

AMAZONS

£3.95

EXTRA
No. 5

SHINY P.V.C.

RUBBER
LEATHER

FADS & FANCIES

ADULTS
ONLY



FREE POSTERS FREE POSTERS

GREAT SUBSCRIPTION DEAL!!

*A free SuperBoob Poster
with each magazine
subscription order. All four
mags and get an extra
poster bonus!!!*

THE BIGGEST & THE BEST

THE BIGGEST TITS IN THE WORLD ARE
FEATURED IN AMAZONS, FIFTY+ PLUS,
PEACHES AND BOUNCE

BOUNCE
£20.00

AMAZONS 6
ISSUES PER YEAR
£20.00

FIFTY + PLUS 6
ISSUES PER YEAR
£20.00

PEACHES
£20.00

TOZERWARD LTD.
184a EVERSOLT ST. LONDON NW1

Name

Address

.....

.....

.....

I enclose n/o — Cheque

We have had numerous enquiries from all over the country that there are large areas where BOUNCE is apparently unobtainable. We, of course would like to remedy this. Your local newsagent selling popular top shelf magazines, could help by requesting supplies from their wholesaler. It is possible that they have not yet seen or heard of our magazines as yet.

Please give us your support.

Trade enquiries —

Telephone 01-237 4334.

Vintage Nylon Flash

Big size.. 11 x 8 52 pages... £2.95

Colour covers and Centre Spreads. Packed with vintage pictures from the old days. All Pre 1970. Stockings, Suspenders, High Heel Boots and Shoes, Mini Skirts, Raised Skirt Photo Section, Harrison Marks Photo Section, A Stocking Story and lot's more.

**Number. 1 to 4 are available now
At your Bookshop/Newsagent**

All feature many nice girls with nice Legs in Stockings, High Heel Boots and Shoes, Mini Skirts, Raised Skirt Photo Section, Harrison Marks Photo Section. In Issue Four a Dunking Photo section and Issue Five published in January 1989 will feature Three Raised Skirt Ravers, and a Bloomers Photo Section.

If you are unable to get a copy at your local Bookshop or Newsagent. Order direct from the address below. Add 50p. postage on one copy. Two copies and over Post Free. Issue Five will be posted in January 1989

PROBABLY THE LARGEST DISPLAY OF BOOB, LEG, GAY, C.P., T.V., CONTACT AND VINTAGE MAGAZINES ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY.

S.A.E. LISTS

**BLUE STAR, (DEPT. RR) 1 VICTORIA STREET,
OFF NUNNERY LANE, YORK. YO2 1AH.**

TEL:- 0904 624901

CALLERS WELCOME (CLOSED MONDAY'S)

**DEALERS WRITE OR RING
FOR TRADE TERMS**

LOOK!

MODELS WANTED FOR AMAZONS, FIFTY + PLUS, PEACHES AND BOUNCE

IS YOUR WIFE, GIRL FRIEND, NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR, BARMAID OR FRIENDLY LADY TRAFFIC-WARDEN ENDOWED WITH A BOUNTIFUL BOSOM — WE PAY UP TO £150 PER DAY FOR MODELLING. ALL TASTEFUL WE HOPE, AND THE FINDER OF THE SAID

LARGE LADY WILL RECEIVE A YEARS SUBSCRIPTION TO AMAZONS OR FIFTY + PLUS, TO REWARD YOU FOR YOUR ASTUTE TIT SPOTTING — SEND RECENT POLAROID OR PRINT TO PHOTO EDITOR — TOZERWARD LTD, 182A EVERSOLT STREET, LONDON N1

PHOTOGRAPHERS

We are looking for contributing photographers for the pages of Amazons and fifty + plus. If you are an amateur or professional photo - buff, please send us for consideration your work — contacts of b/w and colour transparencies only to PHOTO EDITOR.
Tozerward 182A Eversholt Street London.N1

Published by

TOZERWARD LIMITED

Distributed by

DAVID GOLD-SONS (HOLDINGS) LTD

LONDON · ENGLAND

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

PUBLISHED Under Foreign Licence by

TOZERWARD LTD.

4/6 Times Annually

COPYRIGHT TOZERWARD 1986 ©

MAMMARY MASOCHISM

by Peter Cook

Like all readers of PEACHES I am a devotee, indeed worshipper, of the glorious gourds — call them what you like, I mean of course those soft, wobbly, erotic female protuberances, BREASTS. Now, like all devotees, I have a sincere, caring attitude towards the objects of my worship and, whenever possible, express my zeal by helping keep any available sets soft with body lotion, safe from sunburn by rubbing in protective oil, and from the dust and grime of the atmosphere by gentle soaping. The thought of any mal-treatment of such precious masterpieces (mistresspieces?) of nature's creation is an obscenity, but there is no doubt that I enjoy seeing them subjected to a moderate degree of unusual attention, and have reason to believe that some of their owners like it too. The border between masochism (the derivation of pleasure from one's own pain) and sadism (deriving pleasure from the pain of others is narrow, and neither has any place in the activities of the true breast-lover. Nevertheless, he (or she), as well as the proud carrier of the central attractions herself, may still get much pleasure from a little mildly rugged tit-play.

Amongst my bosomy files, I have a number of pictures and accounts of breasts being subjected to mild distortion that I find rather erotic. For example... girls grasping their nipples between thumb and forefinger and elongating their treasures into cone shapes; nipples similarly gripped by other fingers and the bosoms pulled away from the chest; nipples nibbled by the owner herself or by other teeth; breasts tied round their base by string or ribbon to produce bulbous balloons that appear half-separated from the chest theat grew them; nipples twisted on the tit-tip; long danglers pulled up towards the shoulder or actually crossed over!

The mildest form of mammary masochism is simple

breast squeezing. If the boob is big enough — and, let's face it, unless there's plenty of flesh, why bother? — it can be gripped by the hand-ful and physically lifted, have hands sunk into it to the extent that ridges of bust-stuff bulge between the fingers, or be compressed between two hands to appear almost detached from its parent chest. The large, fleshy tit can be pushed around when the owner lies on her back so that it may actually reach up to her chin or be almost flattened on the chest, oozing out beneath the weight of the hands pressing it down. In some cases one breast may even be crossed over the other but the equipment needs to be quite massive, like that of the incredible black model, Twin Volcanoes, for *that* particular treatment.

