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HEIGHTS OF ECSTASY

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CHEATERS PARADISE

IT'S OKAY TO STRAY!

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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PENTHOUSE

LETTERS



CONTENTS

- 2 || **SALUTATIONS**
- 4 || **STEPPING OUT**
What they don't know won't hurt them
- 12 || **PICTORIAL:
VALENTINA & MICHAEL**
- 22 || **THREE-FOR-ALL**
Two's company, but three's a party
- 30 || **PICTORIAL:
KENNA & LAYLA**
- 38 || **EROTICA**
Seven Minutes In...
Two coworkers in a tight situation make
the most of the moment.
By Alison Tyler
- 44 || **LETTER OF THE MONTH**
Skin in the Game
- 50 || **PICTORIAL:
BIANCA, JAYDEN & TIFFANY**
- 58 || **SPOTLIGHT ON SUCK A WHAT?**
You know what they say about blowjobs and
pizzas: There aren't any bad ones.
- 64 || **WIVES GONE WILD**
When your spouse starts to roam, There's no
keeping her home
- 72 || **MAIDEN VOYAGES**
First times are the best times
- 80 || **PICTORIAL:
JENNA SATIVA**
- 88 || **SOMEONE'S WATCHING**
Keeping an eye on the action
- 96 || **PICTORIAL:
ADRIANA, EVI & VAN**
- 108 || **TOP 10 REASONS YOUR
SPOUSE STRAYS**

↘ SALUTATIONS



Here at *Penthouse Letters*, we firmly believe that little pleasures are what make life worth living. And the stories in this issue are all about snatching those bits of joy, including the precious stolen moments that spark extramarital flings.

This month's collection of Stepping Out letters spills the carnal confessions of wild wives who spice up their sex lives with the help of new lovers. From neighbors, to strangers, to hot, young bartenders, these ladies aren't shy about dipping their toes in the pool of perfidy.

While the end game remains the same, cheaters have many reasons to roam. Ever wonder what those might be? Turn to page 108 and read the top ten reasons your spouse may stray.

For every episode of infidelity our readers submit, there are even more stories of couples who go on the prowl together. In Three-for-All, you'll find some of those men and women. Read about their amorous adventures, in which they discover the perfect third and create unforgettably erotic evenings.

Of course there are many who won't break their vows of matrimony, but lucky for us the couples in Someone's Watching still know how to have a dirty good time—and tell us all about it.

Have a story of your own? Email it to: letters@penthouse.com, and share the love.

—The Editors

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EDITORIAL

Executive Editor Barbara Pizio
Contributing Editors Gram Ponante
 Alison Tyler
Publisher Kelly Holland

ART

Creative Director Angela Derasmo
Art Director Victor Gonzalez
Photo Researcher Zack Korn

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
 Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/ INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

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PRODUCTION

Production Coordinator Victor Gonzalez
Photo Researcher Zack Korn

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue,
 Chatsworth, CA 91311
 Tel: 310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, CA 310-280-1900

SUBSCRIPTIONS

800-333-2802

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Palm Coast Data
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 Palm Coast, FL 32142
 800-333-2802
penthouseletters@emailcustomerservice.com

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STOLEN MOMENTS

My husband, John, and I were good friends with our neighbor. In reality, though, Chuck and I seemed to be more than that; we'd been flirting since we'd met, but it was all in good fun—or so I'd thought.

This past season, John volunteered to coach the girls' soccer team for the Saturday morning slot. Chuck would come by and pick up my daughter, dropping off mine and his at the park because John had to get there much earlier than the players. One of those mornings Chuck and I both stood at the door yawning. I offered him some coffee but then realized it was still brewing and apologized.

"That's okay," he assured me. "I'll grab some out after I drop them off."

"It's only a ten-minute round trip. By the time you get back, it'll be nice and hot and ready."

I realized the implication of my words a split second later and felt heat flood my cheeks. Our eyes met, and the look in his green eyes made my pussy go wet. I cleared my throat, and he looked at his feet.

"I can grab coffee anywhere," he said, "though coffee with you would be nice."

The girls were growing impatient at the door, holding their bags and cleats.

I took a deep breath and touched his hand. "Then come back," I said. "I'll have it ready."

I tried to stay focused as I watched his SUV pull out of the driveway. Was I really going to do this?

I realized I was, even as I put out mugs and the sugar bowl. The thought of fucking Chuck was enough to make my knees weak. I'd had fantasies about it for a while, even dirty dreams that had me rubbing my clit upon waking until I shook with orgasms that felt both wrong and very right.

When a knock came at the door a few

minutes later, I jumped even though I'd been anticipating it.

"Hey, there," I said.

I studied Chuck in his faded, low-slung jeans and his navy-blue sweatshirt. His blond hair was tousled by the morning breeze, and his smile was part nervousness and part lust.

I grabbed the front of his sweatshirt before I could analyze my feelings and tugged him inside. He turned me fast, pushed me to the wall, and kissed me hard. I slid my tongue along his, parting my lips and letting him take my mouth. My cunt was beating in time with my heart; I

beneath your jeans, too. No panties. In those tight fucking jeans that show off your ass."

He added a second finger, and his thumb found my clit. I shivered against the wall.

"That's because I am, usually," I gasped.

He pulled back to look at me, grinning. "Really?"

"Really," I sighed.

Chuck moved me then, forcefully, to the sofa. The blinds were still down; I hadn't put them up for the day yet. He dropped me on the cushion and knelt before me. "Open your robe."

I obeyed with shaking hands.

My nightshirt was just a plain black thing, super-soft and over-washed. When he ran his hands down it and sighed, watching my nipples push against the fabric, it felt like the most expensive lingerie.

"Sit up."

I did, and he pulled off the robe and nightshirt and then his mouth was on my breasts and his teeth were raking my nipples. Goose bumps sprang up all over my body. My pussy was drenched, and he slid his fingers back inside me. "So fucking wet," he said, biting my nipple until I hissed. The pain spurred the pleasure, and the sensation flowed down through my body like warm syrup.

He was murmuring nonsense as he kissed his way down my body. "What do you taste like? Honeysuckle? Candy? The ocean? Let's see, let's see..."

My hips rose and a tremor started along my inner thighs. Arousal, anticipation, guilt, and beautiful wrongness.

His tongue came down on me, a hot, wet strip of suede. He lapped at me, and when I relaxed, he changed his tactic and flicked my clit with rapid abandon. He pushed his rigid tongue into my cunt and fucked me with it. His fingers pressed tight to my thighs, his breath hot on my sex.

I came with fistfuls of his hair in my hands. I tugged so hard I heard him hiss, and his teeth came down on my mons

**"HE SLID INTO ME
WITH AN
EXAGGERATED
DELIBERATENESS
THAT MADE MY
HEAD LIGHT."**

was wet because all I could think about was him taking me with the same fervor as he kissed.

Chuck slid his hand beneath my robe and then my nightshirt. Beneath it I was bare, and he moaned into my mouth. His teeth raked my jaw and then down my neck. I had a fleeting worry of him marking me, and the unanticipated thrill that coursed through me made my nipples peak, hard and sensitive.

He found the erect nubs with his fingertips and pinched. "You know, I've always imagined you that way. Bare beneath your pajamas." He pushed a finger into my pussy, curled it deliberately, and found my G-spot expertly. Pleasure flooded my pussy and unfurled in my pelvis and lower belly. "I think of you bare

with enough force that there was a burst of pain. Pain that somehow made that exquisite moment all the better.

Chuck grabbed my hips, hauling me closer to the edge of the sofa cushion. I let my thighs fall open wantonly and watched with lazy, sated interest as he unzipped his jeans and pushed them down along with his boxers. His cock was long and thick and entirely flushed. The head was a ruddy color, the tip slick with pre-come.

"Touch yourself for me," he said. He grabbed his cock and stroked himself as his gaze trained on me. I swirled circles over my sensitive clit. I found a pattern that made my breath catch and kept at it. Having his eyes on me accented the pleasure. Watching him watch me.

"Put your fingers in your cunt," he said.

John never talked dirty. Listening to Chuck talk dirty was like licking something with a charge. A current ran through me that made the fine hairs on the back of my neck stand on end.

I pushed two fingers into my pussy and curled them. My fingertips brushed my G-spot and I purred, my back arching and my body responding.

"Again," he said when I pulled them out.

I did it again, biting my lower lip and shutting my eyes.

"Eyes open."

That did it for me, too. The demand. The order to look him in the eye. I did as he said and returned his gaze. I looked at him and fucked myself with my fingers.

He watched me for a moment, then growled, grabbed me and shoved himself between my thighs. Chuck ran his cockhead along my soaked slit and slid into me, just the tip, so that I gasped and tried to wriggle forward. He laughed softly, holding my forearms to keep me where I was.

"Just a moment. Just breathe. We don't have to rush. That much we know."

I went still, watching him and wanting him to kiss me. When my body went lax and I focused on the pulse pounding in my throat and my cunt, he slid into me with an



LETTERS

➤ STEPPING OUT

exaggerated deliberateness that made my head light.

He let go of my arms and finally leaned in to give me that kiss. His hands grasped my ass, and every time he thrust into me, he also pulled me to him with those big hands. I arched my body up to meet him, my head falling back and my neck bared. And there were his teeth again, raking down the slope of my throat, bringing shivers and goosebumps to the surface. My nipples pebbled, and Chuck found one with his teeth, biting the sensitive skin so hard that I cried out. But I came, too. My cunt worked his cock as he continued to slide in and out of me, holding me fast with his strong grip.

When the final spasms passed, he pulled free of me and flipped me forcibly. A shiver ran up my spine. He bit the back of my neck and I sighed, my face pressed to the couch cushion. Chuck arranged me so my upper body was splayed on

the dark green sofa. My belly pressed against the ridged lip of the cushion.

He grabbed my hips and spread my ass cheeks for a second before angling himself and pushing into my cunt. I groaned. The angle was perfect for brushing my G-spot, and the feel of his possessive hands on my skin had me on the verge of coming.

He withdrew, and his fingers drove into me a few times before he plunged his dick back in my pussy. He held me tight to him, fucking me with short, hard thrusts that hit all the right places until I was grinding back against him, panting and begging him not to stop.

Chuck slid a juice-slick finger inside my ass, slow and steady at first. When I took it and kept forcing myself back on his dick, he slipped in a second. He fucked my ass with his digits and continued to rock his cock into me roughly.

I came with my face pressed to the sofa, my cries eaten up by the foam cushions.

He didn't stop like I thought he would; he just kept going, growling, "I know there's one more orgasm in that tight little pussy. Give it to me. I want it."

The words almost did me in, but I gritted my teeth and let him take me there again with his driving rhythm that seemed to go incredibly deep inside me.

"Come for me. Play with yourself," he hissed.

I shut my eyes and snaked a hand down between my belly and the cushion. I found my clit—sensitive, slick and swollen—and started to stroke it roughly. Pleasure surged through me, and my breath caught.

"Oh," I sighed.

"Yes, oh," he chuckled. "One more 'O.'"

I wanted to laugh, but humor was lost to me then. I was all about the feel of him fucking me and the sweet building tension rising inside me.

This time when I came, I called out for him. It was odd to hear a foreign name on my lips but also utterly thrilling.

Chuck pulled out and turned me fast. He put his hand on my head and levered me down so that I was on my hands and knees. I sucked him in quickly, urgent noises coming from my lips as I swallowed him. He held my head in his hands and fucked my mouth as he saw fit.

"Take my cock," he ordered in a raspy voice.

I slipped my hand between my legs and rubbed my tender clit furiously.

"Suck it." He wound his hand in my hair and held me tight. He kept my head steady as he plunged in and out of my willing lips. All the while, I stroked myself closer and closer to another orgasm.

"That's it. God, your mouth is almost as good as your pussy."

I whimpered and came, and my ecstasy set him off. He climaxed with a barely stifled bellow.

That was the first time. And our stolen Saturdays are still going strong. Somehow stolen time is the sweetest time.

—J.S., via email



ACTION!

I needed to do something outside my comfort zone. My husband, Marco, was vaguely aware of my ennui and just as vaguely supportive of anything I wanted to do to break out of my funk.

"Burt is doing another of his silly little films," he told me. "Why not go be in it?"

Burt was a friend who made micro-budget films that were seen by minimal art-house audiences.

Still, it wasn't a bad suggestion. I wasn't tired of my marriage, even though Marco and I seemed to be in a rut after five years. I was more tired of myself. I'd once been a wild child. Now I felt like a dull 30-year-old.

When I went to Burt to inquire, he was thrilled by my interest. He never hired professional actors for his projects. He wanted "raw authenticity." When he handed me the script, he gave me a wink. "You'll be perfect for the part of Gloria."

I didn't understand until I read Gloria's last scene. It was a love scene. A sex scene. I almost told Marco I wouldn't do it, but then reconsidered. Why tell my husband? And why not do the scene? Besides, I wouldn't actually have to fuck the actor playing the role of Mike, Gloria's love interest in the film.

Burt used existing locations for his film projects, preferred natural light, and had almost no crew. On the first day of shooting it was just me, Burt, a sound tech, and the actor who had the part of Mike.

He was a good-looking guy named Omar. He wasn't a professional actor either, just somebody Burt had roped in. He had a dazzling smile and sparkling eyes.

"You nervous?" he asked me. This scene was a conversation between our two characters.

My palms were wet. "Yes. I've got the dialogue memorized, I think, but what if I miss a line?"

"Keep going, even if you screw up. I already shot a scene earlier, and Burt said



"I FELT HIS CROTCH HARDENING AGAINST MINE. I RUBBED SHAMELESSLY ON HIS BULGE."

to just stay in character."

I tried, but I felt like I was fumbling through the scene. I thought I understood my character's motivations, but the words sounded wooden as I spoke them. My nervousness worsened.

There was something else making me edgy, though. As Omar and I traded lines, I grew more and more aware of how sexy he was. I studied how limberly he moved. Soon, my palms weren't all that was wet. So was my pussy.

Burt circled us with the camera. We were doing this as one unbroken shot. As we reached the end of the scene, Omar stepped up to me, thrust his head toward mine, and spoke his last line. I was supposed to turn away with a frustrated cry. Instead, the moment seemed to freeze and I lost myself in those eyes. Without warning, I grabbed hold of his face and kissed him savagely on the mouth. Then I turned away and stalked off.

I felt totally embarrassed. I didn't even know Burt had stopped filming until he came after me and gave me a fierce hug. "That was great, Alyssa! That felt real, better than what I wrote it. It's how Gloria would've reacted!"

I didn't tell Marco about any of it. Omar kept creeping into my thoughts. Burt had a fast shooting schedule, but the love scene was the last thing we were going to film. I read and reread that scene, imagining Omar and I undressing each other, kissing, sinking together onto a bed. I fingered my pussy picturing it, delving deep and flicking my clit until I shook with a fierce climax.

By now, obviously, I had a bad case of the hots for my costar. I wondered what my younger, wilder self would have done about it, and that too was obvious. I would have pounced on the delectable Omar without hesitation. But I was a married woman now. I owed Marco some consideration.

I hadn't seen much of him lately, what with the big merger he was spearheading for his company. When he came home late one night I went to him, planning to tell him all about the upcoming love scene with Omar.

Marco yawned and said, "Oh, Burt's movie? Are you still doing that?"

Fine, I thought, miffed. If he cared that little, then I would do what I wanted on the final day of shooting.

It arrived. The day. I didn't know if over the past couple weeks I'd improved any as an actress, but Burt loved what I'd done.

LETTERS

➤ STEPPING OUT

He had the bedroom all set up. Afternoon light came through a high window. There was the bed. I fidgeted.

Omar looked nervous, too. Just before we rolled, he said quietly to me, "Do whatever feels right." Then Burt shouted, "Action!"

Omar and I had developed an ease that mirrored the growing relationship between Gloria and Mike. These two wanted each other, but various melodramas had kept them apart. Now all the games were done. We moved toward each other. Fantasies beat in my brain. How often I'd fingered myself over this moment which was about to really happen.

Omar grabbed my shoulders and yanked me into a kiss. I jammed my mouth hard atop his. Our tongues tangled. I pressed my body along his sleekly taut form. When he reached down to seize my ass, I did the same to him. His flesh was firm. I felt his crotch hardening against mine. I rubbed shamelessly on his bulge.

There were no more words. We tore at each other's clothes. His shirt buttons went flying. My skirt tore as he whipped it off me and tossed it aside.

We were supposed to climb into bed while we were still in our underwear. But suddenly that seemed ludicrous. I pulled Omar's briefs down his legs while he got rid of my panties. We stood at the foot of the bed, naked and panting. I was distantly aware of Burt with his camera, of the sound man sitting in a corner. But they didn't matter. They weren't real. Mike and Gloria were real—and they were going to fuck.

His hands were on my tits, squeezing. I reached down to cradle his balls, feeling

them stir on my palm. His cock throbbed against my flat abdomen. We kissed voraciously, tongues stabbing deep. The room started to whirl. It was time to get on the bed.

We lay down side by side. I took his cock in my hand, fingers enclosing his girth. He reached between my spread thighs, to the sleek wetness there. Fingertips grazed my cleft, then he parted my folds and slid a finger inside. My body bucked, bouncing the mattress underneath us. I gave his shaft several jerks, and he groaned.

But I wanted more than just to fondle him. I squirmed around and draped myself across his six-pack belly, with his cock rearing up right before my face. With a hand again at his balls, I dropped my mouth down on top of his swollen plum-sized cockhead. His flavor filled me instantly as I sucked down the pearl of pre-come awaiting me.

I swirled him with my tongue, sealing my lips around that smooth crown. He writhed under me, his hands pulling at my body, shifting me. As I started dropping the ring of my mouth down his veiny shaft, I felt him lift and settle me into place—so that his mouth had easy access to my streaming pussy.

We forged ahead with furious abandon, engaged in a passionate 69. I couldn't remember the last time Marco and I had bothered to do something this adventurous and acrobatic. (Marco? Gloria didn't know any Marco.) I sucked that scrumptious staff down all the way down, taking an inch or so into my throat and holding it there, giving him the chance to appreciate my cock-sucking skills.

When he flashed his tongue along my groove then drove it hard up inside me, I knew he was appreciating me. His hands closed over my ass, pulling me more firmly down onto his face. I wriggled with pleasure, no doubt smearing my juices on his chin and cheeks. He nibbled softly on my aching clit, which brought on an abrupt and helpless pleasure. With my mouth

"I WRIGGLED WITH PLEASURE, NO DOUBT SMEARING MY JUICES ON HIS CHIN AND CHEEKS."



stuffed with cock, I let out a deep-throated growl and came with a vengeance.

He rolled me off him, and I fell limply onto my back, dazed. But my attention refocused immediately as he levered himself up over me. I looked up at his beautiful, dripping face. Mike! Mike, my lover. I wanted him. He and Gloria belonged together.

He hunkered between my legs, his cock gleaming with my spit, and thrust himself into my eager pussy. I cried out, taking all of him, lifting my legs and wrapping them around his waist. My entire body lit with an electrical bliss. Above me, his features twisted with joy.

With steady strokes he pounded my cunt. I liked the forceful smack of our bodies coming together. I met his thrusts, my hips working like oiled joints. My wrists locked around the back of his neck. Heat raced through me. Pleasure rippled my body once more, and I jerked and spasmed through another ferocious climax.

He held back and let me have my fun, just like Mike would have. I grinned at him. Then I executed an unexpected judo move and flipped him onto his back. The look of surprise on his face was absolutely genuine. Enormously turned on, I mounted him, slotting his gorgeous cock up inside me. I impaled myself, feeling every deep part that he touched with his lovely prick. I braced a hand on his chest and rode him wildly.

I bucked on top of him like a madwoman. He thrust up into me, but I moved in a blur, pounding my pussy down onto his cock with every plunge. My clit buzzed like a beehive. My pussy overflowed. I was coming yet again, as only Mike could make me do.

I looked down as my lover's face clenched in final ecstasy. I felt his come geysering within me. I milked every last drop of delight he had, then I collapsed onto him. His arms enfolded me. I nuzzled against his throat and closed my eyes.

Burt and the sound man withdrew.



When we came out to the next room later, I started to feel a fresh surge of embarrassment, but Burt grinned happily. "I got all the footage I need to make a very tasteful cut of the scene. Don't worry. But you can have an uncut version if you want."

I did want. So did Omar. I wanted to remember this scene for a long time to come.

—A.B., Brooklyn, New York

■ SECRET CRAVINGS

Every month, I meet my girlfriends for drinks at the dive bar we used to go to in college. We dress like we did 20 years ago, in our jeans and concert T-shirts, put on too much makeup, and flirt with the men who offer to buy us drinks—even though we're all married and have been for years. It's fun and relaxing and a great way to cut loose. But what the other women don't know—and what my husband doesn't know—is that after girls' night is over, I double back and hook up with the hot young bartender who just "happens" to be working every time we go to the bar.

Eddie is nearly half my age, a sexy 23-year-old who has tight abs, lots of tattoos, and can last twice as long as my husband in bed. He also loves going down on me, unlike my husband, who has

long since lost interest in eating pussy. Eddie gives me exactly what I need, exactly when I need it, and my husband never suspects a thing. All he knows is that I come home from girls' night happy, and for the next week or two he gets the best sex he could ask for without having to do anything he doesn't want to do.

Take last month, for example. The ladies were sloshed by midnight, and ready to go home, so we all called for cabs and headed out. But while their cars drove them back to the suburbs where they lived with their husbands, mine drove me around the block and dropped me off right back where I started. The driver was confused, but I tossed him a 20 and he let it drop.

Eddie was still behind the bar when I strolled back in. I took a stool at the end and sipped a cocktail while he finished his shift. I watched young chicks flirt with him, and he ignored every last one of them. All those perky 20-somethings in low-cut tops and skintight dresses with acres of flesh showing, but he only had eyes for me—a 40-something in a pair of ripped jeans, a faded T-shirt, and some high heels that were more akin to flats than the skyscrapers the other women had strapped to their feet.

At two o'clock, when Eddie was ready to go home—with me—I watched as the other women at the bar stared after us with jealousy. I was almost tempted to tell

LETTERS

▾ STEPPING OUT



them that they'd have their shot with him the following weekend, when I was home being a good wife, but I decided to let them figure that out for themselves. I had better things to do with my night.

Eddie lives on the third floor above the bar, and we were upstairs in his apartment in no time. And a minute after we arrived, Eddie had my pants down around my knees. He pushed me up against the front door, knelt on the floor and went in for the kill.

I know I said Eddie loves to eat pussy, but love isn't strong enough a word. He practically lives for it. If he could, he'd do nothing but eat pussy 24/7. And he likes to remind me of that fact every single time we're together.

Positioned as I was, I couldn't move or squirm the way my body wanted to. All I could do was push my back hard against the door to hold myself steady and dig my fingers into Eddie's hair to urge him to keep going.

When he'd pulled down my jeans and panties, he'd done so quickly, but he made

sure to plant slow, sensual kisses on my stomach and hips and thighs once they were bared to him. Then he moved in for my inner thighs, kissing and licking and suckling on the soft flesh there, turning me on more and more with each passing second.

I could feel that he was going to leave a hickey on my left thigh as he sucked, but I didn't care. If my husband noticed and asked, I'd say I bumped into a table at the bar. I'd say anything, as long as I didn't have to stop Eddie from doing those wonderful things with his mouth. He was getting me hot and bothered. My pussy was dripping wet and my clit was throbbing wildly by the time he finally moved his mouth to my sex.

He planted open-mouthed kisses all over my mound and along my slit, letting his tongue flutter out to tickle me every so often. He was driving me crazy, but all I did was wind my fingers tighter into his hair and hold him in place, making sure to keep him right where he was. Not that he had any intention of trying to get away...

My shirt was still on, and Eddie was still fully dressed, but I was already on the verge of my first orgasm of the night—one of many, I was sure.

Eddie didn't let up for even a second, his lips and tongue moving over my slit and every now and then slipping up to give my clit a tiny bit of attention. I was panting and gasping and had to bite my lip to keep from screaming. I was sure I was pulling too hard on Eddie's hair, but nothing would slow him down. About a minute after he'd started eating my pussy, I felt my stomach clench and my thighs quiver, and then I felt a flood of warmth down in my core as I came. And still Eddie kept his mouth latched to my pussy, drinking up every drop of juice that rushed out of me.

But that wasn't the end of it for Eddie. He scooped me up and carried me to his bed, where he finished undressing me before shedding his own jeans and T-shirt. Then, he got right back between my thighs for a second helping of pussy.

On the mattress, I had more ability to move and writhe, and I felt comfortable being loud. In fact, Eddie encouraged it—unlike my husband, who prefers we stay quiet—so I let loose. I rocked my hips up against Eddie's mouth, forcing his tongue deeper into my slit and grinding his face against my mound. Every time he hit just the right spot, I let out a loud coo of pleasure.

Eddie brought me to not one but two more orgasms before he let me at his cock, and even then, he guided us first into a 69, as he was still unready to pull back from my slick, juicy entrance.

I didn't care. I happily devoured Eddie's cock, swallowing him as far as I could and then guiding him in and out of my mouth over and over. His cock tasted salty and was incredibly thick, and I greedily gulped him down as he continued to slurp me up.

I brought Eddie to the verge of exploding before he finally let up on my pussy. He then laid on his back, his hard cock standing up straight from his crotch.

“MY CLIT WAS THROBBING WILDLY BY THE TIME HE FINALLY MOVED HIS MOUTH TO MY SEX.”

I climbed on top of him, guided his dick to my entrance, and then sank down until I had him fully engulfed inside me.

Eddie reached up and cupped my breasts as I started to ride his shaft, and as I picked up my pace, he began to tweak my nipples in time with my thrusts.

Riding Eddie is as exciting as being eaten by him. Though I'd been sure a few moments earlier that I couldn't possibly climax one more time, I soon felt myself building up to yet another orgasm as his cock hit all the right places.

When he wanted more of me, he pulled me toward him and guided my breasts to his mouth. He sucked one nipple and then the other. At first, he was gentle with my nipples, tickling them with his tongue and tweaking them lightly with his fingers, but as I grew more and more aroused—and he did, too—he became more aggressive. He started sucking and tweaking my nipples harder, and the added pressure on my sensitive breasts sent me over the edge.

I came one last time, my whole body shaking as I experienced my most intense climax of the evening. But even reaching one last earth-shattering orgasm didn't stop me from continuing to pleasure Eddie. I kept thrusting and writhing against him until I felt his cock throb inside me. I quickly pulled off of him and rolled onto my back, and he stroked himself to completion, shooting his cream all over my breasts. It was beautiful.



I rubbed his semen into my skin as he watched me, and then licked the remnants from my fingers to get one last taste.

We lay in bed for a while afterward, catching our breath, and then we headed to the shower for a little more fooling around as we washed up.

A few hours after my girlfriends had left the bar, I called a cab to take me home—for real this time.

When I got in, my husband was in bed, but he awoke when I climbed in beside him. “How was girls' night?” he asked. “Did you have fun?”

“It was the best!” I assured him.

“Good, I'm glad,” he murmured, leaning over to kiss me on the cheek before rolling over again and falling back asleep.

I waited a few minutes to be sure he was snoring, and then reached beneath the covers to rub my clit. Knowing that I'd gotten away with my affair once more was incredibly exciting, and I felt myself getting aroused all over again.

It only took a couple of minutes of masturbation to get off, and as I felt my absolute last climax of the evening rush through me, whole body relaxed and I dozed off, my hand still resting on my warm mound.

The next morning, when my husband woke me up early with his hard-on pressing against my thigh, I didn't hesitate to pull him on top of me and let him fuck me just the way he likes. Eddie had excited me enough to make even utilitarian sex exciting for me; I knew my husband and I would both be more than content for at least a few weeks. That is until I'm once more in need of Eddie's magic tongue.

—K.H., Boulder, Colorado

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LETTERS

THREE-FOR-ALL

A TANGLED WEB

I was seeing both Julie and Viviana. Two gorgeous sexy women interested in me at the same time. Thing was, I'd gotten this idea in my head: What if I could get them both into bed at the same time?

Ask most men and they'll tell you that's the ultimate, a threeway with two hot babes. Both of these women were sweet and smart, and we always had a good time. Individually. I wasn't pretending to be in an exclusive relationship with either (I'm not an asshole), but I kept the details vague about who else I might be seeing.

If I had any chance of making my fantasy come true, I had to first establish that Julie and Viviana were attracted to women. If they weren't at least bi-curious, this plan of mine was done before it could even begin.

I approached Julie first. She was a luscious, athletic dark-haired woman.

We went out for a nice dinner. Over the course of the evening I pointed out other women, asking Julie what she thought of their outfits, their shoes—innocuous questions that I hoped would provoke a more meaningful response.

It didn't get me anywhere. But when we were getting into the car, she suddenly said of a good-looking woman on the other side of the street, "Her top's too tight on her, but with boobs that lovely it's a treat to see."

That comment gave me hope. As we rolled around in bed that night, I couldn't help but imagine her taut, beautiful body entangling with that of the big-titted woman—and me in the mix, too!

The next evening I tried to sound out Viviana. We were at her place, having come back from a club she liked to frequent. As we headed into her bedroom, I heard myself ask, "You ever dance with women there?" I silently kicked myself. *Real subtle, Jay.*

But Viviana, who was a ravishing blonde with curves in all the right places, answered casually, "Only when one turned me on."

Fireworks went off in my head, and I fucked her like I'd just gotten out of prison.

After that I started to seriously scheme as to how to get these two lovely females together. The anticipation was exquisite torture. I figured my best bet was arranging to be with one of them while "accidentally" bumping into the other.

It would be delicate, of course. I had hinted to both that I was seeing another person. But it was one thing to know that in the abstract, and something else entirely to meet the other woman. I might really screw things up and lose both of them. The thought tightened my nuts.

But I knew every lovely naked inch of Julie and Viviana, and to have sex with both at the same time would be the supreme prize. Afterward, I could die happy.

A friend of mine was throwing a big outdoor barbecue bash. He was the one who had introduced me to Viviana. I had already asked Julie to come with me. I asked my pal to make sure Viviana got an invite, too.

The day was summery, and everyone was having a good time when we arrived. Julie looked stunning, wearing shorts and a skimpy top. There was a pool on the premises. I looked around for Viviana. I would have to fake surprise at finding her there, and then quickly make the introductions. I figured I would be a little awkward about it, maybe laugh anxiously as I gradually explained to each that this was the other woman I was seeing.

If I did it right, both sweet-natured women would feel sorry for my plight and pave things over quickly. Hopefully, the two would hit it off. Maybe I could plant the idea of the three of us going out together some time.

When I at last found Viviana, she was emerging from the pool in a scanty



swimsuit. Julie and I were standing by the towels, and when Viviana reached for one, she was startled. "Oh! It's you. Oh."

I felt the immediate awkwardness; I didn't need to fake a thing. Julie stiffened. Viviana's eyes were wide. The moment felt perilous. I needed to jump in and smooth things over.

