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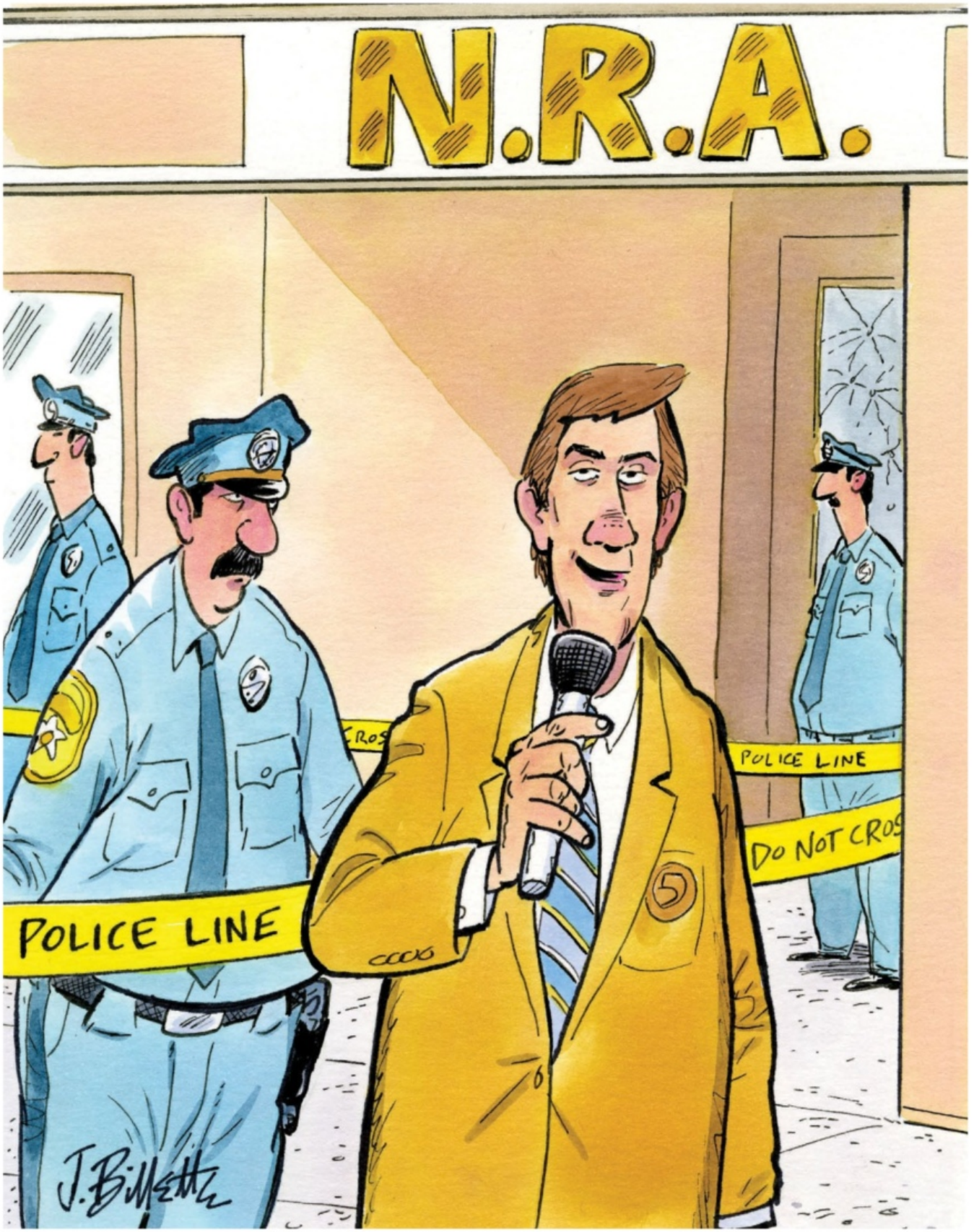
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"Apparently, a person armed with automatic weapons simply walked into the National Rifle Association headquarters and opened fire! The media have no details at this point, and we are left with just the obvious sweet irony of it!"

JANUARY 2016
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HUSTLER

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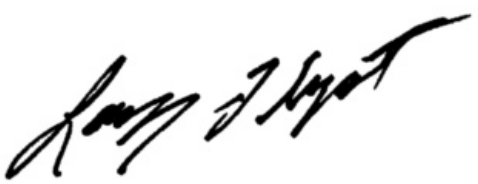
TAKE BACK OUR DEMOCRACY

There are many challenging issues confronting this nation—climate change, financial instability, the erosion of Constitutional rights, foreign policy insanity—but as Doug Hughes, the "gyrocopter guy" who landed on the Capitol lawn last April, said, "Those won't get addressed *until* we fix campaign finance reform."

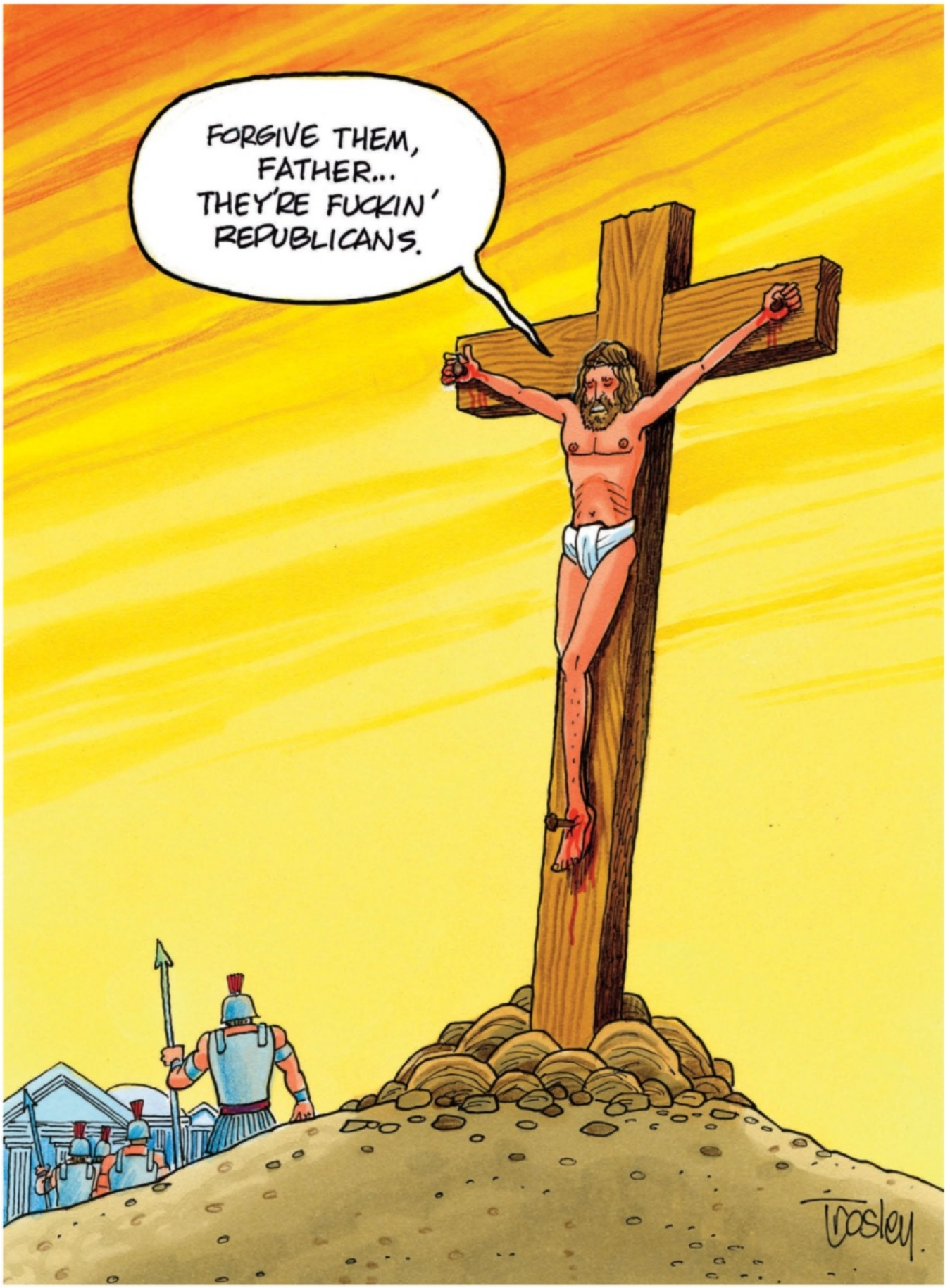
The obscene level of money flooding current campaigns—the Koch Brothers network will spend almost $900 million alone—forms a daunting catch-22 for change: Any candidate seriously advocating campaign finance reform is unlikely to be bankrolled by the rich donors and corporations determined to maintain the status quo. In turn, the sky-high cost of campaigning guarantees that candidates without the big loot stand almost no chance.

The mass media networks are profiting handsomely from a glut of advertising dollars and thus are part of the problem. They should provide a certain level of free advertising as a public service, or reduce their rates to allow more equitable access to underfunded candidates. We also need some form of full or partial public funding of campaigns to eradicate what amounts to wholesale bribery of our public officials.

With a majority of Americans of both parties favoring reform, we must make it a priority-one issue and demand that each candidate pledge to address this issue—or else our votes will amount to so much pissing in the wind.



Larry Flynt
Publisher


FORGIVE THEM, FATHER... THEY'RE FUCKIN' REPUBLICANS.
Trosley.

ADIOS, EMBARGO!

THE MYTH THAT CUBA IS A THREAT TO THE UNITED STATES IS FINALLY LAID TO REST.

Viva hookers, rum and cigars! The booze, the fried plantains and everything else just tastes better down there. Before the U.S. slammed the door shut in October 1960, Cuba was a veritable paradise. No one idolized it more than war correspondent, novelist and adventurer Ernest Hemingway. And not just for the great fishing. The casinos that the Mafia ran in Hemingway's Havana were more dazzling and exotic than any of the gambling dens springing up in hick towns across Nevada.

Being a sincerely radical young graduate student in August 1960, I was eager to observe the revolution that had shaken my Berkeley world, not to mention U.S. diplomacy. It's hard to believe now that almost six decades have elapsed since a flight from Key West ferried a group of already-soused good-old-boy patriots and fellow hell-raisers eager to flee America the Beautiful in pursuit of the perfect hangover. Quite by coincidence, I had joined some redneck goofballs en route to Havana. Geez, my compadres were so buzzed, they had no inkling that the plane had even taken off from Florida's extended southern toe.

Back then, Cuba was still the Caribbean island that Hemingway had celebrated: an intriguing and picturesque place to visit. But once the United States imposed an embargo, only travelers from other countries could experience Cuba's incredible beaches and pristine fishing grounds. *Turistas* were able to easily ignore the impact of what ideologues in Washington, D.C., insisted on defining as a Communist threat 93 miles from our shore.

The embargo dragged Cuba into the worst nightmare of the Cold War when Catholic altar-boy-turned-menacing-Boy-Scout John F. Kennedy suddenly blinked in a reality check that averted a nuclear holocaust. Throughout it all, the only ideology to endure in Cuba has been the more humane Latin American incarnation of the Roman Catholic Church. Its prelates finally managed to accommodate the Communists running the island just as smoothly as they had Fidel Castro's right-wing predecessor.

But the Church really took the bull by the horns when Pope Francis, the first pontiff from South America, successfully convinced a U.S. President that the Cuban threat to our liberty had always been a hoax.

Here's the backstory: For years the small Communist Party in Cuba distanced itself from the bearded Fidelista revolutionaries until they emerged from their stronghold in the Sierra Maestra mountains. The rebels launched a multipronged offensive that culminated in January 1959 with the overthrow of Fulgencio Batista, the U.S.-supported dictator who shared power with the Mafia.

It was the United States that eventually forced Castro into an alliance with the Soviet Union. At the urging of Allen Dulles, the former Wall Street lawyer who headed the Central Intelligence Agency, President Dwight D. Eisenhower imposed the Cuban embargo. Dulles had previously engineered the 1953 coup d'etat in Iran, whose government wanted to take control of its oil riches away from British interests.

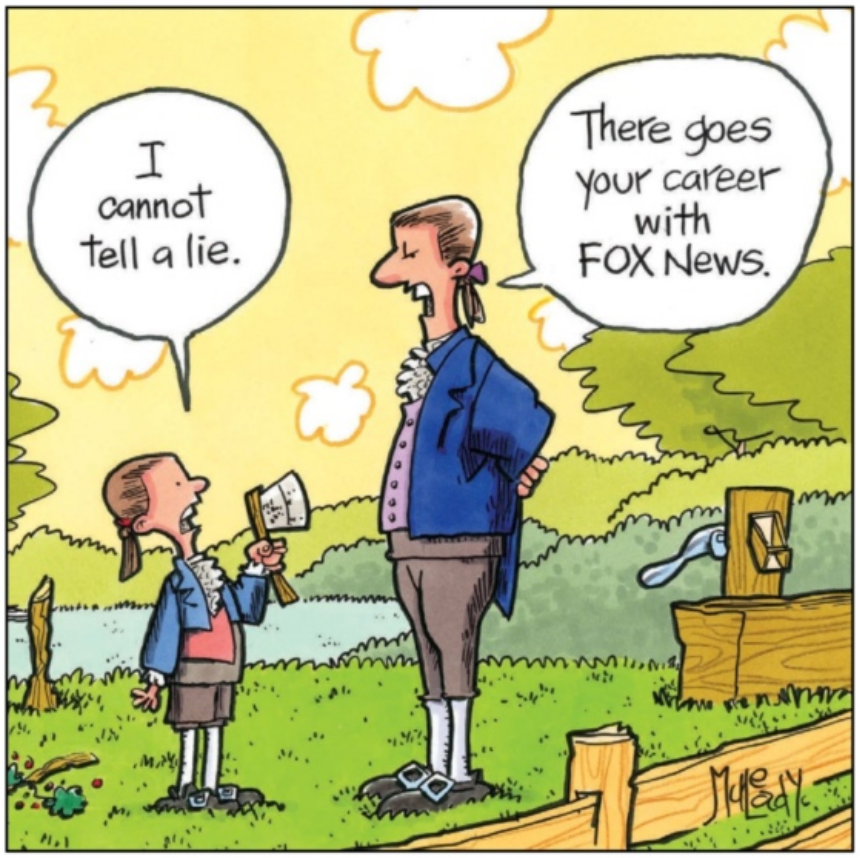
A year later, President Jacobo Árbenz Guzmán of Guatemala was removed in a CIA-led coup because he championed agrarian reforms benefiting his country's banana trade, which was being ripped off by the United Fruit Company. Castro scared us by nationalizing all American-owned businesses, including an electricity grid and nickel mine.

