

JUGGSTM

**THE
WORLD'S
DIRTIEST TIT-
MAG.**

FEBRUARY 1985
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SODRA:
Sultry and
Milky

STELLA:
Monumental
Melon
Muncher

GOSPEL
GAIL:
Hefty
and
Heavenly



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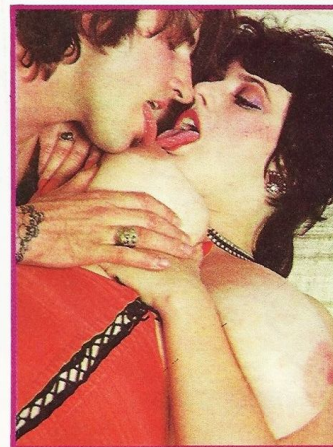


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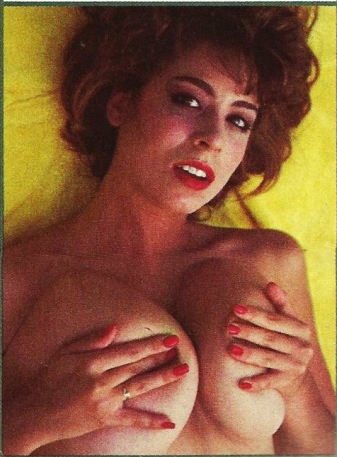


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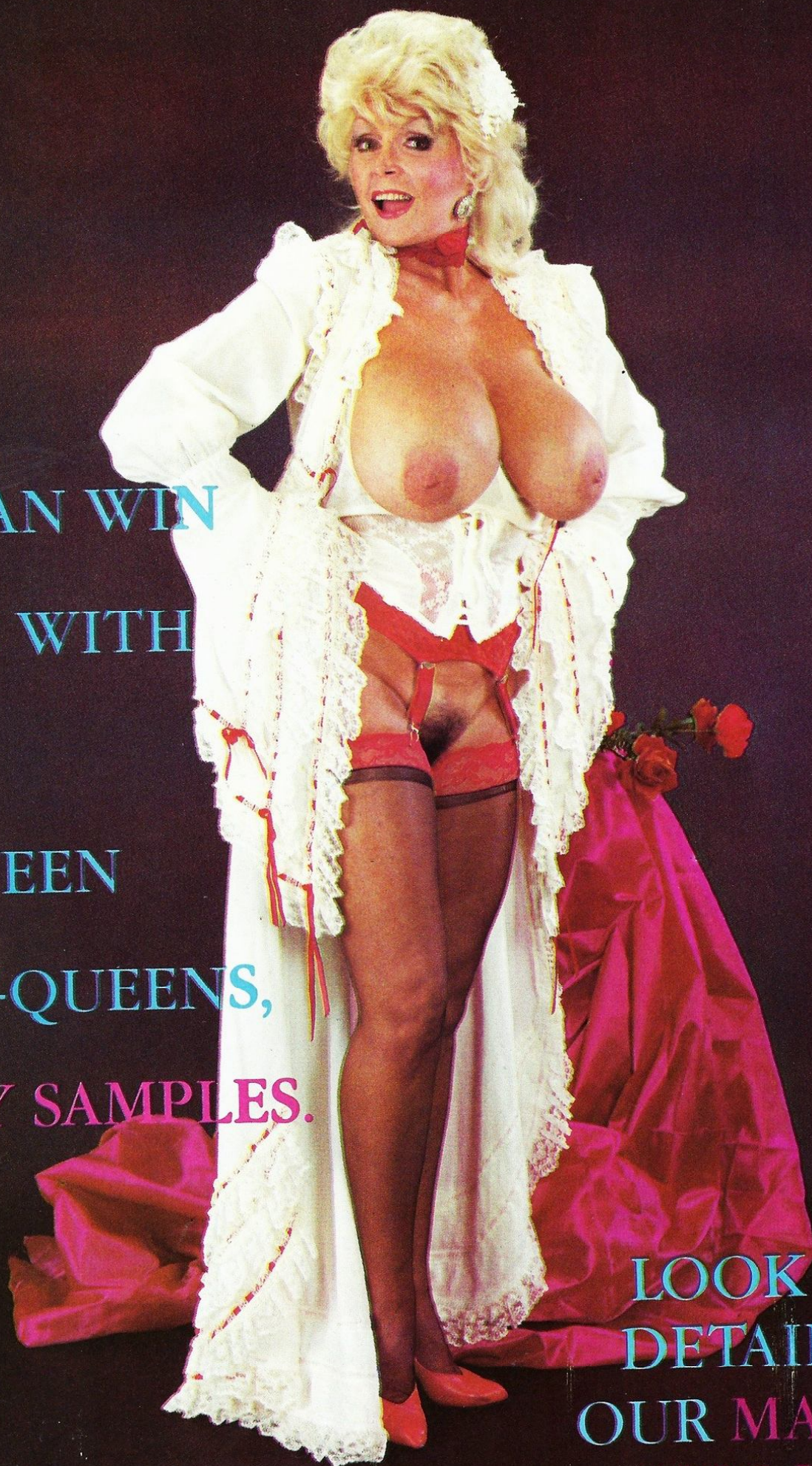
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FINALLY, YOUR DREAM CAN COME
TRUE....

YOU CAN WIN
A DATE WITH
OUR
TIT-QUEEN
OF TIT-QUEENS,
CANDY SAMPLES.



LOOK FOR
DETAILS IN
OUR MARCH
1985 ISSUE

BALL IN THE FAMILY

Dear JUGGS:

Recently your magazine started appearing at the newsstand downtown and my husband brought home an issue. He's always been a tit-man and is crazy about JUGGS. And I figured you were the right people to hear my story.

My younger sister Lee is divorced and has been living with us for the past two months. She has larger breasts than me, a 42D. My husband has eyed her tits from the first time they met eight years ago. I knew it was playing with fire to take her in but she's my sister and I love her. They tried to be good but it was a losing battle. After 2 weeks I went out for cigarettes and when I returned Lee's face was beaming and my husband tried to hide a grin, so I knew he'd fucked her while I was gone. But instead of being jealous and angry, I felt turned on. For the rest of the day I was hot and wet.

What's happening now is, some nights my husband will slip out of bed and go to her room. I'll wait a few minutes, then go and stand in the doorway of the darkened room and listen to the passionate fucking sounds. That turns me on more than anything! And they know I'm there but it doesn't stop them. I can hear panting and gasping and the bedsprings creaking. I even hear the little wet sucking sounds of Lee's pussy as it gulps cock again and again, and then her whimpering orgasms. I know that sound because when we were younger she used to masturbate in her bed at night. While I listen to them I have my hand inside my nightgown and I'm teasing my button with the syrup dripping down my legs. He can't fuck when he gets back to bed so I grind my pussy against his mouth until I come. I don't know if he lapped Lee's cunt or not and I don't care.

We don't talk about this midnight action. I keep hoping they'll leave the light on some night so I can watch. Maybe we'll soon be able to do some three-way action. I wouldn't care if Lee watched us fuck. Nor would I be afraid to do things to her, sister or not, while he watches. I've always had an urge for Lee and her big tits anyway.

Right now they're both out on separate errands and I'm feeling hot from writing this. I'll take care of it myself but whichever one comes home first might have to help me. I'll let you know what happens.

Mrs. S. M.
Ohio

DEAR

JUGGS



Dear Mrs. M.: Please do! It's experiences like yours we love to share with our readers. If any of you have more family fun to describe, please let us know.

PIERCING PAPS

Dear JUGGS:

One of your recent issues was a big favorite in our family. The photos of "piercing Polly" were just what my wife and six married daughters were looking for. They are all on a piercing kick. Within a short period they went to work on each other and soon they were triple-pierced with gold rings.

The next question was "What next?" Then one of them heard about cunt rings. They bought larger rings and all came over and told me I was the one to do the piercing. We cleared the kitchen table and the women sprayed each other with numbing spray. I went to work. My wife was first, and it took four girls to hold her down as inserting the ring brought on several orgasms. Then I went to work on the rest of the girls—and it was the same thing, that table was constantly covered with coming women! Even as they watched juices were dripping down their legs. It was a "sloppy" night but we loved every minute of it!

My wife told me to hurry and finish this letter because I've got some work to do on her. She wants another ring in her cunt and rings on her tits. Everything's ready and she's standing there naked so that's all for now. Don
Illinois

Dear Don: Well, the family that plays together stays together, huh? Go for it! And please keep us posted on more games you and your frisky daughters get involved in.

PREGNANT PEEPER

Dear JUGGS:

I'm a big-tit man, and I've always been especially turned on by pregnant paps. My wife and I had a great time when she was pregnant. Now my problem is too many pregnant paps!

I work at home and watch the baby while my wife goes out to work. A few weeks ago Stacy moved into the next-door apartment. She's 20, very pretty, and 7 months pregnant. Her husband ran off on her. She started coming over when she saw our baby. She liked to play with it and I figured she just couldn't wait to have her own baby.

Things changed when she asked if she could practice breast feeding it.

First she was discreet, just lifting up her blouse a bit and putting the baby's face next to her nipple. Then she became more casual, or frisky. She'd take her blouse off and then loosen her bra and push it aside for a few seconds. I made like I was doing something else but really I was watching her. What a set of knockers! Especially now they were swollen and heavy and hung down atop her protruding belly. And the nipples were huge teats, brown bullets sticking out near the baby's face. I'll never know how that bra contained all that full mammary meat.

