

PENTHOUSE

LIFE ON TOP 叶一五

PETS OF THE MONTH
SKIN DIAMOND &
LAYLA SIN

DAVE NAVARRO
PREMIERES
POP SHOTS

The 8th Annual Badass Issue

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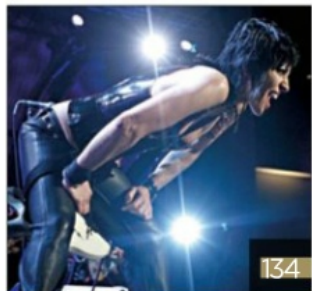
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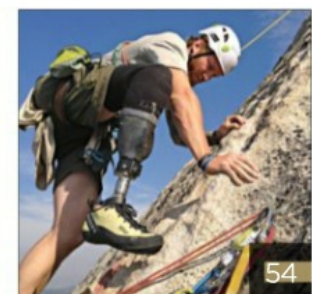
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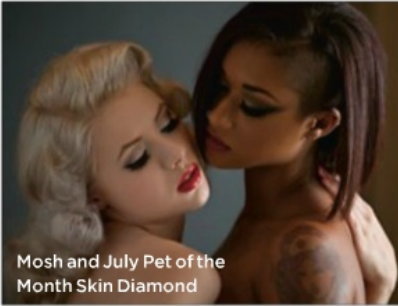
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Dave Navarro and
Holly Randall



Mosh and July Pet of the
Month Skin Diamond



August Pet of the
Month Layla Sin



HOUSECALL

Introducing Pop Shots, our new series of erotic photo layouts in which artists, luminaries, and cultural icons illustrate their own definition of beauty. First up: rock star Dave Navarro.

Nearly 50 years ago, in March 1965, *Penthouse* founder Bob Guccione published the first British edition of his immediately controversial magazine, selling out the print run of 160,000 copies in just five days. That early success was repeated when Guccione brought his new magazine to the States in 1969, and ever since, *Penthouse* has been providing readers with images of the most beautiful women in the world, shot by the most celebrated erotic photographers in the business, including Guccione himself.

Now that we're about to hit the half-century mark of celebrating the female form, we're inviting contributions from other creative forces: artists, actors, musicians, and pop-culture icons. We're passing the torch, asking them to tell us (and you) what defines beauty. They'll pick the models, the location, the outfits, the style of the shoot; they'll art direct or photograph the models themselves. As Managing Director of Penthouse Entertainment Kelly Holland puts it, "We're providing a blank canvas; our guest artist brings the vision. These projects will provide a great opportunity to expand the definition of something we all love: sexy women."

Our inaugural Pop Shots shoot was directed by rock star—and *Penthouse* contributor—Dave Navarro. (He writes a monthly column, and has both a unique vision and a truly enviable life, so how could we not ask him first?) He picked our models, Mosh and Skin Diamond, and worked with one of the best photographers in the business, Holly Randall; their collaborative efforts resulted in absolutely stunning images of these gorgeous women. But don't take my word for it—the

pictorial-length layout begins on page 33.

Skin Diamond does double duty this issue as our July Pet of the Month. She and August Pet Layla Sin are featured in stunning, stimulating pictorials, both in and out of skintight latex fetish wear, and the badass babes share the pullout centerfold. (You might want to pick up a second issue so you don't have to choose which one to put on display.) Holly Randall pulled *triple* duty, shooting both Pets in addition to Pop Shots.

Further illustrating that we love women of all shapes and sizes, our sister publication *Penthouse Forum* made some major waves by featuring BBW porn star Kelly Shibari on its June cover. A profile of the unconventional beauty who's "helping to shape the discussion about body image in adult entertainment" was enhanced by nude photos from the set of one of her recent films. Unfortunately, the print edition is no longer on sale, but you can buy a digital copy at SkinMagz.com.—Barbara Rice Thompson, Executive Editor 

THE WIDOW PEAKS

Summer jobs are hard to come by, so last year when my friend Mike told me he'd scored a sweet gig landscaping for a widow and that there was plenty of work for me, too, I jumped at the chance to earn some extra cash.

I didn't have a car, so Mike gave me a lift on the back of his Harley. The widow's house was huge, and the landscaping looked picture-perfect. Mike slowed the bike down to a crawl, taking a long, wide path that led around to the back of the house. As he parked next to a small shed in the shade, I vaguely wondered how many hours he'd spent keeping the lawn so neatly manicured.

There was a huge pool with a deck in the yard, and a woman sunbathing in a bikini. Mike led me over to her, saying, "Ray, this is Tracy—Tracy, this is my buddy Ray."

Tracy lowered her sunglasses, looked me up and down, then let her

gaze linger on my crotch. I felt a wave of heat engulf me that had nothing to do with the 85-degree temperature, and I had the distinct impression that Mike might not have told me everything about the amazingly hot widow's job requirements.

When Mike had said Tracy was older, I'd pictured an elderly, doddering woman with a little dog trailing after her. Tracy looked to be in her mid-thirties. Her bikini top was a scrap of material stretched across voluminous breasts, with nipples hard enough to make my acquaintance right through the fabric. The bikini part of her swimsuit was the tiniest of triangles, held together by strings. Her hair was long enough for her to wear in a short ponytail. Her lips were plump and pouty, and I had no trouble picturing them surrounding my rapidly hardening dick.

"Hi, Ray," she said, her lip quirking up on one side. "Did Mike tell you anything about the job?"

"I thought I'd leave that for you, Tracy," Mike said, as he pulled off his T-shirt and unzipped his shorts. "You do it so well." Then he turned and headed for the sliding door that led into the house.

"Since this is your first day, Ray, we'll be working indoors," Tracy said. Then she slipped out of her little swimsuit and I followed her into the house. She was in great shape, her body built for sex. As her hips swayed from side to side, I imagined her late husband getting screwed to death, but hey—what a way to go!

Inside, she led me upstairs to the master bedroom. Mike had already pulled the covers off the huge bed and was rolling on a condom, and as soon as Tracy stepped into the room he grabbed her and started kissing her. While I quickly stripped off my clothes, Mike knelt on the bed and Tracy got on all fours to suck his cock. He tossed me a condom and, with Tracy's perfectly round ass raised high in the air, I didn't have to be told what my first task was.

I climbed up behind her, grabbed her ass, and shoved my cock right into her juicy, pink cunt. Mike and I got a good rhythm going, thrusting in tandem, as I drilled her from one end and he drilled her from the other. We each took possession of a breast, pinching and pulling till she started coming.

Then she told Mike to fuck her ass. Mike knew exactly where Tracy kept the lube, and went to work prepping her. I almost came as I watched Mike's thick cock slowly disappear into her ass. But she wasn't done. She wanted my cock back in her pussy, and I happily obliged, relishing my first foray into double-stuffing. It was one of the hottest things I'd ever experienced, tighter than anything I could have imagined. Unfortunately, I didn't last very long, but I wasn't too worried when I saw the pile of condoms on the nightstand. I knew Tracy would have a few more chores for us.

So, that's how Mike and I spent our entire summer—working outdoors in the mornings before it got too hot, then getting totally overheated in the afternoons with the widow Tracy in her bedroom. It was the absolute best job ever!—R.L., Florida

More letters on page 122

Mike and I got a good rhythm going, thrusting in tandem, as I drilled her from one end and he drilled her from the other.



"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

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APES OF WRATH

The latest *Planet of the Apes* installment—starring Gary Oldman, Jason Clarke, and Keri Russell—pits humans versus simians in all-out war.





DAWN OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

GARY OLDMAN, KERI RUSSELL, ANDY SERKIS

Honestly, this was the one we were waiting for all along: humans versus apes, in armed combat, cities in ruins, an ultimate battle for species dominance. It's a no-holds-barred kind of premise that could be enough to get an old franchise back on its feet. After playing a long game with 2011's laboratory-set reboot (which was surprisingly emotional, if a little dull in the action department), the writers have finally gotten around to the good stuff. Some will complain that James Franco won't be returning—who are you people?—but we're happy to line up for more work from Serkis, the motion-capture genius who turned rebellious chimp Caesar into a living, breathing character, just as he did with Gollum in the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. As for the plot details, it's now several years in the future and a virus has killed off much of Team Two-Legs. Apes, meanwhile, have gotten organized, learned to speak (for the most part), and created their own city in the redwoods north of San Francisco.



JUPITER ASCENDING MILA KUNIS, CHANNING TATUM

Even after 15 years and countless rip-offs, *The Matrix* remains a perfect thing: a radically brilliant confection of gunplay, martial arts, sci-fi paranoia, and Keanu Reeves's best "whoa" to date. So we always look forward to a new project by the Wachowskis, even if that ends up meaning *Speed Racer* or *Cloud Atlas*. The good news this time: The siblings are back to science fiction (it's an original script), and they've been given tons of money to make Kunis look extra hot as an accidental queen and Earth's savior. She's always been a badass; costar Tatum will be fairly incidental for us, but he might help lure your date to the theater.



SNOWPIERCER CHRIS EVANS, TILDA SWINTON, JOHN HURT

Everything about this South Korean postapocalyptic thriller sounds like catnip: a catastrophic future ice age; the last vestiges of humanity on a high-tech train organized by class; a rebellion fomenting over years of oppression. The mind behind this one belongs to Bong Joon-ho, director of 2006's amazing monster mash *The Host*. He's spent his goodwill from that film drawing English-speaking actors such as Evans, Swinton, and Hurt to this new, epic production. The verdict is still out on whether Harvey Weinstein will release Bong's director's cut or a shortened version. Either way, you'll probably want to board this train.

REVIEWS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT PAGE) WETA/20TH CENTURY FOX; (RIGHT PAGE, CLOCKWISE) COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES; RADIUS-TWC; COURTESY IFC FILMS; ANDREW REED/COURTESY OF SONY PICTURES CLASSICS



BOYHOOD ETHAN HAWKE, PATRICIA ARQUETTE, ELLAR COLTRANE

Try this on for size: Instead of writing and filming a prewritten saga spanning more than a decade in the lives of an extended American family, let's cast the actors and reunite every year for a few days, shooting piecemeal over 12 years and extending the story in ways that no one could foresee. That's the wild experiment behind Richard Linklater's long-germinating latest; the result is something beautiful, organic, and quietly profound. Yes, you see Arquette and Hawke age in ways that lesser actors would have been scared of, but the real shocker is watching 6-year-old Coltrane evolve into a thoughtful teen. Prepare to get completely recalibrated.



LAND HO! PAUL EENHOORN, EARL LYNN NELSON

Life grinds on and, suddenly, you're divorced or retired, your hair (what's left of it) is gray, and there's less time in front of you than behind. Bummer? Or exactly the right moment for an impulsive, bawdy vacation to hot-spring-saturated Iceland? That's the premise of this marvelous buddy comedy, one that puts two oldsters (Eenhoorn and Nelson) in a rented Range Rover and sends them chortling across the rugged terrain to the pounding beat of "In a Big Country." This is not *The Bucket List* (or any other old-coot travesty). Aaron Katz and Martha Stephens have instead codirected an unpredictable, sexy romp that quietly reenergizes a moribund genre. **A-**

REVIEWS

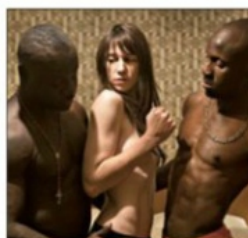
PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

This month's DVD releases are anything but the same-old, same-old.



LONE SURVIVOR

Apparently when you're a Navy SEAL, truth is far more interesting than fiction—within just one year, *Zero Dark Thirty*, *Captain Phillips*, and *Lone Survivor* all earned Oscar nods for recounting real-life SEAL heroism. This one is the bloodiest and most harrowing—the title is a spoiler alert for all the non-Mark Wahlberg roles—but it's still an amazing survival story. Blu-ray exclusives include info on the SEALs who inspired the film, including interviews with the real lone survivor, Marcus Luttrell; a behind-the-scenes look at the intense action sequences with cast interviews; and footage of the actors undergoing SEAL training.



NYMPHOMANIAC: VOLUMES I & II

Shia LaBeouf was the big name in this sexy Danish drama about the complicated life of Joe, a self-diagnosed nympho. (Joe's a girl, by the way; LaBeouf plays her underwhelming first sexual partner.) The two-volume film is basically a four-hour porno with art-house cred, a decent storyline, and a dose of dark humor. The theatrical version was graphic enough to require release without a rating from the MPAA, so we're hoping for deleted scenes in the supplements to see what ended up on the cutting-room floor.



THE RAID 2

The plot of this Indonesian martial-arts flick is pretty standard stuff: A rookie officer sets out to avenge his brother's death, expose a corrupt cop, and infiltrate a notorious crime family. But this follow-up to the equally critically acclaimed *The Raid: Redemption* stands out with creative choreography, graphic bloodshed, and a body count that makes *Kill Bill* look like a kids' movie. The bonus features will include director commentary from Gareth Evans, video diaries, and behind-the-scenes featurettes.

TV ON DVD



COSMOS: A SPACETIME ODYSSEY

If there were a pop-culture antithesis to the Chainsmokers' "#Selfie" song, it would be this hyper-intellectual 13-part follow-up to the 1980s science series *Cosmos: A Personal Voyage*. Presented by astrophysicist/author Neil deGrasse Tyson (above), the series walks viewers through topics including evolution, artificial selection, wave theory, and black holes. For anyone who enjoys feeling infinitesimally small in the scope of the universe, it's basically nerdvana. Special features on the Blu-ray release will include a Library of Congress dedication, deleted scenes, Comic-Con footage, an exclusive "Cosmic calendar," and more.



MASTERS OF SEX

This Showtime drama chronicles the lives of William Masters and Virginia Johnson, the research team that pioneered the study of arousal, orgasm, and sexual dysfunction. (Unlike their interview-happy predecessor, Alfred Kinsey, M&J observed subjects as they masturbated or had sex.) Their romantic lives provide plenty of fodder: Johnson was hired as an assistant in 1957, but apparently it's hard to help spark a sexual revolution and just stay friends, as they married in 1971. The Blu-ray includes a featurette about some of the pair's greatest discoveries, as well as an exclusive interview with Thomas Maier, who wrote the biography that inspired the show.



TWIN PEAKS COMPLETE

If you were of couch-potato age during the 1990s, you probably spent a solid year of your life wondering who killed Laura Palmer. This cult hit from David Lynch kicked off with the discovery of a homecoming queen's corpse wrapped in plastic and evolved into a supernatural suburban thriller—*way* before supernatural suburban thrillers were cool. After much begging and pleading from fans, the full series will finally be available on Blu-ray—that means both seasons of the canceled-too-soon show, along with the prequel theatrical release *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me*. Bonus features will include 90 minutes of deleted scenes from *Fire* (edited under Lynch's supervision), a feature-length collection including lost scenes from the original version of the film—so fans may finally get the missing pieces they've been awaiting for two-plus decades.

EMBEDDED

Former *Washington Post* reporter Ruben Castaneda covered the D.C. crime beat at its worst—and while addicted to the substance that fueled the problems, crack cocaine.



S STREET RISING: CRACK, MURDER, AND REDEMPTION IN D.C.

BY RUBEN CASTANEDA

When the FBI busted Washington, D.C., mayor Marion Barry for smoking crack at the Vista Hotel in 1990, *Washington Post* reporter Castaneda was on the scene—but he didn't get the story. After the events unfolded around him (and totally eluded him), Castaneda spent the night in the hotel, on the *Post*'s dime, smoking crack himself and having sex with a prostitute.

A few days after Barry's arrest, the *Post* flew Castaneda to his hometown of Los Angeles to get the scoop on Rasheeda Moore, the L.A. native who'd helped to set up Barry. Castaneda worked a few contacts, again came up with nothing, and spent four straight nights smoking rock with an old West Coast hooker friend. He fared considerably better reporting from the most dangerous sectors of the D.C. crime beat, but Castaneda was an addict whose double life would have to come crumbling down. That it did, and *S Street Rising* chronicles his ordeal and recovery—he's been clean for more than two decades now—while also portraying the nation's capital under the onslaught of an epidemic, drug-fueled crime wave.



DO NOT SELL AT ANY PRICE: THE WILD, OBSESSIVE HUNT FOR THE WORLD'S RAREST 78RPM RECORDS

BY AMANDA PETRUSICH

Petrusich's portrait of the obsessive-compulsive world of 78rpm-record collecting, and the self-described odd birds who populate it, is a bit meandering—not

unlike trolling a rural flea market in search of overlooked musical treasure—and it's clogged with some muddled, Chuck Klosterman-esque musings. There are also tortured turns of phrase

(a verdant landscape is "nearly obscene—overfed and cognizant of what comes next"). But her subjects' quest is a worthy one, and she conveys the immediacy and the revelatory nature of the sound that

comes off these "slabs of shellac." It's enough to make you understand how locating the one or two remaining viable 78s of Skip James's "Devil Got My Woman" could become a primary life goal.

REAL-LIFE-THRILLER EXCERPT OF THE MONTH



FROM WAR OF THE WHALES

BY JOSHUA HORWITZ

Ken Balcomb is a whale researcher, but he has a past in an entirely different field. When beaked whales start turning up stranded in the Bahamas, the scientist in him sets about collecting specimens. Later, he boards a single-engine plane to search for more evidence from the air. That's when his past resurfaces, and Horwitz's nonfiction account kicks in:

"The sun was setting behind the plane as [the pilot] Anspach headed toward Tilloo Cay. The channel was empty of fishing boats now....

"What's that, coming around the point?" Anspach shouted over the engine noise. He motioned to a ship emerging from behind a small cay....

"Balcomb swung his binoculars

around.... It was too big for a fishing trawler. To judge by its length and blue-gray color, it was military....

"Once he got a side view, it was easy for Balcomb to ID the ship. It was a destroyer, with U.S. Navy markings.... He knew that destroyers rarely sailed alone.... So, where were the other ships? [And] what was a U.S. Navy destroyer doing in Great Bahama Canyon?

"Balcomb didn't share any of these questions with his friend. In the 25 years since he'd worked undercover for the Navy, Balcomb had never spoken to anyone about the details of his military service. If you were involved in classified work, you didn't talk about it to civilians. Period."

JUST KEEP SHREDDING

Mastodon chronicles a year in the life of the band on the rugged, catchy *Once More 'Round the Sun*.



After scorching the stratosphere with their knotty 2009 prog-metal opus, *Crack the Skye*, Atlanta metallurgists Mastodon shifted toward radio-ready hard rock on 2011's *The Hunter*, and here, on their sixth studio effort, they stomp out a wider claim in that territory. Of course, they're Mastodon, so you still need a fair amount of bandwidth to fully absorb their layered, carefully constructed tunes, but *Sun* is relatively concise, with no shortage of pop-leaning hooks. "Ember City" has a chorus that's practically emo—"And if I want you to stay/ What do I say to you?"—yet still succeeds as one of the most badass tracks on the record, thanks to its hurtling, intertwining riffage. "The Motherload" [*sic*] reassures, "This time, this time, things will work out just fine," while "Aunt Lisa" cycles through several gnarly movements before rolling out an unexpected chorus, courtesy of Atlanta punkers the Coathangers: "Hey-ho, let's fucking go/ Hey-ho, let's get up and rock 'n' roll." Count us in.



As the founding member and principal songwriter of Reigning Sound, Memphis native Greg Cartwright has been keeping the outfit going, on and off, since 2001. We say "on and off" because Cartwright has several other gigs as a player and producer, and his Reigning Sound backing band has shifted continuously over the years. What's remained constant, though, is his polished knack for songwriting that blends classic soul, garage rock, and fifties styles like doo-wop and girl-group tunes. *Shattered* adds some rootsy twang to the mix, and it's filled with seemingly effortless gems like the slide-guitar-accented "If You Gotta Leave," the Van Morrison-esque "My, My," and the garage-soul groove of "Baby, It's Too Late."



If Parquet Courts felt any pressure about following up their 2013 breakthrough album, *Light Up Gold*, they sure as hell aren't showing it here. The new record reflects a band that's assured—defiant, even—about their sound, which they gleefully stretch and pull like so much Silly Putty across 13 varied tracks loaded with off-kilter charm. On the languid "Instant Disassembly," they let it ride for more than seven minutes, working—and working—an earworm guitar hook for all it's worth. The steady-burning "She's Rollin'" unspools over a similar don't-worry-we-got-this 6:33. As counterpoints, there's the frenetic title track; the locomotive "Black and White"; and the potent, pogo-stick punk of "Duckin' and Dodgin'." The follow-up tops the breakthrough.



British electronic musician Lone, aka Matt Cutler, says the relentlessly crummy weather in his Northern England stomping ground is a chief source of inspiration for his music. Blending elements of house, techno, and hip-hop, Cutler seeks "to create an imaginary place" to escape the blanketing gray, as he once said. On 2012's *Galaxy Garden*, that place was bright and tropical; here, it's more airy, dreamy, and nostalgic, as on the whispery, atmospheric interludes of "Aurora Northern Quarter." "Airlow Fires" launches a Chicago house groove (punctuated by a hip-hop sample) before giving way to a tinkling, DJ Premier-style beat. With grainy, mid-tempo techno beats, playground shouts, interstellar synth flourishes, and one gorgeous melody that sounds like it came from an Incan panpipe, Cutler's latest is warm and vivid, with a welcome sense of play, and more going on than first meets the ear.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) TRAVIS SHINN, MARY STAMM, CLARKE BEN RAYNER, KYLE DEAN REINFORD (RIGHT PAGE, TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT), DENISE TRUSCELLO/GETTY IMAGES, BEN ROSE/GETTY IMAGES, EBET ROBERTS/GETTY IMAGES, KEVIN MAZUR/GETTY IMAGES.

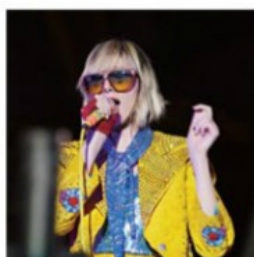
... AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON

Five of pop music's most badass kiss-off songs, and the artists who made them work.

"(I'm Not Your) Steppin' Stone," 1966

Recorded by numerous artists, including Paul Revere & the Raiders, the Monkees, the Sex Pistols, and Minor Threat, among others).

Take That: "When I first met you girl you didn't have no shoes/ Now you're walking 'round like you're front-page news."



"Bang!" 2001, Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Take That: "As a fuck son, you sucked."



"Fuck You," 2010, Cee Lo Green

Take That: "I pity the fool/ that falls in love with you."



"I'd Rather Be Lonely," 1992, Loudon Wainwright III

Take That: "How can I get rid of you?"



