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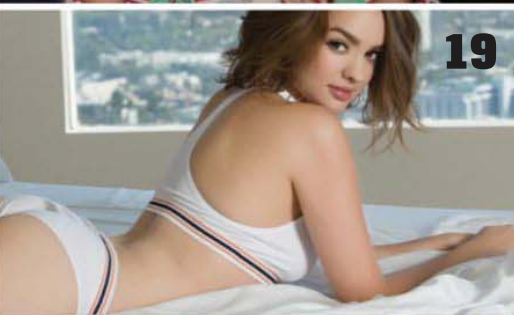
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53

SUMMER KNIGHT



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HI READERS!

FIRSTLY thank you so, so much to those of you who voted for me to be this year's Aussie Babe winner! It's so exciting to be your February cover girl and it means so much to me to have your support, thank you!

A little bit about me, I'm Summer Knight, I'm actually from Liverpool, England and I've been in Sydney for the past three years. I'm an escort and porn performer, so pretty much pursuing any career that means more time in bed and less time in clothes. 2016 was a huge year for me - I won best New Female Porn Actress in Australia at the Australian Adult Industry Awards and Best BJ too! Followed by receiving the exciting news in December that I'd won the Aussie Babes comp. You certainly know how to make me feel welcome in Aus!

It was really great to meet so many of my voters at Sexpo in Melbourne. I really loved sharing virtual reality porn with you in collaboration with Light Southern and Velvet Reality. You've inspired me to take on my own stall at Sexpo in Brisbane 2017 so I can't wait to meet even more of you there!

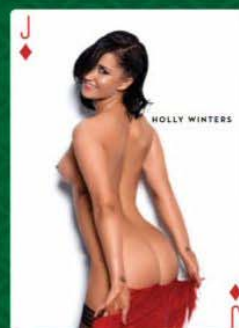
I really hope that you enjoy my photos. Valentine's Day is one of my favourite days of the year so it's even more exciting to be stripping off and showing all for Black Label's Valentine's Day edition! I hope you all have great Valentine's Day sex this year and if you're single, why not take your favourite escort out on a sexy date!

Summer
Knight

SUMMER KNIGHT,
COVERGIRL



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EVENT PLANNER

PENDULUM AT OUR SECRET SPOT

JAN 17

Sydney

Swing both ways? Bat for both teams? Curious about a little encounter of the same sex kind? Get your bi on at Our Secret Spot and By the Bi's 'Pendulum' party. Mingle with other curious folk, watch sexy scenes from the comfort of a couch or get involved. oursecretspot.com.au

MASQUERADE PARTY AT OUR SECRET SPOT

JAN 21

Sydney

If anonymity is an aphrodisiac for you, head along to Our Secret Spot's Masquerade Party for an evening of masked naughtiness. Hide your identity with a sexy mask or borrow one from Our Secret Spot.

WONDERLUST

JAN 21

Wollongong

Don't be bored with the ordinary... go to a play party full of wonder. Wonderlust features private parking, private playrooms, open play areas (including an outdoor area) and a spa. Wonderlust parties are a great alternative to clubs and will change your perspective on swingers clubs. Email wonderlustparties@gmail.com or visit adultmatchmaker.com.au

50 SHADES OF RED

FEB 18

Sydney

Let your inner deviant shine at Red Heavens '50 Shades of Red' Valentines event. Be lured into a world of mischief while dancing the night away with international DJs and sexy strangers. Visit redheaven.net

MISS FEBRUARY TARA FOXXX FROM THE BLACK LABEL CALENDAR



ANGELS & DEMONS

MAR 3

Sydney

Step into the erotic, sexually charged world that is Angels & Demons and unleash your desires. Enter the stunning artist designed entrance of this purpose built swingers club in Sydney and you'll find the upstairs level is eclectic and decadent and you can socialise and ease into the night. The sexy play is only limited by your imagination. couplesclub.com.au

CHATEAU VINO

MAR 11

Gold Coast

Since 2011 swingers from all parts of Australia have been heading to Chateau Vino Swingers Club on the Gold Coast to meet, party and play. Their annual Leather & Lace Party promises to be a night of pure temptation with guests dressed to titillate and tease. New couples will find the club relaxing with a great nightclub atmosphere where you can socialise with other guests before the sexualising fun. Saturday nights are strictly couples & ladies only. chateauvino.com.au

*Want to see your event here?
Email amie@phpublications.com*



1 TOP

TOYS FOR VALENTINES'



1 TIANI 3 BY LELO

Tiani 3 is the new couple's massager, worn by women when making love. The powerful vibrations provide targeted sensations to the clitoris, while the smooth silicone design gives ultimate vibration pleasure to the male. Waterproof and rechargeable. Tiani 3 is the go-to LELO design for sharing orgasms with your partner. thelevator.boutique

2 ROSEBUD BUTT PLUG

Mostly worn by women, this exquisite personal pleasure accessory is a beautiful piece of body jewellery worn for bedroom play. Small in size therefore suitable for beginners or for those who wish to adorn themselves for their pleasure and their lover's pleasure this product makes a great Valentine's Day present. thelevator.boutique

3 PULSE II BY HOT OCTOPUSS

The next generation in male sex toys, the Pulse by Hot Octopus is a revolutionary toy for couples. Extremely versatile, it can be used as a massager or as a fantastic hands-free addition to foreplay. This male stimulator uses oscillations to stimulate which sets it apart from any other male toys. Happy February 14th! thelevator.boutique

4 210TH EROTIC BOX RANGE

The 210th range offers an exclusive line of beautifully designed erotic gift boxes, offering you and your partner scintillating challenges with luxurious erotic accessories. Each stylish 210th erotic box offers you and your partner all the ingredients to provide each other the right dose of attention, passion, intimacy and communication. thelevator.boutique

5 HEDONISM II

Screw the roses this Valentines Day and spend it getting frisky in the Caribbean instead. Located in Jamaica, Hedonism II is a sensual and liberating environment where nudity is encouraged and anything goes. Head along from February 11-18, 2017 to take advantage of their Valentines program. Why not? hedonism.com



6



7



8



9



10

6 HOT ROCKS

Get your partners rocks off by scooping up a handful of these smooth pebbles and treating them to a sensual massage. Heat the stones in a pan of water and bring them to the boil. Remove the rocks and treat your lover to a sensual massage by rubbing the warm stones up and down their body. lovehoney.com.au

7 EASY RESTRAINTS

You don't need a dungeon or mad rope skills to get a little kinky in the bedroom. Flip the straps over the door, slam it shut and voila – your lover won't be going anywhere except to Pleasure Town. The only issue with these restraints is deciding what you're going to do to your partner once you have them restrained. lovehoney.com.au

8 BIJOUX BODY PAINT

Paint your playmate this Valentines Day and turn them into a work of art with Bijoux's body paints. Have them lay back while you drizzle, pour and paint delicious liquids over their naked body before cleaning up your mess (with your mouth, obviously). With flavours like Butter Caramel and Frozen Yoghurt, V-Day never tasted so good. maxblack.com.au

9 HELLO TOUCH

Jimmyjane's Hello Touch might look like a Fitbit for your fingers but trust us, it feels better than it looks. The "fingerpods" provide vibration, allowing you to have a more intuitive experience than a traditional vibrator during sex. Bump up the power if you need a little extra buzz in the bedroom. jimmyjane.net.au

10 'GEORGE' COCK RING

From Coco de Mer comes the Ferrari of cockrings. This bad boy features 12 speeds and 8 patterns that offer transformative stimulation for both of you. Besides guaranteeing to prolong your stamina (as if that wasn't enough incentive to get one), it also comes with a stylish leather storage case and USB charger. coco-de-mer.com

ADVICE

THINK DIRTY ASK AMIE

GOT a sexual and relationship dilemma that needs solving? No topics are off limits. Ask Amie from Think Dirty at amie@phpublications.com

Q: My man loves going down on me but the problem is that... he's just not that good at it and while he's enthusiastic, he uses his teeth too much. How can I give him direction without killing his confidence?

A: Ouch! Enthusiasm is clearly not the problem here – communication is. While your man's mouth is getting busy on you, use yours to direct him. Give him directions as to what you like in the moment - 'down, up, to the left', etc. If what you really want to say is, "Can you not grate my clit off with your teeth please", disguise your instruction with a compliment. Tell him it drives you crazy when he teases you with his tongue. If words aren't your thing, take control and show him how you like it – grip his hair or head and use his mouth as your own personal sex toy...

Q: I was having some solo time the other day in bed with a new toy and I'm pretty sure I squirted for the first time. Or pissed myself. I'm not sure. Help!

A: Welcome to the club! I'm not saying you didn't piss yourself but it's more likely that you've actually squirted. Good job! Besides the fact that squirting does not feel like peeing, any squirter will tell you that squirt doesn't smell, taste, have the texture of or look like pee. If we're getting technical, female ejaculation *could* possibly be the fluid that pee is mostly made of, but that doesn't make it pee. We live in a world where male orgasms are encouraged but females aren't. Relax, enjoy yourself and revel in the variety of orgasms you are capable of experiencing. Happy squirting!

Q: My wife is always telling me she wishes I was more spontaneous in the bedroom. How can I be more spontaneous?

A: Unfortunately I can't tell you what gets your wife going. Think about what she likes and then give it an element of surprise. Show up her work for a lunchtime quickie or while she's taking her morning shower. If she loves a massage, blindfold her, peel her clothes off her and have her lie down on the bed before you give her a luxurious full body massage. If I was you, I'd sit down with her and have a chat about what she likes and what she's curious to explore. This will definitely give you some tips for creating some future spontaneous heat.

Q: What happens at a swingers party? My girlfriend and I want to check one out but we've never done anything like this before.

A: I would say you should definitely check out a swingers club if you are both up for it. They're a great, private place to have fun, watch others have fun and if you're lucky, have fun with others... There is never ANY pressure to be involved and you shouldn't expect a free-for-all either. I would recommend you check out Our Secret Spot in Darlinghurst. OSS holds a number of themed events and workshops each month and is a great space for curious and experienced like-minded couples. Visit oursecretspot.com.au

Follow me on Twitter: [@_thinkdirty_](https://twitter.com/_thinkdirty_)

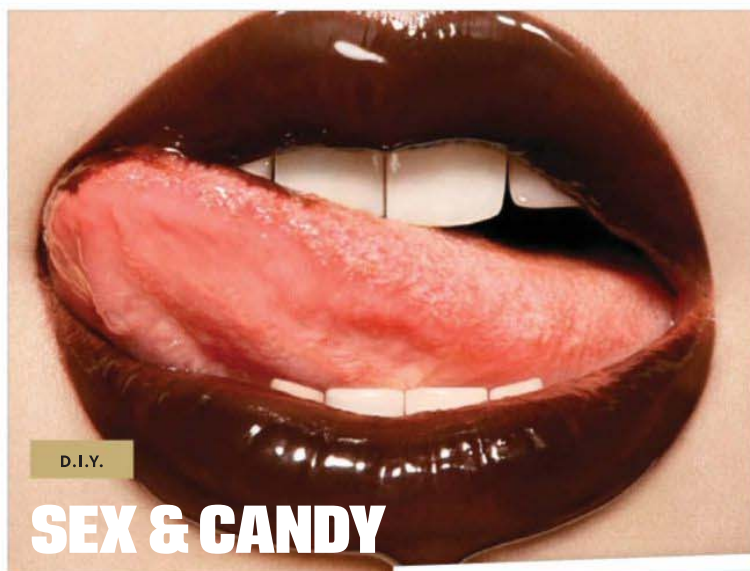


REVIEW

210TH EROTIC BOX

Let's face it, there are nights when you just fuck and then there's those special nights which bring you closer together. Ones where you completely take the time to invest in each other's pleasure with the right doses of attention, passion, intimacy and communication. It was time for that date night. I had the ambient lighting and lingerie sorted but wanted something to really value add to the night of passion ahead, so I decided to purchase a 210th Erotic Box. I was not disappointed. From the beautifully designed gift box, to the black luxurious envelopes with scintillating challenges and a number of quality sex toys, the 210th Erotic Box is a must have couples item for Valentine's Day.

Review by theelevatorsboutique



SEX & CANDY

FORGET oysters, champagne and whipped cream... fewer things go better together than chocolate and sex. There's a reason chocolate body paint is unavoidable at sex shops and that's because when used correctly, it's a damn good time. Heat it up and drizzle it over nipples, paint words onto flesh before licking them off and use it lieu of massage oil for an erotic cacao body slide. It's like a gentle candle wax... that you can eat.

Here's a few tips for satisfying your sweet tooth:

IT'S HOT: Chocolate body paint needs to be warmed up to be of any use. It seems a pretty obvious one, but make sure you give the chocolate sufficient time to cool down before pouring it onto flesh. Nothing kills the mood quicker than third degree burns. Not hot.

PICK YOUR TOOLS: Most chocolate body paints come with a brush for painting it on your human canvas, but I prefer getting creative. Fingers, sponges, feathers and tongues all make great applicators. Avoid the temptation to dip your penis into the jar and use it as a brush though. Just no.