Frequently the nipple is the central object of mammary mauling. The degree of sensitivity of the female nipple varies from one woman to another, and is probably greatest on the virginal teat but much reduced when there has been extensive suckling. Some girls are therefore able to withstand greater pressure on and stretching of their nipples than others. Over the years PEACHES has published a number of pictures of models gripping their tit ends tightly and pulling the nipples away from the breast, often stretching the areola and even part of the bust-mass itself into elongated cones. If it is prominent enough, sometimes just the nipple itself can be gripped, probably the most uncomfortable way in which to stretch the breast. If part of a podgy areola is also caught between the fingers, the discomfort is less and certainly a more weighty tit can be lifted. To do this with the *teeth* requires special skill and particularly elongated breasts. I have pictures on my files of a small number of models with this unusual and exciting ability, which was a special trick of Annie Owens who could hold *both* her ap-

pendages at the same time with her teeth. An intriguing variation on nipple extension was described to me by a girl friend who has pierced nipples. At a party she was chained by her nipple rings to a towel rail in such a way that, unless she stood on tip-toe, her be-ringed nipples were pulled by the chain and stretched. She found the experience a little painful but quite exciting — though in her case she is quickly aroused by *any* tension on her tit rings. Some women report being able to bring themselves off just by titty play, getting special thrills out of clawing and biting at their own nips.

Pinching or biting of the nipples by someone other than the teat owner herself approaches sadism rather than masochism but apparently gives some women considerable pleasure. The pulling, pinching or biting of nipples by a lover can sometimes be a stimulating aspect of foreplay and I have statements confirming this fact. Amongst some of the more unusual pictures on this topic in my collection is a series featuring nipples gripped in clothespegs and mousetraps! The clothespegs, of the everyday variety used to hang washing such as bras or briefs up to dry, may be independently clipped to the nipple or may be attached to cords so that the teat is pulled away from the tit. I have one report of a woman whose husband made her walk around with clothespegs clipped onto her big and resilient nipples, even when they had guests. Sometimes he clipped them onto the very ends of her teats, sometimes onto the whole crinkly areola. If she did something he did not like, he actually twisted the peg. Whether or not she enjoyed the treatment is not recorded! In some cases, the use of clips on the nipples becomes a necessary part of sexual activity to the extent that their regular use is essential — once tried, it's impossible to go back. One girl reported

to a specialist magazine that once she had got the taste of the sensations in her nipples from the clips her boyfriend put on, she could never imagine having sex without them. After a few of the chain reactions set up in her body by the experience, 'conventional' foreplay just would not do the trick anymore.

Cords tied to nipple clips (or rings) raises the whole issue of breast bondage — the tying of cords to the nipples or round the breasts. A few years ago AMAZONS published a sequence of pictures of tied-up titties and of elongated nipples with cords attached. Breast tying seems to be a particularly popular form of mammary masochism, enjoyed both by subject and observer. Cords tied lightly around the breast and back, biting deeply into the breast-flesh, are especially erotic. The tit may sometimes seem to have been cut almost in two as each hemisphere bulges separately 'north' and 'south' of the tight binding. Sometimes the cords pass right over the nipple, squashing it deep into the flattened organ; on other occasions, the cords are passed each side of the areola and nipple so that they protrude conically between parallel strands and project hard and erotically. My records include a report of a German stripper who had her unbelievable udders all bound about with *chains*, which cut deep into her flesh and made the areolae and teats stand out as if on a cow.

From time to time, women have written to various breast magazines about their experiences with breast bondage. One correspondent described how she liked her boobs to be bound up tightly with strong cords which cut right into the tender tit tissue, leaving her orbs sore and swelling. She liked ropes criss-crossed over her globes, causing all the tit flesh to be squeezed outwards towards her nipples, making the areolar areas look

like additional bloated tits. And when the cord actually ran over her areolae, chafing the bumpy skin, her teats erected in a state of agonized heaven. Most admit that the ropes often hurt at first as they rub against the soft titty flesh but soon the tying has the effect of triggering a flood of sensations that run from their nipples right down to their pussies. One girl wrote explaining how she came to enjoy the ropes tighter and tighter until the mere touching of her twat with her boyfriend's tongue had her ready to faint with the intense pleasure.

Many men, and women, prefer the cords or ribbons to be tied just around the base of the tits. There is then no question of flattening but

rather of compelling the boobs to balloon out firm and proud till it looks as if the sex-bombs are ready to explode! The series of pictures in **AMAZONS**, referred to earlier, had a number of shots of this kind, including one where the tight binding produced swollen mammarys with protruding nipples and engorged areolae that were unique even amongst the boob pictures published by that champion tit mag. Mammoth busted girls with their gargantuan assets tied around their bases to create even greater protuberances must approach the ultimate in the boob worshipper's fantasy world. In fact, there is one such *unbelievable* picture of **BIG TINA** in Special

AMAZONS edition **THE GIRLS OF VISION X** — the 'cords' are veritable *ropes*!!

Nipple tying, without clips, is fairly rare since it depends on the existence of particularly lengthy teats but is very stimulating and erotic when it is possible. The pictures published earlier by **AMAZONS** are quite noteworthy. The model in question has protuberant nipples around the bases of which thin cords have been tied. The teat ends appear to stand out like knobs preventing the cord from slipping off. The cords have then been pulled taut and fixed, maybe to a beam or ceiling hook, so that the areolae are stretched and the whole boob lifted. In some shots the breast mass rests on the

back of a chair in others the whole tit is lifted, its weight held by the extended teat and areola. Additional pictures show the breasts being pulled sideways, in opposite directions, by the cords, or horizontally forwards away from the chest.

I repeat that no real tit lover, or respecter of that most delectable of female attributes, would wish to see *any* injury done to the mammary organs. There seems to be plenty of evidence, however, that some mild breast orientated masochism is often a stimulating contributor to sexual activity. In circumstances where it is acceptable and pleasurable for both partners in a relationship it can be seen as an agreeable element of bosomry.



