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ow many guys do you think can say no to the sweet taste of teenage pussy? Sure, there's the faithfully married dudes and the guys who think they would be better off as friends, but besides those knuckleheads just about everyone wants to dive head first into the juicy, fresh meat sitting between those tender, young, teenage thighs! And that's what were serving up in this very special edition of SWANK. It's our annual ALL TEEN WET DREAM edition. So, what are you waiting for? Turn the page and let the good times begin. -The Editors



















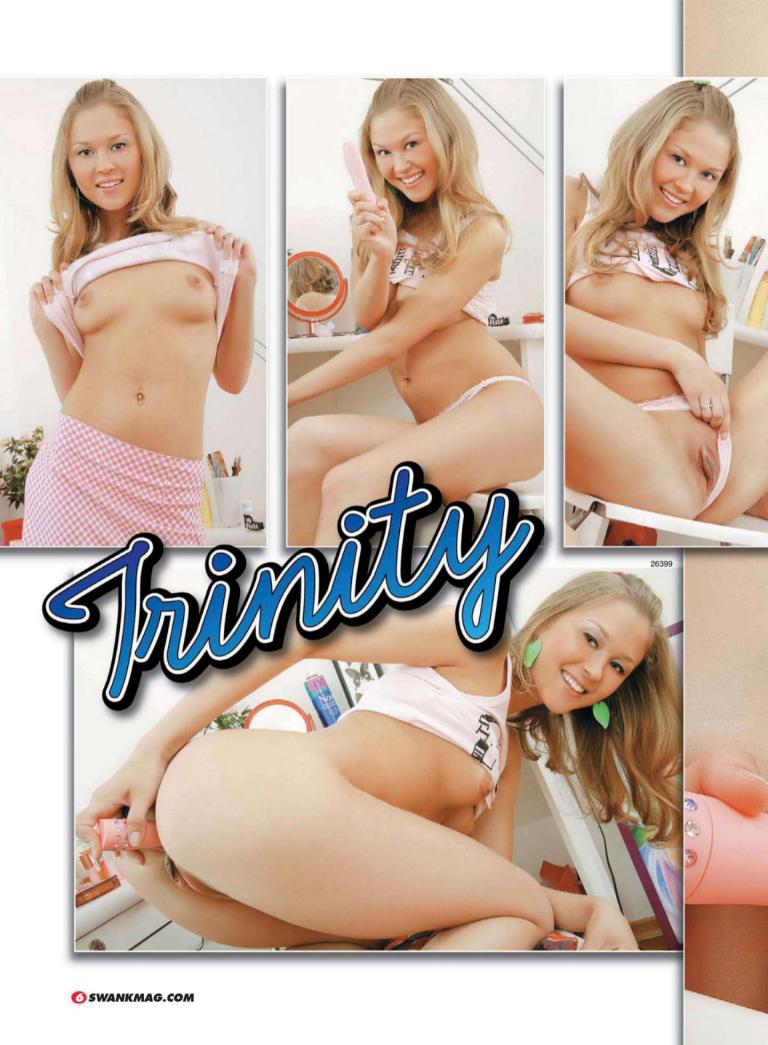




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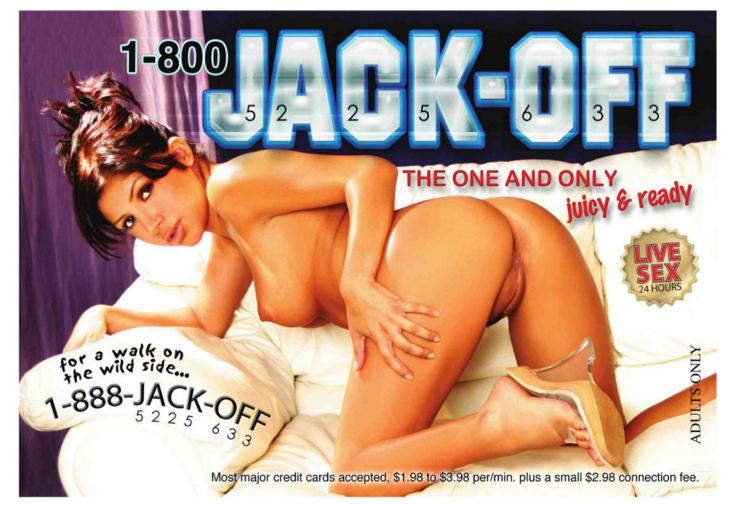












hat a month! What a month! What a month! Stripping at porn clubs! Planning more XXX porn scenes! Traveling around the country making many public appearances! And of course, getting this issue of SWANK together in time and over to the printers! Wow! How much can an adult starlet get done in 30 days? I don't know, but if there is a record, I just set it! Heehee! Well, all's well that ends well. I am back here at SWANK, diving into a one gigantic pile of snail-mail! Man, where do you guys find the time? Well, no matter, I am thrilled that you do care enough about SWANK and little old me that you make the effort to write it! So, what's the least I can do in return? I can quit yapping that's what—and start reading and writing back! Take care, loves! Great to be back again!

Porn Taking A Powder?

Could you answer a question for me? I keep reading everywhere that "porn is dead," and that pretty soon there will be no more XXX DVDs to buy at the local adult shop. Is this true? I sure hope not because I would die without having porno to beat off to. Seriously.

Tucker G.

San Diego, California

MARY: No need to panic, Tucker! Porn ain't going nowhere—so long as SWANK and yours truly have anything to do with it, anyway! What you are reading about in the press and online is about how the so-called delivery systems for XXX products are changing. Porn isn't disappearing at all, it's just the way you will be enjoying it will change. Porn used to only exist in adult magazines and X-rated movie theaters. Then it moved to films you could play at home, then videotapes and finally DVDs. But, next came the Internet—and since then everything has changed. Now, more and more porn-lovers—especially younger ones who are more cyberspace friendly—are watching some of their hardcore online. At the same time, there are less and less DVDs being made because people can just make their own X-stuff and put it on a website. So, thanks to modern technology, the way you get your porn now has more choices, but not less sucking and fucking! So have no fear, Tucker! Porn is here to stay—in more ways than ever! Yippie!

Fucking Fame

Who is the most famous porn star in the world today? I, of course, think it is you, but my friend, Stan, says it is Jenna Jameson. My cousin, Warren, swears it is Stormy Daniels, and this guy who lives next door to me claims it is Tera Patrick. So, what's up? Who actually is number one?

Hank T.