Last couple of times it was almost too much. She sat on the couch and took off her blouse and bra and sat there with the baby, her pendulous breasts fully and unashamedly exposed. She even got up and walked over to the TV with her bubs and stomach hanging out. The time after that, a couple of days ago, she was wearing a dress, and instead of simply lowering one shoulder of it, she drew it up over her head and off. She was standing there with her big belly and swaying, big-teated paps and a tiny pair of blue panties looking ready to rip free any second! I had to go to another room because the bulge in my pants was all too obvious.

I haven't told my wife about these visits. I don't think I can hold back much longer. I want to bury my face in her big swollen breasts and have her big belly squash my head as I lick her gaping cunt. What can I say to Stacy to warn her of the danger? Ron J.
Boston

Dear Ron: You're the one in danger, buddy, of being a complete knuckle-head! Don't you think Stacy knows exactly what she's doing? Her hubby ran off and you're available. Either you tell her to get a doll to practice with or take an extra helping of her tit-meat and enjoy it!

MILK VIDEO

Dear JUGGS:

I came home early from bowling the other night and there was my husband and a few of his friends watching a video on the TV that featured several girls breast feeding and squirting milk and using milk pumps. They were all having a great time and when a couple of the guys stood up suddenly I could see they had big-size boners! The weirdest part was, before they switched the TV off I thought all that squirting milk looked like fun! It got me to thinking if I got pregnant and had a baby

would my husband like to watch me squirt milk. I have breasts that are 40D and I bet I could really have a lot of white stuff. I might even like it if his friends came over and watched me. Do you think I'm kind of strange for thinking this way?

Alice W.
Islip, NY

Dear Alice: Not at all! Here at JUGGS we think milk-filled breasts and pumping milk are beautiful. This kind of play would add a lot of fun to your marriage... and to the lives of your husband's friends!

TITS FROM TENNESSEE

Dear JUGGS:

I love to see big jiggling tits, the kind you show regularly, and I'd like to relate a story about a dancer who knew exactly what I wanted.

Her name is Natalie, a brunette from Knoxville with 45DD-26-27 stats. I met her when I was in the navy, stationed in San Diego, at a topless bar. She would play fast music with a vigorous beat so she had to really MOVE. She came out in a lovely, low-riding tube top and G-string, and jogged around the stage making her tits bounce violently. Soon they were bulging out of her tube top. As the beat picked up so did she and those paps burst free. I liked what I saw! She ripped her top off and rubbed it roughly over her jugs. I was frantic with excitement as she stared at me.

Then she bent forward and shook her shoulders as hard as she could, making her tits slap together. She grabbed her nipples and pulled them down and away from her body, until her jugs were fully extended. Then she really roughed them up, crushing, squeezing, pulling, mashing and clawing them while she bounced around the stage. Every time the music thumped her breasts flew around wildly. I tipped her well for her efforts and after the dance she came to refresh my drink. She handed me a slip of paper: "Off at 2:00. Meet me at Johnny's Cafe."

I walked over to Johnny's and had dinner. Soon she came in and plumped down next to me. Then she said, "When you've finished dinner, have me for dessert." I wolfed the food down, eyeing the full breasts protruding from her t-shirt. We drove to her house. She disappeared, then came back completely naked and handed me a rope and nipple pins and wire. She said, "I'm totally submissive. I love to have my tits fucked, manhandled and tortured. Please, I need it."

I'd always dreamed of having a

huge set of knockers to do what I wanted with and here they were. I tied her to a chair tight so that her tits hung free and swollen like fully filled water balloons. I pierced each breast and weighed them down with 5-pound weights. I squeezed them roughly then she begged me to tie wire around them. I wrapped it around, then fixed mousetraps to her nipples. Then she whimpered, "I want you to stretch my cunt real wide. Put your fist in it. Yeah!" Her pussy was hot and wet and each stroke of my fist caused slurping noises. Soon I had my whole fist and half my lower arm in her gaping cunt. I rammed her, balling my fist tight, and she screamed and came several times.

Then she begged me to maul her tits like bread dough. I pulled and crushed them together and against my chest. Then I untied her and she said she wanted to do her "Breaster-cises" by ramming her bubs into the wall, forcing them out sideways under her arms, she laid on them on the floor and slid back and forth, then jumped up and down and

laughed as they slammed into her neck and rib cage. Her nipples were stiff pointed blurs. Then she stood on her head and I pulled her teats up toward her feet and let them go. They jumped down ramming into her face. She pulled each nip into her mouth and tugged on her jugs. What a kinky lady!

I made her put on a too-small bra and forced the bulging tit-flesh out the sides and top. Finally I just had to fuck her, first her cunt, then she took my cum-dripped dick in her mouth until I was hard again and I fucked her tits. The rougher I was the more she loved it.

Well, I saw her a few more times for hours of tit torture, but a while later she moved away. I've never found another girl like her. If you ever "come" across Natalie, please put photos of her in JUGGS.

Bob
Portland

Dear Bob: You bet we will! Sounds like a great affair, and we'd sure like to have her in our pages. Any of our readers have any info about this naughty Natalie?



CHRISSIE:

**Udderly
Upper
Class**



JUGGS PHOTO RELEASE

Just send in photos of yourself or your favorite model. If we run them, model and photographer receive \$100.00 to share. If you are a grand winner, you will receive \$1,000.00. Play out your fantasies. We like 'em big. We like 'em small. Have fun and share it with us all. All shots must be accompanied by the photo release provided below.

Enclosed is a photograph of my _____ wife, girlfriend, friend, etc.

Her name is _____

She is _____ years old.

Her occupation is _____

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I hereby waive any right that I may have to inspect and/or approve the finished product or the advertising copy or printed matter that may be used in connection therewith, or the use to which it may be applied.

I hereby release, discharge, and agree to save JUGGS Magazine from any liability by virtue of any blurring, distortion, alteration, optical illusion, or use in composite form, whether intentional or otherwise, that may occur or be produced in the taking of said pictures, or in any processing tending towards the completion of the finished product, or its publication or distribution.

I hereby represent that I am over the age of 18 years and I have read this authorization and release prior to its execution. I have not been induced, other than by the consideration received, to execute the same by any representative or statement made by JUGGS Magazine or its agents, employees, or anyone acting on its behalf.

IMPORTANT: TO SHOW THAT MODEL'S SIGNATURE IS GENUINE, IT MUST BE NOTARIZED, IN ORDER FOR PHOTOGRAPH TO BE PUBLISHED.

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MODEL'S SIGNATURE _____

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PHOTOGRAPHER (Signature) _____

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Note: Please use separate paper to write 100 words or less telling something about the model that you believe would be interesting to our readers.

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TIT TALK

Of cup sizes and brain sizes

Question: Does the size of a woman's tits have anything to do with her intelligence? In other words, does the size of her brain have anything to do with the size of her cups?

The woman with the big tits is usually regarded as the 'BIMBO,' the easy lay. The object of sexual abuse. The one too dumb even to know that she's being fucked. The one who falls for the line, 'Don't worry, I won't come inside you. . .

On the other hand, the flat ladies or the ones of the mere handful variety are dubbed the ones with 'brains,' the intelligent ones, ala Kate Jackson of the former 'Charlie's Angels,' and Victoria Hamel of 'Hill Street Blues.'

Well, I got news for the believers of this myth. You don't need big tits to be a bimbo. I've encountered my share of bimbos in my day, and a lot of them are flat chested. If you don't believe me, visit your McDonald's or any supermarket check out counter. You'll see what I mean.

I have also known ladies with huge 'BAZOOMBAS' that are quite smart; smart enough to command respect.

Candy Samples happens to be one of these smart ladies. She would have been thrown into the 'bimbo' category without reservations by the believers of the 'big tits = no brains' myth. Yet Candy is one of the most self-possessed people I know. She knows what she wants in life.

Another example is Mae West, who was probably one of the smartest ladies in 'Tinseltown.' She wrote all her own material and invented the Mae West persona, and we ate it up. Dolly Parton's no dummy either. Remember Jane Mansfield? She had an I.Q. of over 160. The list goes on and on.

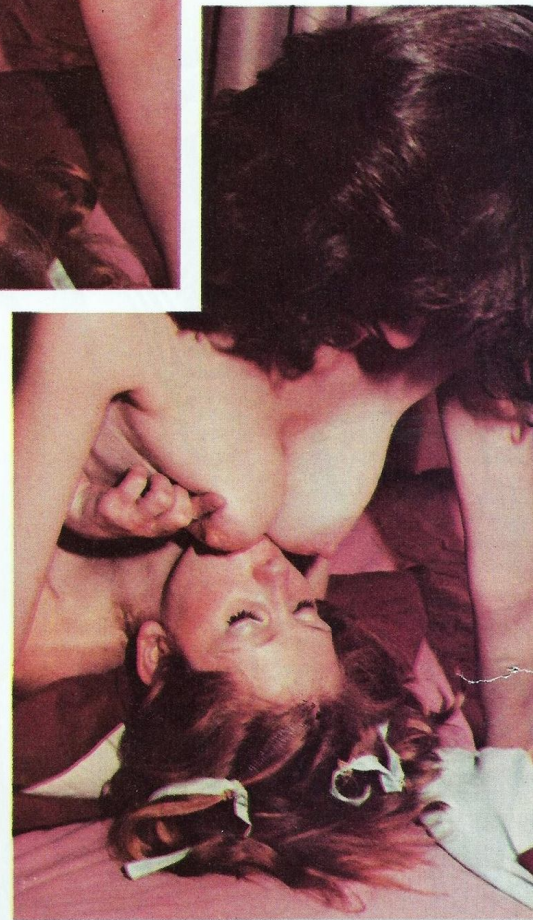
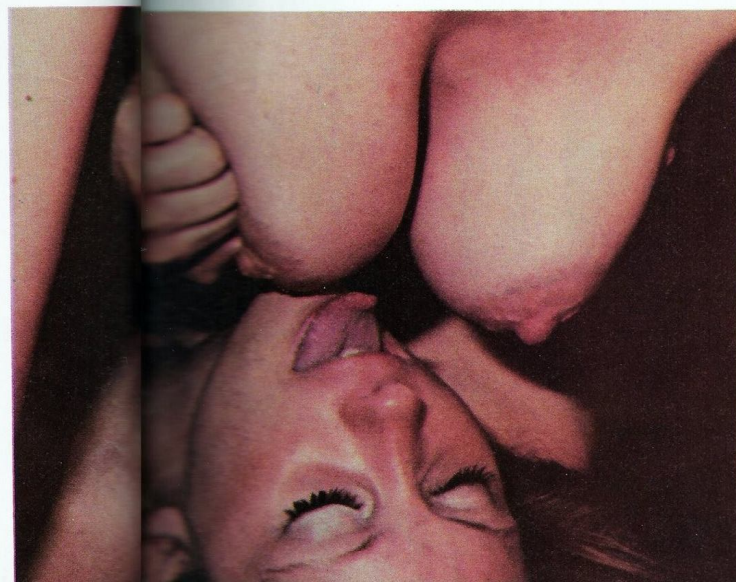
My advice is, next time when you guys come across a gal with big tits, instead of trying to get immediately into her pants, have a little respect.