THE LIBERATION OF JEANIE

There's a saying that lesbians are born rather than made, but I can't help wondering if the person who first said it knew what he - or more probably she! - was talking about. Because I can't help asking myself how much difference it would have made in my life if I hadn't been gifted by Mother Nature with a pair of boobs that started growing when I was a mere nine years of age and carried right on until by the age of fifteen I was having to fight off male attention to a pair of boobs (superbly formed and firm 44Ds) that are still as good as ever now, ten years and a couple of husbands later.

Girls with a pair of fried eggs on their chests always hate us and envy us at the same time. The only people who can really understand our problem are the ones who share it. And they're usually too busy fighting off the attentions of randy males who have been conditioned from birth to believe that if big is beautiful, then bigger must be even more beautiful! Somehow they always lose sight of the fact that behind our chesty amplitudes and our gaping cunts there exists a real person, with real ambitions and feelings - just like the rest of the world. Of course - so I've got big tits - the sort that could stop the world if I dangled them into the right place, not to mention my tumescent nipples - (My sister's once drove an Arab to distraction, but that's another story) - but all that crap loses sight of the fact that behind my chesty assets there exists a real person with human feelings and ambitions just like everyone

else.

Both my husbands were typical male chauvinistic pig bastards - all they really saw in me was big, dangly provocative tits, the chance to show off to their cronies that they'd managed to collar a playmate with big boobs that they or their mates could have a go at. Just like little boys with their toys really - all with unspoken implication that the size of my tits was probably a reflection of the size of their dong! (It wasn't in either case, and neither was it guidance to their eventual sexual prowess. Talk about unfulfilled sexual promise!!!)

Sorry, I'm rambling on a bit, aren't I? What you really wanted to know about was how I got involved in the lesbian scene, a girl like me, so square and hetto to look at. And here is how it was - almost as easy as starting the Third World War, really - purely a combination of time, place, and blind chance. (Remember that remark when Armageddon arrives - we none of us realised how far-reaching it was, did we???)

So, what I'm saying is that if I'd met Sheila on another day, in another frame of mind, things would have turned out differently. But that's the way it was... and I'm a more sexually fulfilled person because of it.

Perhaps it will explain things somewhat if I tell you about how it was with my second husband. The first you can forget - he was just like the second, only worse, and I was still too young to know the difference between love and tit-rape. Number two had done the

whole number on me, and at this stage you're probably saying to yourself that I'm a bit naive - and you're probably right! But I've still got a right to live, haven't I? Anyway, there I was, a real idiot, stuck with your typical yuppie job in the city, early start, late finish, and the whole mixture garnished with as many credit-card financed meals in up-market restaurants as you care to mention. Followed by the inevitable drunken drive home in the company-owned BMW. After which? You've heard it all - stagger up the stairs, not vomiting if it's a good night, but waking the neighbours anyway, and then straight into the main event: a mad assault on my mammary treasures that eventuated, as always, in my having to give him a tit fuck to protect the aching gap between my legs that by this time is hanging open in the hope that someone will fill it and give me a proper seeing-to at the same time. There I am, lying nude on a bed at three in the morning with the man who calls himself my husband lying astride me, my gigantic tit-mounds leaping with their tumescent nipples looking blindly for someone to comfort them, to put them out of their misery, and what does he do? He ends up insisting that I have to give him a tit-fuck that always - and I mean ALWAYS - ends up in me having to wank him off to get his stupid persistent prick off me and thus dormant enough to let HIM go to sleep and leave me alone.

By which time, being a normally-constructed female, I was invariably in a

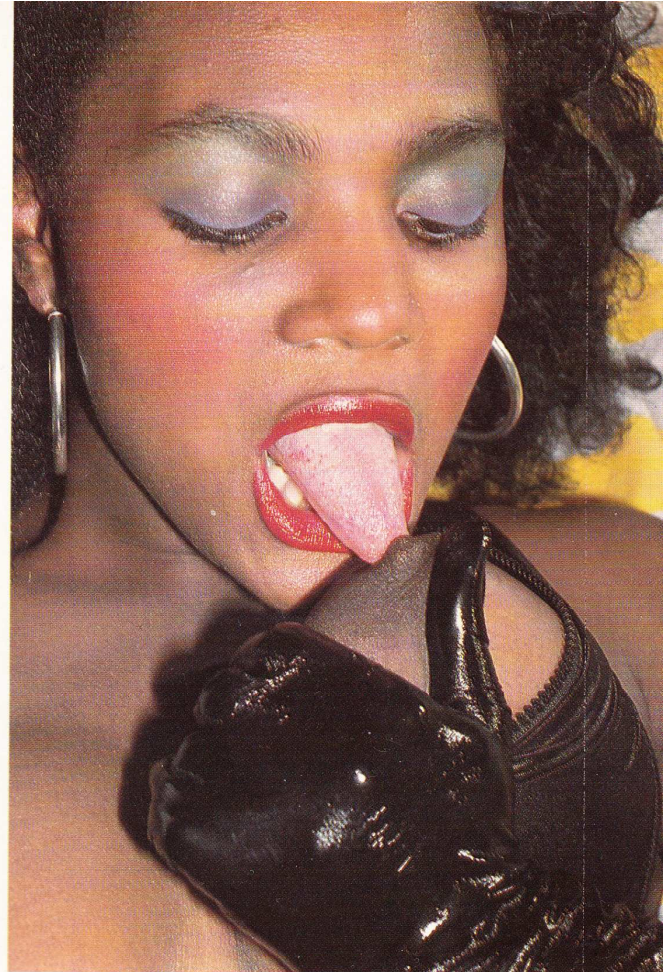
condition of advanced sexual frustration - my huge breasts aching uncontrollably, the nipples massively distended and trying to give suck or succour to anyone... anyone...! My quim squirming and oozing hot desire, juices running between my quivering thighs and my muscles spasming uncontrollably as my mind cascaded unbidden erotic images. The result could only be taken care of by hand - personally, if you understand me. To be graphic about it, there I was, a young sexually aroused woman, my gigantic mammaries throbbing their need and my quickening quim leaking its desires into the French Knickers he always insisted that I wear. And he'd gone to sleep on me again! Leaving me with my huge tits throbbing, unfulfilled, rejected - not to mention the aching void between my twitching thighs leaking its need into the ironically-demanded eroticism of my underwear.