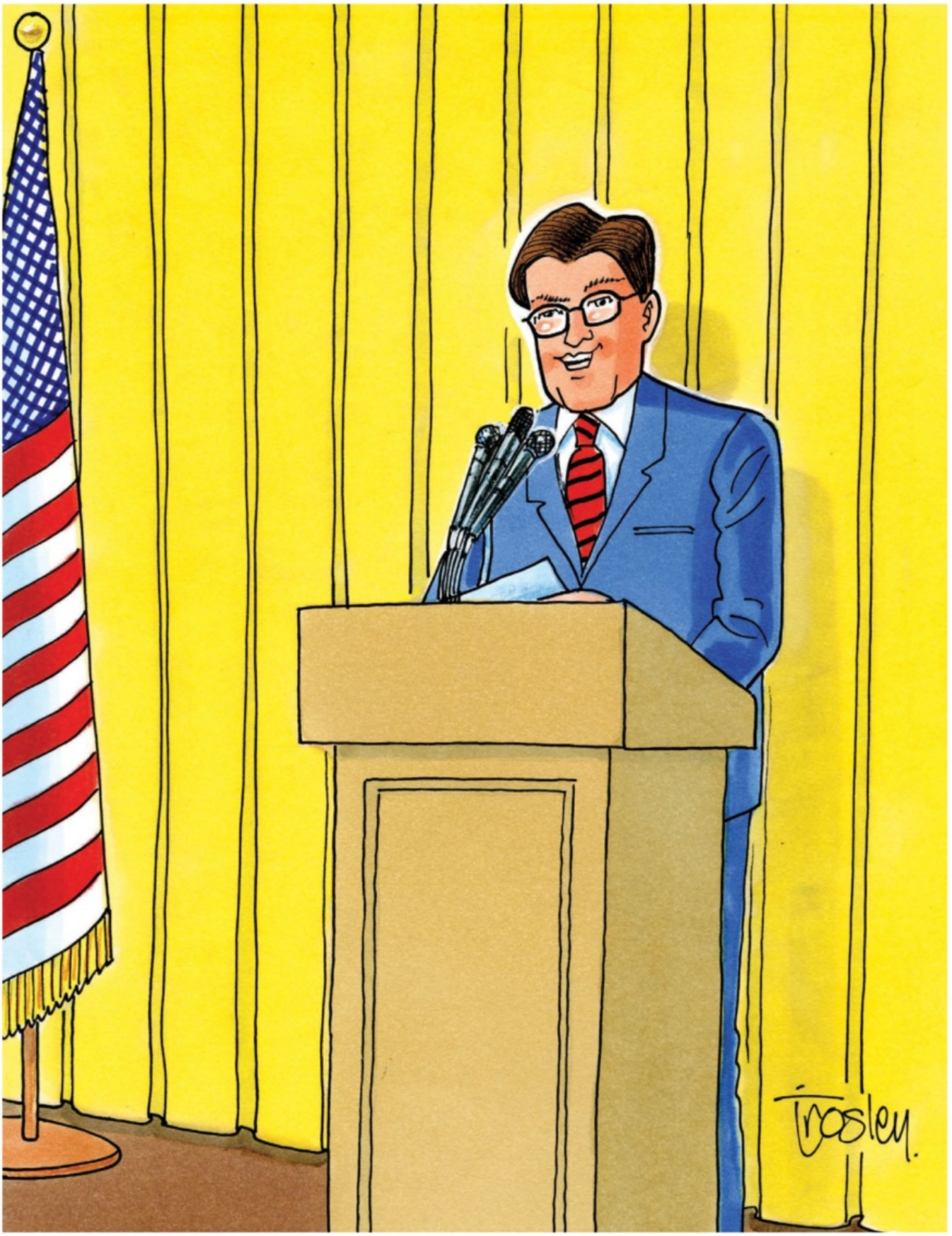
The biggest mistakes President Kennedy made were not dumping Dulles as CIA director and not blocking that nutjob's plan to use the Mafia to knock off Castro. Don't argue with me on this one. It's all laid out in a 133-page CIA inspector general's report that miraculously escaped destruction by the agency and now resides on the Internet (http://the-puzzle-palace.com/files/castroreport.htm).

The failure of the Mafia hit was followed by the spectacular humiliation of the Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961. That debacle led JFK, only three months in office, to say he wanted to "splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and scatter it into the winds."

If Kennedy had been able to pull that off, he would have left us with a far better world. But he didn't. So go to Havana, light up a Cohiba in some dank bar with a ceiling fan lazily circling and watch the news as the U.S. invades yet another nonthreatening country. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*





"Gold and silver fluctuate too much, so we've decided to simply tie the value of the dollar to the value of pussy."

HARD POWER OR SOFT?

THE U.S. MUST ESTABLISH A VIABLE FOREIGN POLICY THAT DOESN'T RELY ON MILITARY MIGHT ALONE.

The concept of yin and yang came about when ancient Chinese thinkers began viewing the world as a harmonious entity. As Shen-nong.com explains, they theorized that every object and phenomenon "had complementary and opposing characteristics in nature. Some examples include: sky and earth, day and night, water and fire, active and passive, male and female and so on."

Modern-day foreign policy has its own opposing concepts to secure the strong defense of a nation. One is called "soft power," a term coined by Joseph S. Nye, a Harvard University professor and former assistant secretary of defense. Professor Nye expounds that a nation's influence is based primarily on "three resources: its culture (in places that find it appealing), its political values (when it lives up to them at home and abroad), and its foreign policies (when they are seen as legitimate and having moral authority)." If these criteria are met, this nation will have important influence with other countries and peoples.

The second foreign-policy concept devoted to securing the strong defense of a nation is "hard power." This involves exerting influence with raw military might, which few countries can afford. Besides mustering sufficient manpower, it takes a highly educated workforce and robust economy to produce the requisite armaments to deter or counter any attack.

Since the correct balance of hard power and soft power is necessary for America's security, we must ensure that our educational system is adequate for the task of building a productive economy. We need both guns and butter—yin and yang—if we are to be safe and provided for.

While the U.S. has been allocating an enormous amount of resources (some of it wastefully) to the Pentagon, it has compiled a despicable foreign-policy ledger: In 1953 the tyrannical Shah of Iran was installed to rule the country after CIA subterfuge helped overthrow Mohammad Mosaddegh's democratically elected government. Next, the U.S. backed military coups in Guatemala (1954) and Chile (1973), supported dictator Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines and waged the polarizing Vietnam War for more than ten years.

More recently, the U.S. brought chaos and devastation to Iraq by invading that nation and illegally overthrowing its government. Overemphasizing and provocatively misusing its hard power, the U.S. has also supported NATO's expansion to the Russian border.

Meanwhile, China has been increasing its global influence with a greater emphasis on soft power. In 2007 head of state Hu Jintao told the Chinese Communist Party that the country needed to increase its soft power. His successor, Xi Jinping, delivered the same message in 2014. China has not only sought natural resources and energy sources throughout the world, but also mutually beneficial foreign trade and investment opportunities.

China's joint ventures in Africa and Latin America aim to develop its partner nations' resources and improve infrastructure. With that in mind, China has agreed to build a 3,300-mile rail line stretching from Brazil's Atlantic coast to a Peruvian port on the Pacific. According to the Reuters news agency, it would "reduce the cost of shipping grain and minerals to Asia."

In order to be stronger and safer, the United States must likewise increase its use of soft power and stop overrelying on hard power. The 2016 U.S. defense/homeland security budget exceeds $1 trillion—dwarfing every other country's military spending, including second-place China.

Let's shift one-third of this trillion dollars to resurrect President Franklin D. Roosevelt's vision. The U.S. must develop new civilian technologies and bolster infrastructure for its own people and those of other countries by creating a 21st-century, international New Deal.

This will add to the considerable amount of soft power America has already accumulated through our democratic and Constitutional ideals, through helping to rebuild parts of post-World War II Europe with the Marshall Plan, through our influential cultural contributions and through centuries-old immigration policies that have uniquely connected us with the world. H

Peter Mathews, a professor of political science at Cypress College in Southern California, serves as an analyst and commentator on numerous TV and radio shows. His recently updated book *Dollar Democracy: With Liberty and Justice for Some; How to Reclaim the American Dream for All* can be purchased at the author's website (**ePeterMathews.com**), Amazon.com, Barnes & Noble and independent bookstores.





"Well, Mr. Williams, your resumé shows a history of embellishing, making things up and just flat out lying when reporting. Welcome to Fox News!"



CARLY FIORINA

Carly Fiorina won the "junior varsity" round of the first Republican Presidential debate on August 6, 2015, and was hailed by some pundits and right-wing activists as the GOP's antidote to Hillary Clinton. They all praised her poise and elocution, which amounts to so much lipstick on a pig, because gnarly Carly embodies the supposed kinder, gentler spirit of women about as well as Nurse Ratched in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Some Republicans apparently think two tits and a Prada dress can narrow the gender gap in Presidential elections (since 1980, a majority of women have voted Democratic), but they'll need a shitload of makeup to hide Fiorina's revolting warts and blemishes:

She wants to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, except in cases of rape, incest or when pregnancy endangers the mother's life, and she opposes paid maternity leave. Out of 185 countries with a known policy, only two do not require some kind of financial benefits for maternity leave: the USA and our close cultural cousin—Papua New Guinea. Hell, even Afghanistan, thoroughly Muslim and the tenth-poorest nation on Earth, mandates 13 weeks of maternity leave with 100% of a woman's earnings covered. But this kind of "pro-life" policy—nurturing children in the most vulnerable period of their lives—is just too much of a burden for the wealthiest nation in the world!

Absurdly, she has claimed that the Supreme Court decision allowing employers to deny insurance coverage for birth control does not negatively affect women—no, not the ones in her seven-figure income bracket. But dissenting Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg noted that "the cost of an IUD is nearly equivalent to a month's full-time pay for workers earning the minimum wage." Just forget your rent, utilities and groceries for a month if you don't want to get knocked up in Carly's America!

So maybe raising the minimum wage would help compensate? Two-thirds of minimum-wage workers and three-quarters of all low-wage workers are women. No, the self-righteous tight-ass is against this too. Because it would "hurt those who are looking for entry-level jobs," she theorizes—contradicting the massive evidence adduced by over 600 economists, including seven Nobel Prize winners, who testified in a public letter to Congress that "increases in the minimum wage have had little or no negative effect on the employment of minimum-wage workers, even during times of weakness in the labor market."

How about the Paycheck Fairness Act for low- and middle-income women, 70% of whom are paid less than men for the exact same work? No, that would also "hurt female employees," Fiorina blurts, ignoring studies proving that it would cut the poverty rate for working women in half.

She also wants to repeal the Affordable Care Act (ACA). Of course, Carly didn't have to worry about coverage in her fight with breast cancer, paid for by her wealthy husband's AT&T retirement health plan. But if she lost that coverage and had to replace it without the benefits of Obamacare, as a cancer survivor she'd be uninsurable—the fate of many women before ACA was passed. In fact, if a Wahhabist cleric from Saudi Arabia were elected President and enacted sharia law, it couldn't be much worse for women than a bass-ackward Fiorina regime. Sadly, she plans to impose her faith-based ignorance on our children as well—by eradicating Common Core educational standards.

Common Core sets national English reading, writing and math standards for K-12 students; it was developed by governors and state education officers, not federal bureaucrats, and local school districts can tailor their curriculums to achieve the basic standards however they see fit. The goal is to raise our abysmal educational rankings.

So what's Fiorina's solution? "More parental choice!" Like vouchers for private schools that only wealthy parents can afford, or curriculums teaching that the universe and all life-forms from bacteria to pterodactyls were created by God around 4000 B.C. We might as well hand out stupid pills in the school cafeterias.

Carly is riding high on her false reputation as the "first woman to head a Fortune 500 company," ignoring far more successful predecessors like Katharine Graham (*The Washington Post*), Ruth Handler (Mattel), Loida Nicolas-Lewis (Beatrice Foods), Anita Roddick (The Body Shop), along with Martha Stewart and Oprah Winfrey. In 1999 Fiorina became CEO of Hewlett-Packard, the company that pioneered the Silicon Valley tech industry with an egalitarian, decentralized system known as "the HP Way," valuing "responsibility to its employees" and the "community at large," in the words of founder David Packard.

Fiorina promptly set about wrecking that successful culture, instituting the kind of ruthless disaster capitalism that has characterized America in this new century. She asked HP employees to take a voluntary pay cut in order to prevent layoffs; 80,000 signed up, saving the company $130 million for the rest of the fiscal year. One month later Fiorina honored their sacrifice by firing 6,000 employees in a two-faced bait and switch.

During her six-year tenure at HP, 30,000 employees lost their jobs; the company's stock declined 50%, while the overall market fell only 7%; $14.4 billion in foreign earnings were arranged in "deferred taxation"; and U.S. sanctions law was circumvented as HP partnered with Redington Gulf to sell products to Iran, all while Captain Carly padded her ivory tower with a tripled salary increase, million-dollar yacht, five corporate jets and a $42-million severance package. The day she was fired in 2005, HP's stock finally surged by 7% as what remained of the HP workforce rejoiced, "The wicked witch is dead!"

Before HP, Fiorina presided over Lucent—her legacy there resulted in 100,000 employees laid off and the company's stock sinking to $1 by 2002. Based on these twin reigns of terror and error, the online business magazine *Condé Nast Portfolio* rated Fiorina as one of "The 20 Worst American CEOs of All Time."

And how exactly is this loser qualified to lead the supposed greatest democracy on Earth when she failed to vote in 75% of California elections for which she was eligible? "I felt disconnected from the decisions made in Washington," she lamely explained while running against Senator Barbara Boxer in 2009, "and, to be honest, really didn't think my vote mattered because I didn't have a direct line of sight from my vote to a result."

No, her "direct line of sight" to a result was paved by the $4.7 million that HP spent lobbying Congress and $390,000 that HP's PAC donated to political candidates during her CEO tenure, along with more than $100,000 that she and hubby have donated to candidates since 2000.

Our corrupted democracy is for sale to the highest bidder, the will of the voting majority is almost completely irrelevant, and this Wicked Witch of the West's sole ambition is to be the pampered empress of this unrepentant oligarchy, uttering her ignorant platitudes and impractical nostrums as the middle class sinks further into debt, depression and despair. Go sell it to some other suckers, rich bitch—we'd be better off with a washed-up Vegas hooker in the White House. At least we'd know exactly how we're getting screwed. H

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

We asked a few of our favorite Honeys to share their goals for 2016. Judging from their responses, it's going to be a great fucking year!



BAILEY RAYNE

January '15 Honey

1. I want to be more adventurous sexually. If I meet someone and we both want to have a freaky adventure without any strings attached, I want to be brave enough to just do it.
2. I want to have sex with a girl! Which goes right back to being more sexually adventurous.
3. It would be cool to fuck a real dick more often than I fuck a dildo in 2016.
4. I'd like to have sex on a different continent. The last time I was in Europe, it was 2009, and I wasn't legal. Times have changed, if you know what I mean!
5. I want to fool around with a celebrity. I've had a few celebs offer already. If the right one comes around...well, you know :)
6. Bonus: I want to be so overjoyed, I have no choice but to touch myself when U.S. voters elect the next Democratic President!



MIKO DAI

November '15 Honey

I'm in a new relationship, and it's one that I really want to make work. So this year I won't get fixated on little things. In the past I've gotten mad at someone and been done with him because he forgot to put the toothpaste cap back on. Also, I'm going to be less competitive with my boyfriend over stuff like who's making the bigger paycheck. I'm Asian, so it's ingrained in my head that I have to be better than everyone else, but I want to be more relaxed and have fun with my man.



SARAH HUNTER

April '15 Honey

1. I'm told I give a pretty good blowjob, but you can never have too much practice—am I right?
2. I definitely want to shoot more sexy steampunk pictures this year.
3. I think it would be really fun to have sex in a different state every month and in at least three different countries in the next year.
4. One of my favorite things is cosplay. I'd love to find a sexy superhero to dress up with me!
5. I definitely want to learn more pole tricks this year.



SAMANTHA SAINT

September '14 Honey

1. Give my man blowjobs more often without expecting sexual favors in return.
2. Learn to enjoy sex in the shower.
3. Put all of the fancy sex toys I own to better use.



SAMANTHA RONE

June '15 Honey

I'm not going to let anyone get off before me. Whether it's a girl or a guy, I come first this year! Also, I'm going to stop using pink sheets on my bed while doing anal. I'm going to buy dark sheets. And travel more! I don't care where to—I just don't want to stay in the same place too long.

WORLD'S OLDEST PROFESSION

It's long been our belief that consensual sex between adults, including the right to buy and sell it, should be legal. Now Amnesty International has reached the same conclusion. It turns out there's pretty compelling evidence that legalizing prostitution is the best way to protect the human rights of sex workers, reduce violence and trafficking and improve public health. After two years of research and debate, the organization voted to support the decriminalization of consensual sex work, including prostitution, payment for services and brothel ownership. Amnesty International now plans to lobby governments to repeal laws that ban the sale and purchase of sex. "We are focused on: how we can keep sex workers safe, how we can empower them to have access to their rights, and how we can make sure they have access to healthcare," Deputy Europe Director Gauri van Gulik explained.

A few misguided citizens—including Hollywood actress Lena Dunham—felt compelled to register "moral opposition," which is to say they devoted a few seconds to signing a Change.org petition. "I recognize that I'm not a sex worker or a trafficking survivor," tweeted Dunham. "But I'm blessed to have a platform that many close to this issue do not." It can't be easy to find the time to shed light on these issues when you're, like, totes busy feigning anal sex on HBO. Thank God for the agents, unions and business managers who protect the rights of workers who *simulate* sex on camera.

