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**YOU CAN
WIN THEM
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**BIG
BOOBS
BATTLE!**

(60-EE vs. 46-DD)



BIG BOOBS

Vol. 2 No. 8 OCTOBER 1984

Publisher **SAVANNAH DAHL**
Editor **HUGH MORRISSEY**
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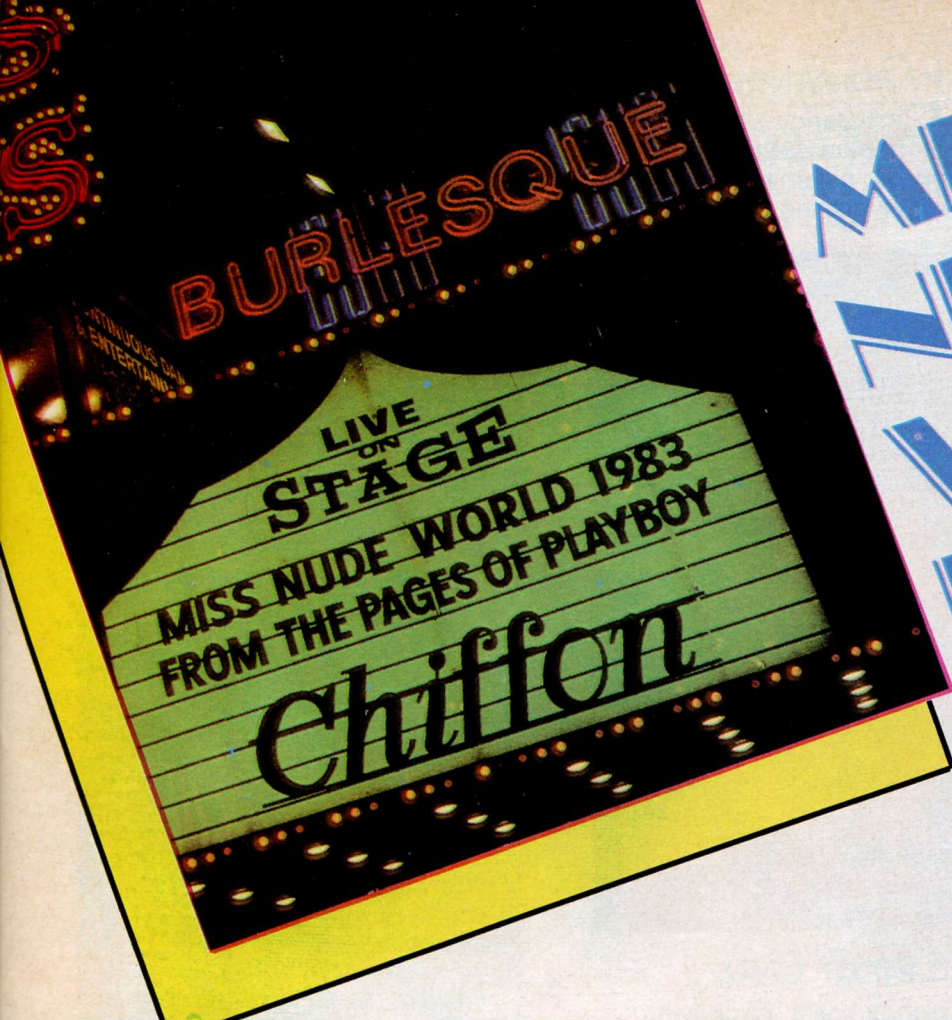
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Show us the shots of your girl's buxom bosom and you could win big bucks!





MISS
NUDE
WORLD
LUSTS
OUT

Chiffon



4 BIG BOOBS

It was a particularly good crowd, even for the free-swinging Pussycat Theater, the night we caught Chiffon's act. Never having seen her, we weren't sure what to expect. Oh, we knew who she was: Miss Nude World '82 (and '83!) but....

Ta-da...music blares and out of the wings comes an eye-catching blonde with more bouncy bulges than a

phrenologist's mannikin. Immediately, our photographer, Don Demcsik starts shooting. At least, we assume he's motor-driving away—the truth is, we're too busy drooling to watch. Does that clue tell you we like what we see? The crowd obviously agrees, because with zero ado it goes bat shit, screaming and whistling and stomping. And from that point the

show just gets better, with Chiffon's nude floor work bringing down (or maybe off?) the house.

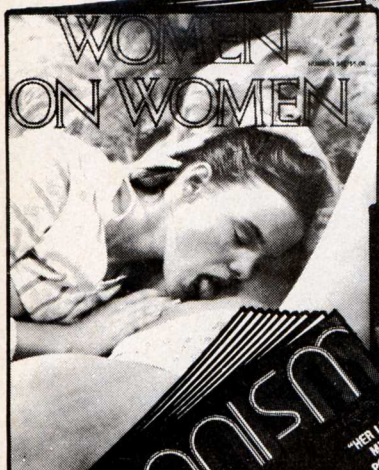
When we talked with Chiffon backstage after the show, she told us her main target right now is to repeat as Miss Nude World for '84—a hat trick that's never been done before. Well, the girl's got the right stuff and we wish her the best of luck.







LESBIANISM



BEDMATES

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LESBIANISM

—Follow their heated passion from the kitchen to living room to bedroom as Leslie and Sheri let you peek into their secret sex lives and witness the height of their passion for each others soft, firm bodies!

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Mamma Mia

**'I used to be plump
and horny. Then I lost 25
pounds. Now I'm
skinny—and still horny!'**



8 BIG BOOBS



I like my
body better now.
I look sexier
my bed moves are
hotter, but
now I don't get
as many men.
Maybe I should
put some of
it back on?'





Annie Flashes Cannes

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUMMER PRODUCTIONS

Get a load of ANNIE AMPLE—all 44-24-36 of her. Annie is no figment of the erotic imagination but a flesh and blood character played full-time by aspiring asctress-entertainer Karen Ambler.

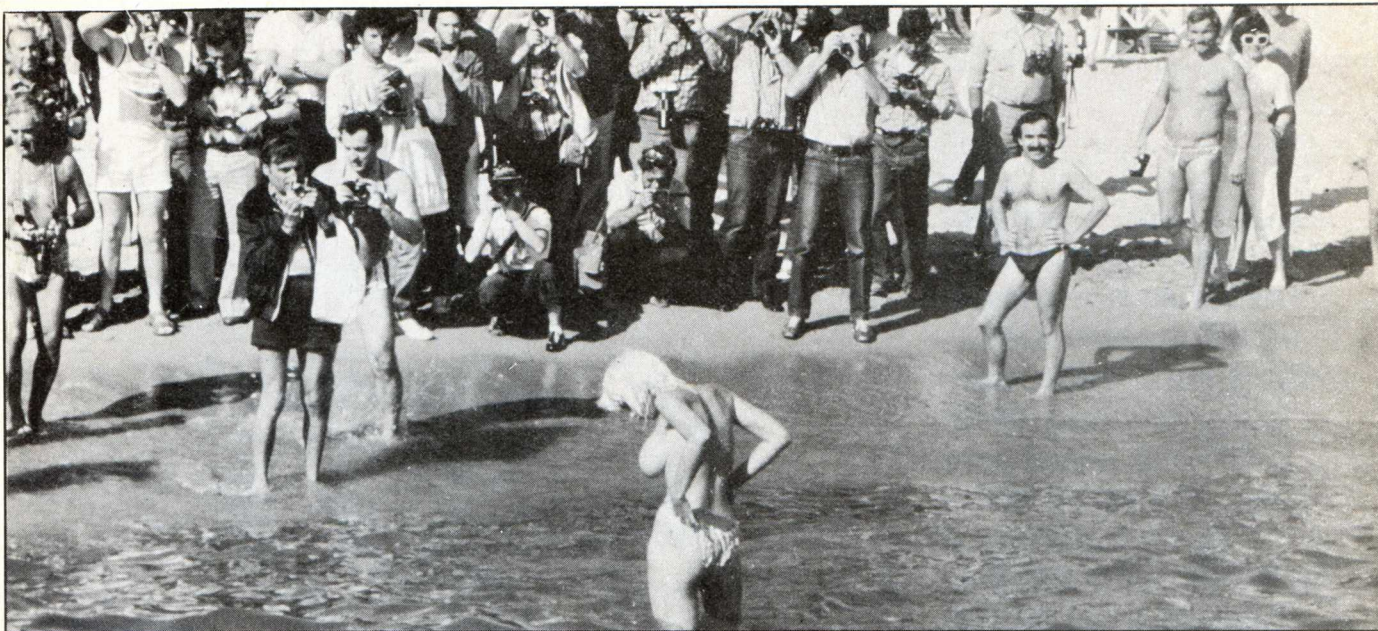
Karen parlayed her outsized 44-D tits—once insured for a million dollars—into becoming an international spectacle named Annie Ample—and she's no orphan when it comes to talent either.

Annie's quick wit, along with her tits, has made her a familiar figure in movies, at supper clubs and on TV shows, the stage and in countless national magazines. Along the way she's garnered all sorts of titles, from Miss Armed Forces Favorite 1983 (her boobs immediately became a topless morale booster for the Marines) to Miss Southern Society Whiskey 1980 (though she doesn't drink anything stronger than 7-Up.).

Not surprisingly, Annie makes a big splash at the Cannes Film Festival whenever she appears there, as these pictures amply show!

Annie Ample makes a clean breast of her top-heavy charms on the beach, giving camera buffs (and others) a lot to shoot for.





Annie, who's appeared in numerous movies (including *The Last Horror Film*, *Sweet Dreams*, *Diagonal Man*, *Scavenger Hunt*, *To Catch A Dream* and *Cannes '83*) was a big hit with fans at Cannes!



Swimming, says Annie, helped her develop her super-sized mammaries—along with belly dancing, fencing (with foils and boys) and (yep) stand-up comedy. “In stand-up comedy, you have to take in a lot of hot air,” she explains. Something to do with balloons?



Annie Ample

**The Girl With The
\$1,000,000 Breasts
Humps 'N Bumps It**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HALSEY MUNSON

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I love performing live
in front of an appreciative
audience...watching the
guys get hot for me
drives me wild with desire!



'My motto is:
More bounce
to the ounce,
more hump
to the bump!







WIN MY TASSELS...

And A Custom-Made cast of my Great Big Boobies!

'My fans always ask me for a momento when they see me strip on stage—and their favorite request is for my tassels.

I guess they like the idea that those silly little nipple warmers have been pulled off my hot, bouncy breasts. Unfortunately, I'd go broke if I kept giving my costumes away—brief as they are—but when BIG BOOBS Magazine asked me to come up with a prize for this contest, I figured they'd be the perfect souvenir for a guy who loves titties! Then I also remembered that I have a friend who just loves to plaster cast my boobs. In fact, I've got several perfect plaster cast of my breasts hanging in my livingroom at home.

Anyway, one of you lucky guys will win an exact replica of my million dollar boobs—personally autographed to you and signed by me—as well as the tassels I wore in this layout. And, if I'm near your hometown when you win, I'll try my best to personally deliver them to you! So, all you adorable, humpy guys, just fill out the coupon and mail it in. The winner will be picked at random by me. Good luck...and may the breast man—I mean best man—win!

Win-A-Tassel Entry Form

Hurry up and mail in this coupon today. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 1, 1984. A winner will be picked totally at random.

Send coupon to:

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New York, N.Y. 10016

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(Please print)

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I certify that I am over nineteen years old.

(Signature) _____



Ask ANNIE!

Questions by Our Readers/Answers By Annie Ample

The Queen of the Mammoth Mammaries Answers Your Most Outrageous Questions!

BLACK 'N BITCHIN!

Dear Annie:

I saw you perform live in Toronto last year and man, did you ever melt the frozen north! I don't want to sound like a fool but I've got a question I'd like to ask that's been bothering me for awhile and I know you'll give me a straight answer.

I'm a black dude, 24-years-old, and I've been going with a white chick who's 31. She likes to fuck me all the time, like four or five times a day! She's always telling me that she loves my big, black cock. I'd like her to be my permanent woman but she says she's had enough of that before. What can I do?

Ransom L.