IT'S MESSY: When it comes to playing around with liquified chocolate, be prepared to get messy... it's part of the fun afterall. Ditch the fancy sheets and opt for something that you

MAKE YOUR OWN!

INGREDIENTS:

- > 6 TABLESPOONS OF RAW CACAO POWDER
- > 6 TABLESPOONS OF WATER
- > 6 TABLESPOONS OF BUTTER
- > 6 TABLESPOONS OF GOLDEN CASTER SUGAR
- > A GOOD PINCH OF SEA SALT
- > A SMALL JAR

Throw all of the ingredients in a saucepan and heat while stirring. Once everything has melted together, remove from the heat and pour into a glass jar. Let it cool before using. Store in the fridge for up to a week. To reuse, simply pour the chocolate back into a pan and reheat.

don't mind a stray splash of chocolate hitting in the moment.

PRIVACY: Make sure you're alone when you play. The last thing you want is to be walked in on by a roommate, family member or child while you're in the midst of painting on the target.

DON'T BE A CHEAP ARSE: There's a lot of nasty tasting body paint out there. Splurge and get the good stuff instead of some cheap shit chemical death in a bottle. Loads of delicious variations exist. Check out the Bijoux body paints that we feature in our Top 10. Yum.



JABBA IS BAD SANTA

BAD SANTA LAUNCH

Who says Christmas is just for kids? Penthouse rolled out the black carpet in Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne with private pre-screenings of Billy Bob Thornton's *Bad Santa 2*. Flanked by some of Australia's sexiest elves, we rubbed shoulders with fans over four big nights. Truth be told Santa, 2016 has been a great year for Black Label... but we're definitely on the naughty list! Woohoo!

PHOTOS: AMIE WEE



SASH-ART OF TEASE



ISABELLE DELTORE & ASHTON AVENUE



FLANKED BY THE LOVELY LACEY & MILEY FROM ART OF TEASE



ANGELA AND BRADFORD (BY THE BI)



LANA JADE AND FRIENDS



SYD ELVES-UTOPIA ENTERTAINMENT



BRIS ELVES - FEMME FATALE





GIVE ME MOORE

MARY MOORE IS THE PERFECT REASON
TO SPEND A WEEKEND IN BED















THE
TASTE
OF
SUCCESS



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PENTHOUSEWINE.COM



WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

IT'S JUST AN EXPRESSION!

A YOUNG Vietnamese couple ended up in the hospital after attempting to have sex for the first time using a plastic bag as a condom.

The unnamed students were too shy to buy condoms, and, reportedly, the boy believed that using a plastic bag would be just as effective. Things didn't go as planned, however, and both suffered genital lesions, abrasions, and bleeding.

Nguyen The Luong, deputy director of Hanoi Kidney Hospital where the students were treated, told the local press that the pair are recovering with the help of antibiotics and "disinfectants."

He went on to say that using plastic bags as contraception is a

terrible idea; they provide no protection from STIs or pregnancy and can cause vaginal tearing, since the bags have no elasticity or lubrication.

A recent study by the Medical University of Hanoi and Hanoi Medical College found that of the nearly 3,000 students surveyed, only 16 percent claimed to have had sex, and a third of them didn't use condoms their first time.

The study also found approximately 25 percent of Vietnamese students are too embarrassed to buy protection. Hopefully this incident, which has garnered worldwide attention, will convince at least some of them to get the fuck over it.

EXCUSE ME, OFFICERS, HAVE YOU SEEN MY COCAINE?

THIS past September, a Seattle man was taken into custody after asking local police if they had come across his missing briefcase full of cocaine.

According to Seattle police, Officer Doug Jorgenson was directing traffic when a man approached him and handed over a briefcase. The man said he'd been out walking his dog when another man stopped to pet the dog. When he walked away, he left his briefcase behind.

Hoping to discover the owner, Jorgenson opened the case and discovered 154 grams of cocaine,

a cellphone, a scale, 50 diazepam pills, some marijuana, and the ID of the 19-year-old briefcase owner.

Not long after the case was turned in, a man approached a group of police officers outside a Seattle Seahawks game and asked if they'd come across it.

Officers said the man told them, "It contained some important paperwork and he really needed it back."

Police later arrested the man for possession of narcotics with intent to sell.



ISTOCK / MARK WRAGG / JOE CIOK



RACK TO THE FUTURE

FOR centuries, people have tried various ways of predicting the future — through astronomy, “psychics,” and fortune tellers. But one Chinese man claims to have discovered a new method.

The unnamed gentleman believes he can predict a woman’s future by touching her breasts. The short video, which has had hundreds of thousands of views, depicts the elderly man cupping a young woman’s breast inside her dress. Meanwhile, the woman looks on, somewhat bored, as she rests her head on her fist.

Perhaps this would be a good career change for a certain ex-presidential candidate.



BONER COFFEE

COFFEE lovers can say good-bye to Viagra now that a new coffee called "Stiff Bull" offers an erection that can last days.

Billed as a "relationship saver" on its website, Stiff Bull contains all-natural herbs that "grow wild in the jungles of Malaysia and have been used for centuries by the people of Asia and South America to greatly improve sexual health, libido, and overall wellness."

The company claims drinking Stiff Bull can produce an erection that lasts up to three days, although we're not sure why this is a selling point.

The FDA has urged people to stay

away from the coffee as it contains a "secret ingredient," the Viagra-like drug desmethyl carbodenafil. The drug isn't listed on the coffee's packaging and can be harmful to men suffering from diabetes, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, or heart disease.

The FDA wrote in their advisory, "This undeclared ingredient may interact with nitrates found in some prescription drugs such as nitroglycerine and may lower blood pressure to dangerous levels." The report goes on to warn consumers the coffee could cause a huge drop in blood pressure, leading to dizziness, fainting, blurred vision, and nausea.

SOME PEOPLE REALLY DIG GOD

A MAN in El Salvador has been digging a hole for eighteen years after claiming God told him to do it.

Santiago Sanchez, 69, explained in an interview with Univision journalist Ernesto Rivas that God spoke to him one night and told him to dig a hole. Eighteen years later, Sanchez is still digging, believing what he's doing "is a spiritual revelation from God."

The pensioner has devoted his life to the project, waking at 3 A.M. every morning to commence digging, emerging only to dispose of the dirt and rocks he digs up.

The journalist covering the story admitted he found the going tough when venturing through the tunnel, and had trouble breathing by the time he reached the halfway point, forcing him to return to the surface.

This didn't surprise Sanchez, who said, "Only I am allowed to go to the end because I am God's tunnel digger. Nobody else is allowed to go there."



PRIVATE DICK

A woman from Chicago, identified by her initials, N.P., is suing sex-toy manufacturer Standard Innovation for allegedly spying on her while she used her vibrator.

The sex toy in question, the We-Vibe Rave, is a G-spot stimulator that has smartphone-controlled functionality, enabling people who are not in the same place to exchange messages, participate in video chats, and remotely control the device using the app.

The woman instigating the lawsuit said she used the sex toy a number of times before learning via a Defcon hacking convention talk that Standard Innovation was retaining her personal usage for marketing purposes.

The Canadian company collects data via the app, including when it's running and what the vibration setting is. It was discovered if users registered their email addresses, the company could also obtain their personal information.

Eve-Lynn Rapp, an attorney with the law firm representing N.P., said, "This is one of the more incredible invasions of privacy we've ever dealt with." She explained how the company uses the information to increase the sale of their products, stating, "Given how personal the information is, what the company was doing is inappropriate."

Standard Innovation released a statement stressing they take issues of privacy very seriously and have updated their terms and conditions, giving users the option not to have their...er... data tracked.

MAN BITTEN ON PENIS BY SPIDER – AGAIN

SOME are calling a Sydneysider named Jordan “Australia’s unluckiest man” after he claims to have been bitten by a spider on his penis for the second time in a year.

The 21-year-old said he was first bitten by the infamous redback spider in April when using a port-a-loo on a building site.

Speaking with a local radio station, Jordan, who declined to give his last name, said the first incident left him with a red mark on his penis and turned him off using public toilets. The derision lasted just five months till Jordan used a portable toilet while working on another building site.

“There was a little crevice under the bowl,” he explained, “and you couldn’t lift anything to check. It’s the first time I’ve used a port-a-loo since it happened the first time.”

After being bitten a second time, Jordan was taken to St George hospital where staff remembered him from his first visit.

He was unsure if it was another redback that had bitten him, but claimed the second time was much worse: “The spider got a better shot on it this time. It’s redder, a bit more swollen and hurts a bit more.”



SCIENCE PROVES BEER SNOBS ARE JUST SNOBS

THE craft beer craze of the past decade has created millions of beer snobs, many who are more than happy to lecture you on the difference between a Belgian dark ale and a West Coast IPA.

But it seems they might not actually know what the fuck they’re talking about.

A team of German scientists at the Technische Universität Dresden’s Institute of Food Chemistry have proven that it’s impossible to tell the different chemicals that make up the taste of beer.

The scientists were working on breaking down the components of beer and noted the levels of chemicals varied so much within beer styles of a certain sample,

that there’s no way the human palate can distinguish the small nuances of different beers, such as a lager and a stout.

The scientists collected data by looking at a particular group of chemicals known as Maillard Reaction Products. These compounds are known to give beer its taste and colour, and are released during the brewing process when the grains are roasted and converted into liquid malt.

Publishing their results in the Journal of Agricultural and Food Chemistry, the scientists agreed there are different chemicals that form the taste and colour of a beer, but that these chemicals are so complex the average beer drinker can’t tell the difference.

FALLING IN LOVE

WE’VE all gone to extremes to impress a crush, but nothing like Russian teen Alexander Shadrin.

The love-struck 16-year-old was attempting to impress a girl by climbing over the balcony and hanging by the railing at his apartment building in Novosibirsk, Siberia. Shock of all shocks: Shadrin lost his grip and plunged 230 feet, somehow managing

to land on the roof of the Renault Logan taxi parked below.

Shadrin was reportedly conscious after the fall, suffering a bruised abdomen and lungs, a torn liver and a broken shoulder, but is expected to make a full recovery. The Renault’s roof was crushed and the back window completely smashed.

As a Novosibirsk official stated, “The guy was born under a lucky star.”



ISTOCK / TURNERUSUAL / 4X6

WOULD YOU SWIPE RIGHT ON THIS?



SINCE the introduction of dating apps, the art of meeting people has changed dramatically, to say the least. Of course, one thing that still exists is having to sell yourself to the opposite sex. You must have a profile that exudes confidence and demonstrates how good-looking and financially successful you are, while showing all the personality traits women like, such as sensitivity, humour, and honesty.

This is hard to do with just a handful of photos and a 500-word bio, but we have some inside knowledge that should help you rack up the likes.

Whitney Wolfe, CEO and founder of Bumble — a dating app where women make the first move — gave *Business Insider* tips on what not to include on your profile.

Wolfe says mirror selfies should be discarded: "Just no. They don't come over well. No one likes them." She goes on to say group shots are bad as there's a chance she might like one your friends better, and photos of you posing with other women create more questions than answers.

And lastly, do not post pics of yourself with tigers, or as Wolfe puts it, "enough of the endangered species profile photos."

Happy swiping!



5,000 MILES, TEN DAYS, AND NO CLUE

FORTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Dutchman Alexander Pieter Cirk spent ten days at a waiting room to meet a woman he'd met on a dating app. When she failed to show, Cirk, having flown over 5,000 miles to see her, made the decision to sit tight and wait. And wait.

Over the ensuing days, pictures of Cirk began circulating on social media, until authorities came to the frail Cirk's aid.

Cirk was taken to the hospital as a precaution and remained there for three nights. Both Chinese and Dutch officials declined to say what he was treated for, but were satisfied enough with his condition to let him travel home.

A local TV show tracked down the woman, who was surprised that Cirk had flown all that way to see her, believing he was only joking when he said he'd purchased a plane ticket and would be visiting her.

She claimed she was undergoing plastic surgery when he arrived, missing his messages, but hoped to continue their online relationship.

BATH PD NEEDS A HAND

THE English city of Bath, famous for its historic Roman baths and eighteenth-century Georgian architecture, has become known for something else: severed feet.

Police are investigating after a human foot was found in the garden of one resident's house. This is the third foot found in Bath in the past year.

After a four-month investigation, the previously discovered feet in Weston Park were believed to be anatomical teaching aides.

