

Exclusive Urban Blue Watch
Limited to the first 1900
responders to this ad only!



CLIENTS LOVE THE STAUER WATCH...



"The quality of their watches is equal to many that can go for ten times the price or more."

— Jeff from McKinney, TX

It's Enough to Make You Blue in the Face

Time to take a stand against overpriced watches with the Stauer Urban Blue. AND, get a FREE pair of Flyboy Optics® Sunglasses as our gift to you!

You need a new watch... the one you are wearing was made when Nixon was in office, but extravagantly-priced watches that add zeros just because of a high falootin' name are an insult to your logic. Why shell out big money so some foreign company can sponsor another yacht race? It's time to put an end to such madness. It's absolutely possible to have the highest quality, precision classic timepiece without the high and mighty price tag. Case in point: The Stauer *Urban Blue*.

Packed with high-end watch performance and style, minus the high-end price tag. It's everything a high-end watch should be: Sturdy stainless steel and genuine leather construction. Precision timing that's accurate to four seconds a day—that's more precise than a 27-jewel automatic watch priced at over \$6,000. And, good looking— with simple, clean lines and a striking metallic blue face.

"Blue watches are one of the growing style trends seen in the watch world in the past few years"—WATCHTIME®, Sept. 2015

Your great escape from the overpriced watch craze. At Stauer, we go directly to the source (cutting out the middleman), and engineer our own watch designs. This means we can offer a top quality timepiece that happens to only cost the same as two well-made cocktails at your favorite bar.

So, while we're busy revolutionizing the watch industry to bring you more real value, you can take your own stand against overpriced watches with the *Urban Blue*. We'll even throw in a pair of Flyboy Optics® Sunglasses (a \$99 value) to show how much value you can still get for your dollar.

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. Wear the *Urban Blue* for 60 days. If you're not convinced that you achieved excellence for less, send it back for a refund of the sale price. You can even keep the \$99 sunglasses, no hard feelings.

The *Urban Blue* is one of our fastest sellers. It takes six months to engineer this watch so don't wait. Take a stand against overpriced watches in impeccable style. Call today!

Stauer Urban Blue Watch ~~\$199~~†

Offer Code Price **\$49** + S&P **Save \$150**

1-800-333-2045

Your Insider Offer Code: UBW191-01

You must use this insider offer code to get our special price.

EXCLUSIVE FREE
Stauer Flyboy Optics® Sunglasses
 -a \$99 value-
 with purchase of
 Urban Blue Watch

Stauer®

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 Dept. UBW191-01 Burnsville,
 Minnesota 55337
www.stauer.com



Rating of **A+**

† Special price only for customers using the offer code versus the price on Stauer.com without your offer code.

Precision movement • Stainless steel caseback and crown • Cotswold™ mineral crystal • Date window
 • Water resistant to 3 ATM • Genuine leather band fits wrists 6 ¾"-8 ¾"

Smart Luxuries—Surprising Prices™



1. Name: Dave Carnie (Endgame and Rough Text)
Measurements: 43D-43-43 | Height: 7' | Weight: 666 lbs.
Hair: Brown | Eyes: Green | Sign: Sagittarius | Hometown: Los Angeles

2. After 50 years of teaching, **Alan M. Dershowitz** ("Bare-Bating") is now professor emeritus at Harvard Law School. He is also the author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. He continues to defend freedom of speech and the rights of criminal defendants.

3. Dan Dunn ("No Good Load Goes Unpunished") is an author, TV and radio personality, and award-winning journalist whose work has appeared in *Playboy*, *GQ*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

4. Steve Faber (Washingwood) worked in Washington, D.C., and found the experience highly amusing. He later moved on to show business, writing for TV and film (*Wedding Crashers* and *We're the Millers*). Having worked in both D.C. and Hollywood, he realized there's not a split-hair difference between them.

5. L.A.-based artist **Todd Francis** has created iconic skateboard graphics for companies like Anthero (he created the original Eagle logo), Element, Real, Spitfire, and Stereo. He's also partnered on signature design projects with Vans, Stance, HUF, and Firestone Walker. His studio art has been shown in galleries around the world.



6. Matt Gallagher (Embrace the Suck) is the author of the novel *Youngblood*, published in 2016 by Atria/Simon & Schuster. A U.S. Army veteran of Iraq, he's also the author of the nonfiction memoir *Kaboom: Embracing the Suck in a Savage Little War*, and coeditor of, and

contributor to, the short fiction collection *Fire and Forget*.

7. Longtime Penthouse contributor **Jeff Kamen** ("Rage or Reconciliation") doesn't drink because, as he says, "It messes with my aim." He also says he loves "God, women, dogs, freedom, and good writing." His Special Operations friends call him "the armed liberal."