Dear Ransom:

I think it's lovely that your lady adores your big black baton. After all, what nice girl wouldn't? Why don't you give her some breathing space—she's probably coming off a relationship with more bickering than dickering and just wants to relax in the arms and bed of a strong man, have some pussy pile-driving and let the rest of the world go copulating around on its own for a while. Once she's finally been screwed to her heart's content by that torpedo of yours, you can tell whether you really want to go for



the long term contract or not. The odds are that if you give her a chance and don't push it, she'll sign up for a long, long time on your team!

WHEELCHAIR LUST!

Dear Annie,

I'd love to join your fan club—do you have one? Every time I see you on the cover of a mag I buy it for my stroke collection. Looking at you gives me one hell of a rock-hard dick. In fact, I'm getting so turned on just writing to you that my cock is jutting up high on my belly right now. I'd love to slip it deep inside your beautiful pussy and really give you one hell of a good fuck.

Annie, have you ever been fucked by a guy in a wheelchair? You should try it—I know you'd love it. The reason I ask is because I'm in a wheelchair due to a car accident five years ago. Although I can't walk, I can still fuck like the devil. Also, I'm a chronic masturbator—especially to photos of you! I love your great big jugs. I dream of sucking your luscious nipples for hours, then licking your sweet snatch until the honey drips between your thighs.

Uh-oh, my girlfriend just came back from the store and caught me with a hard-on. Oh, Annie, now she's down

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on her knees in front of my wheelchair sucking my dick. Oh, wow, that feels so good I'm going to cum. I better let you go now, Annie. Oh, shit—I just shot a wad of cum right in her eye!

Keep up the good work and your big, beautiful tits, Annie. Oh, and don't forget to tell me how to join your fan club.

Loving you all night long,
Your fan "Hard" Roland

Dear Roland:

Thank you for your "warm" letter. Well, at least it wasn't sticky like a lot of mail I get these days! I've heard about wheelchair basketball teams—if they ever have wheelchair balling teams, I'd vote for you for captian! By the way, how's your girlfriend's eye? You'd better be careful where you shoot those "baskets"—I've heard of mud in your eye, but cum! As for joining my fan club, yes I have one and here's how you can become a member in "hard" standing: Write Annie Ample, P.O. Box 60563, Las Vegas, Nevada 89160-0160. Don't be surprised by the longer zip code, it's correct! Hope to hear from you soon.

CUPS RUNNETH OVER!

Dear Annie,

I've caught you live on stage a few times in San Diego when you used to live and perform there and I just want to say—you are a great stripper! I've always been curious—just how big are your breasts and were they really insured for a million bucks? I can understand why—you've got the best pair of boobs I've ever seen. In fact, they look even better and bigger in real life than they do in magazine layouts! I'd also like to know—do your tits ever get in your way. I mean, can you hit a golf ball or do you have trouble tying your shoe laces? My girlfriend is a little jealous of your huge tits, Annie, and she says that she wouldn't want tits like yours for anything in the world. She claims that they probably give you backaches. I told her she's a pain in the ass and that any woman in her right mind would love to have your tits.

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Lastly, I once read that you are a porno star...but I've never seen any of your films. Could you please include a list of the titles so I can either purchase or rent them? I think I'd die and go to heaven if I could see you actually sucking and fucking in living color! In fact, I bet my girlfriend would break up with me if she knew I had any of your films.

Lusting for you always,
Johnny W.

Dear John:

I hate to disappoint your girlfriend but yes, not only can I tie my shoe laces—I can even do some pretty wild gymnastics, I wish my



breasts were even larger—I try to massage them for a half hour every day because I once heard that will make them grow. I wouldn't trade my big, firm titties in for a million dollars! And speaking of a million dollars, yes its true that Lloyd's of London insured my breasts for that amazing sum! Unfortunately, the local bank won't let me use them for collateral against a loan! Now,

for the bad news, no, I'm not a porno star. The only sexual acts I've ever performed have been in private—with my hubby—with the lights out! I'm such a shy girl! However, you can catch me in the newly released film Mugsy's Girls with Ruth Gordon (she doesn't do hard core, either!) or in Homework with Joan Collins (I'd love to see her in an X—wouldn't you?) and if you like blood and guts, try me out in, The Last Horror Film with Caroline Munro. You can also catch me in action in Sweet Dreams, Diagonal Man, Scavenger Hunt and To Catch A Dream.

PUSSY PLEASER

Dear Goddess Annie:

I adore you, worship you and pray to you every day. I would give anything to be your slave in real life. Please tell me how I can serve you. I vow I will give you instant obedience.

At the present time, I am a cunt slave to a beautiful prostitute. She requires me to eat her out directly after her cunt has been fucked. The problem now is that she is demanding that I bring my close friend, Joyce, to her so that she can turn her into a cunt slave, too. I'm not sure what I



should do, Annie.
What do you think?

Your Obedient Slave,
Diane

Dear Pussywhipped:

It sounds like you have an interesting affair going with your beautiful prostitute. But what with all that Abraham Lincoln stuff I was taught back in school, I'm not really big on slavery. However, for the occasional matinee or evening performance, it's probably O.K.

Believe me, Diane, there are lots of beautiful pink pussies out there just waiting for a nice girl like you to cum along. Spread the wealth as well as your thighs. And let your conscience be your guide regarding your friend Joyce. Sounds like you have some apprehensions about enslaving her!

SENIOR SEX!

Dear Annie:

First of all, let me tell you that I'm seventy-one-years old and oral sex is all I crave, especially with you. I could spend days—no, months—just licking your beautiful pussy until you begg-



ed me to stop. Unfortunately, I've been a widower for the last nine years and finding good oral sex partners is pretty difficult when you're as old as I am. At least I can fantasize and masturbate to your luscious photos!

Your oral lover,
Henri:

Dear Henri:

Don't fret—masturbation is good for the soul! Also, I can tell that you're a gentlemen from the old school of good bedroom manners and I think every young girl should have a guy like you she can call up occasionally for a good licking! It makes my pubes stand on end just thinking about you!



ANAL OKAY

Dear Annie:

My boyfriend wants me to let him make anal love to me but I'm afraid! Besides knowing that it's going to hurt (he wound up inside my rectum once by mistake when we were balling and I almost died), I've heard that you can catch all kinds of weird diseases. What's the scoop, Annie? Am I being "unliberated" as he says or smart?

Keeping a tight end,
Lorie S.

Dear Lorie:

I can understand your reluctance, especially getting butt-boffed by accident. It's happened to all of us on occasion and I agree, it sure does hurt like hell. But that's



because your anal region, just like your pussy, has to be warmed up and relaxed before engaging in anal sex. I have some friends who swear by it and they tell me that a little licking beforehand not only gets your anus wet, it tends to relax the spincture muscle. They also suggest that you start with finger play before working up to a big, hard penis. Doctors I've spoken with about this subject say that the risk with anal sex is when the guy pulls out after he's made love to your anus and then finishes the fuck in your pussy. Germs from the anus are not compatible with your pussy and may cause a yeast infection and other unwanted problems.

As for being "unliberated", I'd say that a lot of women don't like anal sex so you're not exactly alone. Now, if you didn't like oral sex, I could see your boyfriend having a valid complaint! I guess it's up to you, honey—after all, it's your ass!

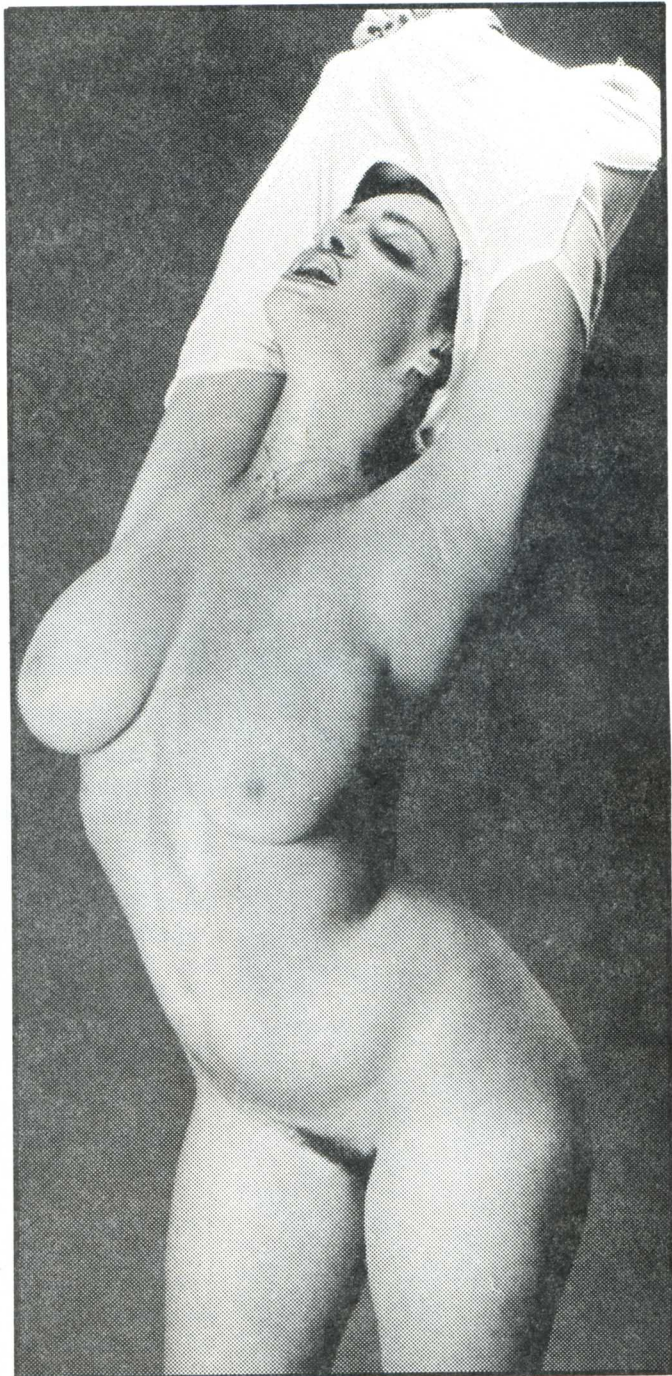
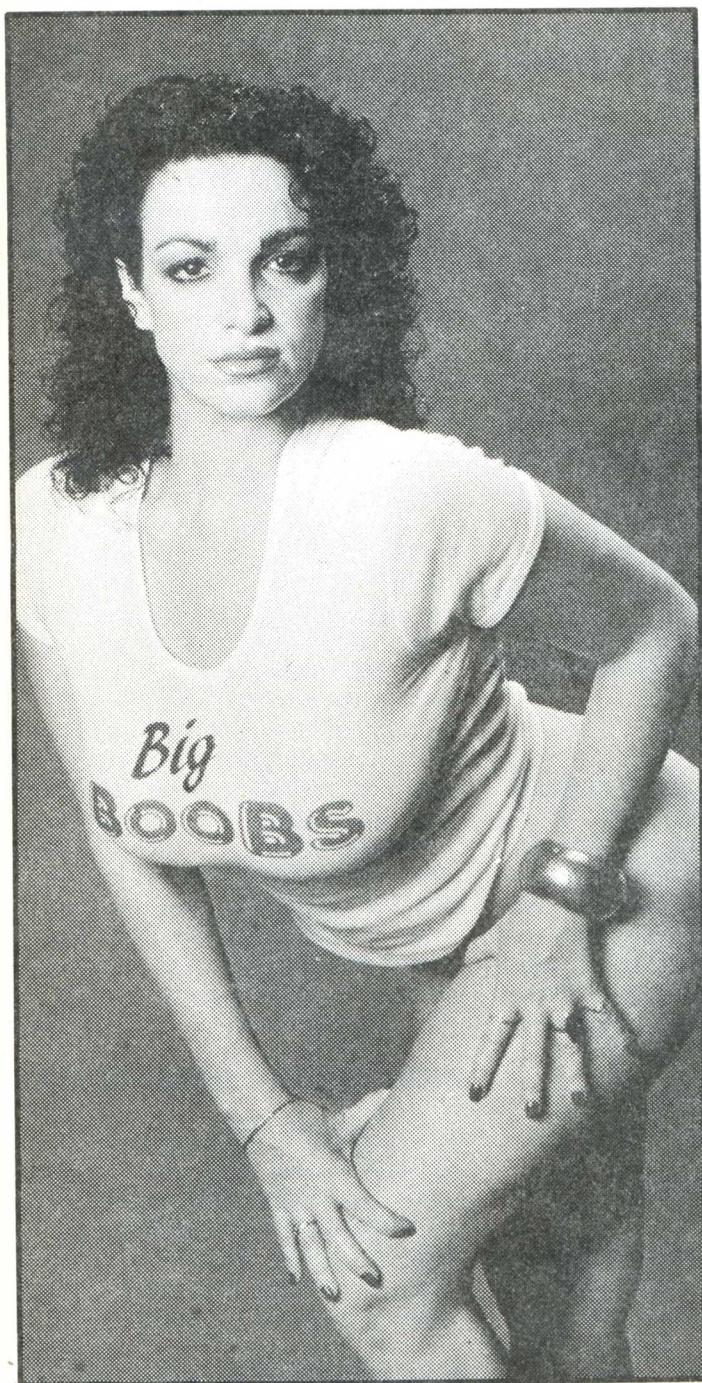
If you'd like to write to Annie simple address your correspondence to: ASK ANNIE, Friday Publishing Company, 114 East 28 Street, Suite 501, New York, N.Y. 10016 and she'll answer any and all mail!