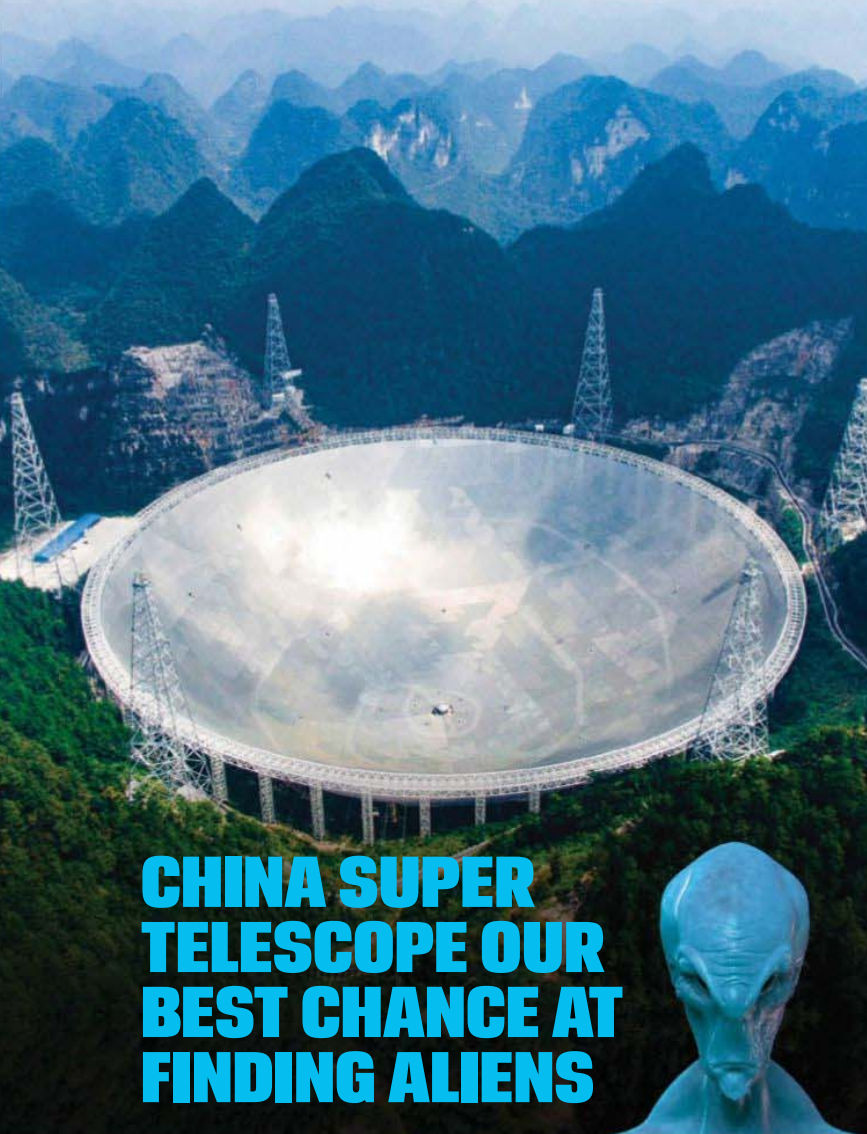
All three feet were discovered near the Royal United Hospital, which is licensed to undertake post-mortem examinations, although the hospital denies any connection.

The latest find, however, still has police puzzled over how the foot ended up in a local's front yard.



They're using specially trained cadaver dogs to search nearby areas for other body parts. However, they don't believe the feet are linked to any criminal activity.

"We are confident no crime has been committed and strongly believe the feet have come from an old private collection," said Temporary Detective Inspector Paul Catton.



CHINA SUPER TELESCOPE OUR BEST CHANCE AT FINDING ALIENS

WHILE Stephen Hawking continues to warn the world against trying to find alien life, the Chinese have plunged head first into the search for extraterrestrial life by turning on FAST, the world's largest radio telescope.

Located in China's Guizhou province, the Chinese have spent the past six years constructing the ginormous Five-hundred-metre Aperture Spherical Telescope known by the acronym, FAST.

Not only is FAST the largest telescope of its kind, measuring 1,640 feet in diameter, but also the most sensitive, with the ability to receive more distant radio signals than any other telescope ever constructed.

The \$180 million project contains over 4,500 individual panels and is roughly the size of 30 soccer pitches. The telescope's field of vision is twice

that of Puerto Rico's famed Arecibo Observatory and is 10 times more sensitive when it comes to picking up signals than the Effelsberg 100-meter Radio Telescope in Germany.

While exciting, the project hasn't come without some controversy, with over 9,110 Chinese citizens forced to relocate from their homes to make room for the giant scientific construction.

Astronomers are excited about the telescope and how the new technology will aid in the search for alien life, and in the process, hopefully reveal more secrets of the universe.

Chinese astronomer Shi Zhicheng said in an interview with the South China Morning Post, "If intelligent aliens exist, the messages that they produced or left behind, if they are being transmitted through space, can be detected and received by FAST."

REAL LIFE BENJAMIN BUTTON IN BANGLADESH

IN a bizarre case of life imitating art, a newborn baby in Bangladesh has an uncanny resemblance to Brad Pitt's character from David Fincher's *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*.

The boy's appearance is very similar to that of Pitt's in the movie adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's classic novel that tells the tale of a baby born as an old man who ages in reverse.

In the story, the mystery of Ben's ageing is unknown. In the real world, however, the reason for the baby's condition is a rare genetic disease known as progeria that causes sufferers to manifest aspects of ageing from a very early age.

Born in Bhulbaria, in Bangladesh's Magura district, the child is somewhat of a local celebrity, with many of the townsfolk flocking to see this anomaly. His parents, however, don't appear too fussed.

Speaking with the local media, they have declared how happy they are to have a child and are not concerned with his looks.

"I am not unhappy, nor do I feel any sorrow that my son is different," the boy's father Biswajit said. "Our first child, Aparna, has taken after her mother. But my boy looks like me, and I am happy."

The child's uncle, Arabindu Mondal was also happy for the birth, saying, "The baby looks old because his father also looks more than his age. I just hope that the baby will lead a long and healthy life."

Unfortunately, those born with progeria, also known as Hutchinson-Gilford Progeria syndrome rarely survive past their teens, with most succumbing to problems related to the disease.



BUSTY MODEL KILLS SNAKE WITH HER BOOBS

FAKE boobs are great. They look fantastic and are a real self-esteem booster, but as one poor snake found out, they can also be deadly.

The reptile in question died from silicon poisoning after sinking its fangs into the breast of Israeli model Orit Fox.

A video of the incident shows Fox, scantily clad and heavily made up, holding the snake as a prop in a shoot. The snake wraps itself around Fox's leg and is behaving itself before the model attempts to lick it, presumably because she thinks men find women licking snakes sexy.

Whatever her reasons, this is where things take a turn for the worse. The snake doesn't take too kindly to being licked and reacts violently, latching onto the model's right breast with its fangs. Fox begins screaming and tries to get the snake to release its grip, but the reptile won't let go.

After a few more seconds the snake finally lets go of Fox's breast as a man approaches to help.

The model appears shaken up by the incident and reportedly needed a tetanus shot but was otherwise unharmed. The same can't be said for the poor snake, which later passed away from silicon poisoning thanks to Fox's fake knockers.

If there're any lessons to be learned here, it's don't bite into fake boobs, and if you are handling a snake, don't try and lick it.

STUDENT AUCTIONING OFF VIRGINITY TO PAY TUITION

A RUSSIAN student is selling her virginity online to help fund her university tuition.

20-year-old Ariana wants to study medicine abroad but cannot afford the tuition. Having tried to raise the money alternative ways, she has settled on selling her virginity as the best option.

"Many students have multiple problems to deal with during their studies," Ariana said. "I want to move to another country for my studies in medicine. The university will be very expensive; the rent will also be high. I want to get the financial burden out of the

way, so I can focus on my medical studies."

Ariana is advertising herself on escort site, Cinderella Escorts, with a description that reads, "Ariana is 100% Virgin. She can't find love before and want to get money for her studies. Buyer can check her virginity from a doctor (sic)."

The initial bid for her virginity starts at 130,500 pounds, with Ariana admitting that her parents are unaware of how she was raising the money, adding she would have no problems telling them either.

STRANGERS HAVING SEX ON COUCH



A TENNESSEE woman got the shock of her life when she discovered two people having sex in her living room.

Returning home from a few days away, Jamie Barnes found her house looted, but even worse; she caught a man and a woman bumping uglies on her couch.

Talking with WREG TV, Barnes said, "It's horrible in there. It's absolutely horrible in there. It's like they just had a big old nasty party. Walk in, and they're having sex on my couch. I pick up my broom; I wanted to hit the man so bad."

Barnes chased the man out of the house, who kept repeating the phrase, "I don't know nothing," while the woman tried to put on one of Barnes' dresses.

"She tried to grab one of my dresses and put it on, and I snatched it from her - 'What are you trying to do?'" Barnes said.

The local police department revealed that thieves took jewellery, appliances, shoes and clothing from Barnes' property, with the estimated value of the items around \$2,000.

The woman found at the scene was charged with aggravated burglary and is being held on \$30,000 bond while the male suspect is still at large.

Barnes has created a GoFundMe account in hopes of raising enough money to replace her stolen items.



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MUSIC

IT'S GETTING HOT IN HERE

EVER since Duran Duran's 1981 hit "Girls On Film" was heavily edited before being allowed on MTV, artists have done all they can to push the boundaries of sex and music. While audiences have since become desensitized to much of what they see on their TV screens, it's still fun to see how we got to where we are now. These are some of our favourite NSFW music-video milestones.

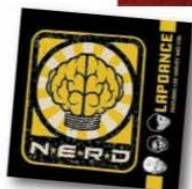
2 LIVE CREW, "POP THAT COOCHIE" (1991)

It might seem tame by today's standards, but in 1991, "Pop That Coochie" caused outrage. The video showed women shaking their booties to the delight of 2LC, intercut with footage of nerdy record execs watching in disgust. It was heavily edited, and 2LC was forced to change the word "pussy" to "coochie." As tame as it now seems, this song paved the way for what's considered commonplace today.



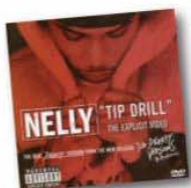
N.E.R.D., "LAPDANCE" (2001)

N.E.R.D.'s first single used sex as an analogy for crooked politicians. Focusing on frontman Pharrell Williams' lounging around with half-naked women in a strip club ("I dare a motherfucker to come in my face"), this one was heavily edited for TV. The original video is quite steamy, with Pharrell's porn star mustache adding another level of dirtiness to the mix.



NELLY, "TIP DRILL" (2003)

At the height of his fame, Nelly delivered a misogynistic sex fantasy that has yet to be topped. Seven glorious minutes of gratuitous boob and arse shots, with Nelly and his crew doing what they do in his



PLACEBO, "PROTÉGE-MOI" (2003)

The French version of Placebo's "Protect Me From What I Want" was released as a single to little fanfare, although the video has become the stuff of legend. Directed by the controversial Gaspar Noé, it was deemed too sexually explicit for its



Placebo's *Protège-moi*

mansion while surrounded by women in tiny bikinis and thongs, shaking their asses. It's remembered fondly for the scene where Nelly swipes his credit card down a woman's ass crack. Without this, Nicki Minaj's "Anaconda" and Jennifer Lopez's "Booty" would never have gotten the green light.

RAMMSTEIN, "PUSSY" (2009)

German rock band Rammstein caused a shit storm with the video to their first German No. 1 single, "Pussy." The song about the sex trade contained lyrics like, "You've got a pussy, I have a dick-ah," featured the band (er, body doubles) engaging in full-blown sex, and ended with each band member ejaculating on their female partner. This one didn't get regular airing on MTV. **i**



FILM

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

2 016 was a fairly average year for blockbuster films. While comic-book and animated movies continued to reign supreme, Hollywood's insistence on reusing old ideas came back to haunt them, with the *Ben-Hur* remake and *Ghostbusters* "reboot" among a handful that bombed at the box office. This isn't a new phenomenon, as films more often than not fail to live up to their hype. As delicious proof, here's a look at some of Hollywood's biggest flops.

> THE 13TH WARRIOR (1999)

Estimated budget: \$160 million

Estimated loss: \$137 million

Based on Michael Crichton's novel *Eaters of the Dead* and starring Antonio Banderas, *The 13th Warrior* is statistically the worst financially performing film of all time. Loosely based on the legend of Beowulf, this flick was the most expensive production at the time of its release. Although a moderate success, grossing over \$60 million, *The 13th Warrior* needed to make three times that amount to break even. Which it obviously didn't.

Critic's review: "The film is fascinating to watch, but I can hardly say what it's about, other than people killing each other." — Jeff Millar, *Houston Chronicle*

> CUTTHROAT ISLAND (1995)

Estimated budget: \$98 million

Estimated loss: \$147 million

Before *Pirates of the Caribbean* made seafaring films box-office gold, director Renny Harlin nearly destroyed the genre with *Cutthroat Island*. The production was besieged with problems from the get-go: Michelle Pfeiffer pulled out and was replaced by Harlin's then-wife, Geena Davis, alongside Michael Douglas. Douglas soon quit after constant script changes and was replaced by poor sap Matthew Modine. It only got worse during shooting, with a cameraman falling from a crane and breaking his leg, staff walking off set, and a tank used for ocean scenes filling with raw



Hudson Hawk

THE PLOT IS RIDICULOUS, THE SCRIPT HUMOURLESS, THE ACTING WOEFUL, AND THE CHEMISTRY BETWEEN WILLIS AND ANDIE MCDOWELL NONEXISTENT

sewage following a pipe burst. The film lasted less than a month in theaters, and stunted the careers of Davis, Modine, and Harlin for over a decade while sending studio Carolco into bankruptcy.

