

GEM

GEM

HOT
HOOTERS!

FEB 1997

**SEXY
TERESA'S
FABULOUS
FLOPPERS!**

**TOPSEY
CURVEY
GETS
NASTY!**

**JUICY
MELON
SQUEEZE!**

SWANK TEMPTATIONS





From Father's Closet

These photos of the display window of Barney's, an exclusive Manhattan men's shop, were taken last Father's Day. In the window are some then-sexy 1960s magazines



that ol' Dad kept stashed away in his closet so you (and Mom) wouldn't find them. And one day he brought them out to remind him of when he was young.

Actually, the mags belong to 33-year-old New York artist William Doig. He collects old magazines, which he finds at flea markets.

These old-timey publications show us a cross-section of the glorious 1960's, the era of the Vietnam War, wife-swapping and, of course, the beginnings of the Sexual Revolution. Then, horny guys had such magazines as Stag, Men Today, Real Men and our venerable competitor, Gent.

Today, men's magazines are more, shall we say,

advanced in serving our erotic fantasies.

Especially advanced is the one you are now holding lovingly in your hands.

Aren't you glad you're young and horny in the 90's?



Blood Orgy of the Carnival Queens

If you're old enough to remember Russ Meyer's big-boob flicks (or have seen them on videos) you know that they were not only sexy but funny—wacky, actually. And an Off-Broadway musical comedy in New York City pokes great fun at the Meyers flicks—and out-

wackies them. The show is called "Blood Orgy of the Carnival Queens!" Its plot involves two big-boobed carnival girls who run a sideshow. The main attraction of the sideshow: the severed head of Jayne Mansfield. (Jayne, you may recall, was decapitated at the height of her career.) But the head gets lost.

A "stand-in" for Jayne's head must be found, so...

We won't give away the rest of the wacky plot. If you're in New York and want an evening of giggles and giggles, go see "Blood Orgy of the Carnival Queens," playing at the Hamlet of Bank Street Theatre, 155 Bank Street. Phone: (212) 779-9777.

Santa Claus Is Coming...

If you found a present this good under your Christmas tree, we figure you must have been the most well-behaved little boy in the history of the human race, or you bribed Santa Claus. She's all gift-wrapped and ready for you to stick your stiff candy cane between those luscious tits. Or, if you'd prefer, she can lick and suck on your candy cane until her face is all wet and sticky.

We'd guess that this photo is from the 1960s, and our staff archivist outdid himself. So he got a big fat bonus in his Christmas stocking. Unfortunately, the IRS took away most of it.



Photos by JLG DC-19

*Finally, she
opens her twat!*

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Topsy Curvey

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When Topsey Curvey last graced D-CUP's pages, in April 1995, we said she had the "best breasts in the biz." And as you can see, that hasn't changed. Topsey's tits are huge, with huge aureole. Yes, other models' tits are huge and a few may have equal-sized or bigger aureole, but Topsey's tits have an indefinable "something" that makes them special; they are somehow tits with "personality."

We like the way Topsey shows them to us, hefting them, hugging them, licking them, displaying her prized possessions from all angles. But maybe you've noticed that Topsey's tits aren't her only prized possessions.

On the bed, on her knees, legs spread, Topsey shows us her smooth thighs, firm buns and juicy twat, and this time she takes the time to spread it open, show us the pink interior. Prized possessions, to be sure! Do you think maybe they're also the best in the biz?











ଅନୁଭବ ଓ ଖୁସି

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Talk about endowed!

When Tabatha Towers and her new pal Brittany get together, and they are really together here, you've got more pounds of boobs and more square inches of aureole per layout than has ever appeared in any big-boob magazine. That's our claim, and we'll stand by it.

And by now, of course, your dicks are standing by and throbbing as you watch the incredibly endowed Tabatha go at her "pussy partner," who is only slightly less incredibly endowed.

Tabatha is obviously taken with Brittany's gorgeous tits, and begins her "exploration" of them by gently running her fingers around their tan lines. Nice lines. Tabatha doesn't stop there, but goes on to squeezing, stroking and sucking on Brittany's big boobs, paying special attention to those impressive aureole and big nipples.

Then it's Brittany's turn, and she is amazed as she hefts Tabatha's legendary tits and licks their legendary aureole. But who'll eat whose pussy first? Brittany wins the little tussle and gets in first licks, as Tabatha moans and thrashes around.

Next, Tabatha and Brittany get into just about every position possible in which two women can lick each other's pussies—and, at the same time, show their tits to best advantage for the benefit of you D-CUP readers.

When we said that Tabatha and Brittany are together, we meant it—together from heads to toes.













FEM-SQUAD

BY MELROSE TWEED



WAXING THE WILLY

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: JUST THE NAME STRIKES FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE MOST FEARLESS OF COPS. THE FEM-SQUAD IS BEING INVESTIGATED FOR AN INCIDENT AT THE WAX MUSEUM.

WE'RE GETTING ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE WITH THIS INVESTIGATION. WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO, IF YOU WILL BE SO KIND, IS RECREATE EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT.

EVERY-THING?

WELL... WE WERE GUARDING THE WAX MUSEUM AGAINST ALLEGED, "SPOOKY GOINGS ON". WE TRIED TO BE GOOD, BUT WE GOT BORED.

DESPERATE FOR ENTERTAINMENT, WE GOT NAKED AND BEGAN MASTUR-BATING AND EATING EACH OTHER...

EVERYTHING.



...LIKE THIS.

NO ONE CAN BLAME YOU FOR THAT.

MARIE WINNETTE

JOAN OF ARC

YUEN WAS TONGUE-FUCKING MY BROWN, PUCKERED ASSHOLE AS HANK TEETHED MY GIANT, ERECT NIPPLES AND MASSAGED MY JUICY, TREMBLING TITTIES.

LIKE THIS?



YEAH. WE WERE DISTRACTED. HOW COULD I BE TONGUE DEEP IN MAGGIE'S NECTAR OOZING CUNT AND STILL DO THIS SILLY JOB? THAT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK OF ANYONE, DON'T YOU THINK?