Allentown, Pennsylvania

MARY: Ah! The porno fame game! I love it! Well Hank, it really depends on how you define "fame" now isn't it? Is it the person who earns the most money? Who has the most well-known name? Who gets the most mainstream publicity? See

what I mean? Being numero uno may mean one thing to one porn star, and another thing to another. Jenna is certainly world famous, but I ran for the Governor of California! Stormy Daniels is a contract girl with XXX powerhouse, Wicked Pictures, but Tera Patrick is the publisher of SWANK's sister magazine, GENESIS! On and on it can go, but I'm really not into playing that game. Every one of the "bigger name" porn stars has done something significant to achieve their status, and I wouldn't want to get into why one is more famous than the other. I suggest you and your friends do the same—enjoy the great sex movies we do, and forget about this one or that one being more famous or not!

Cock Problem?

My cock is big. Very big. Like 12 inches, I think. What should I do about it?

Pedro C.

Clinton, Louisiana

MARY: What should you do about a 12-inch cock? Be happy, I guess! Pedro, most guys would kill to be packing such a number. You don't have a problem, dude, you have a freakin' weapon! I think the average cock-size for all guys is like, six inches hard. A lot of men who do porn have bigger cocks, but that is why they do porn in the first place—they stand out. But they, and that size, are in the minority. You have a foot-long there, Pedro! Thank your lucky stars—and send me your phone number! Heehee!





THE RECOURSE OF THE PARTY OF TH

"Kick Ass" Is Still Kicking Ass!

Hi Mary! How are you? Quick question: What ever happened to Kick Ass Pictures—the porn producing company in Los Angeles that had you as their contract girl for all those years? I used to buy all their tapes when you were with them. What's the inside scoop here?

Tom H. San Jose, California

MARY: You want the scoop, Tom? I've got the scoop for you as always! I was the exclusive contract girl for Kick Ass Pictures for years. For anyone who doesn't know, that means that during that time, I did all my porn movies for them and them only. It was a great time, as the company founder and owner, Mark Kulkis, is a marketing genius. That's where I really got my major kick-start as a porn star, even though I had done a lot of fuck flicks before then. However, all good things eventually end, and it was finally time for me to move on. But, Kick Ass is alive and well! Check out their website at www.kickass.com. Give them a look and be sure to tell them Mary sent you!





















金をよりでして、一般というないと first semester of college was both exciting and eye opening for me. There was so much I had never experienced before living on campus. I wasn't a virgin or anything and I certainly wasn't a prude. I was pretty and I dated some of the football players in high school, but I never got a chance to have a lot of sex. Well, I mean good sex. The boys were too intimidated by my big boobs and full hips to really make a move. Also, as much as I loved doing it, if this small town preacher's daughter got a reputation for sucking dicks at parties, it wouldn't be a good thing for my innocent facade. I relieved my pent-up stress like most teenage girls—I bought a vibrator and buzzed the rising tension away. So, out of respect for my family, I kept my overheated libido under wraps.

However, when I was in college, I was so excited to be in a whole new state and just to be free of that goody-goody responsibility. I liked my roommate, Shelly, but we were so different. I arrived bright and early and set up my side of the room and she came in while I was registering for classes and having dinner with the RA. Shelly arrived later and made her bed, unpacked her clothes and had already gone out to a party. I'm curvy and blonde with deep green eyes, where Shelly was petite with short, jet-black dyed hair, light blue eyes and full red lips.

When I finally met my new roommate, she was coming out of our room with a girl from another dorm. I couldn't believe it when she said that they had sex. Well, actually, she said they "fucked." Not used to hearing such a pretty girl swear or talk like that, I must have blushed a bright red because she immediately called me out on it and demanded to know my sexual history, specifically if I was a virgin.

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Stammering with being hit with such a blunt and—in my mind—personal question, I told Shelly the whole truth. In no way was I a slut-I'd only slept with two boys only after my 18th birthday eight months ago-but I'd done other things with guys in between. Shelly's jaw almost dropped to the floor. Puckering her red lips, she leaned in and kissed me straight on the lips. It was so startling and I wanted her to stop at first, but her lips felt so good the way she was moving her tongue around the inside of my mouth. Gosh, it just made me damp in my little cotton panties.

I broke away long enough to shut the door to our new home away from home, and strangely, I pulled Shelly back into an embrace that took us straight to her bed. Pulling off our tops, I shoved my full chest against her pale flesh and the feeling was like a giant







static shock that began and ended in my pussy. Grinding against each other, we wrapped our thighs together and humped our bodies in unison. I felt so silly but oh, did it feel so nice! Throwing back my long flaxen hair away from my face, I leaned my head back and right then, Shelly began sucking on the side of my neck. A guttural moan of pure physical satisfaction came rumbling from my lips as a giant body quaking orgasm started to build and build. Pinching my bare nipple hard enough to make me gasp, Shelly shoved me over the orgasmic edge as I yelped and yelped as my gushing pussy soaked my panties with sweet cunt juice. No boy ever made me cum like that before! We spent the remainder of the day just stroking each other, fucking and making out until the morning light.

Before we got out of bed, Shelly told me she wasn't totally gay. She also said she knew I was curious from the way I licked my lips when she told me about the girl in our room earlier. I didn't even realize I had even done that. Shelly told me that whenever I felt like hooking up, it was fine with her. However, she wasn't going to wait around for me. You know if a guy said something like that I'd have his

balls, but I was so glad to hear it from Shelly.

Shelly and I continued to hook up, but I still hadn't made a lot of friends yet. Joining a sorority seemed like the best way to meet other girls who share the same interests as me. Shelly didn't want to come and I sort of didn't want to go alone. Something felt right about going to this meeting and some other girls from my floor were going, too. I was so glad I did. I was asked to rush right away and I happily accepted. The girls were so cool, even though everyone else called them, "The Mean Girls." I thought everyone else was just jealous because only the best-looking and wealthiest girls were accepted in the sorority.

Learning all the history and sisterhood stuff was fun, but I loved the parties we threw more. I had my first three-way after this wild Pimps and Ho's party. I got to dress like a pimp and I took the two ho's back to my room. Things got so crazy during a game of "XXX Dare." After some deep kisses and body licks, one guy suddenly was sucking on my left tit while the other guy had his tongue up my butt. I'm not kidding, it was so weird, but it felt really great at the same time. His tongue poked and traced the outline of my pink butthole as if he was painting it. Oh god, it made me so wet! I kept pushing my sopping pussy down against his face trying to make him use that tongue on my clit.

His frat brother had moved off my tit once he felt me moaning and grinding and finally put his cock in my mouth. Flat on my back getting face fucked, I didn't get a chance to see the ass man take down his boxers and unleash his giant cock. Of course, ass man started banging me as I was trying to take his buddy's thick cock all the way down

my throat and lick his balls at the same time.