Critic's review: "It takes a two-hour act of will to keep facing the screen during this moribund movie." — Desson Howe, *The Washington Post*

> HUDSON HAWK (1991)

Estimated budget: \$65 million

Estimated loss: \$48 million

Bruce Willis made a name for himself playing the everyman action hero in *Die Hard*, but his role in *Hudson Hawk* almost put the kibosh on his career. Willis played Hawk, a recently paroled cat burglar who spends the film travelling the world stealing priceless da Vinci artifacts while being chased by a wealthy couple, the CIA and the Vatican. If it sounds absurd, it is! The plot is ridiculous, the script humourless, the acting woeful, and the

chemistry between leading man Willis and Andie McDowell nonexistent. It took three years for Willis to regain his credibility with *Pulp Fiction*, and *Hudson Hawk* still stands as his worst feature yet. **Critic's review:** "This unspeakable awful can make an audience a little crazy. You want to throw things, yell at the actors, tell them to stop." — Peter Travers, *Rolling Stone*

> HEAVEN'S GATE (1980)

Estimated budget: \$44 million

Estimated loss: \$114 million

After the success of 1978's Oscar-winning *The Deer Hunter*, the late director Michael Cimino received full creative control for his Western follow-up, *Heaven's Gate*. The film focused on the battle between wealthy landowners and struggling farmers, with country singer turned actor Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken the unlikely leads. Shot entirely on location and going well over budget, the near four-hour epic bombed big time. A shorter cut was eventually re-released but fared even worse. The film put an end to the Western until *Unforgiven* revived the genre in the nineties. Cimino never directed a big-budget epic again, and the loss was the last straw in the death spiral of United Artists.

Critic's review: "It really is a stinker." — Dave Kehr, *Chicago Reader*

*All estimated losses have been adjusted for inflation

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505
GAMES

GAMING

ART ATTACK: THE LAST GUARDIAN

Sony (PS4)

YOU won't fire rocket launchers or carjack anything in *The Last Guardian*, and yet this unconventional adventure has inspired a more fervent fan following during its decade of development than any installment of the *Call of Duty* or *Grand Theft Auto* series. *Guardian* is the latest masterwork of Fumito Ueda, the auteur designer of *Ico* and *Shadow of the Colossus*. When the late film critic Roger Ebert famously declared in 2006 that games could never be art, angry gamers used their middle fingers to boot up *Ico* and *Colossus* as examples of titles that transcended the medium (see below). Both games delivered

deep puzzles, otherworldly landscapes, and AI partners that inspired a real bond. *The Last Guardian* combines all of these elements into an emotional roller coaster that even Ebert might have considered more than just a game.

Guardian's tale unfolds in a curious flashback format, with your main character recounting how he once escaped from a mysterious castle with the help of a titanic half-bird/half-cat beast named Trico. You'll spend the game slowly earning Trico's trust, training it with snacks and plucking out arrows and spears hurled by the castle's guards. You can gauge Trico's mood — from calm to cautious to angry — by watching the colour of his

eyes. Direct Trico with calls and treats to demolish obstacles, activate switches, or just serve as a bridge over bottomless chasms. Eventually you can clamber up Trico's back and ride him à la that hippie kid from *NeverEnding Story* (why did you wait so long to call her fucking name, Bastian?).

Controlling this winged cat-thing can get frustrating — the creature has a mind of its own — but eventually, through training and near-death escapes, your bond will grow so strong that interactions become more instinctive. You'll actually start to care for Trico. That's when *Guardian* starts to play with your emotions. Suddenly, it's the game's turn to push your buttons. 1

MASTERWORKS: FOUR PIECES OF INTERACTIVE ART

> 4 <

ICO (2001, PS2)

This first game from *Guardian* designer Ueda introduces the arty touches — such as sun-soaked visuals and deep inter-character relationships — that would come to define his later titles. Players must help a princess escape a stark castle crawling with grabby shadow monsters.

> 3 <

GRIM FANDANGO (1998, PC)

This classic adventure from beloved LucasArts designer Tim Schafer plays like an art deco fever dream. Its groundbreaking 3D character art lets players solve puzzles just by watching the body language of skeletal chain-smoking hero Manny Calavera, travel agent of the afterlife.

> 2 <

BIOSHOCK (2007, XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

A game about the power of choice, *BioShock* lets players slay their way in an underwater city crawling with Prohibition-era monstrosities and waifish little girls you can either spare or "harvest" for more power. It ends in a shocking twist that choice was just an illusion all along.

> 1 <

SHADOW OF THE COLOSSUS (2005, PS 3)

The Last Guardian's roots show in this immersive adventure. Players clamber up boss monsters that look and shamble like shaggy mountains, seeking weak points to bring them down. Entire books have been written about the artistic merits of this game, considered the Mona Lisa of interactive entertainment.





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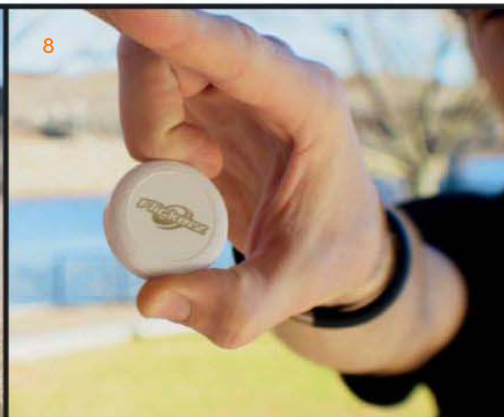
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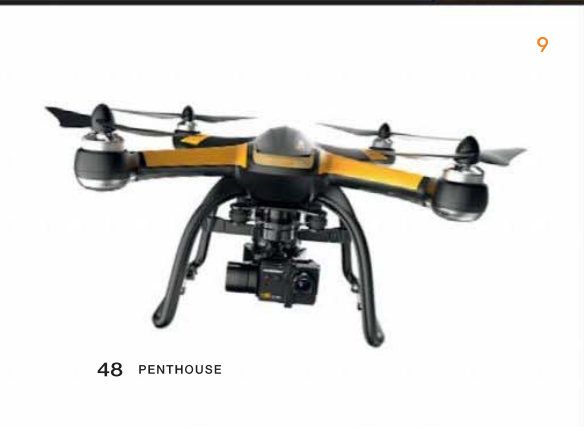
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10

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6 / STAR WARS BB-8 DROID

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CRUSH

SCARLETT JOHANSSON

SCARLETT Johansson's latest role as Major Motoko Kusanagi, a cyborg-human special-ops officer in the upcoming live-action remake of the Japanese manga series *Ghost in the Shell*, has us all a little excited. We caught the trailer — and a look at the actress in a skintight ninja suit and a jet-black bob — during the season-two finale of *Mr. Robot*, and, all criticism of “whitewashing” notwithstanding, the film looks pretty fucking cool.

Yeah, yeah, so she's been named “Sexiest Woman Alive” by *Esquire* — twice. She's also Hollywood's top-grossing actress of all time. But what we love most about the lovely Johansson is her ability to shift so effortlessly between superhero badass (most recently in *Avengers: Age of Ultron*), girl-next-door smarty-pants (in our personal favourite, Sofia Coppola's 2003 film, *Lost in Translation*), and gum-snapping Jersey girl, like in Joseph Gordon-Levitt's 2013 directorial debut, *Don Jon*.

And then there's *that voice*, which was on full display in Spike Jonze's 2013 film, *Her*, in which Johansson played an advanced operating system named Samantha, whose breathy, crackling cadences captivate lonely writer Theodore Twombly (Joaquin Phoenix). Did you know the actress has two studio albums under her belt as well? And, again, *that voice* can be heard (along with the likes of Matthew McConaughey, Reese Witherspoon, and Seth McFarlane) in the upcoming animated musical *Sing*, in which she plays a punk-rock-singing porcupine named Ash.

Of course Johansson has a number of other projects in the works, including the bachelorette-party comedy *Rock That Body*, and reprising her role as Black Widow in the upcoming *Avengers: Infinity War*, due for release in 2018.

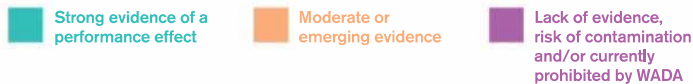
With a workload like that, maybe the 32-year-old mother (of two-year-old daughter Rose, with journalist husband Romain Dauriac) really is a cyborg. Or maybe she's just some sort of genetic freak with the talent, looks, brains, and work ethic that really should put us all to shame. 🍌



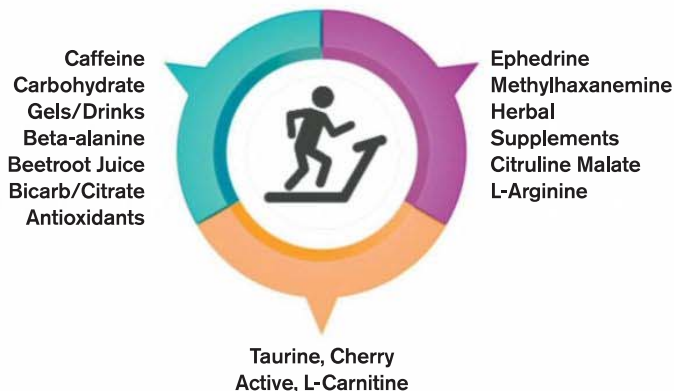
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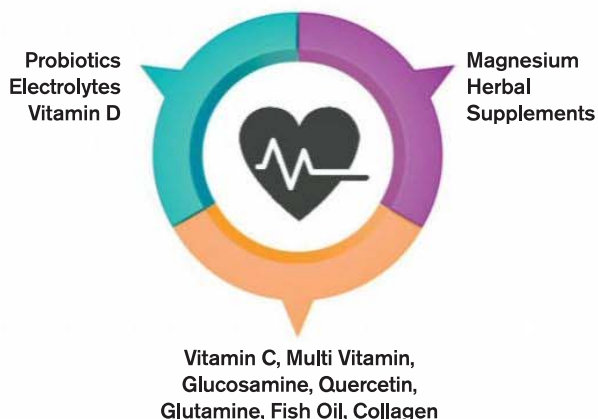
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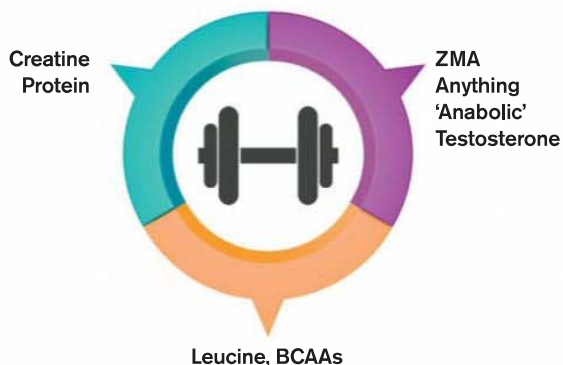
ENDURANCE



HEALTH



STRENGTH/SIZE



NETFLIX BINGE



BOJACK HORSEMAN

Ridiculous in all aspects, BoJack Horseman is good for some hearty laughs at the expense of the commonplace celebrity lifestyle. Let's just say it's a show about horsing around (pun intended).



HOUSE OF CARDS

Kevin Spacey's highly bingeable political series is the grandfather of Netflix original series, and now with four seasons under its belt, it's an absolute edge of seat, binge inducing thriller

PODCASTS

FINAL GAMES

Taking its cue from Desert Island Discs, Final Games puts games industry veterans in a similarly uninhabited but somehow electrically-powered place, and asks them to explain which eight games they'd choose to take with them.

HOWSTUFFWORKS

Stuff You Should Know is a podcast that deals with the fascinating minutia of random topics that will help you start and maintain a conversation wherever you are.

THE RICKY GERVAIS PODCAST

Ricky Gervais doesn't regularly release new episodes of his podcast (he can go four months without a release), but when he does they're always hilarious.



SUMMER FEVER

THERE are few things as synonymous with summer as the smell of sunscreen, mini-skirts, bronze bodies, a salty sea breeze and of course, convertibles. The latter doubling as a sex symbol. Anyone can drive a car, but step into one of these convertibles, and you will step out a man. A recent study revealed that simply driving a fast car will increase your testosterone levels. According to the evolutionary behavioural scientist Gad Saad: "Just put a guy in a Porsche, and his testosterone levels shoot up, whether people watch or not." This biological reaction, according to Saad, is a form of "sexual signalling."





