

MAX

ALL 40+ D-CUPPERS

K49291

MARCH, 1990 \$4.95 U.S. \$6.95 CANADA



BELINDA
44DD
FREAK SEXER

VIVIAN
41DD
ORAL
ACROBAT

SYBIL
43DD RUMP
HUMPER



INTENDED FOR
MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18.

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HOOKER HOUSEWIFE

Dear MAX:

I am a 5'9", 125 lb. blonde 44DD-22-37, 29-year-old. I'm married to a 45-year-old traveling salesman and I have a 10-year-old daughter. Most of my day consists of cleaning the house and watching Geraldo and Phil on TV and I get bored when my husband is out of town. One Monday night the men who live on our street came over and said it was my husband's turn to host the Monday night football poker party. He had forgotten to tell me it was our turn to host before he had left town. I told the men I would be ready to host them at the kickoff.

I changed into a one-piece skin-tight white aerobic workout suit with a black belt and matching two-inch dress pumps and a pair of regular suntan pantyhose. I made some chips and dips and got some beer ready.

I served the men and everything was going fine as they watered at the mouth over my legs and boobs. About midway through the third quarter I left the men, went into the den and put my Cosmopolitan Dance Aerobics into the VCR. As I praced around the room, I made sure that the men would notice me doing my aerobics. After their football game was over they came into the den and started clapping. As I was moving around the room I began to slow-jog from one point to another, stopping at one end, pivoting, then clapping my hands once together, then slow-jogging back to the other end. After I had done this several times, one of the men whisked me into my bedroom.

Soon they were all standing



there. Three of the men wanted to screw my pussy. The other two wanted to tit-fuck me. I was so hot and ready from my aerobics that I asked them to gang-fuck me. As I supported each man with my legs, I gave his face moist, warm kisses. By the time the last man was done with me, my pussy was filled to the brim with sperm.

They left \$500 on my pillow and they took two of my bras and a pair of my pantyhose. The life of the hooker housewife is so hard.

Ta for now,
Melissa Gustafson

AND A SLUT HOUSEWIFE

Dear MAX:

My wife and I agree with the attitude of your girls. Public nudity is the ultimate turn-on. Anytime. Anyplace.

My wife has been a slut since I met her. I used to be embarrassed by her shameless dressing, but not any more. We've had the college boys next door over playing ball in



the yard with our two grown sons, and she walks out with the sexiest bathing suit she owns on, with tits falling out the front and sides and a healthy amount of pubic hair revealed. She's a bitch.

One of the most daring things she's done happened this summer. While the couple across the street were working in their front yard, Karen set up her lawn chair in our own front yard. She was wearing a very short denim skirt, no panties, and a bikini top. After she knew they were aware of her, she took her top off completely before slowly drapping it across her nipples. Then as she lay there reading she raised her knees with her legs parted slightly.

Now, in order to see how effective her show was, I walked across the street to strike up a conversation with Lenny and his wife. While there, I'd be able to see what they were seeing. Lenny said playfully "You'd better tell your wife to be careful—she's giving me ideas!" I still hadn't looked back as

I laughed and said good-bye.

When I did turn around I realized that our dream had come true. There, to everyone's full view, was my wife on her back, tits hanging on either side of her chest. Fully exposed was the fuck-hole I love best. It was clear to see from my friend's curbside.

Karen stayed that way for about an hour, her cunt in full view to passing cars. She feels a need to expose herself. We feel sex should be fun. Your magazine promotes this idea. Thank you.

Donny L.
Northfield, NJ

which told me that I was not alone in being turned on by the presence of the young health enthusiasts. It read "JERK OFF TO JAZZERCISE." That immediately struck me as an excellent idea.

As if unable to control myself, I went outside the center and found the window which opened on the Jazzercise room. Fortunately, there was a big forsythia bush right outside the window, which hid me from passersby on the street. I watched the dancing, jogging, stretching, pumping, flexing bodies moving in time to the music through the window until my cock

thought she was going to draw the blind over my face, but instead she bent down and said softly in my ear "You seem very interested. Why don't you meet me here after class?"

After all of the girls had changed back into their street clothes and filed out of the exercise room I waited a few minutes and then entered. The beautiful instructor was waiting for me. She locked the door and turned up the hi-fi full blast so that nobody would hear us. Then, as I stood there amazed, she began to peel off her leotards.

"Show me what you do after you watch me and the girls working out," she said. Only too happily, I whipped out my dick and began to stroke it while hungrily eyeing her fantastic body. Sitting with her knees on an exercise mattress, she spread her legs slightly and inserted two fingers into her pussy. Then she began to gyrate her hips in time to the music so that she was finger-fucking herself. I could hardly believe my eyes. With her free hands she was massaging one of her big firm breasts. We never touched each other, and when I reached out to grab her she grabbed my wrist and held it away from her and told me, "No." I accepted this, and it turned out to be one of the hottest sex sessions I've ever experienced! We just devoured each other with our eyes while we shamelessly masturbated until we both simultaneously exploded into orgasm—her moaning loudly and heaving, me shooting a big wad all over the exercise mattress. Afterwards she told me that she can't have me peeping in on the Jazzercise sessions anymore, but we can jack off to Jazzercise together one-to-one once or twice a week if I showed up immediately after the session. That was just last week. Whoever would have thought that some of my hottest sex ever would not only be almost completely anonymous, but also without any actual touching? I can't wait until next week.

Charles G.
Sunnyvale, CA



JAZZY JERK-OFF

Dear MAX:

At the community center in my town there is a "Jazzercise" program where lots of beautiful, shapely young women in skin-tight leotards work out to the rhythm of modern jazz. I would frequently hang around the community center during the Jazzercise sessions to discreetly watch these lovely babes coming and going, usually with a raging hard-on.

One day I was in the men's room at the center when I saw some graffiti on the door of one of the stalls

was tight against my jeans and I couldn't take it any more. With those beautiful images still fresh in my mind, I went back to the men's room and jerked off until I shot my wad.

This became a habit, and I found myself memorizing the Jazzercise schedule and rarely missing a single "show." One time, in the middle of the music, the instructor, a tall woman in her early thirties with wonderful shapely legs and big firm breasts came right over to the window where I was peering in, pretending to be invisible. I

NEIGHBORLY NOOKIE

Dear MAX:

My next door neighbor Carolyn has been driving me crazy for years. She's a pretty thing in her early twenties who dresses in the summer in very short cut-off jeans and tight T-shirts, often the sleeveless kind which reveal tantalizingly ample proportions of her massive boobs. Tired of yet another summer of squirming in frustration as I watched her hang out in her yard or parade along the sidewalk, I finally decided to make a move.

Our backyards are separated by a high wooden fence, but I strategically drilled a small hole, which would look like a knothole if you noticed it at all, so that I could look in at her and gauge the opportune moment to make my move.

It came as I was peeping through the "knothole" one sunny afternoon last August. Carolyn was sun bathing on a blanket in her yard and I saw her peel off her T-shirt to reveal her tremendous boobs. This was the first time I had seen them naked and they were just as beautiful as I had imagined. When I saw her take out a bottle of suntan lotion and slowly pour it on her tits, I knew I couldn't wait another minute.

Quiet as a mouse, I slipped into the narrow alley between her house and the wooden fence which separates our homes and followed it into her backyard. I stood there silently, watching as she massaged the lotion into her breasts, obviously horny. Then I spoke. "I'd be happy to do that for you, Carolyn."

She gasped and jumped a little, realizing for the first time that I was there, but then she just gawked at the growing bulge in my pants and made no effort to cover up. Finally she smiled and said "Uh . . . okay" and held out her breasts to me in offering.

I took one in each hand and began massaging, squeezing, pinching and probing the wet, slippery, soft boobs as she looked me right in the eye, breathing heavily. She opened my fly, fished out my dick and began jacking it off. That

was all the invitation I needed! I rubbed my prick into her slick boobs, sliding up and down her cleavage until I came all over her. She seemed very happy at this, and even scooped up a fingerful of the stuff from her chest and tasted it, then giggled. But she was still horny and pushed my head down between her spread legs. I kissed her soft, smooth thighs and smelled her fragrant pussy through her shorts. Then she removed her shorts and pushed my head into

her hairy mound. I ate her until she was moaning and I was hard again, and then we fucked wildly right there on her blanket on the grass! Wow!

We've gotten it on several times since then, and I can't get enough of her or her big sweet titties. She's the first woman I've had who is beautiful and big-titted enough to appear in the pages of MAX. Maybe one day she will.

Anthony G.
Sacramento, CA



VIVIAN:

SUCK STRUCK

• 41DD-24-38 •



"I'm a girl with a special skill. It's a skill that I've developed over the years through lots of ardent practice, a sensual skill that I've honed to a point of tantalizing perfection that can drive any man wild. I'm a suck-off girl."

"There's nothing in the world I like more than giving head. I'm happiest when I'm down on my knees between a man's legs taking the length of his shaft into my expert mouth. As the precious beads of pre-cum emerge from the tip, I lick them



off. My lips encircle the head and the shaft tightly as I move my head up and down, sending my man into a paradise of sensual pleasure. My teeth scrape ever-so-lightly along the top and bottom of his cock, while my tongue dances along the sinewy flesh; greedily suck-

ing that salty masculinity. The smell fills me, making me even hotter, and I make happy little noises as I hungrily devour his meat.

