You never know, perhaps I'll work with Tabitha in the future: so be sure to

check out upcoming issues of HUSTLER. In the meantime, watch out for the release of my next film, *Devil in Miss Jones*, by Vivid Video. The sex scenes are so hot!

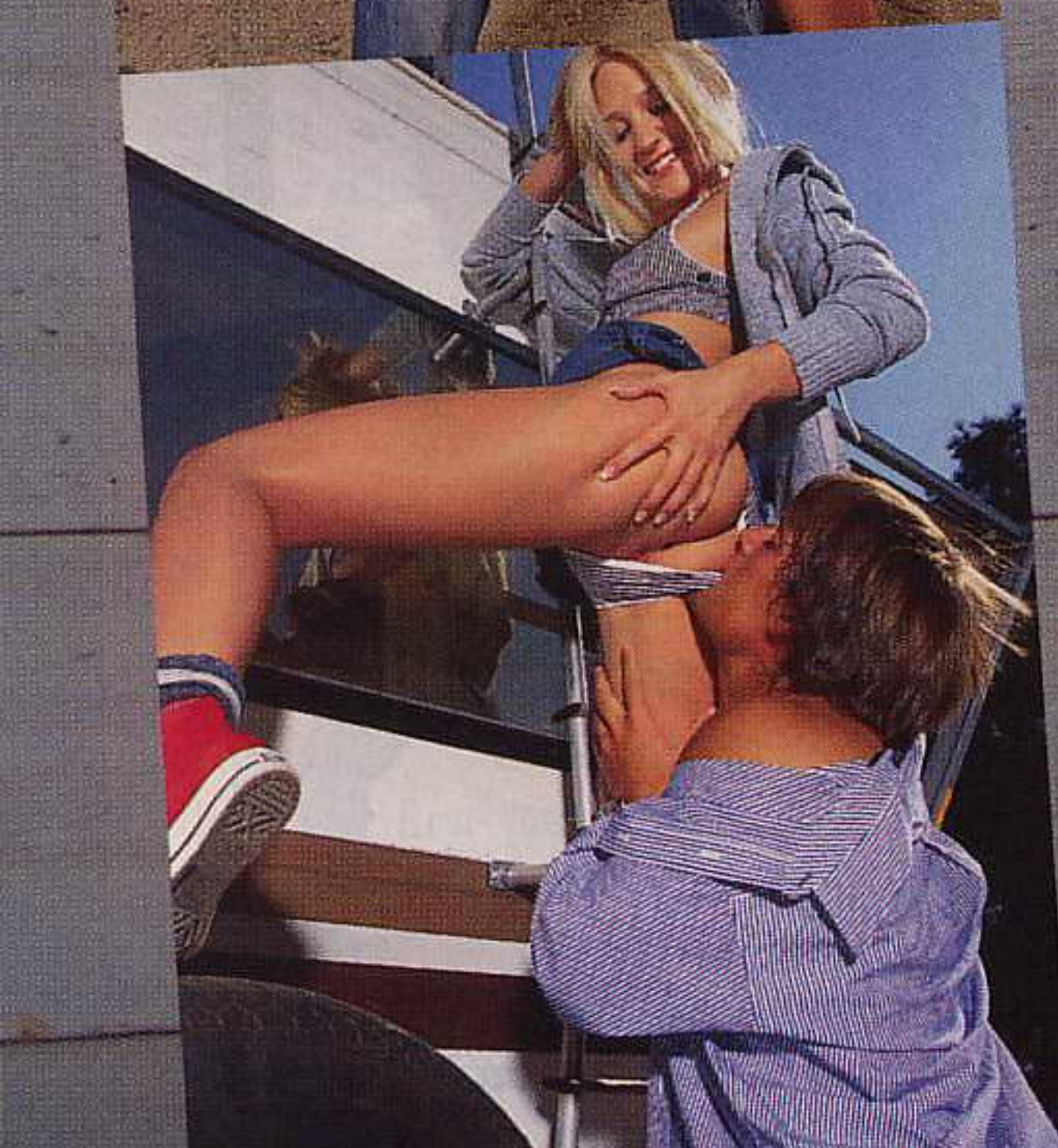
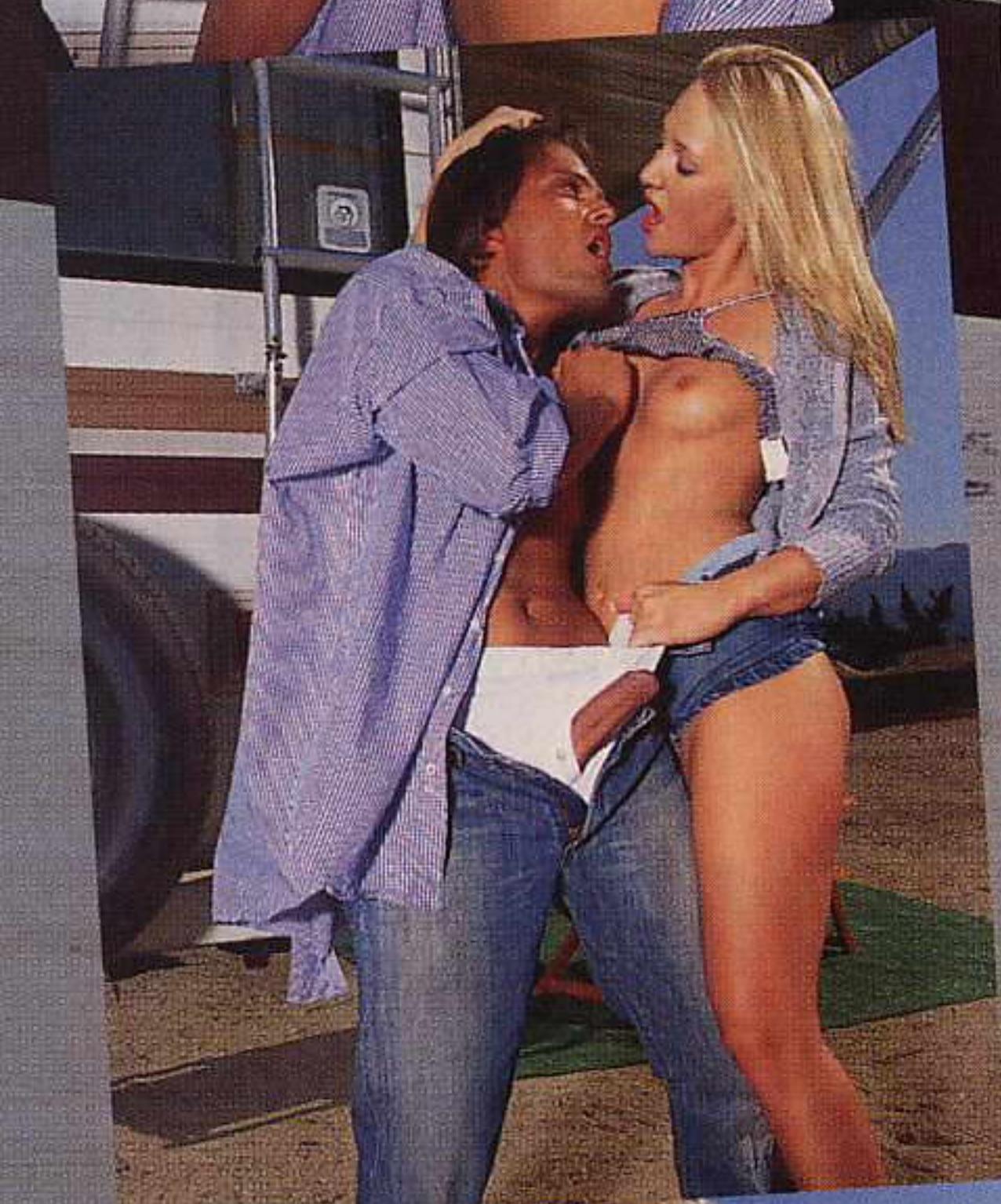
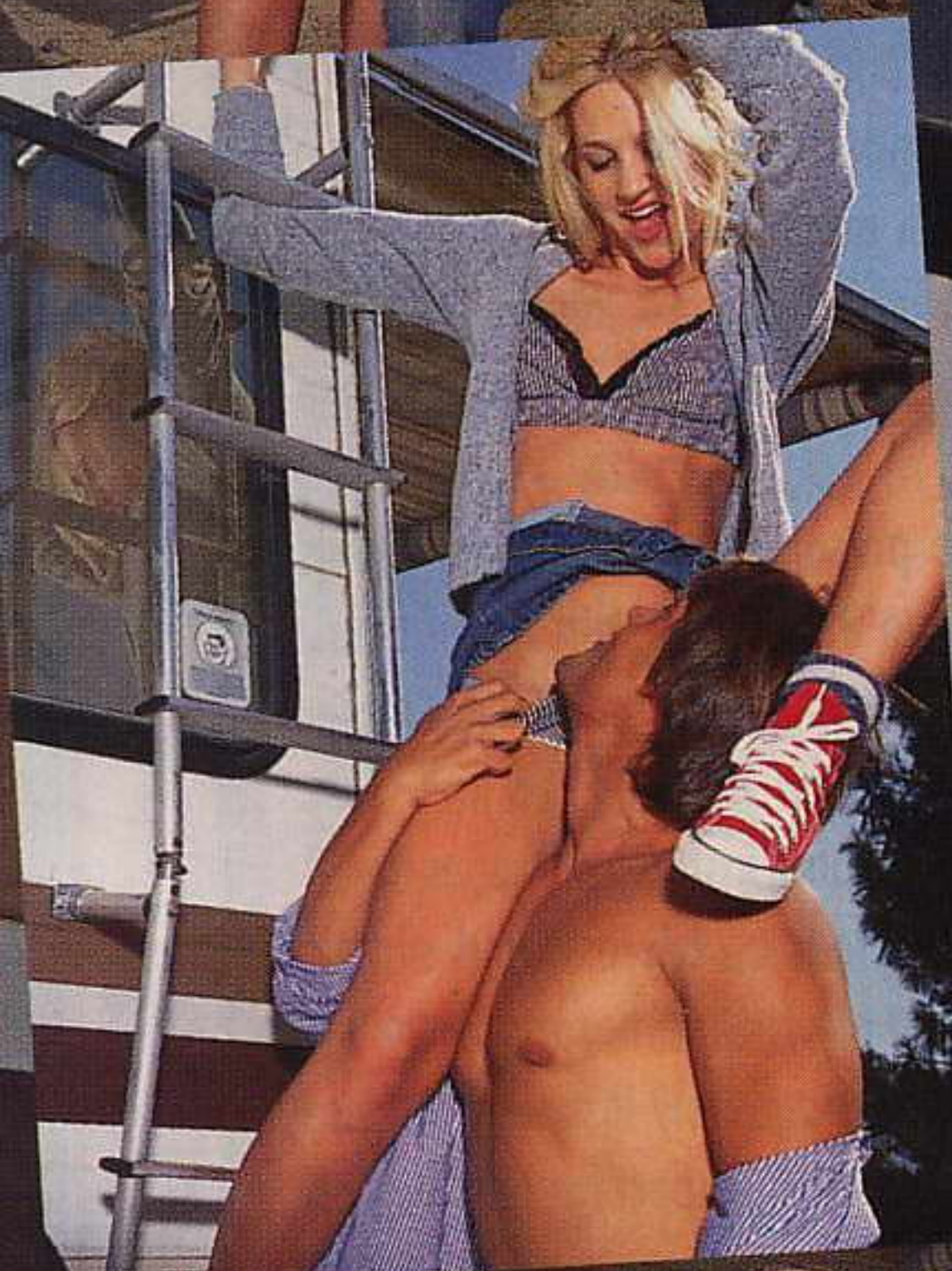
If there's anything you would like to see in the next installment of my column, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

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

See you soon!

XoXo,
Jenna





INTO

THE

CH.14

GREAT

WIDE

OPEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN



ALEXIS MALONE AND ALEX ROX

In the tradition of Ken Kesey, Alex and Alexis planned to go on the road and see America, but the would-be tourists never made it out of the driveway. Like a typical woman, Alexis had second thoughts about their cross-country trip: What if the RV breaks down in the middle of nowhere?









Alex assured
his fellow
vagabond he
was mechani-
cally inclined
and grabbed
his trusty tool.

Instead of
exploring the
heartland, the
reluctant wan-
derers ended
up probing
each other.





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 – an exclusive HUSTLER exposé into the seamy sex world of Canada's private fitness industry.

"It was during half-time, between nachos and pizza, as I lay on the couch, with my swollen beer belly, that I decided it was time to lose some weight and get fit. I had become this middle-age guy, resembling the Pillsbury Dough Boy, whom I scarcely knew anymore. As it happened, one of the local health spas was advertising on the tube. I quickly jotted down the phone number and gave them a call. The membership seemed affordable and the chick, on the other end of the phone, sounded hot.

The next day I found myself amongst the many sweaty bodies of guys and gals trying to lose a few pounds. As I laboriously pounded the treadmill I couldn't help but notice the disproportionately large number of women compared to men. It was at that very moment I realized not only might I lose a few pounds, but I might gain a bit of pussy too.

After a good workout I climbed into the hot tub to soak my already aching legs. Across from me sat a tawny brunette who gave me a more than passing glance.

"You're new here aren't you," she remarked.

"Yes, I just bought a month membership to try the place out."

"You'll love it," she assured me, "it's awesome."

We continued to make small talk until, at last, she excused herself.

"I have to get to the showers. Would you like to go for a coffee or something after?" she asked in a 'fuck me' voice.

"Yeah, that'd be great," I replied, trying not to sound too keen.

"I don't have a car, so we'll have to go somewhere close."

"I've got mine, so it's not a problem."

"Okay, how about we meet in the lobby in 15 minutes? I need some time to dry my hair."

"Sounds good to me," I said as I stood up from the tub.

Her eyes moved downwards, checking out my crotch and noticing the semi I was starting to pull. We both went to our respective change rooms and met in the lobby as agreed upon.

"So where would you like to go?" I asked as we walked out to my car.

"Anywhere," she said with a giggle as she got into the passenger seat.

Before I even got out of the parking lot my spa-mate began to grab at my glad bag.

"Wow," I said with astonishment, "you don't waste any time, I don't even know your name!"

"Does it matter," she giggled as she undid my fly.

"Well it would be nice to know who I'm about to have sex with," I nonchalantly remarked.

"Melanie," she gurgled as she stuffed my slab of meat into her dick hungry mouth."

"Melanie," she gurgled as she stuffed my slab of meat into her dick hungry mouth. It felt so fucking good that I almost drove off the road. I quickly found an empty parking lot and pulled into a dim corner. Pushing back my seat, I undid my pants and pulled them down around my ankles – giving her better access to my hornham.



"That's it baby," I encouraged the horny little gym skank, "suck it, suck it real good."

This chick was in bloody heat. It was as if she hadn't seen a cock in 10 years. I stroked her hair as she made mouth music to my rock hard skin flute. She had a beautiful soft shiny long mane and it felt wonderful as it gently swept across my ball sack.

"Do you swallow?" I whispered.

She only nodded her head in affirmation, not missing a single sucking stroke. This chick was determined to milk my balls. As she sucked away I reached over and slid my hands down her tight jeans. Her pussy was soaking wet. I lubed a couple fingers with her girl juice and began to rub her hard little clitoris in circular motions.

"Mmm," she burbled from the back of her throat. I continued to rub her taut little prawn of pleasure. The more I played with her love button the faster she licked and sucked at my purple-veined tonsil tickler. It was apparent she was determined that I surrender my motherload.

"Do you want me to come in your mouth?" I chuffed.

"Yes," she managed to eek out between noisy slurps.

"Okay then, keeping doing what you're doing!"

Moments later I began to feel my balls pull up and the snedger move up my rigid shaft.

"Here it comes baby," I said, gently grabbing her head and pushing my cock down her knob gobbler. Seconds later I let out a huge volley of jism that shot down her throat and



splashed her tonsils. She gave a bit of a gag, but didn't stop blowing me until the

very last drop of goo was in her stomach. She probably never even tasted it because my dick was so far down her throat.

We ended back at my place that night and fucked like a couple of minks. I never knew getting in shape could be so much fun!"

With a society of aging baby boomers who are becoming more and more obsessed with their health, cruising for sex has gone from the night club to the health spa. In an attempt to prolong their youth and stay healthier, Canadians are flocking by the hundreds of thousands to their local health spas and gyms.

But, besides feeling better, new patrons of the gyms are finding out there's a lot more to health and fitness spas than simply working out and dropping a few pounds.

Health Spas have become one of Canada's biggest cruising spots for singles, and some would argue that it is a preferred choice to even the Internet.

Dr. Margot Desrosiers, a prominent sociologist from Vancouver explains. "Social norms are constantly evolving. What was once acceptable is no longer, and what was once unacceptable has become the norm. Government anti-smoking campaigns by-law smoking prohibitions, and anti-smoking lobbyists have made smoking virtually socially unacceptable. In addition, more stringent laws with regard to drinking and driving have changed how we, as a society, socialize. This, of course, greatly affects where we search for partners and with whom we choose to socialize."

Joey, from Ottawa, is demonstrative of the 'new singles' scene. His experience has become the way of the future for cruising for chicks.

"I gave up smoking about a year ago and noticed, over that time, I had gained about 10 or 15 pounds. I would look in the mirror and just didn't like what I saw. I decided it was time to regain my youthful figure. I'm not much into jogging so I decided to sign up at my local pool for the Masters Swim course.

My instructor's name was Irene and she was the most incredibly stunning middle-aged woman upon whom I'd ever set eyes. While she might not have been considered 'beautiful' by a Hollywood definition, her finely toned body and healthy glow made her really gorgeous.

At first it was difficult to even concentrate on swimming. All I could do was think about bedding down the goddess-like swimming instructor. It was even difficult not to get a woody when I was there. I'd had a few women in my time, but I lusted for Irene as I had for no other.

Over the winter months my 'free-style' improved immensely and I could see my stomach begin to look flat and toned once again. But Irene, as it would turn out, taught me a lot more than just the breast-stroke.

It was a Sunday night and swim class had just ended. As usual, I stayed after to help Irene put away the flutter boards and close the pool. Everyone had left and Irene and I were in the back storage room. Somehow we got into a conversation about sex (surprise, surprise). Irene told me how she had a fetish for big cocks. Measuring a bit over 8 inches, my dick began to spring to life as she spoke of her lust for large love torpedoes. As we spoke, she looked down and noticed my semi-hardon.

"Mmm," she cooed, "speaking of large dicks it looks like you're playing in the major leagues."

"Mmm," she cooed, "speaking of large dicks it looks like you're playing in the major leagues."

Before I knew what was happening Irene locked the storeroom door and pulled down my swim trunks, exposing my stiffening uncut dick.

"Wow," she exclaimed as she grabbed my fuck pole, "this is definitely a pro bat!" Instantly she began to blow me and play with my nutsack. As she swallowed my dickmeat I pulled down the straps on her one-piece bathing suit, exposing her small but perfectly shaped tits.

While Irene gave good head, she just couldn't get my entire huge cock down her throat. After a few minutes I withdrew my dick from her cock hungry mouth, pulled

off her bathing suit and bent her over a pile of flutter boards. Kneeling down, I buried my face in her juicy quim and probed her wet thatch with my long slickery tongue. She had a curious taste of chlorine and musk.

After a bit of muff munching, I stood up and sank my crack-hunter into her greased goose. She moaned with pleasure as my fat tool stretched her fuck hole and plunged deep into her love chasm. I couldn't believe that she was able to take every inch of my cock – but she did, and quite easily I might add.

I began to pump her beef box, slowly at first and then a bit faster. Within minutes I was pumping Irene with such vigor that we knocked over the pile of flutter boards. Her beautiful wet hole felt silky and warm as my cock effortlessly glided in and out. Looking down at my tool, as it glistened with her honeyed pussy juice was mind blowing.

And blowing was what it was all about. It didn't take long before I was spurting blob after blob of guy glop into her hungry hot cunt. She screamed with pleasure and my dick filled her love hole with my manseed. It was just fucking amazing!"

There are both psychological and instinctual reasons why sexual liaisons at health spas and gyms have become so popular says Dr. Desrosiers.

"With the outbreak of AIDS many people, often mistakenly, look for partners who seem fit and healthy. While finding a partner who is fit is not a guarantee that they are free of STDs, it is at least an indication of their state of health.

As well, women who are at a point in their lives where they are considering having children, instinctively, look for fine male specimens to sire their children. Inversely, men who are looking to start a family also want a woman who will bare healthy and genetically strong children. Much of this 'mate hunting' is something that we do instinctively and without conscious thought."

So whether you're looking for a life partner or just looking to get laid, try your local gym and health spa – you'll be surprised at what muscles get a workout.

HUSTLER[®] CLASSIC CARTOONS



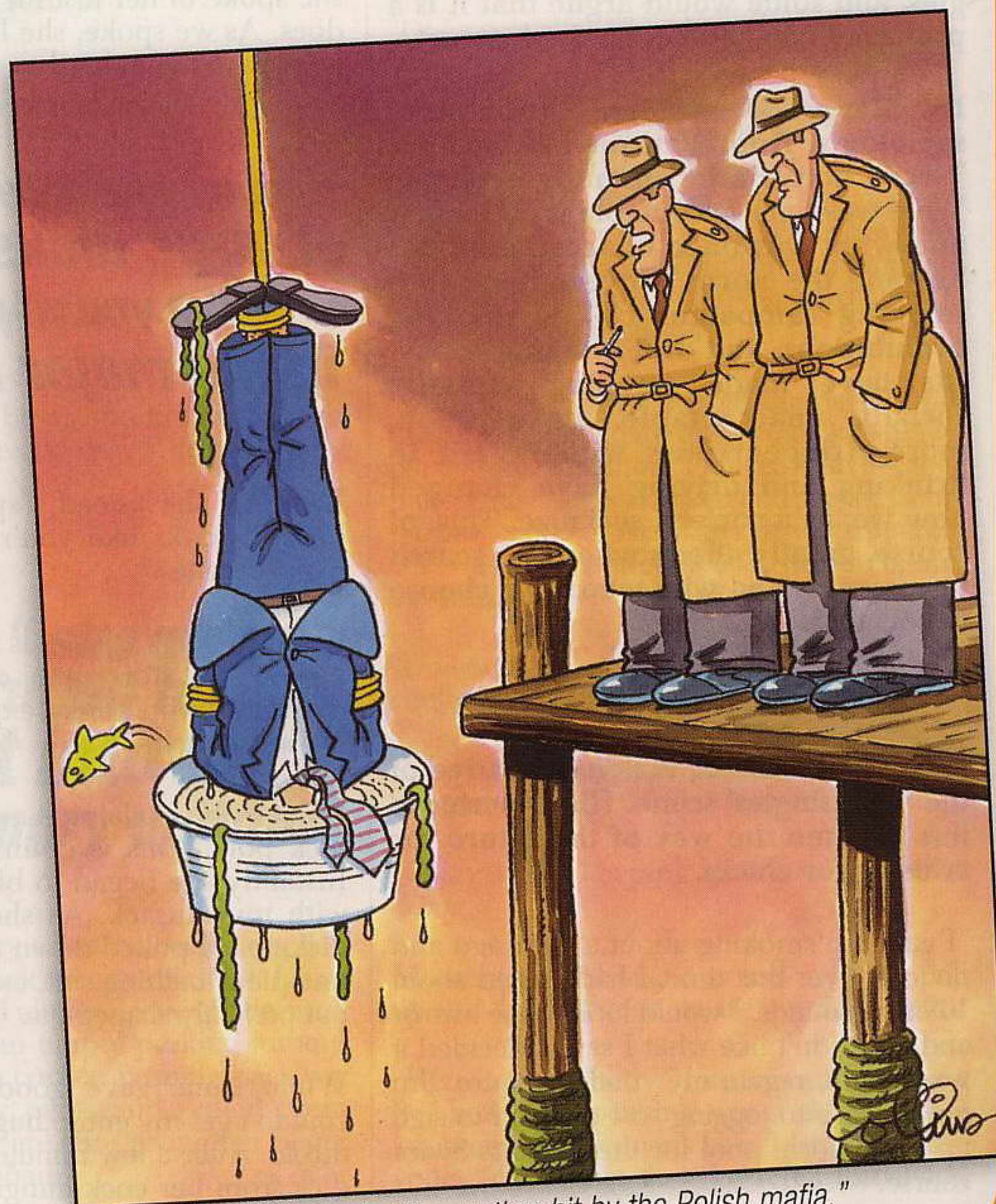
"Dr. Wilson used to be with the Globetrotters!"



"He doesn't get off sexually on guys peeping at his wife. He just likes making a killing on the concessions!"