PRECISELY.



~ PANT! UNDERSTANDABLE. ~ WHEEZE ~

MAYBE IT WAS THE LOST TRAPPED SOULS OF THE WAX CHARACTERS YERNING TO BE FREE.

ROBERT LEE

LONG JOHN SILVER



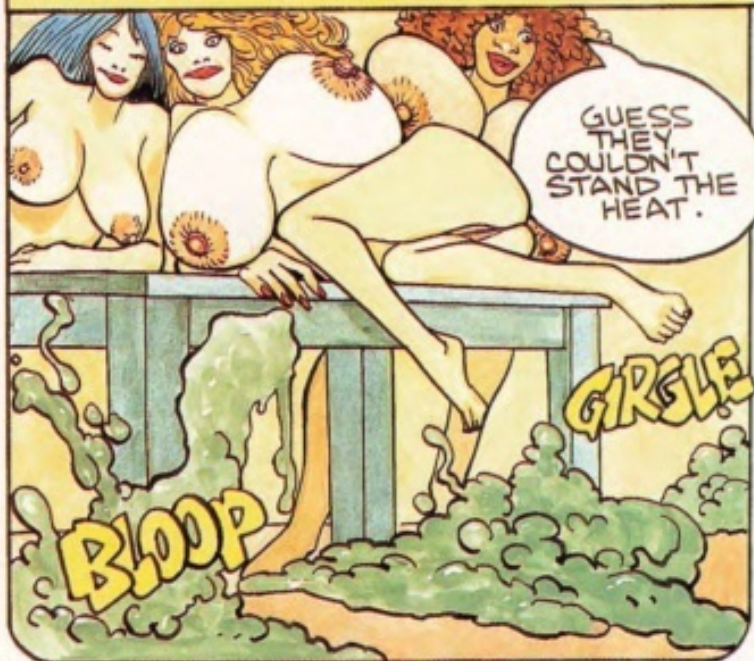
PERHAPS THE WARM BREEZE THAT BLEW ACROSS US WAS JUST THE RESULT OF SOMEONE OPENING A DOOR.



WE CAN ONLY IMAGINE. ALL WE KNOW IS...



...BY THE TIME WE HAD REGAINED OUR OCCUPATIONAL INTEGRITY THE WAX FIGURES WERE JUST POOLS OF MOLTEN GOO.



GUESS THEY COULDN'T STAND THE HEAT.

CASE DISMISSED, I'M PUTTING YOU ALL IN FOR A MEDAL, A RAISE AND I'M RECOMMENDING YOU SPEND A MONTH IN THE POLICE R&R CENTER IN HAWAII WITH YOURS TRULY.

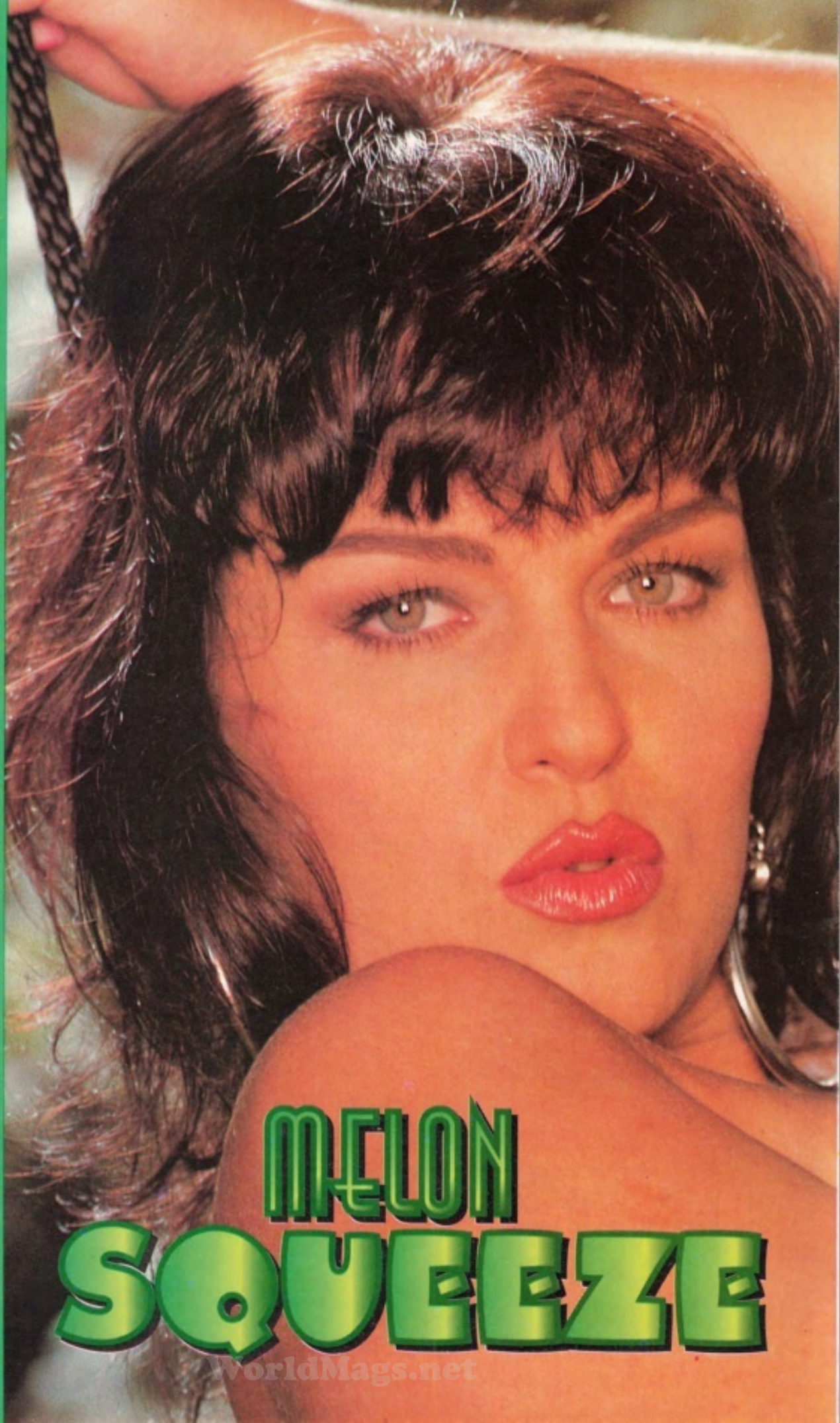
THAT'S WHY WE BECAME COPS. TO PROTECT AND SERVICE.



