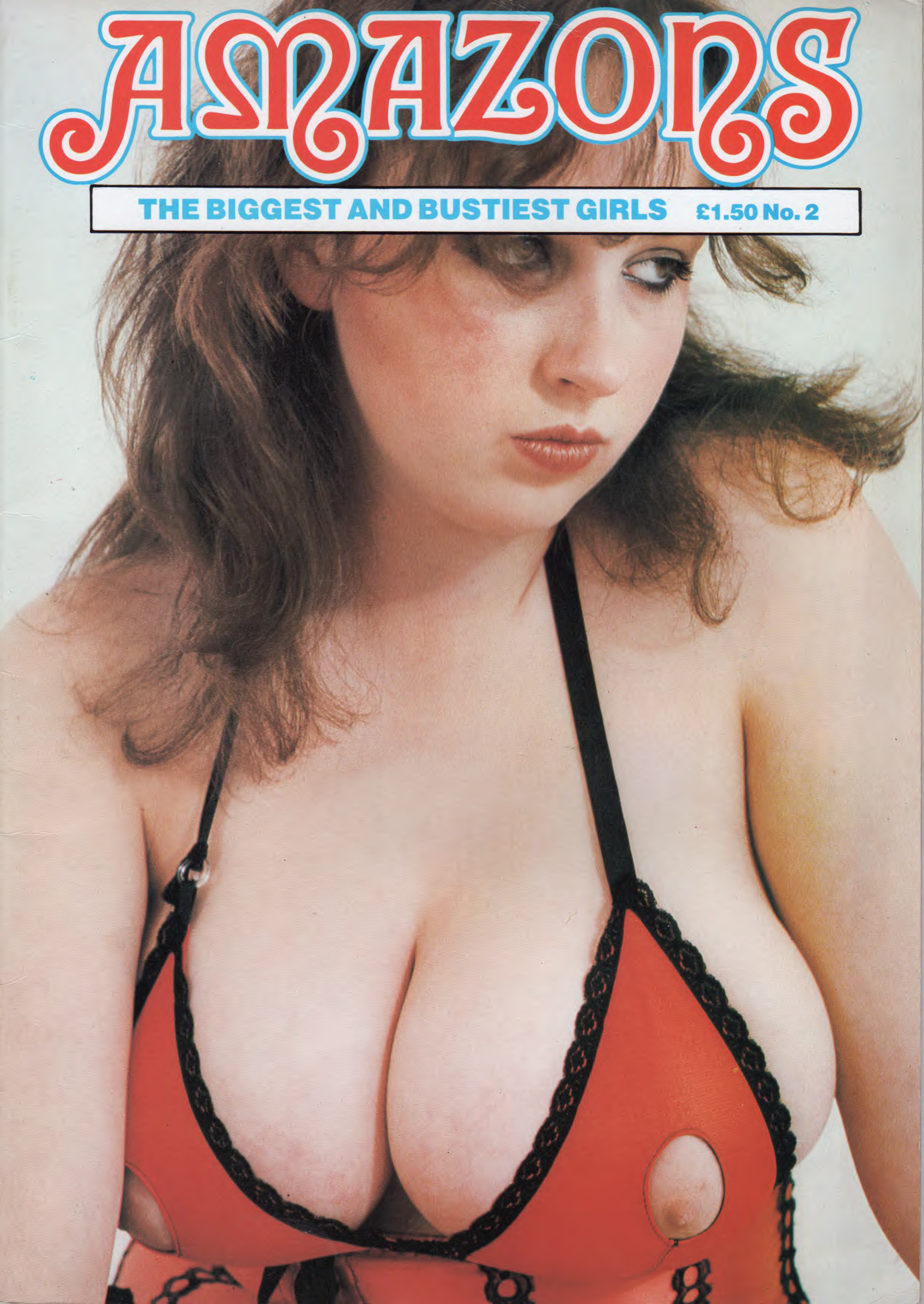


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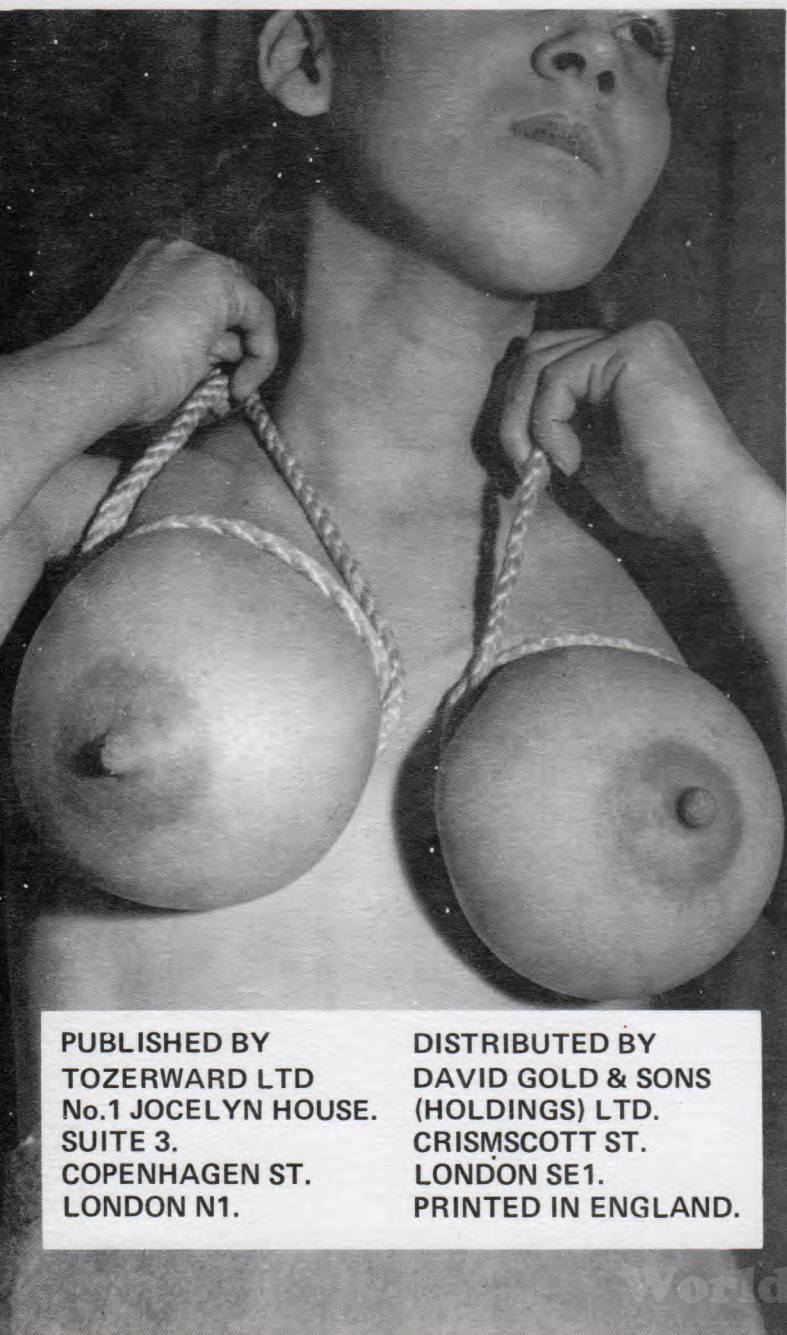




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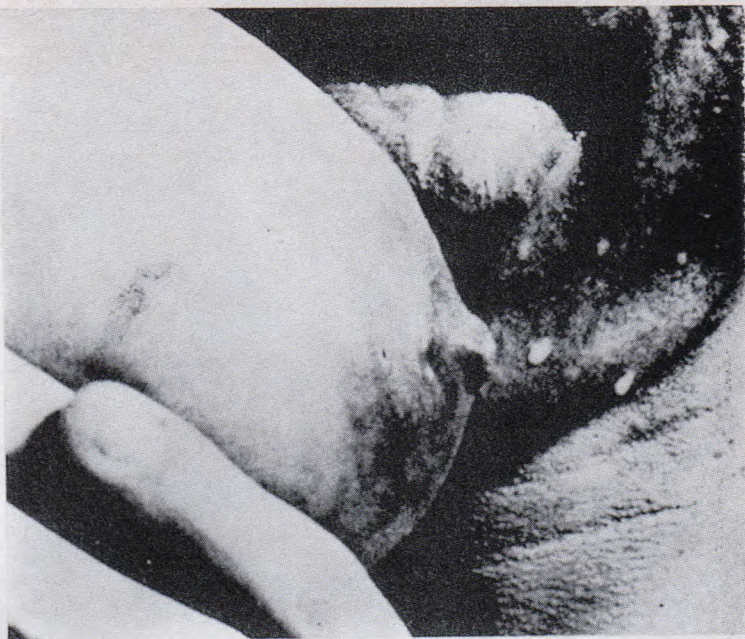
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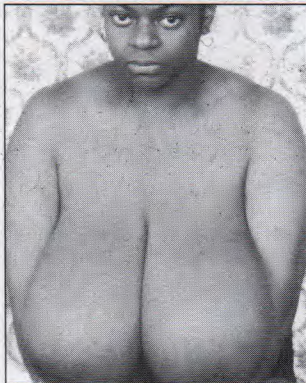
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CHESTY HAIRDRESSER

It is well over five years since I first went to a uni-sex hairdresser and, had I known earlier the pleasant experiences that, as a confirmed breast fancier, I was to enjoy, I would have abandoned barbers long before. I had been persuaded by a girl friend to try a uni-sex salon since she reckoned that my hair (which is rather wavy) was being massacred by the hair cutting it had been receiving.