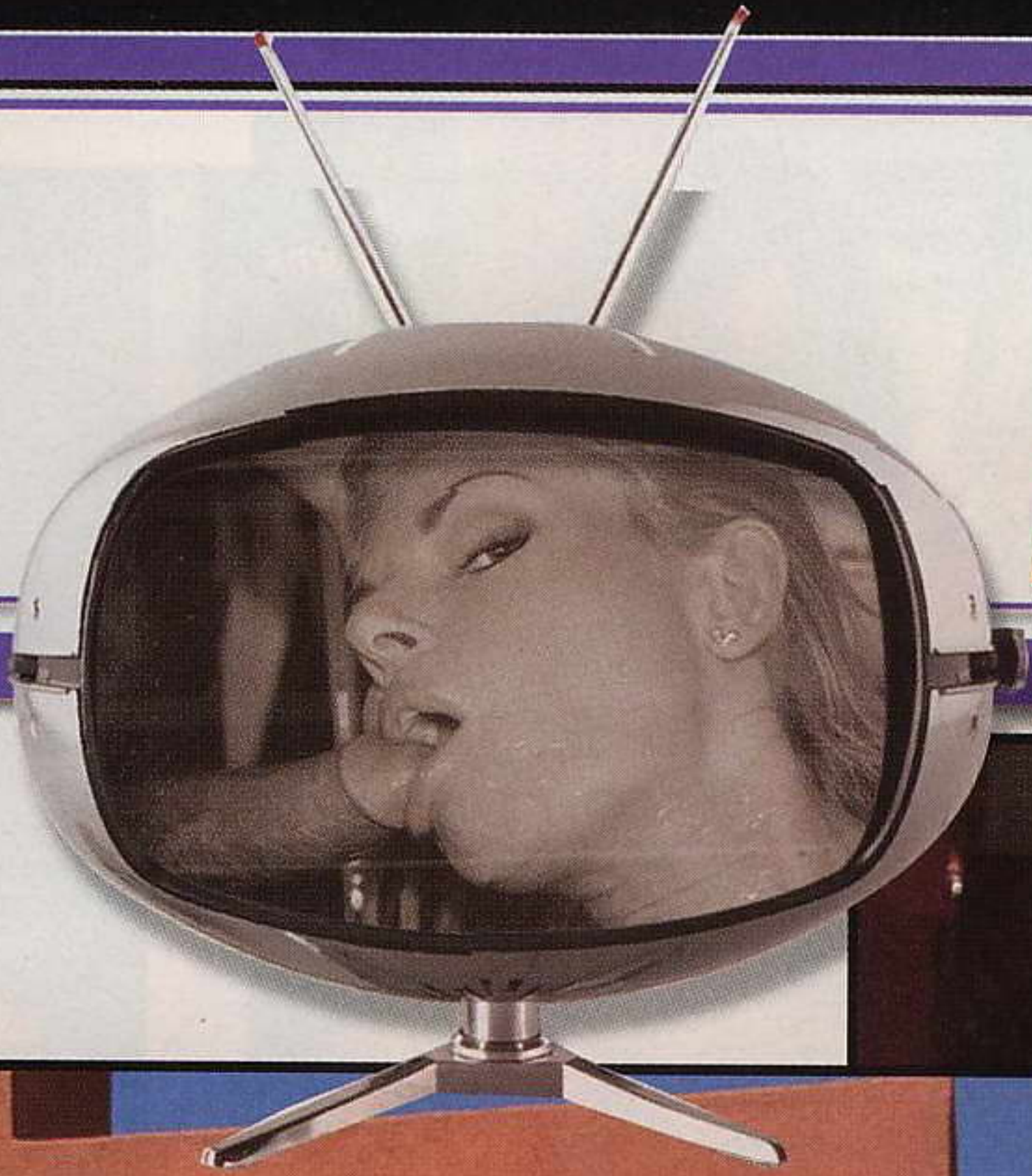
"Naw, this Lavonia—and the onliest thing I know about sex is I ain't gettin' any!"



"Looks like another hit by the Polish mafia."

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**



Ass Slaves: Ashley Blue:
"My mouth or her ass.
Make up your mind."



Ass Slaves: Ashley:
"Seriously, Alaura, your
ass looks just fine."



Ass Slaves

Directed by Pat Myne.

Starring Elizabeth Heaps, Alaura Eden,
Ashley Blue, Ashley Long,
Renee Pornero, Ciera Sage,
Pascal Pouschat, Mark Ashley,
Lee Stone and Dave Hardman.

Videocassette: Metro.

Ass Slaves promotes the popularity of the pooper through a series of rod-stiffening, inspirational vignettes directed by Pat Myne. Lee Stone flips Ashley Long upside-down to lap her labia while she engulfs his tube steak with unabashed fervor. Czech fuck pet Renee Pornero plays with her protruding pussy and crams four digits into her browneye before it's vigorously poked by some lucky stiff's cock. Myne makes terrific use of the frame; the male performer's presence is minimized to the point where you'd believe the mooks are involved in the witness protection program, as it should be. Blond bimbo Ciera Sage is at her hottest as she spews out obscenities like a drunken sailor on shore leave while her crap hatch is sprayed with splooge. Ashley Blue and Alaura Eden close out the proceedings with an ATM threeway fuckfest that could raise the pole of a blind paraplegic. Without question, *Ass Slaves* captivates the loins of cornhole enthusiasts. —**Stewart Wallace**



Ass Slaves: Ciera performs
her impression of a cream-
filled doughnut.

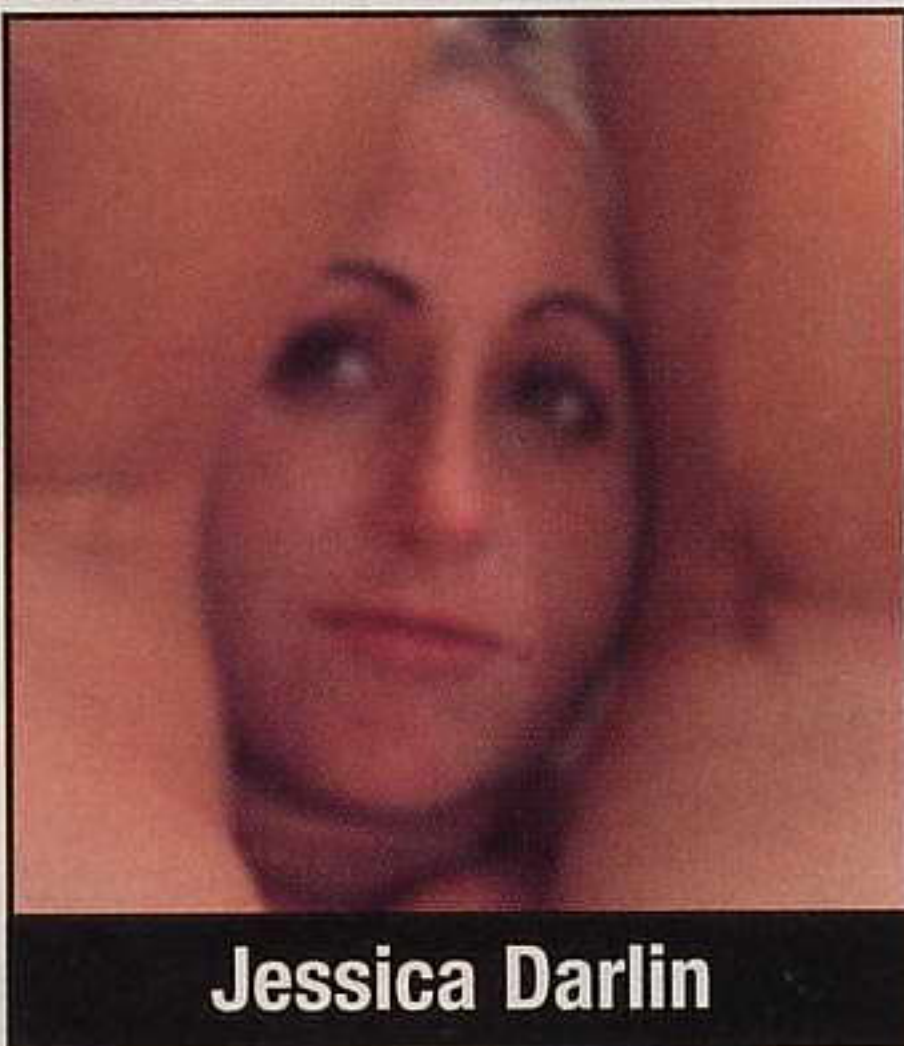
Guess the Gape

Fancy yourself a crap-hatch connoisseur? Match the distended anus to its rightful owner and win the satisfaction of knowing that you're a sick, sick human being.

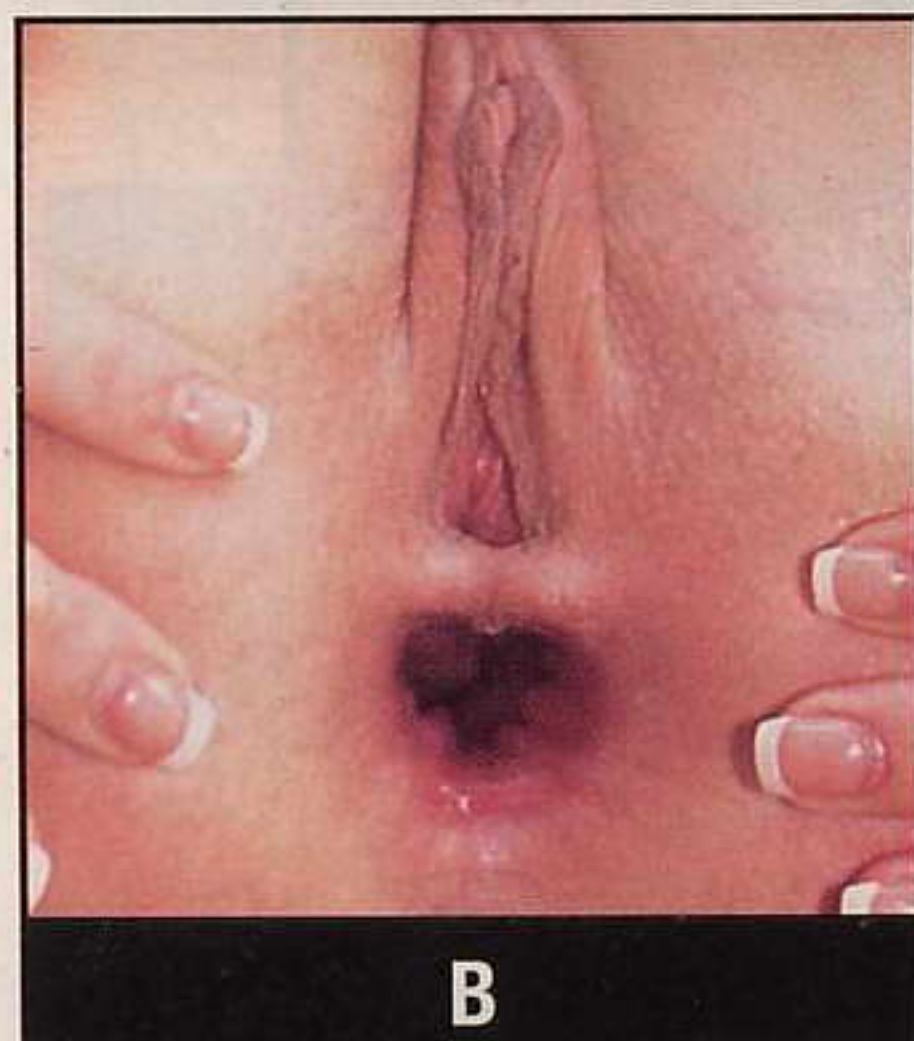
(Answers below)



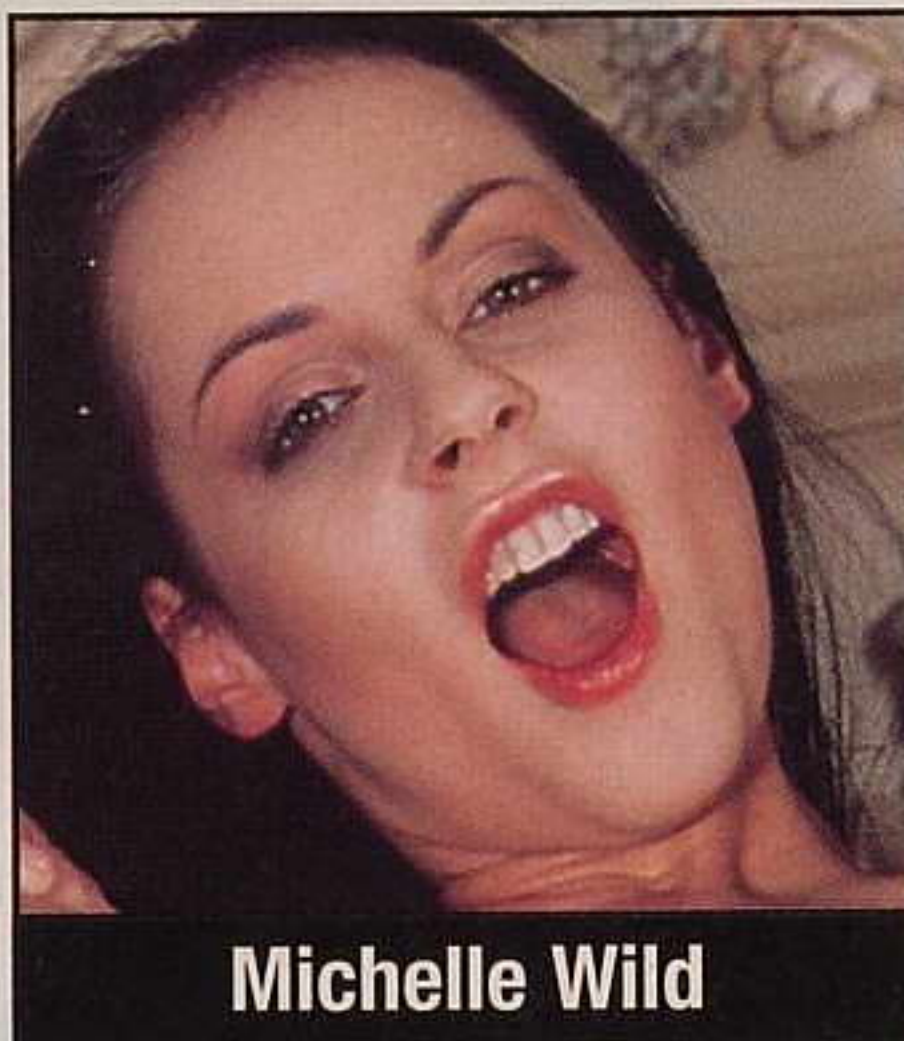
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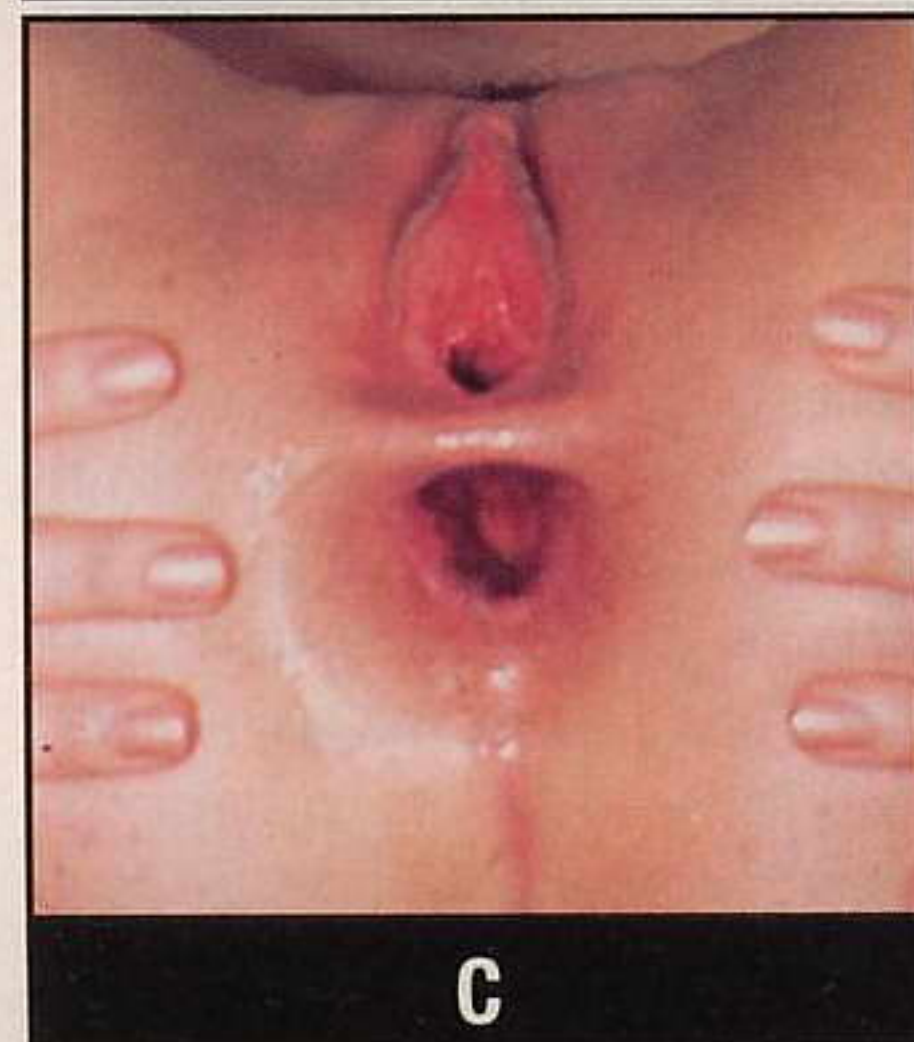
Jessica Darlin



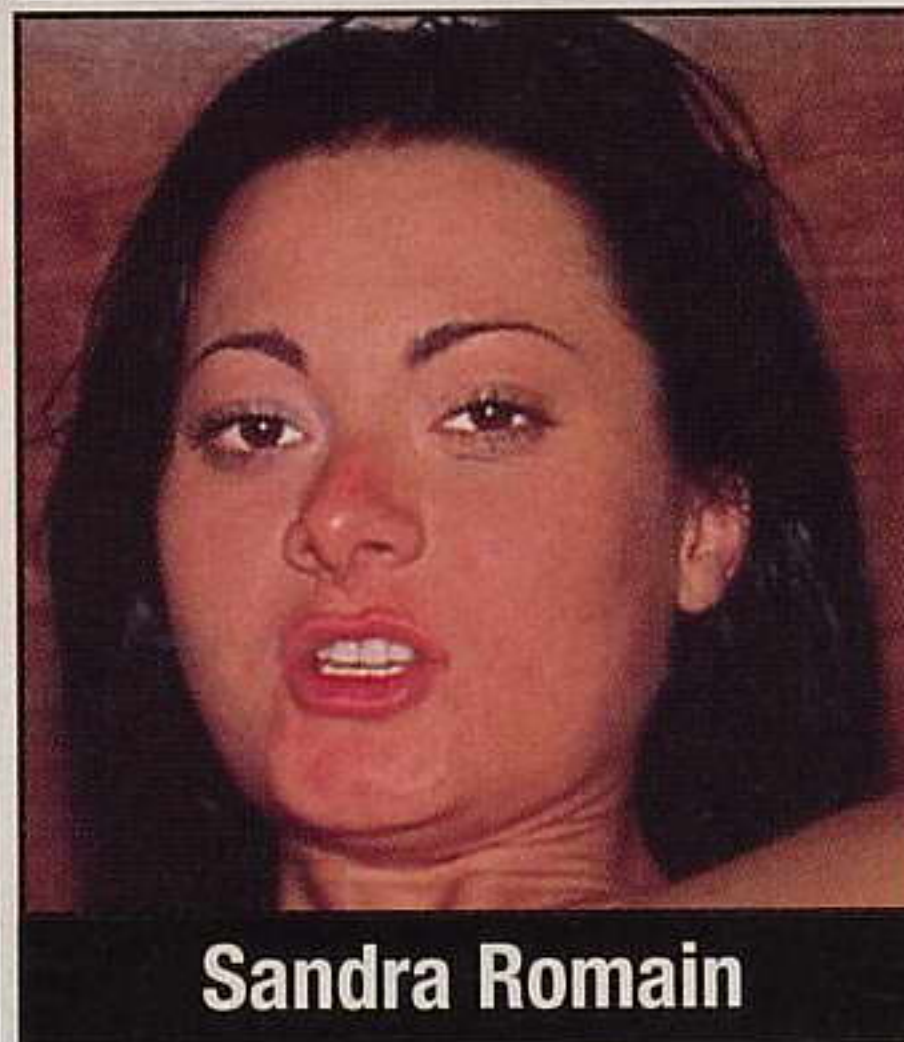
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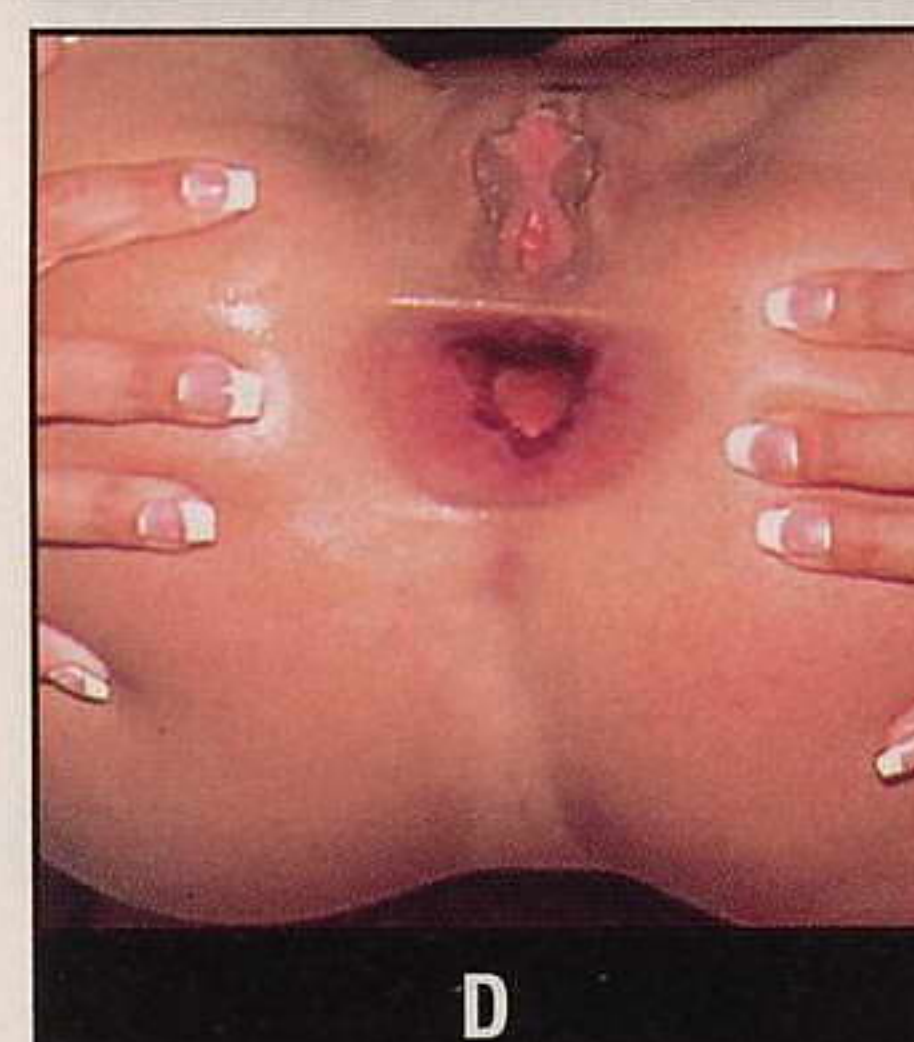
Michelle Wild



