

JUGGS

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

NOVEMBER, 1988

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Covergirl PATTY PLENTY
"I Train Male Virgins"

**MOST PREGNANT
MODEL EVER!**
**Delivers Four Days
After Photos**

DAHLIA
**"I Blow
1000 Men
A Night"**

**KAREN
E-CUP
AMATEUR**



INTENDED FOR MATURE READERS OVER THE AGE OF 18.

Juggs - November 1988

Publisher
DON WHITWORTH
Executive Vice President
ALBERT VASELINO

Editor
DIAN HANSON

Art Director
ART NOVO

Art Associates
JAMES SCOTT
PETE BRADLEY

Circulation Manager
JOEY DEE

Contributing Columnists
CANDY SAMPLES
SUSIE SPARKS

Contributing Artist
BILL WARD

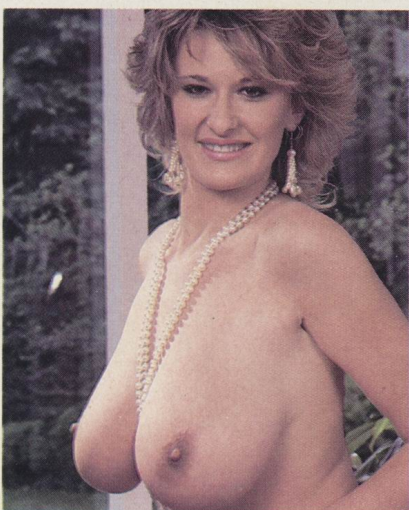
Contributing Photographers
TOZERWARD
WRIGHT AGENCY

Advertising Director
ALLEN K. STONE
462 Broadway,
4th Floor

New York, New York 10013
(212) 966-8400

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PATTY PLENTY:

OLDER AND BOLDER







"You probably know me from my X-rated videos. I love to be recognized, so I always dress like the sex star I am. If I walk in a restaurant and every man in the place doesn't turn around to gawk at me, I go in the restroom and pull my sweater down lower in the front. If they don't stare at me when I come out like *that*, I know I'm in a gay joint.

"When all these silly young girls say, 'I don't like when men stare at my tits, it makes me feel like a piece of meat,' I laugh. I say, 'We're all meat, baby. Only some of us are Good and some of us are Prime. And I'm going to be Prime all the way.' I was a stripper for years before I started making films. I kept thinking I was going to be discovered and given a movie contract. That only happens *in* the movies. I wised up when I turned forty and decided to make my own fortune.

"I wasn't shy a bit when I did my first hardcore scene. The guy had a big cock and was supposed to tit-fuck me. I said, 'Honey, they don't have to pay me to do this. This is all my pleasure.' The director was yelling 'cut' for five minutes before we knew the scene was through. See, when a man cums on me, either on my tits or face, I get pretty crazy. I love the sight, smell, taste and feel of cum. I start





licking it and playing with it and having such a good time I lose track of everything. I had this boy halfway to another climax when they came and pulled us apart. That's the only thing I don't like about making films—they always want me to stop before I'm ready. I wish they'd set up a camera in my apartment and let it run while I go through one of my typical Friday nights. That would be the dirtiest porno movie ever made!

"People always ask if I'm into young men. Yes, it's true. Most men my age can't keep up with me, so I've been going for younger and younger guys, looking for one who can take all I have to give. My dream is to work in films for a few more years and then take the money I've earned and start up a training academy for male virgins. I love them regardless of looks, financial status, race, creed or color. Just so long as they're innocent and horny we'll get along great. And no one would graduate from my school until he was a great lover. The only thing I fear is that after I'd trained them I wouldn't be able to let them go!"

JDUGGS











ROBERTA PEDON

Hall Of Shame Oldie

Roberta is long-gone from the modeling field, but we still think she was one of the best and couldn't resist running this old set. We were not able to contact Roberta for an interview, but this story from her modeling days will give you an idea about the sweet young girl behind the big boobs.

Roberta was a hippie model, since she did most of her work in the late sixties, early seventies, and lived the free-love lifestyle with gusto. She thought sex could cure any ill, physical or mental, and had to get laid at least once a day to "keep my yin and yang in balance," as she put it. She figured that a lot of medicine was better than a little and was happiest after getting stuffed countless times at an orgy.

One day Roberta was scheduled for an eight a.m. photo assignment and surprised the photographer by showing up stark naked under an old trenchcoat. Fresh and dried cum crusted her thighs, ass, tits and face. Her hair was knotted and stiff with at least twenty loads and her lips were puffed and red from hours of nonstop cock sucking. When she bent over the sink to sponge off her face the photographer couldn't help noticing that her pussy lips were even more inflamed, standing out crimson, tautly swollen and glistening from the mixture of cum and pussy-cream. As he watched, she reached down and held a coffee cup under her snatch. With the other hand she pried her puffed lips apart and released a torrent of cum from her cunt into the cup. It had to be at least four ounces of steaming juices, he told us. He gasped so loudly at this sight that Roberta heard and turned around. She smiled at his shocked face and raised the cup to her lips. Keeping her eyes locked on his she drank the cum and pussy-juice down, pausing to swirl it around her mouth and smack her lips with obvious pleasure. When she'd drained the last drops, she smiled through cum-caked lips and told him "I don't like to waste any, and I knew when I started spreading my cunt it would run out and I'd lose it before it had a chance to soak in." That said, she slipped on her high heels, clacked over to the set, and spread herself out in her first pose.

The photographer still keeps that cup, unwashed, as one of his most cherished mementos.









KAREN

TURNING
POINT







Juggs - November 1988

"Last week I was a simple suburban wife and mother in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Then I found all those copies of JUGGS in my husband's closet. My initial reaction was shock and dismay. I wasn't good enough for him anymore, he wanted other women, he was being unfaithful, he didn't love my big tits anymore. These are all the thoughts that swirled through my mind. Then I started looking through the magazines, page by page. I came to the one with Susie Sparks' first photos in it. I couldn't believe the size of this woman's breasts, so I started reading her interview, forgetting my fears for the moment.