It was a good thing I was so wet. The ass eating guy's cock was like a baby's arm and once he was inside, he drilled me so hard it felt as if his cock was going to come out my ass! They weren't that great at fucking me in unison and both came way too quickly. First, my mouth was filled with hot cum that slid straight down my throat. Seconds later, his buddy was exhausted, filling his rubber with cum as he pumped his last strokes inside my pulsating pussy. Just as well, that big cock might have broken my pussy in two! The first threesome was definitely a lot of fun, and I discovered I really liked to have my asshole eaten. I still can't wait to try a real DP!

Until that happens I'll have to keep expanding my horizons, as my sorority sisters say. I wonder if spreading my legs is what they mean? Coming out of my shell to do all sorts of nasty things has been so exciting that I can't wait for next semester!

























CRUNCHY PERFECTION!

You know, if you're gonna settle in with a fun movie like Revenge of the Sun Demon. you need a good snack. Your STUFF reviewer recommends Andy Capp's Hot Fries. They're nicely spicy but not so much that you sweat like a beast, although you do sweat a little. The oven-baked combination of corn and potato makes a crunchy little item that looks like a French fry and is hard to resist until you've pretty much worked yourself all the way through the convenient 3.5 oz bag. They taste great with soda, beer or even plain cold water, and they also come in Cheddar, Steak, and White Cheddar Steak flavor. You know, guys, I was sitting at my desk, trying to think of another item to review for this issue's column while munching away at a bag of Hot Fries. when I suddenly realized I had my answer! After all, we try to give you good recommendations for movies, books, music, sex toys, magazines, motorcycles, computer gear, and other fun stuff, and in this issue's column-underwear as well! It's high time we started paying some attention to your stomachs, too. So look for Andy Capp's Hot Fries, and tell your grocer that SWANK sent ya!

SKIVVIES GOES SCIENTIFIC

When I was growing up in the 50s and 60s, we called sleeveless undershirts "skivvies." These days they're called "wife-beaters"—as if only a brute would wear them. Now along comes what's colloquially known in England as the "wondervest": the Equmen Core Precision Undershirt. Technically the sleeveless version is called a "singlet" but it also comes in a longsleeve v-neck t-shirt style in either blue or heather gray. The point is, the Core Precision Undershirt uses what's called "helix-mapping"

Eleared for Takeoff

technology based on the work of physiotherapists, ergonomic experts, and engineers specializing in seamless athletic garments to create something that can basically pull you into a firmer-looking shape with a

stronger posture. Just as women have forever been utilizing body-shaping science in everything from their girdles to pantyhose, now modern men are being offered the benefits of such research. The Equmen undershirts are also supposed to keep you cool even when worn under a regular shirt, and can be donned for sports as well. Your reviewer would have felt a little more drawn to the product if it were cheaper—the undershirt goes for eighty-nine bucks!— also if the publicity photos hadn't only utilized ultra-handsome young guys who obviously work out in the gym several times a week; but hey, a snug skivvy makes any man

feel more confident under his shirt and suit no matter what his age or imperfections. Go to www.equmen.com for more info, or check with your local menswear retailer. Equmen also offers a streamlined brand of briefs and shorts with "precision-fit pouches" to secure our packages.

THEY DON'T MAKE MONSTERS LIKE THEY USED TO

"I was the top scientist at Atomic Research Inc., a company devoted to using nuclear waste to improve the American way of life. I'd been working on an oral suntan lotion. Taken internally, it would give a perfect tan from the inside out without requiring exposure to the sun!" These bizarre lines, spoken by an uncredited Jay Leno, are put into the mouth of a mad scientist in an old 50s black-and-white sci-fi flick once known as The Hideous Sun Demon, and now redubbed

and re-named Revenge of the Sun Demon-or, on the movie's actual credits. What's Up, Hideous Sun Demon? As homage to the Japanese spy movie that, back in the 60s, Woody Allen redubbed and retitled What's Up, Tiger Lily? Revenge has some moments of true hilarity, especially when a gent named "Dr. Foreskinnian" explains the theory of evolution as the progress of animals from "dinky little things" to creatures "similar in structure to cocktail shrimps." The scientist hero



turns into a scaly beast when exposed to the sun, but doesn't stay out of the sun's rays because, as he explains it. "I'm a day person." While searching for an antidote to his affliction, he eats cereal like "Sugar Frosted Freaks" and irresponsibly ignores a lady friend's pleas: "Do you have any idea what living next door to a monster will do the property values?" The flick also has one of the bustiest babes I've ever seen in any 50s sci-fi schlocker: Nan Peterson, who plays a pianist in a cocktail lounge in a dress cut so low in the front your reviewer was starting to turn into a bit of a demon himself just observing her cleavage! You can find this at amazon.com or check your local video outlets.

PIE IN THE SKY

One of our "confirmed bachelor" pals, Norbert, decided to finally get married, but he bemoaned the fact that

he had never gotten to join the "Mile High Club"—
largely because he hates to fly! Nonetheless, the
erotic mythology of the air still had a hold on him,
and he complained that he'd never gotten to make
it with a stewardess up in the sky and therefore had
not earned that particular badge of honor as a cockbearing individual. So what did we do as his faithful
groomsmen? We brought a Sexy Flight Attendant
Love Doll to his bachelor party! With its realistic
three-dimensional face and invitingly plump lips,
not to mention its two "love passages" for the
release and capture of Norbert's precious fluids. It
gave our amorous amigo at least a partial chance to
fulfill his fantasies. He held his arm around her waist
as he drank his beers, and by midnight he'd strip

her removable cap and uniform and was showing off her perky anatomy; but it's between our friend and his Creator as to what went on between Norbie and his Sexy Flight Attendant when we finally dropped them off at four a.m. at his mother's house. Why not invite a Sexy Flight Attendant to your next bash, stag or otherwise? Go to www.calexotics.com where she's waiting!



















THOSE WERE THE

THE HUNG JURY



n what truly must be a carnally capricious case of "art imitating life," the first season of HBO's "Hung," will have been tucked back into its pants by the time you read this.

While the adventures of a well-endowed man being marketed by an industrious lady were moderately amusing, and even somewhat soulful at the point that I was preparing this chapter of "Those Were The Lays," I wouldn't be writing it, if I hadn't lived considerable portions of those adventures over 30 years ago.