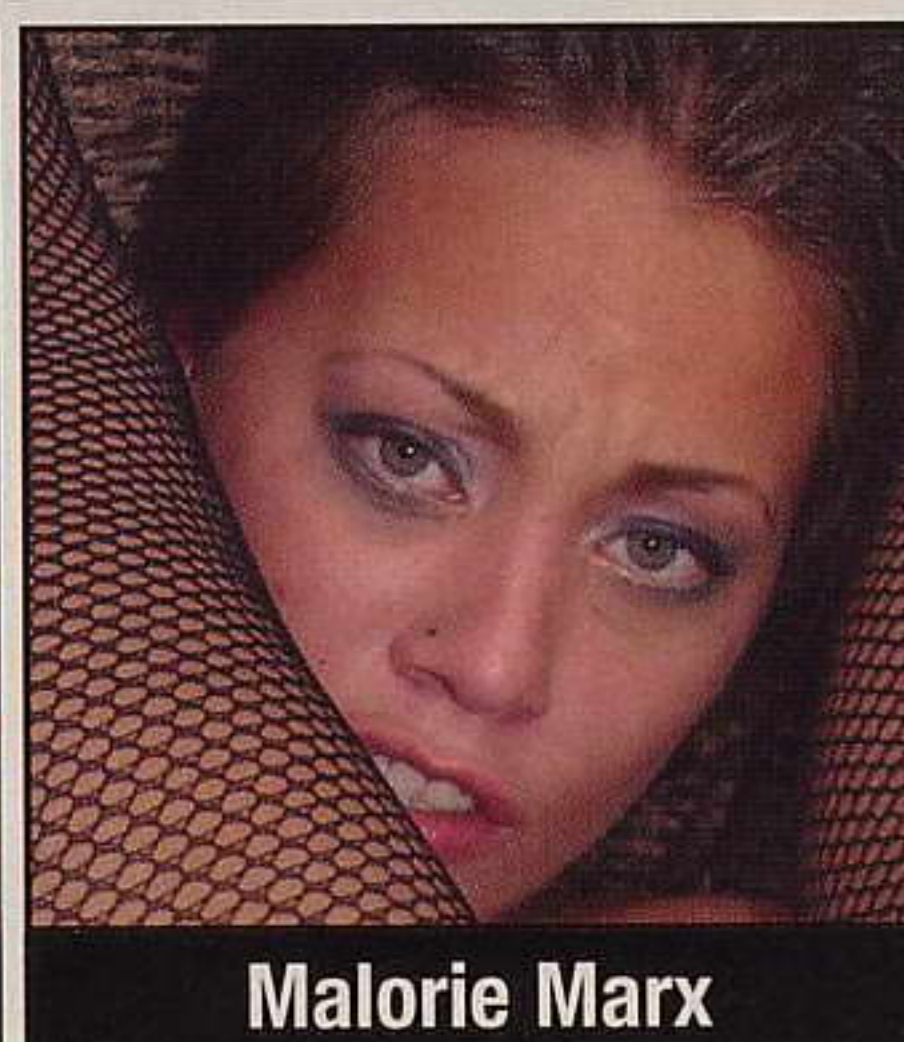
C



Sandra Romain

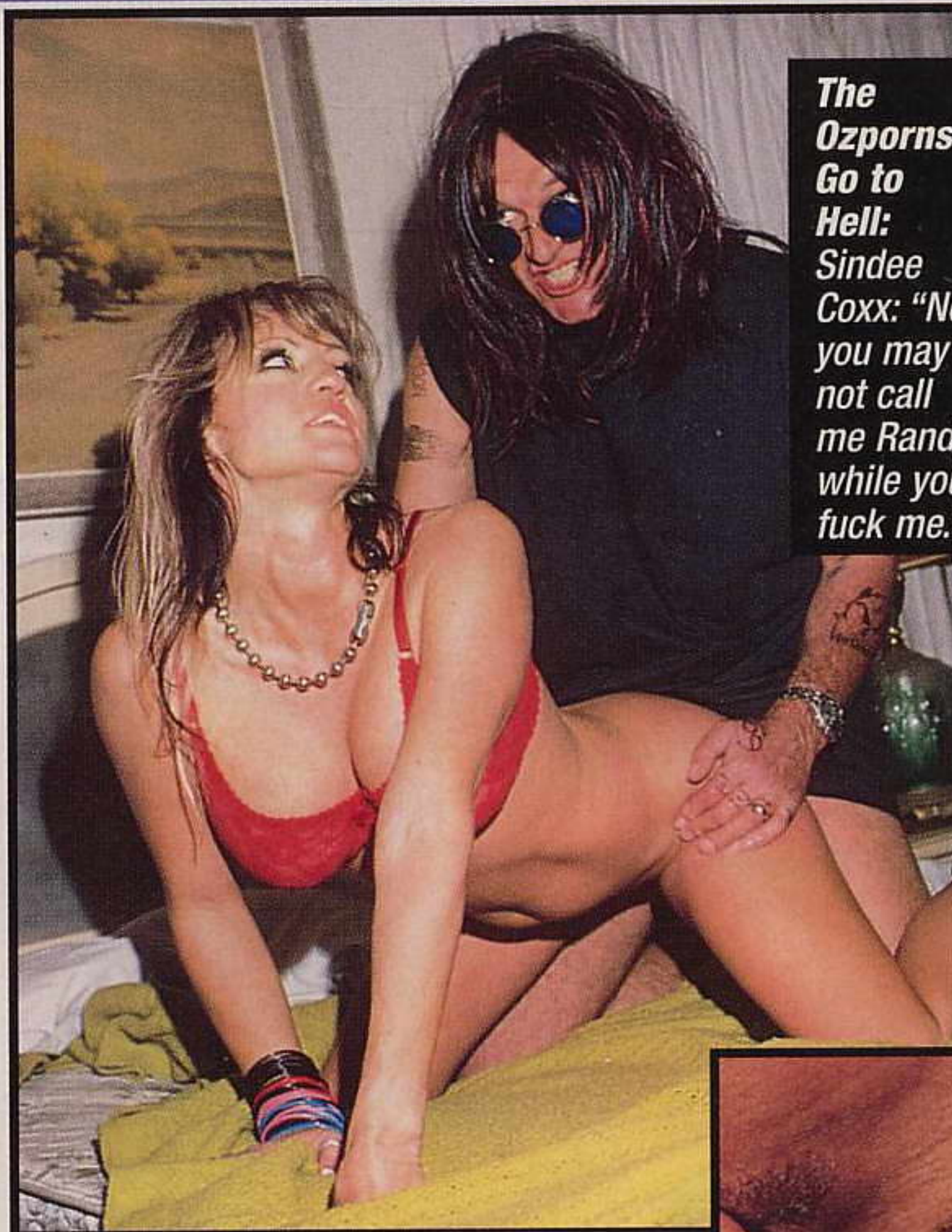


D



Malorie Marx

Answers: A) Malorie Marx B) Jessica Darlin C) Michelle Wild D) Sandra Romain



The Ozporns Go to Hell: Sindee Coxx: "No, you may not call me Randy while you fuck me."

The Ozporns Go to Hell: Angel Long and Nikita Denise prepare to reenact the infamous bat incident.



Compulsion: Ashley Long, amateur Alice Cooper impersonator.

P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal: Tuesdae hits the sac after a long day on the set.





Compulsion: Ava Vincent reacts to Kurt Lockwood's sudden donkey punch.



P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal: Fallon: "My keys aren't back there, are they?"



Shane's World College Invasion #2: Spring Break: Mr. Pete and Clarke discover that Angelina isn't actually Janeane Garofalo's twin sister.



The Ozporns Go to Hell

Directed by Antonio Passolini.

Starring Tawny Roberts, Nikita Denise, Sindee Coxx, Rachel Rotten, Tina Tyler, Rob Rotten, Baz, Cheyne Collins, Cameron Cain, Jessica Drake, Angel Long, Rick Roberts, Barret Blade and Eric Masterson.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

The Ozporns Go to Hell is the second installment from XXX's favorite dysfunctional family/real-TV parody. After a stressful year during which daughter Fiona Ozporn (the tasty Tawny Roberts) confesses that she's turned lesbian, Izzy (Baz) decides to take the family on a trip across the country in a beat-up motor home in an effort to cure Fiona of her affliction. Engine trouble forces them to spend the night in a funky desert motel filled with sex-starved freaks who give the Ozporns a run for their money. After a series of sexcapades, including Baz ramming his stiff salami into Sindee Coxx's honey-pot, Fiona returns to her heterosexual self courtesy of a boning from grease-monkey gigolo Barret Blade. A winning combination of humor interspersed with white-hot, ball-draining scenes makes the *The Ozporns Go to Hell* well worth the journey.

—S. W.

Shane's World College Invasion #2: Spring Break

Directed by Uncredited.
Starring Calli Cox, Daisy, Talia, Fallon, Flower, Angelina, Texxx, Mr. Pete, Clarke, Kurt and Bret.

Videocassette: Shane's World/New Sensations.

In the latest edition of the *College Invasion* series, the crew of *Shane's World* hits the beaches of Cancun and an L.A.-based campus during Spring Break. Their mission: to find horny coeds willing to put down the beer bong long enough to get handjobs from hostesses Calli Cox and Talia. The debauchery begins in a Los Angeles dorm room, where four volunteers are given swimming goggles and measuring cups for the first challenge. Flower, a hot blonde with bountiful tits, crams a dildo up her cooch and squirts as the guys clamor to catch her precious pussy juice; the contestant who collects the most liquid wins a handjob. Further on, Angelina, an 18-year-old student, takes one for the team, allowing Clarke and Mr. Pete to give her moist slit the twice-over. *College Invasion #2* is not as great as its predecessor, but it accurately captures the essence of the modern coed. God help us all.

—S. W.

Compulsion

Directed by Axel Braun.

Starring Ashley Long, Ava Vincent, Avy Scott, Katrina Kraven, Rachel Rotten, Renee Pornero, Ramona Luv, Aria, Flick Shagwell, Gia Jordan, Mr. Bigg, Rob Rotten, Mickey G., Jack Spade, Jay Ashley, Robert April, Patrick Collins, Dennis Marti and Kurt Lockwood.

Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Compulsion is a mesmerizing, stylish and ambitious achievement in filmmaking for director Axel Braun. It's also a milestone for Elegant Angel, as this is the first feature shot on film in the company's history. It's a tale of a crime-lord father (Patrick Collins) who is betrayed when his son bones his own wife, played by Ashley Long. Long sizzles on the screen with a mixture of class and filthiness found in few XXX starlets today. The son, played by newcomer Kurt Lockwood, is blessed with the ability to fuck the shit out of seasoned veterans such as Ava Vincent while delivering lines with such intensity that you'd swear he studied at the porn equivalent of Lee Strasberg's institute. With a storyline intriguing enough to prevent the fingers from reaching for the fast-forward button, coupled with blistering sex scenes, *Compulsion* is a noteworthy gem in a sea of subpar stroke fare.

—S. W.

P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal

Directed by Yani Z.
Starring Tuesdae, Stella, Melody Magic, Monica Sweetheart, Niki Belucci and Fallon Sommers.
Videocassette and DVD: DVXS.

P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal clocks in at two hours, with six scenes and six different girls to choose from. If you don't like one, you've got five more, such as barely legal honeys Monica Sweetheart and Fallon Sommers. Euro-whore newcomer Stella plays with her all-natural milk pillows before grinding her succulent ass all over a stunt cock. The feisty feline skips the blowjob and immediately spreads her swollen pussy lips to accommodate man-muscle. Although the camera angles in *P.O.V.* are a bit distracting at times, the video won't leave you holding a limp dick in your hand. Tuesdae is a petite blonde with tiny tits and a bronzed body, hairless pussy and perfectly puckered bunghole. Raven-haired Euroslut Melody Magic can hardly wait to get into bed; so she wraps her lips around her scenemate's tube steak in the elevator prior to being stuffed with salami. With *P.O.V.*, you get the best seat in the house and no man-ass to get in the way.

—S. W.



Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge: Sunrise and Nicole know that eating ain't cheating.



Sex Tape Scandal: Melinda, former hand model?



Sex Tape Scandal: Drimla: "Let me know if you find my missing ring in there."



Something Wicked

Directed by Cash Markman.

Starring Krystal Steale, Tina Cheri, Lezley Zen, Phoenix Ray, Jessica Dee, Randy Spears, Herschel Savage, Tony Tedeschi, Monty and Dick Smothers Jr.

Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

In *Something Wicked*, Randy Spears plays Nick, a cynical bloke who is hired to keep a wealthy nightclub owner's wife out of trouble with the patrons. The root of Nick's problem is that the woman in question, aptly named Temptation, is played by über-slut Krystal Steale. Who wouldn't be tempted? Spears's watchful eye observes Steale in a variety of crotch-stiffening scenarios, such as a strap-on/vibrator dykefest with tow-headed tramp Phoenix Ray, who willingly takes the dildo up her gash after vibrating Steale into a frenzy. As one would expect, Spears finally succumbs to Steale's cock-teasing and allows her to slurp his schlong before a wild, reverse-cowgirl ride in the woods. As Spears covers her melons with man-goo, Steale prophetically warns him that he'll die for his actions. With access to a pussy grip as tight as a vise, he's willing to take the chance and pays the ultimate price in *Something Wicked*. —S.W.

Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge

Directed by Paul Thomas.

Starring Sunrise Adams, Jesse V, Olivia Saint, Nicole Sheridan, Lezley Zen, Rebecca Love, Jordan Haze, Olivia Del Rio, Chris Cannon, Eric Masterson, Voodoo, Frankie, Lance Banger and Evan Stone.

DVD and Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Scorching-hot blond bombshell Sunrise Adams tackles the most famous porn role of all time and makes it her own in *Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge*. Shot on film in homage to the original classic, the flick lives up to its predecessor's legendary rep with an all-star cast and gritty, spectacular, over-the-top sex scenes. Busty fuck kitten Olivia Del Rio and Evan Stone have to literally ice down Sunrise's pillowy tits and dripping-wet pussy during their fiery threeway. A scene featuring perfect-ten hump puppet Nicole Sheridan and a nude mud-wrestling sequence with dark-haired hardbody Lezley Zen lube the way for Sunrise's boy/girl grand finale, which takes place on a merry-go-round with splooge flying everywhere. Platinum-blond nymph Olivia Saint plays the best-friend role to a wet T. Sunrise is front and center, but *Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge* is a first-rate group effort. —Jimmy Papagiorgio

Sex Tape Scandal

Directed by Patrick Handsome.

Starring Angel, Chrystal, Melinda, Drimla, Vanda, Trinity, Lucy, David Perry, Bob Terminator, JPX, Jasuka and Ricardo Bell.

DVD and Videocassette:

HUSTLER Video.

Sex Tape Scandal is a fast-paced thriller with a plot skimpier than a thong. So little story happens between bonings that anyone following along will have to wait for the inevitable second volume—which action fans who love gorgeous blondes with ripe asses and blow-me lips will be anticipating with dicks in hand. Coppery-blond cum queen Chrystal tones her tight bod with a pre-fuck workout before taking a load of jizz on her angelic face. Suddenly, suck-happy trollop Angel has her crimson lips wrapped around cock while Bob Terminator punches all her holes. Spunky Melinda leads two other sex bombs through an insane orgy that makes prim blond secretary Trinity wet for an ass-hammering that twists her browneye into the size of a softball. Brunet babe Lucy also surrenders her sphincter, lifting her leg during an ass blast for a true doggy-style dung-chute drubbing. *Sex Tape Scandal* leaves viewers gasping and violently shaking their heads.

—J.P.

Fresh New Faces #2

Directed by Michael Stephano.

Starring Dani Woodward, Victoria, Sophia, Janet Taylor, Mason Storm, Toni Ribas, Michael Stephano, Ben English and Pascal St. James.

DVD: Platinum X Pictures.

Fresh New Faces #2 is the ultimate showcase for red-hot, barely legal fuck bunny Dani Woodward. The 19-year-old nympho has more than a dozen sizzling skin flicks under her hip-hugging belt, and she outdoes herself with each new performance. Mookish mastermind Michael Stephano bangs three of the five chicks himself (including Dani), but does throw Ben English an anal bone with skinny punk-rock sweetheart Victoria. Ben's cock is bigger than her forearm, but she crams it down her throat repeatedly between ass stab-bings. Stephano also enlists the aid of Toni Ribas to satisfy Sophia, a top-heavy slut who craves two cocks in her twat. Stephano's egotism comes in handy when he points the camera down for a heavenly first-person shot of Woodward slurping his cock. *Fresh New Faces #2* is essential viewing for all Dani Woodward fans—a/k/a anyone with a pulse.

—J.P.

Fresh New Faces #2: Dani and Michael Stephano engage in primal scream therapy.

Fresh New Faces #2: Dani: "Look, Mom, no cavities!"



Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge: Sunrise has always been fond of horses.



Something Wicked: Krystal: "Relax, Phoenix. This won't hurt a bit."



Something Wicked: Herschel Savage is impressed with Lezley Zen's flexibility.



PORN-STAR MARRIAGE A SURVIVAL GUIDE

by Scott Fayner

Every average guy, whether he cops to it or not, dreams of banging a professional fucker. I know this is true because I was one of you for a long fucking time. I've since moved up to the rank of porn-star boyfriend, and have gone so far as to ask my young XXX beauty, Taylor Rain, to become my wife this January in Las Vegas. Of course I'm aware that our life together won't be endless blue skies, but I have garnered a few bits of wisdom that will make my existence as a scum-screen spouse a relatively smooth one. And, because catering doesn't come cheap, I'm willing to share that wisdom with you, in the event that you ever find yourself in my position—which you won't.

Herewith are a few key pointers to staying happy when your wife makes her living by stuffing multiple dicks into the same mouth she comes home and kisses you with:

1) It's just a job. Many of these smut sluts entered the business out of desperation. They most likely would rather be doing something else besides absorbing abuse from massive dicks on a soiled mattress. Keep that in mind when you're seething over how much "fun" she's having screwing other guys at work.

2) Don't make demands. Dictating what your porn babe can do on film and with whom she can do it will sever your all-night anal antics faster than you can say, "Christ, I'm a moron." As long as she's making the payment on your Escalade, she's making the rules. Live with it.

3) Sex isn't everything. Your chick may fuck for a living, but that doesn't mean you're free to mount her at will. There's a right time and a wrong time. Wiggling your johnson in her face minutes after she comes home from a gang-bang shoot is not a good idea for either of you. Unless you're into licking vile cum from her face. Trust the voice of experience on this one.

There it is. Happy hunting.

Scott Fayner writes for LukeFord.com and has no idea what he's getting himself into.



Taylor Rain: The bride wore fishnets and a cock in her ass.

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

Fully Erect

Disturbed (Amazing/Metro Inc.)
Britney Foster, Aria, Belladonna, Ashley Blue

HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #13 (HUSTLER Video)
Lauren Phoenix, Ann Harlow, Betty Sue, Bret Rockman

Looking In (Vivid Video)
Savanna Samson, Taylor St. Claire, Ann Marie, Rafe

Specs Appeal #13 (Kick Ass Pictures)
Lauren Phoenix, Cytherea, Holly Day, Trevor Zen

Three-Quarters Erect

About a Woman (Wicked Pictures)
Devinn Lane, Stormy, Jessica Drake, Brad Armstrong

Barely Legal #40 (HUSTLER Video)
Jamie, Dani, Cytherea, Benjamin

Deep In Cream #2 (DVSX)
Venus, Sabina Black, Delilah Stone, Steve Hatcher

Three Timing (Digital Playground)
Jesse Jane, Penny, Julia Taylor, Eric Masterson

Half Erect

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

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

Club Inferno (Elegant Angel)
Tina Crystal, Maya Gold, Sandra Romain, Uncle George

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

One-Quarter Erect

Girlvert #4 (J.M. Productions)
Ashley Blue, Crystal Ray, Alura, Mr. Pete

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

Chunky on the Fourth of July (Skin Tight Pictures)
Roxy Blaze, Nina, Lisa Sparxxx, Frank Bukkwyd

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.



Total Exposure:
Ashley Long knows that the boys in da hood are always hard.



Jesse Jane: Erotique:
Jesse attempts to crank-start Renee.



Total Exposure:
Mia Smiles rehearses for open-mike night.



Jesse Jane: Erotique:
Jesse's performance was a big hit at the 2nd Annual Mime Convention.



Sky's Perversions #2:
Sky: "Sushi, anyone?"

Jesse Jane: Erotique

Directed by Nic Andrews.

Starring Jesse Jane, Ashley Long, Aria, Renee Pomero, Belladonna, Jessica Jaymes, Felicia Fox, Amber Lynn, Nikki Loren, Monique Alexander, Mark Davis, Barret Blade and Richard Delaware.

Videocassette: Digital Playground.

As one might guess from the Frenchified subtitle, *Jesse Jane: Erotique* is chock-full of artsy-fartsy camera tricks and a throbbing techno soundtrack that drowns out all the sweaty grunts and moans. But raincoaters take note: Underneath the glossy sheen, the action is surprisingly rough and scorching. The video's titular sperm-catcher, seductive blonde Jesse Jane, works hard to earn above-the-title credit. First she reams a dykish-looking Belladonna with a strap-on, then she thrashes on Richard Delaware's tube steak in front of a crowd of applauding masqueraders. Apparently competing in some kind of sexual marathon, Jesse further bones Mark Davis after writhing around in bed for a while and has a scorching desert tryst with Jessica Jaymes, an exotic brunette who could heat up Siberia. *Jesse Jane: Erotique* is a snarling wolf of a stroke flick in soft-core, sheepish clothing.

—J.P.

Sky's Perversions #2

Directed by Sky Lopez.

Starring Sky Lopez, Destiny, Calli Summers, Velvet Rose, Elizabeth Lawrence, Brandi, Dani Woodward, Jewell Marceau and Taylor St. Claire.

DVD: Sineplex Entertainment.

A battery of toys fill in the gaps—and gapes—of girl-on-girl action in *Sky's Perversions #2*. Perky lesbo perv Sky Lopez directs, stars and hosts the raunchy toy fair. The giant glass butt plugs are bigger stars than any of the cast of newcomers—the inanimate rods even get a shout-out in the credits—and the insertions are often more surgical than sexual. First-timers Destiny and Calli Summers enjoy licking lollipops out of each other's butts. Slightly more experienced legal teen Dani Woodward already has beads in her pussy when she strips for a poolside romp with Sky. Sparks fly between the hostess and hypersexual redhead Woodward while they share a super-long, two-headed dildo. After flirting with a *Lady and the Tramp* moment, the pair shove the plastic python up their shit pipes for an awesome ass-to-ass grind. Otherwise, the dildos are the life of the party in *Sky's Perversions #2*.

—J.P.

Total Exposure

Directed by Nick Orleans.

Starring Violet Blue, Ann Marie, Mia Smiles, Monica Mayhem, Kelly Steele, Kylie Wilde, Ashley Long, Holly Hollywood, Ben English, Sledgehammer, Hamilton Steele, Chris Cannon, Rafe, Lee Stone, Byron Long and Joey Ray.

Videocassette: Adam & Eve Productions.

Calling *Total Exposure* the epitome of pretentious porn would be giving it too much credit—it's not the epitome of anything. Slow-paced, softly lit, and self-consciously "classy," the flick criminally squanders a tantalizing assemblage of cooze. Sex-crazed cutie Violet Blue could normally turn your balls that exact hue just by showing up onscreen, but if you get stiff from her tryst in this flick, it will be out of boredom. Ann Marie's explosive performance finally gives viewers something to one-hand clap about. Rigorous fucking keeps the *muy caliente* Latina's killer bod firm without diminishing her juicy, J.Lo-proportioned ass or squeezable, all-natural fun bags. As Lee Stone showers her with nut butter, the literally cock-starved suckstress licks every last drop. Aside from Ann Marie's valiant effort, fans of the many top starlets on display may not even recognize their faves in the soft-focus shitfest of *Total Exposure*.

—J.P.

It's March break again! Many are off skiing and many go south. With all the exciting things to do HUSTLER asks the question:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON YOUR MARCH BREAK?

Find out if you're a wild and crazy guy or just a boring old fart in this exclusive Hustler Survey.

1. It's Friday evening and you've finished your last day at work before your March break. You're so excited you:

- a. Break out a bottle of champagne and do the funky chicken.
- b. Buy a couple of 2-4s and invite your friends over.
- c. Put on your jammies, climb into bed and watch the 'History' channel.

2. You're buying supplies for the March break on your shopping list are the following:

- a. Booze, booze and more booze.
- b. Porn, porn and more porn.
- c. Watch Tower and Awake.

3. You're trying to decide on vacation destinations. The following three are under consideration:

- a. Cuba
- b. Dominican Republic
- c. St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal

4. You get a phone call from the hot chick down the hall who invites you over to watch the classic porn flick "Deep Throat" with her two other very sexy roommates. You:

- a. Get dressed and over there in 30 seconds.
- b. Don't get dressed and get over there in 10 seconds.
- c. Ask her to make you a copy and mail it to you.

5. Your mother calls and asks you to spend the week with her in Arkell, Ontario to help with the upcoming Easter church bazar. You:

- a. You have call display and don't answer it.
- b. You answer it and tell her you're going out of town on a matter of national security.
- c. You answer it and tell her you'll be right there with some home baking.

6. You're packing your luggage. It should contain the following:

- a. Condoms and lube.
- b. Dildos and butt plugs.
- c. A Bible and rosary beads.

7. Your boss asks you not to go on March break because of a big job that has just come in. You should:

- a. Tell him/her you're terminally ill and need treatment.
- b. Tell him/her to kiss your ass.
- c. Thank him/her for the opportunity to be of service and cancel your vacation plans, or better still, suggest he/she take your place on your planned holiday to Jamaica.

8. Your neighbour stops by and asks you to baby-sit her Lhasa Apso on the March break so she can go away. You should:

- a. Break into a hardy laugh.
- b. Show her what a great tampon a Lhasa Apso makes.
- c. Tell her you'd also be glad to take care of her cat and budgie bird too.

If you answered "C" between 0 – 2 times: You are definitely a party animal and ready to rock and roll. March break is your religion and a partying is your saviour. No one needs to tell you how to have a good time – in fact; if you're not careful you may go back to work missing several body parts and partial memory. Slow down a bit asshole!