"Into Yer Shtik," 1995, Mudhoney

Take That: "Why don't you blow your brains out, too?"

BADASS BAND NAMES

Metal acts don't have a monopoly on kick-ass monikers.



Parliament/Funkadelic: George Clinton's musical collective essentially invented its own genre, P-Funk.



Public Enemy: The groundbreaking hip-hop crew has a killer logo to back up their great name.



Led Zeppelin: Coined in response to the Who's drummer, Keith Moon, who said the band would go over like a "lead balloon."



The Band: Yes, it's badass to name your group this generically—and then become legendary.



Slayer: Mastodon guitarist Brent Hinds has called Slayer a "perfect band." It starts with the name.



Dr. Teeth and the Electric Mayhem: When your drummer is named Animal, you need a suitably gnarly handle to match.



JFKFC: The Atlanta-based metal outfit should use the painting above as their logo—a seamless, hilarious blend of American iconography.




Spinal Tap: A dotless "i" and an umlaut over the "n"—that's pretty badass.



Joy Division: The Manchester quartet took their moniker from the novel *House of Dolls*, which depicts alleged prostitution wings of the same name in Nazi concentration camps.



Motörhead: Seventies slang for "speed freak." True story. (And metal's first gratuitous umlaut!) 



SERGEANT CINDERELLA

Missouri native Angie Johnson's performance at a morale-boosting show in the Middle East led to a spot on *The Voice*, a recording contract, and now a Top 20 single.

Angie Johnson isn't your typical Nashville starlet. For starters, her mother is Japanese; she met Johnson's Southern father in Okinawa. That makes Johnson, as she says, "Kentuckanese. I'm a very rare breed." She's also the only artist signed to a major label who's active military. Initially part of the prestigious Tops in Blue, Johnson later became a full-time vocalist in the Air Force Band, traveling to different bases to do morale shows for the troops.

Tech Sergeant Johnson, 33, is "the Cinderella in camo," she jokes. And it's easy to see why. In 2011, a fan made a video of her impromptu performance of an Adele song at a base in the Middle East. It went viral on YouTube, racking up more than three million views. TV's Carson Daly took note, and contacted her through Twitter. That led to Johnson going on *The Voice*, which Daly hosts, and soon landing a recording contract.

Now her first single, "Swagger," which she cowrote, has landed in the Top 20. "I've always lived an unconventional life," says the Missouri native. As proof, she says that no matter how high her level of fame grows, she'll always stay military.



What was your childhood like, with such different parents?

It was challenging, with the language barriers, and it was always interesting, especially mealtimes. It was either going to be stir-fried vegetables with octopus, or gravy and biscuits and hash browns, depending on who was cooking.

So it was a completely multicultural household?

Yes. My father was from Pikeville, Kentucky, a coal-mining town, so he had all those Southern values. And then my mom came from a much more submissive culture, at least for women. When she realized she was moving to the States, it gave her a sense of independence. She wanted to take on a lot of Western values. Now I'll say, "Hey, Mom, why don't you make me a really authentic Japanese

meal?" and she'll say, "No! Let's go to McDonald's!"

Your father served in the Air Force for 27 years. Is that why you joined?

Actually, I tried to join the Marines when I was 19. The recruiter was a guy I went to high school with. He told me that when he was stationed in California as a Marine, all he did was drink beer and party all day. I thought, *I can drink beer and party in college*. I was looking for a bigger challenge, a purpose. I walked right next door to the Air Force recruiter. He told me that unless I got a really high score on my ASVAB [Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery] and could fill a critically manned career field, they wouldn't take me. So I took the test and scored high enough to get into the intelligence field.

When was this?

I was active duty from 2000 to 2006, and I've been in the National Guard

since 2006. In the Guard, you're one weekend a month. The rest of the time, you're a citizen. As soon as I moved to Nashville, I pursued my music career for a few years and hit it hard, writing songs, playing around downtown, networking, and making my own independent recordings. But there wasn't any momentum, so I went back to school. Then I got deployed after one semester. That's when the YouTube video happened, and I've been doing music ever since.

Do you know the soldier who took the video?

Yes, but I didn't find out who he was until after the video posted, when we came back through his base. He met us off the plane and introduced himself, and I jumped on him and gave him a big ol' hug. I said, "Oh, my God, I'm so happy to meet you! Thank you for taking that video! I think you changed my life!" [Laughs] But I couldn't really see the magnitude of it over there. When I got home, I was like, *Oh, my gosh, this is for real!*

How was your experience on *The Voice*?

It was really great. It taught me a lot more about television than it did about music, so it was like TV boot camp.

Any stories about the judges?

Blake Shelton and Christina Aguilera both tried to push their button at the very last minute, but they were too late turning their chairs around. Later, Blake said, "Man, I let Cee Lo get away with one!" That was pretty cool. And then Christina and Cee Lo got into a big argument as soon as I finished singing. You didn't see that on TV, though.

What were they arguing about?

Cee Lo was complimenting my appearance, and Christina didn't like the way he did it [laughs]. They were talking about what you can and can't say on TV, because Cee Lo, being Cee Lo, said some off-color things. Christina said, "You can't say that on television!" I was just thinking, *Oh, my gosh. I'm so nervous! Stop fighting so I can get off stage!*



When did you discover you could sing like that?

I've been singing since I was a kid. My parents would have dinner parties, and I would set up a little stage and sing. I sang in choirs in elementary school, and then I started singing for crowds and traveling when I was about 16, through an a capella Christian group. It's just always been a part of my life.

What does the average civilian not realize about military life?

I don't think that people fully understand the personal sacrifices that people make in small ways, every single day. You hear about military regulations, but you probably wouldn't think about young girls who don't have the ability to wear their hair down at work. That doesn't seem like a big deal. But for an 18- or 19-year-old

who finds so much of her self-worth in her appearance, it is a big deal to be put in a uniform and have to pull your hair back in a bun every day. Take away your cute factor and you see what you're made of.

And, of course, going overseas on a deployment and leaving your family for a year or two, and losing friends in battles. Unless you are in that military community, it's almost impossible to understand what it's like on a daily basis.

Do you have stories about being in danger in Afghanistan?

Oh, sure. We did a morale performance in Afghanistan one year, and we got mortared right in the middle of our show. Another time, in Iraq, we had just landed, and the warning sirens went out over the base. The base took mortar fire, and we all put on our gear, got in our bunkers, and waited it out. The next morning, we found out that 11 people were lost in



that mortar attack. The enemy struck a smoke shack, a common area where troops go to smoke cigarettes. It was a really small base, so everyone knew those 11 people. At first, we really felt it was inappropriate to get out on-stage when the whole base was hurting. Then we realized they needed not to think about hurting right then. So we put on the most high-energy, kick-ass show we could. You do what you can to give them an hour of peace and joy, because when you leave, they're not going to have that again for a while.

You're a big prankster, right?

[Laughs] I love it! When we were on the Scotty McCreery tour [in late 2013], Scotty had a bunch of his guys dress up in funny costumes and come out during my set and dance around like fairies. So my guitar player and I took some duct tape to this promotional picture of Scotty on the side of his truck. We gave him a little fake mustache and some three-dimensional chest hair peeking out of his flannel shirt. Those are the milder pranks, mind you.

What do you think is the most interesting thing about you?

I think I'm just one big conglomeration. I'm your girl next door, but your tough girl, too. I can wear heels, or I can wear combat boots. I'm silly, and I can really buckle down and work hard. When I do shows and talk to people in the meet and greets afterward, I can relate to every single person there and have a genuine conversation with them. In some way, shape, or form, we're all alike. 

Above: Johnson performing for troops in what she was only allowed to describe as "an undisclosed location in the Middle East."

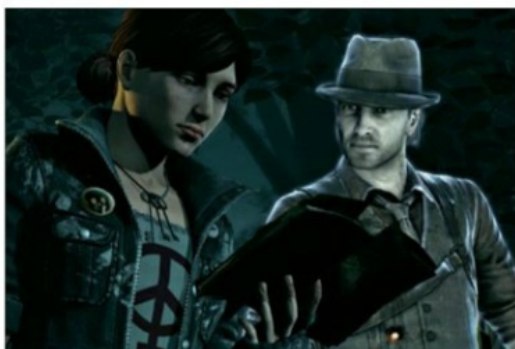
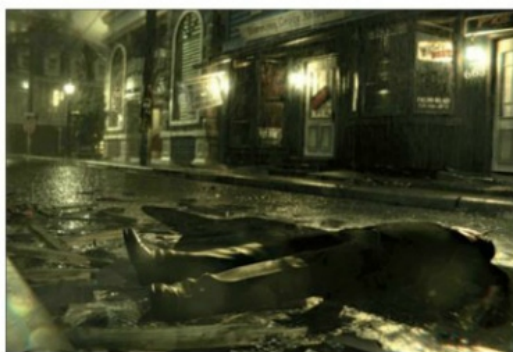


Murdered: Soul Suspect

SQUARE ENIX (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

This grim crime drama starts with an unhappy ending. You play Ronan O'Connor, a shady New England detective gunned down by burglars. Suddenly, you've become a different sort of walking dead—a ghost in the limbo realm known as "Dusk." Your only means of escape to a happier hereafter is to solve your own murder. You'll scour modern-day Salem, Massachusetts, for clues about your killers, eavesdrop on suspects, and battle demonic spirits that want to drag your soul to Ye Olde Hell of Fire, Brimstone, and Ronnie James Dio tunes.

Fortunately, ghosthood has granted O'Connor powers that complement his detective skills. You have free rein to wander the streets, houses, churches, and mental institutions of Salem without worrying about search warrants or due process. The living will ignore your spectral form, but you can read their minds and possess their bodies, forcing them to become unwitting pawns in your investigation. Salem serves as more than just a gothic backdrop, too. It provides a cast of colorful ghost characters that can help (or hinder) your quest for answers. You'll need to interrogate these deceased denizens of Salem's past to piece together the events surrounding your death. But beware: Not all of your fellow ghosts are friendly, and the fact that you're dead doesn't mean they can't ruin your afterlife.





GRID: AUTOSPORT
CODEMASTERS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

This latest entry in the English racing-simulation series will rev the engines of grease monkeys and snooty Eurocar aficionados alike. *GRID* packs more than 100 routes across 22 locations in five different racing styles: touring (cross-country), street, endurance (mega-lap course racing deep into the night), open-wheel (F1-style events), and tuner races (which demand expert drifting and finessed control). Stick with the style you like, or master them all, in single- or multiplayer race modes. Casual players can tune down the realism or jump into the party modes (demolition derby, split-screen racing, and more), which serve as the gateway to the hard-core career mode and endless vehicle-tweaking options.



SNIPER ELITE 3
505 GAMES (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

Slay your way through this game of long-distance combat set in the wide-open terrain of North Africa during World War II. As American OSS agent Karl Fairburne, you (and a buddy in co-op mode) will go deep behind Nazi lines to bull's-eye troops and Tiger tanks with your customizable sniper rifle. Each mission is set in a different sprawling environment (including deserts, mountain ranges, villages, and bustling towns), and it's up to you to find the perfect sniper's nest for the grim task at hand. Each long-distance kill is highlighted by gory footage showing your shot turning your target's circulatory system and gray matter into pudding. The best snipers can take out a tank driver through his viewport—one of the game's more satisfying achievements.



ULTRA STREET FIGHTER IV
CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

With just six buttons and eight characters, *Street Fighter II* turned 1991 arcades into sports arenas and had college kids studying world-warrior special moves instead of World History 101. In many ways, this modern sequel isn't much of a departure from the original smash. It's still played on a 2-D plane (unlike such 3-D fighters as the *Tekken* or *Soul Calibur* titles). It still requires the memorization of elaborate joystick-and-button combos for special moves. And it still has those original eight fighters. To that roster it adds 36 brawlers from across the Capcom gaming universe, plus much flashier moves and wild new battle environments. The developers sought fan feedback to balance the gameplay and deliver a "hadoken" of nostalgia, meaning you'll hurricane kick like it's 1991.



SHADOWGATE
ZOJOI (PC, MAC, ANDROID, APPLE DEVICES)

Grizzled gamers still have flashbacks of *Shadowgate*, a pioneering 1987 point-and-click adventure famous for its imaginative puzzles and unforgiving gameplay. Sudden death lurked around every corner and, unlike in most games, the inventory system let you break or misuse items that were necessary for later puzzles. After a successful Kickstarter campaign, the original game's makers have created a reboot for old-school fans and modern players up for the challenge. Once again, players explore dungeons and fantasy landscapes while battling mythical creatures and encountering puzzles that can be solved more than one way. The designers promise that the new game will be suitably brutal, although sound cues and other subtle hints will keep players from having to reload their last save as often as in the original.

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NEVER SAY DIE

Sure, we all joke about the zombie apocalypse, but are you ready? You might not need this gear to fight off the undead—yet—but we say you can't go wrong by planning ahead.

■ Hammer Beserker RS Core cricket bat

HammerCricket.com • \$300

Before *The Walking Dead* invaded the TV landscape, *Shaun of the Dead* taught us that even the most aggressive zombie would fail against a cricket bat. We suggest you channel your inner hero with the Beserker, a bat that's handcrafted across the pond, where they really know the game. It's made from performance-grade willow, has a high sweet spot, and only weighs about three pounds. When you're playing against the undead, you need to make every head shot count; if not, you'll end up being part of the running buffet. —Deirdre Goldbeck

Pet of the Year
Lexi Belle





THE GOODS



■ Maker's Mark bourbon

Available nationwide (while supplies last, anyway) • 750ml/\$25

There's nothing better to put in your flask than good bourbon. Last year, Maker's Mark announced plans to reduce the bourbon's level of alcohol by 12 percent, taking it from 90 proof down to 84. Fortunately, the resulting outcry from loyal customers led to a quick reversal. Fill your flask, then stash a few bottles where you—and only you—will be able to get your hands on them.

■ Classic wide-mouth flask

ShopStanley-pmi.com

• \$28

You need to protect your hooch, whether you use it to fortify your attitude or disinfect a wound. This stainless-steel flask is both rust- and leak-proof, and the wide mouth makes it easy to fill. The cap is permanently attached to a swing-arm, so you don't have to worry about losing it. Also, it's BPA-free, but that'll be the least of your concerns during the apocalypse.



■ M48 Ranger Hawk Ax with compass

BUDK.com • \$50

You'll feel like the ultimate warrior when you use this to chop your way through an advancing horde of the undead. The eight-inch stainless-steel ax head has a 3 7/8-inch blade on one end for hacking limbs, and a spiked point on the other for piercing skulls. The handle is reinforced with 30 percent fiberglass and a cord-wrapped grip. It weighs just 2.3 pounds and comes with a snap-button case and a compass for the directionally challenged. It'll make a great addition to your weapons arsenal.



■ Variant Rubatone motorcycle helmet

Ridelcon.com • \$370; face shield: \$40

You need to protect your eyes, nose, mouth, and skull from splattering blood, guts, and other infected things. The Variant Rubatone model is low-key matte black and has a durable shell made of fiberglass, Dyneema, and carbon fiber. Flow-through vents help you keep a cool head, and the removable HydraDry lining is adjustable and washable. Add the Dark Smoke Variant shield, which is optically correct, thanks to fog-free coating, and provides decent peripheral vision.



■ Earthkeepers Mt. Maddsen hiking boots

Timberland.com • \$110

Staying ahead of the average shambling zombie is easy. It's the fast-moving ones (see *28 Days Later*, *Zombieland*, or *World War Z*) that can trip you up if you don't have the right footwear. These waterproof leather boots have a gusseted tongue that will keep out debris, and the compression-molded midsole absorbs impact while cushioning your foot. Plus, the rubber lugs on the sole provide great traction, so you'll feel both comfortable and confident as you run for your life.

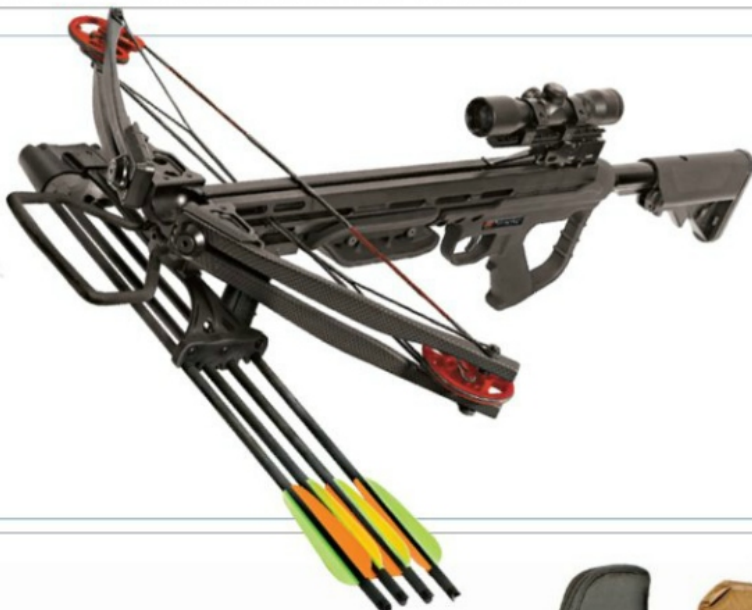




■ NAX 2.0 multitool

ThinkGeek.com • \$150

Firearms and crossbows are fine for putting down the undead, but they're hardly efficient for chopping wood, cutting through doors, and popping open soda bottles. Savvy survivors rely on such multifunction weapons as the NAX to conserve ammo and secure the perimeter. This machete-size tool works as a knife, a hatchet, and even a bottle opener (built into the handle). It's forged from one piece of chromoly steel, and thus sturdy enough to use as a crowbar or just for chopping until the last zombie drops. And in the unfortunate event you get bitten, you can use the blade to sever the infected limb and the parachute cord around the handle as a tourniquet. Now that's a win-win!—*Crispin Boyer*



■ Smoke crossbow package

PSE-Archery.com • \$700

The gang of misfit survivors on *The Walking Dead* never seems to run low on bullets, but we all know ammo will be the first thing to go in a real zombie outbreak (well, after screw-top bottled beer). That's why this crossbow makes the perfect apocalyptic weapon. The short-bow features an adjustable assault-rifle-style stock and folding front grip for one-handed wielding in cramped quarters. Each pull of the trigger launches a bolt about 100 feet at 330 feet per second for silent but violent results. That power, combined with the included 4 by 32 scope, helps you bull's-eye dead-heads before they get within biting range. Best of all, the ammo is reusable and stows conveniently on the attached four-bolt quiver.—*C.B.*



■ Z.E.R.O. (Zombie Extermination, Research, and Operations) Kit

OpticsPlanet.com • \$24,000

We're pretty sure this is kind of a joke, but hey, if you're dead serious about prepping for doomsday, here's one-stop shopping for the basic equipment that can help you survive the apocalypse. The kit includes, among 40-plus things, a KA-BAR folding tactical knife and a bowie knife; a rifle case, shotgun flashlight, rifle laser sight and pistol laser sight with flashlight (you supply the shotgun/rifle/pistol); a bullet forge and a press for putting your bullets into cartridges; Kevlar gloves; Oakley sunglasses and goggles with clear and smoke-gray lenses; and even a combat mug (yes, you read that right). There's also a first-aid kit and assorted laboratory equipment, so you can become the hero who discovers the vaccine that ultimately saves mankind. —*OP*



■ PowerPot X

Power Practical • \$219

You'll get more than a blast of undead-dodging nutrition when you boil your beans in this 2.3-liter campfire pot. A thermoelectric layer built into the bottom converts heat into electricity, generating up to ten watts of power as soon as you set the pot on the fire or camp stove. That's enough juice to use the three-foot flame-resistant USB cable to charge several small devices, like GPS units and smartphones, or one large gadget, like a tablet or camera battery (you know, for documenting the decline of civilization). You can even use it to power small LED lights, speakers, fans, or other energy-efficient appliances that you'll truly appreciate, postapocalypse.



■ Earl survival tablet

Sqigle • \$299

When the going gets rough and the undead get going, you'll need this solar-powered "survival" device, built for the most extreme of outdoor situations. The full-featured Android tablet boasts weather sensors that detect incoming storms, a suite of GPS and motion trackers to keep you on course, and a two-way radio so you can reach out to other survivors. The six-inch E-ink touch screen works with gloved hands, and doubles as a nighttime emergency lamp. Fortified against water, dust, mud, and extreme temperatures, the Earl should last the rest of your life—and into the next one.



■ Amber Bone SS Hobo Knife

WRCASE.COM • \$98

When the pickings are slim and you don't know when you'll have your next meal, you should always keep the right eating utensils on hand. This all-in-one folding knife has a clip blade, fork, and spoon. Each knife has its own handle made from Brazilian cattle bone and can be used separately. The Hobo measures 4 1/8 inches closed, and will come in handy after you've field-dressed and roasted that squirrel you caught for dinner. —Deirdre Goldbeck



■ Solar-Cooler

Solar Cool Technologies, Inc. • \$1,200

Solar ovens, which use a pane of Plexiglas to cook dinner, have become common pieces of outdoor gear. The Solar-Cooler is a much more complicated contraption. Panels built into the lid charge up a battery that powers the refrigeration system and doubles as a power source for your devices. The 38-quart cooler (large enough to accommodate 60 12-ounce cans of your survival beer of choice) can hold a temperature of 42 degrees for up to 18 hours. You can also plug the cooler into an outlet or the accessory port of your car. The \$1,200 price seems ludicrous until you consider that you're harnessing the nuclear fusion of our nearest star to chill your shit, and that there's no need to panic if (when?) the local utility is overrun by the walking dead.



■ Clamplight waterproof flashlight

Blackfire • \$35

Stow this waterproof task light in your camping duffel or car trunk, and you'll never be left fumbling in the dark as the recently deceased shamble in your direction. The LED bulbs provide dim and dazzling (up to 190 lumens) modes for up to 100,000 hours before going dead. Stand it up, or snap the viselike clamp on to a suitable horizontal or inverted surface (such as the rail of your fishing boat or the shoulder of your backpack), and you can pivot the light to face any direction. The Clamplight's polycarbonate lens can take a licking, while the casing itself has been drop-tested and is waterproof to 20 feet.



■ Zombie Bells


Onnit • \$85 to \$170, depending on weight

Exercise won't be necessary if zombies turn every day into a CrossFit workout, but you might as well prep your body before the undead hordes come knocking. Onnit's zombieified kettle bells will power up your muscles while desensitizing you to the horrors of our rotten future. They're available in three weights (36, 54, and 72 pounds), and each limited-edition bell bears the grim visage of a ghoul, wrought in an iron cast that's balanced and proportioned for swings and fitness lifts. The 72- and 54-pounders come with zombie-themed wrist guards that provide support during overhead training—and protection against infectious bites.