But before I could speak, Julie said, "Viviana, I, uh, didn't know you'd be here."

"Uh," Viviana said nervously, "I didn't know you were coming. Or Jay."

"You know Jay?" Julie turned to me.

Confused, I asked, "You two know each other?"

Both women hesitated. "Well, we..." Viviana started. Julie finished, "We've been seeing each other."

The summer day seemed to swirl around me. I closed my eyes. One of them said, "I hope that doesn't bother you, Jay."

It didn't. Not at all. I quickly made that clear to them, just as I explained my own situation. We were all pretty stunned, but we laughed at the crazy coincidence. My nerve returned, and I boldly suggested we leave and go to my place. The two agreed eagerly.

I didn't know how to behave, or if anything was even going to happen. I was sitting between the ladies on my couch, when they snuggled in against me on either side and traded a knowing look. "You want to do it?" Julie asked Viviana, who said with a grin, "I sure do."

They waited on me, who was apparently the deciding vote. My cock was already straining in my pants. "Hell yeah!" I said.

They led me to the bedroom, groping me from either side. Everything felt both unreal and incredibly vivid at the same time. Standing at the foot of my roomy bed, we tugged at each other's clothing. We moved in unison. Buttons were unbuttoned, zippers unzipped. Shirts, pants, bras, briefs, panties—all dropped to the floor.

Dazed, I gazed at the two beautiful



nude women. I didn't know who to kiss first. They saved me the bother by leaning past me and kissing each other, leaving no doubt that these two really had been lovers for some while. I watched in wonder as their mouths worked together, lips parting and tongues flashing.

Then just as I was feeling slightly left out, they turned as one and pulled me into a three-way kiss. I was amazed at how well our faces fit, how each tongue could easily reach the others. They pressed tightly to me, tits mashing against my chest, my cock throbbing between their two taut bellies. Each of my hands was groping a firm female backside. I felt like the luckiest man in the world.

But it was just beginning. In wordless accord, we moved onto the bed. I didn't overthink the present moment, didn't try to immediately act out any of the fantasies I'd been nurturing. This was already so beautiful, and it couldn't have been happening with two lovelier, more accommodating women.

I found myself on my back. Julie thrust her tits in my face while Viviana started kissing her way down my chest. I flicked my tongue over a ripe pink nipple, then nibbled on the stiff succulent bud. Julie purred with pleasure.

"SOON I WAS POUNDING VIVIANA'S INVITING PUSSY WHILE SHE LICKED JULIE'S SLIT."

Meanwhile, Viviana's tongue left a moist trail down my torso. Suddenly, I felt her hot breath on my cockhead, then her wet mouth closed around me, all while I continued to feast on Julie's sweet nips.

Julie wanted more attention, however. Grinning, she moved up to kneel over my face. I caught a glimpse of Viviana's blonde-haired head between my legs, her mouth engulfing my cock. Then Julie's delectable pussy was lowering onto my waiting mouth. She straddled me like she had dozens of times before, and I slid my tongue up into her silky passage.

Her taste was savory, as always. She ground her pussy on my face, smearing her wetness all over, making her usual groans and growls. Viviana made

LETTERS

↘ THREE-FOR-ALL

familiar noises, too, as she sucked on my cock. The pleasure was fantastic. The air seemed to seethe around us. I wasn't just doubling my fun here. Some outrageous mathematical miracle was in play. This felt ten times as good to me!

But the moment wasn't only about my bliss, I reminded myself, as Viviana moved up and dropped her pussy onto my rampant meat, taking every inch. I looked up as Julie continued to grind on my mouth to see Viviana's hands come around from behind to squeeze Julie's tits. Julie turned her head to kiss the blonde over her shoulder. The sight was deliriously beautiful. I ate Julie all the harder and thrust myself

up into Viviana's pussy.

Both women came not too long after that. First, Viviana writhed atop my pole, crying out and clenching me. Then Julie, with Viviana tweaking her nipples, grunted and flooded my open mouth with her juice.

They traded places. I watched Julie as she first licked my cock clean of Viviana's sauce, then lowered herself onto my meat with a look of anticipatory ecstasy. Then Viviana sat on my face, reversing herself so that I could lick her cunt upside down. It cut off my view of the two women facing each other over my body, but I heard them talking dirty to each other, saying things like, "Yeah, suck

my tit. That's so good!" and "I'm going to tweak this sweet nip right off you!"

The ladies enjoyed a second mutual climax atop me, crying out loud. It was beautiful. Afterward, they both climbed off, pausing to lap the mingled pussy juice off my smiling face.

I rolled up off my back with every part of me alive, skin tingling and bones humming. Julie was on her knees, ass thrust back toward me, even as I moved to slot myself into her. Viviana flowed in, spreading her thighs, offering her glistening pussy to Julie's mouth. Everything felt perfectly in synch. In all my imaginings of this scenario, I had never let myself hope things would be this graceful. I cupped Julie's ass and stroked into her pussy, driving myself deep. She writhed as her head bobbed between Viviana's legs. The blonde cried out, wrapping her fingers in Julie's dark hair and humping upward against her lover's mouth.

Again, they traded spots. Soon I was pounding Viviana's inviting pussy while she licked Julie's slit. I had hit some sexual Zen state, aware of the movement of every molecule in our bodies, as though I were intricately connected by a web to these two amazing women. I appreciated every instant of this, every iota of pleasure we were experiencing together.

But I was going to unload. My balls sang as they spanked Viviana's backside. My cock was twitching as it plowed her sweet hole.

Somehow they sensed my imminent climax. Viviana pulled away, and Julie came scrambling up off her back. I was suddenly thrusting at empty air. But I was coming anyway, and those two women had their open mouths ready to receive my flinging spunk. I jetted onto their faces and into those mouths. They gobbled up my jizz, then licked the stray strands—like the strands of a web—off each other's faces.

—J.G., Trenton, New Jersey



SHARING IS CARING

got right to the point. "Sweetheart, this is Jerry. Jerry has a huge cock." Jerry laughed softly but shook my wife's hand. "I've heard a lot about you," he said to her. Michelle smiled. "Like what?"

He leaned in, and I couldn't help but notice how his large dark hand looked cradling her small pale one. I work with Jerry, and the man's six foot four if he's an inch.

"Like how pretty you are, how smart you are, and how tight you are..."

Michelle blushed but didn't let go of his hand. "Are you joining us tonight, or is this just a meet and greet?"

Both of them turned to me for the answer, and I shrugged. "Either's fine by me. It's up to you two, really. I mean, you'll be fucking my wife and"—I looked at my Michelle—"you, my dear, will be fucked. So you two tell me what you'd like."

I poured out three glasses of wine and watched them consider one another. I could tell by the way Michelle's chest was flushed that she was sexually attracted to Jerry. And since I'd been working with Jerry long enough to consider him a friend, I could tell that he was digging my wife. He couldn't stop his eyes from lingering here and there as he considered her physical charms.

"I think today would work," she said finally.

His smile seemed a mile wide as he chimed in, "I was thinking the same thing."

"Good. I say we have a drink and then get to it. I, for one, have been envisioning this for a very long time."

I let them chat up each other, all the while watching their body language. Observing Michelle working her magic on a new man never failed to turn me on. There was something about the way my wife owned her body and her siren-like sexuality that made my dick hard. And



"I SUCKED HER CLIT HARD AND THEN SOFT, ALTERNATING TO KEEP HER OFF BALANCE."

having gotten an eyeful of Jerry several times in the gym, unencumbered by things like clothing, I was eager to see my wife taking that big cock of his—and I planned on having a close-up view of the action.

When the wine had been drunk and he'd touched her thigh and she'd pressed his biceps, I rubbed my hands together. "Okay, kids, what'll it be? To fuck or not to fuck? That is the question." I laughed. "But after watching you two together, I think the real question is: Can we get to this already?"

I rose and extended my hand to my wife. Michelle took it. After she stood, Jerry took hold of her other hand. Together, we led her to the stairs. Then I preceded her up the steps, and Jerry followed after her. Our bedroom was off limits when we took a third. Since we

kept the marital bed to ourselves, I made a right into the guest room, the bed of which was done up with luxurious linens. Only the best for our play partners.

"Take those pants off," I heard her whisper to Jerry. "I'm dying to see."

I couldn't help but laugh as I lowered the blinds. She'd probably been imagining his cock since I'd told her about it, and now she couldn't stand to wait any longer.

I turned to watch Jerry lower his jeans and then push down his boxer briefs. His big dick was already hard, and when it sprang free, Michelle gasped. I watched, aching to grab my own cock, as she took his dark erection in her pale hand. She grasped his shaft and began to stroke him until he made a sound deep in his throat and his eyes drifted shut.

I took off my pants and my shirt and folded them neatly before placing them on a chair. Then I walked up to Michelle and she wrapped her free hand around my cock. She began stroking both of us simultaneously. I leaned in and brought my lips to hers, holding a big handful of her hair in my hand and tugging her head back so I could kiss her deeply. She broke our lip-lock and turned to our guest. Jerry kissed her passionately, emitting a subtle growl that belied his excitement. Michelle's fist tightened on my cock, and she made a desperate, breathy sound that made my balls ache to come—in her, on her. It didn't matter.

LETTERS

THREE-FOR-ALL

Judging by Jerry's reaction, I guessed he felt the same.

Michelle let go of us and dropped to her knees. She took his cock in her hand and started to stroke him again while licking and sucking his knob. I know my wife and knew she'd be drenched. I got on my hands and knees behind her and slipped my fingers into her cunt. She was wet beyond belief, and she moaned around Jerry's girth as I probed her.

"Fuck," I said. And then I did just that, pulling my fingers free of her pussy and sliding my cock inside her.

Michelle moaned, thrusting herself back against me while sucking Jerry as deeply as she could. I held her hips and rocked into her, watching her palm his big balls and work his shaft with her lips and tongue.

Jerry's head tilted back, eyes shut, as he held fistfuls of her dark hair. He drove into her willing mouth over and over, grunting with each stroke.

I shut my eyes for a moment because the visual was going to make me climax.

No doubt about it. And I most definitely did not want to shoot yet. But I wanted her to come.

I pushed one of my slippery fingers into her asshole and pushed it deep. I could feel the friction of my dick driving into her other hole over and over. I fucked her a little faster, and when I felt her muscles tighten around me, I added a second finger to her backdoor.

Michelle cried out, her sounds muffled

**"I PUSHED ONE
OF MY SLIPPERY
FINGERS INTO HER
ASSHOLE AND
PUSHED IT DEEP!"**

by Jerry's thrusting dick. She shivered and her spasming pussy milked my cock. I bit my tongue to keep from coming and pulled free of her quickly.

I stood there, watching her suck Jerry's dick and stroking myself tentatively. Jerry finally growled deep in his throat and pulled out of her. He held out his hand, and my wife took it. She stood and let him lead her to the bed. When he had her on her hands and knees, he climbed onto the mattress behind her. I watched as he smoothed his palm across her ass cheeks. He pushed a few digits into her pussy, and she reached up to pinch her pink nipple with the fingers of one hand. I watched the flesh blanch and knew she must've been squeezing hard. That little spark of pain always got her off. Jerry slid his thumb into her ass, and she groaned. Then he gave another animalistic sound, pulled his fingers free, and filled her cunt with his cock.

I watched, mesmerized, as he entered her slowly, her pussy stretching to accommodate his size. When I mentioned he's big, I wasn't lying. I heard my wife cooing and groaning as he stretched her with great patience. Once he was seated deep, he simply stayed there, holding her hips as she gyrated on his dick.

"Help a girl out," she said to me, and all I could manage in response was a dumb nod. I worked my way under her, lying on my back on the firm mattress. I got directly beneath her pussy and took a moment to appreciate the close-up view of Jerry's cock penetrating my wife's tight cunt. Then I put my hands beneath my head to elevate myself and started to lick her puffy clit. I swirled my tongue and flicked the glossy knot of flesh and watched her squirm. She moved against him and then against me, constantly trying to make contact with one man or the other. I levered my head up and latched onto her, and she cried out because now—no matter how she moved—there was contact. I sucked





her clit hard and then soft, alternating to keep her off balance. All the while her body rocked above me and Jerry pounded her from behind.

I took hold of my cock and started to jerk off hard and fast. Her cries were enough to have me on edge, and when I felt myself go just a bit too far past that, I slammed my hand down on the bed. I didn't want to come yet. Not like this. Not in my fist.

Michelle came with a shout, pressing her pussy down against my lips and tongue. I lapped up her copious juices and sucked her clit until she hissed and pulled back. Then after one more good look at the big, dark cock sliding in and out of her rosy cunt, I slid out from underneath her.

I wiped my mouth and stared at Jerry who barely looked like he was hanging on at this point. When Michelle comes, her pussy squeezes your cock beautifully. It's hard not to follow suit when she has an orgasm.

"Fuck her ass," I said softly, eager to mix things up and keep this scene going.

Michelle moaned with abandon. "No, no, no...he'll never fit." But her eyes lit up and her cheeks flushed darker and she pushed her body back against his pistoning cock even as she said the words.

"Breathe," I said. "It will."

Jerry looked dubious, but I saw him pull out and look at her snug asshole. "I'll walk you through," I said. "First, get your fingers wet in her pussy. She's soaked right now."

He followed my directions, and Michelle groaned, rocking back to meet his touch. Every motion of her body told me she wanted her ass to be impaled by Jerry's big, black dick.

"Now push one finger in her ass. Slowly."

More moaning and arching from my wife. She was delirious.

"Now another..."

She sighed blissfully, and I smiled.

"When you feel she's relaxed, pull out your fingers and replace them with your dick."

Jerry did exactly that as Michelle mewled and moaned. "Here," I said to her. "This will help you take your mind off what he's doing." I smoothed my cockhead over her lips, and she lapped at me, sucking me deep into her hot mouth.

I held her head and watched Jerry's face as he inched his dick into her backdoor. When he was in all the way, I said, "Just stay. She'll move when she's ready."

And then she did: thrusting back against him and sucking me greedily. I held her head and fucked her mouth as Jerry clutched her hips in his huge hands and reamed her ass. Michelle's body bucked, and she cried out around my shaft as her pleasure built. She balanced herself on one hand and put the other beneath her. I watched her shoulder rock as she played with her clit. When she climaxed, I lost my composure and came. She lapped at me as I shot my load. And then poor Jerry lost his hold, too. He pulled free of her and came across the small of her back, painting her skin with his pearly come.

Then Michelle was giggling. "What's so funny?" I asked, laughing with her.

"Nothing. I was just thinking you should bring your friends home more often."

Jerry joined in the laughter. I doubted he'd have a problem with being invited back.

-D.R., Detroit, Michigan

UNICORN KISSES

Have you ever heard of a unicorn? I'm not talking about the mythical horse with a horn. I'm talking about a creature that is just about as rare: an attractive young woman who enjoys having threesomes with couples. Well, I'm here to say that I am a unicorn. I didn't know I was one until I read about it online, but I was so inspired by the term that I got a tattoo of a unicorn on my arm, adding to my already substantial ink.

I'm 24 years old and bisexual, and I get off on bringing joy to couples who are a little jaded in the bedroom. I love everything about it: sucking a cock while having my pussy licked, getting fucked while a girl sits on my face, and enjoying the sensations of two sets of hands and two tongues on my body at the same time. I've also had threesomes with two women, but I really like the variety of cock and cunt at the same time.

I have what some might call a boyish figure, with very small breasts topped with nipples that stick out like pencil erasers. I'm usually described as a pixie because I'm under five-feet tall and weigh less than 100 pounds. But I've got an awesome ass, and for a short chick I have great legs. As I already mentioned, I'm covered in ink. I've also got a nose ring and a tongue stud, and my hair is a different color depending on what week it is. My look is a bit punk rock, which some older couples either find off-putting or very exciting.

One day I was looking for some fun and began swiping through the options on my phone. A pic of a hot chick caught

LETTERS

THREE-FOR-ALL

“SHE RODE HIM SLOWLY FOR A FEW MINUTES WHILE HIS TONGUE LASHED MY CLIT.”

my eye. When I contacted her, she told me she was looking for a woman to share with her husband on his birthday. I liked her, so I agreed to meet for coffee. We lived about an hour apart, so we met halfway.

Ramona was gorgeous. A former model, she was now in her 30s—a Nordic goddess with long blonde hair, reed-thin but with an impressive bosom, and impossibly long legs. She explained that she and her husband, Andy, had long talked about having a threesome. She'd never had sex with a woman, but during her days as a model, she'd always thought about it. Seeing so many beautiful women day after day made her wonder what they were like in bed. I laughed and said I was hardly the model type, but she gave me an appraising look and told me I was very sexy and her husband would think so, too.

Next, she showed me pictures of Andy. He had a mop of unruly hair and a wide grin. I wanted to eat him alive. His birthday was in a week, and she hadn't been able to find a woman eager to join them until she met me.

Ramona's plan was to surprise him on Sunday morning, which was his birthday. He liked nothing better than to sleep in on the weekend, but she didn't think he would mind being awakened by two sexy women.

On the appointed morning I got up at



dawn. I was so excited I could barely drive. I parked down the street from their house, and we were as quiet as mice as she snuck me in. We changed into some sexy lingerie and high heels in their guest room, trying to stifle our nervous giggles. But in no time, the two of us were totally turned on and couldn't wait for the fun to start. Holding hands, we headed to the bedroom.

We found Andy sprawled across the bed. She told me he usually slept naked, but for the moment his bottom half was covered by a sheet. Ramona quietly called his name.

“Andy, wake up.” He grunted. “Wake up, sweetie.”

“What time is it?” he asked grouchy.

“Let me sleep.”

“I’ve got a birthday surprise for you,”

Ramona said softly.

He opened his eyes, and I’ve never seen a man awaken so quickly. He sat upright, his face a mixture of confusion and excitement as he took in the sight of two women clad in lingerie at the foot of his bed.

“This is Hannah, your present,” Ramona said, introducing me. “Happy birthday!”

As Andy grinned widely, Ramona put on some music. She and I began dancing, grinding against each other. Ramona was a head taller than me, but she dipped down so we could rub our breasts together. I brought my lips to hers, flicking my tongue and delving into her mouth when she parted for me. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Andy gaping at us; he was loving every second

of our makeout session.

Ramona and I gradually stripped each other and then climbed into bed with him. She straddled her husband's face, and he began to eat her pussy immediately. Meanwhile, I positioned myself astride his hips, rubbing my crotch against his cock, which was still covered by the sheet. After a few minutes, Ramona and I switched places, and as Andy fingered and tongued my pussy, she descended on his dick. Yanking the sheet aside, Ramona took his cock in hand and began sucking on it.

My eyes were riveted to her work. Andy's dick was long and thin with a big, mushroom-shaped head. Ramona blew him for a while, then climbed on top of him and slipped him inside her pussy. She rode him slowly for a few minutes while his tongue lashed my clit.

Ramona looked so pretty, her face flushed with arousal, as she rode his erection and watched me writhe on Andy's face. She ground her hips against him, plucking her nipples between her fingers until she released a little orgasmic cry.

On that cue, we changed places once more. I mounted Andy's dick, and Ramona faced me while she enjoyed his tongue. That way we could play with each other's breasts. Hers were hefty and soft. She seemed to enjoy pulling on my long nipples, and then taking them in her mouth and gently biting them.

Breathless, Ramona told me that Andy's fantasy was to have two women lick his cock at the same time. That sounded hot to me, so Ramona and I dismounted and got on either side of him. She ran her tongue up one side of his shaft, while I ran mine down the other. Then we took turns tonguing his cockhead. I started sucking him while she crouched between his legs and played with his ass, licking his taint and fingering his asshole. Andy was moaning and groaning with joy.

Not wanting to let him come just yet,

we took a quick break for some girl-on-girl fun. I lay back and lifted my knees so Ramona could get between my thighs and have her first good taste of cunt. She was a natural and had me gasping and moaning right away. Andy was eager to get in on the action and began fucking her from behind. That made Ramona eat me more passionately, and when Andy said he wanted to fuck me, too, I was ready to roll. Ramona slipped out of the way, and his cock took her mouth's place. She reclined next to me and sucked on my tits while her husband plowed me.

Andy kept up a steady rhythm, and it felt great. He was getting close to a tremendous orgasm and asked, I think both of us, whether he could come inside me. Ramona said, "Yeah, and I'll lick it out!" That sounded great to me. He sped up and let loose inside me. He pulled out, and Ramona leaned down and put her lips just over the tip of his dick, as if sucking the last drops of his semen through a straw. Then she hunkered down between my legs and lapped his load out of my pussy. Eager to get every bit, she maneuvered a finger inside me and pumped as she sucked. Thanks to the actions of her fingers and mouth, she was able to vacuum up every last bit.

We took a break and relaxed in a pile on the bed. Andy asked a few questions about me, as if we were chatting at a party. But before long, his cock got hard again. He was idly caressing my butt, and I sensed an interest. "Would you like to fuck my ass?" I asked him. He looked over at Ramona, and she shrugged. Apparently, they had never done that, so this was Andy's big day.

Once again I got on my back, this time holding my feet above my head. Andy grabbed some lube and prepped us both. I assured him I had done this several times and—not to be rude—with bigger dicks than his. "No offense taken," he said as he slid his cock into my ass. Ramona knelt nearby, fascinated. After

fucking me for a while, his face aglow with satisfaction, he told Ramona to eat my pussy while he continued to ream my ass. She did as he asked, and I was in a state of euphoria. He had said he was going to come on my tits, but before he could pull out he said, "Change of plans, I'm coming in your ass! I can't help it!" Seconds later, I felt him shoot his hot load inside me.

Upon seeing our glee, Ramona said she wanted to get ass-fucked, too. Andy was still hard, bless his heart, so she positioned herself on her knees and he got behind her. His shaft was slick with semen, cunt juice and lube, so he slid into her lickety-split. Her eyes were feral as he buggered her. She later told me she had always been afraid to try anal, but after seeing how much I liked it, she couldn't resist.

Reclining against the pillows, I played with my pussy while I watched them fuck. They were like two beasts in the wild, grunting and moaning. Before long, he announced he was ready to shoot again. He wanted to come on both of us, so he pulled out and Ramona and I lay shoulder to shoulder. He still had a decent amount of spray left, and his cream rained down on our tummies and tits. Ramona and I licked each other clean while Andy watched.

That was my most satisfying threesome yet. Ramona, Andy and I have gotten together since then, and we're planning a sexy vacation for this summer. But the next thing we're going to try is a foursome; I've got the perfect guy lined up. I can't wait.

Yes, unicorns do exist. You just need to know where to look.

—H.J., via email

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SEVEN MINUTES IN...

Two coworkers in a tight situation make the most of the moment.

By Alison Tyler

Seven minutes into the workday, I ran out of paper and headed to the office supply closet. I walked along the tiled hallway slowly, tabulating everything I had to get done that morning. The day had only begun, but it was already feeling like a typical Monday. I was ticking off items on my mental to-do list when I saw the door to the closet was slightly ajar. Curious, I glanced in. Josh was already inside, fumbling with a clear container of paperclips. Maybe I entered the closet quietly, or maybe he was thinking about something else, too, because when he turned and saw me, he spilled the entire jar. The paperclips danced noisily onto the concrete floor.

"Dana..."

I came forward to help him, pulling the door to the closet firmly shut behind me as I forgot that it automatically locks. We heard the audible click together.

His "damn" became my "fuck."

"What did I do?" I asked rhetorically. I knew, and he knew. I'd locked us in. Stupid door. "Typical Monday," I said next, thinking of all the things that had already gone wrong that morning, and all of the rest of the things that still had the potential to explode or implode. We'd have to wait until someone noticed our absence, went looking for supplies of their own, or heard us knocking, which I was about to do when Josh said something I wasn't prepared for.

"You know, you look beautiful today."

I turned and smiled at him. He grinned back. I couldn't return the compliment, because "beautiful" isn't what comes to mind when I look at Josh. He has coffee-colored curls that he occasionally forgets to cut, so that some days, like that one, they fall into his eyes, which

are blue. I know this, because I've lost myself in them from time to time during staff meetings, tuning out whatever the topic of the day is to think of different adjectives to describe that blue. Sky. Ocean. Cerulean is my favorite.

"This isn't how I thought things would go," Josh said next, continuing to baffle me.

"What do you mean?"

"I've imagined the two of us plenty of times," he explained. "Running into each other somewhere outside of the office."

"Like where?" I was intrigued, and I

**"HE DROVE A FINGER
INTO MY PUSSY
AND MY MUSCLES
CONTRACTED
AROUND THAT
DIGIT."**

leaned against the door, getting more comfortable. He'd definitely put some time into this scenario. I wanted to hear all the details.

"Grocery store. Donut shop. Jazz club. Then I might say, 'Come here often?' or 'Fancy meeting you here.'"

I liked where this was going. "What would I do?"

"Stammer and blush, sometimes. Or say something quick-witted others. Sort of depends on the type of situation. How my day was going."

All worries of my work had been

deleted from my brain. Josh had thought about me, pictured the two of us finding ourselves in some type of cute-meet situation. Truthfully, we'd flirted for months, never quite hooking up. I looked him over, taking in his buttoned-up appearance, the gray suit slacks, crisp white shirt, burgundy tie. The fact that his hair was sloppy and curly added intensely to his appeal. "So try it."

"Try what?"

"One of your lines."

He didn't speak right away. It was as if he were mentally preparing himself. He shook his hair out of his eyes, shot me a lecherous (yet very adorable) half-smile, and then winked. "Fancy meeting you here," he said, and I giggled.

"Not good?" he asked. "Too on-the-nose?"

"Try the other," I told him, standing up straighter as if I were about to head onstage to deliver my own lines.

"Come here often?"

"All the time," I said, doing my best to play along. "This place has gotten rave reviews, you know."

"You don't say?"

I nodded, acting as seriously as I possibly could. "I find their paperclips more delicate than any other office supply closet in the city."

He smirked. "I've had good luck with the pencil sharpener," he said confidentially. "The rotary one is more dependable than the electric."

I glanced around the room, trying to find an item to praise. "The glue sticks aren't bad. At least, when they're fresh."

"You're right there," he agreed.

"Positively divine. And what do you think of the rubber cement?"

"Creamy," I said, thoughtfully, as if describing a tiramisu or chocolate



fondue. “Exactly the right consistency. Sticky without being too wet.”

“Too wet,” Josh repeated, taking a step closer. I almost forgot that we were locked in the closet. Forgot we were bantering about the glue sticks and the paste jars. This was surreal. I had a to-do list as long as my arm, and all of a sudden my panties were damp at the center. At some point, at any point, one of our coworkers could open the door and find us. But then I took a breath and caught a hint of Josh’s aftershave, spicy and elegant, and I thought that he and I really might have met somewhere—might have found each other at a nightclub or a bookstore—and bantered like this.

Although not quite like this, because if we’d been outside of work, we could have taken things to a natural ending point. His place. My place. Instead, we were trapped in a closet. There was no natural conclusion.

The ridiculousness of the situation suddenly caught up with me. I started to laugh, and after a moment, he did, too. We were two adults locked up with the pens and ink, in the middle of the morning on a typical Monday, and there was no way we were going to...

“You know what they say?” he asked me, and he was closer now in that tight space, touching his shoulder to my shoulder. He was intoxicating.

“No,” I responded, “what do they say?”

“Office supplies can be aphrodisiacs.” He wiggled his dark eyebrows.

“You’re not serious.”

He tilted his head. “Cross my heart,” he said. “All those ballpoint pens...and hole punches.” He was enunciating the words in the most over-the-top manner. The hard “p” in point, pens, and punches. I felt a sensual heat creep over me. What if we’d been in a dance club or crushed together at a concert? Would that have been sexier than the two of us in a confined space, surrounded by...

“Reams of paper,” Josh continued. “Did you hear what I said, Dana? Reams...”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “Anyone

EROTICA

could find us," I reminded him, thinking that at least one of us needed to act professionally. "If they open the door, they'll see."

"But nobody will notice for a while," he countered. "It's Monday. Everyone's in their own personal hell, walking into walls, recovering from the weekend."

He stroked a tape dispenser. I bit my lip so as not to spill over with laughter. He held out a handful of pencils as if the fine yellow stalks with the pink rubber tips were a bouquet of roses. They might

as well have been. I plucked the pencils from his grip and pretended to breathe in their fragrant aroma.

"What if they never find us," he said, changing his tactics effortlessly. "What if we grow old together in this closet, always wondering what might have been, neither one of us daring to make the first bold move." I thought of kissing him at that moment. I'd always wondered—daydreamed and fantasized—about what fucking him would be like.

"There's not a lot of room here."

At my words, his eyes lit up. "The lady's talking logistics," he said excitedly. "That's a step forward." He looked around as if a bed might miraculously appear, as if there could be some hidden secret door to a hotel room that we'd overlooked.

"If I move the bucket," I said, "and we spread out the canvas tarp the painters left, you know, between that file cabinet and those boxes of paper"

"What if we stay standing," he countered. "You put your hands on that shelf..."

We were already making love in our minds. I could see the image growing clearer by the second. I'd face the wall of writing tools and Josh would be behind me, lifting my skirt and lowering my panties, which had grown dramatically wetter with every word. Were we actually going to do this? What would happen if Shelby came looking for a new nib and found us in a compromised position? What if Helen wanted coffee filters or Marcus needed a fresh eraser?

Josh said, "I think about your lips."

At his words, I became intensely aware of my mouth. I licked my bottom lip while he watched. I pursed my lips together and then tried to remember what my mouth normally did when at rest.

"What do you mean?" I managed to whisper. My voice had become husky with raw desire.

"The way they'd feel on mine," he said. The joking quality had completely disappeared from his voice, and he was standing even closer to me. There really wasn't much space there. I could sense his body heat, and I wanted to touch him all over.

"I once had this dream," I said breathlessly, explaining my fantasy: He'd found me outside watching the rain and ducked under an umbrella with me. I'd needed a break from the office space, and I'd wanted to see the storm. Our proximity led to a kiss, with the drops patterning the shiny black fabric, and



then both of us had stared at each other, surprised. Maybe even elated. The kiss had felt natural, the right thing to do...

We kissed now, with no rain, with no wind. We kissed in the closet, his hands roaming my body, stroking my small breasts through my lilac sweater, cradling and caressing me. My heart beat faster. My whole body felt as if he'd plugged me in, lit me up in some new and magical way. There was no longer anything typical about this Monday morning. We'd turned typical on its ass.

Josh pinched my nipples through my sweater and my bra. I wanted to feel his hands on my naked skin. I wanted him to bend down and catch my nipples between his teeth, tug on them, twist them. I wanted him to make me moan.