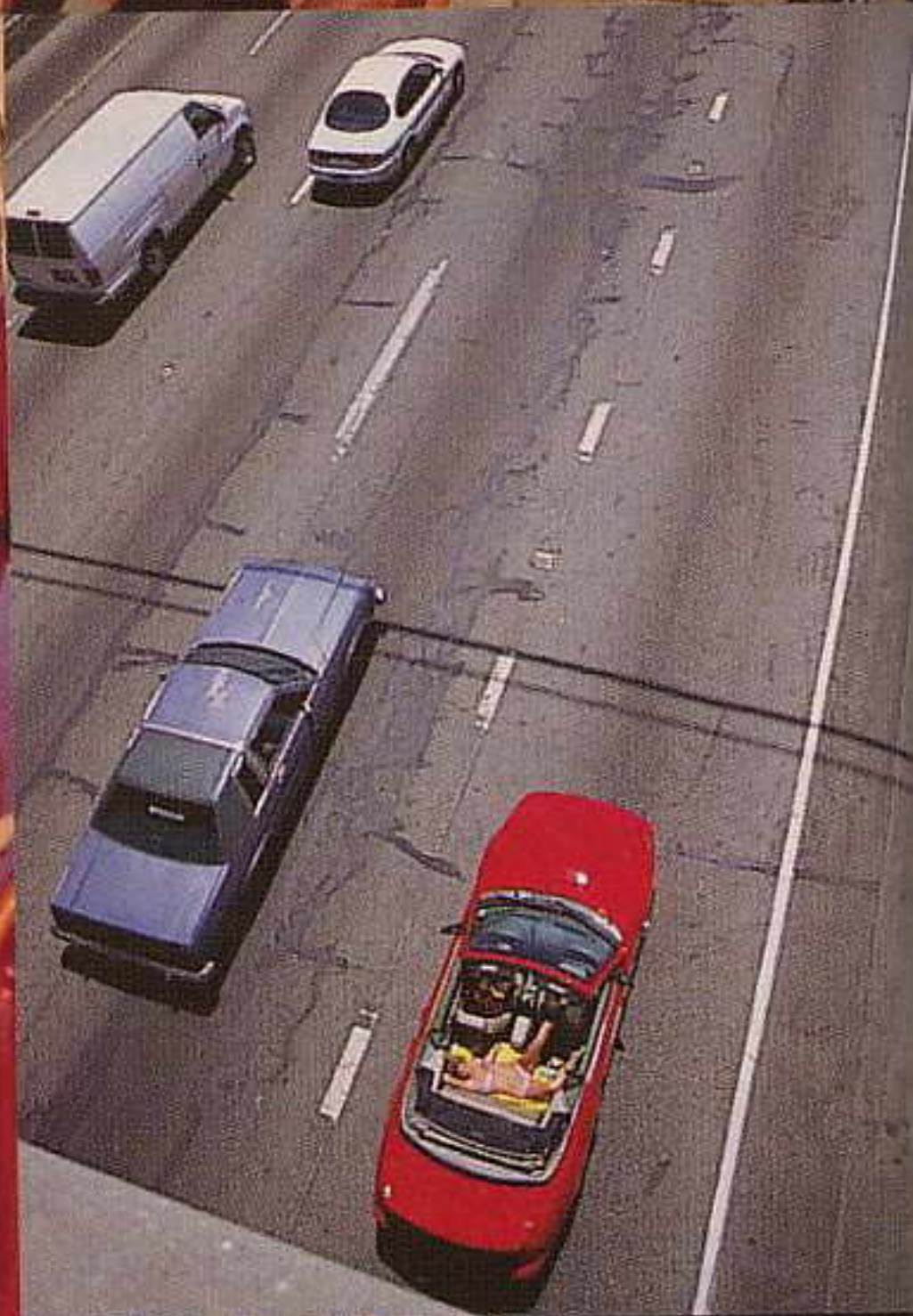
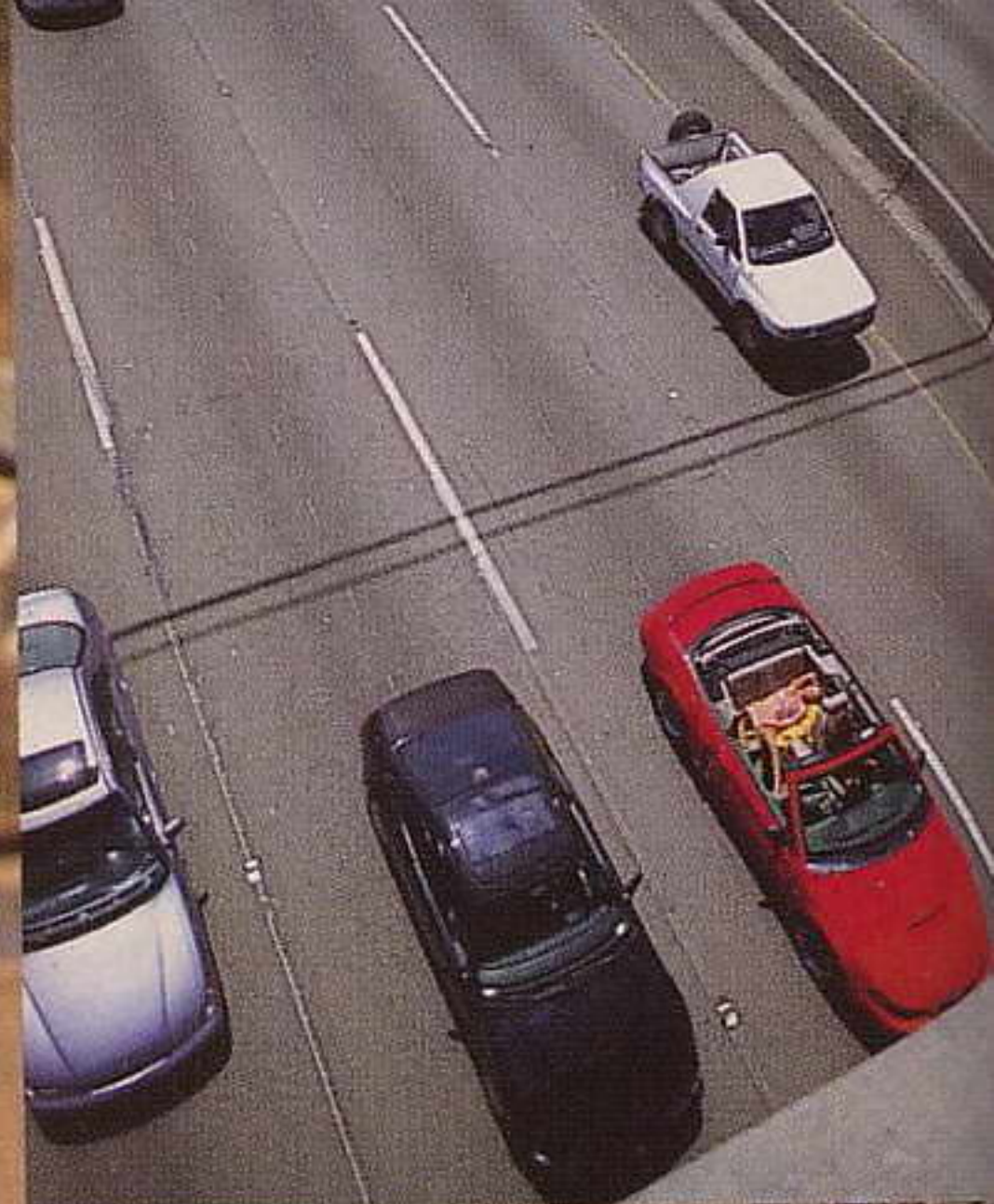
If you answered "C" between 3 – 5 times: While you're not totally dead, you're painfully close to a serious coma. It's been a while since you've had a good time – probably sometime around your high school prom. Loosen up and let go. You're not dead yet – you only act that way. A few good blowjobs and hangovers will get you right as rain.

If you answered "C" between 6 – 8 times: If you looked under the word 'boring' in the dictionary, chances are your photo would be right beside it. You're not only dead, but you're decaying as well – and quickly! Your idea of a good time consists of rolling your boogers and flicking them at the television while watching reruns of 'I Love Lucy'. The only thing that might possibly get you moving would be a well placed cattle prod or a stick of dynamite under your ass. Get a life loser!

FILL HER UP

MONIQUE ALEXANDER AND LOLANA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



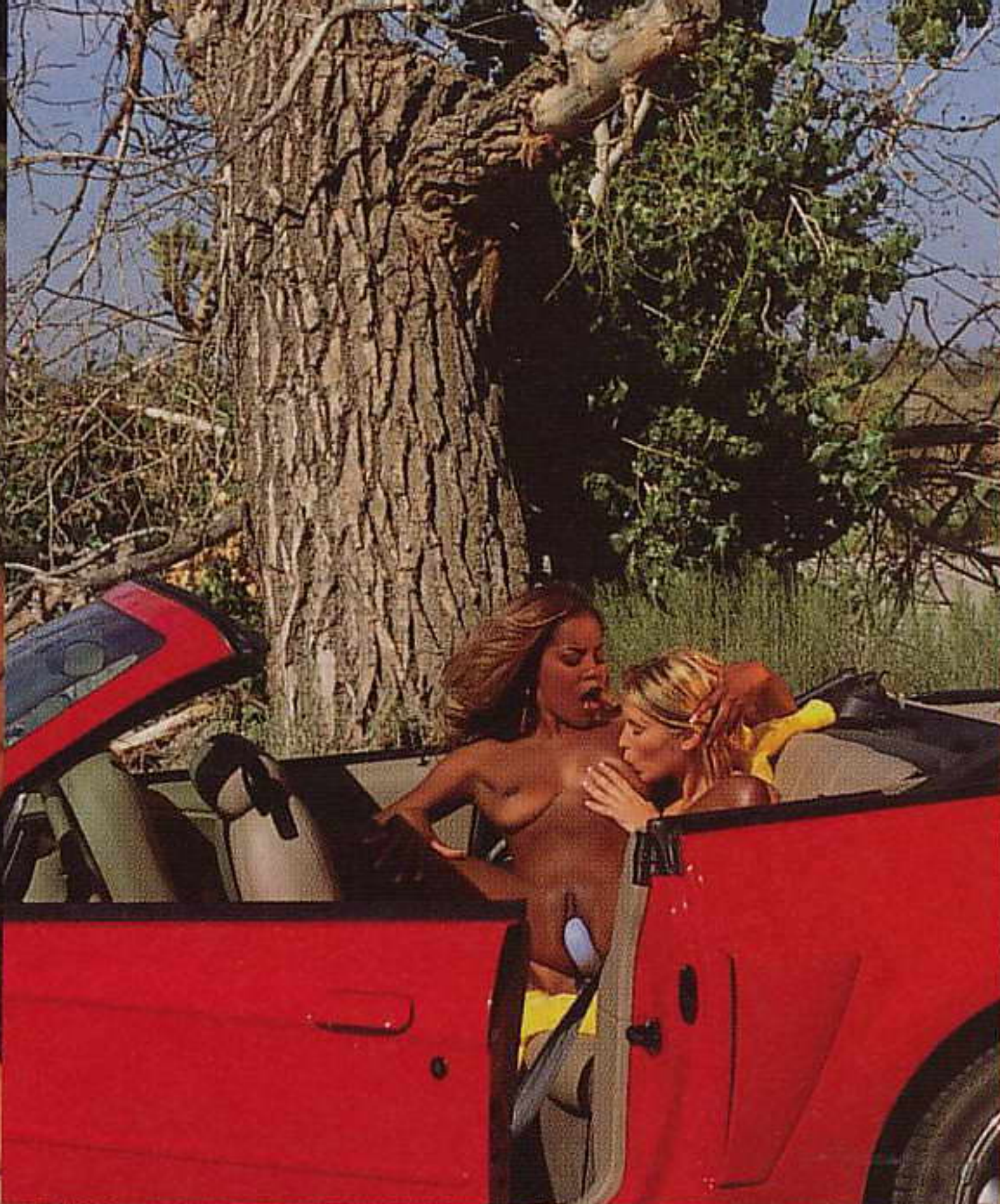
Monique and Lolana have a favorite pastime. They like to slip into skimpy bikinis, gas up their convertible, cruise the highway and taunt truckers with their hot bods.





On this particular afternoon, the girls didn't see any big rigs on the freeway, but they did spend a lot of time checking out each other's curves. Pulling off the freeway for some **XXX** roadside assistance, Monique donned her trusty strap-on and drove straight into Lolana's tight tunnel.





Lolana returned the favor by giving her curvaceous cohort a tune-up with her tongue. Like average female drivers, the two teases rear-ended each other repeatedly throughout the afternoon.











TWINK

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TENTACLE RAPE, SCHOOLGIRL UNIFORMS AND THREE-COCKED DEMONS —A PEEK INTO THE WEIRD WORLD OF PERVERTED JAPANIMATION.

REPORT BY TOM FARRELL

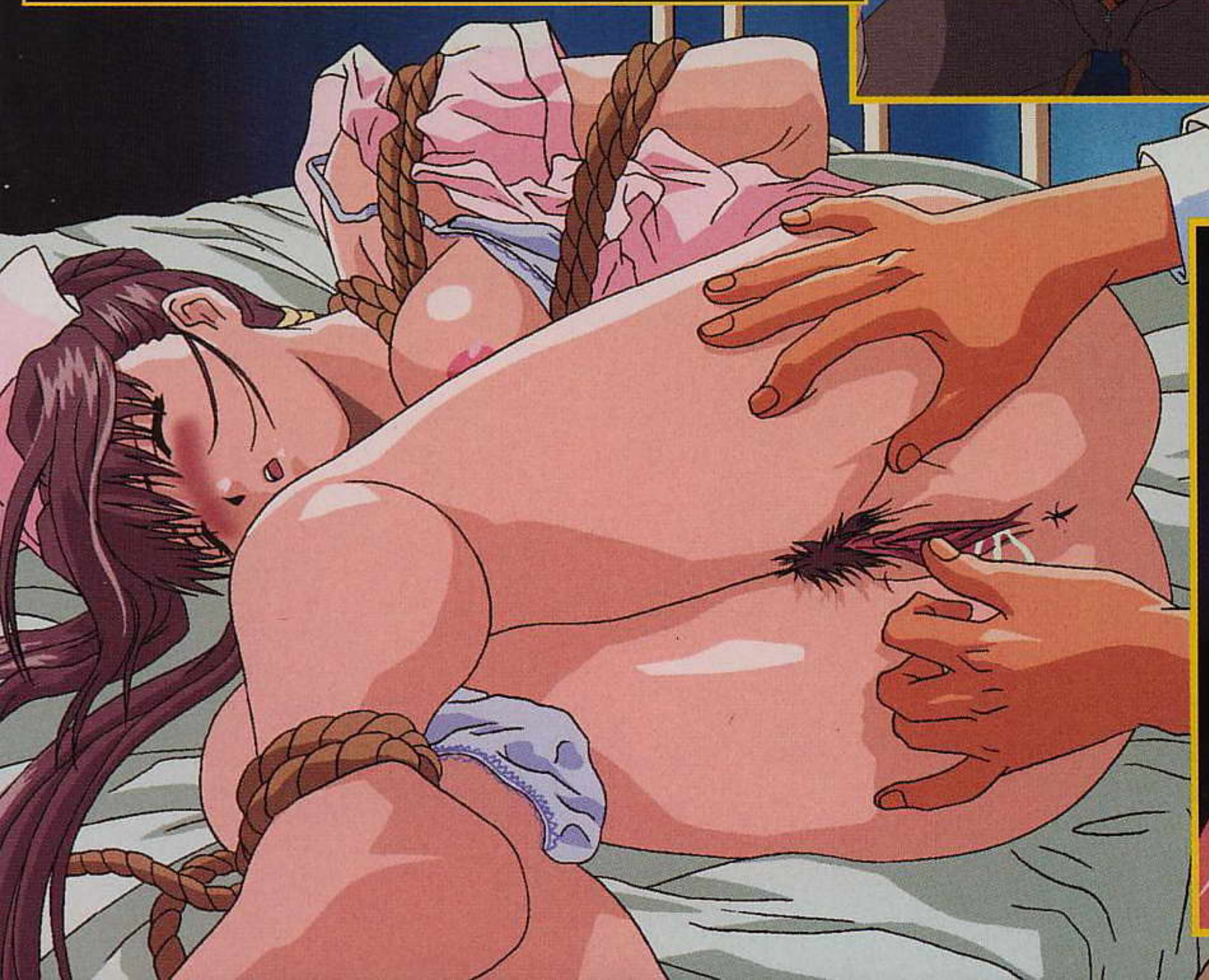


加ronounced "hen-tie," the word *hentai* literally translates to "pervert" in Japanese. *Hentai* refers to the erotic subset of Japanese anime, the unique art form that serves as the graphic basis for such popular movies and television series as *Sailor Moon*, *Cowboy BeBop* and *Final Fantasy*.

The visual distinctions in anime are always apparent and give the genre its singular look: Wide-eyed innocence, tiny mouths that balloon into comical proportions and Michael Jackson noses inform viewers that

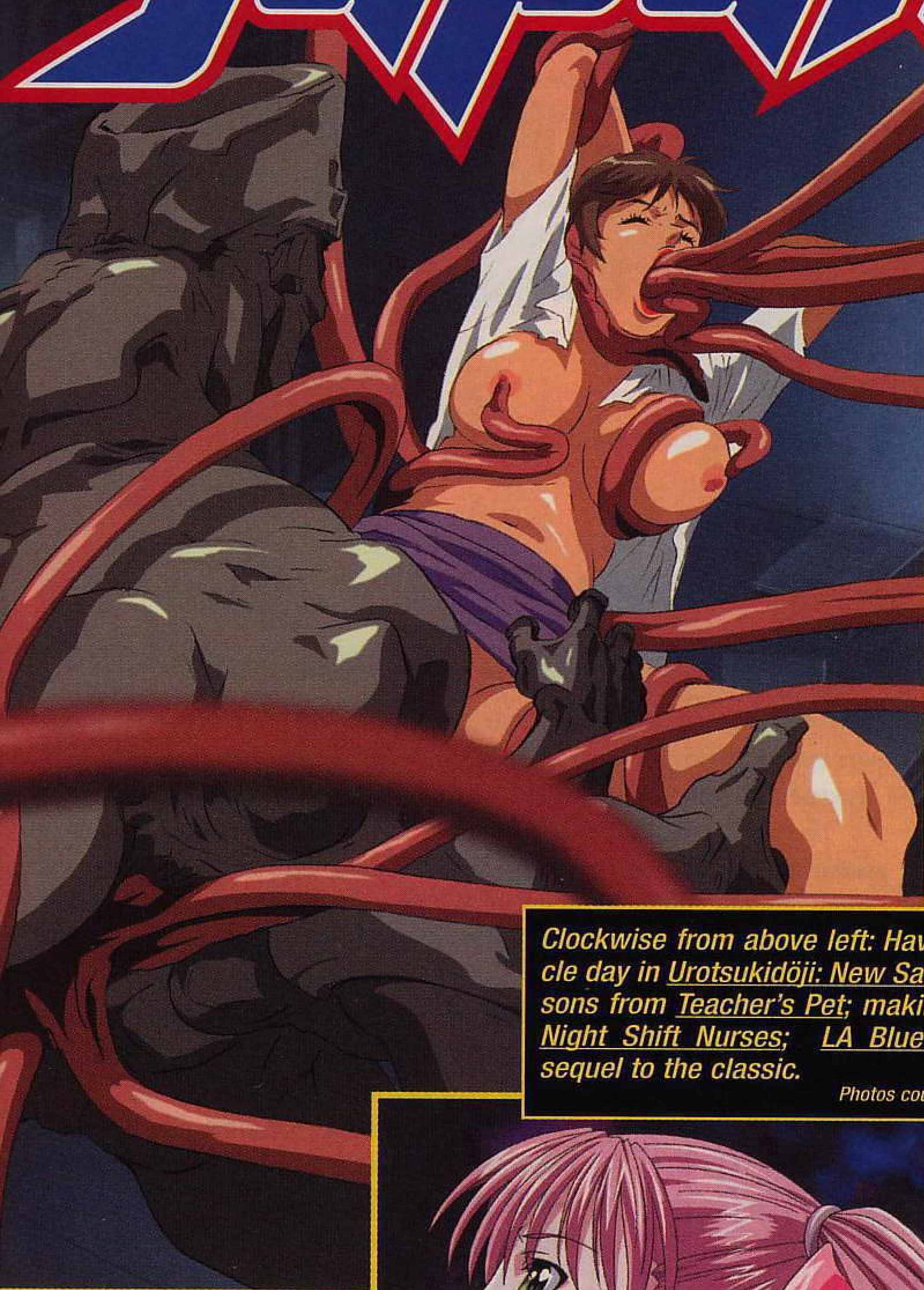
they've strayed into the freaky realm of Japanimation. Anime girls are generally young and lithe, clothed in the demure garments of sailor chicks and schoolgirls, or in traditional Japanese garb such as kimonos, and their hair is often a brilliant shade of purple, shocking pink or electric blue.

Anime found its core audience in the sci-fi/sci-fantasy crowd that watches *Star Trek*, enjoys fantasy role-playing games and reads comic books. As anime's popularity grew in



Clockwise from top: Bound for a good time in *Mystery of the Necronomicon*; *Night Shift Nurses* work on their bedside manner; school's out for the *Teacher's Pet*; more loving care from *Night Shift Nurses*.

JAPANESE



Clockwise from above left: Having a bad tentacle day in Urotsukidōji; New Saga; anatomy lessons from Teacher's Pet; making the rounds in Night Shift Nurses; LA Blue Girl Returns, a sequel to the classic.

Photos courtesy of A18 Corporation

the early '80s, its appeal broadened into the mainstream. The style began finding its way onto a host of TV stations, including MTV, FOX, WB, the Cartoon Network and the Sci-Fi channel, and anime festivals sprung up around the globe. As more young adults came aboard the anime bandwagon, the storylines fleshed out beyond the sci-fi elements to include romance, comedy and mystery.

Then they really fleshed out. Fans were no longer satisfied with the occasional glimpse of white cotton panties offered by the barely legal anime ingenues. All those phallic tentacles wrapping themselves around the legs of our heroines quickly slithered under the sailor-girl skirts and



Must-See Hentai

Urotsukidōji: Legend of the Overfiend (Anime 18): One of the genre's pioneers, the ever-expanding *Urotsukidōji* series features plenty of sci-fi/horror-themed graphic sex involving demons, tentacles and other scary creatures.

LA Blue Girl (Anime 18): Miko Mido is a half-demon/half-woman ninja warrior battling lusty hellions in this early *hentai* outing.

Mystery of the Necronomicon (Anime 18): "This one touches on the world of the occult," says Lei. "Really gory murders and hard-core sex scenes with a suspenseful, whodunit plot."

Words Worth (NuTech Digital): This title features the voices of adult-film stars Jenna Jameson and Nikki Dial. "A departure from the modern days and straight to the medieval times. Knights, mages and mythical creatures in a land where swords and sorcery reign," says Lei. "Let's not forget the graphic sex and the smattering of bestiality."

Demon Beast (Anime 18): From the creators of the *Overfiend* and *LA Blue Girl* series, this five-part opus deals with horny demons trying to repopulate Earth.

Other Titles Worth Watching:

Cool Devices (Critical Mass) • **Imma Seiden** (NuTech Digital) • **Night Shift Nurses** (Anime 18) • **School of Bondage** (NuTech Digital) • **Teacher's Pet** (Anime 18)

Hentai-Related Web Sites:

NuTechEntertainment.com • Anime18.com • CriticalMass.com

into XXX ratings.

According to Henry Lai, president of the A18 Corporation—regarded as one of the world's most prolific publisher of *hentai* movies and comics (*manga*)—*hentai* makes up approximately 10% of the anime industry. A18 (located on the Web at www.Anime18.com) releases a wide range of titles that exemplify the diversity that has made *hentai* popular among sci-fi/fantasy fans. *Adventure Kid*, which depicts a young computer geek and his girlfriend sucked into a computer

vortex and attacked by zombies and demons; *Love Lessons*, which features a mystical "trainer" who creates ultimate women; and *Night Shift Nurses*, which depicts a group of young nurses blackmailed into joining a hospital brothel, are among A18's finest efforts.

"The thing I like best about *hentai* is the variety," says Rowena Wendy Lim Lei, a 28-year-old mother and *hentai* fan who runs the popular Animetric.com, which provides information and reviews on *hentai*. "The possibilities are endless. Compared to live-action porn, *hentai* provides

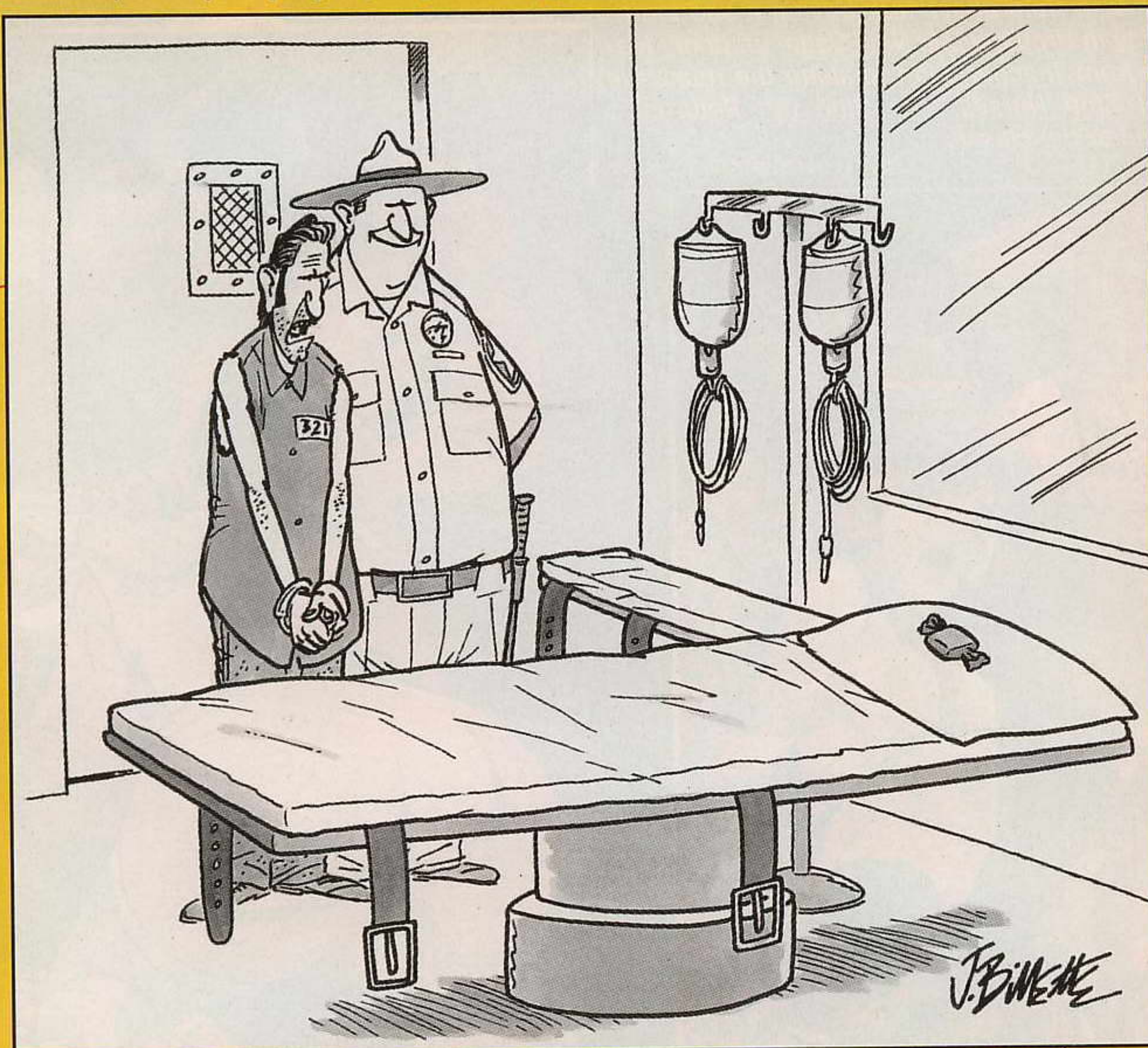
not only truckloads of sex, but also stories and characters that can be anywhere from interesting to funny to magical—wherever the creator's imagination takes him. With live-action porn, I feel like, [if] I've seen one, I've seen them all. The same does not hold true for *hentai* anime."