■ Legend Ultra-HD Binoculars

OpticsPlanet.com • \$218

You're going to want to check out that abandoned grocery store from a distance before you risk getting too close, so a good pair of binoculars is essential. The magnification on these midsize field glasses from Bushnell is 10 by 36mm, and the ultra-wide field of view will make it easy to track moving objects—whether they're fast or slow. They're lightweight, and both waterproof and fog-proof.—D.G. 

(RE)BORN TO RUN

The Mustang turns 50, and it's fitter than ever. • By Bill Heald



When the Ford Mustang first appeared as a 1965 model, little did the company know that, 50 years later, the charging native-horse nameplate would not only survive, but be a critical representative for the company's love of the American driving experience. "Mustang inspires passion like no other car," says Raj Nair, Ford group vice president of global product development. "[It] is definitely more than just a car—it is the heart and soul of Ford." It's also a machine with a colorful history, including redesigns that have been both brilliant and disturbing. In the case of the latter, the Mustang II era took all the brawn out of the muscle car and it limped along as basically a vile variation of the Pinto. Since that design pothole, the car has been on a roll once again, with every subsequent generation getting more potent than its predecessor. So with a half-century of lessons learned, will Ford's all-new stallion continue to advance the breed, or lean itself out in the interest of greater efficiency?

This just in: The heart and soul of Ford shall be well-represented, and

Mustang fans will be pleased. The new Mustang is a true contemporary version of the American two-door performance car, and comes loaded with fresh technology yet keeps an eye on the classic Mustangs from the past as a template to be respected and utilized. The renewed, fifth-generation Mustang that appeared for the 2005 model year was met with great success, and this is due to the company resurrecting much of the styling of the 1960s in a modern package. Building on this foundation, the next-generation 2015 Mustang brings more dramatic sheet metal and a revised chassis, as well as a beefed-up engine. The car is lower, with a wider stance due to wider rear fenders and a reduction in roof height, and there's

a steeper slope to the windshield and rear glass, marking the return of the "fastback" coupe architecture. Every aspect of the shape is subtly altered, yet the car somehow says "Mustang" more than ever, which is quite an impressive trick.

As in the past, the preferred version is the GT trim level, with its stout five-liter V-8, and the new hoss sports a fundamental chassis change that is a long time coming (and found across the board): a fully independent rear suspension. This means that for the first time in its production history, all Mustangs have jettisoned the "live" truck-style rear axle for an integral-link independent setup calibrated for high performance. This is also designed to improve ride quality,





MUSTANG GT SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door fastback; two-door convertible
Engine	Five-liter V-8
Power	420 horsepower
Torque	390 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual; six-speed automatic
Front tires	Performance package: 255/40 R19
Rear tires	Performance package: 275/40 R19
Curb weight	To be announced


PERFORMANCE

0-60	To be announced
Top speed	To be announced
Fuel capacity	16 gallons
EPA mpg	To be announced
Base price	To be announced

especially on bumpy corners where the old design could feel rather clumsy. This is a great improvement, especially since the Mustang has a rear-drive format where solid thrust out of corners is dependent on the drive wheels staying in touch with the pavement as much as possible. On the GT, the thrust is supplied by the reworked V-8, with an upgraded valve train and cylinder heads that produce 420 horsepower and 390 foot-pounds of torque, as well as a new

intake manifold that increases both power and refinement, with a six-speed manual or six-speed automatic as your gearbox choices.

Naturally, with the Mustang saddled with launching the next 50 years of Ford performance for the masses, all the latest information, control, and connectivity electronics will be available for drivers "when they want it," as Ford puts it. This is a critical choice of words, because the engineers want the new Mustang,

whether in coupe or convertible guise, to be first and foremost a car that connects the driver to the road rather than isolating him from it. So as much as the best electronics will be there when you need them, the real passion in this car will come from its traditional ability to let the driver exploit all the performance that is available, and to never forget who's boss. In an age that seems determined to take the human out of the equation, that is real progress. 



BURN, BABY, BURN

Harley-Davidson rekindles the iconic iron.

By Bill Heald

The late seventies affected a lot of aspects of American life, not least of which was the infusion of a signature style that touched most areas of popular culture. It was a time of musical upheaval, and fashion, too, became polarizing, with the likes of polyester shirts and bell-bottom jeans—considered either ways to lure in hot chicks or perfect materials for applying cleaning products. In the case of the latter, one item worth polishing was a stylish, charismatic motorcycle that was born in 1977 and for decades survived the whims of fashion: the Harley-Davidson Low Rider. This machine established a look that not only defined street chic but also launched an army of imitators. But after decades of success, the bike ultimately went the way of the hip-hugger, vanishing from the Motor Company's lineup about five years ago. But like Batman's inevitable return to the big screen, the Low Rider





is now rolling back into showrooms and bringing with it the captivating styling that defined a generation, along with a chassis bristling with some of the latest engineering advancements. This has been done the way Harley does things best: by improving what needs to be improved without messing with a proven formula just for the sake of change.

The new Low Rider (model FXDL) is part of the Dyna family of cruisers and is powered by an air-cooled, 45-degree V-twin, in this case a Twin Cam 103 that features a boatload of low-end torque. A six-speed transmission gets the power to the pavement via a clean, quiet, low-maintenance belt drive. Less soft-spoken is a two-into-one exhaust system that gives the bike a unique vocal signature, but one that unquestionably comes from Milwaukee.

In keeping with its name, the Low Rider has a diminutive 26.8-inch seat height with footpegs in a midship position. An interesting first for the bike is the fact that owners can easily tweak the riding position to suit their personal physique, thanks to adjustable risers for the handlebars and a two-position seat. The ample braking system (including sizable dual-front discs) can be supplemented with optional ABS technology, and this nod to the latest advancements in safety is

highly recommended. This being a Harley, there is a mountain of genuine accessories available, and while the aftermarket will likewise have endless bolt-ons that will fit the bike, nothing blends as seamlessly as goodies from Harley's own shop.

This brings us full circle to why the Low Rider was so popular to begin with (and why it's so good to have it back): It's a brilliant starting canvas for customization, powered now by a polished beast of an engine and styled to enhance your riding profile. It's low enough for even those with the shortest of inseams to reach the pavement, so you can leave the platform shoes back in the seventies where they belong. Some things are best left in the past; the Low Rider isn't one of them. 



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, 45-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	98.4mm x 111.1mm
Displacement	1,690 cc
Fuel system	Electronic sequential port injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	49mm telescopic forks, dual-rate springs
Rear suspension	Twin coil-over shocks
Front brakes	Dual 300mm discs, optional ABS
Rear brake	Single 292mm disc, optional ABS
Front tire	100/90-B19
Rear tire	160/70-B17
Fuel tank	4.7-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	64.2 inches
Seat height	26.8 inches
Curb weight	666 pounds
Base price	Black: \$14,199; Two-tone: \$14,929



BADASS GRANDPA

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you why you should never snitch on a badass elder.

Illustration by Celia Calle

My grandfather has been my idol for as long as I can remember. He's got zero fear. Back in the day, he rode across the country on a motorcycle, worked in pretty much every state, jumped off cliffs, did bungee jumping before it was a real thing, and otherwise lived a crazy life.

He'll turn 75 in a couple of months, and about ten years ago, he was diagnosed with a bad ticker—the kind that could go boom at any moment. He was told to cool it with the extreme stuff because it could kill him. Since then, he's listened to that advice, but this birthday has him thinking about one more crazy stunt so, as he puts it, he "won't have any regrets" when he dies. He goes back and forth between running with the bulls and jumping out of a plane, "like George Bush did when he turned 80."

This is where I come in: He's told only me about this plan, and I'm not allowed to tell anyone in my family about it. I understand his reasoning, but what if something happens? What if he doesn't make it back and I didn't try to stop him?

Your grandfather sounds like a trip, and nothing like mine. That dude's idea of living the wild life is getting to the early-bird buffet a couple of minutes after the time deadline and trying to convince the waitress to still give him the deal.

There are some people who were born to push the limits. For decades, that was your grandfather. You've got to respect a man who lives just to live. Unfortunately, now the guy has a bad pumper. I'm guessing it's going to take him out eventually, but wouldn't you rather hear about his heart giving out at 12,000 feet while skydiving or as he's getting chased by thousands of pounds of bull than while he's shopping for organic produce? If the old man's ticket gets punched, at least he'll go out the way he lived.

As for your dilemma—come on. You don't rat out your idol. Why don't you go take the flying leap or the great run with him? That way, if anything happens, you're there. And either way, you'll have a great story for your grandkids. ☛



THE BITTER TRUTH

As reviled as it is revered, wormwood-infused malört is making a comeback in Chicago.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

As a professional drinker, I've consumed my fair share of foul alcohol. In Kazakhstan I drank *koumiss*, a fermented horse's milk.

At a Brooklyn biker bar, I stomached *mamajuana*, a supposed aphrodisiac.

Still, no prior imbibing prepared me for manhood-testing Jeppson's Malört, a reviled and revered Chicago liqueur made

with wormwood. I cracked the cap, releasing an aroma not unlike nail-polish remover blended with diesel fuel, and splashed the gold spirit into a tumbler. I drank recklessly, perhaps to prove that I packed a pair. The tongue-basting bitterness built quickly, metastasizing into Band-Aids, Bic ink, and grapefruit rind. I recoiled, my face scrunching up into what's known as "malört face," an affliction so painful—and prevalent—it has its own Flickr page.

"For the majority of Chicagoans of a certain age, drinking Jeppson's Malört is a rite of passage," says Peter Strom, an historian of the scrappy digestif. Not long after Prohibition's repeal, a businessman named George Brode amassed a menagerie of booze brands, including Jeppson's Malört. It was the brainchild of Carl Jeppson, who developed the *bäsk brännvin*—a wormwood-flavored liqueur popular in Sweden. (*Malört* is Swedish for "wormwood"; when macerated, the herb imparts an intense bitterness. Don't expect to hallucinate. Though wormwood is a key ingredient in absinthe, the herb's hallucinogenic properties are vastly overstated.)

In the early 1950s, Brode sold his liquor business. However, he kept tough-to-love Jeppson's Malört. "He thought it was a good marketing challenge," says Strom, laughing, who offers an alternate hypothesis. In the early 1950s, Chicago welcomed

waves of Polish immigrants, who had traditionally consumed a malört-like liquor. The Polish community cottoned to malört, and the spirit became a citywide favorite.

In the 1990s, the spirit was an ironic favorite of Generation Xers, Strom says, but interest waned, and in 1999, Brode passed away. He left the brand to longtime secretary Patricia Gabelick. The spirit, by then distilled in Florida, was only distributed in Chicago and surrounding suburbs.

In recent years, Chicagoans have again embraced the native spirit. "As a side effect of bartending, I became accustomed to bitter, intense flavor profiles," says Robby Franklin Haynes, the bar manager at bespoke cocktail bar the Violet Hour.

For several years, Haynes created a range of homemade bitters, most of them featuring wormwood. Then one night, "after having one too many drinks," Haynes had a novel and terrifying notion: "I wanted to make a wormwood liqueur that was as intense as fuck." He collaborated with local distillery Letherbee's to concoct R. Franklin's Malört, a hard-charging, 100-proof take on the Chicago classic. (Jeppson's Malört is a more traditional 70 proof.)

Haynes suggests newbies sip the hooch straight. Surprisingly, though, malört is flexible enough for cocktails. The Violet Hour mixes several drinks that include Haynes' spirit, such as the lush and bracing Odin's Holiday, which also contains rum, lime, and crème de cacao. Around Chicago, swelling ranks of bars are offering malört cocktails, such as Haymarket's daring malört "bomb" made with Schlitz.

Strom is not surprised by the revival. "Malört is almost like a craft liqueur that was made 80 years ago," he says. "It's challenging, but it's

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS DEPA



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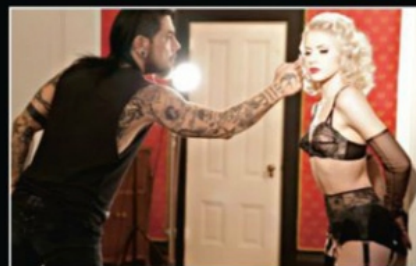
CALLING THE SHOTS

We've invited a select group of transcendent artists, luminaries, and cultural icons to share their definition of what makes a woman beautiful. We kick things off with rock star Dave Navarro.

Interview by Dave Carnie

For the past five decades, *Penthouse* has been discovering and photographing the hottest women in the world. Now, to help celebrate our 50th brand anniversary, we've invited a few notable guests to share in some of the fun. The assignment is straightforward, but far from simple: create and direct a photo shoot that represents their unique vision of what makes a woman *hot*. We're calling it Pop Shots.





We've put together a list of people who stand at the center of popular culture, and we're kicking things off with the man who won our unanimous vote: Dave Navarro, member of Jane's Addiction, guitarist for Red Hot Chili Peppers, host of *Ink Masters* on Spike TV, and no stranger to beautiful women. Dave Carnie sat down with Navarro to talk about women, sex, and the source of inspiration for his set of photos, which were shot by Holly Randall.

So, Dave Navarro, what is sexy to Dave Navarro?

The answer to that question is very difficult to put into words, because what's sexy to me at three in the morning is probably different than what's sexy at nine A.M. And I think that's probably true for a lot of people.

When I wrote that question I thought, *This is a stupid fucking question.*

Well, it makes sense that you would ask that question, but I think the answer is, so many things can be sexy. That's why I chose these two models. Because they're very, very different, you know? Even the style of modeling that they do is very polarized. [Editor's note: Skin Diamond is an adult performer, and now a Penthouse Pet; Mosh is an alternative/fetish model.] And I think that kind of speaks to my sensibilities.

Let's approach it from a different direction: Talk about some of the decisions you made for this shoot. The decisions I made were, in my mind, more in terms of "sexy" than "hot," because those are different things. To me, sexiness is mystique and mystery, a yearning to want to know someone, whereas straight-up "pornographic" imagery falls more into the "hot" category, and is just more lustful. I think what I was trying to accomplish here was to show these women in a way that appeared strong and interesting and mysterious, because ultimately that's what I find sexy in women and people.

So they're "sexy" and not "hot"? I mean, they're hot women to begin







with, so that can't help but be a component. But to put them in a darker environment, and stay away from pornographic setups, and play with shadows and light a little bit more, and create an atmosphere that really has a mood—that was a little bit more along the lines of what I wanted to accomplish. Skin Diamond is a very well-known adult-film star, and I feel that we've seen her in adult scenarios and setups plenty, but Mosh isn't. From what I've seen of her work, it's more fetish-oriented and burlesque. I was told I could pick anybody I wanted to, and those were the two I selected.

There's a lot to be said about the choices you made and didn't make. I think the ebony-and-ivory theme is interesting. Is there some sort of story there?

Believe it or not, the black-and-white issue wasn't even intentional. We thought about it afterward. I was told that I could find the two prettiest girls I could think of: Skin is a good friend of mine, and she's just got such a life energy and spirit to her—in addition to being gorgeous.

It comes across in the photos.

Yeah, she's just a superfun girl in real life. So I knew I could count on her to bring that. But I'd never met Mosh. I just took a chance that we might work together, and I knew that I could count on Mosh to look stunning. I knew they would both look stunning. But I didn't want to do a typical

“I think what I was trying to accomplish here was to show these women in a way that appeared strong and interesting and mysterious, because ultimately that's what I find sexy in women and people.”





pornographic shoot; I wanted to do something that had a little more of a Kubrick feel to it. Whether we achieved that, I don't know, but what I mean by that is, I wanted to set up a scenario, an environment, that was oddly timeless and had a distinct mood to it.

Had you been to that location before?

I had never been there. I selected it out of a couple of different choices. One of the options was a more goth, dark, castle kind of environment, which spoke to me on a lot of levels, but I just felt that it was a little too obvious.

A little too in-the-box? Because that's what you'd expect Dave Navarro to do?

I think so, yeah. I mean, in my own house it's one thing, but I'm not trying to portray me in these pictures. I just felt it would be fun to experiment with something a little out of the ordinary. And to be perfectly frank, in my own life I don't watch pornography and I don't look at pornographic material.

Based on what I know about you, I'd imagine you don't really need to. Well, yeah, I understand that, but for me I've always felt that it's oddly synonymous with being hungry and only looking at a menu and not being able to order anything off it.

A friend once said that looking at a solo girl in a porn mag is like looking at a skate park with no one skating it. Yeah, same thinking. If I'm hungry, I'd rather eat. I don't want to watch a film of people eating, you know what I mean?

When you're horny, you want to fuck.

Yeah, I suppose. I think these two girls come across as gorgeous and seductive, but they also look like people who I'd want to hang out with. And that's something that I thought was pretty important. The truth is that a pretty girl can get you interested, but an interesting girl can keep you interested. Do you know what I mean? And I felt like I wanted to show these women that way.

It's strange that someone who doesn't look at porn directed a porn movie and now a porn shoot.

Right, but I also don't listen to a lot of rock bands even though I'm in a rock band. And I don't watch reality TV,







“I think these two girls come across as gorgeous and seductive, but they also look like people I’d want to hang out with. And that’s something that I thought was pretty important.”

but I’m on a reality-TV show. I think that being behind the camera on this *Penthouse* shoot was what was intriguing in terms of directing the film. I’m a closet filmmaker and have been for many, many years, and the fact that I was given a budget and a crew and a selection of stars to work with, I was like, *Yeah, that sounds like a fun thing to do.*

When I first heard about this, I started thinking of all kinds of people who would be interesting to direct a shoot—like, John Waters came to mind. I’m just wondering, aside from the gothic angle, were there any other concepts you had? Waters would be a great one. But he’s someone who’s in the visual arts. Whereas I think it’s interesting to watch what someone who’s not in visual arts would do—a writer, or

someone who has to create imagery through other means. I think a band tries to create imagery with music. Or a writer creates imagery with words, and so forth. I can almost imagine what John Waters would do. And I did have the instinct to do something gothic and dark, I had the instinct to use a lot of tattooed alt models, I had a big instinct to do something weird, something funny. But ultimately the conclusion I came to was that that would be making this more about me than about the models. And that’s not what I wanted to do.

Interesting. Because the way I read the project was that this was about Dave Navarro and what he thinks is sexy.

Yeah. But I’ve spent so much of my life doing things that ask for attention, and I didn’t want to spoil





this opportunity with a bunch of randomness to create some kind of psychological insight into the workings of my mind. That's not what this was about.

I hear you. You have plenty of outlets in which to express yourself.

Exactly my point. I do a radio show, I do a television show, I'm in a rock band.

The Dave Navarro show is center stage.

Yeah, like, enough already. And in this case, I didn't want to do something that would, I don't know, disrespect these girls. The initial vision was to do something beautiful and something that, if I saw it in a magazine, I would find sexy and something that I would also feel comfortable framing and hanging in my home.


What's your favorite part of a woman?

Well, there are a couple of different things. I think that the sexiest part of a woman varies from woman to woman.

Why did I know that was going to be the answer?

I hate to be so diplomatic with my answers, but, you know, I don't have a type.

That was the next question: Do you have a type?

I don't. I think in this particular shoot I wanted to focus on Skin's curves, especially in the small of her back and the back of her legs and those little divots that the light really shines nicely off. But if I had to pick a type, I'm not a leg, or ass, or breast man; I'm a face man. And I'm an eyes man. At the end of the day, that's who I'm interacting with. That's where the human is inside. And I've spent a lot of time and a lot of years with a lot of different beautiful women, and ultimately it comes down to what keeps me interested and intrigued and inspired. It's what's going on upstairs and behind the eyes. There are some eyes that are more intense than others, and there can be intense eyes that don't have the light behind them, and what I look for is that light. But just on an aesthetic level, in terms of types, I like girls with funny-colored hair and tattoos, and I like blonde bombshells, and I like Asian women, and—you know, it depends on the woman. They're all my type. 



“The initial vision was to do something beautiful and something that I would also feel comfortable framing and hanging in my home.”





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BADASS

ATTITUDE

Our annual review of the renegades, rebels, and plain old everyday heroes who make this country great.

THE REAL DEAL

These Average Joes went above and beyond to protect others, raise awareness about disabilities, and achieve some crazy personal goals.



Kozen leans against a police cruiser after stopping Rockne Newell from killing more people.

Bernie Kozen and Mark Kresh

When you sign on as a parks and rec director in small-town Pennsylvania, you probably don't expect to put your life on the line at work. But that's what Kozen ended up doing after a local junk dealer, irate over a land dispute, opened fire at a town-hall meeting last August. Rockne Newell fired a rifle through a wall, mortally wounding three people, then headed back to his car to retrieve his revolver. That's when Kozen and Kresh sprang into action. They tackled the gunman as he stepped through the door and held him down as he kept shooting. Even though they saved countless lives, they were more consumed with the tragedy they couldn't prevent: "We made it out alive," Kresh said. "The story is about the people who lost their lives."—Kara Wahlgren



Antoinette Tuff

Michael Brandon Hill entered an elementary school in Decatur, Georgia, on August 20, 2013, carrying an AK-47 assault rifle, after a parent neglected to secure the door. A school clerk named Antoinette Tuff (yes, that's really her name) spent an hour calmly talking the gunman down while she watched him load his clip with bullets. Tuff talked to Hill about tragedies she had personally experienced, including her own suicide attempt, and even offered to walk outside with him as his human shield. Hill eventually lay down on the floor and surrendered his weapon.—Christine Colby



Tuff's International Counterpart: Ingrid Loyau-Kennett

Loyau-Kennett witnessed the horrific May 22, 2013, terrorist attack in which Lee Rigby was hit by a car, stabbed, and hacked to death on a London street. Loyau-Kennett disembarked a bus hoping to deliver first aid. Upon discovering Rigby was dead, she engaged the two assailants in a calm, ten-minute conversation, preventing them from injuring anyone else, as approximately 60 to 70 other witnesses watched and recorded the scene on their phones. After the men were arrested, Loyau-Kennett got back on her bus and continued her journey.—C.C.