"I found she had been just like me! Her boyfriend was hooked on JUGGS too, and she sent her photos in to the magazine to show him that she was as good as the models. I started to get excited. I was bigger than many of the women in the magazine. I was still young and hadn't lost my figure after having two children. I got out my husband's camera, the one with the time release feature, and put on my sexiest clothes.

"I sent the photos to be processed at the drugstore the minute I got done shooting them. I was very embarrassed to pick up the photos at first, afraid that the young guy behind the counter might have looked at them. I've known him for years. When he saw me he broke out in a huge grin, matched only by the huge bulge that formed instantly in his pants.

" 'Mrs. _____, you have the most gorgeous breasts!' he blurted, then blushed furiously. He had looked! His reaction was so excitingly positive my confidence blossomed, however. 'Would you like to see my tits in person?' I said, being bolder than I would ever have thought possible. He turned five shades of red and a little stain appeared on his pants where pre-cum had oozed from his cock. 'I'd do anything to see your tits,' he whispered.

"We went to a store room and I pulled off my blouse and bra. He shuddered with excitement and asked, 'May I touch?' I answered by pushing my tits into his hands. He squeezed them convulsively, panting like a dog. I pushed my pussy mound against his groin and he doubled over with a loud moan. Now a huge stain spread across his pants. He'd cum!

"That's when I knew I had to be in JUGGS. I want my life to be changed like Susie Sparks' was, from domestic drudge to superboob sex queen. I want to think about men all over the world jerking off to my tits. And I want my unsuspecting husband to see me there looking better than experienced professional models. I'm so excited I can barely stand it."











DAHLIA

DREAM NURSE

I'm not just some run-of-the-mill slut. I'm an educated, caring woman doing my part to end suffering in this cruel world. I'm a nurse, and because of my deep concern for mankind, I work in a V.A. hospital. It would break your heart to see the condition some of these men are in, especially the Viet Nam vets, and so many years after the war has ended. When I first walked through the corridors here I vowed I would do anything and everything to bring happiness into these poor men's lives. Little did I know how pleasurable this would be for me.

"It seems what these men lack most is the touch of a compassionate woman. They need a woman to hold them to her bosom and make them feel like men again. I switched to the night shift so I'd have less interruption of my work.

"All my uniforms have zippered fronts so I can get at my tits quickly and easily. There are over a thousand men here and they all need me, so I have to work fast. Each night I go from bed to bed pulling my zipper down and spilling my full, heavy tits into the men's hands. I pull their faces into my chest and cradle their heads as they suck my nipples and knead my boobs. With my free hand I ease their cocks out



of their pajamas and stroke gently, urging them to open up, to let out all their feelings. Their hungry lips suck with such urgency, their fingers squeeze my tits with such trembling passion, that their physical and mental problems become meaningless. I cum violently in their grip, saturating my white panties sometimes until the juices seep through to stain my nurse's uniform. When my hand brings them to orgasm I either take the load in my mouth, or bend so they can watch it shoot across my tits. It's a thrill for us both, whichever way I take it.

"By the time I finish my rounds, around six a.m. my tits are flushed and sore from all the sucking and squeezing and I'm very full from all the cum I've sucked down. I don't even take a meal break, not wanting to waste the time when I could be caring for my patients. I'm also not too hungry, considering I must swallow at least a quart of cum a night.

"I recommend this kind of work to any nurse who feels she could be doing more for her patients, or to any slut who has a hard time getting enough sex in her regular job. I know I couldn't feel more fulfilled, or full, than I do helping the vets."













ELIZABETH:



beginner's luck

Here I am twenty-five years old and I've just had my tits fucked for the first time. I never even knew such a thing was done. And when the man said he was going to do it, I thought, sort of selfishly, I admit, 'What will I get out of it?' I could see a man could like it, because it would rub his penis, but how could a woman get off on something that didn't touch her vagina?

"It all came about because of this photo shoot. It was the photographer who asked if I liked tit-fucking and I told him I'd never heard of it. I come from a little town out west and we don't get too kinky. He said tits like mine needed to be fucked and offered to break me in. I was skeptical, but I love to please men, so I said I was ready to learn.

"He did it right there in the studio on the chaise lounge you see in these pictures. He said it was seeing me squeeze those pearls between my tits that made him want his penis there. When he showed me his nice, juicy penis I wanted it there too. I just couldn't believe I'd have these *feelings* when he did it.



"My first thrill was when he laid me back on the chaise and straddled my chest. He looked so big and threatening looming over me. His thighs gripped me tight and I imagined I was a tiny, helpless thing. I stared up at him and his stiff, waving penis with open adoration. 'Kiss my cock,' he said gruffly. I took it in my hand and felt it throb from my touch. I pulled it to my lips and started kissing. The smell was exciting, sweaty, animalistic. I started licking his penis and then sucking it deep in my throat. He was squeezing my tits hard all this time and I was getting real crazy with horniness. I was begging him to shoot cum down my throat and using real obscene language, and he suddenly just pulled his penis away.

"I begged to have it back and he said, 'I'll give it to you here,' and stuck it between my tits.

My goodness, what a feeling! My tits had become as sensitive as my clit and I arched and bucked against his gripping thighs and hard penis. He held me firm as he pumped harder and harder. My tits bounced and trembled as he fucked them and I came so hard I thought I'd lose my mind. While I was screaming in orgasm he shot his cum all over my tits. It was sheer heaven!

"Now that I know how good this can feel, I'm going to ask men I date to do my tits. I guess a girl is never too old to learn, huh?"











THE GIRLS OF DAIRYLAND

Justin D. West is having too much fun! Since your letters started rolling in for the girls we've featured in this section the word is out in America's heartland. One fullsome farmgirl brags to another about all the men she's met by having her photos in JUGGS, and soon Justin is up to his armpits in jiggly, giggly plumpers, all begging him to make them a star. He's so busy, and so exhausted, he hardly has time to take pictures. Lucky for us he took time out to send in these. What a cutie! If you'd like to write to this Dairygirl, or any of our Dairygirls, send your letter, with her name on the envelope, to JUGGS, 462 Broadway, Suite 4000, New York, N.Y. 10013, and we'll forward it on. Hope you get lucky!