I started to tell him, started to put my desires into words, when I heard the telltale sounds of high heels clicking on the marble floor outside. I froze in place. Josh did, too. Was someone coming? Yes. We broke apart, and we both waited. One of our coworkers was definitely approaching. I grabbed a ruler. Josh held a box of pens. How silly did I feel? The footsteps stopped. I looked at Josh, panicked. We had no time at all to make a decision. Be caught? Hide? He motioned toward the rear of the closet. I understood his silent command and ducked quickly behind the battered army-green file cabinet. He flicked off the light, and in the glow coming in from beneath the door, I saw him bend himself into the small space between the wall and a towering stack boxes. The door opened. I wondered who was there. I didn't dare peek. I held my breath. I imagined Josh doing the same. Whoever had opened the door didn't even bother to turn on the light. He or she simply grabbed some unknown item and departed. There was that click once more, but this time it was the sound of safety. We were on our own again, trapped. Exactly how we wanted to be.

I heard Josh rustling. The light came



“HE GROUND HIS BODY AGAINST MINE, MOVING HIS COCK INSIDE ME AT A POWERFUL PACE.”

on. I emerged from my hiding spot. Neither one of us said a word. We no longer desired rescue. The footsteps retreated. We'd definitely crossed into new territory. Partners in hiding, we were on the lam from office drudgery. Josh said, “That was close.”

Then we got closer. It was as if the fact that we'd almost been discovered started a ticking clock. We had to work fast. I started to undo the buttons on his shirt. He reached to slide the zipper on my skirt. In seconds, I had my hands on the broad expanse of his well-muscled chest and he was gripping my ass through the filmy plum panties I'd chosen several hours earlier. I was no longer concerned with the small confines, the lack of

space. We didn't need space. We only needed to connect. His cock was hard in his slacks, and I wanted to feel him. I manhandled the silver buckle on his belt. He stayed still for me, and in no time, I had his slacks down and his rigid cock in my hand.

This is what I'd wanted for so long: to know the feel of him, the texture of his rod. I brought my palm to my mouth and licked the flesh, then started to work him once more. My wet fist was like a silk glove around his shaft. He groaned, and I looked at him, alarmed. “No,” I hissed. “You can't make any noise. You have to be quiet.”

“I can't be quiet with your hand on me like that. God, I love your hand. I could kiss every finger.”

“Then I wouldn't be able to hold your dick like this.”

“You've got two hands.”

He brought my left to his mouth while I slowly, rhythmically, pulled on his cock with my right. He licked the tip of each of my fingers, and my knees threatened to give out. I could imagine his tongue between my thighs, could almost feel the rotations of the tip of his tongue around the ridge of my clit. But that would have to wait. There was no time; there was no place.

“They'll find us,” I managed to say, trying to stay focused. The golden haze

EROTICA



of my arousal was threatening to take me away, lift me higher.

We'd become "us and them," we two against the rest of the working world outside. He steeled himself. I jacked his cock. He let his head fall back. I worked my fingers steadily up and down his gorgeous length. Then he was returning the favor, tugging at my panties, pulling them to the side so he could finger my slippery split. His touch invigorated and excited me. He drove a finger into my pussy and my inner muscles contracted around that lone digit. He then corkscrewed one finger over another and began to gyrate them within me. With almost no effort, he stroked all the right places, moving in a perfect rhythm and turning every nerve ending to "on."

Now, I was the one who had to try not to make noise. I felt embarrassed for having chided him seconds before, because he seemed to instinctively know how to touch my pussy. I wanted him to tear my panties down. I wanted us to get to business—to the serious business of fucking. Josh held me closer to him, and he bit the side of my neck. I felt myself melting into him. When I'd

**"I STARTED TO
COME. THE
ORGASM WAS SO
POWERFUL MY
WHOLE BODY
SHOOK."**

gotten dressed that morning, sex hadn't even flickered through my thoughts. If it had, I might not have put on the garters. I'd definitely not made things easier for us. Josh guided me around and slid my panties down my thighs. I gripped the shelf in front of me and steeled my body to take his. He didn't rush. He used the tip of his cock to trace the opening of my pussy, making one large circle, then another tighter one. As I stared at a stack of inkpads, Josh set his firm hands on my waist and pulled me back against him.

He was right, I supposed, office

supplies were aphrodisiacs. Or maybe it was simply the proximity to Josh—my office crush—that made me so turned on. I gripped the shelf and shut my eyes. He ground his body against mine, moving his cock inside me at a steady, powerful pace. To a rhythm I felt deep within myself.

"That's right," I whispered to him, "just like that."

"Like that?" he echoed, and then he made a change, pressing in even deeper before thrusting at a faster clip. "Or like this?" I stifled a moan against the side of my arm. He said, "I can't wait until we can go somewhere else together. Somewhere we can be loud. Somewhere you can really let yourself go."

I wondered if we'd connected in a different location—that fictitious bar or imaginary coffee shop—if we might have wound up in a similar situation. Maybe locked in a bathroom stall or squirreled underneath a shelf of books. I thought of the way I would stare at Josh at meetings, and how every so often he'd look my way and smile, as if he could see each one of my filthy thoughts hanging out on a line, fluttering in the breeze of my mind.

I wanted to see his eyes now, and I said so, pulling forward so that I could win a little room, then spinning around. Face to face, we hesitated. Take things slow, a voice whispered in my head. Take your time. But, no, we didn't have time. We had to go fast. We had to connect, to join forcefully to one another, to wring every last drop of pleasure out of this fierce, fast ride.

Josh lifted me up, holding me to him. My thighs went around his waist, and he was inside me once more, bucking hard and driving home. I bit his shoulder to stifle my cries. He panted, his breath coming fast as he took me closer and closer to the edge.

"Why the hell did we wait so long?" he asked.

I didn't have an answer to that. I only knew we would not wait again. This was

the start, the beginning of something big. He ran one thumb along my split, and I stilled entirely, frozen by the pleasure. Then he pressed his thumb dangerously against the hood of my clit, and I started to come. The orgasm was so powerful my whole body shook. Josh wrapped both arms around me as I clung to the pleasure, and he began to slide his cock even faster inside me until he reached his climax, too. I could imagine some time in the future—like, maybe later tonight—when he would be loud with me. In my room or his. Away from the office and the worries of being caught, we'd be untamed, unleashed. As it was, he buried his face against my hair and sighed, his entire body trembling as the orgasm washed through him.

Then were we quiet and still, gathering our wits and our breath and our very selves back together. What had we done? Fucked like animals in an office supply closet. How would we be able to face the rest of the workday? I had no idea. My panties would be dripping wet. Every time I saw Josh, I'd be thinking of his cock in me, and the way he'd felt, and the sounds we'd made in our efforts to make no sounds at all.

Thank God we were finished because the footsteps of someone approaching echoed once more. Josh pulled out of me and quickly tucked himself back into his slacks. I slipped back into my skirt in record time. I guessed my cheeks were pink. There was no mirror. Josh ran a hand through his curls. I swept my hair back into a ponytail.

The footsteps stopped outside the door. I looked at Josh. He smiled at me. Our coworker flung open the door and then stared at us in shock.

"Oh, my goodness," Helen said, looking aghast. "I thought I heard something before. How long have the two of you been locked in there?"

"I have no idea," I said, turning to smile at Josh as I stepped into the hallway. "It didn't feel very long, did it?"

Josh shrugged and checked his watch as he crossed the threshold. "I'd say seven minutes, give or take."

Seven minutes? That's all we'd had together? To me, we'd just spent a lifetime—from foreplay to fucking.


Helen gave me a strange look, as if she sensed something was slightly amiss, but she didn't want to say anything. I glanced back, saw that my panties were under the lowest shelf, and hoped like hell that our coworker

hadn't noticed. She reached past me for a fresh box of pens, and then headed off down the hall.

Josh met my eyes. I said, "You know, after all that, I forgot the paper I was after."

"I think I forgot the paperclips," Josh said.

We stepped back into the closet together. He was the one to pull the door shut behind us.

Click. 





LETTER OF THE MONTH

SKIN IN THE GAME

A wild exhibitionist finds herself a rapt audience—and the perfect partner in crime.

Okay, so me and my girlfriends could be a bit aggressive—on and off the basketball court. But it was all part of the game.

The whole squad had played in school, and a couple of us had shot semipro hoops. We were a tough pack of young ladies, toned and taut and ready to go. We played a lot of charities and special events. It was a weird way to make a living but also lots of fun. We always sought to make the most of the experience.

There are many ways to get into your opponent's head, and you can start on the mind-fucking before the game begins. Even when we played for upstanding causes, there was always a bigger payoff given to the victor, to keep us honest. It was a good motivator. My all-woman team played to win.

One night, we were scheduled at a downtown health club that had been taken over for a fundraiser. I knew the indoor court and locker-room arrangements. As I arrived there with my two best teammates, Tiffany and Sable, I pulled them aside.

"You guys want to try something wild?" I asked. Around us, the swanky fundraising crowd milled.

Tiff, a supple blonde who'd just missed playing in the WNBA, grinned mischievously. "What've you got in mind?"

Sable, whose black hair was only a few shades darker than her luscious skin tone, raised an eyebrow. "How're we going to screw with them?"

The *them* was the other team, an all-male squad. People liked to watch the sexes battle each other on the court. I had scoped out our opponents, who had also recently arrived at the venue. One

tall lanky guy with nice cheekbones and a cute butt caught my eye. It was a half hour until the game started.

I gave it a few more minutes, then told Tiff and Sable, "Follow me." We slipped around the crowd with our gym bags in hand—and ducked into the men's locker room.

Inside, we strolled casually through the players, who were in various stages of undress. Tiff and Sable played it perfectly, acting like we were

I liked the feel of all those eyes. Of course, the point wasn't the thrill, but to throw these male players off their game. I saw more than one guy hastily hiding his swelling hard-on. Hopefully, on the court their mental images of our bare bodies would continue to distract them.

I decided to improvise, trusting Tiff and Sable to play along. I edged up to Tiff, giving her a sultry look, and said, "You got some pretty tits there, gorgeous." I then reached up and gave her lovely pink nipple a soft tweak. She grinned, her nip stiffening.

I was half out of my own clothes. Sable moved in and slipped her fingers into my panties. She cupped my ass and cooed, "Oooh, she's got a nice rump, doesn't she?"

All ten men were watching, eyes wide and jaws slack. The scene was almost comical—except that I felt a genuine sexual arousal. I've always enjoyed an audience. I was happy to have Sable slip my panties down my legs, leaving me totally nude. I turned around and returned the favor. Her body was taut and beautiful.

Tiff got completely naked, too, and the three of us stood in a circle, caressing, kissing and fondling one another. We were all close friends, so it wasn't strange—hell, I'd been to bed with both women on separate occasions. This was something different, though. I felt the men's attention as a growing heat. Nobody was telling us to go to our own locker room anymore.

Only one of the men was hanging back a little. It was the guy with the fine cheekbones, the tallest player on the team. I had figured by the way he moved that he would be our worst competition on the court.

He was sitting off behind the others.

**"WHEN I KISSED
THE TWO WOMEN,
OUR TONGUES
PLAYED VIOLENTLY
AGAINST
EACH OTHER."**

supposed to be there. We dropped our gear right in the middle of the room and started to strip. That's when we caught their attention.

Half the guys hurried to cover themselves. The other half gaped.

"Hey, you should be in the women's locker room!"

"Shut up, Larry. They can stay...if they want."

While the two factions argued, me, Tiff and Sable continued to nonchalantly shed our clothes. Tiff bared her perfectly shaped breasts and took her time hunting in her gym bag for her sports bra. Sable peeled out of her jeans, exposing her sweet panty-clad ass.



LETTER OF THE MONTH



I saw that he had deep blue eyes, but those eyes kept flicking away from us, like he was too shy to stare.

Tiff was groping my right tit hard. I turned and saw a rising excitement on her pretty face. Sable was clutching my butt again, teasing her fingers down into my valley, straying dangerously close to my sensitive rear hole. My breath was coming in shorter and shorter gasps. When I kissed the two women, our tongues played violently against each other.

I knew time was running out. We were scheduled to start the game soon. But I couldn't see backing out of this now. It was diabolical to send these males out there in a fully aroused state! We had to keep going.

Benches lined the aisle separating the lockers. I pushed Tiff down onto one, on her back. Her eyes went wide when she saw me kneeling at one end of the bench. But she grinned again as I shouldered apart her strong thighs. Her pussy gleamed, evidence that this display of ours had gotten her seriously worked up.

She wasn't the only one. My own juices were flowing freely. Right now,

"MY WHOLE BODY WRENCHED, AND I BURIED MY CRY AGAINST TIFF'S PUSSY."

I desperately wanted a taste of Tiff's slit. More than that, I wanted all these men to watch me doing it, to share the excitement and add to the moment.

I inhaled her scent, and her perfume raised gooseflesh on me. Then I lowered my head and ran my tongue up her sweet folds. She let out a moan. I licked her deeper, spreading her lips with every lap. Around us, the men made excited sounds.

As I speared Tiff with my tongue, I felt Sable behind me again. She was spreading the halves of my ass. Hot breath brushed my asshole, then her

nimble tongue was on my pucker. My whole body wrenched, and I buried my cry against Tiff's pussy. She, in turn, crushed her thighs against my shoulders. Her hips jerked.

I ate her harder, seeking out her delectable clit. Sable's tongue was a fiery eel working in my crack. I lifted my backside higher, and she took long, delving swipes at me, catching both my pussy and asshole with her talented tongue.

Tiff's fingers wound into my hair. Her hips started bucking crazily. I held my mouth on her as she began to come. I lapped up her outpouring, savoring the strong female flavor. At the same time, my own orgasm started to ripple through me, brought on by Sable's oral ministrations. I jammed my ass back against her face and came hard.

We all staggered to our feet. Sable paused to lick the juice from my chin, then I had her down on the bench in Tiff's place. I felt I owed her a fast, hard pussy-eating. The way she eagerly spread her legs and pulled my mouth onto her told me she agreed.

As I feasted on her hot pink lips and nibbled her sweet clit, Tiff got behind me and started to finger-fuck my pussy. She jammed two, then three fingers into me. There were no niceties. We were merciless with each other.

All the while, the men watched. Some weren't even trying to hide their hard cocks anymore. They gazed with wonder, with glazed erotic rapture. By now, I figured, winning tonight's basketball game was the furthest thing from their minds.

Yet my blue-eyed guy was still only watching us intermittently. Mostly, he blushed and looked away as I continued to suck and lick Sable's pussy.

Tiff was fingering me toward a second furious climax. My knees shook under me. Sable's legs closed around my shoulders. She humped hard against my face as her juices poured. I drank

down every drop I had time for. My pussy clenched tightly around Tiff's intruding fingers as I climaxed. The pleasure swooped through me, awakening every nerve in my body.

Afterward, we three dressed in our game uniforms and exited. Those poor men wouldn't even have time for a cold shower before the starting whistle. It was hardly fair.

On the way out of the locker room, I threw a look at my blue-eyed guy. He stared directly back at me now. A smile finally touched his handsome face, quietly thrilling me.

Two months passed before I saw my shy guy again at another game. I was surprised he'd shown up for this particular event, considering how bashful he'd been in that locker room. I should explain.

We'd been hired for the night by a swingers group. They have conventions and get-togethers like companies do. Though their events are usually a lot more fun than traditional corporate shindigs. Such was going to be the case tonight, at the private club where me and my girls would play yet another all-male team.

But here was the catch: Every foul a player picked up meant she or he had to lose an article of clothing. Yep. Strip basketball!

Mind you, we were getting paid four times what we normally would, and the whole thing was perfectly legal. I didn't mind showing off my hot bod.

We suited up and hit the court. I was the point guard for my team. I really wanted to win. The payoff for the victors would mean I wouldn't have to worry about rent for the rest of the year.

Basketball is intensely physical, a game of constant movement, quick decisions and instinct. There is also something primal and sexual about it. The *thump-thump-thump* of the dribbling ball, the sweat, the body contact.

Contact is how fouls occur. The refs called the first one a minute or two in,



on the men's team. Their player looked sheepish as he peeled off his jersey, baring a sculpted torso. Shoes and socks were to stay on. We women had a slight advantage in that we had extra pieces of clothing with our sports bras.

My blue-eyed guy, who I'd learned was named Tommy, played deftly. He was their power forward. We had contact. Quickly, we both lost our jerseys. By that time, Tiff was playing stripped to her waist and one of the men was in a jockstrap. The crowd hooted with delight.

We played hard. Fouls added up. I was in my panties when Tommy had to shed his uniform shorts. My eyes goggled at the sight of him in just that jockstrap, his luscious butt bared and his package snugly outlined. His trim, granite-hard body glistened with sweat.

Sable was the first one to play naked. She twirled her panties on her finger before flinging them away. Cheers rang out from the appreciative crowd.

The score was close. I elbowed

Tommy who was driving to the basket and had to lose my panties. I felt the crowd's eyes on me, which gave me a thrill. I grinned at Tommy, then squeezed my tits to tease him. A minute later when he had the ball, I made sure I got in his way so that he had to foul me.

My flesh tingled with pleasure as I watched him take off his jockstrap. His cock dangled enticingly. He looked somewhat uneasy about his public nakedness, even though the audience cheered him robustly and he couldn't help but smile.

By game's end everybody was nude, including the players on the bench, which was no doubt the whole idea. (Not for nothing, I think the refs called some unnecessary fouls.) The game came down to a buzz-beating shot that I made, giving my girls our victory. Tommy came over to congratulate me, and then started to duck toward the changing rooms with the others.

I caught his elbow. "What's the hurry?"

LETTER OF THE MONTH



I was still worked up from the game. I stepped up close to him. "Let's kiss."

He looked stunned but didn't resist when I put my lips against his. Then I wrapped my arms around his bare, sweaty body and jammed my tongue into his mouth. His dangling cock stirred against my thigh. I rubbed against him.

He broke the kiss. "People are watching!"

The court had emptied, and the crowd had started to disperse. But when they saw what was happening, they stayed. I groped Tommy's fine ass. I pushed my tits against him, my nipples temptingly erect.

He couldn't resist, quickly forgetting his shyness. He took hold of my tits, squeezing them firmly. His cock hardened entirely, pressing against my belly. My pussy was already beginning to stream. Applause erupted from the dozens of onlookers. Apparently, this wasn't so unusual at one of these events.

I loved the slick feel of Tommy's slim but muscular body. I drew in the manly scent of him. His cockhead throbbed against my body. With a helpless, lustful

his whole body shivered against me. He raised his head, looking around, conflicted about the presence of our audience.

"They appreciate us," I said softly. "They want to watch. They see how beautiful we are." With my other hand, I cupped his jaw and forced him to look into my eyes. "I want them to see us. Will you do that for me?" I was still gently working his cock with my other hand.

He gasped, "Yes!" I probably could have gotten him to do anything in that moment.

I grinned, kissed him quickly, and sank to my knees in front of him. I had to have a taste of him.

I held his cock before my face, admiring the pronounced cockhead. I cradled his balls, wondering if they tasted as good as they looked. Craning my neck, I lapped at Tommy's sweat-shiny sac. My tongue bathed his crinkly flesh. He let out a groan. His flavor was electric, a masculine tang that aroused my erotic hunger.

I needed to get my mouth on his cock. I slipped my lips over his heavy crown, savoring the smooth texture and letting my tongue go wild. He shivered again, his thigh muscles tensing as he planted his feet. As I slid my encircling lips down his shaft, he brought his hands to my head. His fingers wound into my hair as I sucked him deeper and deeper.

By the time I had his cockhead in my throat, he was clutching me firmly. I liked his strong grip. I raised and dropped my mouth, sinking my cheeks in around his staff. His hips started to move. I cupped his ass, pulling him toward me and encouraging him to fuck my mouth as deep as he wanted. Soon his balls were slapping my chin.

We were at center court. Peripherally, I was aware of the many watchers we had drawn. When I finally lifted my mouth off Tommy's dick, I saw that all the other players had come back out to watch, as well. Tiff and Sable were

"TIFF WAS FINGERING ME TOWARD A SECOND FURIOUS CLIMAX. MY KNEES SHOOK UNDER ME."

look on his face, he lowered his head and sucked on my nipple. I moaned, loving the pressure and the quickness of his tongue. When he switched to my other tit, I thrust toward his mouth.

"Bite it!" I told him. "Bite my fucking titty!" He did, nibbling the tip, his teeth sending new bright pleasures through me.

When I reached down to grasp his cock, he moaned loudly. I closed my fingers around his girth, feeling his shaft pulse. I slowly pumped him, and

grinning wickedly, standing together and wordlessly groping each other, their eyes fastened on Tommy and me.

Panting, I dropped back onto my ass. Tommy swayed above me for a moment, and then crouched down and eased me onto the floor entirely. I spread my thighs, offering him my flowing pussy. I expected him to impatiently jump on me and thrust his straining cock in deep, but he hunkered down and lowered his head until his face was hovering over my glistening folds. There was no hesitation on his features now. His blue eyes danced.

He started eating out my pussy. The crowd roared.

His hot mouth smeared my cleft, His tongue opened me up and stabbed deeply. My body bucked. I jammed myself against his face, hips pumping wildly. Bliss radiated outward from my crotch, touching off scorching flashes of rapture. I laced my fingers into his hair and pulled him even tighter against my slit.

Tommy made muffled sounds against my pussy, his tongue scooping me out madly. His teeth grazed my clit, and that sent me into a frenzy. With my ass quivering on the polished wooden floor, I flooded his mouth with my juice. He drank audibly, and I damn near crushed his skull between my thighs.

When I let him go, he was dazed and gasping. My juice dripped from his face. More cheers came. The court was completely surrounded now, all those people eagerly taking in our display. I felt eyes on every inch of us.

The fiery lust flowed back into Tommy's face. His eyes blazed as he lunged for me. His tall body pressed down on mine, and his cock, without any further preliminaries, plunged straight into my drenched pussy.

I yelped as he drove deep, awakening another set of pleasures in me. New ecstasy took hold of my sweat-slick body. Tommy lifted his beautiful ass high, then slammed back down into my eagerly

waiting slot. I slipped my legs around his waist, dug my fingers into his strong shoulders and held on for the ride.

And a wild fucking ride it turned out to be. Tommy's agile body moved like a machine—oiled, powerful and unstoppable. He pounded me, the sounds of our flesh smacking together echoing across the court. No one was cheering now. Looking deliriously around, I saw the stunned faces. Even these jaded sybarites were impressed by our show.

I shook through a second climax and barely kept clinging to Tommy's crazy pistoning body. His cock hammered into me. My pussy clenched him. Fresh rivulets of perspiration poured off both of us.

A third titanic orgasm was gathering within me. I felt it looming powerfully, and I couldn't have held it off if I'd tried. Pleasures from deep places within me surged toward the surface. It was like Tommy was bringing everything within me out into the light, exposing it all, exactly

as we were exposed to our audience.

The fever of desire broke in a vast flare of joy. My climax consumed me, rushing through my being, igniting my soul. I screamed long and loud, letting everyone know what was happening. Then I lost my grip on Tommy's shoulders.

As I sagged back onto the floor, Tommy disengaged from me, aimed his cock over my outspread body, and proceeded to spray me with thick white streams of his cream. Hot droplets hit my fevered skin, and I caught a few gobs on my tongue, savoring his flavor as the crowd cheered our finale.

Afterward, I lay there, wearing his load, and Tommy sat and swayed, blinking. Eventually, we rose to shower, dress and find our way home.

Is it any big surprise that one of the guests in attendance wanted to talk to both of us about appearing in one of her adult movie productions? Tommy blushed and looked away. But I'm thinking about it. After all, I do love an audience.

—K.M., via email





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SPOTLIGHT ON SUCK A WHAT?

A QUICK STUDY

With a heavy heart, I recounted the words my boyfriend had said, “Honey, you know what they say about blowjobs and pizzas: There aren’t any bad ones.”

I had come over to Terese’s place, embarrassed and upset, to tell her my tale of woe. Terese, a personal trainer, is my best friend.

“Sounds like he was being nice,” she said, puzzled.

We were drinking strong tea in her living room. “He was! Clay’s a sweetheart. But, T, I’d just sucked his cock and then asked him how it was—and he said that.” I blushed, like I’d blushed earlier with Clay.

Terese sipped the aromatic tea. “Why did you ask?”

“Because I wanted to know! We’ve been going out for two months, and the sex has been great. But he’s, well, the first guy I ever went down on.”

“For real?” She sounded aghast.

I looked into my teacup. “Yes.”

“Wow.”

I supposed she had a right to that wow. I was no prude. At 24, I had amassed an extensive sexual history. Terese and I had even traded boyfriends more than once. Somehow I had always been shy about blowjobs, but I had tried to work through those feelings with Clay.

“Did he come?”

“Oh, yeah,” I said emphatically. I had dutifully kept my mouth on him the whole time, determined to swallow every burst of his cream. The intensity of the flavor had been a bit shocking, but I’d enjoyed it.

“If he came, he liked it,” she pronounced, like that settled the matter.

“I don’t think it’s that simple. After two months, I’m familiar with Clay’s orgasms. I know when he’s enjoying something. Today he seemed to be...forcing himself.”

“Forcing himself to enjoy getting blown? C’mon, Jane.”

“I’m serious. He fidgeted. He squirmed. I think he even flinched a few times.”

Terese drummed her fingernails on the side of her cup. Her pretty face tightened in concentration. Finally, she said, “Okay, you need to show me what you did.”

“Show you?”

She swept out of the room and came back a minute later holding a dildo. It was, I noted, about the size of Clay’s hard cock.

“Take this,” Terese said, “and show me how you blew him.”

Giggling with surprise, I took the thing. It was plastic, but with a strangely fleshy

watched with an earnest expression as I put my mouth on the rounded crown. The plastic had a neutral flavor. With a soft moan, I lunged forward and swallowed as much of the thing as I could all at once. My gag reflex kicked in about three-quarters of the way down; I choked and backed off.

I tried again. And again. I was determined and stubborn, but I didn’t get anywhere near to deep-throating Terese’s toy.

She stopped me. “All right. Yes, there are some problems. You’re going at it with the wrong attitude, for one thing. Look...” She took the dildo, then gave me a naughty look. “Will you trust me on this? I can offer some advice, but it calls for drastic measures.”

“I trust you,” I said, a weird thrill singing through me.

Terese stood, unzipped her skirt and tossed it aside. She wore tiny black panties. Her legs were fantastically toned, but she still had a pleasing, womanly figure. Expertly, she used the elastic straps to attach the dildo to herself, so that the cock wangled before her like it was a natural part of her body. The base was positioned perfectly, so that every movement and nudge of the toy would give her an indecent jolt of pleasure.

Only then did it occur to me to ask, “What’ve you got a strap-on for, anyway?”

She didn’t bat an eye. “Because sometimes I like to bring home women and fuck them. Don’t worry, I’m not planning to plow you.” She stepped in front of me where I sat on her couch. “I want you to go down on me.”

“What?” I was still processing the fact that my best friend had just told me she liked sex with other women—not that I

“I CONTINUED TO STROKE HIM WITH MY TONGUE AS MY MOUTH SLID OVER HIS PLUMP HEAD.”

texture. Elastic straps dangled from its base. “You can’t be serious,” I said.

She sat down next to me and squeezed my knee. “Jane, I’ve sucked a lot of cock in my time, and it’s something I’m good at and appreciate. Let me give you pointers, if I can.”

Still feeling like this was a prank, I held the fake organ before my face. I tried to imagine it was Clay’s lovely staff. The toy was realistically shaped, with a slight upward curve, a substantial cockhead and a vein-lined shaft.

“Okay,” I said, not feeling at all sure about this.

But Terese wasn’t punking me. She

objected to the idea.

She held her "cock" in her hand and brushed it against my already wet lips. "Suck on this. First, lick my cockhead."

Her tone did something to make my knees go weak. Glad I was already sitting, I obediently put out my tongue and gave the crown a few licks.

"Slowly," Terese purred above me. "Swirl it like a tasty lollipop. Yeah, good." After I'd bathed it, she said, "Now start sliding your mouth over the crown and down the shaft. Take your time. Make sure your teeth are tucked behind your lips. Keep using your tongue; stroke the staff. Yeah, that's good."

She said the words as if she could actually feel my tongue caressing her shaft. Despite myself, I felt a rising excitement, as if this were a real sex act instead of a lusty lesson. I lifted my hands and ran them up her bare legs, feeling the pronounced muscles, so similar to Clay's strong thighs. I told myself this cock was his. My eyes drifted closed. My imagination took over. I could almost taste him now, that manly flavor that had thrilled me earlier.

"Ease your mouth lower onto me," Terese instructed. "Don't break the circle of your lips. Feel my cock working back over your tongue."

My swirling tongue stayed busy as the cockhead headed toward the top of my throat.

"Sink your cheeks in around me," Terese said. "Apply some suction, like you're trying to suck a golf ball through a hose."

I did so, and that drew the cock even deeper into my mouth. An instinctive panic hit, though, when I felt my gag reflex begin to engage. My stomach threatened to lurch. I froze, breathing fast through my nostrils.

"Take it easy, take it easy," Terese stroked my blonde hair, smoothing it back from my forehead. I opened my eyes and looked up at her smiling face. Reassuringly, she said, "Don't

rush it. Hold it right there and let your throat muscles adjust. There's nothing unnatural about swallowing. Your body can handle it. Think about the pleasure this brings me. I love how tightly your throat grips my cock."

I fancied I could feel her cockhead pulsing with excitement. I did want to please her, like I'd wanted to with Clay. Clay, after all, had gone down on me repeatedly, demonstrating his talent and enthusiasm. I wanted our relationship to stay even.

Suddenly, I realized I was taking more of the cock into me. The round head had slipped into the sensitive well of my throat. I could still breathe fine, though. I closed my eyes again and eased my head forward by fractional degrees, swallowing even more of the toy.

"Yeah!" she groaned. "Suck it. Suck it!"

Not awkwardly this time, I lunged the last inch forward. I butted my forehead against her firm belly. I had sucked the cock down to its base! A warm pride radiated through me.

Terese continued to encourage me.

I lifted my head, then dropped it again, once more swallowing to the hilt. My throat opened more easily this time. I enclosed the whole of the cock with my mouth. It gave me a strange sense of ownership, like I had earned this precious organ, like it was mine to care for.

Her hands still rested on my head, and her fingers wound into my hair. When they gripped me at my roots, I shivered with pleasure. Her hips started to move, very slowly at first. I met each stroking movement with a downward plunge of my mouth. I took the whole cock every time, pressing my nose against the body to which this formidable shaft was connected.

Terese began to seriously fuck my face. My flesh tingled. Excitement rippled through me. I felt my pussy gush, then start to overflow as I held on to her strong thighs and bobbed my head in a frantic rhythm, delighted to keep up with her powerful thrusts.

She was moaning wildly and loudly, holding my hair tightly. Her cock pounded my mouth, and I took it fearlessly. My



LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON SUCK A WHAT?

pussy was blazing, hovering on the edge of climax. I slipped a hand between my thighs to stroke myself, feeling my excitement peaking.

When a cry rang through the room—"I'm fucking coming!"—I felt her body shudder. As the cock popped out of my mouth, a brutal climax ripped through my body, my pussy spasming with bliss as I feverishly worked my clit.

