

PLAYBOY

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

www.playboy.com • NOVEMBER 2009

THE DEVIL IN
MARGE
SIMPSON

VICTORIA'S SECRET
STUNNER
ALINA
PUSCAU

TERRIFYING
NEW WORK BY
STEPHEN
KING

BADLANDS
A PLAYBOY
DISPATCH
FROM THE
TEXAS
BORDER

OUR ANGEL
A TRIBUTE TO
FARRAH
FAWCETT

THE
MADNESS
OF TRACY
MORGAN

THE INTERVIEW
BENICIO DEL TORO



MATT GROENING

\$5.99



0 70992 35270 8 11 >



FRENCH

DISH

BY HONZ HANZHEA

ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST EROTIC WRITERS VISITS A PARISIAN BISTRO— AND FINDS A REDHEAD ON THE MENU

She was sitting at the corner table. Red hair, green eyes, pale skin, pretty but somehow unfinished. I love corner tables. I don't like anyone behind me unless he's been cleared for the job. Chez Benoit is the kind of classic bistro you visit when you die and go to Paris: cozy red banquettes, waiters wearing long white tablecloths as aprons, walls of graying old mirrors.

It was May and we were in France, me and the guy, the lover of the moment—lucky bastard. The maître d' said we could have the table beside the redhead. Sure. Her long hair was loose and framing her face, which was buried in a book. As the waiter slid our table out for me to slip in beside her, I got a glimpse of crossed stockinged legs ending in ruby-red stilettos. Almost whorish but also sweet, with the book and all. *Tropic of Cancer*—a romantic.

The table was pressed back into place, and there we were, trapped side by side. My guy sat across from me and, because the space was so tight, sort of opposite her, too. The waiter arrived to take her order. Voilà! She was American and having trouble reading the menu, so I offered to help: *coq au vin, sole meunière*....

I could smell her perfume, one of those designer fragrances that hit you over the head and never let you go. Nothing made in the past 20 years is worth anything. Guerlain, Chanel, Balenciaga—they carry the history of all the lovers who wore it before you. But this girl was wearing a scent that was ahistoric. Perhaps she didn't have any history either.

We had dinner together, sharing two bottles of red wine. She was a mid-level executive for a Kansas electronics company and was in Paris attending a conference. All that wine, and tongues were loosened. Always gathering sexual information, I got hers: She was a good girl. She had a boyfriend in Wichita who had recently proposed and before him three other consecutive monogamies. She was going to marry the fourth dick she had ever known! I felt a Mother Teresa urge to save her.

My guy picked up the check and suggested we continue the evening elsewhere. He mentioned the Jacuzzi in the spa at our hotel, a converted monastery, a short walk away in the Marais. I thought the idea was a long shot, but I asked her anyway. Bingo.

It was midnight, and we had the place to ourselves. She and I went into the ladies' room and respectfully took off our clothes, not looking at each other. But I did see a black garter belt pass through the air. He was already sitting in the Jacuzzi when we came out, with tequilas thoughtfully placed along the

curved edge. I took off the hotel robe and plunged in, but she had an attack of shyness. We teased her, but nothing worked. She got into the hot tub wrapped in her white robe, which absorbed water and floated out as she lowered herself. Miss Kansas, naked in a Jacuzzi in a strange Paris hotel with two people she had known for only a few hours.

I felt a leg underwater. I vaguely apologized, but she ignored me and let her leg linger near mine. My guy's eyes were alert. Then it happened, but I'm not sure how. Once a connection is made those crucial crossover moments get lost. I was touching her arm underwater, sliding my hand down, when I reached her hand—pow! She grabbed hold. It was one of those I-don't-believe-this-is-happening moments that accompany the impossible manifesting. Miss four-lover, 100 percent heterosexual Kansas was clutching my hand with a kind of desperation, as if she was drowning and I was the rope.

I looked into her beautiful green eyes and leaned in to kiss her, which seemed the only decent thing to do. She tilted her head and whispered in my ear, "I don't want an ordinary life." Then she opened her lovely mouth wide. When I kissed her she gave me her tongue and started running her hands across my breasts. I had more than I could ever have imagined with her. A kiss would have been enough to make it one of those amazing Parisian nights. I slid my hand down her narrow little belly. I felt a few hairs on her pussy, very few, on a vertical strip. I didn't know they had runways in Kansas. The lower I touched the more she gripped and groaned.

I whispered to her that we should get out of the water. She was in a daze and thought whatever I suggested was a good idea. No wonder men like obedient women—so do I. I climbed out first, and she got a view of my body—ballet dancer, small brunette triangle. I ushered her into the sauna, and moments later he arrived, tented towel around his waist. He sat across from us, leaning back.

The room was hot and small. I placed her facing me on the higher level, and I slid down in front of her, pinching her hard nipples—she had a tight petite body, like mine—and landed at the strip. I knelt on the lower bench, fitting myself between her thighs. Her perfume had faded and she smelled real, sweet. The redhead had found some history, and it wasn't looking too ordinary—at least from where I sat.

Later my guy and I relived the whole evening, every detail of her. We never saw her again. No point in ruining it with numbers and e-mails. The girl from Kansas had been to Oz and found the wizard was a woman.