My cunt demanded its due, as any woman would understand, and so I fingered myself off again, for the thousandth time, and died my own little death, and came to again - hot, sticky and lonely in my own juices. Lonely, that is, except for a totally unfeeling lump of semi-animate flesh snoring blissfully next to me. Three in the morning, in yuppie-land, and all's well with the world - isn't it?

Enter Sheila. I took myself off down the road to the all-night cafe that was more of a hangover from the old days when the area used to belong to real people rather









than imported money, and the guy behind the counter took one look at me and dished up a large mug of black coffee, accompanied by a 'Life's like that, Baby, and you've got great knockers, so why worry?' type smile. I needed the coffee, and I guess I needed some sort of encouragement - any sort - but I needed the unspoken message in his eyes like a hole in the head.

So I sat at the counter quietly, drained, just sipping at my coffee and minding my own business. I wasn't exactly dressed for action, because His Lordship had done a fairly comprehensive job of stripping me down to my bare succulent essentials before failing me yet again, and all I'd done before storming out of the door was to throw myself into a pair of jeans and minimal T-shirt. But of course, with the build I've got, a girl looks fairly conspicuous in anything less than a shroud, and I guess the way I was draped over the counter with my huge nipples still erect from my earlier encounter with my own hand might have been taken as an indication of availability.

"You look unhappy, Dearie. Some man, I suppose...?"

A voice at my elbow, and I was so conditioned by this time, so raw in myself to reject advances that I was halfway into 'Piss off, Wiseguy!' before my brain registered that the voice I was hearing was that of a woman - a voice rich in understanding, warm with sympathy.

"You suppose...?" I ventured.

"I don't suppose - I know". Confidence, this time, and I turned to look into deep brown eyes that seemed to reflect the wisdom of the world behind them. And was it my imagination - it must be - or were my rejected nipples squirming within the tight constraint of my T-shirt - was my aching quim sensing some new promise in her tone? Whatever the reason, I found myself straightening my posture, rubbing my thighs together that at once

aroused me sexually and drew attention to the tight-packed mound of my frustrated hill of passion.

Suddenly proud and self-confident I sat up straight, drew myself up to face the world, at the same time raising my proud assets to brush tumescent nipples against the counter and sway my entire body on my stool in a way I knew was calculated to drive any man wild with desire.

"I know..." The voice was quiet, firm, insistent - yet undemanding. And I turned to look her full in the face - the beloved face! - for the first time. And there she was, waiting for me, in the middle of nowhere, at three in the morning - Sheila - my beloved Sheila. I know now that she'll never see forty again, but I swear, if you passed her on the street, you'd give her thirty-five at most. And that's her age. her boobs you'd give about a couple of inches above whatever you were giving mine at the time. She's one of the few women, my Sheila, who can ever make me feel like a skinny underfed waif in that department!

"Hubby made you unhappy again, Dearie?"

And, oh, the wealth of misery and experience behind that question.

My inner cunt flesh was sending me messages I barely understood, relaxing, opening like a flower, warming and moistening as I replied with a wry smile: "You've been there, too, then?"

"We've all been there, Sweetie - we all have, believe me..."

And that was how it all began. We had more coffee, we talked - how we talked! - and before I knew it even the insomniac running the coffee-bar was starting to complain that it was after his bed-time.

"You won't want to go home tonight, will you, Jeanie...?"

There was an unspoken question in Sheila's tone - question that had already been answered by my burgeoning body, my flowering throbbing nipples that had not escaped her notice,

and the sense of warm secret moisture trickling along the down of my inner thighs as I squirmed my hot sticky quim against the unyielding leather of my stool.

"You'll be kind to me...?"

A secret smile, a brief drift of fingers across my leaping nipples was all the reply I received.

"I've nowhere else to go - I can't bear the thought of him tonight."

"Of course you have, Dearie. You'll come with me. I'll take care of you. You'll be safe and sound. You'll get a good night's sleep. You'll get... whatever else you need..."

Is it possible to come in your knickers in the course of a normal conversation? Is it possible to feel as if your tit-flowers are going to burst out of their flimsy covering in a grotty coffee-bar at after three in the morning? I don't believe it either - all I know is that I had the most massive orgasm of my entire life just sitting there, looking into Sheila's eyes, imagining how it would be between us. The juices flowed down my thighs so copiously I squirmed on my seat even as I found both my hands massaging my bulging teats, and her knowing eyes smiled into my.

"Whatever else you need..." she whispered.

"Let's go. There's nothing to keep us here, is there?" And a gentle hand strayed across one flaming nipple, eliciting from me a squeak of pure sexual anguish that drove me, in desperation, to force fingers deep within my thighs to assuage the passion coursing through my newly-awakened body.

"Whatever else you need..."

Sheila's flat is a true reflection of her personality - neat, ordered and efficient, yet at the same time welcoming and reassuring.

Before I quite knew what was happening I was sipping a mug of coffee stiffened with brandy and listening to music of unbelievable grandeur - music she told me was written almost a century ago by some bloke called Bruckner.

"He had the grand vision, you see," Sheila explained, "Although he had a bit of an obsession about corpses. Which goes to show that none of us is perfect, don't you think?"

"It's... unreal..."

"So are you, dearie, and I think it's about time you realised you're wasting your time on that clod of a husband of yours."

While I'd been in dreamland Sheila had changed from her shapeless garb of our meeting into a diaphanous negligee that left every sing contour of her magnificent body on display, and as she walked towards me across the room I felt the power of her sexuality envelop and overwhelm me. Suddenly I knew that with Sheila I would find not only safety and understanding, but also fulfilment.

"Let me show you real love, Jeanie - just let me..."

Her voice was no more than a murmur, but I found myself relaxing in answer to its quiet strength, offering myself to circumstance and lying suppliant on the couch as she approached me.

"Men are pigs, seeking only the gratification of their fantasies," Sheila's voice went on, almost hypnotic, and I found my eyes closing and I listened, mesmerised by her words and the inevitable rise of the music towards climax. "But we women understand one another's needs - we understand all things!"