"I like to give myself totally to any man that I'm with, because pleasing is what makes me feel best. His pleasure is my



pleasure. And I've learned that there is nothing that men like better than a good blow-job. I love it when his hands explore my body as I suck him, especially when he puts his hands on my breasts and kneads and pinches and squeezes them. When he tweaks my nipples, I suck even harder, grunting loudly around



the flesh that fills my mouth. I love it.

And then—oh I get so excited just thinking about it—and then he starts to cum. I hear him grunting and panting and I know he's about to shoot. I take the whole shaft in my mouth, as far as it will go, until my nose is buried in his pubic hair and the head is lodged in the back of my throat. Then I flex and contract my throat muscles and my man screams in orgasm and sends his cum right down my gullet. Other times I take the shaft out of my mouth and flutter the tip of my tongue furiously right on the glans until he shoots right into my mouth. That way I can savor the taste on my tongue for a few seconds before I swallow it. Or sometimes I'll take it out of my mouth completely and grip the meat in my hands, jerking it until it shoots off in my face. I open my mouth and see how well I can aim, how much of it will land on my tongue so I can swallow my favorite tasty treat!

"I love giving such exquisite pleasure to my man. And I love knowing that I'm such a good suck-off girl that men will *always* come back for more."









Thompson's TIT TREATMENT

DREAM CREAM GONE BUST

By R.B. Lawrence

The door to the office of the president of Thompson Labs burst open as the young executive came into the office yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Chief! We've got a disaster on our hands!" the young man exclaimed.

"Calm down, Quimby!" replied the elder man. "What's the problem? The stock market bottom out again?"

"No, even worse!" said the excited man, trying to catch his breath. "You remember that experimental batch for the new version of Thompson's Tit Treatment?"

"The mega concentrate?" asked Dr. Emilio Thompson in a cautious tone, remembering the catastrophic effects of the compound.

"Yes . . . It was supposed to be destroyed, but it got rerouted to packaging and distribution. It's been shipped out in a standard bottle and case like the rest to God knows where!"

"My Lord!" said the older man. He sat in his chair in silence for a brief moment, then sprang into action. "Start an immediate recall of all shipments that have gone out in the past 48 hours, as well as phone calls to all our listed dispensing physicians . . . Have public relations start

putting together a campaign for damage control in a worst case scenario . . . And get the legal department in here . . . NOW!"

Quimby sped out of the office on command as the president opened a file drawer in his desk and removed a sealed red envelope with the words "TOP SECRET" printed in black across the face. He broke the seal and slipped the contents of the folder onto his desk. The first thing he saw were the photos of the test subjects for the mega concentrate of the compound which made him a millionaire. "The hope for all flat-chested women everywhere!" they had called it, and for the past five years it was just that. Bra manufacturers had ceased almost all production of bra sizes smaller than 36D long ago, as the bustlines of the women of the world grew bigger than ever.

The mega concentrate was supposed to decrease the amount used, as well as shrink the bottle size, saving thousands of dollars in packaging and shipping costs. But all it did was give the lab boys nightmares when they realized their test subjects weren't stopping at just a gain of a few inches or a cup size. Thompson scanned the pictures of the lovely young ladies before and after the tests. The size of their breasts had indeed increased, but after the third and final application of

the cream, they had grown to proportions unseen before by man or woman.

And now there was a full sized bottle of this substance out there, somewhere, with the growth capacity dozens of times greater than the normal prescription.

He buried his head in his hands, praying for the unfortunate woman who would be spreading the cream on her breasts if they didn't get the shipment back in time!

Callie Bellman slowly, sensually spread the cream over her small breasts, feeling the tingling effects of the compound bring a flush to her body, the sensation making her nipples swell with blood, turning them bright pink and erect. She then saw her skin literally drinking up the cream, leaving no trace as her breasts absorbed the compound completely.

The months of waiting for her doctor's allotment of Thompson's Tit Treatment was worth it, she thought, as she saw the first effects of the wonder drug begin to appear. She watched as her small, flat breasts began to slowly swell, growing before her eyes. They became rounder, fuller, heavier with each passing second.

After several minutes of wide-eyed fascination, the first stage of growth had ceased, leaving Callie with breasts large enough to fill a 34C bra, let alone overflowing her 30A. She shook her shoulders and jumped up and down,

watching as her breasts swayed, bounced and jiggled with every little movement, feeling their weight.

She then went into her closet, pulling on blouse after blouse to see how they looked with her now bigger tits. Every time she put on or took off the tops, the sensation of the cloth or silk brushing across the nipples made them tingle as well as made her squeal a little more each time. She just couldn't wait for the two-hour waiting period to pass before the next application.

She grew up small-chested in a world where every one of her girlfriends carried a considerable amount of weight in their full, underwire bras. She watched as the boy's eyes strayed to the juggling, shifting masses under their cheerleader and pep squad sweaters while she sat alone in the stands.

Now, after months on a waiting list, and thousands of dollars, she would have a pair of tits that would be the envy of even the hordes of women enlarged by T.T.T.

As she sat anxiously awaiting the time for the next application, she thought about Dr. William Smith, the man who got her the prescription for the tit cream. He was cute, with long black hair and a warm smile. I wouldn't mind seeing him after the final treatment, she thought.

She knew that her size wouldn't be all that big, however, remembering what Bill Smith had said.

"Now, the growth potential varies from woman to woman," he had carefully explained in their first meeting. "So, don't get your hopes up too much, but there have been remarkable stories about major development in breast size after the first two applications."

The third application was the fixer. It only enlarged the breasts slightly, but set the breast size on a permanent basis, changing only with an increase of the person's body weight. She sat there impatiently awaiting the next stage, thinking of her meeting with him after this was all over. Although he probably saw the biggest tits in the world, she thought, her's would be the best, even if she had to use the whole damn bottle!!

"PAYDIRT!!" exclaimed Quimby, as once more burst, unannounced, into the president's office.

"You've found it?" asked the equally excited executive.

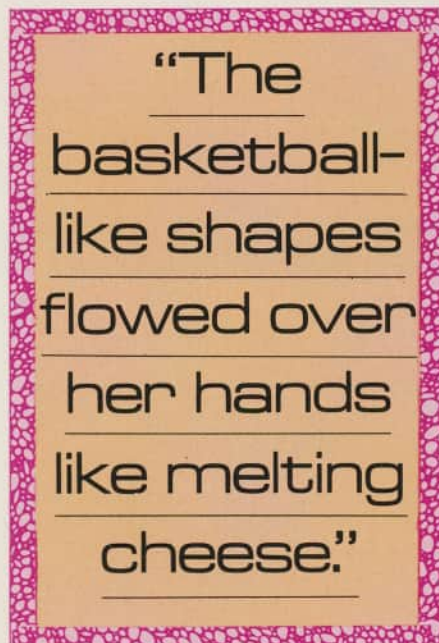
"Yes! . . . The delivery was made just this morning, so we have a good chance of recovery."

"Thank God!" said Thompson, letting out a relieved sigh. "Who is the physician?"

"Doctor William Smith of Oakgrove. I have my people making the call right now to find out if he's still got the batch."

"Let's pray he does!" said the worried man.

Callie sat back in the chair after the effects from the second application of tit cream had subsided, shocked at the rapid growth this time, as well as the volume her breasts had attained. They had swelled like fruit ripening on a tree in a time lapse film. They now hung low on her chest, full, round, heavy with soft, jiggly flesh. Her aureolas had expanded and now were fist sized and jutting out at least an inch and a half, pushing her now-swollen nipples even further out than before. She gently lifted her tits, the basketball-like shapes flowing over the edges of her hands like melting cheese. They now could fill a 46DD bra, with some flesh to spare. Shocked as she was, she still thrilled to the sensation of the huge, warm orbs in her hands, cupping them gently as if afraid they would burst like the circus balloons they now resembled.



She lifted up the left one, moving the stiff, erect nipple towards her mouth. She longed to suck on her own tits since seeing it in a porno flick and now she had the chance to do it. She carefully and with some hesitation, began to slide her tongue towards the eagerly awaiting protrusion, the area already goosebumped by her warm breath on the soft, pink flesh. She felt a chill run down her body as her wet, questing tongue brushed the tip of the nipple, then began lapping at the jutting teat like a kitten. Over and around, the warm, wet muscle drew circles and rings around her dark brown aureoles, then moved across the nipple. Each stroke of her snake-like tongue sent an electric shock from the sensitive nipple skin down across her belly and ending at her ever-growing clut.

She released the other breast and ran

her hand down into her tight jeans, popping the buttons, then moving under her panties to massage the swollen flesh of her clut. Almost immediately, she slid her fingers deep into her moist pussy, which was well on it's way to soaking her panties.

She switched off between her huge tits, sucking and licking, them 'till the nipples were red. She came several times over, bucking and writhing on the bed, the sofa, in the shower, each time seeing Dr. Bill Smith in her mind.

Quimby hung up the phone with a distressed look on his face. He then turned to his boss who knew by his expression that something was very wrong.

"Tell me," demanded Thompson.