In early 1979, a rather obnoxious trolllike fellow named Sam Frank, who liked to be known as Taurus, visited the offices of "Reb" Sunset International in Hollywood with a proposition. He was going to create something called "The Hung Jury"—a membership organization

exclusively designed for wellhung men and the women
who crave them. He figured that the nude theatrical modeling establishment that I managed
would be a great place
to set up shop. He
also knew that I was
hung well beyond the
qualifying eight inches that
it took to become a member, so

he appealed to my egotistical sensibilities by anointing me "Vice President At Very Large."

It was all quite simple. Taurus, who, if truth be told, never really measured up to membership standards himself, had been nurturing his concept for years. He felt that there were many women (known as "size queens") who were fixated on the idea that "bigger was better." Also, if I helped him create what I immediately dubbed, "A Lonely Hards' Club," we could turn quite a pretty profit by marketing prodi-





gious pieces of meat to ladies who wanted to be filled up.

By this time in my sinematic career, I had already been accorded "Horse Cock" status by at least one adult film reviewer, and had been orally and vaginally appreciated by quite a number of adult actresses, who weren't past praising me in the same copulating context as John C. Holmes. That, of course, was ridiculous, since "The King" was undeniable proof "that all men weren't created equal."

(In fact, if you look closely on the wall of a picture in my office that was taken during a "Hung Jury" measuring-in ceremony, you might notice a photo of Mr. Holmes seemingly presiding over the event.)

Since I needed to be in my office on Friday anyways—if for no other reason that to show any nosy Los Angeles Administrative Vice Cops that I wasn't off breaking the law by making movies—I allowed Taurus to set aside one of the office phone numbers as the "Hung Hotline" between the hours of 10am-4pm (Pacific Coast Time). However, I begged being paid for any services that I would render, as I was making more than enough in front of the camera.

Taurus, however, was much more into the marketing mentality, and this would eventually cause a major rift between us. In its early, dare I say, "innocent days," I must admit that what the fellow wrought was the basis for quite a number of emotionally gratifying adventures; wherein after I had performed my duties, I was warmly "thanked" by the beneficiary of my bigness.

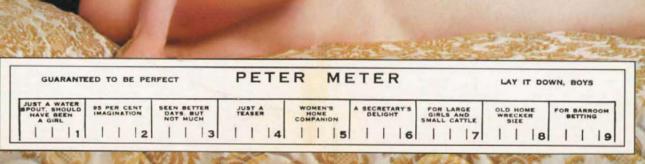
With a few well-planted ads, and a haphazardly created flyer called "Measuring Up!"—Plus a cute button that was designed by Fast Eddie—"The Hung Jury" was an immediate success.

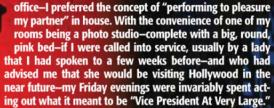
I was amazed at the number of calls that came in. And as the word

I was amazed at the number of calls that came in. And as the word began to spread—and our legend began to grow—the range of those calls extended well beyond the Southern California area. Of course, outside of the area, Taurus and I had to trust that the men who were putting their meat on the line were indeed at least eight inches of pulsating pride. I did get some semi-disgruntled calls from ladies who, although admitting that they had been sexually satisfied, grumbled that their fellow hadn't really "measured up" to what had been promised.

While Taurus was always out to maximize the economic end of the Friday pairings—and always took his balling business away from my







Having already charmed their panties off by the fact that I was an adult film performer and therefore (at least in their minds) that I was supposedly good at what I did, my experiences with a physiological cross-section of eager females on those Friday evenings in 1979 were interludes of lustful abandon ranging from 15 minutes to a couple of hours, depending on the schedule of the person whom I was pleasuring. I never did more than I was asked to do. By that, I mean, in some cases, the lady of the moment simply wanted me to work myself up and then watch me ejaculate into her hands. It was uniquely enjoyable in those instances, because as I got bigger, so did their eyes, and when they eagerly held their hands out to catch my load, I felt a slight twinge of sacrilegious-ness. Before I continue relating my Friday evening frolics, I feel that I would be "shorting you" if I didn't discuss (in detail) just how one goes about "measuring up."

Taurus always felt that the erect penis should be measured from underneath, where the shaft connects with the ball sac. Although I allowed myself to be repeatedly measured that way, I always felt that I was imposing even more, extending out from my ornery thatch of pubic hair. Admittedly, because my balls were extraordinarily large, and therefore very heavy, my cock was almost always being dragged downward, which meant that it took extra effort to wield it properly. However, no one ever complained. More often than not, when they were finally able to figure out what to do with it, they seemed to want to separate it from the rest of me. In fact, I remember one partner giggling, "Can I take that home with me?"

Quite a number of my Friday femmes were visiting Hollywood with their families, and while their husbands and children were fitting their hands and feet into the Mann Chinese Theatre's legendary blocks of movie star embedded cement across the street from my office, I was fitting myself into whatever orifice the lady wanted filled. I was delighted that the ladies would almost always want to make out before they even started to get undressed. I sensed that part of the sex act in their personal lives had long since been sacrificed for any number of reasons. I have always found that making out to be the ignition switch to the whole sexual driving experience. Many of them kissed me with such a yearning to simply be held and touched gently on parts of their bodies that weren't necessarily common erogenous zones, that I felt obligated to make them feel good-before I made them feel better. When their hands began to wander around my body, and in particular, when they could feel my hardness pressing into them, they timidly undid my pants enough to grasp a hold of what they had come to see me for, and the purrs of contentment that they were emanating into my mouth were heartwarming. Interestingly though, any other form of oral sex was the least of their desires. Almost none of them wanted me to spend anytime going down on them. A few seemed to derive some enjoyment from seeing just how big I would get if they sucked on me. But, since most them didn't really know that great cock sucking is a combination of massaging hands working the dick longer and longer in conjunction with just the right amount of oral involvement, I rarely was blown to an orgasm. And if I was, that just primed me to work myself back up for penetration, and a second orgasm that was even more pleasurable, because it always occurred after the lady I was with had experienced her molten moment.

Of course, with no cameras around, the sex between us was much more comfortable, and at times even clumsy, which suited me, because coordination has never been one of my stronger suits.

Once in awhile, I was simply invited to perform in the missionary position, which quite frankly I have never enjoyed. The favorite position of most of my Friday flings was when, after watching me prove to them that I was worthy of being a Hung Jury member, they would gleefully hop up on their hands and knees and present themselves to me doggie style. Depending on the condition of my knees (by this time I was playing a considerable amount of football), I would then either join them on the pink, round bed (which maintained a remarkable firmness considering all of the action it absorbed), or simply remain standing and ease into them with very slow and deliberate strokes, while they burbled about how good I felt, and how filled up they were feeling. Of course, I was also busy massaging the upper area of their vaginas, and doing what I could to stimulate their clits (if I could find them. Remember, I dealt with some pretty big ladies). If I felt the need, I would finger their assholes, which invariably caused shudders of delight. Once my partner had undulated through her orgasm—which ranged in intensity from firecracker to sky rocket, depending on how much the lady let herself go—and I felt my dick being worked over by the walls of her engorged sexual center, and in some cases, a flow of female ejaculate was coursing down over my balls, I figured that the time had come for me to unload. Indeed, for the most part during my "Hung Jury" experiences, I strove to maintain a sense of professionalism, and rarely, if ever, did I lose control.