Lynn

Age: 22

Bust: 40D

Height: 5'5"

Hair: Red

Eyes: Blue

"Hi! My name is Lynn. I moved to the West Coast from the Midwest a couple of years ago, but I will always consider myself a midwestern gal.

"I still have many 'breast' friends there and someday soon I hope to return to all of them. Of course in the past two years I have met a lot of nice friends here on the West Coast too, and thru this JUGGS feature, maybe I'll find more breast lovers all over.

"My breasts really get a lot of attention during my intimate relationships and I don't know whether it's because of their fullness or whether it's my big dark nipples. My tits really aren't all that sensitive, but I really love all that sucking and attention they get anyway. I really love to watch a guy suck my nipples and just see the excitement building up in him. Because they aren't super-sensitive, I'll let my guy have his way with them and let him suck as long and as hard as he wants.

"I must tell you about one of my best tit-lovers I have met recently. A friend of mine told me



about someone he knew that would just fall in love with me upon the sight of my tits.

"In great anticipation I made an appointment with my friend to bring him over to my place one

evening. I figured if this person was a true tit lover, I would dress accordingly; and so I put on my pink, sheer, see-thru blouse—which I wore without a bra, of course, and left a few buttons

open at the top to reveal plenty of cleavage. This blouse is a little small for me, but I figured my big dark brown nipples sticking out, straining against that sheer pink material, might have an effect on anyone interested in big tits. My 40D's were nearly spilling out the top, and I put on the shortest mini-skirt I could find to reveal my big, full thighs and ass, and it wouldn't have taken much to notice I wasn't wearing panties, either.

"When my friend came to the door, I was really disappointed. He had a lady friend with him and I first looked beyond both of them to see this tit-lover he was to have brought with him, but I didn't see anyone else.

"I sure was right about my tits being noticed in my see-thru blouse, though. Both my friend and this woman had their eyes focused right on my exposed cleavage as I invited them in. My friend politely excused himself at the door, telling me he had to go pick up a buddy of his and so my disappointment turned to joy as I knew he was going to bring back my companion for the evening.

"The woman stayed, however, and as we engaged in a few minutes of small talk, I noticed she kept staring at my big tits and she told me how nice I looked.

"I then offered her a drink and proceeded to the kitchen to fix it. She followed me as we continued our conversation. I told her I picked my outfit to impress someone my friend was bringing over.

"As I said this, she came up behind me, and put her arms around me. Her hands went immediately to the front of my blouse to fondle my big tits. She told me that she was that someone and that she truly was impressed as her hands continued to work my tits over thru my blouse; squeezing, lifting my heavy jugs and teasing my nipples. She kept complimenting me on my tits and said she didn't know whether to bury her face in my cleavage or suck in my big dark brown nipples first.

"I was so stunned, I didn't know what to do. I turned around to face this woman and before I could say a word or react, she had lifted both of my breasts out of the top of the blouse and her mouth went right to my nipples.

"Soon she was on her knees in





front of me, her mouth still sucking my tits, going from nipple to nipple and her hands moved under my mini skirt to squeeze and play with my big ass.

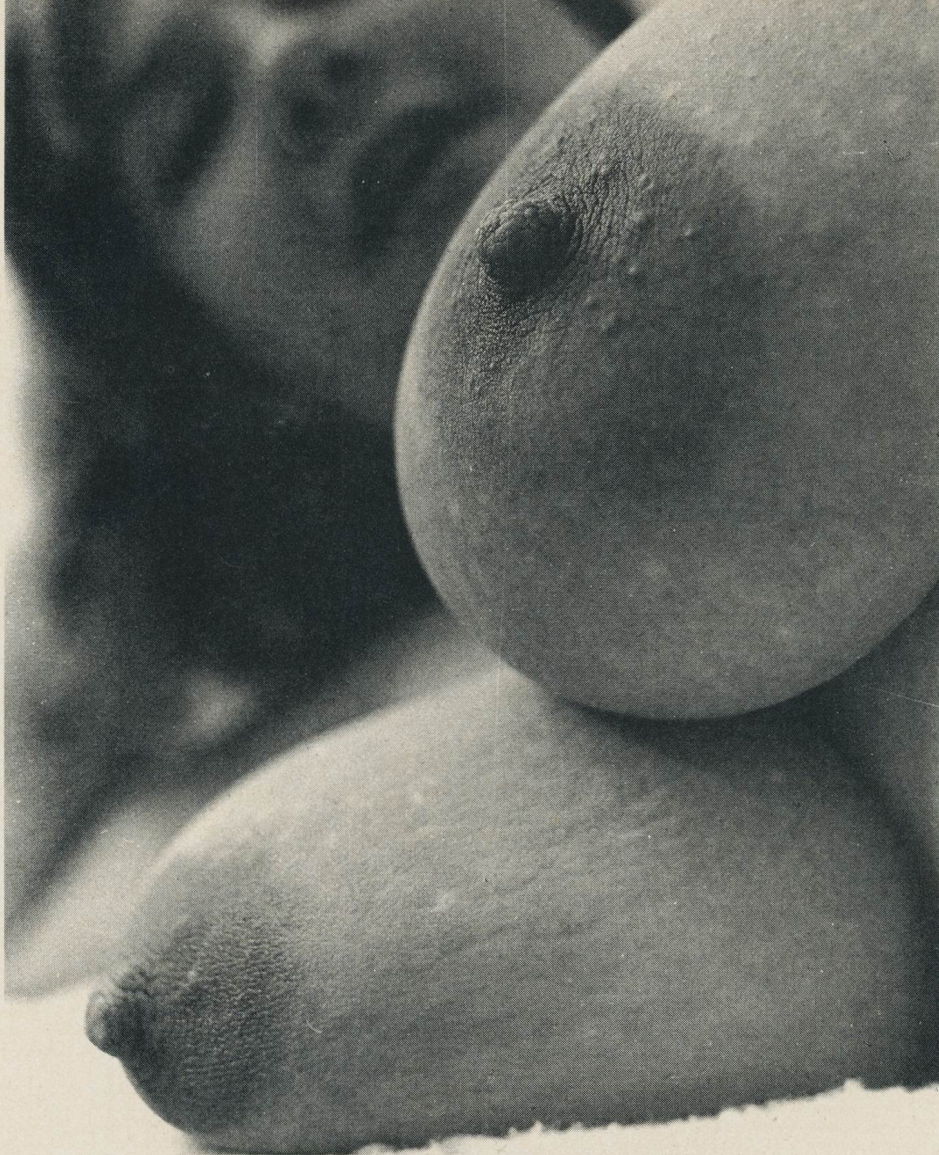
"I couldn't believe what was happening. This woman was really turning me on. I just looked down at her as she was sucking my nipples and I saw what great pleasure they were giving her. I just put my hands to the back of her head so I could press her face more into my big fat tits. It wasn't long before we were both moaning with pleasure as she continued to suck me and move her hands all over my ass, thighs and pussy.