Panting and gulping, I made my way back from the state of orgasmic frenzy. Terese was spilled half across my lap, half onto the adjacent couch cushion. Slowly, she raised her head and grinned at me. I blinked dazedly back at her.

She said, "Jane, you're gonna blow Clay's mind."

A couple of days later, I invited Clay over to my place for dinner. We ate by romantic candlelight that made it clear

where the night was heading.

Afterward, I led him into my bedroom. Clay has thick dark hair, chiseled features and a very healthy physique. His eyes were alight with anticipation.

"Take your clothes off," I told him.

We were still standing apart, but he seemed to recognize the tone of command in my voice. Normally, we slowly undressed each other prior to sex. But he complied, taking off his shirt and stepping out of his pants. He hesitated before sliding his boxers down his taut thighs, even though I'd already seen him naked dozens of times.

I surveyed his fine body for a moment, seeing his cock stir. I looked into his eyes. "I am going to suck your cock."

"Okay..." He didn't sound entirely sure about it.

Not the most gratifying response, but

I couldn't blame him. That wild strap-on session with Terese had shown me a lot, but he didn't know that yet. I started to strip, taking my time with buttons and zippers, giving him a sultry look as I worked. I also kept up a running commentary, telling him, "I'm going to swirl my tongue over your cockhead and wrap it around your shaft. I'm going to suck you right down to your balls. I'm going to bob my head up and down on your pole. And you're going to wind your fingers in my hair and fuck my face, and I'm going to take every inch of you. And then you're going to shoot your hot load down my throat."

His eyes got bigger and bigger. His cock did, too. When I finally flung aside my panties and stood nude before him, his dick was fully erect. I moved toward him, excitement rising in me and sending hot waves of need through my body. I felt my pussy dampen as I knelt before him.

Clay's cock at eye-level was a beauty to behold. It was almost like I had a new appreciation for his organ. If I was finally past my hang-ups about blowjobs, then Clay was in for some real fun.

I paused to inhale the aroma of him. His masculine scent filled my nostrils, touching off a primal reaction in me that stiffened my nipples and started my mouth watering.

I reached up and took hold of him at the base of his shaft, cradling his balls in my palm. His sac quivered in my soft grip. His marble-hard cockhead had a purple flush to it, and he was already oozing a tiny bead of pre-come. With my tongue tip, I flicked that milky drop off of him. That minute contact sent a jolt through Clay's body, and the flavor fairly ignited on my tongue. I relished the tang of him as I swallowed. I couldn't wait until I was drinking his whole load.

I gave his cockhead a full swirl of my tongue. I ran back and forth over that sweet, swollen plum until he glistened. Finally, I leaned further forward and started to seal my lips over his crown.



**“ON MY KNEES, I
SQUEEZED MY
THIGHS TOGETHER,
SPAWNING
PLEASURE FROM
MY PUSSY.”**

Clay's body gave another little jerk, but he might have been leery of me grazing him with my teeth. He didn't need to worry. As Terese had instructed, I had my teeth properly positioned so that only soft, wet warmth enclosed him. I continued to stroke him with my tongue as my mouth slid over his plump head.

I drew my cheeks in, creating suction, then slowly I began to slip my mouth down the first inch of his shaft. I kept my lips in that distended cocksucker's "O." A rivulet of spit drizzled down my chin, but I didn't bother to wipe it off. The flavor of Clay's cock filled my mouth. It was a vivid taste this time, as if my senses had come to greater life.

My eyes drifted shut, and I sucked my way farther down. I felt my mind going fuzzy, like this was an erotic dream. Still on my knees, I squeezed my thighs together, spawning a tingling pleasure from my pussy. I ran my free hand up the back of Clay's strong thigh until I was cupping his firm ass. My other hand continued to cradle his luscious balls, which brimmed with a palpable heat.

I felt the smaller branching veins on his shaft against the insides of my cheeks. My tongue traced the thick cable of his underside vein. I could feel his pulse, the hot steady hammer of blood in this precious part of him.

Clay's stout cockhead was sliding over the back of my tongue. I paused

and drew a long breath through my nose. Above, he let out a vague moan. I sought my carnal Zen center and relaxed my throat. Then I lowered my mouth still further onto that delectable staff. My throat opened to his cockhead. No panic set in this time. I welcomed him into me, into this deep, vulnerable place. My gag reflex retreated out of sight.

Energized, I plunged boldly down onto him, taking his final inches until my nose was buried in his dark wiry curls. I inhaled his scent deeply, with the full length of his cock throbbing in my mouth and throat. I felt a complete connection to him, like he was absolutely plugged into me. More than an electrical attachment, this felt like something deeper, a truly loving human act. Nothing dirty about it, nothing nasty. Whatever misguided notions I'd had about cocksucking, they

were gone forever.

"Oh, fuck," Clay groaned, disbelief coloring his voice.

Instead of grinning, I settled for a mischievous chuckle deep in my throat. That vibration sent a shiver through him. I decided to keep up the sound as I slowly drew my mouth back up his spit-shiny shaft. Before I reached the tip of his engorged cockhead, I plummeted back down, swallowing him right to the root once again.

He staggered, and I had to prop him up with the hand I had on his ass. I went up and down several more times, never breaking the seal my lips had on him. One of his hands brushed against the top of my head, the fingers hesitant.

I opened my eyes and looked up. I imagined how he felt looking down at my face with his cock speared deep into



LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON SUCK A WHAT?

my mouth. The sight obviously excited him. His eyes were filled with erotic wonder, his mouth hanging open in astonishment. I tried to communicate to him with my eyes that I wanted him to put his hands on my head, to slide his fingers into my hair.

It must have worked. His dragged

“I INHALED HIS SCENT, WITH THE FULL LENGTH OF HIS COCK THROBBING IN MY MOUTH AND THROAT.”

his fingers into my blonde waves. I resumed my head-bobbing rhythm, and his fingers tightened, gripping the roots of my tresses. With my hand on his ass I started pulling him toward me, trying to get him to rock his hips. I'd told him in my preamble that I wanted him to fuck my face. Now was the time.

Again, the wordless communication worked. Clay and I had been smooth operators in bed since we'd started our relationship, but now it was like we were connected on a whole new level. He gave me a few tentative thrusts, testing how I would manage. I continued to deep-throat him, instantly matching my lunges to his strokes, demonstrating that I could handle everything he could give me.

My neck muscles strained. My hard nipples twanged and my pussy streamed, but I didn't break my stride. Clay clutched my hair, guiding my head, and fucked

my open and eager mouth. My forehead butted his toned stomach. I let go of his balls and put my other hand on his ass, digging my fingers into his tight backside, spurring him to pound my face harder and faster.

His balls spanked my wet chin. I growled, the sound rising and the vibrations deepening, adding to his growing pleasure.

“Yeah!” he cried out. “Yeah, I'm fucking your pretty face—”

Molten joy strummed through me. My thighs squeezed together rhythmically, bringing my pleasure toward a crescendo. As hot as it had been to pretend-blow Terese, this was a hundred times more exciting. I was lost in Clay's flavor and texture, in the sweet fury of this erotic deed. He was seriously hammering me, with my throat taking his every thrust. It was a far cry from the inexperienced blowjob I'd given him a few days ago. I was sucking him like a pro!

“I'm gonna come in your mouth!” Clay announced at the top of his lungs.

It was no lie. His cock gave a mighty twitch, and then he started to shoot. That first blast inundated me, a lovely flood of cream that went right down my throat. The overload of salty man-flavor hit a trip switch; my pussy throbbled as a wicked climax skipped through me.

But I kept my mouth in proper place, pulling off him just enough that the second jet of come burst across my tongue, where I could really get a taste of him. His juice was hot and silky. I rolled it around in my mouth, enjoying his flavor.

He spurted several more times, his body quaking. He trembled under my hands. His knees went wobbly. When he'd shot his last jet, I took my mouth off him. He sank to his knees before me with a dazed and satisfied expression. His come filled my mouth and belly. That warmth, I knew, would stay with me for a long time.

—J.N., via email



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LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD

OLD SCORE

My husband, Sal, was having none of it. "Beth, forget it. It was a long time ago, and I'm over it."

"But Jaelin was the one who got away, wasn't she?"

"I'm glad she got away. I'm glad I married you."

I had unexpectedly met Sal's old flame at a company event. She was a striking, raven-haired woman, one who stirred my own desires. We'd both been shocked to discover we had my husband, Sal, in common. She'd been seriously involved with him a year before I'd met him. Sal had told me about her, and I'd always sensed a wistfulness there.

"Don't you still want her?" I asked. "Even just to settle an old score?" I grabbed him, pulling his face toward mine. "As long as you let me watch, you can fuck her." I gave him a ferocious kiss.

Our marriage was a happy one, but we'd done some crazy shit as wife and husband, including fooling around with others with permission and dragging sweet things like Jaelin into bed with us.

"Why is this important to you?" Sal asked. He was a rugged man, with a fine build.

"Because Jaelin meant something to you—not just sexually but emotionally. Seeing you two make love would be like watching you with me. I think it would be...beautiful."

He smiled gently. "Okay, Beth. Let's try to make it happen."

Jaelin and I had hit it off nicely. I got together with her at a café a few days later. She wore a top that hugged her luscious-looking breasts. She had a model's high cheekbones. Over some wine I asked her a few questions about Sal. She was uncomfortable at first, but I made it clear I was fine with their past.

Finally, she admitted, "Well, he was the one that got away. Not that I'm sorry he ended up with you. I get the feeling you make him very happy."

"Every chance I get." I grinned. "I know something that would make him really happy."

Jaelin waited, looking puzzled. I laid out my proposal and held my breath. I so wanted to see this gorgeous woman making love with my husband. The thought made my pussy buzz with desire.

She downed the rest of her wine. Solemnly, she said, "...I'm sorry, Beth. I can't." Disappointment crushed me. She went on, "Not unless you come and join us after you've had a chance to watch."

I practically dove over the table to hug and kiss her.

We set up our liaison for the following night. Anticipation was turning me inside out. Jaelin would come over to our house, where there was a one-way mirror in our bedroom for situations just like this. Many times I'd watched from the adjacent room while Sal screwed some hot woman silly. He'd done the same when I took some stud to bed or wanted to lezz up some sweet babe.

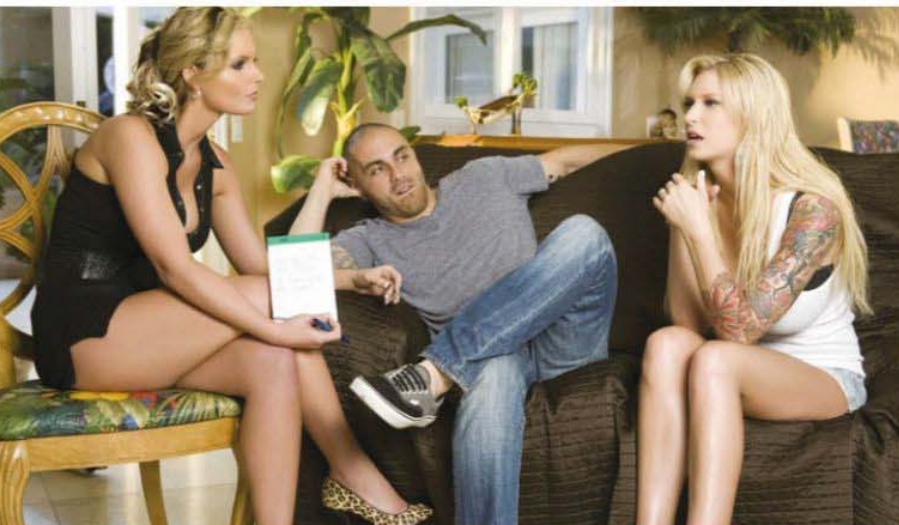
I heard Jaelin's car in the driveway. I hurried upstairs. I sat and waited in the little chamber, my flesh rippling with expectation. Downstairs, the two of them were talking and laughing.

The wait was agonizing, but eventually they climbed the stairs. I gasped when they entered the bedroom. Jaelin wore a clingy red dress and pumps, her dark hair spread across her creamy shoulders. Her eyes were alight with desire. Sal was his usual robustly handsome self. He led her in by the hand.

They stopped at the foot of our bed, and he drew her into his arms. My heart pounded as their lips met. The kiss was soft, tender, loving. It was like watching a great romantic movie and seeing the lovers finally connect.

But the action quickly went from PG-13 to R and then to points north. Sal groped her tits through the dress while she grabbed his firm ass, sinking her fingers in. They kissed harder, wild tongues at play.

He raked the red dress off her shoulders, baring those gorgeous breasts. He bent and flicked the stiff nipple of one, then turned to hungrily suckle the other. Jaelin's lovely face flushed with color. She wound her fingers into his thick hair and jammed more of her tit into his mouth.



In my little room, with the perfect view, my excitement rose. She pulled at his shirt, tore at the fly of his slacks. Sal got her out of that dress, leaving her in stockings and those fuck-me pumps. My pussy flowed at the sight. Sal's yearning cock sprang into view, and she jerked it in her fist. He moaned.

Up onto the bed they went. I peeled off my shirt and closed my hands over my own breasts, kneading them, which sent shivers of hot pleasure through me. Sal was fingering Jaelin's scrumptious-looking pussy, and she was writhing underneath his knowing digits. He worked her diligently, gauging her reactions before bringing her quickly and expertly toward her peak.

I wondered how well he remembered her particular responses from their time together. I knew how easily he could get me off with just a couple fingers in my snatch. It was mesmerizing to watch him pleasure this woman. Oh, I'd seen Sal do lots more to lots of other ladies, but I observed the special care he took with Jaelin. I knew he wasn't still actively in love in her, but the echo of their deep shared emotions remained. It was beautiful to see.

When she cried out, I shimmied out of my pants and slipped a finger up into my slippery slot. New excitement radiated outward across my flesh.

Jaelin instantly recovered from the throes of her orgasm and moved down to drop her mouth unceremoniously onto Sal's cock. His whole body jumped at the sudden contact. She swallowed him right down to his base in one plunge, impressing the hell out of me with her fearless cock-sucking talent. No doubt she remembered the taste of his delectable meat from the old days.

Through the one-way glass I watched her dick-filled face contort with ecstasy. Sal groaned louder as her mouth rose and fell on him. She cupped his balls in her hand, just how he liked it, and sucked with rapturous abandon.



“SHE SWALLOWED HIM RIGHT DOWN, IMPRESSING ME WITH HER FEARLESS COCK- SUCKING TALENT.”

I added a second finger to my pussy, reaming out my hole now. I flicked my swollen clit with my thumb, ringing the bell of my pleasure.

Sal was headed toward an orgasm. I knew all the signs. I wondered if he was going to blast off in her mouth, which was something I was sure Jaelin would have welcomed. Instead, he pulled her off him—an act of splendid self-control—and laid her on her back before clambering between her legs. She grinned wildly, spit rolling down her chin. When he slammed his cock home into her gleaming pussy, she yowled with joy.

I watched my husband pound her. Every flex of his muscles, every throb of his tendons, were familiar to me. He was a veritable fuck-machine, repeatedly burying his lovely shaft in her. Her legs flew into the air, those red shoes kicking. Her head rolled from side to side, raven hair whipping across the sheets.

My pussy clenched around my fingers and a breathtaking orgasm consumed me as Jaelin howled her way through

another climax. This time, though, Sal was with her. He pulled out just as his pearly juice started to fly. He laid his hot stripes across her stockinged legs. Then he fell back onto the bed.

I knew my cue. On shaky feet I entered the bedroom. Jaelin looked at me, wide-eyed. I wondered if she'd momentarily forgotten I was observing all this. But her beautiful face split with a grin, and she held a hand out toward me.

I hurried onto the bed, giving Sal time to recover, pausing only to dot his lips with a quick kiss. Then I was in Jaelin's arms. Our tits pressed together, erect nipples meeting. I smelled Sal's scent on her and felt his gooey load on my thigh as I pushed it between her legs. She rubbed her pussy on me. I jammed mine on hers, fresh molten joys awakening within me.

We kissed, our tongues entwining. This woman radiated a strong, carnal energy. She whirled with desire in my arms. I probed her mouth deeply with my tongue. When we came up for breath, I said, “Let's go pussy on pussy, okay?” She was already maneuvering into her half of the scissor pose.

We slotted our legs together in that special womanly way. Jaelin had been significant in Sal's life. I could see something of myself in her. I knew Sal could have ended up marrying her—they'd talked about it—but I felt no jealousy. She was a road not taken, but I was glad to be here while Sal enjoyed a nostalgic jaunt down that what-if pathway.

But, honestly, I was more interested that moment in humping my cunt as hard as I could against her squelching groove.

LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD



Sal had slickened her up nicely, and our pussy lips slipped and slid against each other, our folds smearing together and our clits grazing and sparking with the sweet electrical contact.

She worked her hips as hard as me, grunting with the happy effort. I was aware of Sal rolling over to watch us. I looked and saw his cock rising anew, the old blaze of lust coming to his eyes. Jaelin and I fucked all the more vigorously for his entertainment—and ours. I couldn't remember the last female I'd been with who was this agile and enthusiastic.

We banged pussies until I seized one of her come-smear stockings and pulled on it till it tore. She let out a mutual cry as my climax rocked me.

When I rolled onto my back, Sal swooped in over me. He wasted no time in plugging his cock into my waiting hole. Jaelin knelt alongside, watching avidly and tracing a finger up and down her dripping cleft. I waved her closer and slotted two of my fingers up into her, loving the feel of her silken interior.

She rode my fingers while Sal stroked into me. Pleasure slapped

“SHE RODE MY FINGERS WHILE SAL STROKED INTO ME. PLEASURE SLAPPED ACROSS MY BODY.”

across my body like high-tide waves. I jounced under his quickening thrusts. I felt and heard the smack of his balls. In the seconds before his climax, he turned and kissed Jaelin who rammed her tongue into his mouth while she came on my fingers.

Sal's come sprayed inside me, touching off another scalding climax. We all fell together in a heap. The past and the present had merged. Drowsing happily with flesh pressing me on all sides, I didn't know where I began or ended. And it didn't matter.

—B.J., Saginaw, Michigan

WHOLE LOTTA LOVE

These days my wife stalks the parking lot of the senior center near our home. Not for seniors, mind you, but for the off-duty cops who work security for the area.

Not long ago, Lily was out running, and her cool-down often included walking laps in the center's large parking lot. By the end of the workday, there were very few cars. The center tends to have events in the morning and early afternoon. At that late hour, Lily came upon an off-duty officer in his vehicle. Thanks to some recent vandalism, the center had hired full-time security, and this was the first time Lily had spotted one of them. Only this guy wasn't doing much patrolling. He'd apparently decided to take a break, which on this day meant he was jacking off.

When Lily came home, her face was flushed and she was breathing rapidly. I assumed it was from the run until she tugged on my belt and, finally, aggressively, got my jeans open. She dropped to her knees and took my cock in her mouth. She worked me fast and furious for a few minutes until I grabbed a fistful of her hair and made her stop for a second.

“What's this about?” I asked, looking down into her big green eyes. Her smooth brown hair felt like silk in my grip. I liked the way she winced just a little as I tightened my fist and held her there. Her lips moved restlessly, craving my cock, but I made her answer me.

“I saw this guy. One of the security guys in the back of the lot,” she said, her voice a breathy whisper.

“Yeah, and?”

“He was getting off,” she said, her eyes wide and her mouth seeking my dick once more.

“And?”

“And I thought about, you know,



offering to help. But you weren't there to watch. So I came home to you and now...just let me."

So I released her and I let her. I watched her work my cock, knowing she was thinking about that other guy. I knew that in her mind she was reliving watching him, because in between licks and sucks, she told me that she'd stood in the shadows and stared until he came. And that's when she'd pushed her hand into her leggings and got herself off fast and hard in the shelter of the trees.

Almost as a reenactment, she jammed her hand into her leggings as she sucked me and got herself off again. My resolve shattered, and I came in her mouth, watching her pretty pink lips tighten around me as she swallowed my load.

Then I dropped to the floor, pushed her on her back, yanked down her damp leggings, and buried my face between her thighs. I lapped up her juices and nipped at her engorged clit and pushed my fingers inside her cunt until she was

thrusting her hips up and coming with a loud cry.

Then I sat back on my haunches and stared at her. "So, what do you want to do?"

"I want you to run with me next time, and I want you to hide and watch if I get lucky."

"If you get lucky," I laughed.

"He might not want me," she said.

"The chances of that are slim to none, my love," I said, believing every word of it.

Our first outing was successful, but not the way she wanted exactly. The dark-haired, bearded man in the security car was all over her offer of a blowjob. He sat on the edge of the driver's seat, car door shielding them from view of most but not from me back in the bushes. I stood there jacking off in the foliage as she went down on him, her eagerness clearly evident with every suck. The guy shot his load way too fast, even before she could touch herself or glance my way.

When I took her home she was a little

pouty because she would have liked more playtime. So I fucked her mouth and then fucked her cunt and made her come three or four times. After that, her spirits were up and she proposed, "How about we try again day after tomorrow?"

"I'm game if you are."

After I said the words, I went down on her one more time. There's something about hearing Lily come that brings me extreme satisfaction. And when she pulls my hair hard enough to make my eyes tear up, I know I've done my job well.

We spent the following day thinking and talking about our next attempt. Every conversation got her hotter, and I'd be lying if I didn't admit that her excitement fed mine. I walked around with an off-and-on hard-on the entire day. We didn't have sex, though, because we wanted our next adventure to be as spectacular as possible. And sexual hunger always adds a special spark.

The following day we did our run and didn't really speak. We were both silently

LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD

counting down to the part of the course where we turned the corner and came up on the senior center.

I saw Lily looking hard to see if there was an unmarked car back there, and after she spotted the black SUV, she grinned at me.

"Let's go," I told her, and then I laughed because I had to speed up to keep up with her.

Lily darted through the parking lot, despite the fact that it was supposed to be the cool-down portion of her run. The air was chilly, and the parking lot was deserted but for the security car and one lone truck all the way by the front door.

The security guy was sleeping, and if she hadn't looked so crestfallen, I'd have laughed. I glanced down at his lap. I could see—even through the glass—that he had an erection. He must've been having one hell of a dream.

"He's got late-afternoon wood," I said. "Take care of that for him." I didn't give her time to think. I tapped the window to rouse him and then hurried into the trees before he spotted me.

She smiled down at him, and I watched her flip her hair behind her shoulder. The car window went down, and she said, "Hi, I saw you and wanted to make sure you were okay. That you were just sleeping and it wasn't something else."

I could hear his deep voice as he answered her. Then she leaned in against the door and said, "Oh, look. What do you have there?"

She's bold, my Lily, and fucking magic.

**"SHE DROPPED
TO HER KNEES
AND TOOK HIS
ENORMOUS DICK
OUT OF HIS
PANTS."**

She reached in through the window, and I saw her arm moving. She had to be touching him. After a few minutes, I heard him groan. It was a low, beastly sound of arousal.

"Why don't you open your door?" she offered, loud enough for me to hear. Then she glanced to her right to seek me out in the shrubs. I gave her a little wave to alert her to my position, and her face lit up when she spotted me.

The door swung wide, and he stepped out. When he unfolded himself from the car, I saw he was incredibly tall. Probably six-and-a-half feet tall, at least. She shivered visibly, and I grabbed my cock through my running pants. I was as hard as a rock and eager to see her work her magic.

He looked down at her, smiling, and she smiled up at him. She dropped to her knees and took his enormous dick out of his pants. She sucked the tip gently before working her mouth down his shaft as far as she could. I watched her reach into his pants and grab his balls. He tilted his head back and rested a hand on top of her head.

I shoved my hand down into my pants and began to stroke myself hard and fast. I marveled at how her small mouth stretched to fit around his girth. He rocked his hips forward and held her head gently as he filled her mouth and throat.

Lily moaned, clearly more than turned on at that point. Her free hand wormed down into her tight red leggings. I could see the motion of her arm as she touched herself and bobbed her mouth up and down on his formidable length.

"Suck it," the guard said. "Take it all." He pushed forward with a bit more aggression, and I heard Lily gag but her hand in her pants moved faster and her mouth worked more eagerly on his shaft.

"Atta girl," he said. "You suck like a pro." She moaned around his cock, and I had to bite my lower lip to keep myself silent. I could hear the eager *slap-slap-*



slap of my hand jerking my cock furiously, but I kept my gaze on my wife's delicate mouth taking that big dick, her slender throat working as she sucked him, her fingers furiously rubbing her clit inside her sweaty running pants.

The man took her face in his large hands and started to thrust into her mouth. She let go of him and shoved her leggings down around her knees. I saw her reach between her legs once more and realized she was finger-banging herself as he fucked her face.

He'd started to whisper to her, words I couldn't hear, but I *could* hear her sighs and moans and whimpers. She was beyond turned on, and both her hands worked feverishly between her legs as she rubbed her clit and fucked her hole.

"Come for me, little girl," the guard finally said, loud enough that I caught his words.

She cried out as he drove into her mouth and throat deeply. I watched her body spasm as the orgasm hit her, and I could tell by the way her tensed muscles showed in relief that it was an intense climax. I had to grind my teeth to keep from coming myself. I wanted to see their finale.

The guard managed a few more thrusts before pulling free of her mouth and shooting his load across the exposed parts of her neck and chest. He was smiling when he did it, and she moaned all over again.

I lost it when I saw his cream hit her skin. I turned my body as I came, so that I painted the green shrubs with my jizz.

He helped her stand and said, "Ma'am, thank you for checking on me. You'd probably best be on your way now, though."

She ducked her head, suddenly shy as she put herself back together. I left along the fence line, knowing I'd meet her on the street. When she finally meandered out, looking stunned and sex-drunk, I said, "Let's hurry and run home."

"Run?" she asked, looking confused.



"Why do we have to run?"

I grabbed her hand and put it on the front of my pants. "Because I just witnessed a hot as hell scene, and even though I just came, my dick's getting hard again. And I know exactly where I want to stick it."

"Do I know her?" she teased as we started to jog.

"You do. She gives a hell of a blowjob and looks great in running clothes."

—W.L., via email

HIS BAWDY BRIDE

Karina and I had discussed our sexual fantasies throughout our relationship, and though we'd done many dirty things together, we'd never had a threesome. In fact, we were still talking about that oversight in the weeks leading up to our wedding. On a lark, I suggested that we have our first threesome on our honeymoon.

Karina got a thoughtful look on her face and then decided to one-up me: "How about we do it on our wedding night instead?"

There was a devious twinkle in her eye, and I knew that meant she was up to something, so I agreed. However, my wife-to-be wasn't ready to share the details of her plan with me, so all I could

do was wait until the big day.

Karina never gave me the slightest hint about her intentions. I asked a couple times right after our discussion, but she acted as if she had no idea what I was talking about, and the three weeks leading up to our wedding passed without another word about our potential threesome. By the day of our "I dos," all I knew was that I was going to marry my best friend. Anything after that would be a bonus.

Our wedding went off without a hitch. The reception was everything we'd hoped for, with everyone dancing and having a good time. Even our most curmudgeonly guests seemed to be enjoying themselves. I was having so much fun at the party that I didn't have a single moment to think about what would happen afterward in the honeymoon suite.

Fortunately, Karina had thought about it. As we were about to enter our room, she whispered in my ear that there was a surprise waiting inside for me.

When I opened the door, I saw a gorgeous woman lying across the bed. I vaguely recognized her from the wedding reception. She'd been the date of one of our guests, and I knew we'd danced with her earlier. She was wearing a lacy black teddy and high heels and nothing else. She looked delectable, but I still wasn't entirely sure this was really happening.

LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD

"Do you like?" my wife asked. I looked at my bride, unsure of what my answer should be. Of course I was turned on by the smoking-hot woman in our bed, but even though we'd discussed having a threesome, I still felt off-kilter. The moment was surreal—and undeniably erotic.

Taking my stunned silence as an affirmative reply, Karina continued. "I met Miranda a few months ago, and I thought she was gorgeous," she said with a sigh. "She and I got to talking one night, and it turns out she's always wanted to be the third in a threesome, so I thought she'd be perfect for us. Don't you think she's perfect? I set her up with Dan for the wedding, but I couldn't resist 'borrowing' her for the night."

I nodded my agreement, because, well, Miranda was perfect. And then I grabbed my wife around the waist and kissed her soundly because not only was Miranda perfect, but my wife's secret plan was even more so.

My bride returned my kiss and slowly

walked me toward our guest without breaking our lip-lock. When we reached the bed, we parted and Miranda crawled to the foot of the mattress to kiss my wife.

Watching Karina kissing someone else only hours after we'd said "I do" shouldn't have been such a turn-on, but I can't deny that it was the single hottest thing I'd ever seen. There was my gorgeous wife, still in her silky white dress, passionately kissing another beautiful woman. I felt my cock getting hard at the sexy sight. The night had barely begun, and it had already exceeded my expectations.

After breaking her kiss with Miranda, my wife asked me to help her get out of her gown. While the other woman watched, I carefully unzipped my wife's long white dress and eased it down her body before helping her step out of the pool of fabric. Together, we lay the dress across the chaise in the corner, and then Miranda and I both got to admire my new wife in her white lace lingerie.

Karina, now wearing only a bustier

and panties, kissed me deeply and then told me to undress while she and Miranda "got the ball rolling." Then my wife crossed the room and crawled onto the bed with her friend. The two of them kissed sensually as I toed off my shoes and started to strip. It was hard to focus on removing my clothes as I watched the two of them get frisky. As the women explored one another's lingerie-clad bodies, I slipped out of my suit, nearly falling over numerous times because I couldn't tear my eyes away from the sensual scene.

When I was fully naked, I joined them, and the women turned their attention to me. They began covering my body in kisses and stroking every inch of me, including my already rock-hard cock. There were four hands and two pairs of lips worshipping me, and I could hardly keep myself in control as they teased and taunted me, bringing me to the brink of ecstasy.

As good as their attention felt, it wasn't time for me to come. There was so much more to do! Miranda helped me strip my wife, carefully peeling her lingerie from her body and planting kisses on each new inch of skin that was bared. When Karina was naked, Miranda kissed her and then kissed me before telling us that our first time as husband and wife should be just the two of us—but she wanted to watch.

I didn't need to be told twice! I immediately pulled my wife to me and kissed her deeply once more before guiding my hard-on into her pussy. We'd been together for five years when we got married, but even after all that time, having sex with her on our wedding night felt like our first time all over again.

As I stroked in and out of Karina's tight, wet slit, we stared into each other's eyes and took every chance we had to kiss one another. It was the hottest sex we'd ever had. And knowing that Miranda was watching only made it better.

Karina and I were fucking at a steady



pace when she told me to look at Miranda. I turned my head to see our bedmate staring at us with lustful eyes as she fingered herself. She was now totally naked and had one hand between her spread thighs, thrusting her fingers inside her pussy as her other hand was kneading a breast. Her bottom lip was gripped between her teeth, and it was evident that she was incredibly turned on.