DO NOT CROSS

POLICE LINE

NEXT TIME.



MELON SQUEEZE

WorldMags.net

Mmmm! Juicy!

Yes, it's a made-up name, but you don't really

care after one look at Melon's huge, suntanned "melons," which are sweet, tasty and, well, squeezable.

Imagine squeezing 'em. Go ahead. Take one of Melon's luscious tits in each hand (if you've got big hands). Heft them, squeeze them (gently!), lick those pink aureole and take one of the hard nipples into your mouth. Then take the other hard nipple into your mouth and...

You might take a look at the rest of Melon's lovely body. She keeps it looking like that—slim, firm, tanned all over (almost) by spending lots of time outdoors, nude, either modeling for you guys, skinny-dipping or sunbathing her melons. Now imagine tit-fucking her melons after she's just finished sunbathing and they're still warm and sweat-slippery from the sun.

You like your melons cold? Well, we're sure Melon will cool them off for you. Anything for a connoisseur of melons.





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The Tawney Peaks Interview

By Irv O. Neil

**A milk and cookies
kind of girl!**

Tawney Peaks, one of the "biggest" and most popular superstars to emerge in the last five years, has appeared in countless D-CUP pictorials. But this is the first time we've ever interviewed her. Our persistent Contributing Editor Irv O. Neil was able to track down Tawney in Detroit and persuade her to stop moving—and no one moves quite like Tawney—long enough for this enlightening chat.

Her answers to Neil's probing questions may shock, stun and amaze you. But they'll also delight and arouse you. If there's one thing Tawney knows how to do, it's turn a man on. Here's how she does it.



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IRV O. NEIL: You're in Detroit between engagements?

TAWNEY PEAKS: Yeah, I just closed at a house here, at seven o'clock this evening.

ION: So this is your first post-closing interview! Well, what else have you been up to lately?

TAWNEY: I was just with Lisa Lipps; we did a video together in the Bahamas with John Graham. We did a three-girl scene, with me and Lisa starting it off; towards the end, SaRenna Lee joins in.

ION: What's the name of the movie?

TAWNEY: No idea yet.

ION: Have you worked with Lisa before?

TAWNEY: Yeah, in Palm Springs, where we did a girl-girl layout.

ION: Do you like doing movies?

TAWNEY: Well, this was my first one.

ION: Oh, haven't you done others before this? Like *Tawney Peaks and Friends*?

TAWNEY: Yeah, but they were just single-girl videos.

ION: So this was your first time on-screen with somebody else. How was it doing girl-girl?

TAWNEY: Easy! (Laughs)

ION: Because you're into it?

TAWNEY: Lisa's a really good friend of mine, so it was fun. It was spur of the moment. We decided okay, we'll do it. But I don't do it in my personal life.

ION: How did you get into dancing? How did the Tawney Peaks career evolve?

TAWNEY: I was discovered on the beach in Daytona by John Graham and his crew, and I did a photo shoot. I was in college, it was spring break and I was, like, "Okay, I can use the money but I'll never do it again." Later I worked my butt off fifty hours a week as a photographic makeup artist, and doing promotional modeling with a makeup company. I decided to get back into [posing for layouts] because the

money was better.

I didn't get into dancing until two years ago. John Graham said, "Why don't you dance? You've got a name, you have a build-up." I was, like, "I've never danced before!"

It's different dancing for a live audience, but I'm glad I did it. I was very nervous at first, but because I'd done promotional modeling in malls, and had good P.R. with people and enjoyed talking with them, I was able to do it. I mean, I'm always nervous the first time I get onstage—even now—but as soon as I see that the crowd responds, the rest of the week's easy.

ION: Where have you danced?

TAWNEY: New York, Hawaii, San Francisco, Canada, all over.

ION: Any clubs you return to frequently?

TAWNEY: Flashdancers in New York; the Market Street Cinema in San Francisco; The Wild Horse in Hawaii. And I have a club in Detroit, Michigan that I work at whenever I come home—it's like my home-club, they feature me here—called Covergirls. Fans can always see me here whenever I'm in town. Just look in the paper and it'll have my picture and say I'm at Covergirls.

ION: What do you like most about dancing?

"I'll sneak up behind him and stick my boobs around his head like Mickey Mouse ears."

TAWNEY: Being able to meet new people.

ION: You must have met a lot of characters on the road.

TAWNEY: You meet guys that range from Mr. Sweet, who's respectful and brings you flowers and talks to you very maturely, to the guys who ask you for a mercy fuck. Guys from every walk of life.

ION: For the official record, what are your measurements?

TAWNEY: They bill me 69 HH-25-34.

ION: What is life like with 69 HH breasts?

TAWNEY: Hard. You can't walk down the street in normal clothes without getting some reaction. In Detroit, where everybody's used to me, I don't have a problem. But when I go to other cities, I get comments. Still, once I start talking, people relax. Like if somebody goes, "Ohmigod did you see those tits?" I'll walk up to them and look down at myself and joke, "How did those get there?" And the person will get a laugh out of it, seeing I don't get defensive.

ION: How do your tits affect your sex life?

TAWNEY: My lovers get suffocated when

I'm on top!

ION: Do you bang or bounce them in front of their faces?

TAWNEY: I do that to my audience as well as to my lovers.

ION: Are you into tit-fucking?

TAWNEY: It gets my partners going!

ION: Have you had many memorable erotic adventures with your boobs?