Unidentified Udders

We here at JUGGS are bombarded with reader candids all the time. Unfortunately, some of these pictures come without model releases, or the clerk has the releases mixed up and we don't really know who is who. We decided that we should share these pictures with our readers anyway. If you recognize your wife or girl friend as the person in the picture, please write to us, because there is some reward money involved here. We have selected three submissions at random. One voluptuous mama; one slender but well stacked beauty, and a pair of melon chewers that will make these pages seething, scorching hot. Feast your eyes, and remember to include the model's release on page 8 when submitting photos. You don't want your photos to end up in our Unidentified Udders files, do you?



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Mrs. Walker's WHOPPERS

I have this thing about leather and big boobs. It was initiated by the mother of my best friend, Mrs. Walker, at the impressionable age of eighteen, imbedded so deeply into my psyche that it remains with me to this day.

I am an only child, born to my mother late in life, when she was forty-three, so that when I was eighteen my mother was almost sixty. Not so with my closest friend Ted Walker, his mother in her ravishing thirties when Ted lived across the street from me in those high-school days.

Story + Illustration by Bill Ward

I must say that I'd been intrigued with the girls in school with the largest busts, so you can imagine how astounded and intrigued I was when Mrs. Walker and her family moved in; she possessing the most astoundingly huge bust I had ever laid eyes on. She was a big strapping woman of incredible beauty. Her nineteen-year-old daughter, Betty, had obviously inherited her physical attributes. When she entered my high school, she possessed by far the largest pair there.

However they were tea cups when compared to her mother, so it was she upon whom I centered my secret desires. To get to see her more often, I made it my business to become very friendly with her son Ted. I didn't want my new friend to notice how fascinated I was with his mother, and took care not to stare openly as she came into a room, her massive melons juggling enticingly in the tight-fitting dresses she constantly wore, swaying massively beneath the drum-tight material.

One day while playing a game of Monopoly in their living room, Mrs. Walker pranced in on the skyscraper heels she usually wore (something else that intrigued me). Her bodice was much lower cut than I'd seen before, and when she bent over the card table to serve us coke and cookies, vast amounts of alabaster white breast-flesh spilled out, giving me an eye-popping view of her cleavage.

"Here, boys, pick out what you want," she said as she offered us the cookies.

All I wanted to pick out was one of those gigantic tits of hers, but of

course I didn't—not then anyway. I have an unusually large dick, and the kids were always kidding me about it in the school locker room, not without a touch of envy I noticed. To my horror it began to swell and lengthen in my jeans, stretching the denim material to the bursting point. My face turned a beet red when I saw Mrs. Walker's lovely azure blue eyes zero in on it for just the briefest of moments, but I noticed by the confused expression on her face that she knew exactly what was happening.

As days went on and nothing happened, I realized that even if she had noticed my huge boner, why on earth would she be interested in a high school boy? After all with her beauty and astounding figure she could have a bank president, or anyone else she wanted. Anyway she was married, not to much of a man by the way. He was a skinny little accountant with a balding head, possibly 20 years her senior.

One day Ted told me that his parents were going to the charity ball that night. That meant she'd be wearing an evening gown as it was a formal affair. Once again I was at Ted's, playing backgammon this time. When she came down the stairs I almost collapsed. She was clad in an extremely tight-fitting silver lame evening gown, a long slit at the side revealing luscious long legs sheathed in gossamer black nylons. Her jouncing steps caused her massive mammaries to bounce up and down like great beach balls on a stormy sea, so much so that I half expected them to leap right out of her low-cut bodice.

I had noticed that despite the face that it was summer, she always wore kid gloves of various lengths whenever I saw her go out, usually black. Now her arms were adorned from fingertip to armpit in elegant white leather gloves, so agonizingly tight that she was forced to hold her arms out awkwardly from her sides, almost white flesh billowing over their nipped-in tops.

The affect of the shimmering gown, the black stockings, and the long kid gloves, plus all of her incredible pulchritude, was awe inspiring, and fortunately the card table hid the massive boner forming in my jeans. Mr. Walker, as usual, I hardly noticed as he trailed behind in a tux.

"Now be good boys you two," she laughed merrily as she came up to us, patting Ted on the cheek. When she patted my cheek there was something different, her hand lingering longer than it had with Ted, letting me breathe in the aphrodisiac aroma of a sensuous perfume, blended with the gamey scent of kid. It was an odor I was to become addicted to.

Then to my amazement she pried my lips open with a kid-sheathed forefinger and slipped it into my mouth. I just couldn't help myself; I sucked on the finger, then nipped it sharply with my teeth. It all took place in a couple of seconds, but my heart was thumping in my chest when she left, for this was the first physical contact I'd had with my friend's enormous-chested mother, and an extremely sensuous and suggestive one at that.

In bed that night I masturbated furiously as I relived over and over again these few exciting moments. I began to wonder what it would be like if my hands were hers, clad in those elegant leather gloves, her perfume overwhelming me as she pumped away. This then was it, the infancy of my fetish for leather, used not in the evil ways of a dominatrix, but in pure, unadulterated sex.

When I blasted the contents of my huge balls into a tissue, I found myself wondering if she should suck my cock, as I'd heard that girls often do, would she do the same, or would she gulp it all down like a fastidious gourmet.



When the final school bell rang the following day, I actually ran at full speed to Ted's house, hoping to see the copiously upholstered Mrs. Walker a few minutes before Ted got there. My heart was pounding more from the excitement of the moment, than from the efforts of the run as she opened the door to my knock.

She stood towering over me in her skyscraper heels, her bra-busting boobs just below my eye level. I was surprised and tremendously excited to see that she was still wearing the silver lame gown she had worn the night before, however she no longer wore the white kid gloves. "Oh Tommy, so nice to see you. I'm afraid Ted's on a trip with his botany class... didn't he tell you?"

"Oh I'm sorry, Mrs. Walker, no Ted didn't tell me... I'd better go see my mom."

I turned to go, but she stopped me with, "Tommy, precious, now that you're here could you possibly help me with something?"

"Sure can, Mrs. Walker," I replied quickly before she could change her mind. I would have gladly jumped off a bridge for her at this point as I followed her into the house, noticing how the slit at the side of the gown parted revealing her sensaional black nylon-encased legs, her meaty bottom-cheeks grinding together in magnificent unison as her wide hips swayed provocatively.

"I'm wearing the gown I wore last night because I bought a new pair of gloves that I thought might go better with it. New gloves aren't supple, and I've been having a terrible time tugging them on... I was hoping you might assist me," she purred throatily

as she led me upstairs to her bedroom, picking up a pair of long black kid gloves from the bed.

"I can manage the first part." Her smile was radiant as she slipped a little hand into a glove, industriously working each finger individually into its sheathing of fine kid, then beginning to tug the superfluous leather upwards. "Now here is where you can help me."

I moved close to her, finding myself enveloped once again in that sensuous cloud of perfume that had fascinated me so the night before, her close proximity overwhelming as together we began the laborious process of working the glove upwards over her full-fleshed arm. Finally we tugged it taut under her armpit, and repeated the process with its mate, my hands shaking from the excitement.

"Tommy, what's that I feel poking against my thigh?" she asked suddenly, her massive, pendant breasts pressing against my shoulder now, the nipples burning through my thin summer shirt like twin firebrands, my face flushing as I realized that it was my massively-erect cock pressing into her warm thigh.

I was paralyzed with fear. There was no interest, only anger in her voice. Undoubtedly she'd never let me in the house again. Where on earth would I ever find such incredible breasts again? Finally I managed, "I-I m-must apologize, Mrs. Walker... it's just that your perfume got to me... and your wonderful big breasts... then your sexy black stockings... w-well I guess it was all too much for me to stand."

Incredibly as she spoke, although it was obvious she was terribly angry, rather than moving away from me, her seam-splitting melons riding high on my shoulders now, her meaty thigh pressed harder against my whopper of a cock.

"Perhaps it was too much for you to stand, Tommy, but there's something else standing—your enormous penis. I just can't let you leave here in this condition; what would the neighbors think? Worse what would my son or daughter think if they saw?" Despite her complaints, her wide hips were worming seductively now, her soft thigh creating delicious friction on my beefy organ. In short her actions belied her words. Which should I believe were her true feelings?