Her music diffused into the thunder of the music, then massed horns fell away almost into silence, only the plaintive wail of a flute piercing the echoes of massive orchestral thunder, and Sheila's voice became commanding: "See me as I am, Jeanie - see YOURSELF as YOU are!"

I opened my eyes, and there she was, inches from me, stripped to the magnificent splendour of her nakedness save for a vestigial black G-string. Her amazing breasts swung free, their nipples taut and demanding inches from the suddenly questing moistness of my lips.

"Be with me, Sheila!" was

SENSATIONAL PHOTO SETS



SET 1



SET 2



SET 3



SET 4



SET 5



SET 6



SET 7



SET 8



SET 9



SET 10



SET 11



SET 12



SET 13



SET 14



SET 15



SET 16

SENSATIONAL PHOTO SETS



SET 21



SET 22



SET 23



SET 24



SET 25



SET 26



SET 27



SET 28



SET 29



SET 30



SET 31



SET 32



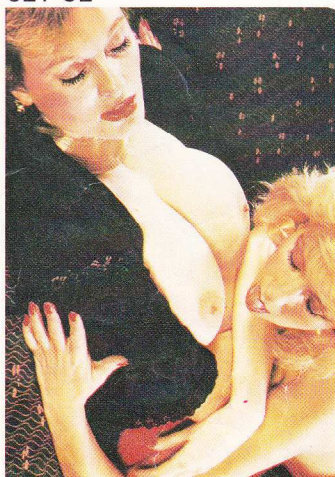
SET 33



SET 34



SET 35

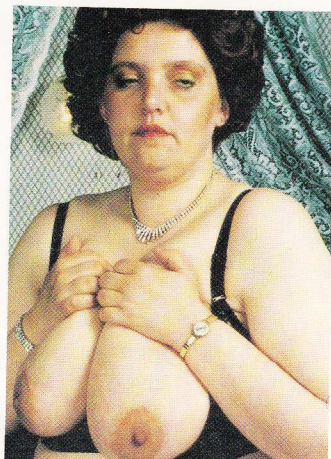


SET 36

SENSATIONAL PHOTO SETS



SET 40



SET 41



SET 42



SET 43



SET 44



SET 45



SET 46



SET 47



SET 48



SET 49



SET 50



SET 51



SET 52



SET 53



SET 54



SET 55



SET 56



SET 57



SET 58



SET 59



SET 60



SET 61



SET 62



SET 63



SET 64



SET 65



SET 66



SET 67



SET 68



SET 69



SET 70



SET 71



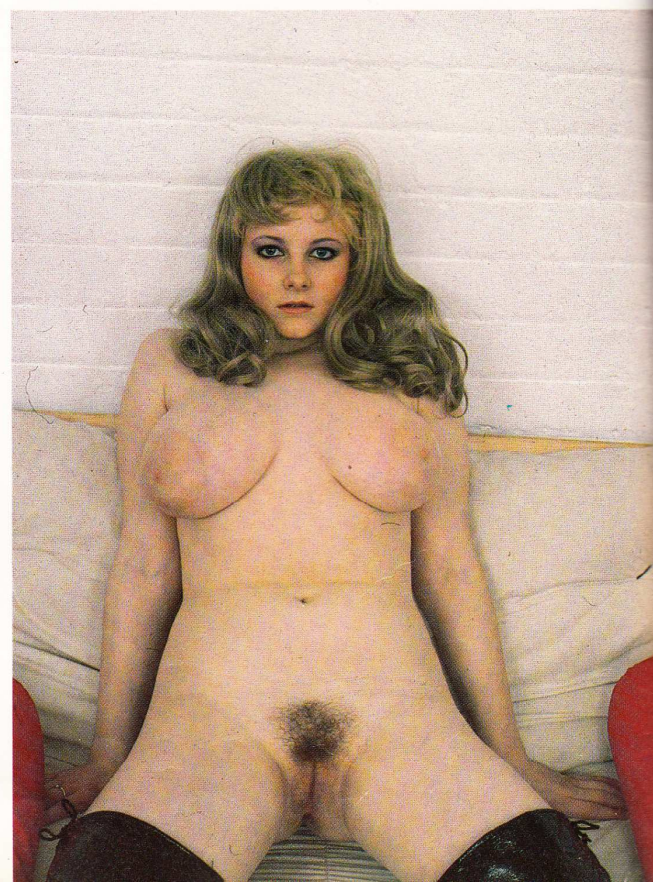


























this me speaking - were the hands reaching for the quivering udders mine?

My back arched and lifted as I felt her hands reaching for the waistband of my jeans and I was gripped by an eagerness, no, more than that, an **OBSESSION** - to display myself for her, to show her all my treasures, my pendulous throbbing thrusting tits whose nipples were alive and quivering with desire, my proud thrusting pubic mound whose down was moist again and ready for the attention my whole singing body was offering itself to me.

"Let me!" I gasped, twisting from her gently probing fingers and leaping to my feet, tearing at my jeans and knickers like some half-demented creature. "Let me show you what my useless men have wanked over!"

My vision was hazy, but as I flung the last shreds of clothing from me I was conscious of Sheila collapsing

onto the couch with her fingers tearing the G-string from her gaping crotch as she moaned her delight and sought the place on the couch where, seconds ago, my dripping sex-hole had leaked its secrets into the fabric.

"I taste you, Dearie - I taste you!"

"Taste me and take me, Sheila - fulfil me!"

And I buried my fingers deep into her luxuriant chestnut hair and her face from the nap of the couch to confront the naked dripping slit I presented to her eager lips and tongue.

"Taste me properly!" I demanded, all my hidden needs suddenly explained as I sank my questing gaping quim onto her devouring tongue.

Her hands reached for my swinging mounds as I sank myself and all my secrets onto her face, and my hands likewise sought and found the exquisite breasts whose

quivering flesh was at fever heat.

Our moans of ecstasy provided additional counterpoint to the brazen splendour of the music as our bodies blended into a fusion of sucking questing mouths and gaping reeking cunts.

"Tongue me - tongue me deep!" I cried.