TAWNEY: I was once with a lover as he was driving down the road, and I tittie-did him.

ION: Well, what personally turns you on?

TAWNEY: Kisses and cuddles. I'm down-to-earth, normal. I like romance—but I do like somebody to sort of take charge of me and tickle me with feathers, too. I like to get licked from head to toe—and have my toes sucked.

ION: Do you like your toes pampered in other ways?

TAWNEY: My feet gotta be rubbed every night before I go to bed.

ION: Do you like a guy to give you a pedicure?

TAWNEY: Oh, yes! Definitely! And I especially like it when a guy chews on the back of my bare heels. They have to nibble on the bottom of my feet or otherwise I'm not ticklish there.

ION: What else do you like? A guy going down on you?

TAWNEY: Ooh, yes!

ION: Did I press a button by asking that question?

TAWNEY: Uh-huh!

ION: Do you like him to work his way up your legs, up your calves, up your thighs, to the main spot?

TAWNEY: Yeah, that's perfect!

ION: I'm very intuitive. Well, how do you prepare yourself for a lover? Are you, per-

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

haps, into lingerie? Or do you just like to be nude?

TAWNEY: All of the above; it just depends on the mood.

ION: Do you like candles, setting a scene?

TAWNEY: Definitely. Candles, bubble bath, champagne or wine, strawberries, whipped cream... (Laughs) But then other times just throw me down on the leather couch and—! (Laughs) Just like everybody else.

ION: Do you put perfume between your breasts?

TAWNEY: Oh, yes. I used to like Caroline Herrera, but now I like Liz Claiborne.

ION: Do you dab it anywhere besides your cleavage? Behind your ears? Any other special places?

TAWNEY: Down in my cookie.

ION: Your cookie?

TAWNEY: (Laughs) Well, not in my cookie, but dabbed on the sides of my thighs. And on my wrists, and on my knees...

ION: Do you have any other names besides "cookie" for your—uh—

TAWNEY: No, I just call it a cookie. And whenever I'm doing a photo shoot and somebody uses the p-word, I make 'em stop. You can ask any photographer about this. I make them call it a cookie, for the whole shoot.

ION: Well, moving beyond photography, describe your stage act for our readers.

TAWNEY: I come into the audience for my whole first song and play with everybody, goof off with them. I'll grab the mike and talk over the music.

ION: You're good at ad-libbing?

TAWNEY: Oh yeah...it's audience participation. I make sure everybody walks out of there thinking they had a good time. I make 'em laugh, feel good.

ION: What are some things you do with the audience?

TAWNEY: I'll come up behind somebody who's sitting in the club, where everybody else can see me but this person. I'll lay my breasts on his shoulders, and he turns around and freaks out and everybody laughs! Or I'll do "ear-muffs"—a guy'll be sitting there and I'll sneak up behind him and stick my boobs around his head like Mickey Mouse ears.

I enjoy my crowd. I'll make the whole audience scream, and I'll ask, "Who can scream the loudest?" I'll pick him and have the deejays turn the music down while I make him scream. But as he's screaming, I'll take my boob and stick it into his mouth and the sound comes out "Uh-wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh" really loud, and then everyone cracks up! Or if the club will let me, I'll get a guy onstage and ride him around like he's a horse, and

then lay him down and undo his top trouser button and pull his underwear off without removing his pants! The audience laughs because he doesn't have his underwear on anymore. How's he going to explain that when he gets home? And I pour beer off my boobs into their mouths...

ION: I bet they start to prefer their brews that way.

TAWNEY: They love it! They're breast-fed babies. And I also have little giveaways, like lighters. If I'm in a nude club, during my last song I'll take a lighter and put it down by my cookie and blow it out, then give the lighter away. And during Christmastime I give away candy canes, but they have to take them from my boobs with their mouths. Then I'll go down on the candy cane.

ION: Santa should give such service.

TAWNEY: Yeah...

ION: How many weeks do you go on the road?

"I pour beer off my boobs into their mouths."

TAWNEY: Not very much this year. I've been mellow, just a lot of magazine work for John Graham. I've got eight or nine layouts coming out. Tiffany Towers and I did a layout together, Lisa Lipps and I, SaRenna Lee and myself; and I just did my first boy-girl layout with a guy named Cliff.

ION: How did you like it?

TAWNEY: It was easy, fun.

ION: Are you friends with the other big-tit strippers?

TAWNEY: Yeah. I get along with everybody. There can be people who can't stand each other, but I can be in the middle of them and love them both.

ION: You seem to have a really good disposition. What do you attribute that to?

TAWNEY: I feel that if you're not happy where you're at, then just be somewhere else where you'll be happy.

ION: What are your plans in the next few months?

TAWNEY: I'm going to furnish my new house. And I'm going to San Francisco and Hawaii in December, and I'll be hitting New York again.

ION: What do you like most about being on the road?

TAWNEY: Once I get there! (Laughs)

ION: So what do you like least?

TAWNEY: Traveling!

ION: Living in hotel rooms—does that bug you?

TAWNEY: Yes.

ION: Do you travel with somebody?

TAWNEY: A roadie-bodyguard.

ION: What about your fan club? I read somewhere that your aunt is handling it for you now. Is that true?

TAWNEY: She doesn't handle it, she's just collecting my mail. I had to change the address because I moved out of L.A. I'm still reading all my letters and sending everything out, but she's the one going to the post office box if I'm not in town and shipping the stuff to me. She does this from Michigan. The address is: Tawney Peaks Fan Club, P.O. Box 806113, St. Clair Shores, Michigan 48080. Fans need to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope so I can send them information back. Or if they want to enroll right away, it's \$25.00, and they can just send a check. I send them back an 8x10 photo, a gift certificate for a Polaroid, and a membership card.

ION: You must get some memorable fan letters.

TAWNEY: I get songs, poems—those are cool. And I just got a picture in the mail, a Polaroid with a guy who had my magazine laying on his bed with his pee-pee on me in the magazine, saying that he's getting off for Tawney Peaks.