More power to Amnesty International, we say. Here's to a safer, better sex world!



"Call a jack a jack. Call a spade a spade. But always call a whore a lady." — PATRICK ROTHFUSS, AUTHOR

CLUB GIRL: SUMMER

"Girls get tricky," laughs Summer, January's mischievous Club Girl. "Sometimes they don't like me because I look better than they do." Entertaining at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Las Vegas, for the past six years, Summer says she loves what she does, especially the people she works with. "Everyone's awesome. The bouncers, the managers, they're great. It's very upscale, not some dive bar that smells like cigarettes!" Summer loves to dress up in a plaid flannel shirt (and little else) and dance for fans as Lumber Jill. "That's the look guys seem to like the best. I've been told it makes me look very approachable, like I could be your average girl-next-door getting off work and not a stripper working at a club." (Of course, in Vegas, there's a good chance the girl-next-door *is* a stripper.) Summer's other favorite costume she found at the HUSTLER store. "Leopard print little bikini bottoms and matching furry handcuffs." The handcuffs are novelty, of course, but she did put them to good use on one occasion: "This one guy didn't listen to me when I told him there were certain areas he wasn't allowed to touch. So I handcuffed him, and for the remainder of the time, I ate all his cheese and crackers and drank his champagne." When she isn't schooling customers, you can find Summer in the backyard playing Wiffle ball or at the local sports bar, cheering for the Nebraska Huskers. Go Big Red!





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MATLOW



"I really apologize for this whole burn, pillage and rape thing, but we have a reputation to maintain. So...pussy, butthole or both?"

"Good sex is like good bridge. If you don't have a good partner, you'd better have a good hand." — MAE WEST, ACTRESS

THE FANTASTIC ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN & BOOFO

We're used to receiving interesting, sometimes even surprising mail from our readers (see *Feedback*, page 18), mixed in with the more standard fare (dirty jokes, complaints about the current state of pubic hair in porn, requests for models' phone numbers, and lamentations about politics and politicians). But every once in a blue moon, the postman delivers something that's, well, touching. Perhaps you'll find inspiration here as well:

We are two older artistic adults in our 70s. When we were young, of course, we were virile and sexy. We got married on our seven-year anniversary. Now it's been 24 years, but during those first seven years of courtship, we would do a drawing each month (then too for birthdays and holidays).

We were looking through our safe not long ago and came across our old drawings (done in ink pen and colored pencil). WOW, were they sexy (and us too)! If anyone found them, we would die! BUT they are fantastic! They're also like a diary of our "adventures." We would hate to just throw them out. After seeing your cartoons and artwork, we think you would appreciate what we have done.

We believe you would be interested in our artwork and hope to get a new group of followers to enjoy what new adventures come forth. We have almost 700 drawings that we have done. We were so surprised and glad to see your comics and are looking forward to your reply. Here are a few samples of our work. You never know where these could lead to.

Respectfully,
Captain & Boofo



ARTWORK COURTESY CAPTAIN & BOOFO





For more information on these wonderful drawings, contact HUSTLER@lfp.com.

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





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Rad MILF

I bet most of your letters come from men, huh? I guess I'm something of an unlikely fan—an exhausted new mama (seven months postpartum!) who came by your magazine courtesy of my husband's bedside table (just barely hidden under a copy of *Guns, Germs, and Steel*, LOL). I grabbed the August '15 issue during some downtime to see if I could restart my libido (these crashing hormones and my wrecked body aren't making me as frisky as I'd hoped—hang in there, honey!) Wow! Instead of feeling like shit looking at all these young, hot, perfect-bodied slut machines, I felt inspired, especially by the *Beaver Hunt*. Like I was part of a community somehow. Okay, maybe not a community, but I really do feel like I'm cosmic friends with Echo, the stay-at-home mom from Arvada, Colorado, featured in this section. Hey, Echo—we've both had babies and like encouraging men and women to drool over us! I don't have any tattoos, but hers are rad as fuck. And OMG, no stretch marks? Are you kidding me? Echo, you're like the Yeti of postpartum mommies. Keep up the good work, HUSTLER! Keep featuring smokin' hot SAHMs I can look up to! **—B.D.**
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Bury Me Alive

Thank you! Finally something on Bonnie Rotten ["Bonnie Rotten to the Core," October '15]. I first saw this hot little ass-fucker in your November '13 issue and have been hooked since. Bonnie is so hot, I would bury my face in her pretty pussy and enjoy her ass while she washes me down. Yummy! **—S. Thompson**
Atlanta, Georgia

With Malice

The photo of the model Malice ["Indelible," October '15] is transgressive to an extraordinary degree, not unlike that mother of mysteries and abominations who appears as Babylon in St. John's Revelation, only Malice, the mohawk-haired Goddess of Goth, is covered with tattoos rather than words of blasphemy. Ever the exhibitionist, Malice has chosen to illustrate the lurid contents of her mind on the creamy white vellum of her skin, so that everyone may read her like an open book and know her for the dissolute diva that she is when, naked and unashamed, she parades her wanton flesh in public. Some of her tattoos resemble the pictures one might find in a gallery devoted to decadent art or see in the grisly panels of a horror comic, but other designs seem to convey a deeper significance. A photo spread of Malice's fabulous body would be most appreciated. **—Kenneth Clark**
Chicago, Illinois



Bonnie Rotten looks delicious in our October '15 issue.

WTF of the Month

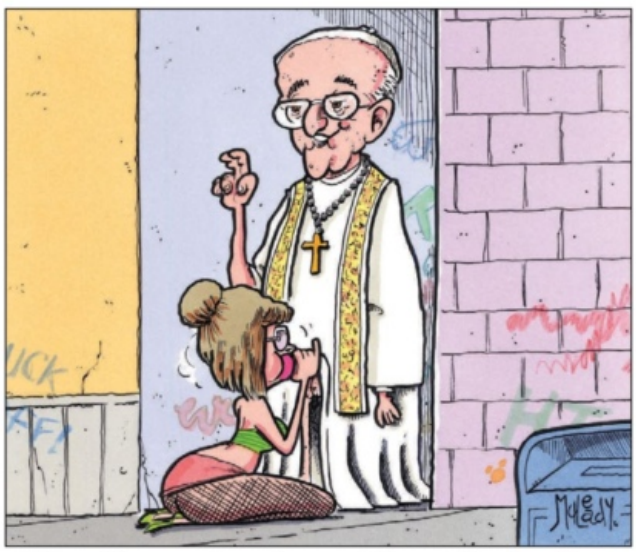
We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Dear Hustler,
Legal Virgin. (She is.) Who? Well known. Watch her every day. She gets her laundry done. She has to be the one I watch every time. Are you able to know who she is? Whole world known. Why? Who is she? She is a virgin spying for the Holy Ghost. Do you believe it? She is legal. Mary. Gave birth to a king. Yes. Always to be the right age. Any questions? Are you glad she is the right one? Be 100% right. Yes! Virgins becoming the "right age, 18 or over." (Then move to a maker. What is a maker?) God made man, God made woman. He is the maker who makes the commands. He made everybody. This is my commandment. No threats = love. Make peace, enjoy. Guard the innocents. Got to have a savior. Crimes don't pay. Have made orders. Thank you. Enjoy. Always.
—Gary Gage
Wenatchee, Washington

Eagle Eye

I was watching *True Detective* last night on HBO (Season 2, Episode 3, "Maybe Tomorrow"), and there was a scene where Kelly Reilly is pretending to go down on Vince Vaughn's dong, and you can see some issues of HUSTLER on a table as he's trying to stay erect. I saw the March '15 issue with Alina Long on the cover featured prominently on top of the stack and exclaimed, "I've got that HUSTLER in my collection!" Vince Vaughn's character should've flipped through that stack or popped a blue pill or something 'cause he couldn't get hard and his frustrated wife told him to suck his own dick.

Your September '15 issue is as juicy as ever, and my favorite photo set was Kennedy Leigh [*Paid to Play*]. Those are some fine outdoor fuck pictures! I hope there are more outdoor sex pictures in upcoming issues. Monkey spankers of the world unite! **—Lee Paxton**
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania



"Abortion, gay marriage, contraceptives, a five-dollar blowjob—who am I to judge?"

Congratulations to B.D. of Minneapolis, Minnesota, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month! We're glad to do what we can to help a nice stay-at-home mom in the Land of 10,000 Lakes get wet. Let us know what you think of this month's issue and you could be next month's winner! Send letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"Hey, girl! I'm offended by what you're wearing. And I insist that it be removed!"


KAMI
EXTRAORDINARY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CR INC.









I used to think of myself as ordinary. When I was younger, I couldn't find anything that interested me. But I surprised myself. I got interested in science, took classes in genetics and economics. I started singing in a rock band. Then I started modeling and blossomed in ways I never could have imagined. Now I have a career and interests that take me to the far ends of the Earth. Pretty cool. I don't really have sexual fantasies, because I make all of them come true. My motto is, be your own master. Life is more fun that way."























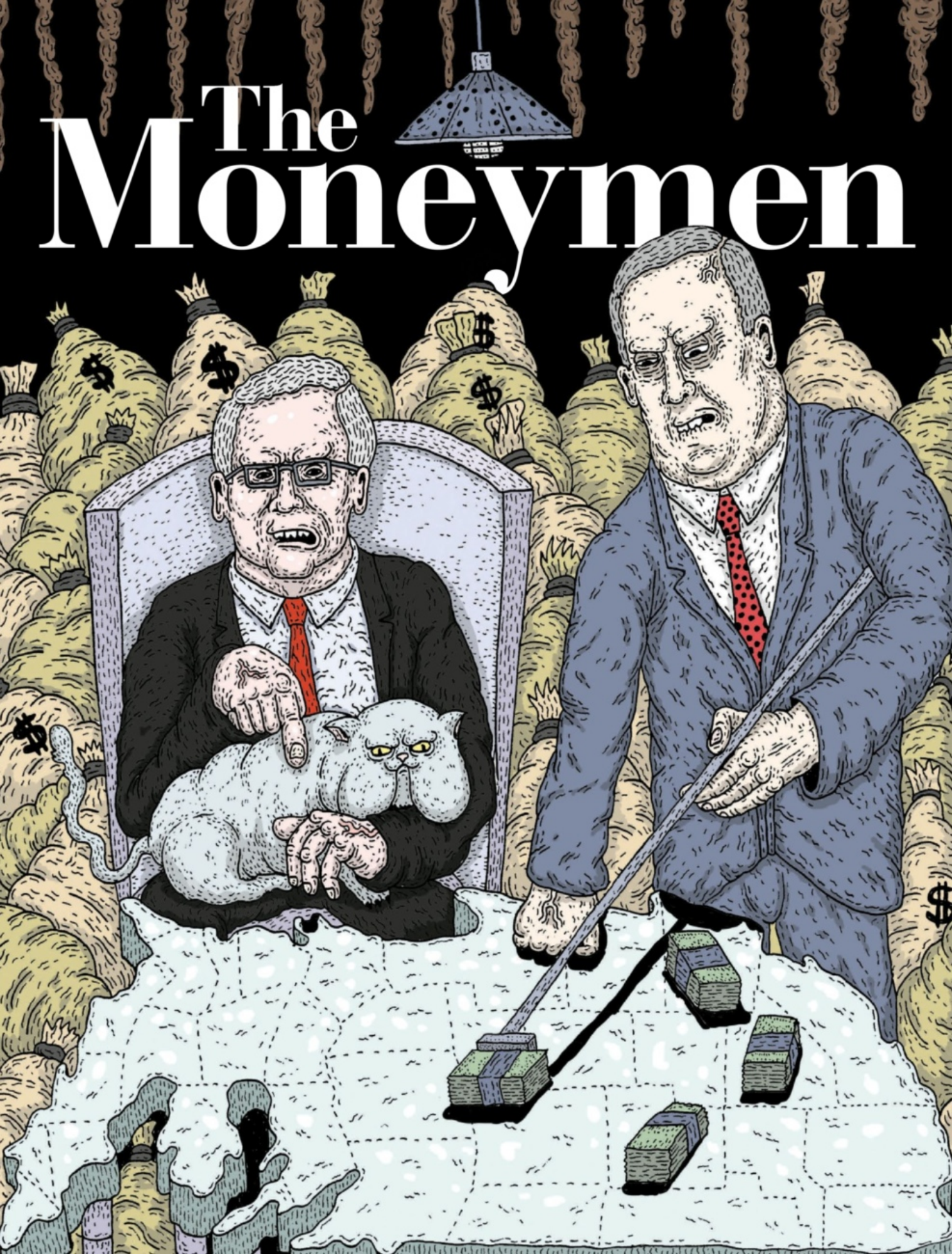




KAMI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Orlová, Czech Republic** | AGE: **26**
HEIGHT: **5-9** | MEASUREMENTS: **34D-25-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy-style**

The Moneymen



INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER TRAVIS KELLY DIVES DEEP INTO THE CESSPOOL OF POLITICAL FUNDING AND FINDS THAT MONEY IS NO OBJECT WHEN ELECTIONS ARE FOR SALE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX GAMSU JENKINS

In the Bible there is only one occasion when pacifist, turn-the-other-cheek Jesus Christ really loses his temper and turns violent. "Making a whip of cords," he drives the money changers from the temple in Jerusalem, because they "have made it a den of thieves."

In America democracy has long been our abiding national faith and Capitol Hill the temple of our democracy. Today, however, there is no doubt that we have lost that defining ideal. Our temple in Washington has degenerated into a den of money exchangers who are almost completely oblivious to the will of the majority.

The drowning voice of the American electorate will gurgle ever more desperately in the upcoming 2016 election, on pace to break all campaign finance records. Since 1984 the cost of running for Congress has increased 555% according to the FEC (Federal Election Commission). No other facet of American society has grown so astronomically over this period—not the GDP, nor the skyrocketing costs of health care or college education.

This "hockey stick" graph *is* mirrored, however, by one other metric: the ballooning income inequality unprecedented since the years leading up to the Great Depression. According to the Gini coefficient (the most commonly used international measure of income inequality), the United States now registers the fourth-highest rate of income inequality in the world. This is paralleled by the highest level of corporate profits in 85 years; in 2013 they amounted to 10% of GDP, breaking the record of 9.7% set in—you guessed it—1929.

Corporations and their ultrarich stockholders now have more money than they know what to do with, so they can afford to invest it in an additional luxury that pays big dividends—our electoral process.

The history of spending on Presidential campaigns is telling: In constant 2012 dollars, the Lincoln vs. Douglas race in 1860 cost $2.8 million; a little over one hundred years later, spending on the 1968 Nixon vs. Humphrey vs. Wallace race had ballooned to $500 million; in 2008 the Obama vs. McCain contest cost a staggering $1.3 billion. And it is not your humble mom-and-pop shops or the relatively paltry $200 donations from your neighbors funding this extravagance—it's the continuously swelling wealth of the top 1% of Americans and the corporations they invest in.

What this means is that the USA, the cradle of modern democracy, has effectively devolved into a plutocracy, defined as rule by a wealthy elite. A recent peer-reviewed study by two scholars at Princeton and Northwestern universities bears this conclusion out: Professors Martin Gilens and Benjamin Page reviewed 1,800 policies enacted between 1981 and 2002 and determined that "When a majority of citizens disagrees with economic elites and/or with organized interests, they generally lose…even when fairly large majorities of Americans favor policy change, they generally do not get it."

This disparity is reflected in case after case. After the 2008 economic crash, large majorities of both conservatives and liberals opposed the Wall Street bailouts; yet the banks got everything they wanted and more. Recent polls show that a majority of Americans are sick of our foreign military meddling all over the globe and that we should "mind our own business" more; yet the so-called "defense" budget continues to expand along with our costly and counterproductive interventions in the Middle East. Over 70% of Americans support increasing the federal minimum wage, including 53% of Republicans, but it remains a dismal $7.25 per hour.