"Some of our best-sellers contain serpents with tentacles, while others contain more realistic characters portraying real sexual situations," says Joe Giarmo, vice president of NuTech Digital Inc., the original DVD licensor of *hentai* classics such as *LA Blue Girl* and *Urotsukidōji: Legend of the Overfiend*.

That artistic freedom grants *hentai* the license to be utterly diverse in its fantasy sexual fulfillment. Furry creatures have sex with humans, tentacles gang-fuck teams of girls, huge Gigeresque sex machines impale a score of moaning women on churning phallic pistons, and demons with three cocks plunge their way into cartoon temptresses while flying high above fantasy cities.

"A lot [of titles] deal with exploring fetishes or stories that couldn't exist in any other medium, certainly not in live action," says Peter Payne, who operates PeachPrincess.com and Jastusa.com, two companies catering to *hentai*-gaming enthusiasts. "Since anything is possible with computer graphics, the creators are free to roam and make a really special product. Sometimes the themes—naughty tentacles, sex-changing, costume fetishes—seem a little strange to fans, but most fans revel in this strangeness, and in the Japanese cultural elements."

Not all of the cultural elements are hitting it off so well with American consumers. One of *hentai*'s most noticeable



"What's that—a chocolate mint?! Oh, that's cute."



features is the youthful appearance of its heroines, many of whom strike the uninitiated as being jailbait material. According to *hentai*'s defenders, the confusion lies in cultural differences. "Most Asians look younger to Westerners than they actually are, and anime is no different," insists Anime 18 president Lai. "This is not a problem in Japan or Asia, since Asians are well aware of the real ages of the characters involved. For the American and European market, we include a notice on the package which clearly states that all models are 19 or older."

Payne agrees. "They're all intended to be aged 18 or older, and this is indicated both on the packaging of our games as well as in the game stories. The Japanese games are the same way. There's an industry group in Japan called Sof-Rin [Japanese Software Morality Association], which sets standards for Japanese dating-sim gamemakers to follow. All characters must be aged 18 or older to be approved for release. As for how an artist chooses to design his characters, though, that's up to him."

But the barely legal aspect of *hentai*'s youthful heroines is only part of the problem (or appeal, depending on one's perspective). Even though none of *hentai*'s characters or situations exist in reality, many Westerners still find the treatment of fictional women to be an issue. Since *hentai* is animated, and no real women are depicted, laws dealing with nonconsensual sex are moot. Still, even some *hentai* proponents understand how the art form could be perceived as sexist. "I have to admit that in most *hentai* anime, women are usually on the losing end," says Animetric.com's Lei. "They end up getting raped, defiled, humiliated, et cetera. But since *hentai* is mainly a male-fantasy-dominated realm, I can accept it as a given."

Tom Farrell has written and taken photographs for *Rip, Rap Pages*, *Music Biz*, *Music Connection* and *BROWN SUGAR*.

"Pretty Girl" Games

Hentai is available in many formats: DVDs, VHS tapes, digital online and CD-ROM comics (called *doujinshi*), comic books and graphic novels (known as *manga*). But when anime burst onto the video-game scene in an avalanche of titles from *Tekken* to *Final Fantasy*, *hentai* took a clue and fired back with *bishoujo* games, which are essentially dating and sex simulations. "*Bishoujo* is a Japanese word that means 'pretty girl,'" explains PeachPrincess.com's Payne, whose companies, along with others such as G-Collections.com, provide a steady stream of the dating simulators and *hentai* strip-poker games.

All of the games run on Windows systems 95 through X. Each title is translated into English, except that the girls speak in soft Japanese accents.

Approximately 25% of all software produced in Japan offers variations on adult romantic simulations, where you have to make girls fall in love with you so you can have sex with them. Even the most conservative computer stores have sections dedicated to these titles. In Akihabara, the electronics and software mecca of Tokyo, there are stores that sell nothing but *bishoujo* games and related products. Since the games are interactive and story-based, with multiple endings, there's more depth to most of these games compared with, say, a 30-minute *hentai* anime DVD.

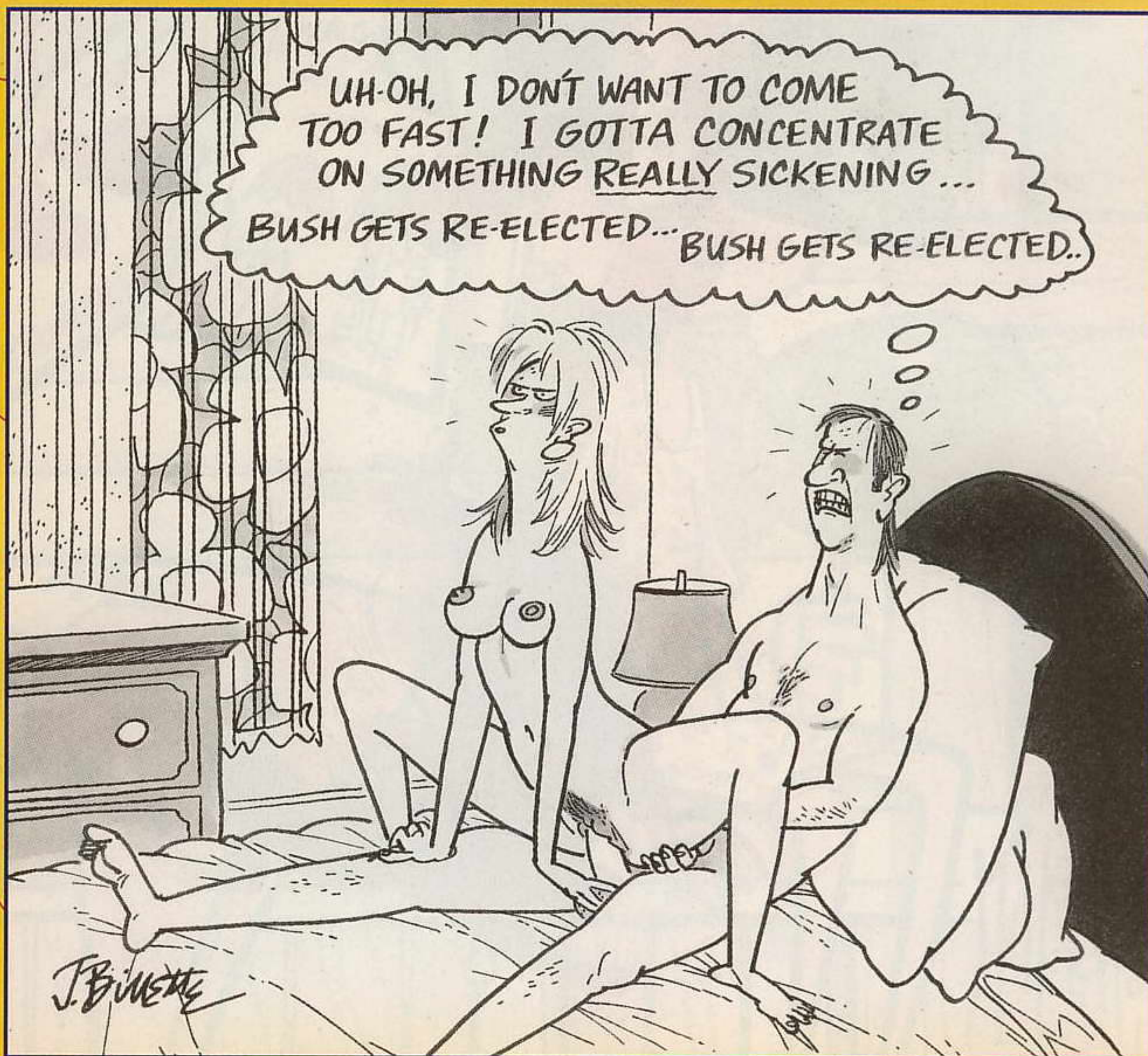
Must-Play Bishoujo

Kana—Little Sister (G-Collections): "Probably the saddest game in circulation," says Lei. "You're the elder brother of a terminally ill young woman, and, yes, still there's sex." Kuma Hayashi, sales manager for G-Collections, echoes, "This story will make you cry."

Kango Shicyauzo (G-Collections): You're a substitute teacher at an all-girl nursing school. Need we say more?

X-Change 2 (Peach Princess): Great graphics and great sex in this gender-bender set in school.

Brave Soul (Peach Princess): A bold new role-playing and adventure game with stunning graphics.

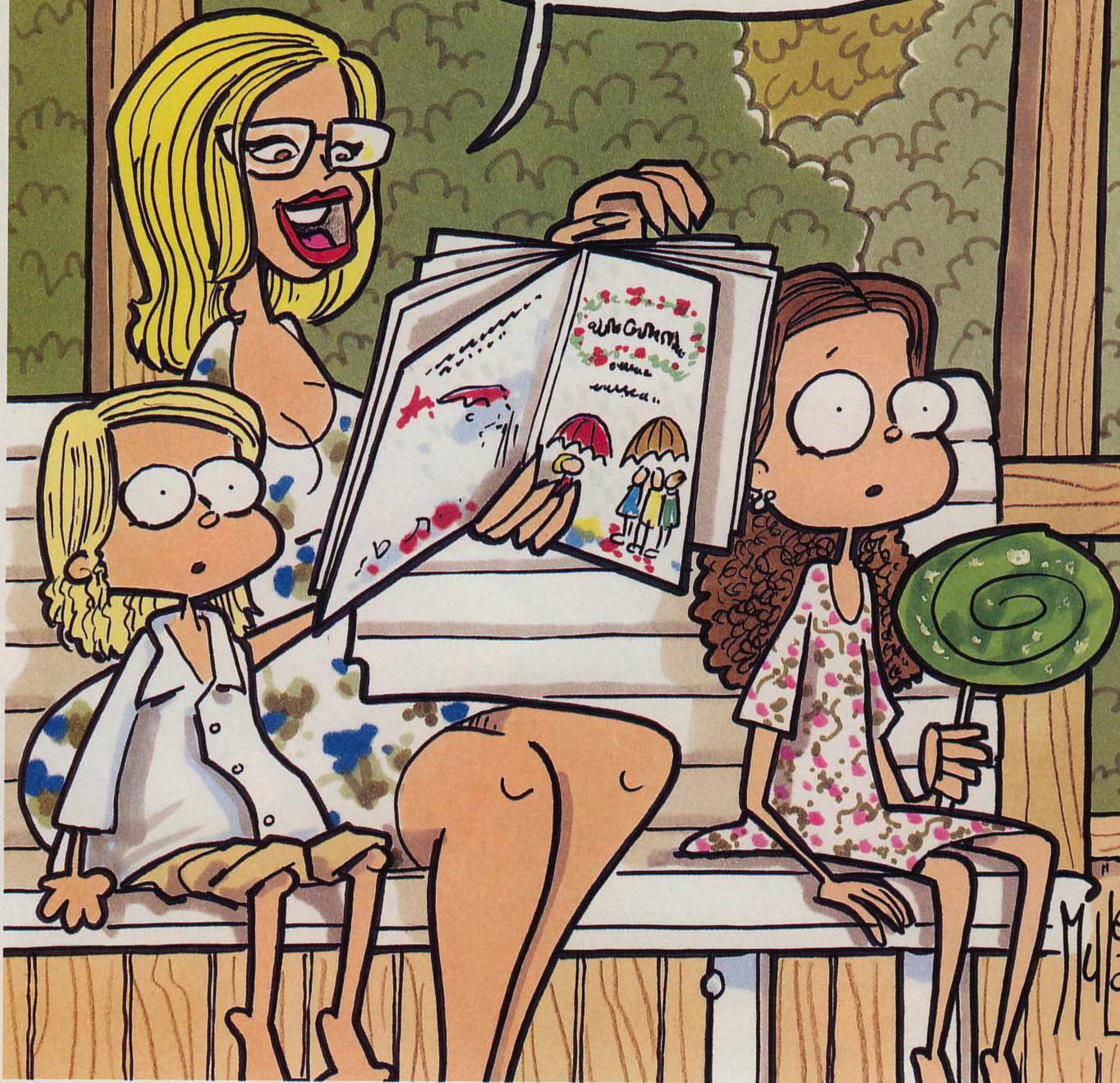




"Frankly, I miss the old days when he would just lick is balls."

MADONNA'S CHILDREN STORIES.

And they fucked
happily ever after.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

HOT WHEELS

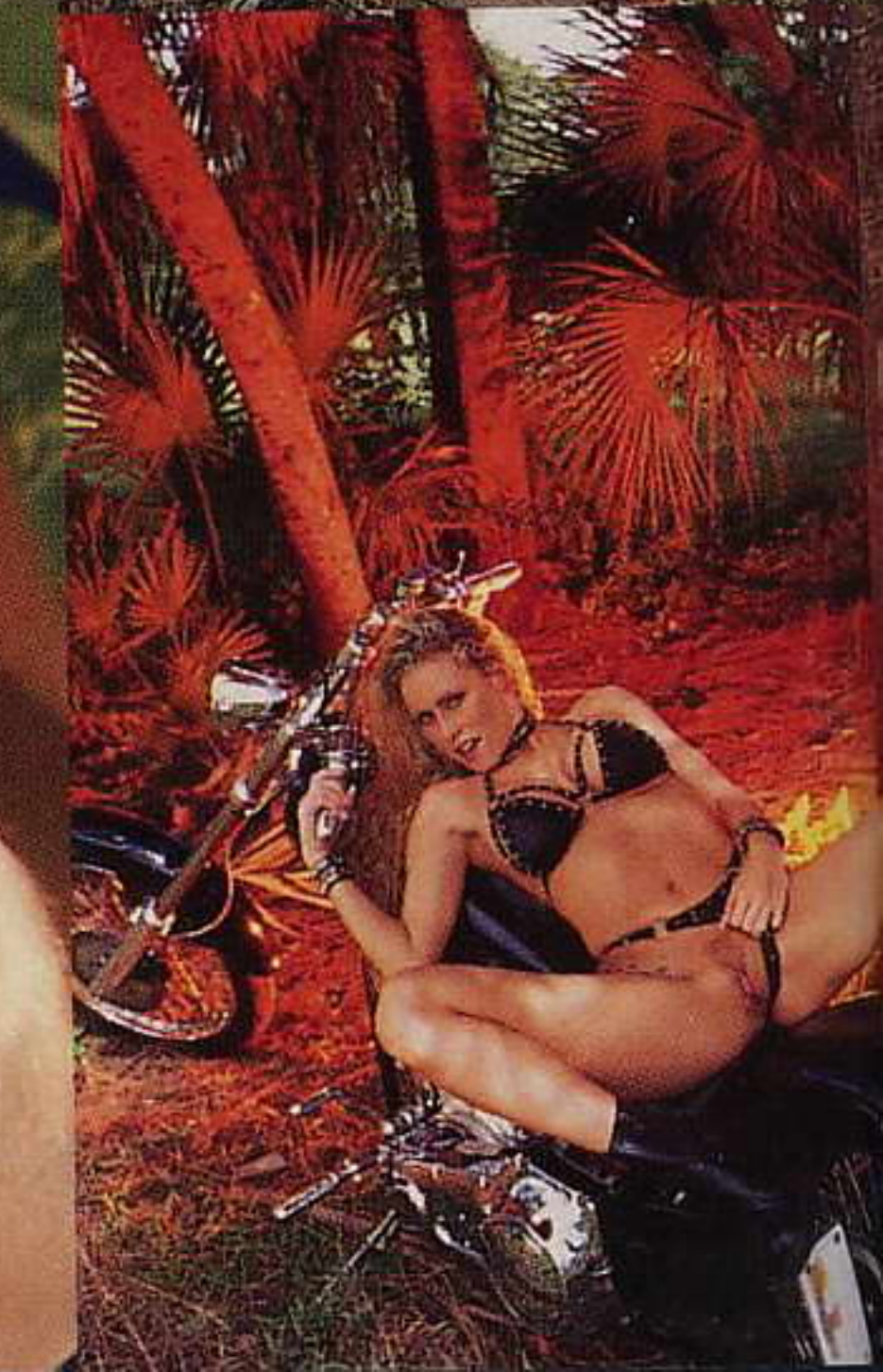




FEELS

JADE DELUXXXOR

Jade was born in San Antonio, but the dirty-blond Libra left the Lone Star State for a more exciting life in the Navy.



For two years, she was stationed in San Diego and Okinawa, Japan. "I was a plane captain," the former servicewoman recalls. "I launched Bravo helicopters and performed all the inspections and maintenance."



Jade says that the coed barracks led to a virtual shock-and-awe campaign of carnality. "I would crawl into guys' rooms. It was pretty wild. People were jumping from one bed to another; it was like one big orgy," she laughs.







A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is lying down, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. She has a large, intricate tattoo on her back, which appears to be a star or a similar geometric design. Her skin is wet and glistening with water droplets. Her hands are resting on her thighs, and her legs are spread apart. The background is a solid blue color.

These days the 29-year-old's life is a bit more sedate. She lives in Florida, where she designs and sells **HUSTLER XXX** choppers and other custom-made motorcycles. For more info on the bikes, go to www.XXXChoppers.net. For more on Jade, go to www.JadeDeluxxor.com; you'll want to ride on both of them.



Straddle this! xxxooo, Jade

HUSTLER®

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Naomi Campbell, Claudia Schiffer, and Cindy Crawford are flying to a super models conference in Paris, when the captain of the plane announces: "We have just lost power to the engines and are going to make an emergency crash landing - assume the brace position immediately!"

Immediately the three models start preparing for the worst. Claudia pulls out lipstick and make-up and starts fixing her face. Bewildered, Naomi and Cindy ask: "What in the hell are you doing fixing your make-up when we are about to freaking crash!" Claudia responds: "I know for a fact the rescue workers will search for, and save first, the ones who have the best looking faces- which is why I am putting on my make-up."

Cindy Crawford rips open her blouse to expose two beautiful mounds of flesh that inexplicably defy the law of gravity. Totally confused, Naomi and Claudia shout: "Cindy, have you lost your senses? Why are you baring your breasts for everyone to see when we are about to die!" Cindy responds: "I have it on good authority in plane crashes, the rescue workers look to save first the women with big beautiful breasts- which is why I am exposing my tits!"

Not hesitating, Naomi Campbell pulls down her skirt and panties to expose her 'love triangle'. Freaking out, Claudia and Cindy yell: "Naomi - Are you crazy?? Why are you exposing your crotch for everyone to see??"

Calmly, Naomi responds: "BITCHES PLEASE! I know for a fact the first thing the rescue workers look for in plane crashes is a black box!"

A blonde with two red ears went to her doctor. The doctor asked her what had happened to her ears?

"I was ironing a shirt and the phone rang - but instead of picking up the phone I accidentally picked up the iron and stuck it to my ear."

"Oh Dear!" the doctor exclaimed in disbelief. "But, what happened to your other ear?"

"The son-of-a-bitch called back."

Q. Did you hear about the new "morning after" pill for men?

A. It changes their blood type.

A man walks into a bar with an ostrich and a cat and sits at the bar. The bartender walks over to them and says, "What can I get for you?"

The man says, "I'll have a beer", the ostrich says, "I'll have a beer", and the cat says, "I'll have half a beer and I'm not buying." So the bartender says, "OK, that will be \$3.87."

The man reaches into his pocket and brings out the exact change and pays him. About an hour later the bartender goes back over to them and says, "What'll you guys have?"

The man says, "I'll have a beer", the ostrich says, "I'll have a beer", and the cat says "I'll have half a beer and I'm not buying." The bartender gets them their beer and says "That'll be \$3.87."

The man reaches into his pocket and brings out the exact change and pays him. A couple of days later they come back into the bar and the bartender walks over and asks "What do you guys want today?"

The man says, "I'll have a scotch", the ostrich says, "I'll have a bourbon", and the cat says, "I'll have half a beer and I'm not buying." So the bartender says "OK, that will be \$7.53." The man reaches into his pocket and brings out the exact change and pays him.

The bartender's curiosity got the best of him and he asks, "Why is it that every time I tell you the amount you owe you always have the exact change in you pocket?"

The man said, "I found a bottle with a genie in it and she granted me 3 wishes. My first wish was that I always have the exact change in my pocket for anything I buy."

The bartender says, "That's a great wish...better than asking for a

million dollars. A million dollars will run out but that never will. What were your other 2 wishes?"

The man says, "That's where I screwed up. I asked for a chick with long legs and a tight pussy."

Q. What's the difference between Michael Jackson and a grocery bag?

A. One is made of plastic and is dangerous for children to play with.... the other is used to carry groceries.

A blind man walks into a restaurant and sits down. The waiter, who is also the owner, walks up to the blind man and hands him a menu. "I'm sorry, Sir, but I'm blind and can't read the menu. Just bring me a dirty fork from a previous customer, I'll smell it and order from there." A little confused, the owner walks over to the dirty pile and picks up a greasy fork. He returns to the blind man's table and hands it to him. The blind man puts the fork to his nose and takes in a deep breath.

"Ah, yes, that's what I'll have, meatloaf and mashed potatoes." Unbelievable, the owner says to himself as he walks towards the kitchen. The cook happens to be the owner's wife and he tells her what had just happened. The blind man eats his meal and leaves. Several days later the blind man returns and the owner mistakenly brings him a menu again. "Sir, remember me? I'm the blind man." "I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you. I'll go get you a dirty fork." The owner again retrieves a dirty fork and brings it to the blind man. After another deep breath, the blind man says, "That smells great, I'll take the macaroni and cheese with broccoli." Once again walking away in disbelief, the owner thinks the blind man is screwing around with him and tells his wife that the next time the blind man comes in he's going to test him. The blind man eats and leaves.

He returns the following week, but this time the owner sees him coming and runs to the kitchen.

He tells his wife, "Mary, rub this fork on your panties before I take it to the blind man." Mary complies and hands her husband the fork back. As the blind man walks in and sits down, the owner is ready and waiting. "Good afternoon sir, this time I remembered you and I already have the fork ready for you." The blind man puts the fork to his nose, takes a deep whiff and says, "Hey, I didn't know that Mary worked here?"

A blind man and his guide dog enter a bar and find their way to a barstool. After ordering a drink, and sitting there for a while, the blind guy yells to the bartender,

"Hey, you wanna hear a blonde joke?"

The bar immediately becomes absolutely quiet. In a husky, deep voice, the woman next to him says,

"Before you tell that joke, you should know something. The bartender is blonde, the bouncer is blonde, and I'm a 6' tall, 200 pound blonde with a black belt in karate. What's more, the woman sitting next to me is blonde and she's a weight lifter. The lady to your right is a blonde, and she's a wrestler. Think about it seriously, Mister. You still wanna tell that joke?"

The blind guy says, "Nah, not if I'm gonna have to explain it five times."



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**



ONE FAKE BLONDE EATS TWO REAL COCKS

Natural_born blondes have a reputation for being mental lightweight who are easily manipulated into giving up vagina.
What does that say about a chick who becomes yellow-haired by choice?





**A woman who
employs peroxide
and bleach to take
on the appearance
of a ditzy slut is
a woman on a
mission to fuck.**















The Mighty Thor: Rock God and Wedding singer

BY
TREVOR HARDGRAVES



Few people have had a career as strange as that of Vancouverite Jon Thor. Since the late Seventies, Thor has been a fixture of the heavy metal scene, moving from the muscle-bound body-rock of the seventies to the schtick metal of the eighties and eventually the mad antics of his current act. His career has taken him around the world on multiple occasions and he's shared the

stage with the likes of KISS and Motorhead. Besides his domination of the metal world, he has also been a world-class body builder, and developed a longstanding career in cinema. He's been in movies such as 'Zombie Nightmare', 'Rock and Roll Nightmare', and the most fearsome of them all, 1987's 'Adventures in Babysitting'. In recent years, Thor has staged a grand musical comeback.

Few will ever forget the experience of a Thor show. He frequently takes to the stage wearing a huge suit of armor complete with hammers, swords, explosions and feats of strength. He's even featured in a new comic book. The most recent story is titled Thor Vs. Beast Women From The Centre Of The Earth. His comic makes Conan The Barbarian look like a wuss.

