

MAX

ALL 40+ D-CUPPERS

K49291

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

 **HOLIDAY SPECIAL** 

**with
COVERGIRL
KELLY BLUE
Australia's
1st Porn Star!**

**Plus
SALLY
43DD**

**JULIE
45DD**

**PATTY
43DD**



INTENDED FOR
MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18.

Executive Vice President
ALBERT VASELINO

Editor
DIAN HANSON

Publisher
DON WHITWORTH

Art Director
ART DE COE

Associate Artists
JONNIE FABULOUS
F. YOMAMA

Circulation Director
JOEY DEE

Contributing Photographers
DONALD MILNE
DAG OHLUND

Advertising
ALAN STONE
462 Broadway—4th Floor
New York, New York 10013
(212) 966-8400



8 **SALLY**
43DD-25-39



16 **CHARLENE**
41D-26-37



24 **PA**
43

44 **KELLY BLUE**
42DD-26-38

62 **NICOLE**
40D-27-37

71 **HE**
42



DECEMBER



TTY
DD-24-37

ATHER
D-27-38



30 JULIE
45DD-28-40



36 KIM
41D-24-37

78 NORA
42DD-23-37

89 JACKIE
42DD-24-37



MAX MAGAZINE December, 1990 Volume 5, Number 7. Published 9 times a year by MAX Magazine, Inc., 462 Broadway—4th Floor, New York, New York 10013. Copyright © 1990 by Mavety Media Group Ltd. This publication is published under license from Mavety Media Group Ltd. Distributed worldwide by Kable News Company, 777 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. All rights in letters, manuscripts, drawings and photographs sent to MAX Magazine will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to MAX's right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction in this magazine and real people and places is purely coincidental. All models are at least 18 years of age. All photographs are posed for by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, and the editorial matter nor quotations accompanying such photographs are to be construed as indicative of that person's sexual orientation, conduct, personality or actual quotations. Nothing appearing in MAX Magazine may be reprinted either in whole or in part without written permission. MAX Magazine, Inc. assumes no responsibility for the advertisements nor any representations made therein, nor the quality or deliverability of the products themselves. MAX Magazine, Inc. assumes no responsibility to determine whether the persons whose photographs or statements appear in such advertisements have in fact endorsed such products or consented to the use of their name or photographs or to statements attributed to them. Subscription: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO—\$32.95 for one year. Canada and Foreign—add \$12.00 to U.S. sub. price for one year; single copies—\$4.95 (plus \$1.50 for postage and handling). Canadian and Foreign requests should contain remittances by International Money Order in U.S. funds. Send subscription correspondence to MAX MAGAZINE—Subscription Department, 462 Broadway—4th Floor, New York, New York 10013. Notify subscription department of change of address at least six (6) weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. MAX is a registered trademark of Mavety Media Group. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.



CAN'T GET ENOUGH

Dear MAX:

I'm 24 years old and can't get enough tit meat. I'm hooked on your 'zine now, especially on layouts of Lisa Phillips, Kelsa, Melissa Mounds and any other voluptuous babes that are hefty lung luggers.

4 MAX

In the future I must beg you to please feature a layout on film star Tammy Reynolds. Tammy has a firm solid bod and meaty torpedos. Perhaps she could be semi-clad in spandex with holes cut in it, and a dildo holster (a la Lisa Deleuw). Is it illegal to photograph models deep throating dildos or fruit? I

saw a Christy Canyon layout once where she was liplocking dildos, but that was a few years ago.

Also, how about a layout special with 6 or 7 well-stacked babes competing in a tit-meat special Olympics? I imagine Tammy R., Christy C., Niki Knockers, Susanne Brecht, Kelsa, Melissa Mounds, and

any other babes with front ends that shake when the brake, doing the cleavage Polish sausage carry and playing breast balloon ball!

Well, that's all I can dream about for now, so until there's a double size ish, or full color breast catalogue, you have my loyal support for MAX's monthly balcony of breast for years to come.

P.S. More Niki Knockers!

Calvin E.

BLISSFUL SERENA

Dear MAX:

It was blissful pleasure to see the beautiful (and boobaful) Serena Martel again, after a three year absence. Like a fine wine, Serena has improved with age.

I remember getting the last issue of MAX for June 1987 off the newsstand. It cost me over \$30.00 (the cost of the magazine, plus \$26.75 for illegal parking), but seeing Serena wrapped around a wine glass, and "sunny-side up" made it worth it.

Usually, when a model appears in one magazine, within a short time she'll appear in another. Not so with Serena. However, it was nice seeing her in *Summer Games*.

Serena appears to have firmed up since her last appearance. Seeing her run around in those animal skins would be a great experience. However, if she was carrying that spear, it might cause some guys to think twice.

Can you tell me if she has appeared in any other movies since *Summer Games*? Also, please don't wait another three years to show this beauty off again.

Keep up (sorry, no pun intended) the good work.

Anthony
Van Nuys, CA

Anthony:

The elusive Serena Martel has not appeared in any flicks other than Summer Games.

—Ed

SEX IN THE KITCHEN

Dear MAX:

My husband and I both love your wonderful magazine. My husband

is a big aficionado of big boobs. That's why he married me, among other reasons. Like the beauties featured in the pages of your esteemed publication, I've got a pair of mighty melons. Bob gives then all the attention they need. But he also gets really turned on by looking at the pictures in MAX—and his horniness is contagious, making me horny as well. So we frequently look at MAX together as a prelude to our love making. Sometimes I'll fish out his dick and

their sex play, how the guy makes an ice cream sundae of his girlfriend's tits and then eats it. As I was reading that, I found myself getting *really horny*—even hornier than usual. I started squirming in my seat as I thought about what it would be like to have butterscotch sauce dripping all over my tits and what it would feel like as Bob's tongue lapped it all up. Finally, I put down the magazine, turned to Bob and said; "Ooooh, let's try that!"



stroke it for him as we look at the pretty MAX girls. That never fails to get both of us hot!

Recently we had a really wild sexual experience which was directly inspired by something we read in your mag, so we just had to write you and tell you about it. We were looking at all those luscious beauties in your July 1990 issue, when we decided to read the letters aloud to each other. He read the first letter aloud to me, and then I read the second one to him—the one from the couple that likes to play with food as part of

Then I jumped up from the couch and ran into the kitchen. Perplexed but excited, Bob followed close behind, reaching out to pinch my butt cheeks in anticipation as we ran.

Once in the kitchen, I immediately jumped up on the counter, pulled my blouse up to reveal my big, braless tits bouncing free, and spread my legs, sliding forward so that my pantied ass jutted out from under my skirt. "Why don't you see what sundae fixin's we got in the fridge, Bob?" I asked.

Bob opened the fridge and

browsed and pondered. "Hmm . . . I'm not sure I'm exactly in the mood for a sundae. I think right now I'm more in the mood for a *banana split!*"

And with that he removed a big banana from the fridge, following it up with a container of chocolate syrup. He looked me in the eye and I shivered with anticipation.

Without even peeling it first, Bob began to slowly pour the chocolate syrup all over the banana. It was big and brown and dripping and phallic, its curve gentle and sensuous. I knew what was coming. With his free hand, Bob reached out and grabbed the top of my panties, then, in one sudden, swift, decisive movement, pulled them down to my knees. I spread my legs, working the panties down to my ankles and stretching them out. Bob positioned the banana between my legs, and syrup dripped in dark, sweet-smelling goopy strings onto my meaty thighs. He pushed the big sticky thing into my pubic bush, and it started to disappear up my cunt. I groaned in fulfillment. When the banana was as far up my pussy as it would go, he started to withdraw it, then plunged it back in just before it was all the way out. He repeated this several times, building momentum each time. The rhythm was really getting me off, and I couldn't believe what a great lubricant the chocolate syrup was. Pretty soon I was bucking and writhing in time to his thrust, grunting and squealing in ecstasy and begging for more.

But when I was shuddering on the brink of orgasm, Bob stopped and pulled the banana out of my gushing snatch. A rich mixture of chocolate syrup and my own natural pussy syrup clung in strands to the fruit. "What are you doing?" I asked, but Bob just looked at me with intense lust and started to slowly peel the banana.

When it was peeled, he dropped the skin to the floor and very carefully inserted the fruit between my clinging cunt lips. Once it was in as far as it would go, he continued to push, mashing it inside

me and making my cunt expand under the pressure. The sensation was marvelous!

Bob dropped to his knees between my spread legs and started sniffing at my cunt. "Now that's what I call a great banana split," he said. "Banana, chocolate syrup and pussy juice!" And with that he dived in. He ate me voraciously, prompting the banana-chocolate-poontang mixture out of me with exquisite movements of his tongue. Each lap probed deeper into my pussy, then slurped upward to tickle my clitoris. Then he would gulp down the mouthful of banana he had extricated and go down on me again. With each slurp I moaned louder. I could feel my snatch closing with each slurp as more and more of the banana disappeared from it down my husband's gullet. He was getting loud and sloppy as my gash gushed in his face.

I was once again building towards a tremendous orgasm when finally all the banana was gone from my cunt and Bob withdrew his tongue, leaving me shaking and heaving on the very edge of an explosion of ecstasy. He proceeded to lick up all the chocolate syrup which had spilled on my thighs, and the feel of his tongue on my flesh kept me on the edge.

Then he stood up and kissed me passionately on the mouth while pawing at my tits. The sensation shocked me—he had covered his hands in chocolate syrup while he was eating me, apparently, and my tits were coated with the sweet, rich brown substance! My nipples rose to erection under the syrup, causing it to flow in little brown rivulets and strings down towards my stomach. Bob licked up the rivulets hungrily, then coated his big erection with what remained on his hand. Then he grabbed my thighs, spread my legs still further, and rammed into me. I was so wet that he slipped in easily, and so horny that after a few of his savage thrusts I was screaming in orgasm, my ass bouncing and wiggling ferociously on the countertop.

As my climax subsided, Bob

withdrew, his erection flying at full mast and demanding attention. It also looked delicious—wet and glistening with its own lubricant as well as mine and a generous helping of chocolate syrup in the mix. It throbbed three times, and I knew it was close to exploding. I jumped off the counter and fell to my knees dreamily before my husband's phallus, and then started to lick the clinging moisture from it. The mixture of sweet and salty flavors was fabulous and I started to suck it in earnest, taking it into my mouth and slurping all over it with my tongue, letting the mixed juices and my saliva roll and drip down my chin in my abandon. I couldn't have been at this a minute when Bob's cock, hyper-sensitized from the long preliminaries, started to jerk in my mouth and I heard him gasp and grunt. With a single thrust deep into my mouth—so deep that I could feel his glans poke the back of my throat—he let fly with a huge eruption of man-juice. Spurt after spurt of hot semen filled my mouth and I had to swallow furiously just to keep up with it. I did a good job, however, and hardly any of it escaped my mouth.

Happy and satisfied, if exhausted, we hopped into the shower and took a long, hot one. That's one thing about kitchen sex—its real sloppy, and if you're in a hurry, you may as well not bother. We tend to be busy, so it may be a while before our next leisurely Saturday afternoon. We are both really looking forward to it, however. Thanks for the inspiration, MAX. Readers—keep those letters cumming!

Tracy and Bob
Providence, RI

HOT FOR EBONY

Dear Ms. Hanson:

I was very excited to find the article on Ebony Ayes in the June 1990 issue, and when I got the issue home it was even more enjoyable. I was so excited, in fact, that I got a big erection right there in the store. I had to remark on the spot how impressive she was to the

reader next to me, who also happened to be black. He had seen her in one of her movies.

Let this gorgeous mocha maiden know that her beautiful tits are

hamlet near the Beltway. There's a restaurant-deli where I go to order a soft drink and sit down. A tall black woman with torpedos for tits walk in and walks over to the juke

the whole notion of prostitution. It's a basically dishonest business.

Anyway, I hope that they keep the fantasies coming, because the realities are disappointing. I've



very much appreciated, and I love that firm round ass of hers too. I've also seen her in a few movies.

Maybe you could forward this letter to her so I could tell her personally. It would be great to find a good movie with her in it just for old times' sake. I remember going down to D.C. in the 70s and early 80s, and all of the pretty black girls then. But now it's too crowded so I stay out in Maryland.

Maybe one day they'll make a triple-X film about one of my favorite fantasies. One of them is about being in my favorite little

box and punches in some good music and sits down at the same table with me. We start taking and I find that she has a great job to match her great body. She's a swimwear model for a department store.

