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Advertising Executive Marty Puntus mpuntus@magnapublishing.com

















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THE SIZE CLAUSE

Dear JUST 18: I think it's a damn shame that we live in a society where women are not allowed to walk around topless in public. I mean, look at the majority of model babes you publish-they hardly have any tits to speak of, just puffy little nipples some of 'em, so why can't they enjoy the sunlight falling onto their bare chests as they walk down the street same as any man? I can see where a gal well-blessed in the mammary department might be too much of a distraction for all us regular folks to be allowed to unfurl what she's got willy nilly, but maybe there could be a size clause. You know like the amusement parks? Those charts? You have to be this tall to ride? Well there could be "a more than a handful must remain covered rule." Whose handful, you ask? Well mine, of course. I would have a mold taken of my cupped palms so that they could be cast in bronze and replicated and mounted upon a plaque that will go in every town square and city center throughout America. And women wanting to enjoy the warmer seasons sans top could go visit said plaque and place their bosom into my waiting hands and if no portion of titty spills through my bronze fingers well then they are welcome to enjoy their time in public spaces without a stitch on from the waist up. Now I know there are all sorts of larger chested ladies out there that will holler about discrimination and yadda yadda, but baby steps, ladies, baby steps. We gotta start small and work our way up. When I become president, all titties shall bounce free, regardless of size, shape, and color. This is my solemn promise.—Wayne in TN



I WANT CANDY

Dear JUST 18: All the sweet tarts in your magazine make me think of candy. I love candy! Their hard nipples remind me of two pieces of pink smarties candy. How I'd like to suck on all their smarties! I would suck so hard and try to make them dissolve on my tongue. Their perfect clitties look like the me

ends of strawberry licorice and I would nibble them but very gently because I would remember that they are not licorice but clitties and clitties are very sensitive and must be treated with care. I would also like to chew on their chiclet earlobes like smooth fresh pieces of chiclet gum. Yum yum, I could eat every one of them right up. I love your magazine!—Leroy in NM



LITTLE FLOWERS

Dear *JUST 18*: I sure wish some of your models wore flowered panties. I want to see a ripe little

BUNS AND TUTUS

Dear J18: Why don't you ever publish pictures of naked girls wearing tutus with their hair done up in buns like pretty ballerinas? I don't want them to be real ballerinas because real ballerinas have disgusting feet and it important for a girl to have nice feet even if I never want them touching me for any reason. When I am fucking a girl, like really plowing into her hard, her feet are usually up in the air right by my face and if they're disgusting it will take away some of the pleasure of me sinking balls deep into her soft wet cunt. I don't want any distractions when I'm in that position. But I sure love tutus. They are especially slutty if the girl in the tutu isn't wearing no panties.—Jared in UT



slut rub herself through her underwears until she gets all wet and her juices soak through and water all the pretty little flowers on her panties. And then I want her to slip them off and seal them in a plastic baggie and ship them to me overnight express so I could sniff them the following day and they'd still be damp and I'd rub them over my raging hard cock and then I'd shoot a nice fat load all over those little sticky flowers and then I could smell the two of us combined soaked into the material.—Benji in NJ



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crushing on this jock guy, Dennis, forever. He's a total panty wetter...he's muscular, he's tan, blonde...yummy. So one day when I was looking super cute and sporty I decided to ambush him on his way to basketball practice. I caught him behind the gym and flashed my tits and the next thing I knew he had his tongue inside me! He ate my pussy like it was an ice cream sundae. Then he thrust his wang so deep inside me I was worried I might break in half. I didn't though! Instead I fucked back with all my might and had the most intense orgasm that made my thighs twitch for the rest of the day afterwards. I finished Dennis off with the most killer bj I've ever given. I sucked his cock until my eyes crossed and he splurted his stuff all over my face.Yummy. 🔞

alvin Kle



















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f you ask me, regular sex can be boring. You suck, you fuck, he spooges on your tummy...yawn. That sort of vanilla humping just doesn't do it for me. I like when things are a little freaky, when devices are involved that whirr and buzz. Now I'm not talking your runof-the mill sex toy, oh no. What I dig is using a dildo that gets even bigger once it's inside my pussy, one that I can pump full of air until it's exactly the size I want. Then when my gynie lips are stretched tight around that big, inflated cock, that's when I whip out a powerful little vibe and plop it directly onto my clit. God, the orgasms are epic. And if someone else happens to be nearby to lend a thumb to that cause, even better. After the second or third climax a little anal stimulation takes things to the next level. I'm always looking for ways to up my O.







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did turn to her for a moment and smile. She smiled in reply, but then moved back several paces and started working on another page of her pad. From the way she was moving her head back and forth I could tell she was drawing me as I studied the painting. Basking in the attention-a man in my middle years isn't often the focus of a young beauty's concentration—I stood there quietly bemused, occasionally smiling presumably at insights I had about the painting, but really smiling at my undiluted pleasure that this was probably the easiest connection I had ever made in front of a

When she was done, she showed the sketch to me. It was quite Dutch canvas.

good, and it was heartening too in this day of digital imaging that my new acquaintance could actually draw rather than only rely on software. She actually made me rather attractive in the picture-not young, of course, but almost distinguished. And she caught the

I said, "I think the Dutch masters would welcome you into their gleam of amusement in my eye.