Ryan Chalmers

This Paralympian has never taken the easy road, especially when he set out to raise money and awareness for Stay-Focused, an organization that offers diving instruction for disabled teens and young adults. Chalmers did a 71-day cross-country journey dubbed Push Across America, manually wheeling himself from Los Angeles to New York City through extreme weather conditions and over some very challenging terrain. Next he'll help run the Stay Focused diving program in the Cayman Islands before training for the 2016 Paralympic Games.—Deirdre Goldbeck



Jonathan Rice

On June 30, 2013, the fortysomething Rice sprinted a mile in less than seven minutes through Death Valley in record-setting 129-degree heat—in a full Darth Vader costume. He's been running in Death Valley for 17 years, and added the costume in 2010. Rice's odd hobby has encouraged others on his team to don *Star Wars* costumes for the day. His driver portrays Chewbacca, while others in his support team dress as Yoda and Princess Leia. Rice is hoping this year's run will make the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the hottest run on record.—C.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) MATT ROURKE/AP PHOTO, JEFF NEIRA/GETTY IMAGES, OLIVIA HARRIS/REUTERS/CORBIS, LAURA GREENFIELD/ROBIN MARCHANT/GETTY IMAGES

Konrad Lightner

It's fitting that Lightner is an artist for Disney animation, because his heroic moment sounds like something out of a cartoon: Lightner and his wife noticed a toddler throwing toys out of a third-floor window, leaning out to watch them fall, as the couple was carrying their box spring out of their Burbank apartment. The couple threw the box spring under the window, and Lightner helped break the toddler's fall when he tumbled out. Aside from a few tears and minor injuries, everyone was okay, and a firefighter on the scene presented Lightner with a challenge coin for his quick thinking. "I'm not a hero," Lightner told reporters. "Something happened and [we] were there." And, of course, they all lived happily ever after.—K.W.



Diana Nyad

Nyad was 28 years old when she first tried to swim from Cuba to Florida. At 64, she finally realized that dream. Nyad had made several attempts over recent years, beginning in 2011, but rough currents, jellyfish stings, and asthma conspired against her. Finally, on Labor Day in 2013, she completed the 110-mile swim between Havana and Key West without the protection of a shark cage or the assistance of fins. She didn't fare so well on *Dancing with the Stars*, finishing last, but who cares?—D.G.

Sy Perlis

Being able to bench-press 187.2 pounds may not sound like a big deal for a weightlifter, but Perlis isn't your average weightlifter. The 92-year-old World War II vet didn't even start pumping iron until he was 60, and only began competing six years ago. In 2012, he was sidelined due to hernia surgery and having a pacemaker implanted, but Perlis came back big-time, breaking the World Association of Benchers and Deadlifters record in the 90-and-over division (who even knew they had one?) at the National Push-Pull Bench Press and Dead Lift Championships in Phoenix.—D.G.

John Aldridge

On July 24, at 3 A.M., while Aldridge was moving a 200-pound cooler on his lobster boat, the handle broke, sending him into the water 40 miles off the coast of Montauk, New York, wearing only a T-shirt, shorts, and rubber boots, his only tool a buck knife. By the time he surfaced, the boat and his sleeping shipmates were gone. Aldridge turned his boots upside down to trap air so they'd help keep him afloat; while he waited for daylight—and rescue—two sharks circled him. Later, he used the current to swim to a buoy. When Aldridge spotted searchers looking too far east, he cut loose the buoy, tied it to his wrist, and swam toward them. The exhausted fisherman made it as far as another buoy and MacGyver-ed a better flotation device. Eight hours later, on its final pass, a rescue helicopter pulled him to safety.—Sarah Walker

Aldridge's International Counterpart: Harrison Okene

After his tugboat sank, killing everyone else onboard, this Nigerian ship's cook spent nearly three days 100 feet below the ocean's surface, in an air pocket in the kitchen.—B.R.T.

Heather Anderson and Josh Garrett

Two hikers set records within 24 hours for traversing the Pacific Crest Trail. Anderson began on June 8 and finished in 60 days, 17 hours, and 12 minutes, shaving more than three days off the previous record and averaging almost 44 miles a day. The following evening, Garrett set a new record of 59 days, 8 hours, and 14 minutes, averaging nearly 45 miles a day.—Barbara Rice Thompson

J. P. and Paul Norden

Last April, brothers J. P. and Paul Norden were standing near the finish line for the Boston Marathon, cheering on a friend who was running. When the second bomb exploded, they were in front of the Forum restaurant: ground zero for the blast. Each lost a leg and was wounded by shrapnel. Recovering from their injuries and learning to walk with prosthetic legs would be enough of a challenge for most people—there are plenty of stories like theirs, and anyone forced to rebuild their lives after the bombing is a badass in our book. But the Norden brothers, along with a team of family and friends, honored the first anniversary of the bombing by walking a relay along the marathon course, with the brothers logging an impressive seven-mile stretch at the end. "This is the most I've ever walked," J.P. told reporters. "We got a ton of surprises along the way and we can't say enough about everybody. It was awesome."—K.W.



Ryan Waters

This past May, Waters became the first American to complete an unsupported Explorers Grand Slam. Yeah, we'd never heard of it either, till we got a press release from equipment company Bergans of Norway. Waters has summited the highest mountain peak on each continent, the Seven Summits, and made it to the North and South Poles. In 2010, he and Cecilie Skog skied 1,117 miles to the South Pole, setting a record for the first trip across Antarctica without resupplies or the use of kites. Waters finished the Grand Slam with a 480-mile, 53-day trip to the North Pole with polar explorer Eric Larsen, transporting all their gear (325 pounds worth when they left) on Kevlar sleds that they pushed, pulled, and floated across the ice.—B.R.T.



SPORTING AMERICA

Athletes are always good for some badass feats, but this year includes a few unusual accomplishments.



Richard Sherman

Huge swaths of America do not appreciate the trash-talking ways of Seattle Seahawks cornerback Richard Sherman. (Remember all those folks clutching their pearls after that fired-up interview he gave to Erin Andrews following the 2013 NFC Championship Game?) But this year the new Super Bowl winner delivered as well as inflamed—and even amazed a lot of people by gushing about Peyton Manning's classy sportsmanship. Trash-talking aside, this is a guy who grew up in hardscrabble Compton, California, where he starred in track and field and football while making salutatorian of his high school, and then went to Stanford University—where he starred in both sports while graduating with a degree in communication. He also used his communication skills to eviscerate loathsome ESPN boob Skip Bayless on air.—*John Bolster*



Michael Sam

There are professional sports environments in which it would be difficult for a man to publicly reveal himself as gay, and then there's the National Football League—an entity renowned for retrograde notions of masculinity. (See the Miami Dolphins' bullying scandal, and former Minnesota punter Chris Kluwe's allegations about backlash from his public support of gay marriage, both from the 2013–14 season.) But former University of Missouri All-American defensive end Michael Sam is undaunted: In February, three months before he entered the NFL draft, he announced that he's gay, aware that doing so was likely to adversely affect his prospects. But if Sam can stick with the Rams, who selected him with the 249th pick, he'll have a chance to make history as the NFL's first openly gay player. (And you'll be able to watch it on Oprah's channel, if plans for a reality show on his experience announced a few days after the draft come to fruition.)—*J.B.*

Snap Peters

You've probably never heard of Talladega College—it sounds like a place where *Talladega Nights'* Ricky Bobby might've learned to drive—and you may be equally unaware of Snap Peters, despite his outstanding nickname. But launch a quick search on YouTube, and you won't soon forget either. Peters was a guard on the Talladega basketball team this past winter, and he may well be the first player in the sport's history to prompt someone to utter that old cliché “he can jump out of the gym” and mean it literally. Some sources list him at six feet, others at six-two, but at either height, the 360 alley-oops and between-the-legs-in-mid-flight slams he pulls off—with ease—are incredible.—*J.B.*

Jinh Yu Frey

This 29-year-old MMA Atomweight grew up in a sports-oriented family with parents who trained others in tae kwon do, but she was more interested in softball, volleyball, and track, then snowboarding and wakeboarding. She began taking classes in MMA training, then pitched in when a classmate needed a partner for kickboxing and jujitsu. Months later, she scored her first amateur fight, winning in less than two minutes. When she went pro last year, she immediately became a YouTube darling by beating Darla Harris with a first-round knockout at 3:13. And if things don't work out in combat sports, she has an associate's degree in nuclear medicine and a bachelor's in radiologic sciences to fall back on. Oh, and she's working toward a master's in business administration.—*D.G.*



Chicago Blackhawks

You don't have to despise Boston teams to appreciate the badassery of the Chicago Blackhawks' 2013 Stanley Cup triumph over the Bruins (though it certainly helps). Trailing 2-1 with 1:16 left in Game 6, the Blackhawks got a goal from Bryan Bickell to pull even. With so little time remaining, most fans assumed the tilt was headed to sudden-death overtime. But Chicago center Dave Bolland must have figured, *Well, we tied it, we might as well go ahead and win it*, and a mere 17 seconds later he did exactly that, tucking home a rebound to deliver the best-looking trophy in sports to Chicago for the second time in four years.—J.B.



University of Connecticut Basketball

Does the University of Connecticut have the greatest basketball program in NCAA history? That depends on how you define "greatest," but the Huskies indisputably have the most victorious college teams of all time. In 2004, UConn became the first school ever to capture men's and women's national titles in the same year. In 2014, they repeated the feat, and now, according to statistician Nate Silver, the Huskies' men's and women's teams, "combined, have the most titles, the most tournament wins, the highest winning percentage, and the highest average margin of victory in the NCAA tournament in Division I since 1951." Bad. Ass.—J.B.



The International Counterparts

Hockey players have always had a reputation for toughness, but during the 2013 NHL playoffs, Boston Bruins forward Gregory Campbell (top) raised the bar: He suffered a broken leg while blocking a shot during a Pittsburgh power play—and stayed on the ice for more than a minute to help kill off the penalty. Campbell's fellow Canadian David Glen (above left), a hockey player at Penn State, showed a different kind of badassness by becoming a bone-marrow donor to save the life of a complete stranger. And across the Atlantic in Ukraine, soccer player Jaba Kankava (above right), a midfielder for Dnipro, did the same after an opponent collapsed, unconscious, following a collision with a goalkeeper's knee. Recognizing the man had swallowed his tongue, Kankava cleared his airway, saving his life.—J.B.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP TO BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT) DAVE SANDFORD/GETTY IMAGES, TONY GUTIERREZ/AP PHOTO, FREDERICK BREEDON/GETTY IMAGES, LANCE THOMSON/GETTY IMAGES, ALL SPORT MEDIA/AP PHOTO, EUROFOOTBALL/GETTY IMAGES

MILITARY AFFAIRS

Every year, we honor the men and women of our armed forces, including veterans who continue to make a difference.

Senators Kirsten Gillibrand and John Walsh

Given all the problems over the past few years at the VA, there haven't been many politicians who deserve praise for speaking out for veterans. This year we're happy to see a change. Walsh (D-Mont.), a former brigadier general in the Army and one of only two combat vets in the Senate, brought overdue attention to the astonishing number of veterans who commit suicide every year, and Gillibrand (D-NY) forced the Pentagon to rethink its sexual-assault policies and fought to force the military to treat rapists as the criminals they are. Almost better, as we went to press, serious strides were being made in Congress to finally deal with the VA situation.—B.R.T.

Cody Nusbaum

We'd like to give a shout-out to Army Specialist Cody Nusbaum and Operation Finally Home, which surprised Nusbaum with a mortgage-free home. While serving in Afghanistan in 2011, Nusbaum was wounded by at least 11 gunshots (the air-base surgeon said he stopped counting because the damage was so extensive that it was hard to tell the wounds apart), as well as a number of grenade fragments; since then, he's endured 75 operations and defied doctors' predictions that he'd never walk again. We can't think of too many people who deserve a free house more.—B.R.T.

Benny Flores

When Petty Officer First Class Flores's transport truck was blown up by a Taliban suicide bomber, the Navy corpsman ignored the burning-hot shrapnel wounds in his arms and neck and went to work trying to save the lives of his wounded men. Flores, a ten-year Navy vet who served in the Iraq War as well as in Afghanistan, pulled two badly wounded marines from the burning vehicle and calmly administered lifesaving first aid while under fire. He refused medical treatment for his own wounds as he ran out from behind cover four times, each time pulling a wounded marine to safety. Flores only allowed himself to be evacuated after he was sure he'd done everything he could to save the lives of his men.—Ben Thompson

Army Strong

Iraq War vet and mixed martial arts fighter **Todd Vance** is speaking out about post-traumatic stress disorder, and urging veterans to make use of the VA mental-health services, as he did. He's also organizing a "fight club" for vets to work through their PTSD.

Staff Sergeant Tim Kennedy has combined his Army career with his professional MMA career, with 22 fights and 18 wins under his belt in the UFC.

Lance Thornton lost his right arm in 2007 while serving; the archer uses an adapted prosthetic arm to compete in the Warrior Games, the military's version of the Paralympics.—B.R.T.



Dale Beatty

While on patrol in northern Iraq in 2004, Beatty—a National Guardsman—lost both legs below the knee after his Humvee hit a land mine. When he came home, a member of his church teamed up with the Iredell County Builders Association to help Beatty build a wheelchair-accessible house. His military buddy, John Gallina—a custom builder who'd suffered a traumatic brain injury in the same explosion that injured Beatty—helped with any questions along the way. Inspired by the community's generosity, Beatty pooled his resources with Gallina and started Purple Heart Homes. Over the past six years, the nonprofit has helped build or modify homes for dozens of disabled vets, and Beatty (left and above) was named a CNN Hero of the Year last year for his commitment to paying it forward.—K.W.

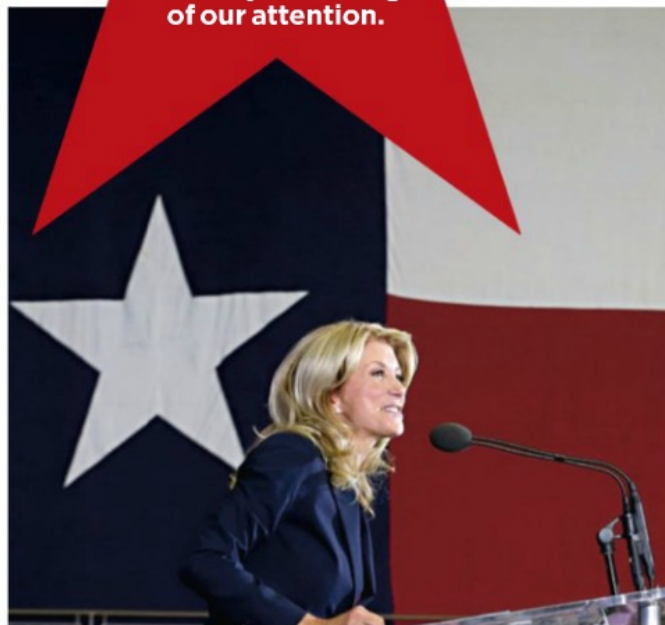
REALITY STARS

Once again, we found some celebrities who are truly deserving of our attention.



Matthew McConaughey

In 1993, McConaughey wowed critics and audiences with his performance in *Dazed and Confused*, an unforgettable role he'd charmed himself into after a chance meeting with the casting director in a bar. Ten years later, he'd fallen into a disappointing series of romantic comedies, not exactly the career trajectory we'd expected. But in 2013, he went through a grueling transformation to star in *Dallas Buyers Club*, losing so much weight for the role that his eyesight began to fail; the former always-shirtless, bongo-playing beach bum also stayed indoors for six months so he'd be sufficiently pale. His efforts earned him the Academy Award for Best Actor, and this year McConaughey cemented his badass comeback with his portrayal of the inscrutable and nihilistic Rust Cohle in the critically acclaimed *True Detective*. —C.C.



Wendy Davis

On June 25, 2013, Davis, a Democratic Texan politician, launched an 11-hour filibuster in an attempt to block Senate Bill 5, which would introduce more restrictive regulations on abortion. She was not allowed bathroom breaks, to eat or drink anything, or to lean on anything for support. She just had to keep on talking. Davis's efforts became widely known on social media due to a live stream and the Twitter hashtag #StandWithWendy, and she's since been profiled in *Vogue* and *Rolling Stone*. Despite her efforts and some controversy that Republicans had falsified evidence, the bill was passed in a second session, and Texas has experienced a vast decline in access to abortion. Davis, who also supports same-sex marriage and decriminalizing marijuana, is running in the 2014 Texas gubernatorial election. —C.C.



Billy Corgan

You may know Corgan as the lead singer and guitarist of Smashing Pumpkins, but he has a whole other career as founder and commissioner of Resistance Pro Wrestling, and is rumored to be in talks to purchase Total Nonstop Action Wrestling. Resistance Pro has a roster of about 30 male and female wrestlers; AMC has optioned the rights to film a reality show about it. —C.C.

John Malkovich, Clint Eastwood, and Jonathan Willard

Malkovich helped save the life of a 77-year-old man who slashed his throat badly on scaffolding when he tripped on a Toronto street; the Academy Award winner applied pressure to the wound and used his scarf to help stop the flow of blood.... Eastwood used the Heimlich maneuver to save PGA tour director Steve John at a party the night before the AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am Tournament.... Tennessee Titans linebacker Willard pulled a woman, three children, and a dog out of a burning car. —B.R.T.

Neil deGrasse Tyson

We can't think of another astrophysicist with nearly two million followers on Twitter, but clearly we're not the only ones who like it when the *Cosmos: A Spacetime Odyssey* host and space-exploration advocate drops knowledge on the masses with equal parts nerdy glee and snarky humor. A sample tweet: "In 5-billion yrs the Sun will expand & engulf our orbit as the charred ember that was once Earth vaporizes. Have a nice day." And his face is just about everywhere thanks to the "We're dealing with a badass" meme, which Tyson says is "weird and creepy, but I'm okay with it." So are we, Science Nerd, so are we. —K.W.

Stan Lee

These days, the 91-year-old comic-book legend seems to be everywhere—at conventions, and on screens small, large, and silver. The cocreator of Spider-Man, the Hulk, Iron Man, Thor, and the X-Men—and the former president and chairman of Marvel Comics—has received ten awards for his work, voiced or played himself in at least seven videogames, narrated or appeared in more than 30 television shows, and made cameo appearances in more than 25 films. (Look for his latest cameo in this summer's *Guardians of the Galaxy*.) Yep, Stan's the man. —D.G.



HEAVY MEDAL

By Ben Thompson



Staff Sergeant Ty Carter

In August 2013, the President issued the fifth Medal of Honor awarded to a living service member since the Vietnam War, to Army Staff Sergeant Carter for his heroic actions during the Battle of Kamdesh, Afghanistan, in 2009. When American Command Outpost Keating was surrounded and attacked in the early hours of the morning by thousands of coordinated Taliban fighters, Carter hopped out of bed, grabbed his rifle, and raced from his barracks straight into the front lines. Taking cover behind a burning Humvee, Carter single-handedly took out several of the enemy as they swarmed the base perimeter. Holding the line during a ferocious six-hour firefight despite being outnumbered, outgunned, and low on ammo, Carter killed a couple of rocket-propelled-grenade teams, prevented an attempt to breach the base's southern defenses, and ran out from behind cover to save a wounded soldier.

Staff Sergeant Nicole Richardson

An explosives ordnance technician who specializes in disarming and removing IEDs in Afghanistan, Staff Sergeant Richardson was on patrol with a group of airmen and marines when the two lead vehicles in their convoy were disabled by camouflaged roadside bombs. Two other trucks moved up to clear the wreckage but struck IEDs themselves, and suddenly the countryside erupted in gunfire from hidden Taliban warriors. Richardson and her team raced to one of the crippled vehicles, pulling two guys from the burning truck, and when Richardson's team leader went down, Richardson took over command of her unit and began directing fire on enemy positions. She ran across an open field twice to get ammunition for her team's M240 machine gun as they fought off the enemy ambush. Even after the smoke had cleared, Richardson stayed behind to supervise the evacuation of wounded marines and airmen. She was honored by the Air Force in February.

Staff Sergeant Timothy Williams

Staff Sergeant Williams was on patrol with three other marines and 11 Afghan National Army soldiers when they were ambushed by more than 30 Taliban fighters armed with heavy machine guns and rocket-propelled grenades. After two hours of intense fighting, Williams's team leader was hit in the leg with a bullet and knocked into a canal, so Williams ran 60 yards across open ground to reach him. Hoisting his team leader onto his shoulders, Williams carried the injured marine the distance of more than three football fields under heavy enemy fire to get to the medevac chopper. But Williams wasn't ready to call it a day. He turned back, took over command of the Marines, personally killed five enemy soldiers, and took the team on a mile-and-a-half-long march to assist another Marine team that had also been pinned down by enemy fire. He received a Silver Star in January 2014.

Major Shaine Thrower

A nuclear physicist and ICBM operations specialist whose primary job involves working inside missile silos in Nevada, Major Thrower's gallantry came not from battlefield heroics but from an incident that occurred much closer to home. While on his way to pick up his daughter from a high school field trip, Thrower leaped out of his car when he realized that the back portion of his daughter's tour bus had burst into flames. Without hesitation, Thrower charged on board the bus and started pulling students and teachers to safety. He continued to evacuate kids from the burning bus until the wheel well exploded, blowing Thrower to the ground and fracturing his leg. The entire back of the bus burst into a raging inferno, but all 54 students and teachers escaped unharmed. Thrower received the Airman's Medal in February.

Second Lieutenants Quianna Samuels, Alison Nordlander, and Ashlyn McNeely, U.S. Air Force ROTC

Another case of off-the-clock heroism came from this trio of Baylor University med-school students who were on their way to Dallas when they witnessed a massive explosion at a fertilizer plant. Pulling off the road and burning rubber straight toward the fiery mushroom cloud, Samuels, Nordlander, and McNeely ran right to the scene of the catastrophe and went to work treating civilians for everything from shrapnel wounds to third-degree burns. Ignoring the burning in their own lungs from excessive smoke and chemical inhalation, these dedicated airwomen worked on dozens of injured people over the course of the next four hours, only allowing themselves to be evacuated after adequate EMT and medical coverage had arrived on the scene. They were honored with Air Force Profiles in Courage in February.



Captain William D. Swenson

Captain Swenson, an Iraq War veteran and Army Ranger, was awarded his Medal of Honor for incredible feats of bravery to save his brothers in arms during the Battle of Gangjal Valley in 2009. When his small team of soldiers and marines was double-crossed by Afghan village elders and led into a three-pronged Taliban ambush, Swenson immediately began organizing a defense and administering first aid to his wounded men. When onrushing Taliban fighters closed to a mere 50 yards from Swenson's position and demanded the Americans surrender, Swenson responded by lobbing a grenade at the Taliban soldiers and ordering his men to fight at all costs. The Americans repelled the ambush, allowing Swenson to pull back his men and evacuate the wounded, but when he heard that another part of the U.S. column was still cut off, he commandeered an unarmored Humvee and made three trips to the heart of the kill zone to evacuate the wounded and try to break through to the men who were cut off.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) ALEX WONG/GETTY IMAGES, RON SACHS/CNP/AD MEDIA/CORBIS, COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES, AFP/GETTY IMAGES

NAMING RITES

Not every hero receives a medal. Sometimes they get a big giant ship named after them. (Trust us, it's only a matter of time before something is dubbed *The Mattis*.)