"B-But what can I do-o-o, Mrs. Walker?" I was sobbing uncontrollably now as I poured out my true feelings to her. "I just can't help it, I'm crazy mad about you. My school work is suffering... I-I even m-masturbate in bed thinking about you."

"Oh you poor, poor child... you must never masturbate again; young boys sometimes go crazy from such obscene things. You need a warm, loving, experienced woman, someone like myself for example, to do such things." Her kid-sheathed hand was on my blood engorged cock now, molding the damp material of my jeans to its shape, concentrating on the bloated cock-head, luscious black nylon-lad leg raised now between my legs, the knee mashed against my sperm-crammed balls. "Now you understand that I can't let you leave my house in such a condition, don't you?"

Still sobbing, but much less now, I nodded my head mutely.

"Now please don't worry, I'll get him down for you in marvelous and delicious ways you never dreamed possible." I felt a rush of cool air bathe my torrid loins as her gloved fingers worked with the expertise born of long experience over the buttons to my fly. "Now you must promise me that we'll keep this an exciting secret between us. People wouldn't believe that I'm only doing this to keep you out of an insane asylum—especially your mother and father. I'm old enough to be your mother, so just make believe that it's your mother doing this to you."

"B-But my mom's nearly sixty, and she sure don't look nothin' like you, Mrs. Walker." My sobbing ceased as for the first time I experienced that wonderous sensation of soft, perfumed kid on my naked cock, an experience I've relived a thousand times since, but somehow never quite so thrilling.

"I know, I know, child, but try and make believe I'm your mother anyway," the magnificently endowed suburbanite purred as she slipped to her knees before me, hoisting my great, thumping ramrod of a cock out into the light of day, the burly head uncapped of its foreskin, long strings of seminal-drippings scattering down. "My GOODNESS but he's big... so-o-o big for such a little boy."

"I-I ain't so little, I'm five feet six," I protested weekly as her gloved fingers curled luridly around my turgid meat, gently moving back and forth, my seminal fluid lubricating the elegant kid. The movements caused her enormously huge boobs to sway ponderously back and forth in her evening gown, soft white breast-flesh bubbling out of her low-cut neckline.

"I have a little confession to make to you, Tommy precious," she whispered, wet, squooshing sounds filling her bedroom as her hand moved with gathering momentum. "I've noticed how you stare at my big

breasts every chance you get. I also have noticed how you never seem to come for a visit when I'm not here. I must admit it thrilled me, and I began wearing lower cut dresses so that you could see more of them. That night I purposely wore my lowest cut house dress and came in to serve you drinks and cookies. I hoped to see an erection in your jeans, but I never expected one quite so gigantic. I had an orgasm right then and there, Tommy. I could feel it running down over the sexy black stockings I wore especially for you, and I had to leave the room for fear you'd notice and give my little game away."

I stood motionless, hypnotized by this ravishing creature's words and actions; and when she suddenly bent forwards, her luscious carmine-laden lips sliding deliciously over the plum-shaped head of my cock, then down my pulsating cock, as she continued to whisper, "I was crazy mad to rip open your fly and suck your cock right then and there, Tommy. I knew that I couldn't of course, but I knew that one day I would. He's so beautiful, so long and fat, so unlike my husband's ugly little vein-puffed thing, so-o-o villed with the vitality of youth, and by the size of your marvelous balls, filled to the brim with delicious boy-cream."

Her head was pumping frantically now, my long, lipstick-smearing organ showering in and out of her greedy mouth, her long, silver-blonde tresses lashing my balls. My confidence was soaring now that I knew that while I was desperately trying to figure out a way to seduce her, all the while she was seducing me. Wearing too-tight dresses. Exposing her elephantine hillocks to me at every opportunity, wearing blatant black stockings and sky-high heels for me alone.

Her little leather-clad hands were jerking on the portion of my shaft she couldn't down with blinding speed as her head continued to jump. I squatted down a bit and slid my hands beneath her monstrous, dangling breasts, incredulous at their sheer weight as my hands sank into the pillowing softness.

Oh YES-S-S-S... I've been crazy mad for you to handle my breasts," she gurgled through cock-stuffed lips. "Pinch them, squeeze them hard-d-d, the nipples too... they LOVE-E-E to be hurt!!!"

As I ripped and tore at her huge teats, my pulsating cock began to geyser the contents of my balls into her ravenous mouth. Incredibly she managed to down each succeeding blast without a drop escaping her painted lips. When I was juiceless, she didn't release my rapidly



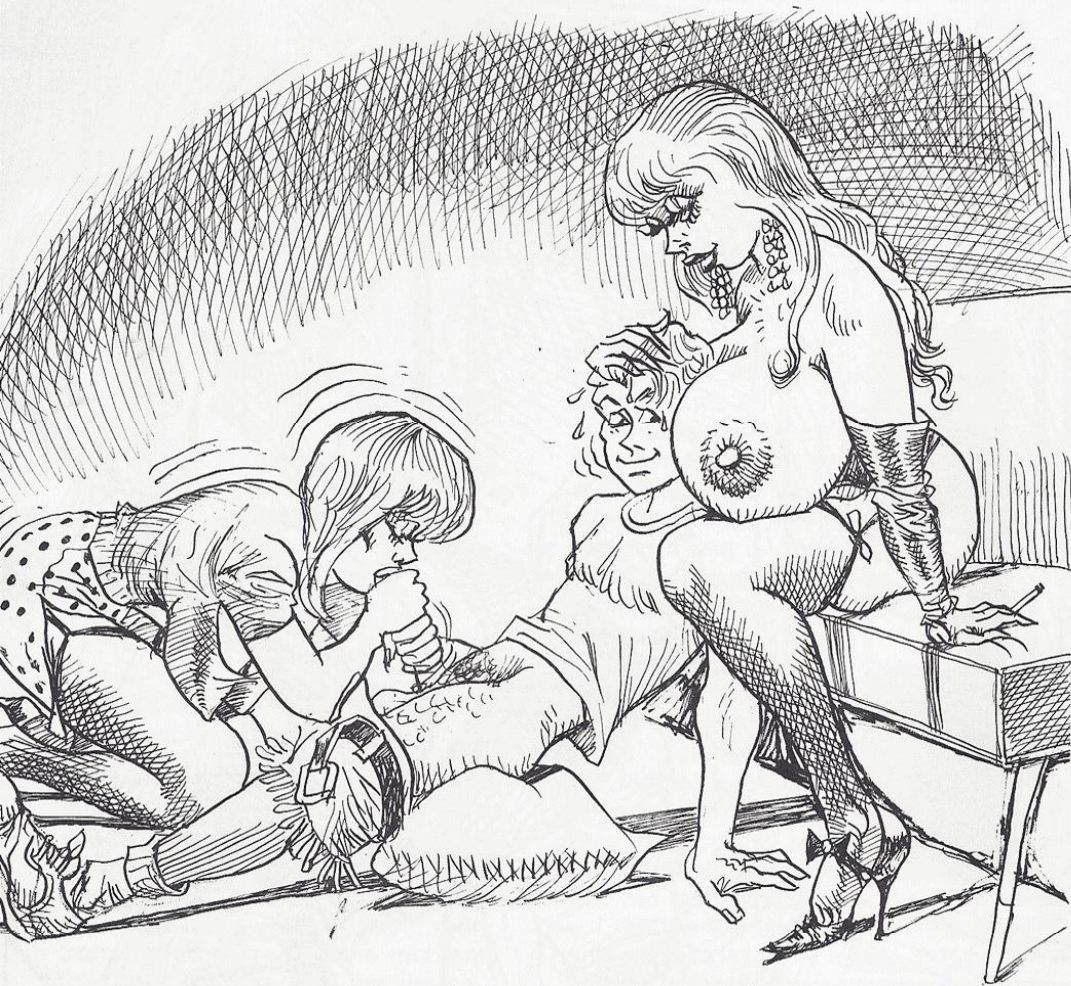
deflating organ. Instead she milked it with slippery gloved fingers, moaning, "Oh it was so incredibly delicious, I don't want to miss a single drop."

Finally she let my long, limp dick slide from between her lips. It was so coated with her lipstick that it looked like a huge stick of cherry candy. "I can't have your mother see you like that. She'll think that every girl in school has been making a meal out of your cock," she laughed, taking a tissue and wiping it clean before stuffing it back into my jeans. Now remember, no mor masturbating, just bring it to your adoring friend across the street."

"If I promise not to masturbate tonight, could I see you tomorrow at this time? I'll run all the way so that we could have at least fifteen minutes together before Ted gets home."

"I'll be waiting for you with my black stockings and gloves on... and my pussy sopping wet," she promised as she ushered me out the door.

The following day I paid absolutely no attention to my teachers, my mind filled with visions of those glorious boobs. Guys in school had told me how great it was to fuck a girl between her big boobs. I decided that would be on my menu that afternoon.



When the final bell rang I raced all the way to Mrs. Walker's. She must have been waiting impatiently for me behind the door, because when I knocked it opened immediately. She was ravishing in a highly transparent black nylon negligee, her gigantic pendant teats plainly visible beneath the diaphonous material. Just for a change for me I imagined, she was wearing the opera-length blazing-white kid gloves she had worn to the ball that night. Her corset and stockings were different too, comprised of a matching delicate black lace. For a touch of color her stilt-heeled pumps were a blazing red.

"Tommy! I have great news. Ted has stayed after school for a basketball game. It usually takes Betty a half hour to get here after school. We have an extra fifteen minutes," she said excitedly, both of her elegant white gloved hands at my crotch, one masturbating my rising cock through the tough material of my jeans, the other rapidly undoing the buttons. "Now let's get this big bastard out so I can get at him. . . I've been drooling for this all day."

"Mrs. Walker, the guys in school are always talkin' about how exciting it is to fuck a girl between her boobs, provided they're big enough. . . could we. . . ?"