"We got ahold of Dr. Smith and checked his stock numbers. He gave out three bottles of tit treatment. Two of them checked out as being normal strength compound." Quimby paused and took a big swallow.

"And the third?" asked the anxious man.

"It's the concentrate . . . But he knows who has it and he's on his way over to the woman's apartment right now. Her phone is off the hook."

"Are we in time?" Thompson inquired.

"Yes, I think so. If she's following the instructions on the bottle, there's still an hour left before she takes the final treatment to fix her breast size."

"God, I hope so . . . Just in case, get the legal and biomed team to his office and get the address of this woman ASAP!"

Bill Smith was out of breath when he made it to the top floor of Callie's 10-story apartment building, not wanting to wait for the elevator. He made his way to the door, still panting, and rang the bell.

Callie had finally found a shirt that could stretch enough to cover her huge tits when she heard the door bell. She walked out of her bedroom closet, seeing she had accidentally knocked the phone off the hook during one of her mad masturbation sessions. She hung the phone back up and strode to the door, her eyes glancing down at the bouncing masses of flesh thrusting forward, unrestrained by a bra, as if trying to poke through the thin material of the shirt to escape.

She opened the door and her face registered shock at the appearance of Dr. Smith. His own face, still flushed from the stairs, turned to amazement at seeing the once fragile, lithe young woman now sporting one enormous pair of hooters!

"Bill! . . . er, Dr. Smith!" she exclaimed. "What a surprise! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, Miss Bellman . . . I'm so glad to see you're O.K. . . . Have you taken the

(continued on page page 70)

ROSEMARIE:



42DD-25-37

*Splendor
In The Ass*



"I'm just a simple all-American girl from the midwest, ex-cheerleader, ex-student government, ex-ass virgin. That really goes together more than you might imagine. Even growing up in these modern times (I'm twenty), middle American girls are cautioned heavily about giving up their cherries to just any guy. Mom made such a big deal about staying a virgin for my husband that I held out until I got into college.

"Then suddenly I was in a coed dorm. Men in underwear were walking around in the halls. I wanted to be mortified, instead I was hornified. The stuff be-

tween my legs would simply ache every time I saw some guy's bulge, hidden only by jockey shorts. I had to have relief, but I sure didn't want to disappoint mom.

"The problem was taken out of my hands. I was walking home one night from a movie in town and this boy stopped and offered me a ride. I recognized him from my African Studies class. He was handsome and so exotic, like nothing I'd ever known. He talked so friendly as we drove that I decided to tell him my problem and ask his advice, as a man. He screeched the







car to a halt and told me he'd show me his advice instead of telling me. His strong arms lifted me over into the back seat, and he quickly followed.

"Next thing I knew, my shorts were around my knees and my ass was in the air. His powerful hands arranging my body had me quivering with passion. He kept saying he could ease my itch without taking my virginity and I was willing to do anything to have that itch scratched. Then I felt his spit-slicked cock pushing at me ass. Oh god, he was going to fuck me back there! I was too aroused to stop him though, wanted it too much to stop him. Instead, I pushed my ass back at him, forcing my asshole to open up for his big black

A woman with blonde, wavy hair is lying on her side on a bed. She is wearing a light pink, short-sleeved top with a subtle pattern and a matching skirt with a bold geometric pattern. She is propped up on her left arm, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a soft, out-of-focus pink.

dick. With a satisfied grunt he sank to the balls in my butt. I bit my fist, holding back the scream, and he eased it in and out, loosening me for the hard pounding to come.

"When the pounding came, so did I. My orgasmic wailing and my butt pounding back to meet each stroke pushed him over the edge. He filled my bowels with molten cum, and filled my head with a whole new longing.

"So I've let a lot of guys bust my butt now. My itch gets scratched, and my cute little pussy is still untouched for the husband I'll someday have."

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's legs, showing the upper thighs and knees. The skin is a warm, reddish-brown tone. The background is dark and out of focus.







MARLENE:

Cheatin' Wife 40D-26-37

"I know I'm a beautiful woman, but sometimes the craving to get *dirty* is so strong I can't control myself. For instance, for a long time I've had my eye on the young man who picks up the garbage here at the big suburban house where I live with my husband. One morning a few weeks ago, after my husband left for work, I took a long, hot bath and masturbated in the tub until my pussy was quivering and ready. Then I put on some of my sexiest underwear. I don't know if I was *consciously* waiting for the garbage truck to come, but when I heard it pull up to the curb I went to the window and peeked at the sweaty, dirty hunk I had been thinking about in the tub. And I just knew that I *had* to have him on top of me.

"I put a flimsy see-through night gown on top of my sexy black underwear and opened my front door. When he saw me standing there, his eyes nearly popped out of his head! I asked him in for coffee, my pussy juices flowing as he came into the living room.

"I couldn't even wait long enough to go through the bullshit of making coffee! Without exchanging a word, I fell to my knees and undid his fly. He stammered nervously—I guess it isn't very often that an ordinary working class Joe in dirty overalls gets his cock sucked by a beautiful shapely blonde in sexy lingerie. But his confused stuttering soon turned to moans of delight as my tongue worked his meaty shaft.

I shuddered with pleasure as his hands freed my big tits from my lacy black bra, squeezing and massaging them as I sucked.

"When we were both ready to fuck, I lay face down on the floor and pushed my smooth, soft ass





toward him seductively. He immediately jumped on top of me and thrust into my willing pussy from behind. With both hands pawing my tits, he slammed away at my cunt from behind, the smell of his sweaty body overwhelming me. I writhed and squirmed and cried. I was in heaven!

"We both got off good, and finally sprawled exhausted on the floor. He thanked me, and I said, 'Don't be silly—the pleasure was mine! Thank you!'

"Since then, I've gotten it on with my sexy garbage man almost every morning. I've given him blow-jobs and tit-fucks and it's some of the best sex I've ever had. Unfortunately, they are going to transfer him to another route and we won't be able to continue these steamy, sweaty, mid-morning bouts on my living room floor. Guess I'll have to find somebody else to make this beautiful blonde suburban wench feel real *dirty*."









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41D-



26-36



LOOKING FOR A FEW BAD MEN

"I want to fuck and suck five guys at once. You heard me. Five. One in my asshole, one in my pussy, one in my mouth and one in each hand. All at once!

"I don't remember how I first thought of this fantasy, but I've had it for a long time, and I think it's about time I did something about it. I've been fucked in the pussy and the asshole plenty of times, and whenever there's a hard cock splitting either hole, I always wonder what it would feel like to have both fucked at once. If my pussy is being fucked, I'll plunge a finger or two into my asshole, but I know it's not like the real thing.

"I'm a real oral freak too. I'd rather put a cock in my mouth than food, and when there's a big, thick dick crammed between my lips I again can't help but wonder what the sensation would be like of having my other set of lips crammed and fucked at the same time. I guess I'm just greedy or something.

"The way I fantasize it, I'd have five naked guys standing around me in a circle while I'm on my knees. They would each present their cocks to my mouth so that I could suck them hard. When I had them all standing straight up like flagpoles I would pick out the guy with the biggest cock





and have him lie on his back so that I could sit on his cock. When it was all the way in me, stretching the walls of my tight cunt, I would pick another guy to plug my asshole. When they were both in me nice and tight, sawing in and out of my stretched holes, I would wrap my mouth around a third cock and start sucking. To finish off the formation, I would have the two remaining guys present their cocks to my hands.

"I'd try to make the guys I was masturbating cum first so that their streams of cum would fall all over my tits. Then I would like the guy I'm blowing to pull his dick out of my mouth and squirt his load all over my face so that I would have cum dripping from chin to tits.

"That would leave the two cocks in my pussy and asshole. First, the one in my asshole should explode while being furiously pumped in and out of the rubbery opening, causing me to scream in delight. Finally, as he's pulling out, the cock in my pussy would erupt in a volcano of streaming goo, sending waves of orgasm spreading through me. Bet I'd buck like a wild bronco. Damn, that sounds good!

"Wait a minute. I forgot that one guy could be fucking me between my tits! Guess I'll need six men instead!"











LISA:



Can't Stay Away

42D-26-38

"I must have retired more times than any other girl in this business, and every time I have to come back. It's usually a man who inspires me to quit. I fall in love and he gets jealous of all the guys jerking off to my photos, and I stop posing. Then I start to feel the waste of it all.

"See, I think like my body is my talent. I'm given this talent to turn men on and make them have better jerk-offs. When I give myself to just one man it's like letting a painter only paint one subject. I get real sad thinking of all the masturbators like you out there who need my big tits and spread cunt for a good cum. How can I be so selfish as to keep myself from you?

"So I return. Then after a few photos run, one of you always tracks me down and fucks me real good and lets me suck his dick all I want and next thing you know I'm in love again. I just can't fuck without falling in love it seems. And then he wants me to stop the thing that made him love me in the first place. Go figure!