The day I made my first appointment began to convince me that there were other benefits to be obtained too — benefits of particular interest to me as a student of the well-developed boob!

The receptionist at that first salon had full, round breasts that were bra-less beneath the revealing, halter-necked top that she wore. As she leant forward to write in the appointment book, her bosoms hung freely and exposed much of their nude softness and tempting curves. I have since visited a number of salons — though I have never come across one that uses topless hairdressers (unlike the barber's shop in Kent that I heard of a few years ago but never managed to visit). I suppose the fact that most had female customers as well as male prevents the idea from being tried.

As you know, our tropical climate permits minimal clothing and one summer's day the girl who was doing my hair was wearing a very low-cut dress with no bra. Her breasts, which were quite full and round, were delightfully exposed as she attended to me. The crease between each bosom and her chest was clearly revealed and the soft flesh of each unfettered globe moved gently as she worked. For 15 minutes or so I enjoyed a mirror view of her near-naked chestal assets.



It was, however, when Alison became my regular hairdresser that I really struck gold — mammarily speaking! She was about eighteen, and a second year apprentice. Her hair colour varied with the weeks, sometimes chestnut, sometimes black. Its real colour — I learnt later from evidence elsewhere — was dark blonde. She usually wore a skirt with a wide belt that held in a neat waist and emphasized a **very** well developed pair of firm tits that were wrapped in a soft black top of clinging material, quite low cut with thin straps across her shoulders.

The first couple of times she attended to me, we chatted casually, though I made a point of complimenting her on her hair and her clothes, and she gradually came to understand my interest in her upper storey. On the occasion of my next appointment it was clear that she had abandoned the bra which she had worn before and the blouse was certainly lower cut. Her now much lower slung, free hanging boobs lolled around as she moved about behind me and, often leaning lower than she needed, she provided me with delicious views



deep into a tantalizing cleavage that extended nearly to her navel. The gentle pressure of soft bust-substance against my shoulder and arms lasted far, far longer than any casual contact could possibly have done.

As she completed the blow drying on that occasion she told me she took some customers at home in her own time to earn a little extra. It was quite wrong, she admitted, to try to entice clients from the salon but . . . she licked her lips gently and leant forward confidently and revealingly . . . would I like to have my hair done privately next time? Would I . . . !!

That next, private, hairdressing appointment was the most exciting I had ever experienced! Alison occupied a flat in an older part of the town and had one room equipped as a salon. There was a wash basin with a chair in which customers had shampoos. Another chair faced a large mirror where the actual hairdressing was done. There were driers (that looked like brainwashing equipment from Dr. Who) and a long couch, with magazines, where customers presumably waited.

Alison opened the door wearing a white knee length overall. I was a little disappointed, I suppose, that she wasn't in the low cut top she'd worn last time, but the large shapely tits pushed out the overall, and the stiff peaks of her nipples jutted through the cotton when she moved. Since she had previously commented on the way cut hairs got all over her when she worked, penetrating down between her breasts and even clogging her navel, I assumed she wanted to avoid that inconvenience.

She sat me in the shampoo chair — preferring to cut my hair wet — leant me right back and began to wash my mop. In that position I couldn't see her as she worked behind me but, as always, I enjoyed the firm massage she gave my scalp and imagined the movement of those massive breasty parts that I was sure were dangling free and unholstered beneath the overall.

I was wrong . . . deliciously wrong . . . When she sat me up to give my hair a quick rub with a towel to remove the excess water, I saw that Alison's magnificent oversized tits were **not** dangling free and un-



holstered beneath her overall — they were hanging loose and unharnessed nude on her chest! Unknown to me, she had slipped off the overall and had been washing my hair naked to the waist!! In fact all she was wearing was a pair of very brief nylon pants that were quite inadequate to hold in the dark blonde hair that was sprouting out around their frilly edges!!! It really needs a poet to do justice in a description to the heavy globular glories that were suspended from just below Alison's shoulders — her two luscious breasts. But I will try . . . Alison's whole body was of such flawless perfection that it seems almost sacrilegious to dwell just on the glories of her fabulous frontpieces, Alison's breasts were perfect orbs, faultless in their smooth rotundity that swelled out from beneath her arms to create two sumptuous spherical mounds. The silky splendours of their surface merged delicately into the slightly darker discs of her areolae which encircled neat, but quite firmly elevated, nipples. The areolar texture was very fine, with few 'beads' and just a suspicion of concentric wrinkles around the focal bud. The rest of her body was as finely sculptured with firm, full buttocks moulded by the brief pants, a neat but not excessively narrow waist, a tidy hollow navel and adequate though not hefty thighs. In short, Alison was a gloriously titted beauty — standing almost naked above me while I was seated encased under a hairdresser's cape!