To the extent, I would, out of respect, ask each of them where they would like me to explode. A few requested that I pull out and jack myself off on their backsides. And some, if they wanted to see me pop, would turn around and have me coat their tits. But the majority of the women, apparently so grateful for having been treated so well-as well as exhausted from having been drained of all of their sexual energy-would just wiggle their juicy, furmatted vaginas back against me in a mute expression of their desire to feel me shoot deep inside of them. Sensing that I had been working very hard to make them happy, they would slip one of their hands up between my legs and encourage my balls to start generating a massive explosion, which didn't take very long to start its trip toward the inevitable saturation of her insides, which, of course, was accompanied by the fact that my already massively swollen cock swelled up even more as I copiously spurted my scalding satisfaction.

In some cases, after we rested, we rolled around again. More often, however, we cleaned up as best as we could, got dressed, and said our farewells. Usually, their final act was to hug me before they vanished back into the real world from which they came.

It's interesting to note that hugging has been quite evident during the early episodes of "Hung."

Indeed, sometimes in the ways of "Those Were The Lays," a "hug" is an even more important three-letter word than "sex."

William Margold's activities span the lifetime of the modern adult entertainment industry, from its birth in 1972. Along the way, he founded several organizations including 'The Fans of X-Rated Entertainment' (www.foxe.com) and 'Protecting Adult Welfare' (www.pawfoundation.org). For his latest insights about XXX and other related matters of the heart, the mind, and the soul, visit www.billmargold.com.







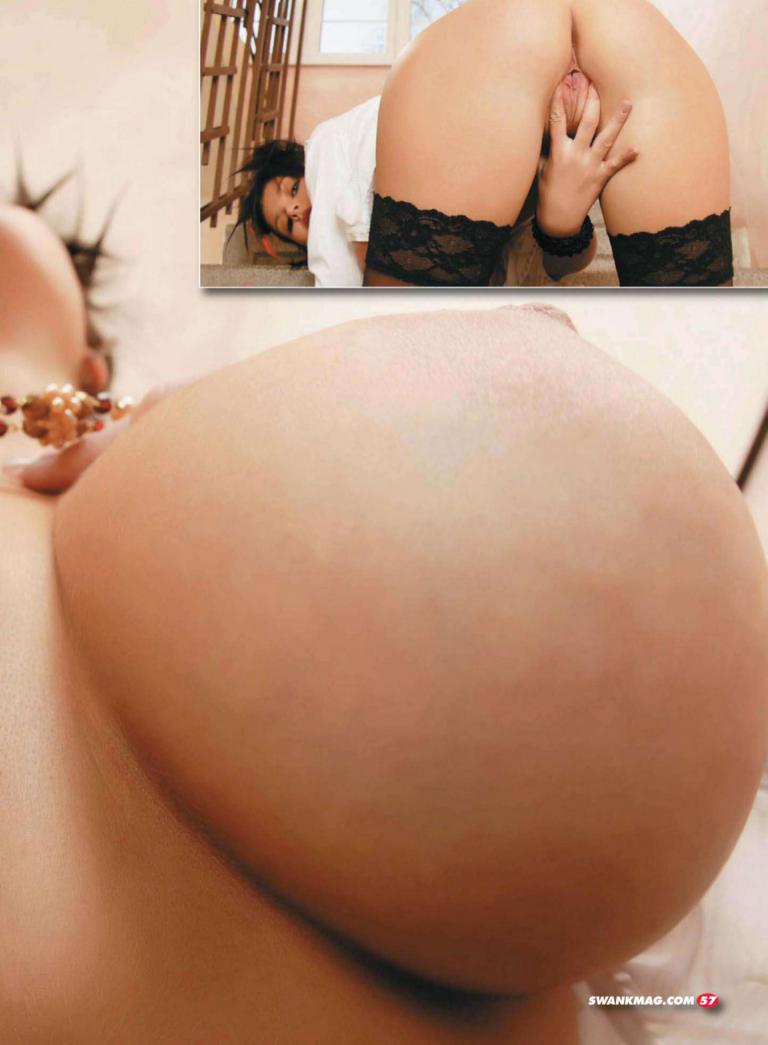


Watch the XXX Version at www.sexwiththestarstv.com



















Maked

Each month Swank gives you a heads-up on the hottest celebrity nudity and the mainstream releases that will have you soiling your spunkrag.

by Crane Bostock

Penelope Cruz



panish sensation Penelope Cruz was a major film star and object of many wet dreams in her homeland before becoming a Hollywood mover, shaker and Oscar winner. And though her work in Spanish movies is far less familiar to American audiences, these flicks offer a good amount of the naked work that Penelope has done on camera. Arguably, her best early nude scenes can be found in Abre Los Ojos (1997) and The Girl Of Your Dreams (1998). In 2001 Penelope starred in Vanilla Sky, the Hollywood adaptation of Abre Los Ojos, which also features the Madrid native topless. For my money, if you had to pick just one Penelope Cruz film to rent and jerk off to, you'd probably want to go with Elergy (2008). This is a virtual boob-fest with Penelope showing off her naked globes in four scenes













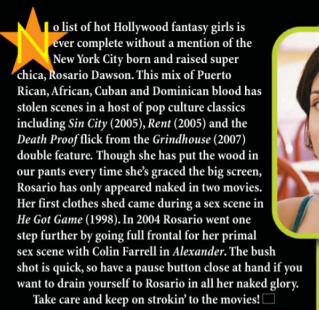


Willa Ford Impulse Friday The 13th Friday The 13th e once self-proclaimed "Bad Girl Of Pop," Willa Ford's decade-long career in entertainment includes hit songs, a Playboy spread, competing on "Dancing With The Stars" and a handful of movie roles that have put her top-shelf sweater meats before the perverted public in pud pull-able scenes laced with gratuitous celebrity nakedness. The former co-host of Spike TV's, "The Ultimate Fighter," most recently exposed herself in early 2009 in the first chapter of the revamped *Friday The 13th* franchise. Still, if you're looking for the definitive Willa Ford cinema skin work, you have to go back to 2008 for Impulse. Willa's bountiful boobs and hard body are bare in several sex scenes, and the erotic thriller vibe of the movie adds to its value as a top mainstream jerk off disc. Impulse