"No more of that. From now on I'm only going out with men who like to fuck around and expect the same from me. I hope to find a man who's a big masturbator himself and can get into jerking off to my photos. That way he'll want me to pose a lot. I'll even help. I love to blow a guy while he looks at porno. It feels so decadent. I'll lie on my back and he can straddle my face and feed his dick down my throat. Then he can lay all my dirty photos out on the pillows above my head and turn the pages while fucking my mouth. I'll get the kick of staring up into his eyes, watching the lust grow as he peruses my indecent, sprawling poses. Then I'll know he's come to his favorite photo as I feel his cock pulse to maximum hardness in my mouth. I'll raise my head, forcing his cock into my throat and then I'll tighten and relax my throat muscles as I've learned to do, actually milking his cum out with my throat.

"Oh what a big wonderful load he'll feed me! I'll cum so hard, as I always do when eating sperm. And then the next day he'll start hinting that it'd be nice to see some new photos of me to masturbate to. It's a dream life for sure, don't you think?"









GYBIL

Secret Drawings
43DD-25-37



"I'm not a normal woman. I know I look like your average big breasts, wasp waisted, flawless skinned beauty, but I have a dark secret. A sex secret. Oh, it's nothing wrong with my pussy. My pussy works just like any other. You stuff your pulsing cock into its incredibly tight confines, slam your hips against my firm, bouncy butt cheeks thirty to fifty times and I expode into clawing, shrieking orgasm just as your own load of love jets into my deepest womanly reaches, just like any mildly nymphomaniacal woman. No, my secret lies in my tits.

"It's so hard to say, I guess that's why I'm purging myself by saying it to thousands of strangers through MAX. Anyway, what it is, I experience another, totally different kind of orgasm from having my tits sucked. There, I've said it, I'm a freak of some kind. When you take my swollen nipple into your mouth and suck it hard, drawing the aureola into your mouth along with my nipple, a strange hum starts up in my body. Warmth spreads through me, radiating from that nipple in your mouth. I cup your head in my hands, kissing your hair murmuring how good you make me feel. Tenderness is part of the oddity of this orgasm. I love you, no matter who you are, at that moment, and want to do anything to make you happy. As you keep sucking, the heat intensifies. It feels as if my tits are pulsing along with your rhythmic sucking. The unsucked nipple has turned a deep, blood-red and stands up stiffly atop the engorged, puffed out aureola. I brush my fingertips across it and shudder with the intensity of feeling.



"Now my arms and legs wrap around you. I'm lost in a sea of lust, all sensation concentrated in my straining tits.

"Then I feel it. From deep in my chest, in my very heart, the orgasm builds. 'Harder,' I wail. 'Suck me harder, swallow that thing!' My back arches off the bed, driving my tit into your mouth. I clamp the unsucked nipple between my thumb and finger and give into the explosion in my chest. Waves of pleasure engulf me. I babble, moan, weep, and still, as long as you keep sucking, the orgasm, or breast-gasm, as I think of it, keeps on going.

"At last I must beg you to stop, feeling wrung out and extraordinarily peaceful at the same time. As good as it makes me feel, I still know it's not normal, that I'm a freak. All I can hope is that now I've bared my secret, some understanding man will still want me."







SEX EDUCATION

I'm Always Willing To Teach

By Kimberly

As an associate professor of Foreign Languages at a rather large university I come in contact with not a few young people who are ready to spread their wings and blossom sexually. It is always a satisfying experience when I allow one or more of them to experiment with what excites them. When I am in an arousing mood I wear my sexiest outfit into the classroom. It always must have a slit in the skirt so that I may flash without being obvious about it. I love to show off what I have been endowed with... a cunt that's always ready and a lovely set of boobs that's more than ample. Whatever blouse I wear is undone a few buttons, so that the swell of my globes can be readily seen when I open my blazer.

Every time I have tried this approach I have had 95% of the male students drooling, especially after my tirk of writing on the blackboard and allowing my skirt to slip up so that they can see I'm wearing a garter belt and stockings, but no panties. When I sit down in my chair I pull my skirt up a little and spread my legs wide. They drool at my juicy, hairy pussy being displayed. I've even had a few horny studs jack off in class. That's a turn-on to watch them grabbing their dicks in their pants and jerking until they let out a slight moan, or show by the expression on their face that they have just shot a huge load of white cream in their shorts. When that happens, sometimes I reach down and finger my dripping hole just a little to show them that teacher can cum, too.

One morning, as I conducted my Spanish I, I noticed one young man, Miquel, was looking at the top of my breasts and beginning to drool with lust. I smiled at him, turned around to the blackboard and undid a couple more buttons on my blouse, then sped around once more. This time he could see that I was braless, because my cleavage was very visible. I made it a point as I passed out homework papers to bend down in front of him and exhibit my golden globes. I found myself dripping wet at the thought of having a new prospective lover. He watched me through the rest of the class very closely. Just before I dismissed the class I flashed my pussy as I reached up as

far as I possibly could to write their assignment on the blackboard. I wanted to leave the classroom before any of them could, in order to continue the tease for a couple more classes before allowing him to converse with me afterwards, as I was sure he would do. He didn't seem the shy type.

It did surprise me a bit to see him walking towards the podium so quickly after dismissal. He held his books to hide his erection, I noticed. How quaint.

"Miss Chamberlain, could I please accompany you to your office? I'm having so much difficulty with those two verbs. I was hoping you could help me," he said with determination.

"Very well, Miquel. Let's adjourn to my office then," I answered as I walked

"She revealed her garter belt, stockings and hairless cunt."

beside him, and we chatted until we reached the confines of my private space. I couldn't wait to get him inside. I unlocked the door. As he opened it for me, I could see he was indeed hiding a monstrous erection with his books. He didn't know that I noticed, though.

"Please do sit down," I motioned to him as I took the pin out of the knot I was wearing my hair in and it fell softly over my shoulders. I removed my glasses, that I only wore to look professional, and said, "Now, Miquel, what may I help you with?" I walked from behind the desk and stood in front of him. He was speechless, although enjoying the show. I undid the rest of the buttons on my blouse and reached over to lock the door. My tits swung free of my blouse and I caressed them gently as he touched the bulge in his pants. Then I slid my short skirt down to reveal my garter belt, stockings, and hairless cunt. I stood in front of him and reached out to bring his face into my deep cleavage.

"Is this what you have been wanting, Miquel? Have you wanted to bury your

face in between my boobs and into my dripping pussy?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Chamberlain," he said as he slid his finger into my slippery hole.

"Oh, Miquel," I moaned. "Oh, baby, make me cum."

"Oh, yes, you hot thing. I want to make you cum right on my hand, Miss Chamberlain. I want to lick your cream off my finger," he said as I unzipped his jeans.

"Call me Kimberly, darling," I kissed him as I saw his dick spring from its cruel confinement.

"What a sexy name for such a sexy professor," he kissed me back deeply and longingly.

"How sweet," I commented. "Look how big your cock is. Yes, yes, how monstrous you are. I want to suck it so bad."

"Yes, you slut, take it into your mouth and slide it all the way down your throat. You love sucking a dick like mine, don't you? Yes, of course, you do. You love seducing young college boys, don't you? What a slut you are! Deeper, slut, take it deeper. I want you to take it all," he commanded as I took as much of his big cock into my throat as I could manage. "Now, that better, isn't it, you cock-sucking slut? Does it make you want it inside you? You want it pumping you full of sperm, don't you, slut? Suck, slut, suck!"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm," I moaned as his big, thick cock went all the way down my throat. I could feel his fingers teasing my cunt lips. I was dripping wet before he commanded me to suck. He stuck his finger inside of my hole and as it came out it made my pussy slurp loudly.

"Oh, yeah, you're so wet, baby... just the way I like it," he said lustfully as he continued to finger me. I was rubbing my pussy against his hand as he continued. Sucking cock always makes me hotter than hell.

"I want it. I want it bad, Miquel," I panted looking up at him. The expression on his face said it all.

"How bad do you want it, slut? Are you going to beg for it?" he smiled as he continued. "Yes, that's what I would love to see. Get down on your hands and knees and beg for my dick."

I got down on my hands and knees. I begged for his cock. I told him if he didn't give it to me, I'd have to use my trusty vibrator. I watched him enjoying

seeing me come up and lick the head of his dick as I submitted to his wish that I beg for it.

"Yes," he said excitedly. "Oh, you hot slut, come here." He grabbed my tits as he pushed me on the floor. His lips pressed mine hard as he felt my slippery cunt. Soon he was on top of me, his pants pulled down to his ankles and giving it to me.

"Oh, baby, fuck my hole, hot stud. It's so good, sliding in and out of my pussy. Yeah, give it to me," I moaned.

"Yes, slut, I'm going to pump you full of white, creamy sperm. Fertile sperm, you whore. Yes, I'm going to pump you full of fertile sperm." He humped harder as he said that. I suppose the thought of filling me with his fertile sperm was making him crazy. I certainly had no objections with that.

"Give it to me, stud. Pump me full of your fertile sperm. I want to feel it shooting in my fertile womb. Yes, baby, do it to me," I moaned as I grabbed his cute buns and squeezed. I figured that would have a hot response. It did. Boy, did it.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh, sluttttt, l'mmmmmmmmm goingggggggg tooooo shooooooooootttttttttt," he said loudly, just loudly enough to get me so aroused that I couldn't take it a moment longer.

"Ohhhhhh, yeahhhhhhhh, babb-byyyyyy, I can'ttt take it anyyyy longer, studdddd. Give ittt tooo meeeee," I moaned loudly. "Filllllll meee ffulllll of yourrrr fertile sperrrrrmmmm." That was all it took.