"I can't tell you all the things she said and did to me that night, but we finally moved to the bedroom. I thought my nipples would be sore the next morning from all of her sucking, but they were ready for her hungry lips and mouth when we awoke.

"I know I'll never give up men after this experience, but when I get back to the Midwest, I'm going to look up a couple of my big-busted girl friends, who I know are into other women, and practice what I have recently learned about this exciting new lovemaking adventure."











NIKKI WRIGHT:



One Week To Delivery

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"I am honored to be the most pregnant woman ever to pose in JUGGS. I entered the hospital less than a week after the photos were taken, and after a day of labor, gave birth. I had thought I was two weeks from delivery, but the excitement of posing made the contractions start. If I hadn't gone straight to bed after the shoot I think I would have delivered that day. It was so hard to calm down, since it was the only thing really sexual I'd been able to do since I quit the peep show at eight months along.

"Yes, I make my money working the one-on-one booths in a Minneapolis peep palace. That's where there's a glass separating two booths. You're on one side and I'm on the other. You put tips in the slot and I do whatever you ask me to do, on my side of the glass. I really love working the peeps, especially doing the talking with customers over the phone while I fulfill their fantasies. I'm great at it because I have all this smut in my head. They're over there on the other side jerking off like crazy while I'm telling them how much I'd like to take them in my mouth, in my cunt, in my ass. I'm one

of the few girls around here who really likes to take it up the ass, so the guys go nuts when I talk about that.

"I thought I'd have to stop working when I got pregnant, but my boss saw I was getting a regular clientele who were into my being PG, so he said I could keep it up as long as I was able. I had fantasies about giving birth in the booth, with the guys all pumping in quarters and yelling, 'More, more, open wider!' As it was, I worked until I was so big I hardly fit in the booth. My belly was pressed up against the glass. My regulars would kiss my big, round bulge through the glass and rub their dicks on it. They were so sweet I couldn't believe it!

"Now that I've delivered I've promised to do a milk set, as soon as I'm up to it. I'd also love to correspond with any of you prego/milk fans. I'll be back working the peeps by the time this magazine comes out and I'd love to tell you where you can come and see me shoot my milk in person. Write me care of the magazine, okay? That's Nikki Wright, c/o JUGGS, 462 Broadway, 4th floor, New York, N.Y. 10013."















SUSIE SPARKS SPEAKS!

Dear Readers:

Some overwhelming responses to my bra photos have come in and most of you are begging to see more! Well guys, it seems as though the bra retailers and manufacturers in the Los Angeles area are throwing me back into the dark ages... I can no longer find suitable (BIG) bras anywhere! There is no one willing to take on the task of constructing a bra for me, and the ready-to-wear sizes have plummeted to a mere 48DD.

So I'm appealing to you, my beloved readers, to help me find bras that are big enough to contain my massive mammaries. To help you, I've compiled some bra fitting facts. You've all wanted to know how a true cup size is determined. First, a measurement is taken around the bust at the top of the cleavage—a measurement around the chest *not* including the length of the breasts themselves. Then the measurement is taken the same way, but including the length of the breasts... the tape measure comes around the back, around the sides of the breasts, coming together around the front of the nipples. The difference between these two measurements determines the cup size. My chest measurement without tits is 50 inches around, and as you've seen before, I measure 67 inches total around my tits. The difference is an as-

tounding 17 inches, so we count off 1 inch for an A cup; 2 for a B; 3, C; 4, D; 5, DD; 6, E; and so on, bringing my true cup size to KK!!! You use the first chest measurement (without tits) to determine the number. I would be forever indebted to ANYONE who could provide me with a 50KK! Some of you have sent bras ranging from EE to I, and believe me, these are far better than having to stuff these babies in a DD, but I still spill out of all those bras.

Would you guys help me find the biggest bra, to support the biggest tits in the world? I will send an autographed photo of me wearing the bra and a certificate stating that I will send the bra back to you once it is worn out and busted. C'mon guys, let's go shopping!

VIRGIN TITMAN

Dear Susie:

I guess you can say that I missed all of the commotion. I picked up an issue of Juggs for only the second time this year and when I looked through the letters column, I saw your picture and was in awe. I also noticed that the entire column was about you. I have to admit that in my lifetime, I have never seen anyone like you before.

By now, you're probably

swamped with letters from about the whole nation. The odds of you reading this one is close to nil. And if you are now reading this letter, you're wondering why I am writing.

Well, as with everyone else, I would like to know if you could help me out with a dilemma I'm in. I'm 21 years old and I'm having trouble meeting girls. In fact, I've never even kissed a girl before. I'm black (medium color) and I'm only interested in Caucasian girls. To make matters worse, I can only feel really attracted to a girl who has big breasts. I feel so embarrassed saying this. Can you imagine me, a college student and still a virgin?

I'm asking you for advice because I don't have anyone else to turn to, and I especially can't go to my friends. I thought about placing an ad in a singles' paper but I'm afraid some crazy person would come knocking at my door.

I'm even further ashamed because I get so horny looking at the pictures in the big-boob magazines that I can't stop masturbating. I play with myself every day, and hope that I will get the chance to meet and have a relationship with a really busty white girl. I feel so confused, Susie, and I really need your help.

Randy

Dear Randy,

Since you did miss all of the commotion, you probably also missed the mention that I do read and answer absolutely all of my mail personally. Not all of the readers write for advice, but I am here to help you all.