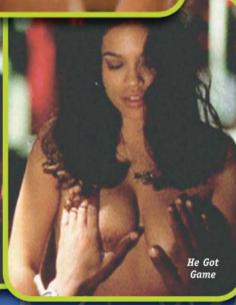












Alexander









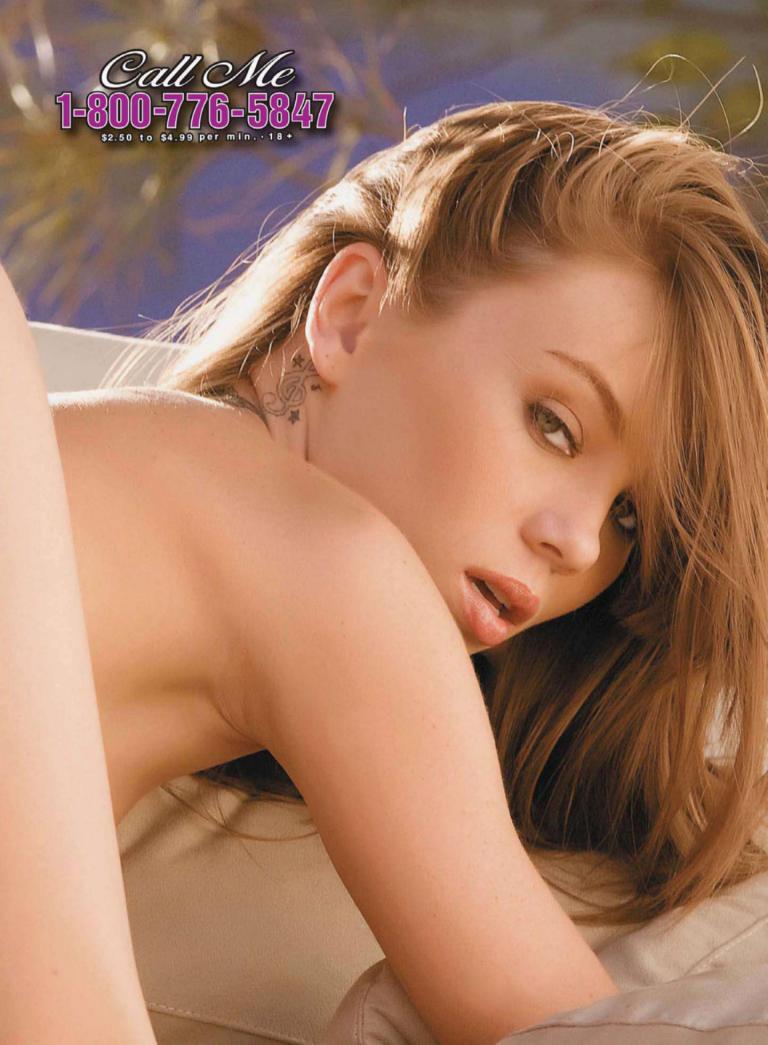












SWANKtoons

From the horny bastards at www.Shh3D.com





"I never realized spreading my legs for a cavity search could be so fun!"

Two law partners hire a sexy, young secretary, and though they're both already married, they agree to see who can sleep with her first.



Eventually, one of them scores with her, and his partner is quite eager to hear how things went. "So, what did you think?" asks the partner.

"Ah," replies the first partner, "my wife is better."

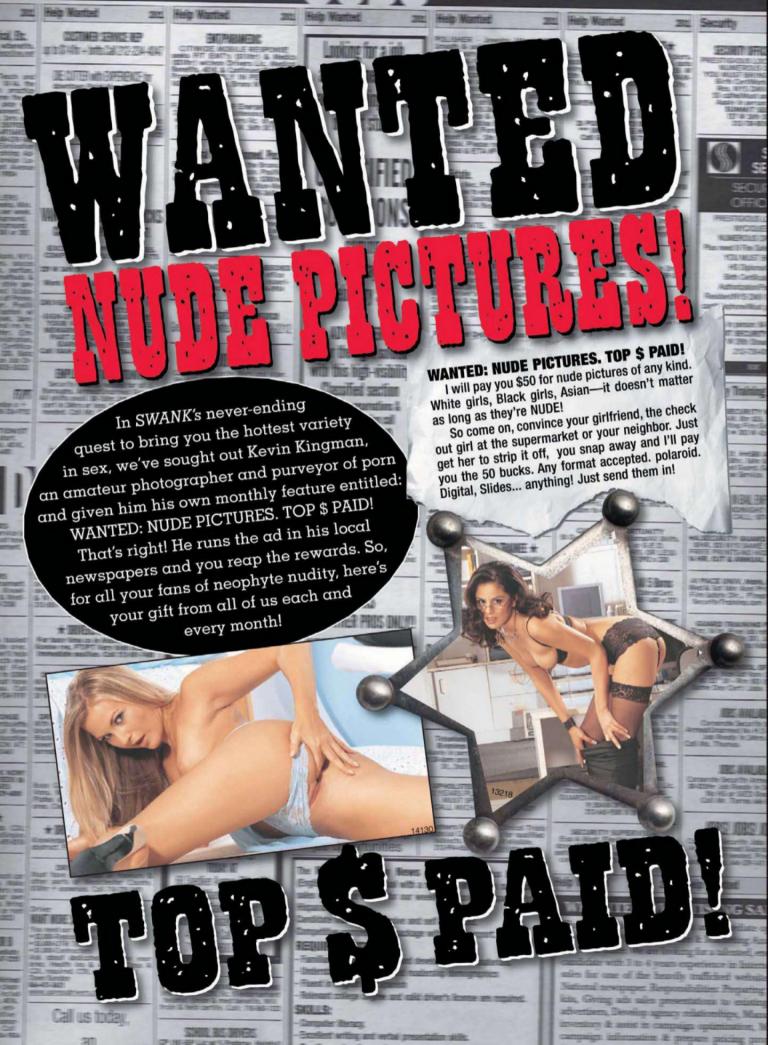
Some time goes by, and then the second lawyer goes to bed with the young secretary. "So," asks the first partner, "what did you think?"

The second partner replies, "You're right... your wife is better."



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AND MARY'S X-RATED



ENAGE ERMAHOLICS 6

STARRING: Cali Couture, Emma Heart, Kristina Rose,

London Keys, Tatiana Kush DIRECTED BY: Mike John

AVAILABLE FROM: Jules Jordan Video

RUNNING TIME: 233 Minutes

What we have here is an eager group of young, impressionable teenage girls who are absolutely jonesing for cock.
Tatiana Kush is all of 18-years-old, and she's already become a master at getting drilled in all inputs and rockin' the double-dick penetration like a seasoned screen fucker.