"Yesss, slutttt, yesssss!" he exclaimed. "l'mmmmmmmmm cummmmm-milinnnnnggggg! Ohhhhhhh, yesssssss!" His white, creamy cum filled me completely. I was contented. I kissed him deeply. He returned a kiss, but this one was harder than the last one.

"Oh, shit, I've never cum like that before," he panted. "You're so hot, Kimberly. Let's plan on a date tomorrow and I'll bring a friend along. It'll take more than me to fully satisfy a hot one like you."

"Sounds good to me," I purred. "I'll be waiting with bated breath." I got up and got dressed. Miquel did the same. We kissed and caressed each other fondly before he left, promising a fuck like I'd never had before.

He was right. I needed more. As I thought of seducing him I found myself rubbing my clit and making myself cum a couple more times that day. The thought of having more the next day was extremely arousing... especially since he'd be bringing a friend with him. I wondered who that friend would be.

The next morning I was walking to my class on the second floor. As I turned the corner, I saw Miquel standing with a tall, handsome black guy. My head was

full of fanciful thoughts of having them both at the same time. I wasn't even sure if that was the same friend he would bring to my office that afternoon. I hoped so, because it had been a very long time since I'd had black cock. During my Spanish II class I watched the young black man and saw that he was very interested in me, too. I found myself being very seductive towards him. Miquel stopped me as I walked out of the classroom upon dismissal.

"Miss Chamberlain, you know my friend Duke, don't you?" he smiled. "I thought Duke would like to join our conference today." I looked in Duke's eyes and I wanted to melt into his arms. It had been so long. My best fuck had been with a black guy 3 years earlier when I was a sophomore at this university. I could only hope that Duke would be half as good as Joey was.

"I'll be looking forward to it, Duke," I winked at him. He rubbed up against my hip and I could feel him harden. Miquel was just smiling and watching Duke make the moves on me.

"Looks like our meeting will be very exciting," Miquel said.

"The slut took his whole cock into her mouth."

"Exciting isn't the word for it," I said as I rubbed the back of my hand against my hip and Duke's huge hard on.

"You've got that right," Duke answered. "Ecstasy is the word, baby!"

"As much as I'd like you two to come into my office now, I have another class to get to. See you in a few hours," I said as I began walking away.

"Let me walk you there," Duke said. He sure was the kind of guy that drove me wild. When we reached the classroom, I invited him in to an empty room. He followed, took me in his arms, and kissed me. His hands were running all over my body. Mine were all over him, too.

"Oh, baby," he panted. "I want you so bad. I was getting hard standing in the hall, just looking at you. Let me take you here and now." I was tempted. I was so tempted that I closed and locked the door.

"Do it, Duke," I purred. "Oh, Duke, touch me." He undressed me. I undressed him. We kissed and fondled each other as though we had always been lovers.

I was braless, Duke had his shorts on. I took them down and was stunned

when I saw how monstrous his dick was.

"Duke, you're so huge," I panted.

"The better to fuck you with, Miss Chamberlain," he said, sliding my lace panties down. I only wore panties when I wasn't trying to seduce someone. I had no idea that I would be laying here on the floor, nude, with Duke.

"You have such a delicious body, so sexy," he said as he kissed my tits, teasing my nipples with his tongue. He kissed down to my navel, and slid down between my legs.

"Mmmmmmmmm, what a cunt," he said softly as he stuck his tongue in my dripping hole. "Oh, you taste so good. Let me french you until you explode!" He did. Soon I was squirming as he sucked on my clit.

"Oh, Duke," I panted. "Oh, baby, l'mmmmm goinnngggg tooooo cuuuuummmmm." I was shaking all over.

"Yes, baby, cum for me," he said as I erupted like a volcano and he was slurping and sucking all the cream out of me.

"Oh! l'mmmmmmmmm cummmmmmm-milinnnnngggggggg! Duke, ohhhhhh, Duke! It'ssss soooooo goooooood!" I said loudly.

Soon he was on top of me, kissing and caressing me. His dick was leaking pre-cum all over me and I was loving it.

"Rub that sweet liquid all over my body, Duke," I whispered in his ear. He began rubbing his huge dong across my cunt lips.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," he moaned. "I want to slide it in you!"

"Yes, oh, yes. Fuck my hole," I panted.

"I want your monstrous manhood inside me!"

"Oh, Miss Chamberlain," he moaned. "Kimberly!"

"Oh, Kimberly, your cunt is so slippery wet," he moaned. "I want to slide my cock inside you and fill you like you've never been filled before." I smiled and opened my pussy wide for him. He saw the nectar dripping out of me. He licked his lips.

"Cum on, Duke," I panted. "Fuck me with your dong, you hot black stud. I want it bad." He laid on top of me and as he kissed me deep, he slid the head of his big, thick dong in my wet pussy.

"Ooooo, duke, it's so big," I moaned.

"Ram it up me, baby. I want it all the way in." He did. I cried softly with delight.

"That's more like it," I smiled as he fucked me slow.

"I agree, darling," he smiled and kissed me once again. "You have no idea how long I've waited for this. I've admired you from afar for months now. Every time I jacked-off I thought about you, how wonderful it would feel to fuck your pussy," he spoke softly.

(continued on page 78)



Bambi & STELLA:

so accomodating



Hi. Isn't this just what you guys have always wanted to see, two beautiful, almost identical frosty blondes flondling each other's big, soft breasts and playing with each other's pussies just for you? I'm Stella and there's nothing that turns me on more than touching and fondling and sucking and kissing and licking Bambi's hot little body—unless it's sharing our pleasure with thousands of guys like you. That's why we jumped at the opportunity to appear in the pages of MAX.

"It's like Bambi and I aren't just making love to each other—we're also making love to you. Don't you just love to see our pretty tits covered with suds and lather? Don't you love to see our hands rubbing our pussies? Are you getting hot and hard? We hope so! Are you pulling your meat as you look at our beautiful bodies? Go ahead—have a good time! It turns us on so much to think about you out there enjoying yourself with our photos!

"After the photo session me and Bambi were so hot we could hardly wait to get alone to tear each other's clothes off and go crazy all over each other's bodies. I thrust my face into her crotch, breathing in the deep, musky aroma emanating from her pussy. I buried my face deeper, my nose nuzzling her pretty little bush, and then pushed my

tongue into her wet salty slit. She gasped in ecstasy as I lovingly ate, sucked and kissed, growing ever more excited, until my saliva and her flowing juices dripped down my chin. I was lost in pleasure. I fingered my own pussy as I worked Bambi's with my mouth until we both convulsed with orgasm. My face was positively soaked!

"The best thing about making it with Bambi is that we are so close, almost like sisters, and we know exactly what turns each other on. We have almost a sixth sense about it. Making love to Bambi is almost like making love to a mirror image of myself. She says the same thing about me.

"We feel that we can offer ourselves to a man almost as a single person and together treat him to a love-making session that he will never forget! We would love to do that for you. So look at our faces and our bodies and think about what you would like us to do for you. Then stroke your meat and shoot a big wad on us. If we were there, we would love to gobble it up for you!"











C *harlene.*

SPOILED TWAT
42D - 26 - 37





"I've been called a spoiled brat ever since I was young. It's true that my father has a lot of money and I had the best of everything, but I don't look at it as being 'spoiled,' I look at it as getting what I want!

"When it comes to cock, I want all I can get. Big, little in-between, I want them all, and I'll do anything it takes to make a man give in. I treat the man to the best of every-



thing. I have dinner catered at my deluxe condo, complete with the most expensive champagne and caviar. And, of course, I wear my most expensive and provocative low cut evening gown with black lace underwear. I know when he gets down to those silk undies he's not going to want to start settling for second best.

"Before I let him touch me, however, I must sample his luscious cock. I like to kneel in front of him with a mouthful of champagne and guide his throbbing missile between my lips, careful not to spill any of the champagne. I swirl the bubbly liquid around his dick as I slide my lips back and forth, massaging his balls at the same time. I call this a "bubblejob!"

"Sometimes I'll suck until he cums in my mouth so I

can wash it down with the champagne, but usually I like him to save his first load for my hot cunt. The first load is always the best.

"When my cunt is about to explode I tell him to sink his cock deep inside me and fuck me hard. I love to wrap my long legs around a man's waist while he's cramming me with his hard meat, my hole stretched wide by his thrusts. Sometimes when I'm just about to cum I start smacking him on the ass, urging him to fuck me faster and harder. And when I do cum, my orgasm is so intense that I literally scream out loud. I had to pay to have my bedroom soundproofed so the worried neighbors wouldn't call the cops every time I got laid!

"Yes, getting what I want keeps me happy. What's wrong with that?"













Thompson's TIT TREATMENT

(continued from page 16)

final treatment yet?"

"No . . . I

haven't . . . Why? . . . What's wrong?"

"It's a long story . . . I'm very tired, may I come in and sit down?"

"Of course!" She said, welcoming the opportunity to get closer to her dream hunk. She watched as he staggered to the sofa, then collapsed into it. She ran to the kitchen to get a glass of water, then returned to her living room, her breasts bouncing like mad. The movement wasn't wasted on Dr. Smith, whose eyes followed every jiggle of tit flesh.