"It's not bad, right?" she said. "I might turn it into a painting." club." "I don't suppose you'd give me a photocopy of the sketch, just as

"Where could we get a copy here in the museum?" a souvenir?" "Not here," I said, ready to go out on a limb, "but there is a copy shop near the coffee shop where I'd like to take you in payment for

Her eyes widened and then she laughed, but sweetly, not meanly. your artistry."

"Don't worry, my dear. I have a note from my doctor allowing me "Well now-"

one coffee with one eighteen-year-old per week."

"How do you know I'm eighteen?" "The kind of happy boldness you exhibit is usually gone by the

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"Really?" she said, sounding a little panicky.

"Unless the girl in question is involved in the arts, then she usually keeps it until twenty-one or -two," I added, taking her lightly by her elbow and steering her over to a happy panorama of Dutch ice skaters. "Let's enjoy a few more of these, then we'll get our java."

Over coffee I saw that I was right about the happy boldness. Still experimental at eighteen, not yet soured by the pressures of striving (professional, sexual, psychological) brought to bear in the modern feminine twenties, Fiona (for such was her name) found me bizarre, amusing, old-fashioned, opinionated, forthright, calculating, and-

"-you're a relic of a good-looking man, Jonathan." For such is my name. "Better than a fossil, I suppose.

Fossils are much too bony." Fiona took out her pad and

sketched me as I sipped my coffee. She was studying art at a school connected to the museum. She had moved to the big city from a small town upstate; her parents had disapproved, but she got a job as a waitress, supported herself, and devoted all her free time to an old-fashioned



art education. It was a grueling schedule.

"No time for boyfriends, girlfriends, etc?" I said without moving, so she could capture my "essence" in pencil. She didn't answer, but just showed me the picture. Another goodie. "I'll want a copy of that too," I said. "Sure, Jonathan. But would you do something in return? Sketch me?" "Right here? But I'm no artist anywhere."



"No, at my place. I'll take you there after we

make the copies." I could hardly look a gift artist in the mouth, and so after we finished at the copy shop, I went back with her to the room she had in a large apartment with four other female art students, most of them around her age but none quite

as pretty.

She led me into her room and closed the door. "Well, where shall I make my scrawls upon your pad? I'm warning you, though, Fiona, that the children's drawings which indulgent parents put on refrigerators with magnets are better than what I

"It's an experiment, Jonathan. Now you sit here can produce."

with the pad, and I'll take off my clothes."

"Take off your clothes?" I quickly digested the information. "Should I disrobe as well? An artist shouldn't ask his model to do anything he wouldn't do." She laughed. "Is everything you say a

joke?" "No. I get more serious when I'm naked."

"Okay then, you can 'disrobe' too." We stood on opposite sides of the room, shedding our duds. I was proud of the effect her vivacious lack of inhibition and saucy beauty had on me. My personal approval meter was at a forty-five degree angle, quite respectable for a man my age. I sighed at how lovely she looked in her trim nakedness, breasts bobbing sweetly, the soft curves of her hips seeming to beckon to my fingers... "My project for Advanced Experiments

in Seeing is to have a new acquaintance sketch me in the raw, so that I can see if the distinguishing characteristics of his personality show up in his drawing." "Did you think of this project all by

yourself?" I said, picking up the pencil and pad and sitting my ass down on a cushiony chair even as Fiona stretched out on the bed in a kind of seductive pose, with one of her hands moving idly over her velvety flanks.

"Yes, my concept. Now sketch me,

It was difficult to concentrate. My lack of Jonathan." ability also discouraged me. Then I thought to myself how lucky I was to be sitting naked in a room at all with this naked eighteener, and I steeled myself to the task at



"Just let your eyes follow the lines of my hand. body, and translate those lines to the paper." I noticed how I spent an unequal portion

of time trying to achieve a reasonable facsimile of her veeg. And her breasts. And her smile. All in all, the drawing was beyond dreadful. "Show it to me, Jonathan," she said, kneeling on the bed and holding out her hand

for the pad.

"Can I do it over, dear?" "No, hand it here." When she saw it, she smiled and said it was just like me.

"In what way?" "Bizarre." Then she turned the page of the sketch pad and told me to draw her again, only this time she was going to be in motion. "Don't go for realism, or for your version of it," she said with a wink, "just capture my movements. Your impressions of them."

"Okay, impressionism it is." She should have told me what kind of movement she had in mind, though. Making herself comfortable against the pillows, she opened her legs and began to caress her pussy, rubbing in circular motions with her right fingers; while her left hand slid slowly up her tummy to her titties

and then tugged and tweaked the nipples. I didn't get much drawing done at first, so absorbed was I in watching this sensual spectacle; especially when she wet her fingers in her mouth and moved them down to her box. "Capture me in pencil," she said, "and I'll know you even better when I see the results."