BOOBIFEROUS SPEAKS OUT...

SUE NERO

...on the art of cocksucking, sex
and huge titties, interracial intercourse,
and her very hot and private love life!

Interview By Richard Marcus



She raves about the movie *Staying Alive*—“the greatest picture I’ve ever seen.” And, like the title, Sue Nero is continuing to thrive after a spunky, sparkling, jazz-drenched six years in the porn business. The brunette boob baby—measuring in at a lovely 40-26-37—balances a career of stripping, acting and cocksucking in her climb to the big time. And she’s got feature roles in two of this season’s hottest films, *In Love* and *Raptures*.

Like her best friend and erstwhile bedmate, Vanessa Del Rio, Sue is one of the few bona fide tit queens in the X-rated business. “I got my first bra in the fourth grade,” she brags. “I didn’t really need it; it was a training bra. But by fifth grade I *did* need it, and by sixth I was wearing a B-cup. When I was a cheerleader in high school, they used to make fun of me, used to call me ‘Jugs.’ ‘Everyone else was small, and... well, I was big.’”

Adolescence was a tough time for the nubile Nero. “I was always trying to be a woman before I was a woman. I couldn’t *wait* to get my period, to try on my lipstick.... But my mother wouldn’t let me do it—try on the lipstick, that is. And I remember sneaking a garter belt and stockings from home and putting them on when I got to school. The boys loved me!”

Things snowballed from there. Sue was a lust-crazed teenie sex maniac. “I never dated boys in my own class; I went out with guys much older than me. By the time I was 16, I was highly oversexed. I never really fit in with the other girls.”

Sue has bounced from east to west, working for filmmakers on both coasts. Her career got a start with a series of loops. “I must have done a hundred of them,” she grins. “That’s where I got my reputation, the Diamond Collection, Pretty Girl....”

In New York, she concentrated on roles that required at least *some* acting talents. Her films include *Fantasy*, *11*, *Daisy Mae*, *Luscious*, as well as the recent *Raptures* and *In Love*. “I don’t have any special technique on film,” Sue explains. “I just totally expose myself like I would on a personal level. When the camera’s on, I turn into an exhibitionist. I love giving head in front of the camera. I love to have a man between my lips. And I love watching the crew watch me; I love to turn men on with my mouth. I like raw animalism in my sex, and that’s what I like to portray in film.”

‘When the camera’s on, I turn into an exhibitionist. I love giving head in front of an audience, and watching all the men while they’re watching me!’

“I’m excited about my part in *Raptures*,” she continues. “It’s beefy. I didn’t have to play a sleazy hooker like I usually do; I was a model. I give R. Bolla a real nice blowjob, and then, at the end of the scene, shove a pair of panties up his ass. Then, I pull them out, real slow...” She licks her lips. “Yeah, it was hot!”

Sue has some very definite ideas about the adult film business. “Women are seeing more and more of this stuff now. If the guys were better looking, still more women would see the films. They need guys like Jerry Butler. I’m always asked about him; he’s the new heartthrob. I’m not



gonna die, but like a lotta girls, I can't wait to work with him."

Besides working with Jerry, another of Sue's ambitions is to integrate her fucking and sucking with dance. "I danced in a French film called *Love Dreams*. I played a porn star doing burlesque."

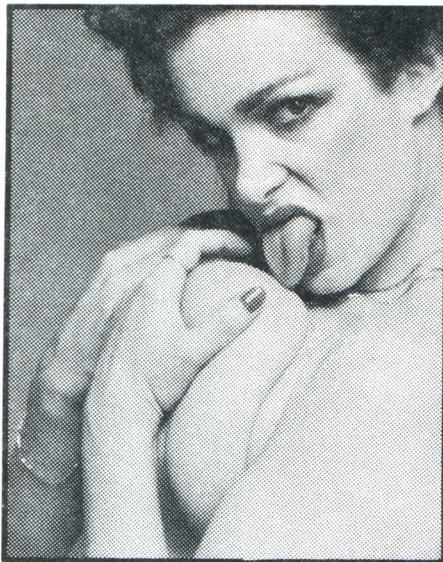
Dancing is a passion with Sue. "I had twelve years of ballet training, but I could never be a ballerina because I was too top-heavy. Because I'm so large, I tend to use my back muscles instead of my hips. You can get hurt doing that."

Sue's breasts were even too large for the Las Vegas show circuit. "I tried to get a job as a showgirl, but they told me I was too big. I'm still going to work on my dancing though; a year from now, I want to audition for Broadway shows. If I just get a part in the chorus line, that'd be good."

But mammoth-mammaried Sue's a rock 'n' roller at heart, and goes to a New York club called the Ritz every Tuesday night. "No, I don't do topless there, but it's my regular hangout. People just go there to watch *me*; it's fun, I get off on it. If I was going to go topless at any club, it would be at the Underground at one of Marc Stevens' parties."

For now, stripping is Sue's bread

'I trained as a ballerina, but I got too tit-heavy. In fact, my boobs got so big I couldn't even work as a showgirl!'



and butter. Men all over are goggle-eyed at the sight of her bod as she slowly peels, presenting more and more and more flesh—particularly north of the navel. If she were a baseball umpire, she'd never be able to see home plate.

Her favorite cities are San Francisco and Chicago, with Baltimore a close third. "The audiences there appreciate me more," she says proudly. "They really get off on my dancing." And she likes Baltimore "because there are a lot of women customers there."

What about the Big Apple? Has it kept pace with strip centers around the nation? No way. "I don't even dance in New York anymore. The one club that had burlesque doesn't seem to feature headliners anymore. They don't wanna pay, so I don't work there anymore. On the road, I get what I'm supposed to get."

Sounds like things are pretty good for Big Sue, overall, doesn't it? Well, even humongous-boobied porn stars have their problems, and Sue Nero is no exception. She has a very definite feminine, romantic side, and right now, her heart is broken. She is a victim of an unrequited love. In fact, she's so bitten that she insisted that in order to print this interview, we run the following message to her friend, Bobby.

"Dearest Bobby,

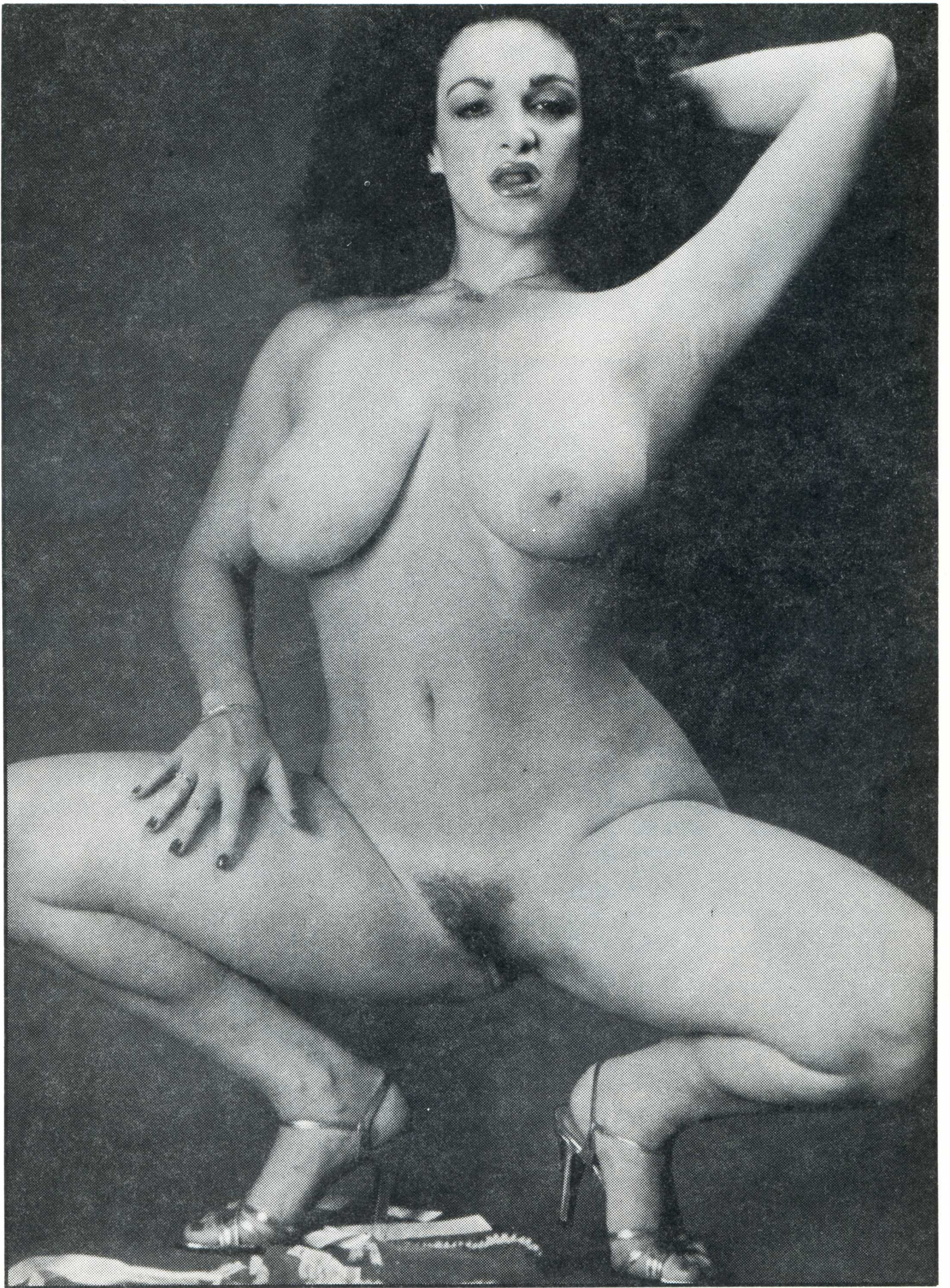
In the porn business, it's hard to carry on a relationship and make it work. Most of the people in the business who are in love, like Tiffany Clark and Fred Lincoln, or Tish and Dave Ambrose, are in the business themselves. That's why those relationships work. Anybody I've gotten involved with outside of this business never seems to last. They either get jealous, or they don't understand, or they think I don't understand them.

Well, everybody thinks I only go for black men. That's not true. I love all men. And I still like Italian men. One in particular: *you*.

Bobby, I really thought I wanted my freedom. I got it, and now I hate it. I didn't appreciate what I had. I'd do anything to get you back.

Love Sue."

Well, Bobby, it's your move. Go get her, guy!