Callie noticed this and after handing Bill Smith the water, brought her hands up under her swollen jugs and said,

"They're something else, aren't they?"

"Yes, they are. I'm glad I got here in time. There's no telling how big they would have gotten if you had put the last amount of cream on them."

He then took another couple of minutes to explain what little was told to him by Quimby about the shipping error. The whole time, his eyes strayed to her bulging blouse, while Callie's eyes saw the bulge in his pants begin to grow.

"Well, it's O.K. now," she said. She sat next to him, slowly letting her tits rub against him, bringing the nipples erect and jutting through the blouse. "Would you like to enjoy your craftwork first hand?"

Without waiting for a reply, she peeled the blouse off over her head, releasing the swollen orbs from confinement. Almost immediately, Bill Smith brought his hands up to them and began to slowly stroke and knead the rubbery tit flesh.

The sensation was totally different to Callie, whose own hands were small and smooth compared to Bill's large, strong, and slightly rougher hands. She oohed and squealed as she felt hundreds of electric charges surge through the balloons of flesh on her chest, immediately swelling the nipples and engorging her clit with blood, making them full, stiff and erect.

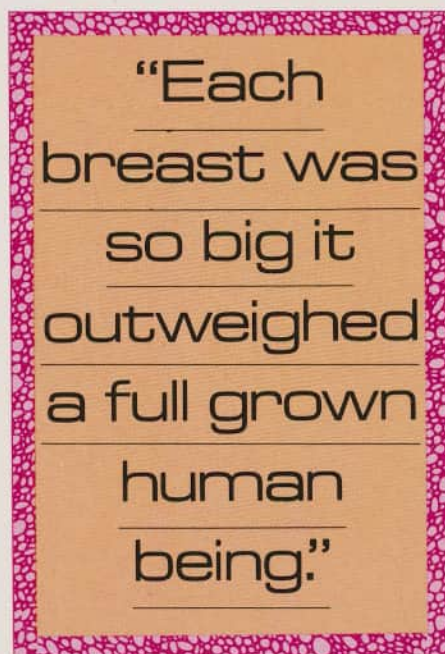
The sensations doubled, then tripled, as his mouth found the stiff nipples, sucking on them like a greedy child. Her squeals turned to moans as she hurriedly unbuttoned his shirt, popping several of them off in her haste. Her hands then found his belt buckle, making fast work of that, as well as the trouser buttons and zipper. She reached beneath his briefs and heard him groan as she closed her fingers around his fat, stiff cock, feeling it swell and jump in her hand.

He released her tits and stood up quickly, allowing his pants to drop to his ankles, then began furiously kicking them off along with his shoes. Callie stood up next to them, allowing her nipples, still moist from his suckling, to trace fine wet lines across his hairy chest. He grasped her firmly, pulling her down with him as he laid back on the floor, guiding her glistening cunt down and over his fully erect pole. She crouched down, slowly feeding the pulsing, hot cock into her sopping wet pussy.

She felt the long shaft of his love bury itself deeply into her honeypot, then begin to slide in and out as she rode his pumping hips like a bucking bronco. Her hands fondled and kneaded her huge tits as she felt her passions begin to rise.

"God!" she yelled. "It feels so good having big tits!"

"I'm so sorry you'll lose them," breathlessly exclaimed Bill.



She was shocked out of her bliss by these words. "What do you mean?"

"You can't take the fixer treatment, so your tits will shrink back to normal size in another hour," said Bill, still pumping away, lost in passion. "And the treatment is a one shot deal. You can't repeat it!"

Bill was too caught up in his approaching orgasm to notice Callie's shocked expression. Her eyes roamed to the coffee table next to them where she saw the bottle containing the mega concentrate, then made up her mind.

"Dangerous or not!" She exclaimed.

"I'm keeping my titties!!"

With that, she deftly snatched the bottle off the table and began to pour the rest of the cream onto her tits, rubbing it furiously until every single drop was absorbed into the bloated orbs.

Bill was completely unaware of her ac-

tions, his eyes closed and lost in bliss, until Callie began to moan.

"Oh God, Bill! Something's wrong!"

He looked up to see her gorgeous tits beginning to grow at an alarming rate! Every passing second they gained inches, cup sizes . . . and pounds! He began to feel the weight of them push her down on his hips, driving his cock deeper into her pussy.

"Callie!" He exclaimed. "Get off of me. Your tits! . . . You're beginning to crush me!"

Callie could do nothing but stare in shock at her gargantuan breasts growing bigger, fatter, heavier. They now had sagged down past her belly and were slowly beginning to cover Bill who was now trapped beneath her.

He watched as the huge balloons of flesh swelled towards him. He tried to move them away with his hands, but only succeeded in parting them briefly. He peered up at Callie's beautiful face as the growing globes pinned his arms to the floor, then began to grow towards each other, eliminating the gap between them, eventually shutting out all light, then smothering him with their warm, smooth skin on his face.

In his death throes, Bill came with thunderous explosions of cum, pulsing the milky cream deep into Callie's soaking cunt like a cannon. He then laid back, purged of all life.

The Thompson team broke down the door an hour later to find a young woman with breasts so big they outweighed a full grown human being . . . each one, that is. After gently lifting the huge jiggling orbs they discovered the inert, but smiling body of the late Dr. William Smith, M.D.

The legal team was very efficient, arranging immediate transportation for Callie and her huge tits, to a secret house on the ground of Thompson Labs. She married a major executive of the company (later revealed to be one Mr. Quimby), and had one child, a daughter, who was genetically traced to the late Bill Smith.

After the death of old man Thompson a few years later, Quimby became the new president of the labs. He later died in an unfortunate accident (The special sling harnesses which kept Callie's tits aloft while in bed snapped, smothering him in his sleep like Bill Smith). Callie joined a private membership house of pleasure specializing in unique women, while still retaining a large portion of stock in Thompson Labs.

Fashions, like the seasons, change, so it wasn't surprising when the big tit era faded and a new and bigger fascination with large asses arose. Of course, being the enterprising woman she was, Callie made a fortune again with a variation of Thompson's Tit Treatment . . . Bellman's Butt Balm.



BELINDA.

CIRCUS SEX
44DD-27-38

THE LAST TIME I WAS IN JUGGS I TOLD YOU ABOUT A REALLY KINKY DREAM WHERE I WAS IN A CARNIVAL BOOTH WITH MEN USING MY FACE AS TARGET PRACTICE FOR THEIR SQUIRTING COCKS. INCREDIBLY, SINCE THAT DREAM, I ACTUALLY MET A GUY WHO WORKS WITH A TRAVELING CARNIVAL, AND DO I HAVE A STORY TO TELL YOU!

"I WENT TO VISIT A

NO WAY HIS TIGHT JEANS COULD HIDE THE BIG BULGE BETWEEN HIS LEGS. BEFORE WE EVEN GOT BACK TO HIS TRAILER, I WAS ALREADY ENVISIONING SUCKING THAT COCK TO HARDNESS.

"I WAS SOMEWHAT SURPRISED WHEN WE GOT INTO THE TRAILER AND FOUND A MIDGET NAMED PAUL WATCHING A BALL GAME ON TELEVISION AND DRINKING A CAN OF BEER. ALL HE HAD ON WAS A

KNEES AND WRAPPED MY LIPS AROUND THE MIDGET'S DICK. HIS HARD LITTLE POLE FELT SO STRANGE IN MY MOUTH AS I SLID MY LIPS ALONG ITS LENGTH, SWIRLING MY TONGUE AROUND IT. HIS SMALL HANDS GRIPPED MY EARS TIGHTLY AS HE PUMPED HIS HIPS INTO MY FACE, FUCKING MY MOUTH. HE SNARLED, 'SUCK MY COCK, YOU GIGANTIC BITCH!' I SUPPOSE I WAS BIG TO HIM, BUT HE

HIS LONG, THICK COCK OUT AND WAS MASTURBATING HIMSELF WHILE WATCHING PAUL MANHANDLE MY TITS.

"BEFORE LONG, THE LITTLE BASTARD CAME IN MY MOUTH, FILLING IT WITH A GOOD SIZED LOAD OF HOT CUM. I THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE THE END OF HIM, AND THAT I COULD FINALLY GET TO JULES'S BIG DICK, BUT BEFORE I KNEW IT, THE MIDGET HAD ME ON MY BACK AND WAS STRAD-



FRIEND IN ARIZONA, AND WHILE I WAS THERE THIS CARNIVAL CAME INTO THE AREA. JULES IS A MECHANIC FOR THE CARNIVAL AND WAS FIXING A BROKEN FERRIS WHEEL WHEN I MET HIM. WITH HIS SHIRT OFF, HIS UPPER BODY SWEATING FROM THE ARIZONA HEAT AND THE HARD WORK HE WAS DOING, I WAS IMMEDIATELY ATTRACTED TO HIS ANIMAL SEXUALITY. AND WHEN HE STOOD UP, THERE WAS

PAIR OF SHORTS, AND WHEN JULES TOLD HIM TO TAKE THEM OFF AND SHOW ME HIS 'MIDGET DICK' I KNEW SOMETHING STRANGE WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.