"You know I was thinking about

the same thing, Tommy. Yours is long enough to pop right out of my cleavage so that I can suck on it before you draw it back down," she interrupted quickly, moving not upstairs to her bedroom as she had the day before, but to an enormous down-stuffed couch in the living room. "My husband's miserable little thing was never able to do that."

Shortly she was on her back on the couch, her magnificent black nylon-sheathed legs parted and raised, kicking spasmodically in wanton invitation. My jeans discarded on the rug, I climbed aboard that massive assortment of pulchritude and began to skewer my mushrooming boner into the shadowy depths of her cleavage to plop right into her awaiting wide-open mouth. It was so bizarre, so incredibly thrilling to me, that shortly my rammer was fountaining like a broken water pipe. It splashed onto her face, into her silver-blonde hair, until she managed to clamp her richly-painted lips over the pulsating head and gulp the rest of it down.

"QUICKLY," she cried, thrusting me unceremoniously off of the couch, falling to her knees and gulping down my deflated organ, her head pumping madly. "I want to get him up again so that you can fuck me. I dreamed of that all night long!"

"Mother, my teacher was taken ill so I'm a little early tod. . ." To my horror it was Betty, standing in the open doorway, staring at us in open-mouthed amazement. "I-I see that you have a delicious big lollipop to suck. . . mind if I take a few licks?"

"BETTY," Mrs. Walker shrieked, yanking my lipstick-smeared cock out of her mouth and leaping to her feet. "Y-You mustn't get the wrong idea about this."

"REALLY, Mother."

"Tommy came in without bothering to knock and found me like this. He got this huge erection and I was merely trying to get it down so that he could leave. . . you know how neighbors talk."

"Oh cut out the bull shit, Mother. I've seen you staring at the bulges in Tommy's jeans. You just couldn't wait to get your mouth on it. . . well I want my mouth on it too. . . you'd better or I'll tell daddy."

"Y-You wouldn't."

"Oh yes I would, I've been just as anxious to suck his enormous cock as you have." Betty said with finality, licking her heavily lipsticked lips till they gleamed redly as she approached the two of us.

Amazingly, despite the sudden turn of events my cock didn't go down. Instead it lengthened and fattened as it jutted skywards. The thought of two such luscious pairs of lips on it suddenly seemed very exciting to me.

"W-Well, alright I'll let you, I suppose it's about time you learned something about sex," the magnificently-busted mother said hesitantly, knowing that she was backed into a corner.

"REALLY Mother, are you for real. . . I've given head to nearly every boy in school." Betty's lips were a firebrand on my upthrusting organ, her mother's down below her greedy mouth on one of my massive balls like a cow chewing her cud. I just lay back and enjoyed it.

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***FLORENCE:
FLORIDA FLOOZIE***



"The swinging scene is fading in most of the United States, but down here in the Florida Keys, it's alive and well. My

boyfriend and I still get plenty of action. Especially me, the guys go for me in a big way because of

my tits. The one thing that we don't lack in our sex lives is variety." "The thing that turns me



on the most is a tanned body. I have one of those bodies that only burns when I get under the sun.

I get real turned on when I see a totally tanned body. I just imagine that body on top of me, in contrast

to my white skin. The thought of it makes my cunt steam. I can't wait for that throbbing piece of meat to be in my cunt..."



"My favorite activity is cock sucking. I can do it all day long, and I can teach those so called specialists a thing or two. I like the guy to be strad-

dling my chest and be in a position to fuck my mouth if he so desires. Believe me, most of them do. I'd start by just licking the top of the cock head, con-

centrating on the slit. Then I go to the underside of the cock, and lick it up and down, flickering my tongue at a blinding speed. Any guy with no



special control would have shot their wad all over my face by now. If the guy hasn't popped his load, I know I am in for a royal fucking."

"If quality fails me, there is always quantity. Down here in the 'Keys,' I can just hit one of these swing parties and I can have as much cock as I can han-

dle. I can have all my holes filled all at once, and more if I so desire. If one cock is not enough, I can have as many as I please. I once took on six



guys all at once. I am still looking for something to top that experience." "I had one guy under me, his cock in my asshole;

another guy on top of me fucking my cunt. One guy was straddling my chest tit-fucking me, I tilted my head backwards and I was

sucking this guy off. Meanwhile I also had a cock in each hand, jerking two guys off. I can only remember all the guys



coming all at once. . . I had cum in my mouth, all over my face, my tits. I had cum oozing out of my cunt, my asshole. . . it was

pure ecstasy. It felt as if my soul left my body for about twenty minutes. The intensity of the orgasm was hard to describe, but

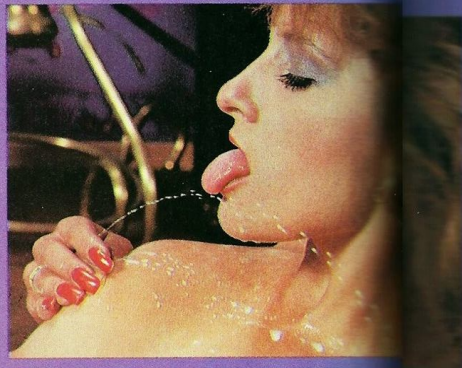
it's definitely something I'd want to do again and experience again."



SODRA:



Sultry and Milky



"I have always been my own woman. I never wanted to get married because I think being a housewife is for the birds. This way, I can do anything I want and fuck anybody I want. I never expected my strong libido to be my downfall, but the minute I laid eyes on

Jacques, I knew I had to fuck him. I couldn't wait to get my hands on his cock. Jacques was the best fuck I ever had, and anything that good has got to be paid. The baby is the price I had to pay for sleeping with this hunk. I hope little Joey grows up to be as good looking."





"The problem I am encountering now is how to keep milk from soaking through my blouse when I'm in the office. I don't have big tits, but I sure got a lot of milk. Even those so-called absorbent fabrics they use for bras

for lactating women don't help. It gets a little embarrassing sometimes when my clients stare at the milk stains. I think it turned them on a little, well, actually, more than just a little, judging by the swelling in their pants."



"My only solution to this staining problem is to dispense with all the milk in my tits in every which way possible. In the evening, when and if I'm alone, I just play with my tits. A little squirt here, a little squirt there. I sometimes squeeze my milk into a glass and drink it. If a guy gets lucky and I take him home, he's in for the treat of his life. He'll have a

feast of mother's milk. He'll get to be breast fed to his heart's content. He'd have to drink the milk even if he doesn't like it, because if he doesn't, I

won't let him fuck me. It's not a bad way to get rid of two problems at the same time. I get laid, and no more milk stains on my bra..."



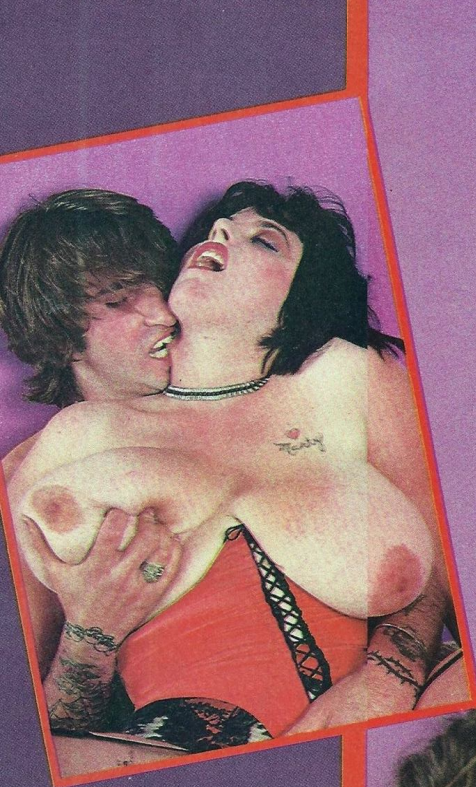


"Now, this is your big scene, Miss Debere, so don't blow it. . . that happens in the next scene"

**MAMMARY
MAX III:**

Benevolent Boobs





Hi! It's Maxine again! I haven't been in JUGGS for a few months now. It's because I've been busy doing a lot of volunteer work. I visit the boys in the V.A. hospitals and help them get well. I let some of them play with my tits and suck on my nipples for comfort. I think my tits really help them and they really look forward to seeing me. Their eyes are always gleaming with anticipation when I walk in."

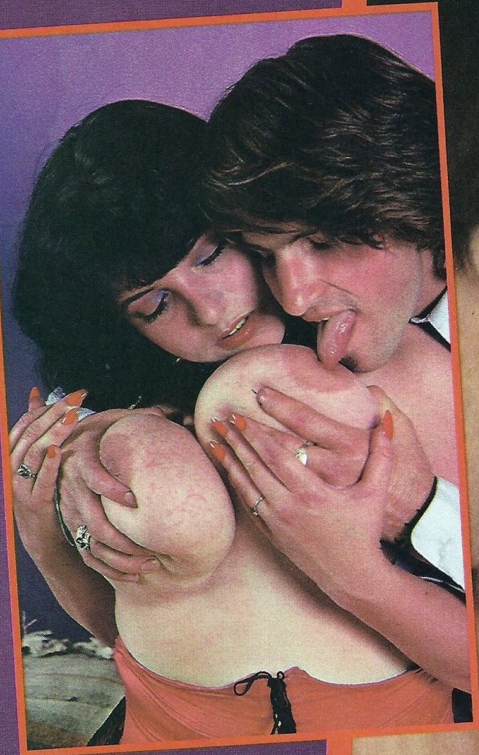
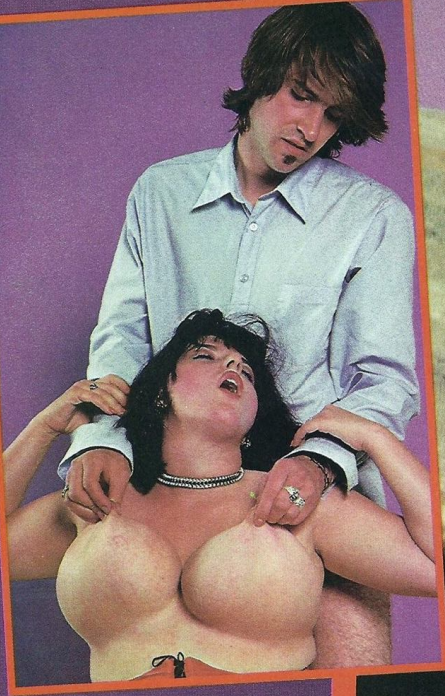
There was this particular case with Tim. He was paralyzed from the waist down, the result of a bullet lodged in the spine. They took the bullet out, but Tim still can't move. I think it's a mental thing,



so I told Tim that if he would try to walk, and one day get out of this hell hole of a hospital, my door is always open to

him. he can have me any way he wants. That includes my tits and my pussy."