The next twenty minutes, while Alison cut and then blow-dried my hair, I spent in a combined state of delight and frustration! Frustration because there was no way I could get my tingling palms into contact with her glorious peaches. A hasty movement could have meant at least wrecking the haircut, at worst a jab with the scissors or a slash with the razor! Delight — because I had a perfect view either direct or via the mirror of two sublimely beautiful, huge, soft, pale pink tits that gently moved as she worked. They swung slowly as she turned, dangled heavily with a long contact zone as she leant to pick up her comb, brushed my arm or shoulder quite casually as she concentrated on my





hair. As she lifted a mirror to let me see the back of my head, they rose firmly and jutted proudly forwards from her chest like two great creamy balloons.

Alison had spoke very little, being engrossed in her work, and I had been more than content to enjoy the experience of watching those masses of mammary delight rise and fall and wobble close to my head. Although the willing exposure of her chestal assets seemed to contradict it, she really was quite a shy girl and I wondered what she was prepared to let happen next.

Well she had invited me as a private customer, and had worked topless . . . so the next move was surely up to me! As she removed the cape and swept away loose hairs from my neck with a soft brush, her gorgeous firm left breast was within inches of my face. Leaning forward those few inches I touched the pale areola with my lips and gently licked the small central bud. She dropped the brush, gave a light sigh, grasped each of my hands and slowly but firmly guided them directly to her two soft udders. She pulled my head forwards so that my face was drawn into her sweet and fragrant cleavage and just held me there pressing her huge tits about my ears.

My hands are fairly small but wide and relatively soft since I hold a pen much more often than a hammer or spade. My first impression of Alison's mammary masses was of the smoothness of their surface but with my face buried between the cusiony globes, I was limited in my ability fully to explore their expansive contours. I was content for some minutes to remain enveloped between her two warm, voluminous mounds of pliable boob-stuff, breathing in the scents of her fresh young bust-flesh. Then she began to press my hands into the softness of each succulent tit and I sensed her need for them to receive more positive attention. I got up from the chair and sat Alison in it in my place. I took a container of talcum from the shelf under the mirror and shook generous amounts over the surfaces of each of her lovely breasts. She put her hands behind her head, thus lifting the peachy orbs high and thrusting her super-chest forward. The bust-mass wobbled as two



independent masses as she did so. I needed both hands to encircle one of her huge chestal organs and even then couldn't cover it completely. But covering it was not really my purpose, the more there was to glide my hands over, the happier I was! I slid my hands around the substantial underhangs and caressed the contours of each enormous protuberance with circular motions. I skimmed my palms over their silky surfaces, all friction removed by the layer of powder, just brushing the tit-tips where her nipples were beginning to harden, then gently scratched each teat with a finger nail. She shuddered in obvious delight, making the pair quiver like very firm jellies on her chest as she did so. With firmer movements, I started at her nipples and moved my hands over every inch of her vast breast area, kneading and squeezing the succulent flesh. With closed eyes and her tongue moistening her lips, Alison arched her back in an attempt to thrust her weighty superstructure even more completely into my eager palms. Among the various bottles and jars that Alison used when washing and dressing her customers' hair was a can of aerosol foam. I removed the cap, pressed the little knob and sprayed masses of foamy white lather over her extensive mammary slopes. Her globular udders took on the appearance of two Christmas puddings smothered in layers of whipped cream with pink cherries poking through as I built up the foam all over and around them, filling her cleavage and creating a frill of lather down her ribs and across her stomach. I dampened my hands under the tap and then plunged them into the creamy covering. They slipped and slithered across the delectable bust-substance as I lifted each wobbling soapy boob as high as I could get it and caressed the delicate underhang with long smooth strokes from her navel to the very tit-tip. I slid my fingers into her deep, heavenly cleavage, seperated the bulky pendulants and glided my hands along their lubricated inner tit-curves. Then, till the aerosol was empty, lathered, fondled, caressed, squeased, bounced, stroked and kneaded the yielding globes. By this stage Alison was pretty well





damp all over with the soapy lather, her tiny nylon briefs were almost transparent and my clothes were splattered with the aerosol foam.

She got up from the chair and, with well massaged boobs still flecked with white, led me to the couch and assisted me to remove my damp garments!! What next . . . I had one very good idea . . . but so did she !!!

She laid me flat on my back (except for one significant part of me which insisted on remaining vertical!!) then said 'I haven't finished the hairdressing yet'. I was nonplussed for a few seconds, till realization dawned. With a little splash of shampoo and warm water she worked up a rich lather in the hairy thicket around the base of my rigid shaft, rinsed it off, then deftly trimmed my lower 'head' of hair with her hairdressing scissors! I kept rigid in more ways than one!! Then this vixen of a hairdresser took her drier and **blow dried** me, using her comb as if she were working on my head-hair, until I was dry and curly!!