ASS DELIGHT



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soft asses spread
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YOUNG & HORNY

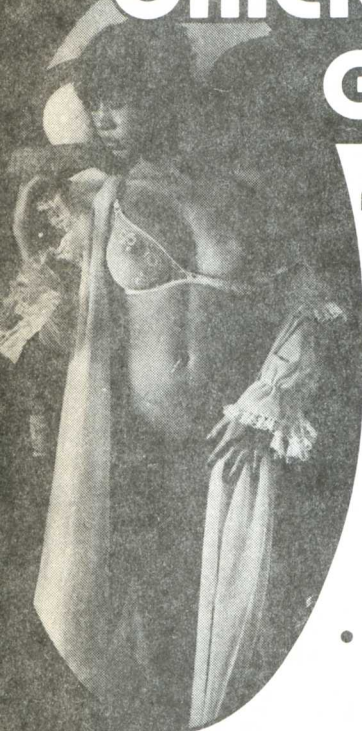


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EROTICA EXOTICA '84

By C. Hardin Hungwell

**When The AFAA Hands
Out Honors To The
Finest In Fuck Films,
Everybody cums!**

Porn vets Sharon Kane and Mai Lin Make an award-winning entrance (right), followed by gorgeous newcummer Hyapatia Lee and rocker Stephen Bishop (far right). Below, the inimitable Candy Samples drops in—and almost falls out.



"Adult Movies Have Come of Age," was the theme of the Adult Film Association of America's Eighth Annual Erotic Film Awards, held on March 14, and indeed, the evening's festivities were so posh and glamorous that they nearly rivaled Hollywood's own Academy Awards.

It didn't hurt that this year's ceremonies were celebrated in the Coconut Grove of Los Angeles' famed Ambassador Hotel where, half a century ago, the Academy Awards were held. And old-time revelers such as Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper had nothing on the current crop of good looking, expensively dressed porn stars.

The media added to the fanfare as TV newspeople pushed each other aside to shove their microphones into famous faces and videotape each arrival from a steady stream of long limousines. Searchlights cut bright swaths high into the sky. Klieg lights and camera strobes glared off the startlingly red carpet that ushered lusty luminaries from their limos to the hotel. In fact, the only feature that reminded the casual observer that these were porn folk and not Hollywood glitterati was the solemn procession of placard-toting Jesus freaks who made their yearly pilgrimage to the awards in order to shriek

"Whores, pornographers, adulterers" through their bullhorns.

Inside, the X-rated industry's snazziest shindig was snazzier than ever. There were enough tuxedos walking around to make the place look like the South Pole, and enough flashy gowns and eight-hour hairdoes to wow even the most jaded man about town. *Screw's* Al Goldstein upheld his personal tradition of stealing the show by being pall-borne inside a coffin dressed as Count Dracula—he was the Bela of the ball. Luis Short-Studd, X-dom's only sex dwarf, showed up with his equally tiny wife and cavorted shamelessly for the cameras as if he was at the height of his career. The Paladins of Porn, a union of L.A.-based X-rated film critics, piled out of a limo wearing dark glasses and swearing to take on the AFAA's choice of winners. Candy Samples, as voluminous as always, defied gravity in a metallic gold gown that must have been designed by an architect. And Seka, the evening's mistress of ceremonies, slinked past drooling admirers, sporting a see-through evening dress and a silver, punked-out hairdo that made the rest of the assembled folks look like visitors from 1976.

In the dining room, a smoke bomb went off but merely slowed down the festivities for a half hour or so, allowing the party-goers extra time to swap lies, show off and sip cocktails. Unfortunately, the salads were warmer and the steaks colder than usual, but nobody really goes to the Eroticas to eat anyway!

"Welcome to the eighth annual awards of lust, license and lascivity," master of ceremonies David Friedman announced. Turning to his co-host, he said, "We've got a lot to cover tonight, Seka. We gotta get 'em on and get 'em off real fast."

"Sounds like my last picture," Seka quipped.

Out in the audience the usual gathering of producers, distributors, stars and porn media—and their spouses and lovers—was augmented by the august personages of Francis Ford Coppola (director-producer of *The Godfather* and *Apocalypse Now*) and rock singer Stephen Bishop (whose "On and On" was a Top 10 hit a couple of years ago). Coppola was sipping champagne and Bishop guzzling scotch. Actress Kimberly Carson, one of porn's prettiest new faces, spent much of the evening car-



At top, **BIG BOOBS** publisher Savannah Dahl makes friends with L.A. fire-stoppers called to put out a prankster-planted smokebomb.



rying around a drink of unknown origin like a dangerous weapon, looking for a particular writer who had done her wrong.

One thing that has remained constant throughout the years of the AFAA's award ceremonies is the Las Vegas-style entertainment devised to break up the award-giving, and this year was no exception. Comedy hack Jackie Gayle, fresh from a 1956 Ed Sullivan show, tossed out one-liners that were nearly as wilted as the salads; several unknown singers made daring attempts to bring the nominees for Best Original Song to life; and bare-assed girls with racehorse legs cavorted around the stage, backing up a Michael Jackson lookalike who called upon porn audiences from coast to coast to "Beat It."

John Seeman's *Virginia* was the evening's big winner, sweeping six of the AFAA's 16 awards, including Best Erotic Scene (between Paul Thomas and Shauna Grant), Best Actor (Paul Thomas), Best Cinematography (Rahn Vickery), Best Editing (tied with *Devil In Miss Jones, Part II*), Best Ad Campaign and Best Trailer.

Devil in Miss Jones, Part II, besides sharing the Editing statuette, won

Best Picture of 1983, Best Costume Designs, and Best Direction (Henri Pachard).

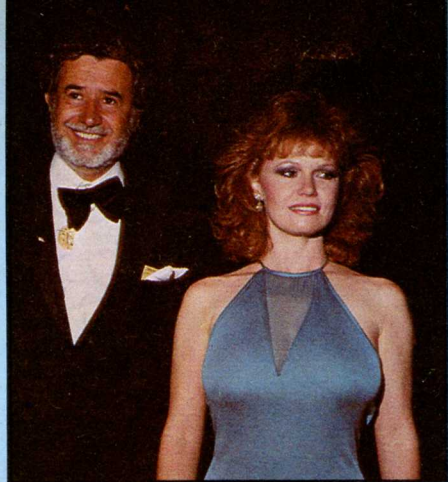
Winning three Eroticas was *Suzu Superstar*: Best Supporting Actor (Ron Jeremy), Best Music and Best Original Song.

In Love took two Eroticas, one for Best Actress (Kelly Nichols), the other for Best Screenplay (Rick Marx and Chuck Vincent).

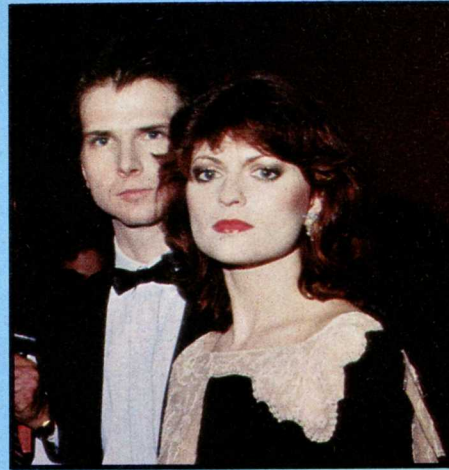
The other two winners were *In the Pink* (Best Set Decoration) and *Sweet Young Foxes* (Kay Parker, Best Supporting Actress).

At the end of the evening, the revelers took off for several parties, including a select get-together at Hugh Hefner's Holmby Hills Playboy mansion.

But before they dispersed, many of them groused about this year's choices (what else is new?) and vowed to fight for a more equitable method of nominating and ultimately choosing X-rated films for Erotica Awards. "Next year's gotta be better!" they promised themselves. But in terms of glamour and glitz, the AFAA will have a hard time going themselves one better over the Eighth Annual Awards at the Coconut Grove.



Above, left to right: Colleen Brennan inviting speculation on what's under that skin-tight dress; Interview Hostess Kay Parker mikes Mistress of Ceremonies succulent Seka; and Dracula climbs from his coffin to prove he's really Al Goldstein in whiteface. At left, F.J. Lincoln presents as wife Tiffany Clark shows the advantages of being almost-dressed. At right, Kelly Nichols and musician husband Tim, moments before Kelly won Best Actress award for her role in In Love.



1982

Best Picture: Roommates ★ Platinum Pictures
Best Actress: Veronica Hart ★ Roommates
Best Actor: John Leslie ★ Talk Dirty To Me Part II
Best Supporting Actress: Veronica Hart ★ Foxtrot
Best Supporting Actor: Jamie Gillis ★ Roommates
Best Director: Chuck Vincent ★ Roommates
Best Screenplay: Chuck Vincent & Rick Marx ★ Roommates
Best Cinematography: Daniels/White ★ Foxtrot

1981

Best Picture: Nothing To Hide ★ Cal-Vista International
Best Actress: Georgina Spelvin ★ The Dancers
Best Actor: John Leslie ★ Wicked Sensations
Best Supporting Actress: Holly McCall ★ Nothing To Hide
Best Supporting Actor: Robert Bolla ★ Outlaw Ladies ★ Richard Pacheco ★ Nothing To Hide
Best Director: Anthony Spinelli ★ Nothing To Hide
Best Screenplay: Michael Ellis ★ The Dancers
Best Cinematography: Larry Revane ★ Games Women Play ★ Jack Remy ★ Nothing To Hide

1980

Best Picture: Talk Dirty To Me ★ Jerry Ross ★ Urban Cowgirls ★ Jet Productions, Inc.
Best Actress: Samantha Fox ★ This Lady Is A Tramp
Best Actor: John Leslie ★ Talk Dirty To Me
Best Supporting Actress: Georgina Spelvin ★ Urban Cowgirls
Best Supporting Actor: Richard Pacheco ★ Talk Dirty To Me
Best Director: Tsanusi ★ Urban Cowgirls

1979

Best Picture: Babylon Pink ★ Cecil Howard
Best Actress: Samantha Fox ★ Jack 'N Jill
Best Actor: Jamie Gillis ★ The Ecstasy Girls
Best Supporting Actress: Georgina Spelvin ★ The Ecstasy Girls
Best Supporting Actor: Bobby Astyr ★ People
Best Director: Henri Pachard ★ Babylon Pink
Best Screenplay: Bill Aaron & Ted Paramore ★ The Ecstasy Girls
Best Cinematography: Mike Stryker ★ The Ecstasy Girls

1978

Best Picture: Legend Of Lady Blue ★ John Byron
Best Actress: Desiree Cousteau ★

Pretty Peaches

Best Actor: Aldo Ray ★ Sweet Savage
Best Supporting Actress: Georgina Spelvin ★ Take Off
Best Director: Armand Weston ★ Take Off
Best Screenplay: A. Fabritzi ★ Legend Of Lady Blue
Best Cinematography: Jaoa Fernandez ★ Take Off

1977

Best Picture: Desires Within Young Girls ★ Harold Lime
Best Actress: Georgina Spelvin ★ Desires Within Young Girls
Best Actor: Jamie Gillis ★ A Coming Of Angels
Best Supporting Actress: Annette Haven ★ A Coming Of Angels
Best Supporting Actor: John Leslie ★ A Coming Of Angels
Best Director: Alex DeRenzy ★ Baby Face
Best Screenplay: Edward E. Paramore II & Ramsey Karson ★ Desires Within Young Girls

1976

Best Picture: Misty Beethoven ★
Best Actress: Jennifer Welles ★
Best Actor: Jamie Gillis ★
Best Supporting Actress: Georgina Spelvin ★
Best Supporting Actor: Carlos Tobalina ★
Best Director, Screenplay, Editing: Henry Paris ★



this girl's

Ole

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLIE AIRWAVES



Kay Parker, infamous for her portrayal of a lusty, incestuous mother in *Taboo*, is a sex-cessful combo of beauty, brains and great...big...boobs.

The far more interesting truth is, in a peculiar industry largely populated by bizarre and outlandish characters, Kay Parker stands out simply by being fresh, honest and startlingly sane. For one thing, she thinks. For another, she says what she thinks, not what she thinks you *want* her to say. Kay Parker does not play games and, unlike so many shtup-sirens, there is no Porn Star ego trip radiating from the apex of her silky thighs. Sex is what she does—not what she is.