HUSTLER: Tell me about your recent movie roles:

I'm currently working on 'The Intercessor', which is a sequel to 'Rock and Roll Nightmare'. There's going to be two parts, one is 'Intercessor Trilogy' which basically has me as a Watcher that goes in and out of different scenarios and adventures. The other is a separate feature titled The Intercessor. A few months back I also had a part in a short film by Ed Brisson called Graveyard. Joey Shithead from the punk band D.O.A. also took part and there was lots of blood and guts.

HUSTLER: I heard about a Thor documentary titled Thunder On The Tundra, which is supposedly in the making. Are these rumors true?

Yes. The filmmakers [Ryan Wise with Al and Nick from Blue Lame 61 Productions] followed me on my last tour and traveled all over the world to interview people from my past and get various stories. It's verging completion, so keep an eye out!

HUSTLER: There's a new comic book based on your character, what's going on there?

The latest issue is titled Thor Vs. Beast Women From The Centre of The Earth. We're gonna make a movie about the story with Stirling Entertainment in California and I shall of course star, with an array of scantily clad women.

HUSTLER: What's new with your band?

Well Frank Soda has recently rejoined my ranks. Years ago in the seventies, he came to Toronto with me and that's when we started the whole Thor concept. Back then we were called Thor and the Imps. I used to toss him off the stage while he played. Later on, we both signed separate record deals and split apart just after we appeared at Maple Leaf Gardens with KISS. I went my way, he went his, but now we've met again to rock once more.



HUSTLER: Has your music career continued to provide weird experiences?

Believe it or not, I played a wedding a few months ago and that was totally insane. A big promoter in San Francisco flew in all his favourite bands to play at his wedding. Joe Preston from The Melvins was there, Tom Flynn from Fang and Keith Parry from Superconductor. We played as a power group and just went crazy.

HUSTLER: Was it a formal wedding or was everyone dressed in leather jackets?

It was all cool attire and even Grandmas were rocking out. It was insane. We just ripped into our set and the crowd loved it.

HUSTLER: You met Henry Rollins recently and apparently he got you to autograph a bunch of stuff, since he's a huge fan of yours. Is this true?

I went down to meet him in Seattle and it was really funny. I was going backstage and his people were telling me things like "take it easy, don't start snapping lots of photos like a big fan or anything," so I kept that in mind, but once I met him, he was the big fan of mine and snapped all the photos. He had me sign a bunch of my old albums and whatnot.

HUSTLER: How much touring are you planning to do this year?

I'm flying into the major cities and doing a major blitz starting with New York, Toronto and Los Angeles. The problem is that touring takes time and I can only do so much. If only there were like ten or twenty Thor's we could do all that stuff. I need to clone myself.

HUSTLER: What's the secret to your success?

I've just got a really novel business plan. I'm gonna keep cranking out albums. The latest release is titled Triumphant. I figure that if I put out a million albums and they all sell one copy each then I still sold a million!

HUSTLER: Lastly, I just want to ask about your powers over women. I saw you play a few years ago and my girlfriend was overcome by the music and jumped on stage and kissed you, what the fuck is that about?

I am Thor, chicks dig me. Now sit down or I will stomp you.

HUSTLER: Point taken.

CANADIAN POSTCARDS

New Brunswick

by Katy

Dear Readers,

Greetings from
New/Nouveau Brunswick!

After some thrilling beach play in P.E.I., I bid the red island a fond farewell and hopped on a bus that took me across the Northumberland Strait, via Confederation Bridge, and into New Brunswick. And there was lots to see and do in Canada's only officially bilingual province. I went to the Magnetic Hill in Moncton, where it felt like our tour bus was traveling uphill; the Hopewell Rocks, where I saw the highest tides in the world, in the Bay of Fundy; and Bouctouche, where a giant white sand dune stretches twelve kilometers across the bay.

I also explored a whole pile of historical places, like Acadian villages and British military garrisons, and even took a boat ride on the Reversing Falls in the St. John River. And one night, I went to a funky bar in Saint John that overlooked a huge marina, and got to talking to a couple of local boys, Russ and Tim. Well, one Sex on the Beach girlie drink led to another, and pretty soon the two of them were escorting me out the bar, down the stairs to the marina, and up the gangplank onto someone's yacht.

Now, my Dad had warned me about getting into strange cars while I was traveling, but he hadn't mentioned anything about boats. Besides, Russ and Tim seemed like nice enough guys – nice enough not to take advantage of a cute little girl all alone in a strange city, unless she wanted to be taken advantage of, of course – and they were a hot-looking pair of hunks to boot.

So, the two boys helped me climb up into the wheelhouse of the big boat, snapped on the lights, and before my foggy brain could fully comprehend what was happening, I became the meat in a Russ-Tim sandwich. Russ held my head in his hands and smooched me like my lips were on fire, and he was desperately trying to smother the flames, while Tim cupped and fondled my tits from behind, his hard cock pressing into my butt.

The two wonder boys were only slightly older than me, but obviously a lot more experienced in the way of the threesome. Russ was a tall guy with a killer bod, penetrating blue eyes, and curly, red hair, while Tim was a short fireplug of a dude with a mop of black hair, a chiseled face, and warm, brown eyes. My cunny had started juicing as soon as I'd hit the dance floor with them earlier in the evening, and now it was a sticky, sodden mess.

"Uh, won't someone see us?" I gasped, when Russ finally pulled his sensuous lips away from my mouth, to suck some air into his billowing lungs. Tim kept right on feeling up my tender titties through the thin material of my top, his lips and tongue warming my bare, brown shoulders.

"Whaddaya mean?" Russ asked.

The wheelhouse was totally surrounded by glass, from waist-level on up, and I could clearly see the



bobbing lights of the other boats in the marina, the bar in the distance. "Well, um, can't people, like, see what we're doin'?" I said, gesturing at the windows.

Russ grinned and shook his head. "Not to worry. The glass is so heavily tinted no one can see what's going on in here. Right, Tim?"

Tim the toolman licked my neck and nodded, as Russ winked at him.

I said, "Okey-dokey, just checkin'," and then snaked my arms around Russ's neck and pulled his mouth against mine. My wild sexploits in the other Atlantic Provinces had left me way bolder than I ever would've thought possible, tons more confident and aggressive.

I kissed Russ fiercely, and he kissed back, frenched back when I darted my slippery, pink tongue in between his lips and into his tongue. We swirled our slimy tongues together, and I moaned into the eager beaver's mouth when Tim finally got the bright idea to pull my top out of my shorts and go skin-on-skin with my tingling titties.

Tim gripped my naked, handful boobs with his big, sweaty mitts, squeezing and kneading them, pulling on my jutting, cherry-red nipples and rolling them between his thick fingers, as Russ and I fought an erotic duel with our tongues.

"Yeah!" I groaned, my buds being the most sex-sensitive spot on my teen body – except for my clitty, of course.

"You ever been fucked by two guys before, Katy?" Russ asked, licking my lips.

"Uh ... no," I responded.

Russ smiled, and Tim shoved his wet tongue in my ear and grunted. Then Russ pulled Tim's grasping, hairy hands off my boobs and cupped them himself, bounced them around in his hands, before feeding on them. He stuck out his tongue and licked at my engorged nipples, tongue-teasing them, incredibly, even longer and harder, and then he sucked one nip into his mouth and pulled on it, did the same to my other bud, his curly head bouncing back and forth between my titties.

Tim, meanwhile, tugged my shorts down to my ankles, then my damp, white cotton panties. The cool, salty air felt great on my burning cunny, Tim's hands and lips on my quivering legs even better. He ran his paws up and down my slender, sun-burnished limbs, squeezing and caressing my bare butt cheeks, slid his fingers in between my legs and rubbed my sopping pussy.

"Fuck me!" I shouted, unable to control myself. Two hot-looking horn-dogs feeling up my flaming body – one sucking my tits while the other fingered my puss – was just too much for a girl like me to handle. I was primed and ready to explode right then and there, but I wanted the twenty-something studs to cum right along with me.

"I think she's warmed up enough now, Russ," Tim commented from down below, biting into my taut bottom as he scrubbed my twat.

***"Russ swallowed up
all of my right titty
and sucked hard on it
for a moment"***

Russ swallowed up all of my right titty and sucked hard on it for a moment, then spat it damp and shivering out of his mouth. "Okay if Tim bangs your snatch while you suck me off?" he asked, fondling my electrified tit-flesh.

"For starters," I replied coyly. And before I could think any second thoughts, the both of them had shed their clothes and helped me part with my own top and shorts and panties. They laid me out flat on a padded bench at the back of the boat's cockpit, Tim holding and rubbing my legs at one end, Russ stroking my long, blonde hair and his long, hard cock at the other.

Tim spread my legs and moved in for the kill, gripping his stumpy erection and roughly shoving it into my tight, greasy pussy. I moaned, grabbed onto the sides of the bench, as Tim shouldered my legs and started pounding my pink, sawing his fat cock back and forth in my stretched-out love-tunnel. Then I felt Russ's awesome hard-on plop down onto my face, push into my open mouth.

"Suck my dick while Tim fucks you!" Russ yelled at me, jamming his dong into my mouth.

I turned my head and excitedly gobbled up Russ's cock, swallowing almost two-thirds of its wicked length before his bloated hood

bounced against the back of my throat and made me gag. I pulled back a bit, started earnestly sucking his swollen member, sliding my glossy lips back and forth on his steel-hard shaft, as best I knew how. Which seemed plenty good enough, because he groaned with satisfaction and churned his hips, fucking my mouth with his heavy cock.

"Geez, you're tight, Katy!" Tim enthused at my other end, grasping my thighs and hammering dick into my gripping cunny, the sweat from his face splashing down onto my twat and tummy.

But I wanted more than Tim's perspiration greasing my hot bod. "I want you guys to cum all over me!" I yelped, pulling Russ's slick, throbbing cock out of my mouth for a second.

They glanced at each other and grinned, and then went right back to work feverishly plugging my leaking holes. And it wasn't long at all before their energetic banging catapulted me to the very edge of ecstasy. My cunny burst into flames and a humungous orgasm thundered through my trembling body, almost causing me to swallow Russ's pumping cock. I was devastated by fiery, threesome orgasm, again and again and again.

Then Tim bellowed with joy, tore his chunky meat out of my gushing snatch, and blasted my tummy and tits with his sizzling jizz. Russ quickly followed suit, ripping his juicy cock out of my mouth, stroking it madly for a moment, and then raining warm, gooey splooge down onto my face, into my gaping mouth.

I was a fucking mess by the time it was all over, by the time I left New Brunswick; in perfect, debauched shape, in other words, to take on La Belle Province.

Luv,

Katy



"Does it look bigger now?"

HOME WI

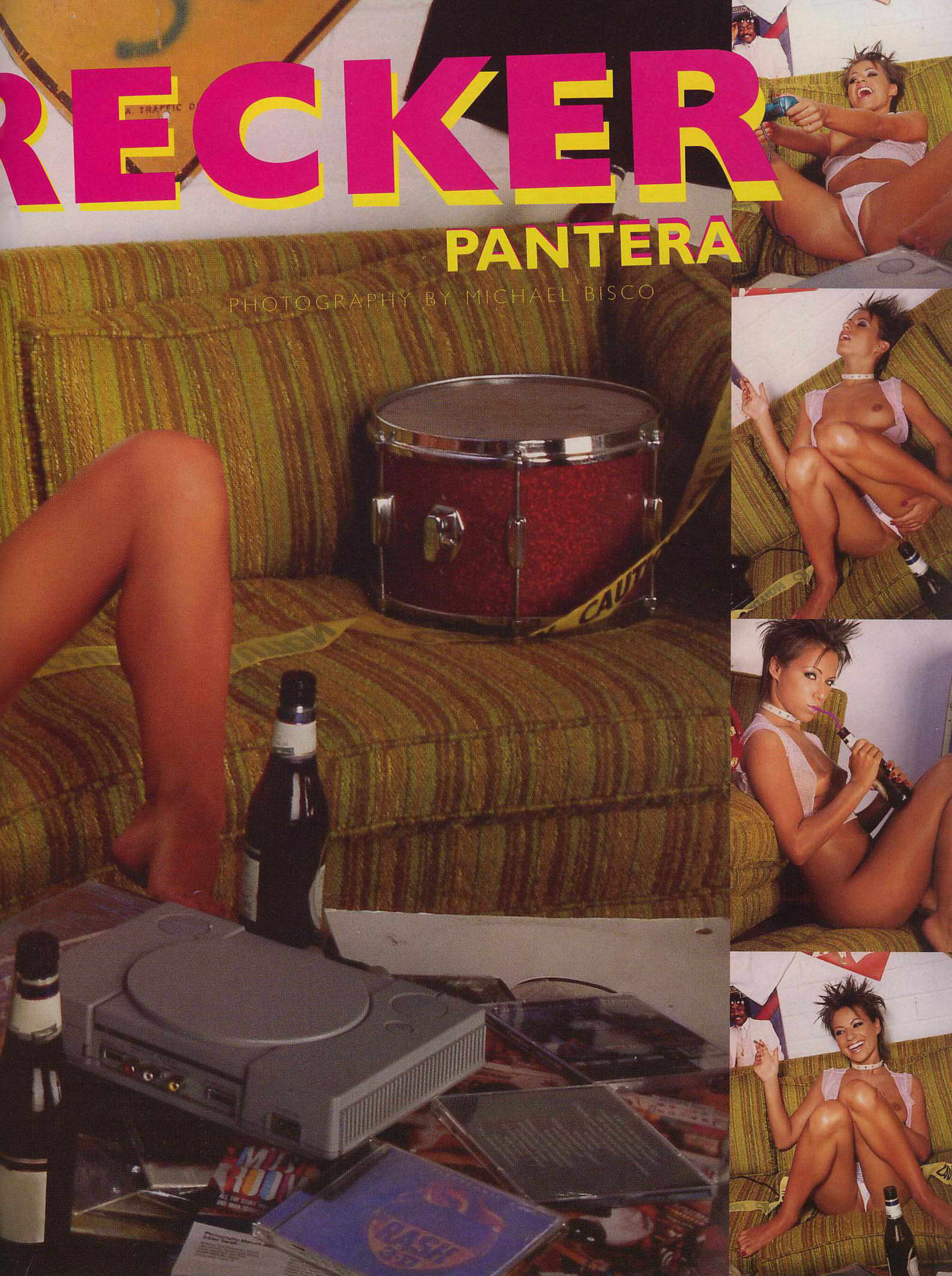


Pantera was born behind the Iron Curtain in Moscow, Russia. At the tender age of 14, her father passed away; so she joined a local circus to support her family. Drawing on her experience as a gymnast, she worked as an acrobat under the big top for two years.

RECKER

PANTERA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO









Pantera moved to the U.S. in her twenties, first to sunny Florida, then to sandy Las Vegas. "I don't miss the cold winters back in Moscow," the 25-year-old beauty laughs. These days the Aries divides her time between modeling and Web design. She says she prefers men 20 years older than herself, which leaves hope for us old guys who've lived through the Cold War.



DELUXE

AGES 7 TO ADULT
2 TO 10 PLAYERS

DELUXE

Skip

1

Draw four
Wild

DELUXE

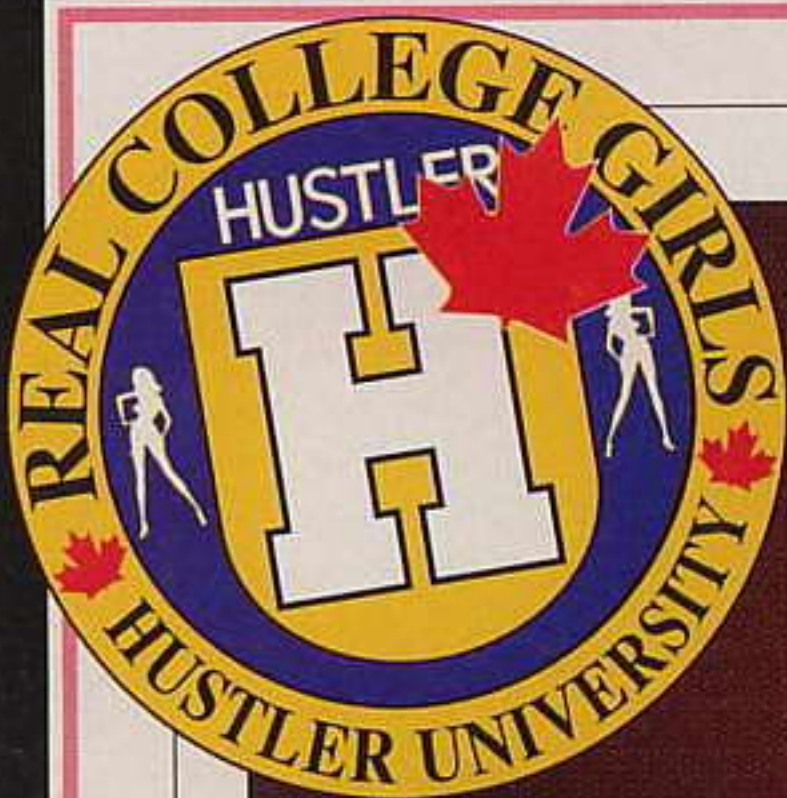
Where to Hide

High-flying Ladder Match

The ultimate of spectacle
Hill in a Cell







HEATHER

The windy city of Chicago is home to blond beauty Heather, a freshman at **Harper College** in Palatine, Illinois. Boasting a 3.5 GPA, she's certified in deaf interpretation, is an avid dancer and hopes to eventually open a dance school for the deaf. Her ultimate carnal ambition is to have "sex under the stars in an old El Camino." We hear ya, Heather!

—Photo by Friend





AUDRY

Audry, 29, is studying to be a licensed practical nurse at **Westmoreland Community College** in Greensburg, Pennsylvania. This future Florence Nightingale is fond of cooking, jogging and skiing when she's not hitting the books. Audry's unfulfilled sexual fantasy is "to be with two guys at the same time. I've already been with my closest girlfriend and my man, and it was fantastic."

—Photo by Boyfriend

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.



#3 - WRECK HER

BY LIZ

If you've ever driven through Southwestern Manitoba in the middle of summer, you know how hot and dry it gets – a desert-like inferno that forces gophers to doff their fur coats and seek shelter in shaded burrows. And it was all that and ten degrees more one cloudless July afternoon, halfway between Minnedosa and Brandon, when the rear axle on my company-leased SUV decided to break in half.

I was on my way to wine and dine a store owner in Brandon, to try to convince him to carry our new lines of furniture, but when I stepped out of the broken-down gas-guzzler, into that harsh, blazing cauldron of prairie heat, my thoughts shifted rapidly from schmoozing and boozing to survival. The temperature was a few degrees hotter than Hell, with nary a car on the shimmering horizons.

My cell phone only works in major cities, under perfect atmospheric conditions, so it was useless, of course. I anxiously scanned the points of the compass and finally spotted what appeared to be a farmhouse a long way off in the distance, in the middle of one of the

endless fields of sun-bleached wheat that lined both sides of the highway. I started walking.

After a hundred yards, my business-casual blouse, skirt, and stockings were soaked with sweat, and my high heels were off my feet and in my hands. After two hundred yards, my butt was parked on the edge of the melting asphalt, and I was rubbing my sore feet and thinking what a nicely-browned piece of roadkill I was going to make for some hungry coyote.

But five minutes of basting later, I was overjoyed to see a vehicle coming towards me from the south. I ran into the middle of the road and frantically waved my arms, like anyone would've had a tough time making out a big-breasted blonde windmilling her limbs under that glaring sun. The vehicle stopped for me, and miracle of miracles, it turned out to be a tow truck.

**“An oily-looking
squirt sucking
a sawed-off cigar climbed
down out of the cab.”**

An oily-looking squirt sucking a sawed-off cigar climbed down out of the cab. "Somethin' wrong, ma'am?"

he asked, ambling up to me. The overalls he had on were only slightly less greasy than his hair, and they, or him, were named Stan, according to the stitched-on tag.

"Yes! My SUV's broken down!" I panted. "Can you give me a tow into Brandon!?"

Stan looked at the grounded SUV through a pair of red-rimmed slits, then ogled me up and down like my chassis was the best he'd seen in quite some time. He stared meaningfully into my green eyes, unplugged the midget cigar from his kisser, and stated, "Looks like a job I can handle, all right." And then he grabbed my hand and pulled me off the pavement and into the wheat field.

It wasn't tough to figure out what the horny little grease monkey had in mind, and I was more than willing to accommodate him, if it meant a ride into a nice, cool beverage room in Brandon. I'd fucked more than my fair share of customers, suppliers, bosses, and taxmen, literally and figuratively, such that one more quim-hungry opportunist wasn't going to make any difference.

So, when we'd tramped about thirty yards into the groin-high grain, and Stan had battened down a comfortable crop circle with his rather large feet, I quickly stripped off my blouse and bra, skirt, stock-



ings, and scanties, and stood before him proudly flaunting a body even riper than the surrounding wheat. He stared hard at my big, heavy tits, jutting, pink nipples, and downy, blonde pussy.

"Cripes almighty! You're built like a brick shithouse, lady!" he complimented, before unzipping his overalls and revealing his own scrawny body.

This roll in the wheat wasn't going to be pretty, but it just might be fun. I cupped my low-slung titties and eyed the half-pint's rapidly inflating prick, watched in awe as it grew and grew and grew. "And you're a small man capable of big surprises, mister!" I enthused right back, as his swollen cock topped out at the nine-inch mark, long and hard and pointing arrow-straight and accusing at my suddenly damp slit.

Stan stumbled over the stubble and grabbed me in his flipper-like arms,

"his big, fat gear shift was jamming in between my legs, and I had the perfect crank case for it."

kissed me hungrily on the lips. I gripped his slippery head and mashed my mouth against his, the hot sun beating down hard on our blistering southern exposure. His mouth tasted like a bus station ash-tray, and a tire iron facial would've done wonders for the guy's ugly mug, but I really didn't care about those superficialities; his big, fat gear shift was jamming in between my legs, and I had the perfect crank case for it.

After sucking face and swiping tongue for a good, long, heated while, Stan pushed me down onto the bed of grain and climbed aboard. "Time for some lovin', eh?" he grunted, his florid face barely coming up to my chest.

"Plow my field, little big man!" I yelled, moaning as he gripped my plump melons, tongued my flowered nipples.

He licked and suckled my engorged, rosy-red nubs, pulling urgently on my teats like he half-expected to draw milk, his massive fuck-club pressing hard into my superheated flesh. I ran my hands up and down his spindly body, clawed at his hairy back, before latching onto his skinny butt cheeks and squeezing.

"Fuck me!" I screamed, my twat as well-lubricated now as the warm, rich earth after a summer rainstorm. We were both bathed in salty sweat, the scratchy grain stalks sticking to our bodies, the sun glaring down upon us.

Stan spat out one of my tingling nipples and fumbled for his cock, while I opened up my legs like the doors of a barn. He gripped his overgrown schlong and jammed its bloated hood into my snatch, shoved forward until his entire pole slid into my dripping gash. "Fuckin' A!" he yowled, grabbing my spit-slick hooters and churning his hips.

"That's the way!" I exclaimed, reveling in the wicked feel of his pistoning cock. My cunt smoldered with dick-friction, and my body burned with a heavy, sensual heat more than sunshine-related.

Stan vigorously pumped me with his stiffened hose, his dirty hands groping my jouncing jugs, his thick, slimy tongue lashing at my obscenely swollen nipples, sweat pouring off his brow and onto my heaving chest. The little guy could give 'er like a rabbit, and just when I thought he was about to blow his stack, and my own head started swimming with impending orgasm,

he suddenly halted his wonderful poon-poking and asked, "You ever take it up the ass before, ma'am?"

It had actually been a long dry spell between anal-reamings for me. So, I bucked his body off mine and scrambled onto all fours on the flaxen floor, reached back and clawed my big, plush butt cheeks apart. "Fuck me up the ass, Stan!" I shouted.

He nodded eagerly, horked in his hand a couple of times, then rubbed his already juice-slick dick with the hot spit. He pointed his mushroomed cock-top at my puckered, pink bulls-eye and steered it on target, pushed hard against my bung as I excitedly spread my bottom. His bloated cap punched through my starfish, and I moaned, my legs trembling uncontrollably. I urged him on, pushed back as he pushed forward, and his rigid ma'am-rod sank slowly and sensuously into my tight chute, till he was buried balls-deep in my butthole.

A shiver of ecstasy raced through my body, his giant flesh-pipe fill-

ing my stretched-out chute like nothing that had come before. I planted my face in the fertile ground and frantically rubbed my clitty, well-knowing that the stuffed-full, languid feeling that now consumed my ass-violated body would soon be burnt off by scorching orgasm.

***"I planted my face
in the fertile ground
and frantically
rubbed my clitty"***

Stan moved his hips, slid his monster cock back and forth in my gripping anus, slowly at first, then faster and faster and faster. He held on tight to my waist and pounded my bottom, the loud crack of his sweaty flesh against my rippling flesh sending crows wheeling and cawing into the

blast-furnace air. He violently plundered my ass, splitting me almost in two with his axe, and I desperately polished my cum-button, a towering orgasm building within me.

"Fuck, yes!" I screamed, as Stan furiously sawed in and out of my chute, my sweat-sheened body suddenly jolted by orgasm after orgasm.

"I'm cummin'!" Stan cried out, his fingers digging into my flesh, his cock exploding and blasting white-hot cum deep into my quivering derriere. He came hard and long, filling me to the anal rim with his sizzling spunk.

When we eventually shucked the seed and stalks and soil from our dripping bodies, and reclothed ourselves, Stan revealed the dirty, little trick that he'd pulled on me. "Sorry, ma'am, but I'll have to use the radio to call a garage in Brandon, get them to send out a wrecker. See, the tow assembly on my truck's been busted for over a week now."





FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

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 – a look into the wild and kinky sex that goes on among Canada's randy college kids.

PARTY HARDY

March break is a time for most students to kick off their shoes and have some down time. Whether it's skiing the slopes of Whistler or cozying up in front of a fire, Canadian students know how to have a good time – some more so than others. Check out what some of our academic eagles do on their March break!

Paul – Toronto, ON

"This year my March break is going to be pretty quiet. I'm really behind in my studies, so I intend to play catch up. Last year I went pretty wild – attended all kinds of parties and got pissed a lot. I also fucked a lot of horny college girls. These days I'm dating a girl pretty steady. She gives great head and has the most beautiful pussy anywhere. So between essays I may get a bit of beaver in.

Josée – Laval, QC

"This is my first year at Laval University and it has been just great. I've learned a lot and met many new people. When I was in high school I was very shy and always felt as though none of the guys ever noticed me; that has all changed now! I've never had so many guys hit on me. I'm not quite sure why, since I don't think I really have changed, but I'm sure enjoying the attention.

I recently met a really nice guy, his name is Steven and he's from Dorval. He's an Anglophone and is at U of L to study French and Spanish. He is incredibly handsome and very kind.

I noticed Steven while at the library one day. We were both doing our homework when our eyes first met; he has these incredibly piercing blue eyes. After several minutes of playing eye games, Steven got up and approached my desk.

"Hello," he greeted me with a self-assured voice, "my name is Steven and I think you are the most beautiful girl in this library."

I am certain I turned several shades of red.

"Hello," I said shyly, "my name is José – nice to meet you."

"May I sit down?"

"Certainly," I replied without hesitation.

Steven was, and is, one of the easiest guys to talk to. He's the kind of person that, when he speaks, you feel you've known him all your life. We instantly connected.

Over the first few months we really got to know one another and eventually became inseparable. The only problem was, I had a terrible crush on him and he hadn't even tried to kiss me. I was beginning to think he was gay or something. Then, finally, it happened.

We were in his dorm room studying our Spanish. Steven's roommate had gone away for the weekend. It was between verb conjugations that, out of the blue, he just leaned over and kissed me. At first it was just a gentle peck. But then, once he saw I was receptive, the quick peck turned into a long wet and very passionate kiss.

My youthful quim immediately began to moisten as our tongues explored one another's warm wet mouths. Steven had very thick soft lips and I immediately began to wonder what they would feel like on my adolescent cunny. Then, as though he could read my mind, he whispered, "May I taste you?"

I pulled back slightly, looked into his crystal blue eyes and smiled.

"I thought you'd never ask," I replied.

Ever so carefully Steven removed my jeans and under panties. I lay back on the bed, with my legs spread awaiting his oral attention. He climbed between my legs and his tongue took a gentle quick lick. A shiver ran up my spine and I giggled. "That feels strange."

"Bad strange or good strange?"

"Good strange," I replied.



Steven then buried his head in my muff pie. Gently pushing open my delicate cunny lips with his forefingers he pushed his tongue inside me and swirled it about.

"You taste beautiful," he whispered between licks. Slowly his tongue probed my insides and then began to swirl about my clit. My pelvis involuntarily started rocking to and fro. As he sucked at my clit he slid two fingers inside my wet kipper trench. I arched my back in ecstatic passion and opened my legs wider to give him better access.

It was obvious that Steven really enjoyed eating pussy and I certainly was enjoying his skilled lick. As his fingers probed my love hole and his lips sucked at my hard clit, I could feel myself coming closer and closer to, what would be, the best orgasm of my life.

"Eat me," I began to shout out loud, "eat my pussy, eat my fucking pussy!"

Steven's fingers began to thrust in and out of my slob box faster and faster.

"I'm going to come," I gasped with surprise, "I'm fucking coming!"

Steven continued to munch my twat until, in one massive spasm, my cunt blew off spraying my pussy juice all over his face. He was so charged up that he jumped up, pulled out his wanger and began to frantically jack off. As he played with himself I reached down and continued to rub my still orgasming cunt. Several seconds later the fat head of his cock swelled to a bright purple and erupted, spewing out gobs of love lava, which then dripped down and splattered all over my belly. It was the most exciting sex of my life.

During the March break Steven and I are planning to rent a chalet in St. Sauver. I'm looking forward to the skiing, but most of all



I'm looking forward to Steven's wonderful tongue work!"

Bill – Fort McMurray, AB

"I am attending my second year at a small college in Alberta. I'm studying Process Operations, which is a program that focuses on mineral and hydrocarbon processing. At first glance you wouldn't think there's all that much going on in Fort McMurray, but looks can be deceiving. Our college is one of the best-kept secrets in Alberta when it comes to getting laid. There is so much available pussy here it's almost mind-boggling.

Last year, during our last March break, it got so wild that the campus of our humble college looked more like the set of Caligula.

Our fraternity had a cross-country skiing party. It was an especially cold day and the ski party only lasted about an hour. Afterwards we all went back to the frat house for some hot rum and eggnog. That's when things got kinda wild.

I had been making time with this hot chick by the name of Andrea. She was a beautiful buxom blonde and had the most massive mams imaginable. I've always been fond of gals who have a bit of meat on their bones, and Andrea definitely fit the bill.

After slobbering over one another on the couch for an hour or so, we decided to go upstairs for a bit more privacy. Once we found an empty bedroom we stripped down and began to play 'hide the weenie'. Andrea had a great pussy – tight, wet and juicy. As I slammed my porksword in and out of her hot coochie a sudden knock erupted at the door.

"We're busy," I shouted with irritation.

"Too busy for me," the voice on the other side spoke.

"Go away," I growled.

"Hang on a sec," interrupted my fuck partner, "I think that's my sister."

"Your sister?"

"Manny," she cried out. "Is that you?"

"Yeah, it's me Andrea. Let me in!"

Andrea pulled away from my stiff dick and went to the door. With a click of the lock she opened it. At first I thought I was seeing double. The girl on the other side looked exactly like my sex buddy.

"Holy fuck!" I exclaimed.

"Bill, this is my sister Manny. Manny this is the stud I was telling you about – Bill."

"Nice to meet you Bill," she said as she moved towards the bed and checked out my, still, erect 9-inch dick.

Andrea continued. "Manny and I are identical twins."

"No shit," I replied.

"Looks like you're having a good time sis," Manny said in a sexy voice, lightly stroking my putter, "mind if I join in."

Andrea came back to the bed and hopped up beside me. "No, not if Bill is game."

"Are you kidding," I said with enthusiasm, "hop it!"

Manny quickly undressed and climbed in with us. There I was, flanked by two gorgeous identical twins that were about to fuck my brains out. It was so incredibly unbelievable that I don't think even Hustler would have bought my story.

Manny wasted no time getting the goods. Crawling down to my crotch she began to hover over my ham with great adroitness. This chick really could suck cock and I was definitely enjoying it. Andrea began to kiss me all over until, eventually, her tongue found its way to my balls. As Manny made mouth music to my skin flute, Andrea licked and sucked my gunysack. It was obvious that the dynamic duo had done this before.

Finally after a few minutes Manny got up and plopped her ample butt over my dick, swallowing up every inch of my cockmeat.

Andrea giggled. "Don't forget me." She then crawled up and squatted over my face, giving my tongue easy access to her ripe wet quim. The smell of her pussy got me even harder. I closed my eyes and

began to ream her juicy jellybox, all while her twin sister continued riding my joystick.

"C'mon, c'mon," whined Andrea, "it's my turn to ride his cock!"

Manny pulled herself off my enormous impaler and signaled to her sister that it was her turn. Andrea then climbed over and sunk my cock deep inside her love tunnel, while Manny came over and gave me a mouth full of cunt. The whole scene was just fucking incredible.

"Okay," I finally said, "I need to blow my load. Who wants it?"

"Shoot your cum inside Andrea," ordered Manny,"

"Shoot your cum inside Andrea," ordered Manny, who had now moved down and began to lick my balls.

Andrea's chasm felt wonderful as it gripped my rigid fuckpole and brought me closer and closer to the point of no return. Finally I couldn't hold off any longer. With several grunts I began to empty my thick cocksnot into her dank deep trench.

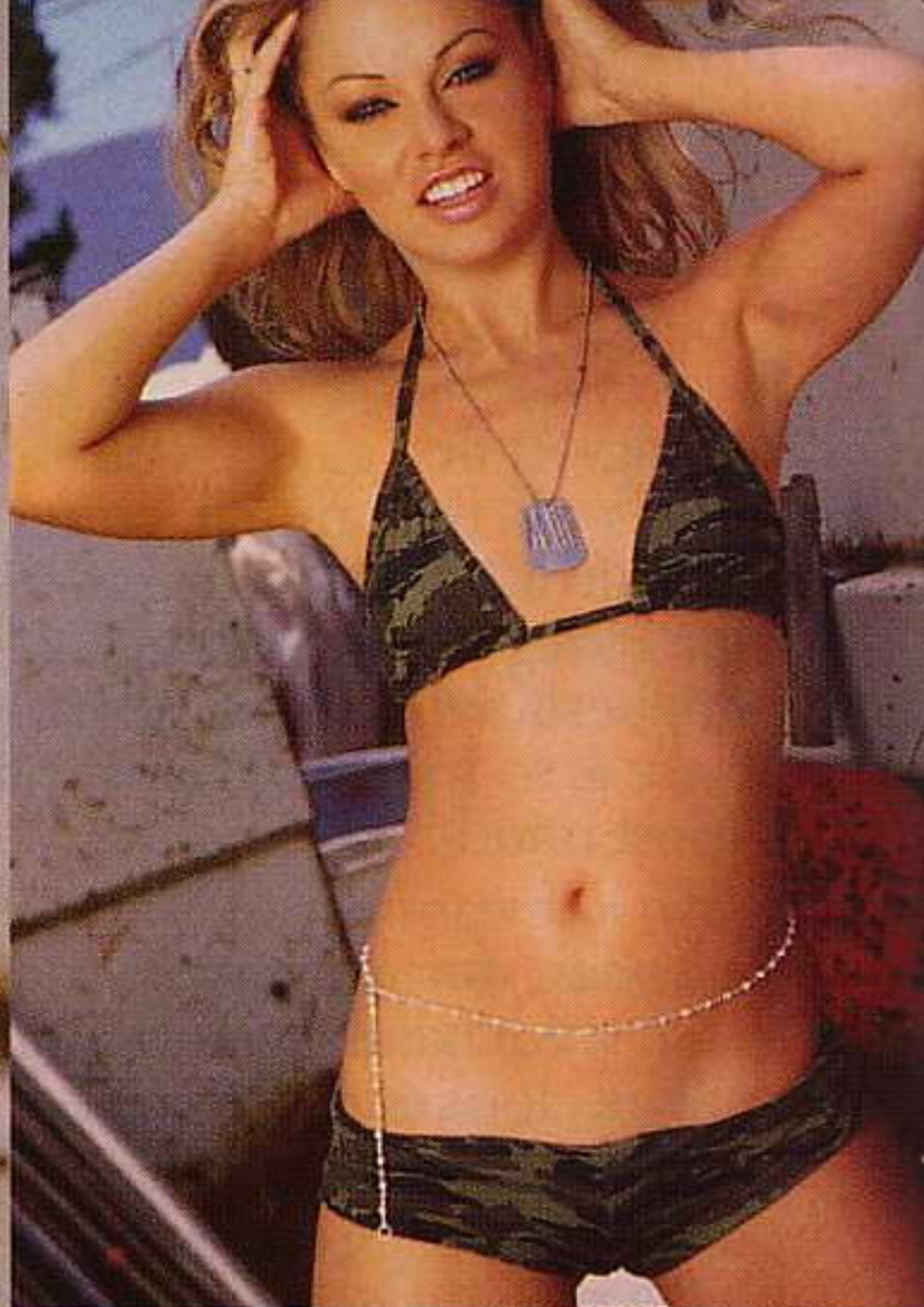
"Oh fuuuuck..." I moaned with sheer ecstasy.

Andrea continued to bounce up and down on my spew cock and I could feel my jism seeping out the sides of her cunny.

"Mmm, good," I could hear Manny moan as her tongue caught the overflow of my warm gooey spunk.

Once Andrea had drained the last drop of sludge from my balls she climbed off me and, together, the two sisters began to frig their clits. It was like watching stereo-phonetic masturbation!

I only hope that this year's March break turns out as well.



A photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair posing on a rusty, industrial metal structure. She is wearing a dark, strapless top and black high-heeled sandals with thin straps. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. The structure is made of large, weathered metal plates and beams, with some visible rust and mechanical components. The background is a bright, overexposed area, possibly a sky or a large window. The overall tone is gritty and industrial.

GOOD LAY, MATE

PHOENIX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHAEL BISCO





Phoenix was born in Vancouver, Canada, but currently divides her time between New Zealand and Australia. She was a psychology major in college, but now the transplanted Canuck says she plans to get a diploma in interior design.







"I also very much want to have a happy family, with a nice home on some cool little beach in Australia," she winks. Regarding Australian guys' reputation for lushery, the 25-year-old says, "Definitely...and they love their women. I've made so much money as an exotic dancer in Australia." The sun-worshipping Libra loves going to the beach and says, "I am very comfortable being naked, and I hate tan lines; so I always go to the nudie beaches. Guys always look, whether you're in a skimpy little bikini or completely naked. I've learned to not really pay attention to it."



Beaver Hunt



#1 Angel

With hotties like Angel among its population, is it any wonder that Russell has been bursting into flames lately? A 23-year-old store clerk who's clearly open to anything, Angel enjoys surfing and getting naked, and harbored a fantasy "to be in HUSTLER."
—Photo by Fiancé

Beaver Hunt



#2 Mona

Much like her partial namesake in the art world, Ontario's Mona is a woman of mystery. The 34-year-old personal social worker's ominous carnal ambition involves a "high-speed chase; the rest varies." As for hobbies, Mona prefers "staying out of trouble, in good health and away from creepy people." What did we ever do to you?
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt

#3 Desiré



We're pretty sure that Desiré is violating the U.S. Flag Code in this picture, but we'll rise and salute her anyway. This 34-year-old boat ornament from Daytona, Florida's selfless pastime is "making my man happy by sucking his cock"; her sexual ambition is "to be fucked anally and do 69 with another woman."
—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#4 Nichole

Taking the "virgin" out of Virginia, randy Roanoke resident Nichole, 24, assumes the official position of the ideal HUSTLER girl. When she's not sunbathing, swimming or traveling, the happy housewife creams over the idea of meeting a beautiful woman and having "a weekend-long sexual escapade with her and my husband at the beach."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#5 Amanda

"I want to suck your pud" seems to be the motto of Montreal, Canada, amateur vampiress Amanda. When she's not indulging in cheerleading, volleyball and NASCAR, this 22-year-old stake stiffener considers the racy possibility of "hot sex in a stock car going 120 mph around the Talladega Super Speedway."

—Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST FLASH FOR CASH

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2003 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you!

Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to **NORTHLAND MEDIA INC.**,
173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7

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

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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 Anna

"My ultimate sexual fantasy would be that I'm the hot Catholic school-girl, who after class sits spread-eagle on my teacher's desk as he eats my sweet pussy until I climax all over his face," writes Anna, 21, from New Brunswick. She also enjoys water sports, biking and horseback riding, and is studying to be a beautician, but we suspect that you're too busy cleaning up right now to read this.

—Photo by Friend

We imagine that airport security checks are hell for Kandy in this post-9/11 world, but her keen coordination of lip adornment makes it all worth it. A 22-year-old exotic dancer from Base River, Nova Scotia, Kandy melts over the idea of "having another woman make me come."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#7 Janne

No, Janne; the loose change is between the *couch* cushions! When she's not practicing to be a furniture model, 22-year-old Janne enjoys "playing with toys." The slender enchantress from Clearbrook, B.C., brags that "I know what I want, and I know how to get it."

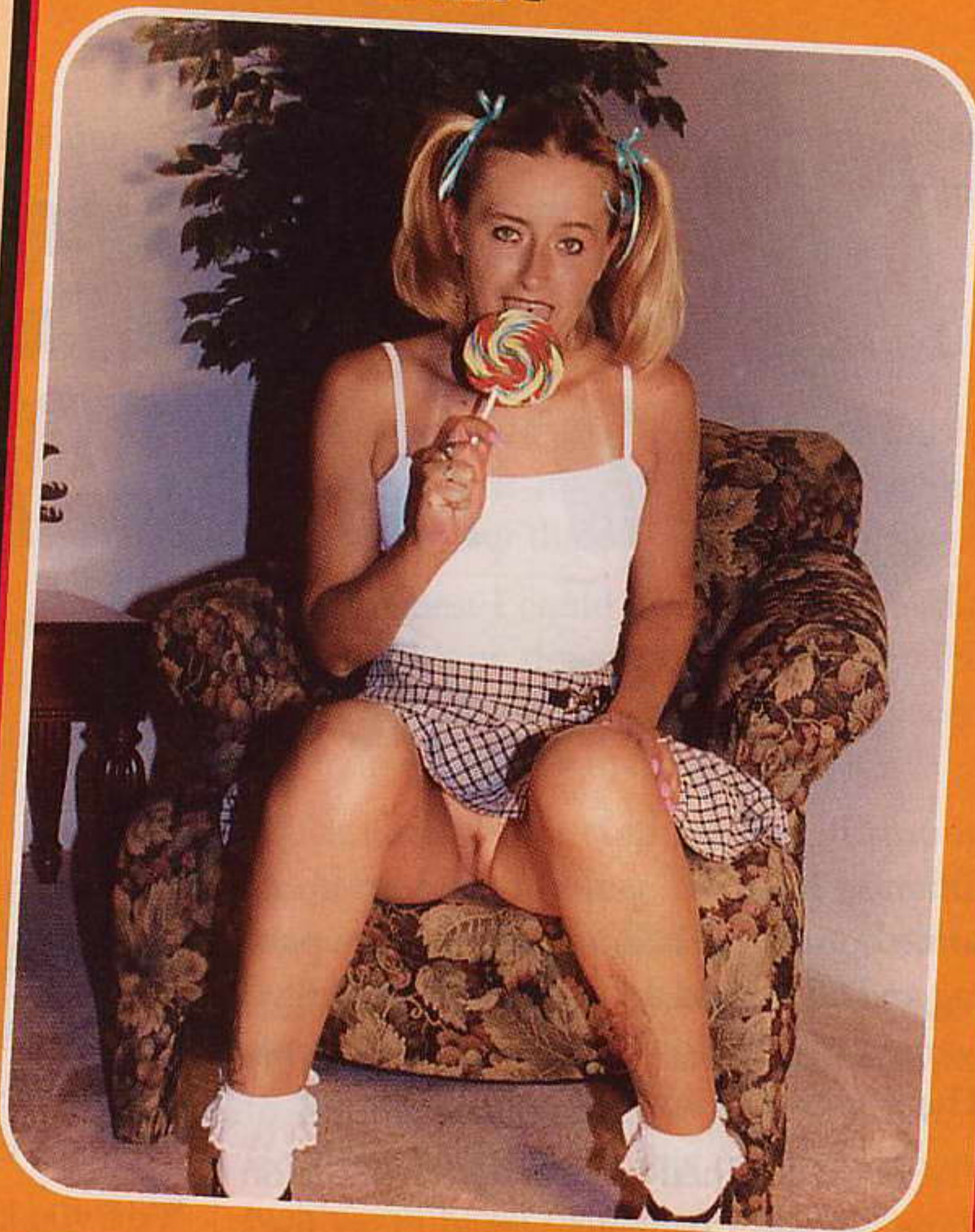
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#8 Kandy

Beaver Hunt



#9 Christy ★

One look at Atlanta nymph Christy, and we know why the South is always promising to rise again. When she's not indulging her sweet tooth, this 24-year-old waitress enjoys "love sports," cleaning and shopping.
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#10 Babydoll ★

If you've heard any explosions in Waterloo, Ontario, lately, don't blame the ATF; it's probably just the local gents blowing their loads over Babydoll. The 24-year-old Lone Star filly didn't mention her occupation, but does note that "I love being creative, using many different positions. I love foreplay. I am spontaneous, and I'm not shy about getting myself off." Works for us.
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#11 Janette ★

Like every good maid, Janette has her own special method for accessing hard-to-reach crevices. A "fine-ass mom of four," this 26-year-old from Dinsmore, Saskatchewan, likes "sex, raising kids and having fun," and hopes to someday have "sex under a waterfall" and "public sex."
—Photo by Husband

Memoirs of Mimi

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.

It seems as though it was only yesterday that we kicked the Tories out of Queen's Park and replaced them with the promise-bearing (and promise-breaking) Grits. For the most part I think politicians are all the same – an opportunist bunch of power and sex-starved men and women who will do anything or anyone to get what and where they want. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but I think one should call it like it is.

Shortly after the Liberals were swept into power I was assigned to cover Queen's Park for several months. It is a stint that I will not soon forget.

Ontario's provincial parliament can be quite overwhelming even for a seasoned journalist like myself. Once I found my spot in the press gallery I began to attend all the question periods. I made a point of always positioning myself in the front of the scrums afterwards and soon enough I got to know several of the cabinet ministers on a first name basis. One, whose name I won't disclose, caught my fancy – not for his masterful debating skills or his insightful views on the current issues, but because he happened to be so damned gorgeous. Soon Joe (as I'll call him) and I became very good friends. Often he would take me out to lunch and give me the 'off record' scoops or leak out some piece of strategic information. Joe was very smooth and, as I look back, I guess he assumed he had me in his back pocket – little did he know who actually had whom.

Often at lunch he would drone on about some boring legislation that they were passing and all I could think of was how badly I wanted to bed down the handsome hunk. Then, as always, my opportunity arose.

The house had had a late evening debate on some bill and I patiently waited to get Joe's spin of it. After the scrum he invited me up to his office to discuss the matter further. Joe had one of the nicest offices in Queen's Park – he was obviously a favourite of the Premier. As we discussed the recent debate, Joe poured us a glass of very fine brandy.

There we chatted, me sitting in the richly upholstered Queen Ann chair and he leaning up against his darkly stained antique French provincial oak desk. As I looked at his fine physique I couldn't help but notice that he had a sizable bulge in his pants. If I hadn't known better I would have sworn he had an erection – and perhaps I didn't know better. In any case, I could feel my own womaness begin to moisten. I found myself yearning to feel his five o'clock bristle rubbing up against the insides of my tender loins. By the time we finished discussing the nation's business and solving every world crisis, Joe asked me if I'd like a tour of the house. I was thrilled. Normally, unless you were a member of provincial parliament you weren't allowed on the floor. But there I soon found myself, standing in front of the speaker's chair. I guess I'm not much different than a lot of people, but the very sense of power within the room felt like an aphrodisiac. I was so horny!

I could tell Joe sensed my agitation and in the middle of a sentence he grabbed me by the waist and laid a big wet kiss on me. I thought I would faint. Joe was an incredibly good kisser and I relished the wonderful sensation of his wet warm tongue exploring

my mouth.

"Why don't you sit down," he suggested.

"Why?" I asked.

"Right here," he said pointing to the speaker's chair.

"Are you kidding?"

"Sit down," he motioned to the chair, "there's no one here."

I did as Joe instructed and sat down on the speaker's chair. It was such a strange sensation. As my hands ran over the soft fabric of the chair I felt as though I was caressing history itself.

"Like it?" he smiled.

"Yes, it's wonderful."

Joe then knelt down and lifted my skirt. "Then you're going to love this!"

"What are you doing?" I instinctually pulled away.

He grabbed my thighs.

"Relax and enjoy."

Slowly Joe pushed open my legs only to discover the absence of underpants. I could feel his warm breath cover and embrace my hot hatch. I looked around the room, terrified that we'd be discovered.

"What if someone comes in?" I piped up.

"Don't worry, the guards don't make their rounds for another 45 minutes."

I slumped back in the chair, opened my legs further and gave Joe better access to my starving quim.

"Mmm," he whispered, "your pussy smells so good. I love the smell of cunt, almost as much as the smell of power – and now I have both."

I closed my eyes and tried to relax as his tongue explored the tender folds of my

labia. Joe was obviously a well-experienced cunnilinguist and his skilled lick was already getting me very hot. As he sucked at my love button, he inserted several fingers into my juicy wet hole. Then, after several minutes, he pulled them out and held them to his nose – inhaling deeply.

"Yum, your pussy smells so good baby, I love the smell of your sweet sap." He then sensuously licked his fingers and inserted them back into my juice box. By this time I was squirming and writhing with passion.

"Please sweetie," I begged him, "make me come, please make me come."

And that is precisely what Joe intended to do. Over several minutes he worked at my cunt with such intensity and devotion that it only took a short time until I felt myself ready to orgasm.

"Joe," I called out his name, "Joe, I'm going to come baby, I'm going to come right now."

His movements became quicker.

"I want you to come on my face Mimi. I want to taste your juice when you come. Come now baby, come on my face."

"Yes," I moaned, "I will, I will come on your face. I will squirt my jam juice all over your handsome face. Lick my cunt baby, lick my cunt really good and make me fucking come. That's it sweetie, eat me, eat my cunt, eat my fucking cunt. That's it eat, eat baby, eat it, eeeeeee..."

Then before I knew it I was in the throws of the most incredible orgasm of my life. And with every spasm and every wave, Joe buried his face deeper into my cunny to receive every drop of my joy juice.

As the last spasm shook my body I slouched back into the soft padded chair. I smiled and cooed, "That was wonderful!"

Joe stood up, began to undo his fly and smiled.