PORSCHE 918 SPYDER

The Porsche 918 Spyder is a mid-engined plug-in hybrid sports car. Translated: more bang for your buck. Ever met a girl who wouldn't get in your car because "it's bad for the environment"? Well, this fucker has a lithium-ion battery pack that delivers an all-electric range of 19km, at which point, hopefully, you've impressed her enough because once the battery drops, it's back to all fuel, baby. And anyway, fuck the environment when you feel and look this good.



FERRARI 458 SPIDER

When it comes to sex appeal, you just can't go past Ferrari. The look, the feel, the heritage, it all adds up to one big fuck you to people who drive conventional cars, and one big "fuck me", as you drive past babes, jaws hanging. Throw in the most awesomely responsive normally aspirated V12 in history, head-turning looks, and you have a panty dropping cocktail, a fitting swansong for high-performance turbo-free engines.



1956 CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE

The Chevrolet Corvette is the first generation of Corvette sports car produced by Chevrolet. Equipped with a 265ci 225hp V8 engine, dual quad carburettor, and 3-speed manual transmission, you'll be hard pressed fitting the hoards of women throwing themselves at you as you cruise by in the 2-door convertible. Never mind, pick one, or, grab a mate, put your foot to the floor and feel that testosterone rise.





1965 AC COBRA

If you are looking for a jaw-dropping powerhouse with looks to kill, this is it. Timeless design, engineering and a V8, 7.0 L engine at 425 bhp should see this 2-door roadster at the top of your "to-buy" list if you ever want to get to the top of her "to-do" list. This thing has balls, and it takes a pair to wrangle this classic American muscle car as you cruise top down in one of the ultimate performance classics.

SUMMER FEVER

1966-1969 ALFA ROMEO SPIDER (DUETTO, VELOCE) SERIES I

It's a classic. What more can you say about the Alfa Romeo Spider? Designed and manufactured by Italian design house Pininfarina, this thing is a rolling testament to the slick roadster. It might not pack a punch like some of the cars we've featured, but it's sophisticated and suave as hell – just like you. Remember, it's not the size of the package, but how you use it.



SO YOU WANT TO BUY?

CARS are bought to be driven, at least that's what most people will tell you.

Buying a mint sportscar, locking it away in an air tight room and keeping it in pristine condition, only to sell 10 years later when all the others have been thrashed is a travesty. Or is it? When you consider the price tag some cars are pulling, it's probably not such a bad idea. The art of collecting cars is in identifying vehicles that will increase in appeal. Factors to take into consideration when looking to buy a car that will appreciate.

1

Limited supply, either by limited manufacture
(i.e. a limited number) or low-volume.

2

Something with some kind of heritage,
no matter how distant.

3

Something which either has a following,
or you believe will do so in the future.

4

Something that is likely to become cheap
enough to be purchased and modified.



2008 AUDI A4 2.0 TDI



3 CARS THAT WILL APPRECIATE IN VALUE

> WHAT: Audi A4/S4, B7 Generation, 2004-2008

> WHY: These cars have a very classic, clean look. They look good and go fast. The Audi brand ties to sportiness is also a draw card.

> HOW MUCH? You'll want to find a clean car with the lowest number of kilometres. A4s are known to soar in price from \$5,000 to \$25,000. Regardless of what you pay, look for something dealer-serviced as Audi's thrive on expert care.

> WHAT: Chevrolet Corvette, C4 Generation, 1984-1996

> WHY: Performance and bang for your buck. The Corvette brand has stood the test of time and will continue to do so. Look for a convertible version of this classic beauty.

> HOW MUCH? Chevy sold more than 350,000 of these adrenaline pumpers. Now they're flooding the used car market, so prices are low. Good ones go for \$8,000, not so good for \$5,000.

> WHAT: Toyota Celica, Seventh Generation, 1999-2006

> WHY: The more powerful GT-S will likely appreciate more because of its sportier image. What you need to look for is a low-mileage, dealer-maintained car – they are out there, available at unbelievably low prices.

> HOW MUCH? You can get the nicest one for \$8000-9,000. Or a nasty one for \$2,000.

CAR GURU

TIPS FROM TONY

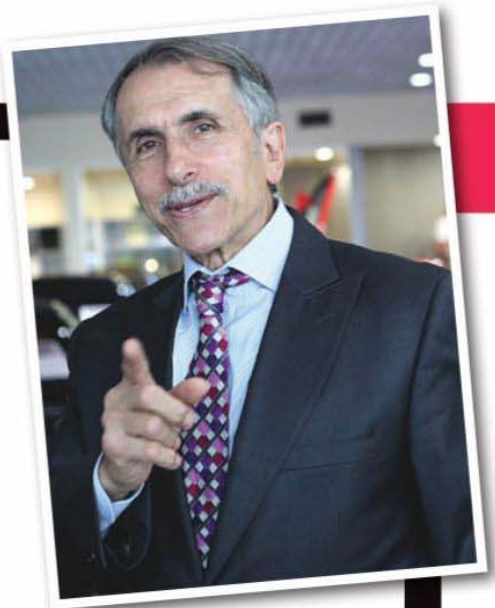
HOT TIPS ON PICKING UP YOUR FIRST RIDE FROM SCUDERIA GRAZIANI

"I can tell you that there's a lot of money going into collectables... it's about passion and if you are able to speculate on your passion, isn't that fantastic? The difference is you can buy \$2 Million in shares – no passion, just digits on a screen – boring. Or you can go home and have 6 or 7 fantastic cars set up – that's passion and you know you'll make money long term because the value of these cars will increase."

1 > What make and model do you want? It's important when investing in a car that you get something you see yourself driving. A Porsche might be a good option if you want

something to drive around the city, or if you want some extra room for the kids, for example. But then again, if you've always dreamt of buying a Ferrari, then follow that instinct.

2 > Look for something that will increase in value. Some cars are instant collector's items. This is because they already have a strong following and the manufacturer may only produce a limited number. A good example of this is the 1972 Ferrari Dino, which increased over 500% in value in the last 5 years, making it a better investment than a house in Sydney (and a lot more fun).



3 > Investing in cars is like investing in art – you can enjoy it aesthetically as well as financially. Think about the cars teenage boys have plastered up on the walls in their rooms. These are the vehicles that increase in value as those same boys seek out their dream car when they're older.



BBQ LIKE A CHAMPION

LEARN TO BARBIE LIKE A KING WITH 30-TIME GRAND PIT MASTER AND
MASTERCHEF AUSTRALIA JUDGE ANDY GRONEMAN

WHEN it comes to the ultimate BBQ, look no further than Yoder Smokers. The American brand, with a handy importer in Adelaide, boasts professional quality with inspirational designs. Just look at the Durango 24.

Whether you're competing at a national competition, or against the guy next door, you can only dream of smoking your meat on 418 square inches of premium grilling shelves. Take Groneman's advice, add new flavour to your meat and be a champion with the tongs.

Andy my man, what are some of the biggest mistakes when it comes to firing up the barbie?

Planning. It's the key to success, and I tend to follow the KISS model – Keep It Simple, Stupid.

Be realistic. If you have 50 mates over for a game, then trying to grill 200 stuffed pepper poppers will only leave you slaving over the grill. Do something simple like a whole Boston butt roast. That way, you can pull it apart and allow guests to make self-service burgers.

Timing. Give yourself time to cook, rest and serve your meat. If you're doing something in volume where you have to constantly open and shut the cooker, you're just robbing heat from the chamber.

What are four basic tips?

1. Run a clean fire with dry well-seasoned wood or charcoal (no soaking chips or chunks in water).
2. Start it right using a chimney or log torch. Don't use lighter fluid.
3. Run a smaller fire to avoid it getting sooty or acrid.
4. Keep your pit closed. If you're looking – you ain't cooking.

Tell me a little about the Durango 24; it looks amazing...is it that good? And how the hell do you use it?

It's a truly amazing pit. Very versatile, and volume for days. You can cook completely indirect in the vertical chamber. Think amazing fish, sausages hung and cured belly for slab bacon. You can also smoke burgers and meatloaf for an extra dimension of flavour, or grill directly over the coal bed in the firebox.

As far as using it, I start with a hot bed of charcoal (2-3 lit chimneys) piled to the rear of the pit. Then I load about 1-2 splits of wood per hour, putting two in the front of the fire box to pre-heat. They will roll onto the fire and light immediately each hour. It keeps the horizontal body about 120° C.

What's the best technological gadget for barbequing?

The number one tool is a good instant thermometer. With products like the Thermopop, Thermo-couple based quick read units are inexpensive and a must.

There are also some very cool new devices that allow access to your cooking info via the internet. Fireboard has full cloud-based data logging of all your cooking sessions, meaning you can look at live data of your BBQ anywhere with an internet connection.

What is your perfect plate of BBQ food?

For me, it's all about the beef – burnt ends with a crispy outside and moist interim. And, if I'm down in your hemisphere, I'll go straight for the pulled Suffolk lamb shoulder. 🍖

WEAPON YOUR WINGS

Use Groneman's favourite wing recipe to give your wings a spicy kick!

INGREDIENTS

- 2kg fresh wings Brine
- 3.5 L water
- 2 cups dark brown sugar
- 1 cup soy sauce
- 1 cup maple syrup (or cane syrup)
- 3/4 cup sea salt
- 8-10 whole cloves garlic, peeled
- 6-8 whole bay leaves
- 3 large sprigs of thyme
- 2 teaspoons whole peppercorns
- 3/4 C Bourbon or Tenn. Whiskey

RUB

Good chile based rub (pick your favourite rub rub)

SAUCE

- 2 Parts honey:
- 1 part Sriracha:
- 1 part clarified butter

DIRECTIONS

1. Trim the tip off the wings and separate drum at the joint.
2. Allow chicken to soak in marinade for one hour.
3. Mix all ingredients of the dry rub in a large bowl or sealable bag. Add the wings and toss to coat evenly.
4. Set grill up with "indirect" treatment; leaving one side of grill open. Place wings on oiled grill grate over coals/fire, and cook for seven minutes.
5. Flip wings and repeat on reverse side. Skin should begin to crisp, and darken as rub caramelises.
6. Once wings reach your desired colour (some like darker than others), move to the open side of the grill.
7. Allow to cook for 15-20 more minutes, or until internal temperature is 75° C (clear juices)
8. If you want a bite through skin, that is soft instead of crispy, place wings in a foil covered pan to finish.



HARDCORE COCKTAILS

WOMEN MAY WANT THEIR MEN TALL AND SLIM, BUT A REAL MAN'S DRINK SHOULD BE SHORT AND STRONG

THERE'S nothing worse than a cocktail list that doesn't specify the glasses. Tension mounts when you're scouring down the list, unsure if your beverage is going to come in a dainty martini glass or something a little more boisterous. Fear not, there are four staple cocktails that have stood the test of time and offer punchy alcohol, exquisite taste and most importantly; they all come served in a proper rocks glass. Cheers to that.

> Black Russian

Espresso martinis are taking over, but you can't forget where they stemmed from. Proportions are flexible depending on taste but for the vintage method, mix two parts Kahlua with double the vodka and ice. Use Sky Vodka to reach cloud nine.

> Old Fashioned

Nothing fancy but a fresh and sharp taste with the best ingredient for any cocktail – whisky. Combine two parts Jim Bean with three parts Angostura, sugar cubes, ice, cherry and orange peel. Adding soda water reduces the count of hairs on your chest, but it is an option.

> Godfather

A classic cocktail enjoyed since the 1970's. Modern brands such as Jack Daniel and Disaronno cause an epic infusion when combined with ice. Match two parts Jack with two parts of the Italian liquor, add ice and a twist of lemon. Strong, sweet, bliss.

> Tom Collins

Historically it's topped up with soda water and served in a long glass, but to the real men that's just called watering it down. Stick two part Bombay Sapphire with half a lemon, a teaspoon of sugar, ice and just a dash of soda water. ①



GODFATHER

BLACK RUSSIAN



TOM COLLINS



OLD FASHIONED



OPPOSITES ATTRACT

WHETHER YOU'RE A FAN OF BLONDES OR
BRUNETTES, RILEY & GEORGIA'S SHOOT HAS
SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE















YOUR 2016 AUSSIE BABE WINNER!

ENGLISH ROSE SUMMER KNIGHT IN FULL BLOOM

Congratulations on winning our 2016 Aussie Babes competition, Summer! Looks like the English Rose has found a home in Australia?

I'm so honoured and excited to win! I really do love it here and I hope that I'm here to stay.

We're lucky to have you! I hear Sexpo Melbourne was great for your fan base?

Yes! Sexpo was a lot of fun and it was great to meet so many of my voters face to face! Thank you to all of you who came to meet me and voted for me in the Aussie Babes competition, and thanks to those who I haven't had the pleasure to meet yet. I'm excited to be attending my first Brisbane Sexpo in 2017 so I hope to meet even more of you there.

As a porn performer, how do you think the Aussie porn industry differs to the rest of the world?

I really love the emphasis in the Australian porn industry of a more realistic depiction of sex and of female pleasure. I also like that it's a relatively small industry here, so we mostly know each other. That means I get to fuck my friends and have a lot of input in planning my scenes, deciding who I work with and what type of scenes they are.