"One better!" Sheila's voice was a husky travesty of her normal measured tones, thick with passion, and she grasped one of her own sacred throbbing chest-mounds and fed the tumescent twitching nipple between the gaping lips of my rampant heaving cunt.

"This is better than prick, isn't it dearie!"

"Aieeee...!"

My cry of unbridled passion was all the answer she needed as I felt the great lovely distended mound of her passion enter and recognise my most secret place. The lips of my cunt opened to receive it, as if in

an embrace, then closed upon it, drawing it within until the barely impossible - the unbelievable - happened, and I felt as if her whole huge distended breast-mound was driving into and within me, feeling for my soul, giving my body new life, new meaning.

And later - how much later I have no way of knowing, for time had become meaningless - but later, my last coherent memory of the first of our many and continuing nights of passion together was of my darling Sheila spreading the pink dripping lips of her own rampant sex-hole waiting to take one of my bursting tits.

Dawn was beginning to break through the curtains as we finally subsided in one another's arms in the sleep of complete satiety, and my last conscious memory was of the murmur of her voice in my ear: "Tomorrow, Dearie, I'll show you what we can do with a dildo!"

Please insert in boxes number of copies required.

	Volume No's required	No of copies
Peaches 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50 at £3 each	☐	☐
Bounce 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42 at £3 each	☐	☐
Amazons 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 at £3 each	☐	☐
Fifty Plus 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 at £3 each	☐	☐
Amazon Specials		
— Big Black Mamma at £3	☐	☐
— USA Brabusters at £3	☐	☐
— Clyda Superboobs at £3	☐	☐
Fifty Plus Specials		
— Yellow Cover at £3	☐	☐
— Clyda at £3	☐	☐
— Bizarre Special £3	☐	☐
— No 10 Heavy Mamma Milkin' Spec £3.50	☐	☐
Photogallery No 5, 6, 7 & 8 at £3.50	☐	☐
King Size Nos 3 to 12 at £3	☐	☐
Hanging Breasts Nos 2 to 9 at £3	☐	☐
Vision X Magazine starring Titanic Tina £4.75	☐	☐
Amazons Special Tina 84" in every inch a lady £4.75	☐	☐
Video — Double 'D' Cup Dolls £29.50	☐	☐
	VHS	
	BETA	
Peaches Continental Nos 1 to 8 £3 each	☐	☐
Bounce Continental Nos 1 to 5 £3 each	☐	☐
Amazons Extra Bizarre Nos 1-4 £4 each	☐	☐
50+ Extra No 1 Lesbian Special £3 each	☐	☐
50+ Extra No 2 Mature Women Special £3 each	☐	☐
50+ Extra No 3 Mega-Jugs Special £3 each	☐	☐

Sensational Magazine and Video Offers

All your great favourites from Tozerward available now — All the collectors' "hard to get" editions you may have missed.

Don't Delay — mail your orders today

Send remittance to: S.B. Sales, 182 Eversholt Street, London NW1

Name:

Address:

I enclose P/O cheque

Total Remittance

MINIMUM ORDER TWO MAGAZINES

FOUR'S A CROWD

When the phone rang, I was indulging in one of my favourite hobbies - that is to say sitting stark naked in front of my dressing-room mirror, watching myself massage a special compound of body-oil and perfume into my throbbing breasts, lovingly cupping each turgid nipple in turn and watching it spring to tumescent life and lift itself from the glowing mass of each fleshy treasure.

With a sigh of resignation I relinquished my loving labours and lifted the receiver: "Hello...?"

"Sweetie - it's Mary! Looking forward to tonight?"

"Of course I am, darling - I'm getting my treasures ready for you right now."

"Ooh...!" I could practically hear Mary squirm at the other end of the line, and I pictured her sitting in her comfortable lounge, the phone in one hand, probably rested against her huge boobies, with her head to one side. And the other hand?

I giggled: "I bet you're fingering yourself, aren't you?"

"I am now - wet already!"

"And I've got my left treasure - YOUR left treasure - in my hand!"

"Stop it angel - you're driving me mad. I've just called to remind you that Steve's coming tonight."

"Oh... him!" I couldn't keep the pout from my tone.

"Now, Sue. We've been through all that before. I know he's a man, but he's the sort of pathetic wanker we like, isn't he? And you must admit it added to the fun last time, didn't it?"

"I suppose so," I agreed reluctantly, my memory flashing an image of Mary and myself squealing ecstatically with a double dildo whirring between our dripping thighs as Steve hovered above us pounding his rampant tool into final spurting orgasm.

"So cheer up, Sue - and don't be late!"

Mary rang off with a final little gleeful chuckle, leaving me with a silent phone in one hand and an aching nipple in

the other. Just the thought of Mary and myself, together, was more than I could take, and with a little sigh of anticipation I reached across the dressing table for my own personal massager. Running my fingers sensuously along the eight inches of smooth plastic I flicked the switch in the base that brought it into humming life and closed my eyes in anticipation, parting my thighs and sliding it gently between my moistened pouting vaginal lips. My eager cunt swallowed up its entire length voraciously. I switched the speed from slow to fast and abandoned myself to lust, my mind cascading erotic images of Mary and myself locked in embrace, loving one another, fucking one another, giving our whole beings to one another. We didn't need Steve - or any other man. By now I was deep in the throes of a massive orgasm, brought on as much by the thought of the forthcoming evening with Mary - with or without spectators! - as by the whirring insistent lover buried deep within my gushing quim. If I wasn't very careful, I would be late for our date...

Mary and I have been lovers for over a year now - and we considered sharing a flat at one time, but in the end decided we might as well keep our own places, and thus our complete independence. We're of an age - 25 - and both have good jobs in the city, so money isn't a problem. And now we've discovered one another, neither is sex. We started our relationship at one of those clubs for divorcees (a disastrously busted marriage is something else we have in common) and only gradually came to the realisation that we were more attracted to one another than to any of the pathetic male denizens of the place. And the rest, as they say, is history! Mary is the dark one, while I'm blonde - a REAL blonde, I mean - and we've both been blessed by nature with good firm bodies topped off with

more than generously ample boobs - mega-mammaries, in fact! We both more than adequately fill a 44-D bra, which you'd think would be enough for anyone, but there's a good-natured rivalry between us about who is actually the bigger, and we spend a fortune on all sorts of creams & lotions that claim to increase your size still more. You can't have too much of a good thing, can you?