"Now it's your turn," he said as he pulled his big fat erect cock out from his opened zipper slit. I leaned forward and took it in one hand. He had such a beautiful penis – perfectly shaped and cut just nice. I lovingly touched my tongue to the tip and tasted the salty precum as it oozed out from his pee slit. I then slipped the enormous piece of man meat into my hungry mouth. I held his balls gently with my free hand and began to move my mouth up and down the entire length of his rigid shaft.

"Writing isn't your only force," he remarked as he looked down at me hovering over his cockmeat.

Joe had an extremely suckable cock and I was determined to coax up his ball milk.

"Suck my cock baby," he lasciviously moaned, "suck my cock and take every inch down your throat."

I did the best I could and tried to slide the sizable schlong down my hungry gob. Joe reached over with his two hands and placed them on either side of my temples.

"Suck it baby," he commanded, thrusting his pelvis into my face. "Suck my big cock babe, suck my big fat fucking horse cock!"

As I sucked his mammoth cock my finger, which had been on his balls, made its way to Joe's asscrack. Lubed with my spit, I slowly inserted it into his redeye. I could feel his sphincter tighten around my finger. He moaned with pleasure as my mouth glided effortlessly over his cock and my finger explored his moist tight butt hole. He began to fuck my face with greater agitation.

**"That's it baby,
milk my balls,
milk my fucking balls!"**

"That's it baby, milk my balls, milk my fucking balls!" His porksword jabbed in and out of my ravenous mouth.

"Uhh, that's it babe, that's it, suck it, suck it babe, suck my cock, suck my fucking cock" he groaned.

By now my cunt was just burning with desire. I suddenly pulled my head away, stood up and turned around.

"Fuck me Joe, fuck me right here, fuck my cunt right here on the speaker's chair!" I begged.

Without even saying a single word, Joe sunk his swollen fuck tool deep inside my wanting woozle. His thick piece of grade A meat almost split me in two and yet I felt the most incredible sense of relief. I felt full, complete and whole – he made me feel like a real woman.

"Fuck me," my profane words echoed throughout the chamber, "fuck me good, fuck me hard. Fuck my cunt, fuck my cunt harder. Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it!"

I clenched my teeth and grabbed onto the arms of the chair. Joe's bowsprit skewered me and pushed me into the chair.

"You like that baby? You like getting your juicy wet cunt fucked on the speaker's chair. You like having my big fucking cock inside your wet cunt?"

"Yes Joe, yes, yes, yes, I love getting fucked on the speakers chair by your big fat cock!"

We were both so turned on to the entire scene that it didn't take long until we both came.

As his bone banged away at my cunt, I could feel my insides begin to tighten. I knew I was going to come again.

"I'm coming Joe, I'm fucking going to come again!"

"Yeah, come on my cock, make your cunt come all over my fucking cock baby, come, come, come, fucking come on my big fucking cock!"

A moment later my love tunnel clamped a vise-like grip onto his massive manroot. He obviously felt the pressure my cunny walls exerted.

"Yeah, that's it Mimi, come, come, come on my cock, make your cunt come all over fucking tool!"

And with his lecherous words my delirious cunt detonated in a violently wonderful orgasm. As I erupted, Joe gave one last thrust, pushed his cock as deeply inside my hole as possible and then came to a complete stop; he remained perfectly still. A grunt came from the back of his throat and I could feel him flood the depths of my love with his warm gooey man seed. The feeling of his cock as it throbbed and spewed, coating my insides with its liquid treasure was simply exquisite. Several moments later he withdrew his discharged weapon, which I then cleaned off with my lips. The taste of his semen mixed with my girl drippings will be something I will not soon forget.

Several weeks later my assignment ended and I was off to do other exciting and wondrous things, but my romp in the speaker's chair with the lusty liberal will be forever etched upon my memory.

More to cum!

YOUR PRIVACY

Soon, microchips may be implanted in your clothes and pretty much anything else you buy. Corporations and possibly the government will literally be in your pants.

It's often said that the clothes you wear say a lot about you. Thanks to miniature chips sewn into your clothing, your wardrobe will soon say a lot more. In fact, your button-down shirt can tell those with the right equipment your name, how much you paid for your shirt, and where and when you bought it.

The chips, called radio frequency identification devices (RFIDs), are a high-tech replacement for UPC symbols. The technology is already in wide use. Fast-pass toll-collection systems use playing-card-size devices mounted on a car's windshield to allow drivers to pay bridge and road tolls without slowing down. Veterinarians commonly implant readable chips the size of a rice grain into the necks of dogs and cats so lost pets can be returned to their owners.

Now retailers want a piece of the new technology. Recently, Benetton, the Italian clothier with 5,000 stores globally, placed an order for 15 million specialized radio chips, which they will sew into every piece of clothing they sell. The chips will allow the store to track every garment from production to purchase and beyond, since Benetton does not plan to disable the chips after purchase.

RFIDs don't store much data on their own. In fact, the tiny chips don't even have a battery, just an antenna. Scanners send out radio waves that a chip simply reflects back with its unique ID number enclosed.

The scanner sends that number to a central database, which then relays back to the scanner all the information the company knows about that product. That information is limited only by what manufacturers care to put in the database—which can include date of manufacture, delivery date, the price paid, the kind of payment used and even the ID numbers of other products bought by the same person or worn at the time of purchase.

But RFID companies dream bigger. Eighty-eight different RFID companies founded the Auto-ID Center at MIT in 1999 with the modest goal of “creating an open global network that can identify anything, anywhere, automatically.”

The implications of such information-sharing would be staggering.

In the future, as you walk down the street, your shoes, your glasses, the books in your bag, your socks and, perhaps later down the line, your driver's license, will be indiscriminately screaming data about you, but on a frequency only a computer system can hear.

It sounds like a bad science-fiction movie, but every single component of that system—the scanners, the RFIDs, the scoring software and the distributed databases—already exists. The only barrier is the price of the tags. Currently, each tag costs at least 30 cents, and industry ana-

lysts say the price must fall to five cents before retailers start switching over.

That moment is almost here. Gillette ordered 500 million tags at ten cents a piece in January and has already run a test program in Brockton, Massachusetts.

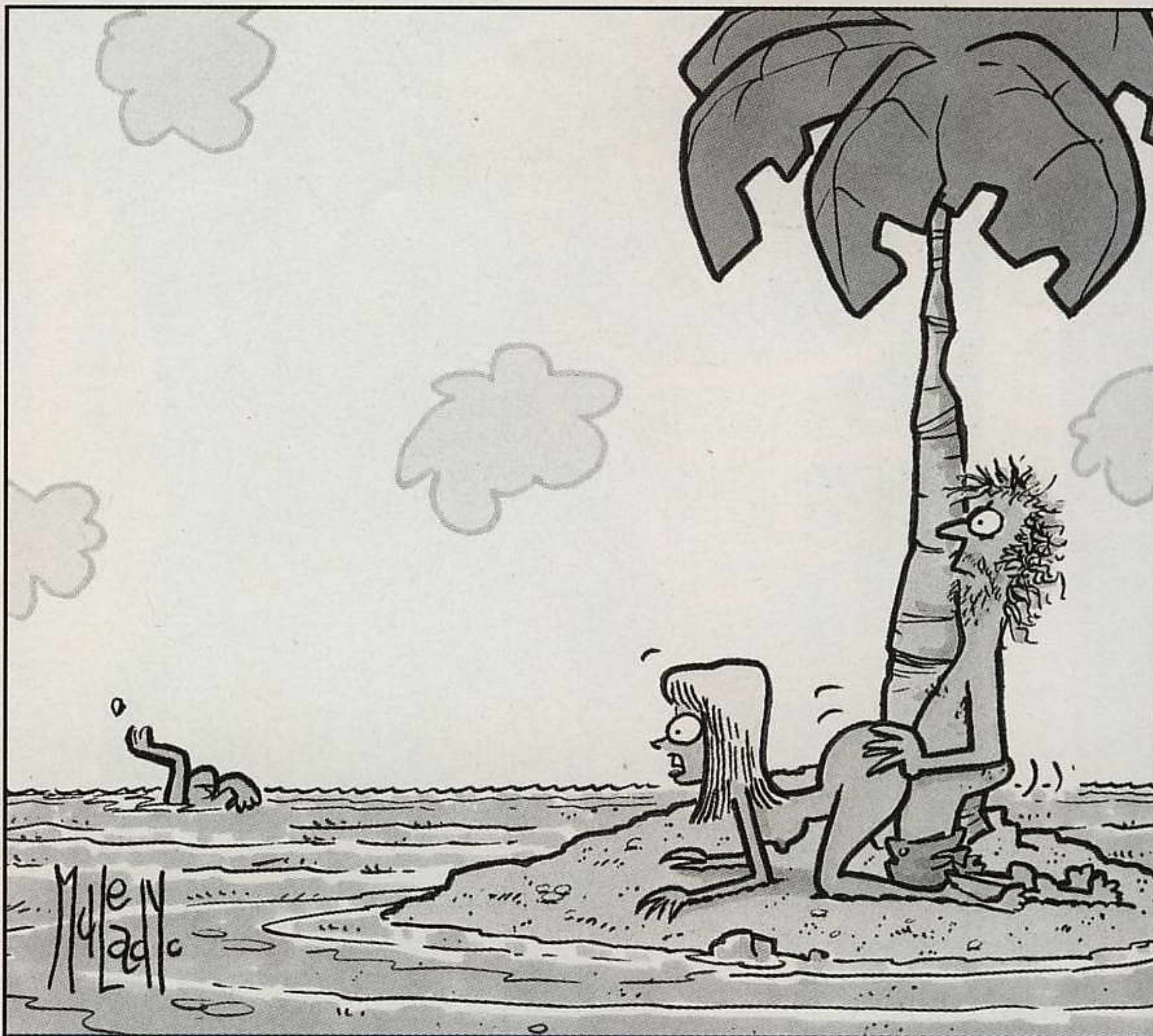
The cost to Americans in terms of civil liberties could be substantially higher. Privacy advocates are already concerned about the technology's implications.

What would stop the FBI from coming into your house and, in a two-minute walk-through, recording every item you own, including those hidden out of sight?

Lee Tien of the Electronic Frontier Foundation only half-jokingly worries that he will soon have to microwave his clothes to disable the signal. But the real question is, how are you going to microwave your car, or, for that matter, how do you microwave the microwave?

* * *

Ryan Singel has written for *Wired News*, *In These Times*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, *LiP Magazine* and *Clamor*.



“Shit, it's my husband! Quick, if he finds you here, he'll kill you!”



ROPE

BURN

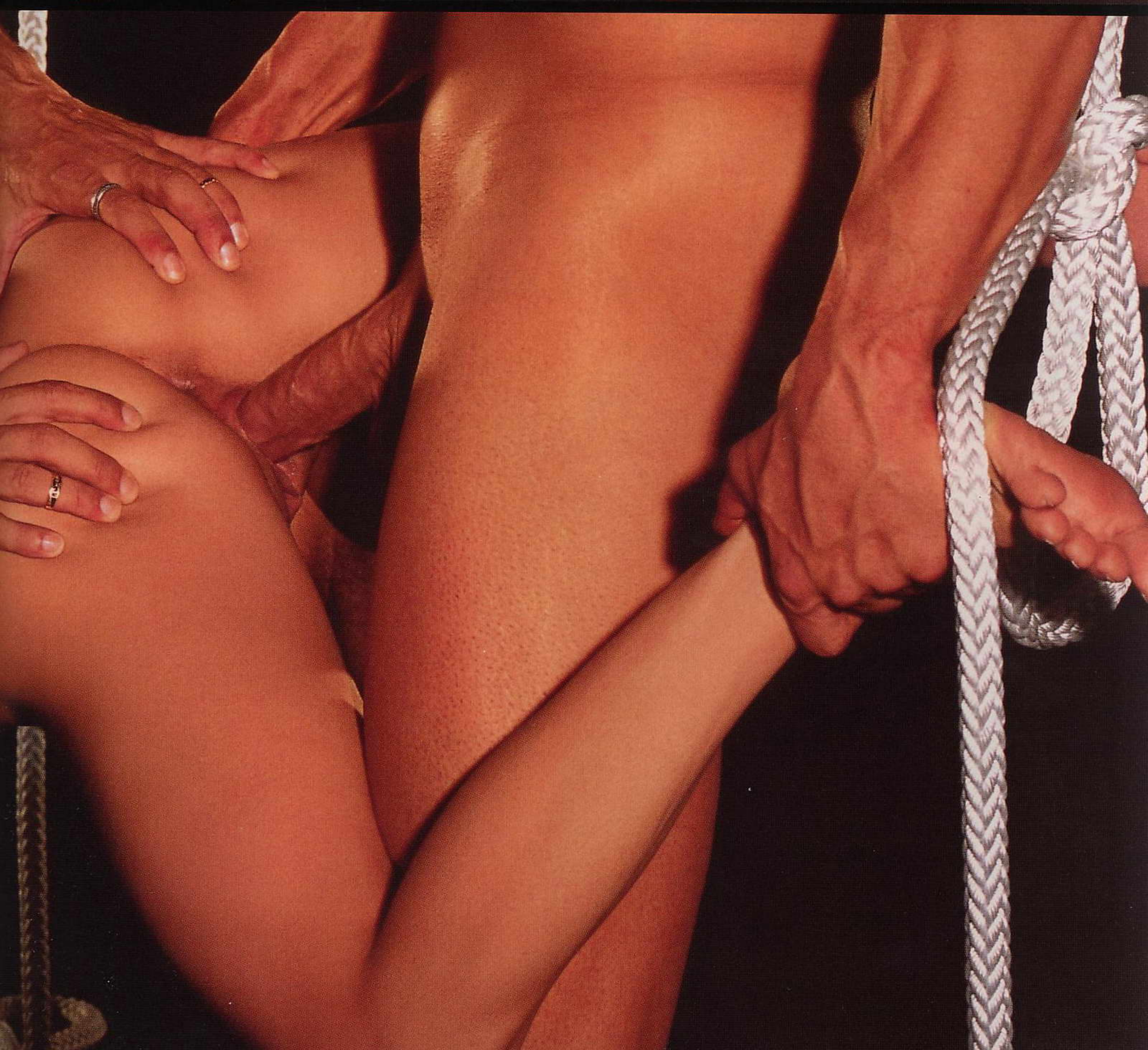
Simone had always wanted to run away and join the circus as a trapeze artist, but the former gymnast knew she had a lot to learn. Fortunately Nick and Eksavir were experienced in swinging and agreed to show her the ropes. They started with the basics of climbing, removing their clothes to make their movements more fluid. Wet with excitement, the limber student quickly picked up some of the more complicated maneuvers: the Penetrating Pretzel, the Flying Lotus and the Spread Eagle. Maybe during her next lesson she'll actually get off the ground.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN



SIMONE, NICK & EKSAVIR











Suze behind the camera...

Suze

The

Erotic photographer Suze Randall has taken pictures of every top model from Traci Lords to Jenna Jameson—she's even shown pink herself. Better still, Suze's daughter, Holly, has joined her mom to form the ultimate mother-daughter porn team.

Report by Sean Carney

Flash back in time to mid-'60s "swinging" London, where Suze Randall, a prim, young hospital worker from Worcestershire, England, reinvents herself as a naughty mod pinup girl to pay the bills while her husband struggles to write a novel. Horny guys in the UK are soon drooling over hot layouts of Randall posed in silky panties, garters and hose. The pictorials are so smashing that Suze's career keeps climbing even after the work on hubby's book has wrapped.

Now flash forward a few years to early-'70s America, where Sexy Suze has transformed herself yet again. Randall ditches cheesecake poses for a turn behind the camera and wows Hugh Hefner with some candid nude shots of a fellow model. Soon Randall, in a triumph of talent, ambition and good timing, parlays Hef's interest into a staff position at *Playboy*—a groundbreaking achievement for a woman in the then-conservative adult-publishing world.

But Suze's budding renown as a porn shutterbug is too great for one magazine to contain; so she goes freelance, eventually earning the distinction of being the only photographer to shoot for *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *HUSTLER*. Suze surprises erotic-entertainment fans once more in 1977 by appearing in front of the lens again, this time showing pink for pal Larry Flynt in an infamous, explicit *HUSTLER* self-portrait layout.

Today, Suze Randall is quite wealthy and a "name brand" that most *HUSTLER* readers will instantly recognize. That's because Suze's steamy adult photo-spreads are still turning us on—whether they are in the pages of this magazine or on the slick Web site, *Suze.net*, that Randall and her daughter, Holly, run as a family business.

What's her secret? With a note from Holly warning me not to fear their driveway, which "looks like it runs right up into the sky," I set off to Suze's 20-plus-acre ranch in Malibu Canyon, California—an impossibly chic and beautiful valley above the Pacific Ocean—to discover the answer.

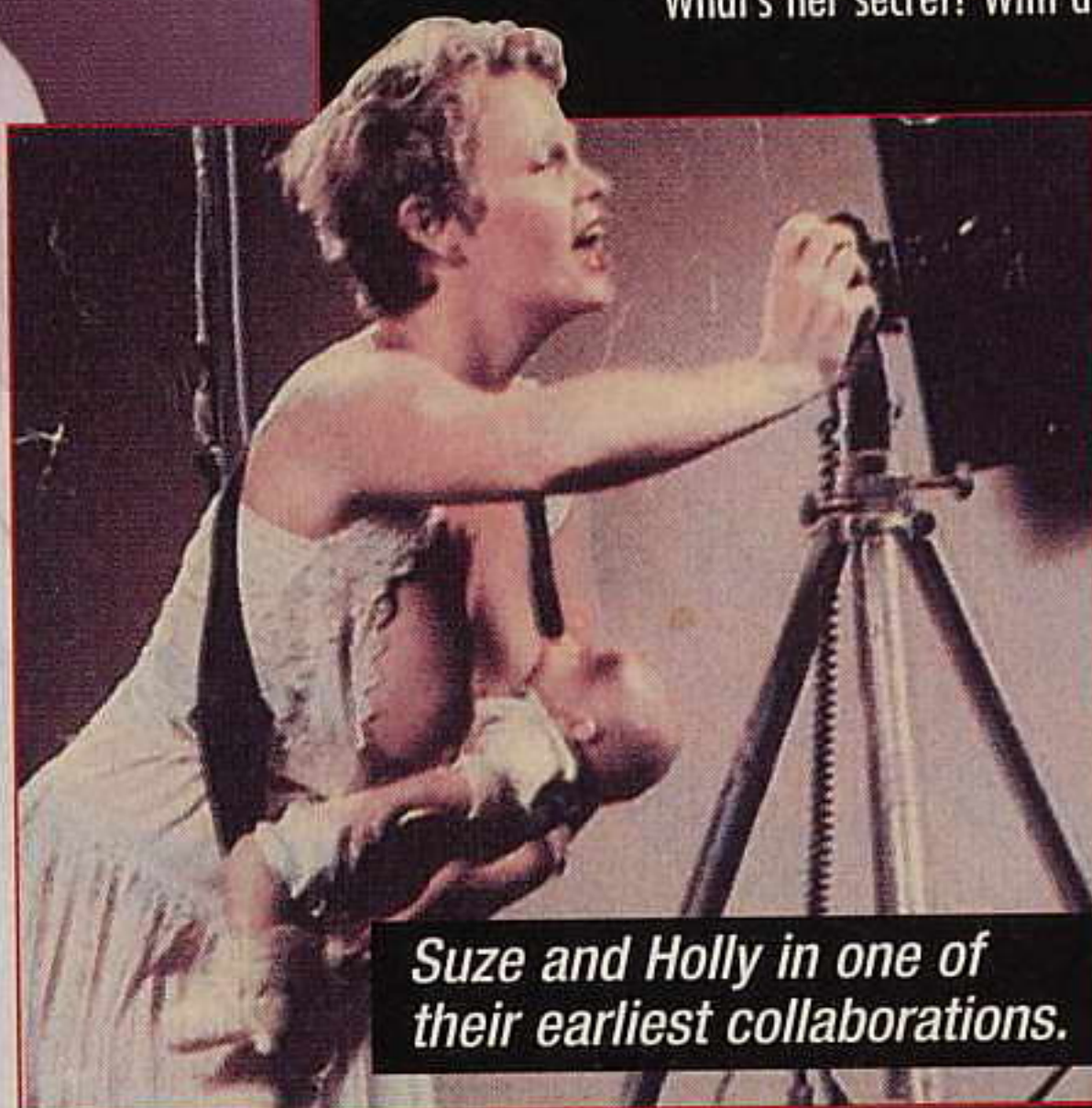
Holly greets me in front of her family's stuccoed, mission-style home and ushers me on a whirlwind tour of Suze's studio, where a bevy of gorgeous, blond, twentysomething girls catalog the Randalls' voluminous body of work. We settle down in a rustic kitchen area for a fantastic meal of chicken and fresh salad from the garden. Suze joins us, looking dramatic and highly sexy in jodhpurs and a skintight white blouse. At 58, Suze radiates more sexuality than women half her age.

Suze is forthright about the secret of her success: "It's about the model—that's number one. The photographer is the person who coordinates everything, who makes it play. I just try to make the environment as comfortable as possible for the model, as sensual as possible."



Photo by Thomas Riffer

Holly Randall taking her mother from behind.



Suze and Holly in one of their earliest collaborations.

Randall

Queen of Cooze

Suze's emphasis on sensuality—not to mention the topnotch lighting and the detailed styling she and her assistants engineer—harkens back to a glamorous era before the “gonzo” aesthetic that is so prevalent in today's smut took over.

Randall credits two men as her mentors: Hugh Hefner and Larry Flynt. “I actually met Larry at one of Hef's garden parties,” reminisces Suze. “At the [Playboy] mansion, they invite someone, and then they ignore them. They have all these celebs and all these titty girls and everything, and the only person who ever talked to anybody was me; so I went right up to Larry and started talking to him. We hit it off immediately. Larry said, ‘Why don't you shoot yourself for HUSTLER?’ So Larry put on the cover, in big letters, *PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWS PINK!* So I got thrown out of *Playboy* by [Hef's] bouncers. Hefner sent down a memo that said, ‘Tell Suze to go fuck herself!’”

With HUSTLER, Flynt wanted the photos to be so detailed that readers could see each model's every pore; so Suze learned to shoot without diffusion on the camera lens and bootstrapped herself into the upper echelon of adult photographers.

Despite her status as an icon of old-school XXX elegance, Randall delights in the more explicit path her profession has taken.

“There's hard-core sex everywhere now, and that's fine by me,” the lenswoman offers. “I much prefer the hard-core to the soft-core. Like they used to have these guys holding their willies looking dumbly at the girl. It was really silly! The chemistry is so much better when the people are actually making love. So that's been refreshing. Remember, the first time I posed was before magazines showed pubic hair!”

Holly laughs when Ma Suze tells stories of the old days. But Holly—already a jizz-biz veteran in her 20s—has had her own experiences with censorship and repressive attitudes. She recently joined Suze in the photo business full-time after a stint at the prestigious Brooks Institute of Photography. Holly writes on her HollyRandall.com Web site, “I never really fit in [at Brooks]—they don't allow nude images displayed—imagine that!” For Holly, snapping provocative photos of beautiful women is in her blood. Hiding the body or covering the sexy parts just doesn't make sense.

Holly's photographic style is a logical extension of Suze's aesthetic. The amped-up sensuality is there, but Holly's work is perhaps even more pristine and detailed than her mother's. Holly's eye-popping shots of Brianna Banks, Sunny Leone and Aria Giovanni have connected the Randalls to millions of fans.

Suze and Holly Randall have been such a potent pair in the studio that they've recently expanded their Suze.net enterprise into XXX videos. “[Adult movies] used to be difficult to make,” laughs Suze. “You were always running from the vice [squad].”

What aspect of video production does Suze Randall most enjoy?

Ever-outrageous, Suze replies without skipping a beat. “Setting up a monitor and having a martini and a cigarette and saying, ‘Ah! Jolly good show—that's a nice boner!’” offers the Annie Liebovitz of split beaver. “It's really quite entertaining.”



Suze and Larry Flynt enjoying an intimate moment.



...and in front of it.



Porn star Aria Giovanni in a Randall sandwich.

Coming Next Month in **HUSTLER**

►► HOSTILE INVASION

They tell us the jobless rate is down. They tell us inflation doesn't exist. They tell us they care about healthcare. Who are they and what's the truth? Don't miss our exclusive **HUSTLER** exposé, Hostile Invasion - the real story behind the corporate take-over of Canada.

NO-NAME-FUCK ◀◀

For some Canadian men the dating game is no contest. Tired of mind-games, divorce and financial ruin many guys are turning to bizarre and often dangerous alternatives. No-name Fuck - reveals a disturbing trend in anonymous sex among heterosexual men in Canada. Don't miss this insightful account of the struggle for sanity and sex - coming up in the next issue of **HUSTLER** magazine.

►► STANDING BY YOUR MAN

Has the women's movement gone too far? Is the equality of the sexes an attainable goal or simple unrealistic self-delusion? Read all about how some Canadian guys and gals are getting back to the basics in Standing By Your Man - the story of how good old fashioned role playing can work.

MEET ME IN MORDEN ◀◀

Whenever and wherever there's sexual havoc, you can be sure to find our lusty lady of libido. Don't miss another horny adventure with Canada's favourite tart - Mimi, as she invades Manitoba with her usual brand of charm and hot sex. Meet Me in Morden, another exciting sexperience right here in Canada's best selling adult magazine - **HUSTLER**.

Sunrise Adams

The April **HUSTLER** is on sale March 9, 2004. **HUSTLER**'s Web site is now at www.northlandmedia.ca.