And that's despite having churned out 26 flesh epics in the last six years. Remarkable for a girl who waited until 19 to lose her maraschino deep in German's Black Forest. "I was a late bloomer," says Kay. But details are censored.

She may have been slow starter in the cock-derby, but since she met porn pro John Leslie at an acting class and found her way into X-films, Kay's been making up for lost time. There was no sex (at least, not for her) in Kay's maiden film foray, *V The Hot One*. But then she got into the swing of it—well enough that this year she was voted Best Supporting Actress for her role in *Sweet Young Foxes*.

But while *Foxes* may be her most successful role, the two that pinned fame to her name were the super-hot *Taboo*, and its spinoff, *Taboo II*—both chronicles of incest. In *Taboo I*, Kay and Mike Ranger (mother and son) put new hashmarks on the upper end of the fahrenheit scale. And how does Kay herself feel about keeping sex in



'I look at men's thighs. When I see a pair of nice ones, I'm not afraid to make the first move!'

the family? "Well, I've never experienced it myself, but I have several friends who did. What bothers me about incest—or about anything else—is when it's inflicted on somebody against their will. And a lot of the time it is. Of course, if neither of the people involved is a child, and both want it, that's something else."

Does that sound notably broad minded? Well, so is Kay. And who, exactly, *is* Kay Parker? In no particular order, her likes: "Humorous eyes, nice thighs, spontaneity and oral sex." Eyes are what she looks at first in a man. And what if his eyes are (usually the case) riveted somewhere just north of her navel? Kay laughs. "I just say, 'Nice tits, huh? How about my eyes!' But really, I like them all. I don't care what color, shape, size or age a man is as long as he's honest with me and has a sense of humor. When I'm out running (*Now that we'd pay to see—ed.*), I look at men's thighs. When I see a pair of nice ones, I'm not afraid to make the first move. If it feels right to me intuitively, I'll go for it—there and then, in fact, even if it's just behind a handy bush. I'm very spontaneous person."

Quite a switch for a girl who was terminally inhibited just a few years ago. "I suppose it is," says Kay. "From purity to porn, huh? I usually don't talk much about my private life, but right now I'm the exact opposite of inhibited. I like to experiment with my boy friends. I'll wear lingerie, dance for them, tantalize them. But it's not narcissism; I think of it as freedom."



**'I don't care
what color,
shape, size or
age a man is
as long as he's
got a sense
of humor!'**



I'm the ultimate freedom-seeker, and that includes sexual freedom."

And what about her dislikes? "Anal sex, face cum shots and dishonesty. I'd like to write and direct a movie someday. Definitely. And there wouldn't be a wet shot in the whole film. Men don't pull out and cum on your face or your belly in real life. That's what's bizarre about working on porn films. Like some of the angles and positions they put you in during a sex scene. Everything's for the camera and it's totally unrealistic. Of course, the whole porn world is sort of unreal. It used to amaze me. I'd be sitting off-set waiting for my scene, and right next to me two people would be lying on the floor fucking! I guess I must have some prude in me somewhere. Not too much, though, because I've done the same kind of thing myself."

Is that closet prudishness the reason she won't do anal sex? "Yeah. I guess so. It's just one of my personal taboos. It has to do with self-image." And if it came up on set, how would she react to being asked to do a double insertion. "Very strongly," says Kay, laughing. "I'd have to call the producer and have a nice talk with him. But that—and face cum shots—those are about my only taboos. Anything else is okay with me."

Kay Parker smiles mischievously. "I have a fun character inside me. She's kind of like a mermaid—very sensual, with all the feminine wiles. And she know how to use them—very lovingly."

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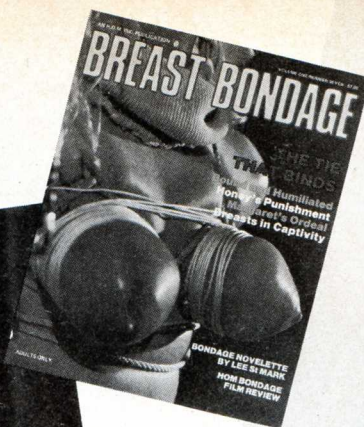


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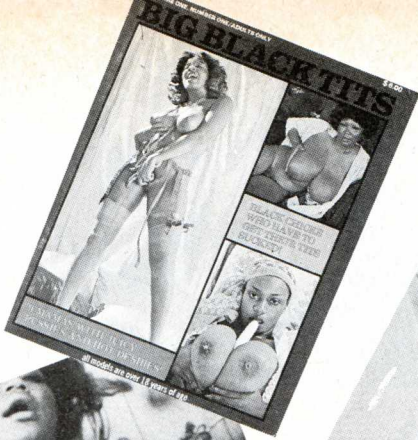
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Hanging Out

'Boff My Boobies'



There are two reasons why, I suppose, I was invited to write a guest column for *BIG BOOBS*. Number one could be that some of you reading this might already know me from some of the 80 porno movies I've made. Number two could be because I have big tits. But who knows... maybe it's because the editor of this magazine likes my blow jobs a lot, or because he knows that I've had a lot of experience in all aspects of my favorite subject, *SEX*. Whatever the reason, I'm delighted.

It is Saturday night as I type these pages. I suppose that makes you my date, doesn't it? Well, I'll tell you right up front—I love to fuck on a first date. What do you say you and I make love together? I do hope you're in the mood. Or will I have to rape you, and *get* you into the mood?

Come into my bedroom. I have it all lit up with candles and I've put on some lovely music, just for us. I'm the romantic type. That's why I'm wearing this lacy antique dress. Doesn't it just reek of femininity? Notice how it buttons up the front all the way to my neck. Let me unbutton it slowly now and show you what I've been hiding. Don't you want to give me a compliment on my new bra? I got it today at Henry's Hosiery shop. It's a french cut and very expensive. Unhook me in the back.

There. Meet my very friendly breasts. There are two of them as you can see, more or less equal in size. Notice that they are quite a bit larger than average. I assure you they're 100 percent natural and organic, just the way God gave them to me. My breasts aren't the round pointy kind, but they *are* full, bulbous and U-shaped. Notice how these big balls of flesh are so lilly white and creamy complexioned. Want to touch them? Go right ahead. They are *all* yours. Mmmm I like your touch. Aren't they wonderfyllly soft? Don't they feel so much heavier than they look? Hold

Big Boobs' Guest Chest

my breasts in the palms of your hands. Oh dear, they're too big to fit in your hands? Well, do you feel how warm they are? They're always warm. If you fingers are *very* sensitive you can feel my breasts pulsing with the beat of my heart.

My nipples are a light peach color, and smooth like a rose petal. One thing I really like about my nipples is these five little scattered freckles. Aren't they cute? My nips are kind of unique. Look how the skin on the tip of my nipple is totally soft and smooth when my nipple isn't erect. But, at the slightest touch my nipple transforms itself. It becomes hard like a pretty little ocean pebble.

If you want to suck on my nipples, I'd just love it. Mmmmm! Oh, yes! It seems as if my nipples are directly connected to my horny pussy. When you suck my nipples, I feel it in my clit and hole ever so strongly. If you take the very tip of your tongue and flick it back and forth over my pebbles, you can see me writhe and squirm and hear me whimper and cry. Oh! Oooh! Oooooooh! If you take my nip between your thumb and forefinger and squeeze, you'll see my body virtually melt and submit, every limb dangle loosely and my head will tilt back in ecstasy. It's so very nice.

Know what's really a turn-on? When you cover my entire chest with your slippery saliva. Just drench it in your drool. Mmmm, mmmmm. I like it!

Oh dear! My hand has wandered uncontrollably down to your crotch. It's unzipping your pants. It's squeezing your dick. It's sliding the skin on your dick up and down. Oh! Isn't this exciting? Now my mouth is being drawn to your stiff member. Your cock is like a magnet. My tongue and lips cannot resist it. But I don't care, you're delicious. *Suck, suck, slurp, suck, lick, suck, suck*. Doesn't it feel good?

Why don't you just lie back and

Annie Sprinkle





relax. I want to give one of my famous tit massages to that sensitive spot between your legs. I'll start by pressing my baby feeders against your hairy balls. Now, I'll wrap my boobs around your meaty cock, like a hot dog in a bun and slide my bun up and down your hot dog. I know you love that. *Slip, slide. Slip, slide. Slip, slide.* If I hold my breasts together at the sides, I can shake them all over your cock like a soft, warm vibrator. *Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle, jiggle.* The urgency of your moans and groans makes me think you'd like to cum like this. **DON'T CUM YET!** I will not allow it. I'm going to torture you with lots more pleasure.

There are lots of sexy things I can



do to you with my boobies. I can slide my nipple into your sensitive pee hole. I'll use some warm saliva for lubrication. One of my favorite tricks is to spread your ass cheeks open really wide and slide my boob up and down the crack of your ass, tickling your smooth asshole with my nipple.

Dear one, you are so **HOT!** You'd better cool off for a minute. Let me dance for you. See how my breasts swing and sway to the music? See them bouncing and slapping? Watch my long pubic hair dance with my boobs. I'll tell you a secret. My pussy is throbbing inside, wetting itself. I'll do a shimmy shake and you can watch my tits go into a frenzy. *Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap!* I'll feel myself up, masturbate myself as I dance, as if I'm fucking you. Ooooh, I can't take any more of this tease. **LET'S FUCK!**

I'll crawl on top of your wonderful body and slide your stiff rod between

**'Bang me, ram
me, rock me, sock
it to me! Oh,
I love it! The
more I fuck
you, the more
insatiable I get!'**

my gooey pussy lips. Such a sleazy, slimy, wet pussy I have. How do you like it in there? Feeling good, lover? Want some more fuck action? Want me to fuck you like I was a little bunny rabbit? Want me to ride your cock like I was riding a wild bronco?

Of course you do. The more I fuck you, the more I *want* to fuck you. I feel as if I'm insatiable. I want to fuck you for eternity. Bang me, ram me, rock me, sock it to me, and I'll love you, hug you, give you my body and my soul.

Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss... I can't stop kissing you. I love to have your tongue in my mouth while your cock's in my cunt.

The things I do to you....I press my tits onto your chest. I hold your head. I tickle your balls. I give you hickies all over your neck. I dig my fingernails into your back. I slap your ass. I suck your nose. I lick your eyelids. I dig my

heels into your ass. I tighten my cunt muscles. I push you out, I pull you in. I spit in your mouth. I whisper into your ear. I scream into your ear. I cry and my tears fall onto your lips. I cum huge orgasms all over your cock. I squirt. I scream. I groan. I suck your lips. I wrap my body totally around yours. I envelope you. I chew you up and swallow you.

How would you like to cum now? Want to splash your semen onto my lips? Want to pump your hot fuck juice into my cunt canal and squoosh it up in there? Perhaps your volcano wants to erupt inside my ass filling me with hot lava. Oh, I know! I'll bet you would like to squirt that lovely load all over my Annie Sprinkle breasts. Yes, that would be divine. Yes, yes, yes. Do cum on my breasts. The sensations



are electric.

Slide your mind and your dick into my cleavage. Poke around. Pump it in. Slip it up. Fuck those titties and go all the way. Let it go. Oooze it out. Gimme your hot sauce. I like it. I wanna taste it. I wanna love it. I wanna drown in your cum. Don't worry, my tits will keep me afloat. *Squirt, squirt, splat, squirt, splat, ooze, ooze, ooze, drip, drop, dribble, goosh.*

Did ya cum good? I did. Want to cum again? I do. Kiss me.

Hey, what do you say youo and I get together again next Saturday night? That would be fantastic.

Oh, fuck, piss. I just remembered. **BIG BOOBS** is bimonthly. We are going to have to wait till then. Ohhhh, welllllll. I'll be looking forward to it. Bye. *Kiss. Kiss. Kiss. Lick. Kiss.*

Candy

Move Over Dolly Parton...Here Cums Candy Kane!



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POM AGENCY/VOGEL



'I may not have pipes like Parton,' says up and cumming Country & Western warbler Candy Kane, 'but I'll match my melons against hers any day!' Hmmm, we wouldn't mind getting an earful of that!



'And what's more,' adds Candy, 'I'll bet I can boff that old babe's butt under the table with one boob behind me!'





