

MEDEA VODKA

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

I AM not a fan of gimmicks. To me, gimmicks are a clever way of distracting the consumer from the fact that your product is lame and, well, needs a gimmick. An unnamed fast-food chain uses a gimmick to trick children into eating their McShitburgers, a mini-car company uses a gimmick to fool men into thinking they're driving something respectable, and a certain vodka brand uses a gimmick to fool people into drinking garbage water that may or may not be handmade.

So when the good folks at Medea Vodka offered to send me a few Bluetooth-programmable bottles of vodka, my answer was resounding "fuck no." They sent them anyway...and I'm really glad they did. The vodka is incredibly smooth—I swear, I tasted vanilla and honey as it glided across my palate and danced down my throat. Turns out, the good folks at Medea are serious about their vodka and brew/make/cook/distill(?) it at the House of Herman Jansen under the auspices of some serious Dutch vodka ninja.

Once I had a few in me, I started to play around with the LED bottle, which is super easy to use. You can program up to ten messages per bottle, and it comes preloaded with a few generic ones: "Happy Anniversary," "Happy New Year," and other bullshit that I deleted immediately. Instead, I loaded the LED display with some better ones: "Drink Your Feelings," "Kiss A Girl," "Slap the Perv," and a few others that were bound to get me in trouble with HR (again).

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Then I marched into the marketing department and pulled out branding gurus Ella Nova, Alana Cruise, Charlotte Cross, and Edyn Blair to take one of the bottles for a spin. Literally. I made them "taste" a few shots...you know...for work...and engaged them in a meaningful game of spin the bottle. See, I think this message-on-a-bottle technology has a ton of applications, but wishing my parents a happy anniversary isn't one of them. However, programming naughty things that the all-female marketing team must do when the magic vodka bottle points to them? Now that is the lord's work.

Because we were at the office, things started out pretty tame. We all did a few more shots and got comfortable on the conference room floor. Then Charlotte realized her panties were inside out, so she flipped them while we were sitting there. That doesn't have anything to do with the story, but I thought it was awesome. The rest of the afternoon is a blur. I think Alana shot vodka down my throat with a squirt gun, Edyn slapped the glasses off my face, one of them started twerking, and I got a lap dance from someone else? Then (I think) everyone started kissing each other, which (I think) was wonderful.

I wish I remembered more about the afternoon, but it looked like I had a great time from the photos that Mo took. (Note to self: Don't bring Mo to any more marketing meetings because he takes pictures of everything and uses them as blackmail.) After a short nap, we were all ready to test the second bottle.

Medea Vodka \$30 medeavodka.com OT



WINTER FLING

HAVE been reading this magazine since long before I probably should have, and I always like tales of one-night stands, gang bangs, and sex in strange places (you had one story a while back about a high school reunion fuckfest involving this guy, his wife, and his former prom date that I hope to replicate some day). I've always had a tame sexual profile, but something happened recently that changed this.

First off, I'm pretty religious. My family doesn't believe in sex before marriage, so I just don't tell them that this is the only kind of sex I've had and we get along fine. Or at least they pretend to look the other way when I've got a girlfriend massaging my crotch under the table when we're saying grace at Christmas. But I'm also not so far gone from the faith that I can keep multiple girlfriends going or, basically, do any of the stuff that I've read about in your magazine (or my father's magazines, for that matter). So I didn't make this thing happen, it just kinda fell in my lap.

I'm a ski instructor in Colorado, and my coworkers fuck all winter long. Every legal age (or twice that, or three times that), willing, and warm body that comes along is fair game to them. But for me, I stay monogamous, and Jean has made it easy.

Jean is from South Africa and no one I know could figure out her accent. Irish? Australian? German? She was exotic in a way that defied description. She sorta sounded like us, and looked like us, but she was also like this uninhibited girl from a seventies porno the way she dressed—short gym shorts and clingy T-shirts or, when she dressed up, really tight, flimsy dresses. And she liked me.

She was working at a store at the base of the mountain for the season and signed up for two weeks of lessons in January. Of course I couldn't see the goods when she jumped off the lift and first presented herself to me, but I was immediately intoxicated by her voice. At the end of the lesson, she asked me to help her to the lodge where she could warm her “broken

arse” by the fire. All the while she clung to me, and I just got harder and harder despite myself. I wondered if she had a huge set of tits under that parka....

Once inside the lodge, I was off-duty, and as Jean stripped off her layers I thought I was witnessing outtakes from some vintage Pet of the Month pictorial. Her tits were amazing under her red turtleneck. No wonder she kept falling over! We talked for a couple of hours, and all the while she continued to touch me. Meanwhile, my coworkers wandered in and out of the fireplace area, checking us out and giving me the thumbs-up. I even suspected they had set this up. But no, she just liked my wholesome, unblemished charm, I guess!

But I'm not a total fucking idiot, and as the

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night wound down I suggested we head to my room for the *good* alcohol. “You've been holding out on me all this time?” she asked as she sprawled on my bed, taking off her shoes and socks and peeling off her turtleneck to reveal a laughably small T-shirt.

Then when she said, “Shall I take off these pants?” I said, “Oh hell, yeah.”