In the event I was only ten minutes late getting to Mary's place, which I regard as being on time, and she opened the door to me with an eager smile: "Darling - Steve's here already. Eager isn't he?"

I stifled an exclamation of annoyance and followed her through into the lounge nodding hello to Steve, a little weed of a man sitting nervously in the corner nursing a drink and trying to be invisible. Mary seems to get a kick out of picking up these strays who can only get their rocks off by watching a couple of biggies like us in action - I put up with them to oblige her, but I don't have to talk to them, do I?

I was wearing the sort of clothes I knew Mary liked me in best, and that did most for my always striking appearance - skintight black mini-dress with a deeply cut neckline displaying enough of my barely hidden fruit to give my taxi driver a heart attack, five inch stiletto heels (and I'm a tall girl to start with!) and sheer black stockings. The underpinnings were vestigial, to say the least. But they were only there to provide Mary with the pleasure of taking them off, weren't they?

As Mary busied herself at the drinks table I was amused to see Steve sink deeper into his chair - terrified we'd change our minds and throw him out, probably! - and I watched the effortless grace of my lesbian lover's movements. She was wearing a gorgeous full-length brocade housecoat whose cut accentuated rather than concealed her ample curves, and her high-heeled mules

added sexual nuance to every movement. Her chestnut hair flowed almost to her waist, and as she turned towards me smiling I knew we belonged to one another in a way that no mere man could ever hope to comprehend.

The lights were set low, the stereo was playing Barry White, and everything was as it should be. I downed my drink in a single sweeping gesture and reached for her: "It's been ages, Mary, darling."

"Two days, to be precise," she giggled, but her arms opened to receive me, and my head nestled in to her ample cleavage.

Already I could feel the beginnings of desire stirring within me. My stomach turned to jelly and my thighs quivered so much that it was difficult to remain standing. But I knew that Mary liked to undress me as I stood, and in response to her gentle urging I turned until my back was towards her. I felt her loving fingers tug the zipper of my dress, releasing it with steady downward motion, and as she passed the waist and continued I gave a little gasp of delight and wriggled my shoulders to make the front of my dress fall away, revealing my huge quivering mounds barely restrained by a black halter bra that revealed more than it covered. My nipples were already straining against the taut material, trying to burst into freedom, and I squirmed my hips until the dress lay in a pool of shadow at my ankles.

"Turn, darling, turn,"

Mary murmured, and I turned to face her again, my knees shaking uncontrollably by this time, my quim twitching and throbbing, pumping copious quantities of love-honey into the already damp crotch of my knickers.

"Such treasures, such treasures," murmured Mary, reaching for my bounteous bouncers, which seemed to reach out towards her with a life of their own.

There was a moaning sound coming from Steve's corner, but his presence no longer mattered one way or

the other - Mary and I were together, as we belonged.

"Let them out to play," I pleaded, and with a throaty gurgle of pleasure and assent Mary reached for the front fastening of my bra.

My huge mounds sprang into freedom, their great size and weight drawing them downwards to encounter the waiting eager cups of Mary's hands.

"Aaaahh...!" She buried her head ecstatically between the heaving hillocks of flesh, her fevered lips finding a bursting nipple, sucking rhythmically, at first gently, then with more insistence, and it felt as if my great mounds of pulsing tit-flesh would surely burst from a surfeit of passion.

My hands reached with familiar ease for the tie of her housecoat, and it fell open to reveal her ample charms, naked and ready. The air was heavy with the pungent odours of rampant female lust, and by mutual consent we fell writhing to the floor, tugging at one another's vast dangling masses and kissing deep endless lovers open-mouthed exchanges.

After the first few breathless moments of passion we calmed ourselves a little. I lay in the safe embrace of the deep-pile carpet while Mary lovingly removed my stockings, peeling each one slowly down the length of my tingling legs, kissing the glowing skin of each thigh as it was gradually laid bare in the roseate glow of

the lights.

"And now, my love..." I arched my back to ease the journey of my soaking knickers, and at last my cunt felt the cool freedom of air against its burning gaping lips.

"Kiss me... kiss me there!" I gasped, flinging my thighs wide apart and seizing my beloved's hair and dragging her by it into the weeping chasm of my thighs.

"I will... I will!"

The delight of her mouth on my waiting slit! The sheer exploding heaven as her gently probing tongue found my twitching clitoris! I pulled her deeper into me, moaning my delight, trying to swallow her with my cunt, scarcely conscious that above us the shadowy form of Steve was eavesdropping on our moments of passion, making strange gurgling noises and wanking frenziedly at the monstrous protuberance of his tool scant inches above our thrashing bodies.

"Time for Clarence, I think," said Mary.

"Ohh - yes!!"

My quim gushed fresh floods of honey at the thought of Clarence - our double delight dildo with which we invariably brought one another to the peaks of passion.

Mary raised herself to her knees, her great mounds dangling and swinging provocatively, the nipples protruding like golf-balls, and crossed the room on hands and knees. I lay supine, my

cunt throbbing and oozing in anticipation of the delight to come, my hands kneading my mountains of tit-flesh. Neither of us cared that Wanker Steve was seeing us in our moments of greatest intimacy. He was attempting the impossible by wanking himself off while at the same time remaining invisible. He just didn't care.

"Quickly - quickly" I gasped desperately.

"Here we are, darling."

I rose to a sitting position, the great burden of my lovely tit masses falling forward into my lap, and Mary and I intertwined our legs until we sat facing one another, our bodies together for mutual support, our four huge tits bouncing and rubbing in uncontrolled passion.

"Now...!"

In Mary's hand was Clarence, our completely-controllable mutual lover - a double dildo of infinitely cunning design and boundless stamina.

"You first, darling," said Mary, her hand carrying Clarence into the shadowy hairy chasm where our two gaping cunts waited with voracious anticipation.

"Yes... oh yes!" I almost screamed in delight as I felt the first firm thickness cross the threshold of my eager tunnel and burrow into my sticky depths.