"Marvellous!" she exclaimed, then before I knew what was happening, her damp nylon briefs were on the floor, she climbed onto the couch, knelt across me and impaled herself on my still-vertical column!! Her dark blonde bush tangled with my newly coiffeured thatch as she bounced enthusiastically on me and her heavy peaches swung violently from her chest. I grasped her round the hips then slid my hands up her smooth body to clasp again those great bouncing boobs. We hit a height of ecstasy together and she collapsed on top of me, her bulbous whoppers oozing out from between us as I pulled her close to my chest

...

My hair has never been so well groomed! For some reason, I seem to be having it dressed much more frequently than in the past! I don't think all Alison's customers get such special treatment, though she tells me there are one or two lady customers to whom she gives particular service. I'll write and tell you about them some time or, perhaps if you'd prefer, I'll get Alison to write and tell you herself. Your well coiffeured breast-fan.

Peter Cook.



















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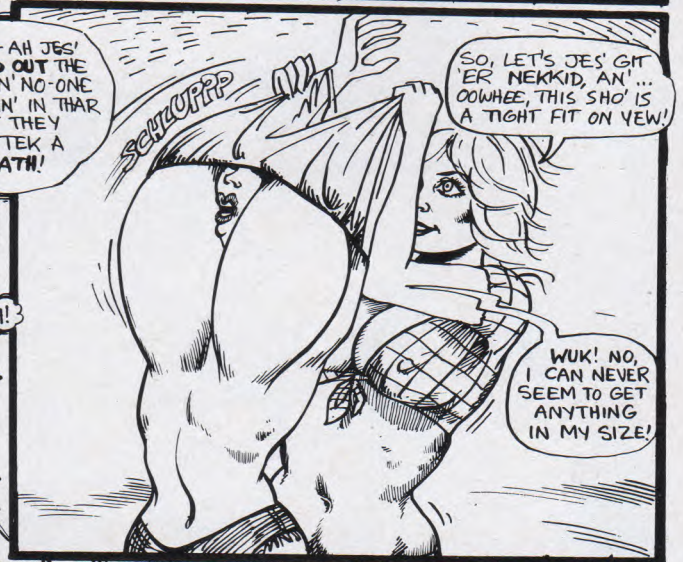
ALAS, THEY AREN'T, SO
SHE ISN'T... BUT WHO
CARES, WHEN BELLA
LOOKS THE WAY SHE
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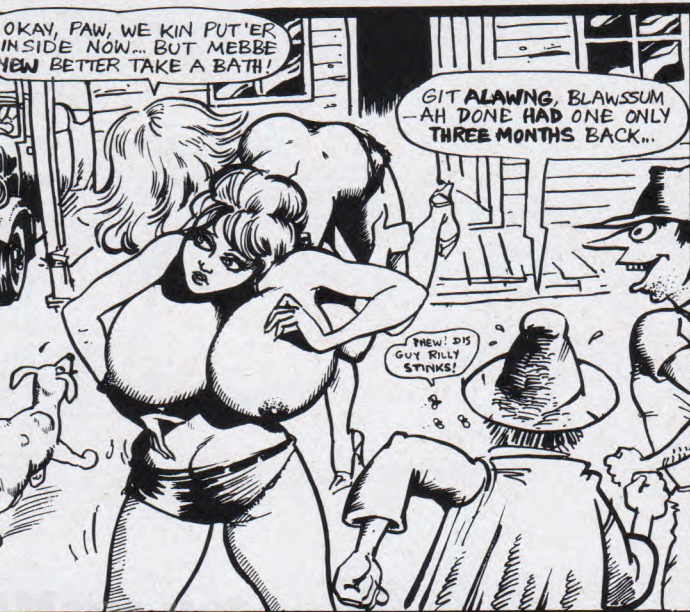
WE MEET OUR LITTLE
HEROINE FOR THE FIRST
TIME, ON HER RETURN
FROM THE STORE. WHAT
COULD HAPPEN TO SUCH A
PRETTY CHICK ON A
NICE DAY LIKE THIS?

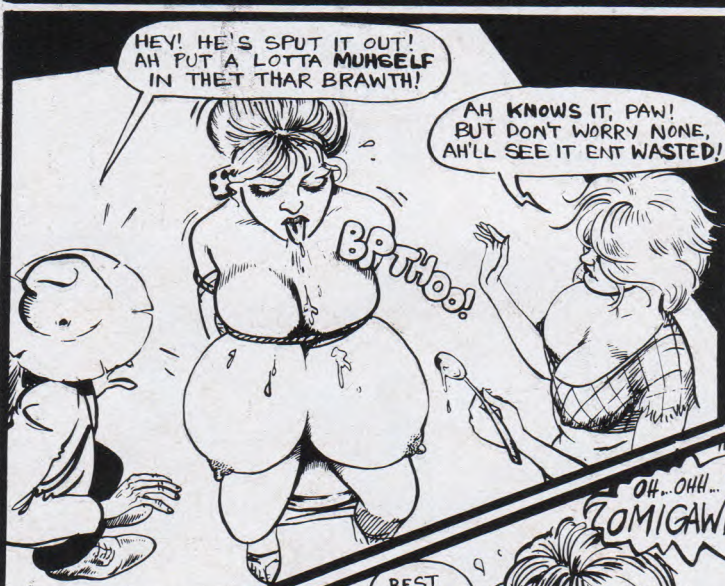
BUT, WE FORGET! THIS
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MORE LETTERS

Dear Sir,

I have just read the first edition of Amazons. What a super magazine it is — this together with 50 + Plus are a marvellous combination for the BIG TIT fans. The pictures are breathtaking and the articles and letters are extremely erotic.