I watched her for a minute—as did Karina—and then I turned my attention back to my bride, continuing to pound her until I felt her pussy clench around me as she climaxed. As she started coming, I thrust harder, and I followed her orgasm with my own.

We kissed and cuddled each other as we caught our breath, and as soon as we did, we turned our attention to Miranda. She was still touching herself, but we stopped her and took over.

My wife kissed the other woman and then suckled her perky breasts. Meanwhile, I scooted down the bed and pushed my head between Miranda's thighs so I could get to her pussy. She was positively drenched, and I eagerly licked up the sweet juices that clung to her thick pink pussy lips.

Together, my wife and I worked to bring Miranda to climax, and we worked hard! I ate Miranda's pussy greedily, encouraged by my wife, who kept saying how hot it was watching me pleasure her friend. And Miranda did her share of encouraging, too. Every time I touched my tongue to her clit, her thighs shook and she squeezed my head between them, holding me in place and making sure I kept up my ministrations.

I couldn't see what Karina was doing while I was going to town on Miranda's slit, but if our new partner's gasps and gulps were any indication, Karina wasn't ignoring our playmate.

When I sensed that Miranda's orgasm was imminent, I began to thrust my tongue inside her, jamming it in and out as if I were fucking her with it.



“WHEN I WAS FULLY NAKED, I JOINED THEM, AND THE WOMEN TURNED THEIR ATTENTION TO ME.”

That seemed to get her really excited, and I knew she was ready to come. I refocused my attention on her clit, licking and sucking that little knot of flesh. I gripped her ass cheeks firmly in my hands to keep her still and my mouth on target. I could feel Miranda's thighs quivering around my face, even as I heard my wife kissing her noisily. Our lover's moans grew in intensity, though they were muffled by my bride's mouth. Miranda started to buck toward my face, and I ate her more energetically, knowing it was only a matter of moments before she reached her peak. Over her pretty moans, I could hear Karina encouraging her to come. Before long she did, letting out a tiny yelp of excitement as she climaxed. Her slit grew even more slick as her orgasmic juices rushed out of her. I happily

lapped up her essence, not stopping until I was sure I'd caught every drop.

When I finally pulled my head out from between Miranda's thighs, I saw that Karina's lips were red and swollen from their extensive make-out session. Miranda was absolutely exhausted. I gave each of them a kiss and then went to get us some of the chilled champagne that had been left for us earlier in the evening.

I poured three glasses of bubbly, and we all toasted to a wonderful night. That was only the beginning, and the three of us fucked and sucked until the wee hours of the morning. Exhausted and sated, we finally fell asleep, with me sandwiched between two beautiful women.

When I woke up in the morning, Miranda was gone. For a moment I felt as if it had all been a dream, but when I turned and saw three empty champagne flutes on the bedside table, I smiled.

As soon as we got home from our honeymoon, we planned another date with Miranda. Now that we've finally had three-way sex, we don't plan on stopping.

—G.D., Atlanta, Georgia

Does your wife like to roam? Did you marry her because of her wild ways or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell Penthouse all about it. Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



LETTERS

MAIDEN VOYAGES

BACKDOOR SLIDER

If you could lose your virginity all over again, would you be smarter about it? That was the question I posed to myself as a sensible, wise 26-year-old woman. I'd enjoyed years of likeable partners and gratifying experiences. These were much different from my first clumsy, desperate forays into sex, but that's true of everybody, isn't it?

I found myself longing for a "perfect" de-virginalizing experience. But since I couldn't travel back in time for a redo of the actual loss of my virginity, I needed to figure out something else.

The answer was obvious. My body was equipped with several entrances conducive to sexual activity. I'd had my pussy pounded plenty of times, and more than a few cocks had plugged my mouth, much to my delight. But...I'd never done that other thing.

My anal cherry was intact. No guy had ever done me up the ass. It just wasn't a sexual deed I'd ever really considered, although I had lots of anecdotal evidence that it was a worthwhile experience.

"When Zack gets behind me," my best friend, Nanette, said to me about her boyfriend, "and my lubed-up hole is waiting for his cock to ream it...Erin, it's just delicious! And then there's the first penetration, my asshole widening to let him in. I nearly go out of my mind. It's so good!"

Nanette was definitely an advocate. But the idea scared me a little. I kind of liked that, though. It simulated those early virginal fears I'd had. Sex had once seemed so mysterious, so exotic. It wasn't like I had grown bored with it (hardly!), but I did miss that sense of newness, like I was about to explore unknown territory.

As it happened, my ass was totally unexplored. All I needed was to find the right guy to plant his flag in it, so to speak. I was ready.



None of the men I'd been dating lately seemed like the ideal candidate. I realized with a thrill just how picky I could be about this. I didn't have to settle for anything and could take as much time as I wanted to find the right man.

Problem was, now that I'd seriously considered anal sex for the first time in my life, I was growing obsessed with the notion. I resisted the temptation to perform any experiments on myself. I had a modest dildo collection, but it was better, I thought, to feel that first ingress from an actual live cock.

I trawled through my social circles, considering and rejecting men who had even vaguely interested me. I wasn't certain what I was looking for, what trait would tell me this was the guy I wanted to take my ass-cherry. It would be something instinctive, I eventually decided.

A week passed while I squirmed with anticipation and growing need. Then I happened on Elliot. He was a pitcher on a local baseball team sponsored by the company Nanette worked for. His body was long and lean, with arms corded with muscles. He was incredibly limber. When he went into a windup to throw a pitch, every part of him was in

coordinated motion. He moved fluidly, with perfect control.

Somehow that clinched it. Such precision, such poise. Would those skills on the baseball diamond translate into sexual performance? On the surface that seemed a ridiculous assumption, but my instincts were telling me otherwise.

The team was meeting up at a club later. Nanette invited me along. I wore a little black number with matching high heels.

"Expecting some fun?" she asked.

"Can you introduce me to Elliot?"

She grinned, always happy to help. "Hell yes."

The place was busy but not too noisy. Nanette's coworkers were mingling with the members of the team. I didn't see Elliot anywhere and felt a crushing disappointment, until Nanette tapped me on the shoulder.

"Elliot, this is Erin. Erin, Elliot." Then she promptly disappeared.

I felt an immediate crackle between us. Elliot was desperately handsome up close. He got me a drink, and we retreated to a quiet corner. I asked him about that day's game, trying to sound like I knew something about baseball. He explained his pitching technique and

**“VERY SLOWLY, HE
LET ME SINK JUST
THE SLIGHTEST
BIT ONTO HIS
STRAIGHT-UP
SHAFT.”**

other details about the sport, though his eyes kept going distractedly to my tits and legs.

When he started telling me about a pitch called a “backdoor slider,” I took it as a sign from the love gods. I moved closer to him and purred, “I’d rather you showed me your backdoor slider.”

We slipped out to the parking lot without anyone noticing. My body tingled and trembled. My pussy was wet, but I had something else in mind. The erotic tension of the past week had come to a boiling point. I would get my ass fucked that night.

When Elliot asked if we should go to his place or mine, I grabbed him and shoved him into the back of my car, in a dim part of the lot. It occurred to me that I’d originally lost my more conventional virginity in a car’s backseat. This time was different, though. I knew myself and knew what I was doing. I was in control.

Except I really wasn’t in control—but in the best possible way. I dove on Elliot, mashing my mouth down on top of his, flattening my breasts against his hard chest. He stabbed his tongue into my mouth, his hands closing over me. He slid those hands down my back and groped my perky ass through the black dress. I jammed my thigh between his legs and rubbed his bulge. He moaned.

We tore at each other’s clothes. Our hot breath quickly fogged the windows,



LETTERS

MAIDEN VOYAGES

giving us some privacy should anybody wander past. I wasn't worried about getting caught, though—I was a big girl, all grown up, and nobody could tell me I couldn't take a cock up my ass if I wanted to!

Elliot's shirt was off, his pants undone, and my dress was shucked halfway off when he suddenly stopped with his hand on my heaving tit and his cock throbbing in my fist. Quite apologetically he said, "I don't have a condom with me. I don't want to risk getting you pregnant."

I grinned. "Don't worry, stud. My pussy isn't in play tonight."

He looked baffled but didn't pause again as we got out of the rest of our clothes. His meat stayed fiercely hard. I reached into my purse, squirted lube from a tiny tube onto two fingers, and then turned to let him see me oiling up my buttocks. That contact alone sent wild shivers over my naked flesh. Elliot gaped.

When I daubed the remainder of the lube on his swollen cockhead, he understood what was going to happen. I gave him a last hardy kiss, then faced away, squatting over his cock. He cupped the undersides of my butt and lowered me gently toward his waiting tip.

Everything went in slow motion for me. My senses were heightened. The scent of my pussy was strong, as was the aroma of Elliot's masculine sweat. I felt the nap of the floor mats under my bare feet. I was hunched forward to keep my head from bumping the roof and felt the flex of every individual tendon in my body.

My backdoor pucker felt like a glowing jewel. At the first brush of Elliot's cockhead against my untapped entrance, a ripple of nervous pleasure went through me. I was 26, a fully realized sexual being, and I was about to pass through a completely virginal experience. It was amazing.

Ever so gently, Elliot's rounded crown slid between the halves of my ass and settled flush against my hole. He was still cradling my backside, supporting most of

my weight. Very slowly, he let me sink just the slightest bit onto his straight-up shaft.

I won't lie. That first hint of penetration scared me some. However, I felt my cinching ring start to open, just as Nanette had described it. A sense of extreme vulnerability overtook me. Elliot's cockhead gradually slipped inside, and I gasped. It felt huge.

But he held me there as I drew steady breaths. Soon I was aware of a simmering pleasure. It seemed to travel a different route than the sexual joy that came from vaginal penetration—and I liked it.

I pressed down and took in another inch of him. My channel expanded with his girth. I could feel how he was still throbbing urgently. But he must have been very practiced at this. He let me decide the speed, taking my cues. Pleasure rose hotter in me.

Finally, my ass cheeks pressed against his crotch. I had impaled myself completely on him. I savored the moment, recording every atom of the experience, each minute sensation.

Elliot said, "It's so fucking beautiful! My

cock is all the way inside your ass!"

That touched off something completely wild inside me. It was a reminder that this wasn't some museum display. Sex was supposed to have an unruly element to it. Without warning, I lifted myself and dropped back onto his straining staff. It was like a bolt of fire tearing up through me, but a fire of excitement, of runaway desire and bliss.

The mechanics were odd but not totally unfamiliar. I was using a slightly off-kilter set of muscles to raise and plunge myself onto him. I gripped the headrests of the front seats and rode his cock faster, more recklessly.

Elliot's fingers sank into the flesh of my ass, and he started fucking upward into me. I was past any feelings of vulnerability or fear, and I loved every thrust he gave me. He was saying, "So good, fucking this sweet ass!"

I totally agreed. Dark pleasure radiated out over me. I relished the freshness of it as my body writhed. I impaled myself again and again on that lovely cock. He jammed up inside me with every downstroke I made; we moved with



perfect coordination. I took him into my deepest passage, where dormant pleasures had awoken.

Some part of me had wondered if I could actually come from anal sex, even though Nanette assured me she got off on ass play with Zack all the time. But the vast erupting rapture that took hold of me told me I didn't have to worry. Orgasmic euphoria hit me with a wallop. Strange joys coursed through me, finding their way by unused pathways. I cried out, savoring the bliss.

At the same instant, Elliot shot his load. I felt the exquisite sting of his spunk deep inside me. My pussy overflowed in sympathy, but this occasion belonged to my ass. My lucky, de-virginized ass.

Eventually, we uncoupled and sat side by side on the backseat. Elliot looked happily dazed. I kissed him gently, to thank him for being so skillful.

"I've never had anal with a woman before," he confessed. "I hope it was okay." I hid my surprise and assured him it was.

—E.C., Los Angeles, California

■ A LACY SUPRISE

They say everyone remembers their first time, and I have a lot of firsts to remember. But the one I want to tell you about is my first time getting it on with a woman while I was wearing ladies' clothing. While I'm definitely what you'd call sexually experienced, I'd never shared my frilly fetish with anyone else, and I'd certainly never had sex while dressed up as a woman. But when I started dating Holly, I knew I wanted to let her in on my secret.

We'd been dating for a few months when I decided that I had to tell her about my desire to wear women's clothing. She came over for dinner at my place, and after our meal, I slipped away to change while she put together the dessert she'd



“SHE GAVE ME NO TIME TO REPLY BEFORE SHE SUCKED MY COCK INTO HER MOUTH.”

brought for us. I wasn't sure how she'd react to my surprise, but I'd dropped plenty of hints over the weeks and was sure she would at least be kind about my fetish, even if it wasn't a turn-on for her.

I had no reason to worry because as soon as Holly saw me, she raved about how “darling” I looked. She made me spin around so she could get a look at me from all angles, and she spent a couple minutes gazing closely at my face and hair, examining my makeup and every bobby pin in my wig. When she finally stepped back to take in the full view with an appraising eye, she was smiling wide and looked like the proverbial cat that ate the canary.

She told me I looked incredible and that she was impressed with how well I'd done myself up, but if I wanted and wouldn't be opposed, she'd love to give me some makeup tips and help me pick out some flattering new outfits.

Whatever I thought was going to happen when I told Holly my secret, it wasn't that. I excitedly agreed to plan a dress-up date with her so she could

teach me all her feminine tricks. But that wasn't the only surprise Holly had for me. After we agreed to a special cross-dressing night, she kissed me. She was fierce and passionate, and she didn't waste any time before pushing her tongue between my lips and into my mouth, deepening our lip-lock. At the same time, her hands were roving over my body, and she was soon reaching under my blouse to rub my back and then moving down over my skirt so she could grab my ass.

As she kissed and caressed me, I felt my cock getting hard, and soon my erection was pressing against the front of my lacy boyshorts—and against Holly's stomach. She didn't say anything, but one of her hands immediately moved from my ass to my crotch, and she started stroking my dick through my skirt and underwear.

fooling around with Holly had always been fun, but now that I was able to share all of myself with her, I felt even more aroused. And it was clear she was into my fetish, as well, because while she normally likes a long makeout session with lots of cuddling and kissing, it was only minutes into our lip-lock that she dropped to her knees and took things further.

Holly pushed my skirt up around my waist and then pulled down my boyshorts. She teasingly commented on the obvious wet spot in the front of my underwear from my leaking pre-come, but she gave me no time to reply before she sucked the tip of my cock into her warm, wet mouth.

I could hardly see her under the bunched-up fabric of my skirt, but I could

LETTERS

MAIDEN VOYAGES

feel what she was doing, and what she was doing was sucking my dick with a voracious intensity. I had to wrap my fists in my skirt to ground myself as Holly's lips and tongue worked up and down my shaft. She was giving me a blowjob like never before, and I wasn't sure I would last very long.

Holly was really having fun, though, and I wasn't going to stop her. When she deep-throated me a moment later, I clenched my hands tighter in my skirt and moaned loudly. I didn't care if I came too soon, because I was dressed in my favorite femme outfit and was having my dick sucked by my incredible girlfriend. Nothing could possibly ruin that for me, not even a premature explosion.

And I did explode a minute later. I came hard, filling Holly's mouth, but she didn't let up. She kept her lips locked around my length and sucked down my seed, and I had to fight to stay standing as pleasure wracked my body.

When Holly finally released my dick, it was still hard, and my girlfriend was ready for a second round. I'd never stayed stiff after an orgasm. Usually I need an hour

or two to rebound before I can have another go, but I was so hot from sharing my cross-dressing with my girlfriend that even a massive climax wasn't enough to sate me.

Holly, seeing that I was still rock-hard and ready, pulled off her underwear and walked over to the couch, hiking up her dress as she went. I looked after her, still in shock from everything that had happened so far that evening, but as soon as she lay down on the sofa, I hurriedly kicked my underwear away and

rushed over. I held my skirt at my waist as I climbed onto the couch and then slowly sank my cock deep inside her pussy.

Holly was dripping wet with arousal, and my dick slid easily into her slick center. As I started to thrust in and out of her, Holly's hands once again began roving over my body, grabbing my ass and wandering under my shirt to stroke my chest. Her hands slipped curiously under my lace bralette and stroked my nipples, and it felt so good to have her touching me there while I was dressed the way I was.

Though I've been dressing as a woman in secret since I was 19, I'd never even considered sharing that desire with any of my previous girlfriends. I kept my cross-dressing private so I wouldn't scare anyone off or risk ridicule. But something about Holly had convinced me that it was time to let someone in on my double life, and I couldn't have received a better response. She was so absolutely turned on that she was thrusting up against me more than usual, raking her fingernails down my back, and moaning my name constantly.

I was insanely aroused, too, and though I was trying to take my time, I couldn't help but pick up my pace and thrust harder and faster into her slick entrance. Being inside her felt good. More than good, really. It felt like nothing else ever had, because finally Holly knew everything there was to know about me, all the important things.

Our bodies slammed against each other rhythmically, but then I shortened my thrusts so I could lay right on top of Holly and kiss her as we fucked. There was something so new and exciting about being inside my girlfriend and kissing her while feeling the lace of my bra against my chest and the soft material of my skirt tickling my ass. The sensations were deliciously heady and overwhelming.

Soon, Holly wrapped her legs around my waist and pressed her feet against my

**“I KEPT FUCKING
HER WITH ALL I
HAD AS HER
PUSSY QUIVERED
AROUND MY
COCK.”**



thighs, pulling me as deeply inside her as possible. I couldn't thrust very hard with our pelvises mashed so tightly together, but I swirled my hips and pumped my ass, stimulating her clit in a way that made her moan loudly.

Holly's legs dropped as she was overcome with arousal. I kept fucking her with all I had as her pussy quivered and clenched around my cock. She came hard, and I felt every beautiful spasm as she climaxed.

I came not long after Holly. We were both entirely spent, and we stayed on the couch for a while, my softening cock still inside her. We kissed and touched each other as we talked about what had happened.

We eventually got up and had some of Holly's great dessert before heading off to go to sleep. In the bedroom, Holly asked me to wear my bralette and boyshorts. Then she pulled back the covers and climbed into bed, gesturing for me to join her. She snuggled up to me as soon as I got in bed and rested her head on my chest, right on top of my lacy lingerie. One of her hands moved down and traced the waistband of my panties, tickling the skin of my stomach.

We fell asleep like that, with Holly caressing me lovingly, and when I opened my eyes in the morning, she was already awake and once more exploring the lace-covered parts of my body.

As sunlight streamed across us, we made love in the bed, with me still in my girlie underwear. She'd pulled the crotch of my boyshorts aside to free my erection before mounting it and riding me like a wild woman. Holly climaxed harder than she ever had before. I came pretty hard, too—so hard that there was no chance of me staying stiff like I had the night before. But Holly didn't mind. By the time I'd caught my breath, she was already out of bed and going through my dresser and closet, trying to find my secret stash of women's clothes



so she could dress me up in a new outfit before our next roll in the hay.

Whatever I'd thought would happen once I finally shared my secret with someone, Holly went above and beyond my expectations. And now, every night with her is as wildly explosive as that first night had been, even when I'm not dressed up in lace and panties. But it's definitely better when I am.

—V.M., Boston, Massachusetts

■ A NEW BEGINNING

I came from a very conservative culture where I was taught never to think of sex as anything but a means to procreation. My husband and I were married very young, and it was almost an arranged marriage; we knew each other, but we didn't have much of a say in the matter. We were both virgins, and for many years we did nothing but the basics. I did try to blow him once, having read about the act in a women's magazine, but he didn't think it was proper behavior. Needless to say, he never went down on me and I had never had an orgasm. I bought a vibrator but was too afraid to use it.

As I got older and experienced a bit of the world, I'd decided I wanted more out of my sex life. My husband was obstinate,

so to his shock and that of my family, I divorced him. I got a job and moved to the city. I was determined to blossom, and the first thing I wanted to try was a one-night stand. No strings, just mind-blowing fucking (a word I had never said out loud).

I was attracted to a few men in the office, but having a one-night stand with a coworker seemed like a bad idea. I don't drink liquor, which made bars not much of an option, so I did what any modern girl does: I grabbed my phone. There are tons of hookup apps out there, and in no time I found plenty of guys worthy of a right swipe.

One stood out for me; his name was Miles. He was a few years younger than me and quite handsome. Naturally, I was suspicious that he was really 55, bald, and had a beer belly, but he assured me that was really his picture. We talked via Skype so he could prove it. I asked him why someone who looks like him would resort to meeting women in such a way.

"I could ask the same of you," he replied. He had me there. He went on to say that he wasn't looking for a relationship, since he had just come off a bad breakup. We agreed to meet for drinks the next night.

Miles turned out to be even better looking than his picture. He was very muscular, and the photo didn't capture

LETTERS

MAIDEN VOYAGES

his sexy bedroom eyes. His hobby was boxing, so he had kind of a rugged look, with a nose that had been broken a few times and muscles bulging out of his shirt. After our first round of drinks (I had iced tea), I was determined to sleep with him.

I threw caution to the wind. I wasn't going to wait for him to make the first move. I put my hand on his and stroked it softly. His eyes lit up with delight. I suppose he didn't think I was going to be that easy, but I hadn't had sex of any kind—not even bad sex—in more than six months. I needed him, and I didn't want to wait another second.

Miles suggested we go to his place, so we walked the few blocks to his apartment. For a bachelor, he kept a neat home, with some nice artwork on the walls. He offered me coffee, and we sat together on a very comfortable sofa, the kind where you almost disappear into the cushions. We were kind of wedged together, and when he put his hand on my knee, I put my mug down and slid into his lap.

Feeling bold, I kissed him, and he wrapped his arms around me, kissing me right back. We did that for a while, as our hands explored one another. His fingers slid up the back of my blouse, while mine ran up and down his muscular core.

I could feel how hard his cock had become underneath me. I started shaking because I was so excited. For a fleeting moment, I thought to myself, *What am I doing?* But I fought the urge to flee. I'm glad I did because in another second his rough but tender fingers were inside my panties, trailing along my slit and making me shiver.

We stopped kissing, pulled back from each other, and stripped. Clothes went flying everywhere. When I got a look at his hard cock, I gasped. Of course, I had only seen my husband's dick; Miles was much bigger. I was naked, and he told me I was beautiful. I knelt before him and began stroking his cock. I loved the feel, the smell, and then—wonder of wonders—



“MILES HAD SPARKED ANOTHER ORGASM THAT MADE ME SHIVER FROM HEAD TO TOE.”

the taste of him, as I took his erection into my mouth. He placed his hands on my head and gently guided me as I sucked his fat dick.

After a few minutes, I felt I had the right rhythm. I guess I was doing well because Miles reluctantly stopped me and said, “Damn, I’m going to come.” He swept me into his arms and carried me into his bedroom. I lay back and spread my legs, ready for my treat. He gazed at me with those dreamy eyes and then crawled between my thighs and began to tongue me. Oh, what bliss! This was worth waiting for. Miles was a master, teasing

me with his lips and then flicking his tongue against my labia before sucking on them. He would only brush against my clit, heightening my arousal and desperation, until I was ready for more direct contact.

Before long I came, my first orgasm, and it was a life-changing moment. A new world had opened up to me. It's hard to describe, but a funny feeling started in my mid-section and kind of crept through me, and when I went off, my entire body shook. My toes curled and my fingers grabbed hold of the bedsheets in a death grip. I don't know how long it took me to completely recover my senses, but when I did I looked over at Miles, who was smiling broadly, his cock still hard.

I urged him onto his back and climbed on top of him before inserting his cock inside me. I rode him slowly at first, but then I couldn't contain myself. I slammed down on him as he played with my breasts, which were swaying in his face. After a while he flipped me over and gave me the fucking I had always wanted, expertly filling my cunt with his cock and hitting all the perfect spots inside me. I wrapped my legs around him and raised my body to meet him stroke for

stroke. Miles kissed me as he worked his dick in and out of me at a steady pace, stoking my passion. I felt so connected to this stranger who was bringing me an unprecedented amount of ecstasy. Miles broke our lip-lock to grasp my hips tightly and fuck me with short, hard jabs that nearly left me breathless. I felt such a white-hot connection with him, the passionate intensity in his eyes inspiring me to be loud. I didn't hold back and let my cries of pleasure echo in the room. My sighs and moans made Miles wild, and he increased the speed and power of his thrusts. The way he ground his hips against me was hitting my clit in just the right way, and before long, Miles had sparked another orgasm that made me shiver from head to toe. As my spasming pussy hugged and released his pistoning shaft, Miles groaned and climaxed as well, filling me with his hot release.

We lay for a while in a happy stupor and then took a shower together before round two. I soaped his cock, stroking him slowly with my slick hands, and he bounced back quite nicely. Miles spent a lot of time sucking on my nipples, making them erect, even under the warm spray. As he worshipped my breasts, I felt myself getting more and more turned on. After two orgasms, I thought I'd be done, but as he tongued me I couldn't wait until he was fucking me again.

Once we were clean—and nearly panting with arousal—we returned to his bed for more. I told him I was pretty inexperienced, and he asked me if there was anything else I wanted to try.

I thought for a moment and asked, "Could you fuck me doggy-style?" Miles smiled and said no problem. I flipped over and got on all fours, and he slipped behind me and licked my pussy and ass. I rocked back against him, loving the feeling of his tongue scouring my slit. Before long, I was more than ready for him, and he knelt behind me and sank that wonderful cock inside me. Grabbing my hips, he began a slow rhythm that

grew more forceful with every stroke until he was fucking me as hard as he could. He added a few slaps to my ass, which surprised me but I liked how that felt. Soon Miles fell into a rhythm, fucking me steadily with his cock as he reached around my body to stroke my clit, which quickly drove me to another beautiful orgasm.

Miles, breathing hard, pulled out of me and asked if he could come in my mouth. I saw no reason against it, so he lay back and I curled up next to him, took his cock in my hands, and played it with it for a while, stroking it up and down. Then I took his shaft in my mouth and toyed with his heavy balls while sucking him. He was groaning with happiness, and knowing I was pleasing him made me feel good.

After a few minutes he signaled that he was building toward climax—fast. I increased my pace, wanting to feel him shoot across my tongue. I felt his cock quiver as he groaned with abandon. Seconds later, Miles unleashed a torrent

of semen in my mouth. I swallowed it all, feeling so deliciously dirty. After he was spent, I kissed him on the lips, and I was glad he didn't shy away. In fact, he tangled his fingers in my long hair and plunged his tongue deep into my mouth, as if hesitant to ever let me go.

I spent the night with Miles and left in the early morning. He wanted my phone number but settled for me taking his. He was a great guy and an awesome lover, but I didn't want another relationship. I wanted to go out there and fuck all different types of men and find out what I'd been missing—and that's exactly what I did.

—H.W., via email

Some say the first time is the greatest—until you have the chance to do it all again. But some virgin sexcapades are so memorable they deserve to be shared, so tell us about yours! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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LETTERS

▷ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

OBSERVATION DECK

I was eager to get Shelly up onto the skyscraper's observation deck after hours. That would only be possible with the help of my pal Joe, who was in charge of the elevator that took tourists up to that spectacular view. Shelly was a super-hot blonde 20-year-old who I shared a biology class with at the university. I'd been asking her out for a week, but she'd only agreed to go with me on this sneaky adventure.

"I love heights," she told me.

I was hoping she would love more than that when I got her up there alone. We showed up at the soaring downtown building at 8:55. The deck closed at nine. Joe brought down the last batch of sightseers. I slipped him a 20, and he smuggled me and Shelly onto the elevator car.

She wore a short skirt that showed off her taut legs. The rest of her body looked as limber and wiry. Her blonde hair framed her pretty features. The elevator rose and so did my sense of anticipation. I thought this a rather romantic idea, what

with the panoramic view just for the two of us. Shelly gave me a smile.

The door opened at the top, and Joe mouthed "30 minutes" at me as Shelly and I stepped off. The elevator closed, and I heard its descending hum. We were alone now.

The deck was enclosed, with floor-to-ceiling windows. You could walk it all the way around, getting different views. Shelly approached the glass with a look of wonder on her face. The nighttime streets and buildings spread out below us. This was the tallest tower downtown, and the view seemed to go on forever. Some people got vertigo looking out, Joe had told me.

Not Shelly. She stepped right up to the window, pressed her nose to the glass and looked out and down. She'd never gotten around to coming up here before, she had said. I watched her soaking in the vista. City lights danced all the way out to the horizon.

I stood next to her and tentatively put my arm around her. You forget how big a deal that can seem when you haven't gotten laid in a month. Besides, I really

liked Shelly. She was intelligent and sweet. So when she snuggled against me, it made my heart go pitter-patter.

It also got my cock stirring in my jeans. Her body felt both firm and soft against me, and her scent made the hair rise on the back of my neck. Her fragrance was so enticing. She turned and tilted her head up toward me. I started to bend to kiss her, eager for my first taste of those delectable-looking lips.

A sound suddenly echoed from some other part of the observation deck. It was an animal-like grunt. It startled both of us, but of course I still tried to complete the kiss. Shelly slipped out of my embrace, however, wide-eyed and alert. "What was that?" she whispered.

I admitted I had no idea. It was more than a little spooky. We were supposed to be alone up there. The city's glow threw eerie shadows up at us. The deck wrapped around a big central support. This segment was clear. Shelly started toward the nearest corner. I followed. Together, we peeked around, finding that long stretch of deck empty, as well.

But we heard the grunting sound again, echoing. It wasn't quite an animal, I thought. Now it sounded like two voices. Shelly whispered, "I want to go see." She took my hand, and we dashed silently down to the next corner.

I don't know what I expected to find, but when we cautiously looked around this corner, my eyes popped. My cock also surged to full hardness. Against the window along this segment of the deck, two people were framed against the cityscape backdrop. They were a man and a woman. Both were naked. And they were groping and kissing.

I almost cried out in shock, but Shelly slapped her hand over my mouth. A new light danced in her eyes. She returned her attention to the couple. I gazed at them, too, totally stunned.

They were older than us, likely in their 30s. But both were in great shape—the babe a sizzling redhead with luscious





tits and a gorgeous ass, the dude as muscled and agile as a boxer. Their clothing was scattered on the marble floor. The man had his hands on those sweet tits, and the woman was reaching around to knead his ass. Their mouths were glued together. They were grinding against one another, his hard cock rubbing on her flat belly.

They must have had the same idea we'd had (or I'd had anyway) of sneaking up for some private fooling around with a view. I didn't think they'd bribed Joe, as well. They must have eluded him when he'd made the rounds to clear the floor.

The two were making the most of their opportunity. Shelly and I stayed in the shadows. I was glad she wasn't disgusted by the sight, even though I'd rather have been doing than watching. But how often do you get to see two people fucking?