Do you prefer shooting photography or film?

Oh, they're both so different and I love both in different ways. They don't even really compare to be honest. Being filmed having sex feels deliciously naughty and I get turned on. Modelling is totally different and I don't get turned on but it's super fun. I love getting all dressed up, being the centre of attention and then pretending to be way more sexy and glamorous than I am in real life. It feels more like acting than filming porn does actually. With modelling I get to pretend I'm some ultra-sexual character like Jessica Rabbit, whereas in porn, I'm probably more myself.

Do you think your fast growing fan base coming from your escorting or porn career? How do your fans differ?

I think it's both, I have fans all over the world now who write to me about porn, but most of them say they would book me in a heartbeat if I was touring near them. Then a lot of my escort clients in Australia start watching my porn because I'm in it, or have booked me because they saw me in videos previously. I also get a lot of people who follow me on social media just for the banter and to hear my opinions.

So now you have won "Best new Pornstar" and "Best BJ" at the Australian Adult Industry Awards this year, what's the next goal?

I'm currently in the process of getting my own porn site up and running. I've already found a great team and we're aiming to launch in 2017.


Describe your ideal booking scenario?

An ideal booking is one that I can relax and enjoy too! If a client is polite and clean, I'm happy. I really enjoy meeting people and learning about so many different types of people and their lives. A quick fuck can be a lot of fun but if a client has time to take me out for dinner and spend some time chatting and getting to know each other, even better. That way it feels more like a date. That's my favourite scenario. Really nice food, good wine, interesting conversation and then great sex.

You've said before that you really enjoy seeing couples and having threesomes. Tell us about that...

I've always loved women as much as men. I get to see so many men and I get a lot of dick, so having a woman to play with is a bit more of a novelty, I guess! I love seeing women alone too. I really wish more women would explore what the sex industry has to offer! One of the things I love about seeing couples is that it's such a brave step and they impress me every time. The honesty and emotional maturity that it requires to overcome jealousy and possessiveness and start openly exploring sex with other people as a couple is very progressive. When there's total honesty between a couple, then I feel no guilt. Seeing women take the power back in bed and engaging with the sex industry like this is very hot to me.

Any tips for single guys this Valentines Day?

Well obviously this is a sales pitch... I think all the single guys should book me or one of my friends! I actually love Valentine's Day, even when I'm single. I love to see how happy other people are when they're in love. I'm a sucker for romance and wish we had more days every year when people remembered to slow down, make their partner feel special and enjoy great sex. I'm definitely not into buying cards and tokens of affection just for the sake of buying things, but remembering to celebrate love, intimacy and great sex is something I'm very much on board with. Single guys or gals should definitely come and have some drinks and great sex with me for Valentines Day... 



START YOUR ENGINES

CLIPSAL 500 – AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST AND BEST MOTORSPORT BASH IS BACK IN ADELAIDE THIS MARCH. FOUR DAYS OF BABES, BANDS AND ROARING V8'S... WHAT MORE COULD YOU WANT?

LAST year, over 263,500 keen petrolheads gathered together in Adelaide to watch some of the world's best supercar racing.

Don't settle for an average view this Clipsal, get online and book your spot in one of the many grandstands and platforms to guarantee a seat and the best view. Choose from Pit entry – where you can watch the cars battle it out before getting ready to floor it down Pit Straight, Brabham Straight – the grandstand with the best views of the braking duals on the track, Turn 8 – the view of the most challenging corner of the track, Chicane – the ultimate viewing spot for track action and more. Platform wise, check out the premium Senna Platform for amazing views of Turn 1 or the Nova Deck where you can

rub shoulders with Adelaide's celebs, listen to local DJs all day and hang out by the bar.

If you've got cash to throw around, splurge and get yourself access to the Pit Pavillion club. Located above the Supercar team garages, you'll be in the best place when the V8s roar onto the track.

Besides the entertainment on the track, there's lots happening track side too, including a Friday night concert featuring Hilltop Hoods, Seth Sentry, The Funkoars and Aaradhna. On the Saturday, soak up the sweet beats of the Hunters & Collectors with special guests Baby Animals joining them onstage.

When the races are over, fang it to the new revamped The Crazy Horse and continue the party there... **1**



CRAZY HORSE CLIPSAL 500 PACKAGES

\$300pp (MINIMUM 10 PEOPLE) ONE DAY PASS

- Complimentary express entry
- Reserved seated area
- 2 open bar (base spirits and beer)
- 2 dancers of your choice dedicated to entertain you and your guests for 1 hour
- Complimentary entry for next visit

\$1000PP (MINIMUM SPEND \$10,000) FOUR DAY PASS

- Complimentary express entry
- Priority bar and entertainment service
- Reserved seating in our luxury VIP lounge
- 2 hour open bar with your choice of our wide range of premium spirits and local and imported beers
- Personalised waitress
- 4 dancers of your choice dedicated to entertain you and your guests for 1 hour
- Complimentary Red passport for all guests
 - Complimentary Miss Nude DVD for all guests



PAMPER PARLOUR

OPEN THE DOOR TO MORE IN CANBERRA



PICTURE this... You are sitting on a plush couch, waiting in anticipation for a gorgeous girl who has piqued more than just your interest. Is she a tall, seductive blonde with a shy smile, a brunette with smouldering curves or perhaps a petite red-head complete with legs to die for? She takes your hand and leads you to a mood-lit room before closing the door. You help her out of her lingerie and the two of you take a steamy shower before you find yourself on the massage table relaxing into her caress. Her hands wandering, teasing...

It's all about the tease.

I am often asked why erotic massage

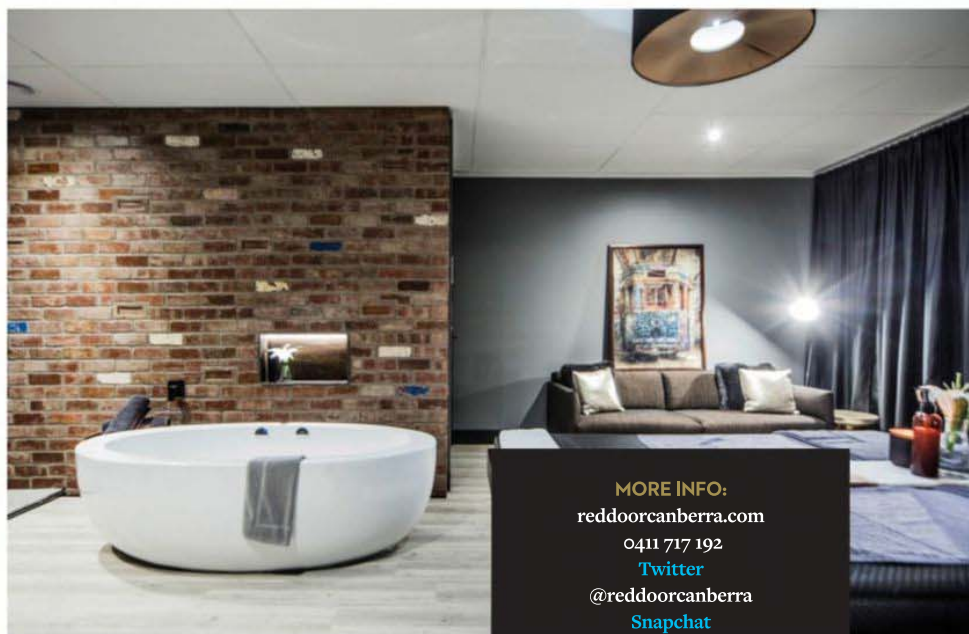
- "Why would I get a massage when I could have sex?"

As the owner of erotic massage parlour Red Door Canberra it makes sense to me. When I was invited to write this piece for Black Label, I wanted to know exactly why our clients choose to visit us rather than have a full service experience. The variety of answers was compelling, however each and every one of them mentioned the same thing - "it's all about the tease".

Erotic massage is a unique experience - the pressure is off, so to speak. You are able to lie back, relax, and let a beautiful woman do all the hard work for you. A stunning, intelligent and glamorous

woman ravishing you by gliding her oily, naked body all over you. Personally, I can't think of any better form of foreplay, and I know our clients agree. As one regular visitor described to me "it's like she drags the tease out for ages - almost to the point of madness. The entire experience is basically extended foreplay. Every time I get an erotic massage my orgasm is more intense than during sex, guaranteed."

Massage is all about tailoring your experience - we like to think of our clients as being able to select their own encounter. Are you looking for something slow, sexy and sensual or something a little raunchier? Interestingly, it is



MORE INFO:
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mentioned by our clients that they find the ability to personalise their experience and the intimacy flowing from that as the biggest temptation of all. Whether you are an experienced or discerning gentleman looking for some regular relaxation and pleasure, a couple looking for adventure or you are completely new to the adult industry - massage gives you the ability to have some uncomplicated, naughty fun.

When I started Red Door Canberra eighteen months ago, I wanted to escape the image of the seedy massage parlour of old. My aim was to create a space known for its welcoming atmosphere, luxury surrounds and variety of amazing

ladies focused on providing outstanding service. I wanted to cater to all men - knowing that everyone's tastes in both women and indulgence is different. We use the term "luxury adult relaxation" to describe what we do - as we go so far beyond the usual erotic massage visitors may be accustomed to.

Canberra is a transient city, and we enjoy getting to know our local clients as much as our irregular passers by. From our reception staff to our beautiful ladies - we genuinely want to change the way parlours are received and reviewed. Whether you are staying for a simple thirty minutes or a few hours we value your rendezvous equally, and while

it may sound clichéd: your pleasure is our business. We are regularly told that RDC (as it has been affectionately named), is the premier massage parlour in Australia and we will strive to ensure that our clients' experience only continues to improve.

So I challenge you - next time you are looking for something a little out of the ordinary allow yourself to be welcomed into our luxury erotic playground... and see where the adventure takes you. 



MORE INFO:
ariannagold.com

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

EROTIC MASSAGE YOUR WAY INTO HER PANTS THIS VALENTINES...

BY ARIANNA GOLD

AS Australia's leading erotic masseuse, I detest the term 'rub and tug' but essentially that's how I've made my way in the world for most of my adult life.

Relaxation, eroticism of the tease and the impending release is a powerful combination for anyone... so this Valentines, why not take some tips from a lady who has rubbed her way into millions of mens minds.

The truth is, men and womens arousal is very different. Men are far more easily stimulated physically, whereas women require a little extra care. A woman's biggest sex organ, unfortunately overlooked by most men, is her mind.

Here are my top tips for flipping the switch and giving your playmate an experience to remember, no expensive dinner dates required.

1. Make her feel very comfortable. A full body, drawn out massage is the perfect way to relax a woman and no, I do not mean a long pussy massage. I literally mean a full body rub down with oil and no touching the vajayjay. Not yet anyway.

2. Atmosphere counts. Scented candles, dim lighting (everyone looks better in candlelight), 100% natural massage oil (I'll get to why this is important soon) and soft sexy music. Wine helps! But too much will dull the nerve endings resulting in frustration for her. Stick to one glass of her favourite.

3. Hygiene. I could dedicate an entire novel to this but for the sake of word count – most women are going to prefer being spread-eagled after a shower. Fresh pussy is best for all involved. Your lady will feel at her sexiest and more likely to try anything with a fresh pussy. Worship every inch of her wet shiny skin and frankly your self-control will shock her.

4. Tell her what you are going to do to her, every sexy step of the way. It's called 'signposting'. Bonus tip – text it to her... in little bits... throughout the day. Sexting when done right (no cock shots, ever) adds to the tease. Example: "Honey, as soon as you get home, I'm going to undress you, slowly, hand you a glass of your favourite Pinot Gris while I run the bath. Then I want you to perch on the edge of it while I take ten minutes to rub your shoulders and breathe out your day. By the end of tonight, you'll be one satisfied lady". Tell her what you find sexy about her, what it is you like best about her, that her blow job technique is the best you've even had, that her pussy is the tastiest you've ever experienced... and you will not stop licking her into frenzied orgasm after orgasm until she tells you to.

5. Only after a full hour of massaging every part of her body can you delve into that sweet thigh and ass region. Tip - no face or head,

we wear make up and do our hair so no touchy touchy here unless you want a "Hell no, bae" to ruin the mood. If she's not panting... heaving breathing, ass raising by the time you get to these tender juicy parts, ask for direction. In 95% of cases she'll be wetter than a slippery dip in summer. Whisper in her ear "how do you want me to touch you?" Woman masturbate just as much as men do, we just don't talk about it as much. Your woman will show you how she likes it so take a deep breath. Keep in mind it's all about her, so watch and learn something. Don't go on autopilot and don't do the same old routine you've been doing for years. Boring! Mix it up, especially if you're a long term. Soft kisses and licks at this point are most welcome.