Steward's Mate Charles Walter David, U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Comanche*

The Coast Guard began production on its brand-new Sentinel-class cutters in late 2013 and early 2014, naming them after great heroes from Coast Guard history. One of these ships was named for this World War II-era guardsman, one of the brave servicemen who helped escort American transport ships carrying supplies from the States to the front lines in Europe. When Nazi U-boats torpedoed an American troop-transport ship, David leaped into the freezing waters of the North Atlantic to pull men out of the water. David and his crew are credited with saving the lives of 93 American soldiers.

General James Mattis, Commanding Officer, U.S. Central Command

The end of 2013 saw the retirement of one of the most revered generals in Marine Corps history: the incomparable James "Mad Dog" Mattis, a man who made it his goal in life to prove to the world that there is "no better friend, no worse enemy" than the United States Marine Corps. A 41-year veteran, Mattis began as a rifle platoon leader in the early 1970s, but worked his way up and commanded the 1st Battalion, 7th Marines in Desert Storm as they spearheaded the attack to liberate Kuwait City. When the U.S. went back to finish the job and bring down Saddam Hussein in 2003, Mattis commanded the 1st Marine Division, attacked toward Baghdad, negotiated the surrender of the last Iraqi defenders of Fallujah, yet constantly looked out for the well-being of Iraqi civilians. Mattis is famous for his awesome personal creed: "Be polite, be professional, but have a plan to kill everybody you meet."

THE GOOD AND THE BADASS

This year we celebrate our favorite inanimate badasses.



Charlton Heston stamp

The one-time NRA president gets his due from the U.S. Postal Service.

Kaiju

Pacific Rim and a high-quality-effects *Godzilla*—finally!—made this the year *Kaiju* made their mark on America.

Nick Santonastasso's YouTube videos

This disabled New Jersey teen's videos of himself made up like a zombie and "attacking" shoppers went viral, and garnered the attention of the team behind *The Walking Dead*. If you haven't yet seen the clip where they get together to prank Daryl himself (Norman Reedus), put this magazine down and Google it.

Josh Sundquist's Halloween costumes

The Paralympian/author commits 100 percent to

his amazing costumes. You can see his 2013 flamingo, 2012's *Christmas Story* lamp, and 2010's gingerbread man with a leg bitten off at JoshLundquist.com.

Winter 2013-14

Okay, so this one's not so much a favorite. But there's no denying that this year Mother Nature was a bitch, and winter was a badass.

The Castrol Edge Titanium Strong Blackout

This was still to come when we went to press, but we love the idea of drivers racing in the dark.

Defending Your Castle

The subtitle—*Build Catapults, Crossbows, Moats, Bulletproof Shields, and More Defensive Devices to Fend Off the Invading Hordes*—pretty much says it all about William Gurstelle's historically accurate new book.

IN MEMORIAM

Once again, we mourn the biggest American badasses we lost in the past year, as well as Badass Hall of Famer Nelson Mandela (below).

- Medal of Honor recipient and former senator Colonel George "Bud" Day, veteran of World War II, the Korean and Vietnam wars, and more than five and a half years as a POW in North Vietnam
- World War II veteran William "Wild Bill" Guarnere, made famous by *Band of Brothers*
- The 19 firefighters who died battling the Yarnell Hill fire near Phoenix: Andrew Ashcraft, Robert Caldwell, Travis Carter, Dustin Deford, Christopher MacKenzie, Eric Marsh, Grant McKee, Sean Misner, Scott Norris, Wade Parker, John Percin, Anthony Rose, Jesse Steed, Joe Thurston, Travis Turbyfill, Billy Warneke, Clayton Whitted, Kevin Woyjeck, and Garret Zuppiger
- Civil-rights activists T. J. Jemison and Franklin McCain
- Project Mercury astronaut Scott Carpenter
- Speaker of the House Tom Foley
- Senator Frank Lautenberg
- Swimming champion/World War II pinup Esther Williams
- Boxers Ruben "Hurricane" Carter, Tommy Morrison, and Ken Norton
- Wrestlers Big Daddy V and the Ultimate Warrior
- Authors Tom Clancy, Elmore Leonard, and Richard Matheson
- Free Speech Coalition President Gloria Leonard
- *Screw* magazine publisher Al Goldstein
- Burlesque legend Dixie Evans
- Virginia Johnson, of *Masters and Johnson*
- Storm chasers Paul Samaras, Tim Samaras, and Carl Young
- *Alien* artist H. R. Giger
- Actor/director/screenwriter Harold Ramis
- Actors Dennis Farina, James Gandolfini, Tom Laughlin, and Paul Walker
- Comedian Sid Caesar
- Musicians Dave Brockie, Lou Reed, Pete Seeger, and Slim Whitman



BLOOD, SWEAT, AND PROSTHETICS

Wounded veterans experience post-traumatic growth—and adventure—with the help of Paradox Sports' unique approach to adaptive mountain climbing.

By Jennifer Peters

During the second battle of Fallujah, in 2004, then-Lieutenant D. J. Skelton was blinded in one eye and lost the use of one arm, but he wasn't ready to give up on living an active, adventurous life. His desire to get back on his feet—literally and figuratively—led to his partnership with professional climber Timmy O'Neill and the founding of Paradox Sports, which specializes in adaptive rock climbing and other outdoor activities for the physically disabled.

Paradox got started in 2007, while Skelton was undergoing outpatient treatment at Walter Reed Army Medical Center. The idea of rock climbing despite his new disabilities had made perfect sense to Skelton. He tells us, "Service members, to some degree, are addicted to adrenaline, but when

they go to the hospital, we only teach them how to stand and walk again. After I got injured, I learned to rock climb again around my limitations. That did more for me mentally and psychologically—and I think accelerated my physical rehabilitation—than any of the mundane things I did while I was at the hospital."

When one of Skelton's fellow patients asked him to take him climbing, Skelton wondered, *How the fuck does a guy with no legs rock climb?* "But I didn't want to tell him no," he says. Skelton called O'Neill, who had been working with adaptive climbers for years—primarily his own brother, Sean, a renowned paraplegic athlete.

"We did this clinic with people who had bilateral amputations, poly-trauma, complete blindness, no light perception, prosthetic eyes, limbs that had been blown away, and we climbed," O'Neill explains. "And it

wasn't really about the climbing as much as it was about health and well-being and integration. Climbing is a vehicle for that, and it fits perfectly with working with people with physical and emotional disabilities."

Chad Jukes, who works as an ambassador and instructor with Paradox Sports, agrees that the organization's climbing events do more than help disabled vets get back on their feet. "Returning to what I love and realizing that I could still do it was very empowering," he says. "And for a lot of people, it provides them with the strength and ability to overcome obstacles in their everyday lives." Jukes speaks from experience. He joined Paradox during its early days in 2007, after having his right leg amputated below the knee due to complications from surgery to repair a shattered heel and broken femur after his truck hit an antitank mine in Iraq. Less than a month after receiving his first prosthesis, Jukes was mountain climbing with Paradox Sports.

While getting back on his feet was a moment of great empowerment and excitement for Jukes, there are other perks of climbing. One of the most important for veterans, Jukes says, is being part of a team again. "Vets miss the sense of purpose, teamwork, and camaraderie that they had before, and climbing restores that for them."

And these vets aren't climbing walls at the local gym. In September 2013, Skelton and O'Neill took a group of 15 veterans to Yosemite National Park to scale El Capitan, a 3,000-foot vertical rock formation, while this past winter, Jukes and other members of Paradox went ice climbing in Telluride, Colorado, tackling the 365-foot ascent of Bridal Veil Falls.

"Most able-bodied people are too scared to go rock climbing, or are too self-defeating to even try to do it," says volunteer Reid Olmstead. "But if you've got somebody who's an amputee, and they're climbing up ropes or going up a plastic wall or real rock, you can follow them through that process and eventually they'll say, 'If I can do this, the future's limitless.'"

To ensure participants experience



Military veteran Andrew Sullens climbing Yosemite's Half Dome during a September 2013 ascent

"IF YOU'VE GOT SOMEBODY WHO'S AN AMPUTEE, AND THEY'RE CLIMBING UP ROPES OR GOING UP A PLASTIC WALL OR REAL ROCK, YOU CAN FOLLOW THEM THROUGH THAT PROCESS AND EVENTUALLY THEY'LL SAY, 'IF I CAN DO THIS, THE FUTURE'S LIMITLESS.'"

that, everyone gets a complete climbing education. "We don't want them to feel dependent on us," Skelton says. "We give them everything they need to do it on their own." That includes confidence. "We offer an environment where we don't sugarcoat things or cut you any slack. If you participate, it's because you have the drive and desire. We don't care about your problems. Get off your ass, get outside, and get over your issues so you can figure out what you can do."

"Even if 50 percent of your body's not working, you're still 100 percent you," O'Neill says. "The number-one ingredient of adaptive climbing is courage. The climbing itself is easy. If you're blind, use your hands more. If you're missing a leg, use your stump or your prosthesis. The biggest thing is demystifying the disability."

While new skills and the renewed sense of self the participants receive

are huge, they aren't the only reasons vets return to Paradox Sports year after year. Most important to the members is the sense of community that comes with the adventure. "Some participants maybe don't think they can do what they did before," says Jukes. "And some of them are angry that they're injured, angry that they're missing something. But generally, by the end of a weekend as part of the Paradox Sports community, they are visibly happier, visibly less distressed by their injuries, and they've begun to realize that it's not the end."

Skelton discovered the importance of being part of a team again himself when, after he'd been making excuses to stay hidden from his old friends, some buddies dragged him out for a hike—out of his house, and out of his bad mood. "It reminded me that there's more to being friends than Facebook posts and text messages,"

Skelton says. "That day did more for me than any formal rehab."

"I think people come to us because they want to belong," O'Neill explains. That may seem oddly emotional for an extreme-sports organization, but it doesn't take away from Paradox's badass street cred. As proof, in 2011, Skelton—who's now a major—became the Army's most seriously wounded commander to return to combat, while Jukes is working on becoming the first amputee ice-climbing guide.

"Paradox brings together a lot of badass individuals, and they look beyond themselves," Jukes tells us. "They stop focusing on their own desires and endeavors to help other people reach a level of badassitude in the mountains."

Paradox Sports events are open to vets and civilians of all abilities. For information, visit ParadoxSports.org.





caged heat

Skin Diamond first appeared in *Penthouse* in February 2013, and she's shot a number of scenes for Penthouse.com that impressed us so much, she was at the top of our list when we started looking for Pets who could embody our badass ideal for this special issue. We're delighted to both welcome back the Scottish beauty and to make her a *Penthouse* Pet.

Photographs by Holly Randall





"My favorite part of this shoot was climbing around in the red cage wearing Atsuko Kudo latex. I love having something to interact with when I pose."





"I could absolutely be faithful to one man, if he's the right man. But I imagine we would end up playing with my girlfriends. I could never give up cunt."









"I like men who have passion for their job, and who can stimulate my mind, body, and soul. But the sexiest quality a man can possess is the ability to get me off by kissing me. Now that's a skill!"



PENTHOUSE

SKIN DIAMOND JULY 2014 PET OF THE MONTH



Vital stats:
34-25-35; 5'5"
27 years old

Hometown:
Dunfermline, Scotland

What's your favorite thing about your hometown?
I love wandering the Glen. It's a beautiful and lush park nestled on the outskirts of town with gardens and an old castle.

What's your favorite vacation spot?
Scotland! I go back whenever I can. And New York is amazing. There are so many things to see and do, it's a little overwhelming, but in a good way.

What's your dream vacation spot?
Tokyo! I've been obsessed with everything Japanese forever.

If you won a million dollars, what would you do?
Take a year off and travel.

Favorite food:
Cheese! And bacon! I love ramen. Italian, Czech, Scottish, French.... I just love food.

Favorite kind of music:
The kind that makes me want to dance around my stripper pole in my living room. Dirty beats.

Favorite sport:
Quidditch!

Favorite workout:
The kind that ends with an orgasm.

Favorite TV show:
Doctor Who!

Favorite movies:
Amélie, Howl's Moving Castle, Ju-on, Brick, Donnie Darko, The Little Mermaid, Natural Born Killers.... There are so many.

What's your favorite fantasy?
A hot threesome with a boy who's never had one before.

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OF THE SKIN DIAMOND JULY 2014 PET OF THE MONTH

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OF LAYLA SIN AUGUST 2014 PET OF THE MONTH



[pet of the month] august

sinfully sexy

Don't let that pretty face and those lithe curves fool you. Erotic models don't come much more badass than Layla Sin. We love to imagine the stunning brunette toting around a machine gun while serving in the Israeli military.

Photographs by
Holly Randall



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OF LAYLA SIN AUGUST 2014 PET OF THE MONTH





"The tiger was my favorite part of the shoot. I've never had a chance to shoot with wild animals before. He was only 6 months old, but he had power. He was pulling me so strongly."







"The most exciting place I've ever made love is at a water park. One of my exes opened up the whole place just for the two of us. That was an amazing night!"









"I love living life to the fullest. I'd say the biggest risk I've ever taken is skydiving. I jumped out of a plane on my birthday."







Vital stats:
34-24-36; 5'6"
29 years old

Hometown:
Tel Aviv, Israel.

What's your favorite thing about your hometown?
I love the beach. The warm water and the warm sand touching my body is priceless.

Favorite vacation spot:
Thailand. I love the nature and exotic places. Scuba diving in Thailand is breathtaking, and the people are very nice.

Dream vacation spot:
New Zealand. It has the most amazing landscapes.

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be?
To host a food show, so I could go around the world trying new and special meals.

If you won a million dollars, what would you do?
Give 15 percent to charity and invest the rest in a badass business.

Favorite TV shows:
Shark Tank and *Breaking Bad*.

Favorite movies:
The Wolf of Wall Street, *The Silence of the Lambs*.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?
The *Indecent Proposal* scenes in the kitchen and the hotel room.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
Deep scuba diving with a shark.

What's your proudest moment?
Serving my country.

SEE MORE OF LAYLA AT
PENTHOUSE.COM.



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



■ **My girlfriend and I are busy people, and at the end of the day we're both too exhausted to fool around. Do you have any ideas to add some spice back into things, or suggestions for ways to make time without it feeling like scheduled sex?**

This is where my qualifier about not being a therapist or guru comes in handy. You see, I have a pretty bleak view when it comes to this sort of thing. As much as I understand the need for spicing things up, I have never found a solution. To me, the truth is, if one's sex life *needs* spicing up, you'll probably never be able to do it. Either you're in love and being with your partner in any way is enough, or it's not. You either have a maintained connection or you don't. Yours is an age-old question that keeps many sex therapists in business. If there were an easy answer, I'd not only incorporate it into my life, I'd box it up and sell it and be a billionaire. Relationships are hard and require work and sacrifice. There is no toy or outfit or film that will reignite that fire you once had. The best I can offer you is this suggestion: Make time for each other and focus on the intimacy, not the heat.

■ **A guy I dated briefly has popped back up again. The emails are light and friendly, not flirty. He hasn't asked me out yet. Did he reach out to hook up or am I overthinking it?**
You are definitely overthinking it. Why not just ask him what he wants? You have already moved on once

from this guy; what's the harm in being direct and forward and taking care of yourself, your time, and your needs? Just ask him, "Hey, are you just checking in and being chatty, or did you want to try to start something up again?" Don't waste your time trying to read between the lines and playing detective. You may miss out on a guy who actually wants to date you and isn't afraid to make it known.

■ **My girlfriend of two years cheated on me. She claims it was a one-time thing and that it won't happen again. Do I trust her? Or, do I say, once a cheater, always a cheater?**
Hey, that's your call! If it were me? I'd say fuck it and move on.... There are no rules or guidelines here, but I have a self-preservation stance on the matter. Some call it ego; I call it self-care. Personally, I don't ever want to start a pattern in my life that makes it okay for people to lie to me, cheat, or be deceptive. The harm that caving in might do to you as a human being may be far worse than anything she may ever do again.


Then again, if you *love* her and believe "love is forgiveness," then what the hell. I see both sides. However, the fact that I see both sides doesn't mean I would try both things.

I'd delete/unfollow/unfriend. The world is full of amazing people, and, more than likely, there is one out there who wouldn't cheat on you.

■ **I am a young mom and was thinking of having my vagina tightened as a surprise for my husband. How important is a tight box to guys? My husband gives me the runaround when I ask, and I'm assuming he doesn't want to hurt my feelings.**

First of all, let's stop saying "box," shall we? That is a hundred times grosser than the question you're asking.

As for your question, I say, why not? Go ahead. Remember, your man's first sexual encounters and experiences were probably with his hand. He might be longing for the tight fit of his youth. Just make sure you research the procedure and find a reputable doctor. You might also want to consider whether or not you plan to have more children and discuss that with the doctor performing the procedure.

I know you want to keep it a surprise, but factor in recovery time. That may make it difficult to keep quiet. Either way, if you feel more comfortable, he will, too, and everyone wins. But remember, your mouth doesn't need tightening. 

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

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BOSTON BADASS

We chat with iconic bombing survivor Jeff Bauman, who's getting stronger every day.

Interview by John Bolster



With apologies to William Shakespeare, some men are born badasses, some achieve badassness, and some have badassness thrust upon them. Jeff Bauman of Chelmsford, Massachusetts, stands in the third category. He's the man in the most famous photo from the aftermath of the 2013 Boston Marathon bombings, the guy seated in the wheelchair with "the man in the cowboy hat" (Carlos Arredondo) running alongside him. Thanks to his own iron will, and the heroism of fellow badass Arredondo (among others), Bauman survived having his lower legs blown off by the first bomb, which was planted a few feet from where he'd been standing, ready to cheer on his girlfriend, Erin Hurley, as she finished the 26.2-mile race. In his memoir, *Stronger*, Bauman gives a riveting, detailed account of the explosion and its immediate aftermath—in which he helped the FBI identify their first suspect—as well as a heartfelt, honest, and occasionally hilarious description of his challenging recovery. The book is currently climbing the best-seller list. We spoke to Bauman about revisiting the marathon one year later, the highs and lows of his recovery, and what, in his view, constitutes a badass.

Did writing the book come easily?

It was fairly easy; I mean, I was already telling my story a ton, so it wasn't that hard.

You've stayed in touch with Carlos since the incident, but how about Devin Wang, the woman pushing your wheelchair in the photo, and Paul Mitchell, the EMT in front—are you in contact with these days?

Not as much as with Carlos. I've never actually met Devin. She goes to BU [Boston University] and she figure skates, so she has a busy schedule. I just haven't had a chance to meet her yet. I can't wait till I do, though. And Paul, I've met once or twice. He came to visit me in the hospital shortly after [the bombing].

I imagine the one-year mark of the bombing brought up some mixed feelings. Can you talk a little about the good and the bad?

The good was just being there and supporting all the runners—I thought that was really awesome. The bad was that it did bring up some memories and some stuff, you know, seeing the

scene, all set up like it was last year. It was kind of difficult to be there.

You mention in the book that you've never visited the site on Boylston Street where you were injured. Did you go there in April?

No. I haven't been exactly to where I was last year. I just haven't had the time to do it. I've been so busy.

You've met hundreds of people in the aftermath of this incident, both famous people and nonfamous people. Can you tell our readers some of your favorite stories from those experiences?

Before the One Fund concert, I got to hang out with James Taylor and Carole King, and they are just tremendous people. It was so great meeting them. They're filled with so many stories, and they're just insanely wise, from life. Because they've lived a grand life, I felt like I could ask them anything and they would know the answer to it. I also got to watch them perform—privately, almost, because it was a rehearsal that I got to go to. I also threw batting practice to [Red Sox players] Jonny Gomes and David Ross. That was superfun.

How about so-called regular people? You must get recognized all the time when you go out.

Yeah, people know me; they're either like, "I saw you on the news!" Or they [chuckles], I don't know, they just come and give me a hug, and, they're like, "You're so inspirational!" And ... it's crazy sometimes. If I go out, people just want to buy my dinner or buy me a couple of beers. It always turns out that I have five or six beers sitting in front of me at the end of the night. I can't drink them all, you know? Even if I say no I still get them. It's funny; it's good; I love the support.

The Boston Globe has been telling the stories of all the people who were injured in the bombings, but I think people outside Boston don't know a lot about the hundreds of wounded. Can you tell us about some fellow survivors you admire that we might not know about?

Pat and Jess Downes: They're about my age and they'd just gotten married before the incident. I really admire them because they both lost a leg, and we have a lot in common. They're just great to hang out with. My fiancée loves them, too, and they

just got a dog—he's a service dog—[and our dogs] love each other, too, so it's just really cool to have them as friends. They know exactly what I'm going through, and I know what they're going through.

I can imagine that would be really helpful, just having someone to spend time with who's gone through the same experience.

Yeah, it's very helpful, and whenever we're together we have a lot of laughs and we have a great time.

Speaking of laughs, the book shows you've got a pretty good sense of humor; you got off some great jokes at some pretty tough times—

[Laughs] Yeah.



After Arredondo lifted Bauman into the wheelchair, EMT Mitchell and BU student Wang helped rush him to an ambulance.

Do you think your sense of humor helped you in your recovery process?

Yeah, absolutely. I'm a little bit twisted, so ... I just think it's fun, and I try to have fun with everything.

How is Erin, your fiancée, these days?

She's great. She's almost seven months pregnant right now, so it's [not about] taking care of me anymore, it's more about taking care of her. But she still helps me out with so much stuff—I'm not too good with emails and paperwork and she does all that for me. She's just been great through this whole time. She helped so much with the book, and she's a big part of the book, too, I think.

The book also portrays your relationship with your mom and how her worrying got on your nerves.

Yeah, it's just your parents being overbearing and smothering, and it's tough to deal with. I think they stressed me out the most, out of anybody.

How's your mom now, after things have settled down a bit?

[Laughs] She's just about the same. But one day she might come around.

How are you doing with the legs? Can you always get better on them, or is there a ceiling on it?

Oh, absolutely. With these legs there are endless possibilities. I'm getting to the point where I'm going to be driving with them, so I can't wait to get good at that, and then just use them to their full potential. It's going to take me probably a year or so longer to use them to their absolute full potential, but ... I'll get there, and it'll be awesome. Then I think ten years from now [after the technology improves


further] it's going to be a totally different, totally upgraded me, and I can't wait for that.


What's your definition of a badass, and who, in your opinion, qualifies?