Another great fantasy was the one in *Black Valley Girls II*. In the first sequence, a black girl is horny and connects with a white guy at a singles bar and then they end up in an apartment together. The next sequence wasn't as good, because it was about prostitution. In fact, it wasn't interesting at all. I dislike

been worried that toxic wind might be making me partially impotent. I went outside yesterday in the early evening, and since then I've been able to sustain a strong erection. It's been a little frightening since then. I hope that it's nothing serious.

Roger Fagan
Gaithersburg MD

Roger:

Your fears are probably unwarranted. Periods of greater or lesser sexual potency are normal in men.

—ed

SALLY:

just



for you

43DD-25-39







Here they are guys—just for you! Aren't they big and beautiful and firm and bouncy, like giant creamy melons? Aren't they among the sweetest looking tits you've ever gazed upon? I know from the way guys react to them that my tits are really special—the way guys' eyes follow them as I walk down the street, the way guys always look right at them when they are talking to me, the way my dates are always trying to get their hands on them and contrive some way to get them out of my bra or out from under my blouse.

"You can't fool me, dudes. I know that right now as you are reading this, you are getting a big hard-on which simply *demands* attention! I know that you are getting an uncontrollable urge to masturbate. And it's OK—I want you to masturbate. That's why I decided to pose in MAX. I find it so exciting to be baring my tremendous tits for all the horny tit-men in America to jerk off to.

"When I masturbate, plunging my fingers in and out of my pussy with abandon while my other hand massages my clit, I think about what you are thinking about while you are jerking off to my photos. I think about what it would be like if you were here with me. I can almost feel your strong hands plying my tit-flesh through the soft silk of my skimpy little see-through nightie. I can almost feel your fingers tweaking and stretching my nipples until they tingle and elongate. I can almost feel you slap my floppy boobs so that they bounce off one another and

jiggle like jelly, and I imagine us laughing at it together as a red blush slowly spreads over my smooth breasts and they begin to swell slightly.

"The silk of the nightie adds deliciously to the friction on my breasts. But then I imagine that you suddenly tear the nightie away, and I know that our sex-play is about to change . . .

"I imagine that you grow impatient and decide to dispense with further foreplay. I feel your hand following my ass crack down to my pussy, inserting fingers and roughly spreading my lips. Then you shove me forward, so I flop onto the bed belly-down. You grab a big tit in each hand and squeeze till the meat bulges out between your fingers, protruding like two half-moons from under my arms. Holding onto my hooters as if for dear life, you ram into my pussy-hole from behind. I gasp and moan and writhe and beg you for more as you thrash away back there. Lost in passion, I lower my mouth to where your fingers are clinging and digging into my soft boob-flesh and start to suck and nibble on one of your digits. You respond by giving one of my nipples a tweak. I squeal aloud as this unexpected sensation sends electric sparks shooting throughout my body, and buck my hips faster. In a matter of seconds both of us are grunting and crying in the throes of cataclysmic simultaneous orgasm.

"As we break our embrace and fall apart from each other, you gaze at my heaving tits in wonder—they were the source, the wellspring, the catalyst for this unleashed torrent of sexual passion.

"That's what I imagine when I think about you jerking off to my pictures in MAX, guys. I hope some of you will let me know what you think about!"











CITIZEN

*music
lessons*

41D-26-37



I love my work. I'm a violin teacher at a fancy ivy league college and I get to instruct all these young jocks who are required to take a modicum of 'serious' courses in order to stay on the sports teams.

"Most of these jocks have zero aptitude for a subtle and delicate instrument like the violin. On the other hand, most of them seem to have a *great* deal of aptitude for a subtle and delicate instrument like *me*. So it seems to be in our mutual interest to grade my students on how well they can play my hot body.

"It doesn't matter to me if the big lug can't even hold the bow right side up or keep his eyes off my cleavage long enough to read the music. If I like the looks of a jock at his first lesson, I'll tell him that a private session at my studio apartment might be more conducive to a meaningful learning experience.

"On the appointed day, the hunk enters my home—to find me posing in the nude with my violin, fully displaying my beautiful breasts, pretty bush and meaty thighs. I have been playing with myself and the smell of my flowing pussy juices merges with that of my French perfume.

"He smiles broadly and lunges for me, but I hold out a hand to stop him—he had forgotten that I am still the teacher and he is still the student. 'Why don't we start,' I suggest as I put down the violin, 'by seeing if your oral technique is any better than your bow technique?' Realizing that his passing grade depends on following my lead, Mr. Stud drops to his knees between my luscious thighs and starts nuzzling my snatch. My fragrant juices drip down his face, prompting him to use his tongue. As he starts lapping at my wet pussy, probing the wet, smooth, salty flesh for my clitoris, his talent inspires my own. As I feel the ecstasy rising, I burst into rapturous song—perhaps a stunning rendition of a Mozart aria, or one of the passionate female passages from a Wagnerian epic.

"When I approach climax, my squeals and grunts of pleasure are starting to interfere with my exquisite singing voice. I move to the bed, get on my knees, and thrust my ass out at the lug invitingly. He gets the message and rams his rock-hard cock into me. But, like the typical physical man, he just ruts like an animal until I remind him, 'Please, exercise a little taste! Pay attention to the rhythm—there, that's better. Now, use long, slow strokes, the *legato* method. Oh, excellent, *excellent*! Now gradually increase the tempo. Pace yourself! OK—now hard and fast! *Staccato*! You're on a *crescendo*! Oh, you're really using your creativity now! Oh, you're a brilliant student! Oh, I'm cumming! I'm cumming!'

"Even the most insensitive, unsophisticated lout has his hidden talents, I have found. It's just a question of giving them the opportunity to grow!"











PAT



43D

TY:

The
Biggest
& The
Best

D-24-37





Hil I'm Patty, and I know that when it comes to *tits*, I've got the biggest and best! I mean, just look at them—jutting, soft yet firm, stretching the cotton fabric of my green halter top almost to the breaking point. I'm really proud of them, because I know the effect that they have on men.

"Like right now, wouldn't you just love to step up to me, real close like, and reach out and grab the top of my halter, feeling my cleavage against your knuckles—and then yank it down with a single manly jerk, so that my big globes come spilling out, bouncing free all at once? Wouldn't you just love to do that?"

"And I wouldn't try to cover up at all—I would

just stand there beaming openly at you, proudly displaying my big, smooth, round mammaries, with a delicious gleam of mischief in my eyes, wordlessly inviting you to do what you want with them, have your fun.

"And you'd wordlessly accept my invitation, grabbing a big handful of my marvelous tit meat in one hand as you push me back against the wall with your other, and press your body against mine, grinding your crotch into mine, so that I could feel your growing hardness against my soft growing wetness through our pants.

"The next thing I know, your mouth would be pressed against mine, our tongues intertwined and we would be gasping between



passionate kisses. Your hands would reach down and pull away my panties with the same quick decisive motion you had just yanked down my top. Your strong hands would suddenly be on the exposed cheeks of my ass, roughly squeezing the flesh so that it jutted out between your fingers. My hand would be at your fly, freeing your throbbing gristle from its cruel confinement, working it into my bush, between my pussy lips. But you couldn't keep your hands away from the soft, deliciously pliable flesh of my generously proportioned boobs. You'd paw at them, pinch, tweak and squeeze them like a man obsessed. Finally, with one in each hand, you'd thrust into me as

far as you could go, really hard, so that I'd wince and cry out with the sudden pleasure. Deep in my chest, a fire would be raging and burning, growing more intense the more your hands groped and pawed and kneaded. You could feel my erect nipples in your grinding palm, our aching desire for release mounting. After a few more of your wonderfully manly thrusts, I squeal like a stuck pig, and you grunt in sweet satisfaction as mutual orgasm convulses our bodies.

"Afterwards, the grateful and happy look in my eyes would justify the satiated smile on your face—you'd know you had what it takes to handle the biggest and the best!"





J
U
L
I
E

A ONE-MA



A GIRL

45DD-28-40





Considering the way I'm showing off my jugs to all the horny tit-men in America here in the pages of MAX, you probably wouldn't think of me as a particularly conservative or old fashioned girl. But, believe it or not, in some ways I am just that.

"I decided to appear in MAX because my husband likes to show me off. He's proud of the fact that he's landed such a big-titted wife and he wants other men to know what he's got. Basically, it makes our own sex so much hotter if we know that there are all these other guys around the nation drooling—and pulling their puds—to my pictures.

"Just look at me, guys. Look at my come-hither expression. Look at the inviting way I spread my thighs and bare my soft, scrumptious tits. Look at the way I shamelessly play with my pussy. I can't stop myself. You can tell that I'm hot. You can tell that I need it bad. You can feel your lust rising, your blood surging through your turgid rod. You want to reach out and grab me. You want to dig your hard fingers into my soft flesh and wrestle me to the ground. You want to squeeze and slap my big floppy hooters. You want to massage my smooth thighs through my nylon stockings. You want to stick a finger into my snatch to test its wetness. Yes, it's ready. You want to whip out that tool and plunge it deep into my pliable, willing pussy. Oh, yes, that's so good. A single thrust and you've got me bucking and writhing and squirming and begging for more. I urge your lust to higher levels still with my helpless pleas to be fucked harder and faster. . .

"Our orgasm comes in a blinding flash, almost frightening in its intensity. Mine triggers yours, my sudden outburst of spasmic thrashing and uncontrollable squealing sparking your massive eruptions of hot cum into my dripping pussy. As our ecstatic cries give way to playful grunts and then to satisfied sighs, your enormous wad starts to trickle in a slow stream from my gash down an asscheek, providing me with a small, tickling, pleasureable sensation which makes me smile in the aftermath of our lustful explosion.

"Now that I've spelled it out for you, I know for certain what you are thinking about as you jerk off to my photos. And knowing that makes sex with my husband so hot that it's incredible. That's why I love appearing in MAX and telling you all about my most uninhibited fantasies. By sharing myself vicariously, I can be the perfect housewife and the perfect slut—simultaneously. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!"









KIM'S SECRET

41D-24-37



I've got a secret. But the same dark instincts which compelled me to indulge in this strange act in the first place are now compelling me to humiliate myself by baring all in the pages of a national magazine. Hope you're ready, guys. . .

"It all started when I realized that I was powerfully attracted to this guy at the office where I work. I'll call him Jim. However, he always resisted my advances. Finally, in desperation, I decided to take the plunge and simply follow him home after work and seduce him.

"I was starting to wonder if Jim realized he was being followed when his car pulled into the parking lot of an X-rated theater. I waited in my Corvette until he was inside. Then I purchased my ticket.

"Up on the screen flashed the image of some slut sucking off an entire college football team, one by one. The audience was entirely men, and it didn't take me long to figure out, watching the surreptitious movements in the shadows, that most of them were jerking off. I was starting to get very self-conscious, when I recognized Jim's face in the flickering half-light. And then I couldn't believe my eyes. He was stroking his tool. And it was erect and massive and beautiful—everything I dreamed it would be.

"As if in a dream myself, transfixed by that massive rod, I walked down the row and sat in the seat right next to him. Before I could stop myself, before he had even noticed I was there, I reached out and grabbed his cock in my hands. He gasped in alarm when he turned and recognized me, but I just said, 'Please, let me do that for you baby. I've been wanting to touch it for so long. In fact, I want to do more than touch it. . . ! And with that I lowered my head and prepared to take it into my mouth. But before I could so much as plant a kiss on it, Jim had grabbed the back of my head and pulled me back up. 'W-what are you doing?' I stammered.

"He explained. 'Look, I'm a *voyeur*. I get off on watching other people do it. If you want to suck my cock, you're going to have to suck



somebody's else's first—and let me watch! All I said was 'But who. . . ?' And then I winced with disgust as he pointed to the fat, middle aged guy, greasy and balding, pulling his pud at the end of the row. Seconds later I found myself approaching the ugly brute, and heard the words leaving my mouth; 'Excuse me sir, but may I give you a . . . a blowjob?'

The smell alone was overwhelming enough to make me gag, but I sucked for all I was worth, wanting to get it over with as quickly as possible. The sheer allure of the forbidden, combined with the knowledge that this was such a special treat for Jim, started getting me real hot. I whimpered out loud around the massive flesh-gag, and reached under my skirt to pull my drenched panties aside and shamelessly finger my pussy.

"Seconds later, the brute was writhing and bellowing, rising out of his chair to force himself deeper into me, filling my mouth with blast after huge, hot blast of gooey, salty cum. The first strand leaked from my mouth onto my blouse, but then I heard Jim's voice urgently demanding 'Swallow it! Swallow it, slut!' I braced myself and with a herculean effort gulped the mouthful of scum down my gullet. I suddenly felt a warm splash against my face, hair, neck and tits, and realized for the first time that Jim had been jerking off to my performance—and had just shot his wad all over me. 'Now swallow mine,' he told me, and without a moment's hesitation I licked up every drop and sent it down the hatch.