ION: Where exactly was his pee-pee placed?

TAWNEY: In the cookie, on the magazine!

ION: Well, it sounds like you enjoy your career. But further down the line, what do you see? Maybe marriage, children, settling down?

TAWNEY: Of course. That's what my goal is.

ION: If you could do a sex scene with anybody, man or woman, who would it be?

TAWNEY: Richard Grieco. He writes poetry, and I like that.

ION: You're a sucker for verse?

TAWNEY: Yeah.

ION: Have a lot of poetry books?

TAWNEY: Yeah. I used to write it on occasion, too, but I haven't for awhile because I haven't had the time...Oh, another of my goals is that eventually I want to sing.

ION: What kind of music?

TAWNEY: Like Mariah Carey, that kind of lovey-dovey, upbeat Top 40. Whitney Houston, Gloria Estefan. I've sung on stage in New York, grabbing the mike and singing along with a couple of the songs and walking through the audience. I've sung the song, "I've Been Around the World,"—know that one? I can't find my baby and I'll pretend to look through the audience to find—The Guy, the "baby" I was looking for.

ION: I'll definitely catch your act next time you're in New York, Tawney! Any last words to your fans?

TAWNEY: Thank you for supporting me, for making me feel so loved, for all the kind letters and pretty presents, and for just being there! I hope you're always there. Big hugs and big kisses! Love, Tawney! □

A photograph of a blonde woman with large breasts, wearing a black top and heavy jewelry, posing against a brick wall. The woman has long blonde hair with bangs, red lipstick, and is looking directly at the camera with her mouth slightly open. She is wearing a black spaghetti-strap top, a large multi-strand diamond necklace, large diamond earrings, diamond bracelets on both wrists, and a large diamond ring on her left ring finger. Her hands are resting on her thighs. The background is a brick wall.

Busty Brittany



Photos by JLG DC-12

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Attention grabber!

When Busty last appeared in D-CUP, way back in August, she was busy getting fucked by a man. Though she enjoyed the session, Busty prefers to be alone in the spotlight, and here she makes the most of it. Do you like that sexy, low-cut black dress? Kinda gets your attention. And when Busty lets her big boobs ooze out of it and licks them, she's got all the attention a woman could want, right? Wrong. She wants still more male attention.

Busty strips down to a bikini-like jeweled device that doesn't quite cover her pussy. Her smooth, creamy body is nicely topped off by her smooth, creamy boobs. Now she's got the attention of every nerve in your body, especially the nerves in your dick. Is that enough for her? No.

Busty is *really* showing it all now, especially her juicy cunt, in bend-overs; on her back with her long legs spread apart and her toes pointed at the ceiling; on her side with one tit cupped in her hand and one leg raised way up.

Are you paying attention now? We thought so. And that's what Busty wants, the ultimate in attention.











Lili does another stud...

**Between
Her Jugs!**





When Lili Xene does a stud, she really does him. You saw her do a stud in

the October 1994 D-CUP, and here she's doing another one, name of Marino. And she does him backwards, forwards and sideways and does everything to his big dick except make it beg for more. She gives it everything without begging—sucking, tickling, scraping it with her long, long fingernails—look out for those fingernails, Marino—a hot tit-fuck and a pussy-fuck.

And Marino turns the tables on Lili, you might say, and does her pretty well, giving those big juicy tits a workout with his hands, tongue and dick. And, of course, he doesn't neglect her sweet cunt.

Would you if you had the chance to do Lili?









Follow the bouncing Czech!

Teresa has an indefinable "different" look that tells us she isn't an American. But she has an American attitude, and told us that she's a "quick study in capitalism" and wants to exchange her big, soft boobs for American dollars. She's made a good start modeling for D-CUP, whose readers are unusually discriminating. They know a fine pair of all-natural boobs when they see them.

But Teresa is much more than her big, soft boobs with their tiny pink nipples. Maybe you've noticed her slightly Asiatic eyes that seem to say, "Come over here with your rugged American dick, and I'll show you what a Czech girl can do with it." Teresa also has a pair of firm, round buns and long, strong-looking legs that look as if they can coil around your waist and never let you go as you pump away with your "rugged American dick."

And Teresa has quickly learned the fine American art of "showing pink," which you have surely noticed. Her pussy also has a not-American look to it. Hmmm.

We think that Teresa is well on her way to becoming an Americanized big-boob model, the big, bouncy Czech.



SECRET











TERESA

A woman with long blonde hair and red lipstick is lying down, looking towards the camera. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, top. A large, realistic-looking orange fruit prop is placed over her chest and upper abdomen, partially obscuring her body. The background is a blue and white floral patterned fabric.



A Cherry On Top

Her secret talents were unimaginable!

By Lou Meyers



It was the bakery on 5th and Ramapo Streets, called A Cherry on Top. A little bell rings when you go in. Tile floors, black and white. On the walls, signs—Home-made Donuts, 1/2 dozen, \$1.50; Danish Pastry, Apple/Berry/ Fruit/ Cinnamon, \$1.00; Cakes-From \$6.00.

A sparkling bakery. Gleaming glass-and-chrome cases filled with sweets. I knelt down to examine a napoleon, then went to the next part of the case and checked out a cannoli. It was a hard choice, whether to go for the flaky, goo-filled cannoli or the multi-tiered, crusty napoleon, with its sweet layers of cream.

I was noticing a prime specimen, and lifting my eyes up to a row of chocolate chip cookies when, just above eye level, I saw a hovering mass encased in a sparkling, white cotton blouse, the fabric stretched to its limit as buttons tried to keep back the flow.

My eyes boldly crept upwards, shrouded through the veil of the case. I saw the flow of her breasts, packaged in baker's virginal white. I let my eyes prowl just a little bit further, to study a chasm between the out-thrusting breasts that grew inwardly concave as it reached the chest, from which sprouted the two tremendous

boobs; boobs in the grandest sense of the term; proud masses of woman-flesh topped by (I imagined!) huge, ten-inch in diameter aureoles of a dark-pink hue. They were the kind of breasts that I hadn't even dared fantasize about, convinced that I would never actually see any like this, that such a prize was like a Garden of Eden or Shangri-La.