I'd say someone who goes above and beyond the normal person. Carlos definitely qualifies, and the Boston Police Department, and the Watertown Police Department. I think all those guys qualify, because they stood up at a time they were needed and they helped keep us safe. Anyone who puts their life on the line, and succeeds at keeping everyone safe, is a badass.

In the book, you describe visiting the site of the Watertown shoot-out, and seeing the tree Sergeant John MacLellan was hiding behind as bullets flew.

Yeah [laughs]. That tree was about an inch wide. But [MacLellan] was like, "The night before, it was like a redwood!"

A close-up portrait of Buzz Osborne, the frontman of the band Melvins. He has long, wild, white hair that covers the top of his head and frames his face. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is holding a red acoustic guitar, which is visible in the lower half of the frame. The background is slightly out of focus, showing what appears to be a wooden fence or structure.

 [interview]

FOLK OFF

Buzz Osborne, frontman for sludge-metal lifers Melvins, is going solo acoustic this summer. But don't call it folk music.
Interview by Tony DuShane

More than 30 years ago, in the small city of Montesano, Washington—one time residence of Nirvana's Kurt Cobain—three pals with a shared love of punk, hardcore, and metal had an idea for a band. They would take the hallmarks of those genres and slow down the tempos—really slow them down—to produce a thick, sludgy sound.

The guitar-playing member of the trio, Buzz Osborne, worked at the local Thriftway, where he had a hated boss named Melvin. Osborne suggested naming the band after his buffoonish supervisor, his pals agreed, and thus was born Melvins, foremost practitioners of a heavy style of music some have labeled "sludge" metal. Cobain, their fellow Montesanan, cited Melvins as a major influence. They've had a rotating cast of musicians, especially on bass, but Osborne, on vocals as well as guitar, and Dale Crover, on drums, have been the two mainstays of the group.

After producing 23 studio albums with Melvins, Osborne, also known as King Buzzo, released his first solo acoustic record in June. In a twisted nod to Woody Guthrie's famous anti-fascist slogan, it's called *This Machine Kills Artists*, and Osborne is touring the United States behind it this July. We caught up with him to hear about why his band departed the Pacific Northwest back in the day, his love of golf, and the challenges of playing solo acoustic.

What drew you to San Francisco all those years ago?

A girl, actually. A girl I met playing [music]. It was an opportunity to move there, and I was like, *Okay, I'm going to take it*. That didn't end up working out, and we broke up in '92, and I got married in '94 to the girl who I'm married to now, and we moved to L.A. because that's where she lived. You always got to follow the women; it seems appropriate for *Penthouse* magazine.

Women have guided you to good places.

I'm a big fan of women [*laughs*]. There's nothing more natural than that. The thing that's cool about women is, they're not like men. I don't want them to be more like men; that's just horrible to me. I want them to be women, however that is.

And women are amazing.

And they're amazing. I'm very happy with that setup. We've been married for almost 20 years, and what's cool about it is you realize as time goes on how little you really know about women.

I hear you like to play golf.

Golf is amazing. You can go by yourself. It's a sport, and I love playing sports, but I generally hate people who play sports, so it's a hard situation to be in.

So do you hate yourself while doing something you love?

No, I mean other people—jocks in general, or whatever. Golf is a solitary sport: You're in the tee box together and then you're at the green together, but the rest of the time you're on your own. I go do it on my own if I need to. I just think it's really fun.

Are there other bands that operate similarly to Melvins that you respect?

I don't feel like we have any brother bands at all. None. I can't think of who they would be. Not last year, but the year before, we did three albums—three releases with three different lineups, all of which were vital. I just don't know that there's a whole lot of people doing that sort of thing and considering it all a part of the same thing.

You guys are pretty unique in the music industry.

In a lot of ways the music industry is running scared, and I'm sure not going to take advice from them. We have outlived a massive amount of trends, and I have always looked at all of that stuff as a hilarious sideshow that has little bearing on reality. So when we were on Atlantic, I never looked at it like, *Oh, this is it, this is our big shot*. I never thought it would work.

How did your acoustic project come about?


Some of it had to do with Dale's wife getting sick, so we had to change our schedule around. The Melvins album is now going to come out in the fall instead of this past spring, and then I had to get my acoustic album done. So I busted my ass in January and February and got it all finished. I was really happy about that, and I had this tour planned.



What was it like doing the record without a full band?

I had to make this record work with just acoustic guitar and vocals. That was a challenge—you've got a lot of space to fill up, and I didn't want it to sound like some bad version of Joan Baez. Fuck that: I want to do something that's newer. I don't feel like there's anyone doing acoustic stuff that's quite like this, it's a little different.

How is it performing live? Does it feel like the audience is right on top of you?

In my business, you have to get used to looking stupid in front of a bunch of people. If you can't get used to that, it's not going to work. I wasn't intimidated by the crowds; I was intimidated about my own ability to deliver. Everyone makes mistakes, and I would just tell the audiences every night, "If I fuck something up, I'm just going to play it again." That doesn't happen too often, but it certainly happens. It's kind of nice—I'm not too worried about playing on *The Tonight Show*. 

No Photos,



Belisarius

A.D. 532

Pretty much every time there's a "we're so happy our home team won the championship, we're going to burn this fucking city to the ground" sports riot, pundits of all shapes and colors will flood their blogs and Facebook walls with hyperbolic whining about the downfall of civilization. Fuck that. You want to talk about a sports riot? Let's look at the Byzantine Empire in the sixth century. The ancient Greeks generally make even the most hard-core soccer melees look like a couple of preteen girls slap-fighting over a One Direction poster, but nothing was more intense than the chariot-racing riots in 532. When a postgame brawl spilled out into the streets of Constantinople and threatened to send the entire city into a state of anarchy, Emperor Justinian called in General Belisarius, a wildly popular national hero who had already saved the empire from destruction by rampaging barbarians. Belisarius didn't have time to suffer fools. He rolled up with his army and ended the dispute with a street battle that left tens of thousands dead—which is kind of like responding to a bench-clearing hockey fight by dispatching a squadron of F-22s.

Andrew Jackson

1835

Andrew Jackson was arguably one of the toughest men to ever rock the Oval Office, and nothing makes his case quite like the story of when a psychotic, unemployed Englishman named Richard Lawrence approached Jackson on the steps of the Capitol, pulled a pistol, and became the first man to ever attempt to assassinate a president of the United States. Lawrence pushed his piece into Jackson's chest and pulled the trigger, but when the gun misfired, Jackson—a hero of the War of 1812, a veteran of the Seminole Wars, and reportedly a survivor of more than 100 duels—proceeded to whip out his cane and beat the holy living fuck out of Lawrence. The seventh president, who was 67 years old at the time, was so pissed that the beat-down only ended when he was physically restrained by a couple of bystanders.





Please!

Even a famous dude will unleash his inner badass and beat the hell out of someone if he feels he's been left no other choice.

By Ben Thompson
Illustrations by Mark Poutenis



Sean Penn

1987

Actor/director/activist/humanitarian Sean Penn is known for beating the crap out of paparazzi assholes. There are several instances of Penn pummeling photographers (in 1986 he spent a month in jail after beating two guys with a rock because they took pictures of Penn's then-wife, Madonna, jogging). But when Penn found a paparazzo hiding in his hotel room, also in 1986, the shit really hit the fan. Penn, who's a black belt in kickboxing, grabbed the guy in a judo choke hold, then dangled the asshole by his ankles from the ninth-floor balcony. Penn ended up in a Portuguese prison on the Chinese island of Macau, but when the guard left the cell door open, Penn ran out, commandeered a jetfoil, and fled the island. According to Penn's autobiography, anyway—and who are we to argue?

Buzz Aldrin

2005

The second man to walk on the moon wasn't just a hard-core astronaut with a PhD from MIT who basically developed the physical-training regimen for NASA astronauts. Buzz Aldrin was also a 21-year Air Force vet who shot down two MiGs over Korea and served as commander of the Air Force Test Pilot School. In 2002, a conspiracy theorist making a "documentary" about the moon landing actually having been shot on a soundstage in suburban Arizona using G.I. Joe action figures came up to the 72-year-old Aldrin with a camera and told the American hero that he was "a liar, a thief, and a coward." And while men like Aldrin fought wars to defend a man's right to say whatever the hell he wants, and to believe whatever stupid bullshit he wants, when you call an American legend "a liar, a thief, and a coward," you also have the right to get what's coming to you: a big fucking right hook to the jaw. Aldrin laid him out with one punch.



Russell Crowe

2005

Russell Crowe is so badass that he can be charged with criminal possession of a weapon by picking up a telephone. One of the infamously ill-tempered actor's most notorious rages took place at a hotel in New York City that apparently had a supershitty phone that didn't let him dial out to his wife in Australia. After calling the desk several times trying to get assistance, he walked the phone downstairs, showed it to the dude behind the desk, and asked him to figure out what was wrong. When the front-desk employee couldn't get the phone working, Crowe lost his shit and threw the phone at the guy, "hitting him in the face and causing a laceration and substantial pain." Crowe was charged with criminal possession of a weapon—really. He eventually pleaded out to misdemeanor assault.



Tommy Hilfiger vs. Axl Rose

2006

Most of us have heard stories about Axl Rose being the sort of guy who'd beat up his girlfriend, or who used to stage-dive into crowds just to punch kids with cameras. So when you hear about him getting into a fight with fashion designer Tommy Hilfiger, it's kind of hard to believe that Hilfiger threw the first punch.

Both guys were at a fancy New York City nightclub, attending a birthday party for Rosario Dawson, and Hilfiger took offense when Rose moved Hilfiger's girlfriend's drink to a different table. Rose later said he just didn't want her to spill it, but Hilfiger said "fuck you" to Rose. Rose pushed Hilfiger and told *him* "fuck you," and Hilfiger responded by hauling off and slugging Rose in the jaw. The fight escalated, Kid Rock was knocked down and stepped on in the subsequent chaos, and Hilfiger was physically removed from the premises by bouncers. Later that night, Rose performed a song for Dawson, "You're So Crazy," and dedicated it to his "good friend Tommy Hilfiger."

Jon Lovitz vs. Andy Dick


2007

In 2007, bitter about some previous incident, a wasted Andy Dick went up to Jon Lovitz at a bar in Hollywood and started in on Lovitz for saying Dick had killed Phil Hartman because he was the guy who'd reintroduced Hartman's wife to cocaine. (Hartman's wife fatally shot him before killing herself five months later.) Lovitz, a good friend of Hartman's, coldcocked Dick, grabbed him by the back of the head, and repeatedly smashed Dick's face into the bar. Lovitz was eventually restrained by the bar staff, and a badly bloodied Dick raced out of there.



Sean Bean

2012

This guy is just impossibly cool. In 2012, the *Game of Thrones* and *Goldeneye* star was smoking a cigarette outside a London bar with a hot English model when some random passerby made a lewd comment to the woman. Well, you just don't disrespect women in front of Bean, who chased the idiot down. Later that night, the same jerk came back to the bar, found Bean smoking outside again, and jumped him with a knife. Bean beat the guy's ass, got a wound to the arm from broken glass, and walked right back into the bar, where he was patched up with a first-aid kit, then calmly ordered another drink. 

a new wild, wild west

When you're living off the grid, it's important to be self-sufficient. That means Dillion and Catie had to learn how to defend their stake, live off the land, and take care of each other's every need. Fortunately, these scantily clad homesteaders view satisfying their carnal desires as a natural extension of their close friendship.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

















SEE MORE OF DILLION & CATIE AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



PLAYING

WITH

FIRE

BY RENEE GRAZIANO • ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLENE CHUA

Reign Grazi has trust issues, especially when it comes to men. With a bad marriage and another failed relationship behind her, the sizzling no-strings fling she's having with a handsome new acquaintance seems to be just what she needs. But when she finds herself in danger, will she make the ultimate mistake by once again putting her faith in the wrong man?

Nick practically backed Reign through the doorway of his apartment because he was that damn hungry for her. She made the mistake of turning around to ask him something after he stood back to let her go inside first, and Nick caught her around the waist. "The answer is whatever you want it to be. I've been waiting all night to touch you."

She didn't resist and fit against him ... perfectly. "Are we in some kind of hurry?"

"For the first time, maybe."

Her lashes lowered. "Arrogant, aren't you?"

But she kissed him. He was a little surprised that it was not strictly hot

and passionate on her side, when he knew firsthand she was a very sexual woman, but more sweet and almost romantic. A feather brush of her lips first, then greater pressure but still gentle, and he had to do everything in his power not to take over but let her control the pace.

When she broke away, she murmured, "That was a thank-you for a nice evening when I would have sworn that to be impossible."

"It's about to get nicer." Nick decided to go theatrical, and picked her up so swiftly her purse fell from her hands and hit the floor of the foyer. "I just need a convenient horizontal surface to get the party started."

"You are in a hurry."

"Seems that way. I have this vague memory of the most incredible sex of my life and need to refresh it."

"Why do I doubt your memory is ever vague?"

She was all too right. In his position, one slip and he might be dead. Ignor-

ing the observation seemed best. He carried her into his bedroom and deposited her on the bed. "While I love your dress, let's move on to the good part, agreed?"

"Don't go crazy, and I did mention the dress was just finished, right? It unzips on the side. Let me do it." She slipped the zipper down and Nick watched the sensuous movement of her hand with a satisfying sense that whatever was about to happen, he was going to enjoy it very, very much.

She slid it down and shimmied out of it. "Built-in bra. Much easier, and I know you find underwear to be an annoyance. Besides, I have the advantage of having a lot of my clothes custom-made just for me when I do a design."





[bedtime stories]

"How did I know you were naked under that dress?"

He had been imagining it all evening and had the hard-on to prove it.

"Good guess?"

He ran a finger around her nipple.

"I highly approve."

"Of my dress?"

"That, too."

"Thought you might."

"Ever think about getting a Brazilian wax?" His gaze moved lower. "If so, don't do it. I find it an affront to mess with perfection, and though your tits and ass would be quite the attraction on a crowded beach in a thong bikini, I'd rather be the only man looking at your body."

"It's always sounded kind of painful anyway." Reign wiggled backward on the bed. "You got it."

For how long?

Nick shed his clothes as swiftly as possible and joined her, pinning her down. He rubbed his cock against the warmth between her legs. "I'm already pretty primed," he admitted. "That damned dress. You did that on purpose."

"Is it a crime to try to look nice?"

No, it wasn't, but it was almost a crime for her to be so attractive. He just wasn't used to losing any measure of control, but ...

One moment later, with no foreplay except her earlier kiss, he had a condom on and was spreading her legs wider with his knees. "It has to be now," he told her without apology. "I can't wait."

"Then don't." It was an audacious reply matched by the willing position of her body.

His entire life, his mother had carefully explained to him that when he met the right woman, he would know it.

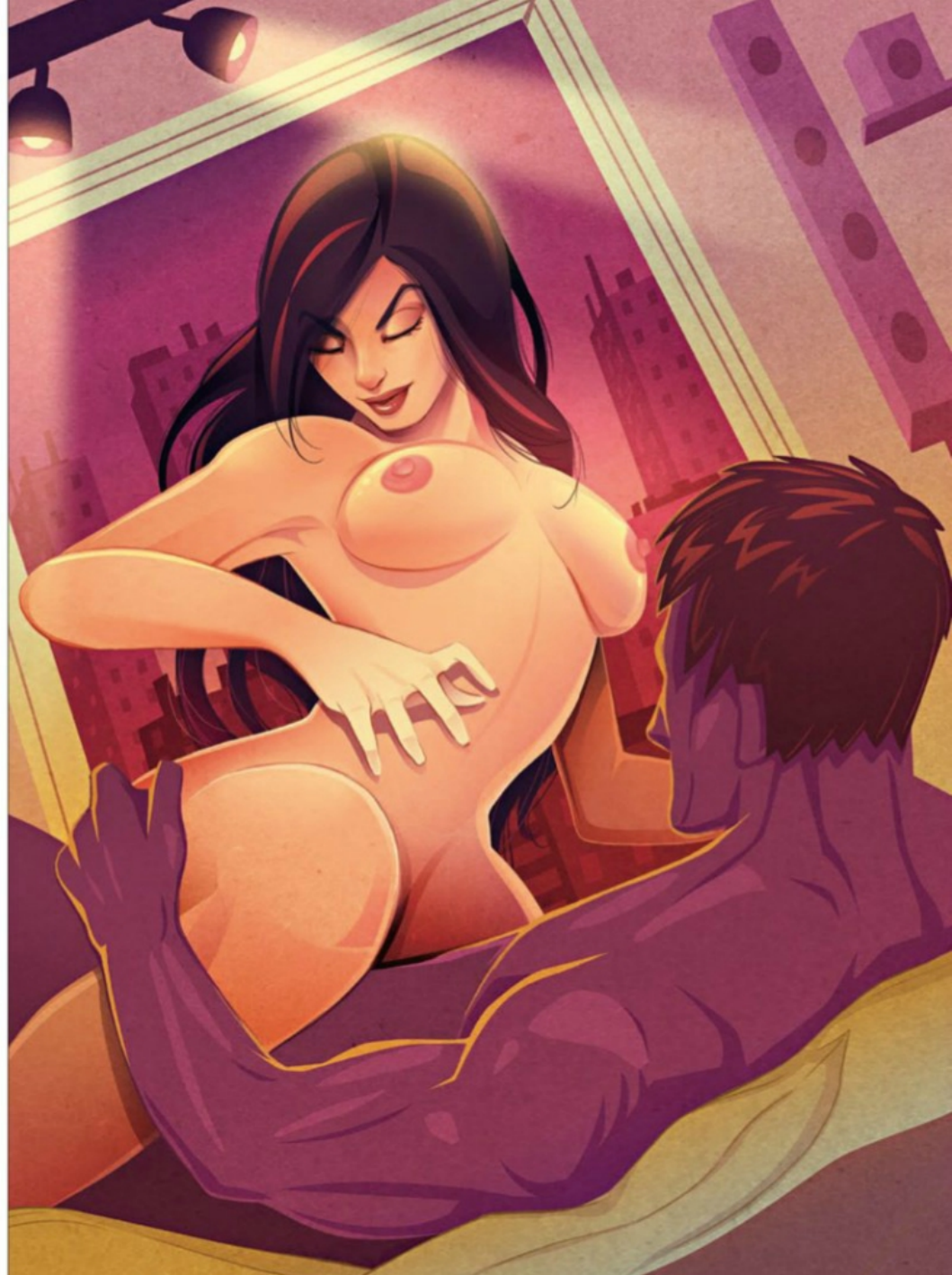
No. This was sex, not anything more, and that was just how Reign wanted it. Wasn't it?

Involved. He was too involved.

"I've changed my mind. I want to have your breasts in my hands." He urged her over to her stomach. "New position. Do you mind?"

To her credit, she did go to her hands and knees, all that long black hair spilling over her back. "No."

Even as he entered her, he had to wonder briefly about the man who would walk away from this particular



woman. Artistic, gifted with a unique beauty, and that fascinating sense of independence....

Her ex-husband was an idiot.

Of course, Reign wasn't perfect, but then again, no one was.

Stubborn. Beyond that. Far too private ... he'd give on that score, since he was, too, and maybe she'd earned it. Intelligent. Sexy. Interesting.

Nick knew he was losing his train of thought. She was tight and hot and he was finally inside her after a long evening of imagining how good it was going to be. Introspection could wait for later. Right now he needed to make love to her.

Dangerous thinking. Right now he needed to satisfy them both in a sexual way, keep her safe, and wake up in the morning with her in his arms.

Oh, shit. That was making love.

Reign arched her spine in response when his hands slid to her breasts and he pushed deep inside her. He kissed the back of her shoulder. "Damn, you feel so tight and hot."

"Dirty talk. Nice. Always spices it up. Keep it up."

Nick laughed and began to move. "I think we're past that. You have a really great, firm ass."

"Go faster." It was an order.

"No worries." He held her in place and started to really thrust, because it wasn't going to take long.

And it didn't. He lost it quickly, his

climax swift and so pleasurable he had to prevent himself from collapsing on top of her.

When he slipped out of her lissome body and dropped down on the bed, he muttered, "I think I owe you for that one. Ask for whatever you want."

"I think you'll come up with something." Her hand swept his chest, and Reign rolled on top of him, her mouth warm as she kissed him. "Just make it good."

It was good already, having her naked and willing in his arms. That would motivate any man.

"You have doubts?" His voice was amused, but that had been a fairly fast race to the finish. He held her loosely against him.

"I have doubts about every single man I meet."

Was she serious? It gave him pause. "Reign."

"No. You have to prove yourself to me."

It sounded like she meant it.

"I suppose to a certain extent I feel the same way," he admitted, reaching up to touch her face. "Trust is a hard-earned commodity. You and I are alike in a lot of ways. We were both born into a certain kind of lifestyle. This life was chosen for us, in my opinion,

and intense. She lay back against the pillows and savored the stroke of his hands over her shoulders and breasts, as they moved down her torso to her hips and thighs. The touch was erotically delicate and very arousing.

"This one is for you, but I hope you don't mind if I enjoy it, too," he murmured against her nipple before he took it into his mouth and began to suckle. The swirl of his tongue sent nice tingles of pleasure through her whole body.

"Please do," she managed to say, threading her fingers through his hair.

"Such a generous woman." He moved his mouth to the other breast, taking time to lick the valley between them.

The sensation was enough to make her give a low moan, and Nick raised his head to smile for a moment. "You like that. Continue?"

"Stop and you'll really regret it, Fattelli."

"How come it is that every time you use my last name, I feel like I'm being threatened?"

"Are you afraid of me?" Reign playfully rubbed the back of his calf with her foot.

"Oh, yeah," he said softly, holding her gaze before he lowered his dark

then again, he'd done a good job of making sure she was ready for it.

They were starting to get to know each other's bodies. He knew just the right angle, and he wasn't shy, without being rough in any way. He moved and she moved with him, and at the end of it they were both panting and apparently speechless, because the room was quiet except for a vague echo of the traffic on the street far below.

Reign's hand clasped his taut buttock. "Hmm. Let's do that again sometime."

"I'm kind of thinking we will."

The weight of his body was pleasant and she was in a good place, satisfied and tired. Dinner had been at a trendy place that made it hard to carry on a conversation but had excellent food, and she really hadn't eaten much lately. No prices on the menu, and the seafood had been so fresh she was sure it had been incredibly expensive, but he hadn't blinked an eye.

Paid with cash always, she noticed. But he would. Cautious man.

Nick smoothed her hair. "Can I tell you a story?"

"Hmm. Bedtime story? That's an interesting line I haven't heard yet."

REIGN ARCHED HER SPINE AND HE PUSHED DEEP INSIDE HER. HE HELD HER IN PLACE AND STARTED TO REALLY THRUST.

without our specific consent."