"Fortunately, Jim took me home that night and let me give *him* a blowjob too. In fact, our sex life is so good that I think I'm curing him of his voyeurism. But not entirely. He insists that if we are gonig to remain lovers, I have to tell all of American what I did that first night here in the pages of MAX. And I know that it is worth it."











KELLY BLUE:

OUT
BACK
FUCK
QUEEN

42DD-26-38





"Being the biggest female porn star in Australia is a thrill, but the porn business in the land down under isn't nearly as big as it is here in the States. I've come to the U.S. to break into the 'big time' and really make a name for myself.

"One big difference between American and Australian fuck films that I noticed immediately is the guys. Australian men are aggressive and unrefined when it comes to sex. It surprises me, for instance, to hear some American actresses complain about getting cum shots in their faces. Australian men cum in a girl's face all the time—it's part of their sexual routine. Also, Australian men treat my tits like they were made out of rubber or something, always pulling and tugging on them roughly. I like my tits to be treated gently, by having them licked and sucked by a soft, expert tongue. My nipples are extremely sensitive and I can be made to cum many times just by having them sucked the right way. Australian actors suck on them like they're trying to drain a bottle of beer, and they wind up making me sore. I've found that American men actually like sucking on my nipples, taking their time to do it right and enjoy themselves. That gets my big Australian pussy very wet!

"When it comes to fucking, Australian men are about as graceful as a crocodile. They usually just pounce on me with their hard dicks and spear my juicy pussy lips like they were harpooning me. Then, once it's in, they fuck me like a jackhammer, as if they are in a contest to see how many times per second they can ram it in. I don't like being fucked like I'm in a race. American men, on the other hand, seem to genuinely like fucking my pussy with slow, deliberate strokes, pushing their pricks all the way in, and then pulling them out until only the head is still soaking in my hole, then pushing them all the way back in again. Their reward for this kind of talented fucking is an incredibly wet pussy that has orgasm after orgasm.

"Also, Australian men don't enjoy eating my pussy the way American men do. Like their fucking, they hurry along, licking and lapping at my tingling hole like it was a chore instead of a pleasure. The Americans who've eaten my big pussy have done it like they were eating an exquisite meal, savoring every bit of my meaty pussy lips, and loving every drop of my love juice as if it were fine wine. Nothing turns me on more than when I know a man is really enjoying eating my pussy, and I can't wait to return the favor by sucking his hard cock and getting a mouthful of his gooey white jism.

"The one thing men here do best is tongue fuck. After they've sucked my clit and made me cum, they stick their tongue way into my hole and wiggle it around until I cum again. Then they fuck me with it, shoving it in and out like it was their prick, and this makes me unleash a load of hot juice right in their face!

"I love American men, and the way they love sex. I wish I could fuck every man in America, starting with you! I hope you like me too!"











MAX





HERE'S CLAUDE
SANTY CLAUDE

© TED SONNAG

HERE CUMS SANTY CLAUS

The Present Was Her Box

By Del Thomas

Was the Christmas of 1988 the season to be jolly? For some, maybe, but I, Will Schreiber, was having a particularly bad day. How bad? Well, I'd give it a 3.2 on the open-ended HO-HO-HO scale.

My misery peaked just before my 3:30 break when the dishwater blonde came walking up to Santa's chair pushing a third-generation hand-me-down stroller. Her cargo was one very unhappy little girl wearing red-rimmed eyes, a smudged jumper, and an ear-to-ear chocolate cookie.

"Now, you stop crying, Annie! Be a good girl and share your cookie with Santa. Then you can tell Santa what you want for Christmas!" the disheveled young mother scolded as she plucked her bawling daughter from the baby buggy. Then she handed the shrieking sprite another Oreo, and unceremoniously dumped all 35 pounds of terrified two-year old into my empty lap.

I forced my most syrupy-sweet smile and averted my gaze from the disgustingly-gummed cookie bobbing in the tiny fist just in front of my snout. Then, I placed my hand under the little girl's chin and directed her tiny, teary-eyed gaze upward into my own.

"Do you have something to give to Santa, Annie?"

She did. She gave me an answer. . . in spades!

"No-o-o-o . . . Mommy-y-y!!!" she shrieked out as if she'd just been touched by the devil himself. Then, she proceeded to underscore the intensity of her terror by simultaneously drumming the heels of her toddling shoes on my testicles, jamming the slobber-softened Oreo into my right eye socket, and draining her precociously large bladder all over Santa's jolly red suit!

Why is it, I ask you, then when terror and potty training meet head to head, terror always wins?

Ah, the indignities of unemployment compensation! When you get laid off your technical writing job just before Christmas like I did, and you go in to collect your miniscule unemployment check, AND they see that you bear a resemblance to Old Saint Nick, what do you get??

I'll tell you what you get . . . you get forced to take a job that nets you \$5.85 an hour and all the free drool, urine, soggy cookies, and testicular trampling you could possibly want, THAT'S what you get!

Swear to God, if it hadn't been for the unemployment department's threats to cut off my benefits altogether for refusing to accept available work, yours truly would have been Jolly-Old-Elf history, right then and there!

Instead, it was a 20 minute coffee break and uniform change followed by a return for Round Three of my Thursday afternoon ordeal.

It was about 15 minutes into my shift that my holiday plans took a radical turn for the better!

It was the mid-afternoon lull and I hadn't been mauled by a single snotty-nosed kid in five minutes. That was when Merry Ortiz swayed over from the Lingerie department.

I spotted her from 50 feet away! She was a 48-DD if she was an inch!! You know the type . . . a little girl face and a body imported straight from *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*??

Her incendiary good looks would have made Rudolph's prick

glow red instead of his nose!

Well, this provocatively miniskirted and highheeled vision walked straight up to Santa's chair. She set down her bag of purchases, lifted her miniskirt almost to hip level, and popped her pantyless posterior into my empty lap. Her intoxicating perfume surrounded my head in a warm pink cloud.

"Hi, Santa. I'm Merry!"

"Have you been a good little girl, Merry?" I managed to mumble in a strangled voice as her taut asschees squirmed and ground my stiff pecker downward into my crotch—it was like trying to talk while your doctor checks for hernias by shoving his finger up your crotch and telling you to cough!

"No . . . I haven't," she tittered self-indulgently, throwing her arm around my neck and pressing her horrendously huge hooters up against my fake white beard. Her mega-mammaries were the diameter of a pair of twin cantaloupes that were suffering from a very serious glandular imbalance.

"Does it really matter, Santa . . . that I haven't been a good girl, I mean?"

"Not really, I guess . . ."

"Good!!! Then I'm going to tell you my Christmas wish!"

As she brought her pouting lips to my ear and shared her holiday secret, her sweet little-girl voice reminded me of the movie, *Something Wild*. It was the scene where Melanie Griffith has Jeff Daniels handcuffed to the bed and taunts him by thrusting her naked titties in his face!

"I'd like something very special this year, Santa!" she cooed.

"I'd like you to drop in on Christmas morning and fuck me in front of my Christmas tree!"

Well, sir, you can bet that THAT Christmas wish gave Santa's candy cane a jumpstart! But, unfortunately, the Christmas wish-teller didn't stick around long enough for old Will to lay his Claus on her!

Instead, her message delivered, Merry tantalizingly squirmed her hot little butt against my hard crotch and thrust a pink envelope into the patch pocket of my red suit. Then, she grabbed up her bagful of lingerie and departed as suddenly and mysteriously as she'd arrived. It was a departure that left Santa alone with his stiffened candy cane and a damp fragrant spot to remind him of where her pussy had rested on his trouserleg.

I can tell you that as soon as my peter lost its tell-tale trouser-tenting petrification and the nearby sales clerks stopped gawking, I hustled to the mens' John, eager to discover the written details of Merry's obscene offer.

Her three-page note was printed in crayon and illustrated on the front with a roughly drawn stick figure of a bearded guy in a red suit. There was this *immense* prick sticking out of his fly and she had written across the top of the page, "This is what I want for Christmas" with an arrow pointing downward to the head of that behemoth boner.

The note itself was crudely hand-printed to mimic the writing style of a first grader.

Dear Santa,

I've been a bad girl!!! I *tried* to be a good girl all year, but Daddy won't let

me!! He makes me wear sexy clothes and do naughty things with other men while he watches.

Now he says he wants me to give you a private sex show, Santa, and then let you put your big hard dick in to my tight little pussy and fuck me until you fill my hole with a creamy load!

If you're interested, please call my husband, Frank Ortiz, at 999-2317 to arrange the details.

Your Sexy Holiday Elf
Merry

Geezus, what an easy decision THAT was to make... having one of the most beautiful women I'd seen in years ask me to come fuck her and knowing that it was okay with her old man!

Well, I called Frank as soon as I got home that evening. It turned out the guy tends bar at El Morocco, that ritzy place down near the corner of 10th and Wilson.

I told Frank that I'd be honest and admit that I'd never fucked for an audience before, but with a gorgeous gals like Merry lying in wait for me, I was pretty sure I could overcome my shyness!

As it turned out, Frank wasn't even going to be in the room. He just laughed and said, "Not to worry, Will, I have a remote-controlled video camera that'll be set up on a tripod in the den with you and Merry. I'll just run the video cable into the livingroom and catch the action on the projection TV! Swear to God, the two of you won't even know that I'm in the house!"

Frank also encouraged me to wear a pair of those mirrored reflective sunglasses. He said it would make the scene more exciting for him! Hey, with a choice fuck like his wife available to me, I'd have painted my body with pink polka dots if he asked me to!

Well, Christmas Eve fell two days later on Saturday and I only had to put in half a day in the department store. I also didn't have to return my Santa uniform until Tuesday.

It was a perfect setup for my Christmas morning "job"!

I had to fight the crowds of late shoppers in four different department stores to finally locate a pair of mirrored Ray-Bans, but by the time the radio and TV stations had switched over to holiday programming that evening, I'd already trimmed and waxed my moustache, spitshined my boots, and laid out my clean Santa suit on the livingroom couch.

Come bedtime, I had as much trouble falling asleep as I'd had at the age of eight! And the images that were dancing in my head sure as hell weren't of sugarplums!!

The morning found me lying wide awake at 6 a.m., similarly excited. Any question of being able to fall back asleep soon disappeared from my thoughts, so I got up, chucked a tape in the VCR, and watched about 45 minutes of a European XXX-rated tape to help get me into the spirit of Christmas Present!

My watch was reading about 7:55 when I spotted the mailbox that said "Ortiz" on it. "Not a bad little spread for a bank president, let alone a bartender!" I thought to myself as I ogled the sprawling ranch-style home in one of the most expensive parts of town. "Hell, this isn't a house, it's an estate!" I pulled my old Ford station wagon into their driveway and parked it beside the pair of silver and gold his-and-hers Mercedes.

For about the fifth time since I'd met Merry and talked to Frank, I had the nagging feeling that it was all too good to be true... that I'd awaken any second shouting a "Bah, Humbug!" and find that the whole thing was just a perverse wet dream concocted by the Spirit of Christmas Future.

"Hi, Santa!" My train of thought was derailed by that same exciting little girl voice that I'd heard in Brinkmann's Department Store.

I turned to see Merry standing in the half opened front door, one arm lifted up and braced against the doorjam above her head. With that little red Santa hat on, she looked like a cross

between Mae West and a 22-year-old Mrs. Claus eagerly waiting for her old man to return from his Christmas rounds and cum down HER chimney.

Merry's sexy outfit was clearly a seasonal special that Mr. Frederick had designed in his Hollywood studios after having an XXXmas wet dream!

She wore a red and white candy-striped Merry Widow corset that covered her voluptuous figure from crotch level to just below her bulging breasts. The corset's tear-away cups had been removed to allow both bulbous behemoths to jut from her tiny ribcage like turgid-capped cantaloupes; their blood-engorged tips protuberated in ripe invitation for prolonged sucking.

Down below, her long lithe dancer's gams were ensheathed in a delicately lacy pair of beige patterned hose and her small feet slipped into tiny red patent leather stilt-heeled pumps.

"Come on in, silly!" "It's time to open the presents!" She stepped to the side of the door and made a sweeping arm gesture that invited me inside.

The party was about to begin!

As we entered the spacious den, it turned out that what Frank had told me about video cameras was true. The only surprise was that he'd said there would be one camera and it turned out that there were two. They were positioned with one directly in front of the tree and the other off to the side at right angles to the first. Their long video cables crossed the floor and disappeared down a hallway that I assumed led to the livingroom where Frank had said that he'd be watching.

"Geezus, this guy must really be ambidextrous!" I thought as I heard small electric motors begin to whirl and the two cameras simultaneously rotated and zoomed to capture our entry into the den.