"Can I help you?"

I barely heard the voice. I kept on gazing through the glass, presumably at eclairs and fruit tarts, but in truth at the magnificent pair, the divine dispensation of frontal flesh, that just barely moved up and down with her every breath.

"Can I help you?"

I gazed, my stare fixed beyond the goodies in the case to the goodies that danced before my eyes. These were sweets beyond any I could find in a glass bakery case. I didn't care about chocolate, vanilla or hazelnut. I wanted ripe tit-flesh, wads of it, freed from the oversized bra. I wanted to bow my head there and press my face against it and smother myself until—

"Sir, can I help you?" her voice said. I somehow snapped out of the reverie and stood looking at her face to face. I was tense. At first I avoided her eyes, still thinking about what was below. But then I dug up the courage and took a real look and with the same magic, I saw that she was perfect. Soft brown eyes, blonde hair pulled behind her back, slightly tanned skin, clear complexion, and every pore of her body guiding me downward past her glorious throat to her breasts.

Somehow, sanity prevailed. Until I said, "Yes, I'd like two cannolis, and four napoleons—no six napoleons." Napoleon Bonaparte had been a powerful man, a machismo symbol. She'd associate me with that. But what the hell would I do with all this pastry? I lived alone and couldn't possibly eat it all before it went bad. I just wanted her to think I was a big spender, didn't I? I didn't want to seem like a cheapskate, to disappoint her on this first meeting. First impressions were everything. "And two...two... What do you recommend?"

"I recommend the tira misu."

"What's that?"

"It's a small Italian cake with chocolate, espresso and cream, and a touch of rum. It's very moist and tasty."

I nodded enthusiastically. "And two of those."

I had bought twenty-five dollars worth of pastry in the blink of an eye.

"Thanks, and come again!" she said brightly.

I eyed her with longing, and with a hard-on. I haven't come yet, I thought, but thinking of you, I will, soon.

I saw a mound of snow, of white, pure white. I stepped towards it. I put my finger out and touched it, brought it to my mouth. Whipped cream, entire mounds of it. Huge, frothy whiteness, everywhere. I began to step into it, to become a part of it. Suddenly from out of the whiteness, came two enormous orbs. They were large, larger than I could be. They made their way towards me. They were capped with pink peaks. I stuck out my tongue to taste one of the tips, and licked gently. The peaks pressed toward me, into my open mouth, as I waded through the whipped cream. I felt them filling my mouth, spilling over me, pressing me back until I was sinking into the mounds of whipped cream, and a woman's form was hovering over me, her breasts in the fore and her body back, as if distant, in the strange perspective.

I awoke, the memory of the dream like a hook in my mind. My cock was throbbing. It took a moment for me to jog myself into reality and remember that the girl in the dream was the bakery girl. She had penetrated my subconscious mind. I gripped my cock and conjured her memory. I started to stroke myself, but then, uncharacteristically, I stopped. I did not want to come. There was something about the thought of her, the image of her, that was angelic and pure, urging me to hold back. It would enable me to cherish and nurture a relationship, to heighten my desire, to even tease myself. I had to

tease myself at her breasts.

I waited two days before I went back to the bakery.

But I couldn't stay away. I went back the following day. And the next. I made the bakery a regular stop. I learned that the counter girl's name was "Kelly." I began to learn her hours. I learned her break times. I studied her smile, her movements, her gestures, her words, "Can I help you?" "Thanks, and come again!" So simple, naive and trusting, I thought.

The next few weeks became months. Our relationship was always very businesslike. I would place my order and she would fill it. I kept my orders varied so she

wouldn't think of me as predictable or boring. Sometimes I asked for obscure items, just for an opportunity to watch her lean over inside the bakery case, her breasts dangling, as she fished around for the prune danish or frosted cruller or whatever it was I had dreamed up that day.

One day I was maybe gazing at her a little too hard. She shyly averted her eyes, noticing my piercing eyes.

"Is...is there something wrong?"

"Wrong? Oh, no! Of course not! I'm sorry for staring! I feel like an idiot. I don't want you to think— Oh, forget it, nothing's wrong." I was practically babbling.

She saw how flustered I'd become and made it easy for me, saying, "I'm glad there's nothing wrong. You're my best customer." She gave me a warm smile.

She smiled at me! "Her best customer!" There was life! There was hope! I met her eyes and felt the link of kindness, of gentleness. I let my eyes slide just a few inches down, to the masterpiece that was her chest. Those brilliant boobs, encased in their cotton, were practically charging for me. I had to muster all my control to keep my hands from grabbing, gripping them and pulling them to my face and sucking for all they were worth.

That night, I went home. But as horny as I was, I somehow controlled myself. I would not taint her in any way with my "base pleasures." It was odd of me, I know, totally off the wall, but she was—I never thought I'd hear myself say this—sacred to me.

I went to the bakery every day. We

"They were boobs in the grandest sense of the term; proud masses of woman-flesh topped by huge, ten-inch in diameter aureoles of a dark-pink hue."

would make small talk. It was always very formal, as if I didn't want to get too close; I liked her where she was. I liked those huge breasts of hers, so special to me and my mind. She was kind to me seeming to appreciate my appreciation of her. I felt we were developing a warm and lasting relationship.

One day I was with my friend Vincent. Vincent and I went way back. He was married, but that didn't stop him from having a good time now and then.

"Lou, I have to tell you this story."

"What is it, Vincent?"

Vincent had some interesting stories. He was a landscaping foreman in the area

and often visited homes of the rich and famous. He would tell me how he would sometimes slack off behind a mower and watch a beautiful babe sunning herself by the pool, her breasts bare. He would tell me how she had long, "bottle-cap" nipples, suckable and succulent, and he would tell me how her eyes invited him over. Once in awhile he and one of these idle rich babes would slip into her bedroom, and he'd give her the high hard one in a way that her flabby Wall Street fat cat husband could never do. He told me how these women craved his sweaty body, begging him to "Fuck me harder!" And all the time feeling pangs of guilt. He thought that was a riot.