"I made that promise for encouragement, something for Tim to look forward to, to give him incentive. Then one day my door bell rang, and standing there with a shit-eating grin on his face was Tim. He was there for me to make good on my promise. I was pleased to see him walk again. I don't mind paying my debt at all. I hoped that his cock is not out of practice, and still functional."

"He came in the door and went straight for my tits. He literally yanked them out of the bra and started chewing on the nipples. He unzipped his fly and



pulled out his cock. I was pleased he could still get it up. I took his cock in my mouth and started to massage his balls with my tits. Tim looked like he was about to drop dead from all the excitement. I had to slow down on his cock to keep him from fainting."

"He started to mumble, 'I gotta fuck... I gotta fuck...' Apparently he hadn't had his cock in a snatch for months and months. I took his now rock hard cock and eased



it into my cunt. He went into spasms immediately, and started to spurt cum inside my cunt. I guess it's just been too long since he'd been laid. Tim kept pumping away after he shot his load. His cock never went soft. He turned

me around and started to fuck me from behind. He banged away at a break-neck pace. I feel I was about to come. I started bucking my ass against his cock... He shot his second load... He's still fucking away... I came..."



The Wet Nurse of Wickham Moor

England is still a very curious place. A country torn between the traditions of the past and the innovations of tomorrow. As a young schoolboy of sixteen I was one of those who had an eye and an inclination for the future. It was not until a few years ago that I learned to appreciate at least one of the old ways that still hangs on.

by Neville Richards

It was July and I remember the wild flowers blooming by the hedges and down the leafy lanes. The air was laden with the fragrances of honeysuckle and wild rose. The sky was clear blue and the sun brilliant as I stepped off the train at Wickham Station.

It was summer vacation and my requisition for a fortnight in London and Brighton had been turned down. Instead I was shipped down to my uncle's estate in Kent for a month. Uncle John — who everyone seemed to call "Squire" — lived with his wife, Ruth, on a very large country property known as Wickham Moor. Uncle

John was and is one of the last of a dying breed in England: the gentleman farmer. He picked me up at the station in an old Bentley.

"Jolly good to have you aboard my boy!" for some reason Uncle John always talked in naval terms. I hadn't seen him in years.

Wickham Moor was huge by English standards. Over 150 acres of prime land dominated by a large manor house in the gothic style. The place was grotesque as only the English could build. I felt like little Lord Fauntleroy when we pulled up the cobblestone drive to the house. There at the entrance were all the

servants lined up to greet me. No fool, I reasoned that the Squire was putting on a show certain to be reported back to my mother.

Arriving at Wickham Moor was like stepping back into the 19th century. The Squire didn't like to admit that this splendid traditional lifestyle was supported by his very shrewd investments in North Sea oil. Evidently the Squire was a bit of an eccentric but he was no fool.

As I stepped out of the car there was Giles, the everpresent butler. Mrs. Giles the housekeeper stood at his side. (It's always been a source of interest to me why domestic servants

in England only have one name while the rest of us have two or more.) There was Gerty, the kitchen help and Higgins, the Grounds-keeper. But the last member of the Wickham household was a creature unique to this world or any other in my view. Molly Jenkins, the nanry. Ah ha, here was someone with two names!

Mistress Jenkins was aged somewhere in the vicinity of 30. She had dark and thick flowing hair that she usually piled back on her head in the soft, old-style manner. Her face was round and very pleasing with light, creamy skin that seemed to set off

her large emerald green eyes. In her flowing, ground-length dress she appeared to have the full body of a country-bred girl. Her hips were shapely and her back was straight. But I'm trifling with these features because anyone who met Molly Jenkins would have on definitive comment: 'Bloody 'ell, what great bostin tits!'

They were so monstrous, Molly's tits, they stretched the imagination. Her ruffled blouse could hardly contain them and one could fairly see her bodice through the outer material straining to hold those 'great tracts of land.' They stuck out at least a

foot from her frame and then nosedived to what I judged to be the area of her navel. Mistress Jenkins did not appear to employ a brassiere. More the wonder, I later thought, that her back was so straight.

"And finally, my boy, this is Miss Jenkins. She's nanny to the twins." The Squire's face beamed. Good Lord, 'who wouldn't be a twin', I thought!

Soon upon my arrival at Wickham Moor I set about uncovering the story of Molly Jenkins. Talking with the other servants, I gathered she'd had a tragic life as they say. Her husband had been in the British Army and he





was blown to bits in Northern Ireland. As newlyweds, he had left her penniless and pregnant. Soon after her army pension settlement her child died in infancy. With the measly government compensation and the dreadful employment situation poor Molly was almost destitute until she discovered an almost unique talent.

Long after the death of her infant her breasts continued to produce milk. The white liquid would flow in endless streams from her huge and swollen mammaries. Poor Molly was forced to resort to a crude breast pump until a sympathetic friend suggested that she might find employment as a nanny, a wet nurse nanny. Discreetly she offered her 'service' to the wealthy people of the district and before long Molly's fortunes took a turn for the better.

After years of trying in vain, Uncle John and Aunt Ruth had finally succeeded in producing offspring and in this case twins. Aunt Ruth was unable to produce milk but she desired that her little sprogs be nursed in any case. Enter Molly with a full and milky bosom. The squire and my Aunt were so pleased with the comely wench that they offered her the full time job of wet nurse and nanny for life as it were. Judging from the antagonism of the other servants, Mistress Molly was handsomely rewarded for her talents.

On the first night of my stay at Wickham Moor I had been packed off to bed around 10 by order of my Aunt. As a normal English schoolboy I had my nightly rituals: after masturbating to the mental image of Molly, I sought a 'spear' (a pee) in the water closet at the end of the hall. In

the darkness I neatly avoided Giles the butler and made my way past the Squire's drawing room. The door to this inner sanctum was slightly ajar. With my Aunt out for the evening, the Squire was evidently burning some late night oil . . .

Through the crack in the door I saw the flickering lights from the fireplace illuminating two figures in the room. There was Mistress Jenkins with her perfectly formed back to my line of vision completely naked from the waist up. My uncle stood in front of her with his eyes literally bugging out of his head. She was gently swaying in front of him and in a soft voice she was cooing, "Come now, there's a good boy. Come to Nanny."

I cursed to myself that I could only see her back and on either side the swaying impressions of her hanging udders. Instinctively I reached for my rock-hardened dodger when a slight tap on the shoulder shattered the moment. "Can I help you Master Neville?"

"Bloody 'ell, it was Giles. The game was up. He reached over my head and gently closed the door in front of me. I quickly slinked off down the hall desperately trying to conceal my erection. Thereafter, I abused myself the entire night thinking of those gargantuan bristols swaying in the firelight.

Two days later my Aunt went off to London for a fortnight and things lightened Wickham Moor. The servants were not on their best behavior and the Squire informed me that with my Aunt gone I could "jolly well do as I pleased." Yes, and so much the better for you Uncle, thought I. There

were no points for guessing that Aunt Ruth had no idea that Molly's duties included breast feeding the Squire as well as the twins.

On the day of my Aunt's departure I busied myself as best I could with the idle and stupid things that a lad of my age could be expected to embrace. I potted around the garden, walked in the fields and took a quick tour of the stables. But my mind was burning with one question: would I have an opportunity to nurse from those bewildering, bounteous breasts?

About mid afternoon that day I made for the nursery. Where else, I reasoned, would the wet nurse nanny be at nappy time? My timing was perfect.

The curtains were drawn in the blue and white nursery. Molly sat in a large rocking chair cradling both my infant cousins in her arms. I could see that her blouse was open by the exposed skin around her neck but her whole chest was covered by the swaddling blankets about the twins.

"Good afternoon Master Neville. Have you come in from your gallivanting?"

"Y-y-yes Molly," I said stammering. "I just thought to look in on the twins but I see it must be their nap time."

"Yes, the darlings have had their little drinkies and now they've drifted off to bo bo's."

My trousers were beginning to rise with the huge erection I was throwing. My knees were becoming weak and rubbery as I gazed upon the visage of this glorious earth mother with two sleeping infants on her chest. Molly's contented cow expression changed slightly to one of im-

pishness as she looked me over.

"Well I must put them down now Master Neville. You will excuse me."

Damn and blast it, I thought. This had to be a cue to leave. But to my utter amazement Mistress Jenkins rose from her nursing rocker and carried the tykes to their cribs. As she bent down with her back to me I trembled in anticipation, praying to the ancient Gods that she would turn around and let me feast my eyes on those glorious hanging bristols.