6. If you already incorporate nude oily massages into your bedroom trysts, add some more tease with sensory deprivation elements such as soft restraints like silk ties and s-carves, blindfolds, tasty foods such as blueberries, chocolates even bubbly champagne that spills over the breasts and trickles down to the lady garden. The bubbles stimulate the clit nicely, and the cold... ughhhh! I'm in heaven.

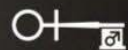
7. Set the mood...

All natural massage oil.

Why? Many women take great care of their bodies (inside and out) and skincare routines and petroleum-based products are toxic to humans. NO Johnsons & Johnsons baby oil, ever. Any woman worth her green morning smoothie knows this so please go to a natural health care shop (health food store, massage supply store or any store you deem a hippie crystal shit selling shop) and spend some coin. If you want to touch the lovely vagina, know that essential oils, fragrance and flavour all destroy the pH balance of the delicate lady garden and are therefore NOT WELCOME. The best choices for massage oil are 100% coconut oil and nut oils like almond (sometimes labelled sweet almond oil) and my favourite, macadamia nut oil. If you can, the top choice is a "water dispersible professional massage oil" from a massage supply shop and that's what I use. Zero fragrance and water dispersible. Oh and be liberal with it. The feeling of oiled up skin is magical and the visuals are hot hot hot (according to feedback) and it can act as lube but I would highly recommend actual lube, especially if you're fond of ass play, massage oil wont cut it.

Massage Table

Not essential but great for your comfort and to really get into the "roleplay" element. Go on Gumtree and invest in a second hand one and I dare say it will get used. Hells if you do a stellar job she might repay the favour. A regular sexy massage for you is a real treat and I can't stress the benefits enough. Play within your relationship and you may find yourself so happy and satisfied you wont require my services... hang on... better not... on second thought... **1**



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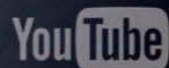
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FORUM

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HOMECOMING

I was Thanksgiving break and I pulled into the station after a seven-hour bus ride home. I got picked up at the station by my mom, who just about died at how different I looked: longer hair, "freshman 15," and a tattoo she'd never see (though I worried that she *sensed*). I proceeded to go home and get totally stuffed on some very non-Thanksgiving pierogies (I'm part of a very large and loud Polish family). My dad and brothers and I drank beer and played cards until about 11, and then everybody but me passed out.

Just like I'd planned.

I'd come back to Ohio on a mission. Within 17 days of getting to school in late August, I'd lost my virginity to a cute sophomore named Laura. She would study on this hill outside my dorm every afternoon, and I'd find myself staring at the outline of her panties under her dress. She always wore flower-print dresses, but the one day she wore a miniskirt I just about lost my mind. I ran down that hill to talk to her, using the excuse that I thought she was in my Women's Studies class (even though the school didn't offer one). We hit it off and, in a very businesslike exchange, she was back in my room in about 45 minutes, her plump, freshly-shaved lacrosse-team pussy clamping onto my dick.

Was it great? Of course it was. Best four minutes of my life. At that point, I didn't know what bad sex was because I'd never even had sex.

After Laura there was Emily, Margot, Susan, and Ruth (thank you, fraternity system). Somewhere around Ruth I thought, *Jesus, I owe Laura an apology*. So in late October I took Laura out for a nice dinner and asked her if I could try again and, you know, last for more than four minutes this time. She said yes.

By Thanksgiving break I was, by most accounts, fairly good at sex. More than that, I was no longer shy. And my mission was thus to find some of the girls I'd had unrequited crushes on in high school and fuck the living shit out of as many of them

as I could.

So, after everyone had gone to bed, I started up my ancient car and drove its wheezing, unregistered chassis through my small town, stopping first (and last, it turns out) at an Irish bar by the river. A friend of my brother's was at the door and another was tending bar. I made as little small talk as necessary, because at the end of the bar was Sharon. Sharon was a friend of my sister's, and about two years older than me. Yes, we were both still technically under 21 and shouldn't have been in the bar in the first place, but between Sharon and me, we have five cops in our immediate families. I

“
**I SMASHED HER
FROM BEHIND, HOLDING
HER HIPS AND PULLING
HER INTO ME**
”

sat down next to her and asked if she was okay being seen with a younger man.

"Derek?" she said (not one woman recognized me at first sight the entire weekend), and threw her arms around me. Sharon was the kind of girl who would beat up the guys who picked on her little brothers, and she had a tough-girl's taut sexiness and an amazing set of tits, which she did not feel shy about pressing into me as the hug turned into an inappropriate drunken hello kiss.

"Holy shit," I said, all of my collegiate bravado gone as my cock sprang up in the warm air around her tits, the smell of her leather jacket, the perfume on her neck, and the beer on her breath.

"Who you fucking?" she said.

"Well, there's somebody at school that I—" I began, but Sharon was like, "You showed up at midnight on Thanksgiving weekend and you're all alone..."

She had my number. I had no doubt she picked that very spot at the bar to draw

someone's eye immediately upon walking in the door.

"Okay," I said, "we're fucking."

I told my brother's bartender friend to put her drinks on my tab and he just laughed, because neither one of us had ever paid for alcohol at that bar. We finished our drinks and headed home to her place.

Sharon was back from school, too, and was staying in a room above the garage at her family's house. I knew it well. "The Fonzie Room" was where we'd go smoke pot when one of Sharon's many relatives wasn't occupying it. The place didn't look much different from the way it had a few years before, but now it definitely had a getting-down-to-business vibe.

Sharon and I had been making out at every stoplight (both of them) on the way there, and by the time we hit the stairs to her room I was having difficulty walking. When we got inside she pulled my dick out of my pants and just engulfed it with her mouth and hands. The fact that she had been a senior when I was a sophomore, the fact that she was one of my sister's friends, and the fact that I had been in this very room six years before taking my first tentative bong hit, was really exciting to me.

I pulled Sharon up by her thick black hair and pushed her, legs spread, onto the bed. I yanked off her denim skirt and marveled for a while at the pink pussy lip peeking out of her panties, as if she'd deliberately moved them aside.

I think I damaged her bra getting it off (okay, so I'm not that suave just yet), but soon we were naked and sweaty despite the November chill, and pounding away with the soles of her feet pressed against my ears.

As I got closer to coming, I felt Sharon's practiced pussy clenching and unclenching as she passed her first orgasm and was rounding toward her second (thanks, Emily).

"Pull out and come in my mouth," she said, and though that was not my first choice, 15 seconds later I did. I pulled out and she immediately switched positions to all fours and took half my load in her face, then





slowly, lovingly, milked my cock of the rest. "Jesus Christ," I said, falling back. "Where did you learn to do that?"

"First month of college," she said.

We fucked two more times during that break, before we went back to our respective schools. She studied for several months in Italy and I haven't seen her in a while, but she tells me she's coming home for summer.

—D.L., Dublin, OH

NETFLIX AND CHILL

KRISTEN and I have known each other since we were in high school. I never really looked at her in a sexual way when we were younger, but 15 years later it's a different story.

Over the years, she and I would occasionally catch up over lunch, but she always seemed to be in a relationship whenever I was single or vice versa. Kristin is a gorgeous, full-breasted redhead who has no shortage of guys trying to get into her pants.

About two months ago, Kristen texted me to ask if I knew of any vacancies in my apartment complex. She had just broken up with her boyfriend and needed a place ASAP. *Hmmm*, I thought. *Kristen had broken up with her boyfriend and I was actually single?*

She and I became neighbors in less than a week, and I found myself seeking her out more and more. At first it was because I was lonely and horny, but I genuinely liked her too. We started having regular dinner-and-movie nights where she would drone on about her ex. I didn't want to screw up our relationship, but I was quickly getting caught up in the dreaded "friend" zone.

One evening, Kristen showed up at my apartment a vision of perfection: tight tank top, short shorts, a six-pack of beer, and chips. "You want to watch a movie or something?" she asked. Of course I did.

There was an awkward silence as Kristen sat in her usual spot on the couch. Suddenly I realized that I was still standing at the door and just staring at her, lost in the fantasy of making a move. I was frozen with paranoia that she knew what I was thinking and that I had just made things weird.

"Hey, dumbass. Are you gonna keep standing there looking stupid or are you gonna make a move?"

Wait. What? Kristen stood up and walked toward me without breaking eye contact. Slowly (and thankfully) I managed to get the front door closed as she dropped to her knees and pulled my pants down



“
**SHE SPREAD
HER SWEET NECTAR
ALL OVER THE HEAD
OF MY COCK AND
LICKED IT OFF**
”

around my ankles. Without hesitation, she leaned forward and licked a drop of pre-come beading on the tip of my rock-hard dick. "Yum," she murmured.

My mind was totally blown. How the fuck had she known what I was thinking?

I moaned as Kristen took my dick into her mouth and created enough suction to make a vacuum cleaner blush. She sucked and licked and deep-throated my manhood, then slid her fingers into her shorts to get them slick with pussy juice. She spread her sweet nectar all over the head of my cock and licked it off.

Kristin took the base of my cock in both of her hands, then began stroking my shaft in a twisting motion while working the head with her mouth. Her coordinated and expert hand and tongue action brought me to the brink. More than anything, though, I wanted to fuck her.

I pulled Kristen to her feet and gave her a deep open-mouthed kiss. My fingers tickled the outline of her nipples through

her shirt, and I felt them get hard as I gently pinched and squeezed. She moaned louder with each squeeze and pulled off her shirt. I guided her to the couch and pushed her down on it, unbuttoning her shorts and yanking them off as quickly as I could. She was shaved, pink, wet, and wonderful.

I climbed on top of her and guided my dick into her slippery pussy. She was so tight I could feel her walls clenching around my cock. "Fuck me, fuck me hard," she gasped.

I started thrusting into her at a punishing pace. I'd never fucked a girl who got this wet this quick, and it was amazing. I could feel my orgasm building as my balls began to tighten and pull up, but I wanted Kristen to get off at the same time. I reached down and put pressure on her clit with my thumb ... just enough to bring on her release.

Within seconds, I could feel Kristin's body start to quake. It was a 9.0 catastrophic on the Fucktor scale. "I'm gonna come, too!" I shouted. We both came together so loudly that my neighbor started pounding on the adjoining wall. I collapsed on top of her—a hot, panting, sweaty mess of sex and musk.

After a few moments, Kristen quipped, "So can we finally watch the fucking movie now?" A second passed and we erupted into the kind of laughter that can only be shared by friends who fuck.

—Joe C. Taylor, MI



DRESSED TO THRILL

MY younger brother got married a few months ago. I was his best man, so his bride (my future sister-in-law) had given me very specific instructions on the color and style of the tuxedo she wanted me to wear. She coordinated everything with my wife, who sent me in the right direction whenever they needed me to do something.

First, we drove to the mall so I could get fitted for the tux. My wife pointed out the rental spot and then went off to do some shopping of her own. I hate shopping, so I secretly hoped we would both be done as quickly as possible.

When I walked into the rental shop, a woman of around thirty smiled and greeted me right away. She was wearing a tight summer dress and librarian glasses that framed her blue eyes, her dark hair pulled back into a tight bun. She was fun to look at, and I couldn't help but wonder how hot she would be with her long hair down and those glasses off. I snapped out of my fantasy when she asked what my inseam was. I had no idea, since I'm more of a jeans-and-T-shirt guy. She smiled and told me to follow her to the back of the shop where she could measure me.

We walked into a room that was so small I could reach the walls with my

“
**SHE SLID HER
HAND UP AND DOWN MY
SHAFT AS SHE FLICKED
HER TONGUE ON THE
HEAD OF MY DICK**
”

arms extended. There were mirrors on three walls, and she closed the door on the fourth. She instructed me to step onto the carpeted platform and relax. When she placed her hands on my hips and turned me towards her, I instantly felt my dick twitch as thoughts of her going down on me flashed through my mind. She kneeled with her measuring tape and my blowjob fantasy kicked into high gear. I could see right down her shirt, and her cleavage was practically spilling out. Her tits were so big that I wondered how I hadn't noticed them till now.

She measured the inside of my leg—which I now know is my inseam—and brushed her hand against my ball sac. I started to get excited and felt the blood rush to my cock. When she looked up at me, I knew I was busted. I tried to think of something to say to break the tension, but she beat

me to it. “This would be a lot easier if you removed your pants.” I'll never forget those words ... those wonderful words that gave me the story of a lifetime.

I knew she'd caught me staring down her blouse, so I didn't care when I pulled my jeans down and she saw that I had a chubby. But she kept it all business. I closed my eyes, let out a deep breath, and tried to keep things cool as she took my measurements. A moment later, I felt her fingers slide into my briefs. Her hand was soft and warm, and I was in shock that this was happening. She gently rubbed my dick, pulled it out, and put her big pink lips around my shaft. I took her glasses off and tossed them gently to the floor. I reached down to feel her tits, and her nipples were so hard they were poking through her blouse. With her free hand, she undid the buttons, unclasped her bra, and her boobs bounced to freedom.