Those were Vincent's kind of stories. I liked them, and I always waited for the next one. "Get this one, Lou," he said, "You're a tit man, maybe you'll appreciate this."

"Me, a tit man?" I said. "Where did you get that idea?"

He chuckled a friendly fist into my elbow. "Anyway, get this. Me and the crew are coming off of work. Anthony asks me if I want to go to this club, Bonkers—you know, the topless joint off one-thirty-five?"

"Yeah, I know the place." At one time, it seemed like I lived there.

"Anyway, we'd been working since six a.m., but I said, 'What the hell. Let's do it.' So we pull the truck over. The place is packed. It's Friday night, everybody's just gotten their paychecks, and it's fucking wild. The first dancer comes out. She's a black chick, good tits, thirty-six double-D, I'd say, all-natural. And she knows how to play the pole, pressing herself against it, pressing her tits against it and squeezing. You could almost feel the cold metal against her skin."

"The second dancer was into gymnastics. She could do some mean splits. We're working on our third, maybe fourth brews, losing count. But the music's hot and it's great."

"The dancers at Bonkers are the best around," I put in.

"No shit, man. Well, let me tell you about this third one."

"Okay," I said. "Make my day."

"Well, Mr. Tit Man. This beautiful blonde comes out. What a fucking gorgeous face. She could be a fashion model. Top of the line. Blonde. Great hair. Maybe nineteen, twenty years old. She's in this Spandex outfit that is enclosing this mass of tit that is so fucking big and round and swollen that I am sitting at the table almost howling like a goddamn wolf."

"That sounds like your ordinary state of

mind."

"No, this was different! What a body! Slim waist, muscular thighs, long legs. But the tits underneath her tight top, the music getting louder, faster, more intense, and then she begins to let loose. She takes everything off except the top, just to tease us. Every guy in the place is going nuts. The song is building until finally she lets loose the string and we see the greatest set of jugs I have ever seen, in real life, in the movies, in magazines, in my fuckin' dreams. What tits! Words, numbers, inches don't do them justice."

"I'm listening."

"So we're just sitting in the front row, throwing her \$1 bills. Some of the guys are waving twenties, fifties. This chick must be new on the circuit or something. Then she starts making the rounds. I want her, I want her bad! I hold up a C-Note."

"She must've been something special. Vincent, you're tight as a drum!"

"I would've given my life savings. So she sees the green and she comes over to me. 'Hi, baby doll,' she says, 'I'm gonna give you the treatment!' I can't believe it! She's over me now and she bunched her breasts between her hands. She presses them against my face. She guides them so I've got one on each cheek. She's rocking me back and forth between the folds of her tits. The crowd is going wild! My head's deep between her tits, my tongue slappin' out at her. I feel the wetness between her legs, between her g-string. I'm hard, hard as a rock."

"She slides downward, still holding her tits. Everybody in the club wants to see what's going on. Anthony's leaning over me, drooling, 'Save some, man! Save some for me!' I didn't think of him; instead I see that pair slide to my pants and a couple of fingers go to my belt. I hear her soft voice say, 'Tit fuck me. Tit fuck me!'"

"The crowd's yelling and whistling. 'Go for it! Take it! Do it, do it, do it!' What the hell—you only live once, right? I down the beer, the bartender comes over and gives me a shot and says, 'The management don't see nothing. Take it away, enjoy yourself.'"

"So I face the girl, who's now at my dick, and has her breasts wrapped around my rod. I start to stroke and thrust, as I feel her tit-skin juicing up with a light layer of sweat and pre-cum. I put my hands on her shoulders and went at those rockin' mams, up and down on my big johnny. Oh, brother, the crowd was making me harder. You've never seen anything like it. I was in tit-man's heaven. Then she squeezes them together until I feel like I'm

in a great tit-vice! I'm so hard I'm gonna explode. 'On my tits, baby,' she says, 'on my tits!'"

"'Yeah,' I said, 'yeah,' as I took my cock in hand and let the white stuff spurt. What a wad I had for this chick. She licked her lips and gobbled that load. She took her fingers and wiped the cum off her breasts, swirling it into the skin, licking it, savoring it, loving it. She squeezed another hunk out of the tip of my shaft and rubbed it on her nipples. At last I was drained, every last ounce of my strength gone. This gal's unbelievable. You know what she says next? 'Any other takers!' A hundred hands shot up! That chick probably went all night."

"Well, Vincent, you're a stud, all right. I've got to meet this girl. Maybe we can go to Bonkers together some time."

"That's a good idea, Lou. But wait a minute. I'm not done."

"What do you mean?"

"After we're done, Anthony says to me, 'Ain't that the chick works in the bakery?' I looked at her real carefully. It's her, the chick I get my donuts from every morning."

I blanched. "Bakery? Which bakery?"

"That's what makes it so great! The bakery in town!"

I tried to control the panic that had gripped me. "There are three or four bakeries in town. There's Edelweiss. Cake Town, Burton's and... A Cherry on Top. Which one?" I felt a trembling fear.

"The bakery on Fifth and Ramp. A little bell rings when you go in. It's got tile floors, black and white. You must know the place. Gleaming glass-and-chrome cases filled with sweets. Great cannolis. Great napoleons."

"I don't know. What's the name—Cherry on Top?"

I suddenly lunged for him. "Quiet! Quiet! Just be quiet!" I grabbed him by the neck, throttling him insanely.

"Hey, Lou! What's wrong with you?" he gasped. "You crazy? You fucking crazy?"

I backed off, drenched with perspiration. "I'm...I'm sorry, Vincent, I'm sorry."