Candy



Candy

Oral Annie

A BIG BOOBS EXCLUSIVE!

HARD-CORE
OUTTAKES





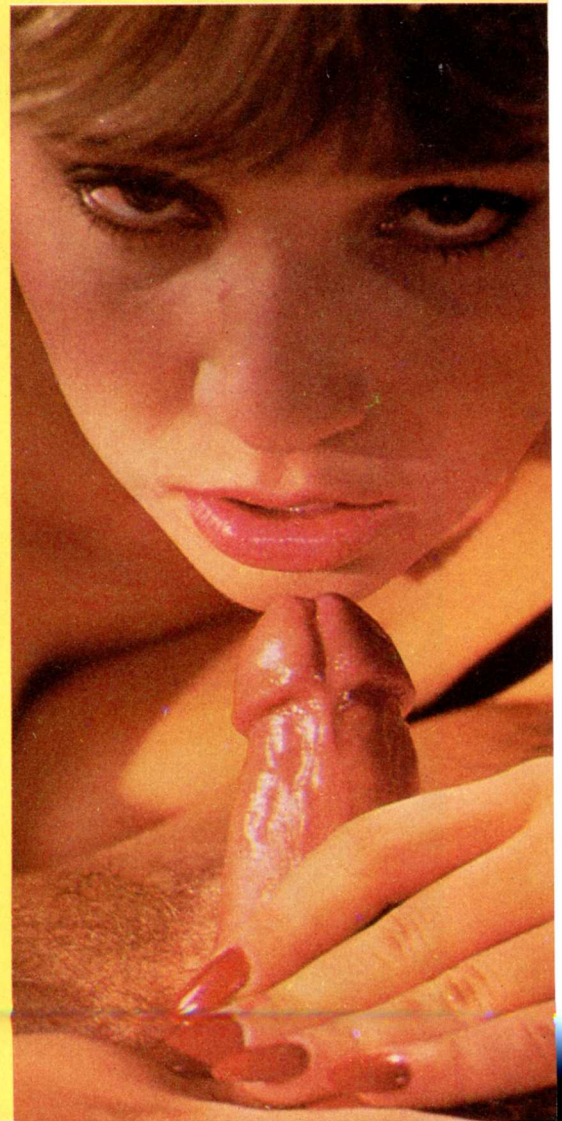
The Blow Job Queen

starring Little Oral Annie

Take it from a charter member of the ripped zipper brigade, Little Oral Annie was *born* hot! What so many other porn stars do for fame or fortune, Annie does for fun! Because she loves it!

And that's Jake with us here at BIG BOOBS. We love watching her love it—especially on a new, two-in-one video package we've just finished panting over. Called "The Blow Job Queen," it gives you a double dose of Annie's oral arts in two lusty but separate episodes on one tape. In the first, Annie gives a hung young stud the lesson of his life in how a cock should be sucked, and the right way to swallow a half-gallon of dick-milk.

In the second steamy scenario, Annie and a sex-hungry French model get into a showdown suck-off over the 11 inch shllong of an enthusiastic photographer. Guess who eats the whole thing!





BIG BOOBS Presents...

BATTLIN'

BAZOOKAS

Featuring Gigantic Jonie (60-EE)
vs. Titanic Tina (46-DD)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLIE AIRWAVES

When gigantic Jonie met titanic Tina it was a battle of the boobs all right. Here was Jonie, swinging and swaying her 60-EEs down Hollywood Boulevard in her custom steel-lined support bra, feeling on top of the world. After all, she had the biggest boobs in the world—or so her horny lovers said—after cumming on her titties...

And then, she met Tina, standing in front of Fredericks of Hollywood, contemplating an outrageous black lace push-up bra in the window. They got to talking about the various pros and cons of being well-hung in the breast department and before long, Tina invited Jonie to a wild orgy for tit lovers that she was throwing that very night!

Jonie knew she had met her match when she entered Tina's second floor apartment and found her new friend in the middle of five lust-crazed men, doing a strip that, quite frankly, left Jonie feeling wet and sticky in the crotch. It didn't take long for Jonie to strip down and put her outrageous tits on view—and pretty soon Jonie and Tina were squashing tits—and licking slits on the carpet, in a close encounter of the bosomy kind.

Jonie was on top, throwing her weight around and squashing Tina, who likes to be bossed, especially by someone with even bigger bazookas than hers. Then it was squish—squash—and swish as their big, swollen nipples rubbed together and sparks flew.

When it came to pussy-gobbling, however, Tina had the edge—and the tongue—to dictate the action. Sucking wantonly, she had Jonie moaning and shaking like a bowl full of jelly.

'Oh, eat my lickety-split! Suck my titties!' cried the mammary maid as the first spasms of her milk-fed orgasm hit her! But Tina kept on going until Jonie came in a deluge that glued their new-found friendship together for the better part of an hour.

The tete-a-tete with tits and tongues ended in a draw—with both gals calling a truce drawn up in pussy-juice. Eat your hearts out, tit lovers!

'Jonie's great big melons really knocked me out. I couldn't wait to suck them into my mouth—at one point, I thought I was going to pass out from lack of air when she smothered my entire face with her hot titties flesh!'











'Tina's the tastiest dish I've had in a long time,' Jonie confessed to us. 'And I'm crazy about her boobies, they're so sensitive to my tongue!'



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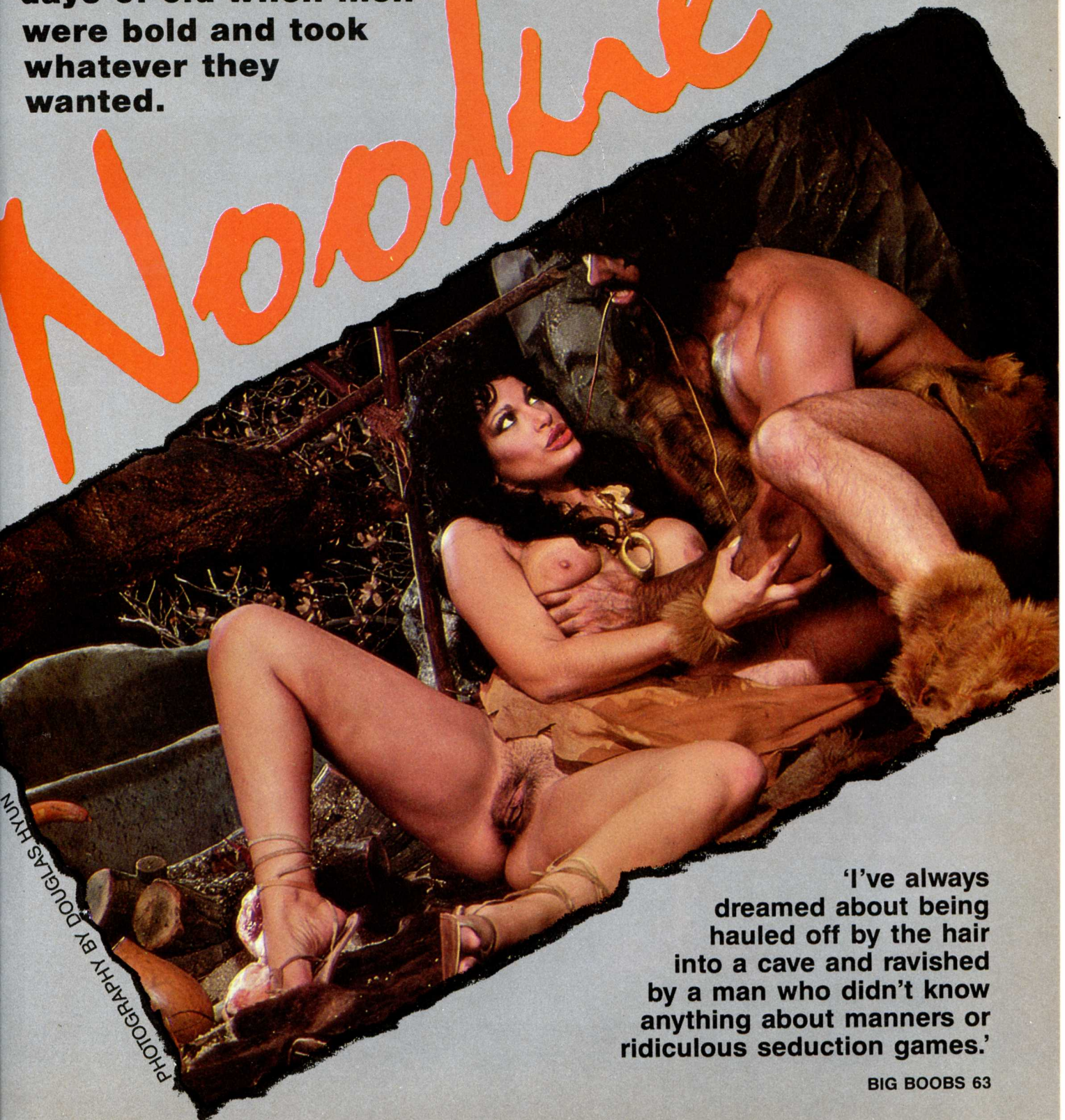
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NEANDERTHAL

Vanessa Del Rio's favorite fantasy has always been to go back to the days of old when men were bold and took whatever they wanted.

Nookie



'I've always dreamed about being hauled off by the hair into a cave and ravished by a man who didn't know anything about manners or ridiculous seduction games.'

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUGLAS HYUN



**'A strong woman needs a stronger
man to control her
and bend her body to his will.'**









Blossomy

When the weather gets warmer,
her titties get tauter!

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"BITE MY BOOBS!"

I have big breasts and large brown nipples, and until I broke up with my husband and met my current boyfriend, I never thought they were very sensitive. But, as I lately found out, that was probably because my husband was too "gentle" when it came to breast play. He'd cup my big mounds and jiggle them up and down, and once in awhile he'd suck on my nipples. All of this felt pleasant—nothing more.

But my current love gets really rough with my tits, and I love it! It gets me so excited I can cum from that alone, even though I prefer to orgasm

when his hard dick is inside me. During foreplay he drives me wild, pinching and pulling hard on my stiff nipples while he rubs my clit with his other hand. He arouses me to a fever pitch this way as I grunt and groan and finally beg for his big, thick cock.

He ignores me, pinching my nipples even harder and twisting them around until my clit is throbbing and my hot cunt is pouring out slippery juice. Finally, after pulling and twisting my nipples until I'm crazy with lust, he moves over me and thrusts his hard-on into my sopping pussy. I writhe against him desperately as he pumps in and out, but he knows I

won't be able to cum from fucking alone until he gives me what I crave

The first time he did this, I climaxed immediately, as if out of nowhere, and now I crave it like a drug. I live for the moment when my lover bends his head to my tits, sucks a hard nipple into his mouth—and then bites down hard on it. I cry out with pain, but I feel a rush of pleasure shooting up my cunt. He moves his mouth from one tit to another, giving teasing little nips and then harder bites that sometimes leave toothmarks.

I'm humping his hard dick like crazy, forcing it deep inside my aching cunt and knowing I'm going to cum any minute. He lets out a growl, and then he's biting one hard nipple and pinching the other. I'm gasping and groaning, and then I let out a scream as my cunt goes into convulsions of pleasure. He keeps on biting my tits as he bangs into me crazily and then pumps me full of hot jism. And sometimes he can make me cum again by rubbing his half-hard dick against my clit and pinching my sore, tingling nipples.

I'm sure glad I discovered my sensitive titties at the ripe old age of 34!

Vera J.
Racine, Wisc.

MILKING MY WIFE

I'm a tit man all the way, and I have to admit that one of my wife's prime attractions were her huge tits. They're



so big she could never wear normal bras and had to get them custom-made. Well, when she got pregnant all hell "busted loose," if you know what I mean. Her knockers got so huge that people would stop and stare at her in the street, women as well as men.

As for me, I was in heaven, having those humongous sandbag-sized titties to play with. Until she got too pregnant, I'd have my wife get on top of me and ride my dick while her huge, billowing boobs practically smothered my face! I'd suck on the nipples and cup her big ass-cheeks ramming her up and down on my hard dick until she orgasmed.