He dropped his mouth to her tits and sucked hard on her swollen nipples. She groaned. I consumed her body with my eyes. She was a real beauty. I envied the man as he feasted on her nips then knelt slowly, licking his way down her abdomen. She backed against the glass, spreading her legs. Her shaved pussy gleamed wetly, ready for him.

“THEIR MOUTHS WERE GLUED TOGETHER. THEY WERE GRINDING AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.”

Her ass squealed against the window as he put his mouth on her pussy. I saw his tongue parting her damp folds, like a paddle cutting the water. She flung out her arms, fingers scrabbling on the glass. She thrust her crotch at his face. He stabbed his tongue deep into her.

I realized, belatedly, that this must be the ultimate case of exhibitionism. These two horny people were putting on a show for the whole city! They were deliberately displaying their naked selves to the hundreds of thousands of urban dwellers below, even if most of them would never notice the two tiny figures cavorting

against the glass so many stories above the streets. Still, somebody had to be watching; they were being so flagrant about it.

In my darkest fantasies about tonight, I had never imagined doing anything like this with Shelly. Sure, I'd been hoping for a kiss and some groping, but it had never occurred to me to get her up against the window and eat out her pussy like this dude was so avidly doing to this hot babe. I understood the crazy thrill of it. To be exposed like that, to have sex out in the open that way...

Suddenly, I felt a hand on me. Shelly, still watching the couple, had reached back to touch my leg. Now her hand was sliding up onto my crotch, squeezing my prominent bulge. I bit my lip not to moan aloud.

I was standing behind her, watching over her head. I slipped a hand up under her blouse and closed it over her lush tit. The nipple twanged into hardness and I squeezed, relishing the firm feel of her.

At the window, the woman humped her pussy hard against her lover's face. He was licking her crazy. She yelped orgasmically, and he kept his mouth in place to drink her juice. At the same time Shelly undid my fly and drew out my

LETTERS

↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING



throbbing cock. I reached under her skirt, slipped aside her panties, and trailed my fingers along her silky groove. She jerked my meat, still facing away and watching the lovers.

He stood up, face smeared with her honey, and she eagerly knelt. She took his balls in one hand and licked his shaft up and down until it glistened before closing her mouth over his cockhead and sucking him down, inch by inch.

I pushed two fingers up into Shelly, feeling her body tremble. Her clit pulsed against my hand. She yanked harder on my aching meat. Pre-come dribbled onto her fingers.

The woman sucked her man with obvious relish. They stood silhouetted against the glowing background. He wound his fingers into her hair and started stroking into her mouth. She took every lunge of his cock, swallowing him whole. A string of spit hung from her chin.

Shelly backed up tighter against me. She pushed her ass toward my cock. I got the message. I peeled her panties off. My jeans fell down around my knees. That was enough to give clear access. She bent forward but didn't seem to take her eyes off the others. I slipped my cockhead between her thighs and skated across her slick slit.

By the window the woman jumped up from her diligent cock-sucking. She faced the glass, putting her hands on it. She spread her fingers and thrust back her

"I FUCKED SHELLY WITH GREATER URGENCY, DRIVING INTO HER DEEPEST PARTS."

ass, primed for action. Like me, the man moved in behind his lady. She arched her back, and he slotted himself inside her shiny groove.

I drove myself up into Shelly's welcoming pussy and held myself there. She clenched me with her slippery heat. I pulled her tight against me, groping her tits again and loving the feel of her taut ass pressed against me. She shivered with pleasure, letting out an almost inaudible sigh.

As the man started thrusting into his woman, I began stroking into Shelly. He held her ass between his hands. I did the same, savoring the firmness of Shelly's backside. He increased his tempo, smacking into her harder and harder. The sound of his balls spanking her flesh echoed off the marble floor. I fucked Shelly with greater urgency, driving into

her deepest parts. She bucked back against me, working in rhythm with me.

Pleasure flowed through me, making my balls buzz. I didn't question what was happening. These two at the window had obviously wanted to exhibit themselves. Well, that's what they were doing. They had two avid spectators just a dozen yards away and didn't know it.

I wondered if I would ever have the guts to do what they were doing. I wondered if Shelly would go along with something like that.

Pulling me from my reverie, Shelly quaked, more violently than before. At the same moment, the woman at the window howled. The man pulled his cock out and sprayed his load all over her ass and back.

I came inside Shelly, jetting my spunk and gripping her close, feeling her come with me. It was the perfect shared climax. When the moment was over, she turned and we finally kissed.

Our half hour was almost up. I didn't know what Joe would think when he found four of us up there, but that hardly seemed to matter.

—K.R., via email

KISS AND MAKEUP

When Jared stopped by on his lunch break, I was staring across the aisle at Max. Jared leaned across the makeup counter and dropped a kiss on my cheek. Then he followed my gaze. "What are you staring at?"

"Max," I said, still watching my coworker.

Max was busy and not looking at me. At the moment. He was cleaning the sunglasses in his section. Ritzy sunglasses that for some reason management had seen fit to set up in the middle of all the fancy makeup counters.

"Why? You trading me in for a Max?"

"No. He's always looking at me." I tapped the glass counter. "Always."

Jared laughed and finished off the last of his soda. "Seems to me you're the one looking at him. He's just working."

"No. He's not doing it this second," I said. "But he does. All day long."

"Creepy?"

"Not so much creepy," I said. "I don't get a bad vibe from him or anything. I just glance up and he's looking. Then he looks away. Usually, he blushes like his face is on fire."

Jared glanced around to see if anyone was paying attention to us—they weren't—and then ran his fingertip along my cleavage. "Maybe we should give him something to look at."

I laughed at first. But then I perked up. What if we did? What if we fucked right there and gave him something worth looking at? The idea was so bizarre and off-the-wall that it instantly turned me on. I wriggled behind the counter, my tight black pants feeling a bit tighter now. I was wet. I could feel my pussy growing slick just thinking about doing it for an audience.

"Let's," I said.

Jared laughed again. "You're joking, right?"

"I'm not. I close tomorrow with Max. We close up our section together. I'm an assistant manager, so I'm the management. Security won't roll through until about a half hour after we go dark in here, and the camera in this section has been fritzing out, so the manager told them to shut it down until it's fixed—which won't be for another week."

"You're nuts," Jared said, shaking his head.

"You suggested it," I reminded him.

"I was joking!"

I grabbed his tie and tugged him across the counter. Fuck the rules of no PDAs or significant others at work. "Look, I'm so wet you could fuck me right here, right now if my pants happened to fall off. Thinking about it makes me horny. I

want to do it. With you, Jared. Are you in or not?"

He swallowed hard and then nodded.

"Good. Now go back to work," I said, kissing him full on the mouth. "And fix your tie. It's crooked."

"Love you," he said against my neck.

"I love you, too. Now go. Pick me up after work?" I queried in his ear. "I want you to fuck me while we talk about what we're going to do."

Jared did indeed pick me up, and we barely made it in the front door of his apartment before he pushed me back against the wall. "Are we really going to do this?"

"We are," I breathed, kissing him roughly.

"Fuck in front of that guy. At work, no less."

"Yes," I said. I pushed down on his shoulders, and he sank to his knees. He pulled my pants down, and they bound me from knees to ankles. He parted my thighs with his hands as much as he could and pressed his face to my pussy. He licked me fast and hard as I rocked my hips forward, seeking as

much contact as I could get. He pushed a thick finger inside my cunt and fucked me with it. I pressed my back against the hard, cool wall and floated away on the sensation of his mouth on me. He fingered me and sucked my clit hard, and when I growled, harder still.

"I want you to do this tomorrow," I whispered, my fingers clutching his short dark hair. "I want you to eat my pussy, but I want to be splayed out on that warm, brightly lit counter as you do. So he can see you going at me. See your tongue on my clit and your fingers in my cunt."

He grunted and went back to flicking my clit with his tongue before shoving the rigid tip inside my pussy. When he returned to my clitoris and started painting whirls and circles, I came.

"And then," he said, standing quickly.

"I'm going to turn you and put your hands on that counter." He made a similar move as he spoke, spinning me and pushing my hands to the wall before yanking my pants off all the way and knocking my legs wide apart. "I'll spread your legs and bend you over while I fuck you fast and hard. Just the way you like it, baby." He



LETTERS

↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

angled me as he spoke, pulling my ass toward him and putting a hand on my lower back. He guided his cock to my slit and drove into me with one harsh, slick thrust.

I gasped as he moved more rapidly, holding my hips in his hands and squeezing my flesh. He fucked me fast and hard because he was right: I loved it that way. I moved back to take him, and when he hit me at the perfect angle—banging my G-spot with every glorious stroke—I came with a loud cry. Jared was right behind me, his own orgasmic sounds as gruff and raw as my own.

When he pulled free of me, I stood and turned, leaning against the wall. “Kiss me,” I said.

He pressed himself against my body and kissed me deeply. “Like that? You want it like that, tomorrow?”

“Just like that,” I said. “Exactly like that.”

My shift the next day felt like it took a million years to end. I found myself very high-strung and in a constant state of semi-arousal. My brain played out what Jared and I had done the night before. Then it spun forward into fantasizing about what we were going to do that night.

Almost every time I glanced up that

day, there was Max staring at me. And almost every time I caught him, he’d start blushing like he’d been caught jacking off. Once or twice I caught myself blushing, too, remembering what I had planned.

The only workers scheduled to close were me and Max. When nine o’clock came, I practically ordered every customer out of the department. A few minutes later, Jared showed up and kissed me. It was a lingering kiss, and I could see Max watching us from his station. It wasn’t unusual for Jared to come in when I had a closing shift. He picked me up most evenings and drove me home.

I looked at Max and said, “Can you work on the counters over by cologne? Tidy and dust and clean the glass?”

He nodded once and hurried over to where I’d indicated.

“Why’d you do that?” Jared asked. “I thought you wanted him to see.”

“I do,” I whispered directly into his ear. I felt him shiver from the sudden puff of my breath, and I laughed. “If you look up above those counters, you’ll see the angled mirrors at the top of the wall. They’re meant to be chic, but they’re also excellent for theft prevention because

they let you see the whole floor. Trust me, he won’t miss a thing.”

I bit Jared’s earlobe then, and he grunted.

“Kiss me,” I demanded.

I didn’t have to ask twice. He pulled me to him and kissed me hard. He slid his hands beneath my black work blazer and slipped it off my shoulders. I glanced up at the mirror without moving my head. I saw Max watching us as he wiped the counter in the same spot over and over again.

“Unbutton my blouse,” I whispered to Jared.

He worked the tiny white buttons on my blouse. He let it fall open and undid the front clasp on my bra without being told. I smiled but resisted looking up at the mirror to see Max’s reaction. I simply watched Jared instead. When my breasts were bared, he dipped his head and sucked my nipple into his mouth. He pinched the other one, alternating sharp bites of his teeth with hard pinches of his fingers. I rocked my hips forward and moaned, caught up in the moment and almost forgetting we were doing this to be watched.

Jared sucked my other nipple into his mouth, biting it hard enough to make me hiss. His free hand cupped my ass and pulled me to him. His erect cock pressed against the front of my slacks, nestling in the cleft of my nether lips. The fabric between us was suddenly maddening.

I kicked off my heels as Jared hefted me up onto the counter. I held my breath for a second, despite knowing for sure it could support my weight. These glass counters held tons of makeup and displays; they’d hold me, too. Jared wasn’t thinking about the counter, though; he was thinking about getting my pants off.

I raised my hips when he growled at me, and then he slid my black slacks down. Beneath, I wore only thin black lace panties. Those were quickly tugged off, too, exposing me completely.





Despite my best efforts, my gaze drifted to the slanted mirrors. I could see the distorted view of Max, standing practically at attention and dumbstruck by what he was witnessing. Both of his hands were firmly planted on the glass counter he was supposed to be cleaning.

I would have laughed, but that was the same moment Jared's mouth came down on me. His hot tongue slid fluidly across my clit, and my body jolted as if electrified.

Jared seemed to be getting off on this more than I'd anticipated. He was making noises that were more animal than man, and he slipped two thick fingers inside my wet pussy without hesitation. He bent to lick me again and again, dragging his flattened tongue along the cleft of my sex and teasing my clitoris until I was panting. I tried not to be loud. If we really thought we were being covert, we'd try to be quiet.

He sucked my clit hard and fast, and I came with a sudden cry that I tried to stifle by throwing my hand up to cover my mouth. I barely had time to process that before Jared was dragging me toward him across the high counter. He helped me down, turned me quickly, and slapped my hands to the brightly lit warm glass. I turned my head and looked up at the mirrors. I sighed as Jared knocked my knees wide because I could see—though it was a distorted reflection—poor, innocent Max furiously masturbating behind the counter he was told to clean.

Jared slammed into me; he wasn't even looking at the mirror. He knew Max was watching, and that seemed to be enough. He drove into me forcefully, grasping my hips and fucking me hard. He crowded up close to me and thrust

“HE DROVE INTO ME FORCEFULLY, GRASPING MY HIPS AND FUCKING ME HARD.”

into me with short, deep jabs. Every surge of his cock hit my G-spot, and it didn't take but a few minutes for me to come again. This time my cries were loud and so were Jared's. A split second later, I heard a softer cry from Max and covered my face so my smile was hidden.

Jared leaned in close. “I think that worked.”

“I think you're right.”

“Come on. Shut this place down. I'm ready to take you home and fuck you all over again.”

And that's exactly what he did.

—P.L., Seattle, Washington

SEXY SHOWCASE

“Is that something that turns you on?” Will asked. “Being watched?”

“No,” I said. Then, after a moment, I added, “Well, a little bit. Not being watched, exactly, but...” I paused, trying to find the right way to explain myself. “I like the idea of being spotted from afar, of someone catching a glimpse of me from a distance.”

Will watched me closely as I spoke, but I couldn't quite read his thoughts. Did he approve, or was he disappointed that I wasn't more of an exhibitionist? Or was he completely turned off by the idea of being watched at all? His prolonged silence didn't help me figure out the answer, and he was giving me no physical clues about his feelings, either.

I was starting to squirm under his gaze, so I finally asked him what he thought.

“I think it sounds sexy,” he responded. “And like something we should try.”

My man is always willing to indulge my fantasies in and out of the bedroom. I shouldn't have been surprised that he was more than open to my desires—especially since he'd brought up the topic in the first place.

We'd been watching TV together on the couch when a couple in the show started getting it on in a very public place. I guess I'd gotten a little bit aroused during the scene, and I definitely cuddled up closer to Will. I began kissing and caressing him a bit more than usual when we're just hanging out in front of the television. But even if I hadn't been so forward about my interest, I'm sure Will would've figured it out. Ever since we started dating, he's been able to tease out my deepest desires and make me feel sexy and sensual no matter what.

When he suggested we explore my most recently revealed fantasy, I had to confess another secret: “I've been reading about a hotel in the city that has giant floor-to-ceiling windows which look out over the rooftop bar next door.” He smiled and nodded, then prodded me to continue. “Well,” I went on, “ever since I first heard about it, I've thought it would be the perfect place to be a little... adventurous.”

“That sounds incredibly hot,” said Will, his voice husky with desire. “And we are long overdue for a weekend away.”

He'd barely finished speaking before he had his phone out. Within a few short moments, he'd pulled up his travel-

LETTERS

↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING



booking app and reserved a room at the hotel for the following weekend.

All week leading up to our hotel stay, Will playfully teased me about our plans. He'd text me photos of the hotel and tell me about the views from the rooms' windows. He even made the extra effort to stop by my office a couple of times to sneak kisses and whisper in my ear about all the things he was going to do to me while people watched us. His foreplay drove me crazy, and every night I went home and masturbated to thoughts of our upcoming adventure.

Saturday couldn't come soon enough. The morning of our trip, I put on my favorite lingerie—a red mesh bra with crisscrossing black straps and a pair of red panties with a black mesh heart on the ass—and then threw on a sexy but casual outfit over it, knowing Will and I would be enjoying the city before retiring to the hotel for our big night. I tossed a few things in a weekend bag, put on a little mascara and some bright red lip stain, and I was ready to go as soon as Will pulled up outside my apartment building.

We only live an hour's drive from the city, but knowing what was ultimately in store for us made the trek feel like it lasted an eternity. I couldn't wait to check

"MY BREASTS MASHED AGAINST THE GLASS AS HE STARTED TO FUCK ME."

into our hotel room and see how exciting our evening would be.

Will had more than just a night of wild sex planned for us, however, and when we arrived in the city, he took me first to see a new exhibit at our favorite museum, and then to dinner at a new Indian restaurant we'd talked about trying. It was all pretty perfect. I loved having Will all to myself without either of us having to sneak away to work or answer a phone call, but I was so turned on all day thinking about what would happen. My panties were soaked, and I couldn't wait for our night at the hotel.

But Will had one last trick up his sleeve before he'd let us reach our ultimate goal:

a nightcap at the rooftop bar next to our hotel—the very same bar where we'd find our audience once we got to our room.

A number of the windows overlooking the bar were lit up, but one room was dark and had its curtains drawn. Will pointed up to the window and told me that was ours. "I made sure we got the perfect room," he told me. "You're going to love it!"

I laughed gleefully, then turned back to look up at the dark window. I had spent all day—all week, really—thinking about what it would be like, whether people would be able to see us, whether we'd see them, and now I was standing outside looking up at the spot where my boyfriend and I would soon be making love in front of, potentially, dozens of people. Already excited, I could barely contain myself when I turned to look at Will once more, and I lunged at him, pulling him into my arms and nearly spilling my drink. I was so overjoyed.

As Will kissed my neck, I whispered in his ear, "Can we get out of here? I don't think I can wait any longer."

He chuckled quietly, but as soon as I pulled back, he swigged the rest of his bourbon and nodded for me to finish off my vodka soda so we could close out our tab and go.

We held hands tightly as we walked to the hotel, and in the elevator on the way up to our room, I could barely keep myself from jumping him. I stood next to him with my arms around him and one hand crept up the back of his shirt so I could stroke his muscular form and feel his smooth, hot skin against mine. My other hand caressed his chest over his shirt; I felt his muscles jump under my hand with each stroke. I wasn't the only one who was desperate for the action to begin!

Once we got into our room, Will flipped the light switch, bathing the room in brightness, and we began immediately pulling at each other's clothes. We stumbled out of our shoes as we tripped

across the room, and we broke our connection only long enough for Will to open the curtains that covered the giant window.

I glanced through the glass as Will kissed my neck, and I could clearly see the people standing on the roof below us, drinks in hand. I couldn't make out their faces, so I knew they wouldn't be able to pick me out of a crowd afterward, but I could see what they were doing, and that was more than enough. It meant that once anyone started to look around they'd be able to see me and Will, too.

Knowing that we'd be plainly visible to any curious onlookers was all I needed to get lost in Will again. I turned my head to him once more and captured his lips with mine as I unbuttoned his shirt. He let me get his button-down off, and then helped me pull his undershirt up over his head.

My shirt was next, and once he had it off me, Will spun me around so my back was to him and I was once again staring out the window. He kissed my neck and grabbed my breasts through my bra as I watched the crowd below us. His lips soon moved down my back as his hands caressed my curves. When he reached the waistband of my skinny jeans, he reached around to unbutton them and then pulled them slowly down my legs so I could step out of them.

When I was left in only my black-and-red lingerie, Will stood again, kissing my neck and shoulders as he caressed my breasts. His hands stayed outside the bra for a while, but eventually his fingers inched into the cups. He didn't get far, though, before he pulled down the straps. I reached back to unclasp my bra, freeing my breasts. Then, his hands went wild, cupping and lifting my heavy tits as his fingers tweaked my hard nipples.

I felt his hard cock pressing against my ass as he continued to fondle and kiss me, and I reached back to run my hands along his body as I looked out the window. I kept getting distracted by Will's touch, but I was pretty sure there

were people watching us by then, and the thought of their eyes on us aroused me even more.

I spun around in Will's arms and kissed him hard on the mouth before reaching for his belt and unbuckling it. Then I unbuttoned and unzipped his fly and pushed his pants and boxer briefs down to his knees, dropping to the floor myself as I did so. I looked up at him as I took his cock in my hand, and I saw he was glancing out the window just like I had been earlier. As I leaned forward to take his cock in my mouth, I even saw him fight to keep from closing his eyes and rolling his head back so he could keep watching the revelers down at the bar.

I only sucked him for a few minutes before he pulled me up and stepped out of his pants. With one hand, he spun me around, while his other hand quickly rid me of my panties. He pushed me up against the giant window, and then guided his cock into me from behind. My breasts mashed against the glass as he started to fuck me, and more than the cool, hard glass against my hot skin, I loved the fact that now everyone down below would get a real show. I didn't even need to watch anymore. I turned my head and closed my eyes and let myself

just feel what was happening.

Will and I were both so worked up that it didn't take long for either of us to come, and after only a few minutes of vigorous fucking, we were spent.

After uncoupling, we stumbled over to the bed and collapsed, both of us gasping for breath. But we weren't done putting on a show just yet. After relaxing for few minutes, we ordered wine and dessert from room service and dined, naked, in front of the window. We enjoyed watching everyone down below sip their drinks as we sipped ours.

We got in a few more "shows" before we finally went to bed sometime after last call, but the next day, we decided to close the curtains and enjoy ourselves in private. It was the perfect weekend getaway, and I'm sure we'll be going back one day soon.

—R.W., via email

Seeing is believing. When you spy the encounter you've been looking for, let us know about it. Or tell us about the time you had a rapt audience. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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TOP 10

SHAY LAREN



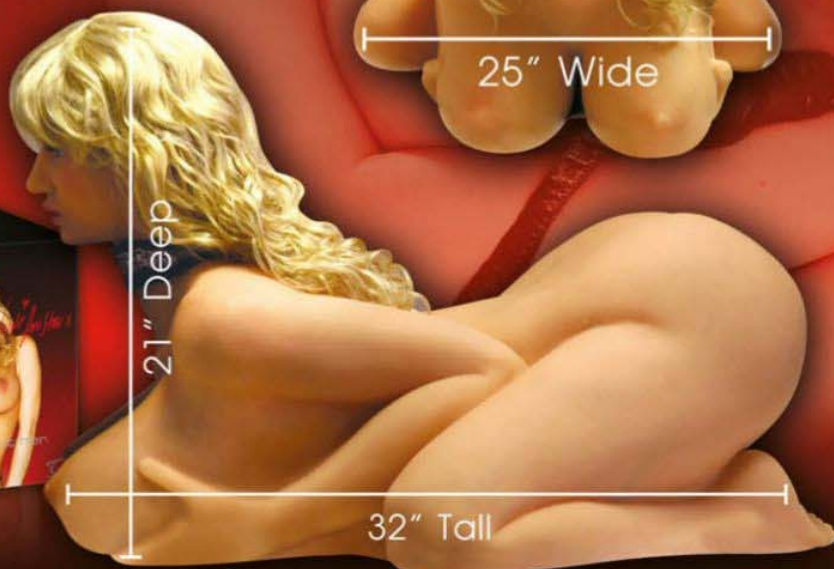
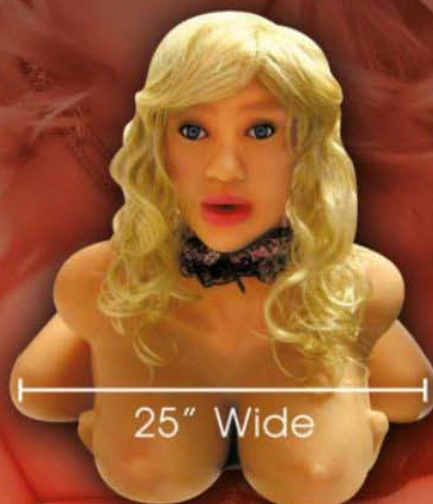
TOP 10 REASONS YOUR SPOUSE STRAYS

10. Sneaking around is hot.
9. For a confidence boost.
8. Opportunity knocked.
7. To feel wanted.
6. Variety is the spice of life.
5. It feels good to be bad.
4. Sex with an ex.
3. A mid-life fling.
2. Revenge is sweet.
1. So you can watch.

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FETISHISM

BEAUTY & THE BOOTS

TWO LOVERS MAKE
A GREAT PAIR

SPANKING

RED-HOT NIGHTS

DIRTY COUPLE'S
WILD HOOKUPS

WELL-HEELED

HOUSEBOY FINDS
HIS DREAM DOMME



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is reclining in a black leather chair. She is topless, looking over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. Her legs are raised and bent, wearing black leather boots. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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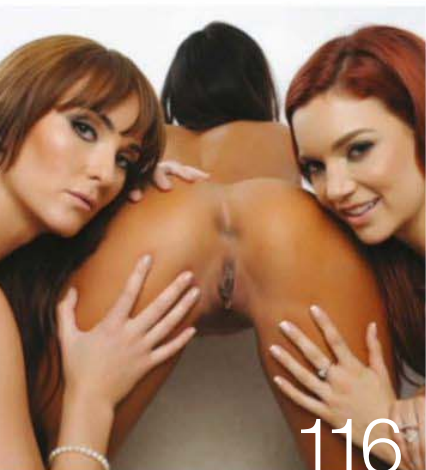
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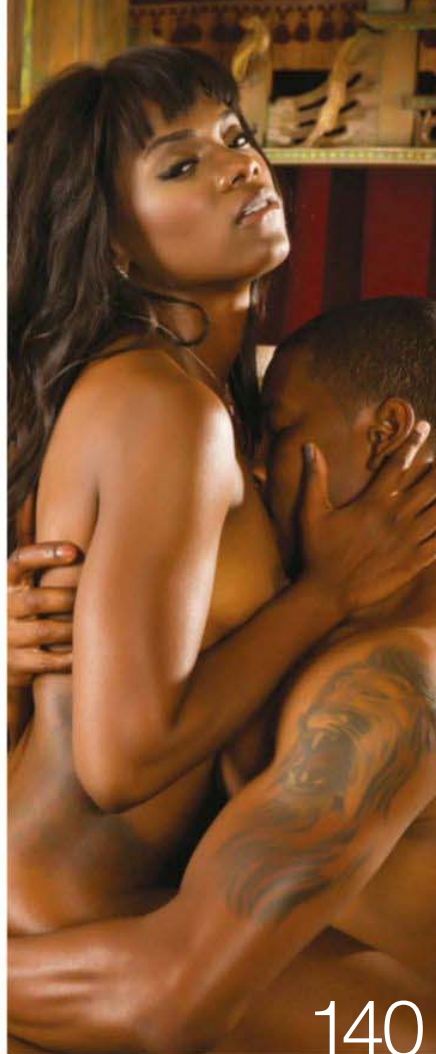
130



122



116



140

CONTENTS

114 || EDITORS' NOTE

116 || BISEXUALITY LETTERS

122 || PICTORIAL:
SKIN & RYAN

128 || SPANKING: A SPANK IN
TIME

This kinky couple plans ahead and
banks their spanks.
By Vera Rossi

132 || FETISHISM: BEAUTY IN
THE BOOTS

He goes weak in the knees for a
beauty in boots. She likes her leather
worshipped from toe to tip. Together,
they're a sole-match made in heaven.
By Hal Kincaid

138 || WIDE WORLD OF
VARIATIONS



VARIATIONS

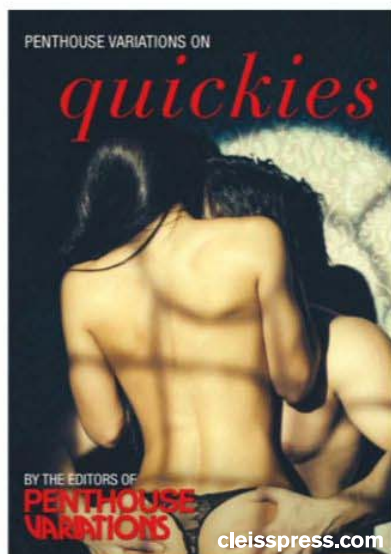
EDITORS' NOTE

Hot, fast and dirty—sounds pretty good, doesn't it? *Penthouse Variations on Quickies*, the latest Penthouse book from Cleis Press, is all about that kind of instant gratification and a whole lot more. On sale now at your favorite book retailer, this volume is packed with wicked one-night stands and plenty of kinky encounters.

And speaking of kink, this issue's Bisexuality letters star a pair of bold beauties who find a sassy femme sub for a crazy three-way hookup. A second torrid trio also steams up our pages, with a devious domme who plans a man-on-man encounter for her bi-curious boy toy.

Vera Rossi's "Spank in Time" features an uninhibited couple who plans their spanking encounters to heighten their mutual anticipation, leading to an explosive conclusion. Hal Kincaid's "Beauty in the Boots" is an ode to leather and lust, in which a boot slave and a debauched domme make a perfect pair. And with dirty games and wild orgies, *Wide World of Variations* closes out this issue with just the right amount of sizzle and spice. Enjoy!

—The Editors





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VARIATIONS

BISEXUALITY

■ YOU. ME. HER.

“ ‘I’d lick her like an envelope,’ Caitlyn said salaciously.

“Do people even use envelopes anymore?” I asked. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d actually mailed a real letter to someone.

“That’s not the point is it?” She shot me a warning look, her blue eyes shining brightly behind her tortoise-shell glasses.

“I guess not,” I said, staring at the woman Caitlyn had been admiring. The object of her desire was attractive, definitely, with all the little rebellious touches that tend to tug at Caitlyn’s libido.

“I’d lick her like an ice-cream sundae,” Caitlyn tried next, and the way she said “lick” made me sit up a little straighter. Caitlyn has a talented tongue. I know this from personal experience.

“Just face-planting, you mean?” I asked, finally playing along.

“I’d eat her up with a silver spoon.”

We were sitting side by side at the deli counter, and my best friend—and lover—was waxing rhapsodic about the pretty girl working the cash register. The woman of her dreams was a slight redhead, whose bouncy curls spiraled to her shoulders and whose smile delighted everyone in her line. That was clear because people seemed to be willing to actually wait their turn, not jostling, not checking their phones. They were all staring at her, men and women alike. She had on a short-sleeved turquoise blouse, and her vibrant 40s-style tattoos could be seen curling and dancing around her slim arms.

Caitlyn said, “I’m buying something else.”

“You already paid for each item separately,” I said, gesturing to the remnants of our meal.

“Yeah, but now I am going to take a chance. I’m going to ask her to play.”

“Why tell me?”

“Because you’re going to be with us.”

That’s what I love about Caitlyn: her incredible levels of over-confidence. Or maybe it’s simply the way she barges through life. She has every reason to be confident, actually. She’s a long-distance runner whose stamina seems to spread to all that she touches. There is no going halfway in her world. When Caitlyn sets her eyes on a prize—be it the finish line at the end of the race, or a new project at work, or the hot cashier at the deli—she does everything in her power to win the gold.

I watched as she brought a bottle of cream soda to the cashier. The lunch

“I WAS COMING IN SECONDS FLAT, GRINDING MY PUSSY AGAINST ROXANNE’S SWEET FACE.”

crowd had thinned. There was nobody behind Caitlyn in line now. I couldn’t hear what she was saying, but I could guess. Caitlyn is a magician with her words. Subtle innuendoes and double entendres are her favorite form of foreplay. I saw the cashier blush and look down, then glance back up at Caitlyn and nod an energetic “yes.”