In scene two, Cali Couture throws the flick into high gear, Surrendering her mouth and teen twat to a half-dozen dudes who converge on her young, nympho slit, then deposit their surly seed in her mouth and pussy.

nympho slit, then deposit their surly seed in her mouth and pussy.

D-cup Asian tramp, London Keys, comes to the table next, and before she can get completely naked, cock is balls-deep down her throat and in her box. A trio of hard meat sticks young Emma Heart, who is still early in her porn career although she has already been hump-afied in over 100 XXX titles. Emma also has a taste for being fucked DP-style, and seeing this petite babe fitting so much dick in her holes is a thing of perverted beauty.

The final scene is a glorified teen slut gangbang featuring Kristina Rose taking on five well-hung studs who give the small-chested brunette all she can handle before leaving their milky jizz on her pretty young free. — Monty Livingston.







BARELY LEGAL #100

STARRING: Prinzzess, Katie Michaels, Jasmine Delatori, Heather

Scarlet, Bela Moretti, Kandi Milan

DIRECTED BY: Matti Klatt AVAILABLE FROM: LFP

RUNNING TIME: 95 Minutes

The 100th edition of LFP's long-celebrated series on young gals banging, kicks off with a wilderness lesbian tryst between smokin' hot newbie, Prinzzess, and wet dream teen, Katie Michaels. Tender foreplay erupts into hardcore lesbian lust as heavy close-ups capture furious finger thrusting and clit slurping. Luckily, they packed a dildo along with their bug spray and compass, and both girls reap the rewards of their foresight by taking a full helping of faux cock in their barely legal boxes.

The camera discovers Jasmine Delatori getting herself off by the pool. A man leads her into the water and coaxes Jasmine to go beneath the surface to suck his dick. The action moves back onto the deck and Jasmine gets rammed on a beach chair before sitting for a cum shower across her face and his natural tits.

cum shower across her face and big, natural tits.

Blonde cockette, Heather Scarlet, munches on watermelon until her man suggests that she sample his sausage instead. She takes his large tool very deeply into her inexperienced mouth, then lays back and invites her guy to stuff her pink taco to his heart's content.

Bela Moretti adds a nice interracial vibe to the proceedings as the stunning ebony diva

Bela Moretti adds a nice interracial vibe to the proceedings as the stunning ebony diva climbs on her costar's raging oak and rides it all the way to a face-staining nut pop.

Inside a cabin, Kandi Milan shows up to do maid service but winds up cleaning the man

Inside a cabin, Kandi Milan shows up to do maid service but winds up cleaning the man of the house's pipes instead. The highlight of this teen clam-jam is Kandi taking the roving boner in her virgin ass and learning the joys of third input thumping.— Johnson P. Puller





























elcome back my friends, to the XXX show that never ends—me! And SWANK, of course! Hey guys, I've arrived for another month of shooting the shit! Glad to have you back reading my regular column and I am sure happy to be here at SWANK doing it! And speaking about "doing it"—have any hot sex in the past month? Sure hope so! I am always up for getting down—always! Now, that doesn't mean I always get some X-action every day, but if it's going to happen, I don't fight it! I'm a very liberal guy and who am I to turn down some worthy chicky-poo?

So whether I am on a plane, in a store, at a party, or even just walking down Hollywood Boulevard near my house—girls, if you see me and can't control yourself, be my guest! Seriously though, you never know. There are all kinds of girls out there—from the wild porn stars you see in the hardcore movies, to babes who aren't sexual at all. So, how do you tell the sex-crazed ones from the prudes? Hey, what a coincidence! That brings us to this month's topic, which is—drum roll please...blondes!

That's right—blondes! You got a problem with that? I didn't think so! To those of you, who like me, are somewhere between their fifth and sixth decade of service on this planet, you will remember vividly a wildly popular to commercial way back for some hair dye product that said, "Blondes Have More Fun!" It showed all these blondes running and jumping around, looking, well, like they were having fun! These weren't porn girls of course, but that was the cultural theme for many years in our society regarding hair color. Blondes were in—way in!

So that brings us to porn moviesand blondes. Going back to some of the earliest XXX fuck flicks, sex stars have been of a certain type: blonde with big tits. I don't know if there are any statistics on any of this, but I would estimate that a majority of my sexual experiences onscreen and off, have been with blondes. My movies, going back to when I started out in the '70s, [began] with names like Blonde In Black Silk, Blonde Temptation, Blonde Desire, Blonde Angel, Blonde On The Run, Blondes, Blondes, Blondes, Blondie, Blonde Goddess and loads more. But even in my professional Xraters that didn't feature all-blonde casts, virtually every porner had blondes in it and still does. At porno conventions, autograph signing events, and even in the streets; when girls stop me to say "hi," so many of them are blondes.



Okay, so what is the story here with blondes? Are they hotter, sluttier or hornier? The answer? Maybe. First things first-not all blondes are really blondes. In fact, if I had to guess, I would say that most blondes you see in porn are not natural blondes, or are only slightly naturally blonde, and modern chemistry is doing the rest. You used to be able to tell sometimes, you know: "Do the curtains match the drapes?" Most porners don't have pubic hair anymore anyway, so there's no clue down there. But to be honest, I don't think that matters a bit. For me, being so-called, "blonde" is an attitude, much more than a superficial hair color. I think going back many years, girls that were blonde were always the center of male attention because they stood out in a crowd which made non-blondes want to change their hair color. Then with all these guys checking them out and coming on to them, all these natural and un-natural blondes started to "react." Then many, not all, got off on the "celebrity" it gave them, and they got a little freaky with it. So, it all kind of snow balled from there. Sure there were—and—are a lot of blondes that were duds, and a lot of non-blondes that were-andare super-hot. However, the blondes always seemed to come with a certain attitude—a kind of ballsy, cocky, sexy, approach to men and sex in general that makes them fun-in bed and out.