Pregnancy made her horny, and our sex life was never better. Meantime, her boobs kept getting bigger and bigger, until her custom-made bras resembled hammocks, they were so huge. Near the end when she couldn't fuck anymore, I'd rub scented massage oil over her teats by the hour and then hold the heavy flesh mounds around my hard-on, sliding it up and down her cleavage until I popped my nuts and spurted all over her chest and neck.

But as a tit man, I found out I hadn't seen anything yet. After she gave birth to our son and her milk came in, my wife's breasts swelled to the size of beachballs! To top it off, they were so filled with milk they were as hard

as rocks. The doctor said she had enough milk to feed triplets, and there was no way our son could suck out enough milk to ease the pressure. The doc told her to get a breast pump, but we never did get the knack of it. Luckily, I was there to "take up the slack."

Seeing her huge swollen mammaries and watching our baby suck on them all the time made me as horny as hell. My wife couldn't fuck yet, and her tits were too sore to fool around with, so one night she took pity on me and gave me a hand-job. While she gently fisted my hard-on up and down, I couldn't resist pressing my face to her big, taut titties. I began to kiss them and gently lick the nipples. As her hand moved faster on my hard, throbbing rod, I got carried away and took one of her round, cherry-sized nipples into my mouth. It grew longer and fatter, and I began to suck it. In an instant, my mouth was flooded with warm milk! I was too horny to react; instinct took over and I began to swallow and suck the sweet liquid that gushed into my mouth.

My wife was moaning softly and I knew she was feeling pleasure. I sucked harder, and her milk began to spurt into my mouth in such quantities that I could hardly swallow it all and some dripped down my chin. I was really getting off on it—the taste

was sweet and delicious—and her big nipples felt wonderful in my dick, wetting wife's hand and making it slip and slide easily up and down my pulsing shaft.

Then suddenly my wife pushed my face away from her breast. I let out a moan of protest—until I realized she wanted me to suck on her other huge, bursting titty. I set to with gusto, fighting not to shoot my load until I'd enjoyed every last drop of her breast-milk. I began to groan and whimper with pleasure as I sucked her teat. I was thrusting my hips upward, increasing the pressure of her fist on my hard prick.

I fought it off as long as I could, but finally, with a muffled roar, I felt my prick explode, shooting hot spurts of cum into the air. It landed in thick white wads on my belly, and my wife bent down to lick it up.

It worked out great, because she felt almost as much relief from getting her over-full breasts emptied as I felt from releasing the pressure in my balls. From then on, I "milked" my wife every day, at first while she jerked me off or sucked me off, and eventually while we were fucking. And there was always more than enough for our son. My wife kept on breast-feeding him for a year, and now that her breasts are "dry" and as big as ever, I'm trying to convince her to have another baby!

Jim B.

San Francisco, Calif.

SMOTHER LOVE

I'm a male of 35 and ever since I can remember, I've craved the sensation of a woman smothering me with her big, fat, heavy breasts. I guess this fetish had its origins in my childhood, because my mother was well-endowed and nursed me (according to family folklore) until I was three.

—At any rate, this fixation has dominated my sexual life, and even when in the heat of adolescent lust I masturbated to fantasies of huge-breasted mature women as I pressed pillows over my face and jerked my hard penis to climax. As a young man, I only had the desire to date huge-breasted ladies. Once in bed with an overly-endowed lady, I would induce her to sit astride my erect penis; then I would pull her down on top of me so that her soft, generous breast flesh would press my face. As

I thrust/up into her, I would grab her back and push her heavy teats harder and harder onto my face until I was panting for breath. Only when I was almost at the point of smothering, would I reach climax.

Over the years, I have been lucky enough to meet several ladies who were willing to cooperate and indulge my fetish to the utmost. One beautiful lady would kneel on the side of my head and press her boobs down on my face as I frigged her clitoris and she stroked my hard, throbbing dick. She would push down harder and harder until I was gasping for breath and my nose and mouth were strangled by soft, sweet-smelling mammary-flesh.

But the most thrilling experience of my life was when two over-the-hill whores from New Orleans met me in a bar, took me up to the room they shared and did a threesome with me. As soon as I confided my fetish of tit-smothering they were only too pleased to oblige. Both of them were well-endowed, if a bit soft and saggy. But they made up for it by pressing their tits to my face both at once, while one sat on my prick and the other allowed me to finger her hot, dripping pussy. That time I thought I was going to literally die—of pleasure! The pressure was boubly intense, and

they didn't let up. They forced those big dugs of theirs down on my face so hard I honestly almost smothered—but I had the best climax of my life, too!

*Al K.
Biloxi, Miss.*

TITTY-TITTY GANG—BANG

I can't believe what I did last Saturday night. I guess some girls would think it was degrading, but I loved it! I hitchhiked out of the beach and, after a day in the sun, I stopped into this ocean-front bar. I'd never been there before, and it was great! There were loads of young, sexy guys and a really hot jukebox. I was attracting lots of attention in my skinny bikini, which left half of my ass and half of my big, round tits exposed. I'm not fat, but I have a curvy, voluptuous body, and I enjoy showing it off.

As soon as I drank a few vodka and orange juices, I started dancing—sometimes with a partner and sometimes a alone—and every eye in the place was on my big, jiggling boobs (I wear a 36-D bra—when I wear one).

As the night wore on, I got more and more drunk. Plenty of guys came on to me and asked me to leave with them, but I was having too much fun

dancing and partying. I started hanging out with this group of bikers, dancing with a bunch of them all at once and smoking joints with them in the parking lot. I got so wasted I started letting them feel me up, and when they started clapping and daring me to take off my bikini top, I did.

Well, we all got thrown out of the bar, but by then none of us gave a shit anyway. The guys had a van outside with a cooler of beer in it, so we drank some more and danced in the parking lot to someone's tape deck. I danced behind the van topless, and all the guys were feeling up my big tits. I knew some of them were getting really excited, but then so was I! After awhile I could hardly stand up anymore. The bar was shut, and when the guys took me under the boardwalk with a blanket and more beers, I didn't mind at all. I lay down on the blanket and let them feel my body all over. They pulled off my bikini bottoms, and one of them started giving me head while the others played around with my boobs. And shoving their hard dicks in my mouth. I sucked off a couple of them, but then I started gagging and told them I was gonna puke if they kept it up.

I kept on jerking them off, though, and they took turns fucking me. But there must have been ten of them, and finally the ones who hadn't got off yet crouched down and started jerking off, prodding my big, round boobs with their hard-ons. Finally the one who was fucking me finish off, and then all of them began to jack off over my body.

There was enough light from the street lamps so that I could see what was happening, and it was one crazy sight—all those fists moving up and down on those hard, bulging dicks. Then I felt the first splat of hot cum on my titties—and it kept on coming, spurting down on my boobs in warm sticky wads. Splat, it went, splat—and I loved it. I kept on yelling for more, until my boobs and my whole body was covered in sticky white cum. I started rubbing it over my big mounds, and my whole hands were covered in it as they kept on shooting their loads.

Somewhere along the line I passed out, and in the morning my whole body was stiff with hard, flaky dried jism. Plus there were bodies lying passed out all around me, most of them with their pricks still hanging out





of their pants. I stepped over them and ran down to the ocean, washed myself off, and came back feeling like a million bucks. I plan to go back to that bar real soon!

*Candy J.
Long Beach, N.Y.*

DOWN MAMMARY LANE

As long as I can remember, even before I reached puberty, I've been a boob man. I don't know exactly why, but women's soft, beautiful breasts have always been a special joy. I love to look at them, stroke and massage them, bury my face in them, and suck and lap at the stiff, excited nipples until the lady is squirming and moaning with pleasure.

My first sexual experience other than masturbation was when a

neighbor girl, very well-endowed at age 14 allowed eight-year-old me to put my hand inside her blouse. The feeling of her soft, firm mounds with their budlike nipples sent wild excitement surging through me. The next time she let me kiss her sweet little nips, until both of us were trembling with pleasure.

As an adult, one of the most stimulating sex acts for me is when a lady allows me to rub my erect penis over her breasts until the nipples are up hard. If she lets me rub the head of my glans against the stiffness of her nipples, I can come in a matter of seconds. I'll never forget one girl friend I had. She had a pair on her you wouldn't believe—40-D, at least. When she was nude, they flopped around like bags of jello, exciting me into a frenzy. This lady was so

sensitive in the bust that she could climax from having her nipples sucked, which I was happy to do by the hour. She also franted me the supreme pleasure of letting me lubricate her cleavage with saliva and then fuck the fleshy channel as she held her big boobs snugly around my thrusting prick. After I ejaculated, she would massage the semen into her breasts and nipples, saying it helped to keep them firm.

I am now over fifty, and the sight of a nice big pair of jiggling jugs can still make the old pecker sit up and take notice. I derive untold satisfaction from the beautiful big-breasted ladies in BIG BOOBS.

Looking through a new issue always makes me hot and ready for a good sex session with the widow lady next door. And of course, every summer I just about go crazy watching the young girls on the nearby nude beaches baring their proud young titties to the kiss of the sun. Sometimes I get so aroused looking at them that I have to rush to my car and stroke my cock to climax, shooting my load on the floor. If I had my way, all ladies would go topless!

*Mr. G.T.
Malibu, Calif.*

BUST LUST

Ever since I sprouted 36-D's at the age of thirteen, I've been very proud of my breasts. I feel that they're the sexiest thing about me, even more so than my ass or cunt. Usually, guys feel the same way. Even though I have a pretty face, my bust is what always attracts a man in the first place. I mean, mine are pretty hard to ignore. I also make the most of a good thing by wearing lowcut tops and push-up bras that accentuate the overflow.

When a guy first looks at my tits, I get this sexual rush that's centered in my nipples. I feel them getting hot and hard and poking out against my bra or the top of my dress. Then I'm filled with the craving to expose my boobs to the guy who's staring at them. As soon as we're alone, I make it clear that he is welcome to touch them. I wait, breathless, for the moment when his hot, eager hand slides down under my bra and top to fondle my heated-up flesh. An electric shock goes through me as his fingers brush against my round, poking, cherry-sized nipples.



I make it clear to all my lovers that they must spend a lot of time exciting my breasts, because that's how I get my rocks off. Fucking does next to nothing for me, unless it's tit-fucking. I love that more than anything. I like a guy to straddle my waist and then rub his prick with baby oil or lotion. I also massage it into my cleavage. First, I like him to suck on my nipples and rub and knead my firm, upward-thrusting tits until I'm panting with desire, and his dick is throbbing and pulsating with the need to come.

Feverish with lust, I cup my large breasts as he shoves his cock between them. Then I squeeze them together until they grip his slippery rod nice and tight. Meantime, my thumbs are busy stroking my stiff, pulsing nipples, as if they were two erect clits. I get more sensation from them than my real clit, anyway. I am panting and mean as my lover thrusts his prick up and down the snug space between my tits. The motion of his fucking makes them jiggle and bounce, and I know if he keeps it up I'll come any second.

My thumbs move faster over my jutting nipples as the guy fucks my tits furiously. His cock moves crazily in my cleavage, until he roars and lets

his hot jism explode between my boobs. My whole body shudders and writhes as I climax with my nipples and my tits and my cunt. Usually, my nipples exude a clear liquid when I cum, and I enjoy having the guy lick

this off. I also enjoy having my nipples licked to climax—it's much better than having a guy go down on me.

I only wish I could find some guys who have a tit fetish. All too often, they want to play with my tits for a few minutes and then get right down to fucking. Well, I let them have their fun, but I never see them again. It's the ones who enjoy sucking and fucking my tits that I get hung up on!

Angie

Sun Valley, Idaho

BOOB RAVE FOR RAVEN!

Having been out of the country for a few years, I hadn't seen BIG BOOBS until I picked up your August issue. I must say, I don't think I've ever seen so much creamy tit-flesh all collected in one place!

My idea of a perfect set of jugs would be Raven De La Croix's gorgeous knockers.

I used to live with a girl who looked much like Raven, and my greatest joy was to climb into bed next to her every night, prop my chin on my hand, and contemplate her long, luscious body, wondering, "Where shall I start tonight!"