"PAUL'S DICK WAS HARD BY THE TIME HE GOT HIS SHORTS OFF. IT WASN'T MUCH LONGER THAN MY FINGER, BUT IT WAS CUTE. JULES TOLD ME HE WANTED TO WATCH ME SUCK PAUL'S COCK BEFORE HE'D LET ME SUCK HIS, SO I GOT DOWN ON MY

DIDN'T HAVE TO GET INSULTING. AFTER ALL, I DIDN'T CALL HIM A 'LITTLE PRICK.'

"ANYWAY, WHILE I WAS HAVING MY FACE FUCKED, JULES GOT BEHIND ME AND UNBUTTONED MY BLOUSE, FREEING MY TITS. PAUL HAD HIS MIDGET HANDS ON THEM IN NO TIME, SQUEEZING AND PULLING ON THEM WITH GREAT PLEASURE AND FASCINATION. OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE I NOTICED JULES HAD

DLING MY FACE. THEN HE SAT DOWN! THIS TIME HE PLANTED HIS ENTIRE GENITALS IN MY MOUTH, BALLS AND ALL, SO I SUCKED HIM OFF TO ANOTHER ORGASM.

"WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER JULES FINALLY FUCKED MY FACE FOR ME WHILE THE MIDGET WATCHED. I HAVE A FEELING THESE TWO GUYS DO THIS ALL THE TIME. I'LL TELL YA, THEY TREAT SEX LIKE A CIRCUS!"











(continued from page 54)

"Looks like it's just me and you," I said

"Not this time, Miquel. Maybe some other time. Is that agreeable with you, Duke?" He agreed. We were all looking forward to the next time we would all be together, writhing in ecstasy.

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MARGOT:

nature
girl
40D-25-38

I love being naked. I love the feel of freedom when I walk outside with my beautiful tits jiggling and my moist pussy lips squishing together. I wish nudity was legal, I'd be naked all the time!

"Of course, I think about sex all the time when I don't have any clothes on. I suppose in my idea of the perfect society, where people didn't have to wear clothes, it would take me hours to walk across town because I'd be getting laid at every other corner.

so unabashed and unconcerned with who was staring at his cock.

"I met Cliff later that night in the swimming pool and he offered to teach me the breast stroke. I fell for his line and said okay. Within seconds his hands were stroking my beautiful, firm breasts and his cock was hardening before my eyes. My pussy was hot for a fucking, and I knew that Cliff was the man for the job.

His hands felt so good holding my firm mounds; the effect on my aching pussy made it spasm even under water! He must have seen the lust in my eyes, because he jumped into the water with me and pinned me up against the side of the pool. He then disappeared under the water and the next thing I knew he was eating my pussy! He would stay down there for about thirty seconds, licking and sucking, and then he



"I finally decided that the closest I could ever get to a clothes-free society was a nudist camp. Many of the nudists weren't sexy with their clothes off, but there was one guy who did catch my eye. His name was Cliff, and he was the camp social director. The first time I saw him he was playing basketball with a group of other men, running and jumping with his dick bouncing in the breeze. It was really refreshing to see him

"He sat on the edge of the pool and spread his legs so that I could float between them. I moved in close and flicked my tongue across his balls as he held my head to help me stay afloat. Teasing wasn't enough for me, however, and I had to take his whole hard cock into my mouth and suck it as I bobbed in the water.

"He reached down and played with my tits and as they too bobbed in the water,

would come up for a breath of air, only to go under again. (I nicknamed him Charlie the Tuna).

"At last he slid his cock in me and we churned up the water together until we came to satisfaction. I know this is a bad joke, but that's the wettest any man ever got me!

"I don't know if I'll ever go back to that nudist camp, but I still want to find a place I can stay naked. Have you got a backyard pool?"











NATURE'S TOOLS

Seek And Ye Shall Find

By John Watson

"Some tribes wear fish on their heads in battle."

When the warriors of some South Sea island tribes go into battle they sometimes wear a dead fish on their heads. It is worn as a helmet and is made from the dried skin of the porcupine fish.

These fish are covered with a forest of finely pointed spines, which normally lie flat on the skin. When the fish is alarmed, it rapidly inflates its body with air or water and, as it becomes distended, the spines stand out, making the fish look like a prickly balloon. The fish's abdomen and skin are capable of such distension that the fish can more than double its normal volume. In this condition it is practically immune from all except its human foes.

Should a warrior want a helmet, he captures a porcupine fish, irritates it and, when it is fully distended, kills it and leaves it to dry. The head is then cut off, the internal organs are removed, and a pad of soft material is inserted to wear next to the head. Lappets are sometimes added to protect the ears. The protective and well armed helmet is ready to go to war.

The stiff dry skin, with its supporting and strengthening horny spines, would be quite capable of deadening, if not of warding off altogether, any blows likely to be inflicted by the weapons used in tribal wars. The helmets are also used as offensive weapons in butting. The skin is quite translucent, and in Japan the fish is often used as a lantern.

Armor plate to protect the body is often made of shark or sting-ray skin. Gloves covered with shark teeth are used as both a protective device for the hands and also as a homemade "knuckle-duster" to strike an enemy in the face. Shark's teeth are also employed in the purely offensive weapons, such as spears, swords, daggers, and staffs.

Civilized man has also used shark products in the manufacture of swords. The skin of some species of shark has been used as sword grips, the rough texture of the skin enabling the sword to be held firmly, even when the hand is covered with blood. At the end of World War I, Germany offered for sale enough sharkskin to cover 30,000 sword handles.

Sharkskin has been used by carpenters in place of sandpaper. Rubbed one way the keel on the denticle acts like a rough sandpaper, and in reverse it smooths with microscopic fineness. The durability of the skin is remarkable. Some skins have outworn many sheets of sandpaper of equal area. Unlike other fish, which have scales, the outer covering of sharks consists of innumerable minute teeth.

The inhabitants of the Amazon Valley use the tongue of the great pirarucu, which is covered with closely packed, rasplike teeth, as a grater for coconuts.

One professional shark fisherman uses sharkskin as a polishing agent, but the most surprising use to which sharkskin has been put is to make a pickpocket-proof wallet. It was made with the little spines of denticle pointing upward. The wallet would, therefore, slip easily into the pocket, but the moment any attempt was made to withdraw it, the denticle gripped the cloth and held it firmly. In fact, the only way in which the owner could remove the wallet was by carefully sliding his fingers down its sides to prevent it from touching the cloth at all as he carefully withdrew it.

Men who travel through the Central American forests are often attacked by insects and other small creatures. One of the most distressing of these is a minute tick which sometimes burrows into the legs. When such an attack oc-

"Sharkskin can be used as sandpaper."

curs, the victim often relies on a fish to extract the ticks.

A white traveler was with some natives when he was attacked like this. The natives advised him to lie down in the water. Although skeptical of their advice, he did so, choosing the shallowest part of a stream. What followed is described in his own words.

"In a few moments I felt something very sharp strike against several parts of my body. Cautiously raising my head and looking towards my legs, I saw a swarm of very small fish, wriggling and swimming around me, continually bobbing their heads at my person, and the fish not only picked off the ticks which were outside the flesh, but actually extracted those which had burrowed beneath the skin."

The candlefish of the North Pacific is literally used as a candle by the North American Indians. The entire body of the fish is permeated with a peculiar fat which will burn steadily. The Indians thread a wick through the fish's body, and when this is lighted it serves as a candle. Sometimes candlefish are used as torches, and then the whole fish is set alight and burns until it is consumed.

A different use for fish has been found by fashionable ladies. Enclosed in tiny glass bowls, complete with water, very small fish have been worn as jewelry. Parisiennes wore goldfish earrings, in blown glass bowls, during the reign of Napoleon II. In our own day the Hungarian actress, Margot Aknay, has worn exotic fish in flat, glass, water filled containers dangling from her necklace. The colors of the fish were said to match her gown.

Insects also have frequently been used as jewelry—both alive and dead. Malaysians capture some of the extremely beautiful butterflies found in their country and then tether them to their hair as ornaments. North American Indians sometimes make a necklace by threading on a string, numbers of small, brightly colored beetles. South and Central American Indians use beetle wing necklaces, arm bands, and ear ornaments. Modern jewelers also, of course, make use of parts of insects. Incidentally, butterflies are used by artists, milliners and designers to provide ideas and inspiration for new and striking patterns.

Luminous insects are perhaps the most striking examples of living jewelry. Sometimes they are confined in gauze and then tied into the hair. Another

method, used by the belles of Costa Rica, is to secure the insects with tiny chains or cords and then fasten the other end of the chain into their hair, or on their clothing, with a pin. As the insects draw about and flash their varicolored lights, the effect is very beautiful. Some Central American natives keep several luminous beetles in a jar as illumination inside their homes at night.

Strange as it may seem, ants are used to perform a particular surgical procedure in Guiana. Skepticism is justified regarding this fact, but the giant Atta ant has been observed—and used—to perform this procedure.

The ant has extraordinarily large mandibles. When a man or animal suffers a laceration, the ant is held close to the wound and allowed to bite the victim. The ants take hold, their bodies are adroitly nipped off, and the jaws, looking like a row of miniature surgical clips, remain until the wound is healed. By grasping the skin on either side of the cut, the wound is drawn closed.