Even more startling are the results of a recent poll conducted by GBA Strategies on behalf of the Progressive Change Institute—a majority of 1,500 likely 2016 voters (Republicans, Democrats, Independents) supported the following policies by these margins:

1. Allow government to negotiate drug prices: 79%
2. Give students the same low interest rate as big banks: 78%
3. Enact fair trade policies that protect workers, the environment and jobs: 75%
4. End tax loopholes for corporations that ship jobs overseas: 74%
5. Support infrastructure jobs program: 71%
6. Enable Medicare buy-in for all: 71%
7. Advocate debt-free college at all public universities: 71%
8. End tax deductions for Wall Street fines: 67%
9. Ban the revolving door for corporate execs in government: 59%
10. Initiate public option banking via post offices: 56%

Judging by the history and rhetoric of the major Presidential candidates and their party leaders (with the exception of Bernie

The Koch Brothers are going all out to win back the White House in 2016, with an astronomical, record-breaking $889-million war chest.

Sanders), most of these policies have a penguin's chance in Death Valley of ever getting enacted. Such legislation has never even been crafted or introduced, let alone voted upon.

By no stretch of the imagination is America today a vital, functioning democracy. How did we get here?

Current campaign finance regulations are a byzantine matrix of federal and state laws, IRS statutes and loopholes that could put even a wired meth head into a coma—as bewildering as pouring over income tax codes or the biochemistry of jellyfish. But the essential lesson to be understood since 1974, when the first modern campaign finance reform legislation was enacted, is this:

Impeding the flow of big money into politics is like to trying to keep a huge blob of mercury from sliding down a slanted tin roof—with a hammer and nails. Pound enough nails in and the blob may be temporarily slowed, but it always slithers around them, re-forms like the metallic Terminator and continues onward, inevitably plopping down into political war chests. It's analogous to the complex shell games that millionaires and corporations employ to dodge taxes, from dummy subsidiaries to offshore "headquarters" in a tropical island hut.

The floodgates holding back campaign cash were demolished by the *Citizens United* v. *FEC* case in 2010, wherein the Supreme Court ruled that restricting independent political expenditures by nonprofit corporations violated the First Amendment. A subsequent Supreme Court decision in 2014, *McCutcheon* v. *FEC*, struck down limits on aggregate individual contributions to political parties and candidate committees.

Since then a tsunami of money has deluged the electoral process. Surprisingly, the top disclosed individual campaign donors in 2014 did not favor Republicans. Number one on the list was retired San Francisco hedge fund billionaire Tom Steyer, who gave $74 million to Democratic candidates and groups. In total, $174 million of *disclosed* donations went to Democrats and $140 million to Republicans. But that's only the visible tip of the iceberg. Republican donors prefer stealth, and their undisclosed "dark money" contributions far outpaced Democrats—$127 million to $33 million. "Dark money" was enabled by the *Citizens United* decision, and it works like this:

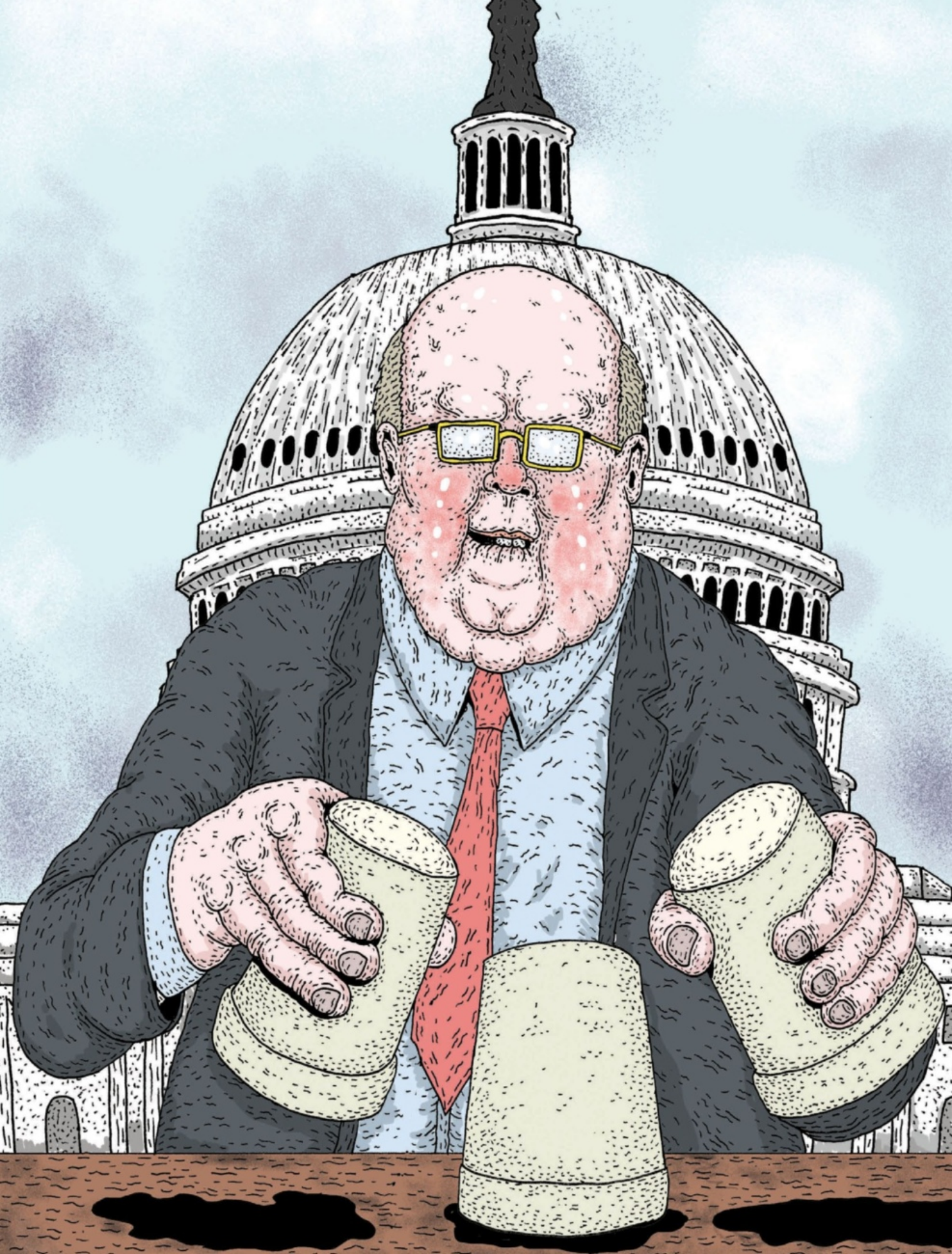
The notorious Republican political guru Karl Rove set up the Super PAC American Crossroads to fund conservative causes. Super PACs can raise and spend unlimited money from individuals, corporations, unions and other groups, but they can't donate directly to candidates, and they have to disclose their donors. To do an end run around the disclosure requirement, Rove then set up the nonprofit 501(c)(4) corporation called Crossroads GPS, which does not have to disclose its donors. Crossroads GPS then donates the money to American Crossroads, and the original contributors remain anonymous. Clever shell game, Karl.

In this way conservative kingpins the Koch Brothers (David and Charles) ranked only 10th and 29th respectively on the list of disclosed-money donors, but their various nonprofits and Super PACs, including Americans for Prosperity and the Freedom Partners Action Fund, spent a whopping $290 million on the 2014 midterm election, most of it "dark money." Why do the GOP donors prefer to stay hidden in the shadows? Because their spate of well-funded attack ads, focusing on divisive "wedge" issues, can better seduce average Americans unaware that the fattening plutocrats (whose policies have proven absolutely inimical to the welfare of the middle class in the last 20 years) are funding this cynical propaganda, largely to aggrandize their own self-interests. Basically, it's stealth class warfare.

Flushed with their successful investment in the Republican Congressional majority of 2014, the Koch Brothers are going all out to win back the White House in 2016, with an astronomical, record-breaking $889-million war chest funded by a network of 300 major donors—almost equal to the combined total to be spent by both parties' political campaigns. Basically, the Koch Brothers have determined that money is no object if an election is virtually for sale. This drastic escalation, of course, forces Hillary Clinton and other Democratic candidates to grovel equally at the feet of mammon and compromise their populist principles for sufficient donations to compete. This is precisely why Bill Clinton rolled over for the repeal of the Glass-Steagall Act and signed the Commodity Futures Modernization Act of 2000—both Wall Street-inspired time bombs that blew up in 2008. Clinton had to render some payoff to his biggest investors. For the past 25 years, the FIRE sector (finance, insurance, real estate) has outspent every other industry in campaign cash—from 1989 to 2010, a total of $2.4 billion—and they like to hedge their bets by funding both parties.

Aside from the torrents of campaign loot, there is another way that big money corrupts the body politic—lobbying. Corporations now spend $2.6 billion annually lobbying Congress, amounting to an astounding $600 million more than the total taxpayer-funded Congressional operating budget ($2 billion). This excess only began in the early 2000s under George W. Bush's reign. And it is nowhere near

Crossroads GPS then donates the money to American Crossroads, and the original contributors remain anonymous. Clever shell game, Karl.




JOE

a level playing field: "For every dollar spent on lobbying by labor unions and public interest groups, large corporations and their associations now spend $34," states political scientist Lee Drutman in a new book, *The Business of America Is Lobbying*. "Of the 100 organizations that spend the most on lobbying," he continues, "95 consistently represent business."

who voluntarily limit their private fund-raising and spending. Florida and Hawaii match small private donations, as does New York City. This is what is needed on a national scale, along with legislation to slow down the revolving door between congressmen, staffers and the lobbies seducing them with private sector payoffs. The vast majority of Americans are now demanding these reforms.

For every dollar spent on lobbying by labor unions and public interest groups, corporations and their associations now spend $34.

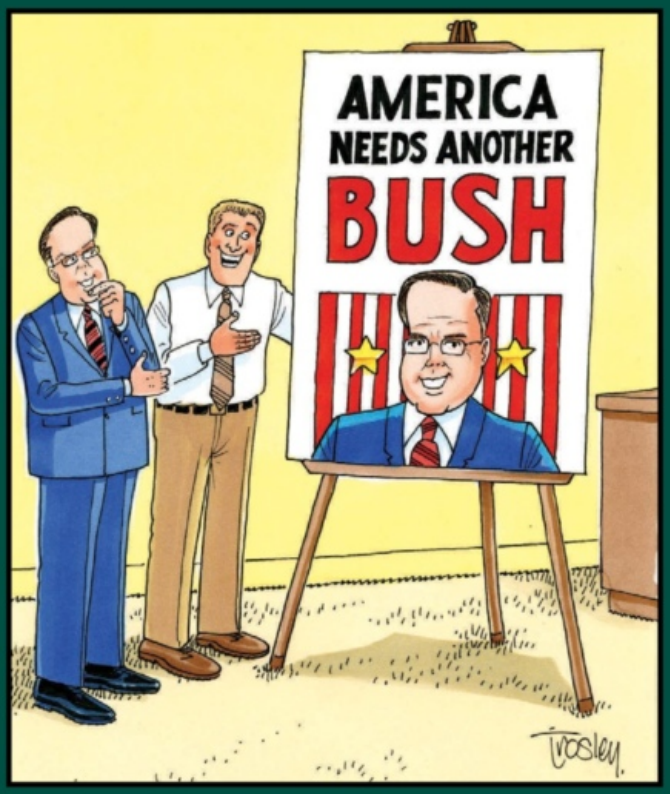
Essentially, corporations have outbid the American public for the ear of congressmen, who increasingly look forward to lucrative private sector jobs with their biggest donors and lobby interests after their public service stint in Washington. According to the Center for Responsive Politics, more than half of congressmen who left in 2010 are now lobbyists or have lobby-related jobs. And their staffers, who both educate and influence their bosses, are also rushing through the revolving door.

Convicted lobbyist Jack Abramoff laid it out in his *mea culpa* memoirs: "I would say a few magic words: 'When you are done working for the congressman, you should come work for me at my firm.' With that, assuming the staffer had any interest in leaving Capitol Hill for K Street—and almost 90% of them do—I would own him and, consequently, that entire office. No rules had been broken, at least not yet….His paycheck may have been signed by the Congress, but he was already working for me, influencing his office for my clients' best interests. It was a perfect—and perfectly corrupt—arrangement."

That sums up the state of the union in 2015—a perfectly corrupt arrangement that has turned Congress into a wholly-owned subsidiary of big business and fat-cat plutocrats. And the American people are fed up with it—colonoscopies and root canals are more popular than Congress, and across the board we are clamoring for someone with a "whip of cords" to chase the big money exchangers from our "temple" in D.C. In a June 2015 poll by the *Wall St. Journal* and NBC News, one-third of respondents cited the disproportionate influence of wealthy individuals and corporations on elections as their top concern. In another 2014 survey, 75% of Democrats, 64% of Independents and 54% of Republicans supported reforms to limit the influence of big money in politics.

So how do we clean up this cesspool and recuperate a functional democracy? Some candidates have advocated a Constitutional amendment to overturn *Citizens United*, but in an incisive *New York Times* editorial, Harvard law professor Lawrence Lessig dismisses this as "fake reform"—just more nails pounded into the leaky tin roof. The essential problem is "big dollar" private funding, and the only real cure is "small dollar" public funding of elections, he argues. Thirteen states already have some form of public campaign financing: Arizona, Connecticut and Maine offer full subsidies to candidates

In April 2015, retired postal worker Doug Hughes landed a gyrocopter on the U.S. Capitol lawn, laden with 535 letters demanding campaign finance reform. Facing a possible nine-and-a-half-year prison sentence, he has no regrets and sums up the reason for this heroic publicity stunt: "There are these problems and these problems and these problems that are much more important than campaign finance reform. But those won't get addressed *until* we fix campaign finance reform." H



"I know we're not fooling anyone but ourselves, but we've got to start somewhere..."


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In God
I
Trust



I take exception to the word *blowjob*. It's not a chore or labor to me. And I'm not trying to blow out a candle; I suck, lick and fuck with my mouth.

"Oral sex is an act of incredible intimacy, and I'm highly gifted at it. If you don't like doing it, you're not going to be good at it. I love knowing I have complete power over a man, even though I'm the one down on my knees. It turns me on hearing him moan and feeling his hands clench my hair. There's nothing better than looking into a lover's eyes and seeing intense pleasure. What can I say? I live to suck cock."















Hot Letters

EVERY YEAR WE RECEIVE HUNDREDS OF STEAMY LETTERS FROM YOU, OUR READERS. HERE ARE A FEW OF OUR HOTTEST HOT LETTERS, THE BEST OF THE BEST. SO LOCK THE DOOR. WARM UP YOUR FINGERS OR YOUR FAVORITE TOY. GET COMFORTABLE. AND ENJOY.





POKE HER POKER

The ace of spades was sticking to my left titty, the queen to my right—my hole cards, my *losing* hole cards, in tonight's game of Hold'em. I was bent over the table, getting reamed from behind by Nick's deliciously thick tube steak. The rest of the boys were watching. Some were rubbing their bulges. A couple already had their fuck-sticks in their fists. *Mmm.*

I loved this game, our Thursday night home game. Even when I lost, I won. My nipples were crushed against the felt. My snatch was jammed full of cock, and Nick was taking his sweet-ass time dicking me. A butt cheek in each big hand, he slowly rammed that beautiful prick of his balls-deep. I could feel every blessed inch. Reaching under me, I grabbed his nut sac and held him there before he could pull back. Clutched my cunt walls tight around his snake till the man was moaning. Flexed my twat around his meat over and over.

I looked around. Besides Nick, there were five rough, burly construction workers. Every set of eyes was focused on me. Every prick was fat and hard. Every man was jacking off. What was not to love?

It had all started, innocently enough, as a penny-ante game in a Culver City bar—you know the type, meet once a week, down a few beers, win or lose 40 bucks. Then about three months back the place got shut down for serving teens, and the weekly game moved to my place. Somehow, somewhere along the way, the stakes changed and got much higher. Now anything was fair game. Bets ranged from household chores—cleaning, cooking, grocery shopping—to lawn-mowing and oil changes, and for the really, really high-stake bets, sex.