Merry returned my attention to the here and now. "This is my biggest present!" she giggled like a seven-year-old. "I want to open it first!"

My eyes soaked in the sexy bump and sway of her big udders as she greedily tore into the silvery-ribboned gift-wrapped box. "Ooo-o-oh... look!" she squealed in seemingly prepubescent excitement. "I bet this is just about the biggest candy cane that your elves ever made!"

She extricated the monstrous confection from its cellophane wrapper. It was about two feet long and its blunted nose was a good inch-and-a-half in diameter. It must have weighed five pounds! Merry plopped down on a Naugahyde armchair, kicked off her shoes and brought her heels up to rest on either side of the seat cushion.

Her corset's crotch snaps popped audibly as she unfastened them to bare her hairless, juice-bedewed pussy. Her closely-shaven mound fit the scenario perfectly, being as sure and smooth as a baby's bottom, just as if Merry really were the nymphette she feigned.

"M-m-m... Good!" she enthused throatily as she slid the candy cock between her richly carmined lips and began to rhythmically throat the last four or five inches of its striped shaft.

I felt like a real doofus, standing there gawking at her. My prick was visibly tenting the buttoned front of my scarlet trousers as she lowered the cane and eagerly applied its blunted head to the dark mysterious chink cleaving her pussy lips—it was like watching the Hindenburg preparing to enter a two-car garage.

Like my own eyeballs, the two cameras had simultaneously turned and were now focusing to witness the erotic deflowering.

Fortunately, Merry's cunt was a good deal more capacious than it looked, easily taking first two... then four... then six inches of sweet sticky shaft as the room air became aromatic with a mixture of mint and sex musk.

With a substantial amount of prick-hard candy inserted up her cunt, Merry began to work the syrupy invader in and out of her crotch in long pumping strokes. Her muscular vaginal mouth clutched and worked at the thick invader like a toothless Pit Bull gumming an oversized rubber bone!

With all that stimulation it didn't take long before Merry lolled her head back, let out a protracted moan like a wounded timber

(continued on page 88)

A full-page photograph of a woman with voluminous, curly brown hair and blue eyes. She is topless, wearing a black feathered thong. She is leaning forward, with her right arm extended towards the camera and her left hand resting on her hip. The background is dark and out of focus.

A SENSE OF

DEJA VU: Ypsilanti, Michigan Style

IMAGINE YOURSELF SITTING ON A COUCH, HAVING A DRINK AT A CLUB AND A HOT 20 YEAR OLD GIRL COMES OVER AND TAKES OFF HER CLOTHES RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU. SHE STRADDLES YOU ON THE COUCH, LEANS BACKWARD, BUNCHES UP HER HAIR WITH ONE HAND, THEN RUBS HER NIPPLES WITH THE OTHER. SHE CLOSES HER EYES AND OPENS HER MOUTH SLIGHTLY, THEN RUBS

HER CLIT WITH HER FREE HAND, JUST INCHES AWAY FROM YOU. WHEN SHE TURNS AROUND, STRADDLES YOU BACKWARD, AND GYRATES HER GORGEOUS FIRM ASS TO THE BEAT OF MUSIC, THRUSTING HER CUNT TANTAULOUSLY CLOSE TO YOUR FACE. SHE TURNS AROUND AGAIN, THIS TIME LEANING HER TITS INTO YOUR FACE, HER FIRM YOUNG NIPPLES RUBBING YOUR CHEEKS.



SOUND UNREAL? THIS HAPPENS EVERY DAY AT THE YPSILANTI DEJA VU CUB IN YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN. IT'S CALLED A "DEJA COUCH VIEW." ALL OF THE 30 OR SO GIRLS DO THE COUCH VIEWS. YOU CAN HAVE IT DONE WITH THEIR T-BAR (G-STRING) ON, OR YOU CAN HAVE IT DONE NUDE. THIS COSTS TEN DOLLARS.

MAKING REALITY OUT OF FANTASY IS WHAT ALL 20 DEJA VU CLUBS ACROSS THE COUNTRY, ARE ABOUT.





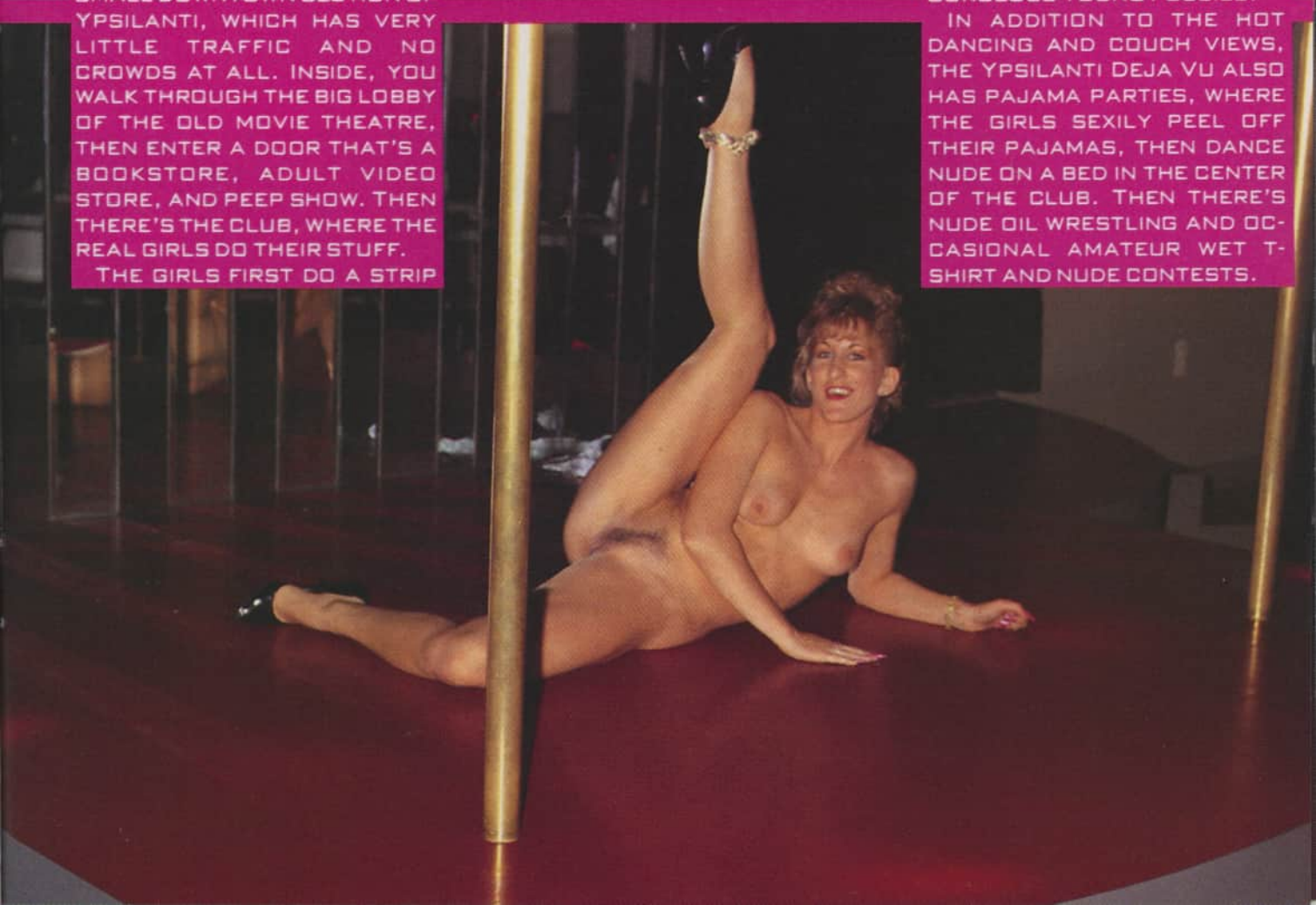
MAKING REALITY OUT OF FANTASY IS WHAT ALL 20 DEJA VU CLUBS ACROSS THE COUNTRY ARE ABOUT.

THE YPSILANTI, MI CLUB IS LOCATED IN AN OLD MOVIE THEATRE AT 31 N. WASHINGTON. IT'S IN THE SMALL DOWNTOWN SECTION OF YPSILANTI, WHICH HAS VERY LITTLE TRAFFIC AND NO CROWDS AT ALL. INSIDE, YOU WALK THROUGH THE BIG LOBBY OF THE OLD MOVIE THEATRE, THEN ENTER A DOOR THAT'S A BOOKSTORE, ADULT VIDEO STORE, AND PEEP SHOW. THEN THERE'S THE CLUB, WHERE THE REAL GIRLS DO THEIR STUFF.

THE GIRLS FIRST DO A STRIP

ACT ON THE CENTER STAGE. THEY DO ONLY THREE SONGS, SO BY THE END OF THE FIRST SONG THEY'RE TOPLESS, IN THE SECOND THEY'RE COMPLETELY NUDE, AND IN THE THIRD THEY'RE SPREADING THEIR LEGS TO SHOW THEIR GORGEOUS YOUNG PUSSIES.

IN ADDITION TO THE HOT DANCING AND COUCH VIEWS, THE YPSILANTI DEJA VU ALSO HAS PAJAMA PARTIES, WHERE THE GIRLS SEXILY PEEL OFF THEIR PAJAMAS, THEN DANCE NUDE ON A BED IN THE CENTER OF THE CLUB. THEN THERE'S NUDE OIL WRESTLING AND OCCASIONAL AMATEUR WET T-SHIRT AND NUDE CONTESTS.











N
-
C
O
L
E

looking
for
lovers

40D-
27-
37



I'm looking for a couple to party with. Preferably, I'd like to move in and live with them for awhile, so we'd really be able to get close. I'm really curious about what it would be like to be fucked and sucked by both a man and a woman, but I don't think I could do it with just anyone.

"I first started getting turned on by the thought of being bi-sexual when my old boyfriend showed me porno films. I really liked watching the actresses blowing the actors and having their open cunts fucked for the cameras, but I found out that I was getting turned on the most by seeing the girls eating each other's cunts and sitting on each other's faces. I didn't tell my boyfriend at the time, but I secretly watched more porn without him, fingering my pussy as I admired the actresses' bodies.

"When I started modeling, I came into contact with a lot of



really good looking sexy girls. I got to see a lot of them naked, and my pussy always got wet when I was close to them. I really wanted to have sex with a few of them, but I didn't want them thinking I was a lesbian, so I didn't say anything. Then I decided that the only way I could do it would be for a man to be involved, and I just figured that a married couple, or a couple who lives together, would be my best bet. Then I could have the best of both worlds—a stiff cock and a soft pussy.

"If I could find a couple to live with for awhile, I'd fix them breakfast in bed, dressed in a cute little maid's uniform and of course the skirt would be real short and I wouldn't wear panties. I'd always want my pussy to be showing so they could play with it whenever they wanted. Whenever he wanted to fuck me, all he'd have to do is tell me to bend over, and I'd do it. I think it would be so exciting to have his wife watching as he did it.

"My biggest wish, however, is that she would treat me the same way, using my pussy for her satisfaction. I dream what it would be like for her to tell me to lay back and spread my legs as she lowers her red lips to my steaming hole and sucks me to orgasm. I think women must eat pussy so much different than men—probably softer and more slowly, prolonging the pleasure. At least that's how I'd eat her pussy. I think it would be so great to have a big, wet pussy in my face, her patch of pubic hair scratching my nose as I slurped away at her soggy crack. Just thinking about making another woman cum with my lips and tongue gets me all moist.







"Then there is my fantasies about having a three-way with them, me sucking his cock while she eats my pussy, him fingering her, all of us cumming together with loud groans and moans! Anyway, I'm very curious about doing this. If you and your wife or girlfriend would consider it, please write me and tell me about yourselves. Thanks!"





NOOKIE NEXT DOOR NOOKIE NEXT DOOR

Watch Out For Your Neighbor!

By H.H. Morris

Sharon turned me into a voyeur. Before she and Tom moved into the house next door, I was simply a normal guy who got slightly excited when I saw a pretty lady coming my way. And if that foxy gal happened to be showing more flesh than the law or local morals said she should, so much the better. But I didn't camp out underneath selected windows so I could watch some sexy broad strip down to the buff.

Tom was a nice guy who'd never celebrate his real 50th birthday again and who put more dark stuff on his hair than I put on my dress shoes. Sharon was the sexy second wife, the gal half his age who may or may not have broken up marriage #1. Her job was to play housewife by day and whore by night.