"Is he good tonight?"

"S... oooo ...good!!"

"Then he'd better go to work!" And Mary twisted

her wrist on the centre segment of our loving machine and his hum filled the air - a gentle, insistent noise that filled the room and every last shrieking fibre of my quaking body as the first vibrations hit me deep within my exploding cunt.

"Now me!" Mary twisted and squirmed until she, too, was firmly impaled on the buzzing engine of delight, and then we were on a trip to a wet sticky paradise that is unknown territory to any woman unfortunate enough to have known only men.

Our bodies were locked together at every level - our arms locked around one another for mutual support, our huge tit-masses rubbing and heaving together in a way that was sexual ecstasy of its own, our glowing thighs intertwined, and our yawning oozing pussies joined and pulsing to the single common rhythm of the sex partner that would never tire, never let us down.

"Turn the speed up!" I moaned, and Mary obliged, and unbearable delight exploded to even greater heights. Dimly through our cries at the onset of orgasm, I heard another cry of strangled ecstasy, and down my back and shoulders the sticky, pathetic secretions of Wanker Steve trickled and were lost in the lustier pools of passion that flowed that night.

We were only just beginning, and Clarence was equipped with a long-life battery!











TIGRESSES

IN A GYMNASIUM, IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, TWO SUPREMELY FIT (AND GENEROUSLY ENDOWED) YOUNG WOMEN STRIP TO PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR BATTLE...



IT'S AS WELL YOU HAVEN'T SPENT ANY MONEY ON YOUR HAIR, GWYNNE... BECAUSE I INTEND TO TEAR MOST OF IT OUT...

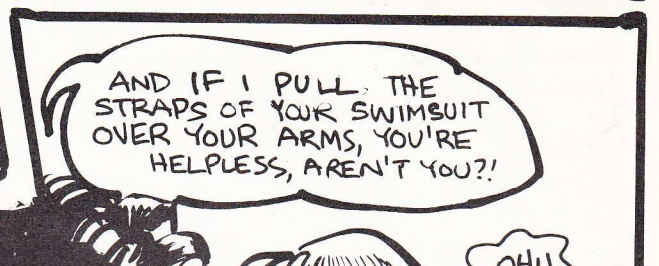
I HOPE THAT BIKINI TASTES BETTER THAN IT LOOKS, DOROTHY... BECAUSE I'M GOING TO RIP IT OFF AND MAKE YOU EAT IT!



THE GIRLS WASTE NO TIME GETTING THEIR CLAWS INTO ONE ANOTHER.....

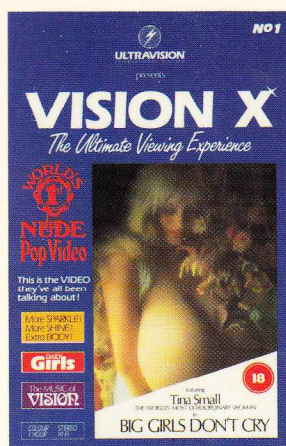






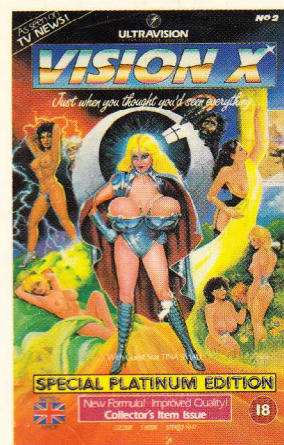




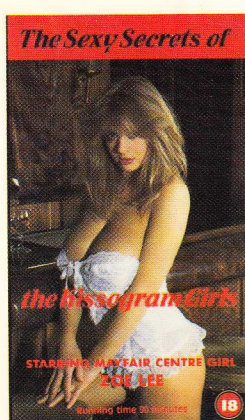


VISION X No 1
Starring Titanic Tina 84EE the biggest breasts in the World.

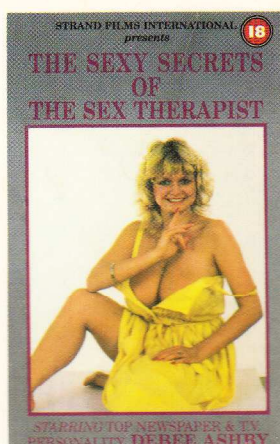
NEW VIDEOS!! SENSATIONAL BIG BOOB STARS



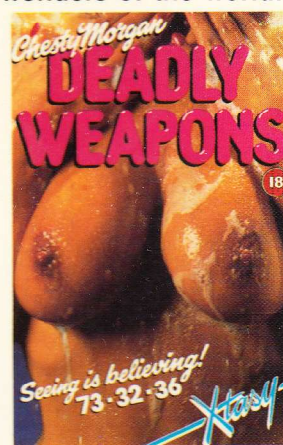
VISION X No 2
Titanic Tina 84EE the 8th and 9th wonders of the world.



THE SEXY SECRETS OF THE KISSOGRAM GIRLS
Big value, long running feature video, starring 5 big boob superstars.



THE SEXY SECRETS OF THE SEX THERAPISTS
Super boob page three star Debbie Ashby, X-rate footage.



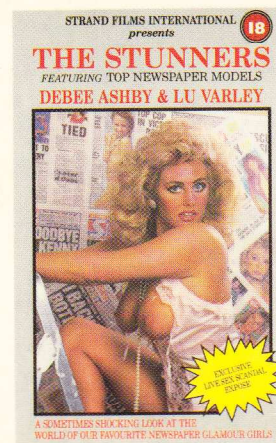
DEADLY WEAPONS
American all time favourite chesty 73" Morgan.



MISS ADVENTURES AT MEGA BOOB MANOR
Pat Wynn, Stacy Owen bare enormous boobs for your enormous pleasure



MISS WET TEE-SHIRT GALA FINAL
Stacey and other super boob stars give you a wet and oiled super shaking titillating show



THE STUNNERS
Debbie Ashby, Lu Varley give the lowdown on the page three road to stardom. Very, very, sexy

PRICE £29.95 EACH IN P&P

Send to: **ROLAND WILSON 182 Eversholt St., London NW1s**
(STATE VHS OR BETA)