It is very hard to choose my favourites but I think my choice must lie between Nicki Watson and "Big Boobie Angie" featured in The Bustmans Holiday photo spread. A close third is the gorgeous female featured in the two last colour photos of the magazine. To see and feel those breathtaking TITS and magnificent bodies would be paradise on earth.

I enclose a stamped addressed envelope in the hope that one of the girls will see this letter and favour me with the benefit of a personal reply. If you can please pass this on to one of the girls in question I live in hope that one will take pity on an ardent fan, admirer and infatuated male and hereby take the time and trouble to reply. The philosophy of 'spreading a little happiness' is admirable and in short supply today — this man will certainly be blown if a reply was forthcoming.

Please write soon.

Yours hopefully,

M.P. Nottingham.



Dear Amazons, and Fifty Plus.

Clearly all your readers are lovers of the big breast otherwise they wouldn't buy your magazine but I suspect most of them are like I used to be — hungry for enormous tits but having to satisfy that appetite with your pictures and stories. WOULD you like to share my experience with them, just to prove that the bust (!) of dreams can come true?

Fed up with reading about the breasty goings-on in the pages of Fifty Plus and Amazons but never encountering the 'real thing' I put a small advert, in a bustoriented

magazine seeking a big bosomed girl at least to correspond with! I wasn't sure whether many girls read such magazines but didn't really think a woman's magazine, which admittedly had the right sex of readers, would publish my "Breast-loving guy seeks REALLY big-bosomed girls willing to correspond about their assets" it said, and gave a post office box number where I hoped to receive replies. There were three replies! One was clearly a fake. She claimed 60s but the photo she sent was of a model I'd recently seen in the pages of a breast mag. The second sounded

real enough, but clearly got a kick out of a racy description of what she did with her own, admittedly sizeable breast but provided no address for a reply. With the third I struck mammary gold!

Young Brenda read the advert in her boy friend's copy of the magazine when, in her own words, she was 'checking out the competition'. She wrote because she was tired of what she called her boy friend's possissiveness and wanted some other attention without the hassle of all the unwelcome experiences her size so often attracted. And what size . . .



she had recently moved into a 38E bra, she told me, and the actual dimension of her bust was 47 inches! She had smooth, pink, 3 inch wide areolae with nipples the size of a finger tip, and each lovely organ weighed over 13 lbs.

Our letters got longer and longer. She spilled out to me the woes and delights of being a 'macro-mammate'. The upsets she got from bitchy women who made remarks about 'milking time' and the need for her to have 'something done' about her breasts, the lewd comments from men, and even the ineptitude of some of her boy-friends in unhooking all five of her bra fastenings and the way it often wrecked the romantic mood of an evening.

I asked her all sorts of questions about her clothes, her undressing routine, more detailed statistics (like breast base circumference — all of which she happily answered. Her breasts became more and more familiar to me though I had never 'met' them . . . until the chance occurred when a professional trip took me near to her home town!

She agreed to meet me, and we arranged to do so at lunch at the beachside motel where I was staying. She arrived wearing a white sweater that really enhanced the volume that it enclosed. It was short sleeved with a scoop neckline that revealed the top of her cleavage and just the beginning of the swell of each gorgeous orb. It was summer (warm everywhere in Australia) and the sweater was of a thin material through which the outline of the 'finger tip' nipples protruded nicely.

Knowing she had more than her fill of stares, I took in the details of her fabulous form discreetly. She was delighted by my discretion but clearly anticipated that, after all the descriptive information she had sent, I would want finally to see her treasures. She willingly accompanied me to my unit after lunch but, knowing how unpleasant she found being grabbed and pawed, I was content to wait patiently while she did the undressing. I lay quiet but intense on the bed covers whilst she knelt above me, and pulled the sweater off over her head, finally exposing her lovely but over-stuffed bra. I stared with a smile as she leant forward to reach



around her back, her now tingling tits ready to explode!. One hook . . . then another . . . until they were all unfastened. She reached out to me and I lightly slid her bra off, setting free her enormous mammaries, breasts that were like two gourds of white cream. "Just watch", she said as she used two full hands to lift her heavy right orb close to her face. She kissed and licked the pointed pink nipple, then proceeded to give the left one the same treatment.