Brunette Sharon had the busty kind of long legged, swivel hip beauty that suggested playing the whore by night was no problem. When she smiled or spoke, her lips made every man around think about blow jobs. And even though she and Tom had moved into the neighborhood in the dead of winter, no healthy male had any difficulty noticing that she had one helluva figure. If she wore anything between her hot ass and her CK's, it was damn sure crushproof.

They were simply neighbors. The smart man doesn't screw around within the block—or even, say some, within the same zip code. I'd almost forgotten that Sharon lived next door the morning the popping noise awakened me. First came a series of pops, then silence. Then more pops. Then silence.

I work swing shift. I often awaken around 6:30 or 7 in the morning because a parade of normal commuters and of school-children is off to greet the normal day. Then I go back to sleep. The popping noises hit my ears right around 9:10—or so said the digital I hadn't reset—on a warm, sunny morning.

Staggering out of bed, I hunted down the source of the disturbing sound. Sharon leaned out her corresponding bedroom window, so directly opposite mine that I think the builder of the development had wife-swapping in mind. I backed away quickly, grabbing my suddenly stiff cock as I did so.

The popping sounds came from Sharon picking up a throw rug or bathmat by one end and shaking it vigorously. The silences in between the series of pops were when she either turned the rug around to shake the other end or swapped it for yet another dirty one. She and Tom must have had a lot of rugs upstairs.

How hard she shook out the dust could be measured by the clouds of dust and lint floating between our houses. I chose a different measurement—how wildly her big tits jiggled. I could see quite clearly, since they were totally bare. I had previously assumed that their height—she could almost rest her chin on her breasts—and their incredible

roundness had come from an expensive bra. I had been wrong. They were naturally in defiance of gravity.

It was at that moment I became a voyeur.

The old Hank would have stepped over to the window to share some nudity with a sexy, honest wench. Sharon did her housework the same way I slept. The new and sneaky Hank stayed in what he hoped were the shadows and watched her bounce her jugs only a few feet from his bedroom wall. My hands slid up and down my rod as I examined her boobs as closely as I could.

If only she had been taller...one more inch and I'd have been sure the parts that remained inside the house weren't covered by anything more than shoes.

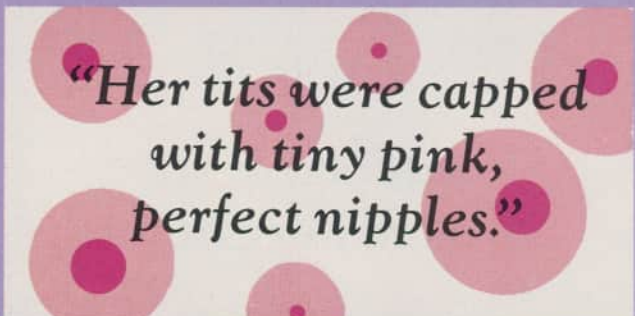
I moved my hand faster and faster as I studied that magnificent set of tits. They were big, round, and no lighter in skin shade than the rest of Sharon's torso. Because she'd never had a baby, her breasts were capped by tiny, pink nips that seemed stiff from excitement. My stiff cock began burning as I jerked off.

It was as if she knew I was panting over her knockers. When she'd finished with the rugs, she leaned far out the window, folding her body forward so that her jugs elongated and swung back and forth gently as her nips ointed directly at the earth. Very carefully, almost teasing her boobs with every movement, Sharon got any dust or lint the mounds had collected off them. That took stroking and gentle smacking.

My cock ached. I moved my hand even faster, until my jism smacked against the wall beside the window through which I watched. It took me several minutes to get the plaster clean. By that time, Sharon had gone inside to put the rugs back in place, closing the window behind her.

I figured the entire damn adventure was a crazy coincidence. It wouldn't happen again. And it didn't—not in the same form.

You may not consider garbage barrels erotic. I sure as the devil didn't. Mine were in my back yard, Tom's and Sharon's in their back yard. We had a fence between us. We were growing a hedge. It was all of two feet high. I could see over it when I sat on my back steps.



*"Her tits were capped
with tiny pink,
perfect nipples."*

That meant I could see Sharon go to her garbage barrels about 10 on a warm morning when I was sitting on the back porch and soaking up some sun with the last of my breakfast coffee. She lifted the lid off the plastic container and bent over to look inside it. My cock again stiffened.

She wore a white, short robe. When she bent forward, I saw a shapely, tanned ass. No wonder she moved those hips so all the men would notice what she had. What she had was just about as perfectly round without being big as a set of cheeks and deep, deep crack can be. A hint of thick, dark bush curled out from between her legs as she stood there doing whatever the hell people do in their garbage barrels at 10 a.m.

Sharon straightened and turned back to walk toward the house. Her big tits bounced under the white robe. It was thin and belted tightly at her waist, so it hugged her breasts nicely. Her long legs flashed as she moved rapidly toward her own back door. If she noticed me, she didn't speak or smile.

Just before I went inside so I could get to my cock and stroke it, I realized she'd left the top off her garbage barrel. I wondered if that meant . . .

It did.

Her second trip involved a bulky package that she carried atop her head, as if she were a native bearer in an old movie. That meant walking slow, each step an ass swinging maneuver hot enough to melt the cock on a watching tin soldier. Raising her arms to hold the package had bared the bottom of her moons below the short robe.

When she bent over this time, Sharon spread wide enough so that I had no bad angles for staring at heaven's gate. She had a nice, pink, wet slit that I could barely see because she's such a hairy wench. That did me in. I like pussy hair. I unzipped my fly and pulled out my stiff cock. I started stroking fast.

She wiggled a lot, even having to lift her right leg off the ground so that she spread very, very wide a couple of times before she got whatever she'd brought out into the barrel. Then Sharon seemed to suffer from a serious need to study her work. She stood there, head down, ass up, legs spread wide. Her right hand moved down to stroke her slit, concentrating on the clit I couldn't see, but could imagine being as hard as my cock.

I was just about to blow my load across space and aim at her bare butt when she straightened and put the barrel's lid on. The bitch caught me by surprise. I couldn't stop working on my own rod, which was red from friction. I concentrated on the purple head. Damn! I was sure I could shoot jism over the hedge and directly onto that hot brunette's body.

Sharon turned. Her robe was open, flared out in the slight breeze. Her big tits trembled as she walked slowly toward her house. I could see her black bush clearly, since she no longer even pretended the robe was tied. Her left hand stroked her big jugs with their stiff, pink, tiny caps. Her right dug obsessively at her clit, mimicking my masturbation with her own.

The bitch knew I was watching.

I stood. My hand moved as my cock began to ache and my balls threatened to explode with the tightness in them. The pretense was over. I was a voyeur. The bitch next door was a flasher. Sharon slowed her pace even more.

**"I watched as she
stroked her clit."**

She moaned so loudly I could hear her as her forefinger and third finger dug into her pussy and teased her big, hungry love tit. Her left hand pinched and slapped her big tits in a way designed to make any real man's cock jump to attention. She moved so slightly she might as well have been standing still.

"Damn!" I yelled, my cum spurting out into my yard to help the dandelions grow taller.

Sharon walked quickly into her home.

It wasn't my idea of the ideal affair. I like flesh against flesh, legs spreading so a man can slide his hard cock into wet, willing, hungry pussy. Unless you count a blowjob or assfucking as a variation, I didn't know a single thing outside of the ordinary—and that includes licking a hot pussy, since I figure a man should give the way he likes to receive. Looking isn't my thing.

But with Sharon, looking was all I had. If the way she dug at her clit as she walked into the house that morning meant anything, there were two of us satisfying ourselves with the assistance of the distant other.

Two weeks later, when it was getting even warmer and I was almost ready to surrender and leave the air conditioner on all the time, I was awakened by a peculiar clinking noise shortly after nine. I wobbled to my feet and realized that I had an erection before I even looked. I muttered a curse and looked away.

She was between our houses. She had just about finished digging a flower bed. This had caused her tube top to slide completely off her big boobs. When she pulled it up, she barely covered her nips. That meant a couple of more efforts at digging and we had bare tits again.

The bitch must have seen my shadow—stiff cock straight out, hand moving on it.

She stroked her big jugs before putting them back in the tube top one more time. Then she stood and dug fingers from both hands into a crotch not really covered by inadequate cutoffs. Sharon had skipped the panties.

"Let's see the cock, Hank," she said.

I knew I'd been caught. I walked to the window.

"Take off the screen."

I took it off and pushed the window all the way open.

"It's a beauty," Sharon told me.

She meant my rod. I pounded it with all I had, feeling the burning from my hand. She yanked her tube top down to her waist so I could watch her boobs bounce as she fingered her hard, hot clit.

She moaned as if she came about the time I started jetting jism into the air. I hit her house. She looked up, giggled loudly, and flopped a tit at me—both hands held it as she did so—in salute. Then she ran inside.

The phone rang ten seconds later. I identified my number.

"Like my body, Hank?" Sharon asked.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"I don't work this weekend," I told her. "You pick the expensive couples resort. You figure out how to tell your old man you won't be around to be Mrs. Power Executive. Then I'll fuck you until your teeth float."

"That's liking these fat tits a lot," she said.

I didn't answer. I was up against money. For all I knew, money's cock got stiff, too.

"Not yet," said Sharon.

"What does that mean?"

"He still checks for bruises. I bruise easily."

"You can tie my hands behind me," I told her. "You can sit on my cock."

"You aren't afraid of me?"

"Why should I be? You're a beautiful woman. I know what to do with beautiful women."

"Do you eat pussy?" she asked me.

I slurped into the mouthpiece of the phone a few times.

(continued on page 98)

HEATHER:

A Born Sucker
42D-27-38





What can I say? I guess I'm just a born sucker. "Sometimes I think I'd rather have a cock in my mouth than in my pussy. That way it's so much closer to my sensory organs. I can see it—big and sinewy, with throbbing veins, glistening with my saliva. I can smell it—that subtle, musky odor filling my nostrils deliciously. And I can taste it. That's best of all. That salty flavor and the feel of that big shaft of meat poking into my mouth is what really gets me going. That's what really sets my pussy juices flowing, fills me with the irresistible urge to play with myself down there, and awakens that deep inner voice that whispers *suck, suck, suck*."

"That's when I really feel like a complete woman, when I'm down on my knees servicing my man's pork with my mouth, letting his hands freely explore my body, probing my pussy, massaging my ass cheeks and thighs, squeezing and kneading and tweaking my titties. That's when I know that I am loved and appreciated. Because I know that most women are squeamish, uptight bitches who somehow think it's degrading to get down on their knees and give a man the most exquisite form of sexual pleasure he can experience. So many of the men I've sucked off have told me that they've never known a woman who so openly enjoys giving head. Most of their girlfriends acted as if they were doing it as a favor, if they were willing to do it at all. Some of them even gag when they try to swallow cum."

"I find that especially hard to believe, because it is

so alien to my deepest, most basic needs and desires. For me, the best part of giving a blowjob is when my man's big dick erupts on my tongue and gives me a mouthful of semen. If it is the first time that I am sucking off a particular man, it is always a moment that I particularly savor, because it's always a bit of a surprise to find out what it tastes like. Some cum is stronger-tasting than others, some saltier, some more bitter or sweet or pungent. I think their diet has something to do with it.

"I guess I'm what you might call a cum connoisseur. I find it fun to try to guess what a man's cum tastes like from what he looks like, how he carries himself, what he eats, what kind of vibes I pick up from him. When I'm flirting with some new guy I'm attracted to and I'm wondering what his cum tastes like, I feel incredibly sexy. The fact that he probably has no idea as we are flirting that I'm eagerly anticipating slurping up his ejaculate makes me feel all the more vivacious and mischievous.

"And of course, he's always surprised at how little time and effort it takes before I'm greedily gobbling his yummy meat, coaxing his orgasm with my tongue. He's used to women who will make him jump through hoops before granting him so much as a plain old missionary position conventional fuck in which he has to do all the work. And now he's got a gorgeous slut giving him an expert blowjob for the sheer love of it. Like I said, I guess I'm just a born sucker."