As soon as those pants came down, revealing thighs so white they were almost pink, I took my pants off, too. Fuck it. My cock popped right out. She took it in her warm (thank God) hand and grasped it so firmly and so gently, running her thumb slowly up the vein in my shaft as if she was going to pump me dry right there. I thought about letting loose as she looked up at me, my dick in her hand, smiling sweetly. I thought that I could shoot a hot mess on her T-shirt and still be ready for at least two

more. Ah, clean living!

But I wanted Jean naked more than I wanted to send her home with a sperm-splattered shirt. I'm a gentleman, after all. So I took the lead and got her buck naked, hopping from foot to foot in my cold, lowly ski instructor's room, then we both jumped under the covers and fucked. We used four condoms that night, and I was a fucking mess the next day. But it was okay, because when I got back to my sex-smelling room at the end of the night, Jean was waiting outside my door.

The thing I loved about the foreign tourists was that sex was just fun for them. Not only are their countries less repressed, they're also on vacation. But Jean was also a little like me in that she wanted to have some fun but also be monogamous about it.

Jean and I had a great romance and there was never, ever a notion that I'd go home with her or that she wouldn't leave. It simply wasn't going to happen. We just had this time together. So when she left in April, we were sad but prepared. We had pretty much fucked the snow away. I stayed on the mountain and she went to grad school in London. In October, I met a woman named Macy and we took it slow (I'm okay with that), seeing each other every other weekend. I knew we'd probably have sex by Christmas, but on December 8, I was surprised to see Jean stepping off the ski lift once more.

“Fancy seeing you here!” she said.

Turns out she was doing some research in Winnipeg and decided, on a whim, to see if she could get to me for under 300 bucks. If she missed me, she said, she'd just hang out with her friends from the store down the mountain. But she'd found me.

I thought, *Am I cheating on Macy?* as I squired Jean back to the fireplace where our romance had started. And I realized that, even if I felt guilty about it, I wasn't breaking Macy's and my agreement. We had never announced to each other that we were going steady—we just weren't seeing anyone else. Anyway, Jean didn't ask any questions, and I didn't look for a ring on her finger, either.

We made our way back to my old room and she pulled off her parka. Jean was





wearing that flimsy dress (over tights, which she hastily pulled off) we'd soiled while rolling around in the April mud. I went to her, tangled my hands in her ponytail, pulled her head back, and kissed her. I reached between her legs and could feel her pussy, hot and wet, under the fabric.

I lifted the dress over her head. There was a new tattoo (a sugar skull on her abdomen) and a Brazilian wax underneath. Not my style, but I realized I missed those pussy lips, which were big, wet, and puffy despite the cold. We got under the covers and she wrapped her hand around my dick like before, slowly rubbing the vein on my shaft. In my hand was her dress, and for some reason I wanted to come on it, as if leaving her a souvenir. She sensed this, moving her hand more purposefully, still looking me in the eye.

As I felt myself start to come for the first of four times that night, I shot my long-building load into her dress, which I bunched up and dragged across her pussy, belly, and breasts, then her neck and face. I don't know why I did it. I just felt compelled to rub her down with our combined heat.

The next morning, after breakfast, she left. We kissed a long, slow good-bye. Macy came the next weekend and we began our own sexual history, and it's been great. But having sex with Macy was a point of no return for me and Jean, should Jean ever show up again. I don't regret not fucking my South African winter fling any more; I'm just happy it happened.

—J.B.F., *Snowmass, Colorado*

LUCKY FUCK

I AM a lucky man. I don't know many guys who still think that way after ten years of marriage, but I do. My wife is sexier now than when we got married. She works out, eats healthy, and takes care of herself. Her hard work at the gym pays off, too: Her body is tight, her C-cups are perky, her ass is high and round, and I frequently catch other guys staring at it when we're out.

We just celebrated our ten-year anniversary. The dress she wore hugged her body and showed off her cleavage. I

couldn't help but stare, and it was obvious she loved having that effect on me. She kept leaning forward when we were talking, giving me a better look and teasing me. Right before dessert, she went to the bathroom and I watched as she walked away. All eyes were on her. Even the wait staff turned to check her out as she passed by.

Knowing what all those men were thinking, plus all the wine we had during dinner, was starting to turn me on. I thought about all the ways I'd fuck her, and getting through the rest of the meal was a small torture. I wanted to get home with her so badly, my dick was pressing into my pants and needed to be freed.

"Let's get out of here, now," I told her, and grabbed her hand. I threw some money on the table and we walked quickly to the elevator. Lifting my hand to the side of her bouncy chest, I leaned down and kissed her, teasing her lips with my tongue.

The elevator finally arrived and we got in. We were on the 42nd floor, at a restaurant with views of the whole city. I couldn't wait.

I grabbed her ass and pulled her close.

My wife pushed her hips into me, and softly started grinding on my cock. Her hand slowly crept down and undid my zipper. I felt her soft skin pull on my rod as it sprang out. I was so horny, I didn't care that we could have stopped at any moment and people could come in. She slid her tongue into my mouth as she rubbed my shaft, her hand gliding over the head as she intermittently applied pressure.

The elevator was almost at the ground

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