It sounds as though you're rather shy and don't have a lot of confidence in trying to meet and get together with the type of woman that you want. I get many letters from men your age who are just a little late in getting things together... it's not at all unusual for a guy your age to still have his virginity and I'm sure there are many women out there who would be willing to help you learn a few things. A personal ad would not be a bad idea, and you wouldn't have to worry about "crazy" people coming after you. Many papers offer to receive your mail and then forward it to you. You might also consider getting your own post office box or getting an inexpensive answering service.

You should never feel ashamed about masturbating. Right now that's your only way to satisfy the horniness that you're feeling, and even after you have a sexual experience with a woman you will still feel the need and desire to masturbate. All in all, you're really quite normal... just a little inexperienced.

BOOBS & BUTTS

Dear Susie,

I was glad to see the letters to you in the new issue of JUGGS. I hope they will feature you from now on!

I first saw your pictures in the May issue of JUGGS and it took me some time to get over the thought of a set of bazooms as large as yours are! When my girlfriend first saw your photos in the issue her remark was, "My God, look at those boobs! They hang down to her waist!" My girlfriend Debbie was as stunned as I was about your bazooms!

Something that's always turned me on is when a girl with big floppy bazooms also has a pair of reddish, huge, round aureolas to perfectly cap each tittie. I don't think I have ever seen a larger set of aureolas in my life, and that's saying something because I have a lot of "big tittie" books and pictures that I have collected. Most of the time when I see a lady with large aureolas and nipples I figure

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they have been sucked on and nursed a lot to have them so permanently big and pronounced (as in the case of mothers who have nursed a lot of children) but in your case it looks as though they have been through some long hours with a merciless milking machine! They are truly outstanding!

Something else that really got me going was the picture of you in the magazine where you were smoking the cigarette. I have always had a strong fetish for a lady who sexily smokes a cigarette. I wish you would add the cigarette to all of your pictures as sort of a trademark. My girlfriend Debbie is very aware of my fetish for seeing girls smoke and also got a kick out of that picture of you. She poses for me like that a lot. In fact, when she saw the black gloves you were wearing she liked the idea and I've since gotten her a sexy pair to wear. It's funny, but my fetish for seeing Debbie smoke has been even stronger since getting her the black gloves.

Thanks, Susie! You are quite a lady and we look forward to your

continuing appearances in JUGGS!

Gene

Dear Gene,

Some of my favorite letters come from couples, and I'm always really excited to find that many of the women like to follow the magazine too. You didn't mention, but is your girlfriend big-busted?

Yes, my tits do hang down to my waist. In fact, they hang below my waist. I believe it was a factor in my winning the contest for the Biggest Tits In the World. It was certainly one of the very first questions Dian Hanson asked when she phoned, and she even required that I send her a photo to prove it!

My nipples did not get so huge from nursing children, nor did my aureolas grow to their enormous proportion from long hours with a milking machine. The fact of the matter is, my nipples and aureolas were the very first things to start growing, and they grew so huge very fast. The heaviness of my breasts caused them to stretch even further. I remember when I was about 12 years old my aureolas were about the size of the bottom of a water glass. I thought I

would die if they grew any larger, and at that time they seemed really scary and unattractive to me. Now I find that most men are totally in awe of their size, and a favorite challenge for my lover is to try and stuff an entire nipple (aureola and all) in his mouth.

Almost everyone is turned on by the smoking shots (even though I only smoke for my pictorials in JUGGS. I'm glad that the black gloves also work for you and your girlfriend. They are my absolutely favorite accessory... I feel so nasty and wild when I wear them! I especially like to stroke my lover's raging hard-on when wearing the gloves. It drives him insane!

I hope you and Debbie will keep reading JUGGS and follow my column monthly. And again, I love to hear what the women think too!

HOT HAIR Dear Susie,

I wanted to write to you and tell you that your photos are the best I have ever seen! I am a hairdresser and would be honored to style your hair. I doubt that would ever be possible, but in the meantime I have a special fantasy that I would like to share with you.

I imagine you in a beauty parlor, sitting under the dryer with your hair set in pink, blue or purple magnetic rollers. In front of you is the manicurist's table and you have your beautiful tits laying on the table. While the manicurist does your right hand, I lotion and powder your breasts as they lay on the table. The thought of this scene gets my prick to stand immediately at attention. What do you think? Would you like to have a very personal, pampering session at my salon? If not, how about a photo of you in the rollers, under the dryer with your tits on a table?

Being a hairdresser, I have this thing for long, thick hair and yours is absolutely beautiful. Have you ever let your lover run his penis through your hair? The possibilities are endless!

Ted

Dear Ted,

Unfortunately, I would have to travel to your area to take you up on the offer to come to your salon.

However, if I'm ever out your way I may decide to give you a call! I love getting my hair done, and having someone wash, brush and care for it sends shivers down my spine (really!). The idea of having my breasts laid out on a table and being pampered is pretty exciting too, but I wonder how long the scenario would continue before we would get totally carried away!



TITS AVIV Dear Susie,

Shalom! We are two friends from Israel and we live in Kibbutz Ga-ash not far from the marvelous city of Tel-Aviv. We are students and that's how it came to our hands... the students magazine with your great photo from JUGGS. We had to beg our American friends to send the magazine so we could see more of your tremendous, marvelous teats.

Yeah, of course we read the article about you and your big, big teats, and believe me, we never saw a thing like that before! They are great, wonderful, and you should be very proud of them! I wish I could be by your side right now and put my head between your two teats.

Please give us more details about your life... do you have a husband or boyfriend? Do big ones run in your family? Have you ever had milk? Take care and keep your teats in front of you... be proud!

Avi and Aviad

Dear Avi and Aviad, Oddly enough, I've received many letters from Israel and several mentioned my photo appearing in some student magazine. I love receiving mail from avid breast worshippers in other countries!

It took a couple of letters for me to figure out that you guys in Israel refer to "tits" as "teats," another word to add to my list of pet names

for my two very breast friends. I'm pleased to say that I am quite proud of them, too.

As for the size of my breasts, it is not at all hereditary. I have two cousins that sport mosquito bite tits and they constantly complain that they "got none" because I "got it all." Sorry to disappoint all of you that had fantasies of me having a big-busted mother or sister hiding in the shadows (or would it be "under" the shadows?).