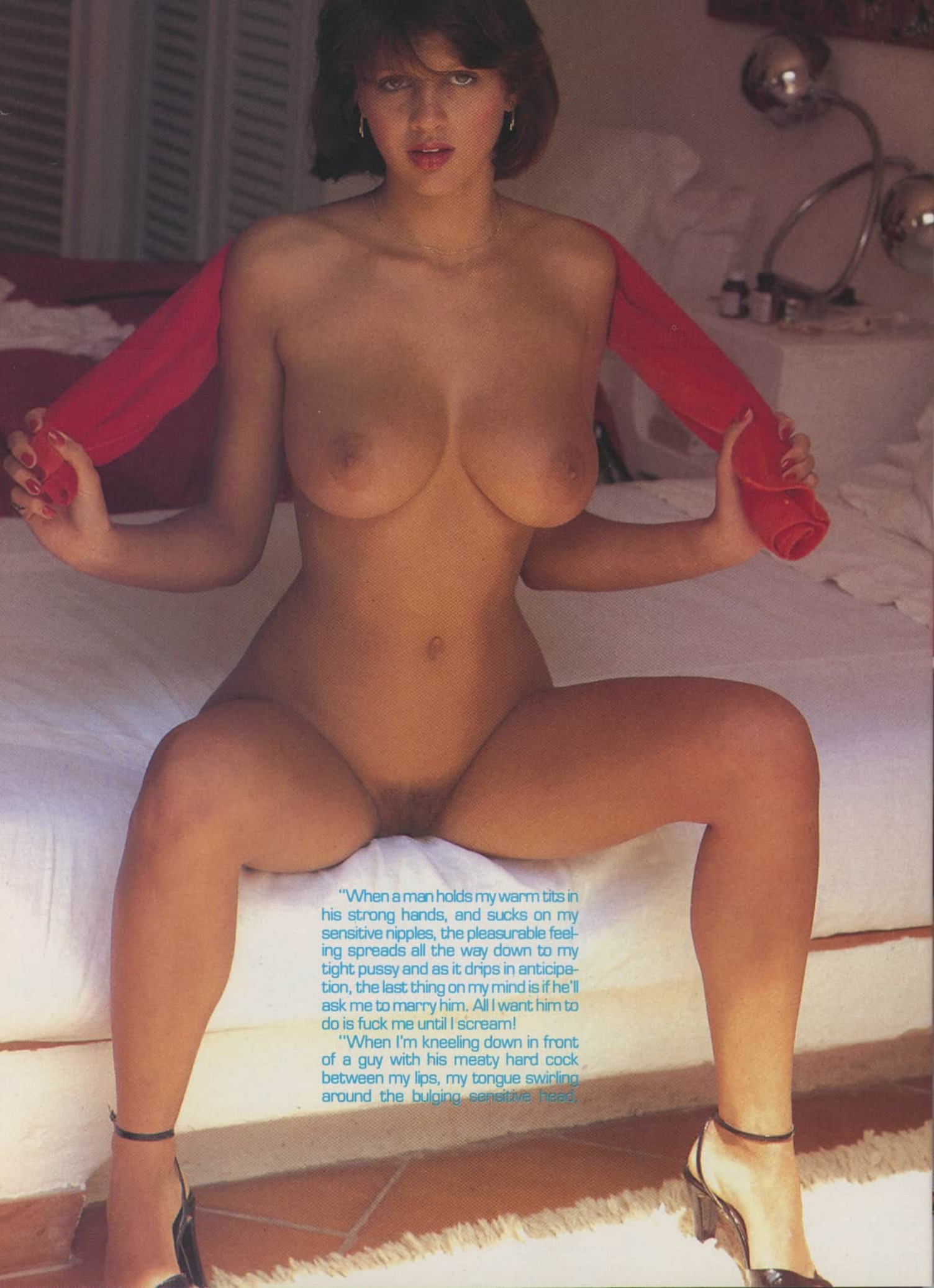
NORA

A Hot Commodity

42DD-23-37



"I come from a very wealthy family, and was basically brought up to be a snotty rich bitch, going to the best private girls college, learning the finest manners and meeting the most eligible young—soon to be wealthy themselves—men. Since the rich do not give away what they have, I was taught that my body was a valuable commodity, and that it was to be saved like a treasury note to attract a husband and a financially secure future. Most of my girlfriends thought this theory made perfect sense, but not me. I have a set of hot, horny tits that need attention, and my pussy is a virtual man eater!



"When a man holds my warm tits in his strong hands, and sucks on my sensitive nipples, the pleasurable feeling spreads all the way down to my tight pussy and as it drips in anticipation, the last thing on my mind is if he'll ask me to marry him. All I want him to do is fuck me until I scream!

"When I'm kneeling down in front of a guy with his meaty hard cock between my lips, my tongue swirling around the bulging sensitive head,



tasting the sweet drops of pre cum leaking out, I think about some of my friends who are sitting home alone in their expensive houses, playing with their cunts and praying their Prince Charming will come riding up on a white horse to carry them off to the bank. What a waste! I'd much rather have the kind of deposit he's about to drop into the back of my throat!

"I also love to rub my beautiful, firm tits all over a man's cock. I love the way a hot cock feels trapped between them, throbbing and pulsing as I press them together and slowly tit fuck him. Talk about a future—I can get a man to promise me anything when he's about to explode a load of sticky, hot cum all over my tits!

"What I look forward to most, of course, is when he slides his cock into my hungry pussy and rhythmically fucks me. My pussy gets so juicy as his cock pounds me harder, his pubic hair scratching against my swollen clit and making me squirm and scream like a rich bitch in heat. I grab the cheeks of his ass and push with him, encouraging him to fuck me faster and harder. I slip my middle finger in the crack of his ass and circle it around his puckered asshole as he grunts and groans.

"When he finally explodes in orgasm and I feel his powerful cock spasming inside me, I, too, finally experience that blessed relief as my own orgasm rocks my pussy and leaves me drained and content.

"I consider it a thoroughly enriching experience!"











AMAZING MYSTERIES

Questions Without Answers

By John Watson

THE INVISIBLE MAN

David Lang was a farmer who lived several miles outside Gallatin, Tennessee. On September 23, 1880, he literally walked off the face of the earth in view of witnesses—his wife and two children, and a respected judge and his wife.

Lang's home was a rambling brick house almost covered with vines. Before it lay a forty acre pasture in which cattle grazed. That parcel of land was browned by the long hot summer and a dry spell which had not yet come to an end.

On that particular afternoon, Lang's two children—George, eight, and his daughter, eleven year old Sarah, were playing with a new wooden wagon pulled by wooden horses, a toy their father had brought back from Nashville that morning. The youngsters were pulling the toy around in the front yard as their mother and father came out of the house.

Mrs. Lang said to her husband, "Hurry back, Dave. I want you to drive me into town before the stores close." Mr. Lang by now had reached the fence on his way across the pasture to see his beautiful quarter horses, of which he was understandably proud. He stopped at the fence to look at his big pocket watch. With a wave of the hand he said, "I'll be back in just a few minutes." The trouble was, he never came back. At that moment, he was only thirty seconds away from his rendezvous with fate—whatever that was!

Their children spotted a horse and buggy coming up the long lane toward the house and stopped their play to watch it. They recognized it as the rig of Judge August Peck, who always had presents for them. Mrs. Lang saw the carriage, as did David, for he waved at the Judge and turned to come back to the house.

David Lang had not taken more than half a dozen steps when he disappeared in full view of all those present. Mrs. Lang screamed. The children, too startled to realize what had happened, stood mutely. Instinctively, they all ran toward the spot where Lang had last been seen a few seconds before. Judge Peck and his wife scrambled out of their buggy and raced across the field. The five of them arrived on the spot of Lang's disappearance almost simultaneously. There was not a tree, not a bush, not a hole to mar the surface. Not one single clue was there to indicate what had happened to David Lang.

The adults searched the field around and around, and found nothing. Mrs. Lang became hysterical and had to be led screaming into the house. Meanwhile, neighbors stood in the side yard and spread the alarm. By nightfall, scores of people were on the scene, many of them with lanterns. They searched every foot of the field in which Lang had last been seen a few hours before. They stamped their feet on the dry hard sod in hope of detecting some hole into which he might have fallen—but they found none.

David Lang was gone.

In the weeks that followed, authorities had to take steps to keep curiosity seekers away from the farm. Mrs. Lang was bedridden from the shock of the experience. All the servants left, with the exception of the old family cook, and thanks to Judge Peck some measure of peace and quiet was restored.

Subsequent examination of the witnesses disclosed that they had all seen the same thing at the same time and place. The county surveyor probed the field where Lang had vanished, and found it to be solidly supported by a thick layer of limestone, without sinkholes or caves. There was never a funeral, nor even a memorial service for Mr. Lang. His wife, who lived many years after the event, clung to the hope that somehow, sometime, David Lang would return.

Eventually, she let Judge Peck rent out the farm, with the exception of the field in front of the house. That pasture was left untouched for as long as she lived. With the passage of time, the ex-

"He disappeared in front of witnesses."

citement which followed the remarkable disappearance of David Lang subsided.

As strange as the disappearance itself was the experience which befell Lang's two children one still warm evening in April, 1881, about seven months after he had vanished.

The children noticed that at the spot where he had last been seen, there was a circle of stunted yellow grass, some fifteen feet in diameter. On that evening as they stood beside the circle, eleven year old Sarah called to their father. To their astonishment, the children heard his voice calling for help over and over, until, fading away, it disappeared forever.

A MODERN JONAH

Scientifically, it has been declared impossible for a man to be swallowed by a whale. Why? Because whales feed on almost microscopic sea creatures known as plankton, and their throat is much too small to allow a man-sized body to pass through into the stomach. In spite of science, British seaman James Bartley was swallowed by a whale, and he lived to tell about it.

James was making his first and only trip as a sailor aboard the whaling ship *Star of the East*. In February, 1891, she was pounding along before a fair wind a few hundred miles east of the Falkland Islands, in the South Atlantic.

Suddenly, the lookout gave his electrifying cry of "Thar she blows! Thar she blows!" He had sighted a huge sperm whale half a mile off the port bow. The *Star of the East* slackened her sails and the whaling crews scrambled into their three small boats, off to harpoon the mighty mammal if possible.

Young James Bartley was in the first longboat to reach the side of the whale. Pulling slowly on their oars, the sailors drove their frail cockleshell behind the unsuspecting creature, so near that the harpooner could lean over and drive his harpoon deep into the whale's vitals. Bartley and his fellow seamen backed frantically to get out of the reach of those massive tail flukes which threshed

the water to foam as the stricken beast fought to free itself of the barbed weapon.

For a moment, luck seemed to be with the sailors. The whale plunged deep into the ocean, and eight hundred feet of heavy line streaked out of the tub before the creature ceased to dive. Then there was an ominous slackening in the line. The great brute was coming up—but where? In such cases this was a matter of life and death, and the sailors didn't have long to wait for the answer. They hunched over their oars, ready to pull for their lives once they knew which way to pull.

Without warning, the sea boiled up around them and there was a splintering crash as their frail boat spun into the air. The mortally wounded whale threshed about madly in his agony, beating the water to a bloody froth before he sounded to the depths again.

A nearby longboat picked up the survivors, but two men were missing. One of them was the apprentice seaman, James Bartley.

The wind which had borne the *Star of the East* to the scene of this tragedy now deserted her and she wallowed in the long swells, her sails flapping.

Shortly before sunset on that same fateful day, the dying whale floated to the surface about four hundred yards from the vessel. The crew hastily fastened a line to the whale, and the winch brought it slowly to the ship. Hot weather made it imperative that it be cut up at once. Since they had no means of raising the hundred-ton animal to the deck, the men took flensing spades and peeled off the thick blubber as they slipped and slid along the creature's body. It was dirty work, and dangerous, for the water was full of sharks maddened by the taste of blood.

Shortly before eleven that night, working by lantern light, the tired crewmen removed the stomach and the huge liver, and hoisted them aboard the ship for processing. There on deck they were startled to notice movement inside the giant paunch—a slow rhythmic movement that looked like something breathing.

The captain hurriedly called the ship's doctor, and a great incision was made in the tough flesh. Almost immediately, a human

ed to hear his dog barking furiously. The dog was about fifty yards from the house, so Latham went outside to investigate. There he found one of his sheep lying dead, a deep diagonal gash across its shoulders and through the neck, as if it had been struck with an axe. Beside the body of the sheep was a chunk of ice which he later ascertained weighed fifteen pounds. It had fallen from the sky with such force that it was buried fifteen inches in the ground.

Around the field lay other chunks of ice, most of them the size of dinner plates. The ice had not come from planes or from storms. No flights were reported over the area, and the sky was clear that night.

On the clear night of November 24, 1950, shortly before midnight a chunk of ice of more than one cubic foot plunged to earth. It crashed through the roof of a garage in Wandsworth, near London, and made such a bang that the night watchman called police and reported a bomb explosion. Scientists failed to solve the riddle.

In April, 1958, a shower of ice came rattling down into the yard of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kozlowski, in Napa, California. Some of the pieces were twelve inches in diameter.

Edwin Groff, a farmer near Reading, Pennsylvania, heard a whistling sound, and a moment later a fifty-pound chunk of ice two feet in diameter smacked into the earth only a short distance from where he stood. He called his wife, and as they stood looking at the chunk, another, slightly smaller, came whistling down.