By this time she realized that I was nearly desperate to get into the act, and my self control was almost exhausted when she grasped my hands and slowly but firmly guided them directly to her two soft udders. The giant organs wobbled deliciously as I came into contact with the exquisite breastflesh, but she enveloped my face between the creamy balloons and held me there, pressing her tits about my ears before I had fully explored their expansive contours.

She sat up, put her arms behind her head and thrust her super-chest forward. Her tremendous bust-load jutted out like two torpedoes as she did so. Using both

hands, I gently lifted each compact, fleshly globe and let it rest in my open palms. She shivered briefly as I stroked her naked bust-substance and breathed more heavily as I began to massage her enormous tits.

To make the massage as smooth as possible I sprinkled my hands with talcum, slid them around the soft underhangs and caressed the contours of each enormous balloon of a tit with circular motions. I skimmed my palms over their silky surfaces, just brushing the boob-tips where her nipples began to harden, then gently squeezed each teat between thumb and forefinger. With firmer movements, I started at her nipples and moved my hands over every inch of the vast breast area, kneading and squeezing the succulent flesh.

Brenda breathed deeply to swell even more those heavy swaying pounds of creamy white flesh, and smiled silently as she enjoyed my quickening attention to her heaving melons, her pleasure heightening as my tongue continually circled her hardened nipples and my eager hands pulled on her almost cow-like tits. I knew she expected to have

her massive treasures praised while they were being enjoyed and I used all the complimentary adjectives at my command to describe the weight and volume and texture of her smooth, opulent chesty endowments.

She'd been sitting on the bed with her shoulders against the wall and her legs tucked under her while I was engaged in this firm but gentle handling of her frontal glories but I wanted her on hands and knees above me so that her stupendous breast could really hang down towards me as I lay on my back looking up at her. Suspended from her chest in that position her were heavily pendulous. They dangled above me like two ripe fruits with delicious curves from her smooth underarms. Slowly I drew my hands down the extended length of each tit mass, then set them gently swinging with sufficient motion to make them smack together audibly. Slowly she lowered the swinging pair until the protuberant nips just brushed my chest. My own nipples are pretty sensitive and the contact was

almost electrical. I caught first one, then the other, nibbled on each teat then excersised my tongue around each wide pink areola. Then I was kissing and salivating over every square inch as she engulfed my face with all the marvellous, luscious, heavenly mass of her glorious pendulous boobs.

Not knowing when I was going to be able to see Brenda again. I wanted to enjoy her fabulous tits for as long as possible on this occasion and therefore not 'release enthusiasm' as it were — assuming she was prepared to accomodate me — until as late as possible. So, we relaxed a little and I helped her prepare for the evening by assisting her wash her tits. With masses of scented bath foam, I smothered her mammary glories with soapy lather and massaged the smooth, slippery masses of udder stuff till the foam was exhausted. I had ordered a special dinner to be served in my unit and was pleased that she had thought to bring a long formal evening skirt with her. She made up her face beautifully, put on long dangling

ear-rings, a necklace with a pendant that hung well into her cleavage, and a number of bangles. But — well aware of my 'spheres' of interest of course — she wore no bra or blouse. She made up her nipples with the same lipstick as she wore on her mouth, lightly oiled the well-massaged tit-skin and set to dine with her fabulous bosoms hanging naked on her chest filling it from arm to arm. We ate by candlelight and the flickering flames threw sensous shadows of her chesty treasures on the wall and reflected from their gleaming surface. I toasted her beauty in excellent wine, feasted my palate on good food and my eyes on her gorgeous, succulent breasts. The night was soft and mild My unit had a secluded balcony overlooking the sea. It was furnished with a couch, lounge chairs and a small table. We went out with coffee and liqueurs. There was a full moon and Brenda lay on the couch in its silvery light. Her glorious breasts slid sideways across her chest as she lay back on the cushions. I sat beside her and

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could not resist anointing her smooth areolae with the sweet, sticky liqueur which I then lapped up with my tongue. We sat and talked in the moonlight — about her whoppers.

The only sound apart from our soft conversation was the gentle breaking of waves on the coast far below the unit . . . it was more than flesh and blood could stand. Almost satiated with breast worship, I really had to consummate the friendship. I unclipped her skirt and slipped off her skirt and little briefs. She offered no resistance as I joined her on the couch and, with her enormous breasts cushioning my chest and oozing from beneath my weight, welcomed me into a very receptive love-box.

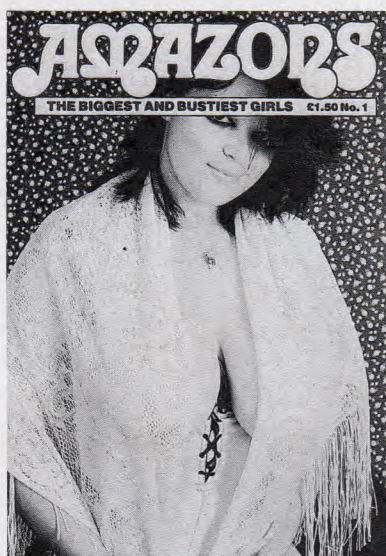
Well, my busty pen-friend had really turned out to exceed all my peachy dreams. So . . . advise your readers never to give up the search for their ideal breasty dream girl, even if she's only a correspondent at first!