I doubted her theory, but in order to give myself the maximum amount of time to stare, I hurriedly made some lines on the pad that (I thought) only feebly captured the movements of lovely Fiona as she masturbated. Then, satisfied with my work if only for the sake of voyeuristic expediency, I put aside the pad, took my pecker in hand, and began to stroke it. "That's no fair, you're masturbating

"That's no fail, you're international when you're supposed to be drawing," she said, opening one eye.

"All's fair in lust and art," I said, enjoying the fountain-of-youth effect her brimming youthfulness and impeccable sexiness had on my stiffie. "The Dutch never painted things like this, Fiona. Can I please fuck you now?"

"Sure, you silly relic. I was wondering when you'd catch on!"

And so I joined her on the mattress, clamping my body next to hers even

as she indulged her hunger for interesting experience as much as I indulged my old lecher's lust. She took me in her mouth while I lapped at her clam, her juices sliding onto my tongue from her drenched exuberant lips. I latched onto her clit and then slid my tongue into the slit, invading her with my mouth and nose and face, and holding her fresh cheeks in my fingers tightly. It was all too delightfully much, and it had been way too long since I'd had any kind of amorous adventure like this. I spurted in her mouth before I had a chance to get to the fucking I'd requested. But that was okay, because she came on MY mouth as well. Afterward we lay on her bed and she looked at my "impressionistic" drawing of her masturbation show. "Well, do I get a gold star, teacher?" I said, returning to droll "Yep," said Fiona. "This drawing mode. captures you perfectly. It's so incoherent it could only have been made by a man deeply lost in his horniness! Now come over here and let's get to that fucking you mentioned." Ah, young girls. Long may they reign! 🔞



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That the hots for my roomie Dorina the second I moved in. She's so perfect and blond...when I was home alone I would sit and finger my cunny while imagining what it would be like to have her. She caught me at it one night and instead of getting mad she sat right down next to me and watched me play with myself until I came. Then she made me watch her and, well, we've been secret lovers ever since. She says I'm the only girl she's ever been with but she's so good at licking snatch I'm not sure I believe her. We have a special set of toys we use on each other and sometimes we get really creative. Like when my parents sent me a box of Easter candy in the mail, we licked chocolate off each other for days. But I have to say that Dorina's box tastes even better than chocolate.


































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Before I met Leo, I was fully intending to save myself for marriage. But every time we made out Leo begged and begged to go all the way, so after a while I let him. I figured my future husband would probably appreciate it if I knew some sex stuff anyway. And boy, am I glad I gave up my V card. I had no clue sex would make me feel so amazing. We start out by kissing and touching each other everywhere, and when Leo is hard enough I climb on top and straddle him. He calls it making love but I don't love him so I call it screwing. Screwing is so much fun! Now if Leo wants to go to the movies I tell him I'd rather he just come over and screw me. He's not allowed anywhere near my butthole, though. THAT I am definitely saving for marriage.

































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am proud to be a dirty little slut. My friends tell me that I shouldn't put out so easily but I tell them to go fuck themselves. And while they are busy doing that I'm getting laid! My favorite fuck buddy at the moment is Oliver. He's got the perfect cock—big enough but not too big. Size is very important to me because I like anal, and I can't enjoy it if the dude is hung like a donkey. I'm not looking to re-size my sphincter! Sometimes Ollie will give my vage a few token strokes to start things off but more often than not he just plants himself right in my rosebud. I cum so quick it's like I have a clit tucked away between my buttcheeks. Oliver and me, we like to get nasty in the tub because it's soapy and fun and easy to clean up afterwards. I am all about easy.




















































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or the most part, I think boys are jerks. I used to put up with their nonsense just to get laid but I'm a super horny chick so that meant I was tolerating crazy amounts of nonsense in order to get off and I wasn't even getting off that good most of the time. Finally I just decided to invest in a vibrator. Now I'm happy as a clam, and my clam is super happy too. I don't just lie on my back when I diddle but get in all the same positions I would if some jerk guy was banging me, only I fuck myself just right every single time. I've never cum so much in my life! It, like, pours out of me. Seriously, I had to buy more sheets because it started to feel like whenever I wasn't masturbating all I did was laundry. And laundry is such a drag. 👩

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y boyfriend Dupree and I have been together for ages and I love him so much I think I'd die if we ever broke up. I do my best to keep things interesting for him sex-wise so he doesn't stray—there are so many whores out there nowadays that a girl has got to keep on her toes! Dupree happens to be an ass man, so I'm glad that mine is magnificent. I do special booty exercises every day to keep it nice and plump, plus I work out my O ring using butt plugs. That way whenever Dupree wants to slip it in I'm ready for him. He's never been one of those "just the tip" kind of guys, but that's cool 'cause my bum can handle him balls deep. I just love the sound he makes when he injects me with his load! Then I serve him up a piping hot patootie cream pie. 🔞

























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