8. Leah McSweeney (Hot Lines) is founder and CEO of the New York City-based Married to the Mob clothing line. In addition to being a regular contributor to such online publications as *Hypebeast*, Leah is cohost of the podcast *Improper Etiquette*, with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

9. Author of Vice media's *Skinema*, the only porn-review book that fails to review any videos, editor-at-large **Chris Nieratko** (Are You Lonesome Tonight?) brings his evasive literary gag to our monthly sex-toy column.

10. Artist and contributor **PEL** is a decorated military veteran turned creative director focused on multimedia art, fashion, graphic design, and brand development for many clothing and sneaker lines, including Uniqlo, Joseph Abboud, Reebok, and Nike.

11. Sam Phillips is a 24-year veteran of the Penthouse brand. Sam also starred in one of the most terrifying horror films of the eighties (in our minds, at least), *Phantasm II*. Most recently, she coproduced the stand-up comedy documentary *Dying Laughing*.

12. Art goon **Porous Walker** is like your penis. He also loves to draw and laugh. He hopes you laugh or don't laugh at his drawings.



Agenda
Long
Beach
JAN 5 & 6

A stylized graphic design for an event. The text 'Agenda' is in a large, blue, outlined font with red stars above it. 'Long' is in a red, outlined font. 'Beach' is in a blue, outlined font with a red star above it. 'JAN 5 & 6' is in a red, outlined font. The design includes several illustrations: a shark swimming, a palm tree, a foot, a seagull holding a drink, and a bear wearing sunglasses on a skateboard. A red outline of California is on the left side.

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

THE NEWCOMER

WHEN my office offered me a transfer to L.A., I took the chance right away. I had broken up with my girlfriend a few months earlier and couldn't stand seeing her with her new guy around town.

Once I moved, everything started going well for me, and I was happy I'd made the change. I especially loved my apartment and all the hot chicks that lived in the complex. Young women with killer bodies and looks to match surrounded me. I had a shit-ton of material for my spank bank after the first week.

I was imagining my neighbor directly downstairs one night after work, and I blew my load so quickly at the thought of her mouth around my dick. I decided the best thing after a great orgasm like that was a soak in the community hot tub, so I threw on some trunks and headed for the pool.

It was still early, around dinnertime, and starting to get dark. I was relaxed and happy, hoping to think up some new

material to masturbate to, when I saw the most beautiful woman I'd ever laid eyes on, sitting in the hot tub. Her tits were a full D, and slick from the water. A few bubbles from the jets slid into her cleavage and left tiny water beads when they popped. She wore a red string bikini, her dark hair pulled up onto her head. Even five minutes after pleasuring myself, I felt my dick start to chub at the sight of her.

She smiled when I got in and said a polite hello, but then rested her head on the edge and closed her eyes, basically telling me she wasn't going to chitchat. No problem, because this meant I could stare and not get caught. Since her head was tilted on the ledge of the jacuzzi, her back was arched and her boobs were practically floating on top of the water. If there was ever a time to motorboat a woman, this was it. But I restrained myself.

My cock was twitching now, being so close to this hot, bikini-clad woman with her tits pretty much in my face. I wondered what she was thinking about; she seemed to have a bit of a grin on her face, but it was dark now and I couldn't tell for sure. Drifting off into a fantasy of what her

bottom half looked like, and all the things my dick would do down there, I closed my eyes and let the air from the jets tickle my balls and add to my fun.

Within moments, I was rock-hard and the hot water made my entire body tingle. I was aware of every sensation, and even the wind on my damp face made my balls clench. I opened my eyes and was shocked to see that the foxy lady was looking right at me. I couldn't read her expression, but I'm sure she read mine.

I didn't know what to say, so I stuttered, "N-n-nice night."

"Mmm," she softly moaned, "I love nights like this, when I can just soak away the stress."

I'm not the best-looking dude, but I've had my share of pussy. I hadn't fucked anyone since my ex, but I hadn't been out of the scene for *that* long, and I knew I had an opportunity.

"You're stressed? I happen to give a mean shoulder massage..." I put on my charming face, and she bit.

"Oh, I'd love one," she said. "I knew you were awesome as soon as I saw you walk over." She turned around and draped her arms on the side of the hot tub. Her hands were wrapped around opposite elbows, and she rested her forehead on her arms.

I sloshed over and gently put my hands on the curve of her neck, and started rubbing toward her shoulders. I felt her relax immediately, while my dick did the opposite. I loved the way she felt, and I was desperate to reach around and feel her tits. I wondered how much would fit in my hands, and how fast I could get her nipples hard, even in the hot water.

She let out a few soft moans, so I took my chances and put my lips near her ear and whispered, "I also give a mean full-body massage." She didn't hesitate, and with a huge smile she turned and said, "Let's go."

Like a little puppy, I followed Mandy back to her apartment and mentally made note of her perfect ass. It was bigger than what I'm used to, but firm and round. When she walked, one cheek would go slightly