Peter Cook.





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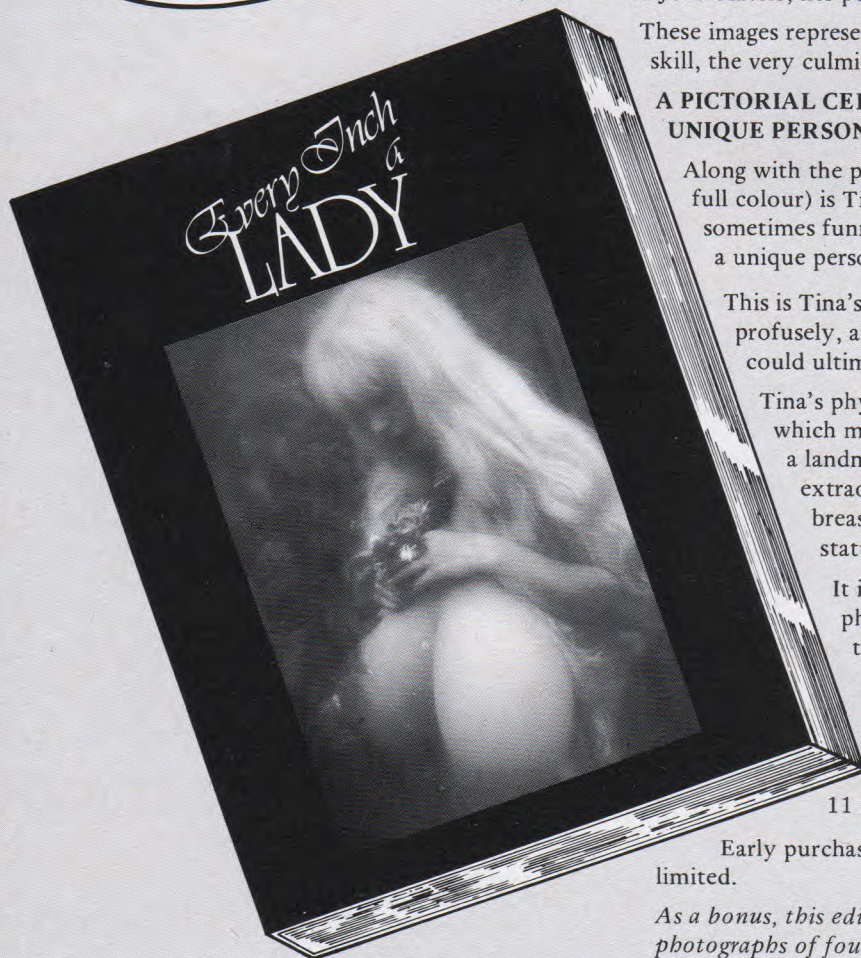
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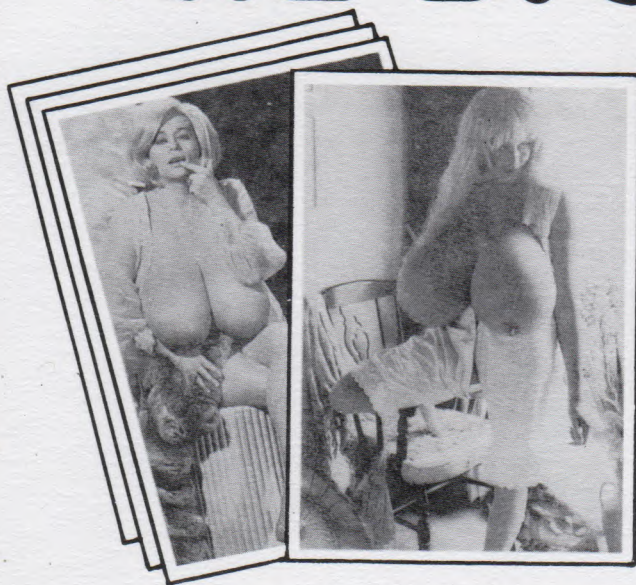
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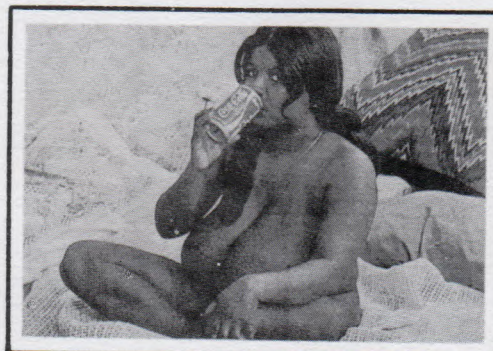
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