Since I've never had a baby, I've never had milk either. Remember, the doctors say that my breasts would at least double in size if I were to produce milk! I find the thought to be rather intriguing, but I'd worry that once the milk dried up my tits would shrivel and be smaller and less full than before. I'm sure that many of you would offer to help to keep the milk flowing; still, doubling in size could create other problems... where would I find a bra then?!?!?!

As for my marital status, I'm not married but I do date and am still in search of "Mr. Right." Does he exist? He has to be a total breast fanatic, but loving and considerate of the rest of me too! (Perhaps one of you is the one...)



Candy's Column

CANDY CLONE

Dear Candy:

I'm a married female reader of JUGGS, and to be blunt, I used to hate you. That was because I was so jealous of the way you got my husband so turned on. I guess I'm the jealous type, because even before I noticed my guy's Candy fixation, I used to get jealous of him reading JUGGS at all.

Well, as you probably know, Candy, jealousy can be a very destructive emotion, and I feel really lucky that I learned how to deal with it. First of all, I realized that my jealousy was driving my husband away. Then I thought of the saying, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." So, instead of making my hubby feel guilty about looking at the ladies in JUGGS, I decided to make him feel great about his interest in you and the other big-boobed models. I encouraged Hank to look at JUGGS while we were in bed together—and I encouraged him to get hard and horny too! When he'd say something sexy about you or another model, I'd giggle and agree with him—and at the same time I'd be playing with his cock and balls.

The longer Hank looked at JUGGS, the harder his dick got, and I'd stroke it with my hand to keep it hard. When he really got excited, I'd start sucking his cock, and before I knew it, he'd be laying the magazine down and watching me give him head instead. By the time he shot a load down my gullet, he'd forgotten where his initial "inspiration" came from. All he remembered was my excellent blow job.

At least that's what I thought before I realized that he had developed a total and complete crush on you and your humongous tits. To be blunt once again, I think that while you do have huge tits and a good body, Candy, I can tell that you're definitely an older woman—fifty plus, at least. But that didn't make me feel any better as my horny hubby would lie in bed and turn to your column and the nude photos of you again and again, praising you to the skies.

"I'd give anything to have Candy bury my face with her boobs," he'd say. "I'd love to pose sitting down in a chair with Candy's boobs draped over my head—so big that they'd hide half of my face!" Most of all my husband said that he'd "Give anything to be able to fuck Candy between those big, gorgeous hangers."

He had developed a real obsession with you, Candy, and I had the choice of kicking him out of bed, leaving the bedroom in a huff myself, or other wise expressing my jealousy. Then suddenly I realized I had another choice as well—to go along with my husband's obsessive fantasies, and even more, to help make them come true!

The very next day I went out and bought a blond wig that resembled your puffy platinum air. Then I bought some real sexy lingerie—a corset that pushed up my 38-C tits and made them look bigger, and fishnet stockings that stretched all the way up my legs to the garters that were attached to the corset. I also studied your photos with a magnifying glass in order to be able to make up my face like you do, Candy.

Well, that night when my husband came to bed with his copy of

the latest JUGGS, as usual, he had a real surprise in store. By then I had spoiled him to such an extent that he yelled out: "Get in here and look at JUGGS with me, baby."

When I sashayed out of the bathroom disguised as you, he couldn't even take it in. I'll never forget the look on his face—from open-mouthed stupidity to lip-licking cupidity! From that moment on, he addressed me as "Candy."

"I'd swear you were Candy," he said. "You're a dead ringer for her—even your tits look as big as hers." (I should be so lucky!)

"I'm here to make all your fantasies come true," I told him, trying to mimic your breathy, sexy voice, which I'd heard in several videos.

My husband's primary fantasy was to have Candy "bury his face with her boobs," and I proceeded to do just that as I squatted over his body and jacked his dick until it was fully hard. Then I slid my hot cunt down onto it and got a rhythm going before I leaned forward, pulled down my corset top, and let my tits spill out onto my husband's face. For some reason they really did feel and appear bigger—and by now crazed with my own lust as being Candy, I mashed them down on my hubby's face until he could hardly breathe. I alternated this technique with gently slapping his face with my boobs as I fucked him energetically with my wet, excited pussy. I teased him (and actually both of us) to the point of no return, and just as he was about to come, he grabbed me and held my tits down on his face until he was gasping for breath and shooting his steamy jizz load up inside of me.

It was a hot scene, and one of

the best fucking sessions we had enjoyed in years. Not wanting to wear out a good thing too soon, I waited a few days before appearing in our bedroom in my Candy costume again. This time I was there to make my husband's tit-fucking fantasy come true. Naturally, I mean fucking *your* tits, Candy.

Well, my "disguise" worked just as well the second time. I swear that my husband really thought you were there in the bedroom, ready to boob-bang him, Candy. But it was me, coconut oil in hand. After running my boobs up and down my husband's nude body until his cock was sticking straight up in the air, I hefted my boobs out of the corset and poured coconut oil down into my cleavage. My hubby ignored my intent at first—he wanted to enjoy some foreplay first.

He had me hang my tits over his face so he could lick and suck at my nipples and play with my oversized, hanging hooters. I swear to god, Candy, the minute I decide to impersonate you, my tits really did seem to grow bigger! My hubby played around with my hooters while I reached down and teased his cock and balls. I was really jerking on his hard cock when suddenly he put his arms around me and moved me off him to under him. I loved him taking control like that. When he was lying prone on the bed, he began to jerk my corset open—he was too horny to cope with the tiny hooks and eyes. I didn't care that he ripped it off me—I was as hot as hell.

When my body was open and bare, my legs spread wide but still covered in the fishnet stockings, Hank used his mouth to excite me, all the way from my thighs, to my cunt, to my clit, to my belly, to my tits. He sucked the hell out of my nips—and then suddenly he was squatting over my tits and running his hard cock up and down my cleavage and getting it all coated with coconut oil. I reached over to the bedside table and poured more of it over my boobs and his cock. Then I held my tits together so he could run his dick up and down the narrow channel between the hot mounds of flesh.