My lovely friend swung her hips as she made her way back to me. “It’s on,” she crowed.

“What’s on exactly?” I had to ask.

“You. Me. Her. Tonight at my place. We’re going to put the hot in hot tub.”

She ran one hand along the back of my neck, then brought me close to her and kissed me. I knew that at least part

of the reason for the public display of affection was the cashier. But that didn’t mean the kiss was wasted. I felt those lovely sparkles of pure desire ripple through me, a veritable inferno of nerve endings set aflame. Caitlyn’s lips are like no other woman’s I’ve ever been with. A simple kiss from her revs my inner motor. I was primed and pumped, and now I had to wait until nightfall?

“When are we meeting?” I asked breathlessly.

“Seven.” Soda in hand, Caitlyn snagged a red-and-white striped straw, then gave me a wink and a wave and left me longing. My eyes met the cashier’s, and I read the silent message in her expression—oh, we both wanted it, and we wanted it bad. That’s the look we shared across the deli. I bit my lip. She smiled and looked away. Leave it to Caitlyn to wrangle two sub girls for an evening of erotic entertainment.

I couldn’t fucking wait.

All afternoon, thoughts of what we were going to do paraded through my mind. I recalled past times with Caitlyn, such as a weekend we spent together in a quaint bed-and-breakfast on the coast, where we made the most of the four-poster bed. Caitlyn bound me in place with ribbons and gagged me with my own panties when I couldn’t stifle my moans. Even muffled, I hadn’t managed to be silent. We’d received our share of disapproving glances over coffee in the morning.

What would happen with a new partner? Caitlyn must have had a few ideas in mind, a few tricks in her bag that she’d not shared with me yet. My imagination worked overtime. I showed up early.

When Caitlyn opened the door to her apartment, I almost fell over. Usually, my girlfriend chooses simple clothes: crisp slacks, turtle-necks, V-neck sweaters. Tonight, she was in black vinyl, her inky hair up in a twist, her sleek form encased all the way to the tips of her

vinyl boots. She'd talked about licking the cashier, but I wanted to press my mouth to Caitlyn—everywhere.

She beckoned me forward, and that's when I saw what she was holding in one hand: a crop. I sighed. She said, "The early girl gets the whip."

"Oh, fuck."

"You want it, don't you? That's why you showed up now, trying to beat Roxanne."

"Roxanne?"

I'd erased the fact that I'd have competition that night. The sight of my femme domme friend had replaced all other images in my mind.

"This way," Caitlyn said, and she turned on a heel and headed to her bedroom. I tiptoed immediately behind her, trying to keep my head clear, trying to think of something, anything, to say. But all thoughts evaporated when we'd reached our destination. Because there, cuffed in the center of Caitlyn's large bed, was the pretty cashier. Her eyes were wide and moist. There were clamps on her nipples and her pussy was shaved bare. I could see the wetness, the glistening dew, on her nether lips. When Caitlyn looked at my shocked face, she let out a laugh; it was a harsh, jangling sound.

"She beat you," Caitlyn said softly, "but that's okay. Because I beat her, and trust me—there's plenty to go around."

In seconds, I was stripped and bound next to Roxanne. We were close enough that I could feel the heat coming off her body. Caitlyn was majestic, making sure that we were in each other's space, feeding off each other's energy as she cropped us. Then she stopped. I watched as she lifted a vibrator from her basket of toys.

"Which one of you deserves to get off before the other?" she queried. I didn't know if she expected a response, or if she were merely being rhetorical. I didn't have a response, except for: *me, me, me*. "Let's play a game," she continued,



as if the concept had just occurred to her. "Whichever one of you can guess what I'm thinking about will have the toy kiss her clit first."

I thought I might have an advantage since I've been with Caitlyn in the past. But she looked to Roxanne first, who sucked in her breath and said, "You're thinking of...of..." Her voice trailed off, and I seized the opportunity to shout, "Anal beads!"

And then I felt ridiculous. It was clear that I was the one thinking of anal beads, recalling the time Caitlyn had bent me over her lap, lubed up each of those marble-sized violet beads, and then slid them up my rear hole one by one. She'd made me keep them inside my rear passage while punishing my ass with her favorite paddle, and then she'd pulled them out slowly while sucking my clit.

"Anal beads, is it?" Caitlyn asked, stretching out her query and then letting the words hang in the air. "Anal beads," she repeated, as if slightly stymied by such a sexual suggestion. She was only playacting being surprised. Because in seconds, she positioned herself on the edge of the mattress, flipped me facedown, and began to stuff my butt full of beads.

This episode was different from the previous experience, however, because I had to stare at Roxanne the whole time. I could guess that my cheeks were as flaming red as her hair; I could feel the heat rising in my face. I was embarrassed at how wet my pussy grew

with each insertion, a fact that Caitlyn found necessary to share with the room.

"Look at you," she murmured. "You're dripping on my mattress. Just a little butt play, and you get all wet and gooey. What am I going to do about that?"

What she ended up doing was moving Roxanne into position, so that the new girl could eat my snatch while Caitlyn maneuvered the beads in my butt, pulling one out and then pushing it back in. I was coming in seconds flat, grinding my pussy against Roxanne's sweet face. That's one way to get to know someone, I suppose. Forget asking polite how-do-you-do type questions. Sit astride their lips and press your cunt down hard. That's all the getting to know you I needed to do.

Once I'd come, Caitlyn seemed to think I owed her. And maybe I did. She'd let me climax without putting me through any particular paces, without making me endure any erotic hardships. So now, for the benefit (I felt) of our new playmate, she demonstrated her control over me.

"Take the clamps off her tits," she said.

My wrists were cuffed, but I managed to obey the command.

"Would you like to eat Roxanne's pussy?" Caitlyn asked next.

I nodded and looked at our new lover; she seemed to like the idea, too. At least, her eyes had a glow to them, as if lit from within, and her lips—still glossy with my juices—were parted and hungry-looking.

"Will you let me fuck you while you eat her?" my girlfriend asked.

VARIATIONS

BISEXUALITY



That was like offering the cherry on top of a whole carton of ice cream. I got into position, and without Caitlyn telling me what to do next, I started to lick Roxanne's snatch. My wrists were still cuffed, but I was able to balance myself, having had plenty of practice at being Caitlyn's bound love slave in the past. At the same time, my girlfriend buckled herself into a strap-on harness, and in seconds, her dildo was in me while my tongue was in Roxy.

Who would have thought that we'd end up here? What had begun earlier in the day as a simple exchange of flirty glances had blossomed into this.

Caitlyn held my hips and speared me, rocking her body forward and back in a way I've grown to know and adore. Roxanne was the newbie in this equation, the unpredictable variable. Yet her willingness to go with the flow—and to flow herself, a copious amount of her juices kept wetting my tongue—showed me that she was up to any erotic challenge.

"I can't wait to switch," Caitlyn crooned. "Next, we'll let Roxy fuck you, and then you'll fuck her. And maybe we can dig out another strap-on and a blindfold. We'll play a guessing game. Who's doing who?"

We worked well together. Three points in a triangle—or rather three

points in a straight line, because it was Caitlyn behind me, and me face-first in Roxy. Then there were no words, no instructions, no more teasing or game-playing. I ate the beautiful redhead until she creamed. Roxy called out her bliss, and those dulcet sounds seemed to trip something in Caitlyn. *Not such hard-hearted a domme, after all*, I thought. My lady grabbed me tight and ground into my sopping split until we were skin to skin. Then she shook, and I knew her orgasm was deep and powerful.

I'd already come once, but being bookended by the two beauties set off my own picture-perfect string of orgasms, one after the other after the other. Then I waited while Caitlyn unfastened our bonds before we cuddled together in her big bed. Caitlyn had mentioned the hot tub earlier in the day, but things had gotten pretty steamy without it and now I had other things in mind. Like ice-cream sundaes—since I'd just had Roxy's girl-cherry.

I headed into Caitlyn's kitchen to make a tray, and when I got back, the two women were head to tail in a 69. The ice cream would melt. I knew that. But I dove in head first—with a big, broad smile on my face and no silver spoon required.

—M.O., Orlando, Florida

MAN UP

When I get home, I expect you to be in the corner," I told Alejandro. "Yes, Ma'am."

The night was going to be all about him. From the moment I got home until we shut off the lights and went to sleep. This was his night, and he knew it. That didn't mean he guessed everything I had in store for him. A good top keeps a few tricks up her sleeve—or in her snatch. But I was sure he had an inkling that his punishment meant he'd be the submissive sex star of his dreams, and I would try my best to make each one of his dirty fantasies come true. ("Come" being the operative word, of course.)

Alejandro had let me down, and he knew it. My request the previous night hadn't been unusual, nothing too big or too hard for him to handle, yet he'd failed me. So I'd give him something big and hard to help him remember next time. That's what I'd decided. Big and hard like our next-door neighbor Steve. Mmmm, Steve. Just thinking about the blond, bodybuilding bruiser who lived in the bungalow next door would have been enough to give me a hard-on had I been attached to a penis. As a woman, I simply got wet and felt my inner muscles tighten involuntarily. Steve was dream-worthy. But he was more interesting than that, not merely two-dimensional fantasy fodder, but flesh and blood with his own X-rated desires. You see, our naughty neighbor actually had the balls to come up to me the previous weekend and let me know he was down for anything—and he repeated anything—I had in mind. He wanted in my bedroom, in any way I desired.

"Use me," he'd said.

"Use you? Use you how?"

"I've heard the way you talk to him. I've heard the sounds you two make. Do

that to me. Or have me do that to him. I don't care. I really don't. But use me."

Now, I would. I'd texted Steve in the morning and told him exactly what my plans were. Then I merely had to ride out the rest of the day, waiting until the moment when I could share my thoughts with my beau. Alejandro had never been with a man before, but I knew it was high on his list of experiences to explore. I was guessing that Steve was high on that list, as well. I imagined that our hunky neighbor had managed to make his way into Alejandro's daydreams, night dreams, wet dreams.

When I got home, there was my boy, naked in the corner, exactly like I'd told him to be. I was happy with his obedience. I wondered what he'd think of his surprise.

"Steve is on his way," I said. Alejandro, to his credit, didn't flinch. He didn't look at me over his shoulder. He didn't ask me why. I explained anyway.

"He's going to lube up your tight rear hole and fuck you the way you've always wanted to be fucked. Not with a strap-on, like I use, but with his own sexy dick."

That got a whimper, a sound of pre-eminent pleasure, of impending nirvana. I could see the picture in my mind. I knew that Alejandro could, too: big, hard Steve, pressing him up against the wall and fucking him until he shot his load on

my nice wallpaper.

We'd have to rearrange things. I love Alejandro from the top of his head to the bottom of his tanned feet, but I also like my floral paper. There was a knock on the front door. Right on time. I appreciate punctuality in my playthings. I sent Alejandro to wait for us in the bedroom. Then I opened the front door to greet our neighbor.

Steve stood there in a pair of crisp jeans and a gray sweater. He was holding a bouquet of roses in one hand. As I watched, a lone petal floated down to the floor. "For you," he said, brandishing the bouquet. He looked as if he wasn't entirely sure what to expect. He ducked his head at me when I thanked him and practically *aw, shucks*ed himself into my living room.

"I'm so glad you reached out to me," I told him. "I've got a present for you. His name is Alejandro."

Steve grinned. It was as if he couldn't help himself—or as if I'd made all his dreams come true.

"All wrapped up?"

"That can be arranged," I said. "If you want him to be. At the moment,

he's stripped down and waiting in my bedroom."

"Naked's fine," he said, and I led him down the hall to find Alejandro on the bed, waiting with obvious impatience. He looked as if he was practically vibrating, his entire body ramrod straight and dick pointing at the ceiling.

"What do you think?" I asked Steve.

Steve took in the scene. There was my stripped love slave, waiting for whatever would happen next.

"I think he's in the wrong position," Steve said thoughtfully.

"Then turn him right-side up," I said, "or down."

"Down," Steve said, "definitely down."

In seconds, my man was on his stomach and Steve was out of his own clothes and lubing up one of the biggest, thickest cocks I'd ever seen in my life. Holy fuck, Alejandro was in for a wild ride.

"Let him see that," I instructed. "He should get a peek."

Steve walked to the side of the bed and told Alejandro to look his way. I stood slightly to the left, and I took in the way Alejandro's eyes widened and his

**"I WAS SURE HE
HAD AN INKING I
WOULD MAKE
EACH OF HIS
FANTASIES COME
TRUE."**



VARIATIONS

BISEXUALITY



lips parted involuntarily.

"You think you're man enough?" I asked, unable to stop myself. "You think you can take a dick like that?"

His head was bobbing "yes" before he was able to mouth the word.

"I know you like it when I fuck your tight ass," I continued, more for Steve's benefit than Alejandro's.

**"STEVE WAS
LUBING UP ONE OF
THE BIGGEST,
THICKEST COCKS
I'D EVER SEEN."**

"Is that when he makes those moaning sounds?" Steve queried. His hand was moving faster on his dick now. I enjoyed the way he handled himself so roughly. I had a desire to take over, just for a moment, to let my hand get to know his powerful rod. But the night was about Alejandro and Steve, with me orchestrating the events. I'd get my own sometime in the future. I had no doubts.

"He does make some delightful sounds," I agreed with Steve. "Those long, low moans. I live for them."

"I've listened on the other side of the wall," Steve confessed. "I've heard what sounds like you punishing him. Then pleasing him."

"Sounds about right," I said.

"And then him coming."

"Oh, yes," I agreed.

"Coming so hard."

I was getting wet as he spoke. This man was clearly not only going to be a gift for my boyfriend, but one for me, as well.

"You're spot on," I said, "so let's see what you can do in my stead." That was all Steve needed to hear. He parted Alejandro's muscular ass cheeks and rubbed a generous supply of lube on his rear hole. Alejandro might have come then if he hadn't had the willpower I've trained him to maintain. I could see him straining, overcome with desire. But he held himself steady, ready for Steve's cock.

"Okay, baby," I said, and I could have been talking to either one. "Let's go. Let's do this."

Steve introduced Alejandro to the first rounded inch of his dick. Alejandro quivered and then stilled. Steve pushed forward. I sighed. More lube was added, bodies were adjusted, and then Steve began a powerful

assault on Alejandro's ass. I pressed myself against the wall and watched, awestruck, as the two men went at it. Alejandro was the receiver, but he participated, nonetheless. I watched him put a hand between his legs and reach back in order to fondle Steve's balls. Steve groaned and pitched forward faster, so that he was working Alejandro's ass like a well-greased part of a powerful machine.

"That's beautiful," I said, without even realizing I was going to say the words. "You're both so perfect."

Alejandro dripped sweat onto the comforter. Steve used one hand to stroke my man from the nape of his neck to the base of his spine.

"Tell me when to come," Steve said suddenly, gazing right at me.

I'd forgotten. He wanted me to use him, and I'd let him down. It was my job to keep them on track, to give them their cues.

"Are you ready?" I queried Alejandro.

"Oh, fuck yes," my man whispered.

"Yes, Mistress."

"You may come," I said magnanimously. "Both of you."

Steve pounded into Alejandro until my beautiful sub boyfriend came all over the comforter. (I'd been right to move him away from the flocked velvet wallpaper in the living room.) Then our hunk of a neighbor finished off by coming inside Alejandro's tight ass. Someday, I'd feel that spunk fill me.

But not that night.

That night was all about Alejandro.

And about making his dreams come true.

—M.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Our letter writers have paved new roads in the world of pleasure. If there's a kinky route you've traveled, why not share your discovery with fellow erotic explorers? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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WELL-HEELED

SKIN'S STATELY HOME INCLUDES THE BEST AMENITIES,
LIKE A HANDY HOUSEBOY.













A SPANK IN TIME

This kinky couple plans ahead and banks their spansks.

By Vera Rossi

You need a spanking tonight," Josh said over the phone. "I could tell when you left the apartment."

"What do you mean?" I asked, feigning innocence. Of course, I knew exactly what he was talking about. I had copped a major attitude before work, hoping that he'd get the hint. Pick up the gauntlet. Paddle the ass.

"You had that bratty look you get. If I don't take care of that attitude soon, who knows what will happen?"

I wasn't surprised by how well he'd read me. We've been together long enough for Josh to know all of my tells. When I go too long between spankings, I grow restless. The desire builds up inside me until I feel as if I might explode from the pressure. Thankfully, Josh knows exactly how to handle my needs. He takes care of me in the most spantastic way possible.

"As soon as I get off work, I'm putting you over my knee."

I sat there in my office, feeling the rush of anticipation flutter through me. I'd been thinking about our company's latest advertising campaign. Up until my secretary had put Josh through, my mind had been working on the new hem length of the season. Skirts were going to be shorter this spring. Skirts seemed to be in Josh's thoughts, as well.

"That tight-fitting skirt you left the house in," he continued. "That's coming down, baby. I'm in a mood, and I can't wait to hear the sound of my hand meeting your bare ass. One-handed applause. I'm sure that will lead to a standing 'O' on your part."

I tried to respond, but my mouth had gone dry. I took a breath, swallowed hard and said, "But, Josh, I have that dinner meeting tonight. Clients. I don't think I

can get out of it." I felt a wash of sadness over this fact. Josh was offering to provide precisely what my body needed. Now, I'd have to wait.

"No problem. Meet me at lunchtime. At our place."

Our place. Josh and I have engaged in spanking play since our first date. After flirting for months when we met at various work functions, he had taken me on a supremely traditional first date: dinner and a movie. The movie had featured

**"I STARTED TO
BREATHE HARDER.
I RELISHED EVERY
SECOND OF WHAT
HE WAS DISHING
OUT."**

a fairly softcore discipline scene, but I had enthusiastically squeezed Josh's hand during that portion of the film. He'd recognized me as a fellow spanking fan right away, and he'd taken me to the alley behind the theater afterward. That was the site of our first spanking play, and when he said "our place," I understood that's what he meant.

I made excuses to my coworkers as to why I couldn't join them for lunch. Then I hurried to meet my man.

Josh was already waiting for me. Some couples return repeatedly to a special romantic restaurant. Others take long walks on the beach when lust is in the

air. Josh and I engage in kinky spanking games. The thought of what we were about to do had me as wet as always. There is something about being spanked in public that turns me on even more than a normal spanking does. Josh was leaning against the brick wall of the theater looking handsome in his navy blue trench coat, a red scarf around his neck. There was nobody around back here, no reason for anybody to be present.

"Beautiful," Josh said as I approached. "You always look so remarkably put together."

I knew by the time we were done, I'd be transformed. Was I sleek and professional right now? A spanking would take care of that in no time. I assumed my position before he even issued the instructions. I put my hands on the cold, chipped bricks and locked my eyes on a crack right in front of my face. Josh petted my ass through the formfitting skirt. I couldn't help myself. I arched to meet the seductive stroking of his palm. He let one blow land, almost lazily, against my ass. The sensation was muffled by the fabric of my skirt, my panties and my tights beneath. He knew that there was no pain to that smack. That was merely a welcome, a greeting of sorts.

"Take down your skirt," he said, and his voice had that burn of authority to it that I've grown to love.

I unzipped the side of the plaid skirt, and Josh pulled the fabric down for me. Beneath, I was wearing opaque black tights and full-coverage panties in champagne silk. Josh started by spanking me on top of both layers. I kept my palms flat on the wall, and I made no sounds as he let a flurry of blows rain down on me. I recalled our first time back here, when he'd taken me by the wrist and led me to



this exact spot. He'd whispered to me, "You liked that. You liked what happened to the woman in the movie. You want what she got."

Unable to hide my desires, I'd sighed "yes" in response. By taking the position automatically, I'd told him with my body that I wanted what he had to give.

Now, he reached for the waistband of my tights and pulled them down below my bottom cheeks. He continued the spanking on top of my panties. I started to breathe harder. I relished every second of what he was dishing out. The fact that we were in the alley, where someone could spot us at any moment, didn't worry me. I was more excited by that prospect, and Josh knew this.

"If someone walks by, they'll know exactly how naughty you are," he told me, and his voice was like a lullaby.

Finally—dear lord, finally—he pulled my panties down. I was sure my ass was already blush pink from the first volley of spanks. Josh really let me have it then. He spanked me over and over, right cheek, then left cheek, until I was panting from the power behind his sturdy strokes and he was a little breathless himself.

"What do you want now?" he asked, taking a step back.

"I want you to fuck me," I said without pause. My pussy was so wet. My body was intensely ready for him.

"You'll have to wait."

I turned to look at him over my shoulder in total desperation. Was he serious? How could he do this to me? He'd gotten me all primed and aroused by delivering that spanking. He had to fuck me!

"What do you mean?" I asked in the most submissive tone I could muster. I

knew from experience that insisting that Josh do anything wouldn't go well for me.

"You have a dinner date tonight," he said. "I'll spank you and fuck you when you're finished."

What a cruel fate this was. Josh simply motioned for me to fix myself. He really wasn't going to get me off. With trembling fingers, I raked up my panties and tights. Then I adjusted my skirt, zipped the side and tried my best to regain my sense of decorum. I understood full well what my man was doing. He'd given me a spanking ahead of time to whet my sexual appetite for the evening. His trick had definitely worked. I felt practically carbonated inside! Josh planted a luscious kiss on my lips before saying, "I'll see you tonight, lovely," and off he went. Back to work.

As I walked out of the alley and returned to the sidewalk, I felt as if I was a wreck. I had to meet clients. I had to do business. But my ass was hot and throbbing, and my cunt was water-park wet.

Oh, poor you, I chided myself. With every ounce of self-control I possessed, I pushed thoughts of spanking from my brain and headed back to the office.

Of course, Josh had other plans. He always does. Almost as soon as I had focused my attention on the advertising spread, my secretary buzzed Josh through. I answered the phone with a shaky voice. He had my heart racing from the first sentence: "You know what's waiting for you when we get home, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," I sighed.

"Say it."

"You're going to spank me again."

"More detail, baby."

"You're going to pull down my skirt,

take down my panties and tan my ass." My voice trembled. I was beyond aroused.

"When will you be done with the meeting?" he asked.

"By nine," I promised him.

"I'll pick you up at the restaurant," he said, and that was that.

He didn't need to call me again. Every time I caught sight of the clock, I'd count down the hours until I could meet up with him. Every time I moved on my chair, I felt aftershocks from that first spanking. But I am nothing if not a professional. I managed to have dinner with my clients, and I was grateful to focus on business rather than what Josh had promised me when I was finished with my work.

By the time I could say my good-byes and head out to meet Josh, my panties were so wet I could have rung them out. He was waiting for me, and he had a look in his eyes that let me know he was as ready as I was. By taunting me, he'd played the same trick on himself. When I glanced at his slacks, I saw that his cock was bone-hard. Weren't we a perfect match?

In the car, Josh actually took pity on me.

"Take off your tights," he said.

I slid out of my heels and obeyed his command, working the tights down my thighs, over my calves and off.

"Now, lift your skirt."

This was more difficult. The pencil skirt hugged my curves. But I did as Josh requested, wriggling until the snug skirt was up to my waist. When we hit a stoplight, Josh put his hand beneath my panties. I groaned and briefly shut my eyes. I couldn't take it. He was going to make me come. I was going to climax right there in the front seat of Josh's sedan.

VARIATIONS

▶ SPANKING

I made the mistake of looking out the window, and I met the eyes of the driver in the next car. I bit my lip and felt my cheeks flush. I knew the stranger couldn't see what Josh was doing to me. But I felt so debauched. Was there any chance that I looked normal? I felt untamed.

With intense effort, I faced forward once more. I did my best to sit up straight, to calm my breathing, to steel myself and behave. Josh was not making it easy on me. When does he ever?

I was surprised when he actually stroked my clit. Usually, Josh makes me wait until after a spanking before he'll allow me to get off. But maybe he'd realized how turned I was. Maybe he understood that I wasn't going to be able to wait until after he'd punished me in order to climax. I'd been caught in the vortex of foreplay for more than nine hours! I lolled back in the seat once more, completely abandoning the attempt to behave, feeling the initial burst of ecstasy tear through me.

"That's my girl," Josh said softly. "That's my baby. Coming at the thought of a spanking."

Josh pulled his hand free and hit the gas as the light changed and I righted my clothing. I sat there in the seat next to him, trembling all over. The climax hadn't filled me with any sort of relief. The power of the pleasure had simply managed to ramp up my excitement. If Josh could transform me with his words and fingers, just imagine what would happen when he had me over his lap.

We actually managed to make our way into our house before Josh tore my skirt down. My panties came with it, which seemed to be the point. He positioned me in the foyer with my hands on the pale yellow wall. I was facing a small antique mirror that hangs just inside the door. The oval mirror is for last-minute checks before I leave the house. Now, I was staring into my own blue eyes as Josh took his place behind me.

I heard the metallic click of his buckle,

and a new set of tremors raced through me. Sometimes Josh only uses his hand, as he had in the alley. Other times he employs his leather belt. And on certain occasions, he uses both. I didn't dare ask what his plans were for this evening. Josh was the one in charge. He'd make all the important erotic decisions.

He snapped the leather behind me. That's a ritualistic moment for the two of us. When I hear the leather crack, my pussy positively gushes. I can't help myself. I know I'm about to receive a spanking, but all the pleasure endorphins seem to wake up and dance in my body. I become hungry for the pain, desperate

**"HE SPANKED ME
OVER AND OVER,
RIGHT CHEEK,
THEN LEFT CHEEK,
UNTIL I WAS
PANTING."**

for the kiss of the belt on my skin, because I know exactly how much bliss will follow shortly after. All the pleasure. Every last drop that Josh can give me.

"Hold yourself still," he admonished.

Had my hips been wagging back and forth? My swaying ass must have been begging him to start. I took a breath and tightened my stance. I would not misbehave. If he wanted me to be still, I'd be still.

"Sweet girl," he said, and he took a moment to run one big hand over my ass. That made holding myself in check ten times more difficult. Josh understood that. Of course, he did. Teasing me was the point. He wanted to see if I would manage to do what he requested, or if I'd fail him

before we even truly began.

I lowered my chin to my chest. I didn't want to look in my eyes anymore. However, Josh would have none of my false meekness.

"I put you there so you could see yourself," he said. "I want you to watch your face the whole time. No cheating. No closing your eyes. I want you to witness every second of this."

On those words, he let the belt land once. I gasped, but I did as he'd instructed. I kept my gaze locked on my own expression. The blow had made my eyes widen. Not from surprise, since I knew what was coming, and not from the pain—he hadn't struck me that hard. It was mostly, I thought, from the relief that this was finally happening.

He lined up a second blow neatly below the first. I kept staring at my face. Twin circles of heat adorned my cheekbones. My eyes had a glow to them that hadn't been there before. I was processing the sensations, my body absorbing the sting of the leather and my pussy beginning to spasm, clutching around nothing. Josh whipped me for the third time, and I felt my muscles tighten in my arms. I was bracing myself for however long he'd go, however many lashes he chose to land. I licked my bottom lip. I pushed my chest forward.

Josh used his hand again, this time running his palm over my smarting ass cheeks, then darting his fingers between my thighs to feel for my wetness.

The amount of ambrosia that had collected there made him laugh darkly. He knew I was primed and ready to fuck. But there was no way he could be finished, no possible way he'd let me have his cock so quickly.

But I was wrong. I heard the telltale sound of his zipper, and then I felt Josh's cock pressing against me. He was as hard as I was wet, so maybe this act didn't have anything to do with my wants and my needs. Maybe Josh could hold back no longer himself. That was a thought I could appreciate. It reminded me once



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again how well suited we are for one another. He gripped my hip with one hand and plowed into me three times. Aha! I understood this game: three thrusts for three spanks. Then he backed off once more and landed another flurry of sizzling blows intended to heat my rear cheeks to a boiling point.

I waited for the next series of thrusts, but it didn't come. I looked over my shoulder at Joshua, beseeching him with my eyes to continue. But now he added a new event to the erotic games we were playing. He motioned with his chin for me to drop to my knees, and I obeyed immediately and began to suck his cock. He was slippery-wet with my juices, coated from tip to stern. I bobbed my head on him several times, and he fisted my hair, groaning as he allowed himself to enjoy my mouth.

Then he pushed me back from him and told me to stand up. I was lost in a haze of happiness. The heat from my ass had begun to subside, my pussy was alive with electrical pulses, and my mouth had the flavor of my own sensual juices mixed with the tang of his cock.

Nothing could have felt better, I thought to myself—until it did. He started to spank me with the palm of his hand. He evenly distributed the blows, a smack to my left

cheek, a smack to my right. I felt a copious wave of wanton wetness flow from my pussy once more. The tops of my thighs were drenched. When he started to fuck me again, he'd find out for himself exactly how amped up he'd made me.

And fuck me he did. He seemed almost unable—incapable—of keeping himself from being inside me. After making my bottom burn with his firm palm, he held on to my hips and began to fuck me once more. This time, however, I sensed we were going to take this ride to the end.

"Touch yourself," he said, his voice a gravelly growl. "Go on. Stroke that pretty pussy of yours. I want to come with you."

I reached one hand down and began to slowly run my fingers up and down my split. I felt that if I worked myself with any serious pressure, I'd come too soon and climax before he did. And clearly Josh wanted this to be explosive for the two of us—a simultaneous orgasm to go down in the history books.

I felt his pace speed up, and I ground my hips back against him, helping him delve as deeply inside me as possible. My fingers were whirring against my clit. I was strumming myself so fast that my hand was practically a blur. Josh hissed, "Now!" and I let myself go. I could feel him reaching his own climax, jamming against

me and then staying sealed like that as he emptied his load inside me. I found that I was staring into the mirror again, seeing my reflection as if looking at a stranger's face. Who was the girl with lust in her eyes? Who was that man behind her with the expression of total satisfaction stamped on his handsome features?

Josh smiled at me in the mirror and withdrew. I found my discarded clothing, and we made our way into the bedroom. I stripped off the rest of my clothes, and Josh joined me, naked on the bed. We slept the sleep of two lovers who had reached their utter limits.

He had given me two spankings that day. Knowing Josh, I would receive more in the very near future. He always knows when I need it—always manages to give me a spanking just in the nick of time. ☪



BEAUTY IN THE BOOTS

He goes weak in the knees for a beauty in boots. She likes her leather worshipped from toe to tip. Together, they're a sole-match made in heaven.

By Hal Kincaid

Look over there," Ted said, nudging me with his elbow and pointing to a stunning blonde seated one table over from us. "She's a stone-cold fox, isn't she?"

I looked where he was looking—then past where he was looking. Yes, the woman he'd mentioned was attractive, blonde and slim in a blue V-neck dress that revealed her cleavage to perfection. But next to her, sat the boots of my dreams. I mean, the girl of my dreams. In the boots of my dreams.