Alas, as she turned around she was buttoning the front of her bodice from the bottom. The cleavage above was positively topographical. As she slowly buttoned up I could make out the faint impressions of milk oozing from her teats, forming two circles in the material of her undergarment.

"Dear me," she said coyly, "there I go again. You'd think after all that nursing I'd be through but I'm having another let down."

"What do you mean, Molly," I said playing the idiot child.

"My breasts, Master Neville. There's still too much milk. They're leaking."

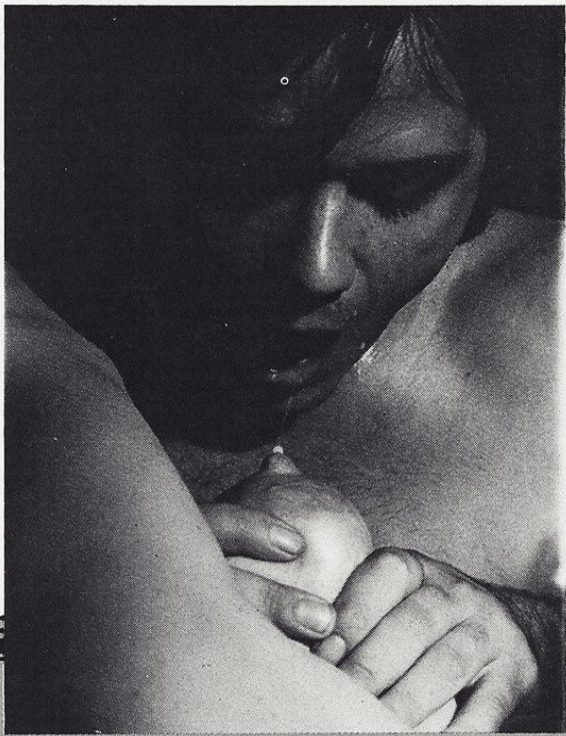
"May I be of assistance Molly?"

There. I'd said it with my cock as hard and as straight as a cricket bat. She looked at me with a pouting smile.

"Master Neville!" she said, feigning surprise and false indignation. "Have you ever seen a woman's breasts before?"

"Oh Molly, I can't stand it any longer. Show me your big beautiful breasts! I must suck at them or I'll die right here on the spot!"

"Now, now Master Neville, that will never do. Of course my dear, come



and nurse on Molly's nanny bosom."

With that she slowly undid the small buttons on her bodice. I was standing now only two feet from these objects of my youth's desire. With the collapse of the last button she pulled away the garment and revealed the meaning of life!

They were huge and billowy beyond my wildest dreams. Each one was as long as my forearm and they spilled down and out to the sides like two rugby balls. At the top each breast proceeded from her chest in a crop of stretch lines as wide as pencils. They hung long and low, reaching down below the waist line of her skirt. The flesh was pure, creamy white. At the ends of these bodkins there were two dark, huge teats as big as the palm of my hand. Surrounding each nipple there was a galaxy of nubs the size of pushpins. The nipples themselves were as thick as my forefinger and they stuck out hard and erect at least an inch from their brown patch. From each nipple there proceeded large globules of creamy milk. The finest tits in the English-speaking world!

I was ready to lunge at them but she stopped me by taking my hand. She led me to her nursing rocker and sat down, motioning for me to lie across her lap just as the twins had done moments before. I did just that with my long legs hanging over the armrest of the chair. With a wry smile she lifted her monstrous left udder and held it to my mouth.

"There you are my young buck," said she. "You may milk me."

I took the long nipple and tit end in

my mouth and started to drain it. Instantly my mouth was flooded with a great flow of syrupy mother's milk. It was ecstasy beyond all human enduring. I suckled ounces of her nectar and went berserk playing handball with the other huge tit.

By now my steed had reached the bursting point. Molly needed no prompting. As I suckled she deftly unzipped the fly on my trousers and released my throbbing member. From my nursing station I rolled my eyes down to see my engorged organ standing up straight as a ramrod. She grasped the shaft below my knobby and started a steady, luxurious pumping.

With her small hand firmly knotted about my raging peter, she lowered her head slightly and aimed the muscle right at her own face. Up and down she jerked with an ever quickening pace. Within moments I fired volcanic bursts of white semen straight at her lovely head. Almost suspended in disbelief, I watched the white spunk splatter against her chin, nose, eyes and forehead while I sucked away like a madman on her tit. The vixen even caught some of it in her gaping mouth. At length it seemed we were both spent.

"There now, Master Neville," said she, "we've both had a good milking."

* * *

It was, perhaps, a day or two later that there was much activity about Wickham Moor because the Squire was holding his annual shoot. Half a dozen of my Uncle's favourite cronies were to converge on the estate for

the purpose of reducing the surplus rabbit population. A grizzly affair at best. Afterwards, of course, the brave gentlemen would sit down to a feast of roast rabbit.

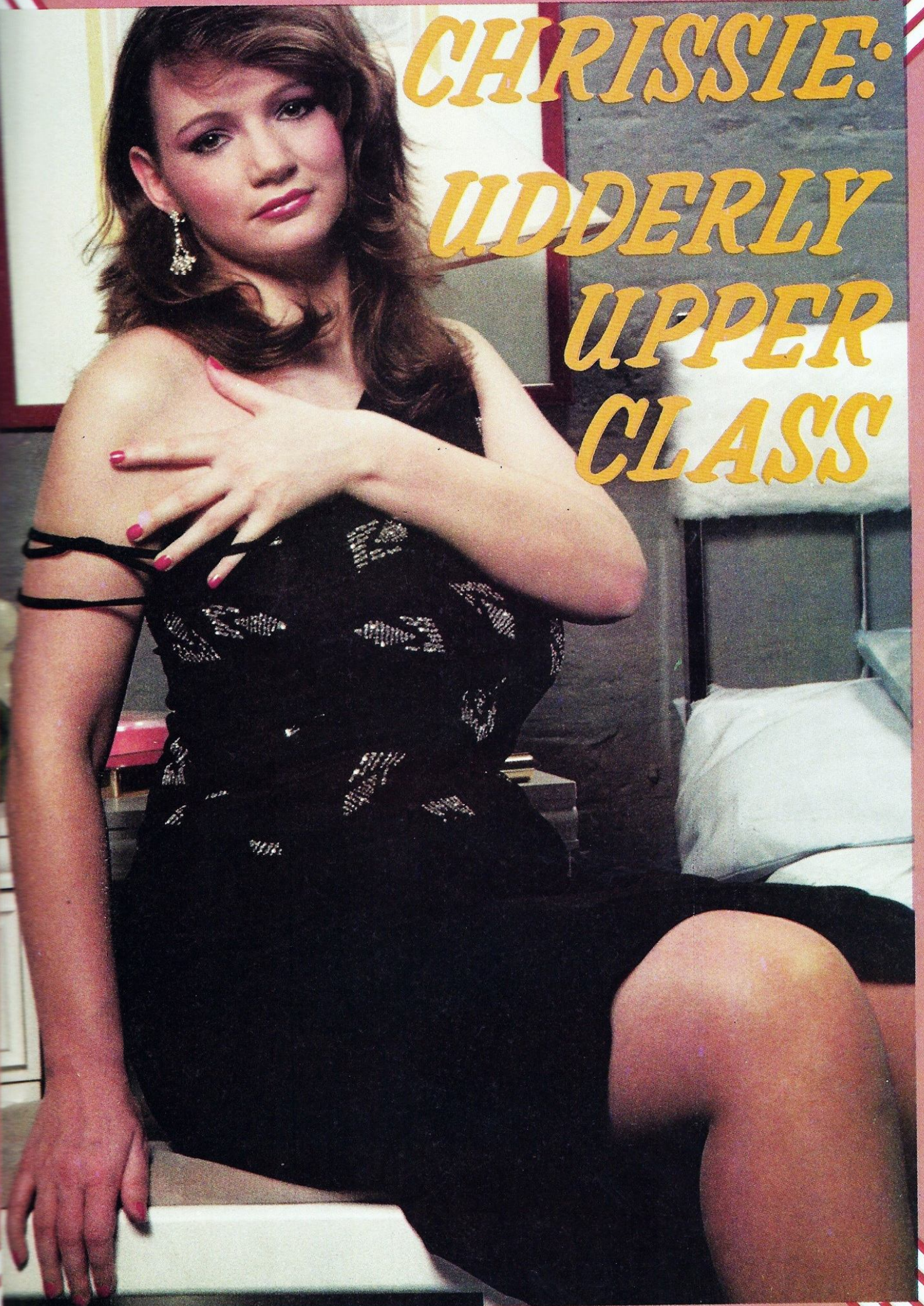
Talking to the cook, I was rather intrigued to discover that the only servant to be waiting on the gentlemen was Molly. Why would the comely nanny take on the unaccustomed role of serving wench for this occasion, I wondered. I was resolved to investigate the situation in my usual clandestine fashion. Before the gentlemen hunters returned for their dinner I hid myself in an unused cloak closet in the dining room. With door ajar I had a good view of the large dining area.

Before an hour the men convened for dinner and as Molly waited on the table I could clearly see the men smiling and boasting with lewd comments and jokes. They feasted heartily. The squire was in his glory holding court like this. After the meal my uncle stood up and announced in a deep voice:

"...and now gentlemen, in honour of the day's hunt, I present you with tonight's after dinner sweet..."

To my utter astonishment who should enter the room again but Molly! She was stark naked from the waist up and her huge tits bounced on her chest as she glided into the room. The men about the table cheered and screamed in approval, their mouths open and drooling with saliva. With her monstrous udders literally dripping with milk, it was quite evident that Molly herself was on the menu.