The men moved closer till my vision was filled with cock after cock after cock.

See, I'm a pretty fair poker player—better than my sucker friends, anyway—meaning I win and get my pussy licked regularly. But that damn river card can sometimes screw you. Take tonight, for instance: By the time the turn hit, it was just me and Nick betting. I had two pairs, aces and queens, *and* a flush draw. I put Nick on a high pair, maybe jacks or kings, but all he really had was a pair of threes. Fucker had no business even being in the hand, but he goes ahead and bluffs anyway—makes the ultimate fucking bet. "I win and I get my dick wet," he said, "in your tight little pussy. You win, I'll lick you, rim you, anything, you name it."

Well, I snapped that up fast. I could practically feel his tongue on my clit. Then the river card fell—a three of hearts. So now I was paying up.

Nick moved over me till I felt his breath hot on my neck, his muscular chest pressing into my back. Suddenly he grabbed my arms, swung them above my head and held my wrists in one of his huge paws against the table. "Al, tie them together," Nick directed his best friend. A second later my wrists were bound—by my own bra, no less—and all control was stripped from me.

It surprised me how excited I felt being totally at Nick's mercy. My skin tingled, every nerve ending alive. My snatch pulsed around his throbber. The other men moved closer till my vision was filled with closeup cock after cock after cock. Made me crazy!

I tried to shove my hips back at Nick, tried to rub my clit off on the felt. But the man was having none of it. He set the pace—short, sharp jabs, long lunges. He'd bring me to the edge and stop—then start all over again. His big hands were back on my butt, squeezing.

Now, I'm not the type to beg, but I sure as hell was begging then, moaning, "Fuck, Nick, please let me come."

One after the other the five men in front of me started to spray. Thick ropes of jizz hit my hair, my face. I opened my mouth wide to provide a target and was rewarded with mouthfuls of creamy spunk. Nick finally showed mercy. He slammed his jackhammer deep once, twice, three times, and I was coming. My body melted from the inside out—total ecstasy—till I was limp as a rag doll.

Unbelievably, we went right back to playing Hold'em, and the very next hand I held pocket kings. An ace came on the flop. I bet. Nick raised. I was fucked.

—D.A.
Venice, California

TIGHT TEEN TWAT

"Single white male, divorced." I reread what I had written, crumpled the sheet of paper into a ball and threw it at my cat across the room. Dodger batted it back.

I was 32, with a failed marriage already behind me. Dodger had never liked Daphne, the ex. Right from the start, he'd hissed whenever she entered the apartment. I should have listened. Our marriage lasted all of six months before she left me broke and desperately, achingly lonely.

So now I was trying to write an ad for—I don't know—Craigslist or a dating site. I mean, how the hell was I supposed to meet someone, holed up in my office as an engineer for the city? For the last four years I had seen the same three people every single workday, 8 to 5. Still, I just wasn't a website kind of guy. So I played ball with my cat a little longer and went to bed.

The next day was hell at work, problem after unresolved problem. By 5 p.m. I was thoroughly depressed. Then I hit traffic on the freeway and got completely stuck in gridlock. Off to my right a neon flashing sign advertised "Girls! Girls! Girls!" along with a banner touting happy hour booze. What the fuck—I hit the exit.

I had forgotten how tight a cunt could be, how fuckin' glorious.

Inside the strip club it took a minute for my eyes to adjust to the light. Looked typical—red velvet, Naugahyde booths, a pussy bar. And then I saw her.

She was a petite little thing—if I had to guess, maybe 19—dancing to some insanely fast beat. Girl looked more like a gymnast than a stripper. She came out of a back walkover to shoot me this amazing, disarming smile, and I was hooked, drawn to the stage like a magnet to steel.

By the time her set ended, I had emptied my wallet and was standing at their ATM machine, getting money for a lap dance. For some reason the girl made me feel good. I had no idea how good until I followed her cute, handful tush into a dingy back room.

Star led me to a simple wooden chair in the middle of the room. The second I sat, she stripped off the bra and G-string she had pulled on when she left the stage. She started shoving her perfect, perky titties in my face. It was only my second lap dance ever, and I was pretty sure I wasn't allowed to touch her. But when a long, hard nipple brushed across my lips, I couldn't resist. I trapped her spigot between my teeth and started sucking.

Star didn't stop me. She simply plucked a couple 20s from my fist as she straddled my lap and began rubbing her smooth cooch along my cock bulge. Soon my fuckstick was iron in my jeans. Star lifted up a bit to unzip me and fish my pecker out of my boxers, and



when she sat back down, her bare, wet twat lips smothered my cock. Oh, my God.

Was she actually going to let me fuck her? I stopped suckling long enough to stare into her dark brown eyes, trying to gauge the answer to that question. Star just smiled her beautiful smile and slipped the rest of the bills from my fingers as she slipped my crown into her quim.

It had been months since I'd enjoyed any pussy, but a decade or more since I'd scored teenage pink. I had forgotten how tight a cunt could be, how fuckin' glorious. Closing my eyes, I focused on the strong muscles massaging my shaft, squeezing and releasing. Star rode my pole from cap to base again and again as I ran my hands over her body, caressing her ass cheeks and tracing a line up and down her crack.

When my fingers moved to her clit, I felt something hard and opened my eyes to see a sparkling gold ring piercing her trigger. A gentle tug elicited a high-pitched mewling. I pulled a couple more times, and Star's tiny body began trembling. Her twat jammed down to my balls and stayed there. Pussy juices washed over my sac. Her cunt clutched around my shaft, and I was done. Powerful blasts of jizz shot from my dick as the girl fell limp against my chest.

Call me a schmuck, but from that minute on I was in love. I asked Star if she'd stop by my place after work for a drink. She said no. But a week and four more visits later, she changed her mind. And when she walked through my apartment door last night, my cat Dodger wrapped himself around her legs, demanding to be petted. Go figure.

—A.W.

Address Withheld by Request

B-DAY THREEWAY

Her ass blushed a deeper shade of red with every swat. I was sitting in a chair, jerking off—watching my wife get spanked by her best friend Cassie. *Whack!* Tina's full, crimson butt cheeks trembled, and delighted moans escaped her ruby lips. Her thighs glistened with pussy juice.

It was October 12th, my 30th birthday, and this was my birthday present. Strangely, I wasn't as involved as I would have liked to be. It wasn't quite what I had envisioned in my frequent—read daily—threeway fantasies.

But let me start at the beginning.

My wife of three years had always been a good wife. In fact, Tina was everything an ambitious young attorney could ever want in a mate: beautiful, smart and incredibly adventurous, even inventive in bed. It was her idea to arrange this birthday threeway. But I admit, Cassie was *my* choice for other woman. She was a big-titted blonde with a black girl's tush, the kind you want to crush in your fists and push your face into. I'd known Cassie for years. She'd been my wife's best friend for-fuckin'-ever. In retrospect, she might not have been a good choice.

For a week before the big day, Tina concocted increasingly hot, kinky threeway scenarios and whispered them into my ear at night, in bed, while we were making love. In one Cassie was deep-throating my granite cock while my wife licked her best friend's twat from behind. In another, I jammed into Cassie's tiny, pink, puckered bung while Tina nursed on the blonde's heavy melons. My wife described each scene in intricate detail, the musky scent of hot pussy, the taste, the feel of Cassie's long, hard nipples against her tongue.

For a week before the big day, we had amazing, awesome sex—incredible orgasms powered by imagination and anticipation.

Finally October 12th arrived, my birthday. Happily, it fell on a weekend, so I looked forward to a full day of unadulterated lust. We decided to start out by the pool, and Cassie arrived around noon for a late champagne brunch, looking completely edible. All those curves wrapped up in a black bikini. *Mmm.* Made my mouth water. Tina looked gorgeous too—lithe and tanned in a skimpy white one-piece, chestnut curls falling loose down her back. When they kissed each other in greeting, the contrast was striking—black, white, blond, brunet—by the time their kiss ended, my cock was throbbing. Fuck breakfast. I stripped off my swimsuit.

Walking up behind Cassie, I caressed that extraordinary shelf ass for a few minutes, losing myself in the feel of firm booty. Skimming her suit down, I pushed my boner into her crack, grabbed a butt cheek in each hand and started jacking. My prick moved up and down that hot crevice, wrapped in ass flesh. Meanwhile Tina had stripped off Cassie's top and was licking and lapping every inch of those huge, hanging knockers. Seemed like a good start.

Soon Tina slipped to her knees to eagerly attack Cassie's twat. I could hear nasty slurping sounds, and every now and then my wife's tongue slapped at my nuts. I jacked harder and drizzled spit into Cassie's ass crack for lube. I was just about to press my swollen prick cap into that tiny poop chute—my ream dream was just about to come true—when the blonde reached a violent, thrashing climax, lost her balance and fell to the grass.

I guess I should have moved a little quicker, because in the time it took me to figure out my next move, Cassie regained her senses, pulled my wife across her lap, snatched down that one-piece and started spanking! And there I was, left standing with my throbber in my fist.

The scene was incredibly hot, however, so I took a seat and started wanking. Tina was coming and crying and moaning that she loved Cassie, that she always had. And I realized that what we were actually doing here was fulfilling Tina's fantasy, not mine. I started wondering how long she had wanted to fuck her best friend—or was this even the first time? I wondered when my wife had turned lezzie on me.

Finally I decided, *What the fuck.* I walked right up, tangled my fingers in Cassie's blond locks and insisted on a blowjob. This was *my* threeway, dammit.

—J.M.
Garland, Texas

(continued on page 78)



UMA JOLIE & ASPEN RAE

SEDUCTION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS









It's annoying when people ask if I'm bi, straight or lesbian. Labels don't mean a damn thing. If I'm having fun, that's all that matters. I tend to go for women who tell me exactly what they are thinking. No games. I like sophisticated girls. Not necessarily bookworms—just women who can challenge me in a conversation. If she can do that, then I'm going to want to see what's going on under her clothes. I'll try harder to impress her and make her feel good."

—**Uma Jolie**







Honestly, I think even straight girls enjoy lezzie action. Most people will agree that there's nothing hotter than two girls kissing. I love the kind of kissing where you forget everything around you and you're wholly focused on the incredible feelings rushing through your body. From there, I like to keep it simple. I really enjoy fingering a girl and getting fingered. As long as her nails aren't too long :) " —**Aspen Rae**













UMA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Woodland Hills, California** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-2**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-23-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **69** | TWITTER: **@TheUmaJolie**



ASPEN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Jose, California** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **32B-23-32** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@Aspen_Rae**


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Poor Jason—he's about to fall for the oldest trick in the book.


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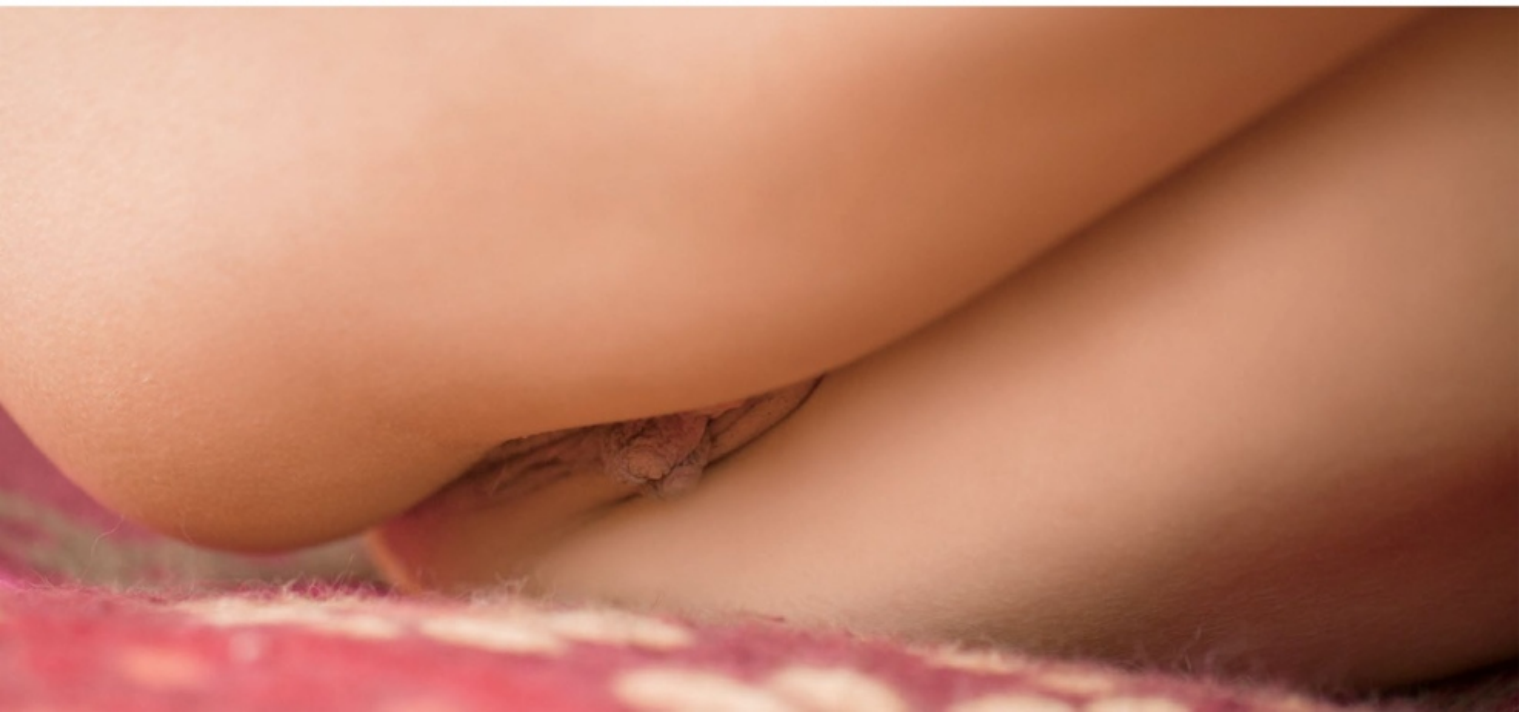









I adore the feeling of the sun warming my skin. It's so sensuous. I'd walk around naked all the time if only I could. But there are too many stupid, uptight rules. Recently a friend dared me to have sex on a first date. She had been fucking on first dates and encouraged me to try it. I did, and she was right—it was so much fun. I didn't worry about if I would see him again or if he'd think I was a slut. I just totally let myself go. We actually ripped each other's clothes. Great sex, to me, involves spontaneity...and never feeling bad about what gets you off."











Let's get wild!

xoxo,

Blake

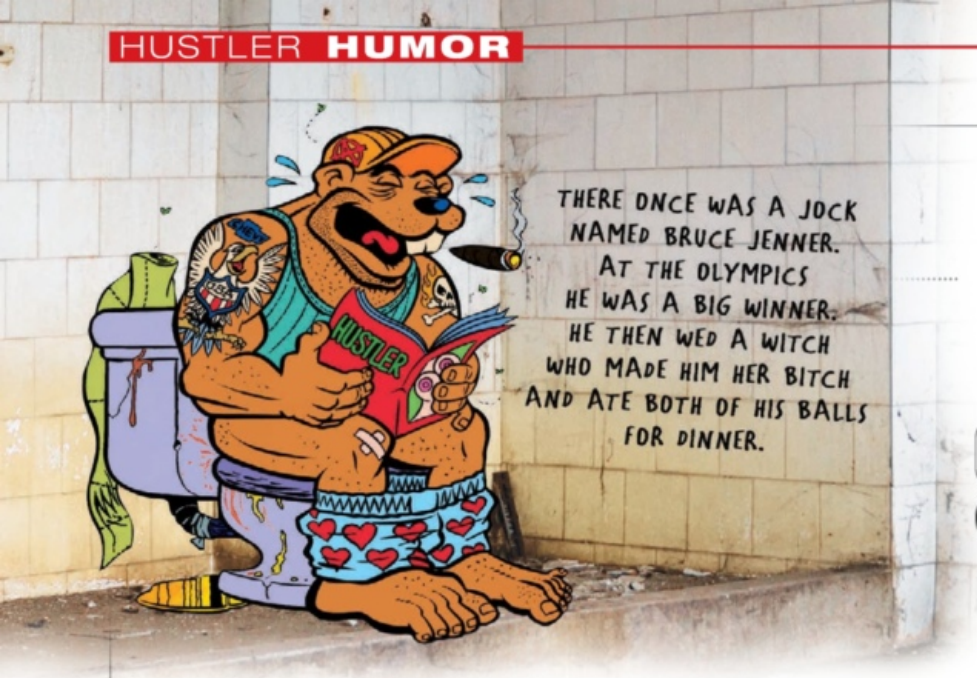



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Blake



BLAKE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Phoenix, Arizona** | AGE: **19**
HEIGHT: **5-8** | MEASUREMENTS: **32B-24-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@TheBlakeEden**



A cucumber and a tomato were hanging out, commiserating.