She slid her hand up and down my shaft with a twisting motion as she flicked her tongue on the head of my dick. I was already close to the edge and wanted to come right then. She slid her panties off from under her dress and hiked her skirt up her curvy hips. She was completely shaved, and I could smell her excitement. The room was so small that she bumped into me as she stood. She put her arms around my neck, wrapped a leg around my waist, and slid my rod against her clit a few times. She quietly moaned with pleasure and I loved that she took total control. I felt her hot tightness around me as my dick slid into her dripping wet pussy.

I grabbed her other leg and lifted her up so she could wrap them both around my back. I cupped my hands on her ass and pushed her up and down on my cock, going so deep I'm betting she felt it in her throat. I watched everything in the tri-mirrors of the room and it was hotter than anything I'd ever seen. She squeezed her thighs tightly around me and drove her pussy into my groin as she humped wildly. Her warm breath in my ear, her legs around my ass, and her scorching hot cunt sent me into another world. I put one of her nipples in my mouth and bit down gently as I fucked her as fast as I could. Her leg-lock grip tightened around me as she dipped her ass lower to get me deeper inside of her.

Suddenly she buried her face into my neck to muffle her screams, and I felt her pussy contract and pulsate against my dick. She shook, shuddered, and came hard. The intensity of her orgasm was more than I could handle, and I blew my load inside her. I felt my knees weaken so I leaned against one of the walls to keep my

A black and white close-up photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her nose and lips. Her lips are painted a vibrant red and are slightly parted. The background is dark, creating a high-contrast effect with her skin and the red lipstick.

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footing. We stayed like that for a moment—me leaning against the wall and holding her up as jizz slowly dripped out onto the carpeted pedestal.

We got dressed and left the closet as if nothing had happened. But I was at a loss for words anyway.

"Your tuxedo will be ready in ten days," she said. "I'm looking forward to seeing you when you pick it up. It may be a good idea to bring your wife, so she can watch you try it on."

I instantly knew what she meant. The thought of having this big-titted beauty with my wife at the same time almost made me come again. Would my wife be game? I had ten days to find out.

—B. Pertman, Council Bluffs, IA

LATHER. RINSE. REPEAT.

NO one has ever called me a pretty boy, but I'm no slouch in the pussy department. I'm an aspiring MMA fighter (my years are a dead giveaway), but training and nutrition costs money so I have a few side gigs that help pay the bills. The other day my buddy called with an opportunity that sounded way easier than the usual security shit I do. Cody works for a catering company in the city, and two of his servers had bailed last minute.

I showed up to the job in the standard uniform of black pants and white shirt. Boss lady waved me over and introduced herself, then gave me a rundown of what I had to do: walk around and serve the guests appetizers and drinks, keep my tray filled and my area clean, and try not to scare anyone (what can I say, I'm 6'3" and look like a fucking monster).

The event was packed, and as the night wore on, many guests lost their inhibitions with all the free-flowing booze and whatever else was being passed around. I couldn't walk from one end of the room to the other without my ass being pinched, poked, or patted by some intoxicated woman. A perk of the job, I guess.

One of them—a hot blonde—was particularly handsy. She had a short pixie cut and an athletic figure, which is just my type. She wore sky-high black stiletto heels and a white form-fitting cocktail dress that hugged her bouncy round ass and perfectly perky ice-cream-scoop breasts. Blondie's body was toned and tan, with not an ounce of body fat. She was with a group of people, but she paid far more attention to me, patting my ass whenever I walked by. I made sure to walk by a lot.



“ I SMASHED HER FROM BEHIND, HOLDING HER HIPS AND PULLING HER INTO ME ”

We kept sight of each other all night, and stayed connected with a secret smile here and a silly expression there. She made first contact. "Hi," she said. "I'm Sara." Damn, her raspy voice sounded sexy.

I breathed in her clean scent and responded, "Dylan."

"Do you have plans when you're done here, Dylan?"

I had training in the morning, so I told her I was planning to go home.

"You sure you don't want to hang out later?" she asked. Then Sara slipped her card into my hand and told me to call her when I finished work.

I called her later and she told me to come to her apartment. I took a taxi there, buzzed in, and found my way to her unit. Her door was half open so I gave a light knock as I sheepishly made my way inside. Sara was standing in the hallway completely naked. "You wanna wash up with me?" I honestly couldn't think of anything better.

I followed her to the shower, which was big and had a ton of girl products in it. She grabbed a bottle, squirted some shit into

her hands, rubbed them together, and started to wash me head-to-toe. Sara's fingers investigated every inch of my body, teasing me until I couldn't take it any longer.

I swung her around so she faced away from me. She spread her hands on the slick tile and arched her back, pushing her slippery ass into my cock, which was pulsing with anticipation. I grabbed the base of my shaft and pushed it into her tight, wet hole. She moaned as I slid deeper and deeper inside of her.

"Damn, you feel amazing," she whispered.

"Your pussy is so fucking tight," I said as I broke her in, thrusting harder, faster, and deeper.

I smashed her from behind, holding her hips and pulling her into me with every stroke. Every once in a while I would give her ass a good smack, and she would giggle and say, "Fuck me, daddy."

Fuck me, daddy... I loved hearing that! I grabbed her hair, pulled her head back, and gently bit her neck as I railed her with everything I had. Sara pushed against me and begged me to fuck her harder as my cock and her cunt made sloshing suction noises. It was sloppy, wet sex at it's best.

Sara's body started to shake and a loud moan filled the bathroom as she came hard. I could feel the walls of her pussy milking my prick with every wave that washed over her. It pushed me over the edge, and I pulled out and sprayed my come on her back, her ass, and in her hair. Good thing we were already in the shower. A few minutes later, we were ready for round two.

—Dylan, New York City

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COLUMN

DRUG SPORTS LEAGUE

WELCOME TO THE DRUG SPORTS LEAGUE, WHERE HIGH-JUMP TAKES ON A WHOLE NEW MEANING AND THE NEED FOR SPEED IS REAL

IT'S time to legalise drugs in sports – no, I'm not blowing smoke.

As a society, what are the things we love most? I'd say, consistently: Blood, sport, killing, drugs and sex. Now, imagine if we put all of those things in a cage, (minus the sex), in the form of jacked-up, elite athletes and had them compete. It would be like the UFC on steroids. Hang on a second...

And that's the point – most of these guys are on juice already – the biggest competition in modern sports is taking drugs like you're Charlie Sheen but still pissing as if you've just come back from youth choir. At the rate top athletes are getting busted, we may as well stop wasting money on testing and just let them do it.

Anyway, drugs don't make athletes – training, talent and endless dedication make an athlete. No matter how many steroids you pump into your system, step into the cage with a trained fighter and you will get your ass handed to you.

"But drugs are bad, and they pose a health risk..." Oh, so you're okay with the NRL's bone-crunching tackles,

and the brutality of exchanging barely covered knuckles in the MMA, but when it comes to steroid use, it's dangerous?

Besides, after all, we are talking about the business of entertaining the masses, are we not? A huge part of watching sports is witnessing the very peak of human athletic ability, and legalising performance enhancing drugs would help athletes climb even higher.

Everybody wins.

Not only do we let our athletes exercise their sovereign right to put shit in their body, but it'll also be fucking awesome to watch. Think about it: Herculean proportioned warriors fighting to rip one another's heads off. No more split decisions or TKO's – it'd be death by fatality. Fuck, I'd pay to see that.

Instead of spending money on pointless drug testing, we'll be spending money on the best drugs can buy, creating super athletes. It's the way of the future – you know it, I know it, Lance Armstrong knew it, and the bloke only had one testicle. So let's bring on the Drug Olympics and see what we're made of. **1**

A photograph of a woman's back and shoulders, seen from behind. She has dark, wet hair and is wearing a black lace thong. The background is a clear blue sky. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

COLUMN

SUMMER LOVING

DO AUSSIES REALLY LOVE SUMMER, OR IS IT
JUST THE IDEA THAT GETS US HOT?

SUMMER. Three glorious months straddling the end of year break in which Australians come alive. Thanks largely to Hoges and his feature-length crocodilian tourism campaign, our summers are globally considered the holy grail of heat. We do that shit like the Ruskies do vodka. Like Swifty does fresh meat. Like Kanye does irrelevant. A bacchanal of BBQ's, broads, beers, bikinis, barra, boards and boardies.

But do we really love it? Or do we simply love the idea of it? Like cougars. Having kids. And fisherman pants. In the dead of winter, we look wistfully at the malnourished sun and yearn for the heat like a footballer for a brawl. Hell, even in the first few weeks of December we're all about that bake. But by Christmas, our sunny outlook has grown overcast. Complaints run rife that the roads have turned to molasses and we have to carry a spare shirt in case we...y'know...move. Or breathe. Or walk. And that's just the southern states.

As the weeks roll on, so do the beads of sweat down our backs and the gripes off our tongues. Brows wiped by forearms. Clinging shirts. Sticky skin. It's a Goddamn VB commercial. But this is what we wanted, right? Or did we? Maybe we just liked the idea of it.

But it's not all bad. Soon those days turns into weeks and by March those weeks have turned into a slight chill in the morning air. And our smiles resurface. No more spare shirts. No more liquid roads.

That is until the stiff winter breezes roll through like Allied tanks into Berlin. And for nine or so months we'll walk sullenly down grey streets and alleyways, staring wistfully through fences at our once bright parks and beaches. Until those early December days when we notice the first drops of sweat upon our brow...

...and grin and murmur with excitement...

...Summer's back... ❶



WEIRD HISTORY

THE BAY AREA EMPEROR

IF YOU THINK POLITICS ARE WEIRD NOW, JUST REMEMBER THAT NOT TOO LONG AGO IN SAN FRANCISCO, A HOMELESS MAN DECLARED HIMSELF THE EMPEROR OF THE UNITED STATES. **BY SEAN BRUCE**

THE Presidential Election is finally over, and you're no doubt trying to forget about it. Unfortunately, it's going to be difficult since we're stuck with that decision for the next four years, at least. Also, we're pretty sure Ted Cruz is already gearing up to start his 2020 presidential bid... so there's that to look forward to...and as satirist and long-time political pundit P. J. O'Rourke says: Don't vote—it will only encourage the bastards. But let's remember, crazy politicians are nothing new.

One of the strangest stories comes out of San Francisco, and concerns the very first and last Emperor of the United States. Emperor Norton was incredibly well-liked and was considered somewhat of a local treasure by his fellow citizens, who indulged his delusions by bowing to him during his "royal" walks.

The story began on September 17, 1859, when Joshua A. Norton, a former businessmen who squandered his small

"subjects," who went out of their way to entertain his fantasy. As his popularity grew, souvenir photos and dolls popped up in stores around the city. Local restaurants would often allow him to skip out on his bill in exchange for a stamped royal decree bearing his seal. Taxis and ferries also charged him no fee, transporting him wherever his royal whim desired. A local printing shop went so far as to print the mad monarch his own currency, emblazoned with his image and royal seal.

On one occasion, a local law enforcement official made the grave mistake of arresting the Emperor for vagrancy. A public outcry ensued, with one local writer standing up for the incarcerated monarch: "Since he has worn the Imperial purple [he] has shed no blood, robbed nobody, and despoiled the country of no one, which is more than can be said for his fellows in that line." Upon release, no police officer committed such a serious error ever again, making certain to salute their monarch whenever they saw him.

AS THE UNITED STATES DREW CLOSER TO CIVIL WAR, HE DISSOLVED THE UNION AND DECLARED AN ABSOLUTE MONARCHY, WITH HIMSELF AS ITS SOVEREIGN

fortune on a risky commercial venture, posted an unusual letter to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, declaring himself Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico. The letter was published by the editors as a joke, but over the next 20 years, Emperor Norton would become one of the most recognised characters in the Bay Area.

Wearing an epaulette-adorned Navy coat, a cap with an ostrich feather, and wielding an old Army sabre, Emperor Norton issued a number of imperial decrees during his reign, which local newsmen eagerly published. His first motion was to dissolve Congress (which, looking at the current state of political affairs, might not have been so crazy after all). When Congress had the nerve to continue meeting, Norton ordered General Winfield Scott to march on the Capital and detain its legislators. The following year, as the United States drew closer to civil war, he dissolved the Union and declared an absolute monarchy, with himself as its sovereign.

His endearing kookiness won him the adulation of his

As testament to his enduring popularity, Emperor Norton inspired Mark Twain, who worked as a journalist in the area, to create the character of the kooky "King," a royal imposter, who appears in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

On January 8, 1880, Norton I, Emperor of the United States and protector of Mexico, died suddenly from a stroke while walking among his people. Newspapers around the country lamented his death. LEROIESTMORT ("THE KING IS DEAD") read the morning headline in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. As evidence of his reputation among Bay Area residents, Norton I's funeral was attended by more than 10,000 loyal subjects who came to mourn the passing of their beloved emperor.

And although most of his royal mandates were ridiculous, one stands out. In the early 1870s, Norton announced with great prescience that the city was to fund and construct a bridge between San Francisco and Oakland. Ignored at the time, Norton I's decree eventually became reality in 1936 with the opening of the majestic Bay Bridge. **●**



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