*CHRISSIE:
UDDERLY
UPPER
CLASS*





"It's uncommon for someone from a rich family to have big tits, but I guess there will always be exceptions. My father is a multi-millionaire, yet I'm a 42 'DD.' I am considered a freak in my circle. I can't fit into all these designer high fashion stuff cause my tits are too big. It's not considered chic to have big tits. They say it stems from peasant stock. I find it hypocritical because on more than one occasion, I've witnessed all those supposed high class eyes upon my cleavage."



"There may actually be some truth to the myth of big tits as a lower class feature. My father fell in love with the daughter of his wet nurse, and married her. My grandma had big tits, and so did my mom. I guess I got my big tits from her. In my heart I know I can have anyone of these high class stuffed shirts at my feet begging for attention and be at my service. The problem is that I just don't have the stomach for it. These assholes still called their cocks 'penis,' and cunts 'vagas.' I wanna fuck! Not copulate, and with these assholes, you'll only have intercourse. The lust factor is mandatory in my encounters with men."

TM JUGGS





"I have the luxury of flying to Rome is I desire an Italian lover, or to Athens if I desire a Greek. In a perverse way, like going to different restaurants. Instead of sampling food, I'm sampling cocks. Actually most of them don't taste half bad."



"My delectable tits had probably been sucked on by more men of different nations than they have countries in the U.N. They all go for them like crazy because they're huge by any country's standards."

I've also been fucked by more nationalities than most women can claim. The combined length of the sausages I have hidden in my twat will probably cover the distance from New York to Washington, D.C...."



unporno's Column



unzipped my fly and my long tool popped out and swayed like a flagpole in the wind. I straddled your flushed face on the bed, your head propped up with pillows, your wide stiff nipples digging into my polyester pants. You were so hungry for my dick that when I finally stopped waving it above your face and let you take it—all of it!—into your drooling mouth, you thrashed around and almost came just from the taste of my swollen pecker. You were begging for it and I gave it good, baby... I fucked your face a long time, humping deep into your head, occasionally reaching around to give your aching wet pussy a few rubs. Then I couldn't hold back anymore—you give great head, wench—and I let'er fly, a big, long, hot load right into your slurping mouth. But the wildest part of my

dream was, I couldn't stop coming! Wad after wad came flying out of my cock and I felt like I had over a gallon stored up.

You kept swallowing but it was hard to keep up with my firehose. The cum spilled out the sides of your mouth and streamed down your neck to the pillows and got stuck in your hair. I pulled out and you pressed my spewing pecker between your big up-thrust jugs and rubbed my shaft with swollen tit-meat, pinching your nipples so they scraped my hairy, pumping balls. And still I kept coming, bathing your heaving tits with white, boiling jizz, it ran like a river down the deep valley between your stiff knockers and past your ribs to the sheets, making an enormous stain, a pool of cum.

Finally, I stopped coming as I was

about to fuck you, so instead I licked the jizz off my cockhead and ped me back up and I returned to the office. And when I woke up that dream was close to reality because it took me a week to get those sheets clean. Feel like I did me up and making the dream "come" true, honey? Frankie S. Teaneck, NJ

Dear Frankie: Thanks, sounds wonderful offer, honey, but I'm not up. Plus with all that cum, I'd get tired of it. I rather get mine an at a time. And if that dream did true, you'd need a proctologist afterwards!

DADDY'S GIRL

Dear Candy:
My parents get JUGGS magazine and I know they read your column, maybe you can give me advice about a dream I had and I'll sneak a peek at their next issue.
I'll be 15 next week, but I'm pretty well developed for my age and I'm no stranger to sex. Just in the last two months I did it with three boys from school. I like having hot dreams and waking up with my fingers rubbing my pussy under the sheet and then coming real hard while trying to keep quiet so my folks don't hear me. But the other night I had a disturbing wet dream. I heard a sound from my parents' room. I thought my father was downstairs and I knew my mother was working late at the supermarket. I went to look, walking down the hall totally naked. A night-

light was on inside. I peered around the door... and there was my father in bed with a strange woman. She wasn't beautiful but she had very big tits. My father was licking and sucking her pointed nipples while she was running her hand up and down his cock. And what a cock my father had! It was long and thick, the cockhead the size of a saucer. Right away I felt hot and my pussy dribbled juice. I watched my father and this woman and I masturbated. Then the woman took his dick into her mouth. They rolled over so that my father pushed his dick through the space between her tits first before she licked the cockhead and took it in her face. I was really hot now, rubbing my rosebud faster and faster, and already I could feel an orgasm building. I must've made a sound

because they stopped and saw me, standing naked and fingering myself in the doorway. My father wasn't embarrassed. He told me to come in. The woman said all right. She was eyeing my swollen breasts and I liked hers too. But mostly I headed for my father and the huge tool sticking out. I reached for it... and woke up.

Candy, should I go to a psychiatrist? Isn't incest the most awful thing you can do?
Jane I.
Long Beach, CA

Dear Jane: No, it's not, and anyway you didn't do it. It's perfectly normal for teenagers to have incestuous dreams. And yours sounded like a lot of fun. Too bad you woke up!

A full-page photograph of a woman with long dark hair, smiling broadly. She is nude, with large breasts. A yellow flower is tucked into her hair on the right side. The background is a light-colored wall with some greenery and a potted plant with red flowers in the bottom right corner.

**CYBIL:
POLITICAL
PAPS**



"Your first impression of these pictures will probably be, 'Gee, she looks familiar.' Well, you've probably seen me on the 'tube.' This past year being an election year, you must have seen me a hundred times standing near the candidate of the 'donkey' party. I was one of his personal assistants. I assisted him in soliciting political support from various organizations and power brokers. Sometimes, I help him return political favors. He needed all the help he could get."

"The biggest surprise I got was from an assistant governor of one of the southern states. He was BIIIIIG! I thought he was gonna split my pussy with that meat of his. I had to con him into fucking my tits and let him come all over my face and my tits to save my cunt from permanent damage. His cannon must be about a foot long, and as thick around, I could only fit the tip of his cock in my mouth when I gave him head."





"Birth control is always a major problem for me. A girl with my ambitions can't afford to get knocked up. I've made it a policy of mine to get away with giving a blow-job or let them tit-fuck me. If they really insist on sticking their cock somewhere, I'd tell them I'm on the rag and take it in my ass. Until they find a sure fire way of preventing pregnancy, I'll avoid cocks in my cunt at all cost."

"I have also perfected the art of pussy eating. You never know when one of these big shots' wives or secretaries will want their cunt eaten out, but when they do, I'm ready. My tongue can flicker at the speed of 16 times a second, that's enough to drive any 'CLIT' crazy. Some of these politicians are wondering why their wives like me so much, but I'll never tell."









SPLISH



SPLAT!



SPLASH!





"Mr. Boltz, she's up-staging me! Her tits hid my face through the whole shoot."



GOSPEL

GAIL:

SOUL

BALOONS



"I've been singing in my church choir since I was a little girl. It's spiritually satisfying, and it's something I truly enjoy. Meeting all those cute boys doesn't hurt either. We always have parties after church at someone's house. I'm real excited because this week it's at my house."



"I sing soprano in my choir. I am also the featured soloist. This means that I am very good at what I do. I think my great sized tits have a great deal to do with it. Other than just my lungs, I think my tits also help me breathe. How else can you explain

the reason that I can hold a note for over a minute? I practice deep throat on the boys on Sundays. That requires tremendous breath control, too. If you don't control your breathing properly, and can hold your breath for a long time, you can really choke."



STELLA:

**Monumental
Melon
Muncher**



"When I made the decision to sell my body, I didn't really know if I had made the right decision. Now I think it's just great. I am making more money now than I ever would as a telephone operator in New Jersey."

"As you can see by these pictures I am quite a hot lady. Joining the oldest profession has provided a means for me to get as much cock as I need, and get paid well for it as well. I can take a cock in every orifice of my body, which I absolutely love to do, and be paid triple the normal amount. I love having cock in my mouth, my cunt, and my asshole simultaneously. It drives me absolutely crazy. I can come and come and come. I also love the three hundred bucks that comes with it."





"The specialty of the house is called *target practice*. I'd let them fuck my tits. Then I keep my mouth open while they're pumping away and try to shoot their load down my throat. I love eating cum, the more the better. If they manage to get every drop in my mouth, they get to fuck my ass for free."

"Being in the business of selling poon, I take more than my share of showers. Other than getting the cum out of my cunt, it also provides a feeling of cleansing my soul. I guess regardless what I say about fucking for money, subconsciously I may feel guilty. Getting my tits all sudsy has real therapeutic value for me. I can zone out, just by caressing my melons, and forget about the world."



"I am one of these lucky people who are large enough to suck on their own nipples. It is as stimulating as someone sucking on my pussy. My favorite way is holding one tit with the other. The orgasms are always twice as intense. I can feel the blood rushing to my head, and my body tingling all over. I wish I could feel that way all the time. Thinking about it makes me dripping wet..."

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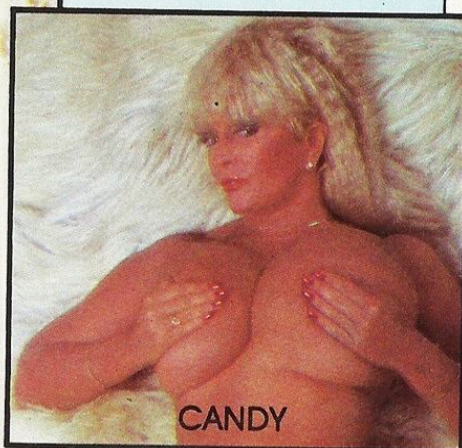
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