Stitching wounds together with the jaws of insects appears to have been a regular practice among the physicians of Southern France and Northern Italy several centuries ago.

The Balinese, who are great devotees of cock-fighting, use ants to clip together bad wounds received by their fighting cocks. According to one account, the procedure is much the same as in the instances given above.

Another strange use for any creature is that made by spiders captured by natives in Australia and Asia. Some of the spiders in this locale produce webs of extraordinary strength that measures 0.01 of a centimeter in diameter and capable of supporting a weight of 80 grams. The silk has elastic properties and can be stretched by nearly a quarter of its original length without breaking.

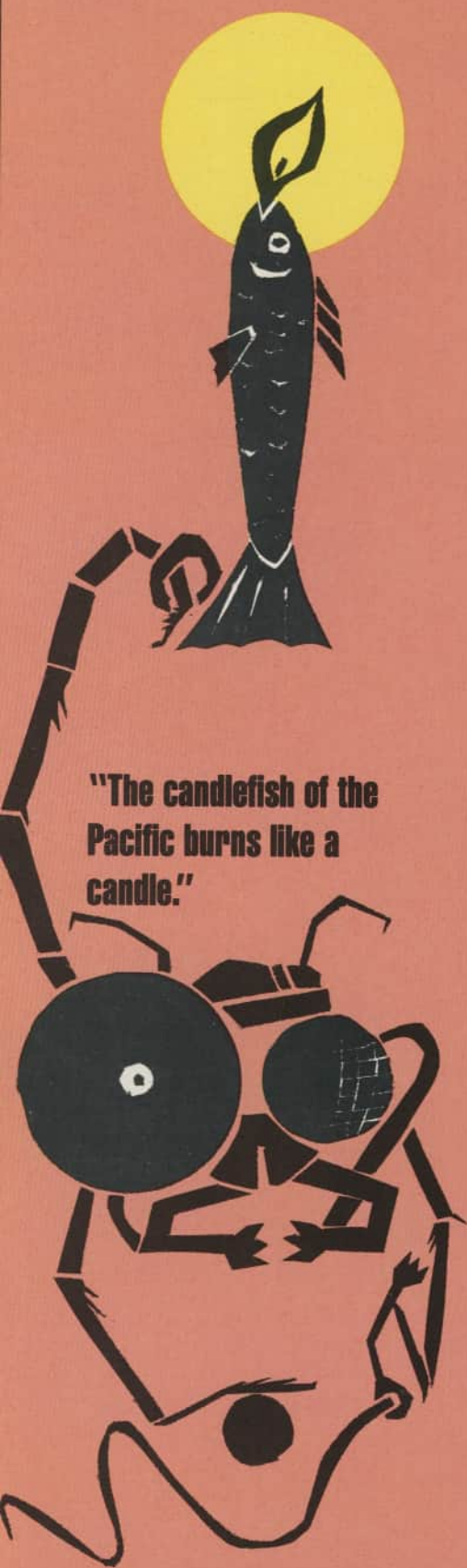
Some of the webs found in Australia are among the largest in the world. One scientist once blundered into a web which spanned nearly six feet. He reported the strands to be almost as thick as darning wool.

Natives of Papua often place two bamboo poles in the forest. During the night, the large spiders spin webs between the poles. The natives gather these up, and they have a ready-made fish net capable of being lowered into a stream or river and catching fish weighing as much as several pounds.

Another use to which these heavy

"Some natives keep luminous beetles in jars for light."





"The candlefish of the Pacific burns like a candle."

"The jaws of insects are used to stitch wounds together."

webs are sometimes put was reported first in 1936 by an anthropologist named McKeown. A "smothering cap" is constructed of the web by forming it into a conical shape. He wrote: *"The cap is used as far as is known, for the purpose of putting to death those who have broken tribal law. It is slipped down over the head of the unsuspecting victim while he is busy about his duties, or while sitting by the fire at night. It is pulled down below the chin and tied securely around the neck. Death by suffocation ensues. A barbarous, but effective, method."*

Camels have been used for smuggling in a most ingenious manner. Their owners obtained a number of heavy zinc cylinders, each about six inches long and one and a half inches in diameter. These were filled with hashish and opium, and then forced down the camel's throat. The cylinders were weighted inside with lead to prevent them from being regurgitated.

The cylinders then passed into the camels' first stomach, which possesses little or none of the digestive functions of the other stomachs. Here the cylinders could lie for weeks without serious inconvenience to the camels. The camels were then taken past the customs officials and marched to Egyptian meat merchants who bought and sold them. When the carcasses were cut up, the tins of narcotics were easily extracted from the stomachs.

Egyptian customs officials received information of this ingenious attempt to smuggle narcotics, and they seized a number of camels which had aroused their suspicion. On cutting one open, twenty-seven cylinders were found in its stomach. Subsequently a proportion of each batch of camels coming to market was X-rayed to see if there were any suspicious looking objects in their stomachs.

Making a silk purse from a sow's ear? Not so impossible, it seems. It was accomplished by the ingenuity of chemists of the Arthur D. Little Laboratories in Boston. A hundred pounds of sows' ears were obtained from a Chicago meat packer and then the chemists went to work.

First they examined how the silkworm makes silk. It was found that the worm emits a viscous liquid which, on reaching the air, turns into silk thread. The liquid was found to be

much like glue. The chemists then took glue from a sow's ear and by various processes made it approximate to the glue from the silkworm. From then on it was fairly straightforward laboratory work to make the silk to make the purse. The result, to quote one of the chemists engaged in this original piece of research was: *"We made a silk purse. No, it isn't very good silk, or very strong, but it is silk."*

A remarkable use of toads is not uncommon in Germany. Violinists who suffer from moist hands often handle toads before a performance. The chemical exuded by the toads stops the hands from perspiring by cutting down on the blood flow to the sweat glands and therefore reducing their activity.

Birds as chimney sweeps sounds illogical, but it happens. In Ireland, geese have been used for this lowly purpose. When a cottage chimney is badly in need of sweeping, a goose is sometimes dropped down it, and, during its fluttering descent, clears most of the soot away. When one lady complained that it was cruel to the geese to use them in that manner, the chimney sweep offered instead to drop in two ducks instead.

Few birds have been put to more unusual uses than the albatross. Old time sailors often used to catch these birds when their ships were becalmed or traveling slowly. A hook would be baited with a piece of salt pork and thrown over the side. When the albatross seized the pork the hook lodged in its beak, but without penetrating it. To free itself the albatross would pull backwards and by keeping the line taut it could often be landed on deck. Once there it was a prisoner, for an albatross has little chance of taking off from the deck of a ship and gaining sufficient height to clear the deck rails.

Strange as it seems, an albatross on shipboard soon becomes seasick. Owing to the oil from the seafood it eats, the vomit of an albatross is very oleaginous. Sometimes sailors made use of this oil to waterproof their leather sea boots. The skin of the albatross was often made into feathered rugs, the feet into purses and tobacco pouches, and some of the long hollow bones for pipe stems. As albatross wing, cut off at the elbow, can be used as a hand brush.


BOBBI

Playing
With
Friends

40D-24-37





"I had my first threesome recently. I had always wondered what it would be like to be in bed with a man and a woman at the same time, and it was better than I had imagine.

"Patricia is a girl I work with. She's prettier than me, and has even bigger tits, but she's shy in public. I told her I was going to pose nude in MAX and asked her if she wanted to also, but she said no. She did, however, invite me over for sex with her and her boyfriend, Nick. Figure that one out.

"Well, being as horny as I am, I accepted the invitation and arrived at Patricia's house with already wet panties. Nick turned out to be just as sexy looking, as Patricia, once everyone was naked, I wasn't bashful at all.

"I asked Patricia to suck my firm tits while Nick watched with a fast rising dick. I reached out and wrapped my hand around it. Nick busied his own fingers in my moist cunt crack. Two minutes after we started I was already cumming all over Nick's hand!

"I just had to suck Patricia's tits. I couldn't believe how turned on she got from me licking her nipples. She was



moaning and rolling her head back and forth, turning me on more. Her tits felt so good in my hands, heavy and firm with her delicious nipples in hard points. Nick was now fingering Patricia's cunt along with mine. The man really had his hands full!

"I had to taste her cunt, so we all got on the bed, and I immediately got between her legs and pushed them apart. When I spread her thick cunt lips and stuck my tongue between them, her body buckled like a volt of electricity had shot through it. I gloried in the pungent, salty taste of her cunt juice and dug my tongue deep in her long crack as if I had been doing it all my life. In my fantasies, I had!

"Nick got behind me and spread my legs. He told me to hunch my ass up in the air, and as I did so I felt him rubbing the head of his cock against my cunt, positioning it at the hole. As Patricia moaned louder from my pistoning tongue, Nick forced his boner all the way into my cunt, producing a few moans from me too.

"We would up making each other cum to exhaustion and we're planning on doing it again soon. I wish I could convince Patricia to let a MAX photographer take pictures of that!"









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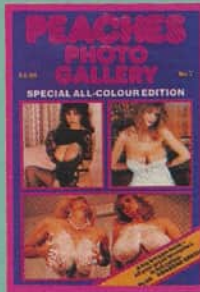
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