Now, come mornings, I bypass the bakery and go to the diner, where I'm quite friendly with the waitresses. I have toast, a couple of eggs over easy, maybe a side order of bacon and sausage. At night, when I'm home fantasizing, I let my mind wander, and sometimes I'll even think of her—her form, her smile, her breasts, shrouded in a beautiful concoction of sugar, pastry and whipped cream. With a cherry on top. □



WorldMags.net



Nicki Lynn

*Hello
cowgirl in
the hay!*

The gal under that cowgirl hat, rolling around in the hay, is just a little tyke, barely five feet tall and a bit over 100 pounds. But it seems as if Nicki got the wrong set of boobs, like maybe her big pair belong to a gal five feet ten and 140 pounds or so. But no one's ever complained to Nicki, we're sure.

Maybe you like extra-big boobs on a petite woman. But that isn't all there is to Nicki. Notice those strokable thighs and legs. Smooth, tanned, firm legs and thighs. And the buns. Ditto. Or maybe you're into flat, lickable tummies like Nicki's.

But back to those tits, which are special aside from being big. They've got tasty looking pink nipples that seem to look right into your eyes, as if inviting you to munch on them. Accept the invitation. Munch away.

And when you've gotten Nicki's nipples—and your dick—stiff, go for a tit-fuck. Maybe you'll be so hot you'll spout enough cum to cover Nicki's entire petite body.













ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮੀਤੀ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ 'ਨਾਨਾ' ਤੇ 'ਮਾਮਾ' ਦੇ



4

on the floor!

On the floor. On the sofa. Partly on the floor, partly on the sofa. Wherever. The "Four Furies of Fucking" will do it any-place.

They create quite a tangle of arms, legs, big tits, bellies, thighs, big tits, asses, big tits and luscious wet cunts, so we'll sort them out for any finicky types among our readers: Kimberly Kupps is the one who's sort of wearing the pink top, Jerica has a green top, Holly's outfit is black, and Blake's is blue.

Back to the action. This looks like a free-for-all for horny big-titted women, with each one getting a chance to lick the others' pussies, squeeze their tits and press her big, succulent, stiff-nippled boobs against every other set of big, succulent, stiff-nippled boobs.

But it also looks like a scientific experiment to see how many different sex positions the human female body is capable of getting into. We lost count fast. And another experiment to determine how many orgasms can be attained by four women, using tongues and fingers, and rubbing their pussies together. We lost count there too.





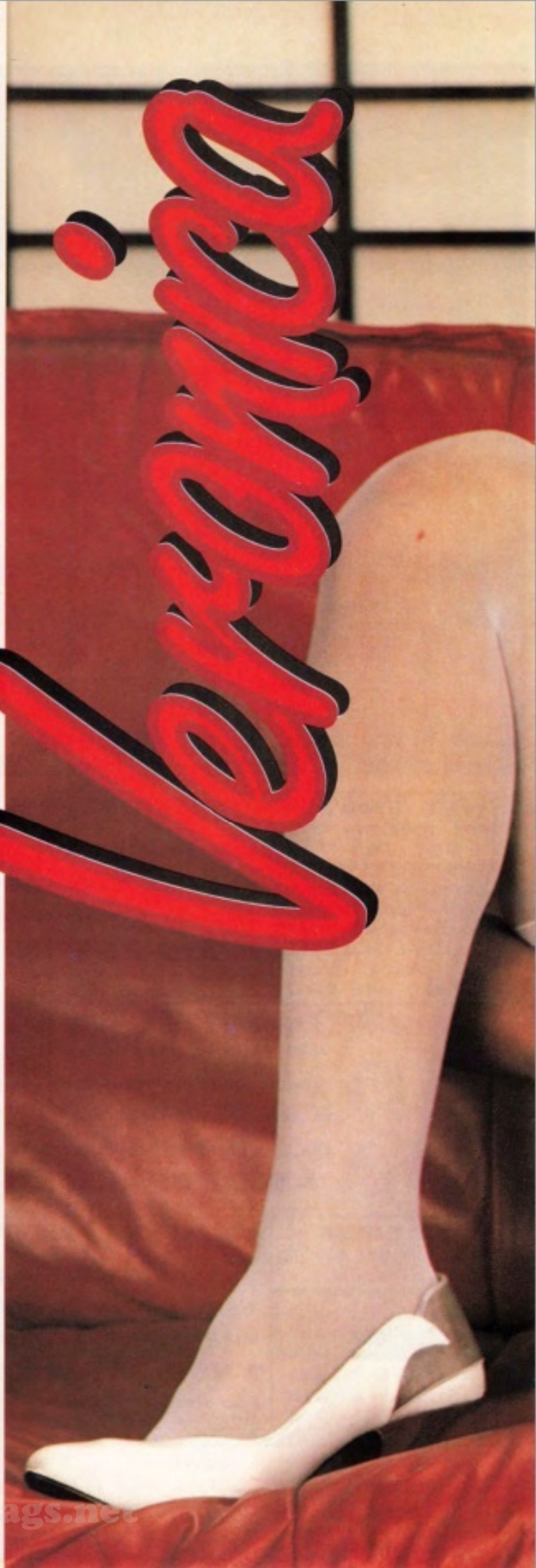








Veronica





Born to be Wild!

You saw Veronica as part of The Tit Team of 1994 in the March 1994 D-CUP!

You saw Veronica being "stormed" by Crystal Storm in the June 1994 issue!

You saw Veronica licking whipped cream off a guy's big cock in the December issue!

And now, here's Veronica as you've never seen her before, a big-boobed "kid" just starting out as a model. This was before she said that she'd do "anything sexual," and was nicknamed "Wild Child."

We think Veronica looks wild here, with her beautiful brown skin; huge, flawless tits with carmine-colored nipples that are always stiff and ready for sucking and gently gnawing on; thighs that you know will hug your waist as you fuck, and clamp your head tightly as you lick her red-lipped cunt.

And when Veronica takes out the bottle of oil and begins rubbing it into those magnificent tits, what's your first thought? A warm, slippery tit-fuck, with Veronica, the Wild Child who'll do anything sexual, nipping and licking and sucking your cock on every up-stroke.

Looks to us as if Veronica started out as the Wild Child and just got wilder. Who knows what she'll do next.