"My life sucks," said the tomato. "You should see what they do to my kind. When I get big, fat and juicy, they're going to slice me up and slap me on a hamburger."

"I feel your pain," the cucumber sympathized. "When I get big, fat and juicy, they're going to grate me and toss me into a salad."

A penis was passing by and overheard their conversation. "Believe me, fellas, that's nothing," he said. "When I get big, fat and juicy, they put a bag over my head, stick me in a smelly cave and make me do push-ups until I vomit!"

Question: What's the difference between lawyers and ISIS?

Answer: ISIS has sympathizers.

Good ol' Farmer John bought a rooster that turned out to be a sex maniac. As soon as he got the bird home, it went into a frenzy, mating with each and every chicken in the barnyard. Then it moved on to have a go at the ducks, the geese and the turkeys. It even tried to screw the sheep. That darn rooster was insatiable and spent a solid week fucking nonstop. So the farmer wasn't surprised when he came across the bird lying motionless and flat on its back in the dirt while a couple of buzzards circled in the sky above.

"I knew your heart would give out sooner or later," said Farmer John.

The rooster opened an eye, gestured toward the buzzards and whispered, "Get lost. You'll scare them away."

Question: What do you call an unarmed black man being arrested?

Answer: You call him an ambulance.

A prostitute went to her doctor and complained that she thought that she might be a hemophiliac.

"That's quite serious! What makes you think that you might be a hemophiliac?" asked the physician.

"Well, Doctor, lately I've noticed that if I get even the tiniest cut, it seems to bleed out forever."

"I see," noted the concerned doctor. "Tell me, how much do you lose when you have your period?"

The prostitute thought for a moment and then answered, "About $600."

Question: What kind of man is the least likely to cheat on his wife?

Answer: The kind that likes his house.

Hillary Clinton and her campaign manager were jogging around the block one morning. Suddenly Hillary exclaimed, "When I get home, I'm going to run upstairs and tear off Bill's underwear!"

"Gee, Hillary," said the campaign manager. "I didn't know that jogging turned you on so much."

"It doesn't," Hillary replied. "It's just that they're starting to ride up on me."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



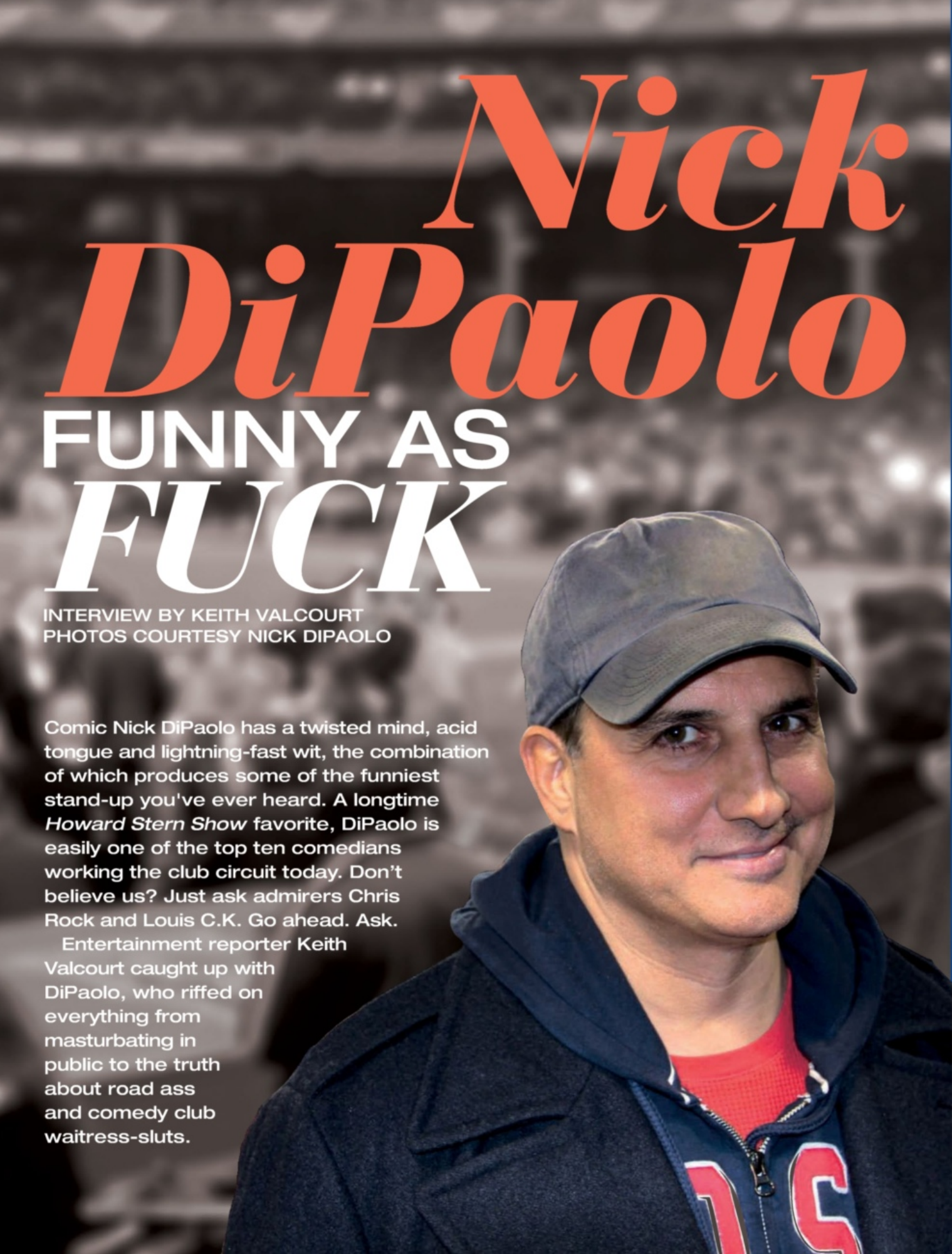
"I invented a personal diet. The wife serves my meals naked, and I completely lose my appetite."


HEY, YOU ARE A MARRIED MAN NOW! WHICH MEANS YOU'RE ALREADY IN HELL!
LAWD, I NEED TO KNOW TONIGHT, AM I GOING TO HELL WHEN I DIE?
WINNERS

Nick DiPaolo

FUNNY AS *FUCK*

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT
PHOTOS COURTESY NICK DIPAOLO



Comic Nick DiPaolo has a twisted mind, acid tongue and lightning-fast wit, the combination of which produces some of the funniest stand-up you've ever heard. A longtime *Howard Stern Show* favorite, DiPaolo is easily one of the top ten comedians working the club circuit today. Don't believe us? Just ask admirers Chris Rock and Louis C.K. Go ahead. Ask.

Entertainment reporter Keith Valcourt caught up with DiPaolo, who riffed on everything from masturbating in public to the truth about road ass and comedy club waitress-sluts.

HUSTLER: You do a bit on the evolution of porn. How has porn evolved for you?
NICK DIPAOLO: I started out jerking off to the Indian on the Land O'Lakes butter box. Then the next step was black tribal women on the cover of *National Geographic*. I found it very distracting because one minute I'd be staring at her nipples and the next minute at the raccoon pelts she was carrying in a basket on her head. Then finally VHS porn, which was horrible! None of the girls shaved back then, and they all had these giant muffs. It was like trying to get a nut off to a 1970s ABA [American Basketball Association] All-Star Game. Today the Internet has perfected porn. The only problem I have now is finding a way to get semen out of my mouse pad.

Do you remember the first time you saw a HUSTLER?
Yes, on the table in my dentist's office when I was in fifth grade. Someone had intentionally mixed it in with the *Highlights* magazines. It was the first time I played "Where's Waldo?" with a hard-on.

What was your reaction?
I was like, *Holy shit! That's what the inside of a pussy looks like!* I remember thinking, *I hope my gums are as pink as that pussy.*

Do you consider yourself a filthy comic?
Absolutely not! This latest special [*Another Senseless Killing*] is dirtier than I like to work. It just came out that way. But if you look at my Comedy Central specials or *Raw Nerve* on Showtime, they aren't dirty at all. I got the rep for being dirty after I did those four *Comedy Central Roasts*, but I don't rely on dirt to get laughs in my regular stand-up. I do curse a lot, but that doesn't make you a filthy comic. I make sure, if I work blue, that it's still smart and funny before anything else.

Why did you get into comedy?
I was born with an acid tongue and was naturally attracted to it as a young kid. Something in the water in Boston makes people real smartasses, or should I say *smaaaht*asses? I hung around very funny guys in high school, and we took pride in being funny.

Was it to get laid?
It wasn't to get laid, no. I would have learned to sing or play guitar if it was about the pussy. You don't see VH1 doing the show *Behind the Jokes*, do you? It doesn't hurt to be funny to get pussy, but I think roofies are much more effective. Ask Bill Cosby.

What was the best stand-up gig you ever had?
A rich guy in Connecticut paid me $18,000 to do stand-up at a cocktail party in his backyard in front of 60 people. I got there early, had prime rib and lobster and mingled with the guests, then did an hour. He had a big, beautiful stage and a great sound system and all the stage lights. It was nicer than a lot of clubs I've done. On the way out he gave me a $150 bottle of wine.

And the worst?
A club in Atlantic City. The audience was a bunch of old Italian degenerate gamblers in their 70s and 80s wearing tracksuits. The owner was a mean drunk who got in our faces after the show because he didn't like what we did. He threatened to fire us if we cursed at all onstage the next night. Turns out the next night he didn't come in, so we cursed up a storm. The morning after he called my room and told me he had recorded the show and was thinking about docking our pay. I told him he could just fire me, but he backed off after that. I ended up banging his daughter the next three nights, so I guess I won that battle. >>

"It doesn't hurt to be funny to get pussy, but I think roofies are much more effective. Ask Bill Cosby."

We have heard from comics over the years about comedy groupies. Are they real?
They used to be here and there, but again not like rock-star pussy, unless you're playing stadiums like Louis C.K. or Kevin Hart. Follow the money. Fuck this "I like a guy with a sense of humor" bullshit! Broads like money. I don't give a shit if you're a syphilitic juggler with ass cancer, if you're rich, they find the humor in you.

What is road ass?
Something Liberace used to stick his tongue in after every show.

Are all comedy club waitresses sluts?
Nah, just eight out of ten. The chubby ones are actually good people, if I remember correctly. I never respected the ones that fucked "prop" acts. Nothing worse than a girl blowing you while she's wearing exploding shoes that the last headliner left at the condo.

Are comedy condos as shitty as we've heard?
Not if you don't mind getting ringworm from a fucking beanbag chair. Or if your hobby is collecting comedians' pubes. I haven't stayed in one since I woke up in the middle of the night to find a silverfish climbing up my arm. That's a true story. It happened in Milwaukee 17 years ago.

Your current release, *Another Senseless Killing*, is hilarious. Our favorite bit is about masturbating on the subway. Have you ever done that?
No! WTF? Do I look that desperate to you? I wait until I get above ground and then duck behind a mailbox as the pretty girls stroll by. I wouldn't do it on a subway. You know you have a shit sex life when the first words you hear after you come are "Stand clear of the closing doors." I'd do it on a ferry. It's more romantic, and if any of the passengers get hit with friendly fire, I'd blame it on the ocean mist.

So if I see someone masturbating in a moving vehicle, what should I do?
You should say, "Excuse me, could you put both hands on the fucking wheel, please! I don't want to have to shit into a bag on my hip for the rest of my life because you had to rub one out at 70 miles per hour, fuckface!"

What if it's a hot chick?
Keep your mouth shut, film it and then get her number.

Where is the strangest place you've ever masturbated?
In my primary care physician's mouth. It's part of the bronze plan under Obamacare.

> "*Broads like money. I don't give a shit if you're a syphilitic juggler with ass cancer, if you're rich, they find the humor in you.*"



Do you watch a lot of porn?
Nah, my eyes are too bad. I refuse to jerk off while wearing reading glasses. You end up looking like a perverted Ben Franklin—dick in one hand, kite with a key on it in the other.

Who is your favorite porn star?
Jenna Jameson or Seka.

Any genre of porn you find disturbing?
Yes. Fisting kind of grosses me out. If I want to learn how to stuff a turkey, I'll watch the Food Network.

Where do you stand when it comes to women bleaching their assholes? Pro?
Yes, I am, because the asshole is discolored and needs a touch-up. If left unbleached, it looks like a coffee filter after a hundred pots. If your girlfriend's nickname is Joe DiMaggio, you're in deep shit.

A little while back, Howard Stern spoke out against eating pussy. Said it could cause throat cancer. Do you agree?
Well, after the whole Michael Douglas thing, I'm starting to believe that myself. It would be a shame if going down on your woman for ten minutes is the equivalent of handling asbestos for 30 years. Keep your eye on Derek Jeter. If in a few years he's speaking through a hole in his throat, then Howard is right.

Speaking of Stern, you've done the show how many times?
I have no idea…more than a handful.

What is your relationship with him like?
I don't have one outside of doing his show. Very cool, down-to-earth guy!

How did you meet your wife?
In a nightclub. I danced with her and then dropped a pill in her Sprite Zero when she wasn't looking. I snuck her out the back door wrapped in Hefty bags and tied to a two-wheel hand truck. Nah, she came into Carolines comedy club years ago to see my show.

Is Obama the greatest President of all time or just a lucky black guy?
Neither. He's half-black and the worst president in U.S. history by a Socialist country mile!

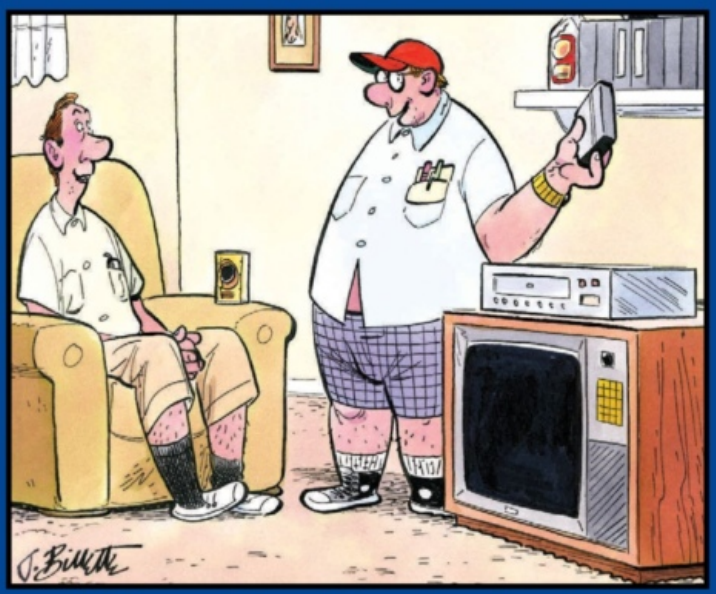
Are you a conservative at heart?
I'm whatever Obama isn't!

What is the number-one rule of comedy?
No stealing! After that there are no rules.

Is there anything you can't joke about?
People always talk about this line comics shouldn't cross. And my question is, who decides where that line is? Maybe your line is only a foot away from you, while mine is a mile away. I'll decide what's fucking funny, not some soccer mom from the Upper West Side of Manhattan, thank you.