"Do you like my cock fucking your tits, Candy?" he asked, and I



panted yes.

He began to boob-fuck me so hard and fast that the bulging head of his cock was hitting my mouth on each upward stroke, and I was licking and sucking it eagerly. I loved getting my boobs fucked while I licked his cock. I couldn't wait for his hot cum to shoot out. When it did, I wanted to taste it and feel it spurting all over my tits too! Well, that's just what I got—a mouthful of spurting seed—and then the rest dripping down all over my tits like melted sugar. It was hot—so hot that all I had to do was rub my hand up and down my hot, wet pussy slit—and I came like gangbusters.

Thank you, Candy, for getting my husband so hot. I'm not jealous any longer—not since I started looking and acting like you in the bedroom and getting fucked better than ever before!

Nancy J.
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Nancy:

I can practically feel the hot droplets of love dew spattering out from the fabulously erotic fucking

sessions you are sharing with your husband. They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery—and in your case I'd say that it's the sexiest too!

CANDY'S SUGAR DADDY

Dear Candy:

I really hate it when men who write in to JUGGS ask you how old you are. Darling, how dare thy be so rude? It staggers my mind and at the same time pumps me so full of adrenalin that I could easily take on men half my age in order to defend your honor. Darling Candy, let me be your knight in shining armour—or should I say in shining *amour*...

Darling, I know how strong you are, but wouldn't you welcome the attentions of a male protector for once? Sweetest Candy, sweet as you are, would you allow me to be your Sugar Daddy? By this I mean anything you will allow me as an ardent pilgrim who grovels at your feet. I would love to kiss my way from your feet to your knees to

your thighs to your divine pussy, sweetheart. How I thirst for your womanly juices, all warm and thick and sweet as syrup on my tongue. How I would lick and suck and swallow your erotic essence by the hour, until you couldn't climax any more and I couldn't summon the strength to gather pollen from your flower for another hour.

Forgive my terrible play on words, my sweet. Besides caring for your divine vagina and your tantalizing, heavenly tits, I would also pay your rent, take you on vacations, pay for all your designer clothes and precious jewelry, and take you all over the world in a never-ending tour that would discover the wonders of the world while it also allowed us to discover the many splendors of our love.

Candy, I am a rich man, and you are a supremely beautiful woman with many riches of the flesh to offer a man. I will not be able to rest until you will at least consider me as your Sugar Daddy. I have financed many worthy causes and charities in my time, but now you would be doing me a favor if you allowed me the privilege of pampering you and fulfilling all your needs. Please, you sweet young thing, find it in your heart to make an old man happy. I ask only to be your Sugar Daddy and expect nothing else in return.

Arnaud A.
London, Paris, New York
and Rome

Dear Arnaud A.:

And I answer an unqualified "yes" to all your questions and your quest. And here I am, waiting only for you, my sweet. I have answered by letter, and now in the column. Arnaud, I am yours —your sweet Candy girl, and you are my very own Sugar Daddy. I am lying here with open arms, ready for you to pay all my bills, buy me designer clothes and take me around the world. Arnaud, dearest, is that you? Where are you, anyway. . . Oh, and can my new husband come along?



CANDY FROM ALL ANGLES

Dear Candy:

When I go to my local newsstand and pick up the latest copy of JUGGS, your column—and the photos it has of you—is the first part that I turn to. I'm really hot for you, Candy, and I have been for a long time. The thing is, I keep hoping and fantasizing that I will finally be able to see you on all fours, with your huge tits hanging and your sexy buns spread wide, revealing your pink and hairy cunt below.

Gosh, Candy, how I would love to see you that way, on all fours, your tits swaying, your ass twitching and your cunt all dripping wet, waiting for my hard dick. I'd be up in a minute, seeing you like that. And I'd take my throbbing hunk of meat in my hand and rub the bulging head up and down your slippery, juicy slit until I couldn't keep from ramming it into your tight cunt-hole from behind.

Yes Candy, as I hold my pulsing cock in one hand and write this letter with the other, I imagine that you are on all-fours and I am ready to ram my hard meat into your wet and ready cunt. Tell me something, Candy, does my fantasy have any basis in reality? Do you like to get it from a guy who's really hot for you from behind? In other words, Candy, do you like to get fucked dog-style?

Josh W.
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Josh:

Yes, as long as the guy has a good-size bone to bury.