Ed Groff's ice blocks fell on July 30, 1957. On August 14, more ice came down in formidable chunks at Gowen City, Pennsylvania, and on September 8, 1958, a whopping big chunk of ice roared through the roof of a warehouse at 510 North Third Street, in Chester, Pennsylvania.

Strangest of all was the experience which befell Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Bacigalupo, of New Jersey, on the night of September 2, 1958. They were watching television in their living room when Mr. Bacigalupo went to the kitchen to get himself some coffee. As he sat down in front of the TV set, he heard a shattering roar. A three-foot chunk of ice crashed through the roof and fell into the kitchen.

To this day, not one of the above mentioned incidents has been satisfactorily explained by scientists.

"He was swallowed by a whale and lived."

foot became visible, shoe and all. A moment later, they pulled out one of the missing sailors—it was James Bartley. He was doubled up, unconscious, and alive!

The excited doctor ordered Bartley doused off with fresh water, a treatment that soon restored him to consciousness, but not reason. Bartley babbled incoherently as he threshed about in delirium. For almost two weeks he lingered between life and death strapped to the bunk in the captain's cabin. Throughout all this time, the doctor wrote copious notes regarding the incident and Bartley's condition and had each page signed by members of the crew for verification. The apprentice sailor regained his senses, but it was a month before he could tell what happened that fateful day.

He remembered being flung into the air when the whale crushed their longboat, and as he fell back into the sea he saw the tremendous mouth open over him. He screamed as he was engulfed. There were sharp stabbing pains as he swept across the rows of tiny sharp teeth. Then he found himself sliding down a slimy tube. He remembered fighting for his breath, kicking, trying to get a grip on something, and then unconsciousness. When he came to a month later, he was lying in the captain's cabin.

Bartley had been inside the whale's stomach for fifteen hours, and as a result he lost all the hair on his body, his skin was bleached to an unnatural whiteness, and he was almost blind for the rest of his life, which he spent as a shoe cobbler in Gloucester.

Numerous medical men from many countries came to examine him and to discuss his incredible experience. He lived eighteen years after his adventure, and on his tombstone is a brief account of his experience, and a footnote which says, "James Bartley—1870-1909—a modern Jonah."

ICEBERGS IN THE SKY

On the night of November 10, 1950, Edward Latham awaken-

Sensual Secretaries™

24 HRS LIVE!

TOUCHTONE PHONES ONLY!

- 1 HOT PARTYLINE
- 2 PRIVATE MESSAGES
- 3 RAW 1-ON-1

1 (800) 955-LISA

Prices subject to change without notice. Billed discreetly as "NSP Telestar 800 Sys."

SIN-SATIONAL COEDS™

Hottest Live Party Line!

MEET HOT FOXY YOUNG GIRLS

24 HOURS

1-800-477-GIGI

Touchtone Phones Only! Have VISA or M/C ready. .75¢ per ½ min. Prices subject to change without notice. Billed discreetly as "NSP Telestar 800 Sys." Must be over 18.

wolf, and began to jerk her hips spastically in response to her first powerful orgasmic temblor.

By the time the sexy minx removed the gooey curved barber pole from her cunt five minutes later, it was noticeably reduced in size and her crotch was awash from thigh to thigh in an inescapable sea of thick pink goo.

But, being an inveterate peppermint lover, I wasn't about to let a little stickiness stand in my way!

I yanked off my phoney beard, knelt between her candied thighs, and went for her hot honeyole like a hungry hound dog, licking and lathering her loins as the hot little bitch unleashed shrill yelps of pleasure and quivered through one intense orgasmic spasm after another.

The oral action finally paused after almost 20 pleasurable minutes and Merry handed me a damp washcloth to wipe the sweet pink foam from both her crotch and my face. As I was conducting the mop-up operations, the hot-blooded bimbo reached down to retrieve a small package from the floor beside the chair.

"Oh look, this one's for you, Santa! It says 'open me last!' " she giggled.

I thought I'd die laughing as I eagerly unwrapped the box and removed the French Tickler it contained! Swear to God, the tickler's top end was a hollow rubber Santa Claus head... complete with a beard and a pointed red cap!

"O-o-o-h-h... here, let's try it out!" Merry offered with her standard hot-to-trot eagerness. It took a little effort on her part, but after several tries she was finally able to stretch Santa's bearded head over my dick. That finished, she leaned forward with her palms on the sofa arm and the tips of her mega-melons

ing in anticipation of the Grand Finale that was about to cum.

Finally, as my orgasm came on like a rocket sled, Merry pulled her mouth away and began to aggressively frig my stiff cock with both hands, tightly closing her eyes and wantonly waving my festive flagpole in the general direction of her jiggling jugs.

At the exact Moment of Truth, the cum flew from my prick's squirt-eye like a comet, adorning her undulating udders with three thick goutts of sex soup—one dead center in Cleavage Canyon and one on the fatty nipped tip of each humongous hooter.

It was the hottest, longest lasting fuck I'd ever enjoyed—Christmas or not!

I can tell you that after those hot Christmas adventures of 1988, the following year's holiday paled by comparison. I didn't have to work as a Santa again, since I'd found a good writing job in mid-February, but the thought of playing Santa and making a second potential seduction crossed my mind quite a few times anyway!

I finally had to admit to myself that my "Merry" Christmas had been a one-in-a-million fluke and that it was time to get on with my life!

I got most of my Christmas presents delivered on Saturday and dropped the last few off by noon on Sunday, Christmas Eve.

Since there was no M-E-R-R-Y in my Christmas, I decided I might as well settle in for a round of Christmas Eve fun and games with a M-A-R-Y of longer standing acquaintance, Mary Fivefingers; I stopped at Charlie's Adult Bookstore down on Seventh Street to rent a couple of porno tapes.

"Nothin' happenin' for Christmas Eve, Will?" my old bespectacled friend, Charlie Hogan, piped up from behind the counter

"Her pretty juice-bedewed pussy was completely hairless!"

hovering hotly just above the backs of her hands.

She thrust her drooling, minty-fresh puss toward me. "Come and get it, Sweetie!" she taunted, wiggling her tight buns provocatively.

As I moved up behind her, I could see our reflection in the full-length mirror on the wall to my right. We made a festive sight... me with my red trousers bunched around my ankles and Merry bent before me in her candy-striped corset.

Merry's wide-footed stance left her peach-sized puss readily accessible for plundering. I grasped the shaft of my own substantial peppermint stick and levered it into position so that the tip of Saint Nicolas' conical cap was hovering dead-center above the Merry's peachy cleft! Then, I slowly applied forward pressure from my hips to drive my Parisian Santa's head from sight into Merry's slutty slit.

With my tickler-ensheathed hog already pumping her pulsating passageway, I began to eagerly palm and heft the stolid masses of her twin torpedoes!

Merry's turgid nipple fingers felt like hot pokers against my palms and the darkened rings of colored tissue surrounding them were fully bloated with excitement as I cupped both udder ends in a palm grasp. Seizing each porcine nip tip between thumb and forefingers, I began to vigorously knead and massage them with my Merry Elf moaning loudly in response.

The sweet smell of peppermint filled my nostrils for several long minutes as I continued tweaking and twisting her stiff nipple tips and plumbing her cool, minty passageway using the long rutting dick strokes of Rudolph the Red-Hosed reindeer.

At the very end we reversed positions. Merry then removed the bounteously begoobered Santa from my dickhead and took the shaft of my hardened hog in a baseball-bat grip, beginning to deep throat it like the pro that I now realized her to be!

When she started to loudly hum "Here Comes Santa Claus" the vibration of her throat muscles was more than my pussy-punished peter could bear and I felt my nuts tightening and ris-

as I entered.

"Nothing! Nothing at all, Charlie! Gotten any good tapes in lately?"

"Sure have, guy! Check out the new Christmas tape from F-O Productions over in the amateur section. It's got some big tit-ted blonde bimbo fucking and sucking Old Saint Nick's firehose right there in front of the Christmas tree! It's HOT!! Sold nine damn tapes already this week!"

My stomach churned like it was filled with five pounds of festering figgy pudding as I nervously approached and scanned the shelves, finally spotting the tape that Charlie was talking about. It was one of the more than 20 tapes from that same amateur video company.

The tape was called "Here Cums Santy Claus" and its front box art was a color photograph of the Jolly Old Elf himself, caught *flagrante delicto*. He had his trousers around his ankles and was getting his holiday hog honked by a young beautiful blonde with a pair of world-class whoppers.

And, oh yes, ... did I forget to mention that Santa was wearing a pair of mirrored Ray-Ban sunglasses?

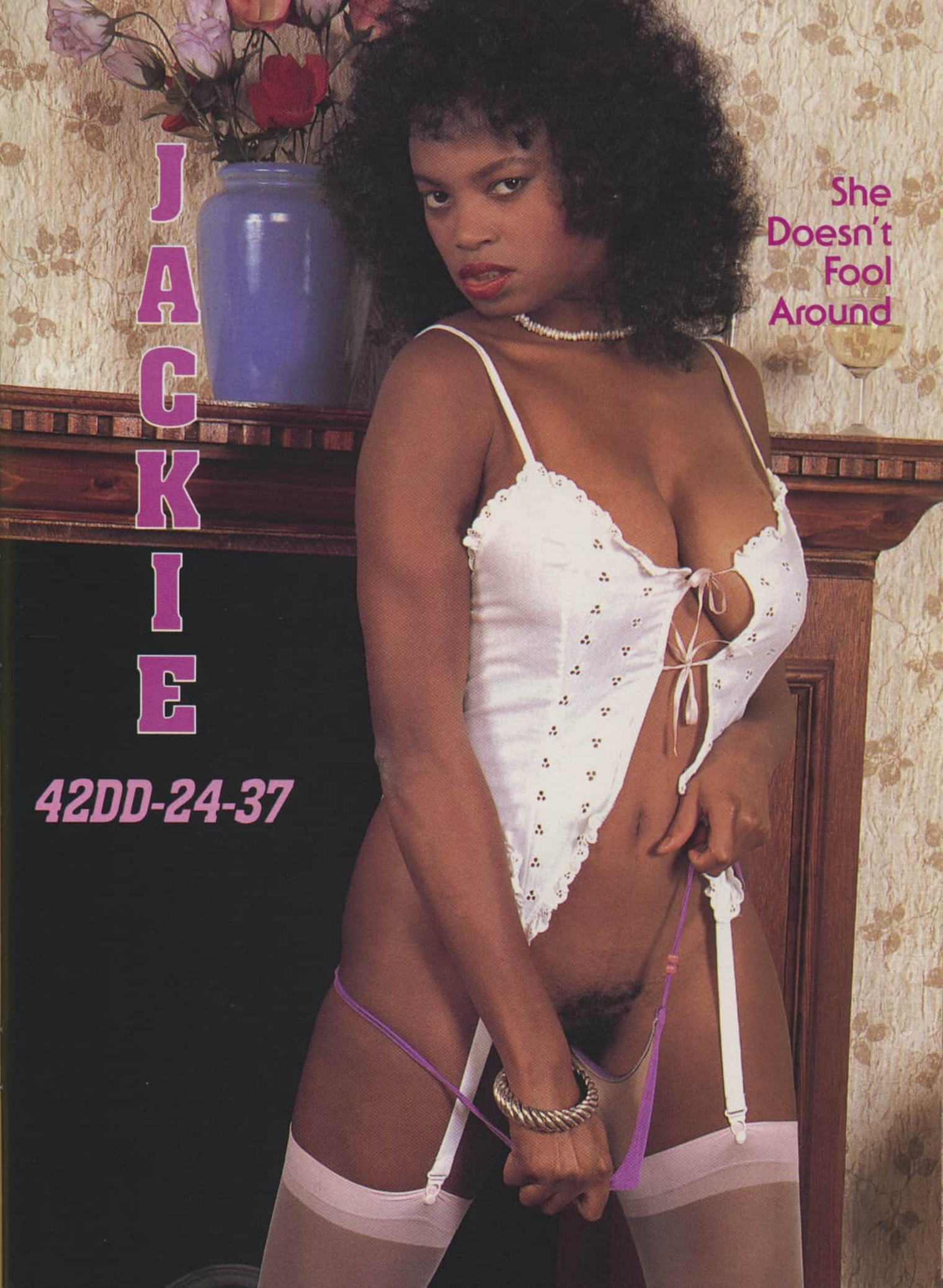
Charlie was suddenly standing beside me staring appreciatively at the photo as he tamped a fresh load of tabacco into the bowl of his pipe. "Geez, sure wish I'da thought of that!"

"Thought of *what*, Charlie?" I replied in a funk.