Why should people buy your new CD and DVD, *Another Senseless Killing*?
Because I'm tired of selling Oxycodone to schoolchildren. No, because it's really fucking funny according to Louis C.K., Billy Burr and a bunch of other guys who know what the fuck they're talking about. I take this craft very seriously, because it's all I really know how to do. H





"Wanna watch an old porn tape where the babes actually have pubes?!"

(continued from page 47)

PUSH FOR BUSH

Jane always shaved her snatch smooth as silk. Not a single hair. Not a bristle. Just pink plump labes and pussy under my tongue.

Come to think of it, every girl I had ever been with—I was 23, and Jane made number seven—had shaved her slit bare. And that was nice. Sure. Don't get me wrong. But lately I'd found myself drawn to certain girls in porn rags and videos—girls with full, lush pussy bushes. Blond, brunet, redhead, it didn't matter. That forest of pubes turned me on. I wanted to feel those curls against my cheek. I imagined them tickling the sides of my cock shaft as I sank deep into quim. I started collecting '70s porn just for the beavers.

So late one night, after some very hot sex, I finally mentioned the idea to my raven-haired girlfriend. "Honey, what do you think about letting your pussy bush grow once—just to, you know, see? I got to tell you, I think it would be so hot, tugging on your pubes with my teeth—spraying my white spunk in all those black curls."

My dick twitched against Jane's thigh, and she got this crooked little smile on her face, more like a smirk. "Well," she replied, "you've got yourself a deal—if I get to shave your pubes and your ball sac. Sometimes I wonder what it would feel like to suck off a smooth-shaven man."

Wow. I wasn't so sure about a razor wielded in somebody's else's hand, against my nuts. Then again, in the six months I'd known the girl, I'd never seen any nicks on her mound or folds. And I was pretty sure she wasn't mad at me. Finally it was the image of springy jet-black ringlets surrounding a very pink pussy slit that made up my mind. "Okay, you grow. I'll shave." My date with the razor was set for two months down the road.

'Course I got to enjoy Jane's pubes growing in along the way. First a stubble that tingled my prick cap when I rubbed my pecker back and forth over her folds. Then black bristles that tickled my whole face. A month in, those bristles had grown into beautiful curls that caught the light and sprang back against my fingertips. I spent hours playing with her pelt.

Two months in, on the designated day, I was nervous. Jane had made an occasion of it, dinner and champagne. To tell you the truth, it made me a little queasy when she started drinking that third glass. But then she took me to her bathroom, lit all over with candles, and stripped totally naked except for her lush raven bush. That took my mind off of my impending doom as she stripped me.

Tiny scissors trimmed away curls held taut between Jane's fingers. Hot washcloths were pressed against the base of my prod. My shooter began to rise. Warm lather was swabbed onto my pubes and my balls with a shaving brush. By the time she finished, I was totally hard.

She hoovered both fat yarbles into her mouth at once and poured on the suction!

I closed my eyes when she picked up the razor, and I readied myself for the worst, but there were only these incredible sensations: an erotic scraping and tugging across my rocks, her fingers touching my naked skin. It felt intense, electric!

When the last stroke of the razor had passed over my flesh, I finally glanced down. Wow. I could not fuckin' believe how big my cock looked! From my perspective, looking straight down, I seemed to have grown a full inch! And that's exactly how Jane reacted. Once she'd patted me dry, the girl attacked my prick. She was all mouth and gorgeous, hairy pussy.

She started with a blowjob. I didn't know she could take me so far down her throat. Believe it or not, when she reached my base, her tongue swished out to flick at my bare nuts. But she wouldn't let me shoot down her throat. Instead she moved down to suck on my hairless balls. First one at a time. Then she hoovered both fat yarbles into her mouth at once and poured on the suction!

Finally, she sat my ass on the throne and slowly, slowly lowered her hairy twat onto my pole. Her pubes tickled my supersensitive fuckset till I was laughing and coming at the same time. It was the best fuck of my life—well, so far. I have another date with Jane tonight.

—N.M.
Jersey City, New Jersey





CORPORATE CUNT

By day I was a corporate executive laboring over stacks of paperwork at my desk. By night, well, at night I became—a corporate executive slaving through a never-ending in-box of email. I was tired, horny, frustrated. Sure, I'd daydream. I'd imagine little Liza from accounting kneeling between my thighs, lapping at my snatch and rimming my puckered starfish. Maybe Hank, the security guard, would catch us in the act. Maybe he'd slap handcuffs on my wrists and force me to suck his big, throbbing black dick while Liza nursed on his ball sac. On really long days I'd fantasize about whipping my boss's ass and pissing all over his face. Then I'd lock my office door and masturbate.

Thing is, how the hell is a woman supposed to get laid when she works 80 hours a week? Those Internet dating sites all seem so lame. And my executive coworkers—'droids in starched white shirts and suits—all seemed so tame. Plus, I was determined to make partner by the end of the quarter. So I kept up the insane hours, but hid my two favorite sex toys in my desk: a long, fat ebony vibrator and a small pink butt plug. And I took to wearing crotchless panties.

Late at night I'd take the edge off with a little fuck break. Bent over the arm of my leather couch, I'd talk dirty to myself till my pussy started to tingle. I'd swat my butt a few times just for good measure, then double-dick my ass and cunt to elaborate fantasies.

Last night wasn't any different. In my fantasy I was lying on the floor, at the center of a huge circle jerk. Ten, maybe 11 men were

I'd fantasize about whipping my boss's ass and pissing all over his face.

spray-painting my body with hot jism, and I was rubbing the spunk into my flesh, just about to come good. In reality I was humping the couch arm, my skirt pushed over my bum, my reliable friends drilling my cunt and bunghole. I was moaning, about to come good, when I heard a knock at the door and the door opened—what the fuck, did I forget to lock it? There was Hank, the security guard, with his jaw dropped somewhere down around his shoes.

It took me a couple seconds to react, but in those seconds I noticed Hank's cock bulge. My mouth started to water. I think I moaned.

Surprisingly, there was none of the extreme awkwardness or stammering you'd imagine in this scenario. Rather, Hank recovered quickly and took control. With my ass high in the air and my holes stuffed full of fucksticks, I guess it wasn't too hard to recognize me as a desperate slut. But just to make sure this big black man got the message, I begged him to fuck me.

To his credit, Hank didn't speak word one. He simply stripped off his belt, his billy club, his handcuffs. I was hoping for the chrome bracelets. Instead he spanked me a couple times with the leather belt. Nice. Just hard enough to leave welts.

I watched over my shoulder, anticipation building, as he lowered his zipper and pushed down his pants and boxers. When I caught sight of that long, fat, black slab of meat, my pussy clutched around the vibrator. Damn, this was going to be good. I hadn't been laid in months.

Hank left the pink butt plug in my rosebud. In one quick motion he yanked the vibrator from my twat and immediately jammed his log in all the way to his nut sac. Holy fuck. His strong, muscular chest pressed against my back as he reached around and literally ripped the buttons from my blouse to get at my tatas. When he pinched both nipples at once, I started coming. And I didn't stop.

It was a fast, furious fuck. His hammer slammed in and out of my box. Still, Hank didn't say anything. I could hear his heavy breathing and the slap of flesh against flesh, the nasty, sloppy, sexy sounds of a thick cock dicking a juicy cunt. My clit rubbed against the couch. I clawed at the leather and kept coming, the end of one orgasm sluicing into the beginning of the next. Suddenly I felt the delicious warmth of jism filling my slot. *Mmm.*

Hank stayed in my quim till he went soft. Then he pulled out, gathered his stuff and left. Still without talking. He just might be the perfect man.

—F.C.
Flagstaff, Arizona



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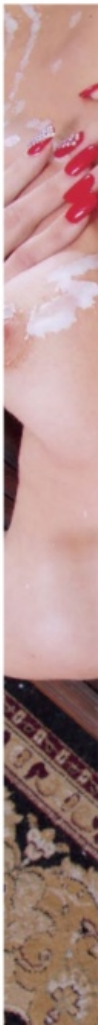


"Your Presidency is a mess. If you've learned anything from my years in the White House, it's that those cigarettes would taste a helluva lot better after being shoved up an intern's twat."


JADE NILE







A DARKER SHADE

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: SARAH VANDELLA, NATASHA STARR, JADE NILE, SEAN MICHAELS, RYAN DRILLER & TEE REEL.

A girl who goes black gets stuffed in her crack in *A Darker Shade*, an apparent tribute to mommy-porn sensation *Fifty Shades of Grey*. In our version, the naive young waif is blond sexpot Sarah Vandella, who plays an artist falling under the stern-loined sway of seasoned ebony woodsman Sean Michaels. The video opens up with suave cock-slinger Michaels approaching Vandella in her studio and drawing her to the submissive side with a few smooth words and some gentle groping. Eventually Vandella chokes his huge throbber down her throat. After some firm guidance, Master Michaels turns her little pussy inside out as he plumbs her depths with his snake. His first tutorial ends with a thorough bun-glazing, but the training doesn't stop there. Soon a dominatrix beats Vandella's rump crimson with a riding crop as she's force-fed a faceful of honeypot, which she slurps like a hamster at a water nozzle. Her tormentor returns the favor, lapping at Vandella's crap-hatch while fingering the submissive to ecstasy. Moving on, an extremely erotic scene featuring hot candle wax, cold ice cubes and fervent ball-gargling unfolds. Work out your own kinks by ordering *A Darker Shade* at 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—Pico D. Ribibi**





SARAH VANDELLA





NATASHA STARR


CALI HAYES

BARELY LEGAL #145

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: KELLY DIAMOND, ADRIANA MALAO, KACY LANE, HARLEY DEAN, CALI HAYES, RICHIE CALHOUN, JOHN STRONG, TYLER NIXON, EVAN STONE & JAMIE STONE.

At 145 installments, *Barely Legal* still doesn't look a day over 18, but like that brash teen fuckdoll smoking and cursing at the food court in the mall, there's still room for refinement. The video's first scene, featuring blue-eyed brunette Kelly Diamond, will have viewers' trouser-hounds sniffing and barking to be set free. With her slight frame, modest tits, shorn crotch-muffin and thorough enthusiasm for cock, Diamond is a shining erotic ingénue. She massages her lover's nuts with her wandering tongue before bending over for a doggy-style drilling, yelping with lust as he spelunks her pretty kitty. Her squeals of delight grow so loud and frequent that the viewer begins to wish one of her nipples was a volume knob—but of course that's what your mute button is for. At-home jerkoffs will be rewarded with the blissful sound of one hand fapping as her whippet-thin body is put through its paces. The second scene, featuring dusky enchantress Adriana Malao, starts off promisingly, as she's manhandled by muscle-bound guido John Strong. Malao chokes down his chubby like a starving orphan at the bakery counter. Unfortunately, as she leans forward for her dick-drubbing, her pussy drools like a St. Bernard's mouth, a nauseating, thick white string of crotch-snot swinging from her clam-cove with every thrust. Luckily, tiny-breasted spinner Kacy Lane swoops in to save the day in the next scene. Despite minor infractions, *Barely Legal #145* still obeys the laws of carnal satisfaction. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—P.D.R.


ADRIANA MALAO




KELLY DIAMOND


HARLEY DEAN


KACY LANE



WET ASSES VOL. 5

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILLIAM H. STARRING: ISABELLA DE SANTOS, ABELLA DANGER, AMIRAH ADARA, KELSI MONROE, MICK BLUE, JAMES DEEN, MANUEL FERRARA & RAMON NOMAR.

Prefer your buns buttered up and drilled to perfection? *Wet Asses Vol. 5* will hit the spot. This isn't a high-concept offering by a long shot—the biggest production cost was probably the oil that they copiously slathered over the actresses' nates—but the viewer's prick will twitch like a divining rod in a waterfall anyway. The video wisely kicks off with its most boner-inducing vixen, Latina sexpot Isabella De Santos, whose proudly jutting glutes quiver with delight as they're basted with oil. A mohawked goon pierces her glistening gash and humps her doggy-style as she babbles in Spanglish. She feverishly bounces her ass against his loins, each contact landing with a lovely *thwap*. De Santos is eventually so greasy that she threatens to slide off the leather couch as her gleaming rump is vigorously drubbed until she's literally fucked cross-eyed. The rest of the females are mostly mid-grade, but there are a few additional thrills to be had—tattooed tart Kelsi Monroe for one, who reaches a screeching assgasm, filling her pussy with four fingers as her shitpit is packed with schlong. The less said about Abella Danger, whose lips look like they lost a bet with Botox, the better. Still, despite its flaws, *Wet Asses Vol. 5* produces an oil spill that even Greenpeace would approve of. **—P.D.R.**



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I look innocent. But when you take me into the bedroom, I'm not at all. I'm 100% Italian, so I'm passionate. I like rough sex, I know what I'm doing, and I'm very true to who I am. If I'm having sex, I'm going to be enjoying it. Every moan is going to be a real moan. Every orgasm is going to be a real orgasm. There's nothing worse than fake sex."



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CLOVER

Happy New Year, *Beaver Hunt* Nation, and happy birthday, Clover! The Amherst, Massachusetts, denizen will be turning 22 in January and pocketing 250 smackers as our birthday gift for looking so yummy in her birthday suit. "I follow my goals and ambitions," the 5-foot-3 go-getter avows. "A really big one was to be naked in HUSTLER." Clover is more than a visual treat: "I'm friendly, caring and fun to hang out with. I like playing guitar, football, basketball and video games, especially *Call of Duty*, and my favorite rock band is Modest Mouse." Since sexual chitchat is a Beaver's call of duty, Clover discloses, "I'm straight and passive, and I love getting fucked doggy-style." Her fantasy? "On my birthday I want to go to a bar with my boyfriend and have a quickie in the men's room." —*Photos by Friend*


"I love watching basketball games, but I'm not that great a player. I'm more cut out for guys watching me when I don't have any clothes on."





Email: MollyMadison@BunnyRanch.com



MOLLY MADISON

Now making her HUSTLER debut is 21-year-old Molly Madison, a "fun and intuitive thrill-seeker" from San Diego, California. But providing thrills has become her bread and butter since leaving college behind. "I always like to be naked," the 5-foot-2 dancing and traveling aficionada confesses. "It frees me when I'm alone and brings out my sexuality when I'm posing for a photographer or someone is spending time with me in bed." Those who experience the latter will be reminded of the John Mayer tune "Your Body Is a Wonderland." (FYI: Molly digs Mayer's eclectic music along with reggae and the Kooks' rock.) She's also single and quite available: "I'm a sweet, affectionate and elegant working girl at the Moonlite BunnyRanch in Carson City, Nevada. Find out how much I love meeting a man and dashing off to my room for a sex party we'll never forget." *—Photos by Friend*




"A biker gangbang
has been my fantasy
for a long time."