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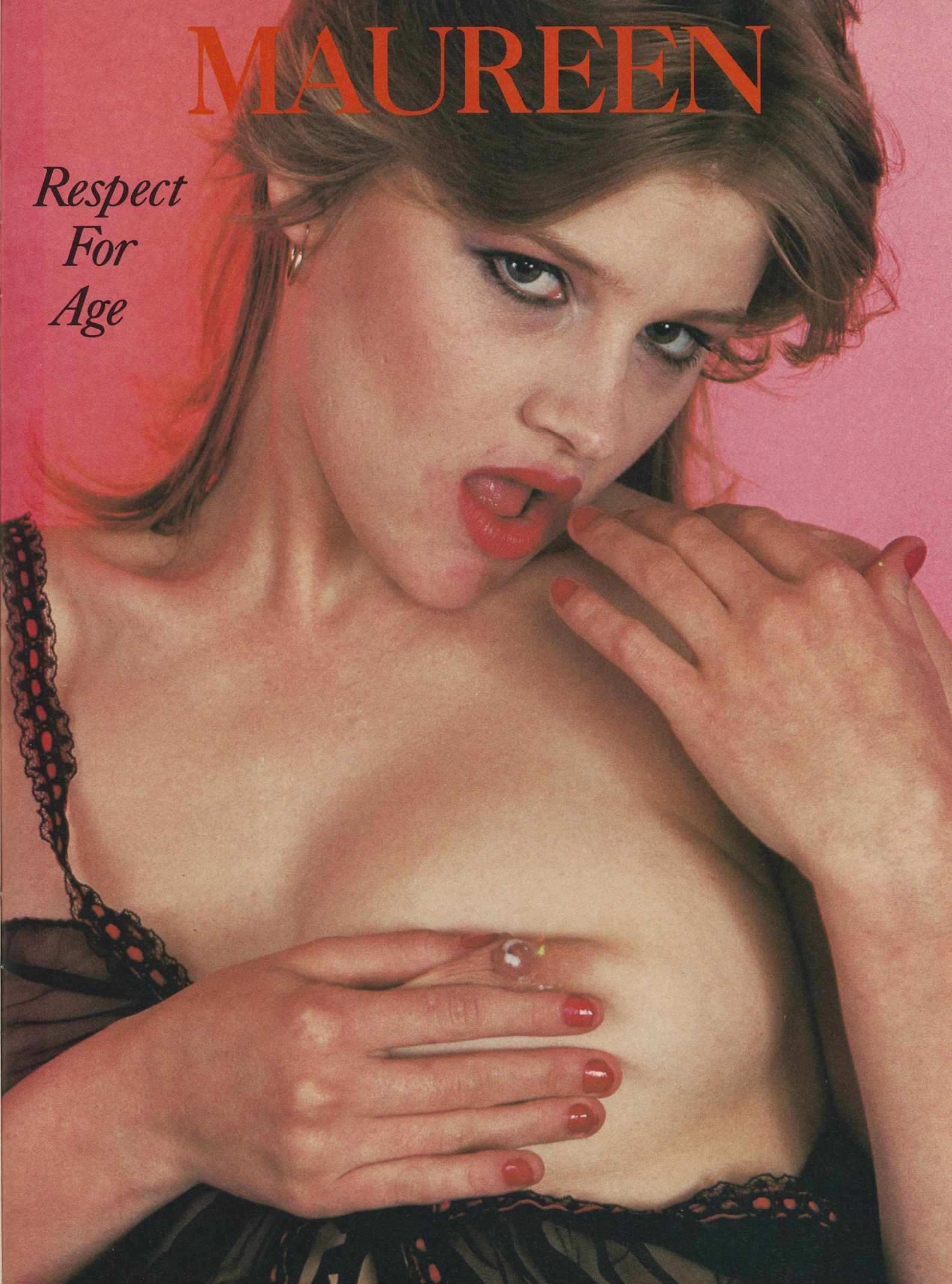
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MAUREEN

*Respect
For
Age*



"I've always loved older people, since I was a little girl. My grandparents are great and I'd rather be with them than with kids my own age. I'd been helping out a few seniors on my block even before I 'got in trouble', but since I had the baby I've been able to help so much more.

"Two of the people I look after are men. Ralph is 87 and Stanley is 79. Neither one of them has any teeth and they just have the hardest time eating. I feed them baby food, but they don't like it much. One day when I was feeding Ralph, he said, 'Even a baby gets better than this.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'A baby gets to suck a boob, too,' he answered, chuckling at his joke. I laughed too, then it hit me. I could make Ralph as happy as a baby.

"I smiled as I opened my blouse



and pulled out my full, milk-laden breast. Ralph looked shocked, then grinned so wide as he saw the milk leaking in a steady stream from the nipple. I hadn't been milked in four hours and my tits were nearly rigid with so much milk. I put a loving hand on the back of Ralph's head and drew him to my breast. He looked up at me with a can-I-really-do-this? look and I urged, 'Go ahead, Ralph, suck the milk from my tit. I need you to empty me as much as you need the milk.'

"He fastened hungry lips on my nipple then. His toothless gums felt so good working my puffed aureola and he could suck much harder than the baby. My pussy began to spasm uncontrollably as the milk jetted down his grizzled throat. An overwhelming feeling of mother love and compassion surged through me, blending naturally with my extreme arousal. As Ralph drained my tit I came in to a crashing climax, bucking my hips against him. He was so lost in his own ecstasy he barely noticed.

"The next day I introduced Stanley to breast-feeding. He took to it as enthusiastically as Ralph, and I now feed them together. I'm never happier than when I have my arms around my two big babies, their toothless gums draining my eighteen-year-old tits side by side. I'm one young person who still believes in respect for her elders."







Ccharlie:



ShE's GoTtA hAvE iT



I don't have any patience. When I get horny I have to have a man right away, no waiting. This makes me have a lot of fights with my boyfriend because he can't be with me all the time and if I get an attack of the hornies and he isn't around, I'm going to fuck somebody else, no two ways about it. Sometimes the first man I find is one of his friends and that makes for even more trouble. That's 'cause they're a bunch of pussies who tell him I forced them to fuck me. Isn't that some shit? You ever see a man who has to be forced to fuck a woman with a big set of tits? If anything, it's the other way around. When they find out I want them they get very carried away.

"This one guy came over right after I'd been looking at some dirty videotapes. My pussy was so hot I could've roasted hot dogs in it and my tits were swelling up like they were about to burst. I peeked out the window and saw who was coming to visit, so I didn't bother covering up. I knew I was going to have to fuck him, cause I was in that horny condition.

"He acted totally startled when he first saw me naked standing in the doorway. I was shaking my tits back and forth and his eyes followed them, back and forth, back and forth, like he was being hypnotized. Then he just snapped out of that trance and grabbed me. He was dragging me across the floor and pulling his dick out at the same time. I rolled on my belly so my clit was rubbing on the rug as he dragged me and boy, was that making me hot! Then he let me down on the rug so he could pull his pants off and I caught sight of his fine round butt. Man, I couldn't stand it! I grabbed his butt cheeks and stuck my face in between them. The smell was fantastic, musky and male. I burrowed deeper and felt his butthole pucker under my lips. I kissed it all over and then started poking my tongue into the folds. He clenched tight at first and then relaxed. My tongue slipped in and I started tongue-fucking him for real. He pushed my head back until I was up against the couch. Then he let his weight down on my head. He was sitting on my face! He started messing roughly with my tits, pinching them and stretching them like rubber. He also ground his ass on my face, driving my tongue in all the way to the root. He continued to squish one of my tits and furiously jerked his dick with the other hand. Just as I started to cum his hot load spattered down on my chest. He ass contracted around my tongue as I moaned out of control.

"And this same man said I made him spray cum on my tits. Oh, well, I guess I can't blame him. Beating off is one thing; getting beat up is a whole 'nother thing."









**IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF JUGGS,
ON SALE OCTOBER 27th,
Julie Parton Meets Monstrous
MELISSA MOUNDS!**