Reign's eyes held a reflective look. "I love my family. I'd do anything for them. The same for my close friends."

"Salvatore Ariano included?"

"Do you really want to talk about another man while we're in bed together?" She reached down and gently squeezed his thigh, then moved her hand to his cock. Her fingers circled and exerted a little pressure. "Let me see if I can get you interested again, because I'm feeling a little left out right now."

Nick said in a thick voice, "You won't be for long if you keep doing that."

It was flattering she could make a man like Nick lose control. Reign doubted it happened very often, and his attraction to her seemed both genuine

and head again to her breast as his fingers slipped into her pussy.

The dual sensation was nice, but not as good as having him inside her.

Wait for it....

At that last crucial moment, she ordered, "Now."

He rose above her and ripped open another foil packet with his teeth. "I thought you'd never ask."

"Then we really do need to get to know each other better, Nicky."

"My intention," he said silkily as he entered her, his muscular arms braced on either side of her body.

It was her turn to lose it quickly, but

He was still in the cradle of her thighs, but his face had taken on a curiously unreadable expression. "Once upon a time, there was this gorgeous Italian girl with an unusual name."

When she opened her mouth to say something, he stopped her with fingertips to her lips. "No comments please. I'm telling the story."

"Fine." Reign was amused in a languid way. That had been quite an orgasm. "But this seems like an interesting position for this story."

"I like it right where I am." He nibbled on her earlobe. "Can I go on?"

There was something in his voice that suddenly made her wonder if she really wanted to hear it, but she agreed. "Go on."

"One day, a very bad man asked

another man if he might be willing to take money for killing the pretty Italian lady. He recognized her family name, but didn't know much about her, so he hesitated. This might sound odd, but he has a certain code, and unless he agrees the target deserves it, he won't take the job."

"This isn't exactly a bedtime story." Reign tensed. "Get off me."

Nick didn't budge. "Relax. Listen. I'm trying to explain something to you."

"Is that why we met? Because you were hired to kill me?" Shoving at his shoulders was like trying to move a solid brick wall. He wouldn't give an inch.

"I just pointed out I said no thanks."

"Is there a reason I should believe you? Damn you, I hate liars." Her eyes filled with unwanted tears and she blinked them back. Sal, her former lover, had called her "guarded." She was, but not guarded enough, apparently. It was galling to realize her defenses weren't as solid as she thought they were.

Nick emphatically shook his head. "Reign, stop it. I haven't lied to you one time. I'm sure you get that the end of the story is that the man decided to protect her instead. A new role for him,



THEY WERE GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER'S BODIES, AND HE KNEW JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE. HE MOVED, AND SHE MOVED WITH HIM.

but he's pretty into it."

There was no question she'd be foolish to buy into the sincerity in his eyes, but then again, she should have listened to her instincts before, and right now the vibe was positive. She'd never really trusted her ex-husband, and it had been just a feeling. She whispered, "Don't lie to me. Please."

"Once again, I never have. In fact, I was just very honest with you." Nick slowly withdrew and rolled to his back, naked and very male, but she wasn't intimidated for some reason; maybe it was the thoughtful frown between his brows. "I can't figure this situation out. You can't either, and you are an intelligent woman. Please see it from my side."

It was possible no two people ever needed to talk about anything more.

Tightly, she said, "Fine. We need to talk about it. I can't believe you ever—"

"I didn't know you. From the very beginning, I wondered why the hell anyone would want to take you out. It makes no sense. That's why when Joey Carre got me an invitation to the party, I accepted. I wanted to meet you."

The ripple of muscle as he turned on his side was impressive, and she was reminded again of how vulnerable she was, which was actually reassuring in a convoluted way. If he had wanted to hurt her, he'd had enough opportunities, and certainly the strength to do it.

Okay, maybe he meant it.

Fuck, she trusted him.

In an unsteady voice, she told him, "If you ever, ever betray me—"

"I'm not going to do that. We've established it." He stroked her bare hip. "Reign, let's face it, I've had a lot of chances. I have one now. I'm interested in the hit on an intellectual basis, not a monetary one. So talk to me. Let's really try to figure out why. I'm telling you, there's an answer, we just can't see it yet."



From *Playing With Fire*, by Renee Graziano. Copyright © 2014 by the author and reprinted by permission of Forge Books, an imprint of Tom Doherty Associates, LLC.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT CHURCH;
HAIR BY IVANA WINFIELD; MAKEUP BY BRE KALI

Rising Above

With a mobster for a father and a turncoat for a husband, it would be understandable if Renee Graziano hid herself away from the public eye. Instead, this mob wife has made a name for herself on her own terms.

Since 2011, Renee Graziano has been starring in the reality show *Mob Wives*. She's one of the daughters of onetime Bonanno family capo Anthony Graziano, as well as the ex-wife of a mobster, and while she offers no apologies for her relatives, she's forged her own path to success. It's been a particularly rocky road, as her ex-husband's testimony following his arrest for armed robbery contributed to her father's downfall.

Family is of paramount importance to Renee, though. She does the show with her sisters, among others, and is a devoted single mother to her son, A. J. Pagan. And as difficult as it is, she's shared her story as a survivor of domestic violence in order to help others overcome their own bad situations, using her family name to help champion the causes that are important to her.

In the spirit of never giving up on someone, over the past 24 years, Graziano has logged more than 150,000 miles visiting prisons in 43 states, never missing a chance to visit family and friends who are incarcerated. In keeping with her devotion to her loved ones, she started Jail Mail, Inc., to help others deliver greeting cards to their family and friends in prison. Graziano's life inspired her two best-selling books, *How to Use a Meat Cleaver* and *Playing With Fire*, excerpted on the previous pages.

Graziano also shares her bold personal style with her fans through her Mob Candy line of clothes, jewelry, shoes, and accessories. And—perhaps her most appealing quality—she never takes herself too seriously while living out her ups and downs, triumphs and tribulations, on *Mob Wives*.

While Graziano's family may be famous for its men, Renee believes that women are badassess in the truest sense of the word. Living her life on her own terms has empowered her to overcome family obstacles and rise to a new level of personal and professional success. **OTM**

Follow Renee at [Twitter.com/reneegraziano](https://twitter.com/reneegraziano) and [Instagram.com/reneegraziano](https://www.instagram.com/reneegraziano).

Playing With Fire is available in hardcover, eBook, and audio from all major outlets.



[positions desired]



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PROFILE

Age: 22
Height: 5'4"
Bra Size: 32C
Home state: Oregon

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

"I worked as an escort before moving to the Ranch. Getting a job here seemed like the perfect opportunity to keep working, but in a much better environment. Being at the Ranch lets me and the other girls do what girls do—flirt and have fun.

"The most nerve-wracking part of the job is the lineup. You have to dress up and look nice and wear high heels and walk around the room and let people judge you, and when you get rejected, you have to not take it personally.... When I dress more conservatively, I get picked out of the lineup more, I guess because it leaves more to the imagination. Some girls will tell me I look like a teacher or a librarian, but I think of it as being sexy in an understated way."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"I had very minimal experience with women before I started working here. I'd made out with a bunch of girls on my high school cheerleading team, but I'd never gone past that—until a couple booked a party with me. I didn't know what I was doing going into it, but you know the saying 'Fake it till you make it'? I did. But it wasn't that hard. As a woman, I know what feels good to me, so it was easy to apply that to another person and pleasure her."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"I give really good oral sex. I think it's my favorite thing to do. I love giving pleasure. There are two types of lovers: givers and takers. Givers, like me, aren't happy unless their partners are happy. But if you get two givers together, it's like a war over who can bring the other person the most pleasure."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"My most recent party was also my craziest. Four male coworkers came by together—I think they come to the Ranch every six months or so. They stayed at the bar for a while, talking and buying all the girls drinks. They really like blondes, so when they finally booked a party, it was with me and three other girls. We all went into the VIP room, and the girls and I put on a show for them. I got really close with a couple of girls I hadn't been close with before. And the guys were a lot of fun, too."

"Being with a virgin really puts the pressure on, because you know that they'll always remember their first time. You have to be extra attentive and show them everything so that they don't have to ask. They want to feel like they know what they're doing. And they do, really, because it's natural. They just need a little guidance. If you do a good job, not only will they be educated, but they may come back for more."

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"Do what feels good for you, because if you're enjoying yourself, your partner is going to enjoy herself. Just be confident and don't be afraid to be assertive and say what you want."

“I'M A BIG FAN OF THE SEX SWING IN OUR VIP ROOM. **IT MAKES IT EASIER FOR THE GUY IF HE WANTS TO STAND UP** AND HOLD YOU, AS HE CAN DO IT FOR A LOT LONGER. IT MAKES YOU FEEL WEIGHTLESS, TOO. IT'S WHAT I IMAGINE HAVING SEX ON THE MOON WOULD FEEL LIKE.”



CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH

The Pill and Libido



My girlfriend started taking the Pill a couple of months ago so our sex life could be more spontaneous, only now, she doesn't seem to want to have sex. Our libidos were always pretty much in sync. Could the Pill be the problem? She's not taking any other meds.

The Pill might be the reason. Some women notice a slump in libido after going on the Pill. Some say they start feeling hornier once they get on the Pill. Most don't notice any difference in sexual desire.

The most commonly used birth control pills contain the hormones progesterin and estrogen. They prevent pregnancy mainly by stopping ovulation. If you remember your basic sex ed., ovulation is when an unfertilized egg is released from a woman's ovary into her uterus. She gets pregnant when a sperm finds the egg and fertilizes it. No egg, no pregnancy. Another kind of birth control pill contains only the hormone progesterin. It works mainly by thickening the mucous of the cervix, forming a plug that blocks sperm from wiggling their way into

the uterus in search of an egg.

Taking artificial hormones on a regular basis changes the balance of other hormones in the body, too. Research has shown that the Pill can decrease levels of the hormone testosterone, which doesn't only grow beards and big muscles; it also fuels libido in both men and women. Having more testosterone in circulation tends to increase a person's interest in and desire to have sex.

Testosterone isn't the only factor in sexual desire, however. Research shows that it's probably more essential to men's libidos than it is to women's. And even among women, the importance of testosterone in sexual desire may vary. A dip in testosterone levels may affect different women's libidos in different ways, but scientists haven't yet sorted out why. It's complicated.

The good news is, sometimes switching to a different birth control pill can solve the problem. Women who have side effects with one pill might not have them with another. There are also other forms of hormonal birth control available besides

the Pill. There's the birth control shot (Depo-Provera), implants (Implanon and Nexplanon), the vaginal ring (NuvaRing), and the patch (Ortho Evra).

Although it may be cold comfort, I have to say that the notion of sex being more spontaneous without condoms is largely a myth. Many people imagine that jizz is absorbed or otherwise disappears inside the vagina. It doesn't. It dribbles out. It may be bothersome to always keep condoms handy, and to pause to unwrap one and put it on. But without condoms, which double as a convenient semen-disposal system, you usually end up having to plan ahead for the mess. You'll want to have a towel or an old T-shirt handy to come into if you pull out, or for her to wipe herself. She might prefer to time sex so that she can bathe afterward. Even then, all the spoooge doesn't come out immediately. Sometimes it trickles out for hours.

If she dislikes going around with sticky thighs all day, you might find that she only wants to do it right before bedtime. So much for spontaneity.

Penis-Numbing



Do male-genital desensitizers work for controlling premature ejaculation?

The short answer is, yes. Numbing the penis can help men control ejaculation. The American Urological Association's official guideline on the treatment of premature ejaculation (PE, for short) says that topical anesthetics—numbing agents applied to the skin—are effective. The International Society of Sexual Medicine (ISSM) judges topical anesthetics to be “moderately” effective.

There are many different brands of penis-numbing creams, sprays, gels, and lubricants on the market—so many I couldn't begin to list them all. Most of these products contain benzocaine or lidocaine. These are the same active ingredients used in toothache remedies and first-aid salves that relieve the pain of scrapes and burns. You can also buy condoms that have benzocaine on the inside, such as Trojan Extended Pleasure and Durex Performax condoms.

Doctors may also prescribe an anesthetic cream called EMLA for premature ejaculation. EMLA is a combination of two topical anesthetics, lidocaine and prilocaine. Although the FDA approved EMLA as an anesthetic for genital surgery, such as circumcision, studies have shown that it helps some men with PE.

Another topical anesthetic shown to be effective is SS-cream, a blend of *bufonis venenum*—a toxin extracted from the skin of the common European toad—and various plant extracts. SS-cream is made in Korea, and it is not sold in the United States.

These are the kinds of things a man with PE might try, and possibly benefit from using. But are they useful only to men with PE? For that matter, do you know if you actually suffer from PE? Everyone talks about PE like they know what it is. I doubt most men really do, and a lot of us are always wondering.

Premature ejaculation is when a man ejaculates too quickly. The opposite problem—taking too long or not being able to ejaculate—is called retarded ejaculation. (Pause for snickering.) That's the official medical term, but “delayed ejaculation” is more commonly used. I'll stick with “retarded ejaculation” here, because it's funny.

Now, it's generally assumed that a man should not ejaculate before he and his partner have had enough time to enjoy sexual intercourse—ejaculation should be slightly retarded, but not too retarded. That means he should have some degree of control over it.

According to the ISSM, there are two kinds of premature ejaculation—“lifelong” and “acquired.” A lifelong premature ejaculator, from his first time forward, has always or almost always ejaculated too soon, has no control over it, and feels bad about it. How soon is too soon? The standard measure, according to the ISSM, is “within about one minute,” starting when his penis enters a vagina—or even before penetration takes place.

A man with acquired PE is one who used to be able to hang on for longer, but now usually or always loses control in “about three minutes or less.”


Obviously, these criteria are kind

of weird, and they leave a few questions unanswered. For one thing, sex doesn't always involve a vagina. The medical definition overlooks masturbation, oral sex, and anal sex. Take blowjobs, for instance. Lasting longer isn't necessarily better, especially for the person giving head. If I were to pop in under a minute, I'd think, *Great BJ! Not, What's wrong with me?*

There are also some issues with the “always or nearly always” part of the definition. For many guys, PE may not happen all the time, or even very often, but they may still have a problem if it's unpredictable. Worrying that it might happen can be just as distressing as knowing it will happen every time.

Then there are all the men whose ejaculation control is actually average, but who believe they should be able to last much longer. Studies show that heterosexual intercourse typically lasts around five minutes, although average times vary from study to study. And one shouldn't confuse “average” with “normal” or “adequate.” The amount of time that's enough, or ideal, to satisfy both partners not only depends on the couple's individual preferences, but also varies depending on the situation, and how they're feeling right at that moment.

What all this goes to show is that it's hard to say if numbing your penis would help you with your particular problem. You might have a classic, textbook case of lifelong PE. Or your problem might be that one night your partner wants to have her pussy pounded for a solid 15 minutes, and you can't go that long. Perhaps you're looking forward to a thrilling and novel sexual encounter, and you're not sure how long you'll last.

In any case, don't forget about *your* pleasure. Numbing your penis may be effective, in that it gives you more control, or adds time on a stopwatch. But the true measure of whether it “works” should be your overall sexual satisfaction. Less sensation in your penis doesn't always equal more enjoyment. Fucking is a whole-body, whole-mind experience. If less feeling in your penis allows you to enjoy the visual, auditory, olfactory, and other tactile sensations of sex for longer, then it might be a decent trade-off. But gaining control, or time, at the cost of diminished enjoyment? That wouldn't work for me. 


sing the bodyelectric

Twenty-three-year-old Amelie has been modeling nude for two years now and is happy to be making her *Penthouse* debut. We're certainly pleased with what the sultry Kiev, Ukraine, native brings to the table.

Photographs by Mark Goldberg







*Your body's on my menu.
Let me eat it up.
Gonna start at your toes
Till I heat it up.
Joe; "Table for Two"*





*So open the box.
Don't need no key/I'm unlocked.
And I won't tell you to stop.*
Christina Aguilera; "Your Body"



*Something 'bout the way/ your hair falls in your face.
I love the shape you take/ when crawling towards the pillowcase.*
John Mayer; "Your Body Is a Wonderland"









*You can't keep your hands off me/touch me right there. Rock my body.
I can't keep my hands off you/your body is my party.*
Ciara; "Body Party"

SEE MORE OF AMELIE AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).

His Law, His Order

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXXV: Please Me, Spank Me, published by Grand Central Publishing



My husband and I are both involved in law enforcement. I'm a detective on the local police force, and he's an attorney. A lot of people think that makes me the more powerful partner in our relationship, since my job is more rough-and-tumble, but that's not how it is at all. At work, I may be a dominant woman with a harsh attitude, but at home, it's Richard who's the dominant one—at least in the bedroom.

When it comes to sex play, we prefer a dominant/submissive relationship. After a long day at work, I like having someone I love and trust take control of me, and I know Richard enjoys it, too.

When I got home from work last Friday, Richard was waiting for me at the door, a pair of handcuffs dangling from one hand. As soon as I saw the cuffs, I knew I was in trouble—and I

was thrilled!

"You're late again," he told me. "And you didn't call. You know what that means." It meant I was about to be punished, and that seemed like the perfect end to a long Friday.

As soon as the door was closed, he ordered me to strip, and I shed my clothes slowly, doing the most seductive striptease I could manage, considering my excitement. He watched, amused by my attempts to arouse him, but I could tell that he was turned-on, too.

When I was naked, Richard cuffed my wrists behind my back and guided me into our bedroom. He helped me kneel on the floor, then moved around in front of me. While I was naked, Richard was still fully dressed, but as soon as I was on my knees, he pulled off his belt and unzipped his fly. His cock was already hard, and when he pulled his pants open, it immediately

sprang out. It was right in front of my face, and the tip bobbed only an inch from my lips. I wanted to suck it into my mouth, but I knew I couldn't do anything until Richard told me to.

I had to remind myself over and over again not to act until I was given permission. And Richard was in no rush to grant it. With a hand wrapped around the base of his cock, he stood almost perfectly still, only moving his hips slightly to bump my lips with his dick and tease me further. It was nearly impossible to not react, but I tried my hardest to control my desires as long as I could.

Finally, he rested his dick against my lips and commanded me to open my mouth. His cockhead slid easily between my lips, and I sucked him in deeper. Richard jerked backward, pulling his cock out of my mouth, and scolded me. "I never told you to suck," he said. "You're to do only what I tell you, nothing more. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, chastened.

I waited, my lips wrapped around his dick once more, until he pushed forward again. This time, though, I made sure not to suck or swirl my tongue without being told. I didn't want to upset my master again. He stroked in and out of my mouth a few times before he let me act. When he did, I followed his orders to a T. When he said to suck, I sucked, and when he said to lick, I licked. He knew exactly what he wanted, and he directed me to do it, but soon enough he was getting excited, and he finally let me do whatever I wanted—at least as far as sucking his dick was concerned.

I sucked and slurped with all I had, not wanting to disappoint him. I usually jerk my husband's cock when I give him head, but without the use of my hands, I had to make do with only my lips and tongue. I made sure to slide my mouth back and forth, stroking him with my lips. My tongue swirled around the head when I slid back, then traced lines up and down the shaft as I took him deeper. I knew Richard was enjoying my attention, but I was having a good time, too. I love sucking my husband's dick, and doing it while in the midst of our dom/sub game was even better. I loved the challenge!

Richard was on the verge of a climax when he pulled out of my mouth while I was mid-suck. His dick popped out from between my lips, surprising me, and I gaped up at my master, waiting for his next command.

"You didn't make me come," he scolded a moment later. "Did you not think I would want to come?"

"No, sir. I'm sorry, sir," I apologized. We both knew he would have come if he'd given me another moment, but it was all part of the game, so I played along.

"I wanted to come," he said again. "But because you didn't let me, you must be punished."

My pussy tingled when he said that, and I knew I was about to get spanked. Whenever he thinks I've misbehaved (or whenever he wants to pretend I've misbehaved), I always get a spanking. And Richard knows exactly how to deliver the perfect punishment.

He zipped his dick back into his pants, letting me know that I wasn't getting any action until after my punishment, then he moved behind me. He grabbed my arms and helped me onto my feet before guiding me over to the bed. He sat down on the edge of the mattress and pulled me over his lap. He hadn't put me over his knee in a long time, and I got more aroused as I felt his hard-on pressing against my stomach while I lay across his sturdy thighs. I wiggled a bit to get into the correct position, and then I waited for Richard to deliver the first thrilling smack.

His initial slap was gentle, but it ignited a fire in me. I couldn't wait to feel my ass get warm as my husband's palm hit my butt over and over again.

The second smack was a little harder, and I bit my lip to stop the moan that wanted to break free. Letting my husband hear how much I enjoy my punishment is a surefire way to end my spanking early, and I didn't want that. So I sucked down my sounds of pleasure and waited in silence for the next strike.

Each smack got progressively harder, and my ass jiggled as he made contact. It felt good, though, and as my flesh got warmer and warmer, it got harder for me to keep my excitement to myself. When I felt my juices start to drip out of my pussy, I knew they were going to soak into Richard's pants. And unlike a moan, I couldn't try to hold in my pussy juice. I knew the second my wetness had seeped into my husband's slacks, because his cock twitched against me through his pants. Feeling my excitement had obviously turned him on, and I hoped that meant he would give me what I wanted—what we both wanted—instead of punishing me more and making me wait.



When he fucks me, he usually starts off slow and builds up to a quicker pace, but he was so turned-on by our game that he didn't bother taking his time.

It seemed Richard needed a minute to decide on his course of action, and he continued to spank me as he thought about what to do. His smacks weren't as hard as they had been, but it was enough to keep my arousal up, and with each slap, drops of juice dribbled out of my pussy and onto my husband's pants.

After a half-dozen spanks, it seemed Richard had made up his mind, and he stood up, nearly dropping me to the floor. He acted quickly to catch me, however, immediately helping me to my feet and then getting me onto the bed. He left my handcuffs in place and positioned me facedown on my knees. I propped myself up on my shoulder and looked back at him as he shed his clothes with record speed.

As he stripped out of his pants, his rock-hard cock sprung up and bobbed several times before he grabbed it and aimed it at my pussy. He started to push into me, then stopped and looked at me. "You're not to climax until I tell you it's okay," he said. "After your behavior, you're lucky I'm going to let you come at all."

"Yes, sir," I said, knowing I'd have to try hard to make sure I didn't come before I was supposed to.