The wearer was damn hot. A slinky brunette in a wraparound dress the color of crushed cranberries. She possessed a slightly untouchable air that I found oddly enticing. But it was her boots—those dangerous leather boots—that made me swallow hard and sit up straighter. Her boots were midnight black, glossy as fuck, outfitted with silver hardware and buckles at the top. As if to emphasize their power, the woman had on fishnet hose in the same red of her dress, which served as a beacon to me, an artsy arrow pointing to the boots below.

Ted made eyes at the platinum blonde. I stared longingly at her neighbor, fantasizing about all the different things I wanted to do to the brunette beauty and her brilliant boots. I could imagine her on top of me, a boot on either side of my torso as she rode me to our mutual climaxes. Next, I pictured the two of us in a 69, so that I could stroke her sleek footwear while I toggled her clit with my tongue. When I breathed in deep, I'd be able to smell her scent mingling with the primal erotic aroma of leather.

By the time Ted stood up, I realized that I had to get myself under control. I wouldn't make a good impression if I was

too visibly far gone due to my fetish.

"I'm going to ask if they'll join us," Ted told me. I didn't stop him. He's a charmer. In minutes, the ladies had indeed joined us. Ted began to chat with his chosen girl, and I turned all of my attention to the boots and their owner who seemed totally aware of my infatuation. My obsession, if you will.

She put out a hand to me, and I shook it and introduced myself.

**"THIS GODDESS
WAS STROKING
MY DICK AS IF
SHE'D HELD IT IN
HER HAND EVERY
DAY."**

"Hi, Hal," she smiled. "I'm Vivica. I noticed you noticing me."

"You wear those often?" I asked, staring at the black leather—at the way it caressed her calves and hugged her legs perfectly.

She smirked. "I thought the line was, 'Do you come here often?'"

"Who needs a line with boots like that?" I countered.

"You were definitely appraising them earlier," she said. "You have a thing for leather or boots specifically or"—she raised her eyebrows at me as she simultaneously lowered her voice—"for making love to a woman who's only wearing boots like these?"

I couldn't believe what she'd said at first. I decided that I must have misheard, my fantasy clouding my brain and making me hear what I wanted to hear. She leaned in, and her leg began rubbing against mine, ever so lightly, ever so seductively. I couldn't feel the leather of her boots through my slacks, of course, but that exotic pressure of the hide against my pants made my dick hard in a heartbeat.

This wouldn't do. How could I be suave with a woody like—

Her hand was on my dick. Was I dreaming? I looked wild-eyed at Ted and his girl. They seemed to be chatting about the weather—the weather!—while this vixen next to me was cradling my cock through my slacks. Her fingers tripped over my hard-on. I knew nobody could see what she was doing, but that didn't stop me from reeling from the sensation. This goddess was stroking my dick as if she'd held it in her hand every day.

"You didn't answer my question," she said coyly.

"What question?" I babbled. What question had she asked? Had she actually asked me a question? Her boot was against my leg. Her hand was in my lap. Ted was saying something innocent about the wonders of sunscreen, and I almost started to laugh. My side of the table beat his side, hands down. And speaking of hands, Vivica's were on their way to unzipping my pants. I put my hand on top of hers to stop her. I wasn't prepared to be exposed so soon.

She leaned in even closer, pressed her lips to my ear and said, "If you're ready to ditch this dive, you can answer that question at my house. I have something I'd like to show you. Something I think

you're going to want to see."

I nodded automatically, made an excuse to Ted about the two of us catching up later, and ushered Vivica out of the bar. In motion, she was even more breathtaking. Her dress caressed her curves as if the fabric was in lust with her body. I understood the dress's desires. I, for one, was in lust with her body, as well.

The ride to her place was the most exquisite form of agony. Vivica sat at my side, and she crossed her legs sensuously and then let one of her hands stroke over the leather of her boots. I watched her hand move whenever I could. At stoplights, I stared openly. As I drove, I caught glimpses from the corner of my eye. Those boots seemed to have been made for her. They fit her with heavenly perfection, molded to her calves, reaching her delicate knees and hugging her like a second skin. If we hadn't been in the car, I would have been all over her, manhandling her. It was lucky for me we hadn't taken public transport.

We chatted on the ride, but mostly, I remained mildly tongue-tied because she continued to steer the conversation to boots. To her boots. To the way those boots would feel against my body. No matter how she began a story, the end involved her boots and me. At one point, she explained that she was an art director at a local publication.

"That's an interesting job," I said.

"What exactly do you do?"

As she explained, she casually digressed into details that I found maddeningly arousing.

"And I had this late afternoon meeting. Something I had to look presentable for, you know?"

"Of course."

"So I chose to wear this dress and these boots. You like these boots, don't you, Hal?"

"God, yes."

"And I was at this meeting, in my boots—these boots. You're going to fuck me in these boots, aren't you, Hal?"



VARIATIONS

➤ FETISHISM



“VIVICA LEANED AGAINST THE WALL AND LET ME ORALLY WORSHIP HER FOOTWEAR.”

“I think those boots give you a type of power,” I said.

“You see me as a super hero?”

I shrugged. “Why did you choose those boots to wear for your special meeting today?”

She pondered the query. As she did, she stroked the supple shaft of her boot. I could imagine her fingertips stroking my cock the same way, her naked skin on my naked skin. And I could almost feel the leather of her boots under my palms. We were interconnected, the two of us. It had happened so fast—strangers in a bar who had come together because of one kinky fetish.

“They make me feel strong,” she said. “You’re right. I could have chosen high heels. Or a sensible pair of loafers. But I wanted to stride into that boardroom today and make an impact.”

Under her direction, we’d reached her house, and I pulled the car over and looked at her. “When we get inside,” I said, “I want you to wear nothing but the boots. Can you do that for me? Will you do that for me?”

She nodded, and then we hurried together into her place. From the second we were inside, it was as if a starting gun had gone off. There was a rush, a race, a palpable energy that was unstoppable. She tore her dress off. I hurried out of my shirt and slacks. She lost her stockings. I stripped off my boxers. We were naked

“Please, yes.”

Then back she returned to telling me about her day, her meeting, the way the boots had felt against her skin, how men had watched her walk down the hall, how I had watched her at the bar. How she’d been horny all day long, and all she’d wanted to do was find someone who appreciated her gorgeous boots even half as much as she did.

“Twice as much,” I interrupted when I couldn’t stand the teasing any longer.

“Twice as much?” she echoed, and there was a challenge in her voice. “How do you come up with that?”

“You’re wearing them,” I said, finding a little bit of my power somewhere. “You’re getting some satisfaction, I’m sure, from the way they feel on your body. But you

don’t get to see them on you, not the way I do. It’s the pleasure of the observer, the way a performer can never fully appreciate a play he or she stars in. You don’t get to see the whole picture.”

“So paint it for me.”

“Those boots are captivating,” I said, “magically so. The way you move in them makes them almost seem like an extension of your body. Of your”—I hesitated, but we’d definitely crossed a line early in the evening, so what did I have to lose?—“of your sexuality.”

“Mmmm,” she sighed and shifted one boot against the other. “I like that. Tell me more.”

She’d been driving the conversation so far. I decided it was my turn to take the wheel. To take the driver’s seat.

in no time, but Vivica did as I asked. She slid those boots right back on and then cocked a hip at me.

"Oh, lady," I said. "You are everything I've ever fantasized about."

She grinned.

"From the ground up," I said, and I went on my knees in front of her and began to kiss and stroke the tips of her boots. She sighed as if my mouth were caressing her skin rather than her polished hide. I didn't mind supplicating myself in this manner. Her boots were worthy of my adoration. Vivica leaned against the wall and let me orally worship her footwear. It was almost as if we had to get that out of the way first. Then we could learn about each other's bodies.

I pulled her down on the floor with me, and we rolled around for a moment before finding the perfect position: me on my back and her astride me, exactly as I'd pictured in the bar. In this configuration, I could feel her boots against my skin, but I could also look at her lovely face and cup her pert breasts as she rode my cock. She seemed as moved by my motion as I was by hers. I rocked her back and forth, my hands on her hips as I ground into her from below. Soon, she took over, moving herself on my staff. As she slid up and down my rod, those boots—those wicked boots—worked their magic on me. I had to close my eyes and simply bask in the sensations for a moment. The feel of the leather against my skin as her warm, wet pussy enveloped me was almost too much to bear.

Then things got better still.

Vivica came.

I felt her muscles tighten and release around my dick. The experience, learning how she felt from the inside out for the very first time, was breathtaking. I continued to pump into her, raising her in the air with each thrust of my hips as she climaxed. She was loud, crying out her pleasure, so that her moans and sighs seemed to reverberate in the air around us. Then slowly, she sank down again.



VARIATIONS

➤ FETISHISM

She stilled for a moment, smiling at me. My dick was still as hard as wood inside her, my breath coming at a rapid pace.

"Oh, fuck," she exclaimed, smiling more broadly. "I needed that. You have no idea, Hal. No idea at all." Then she looked at me and understanding crossed her comely features. She was at peace. I was still ramped and ready. Ecstasy hadn't called my name yet.

"Let's see what we can do for you,"

**"AS SHE SLID UP
AND DOWN MY ROD,
THOSE WICKED
BOOTS WORKED
THEIR MAGIC
ON ME."**

she said, and she slid off my cock and moved so that we were in a 69. I had her beautiful pussy in front of me and her boots on either side of my head. This was nirvana. The fragrance of expensive leather delighted my senses, and the luxurious scent mingled perfectly with that of Vivica's pussy. I took a moment to breathe in, to really appreciate where I was. The sensuous perfume. The feminine musk and the leather. I felt like the luckiest guy in the world. Then I was luckier still as Vivica captured my straining dick in her mouth and began to suck the head.

Oh, lord. That was the capper. I thrashed under her ministrations, feeling as if someone had placed the cherry on my sundae.

Vivica's mouth was a welcoming place. She hummed under her breath as she began to slowly lower her lips down my shaft. I remained as motionless as possible. One part of me wanted to start banging away at her mouth, deep-throating from below. But I had the

feeling that if I let her do the work, I'd receive my pleasure in droves. And I was right. Vivica was a tease. She taunted me with her tongue. She traced sensuous designs along my rod as she bobbed her head. I started to slowly stroke her leather boots in tandem with the rhythm of her mouth. As she moved down my cock, I caressed the part of her boots that were closest to my head. Then when she pulled up, I let my hands slide toward her knees. I felt as if I were assisting in some way. I had the distinct feeling that Vivica was as much a leather boot fetishist as I was, and that, in some way, my worshipping her footwear turned her on as much as it did me.

She paused for air, and I paused my hands. When she resumed, she was like a machine, pumping, sucking and draining, and I had to hold on tight to stay anchored to this stratosphere. She was bringing me too much pleasure. Some had to spill out in some way. That way was my tongue. I focused on her pussy then, positioned perfectly in front of my face, and I licked at her split with force and desire. Vivica's hums turned to moans, but she didn't release me. Thankfully, she stayed on task, continuing the delicious, delirious motions of her mouth on my manhood until I couldn't take anymore. Not another second. Not another lick. I pulled my head back and alerted her.

"I'm going to come, baby. I'm going to come so hard."

She had a choice. She could back up, and we could both watch me shoot. Or she could do what she did: clamp her lips around me and suck harder still, suck for all she was worth. I erupted, filling her mouth with my copious semen. She swallowed with finesse, capturing every drop, then sliding off me and licking her lips with supreme satisfaction. There we were, sticky and demolished, hardly in her apartment at all. We had come undone together, but there was more to be had. More pleasure to swallow.





Vivica stood and beckoned me to follow her down the hall. Stripped of her clothes, she looked like a goddess. She was curvy in all the right places, lean and taut in the others. Naked in those boots is how I always wanted her to be. She took me to her bedroom and settled herself in the center of a large California king. I waited for instructions, sensing she desired me a certain way. I was right.

"Fuck me like this, Hal," she said, and she motioned for me to join her in the bed. As soon as I did, she positioned herself with her legs over my shoulders. Oh, sweet heaven. Now, I was in her, facing her, and feeling the leather boots on my naked skin. This woman had my number dialed. She knew every kink that I kept secret in my private playbook. She rubbed her legs along my flesh. I sighed and thrust, filling her to the brim with my cock.

"The drawer," she whispered. I looked where she was pointing, and I leaned over her to pull out the drawer in question. Inside was a large pair of leather gloves. Dear me, the sweet thing was kinkier still.

"Put them on," she begged, and I did, never breaking our connection. Now we each had on leather gear, and the power

flowed freely and unhindered. As I fucked Vivica, I started to stroke her clit with my leather-clad fingertips. She continued to slide her legs to and fro, so that the leather of her lovely boots positively caressed my naked back.

"That's right," she whimpered when I touched her clit straight on. "I love the way the leather feels."

We were soulmates, and sole-mates, so marvelously matched. Two lovers of leather, all lathered in lust. I closed my eyes and ground my hips against her, taking her as deep as I could. She slid her legs down and anchored me with her thighs clasped, her boots locked behind my waist. I played with her clit between my gloved thumb and forefinger until she cried out and begged for mercy.

Mercy?

Not here. Not now. I continued to toy with her until I felt the orgasm build inside her body. Felt her hold her breath. I opened my eyes then and stared into her stunning face, all flushed with heat and desire, with untamed emotion.

When she came, I felt her pussy gripping me. She brought me with her, my own orgasm sparked by the intensity of hers. I jammed myself into her until our bodies couldn't fit any tighter. I

bucked again and again, unable to stop myself, not wanting to stop at all. The climax was so intense that I was robbed of speech, of thought. My whole being was electrified by the sheer joy of what had happened. Slowly, so slowly, the pleasure ebbed, and I collapsed against her, pinning her to the bed as the sweet ripples of release continued to race through me.


"Oh, fuck, Hal," Vivica sighed. "That was exactly what I needed."

She sat up and unzipped her boots. I pulled the gloves free and set them on the nightstand.

"Now, I have something else to show you," she said. "Remember? Remember what I said at the bar?"

"Your etchings?" I teased.

"Not quite."

She stood in her post-coital glory, a Venus wrapped in wrinkled bedsheets, and she moved to a closet set into the far wall. When she opened the door, I was the one to sigh. Floor to ceiling, row upon row, were the boots of my dreams. Every color. Every style. Would each pair take us on a different journey, bring us to new levels of carnal creativity? I didn't know. But I was ready and willing to take the next step. 



DIRTY GAMES

“Want to play a game?” Harris suggested after dinner. “What sort of game?” I asked, thinking maybe he meant cards or possibly that he’d like to challenge me to a word game. Did I have a set of dominoes kicking around in a drawer? We’d never played a game together, my mind cried out next. Maybe he was growing tired of our conversations. Perhaps we had approached the level in relationships that happens to some of the best of couples, a point in which we had to look to other activities in order to entertain ourselves. I felt a tiny bit let down, actually, as I stood to pull out the drawer.

Harris was, of course, unaware of these fast-moving thoughts speeding through my brain. The look on his face was serious. His eyes seemed to almost gleam in the candlelight.

“What if you take charge and I obey?” he asked evenly. Watching me carefully, he leaned back in his chair, hands

crossed behind his head, and he waited for my response. Suddenly, I felt as if my legs might give out. I stared back at him, totally shocked. This was Harris, after all. My handsome, supportive boyfriend. The one who liked to help me cook dinner, who always cleared the table, who had no problem shouldering half of the cleaning chores. Actually, maybe the idea made sense. But what exactly did he mean by “taking charge”? And was he serious about obeying? I was quiet for a minute, letting the concept fully sink in. He wasn’t talking about cards. He was talking about...

“There would be rules,” he said, still speaking in that calm, even tone. “And consequences.”

I sat down again, but this time, I was almost perched on the edge my seat. I had an idea about what he was suggesting. I wondered if my inking equaled his. “Consequences,” I echoed.

“If I behaved the way you asked, I’d be rewarded.”

“Rewarded,” I repeated, and I realized I’d have to stop doing that, saying the words he was saying. But I wanted to

make sure I understood. “Rewarded how?” I asked.

“You would decide. Maybe you’d let me eat your pussy. Maybe you’d suck my cock. Maybe you’d put a butt plug up my ass.”

“That would be a reward?”

His cheeks flushed pink. I wondered if he was as hot as I was. This conversation, although totally unexpected, was ramping up my arousal quite a bit.

“Yeah,” he said, and he had to clear his throat. “Yeah, that would be a reward. I’d like that.”

I imagined lubing up one of our butt plugs and inserting it into his ass. I realized I’d like that, too. We were both silent for a moment, and then I pushed the conversation forward. “And if you don’t obey?” I asked because I had to know. I didn’t realize at first, but I’d changed his “what if” proposal into something that sounded very real. “What will happen then?”

“Then I’ll be punished.” So fucking matter-of-fact. That’s what he was. Harris was acting as if we were discussing something simple and obvious. The train schedule. The annual rainfall. The latest score for his favorite football team.

Why was his suggestion making my panties so wet? I felt heat flare to my cheeks, and I said, “Okay, that sounds fine.” Harris wanted to submit to me, but what sort of *domme* would I be? I’d never been in charge in the bedroom before, not with Harris, not with anyone. Yet now that he’d put the idea into my head, my mind was filled with concepts.

“I’ll need a safeword,” he said, and his voice had a lovely hushed quality that made me want to kiss him hard, to bite his lip, to smack his ass.

I’d heard of safewords before, and I agreed immediately.

“What do you want yours to be?” I asked.

He answered immediately, letting me know he’d already worked this out in his



“I’D NEVER PICTURED THAT I WOULD BE COMMANDING MY MAN TO DO ME DOGGY-STYLE.”

head, that he’d put some thought into the matter. “Profound,” he said, and I realized he wasn’t describing the situation, but that he was giving me his chosen word.

There was electricity in the air; it was humming between us. We were actually going to do this. He was right. It was profound.

I said, “Wait a moment,” and I hurried to the bedroom.

No cards for us. No word games. I took off my clothes and put on a black catsuit I’d worn one Halloween along with my tallest black boots. I’d been a cat for an office party, but now the outfit seemed perfect for what Harris and I were about to do. My pussy was wetter than I could remember it ever being, but he didn’t need to know that. Not yet.

I called out for him. When I heard him walking down the hall, I issued a second command. “Crawl!” There was silence. Then I heard the sound of my boyfriend dropping to his hands and knees. I smiled to myself. By the time he entered the room, I’d have my face in a mask of seriousness, but right this second, I was grinning.

He entered the bedroom on his hands and knees.

“Stand and strip,” I said, “and hand me your belt.”

He seemed so different than he had minutes before when he’d proposed the situation. Now, he was nervous, I could



see that in the way he moved. He handed me his belt, as I’d asked, and he jumped when I made the leather snap.

“If you’re a good boy,” I told him, “you won’t feel this on your ass.”

Maybe that was a lie. Because as he took off his boxers, I saw his nice, tight buns, and I had an urge to stripe them. Where was the power coming from? I had no idea, yet I could feel the burst of it coursing through every part of me. Had there always been some section of my brain that wondered what taking charge would feel like? Some dormant dominance that now was flooding my veins with an unexpected rush of pure adrenaline?

I got closer to Harris, and I trailed one fingernail along the side of his neck, then leaned in and gave him a small nibble. He trembled. I liked that. I moved away from him and then looked him up and down, formulating a plan.

“So the game,” I said slowly, “is for you to do what I say.”

He looked at me.

“Kneel.”

Down he went.

“Crawl.”

He hesitated. Then he crawled toward me cautiously.

“Lick my boots.”

There was another hesitation. We could not have that. I let the belt land against his ass one time. He flinched, but he didn’t tell me no, didn’t use his safeword, didn’t do anything except begin to lick my boots, exactly as I’d told him.

I could get used to this, I thought to myself. Then I said the words out loud. Harris gazed up at me with wide, wet eyes. Next, I had him lick my legs up to my split. I was wearing the stretchy catsuit, so I could not feel his tongue against my flesh, but I appreciated the effort nonetheless.

Finally, I could wait no longer. I was going to have him fuck me, but fuck me exactly how I desired. Fuck me like the dominant queen I’d suddenly turned out to be. Who knew? I’d certainly never pictured that I would be commanding my man to do me doggy-style, to wrap his hand in my hair, to strum my clit with two fingers while he speared me with his dick.

Yet, that’s how our evening progressed, with Harris first undressing me and then fucking me to my exact specifications. And when he slowed down, I barked, “Faster! Or

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

you'll feel my wrath!"

My wrath? My wrath! I hadn't even realized I was going to say the word before it fell from my lips.

Harris slowed down again, and I realized that he was testing me. There could be no other explanation. Well, I couldn't allow that. I moved forward, so that his dick slid out of me, and I reached for the lube and plug. "Bend over," I hissed, and he found himself across the mattress, waiting while I slickened a plug

**"I WAS
GENEROUS THIS
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and lubed him up and then screwed that toy deep inside him.

"Now, we'll try that again," I told him. "You keep the pace I set, and you keep that plug in your ass the whole time, or you'll be sorry."

He said, "Yes, Ma'am," and we started up once more. To my delight, he did exactly as I asked him to, making sure I hit my mark and got off before he dared to ask if he might reach his own release. I was generous this time. I gave him permission to climax inside me, and I could tell from the way he pumped and filled me that I had allowed him relief not a moment too soon.

We took our time disconnecting before coming together on the bed in a more traditional way: his arms around me and our lips together.

"What'd you think?" he asked, and I saw the hopefulness in his eyes. He



wanted me to have enjoyed myself.

I kissed him softly, then more forcefully. I thought of how worried I'd been when he'd suggested a game at the start of the evening. Things had taken a seriously new turn in our world. But this was going to be a way we'd play often in the future. There was no doubt in my mind.

"I think we should try that again," I said in a low voice. "And this time, we'll keep score."

—S.R., Albuquerque, New Mexico

PARTY CRASHER

My last relationship had crashed and burned. I felt demolished—a little frayed around the edges. What I needed, I decided, was a nameless fuck, something sizzling and powerful to take the edge off. Which is how I found myself standing in front of my closet asking the unique question: *What do you wear to a sex party?*

I'd been to sexy parties before but

never a soiree intended solely as a space for strangers to hook up and get sideways. I didn't know for sure what the appropriate dress code was. Come naked? Or: If you're naked, you will come? Who do you ask for advice like that?

To be honest, I hadn't been invited by anyone. I'd heard about the event, and I'd decided that this was something I needed to experience myself. I would crash, as seductively as I could. So I had to dress the part.

As I stared forlornly at my clothes, I replayed the conversation I'd overheard earlier in the week. I'd been in the elevator in my building, my headphones on as usual but in between songs. When the women in front of me started to talk, I pretended I was still listening to music, when in reality I was listening to them.

"Mr. M is having one of his parties," the first woman said to her friend.

"Oooh, I'm so excited," the second woman responded in a low voice. "Last time, I fucked the most beautiful man. He was like a model from a magazine."

"I love the anonymity," the first woman said, after sparing me a quick look. "Being able to hook up without any of the small talk. You. Me. Now. I need that."

"So when's the next one?" the second lady queried.

"Friday night. Nine o'clock."

"At his penthouse?"

"Of course."

I made it a mission right then that I'd attend. Maybe I wouldn't be allowed through the door, but my life needed a change, needed a boost. I craved a "you, me, now" experience, just like the woman had said. I knew the time and the location, but not the dress code. Which is why on Friday, at nine, I stood nude in front of my walk-in, willing the right outfit to show itself.

My closet mocked me. Every item was suddenly too fancy, too frou-frou. Easy-access seemed to be the name of the game. Ultimately, I landed on a slim-

fitting black number with one elegant zipper down the back. A quick tug, and all would be revealed. Except, I hoped, my nerves.

What do you say at a sex party?

I've read articles about making small talk at social events. Yet nothing I remembered ever dealt with situations like this one. I rode the elevator to the penthouse, working hard to get myself under control. What if there was a bouncer? What if there was a guest list?

Turned out, I needn't have worried. Nobody stood guard. There was no secret handshake or password. I simply walked through the door following two well-dressed men, then took a moment to get acclimated. The music was on—loud—and the room was filled. Cautiously, I made my way to the bar, trying my best to blend in, to act as if I belonged. After all that mental turmoil, I seemed to be dressed correctly. My tight black dress fit in seamlessly, and I had a slim velvet cord looped around my neck as a

choker. Most of the women had chosen from the same playbook as I had: the little black dress. The men wore slacks and oxfords or sweaters. There was a high-class vibe to the place, but above that—or throbbing right below that—was an intense sensual beat. I could feel the heat in my blood, in my bones. Everyone was there for the same reason. To connect in order to have sex.

How honest was that?

Generally, at parties there seems to be a make-believe layer that we're really all there to get to know one another better. Not at this place. Fucking was in the air, like an aromatic aphrodisiac.

The couples around me were already in various stages of connecting. That is to say, the couple at my right was kissing madly, as if they'd invented the concept, as if they no longer needed to fill their lungs with the occasional gulps of air. And the couple to my left had taken things to a new level. He had his hand up under her black silk blouse. She was



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



squeezing his cock through his pants in rhythm to the music. He looked as if he was teetering on the brink of ecstasy. I practically expected him to see him come in his slacks.

The man behind the bar added a twist of lime to my drink. I didn't have to ask. He was lean, blond and handsome—with the perfect amount of rebel in his style. He said, "I'll bet you don't even taste that lime."

"What do you mean?"

"Someone as sweet as you? You must turn the lime upside down."

I hesitated for one beat. He had all the makings of my model man—a little bit scruffy, as if the suit he was wearing was a mere charade, as if he usually made do with jeans and a tee. But I didn't know if it was considered gauche to approach the help. Should I or shouldn't I? He'd made the initial gambit. Maybe he was fair game. So I took a breath and said, "I'd like to turn something upside down."

That was all it took. He strode around the bar to stand in front of me. "You don't say?"

"Can you just leave your post like that? Leave these people thirsty?"

"A host can do whatever he wants."

I blushed. "This is your party?"

"And you must be..."

"The crasher."

"You don't say." He echoed me, and he didn't seem put out. In fact, he appeared distinctly interested.

"Well," I told him, leaning in, "I had an ulterior motive."

"Going upside down?"

"Something like that. Turning my life upside down."

"Is it too normal for you? Too by the book?"

"I overheard two women in the elevator talking about this party," I confessed.

"Where anything goes. Or anything could happen, and I..." I indicated the couple fondling each other right beside us.

"You came along for the ride?"

"To be ridden," I said, "if we're putting our cards on the table." Why stop now?

"To be turned and twisted and taken. I've never done anything like that. So I dressed," and I indicated the sparkly black sheath I was wearing. "And I put on my best shoes, and I left my best panties at home."

"Best panties." He smiled as if tasting something delicious. "You'll have to show me those one day."

"Maybe," I said. "If you tell me your first name."

"Is it that easy?" he asked. "I tell you my name, and you'll show me your knickers."

"Not wearing any," I reminded him. "But I could show you something else instead."

He gave me a smile that was more horny than happy. "I'm Jay," he said, "and I'm thrilled that you crashed my party."

"I'm Elena," I said, "and I'm here to be crashed."

He took my hand and led me from the canoodling couples. They seemed grateful to be able to spread into the space we'd left behind. Jay moved me with him through the throng. Some partiers were dancing. Others, I noticed with wide-eyed wonder, were actually fucking. Of course, this is what I'd hoped for, to be a part of some type of bacchanalian adventure, but I hadn't dared to think things would be this out in the open. One man had his lady up against the wall, her palms splayed and her face to the plaster. He was holding her hips and plunging his thick cock deep inside her.

I gasped. So did she.

Then there was Jay and I. He brought us to a bedroom away from the fray and spread me out on a mattress so big it wouldn't have fit in my room at home. He unzipped me and then tugged my dress up and off. I waited while he shed his suit. The two of us fell back onto the bed together, and in seconds we went from kissing to fondling to five steps from fucking.

If we'd gone to dinner first, if we'd gotten to know each other over iced teas or gin and tonics, then maybe I would have felt tongue-tied when asking for what I wanted. Maybe I would have experienced that quiver of worry or that pang of self-doubt. Speak out or stay silent? Let him take the lead or demand your desires be fulfilled?

I'd taken a major leap by attending the

“I HAD NO MORE WORDS BECAUSE HIS DICK WAS ALL I NEEDED, ALL I WANTED.”

party on my own, and doing something so outrageous created what felt like a chemical change inside me. I said, “I want you on top of me. Nothing fancy. No special tricks. Just your cock inside me.”

“That’s what you want?”

I thought of the women in the elevator. You could say what you needed. That was it. That was all.

“I need to feel you inside me,” I said.

“I need that, too.”

Then he was as naked as I was and we were having sex on his big bed.

I couldn’t believe that less than an hour before I’d been standing, antsy, in front of my closet, and now my dress was in a rumpled, spangled heap and Jay was holding my hips and driving his cock all the way to the hilt inside me.

I understood, as he stroked my clit in rhythm with his thrusts, exactly why people attended parties like this. The heat between us was brutal. We’d connected—the two of us—in that crowded room. And now, now we were fucking, hard and raw, the most dreamy fuck I’d ever experienced. We’re all craving creatures. We humans. We pretend that we’re something else, something elevated, and we put on our clothes and go to work and to the grocery store and run our errands, and drive our cars. But really, this is what everything boils down to: cock and cunt, together, grinding. I was breathless from



the intensity, and then Jay moved me so that the two of us were facing our reflections in the glass doors leading out to his mammoth balcony.

Was that really me?

Yes, it fucking was. With my hair all tumbling down and my lips parted. I was transformed, exactly as I’d hoped, exactly as I’d imagined.

Jay said, “You walked through that door and I was mesmerized.”

I said, “I felt your eyes on me.”

Then I had no more words because his dick was all I needed, all I wanted, reaching deeper inside me than I’d ever felt another before.

He said, “After you come, I want you to suck all your juices off my cock.”

I nodded, helpless, unable to speak.

“And then I’m going to eat your pussy,” he said, “and taste the flavor of you and I mixed together.”

Again, I bobbed my head. I felt as if I were one second away from melting into a puddle of nothingness. I’d never been this turned on before. I could hear the sounds from the main room, the noises of other couples getting busy. But Jay and

I were by ourselves—as if we were the only couple on earth, or the only couple who mattered. He made true on his promise. As he felt my cunt contracting on his dick, he pulled away and spun me around. I slurped every last drop of my sex juices from his shaft, showing him exactly how hungry I was. Then he moved us into a 69, so he could return the favor.

Once we were satiated, at least for the moment, I felt myself welling up with a type of pride. I had done it, I thought. What I’d set out to do. I had broken my boundaries, demolished my sense of decorum. That’s when I realized Jay was talking to me.

“You can crash my parties anytime,” he said.

I promised that I would.

—E.M., Chicago, Illinois

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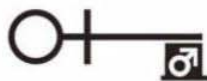
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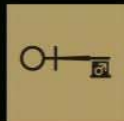
libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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