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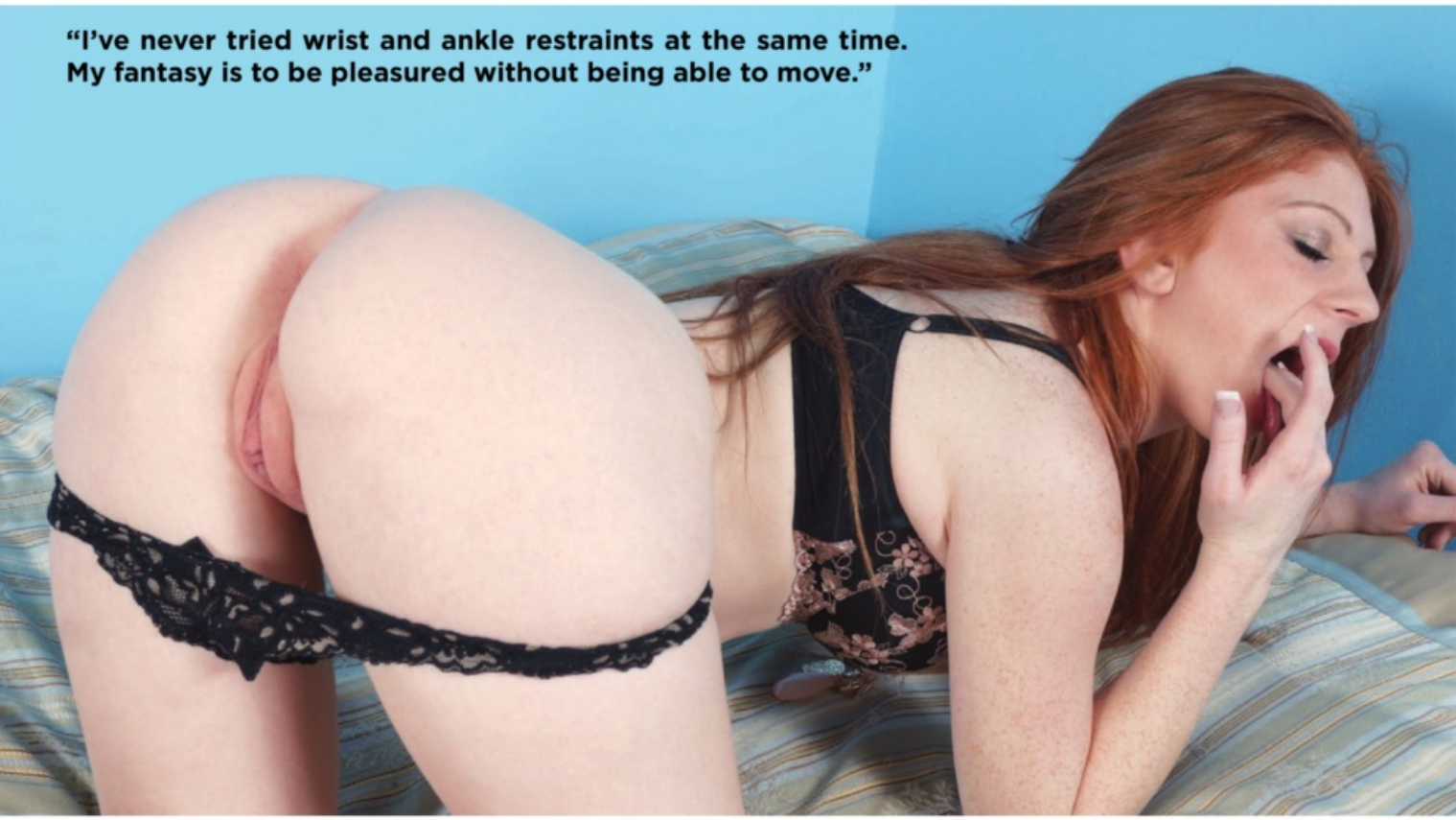




MADELYN ROSE

"I get excitement out of exciting others," declares Madelyn Rose, 22, a skin-biz newbie from Akron, Ohio. "I'm honored to be in one of the hottest magazines out there. I enjoy looking at all the beautiful girls, and I don't mind my pictures being taken into the bathroom. Sex is always on my mind, and I'm a master at masturbation as well." Madelyn, who describes her personality as "a paint-splattered canvas," is determined to make it big—and not solely as erotic eye candy. "I've been expressing myself by writing songs and singing since a young age," the 5-foot-8 music buff reveals. "I plan to make much more out of it than just a hobby." Madelyn's fave bands include Mötley Crüe, Sixx:A.M. and Pink Floyd, but it's her rockin' amorous repertoire that's truly noteworthy: "I'm very flirty, passionate, intelligent and wild. Seduction is one of the best tools I've learned to use in life. I know how to work guys. Girls too! Sometimes both at the same time. I love giving head, doggy-style, bondage, giant penises and having multiple orgasms during steamy sex in bed, on the couch or outside my house." *—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

"I've never tried wrist and ankle restraints at the same time. My fantasy is to be pleasured without being able to move."









"I'm always walking around my place in only my bare feet... or a pair of heels if I think someone might be looking."

SUNNY

"I love the idea of being naked in a prestigious magazine," says Sunny, a "funny and unpredictable" 27-year-old from Waxahachie, Texas. "Lots of people can see how inviting I can be." And how much the 5-foot-4 Avenged Sevenfold and Nicki Minaj fan adores body art. "I've been a tattoo artist for eight years," Sunny relates. "Tattooing is a lifestyle choice, and I wouldn't trade it for anything. I hope to open my own shop someday." In the meantime she has a bevy of pastimes: "I'm into tomboy stuff like working on my car and riding my motorcycle in the evenings. My favorite TV shows are *iZombie* and *Bones*, and I have a DVD collection with all the *Fast & Furious* movies and some pornos." As for her mating regimen, Sunny confides, "I'm straight, aggressive yet submissive and very satisfying." She's also never keen on calling it quits: "I love sex marathons. I wanna barely be able to walk the next day!" Sunny may be walking or wobbling down the proverbial aisle if she succeeds in "finding Mr. Right and giving all my love to him." *—Photos by Ron Neumann*



CALI LUV

Joining *Beaver Hunt*'s elite baredevil brigade is Cali Luv, 29, a "very playful" HUSTLER reader from Costa Mesa, California. "I love the beautiful women and hot articles," raves the 5-foot-4 neophyte model, who's also fond of Facebooking, beading, road trips, camping and listening to Seether, the Rolling Stones and songbird Lana Del Rey. But what makes Cali a real happy camper is everyone's favorite three-letter word bookended by an *S* and *X*: "I'm a walking sexual magnet. I love men mostly because of what's in their pants, but I will never turn down a hot woman. I love foreplay, especially giving head, and I love, love, love draping my legs around a guy's neck and doggystyle. I'm also pretty sure I could get into the whole sub-dom game." Cali wraps up her show-and-tell with a wallop: "My fantasy is making love—okay, fucking—out in the woods like animals. I'm just a freak of nature." *—Photos by Friend*



"I'm a great wife. I never get a headache, and I'll fuck my husband whenever he desires."





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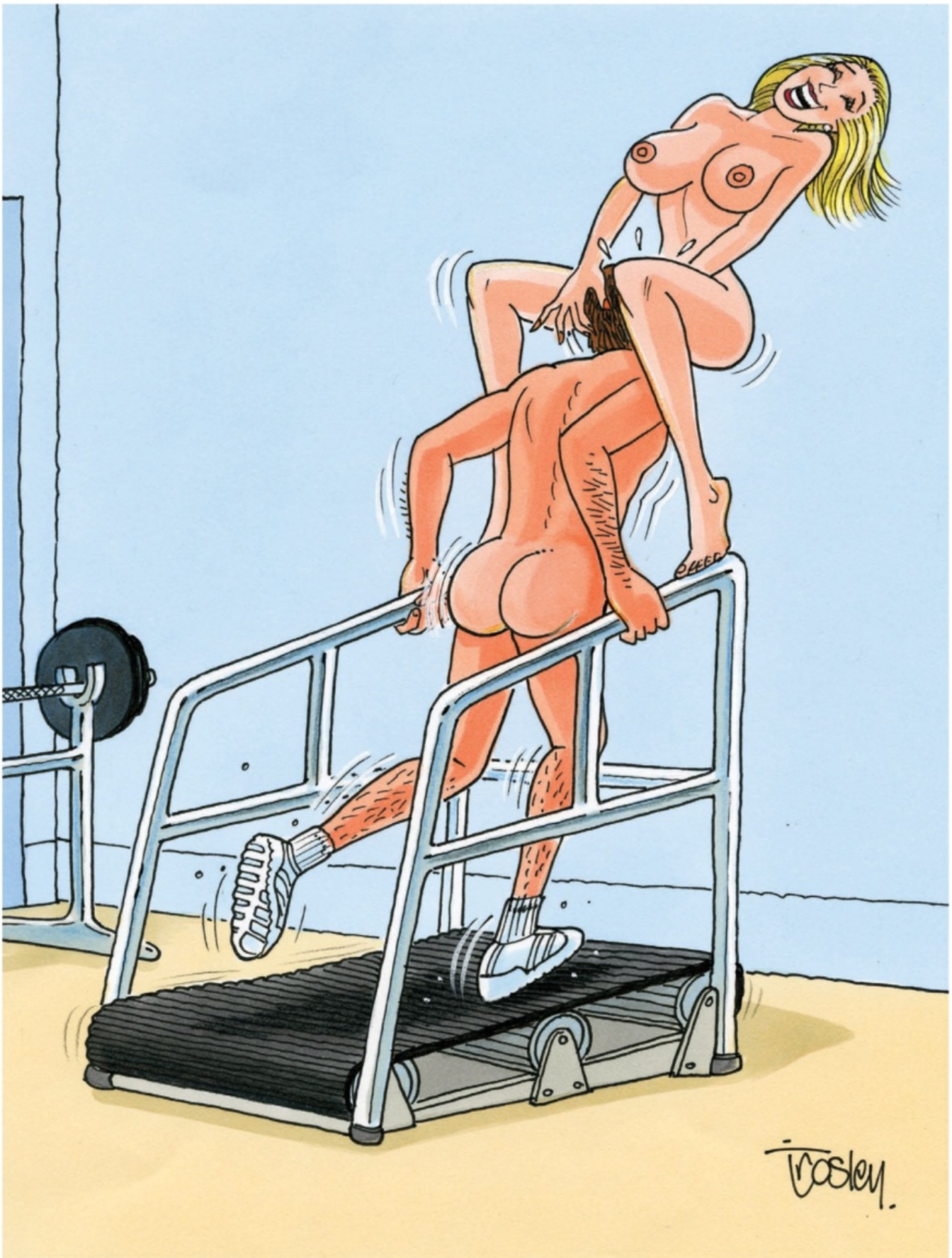
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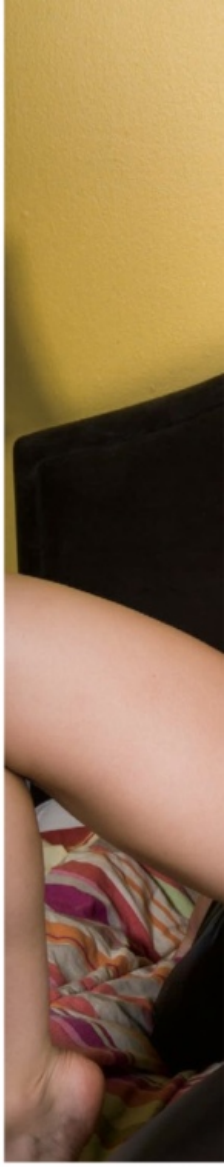



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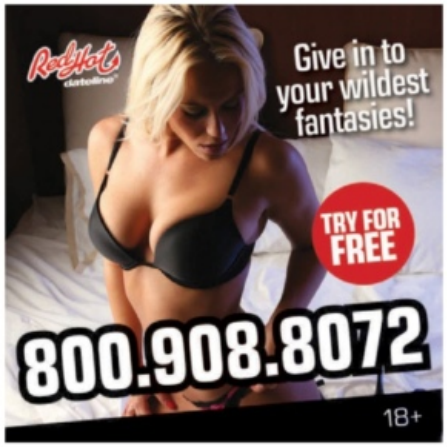
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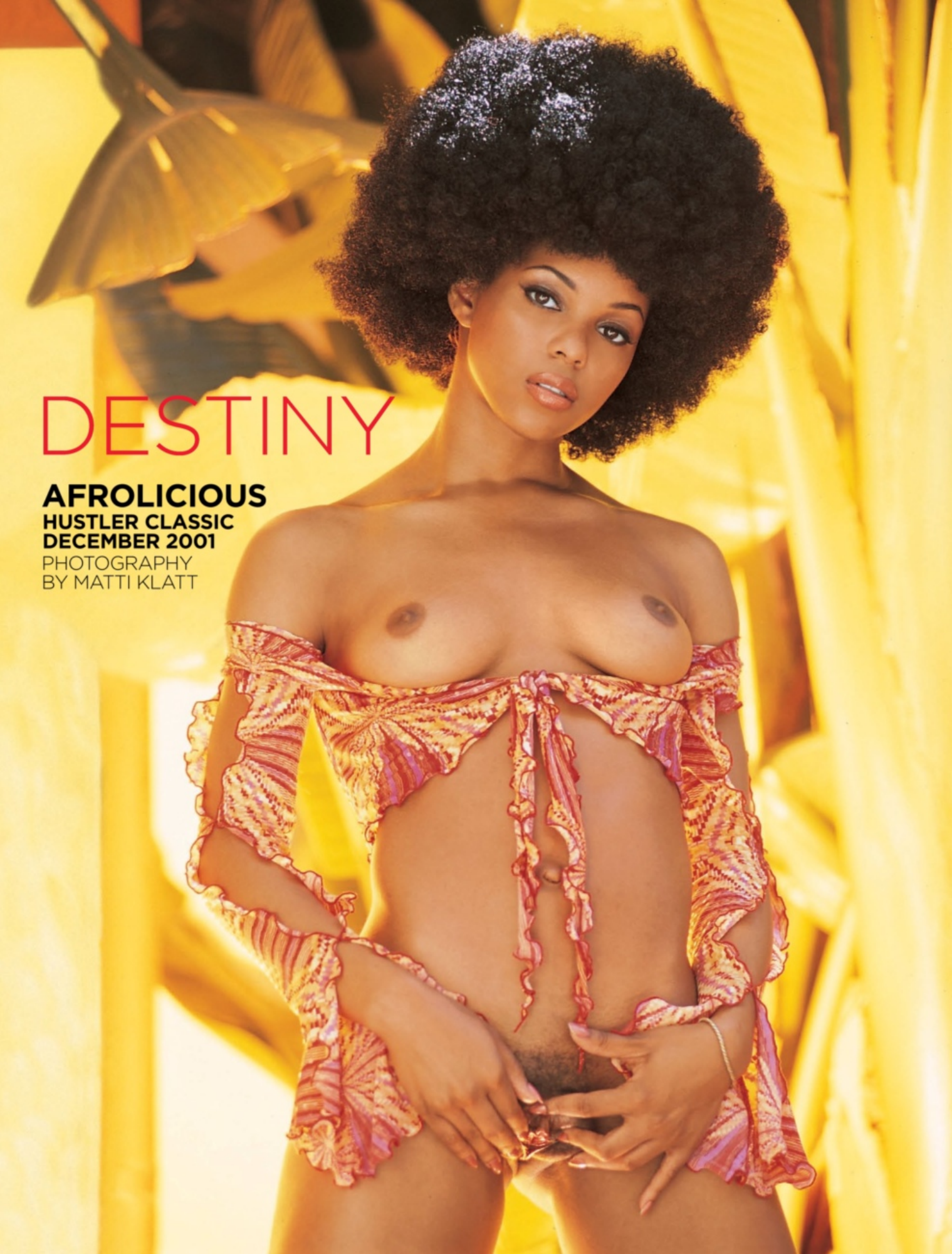
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DESTINY

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PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MATTI KLATT







Soul sister **Destiny** plays it cool under the burning sun. "I dropped the top of my 'Stang and shed my dashiki," brags the Nubian exhibitionist, stirring her hot chocolate with slick fingers. "Sweet Lord, yes!" **Destiny** shouts as droplets of cunt juice spray to the heavens. "I'm hungry for love shaft. Stick me, baby!"





COMING SOON

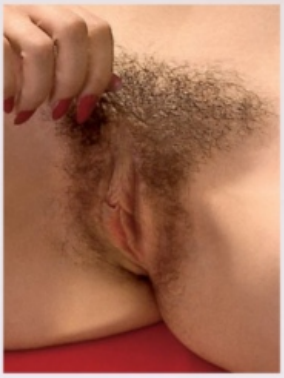


DAVID KOECHNER

This legendary funnyman takes his porn seriously—but his own success, not so much. Comedy pal in over 130 films and TV shows, Koechner spills on binge drinking with Bill Brasky, getting Will Ferrell to break character, and why shitting your pants is far worse than being arrested for pooping on a cop car.

BUSH COUNTRY

HUSTLER presents a tribute to bush, and no, we don't mean George or Jeb. So if you're tired of plucked beavers, if bald cooze reminds you of cold chicken, if you're a man who loves a beautiful, fully-realized bush, then these pretty pussies are for you.





GREAT ESCAPES

Forbidden sex! Drunk correctional officers! Power tools! 2015 was an awesome year for inmates with escape plans and can-do attitudes. From Brazil to New York, HUSTLER recounts the year's craziest, most daring prison breaks.

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