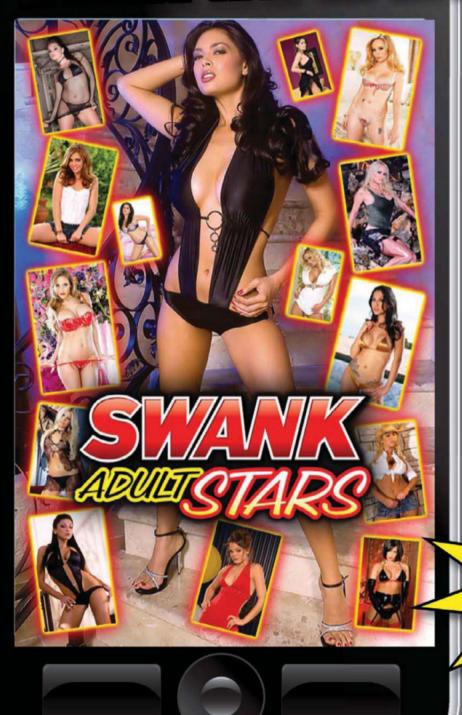
Do blondes have more fun? I can't really say, but I love to have sex with them! And they sure look great in photographs in SWANK! From my trysts with the likes of Layla Jade and Candi Heart, to Sunset Thomas and Bridgette Kerkove—from Tina Cherry to Houston, Taylor Wane to Kim Chambers and so on.

And on and on. Thousands of blondes! Thousands! I lost count long ago! But to this day, whenever I have





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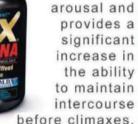
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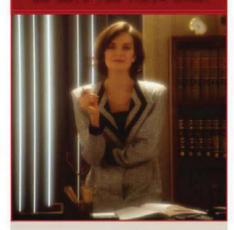


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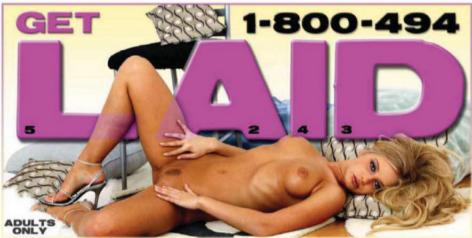


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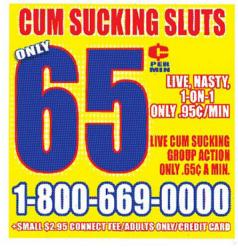








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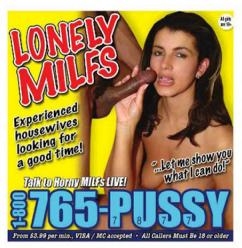




































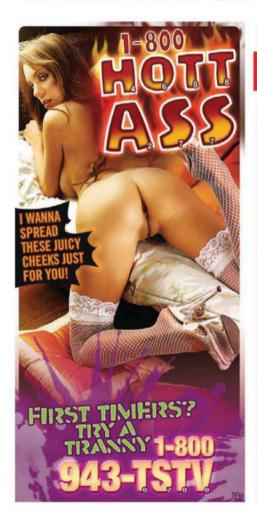


















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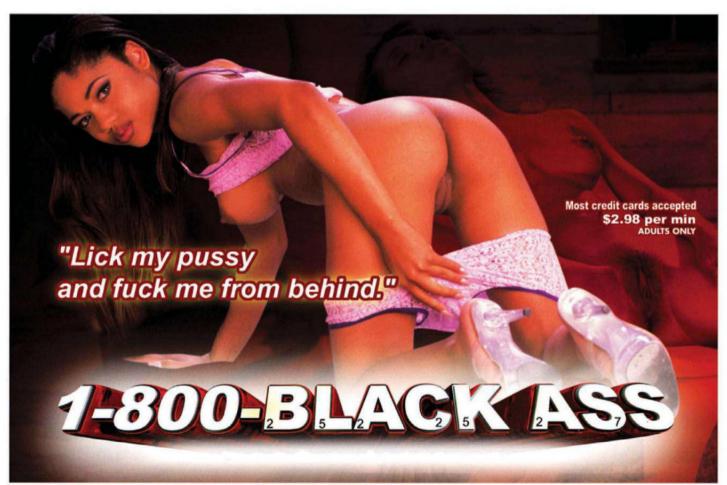




























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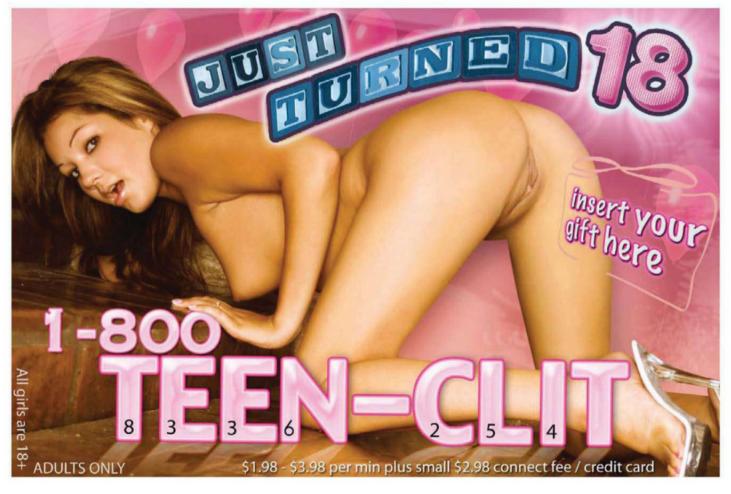












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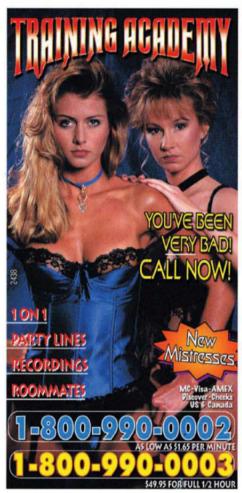
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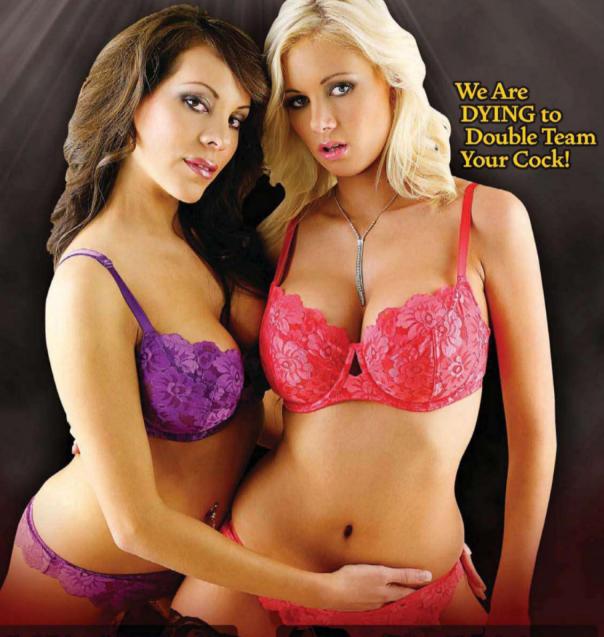








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