"You know, making a videotape of some hot cunt getting it on with Santa. You pay some poor schmuck porn actor 500 bucks to fuck this good looking blonde and then you make thousands selling the tapes and you don't pay no royalties to no one. Now that's what I call good business! I'll bet this guy is gonna be a millionaire some day!!"

"Take my word for it, Charlie. ... he already is!!" I replied bitterly.

As I turned on my heels and headed for the door, I realized, sadly, that I didn't care if I never smelled or tasted peppermint again for the rest of my life!



**J
A
C
K
I
E**

42DD-24-37

**She
Doesn't
Fool
Around**



"When it comes to sex, I like it down and dirty, and I don't care who knows it. I think sex is basically an animalistic act, and I don't think there's anything polite about it. I fuck—I don't make love.

"I also like to prepare myself for fucking. I don't like a quick feel and a fuck and it's all over. I like it to last, and I like to look good while I'm doing it. I have a large collection of lingerie







and high heels, wigs, gloves, and lots of make-up that I love to play with. I like to dress in tight fitting corsets that cinch my waist and push my big tits out even further than normal. A frilly garter belt and colored stockings make me feel really sexy and I've never met a man yet who didn't love the feel of nylon wrapped around his ears while he's eating my hot, juicy pussy.

Once I've got a man in the mood by the way I look, I spend a long time sucking his cock. I like to give long, slow blowjobs that bring him to the brink of cumming time after time, but saving the big blast for my greedy pussy. I like smacking his big, hard, meaty cock against my face as I look up at him and smile. Then I like to make loud kissing noises as I press my lips to his swollen cock head and nibble at it.

"Before I give him my pussy, I like to press my tits in his face and squash them on either side of his head so that he can barely breathe. I like him to lick them until they're soaking wet with his saliva and my nipples as hard as little rocks. When he sucks, them, my pussy starts to quiver and I know I can't hold out much longer.

"A man has to eat my pussy before he can fuck it. I like to pump my slick crack up and down in his face until it's covered with my love juice and then I like to hold my pussy lips open real wide while he tongue fucks me. I want his tongue buried as deep in my hole as it can go, and I want to feel it wiggling against the tight walls of my cunt. I love having my first cum from being tongue fucked. I love having my second cum while he's licking and sucking my hot clit after he's taken his tongue out of my hole. The third, fourth, tenth and twentieth cum I like having from his cock pounding my pussy.

"Once a guy's cock is crammed roots deep in my hole, I turn into a fucking machine, and I can go for hours. The longer he fucks me, and the more times I cum, the wilder I get. I wind up scratching his back, smacking his ass, yelling at him to fuck me harder and at times I've actually wound up crying like a baby as he keeps pounding away at my spread hole. When we're done fucking, I like to just drift off into a deep sleep and dream about wanting more.

"You think you could handle me, buster?"





TOUCH ME

**1-900
230-
HEAT**

THAT'S 1-900
230-4328

**FEEL THE
HEAT!
DO IT
NOW!**

Over 21 only. \$2 per min.



Satisfaction

Call the
number
that
delivers
**HOT
ACTION**

**1-900
646-4800**

Adults only. \$2 per min.



DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE



*...on the two
for one line!*

**1-900
246-2244**

Two hot girls
for every guy.
Even more girls
if you want.
The girls are
waiting to talk
to you!

Must be 18+. \$2 a min.

TABOO

**1-900
463-SINS**

THAT'S 1-900-463-7467

**FORBIDDEN
PLEASURES**

**SPECIAL
INTERESTS**

ALL LIFESTYLES

24 HOURS/7 DAYS

Adults only. \$2 per min.



I'M WAITING

Call now for
the love
connection
that'll make
you...

**1-900
246-
3800**

Over 18 please. \$2 per minute.



NANCY NEEDS IT

For strictly
adult
conversation

**CALL 1-900
246-
5800**

Strictly for adults only.
\$2 per minute.



Buxom Gals

... Seek guys
for hot fun
together.
Single, married,
whatever! Fantasy
talk and
in-person meetings.

**1-900
463-LOVE**

(THAT'S 1-900-
463-5683)

Adults only. \$2 a minute.



"Special Talents"

Direct contact with real women
who want to go live with you!

Discover their "special talents"
for yourself. All real women—
no actresses or operators! Call

1-900-646-7800

You must be over 21. \$2 per minute.

Kate Knows
What It Takes ...
Teasing
and Pleasing!

**1-900
230-KISS**

(THAT'S 1-900-230-5477)

Adults Only. \$2 a minute.



TREASURE CHEST

**1-900
230-LADY**

(THAT'S 1-900-230-5239)

We've got what you
want! One on one
personal contacts
24 hours a day!

\$2 a min. Adults only please.



ELAINE'S HOME NUMBERS HOTLINE 1-900-646-7900



Only Elaine
gives you the
real names and
home phone
numbers of
luscious ladies
who want to
talk to you
live!

All real ladies
waiting for
your call at
home!
Call now!

Over 18 only. \$2 a min.

B I G BIGGER BIGGEST!

**1-900
386-4600**

Find the really big
ones on the MORE
LINE! The MORE LINE
— America's best one
on one connections
for adult talk and
dating ladies who
have MORE!

18 and over please. \$2 per min.



LONELY GIRLS

... Seek men for fun, dating,
and more. Call now for
names and
home phone
numbers of
lonely girls
who want
to connect
with
you!



**1-900
847-
GIRL**

(THAT'S 1-900
847-4475)

Over 18 only please.
\$2 a min.

NOOKIE NEXT DOOR HOOKIE NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 70)

"Quit that," she begged me. "Do you do it in the flesh?"
"Try me."
"I suck cock. I have nice lips."
"I've noticed," I told her.
"Want to fuck me between the tits?"
"Not over twice a day."
"When the weather turns cold," she said.
"Huh?"
"That's about the time the interest will start to lag."
I said, "Sharon, I don't know what you're talking about."
"I know you don't. Come out to the back fence. Come naked and I'll trust you."

It was crazy. Other women—for all I knew, some other men who worked odd shifts—were home in the neighborhood. A bare assed man with a stiff cock flapping in the breeze would invite more cops than the area needed. Still, I went outside. Equally naked, but a helluva

lot better looking, Sharon met me at the fence.

"Wanta fuck?" she asked me.

"I'm hurting."

"Next winter. Until then, we tease one another at a distance."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"That's when he'll start traveling again—to the other women. I'm not gonna make the mistake his first wife did. I won't bitch. I'll act dumb. But I'll have you to fuck me, won't I?"

"Yes."

And that's where it sits at this moment. Just in case I forget, at least once every couple of weeks Sharon makes so much noise she wakes me up. Or else she calls me and tells me where to look. She works on that hard, hot clit and flops her big breasts toward me. I pound on the old cock like mad and jet wherever she wants it.

One of my other lady friends, one with a helluva lot less natural equipment than Sharon has, says I'm being taken for an asshole. Maybe she's right. But what if she's wrong? What if Sharon's as real as my fantasies?

And it's Sharon I see whenever I'm fucking another girl. I'll risk anything to peer at Sharon showing her body. I think I'm now a desperate voyeur.

DEEP, DARK, SEDUCTIVE, OMINOUS CHAMBERS

FOR ★ X-DRESSERS
★ BAD ★ FETISHISTS

MISTRESSES AWAIT YOUR CALL AT:

818-991-4700

— PHONE SESSIONS ONLY —

INSTANT CREDIT ★ DIRECT BILLING
NO CREDIT CARD NECESSARY!

★ TOLL-FREE FETISH LINE: ★

800-477-7548

99¢ PER ½ MIN. MC/VISA

LINGERIE LOVERS/PANTY ART

• VIDEO LINGERIE SHOWS •
the Girl Next Door — in Everyday Lingerie

• 1-2 Hrs. on PROFESSIONAL Grade Tape •

- DD-1 Bras, Panties, G.B. & H., Can-Cans, Baby-Dolls
- SS — All Pantyhose • BE-1 or 2 — All Briefs
- AW-1 or 2 — All Wet! — Water-Soaked Clothes!
- W-1 Mini-Skirts & Pantyhose
- DD-2 Bras, Panties, Half-Slips
- TD-1 Frilly Dresses, Plaid Skirts
- DD-5 Panty-Girdles, Garter-Panty
- PHGR Pantyhose & Girdles
- ...many more!

VISA & M.C. — Adults Only

\$79.95 FIRST CLASS 2 for \$139
SHIPPING INCLUDED! 3 for \$199

Lingerie PHOTOS Too!

• Thousands of Photos! •

- Panties, Bras, Slips, Girdles, Garter Belt & Hose •
- Pantyhose, Raised Skirts, Up-the-Skirt •
- Girdle Wrestling •

LAPA Brochure & Sample Photo \$5
Box 8005-LS70, Emeryville CA 94662



Best in the West

Sexy
Sultry
Seductive
Totally Uninhibited

(303) 321-7533

Direct Call Backs
MC/VISA/AmEx
Anytime

WANTED

your call



REWARD

"THE SWEETEST OUTLAW"

1-900-258-3333

.99 per min. + 1.99 1st min.



CALIFORNIA VALLEY GIRLS

We're young, beautiful and oh so hot. Let us show you what we got. We got garter-belts, panties, lingerie and pink wet pussies. 2 color sample photos \$3.00. 1 hour video \$40.00. Send to:
C.V.G., P.O. Box 3800-245,
Dept. 3, Burbank, CA. 91504

HOT SPOT

REAL LIVE DOLLS Ready, willing and able to give you what you desire most. No credit card needed. .95¢ a min. **1-900-246-3636**

CALL **1-800-477-GIGI** 24 HOURS
The Hot Gig Party Line V/MC \$1.98 a min.

SEX PRODUCTS for adults \$4.00 to Silver, \$17 S. Division #251, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

MAKE THE RIGHT CONNECTION with the hottest number nationwide, across town or next door. No credit card needed. .99¢ a min.
1-900-741-4000

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS Fun, exciting, sexy. All are American beauties & lined up to meet you right now. No credit card needed. .99¢ a min.
1-900-321-3300

HOT WILD SIZZLING GIRLS wait for you on The Livewire. .99¢ a min. **1-900-234-2340**

EROTIC LADIES WAITING with messages just for you. No credit card needed. .99¢ a min.
1-900-854-6000

LESBIAN SEX VIDEOS! PLEASURES, (Butch/Femme); SHADOWS (S/M); CLIPS, (Female Ejaculation); HUNGRY HEARTS, (Femme/Femme Strap-On); BurLEZK (Strip) \$35 PP Or 3/\$69.99 CHKV/MC. FATALE-HS 526 CASTRO ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

FREE VIBRATOR! HOT SEX CATALOG! \$1 To ADAM & EVE Bx 900 D-H8 Carrboro NC 27510

CALIFORNIA BEACH BABES! 1-900-463-4332 \$3 min.
NASTY NIGHTCLUB GIRLS! 1-900-535-2447 \$2 min.

HOT SPOT ADVERTISING:

B & B ASSOCIATES

611 S. Palm Cyn Dr., Ste. 7-544

Palm Springs, CA 92264

Phone (619) 322-5092

I'm Cindi, my girlfriends and I love to pose.

Not the same old slick professional stuff, but really something different, done with shy, amateur college girls. Send \$3 for sample of two and \$15 for complete set of ten. 4"x6" color photos.

CINDI, P.O. Box 19020-511
Dept. 3, Las Vegas, NV 89132

HOW COULD WE IMPROVE ON 10 BEAUTIFUL, BUSTY GIRLS?

BY MAKING THEM CHEAPER!

MAX gives you more gorgeous big boobed babes in every issue than any other mag on the market, and now that the magazine is 100 pages of full, vibrant color there's more reason than ever to have it delivered to your home. That's not enough for us, though. To make MAX even more appealing we're offering a rock bottom subscription price!

THAT'S RIGHT! A FULL YEAR OF MAX, 9 BIG, BULGING, FULLY PACKED ISSUES A YEAR FOR ONLY \$32.95!

If big breasted beauties are what you crave, subscribe to MAX today and save!

Send check or money order for \$32.95 for 9 issues of MAX to:

MAX Magazine
Subscription Dept.
462 Broadway, Suite 4000
New York, N.Y. 10013

☐ Check

Card Number

☐ Visa

Exp. Date

☐ Mastercard

Interbank No.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Canadian and Foreign orders add \$12.00 to U.S. price and remit in U.S. funds.

I am a consenting adult over the age of 18 (signature) _____



**IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF MAX,
ON SALE
DECEMBER 15th:
BUNNY GLAMAZON,
6 FOOT 3
INCHES, 53D!**