Richard started to thrust into

my pussy, his hips slapping against mine as he did. When he fucks me, he usually starts off slow and builds up to a quicker pace, but he was so turned-on by our game that he didn't bother taking his time. He started off with deep, rapid strokes, and as he got closer to his orgasm, I felt his dick begin to throb. The closer he got, though, the more aroused I became, and when he felt my pussy get wetter and start to clench around his cock, he pulled back and forced me to calm down. He reminded me that he was going to come first, and if I wanted him to let me come, too, I'd better pull myself together.

When my breathing returned to normal, he pushed into me again. I tried to control my urge to climax, and I let Richard pound into me at full force as he tried to get off. He was so excited that it only took him another minute of thrusting before he came. He didn't stop moving until he was spent, and then he finally allowed me to come, reaching under my body and fingering my clit until I exploded.

Only after I came did he uncuff my wrists, and I rolled onto my side. Richard joined me a minute later, curling up next to me for a nap. Our game was over—at least for a little while.—L.T., Colorado



■ Spanks for the Memories

When an invite to a fetish party found its way into my email, I was curious. I had no idea how I'd ended up on the mailing list, but since I've always had a thing for kinky sex and dominant women, I figured I'd check it out. On the night of the party, I dressed in all black, like the invite suggested, and made my way downtown.

After I paid the \$10 admission at the door, I was greeted by what looked like a wet dream come to life. The club was small, but there had to be a dozen women wandering around in leather and latex. Some were whipping and spanking the more daring partygoers, while a few were standing around talking, and one was leading a man around by a leash. I studied the dominatrixes for a moment, watching them do their thing, and then took a moment to look around at the rest of the club. Most of the people there, men and women, looked pretty average, dressed in mostly black slacks and shirts or dresses. They were milling about, taking in the scenes being played out before them, chatting one another up, and enjoying drinks from the bar.

When I saw a few people wander toward the back of the club and disappear, I followed, and discovered another, bigger room full of more kinky scenes. There was a St. Andrew's cross, and a woman in a short red dress was chained to the X

while a man in a dark button-down shirt and black jeans tickled her all over, making her giggle and squirm. I watched them for a minute, intrigued by their game, then moved on.

I stopped when I spotted a woman spanking a man who was leaning over a chair, his pants pulled down to bare his ass. The woman was older than I am, tall and lean, and had long chestnut hair hanging in waves down her back. She had on loose black slacks, a black corset pushing up her breasts, and a black bow tie around her neck. She was the only woman I'd spotted so far who wasn't wearing a dress or skirt, and when I looked down at her feet, I saw a regular pair of high heels, not the sky-high platform heels a lot of the other women were wearing. She looked comfortable and at ease, and I was drawn to her.

I watched her spank the bare-assed man for ten minutes before she sent him to get her a drink. When she twisted around to pull her hair up, she saw me watching her and made a beeline for me. "Did you see something you liked, honey?" she asked, and even though I wasn't quite sure what I was supposed to do, I nodded and said that I had. "Do you want to know what it feels like?" she asked next, and I couldn't stop myself from blurting out, "Yes!"

She guided me over to the space she'd cleared to play in, had me stand in front of her, and smacked her palm against my ass. It wasn't strong, but even that soft hit, dulled by my pants and boxers, was enough to make my

cock throb with desire. "Harder," I told her, without any prompting, and I heard her chuckle before she hit my ass again with more force. It felt even better that time, and I groaned from the arousal I felt.

I'd been spanked before—in private, by a previous girlfriend who had insisted on fair sex play—but something about being with a stranger and having an audience made it that much hotter. I wanted more.

After the other guy returned with her drink, Jessica—just Jessica, not Lady Jessica or Mistress Jessica—told him to take a break so she could play with me. She took a drink from her beer bottle, then directed me to lean over the back of the chair, spread my legs shoulder-width apart, and hold on to the seat to keep my balance. Then she spanked me in earnest, swatting my ass with her palm, each forceful strike creating a sharp, tingling feeling.

When the smacks got harder, I heard it each time her hand made contact, the loud *thwacks* rising above the rest of the noise in the club, and it turned me on even more. My dick was pushing hard against the front of my pants, and I needed to unzip them to ease the pressure.

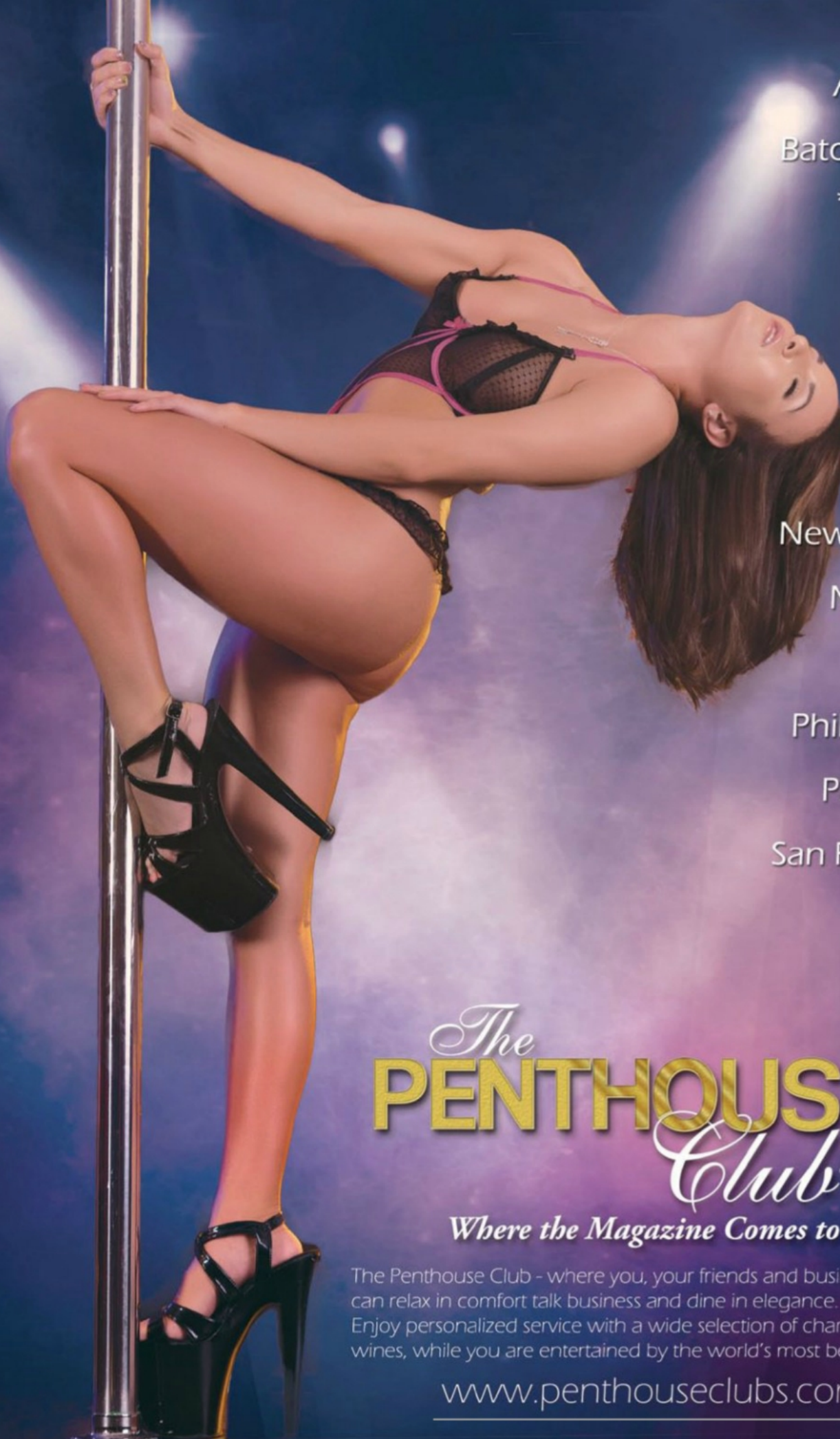
Once my pants were unzipped, Jessica pulled them and my boxers down to smack her palm against my bare ass. It felt intense without my clothes dulling the sensation, and I moaned loudly. Then the next hit came, and I felt my dick throb as the heat spread across my ass cheek. After a few more swats, Jessica picked up the pace, and the smacks came in rapid succession. As soon as I felt her hand pull back, it would land again, and the tingling spreading across my cheeks grew more intense.

By then, my dick was throbbing wildly, and my fingers were clenched tightly to the edge of the chair as I tried to contain my arousal. Jessica spanked me for another minute, delivering another dozen or so swats, and then she stepped back and told me to go cool down. I quickly pulled up my pants and went off in search of the bathroom.

Inside the private little room, I freed my dick once more and jerked off until I came, spewing my load all over my hand. I cleaned up, zipped myself up again, and went to the bar to get a strong drink. Then I started walking around the club again, looking to see what other trouble I could get into.—

A.K., Pennsylvania

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Date Night

Jason's hands came up to cup my breasts through my shirt as I ground against him. We'd made it as far as the couch, and I wasn't about to stop him so we could relocate. Instead, I helped him along, reaching down to pull my shirt up over my head. He made quick work of my bra, and then his long fingers began kneading my bare breasts.

I let out a low moan as he pinched and tugged my nipples, lifting my breasts. He knows how sensitive my tits are, and he leaned in to suck on them, pulling a nipple between his teeth and then soothing it with laps from his broad tongue. He switched back and forth between the left and the right, and each nip of his teeth or swipe of his tongue made my pussy drip more and more. He was getting aroused, too, and I felt his hard-on pressing against me. I wiggled my hips, grinding my pelvis against his, and got his attention. As much as I was enjoying his interest in my breasts, I was horny as hell, and I needed a little more action to get off.

I moved off his lap so I could take off my pants, and Jason followed suit. His cock was rock-hard, and he quickly took his seat on the sofa again. He reached out for me, and I let him pull me toward him, straddling his lap, reaching down to hold his cock still

and sliding down until he was fully enveloped. His cock was hot and hard, and I felt it throb inside me as I settled against him.

We kissed passionately, his talented tongue exploring my mouth as I rode him. I pumped myself up and down on his shaft, my ass bouncing against his thighs and my hands pressed tight to his shoulders. Then he started to thrust up into me, his hips jerking up from the couch and slamming against mine. I was close to reaching orgasm. Jason had gotten me so worked up with his titplay that I knew it wouldn't take much more to get me to climax. I wrapped my arms around his back and fucked him harder and faster, my thighs burning from the exertion. I was almost there.

Jason came first, and I felt his cock spasming inside me as he shot his load. I didn't stop moving, though, bouncing on his lap until I felt the telltale tingle that precedes an orgasm. I pumped one, two, three more times, then ground my pussy hard against his pelvis as I finally reached ecstasy.

When we disentangled ourselves, his lap was coated in my juices. He got up and stumbled toward the kitchen to grab some paper towels to clean up with, then came back to the couch to lie down with me. We ended up spending the night on the sofa—again. One of these days, we'll make it all the way to the bedroom.—*L.O., Wisconsin*

On the Prowl

Every once in a while, Amy and I go out to a bar and pick up guys together. Actually, that's not quite right. What we really do is pick up *one* guy together for a threesome. It started in college, when we were both curious about three-way sex and thought it would be fun to experience together, but we enjoyed ourselves so much that we've kept up the tradition.

A few months ago, Amy called me at work and asked if I was free that night. She and her on-again/off-again boyfriend had called it quits, and she wanted to "paint the town" and forget all about him. I was in a bit of a dry spell at the time, so I eagerly agreed. We met at a local pub, one where the guy-to-girl ratio is usually around five to one, and immediately snagged a couple of stools at the bar. Even though we were coming from work, we'd dressed to impress. Amy had on her usual "business-sexy" attire, a tight pencil skirt and fitted white blouse with more than a few buttons undone, while I'd slipped off the leggings I'd been wearing, turning my long, flowy tunic into a super-short dress that showed off all my best assets.

While we sipped our first drinks, Amy filled me in on her guy drama, but as soon as our glasses were empty, we were officially on the prowl. Amy went over to play some songs on the jukebox—and scope out the rest of the room—while I leaned over the bar and ordered more drinks, making sure to send one to the hot guy at the end of the bar. From where he sat, he had a perfect view of my cleavage, and I figured that a drink would get him to approach.

Amy came back a minute later and gave me the rundown on all the hotties in the pub, and I told her about my attempt to lure over the sexy blond. When we turned to see why he hadn't joined us yet, he'd disappeared. Our bartender was back, however, and Amy and I shared a look as he got closer. We'd found our target for the evening. He introduced himself as Matt and told me that he was sorry the blond guy had left without even thanking me for the drink, then said that my next drink was on him. "Don't want you thinking all the guys in this place are assholes," he joked as he poured two more Whiskey Sours.

He kept coming back over as he worked, checking up on us and asking



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He switched back and forth between us, then shot off all over our upturned asses.

what we were doing that night, and finally Amy decided to tell him the truth. "We're looking to get laid," she said in her usual blunt fashion. "Care to help us out?"

He looked between us, then said, "My shift ends in half an hour." I'm not sure if he knew what he'd just agreed to, but if not, I didn't think he'd be upset when he figured it out.

Half an hour later, Matt walked out from behind the bar and we took him to Amy's place. When we told him that we wanted him to be with both of us that night, he smiled wide and told us it would be his pleasure. I was absolutely certain it would be.

To break the ice a bit, Amy and I kissed, putting on a little show for Matt, and he quickly joined us. He had no problem keeping up with us, kissing and caressing both of us while we groped at him and made out with each other. When I tugged at his shirt, he quickly shed it, then helped me out of my dress. Together, we assisted Amy as she shimmied out of her skirt and blouse, and then, when all three of us were in our underwear, we headed for the bedroom.

Amy kissed each of us before pushing us down on her king-size bed, then crawled between us. While Matt removed her panties, I made quick work of her lacy bra, and soon we were both latched on to her breasts, licking and sucking and kissing her firm tits. When Matt closed his eyes to savor a taut nipple, I slipped down between Amy's legs to lap at her moist pussy. And since Matt's cock was right there, too, I reached a hand up the leg of his boxers to stroke his shaft. I continued to lick Amy's cunt and jerk off Matt's dick until I tasted Amy's cream on my tongue

and realized she was coming. Then I moved up and kissed Matt, giving him a taste of my friend's sweet pussy.

Satisfied for the moment, Amy slithered down the bed to lick Matt's cock while he and I made out. When she started to suck him with more enthusiasm, he told me to sit on his face so he could eat my pussy, and I easily straddled his head before lowering my twat to his face. He dove right in, his tongue thrusting in and out of my slit while his lips softly caressed my labia. He was definitely no slouch in the pussy-eating department, and he had me screaming out loudly in no time, my heart racing and legs shaking as I reached an explosive climax. He didn't get to come, though, since Amy had dropped his dick before he could blow his load down her throat.

A moment later, Amy pulled me down onto the bed and told me to get on my hands and knees next to her. Then she told Matt to fuck us. He started with Amy, and I watched over my shoulder as he slid his cock into her from behind and then pounded her fiercely, their hips slapping loudly. She was panting and gasping, on the verge of an orgasm, when he stopped and switched to me. Just like he'd done with her, he slid balls-deep into my cunt and fucked me forcefully, but before I could reach my climax, he pulled out and went back to Amy.

I don't know how he had the stamina, but he switched back and forth between us three more times, bringing us both right to the edge each time and then backing off before he finally let us come. When he came, at last, he shot off all over our upturned asses.

The three of us headed to the shower next, but by the time we were clean, we were hot and bothered all over again, and we returned to the bedroom for another incredible fuck. By the time Matt left late that night, we were all more than satisfied.—L.T., New Mexico

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■ The Perfect Girl

I had just finished my junior year of college when my parents went on vacation, leaving me alone in the house. Of course I decided to have a wild party, and invited all my friends who were in town for the summer. My parents' house is huge, and right by the beach, so it's the ideal party spot, and everyone was on board to come out for a weekend-long bash.

The person I was most interested in seeing was Gina, a smokin'-hot redhead I met in photography class. She was always flirting with me in the darkroom. I'd wanted to hook up with her since the fall semester, but every time I tried to get some time alone with her, she'd say she was busy or had to go to work. I didn't think she was playing me or anything—every guy I know wants to hit that, and she's apparently too busy for any of us. But I figured that with school out for the summer, she'd have some free time, and maybe things would finally come together.

Gina had to work the day of the party and couldn't make it over to hang out at the beach or barbeque with everyone, but she promised she'd come by after work. I was bummed, but I had plenty of babes and beer to keep me entertained till she showed up.

Finally, after midnight, my phone buzzed with a text from Gina saying she was almost at my place. The party was still raging, so I told her she'd have no trouble finding the house. Ten minutes later, she walked in the door, looking hotter than ever. She

must've changed after work, because she was wearing a tiny tank top and skimpy cutoff jean shorts, and I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra or panties underneath. I had a feeling my chances of getting lucky had just improved exponentially.

I grabbed a couple of beers from the fridge and handed one to Gina, who chugged half of it down in one go. I clinked my bottle with hers, then took her out to the garage, where most of my friends were hanging out playing beer pong. A couple of guys were finishing up a game, and Gina suggested we play the winners. Damn! A girl who looked like that who could chug a beer and wanted to play drinking games? She was even hotter than I'd realized!

We dominated the game for a while, mostly because of Gina's skills. I didn't mind that she was totally showing me up, though, because every time she wanted to guide one of my throws, she'd press her tits up against my back and whisper in my ear to direct me. I was more worried I'd fuckin' come in my shorts than I was about the damn game. At one point, I was so distracted that I missed all the cups completely and threw the ball right out the garage door. Gina, who was still pressed up against my back, bit my earlobe and whispered, "Bad boy," her hot breath caressing my neck while her hand reached down and smacked my ass. Fuck!

Deciding there was no chance of finding the missing ball in the dark, and having no backup, we ended the game, and Gina told me she thought I needed to do a shot since I'd fucked up. I let her drag me back to

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She said, "I like it hard," so I banged into her like a jackhammer.


lay there, she stripped out of her tank and shorts. She looked exactly as trim and toned as I'd expected, her small, perky breasts set high on her chest, and a delicate landing strip leading down between her firm, tan thighs. Smokin' hot!

She told me to "take it all off," and I hurried to peel off my T-shirt while she tugged my trunks off in one swift movement. Then she got on the bed and lay down before pulling me on top of her. She immediately spread her legs, making me fall right into place. I grabbed a condom from the nightstand and slipped it on, and she said she wanted to get right to it.

She was so wet that I slid right in, and once she'd had a few seconds to adjust to being penetrated, she said, "I like it hard." I made sure to give her exactly what she wanted. I banged into her like a jackhammer, holding myself up on my arms, keeping my weight off her, while I pounded her pussy as hard as I could. She grabbed my ass to guide my thrusts some, pulling me deeper when she wanted or slowing me down a bit now and then, her fingers digging into my flesh and driving me wild.

A couple of times she stopped me so we could change position, doing it with me spooning behind her, then with me on my knees and her legs up over my shoulders, and she came in each position. I wanted to fuck her all night just to see how many times I could get her off, but I wasn't going to last that long. After her third orgasm, I finally gave in and blew my load. She pulled me down to kiss me as jets of come shot into the rubber, and she didn't push me off her until her pussy had completely drained my balls.

Gina spent the rest of the weekend with me, and we made all the fantasies I'd had about her during the year come to life. It was the hottest fucking thing ever!

She's still really busy with work, but we hook up every couple of weeks for a date and a wild night of fucking. And in the fall, we're signing up for the advanced photography class, which comes with a key to the darkroom. I can't wait to screw her in the place where it all started!—*N.B., South Carolina* 

the kitchen, where all the liquor was stashed, and watched as she poured two overflowing shots of tequila. She handed me a glass and took one herself, and once I'd downed my shot, she did hers. Then she grabbed the front of my T-shirt, pulled me to her, and planted one on me.

When we'd done self-portraits in class, I'd noticed how plump and kissable Gina's lips looked. Now, with her mouth pressed against mine and her tongue pushing between my lips, I knew exactly how kissable they were. The girl was a fuckin' pro. Her lips moved with mine while her tongue stroked mine, and it was a thousand times better than any of the fantasies I'd had of making out with her.

I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her against my chest, letting my hand slip under her shirt to caress her back, then lowering it to her tight ass. She pulled away about a second after I did that and asked, "Where's your room?" I pointed upstairs, still too dumbstruck to speak, and she said, "Show me."

I raced up the stairs, pulling Gina behind me, and threw open the door to my bedroom to guide her inside. She took a second to look around, as if she were really interested in what it looked like, then she slammed the door and led me over to my bed. Damn, the girl was feisty. Then, while I

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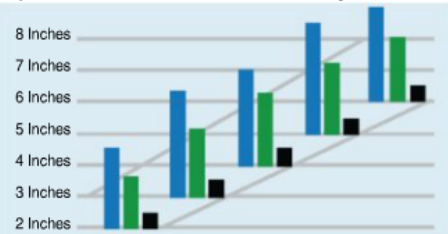
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She *Is* Rock'n' Roll

After her teen-girl band the Runaways fell apart, Joan Jett didn't miss a beat: She formed the Blackhearts, asked if you wanted to touch her there (oh, yeah!), and shoved her bad reputation in your face.


By Eric Danville

When the Runaways first hit the scene in the mid-seventies, no one predicted that 16-year-old rhythm-guitarist/songwriter/singer Joan Jett would become one of rock's big stars—certainly not music critic Rick Johnson, who famously started his *Creem* review of their album *Queens of Noise* with the line “These bitches suck.” Jett (née Joan Marie Larkin), who'd been raised on a glammy diet of T. Rex, David Bowie, and Suzi Quatro, *did* become a star, moving millions of records, selling out shows around

the world, and recording the anthem “I Love Rock 'n' Roll.” She not only made it cool for girls to rock, she made it *possible*, inspiring a generation of Joan clones who dyed their hair Jett-black, picked up guitars, and went on to form dozens of postmodern riot-grrrl bands, including Bikini Kill, Bratmobile, and Sleater-Kinney (so

“[Joan Jett] did what I did in such a crazier way. I mean, girls then weren't supposed to wear leather pants and, like, fucking rock out. And she did.”—Miley Cyrus

yeah, in a way you can thank Jett for Carrie Brownstein's *Portlandia*, too).

Almost 40 years down the line, 55-year-old Jett is still kicking ass. When she's not on the road, she's strutting her stuff during Fashion Week, fronting Nirvana at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and becoming the first chick to earn *Revolver* magazine's Golden God award. Alice Cooper once said, “[Joan Jett has] never compromised who she is. She's a rocker through and through.” He should know. If that endorsement from Cooper doesn't make her a badass, we don't know what does. 



Jett is still rocking hard—and still rocking the skintight leather pants.

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