Many happy hours I spent sucking on those tits, and your magazine brings them back. For which I thank you. Keep up the good boobs!

Alec P.

Baton Rouge, La.



THE TRAINING OF TRICIA

By Ray Allen

The fact that Tricia WAS called "Miss Thunder-tits" in high school didn't help, even though it was her splendid boobs—44s and peachy in adulthood—that first attracted me to her and made her my woman. For, despite her big boobs and all-round beauty (there was also splendor in her ass) Tricia turned out to be—dare I say it—frigid.

Her uplift, in fact, was her downfall. Terrified by the way men mauled her boobs, or didn't look beyond her tits, Tricia became turned-off by sex. "I can't help it," she said. "Those tit-mashers really hurt me, physically and mentally." And then I came along....

Though an avowed big bosom lover, I had learned through experience how to treat these bountiful packages and their owners with care. I also learned not to concentrate on tits but to give equal attention to all other parts of a woman's anatomy. I was the first one not to go straight for her tits, said Tricia, after our first date. Then she told me about her fears.

Ordinarily, I would have lost all interest at this point and looked elsewhere, where the pickings were easier. But I could see that Tricia was something special—the looks of a TV star, with dark hair, upturned nose, large brown eyes.

Teaching has its rewards when the subject is sex!

Besides her extraordinary tits, of course. Consequently I vowed to do all I could to interest Tricia in the wider varieties of sex, starting as one does in school, with orals....

Tricia lay in bed nude, her hands covering her precious tits. She need not have feared, for there were other parts of her luscious anatomy to consider. Ears, lips, nostrils, armpits, nipples, navel, anus, toes and all the areas in-between got equal attention. Starting at her feet, I leisurely sucked her toes and licked her soles, making Tricia wriggle with surprise and pleasure. (No one had done this to her before.) Still in no hurry, I mouthed my way up her calves, under her knees, the tender insides of her thighs, until her dark-bushed vaginal flower practically cried out for love.

I ignored her vagina, instead making a detour up her hips and over her smooth, taut belly until, gradually, my lips covered the pink aureolas of her tits. By now her hands were fluttering at her sides, clutching the sheets, as I lick-

ed the pink nubs of her nipples and slithered my tongue over the entire area of her massive mounds.

Horny now, after my tit foray, I was ready to go back down to basics. By the time my tongue had penetrated her sopping love nest, lapping over turgid labia and tangy tunnel, she was fit to burst. A final foray onto her retreating clitoris triggered the explosion, sending spasmodic shockwaves throughout her whole body as the orgasm peaked.

Tricia told me, after she had recovered her breath, that it was the first time she ever had such an intense orgasm, even though she used to masturbate when she was in school to get over her frustrations from being manhandled (or rather mammary-handled).

In return, she treated me to one of the most satisfying blow-jobs I'd ever had—and I knew I had a star pupil. On other dates, in the weeks and months that followed, I introduced Tricia to the world of sex aids, tying up Tricia's childhood love of toys with her newfound adult sexual joys.

A standard smooth vibrator ('old faithful' my girlfriend had called it) paved the way for my throbbing cock, in conventional sex. On these occasions, when I was in-

The convulsions in Tricia's pussy and ass set off my climax and, moments later, still trapped inside, I toppled over her limp, wet body.

side, I would lock my arms around Tricia's back and bury my face in her boobs, sucking on her milk-makers even as I came into her cream-lined love box.

With such a promising start, I was finally ready for the next step. This time I was determined to treat Tricia to one of the "forbidden" pleasures—anal sex. It was a subject I had broached before, but which we had put off, as much for my anxiety as from Tricia's fear of going too far.

But now, after I showed Tricia a latex rubber outfit I had obtained by mail order from a sex boutique, the time was ripe and so, apparently, was Tricia's well-cushioned—and well-oiled—derriere.

On what we designated our "rubber evening," I attached a custom-made nipple ring to one of Tricia's gorgeous tits, to give it even more class to go with her beautiful soon-to-be ravaged ass.

Tricia, by choice, pulled on black latex briefs with a penile sheath that could be pushed inside her vagina with a vibrating dildo, giving her even deeper sensations with my mail order pleasures.

Wearing rubber, said Tricia, made her feel like a little kid—a time when she used to wet her bed and her stern mother put a rubber sheet under her or made her wear rubber diapers. This reaction decided the course our new games would take, for in any such sex play, with latex, leather or whatever, a bit of pre-planning can save the awkward fumbling and indecision that destroys the mood and often the desire.

Such gentle preparation dissipated much of Tricia's anxiety over the unaccustomed intrusion. It also took her mind off her boobs for awhile. I began by extending my previous oral activities to a spot of analingus.

Lying on a rubber pillow ex-

pressly made for the purpose, gave easy access to Tricia's anal rosebud, through an opening in the back of her all-purpose briefs. I licked it until all tension left her tight little opening, allowing me entrance, first with tongue, then with a heavily lubricated pinkie.

Gradually, with gentle probing, Tricia's sphincter opened to let my whole finger in. To loosen her further, I used one of my sex aids—a six-inch, smooth, rubberized vibrator designed for such hard-to-reach areas. The rubber dick slipped in with little effort, purring contentedly in her rectum and matching the whirrs of the vibrator in her vagina, the two instruments sending warm ripples through her ass to her entire body, while I helped things by gently massaging her boobs—one of the goals of this excursion.

Later, playing stern parent, I ordered Tricia to kneel and lowered her briefs, exposing rich contours of creamy ass (what a perfect match for her milky-fair boobs) and gave her a couple of light smacks on her cheeks. Tricia gave a little shriek of pain—or was it pleasure?

Tingling with the excitement of my anticipated penetration into Tricia's unexplored bum, I daubed liberal amounts of gel on my cock and, taking my time, gradually entered her rear. She immediately began to tense and release, trapping me inside her while I kept caressing her boobs.

Tricia's vibrator, humming busily in her rubber-lined vagina and separated from my cock by the thinnest wall of taut flesh, set up vibrations in my own tightly ensconced cock. Bucking and wriggling madly with the dual thrusts, Tricia could hold out no more and with a series of short squeals, she began to blow. Her explosive orgasm, coming quickly, shot right through me.

The convulsions in Tricia's sphincter and the vibrations in her vagina set off my own intense climax moments later, making me topple over her wet and quivering body still trapped in her ass—with the vibrator still going....

With a boldness encouraged by her new-found love of sex, Tricia now demanded equal rights in our sex games, an idea to which I reluctantly agreed. Had I, in my training of Tricia, unleashed a monster of insatiable passions and unbridled lusts? I hoped not.

In any case, I opted to become a "leather submissive" while Tricia, hip-booted and with a tight-laced black patent leather "cat suit" corset that pushed out her bare bosom and buttocks, had her way with me. I guess it was the cat suit that got me. Those massive pleasure mounds, almost matching, upstairs and downstairs, went to my head—and cock.

From my collection, Tricia attached two-inch double thick hasp cuffs to my wrists and secured them behind my back, leaving me helpless. Two other cuffs secured my ankles so that I could barely hobble on my knees. With a four-foot leather leash attached to a collar around my neck, Tricia led me dog-like from room to room—my bone still hard—until my knees were sore and my balls ached.

When I protested she only laughed, displaying a streak of cruelty I had previously only suspected. (Was she getting back at all those guys who had tortured her tits?) Nevertheless female domination intrigued me and now that I was literally at the rear end of it—with my bare ass vulnerable to the prods of her sharp heels—I felt tingles of desire spread all over my subdued body.

She had more in store for me. She took me to the bathroom and supervised my toilet activities.

(Continued on page 98)



X-CLUSIVE PIX!



HARD CANDY

***At last the lady
with the fabled
48EE jugs
gives up her
cinema cherry.
Here's a juicy
Sample!***

For years Candy Samples' faithful fans (and she has a galaxy of them) have worshipped at the shrine of her monolithic mammaries by following her from burlesk to burlesk and magazine to magazine. But always hiding unrequited libidos behind their flies, because Candy has always turned

BIG BOOBS 79

tits down on real, hide-the-weenie hard-core.

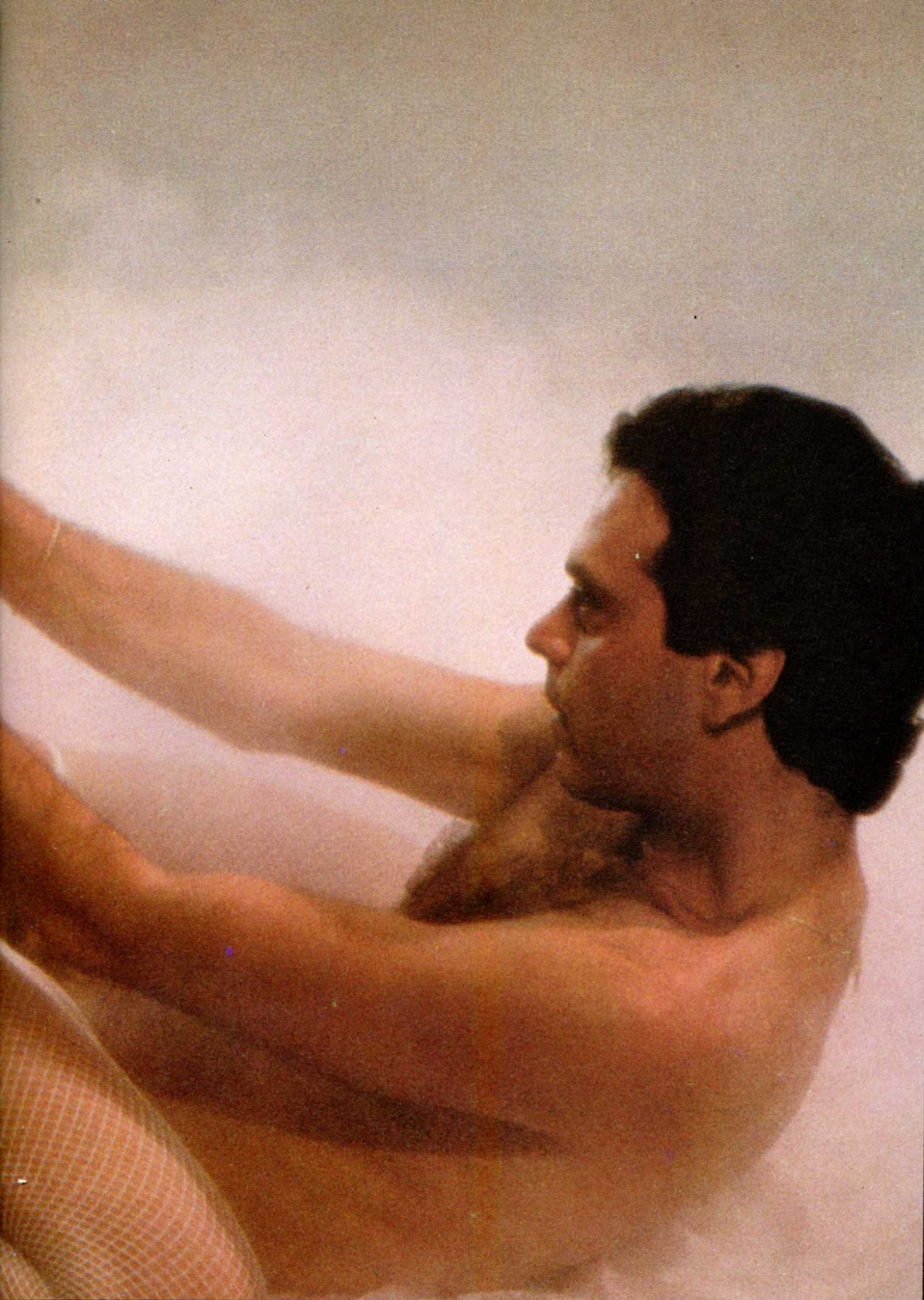
Until now. Yeah, that's right, all you lung-lovers out there. Candy Samples, the girl with the 48EE's, has finally made her first down-and-dirty, feature length hardcore film. It's called *All The Way In*, and that's how deep the capacious Candy takes the beef from a dandy and very randy cast that includes Eric Edwards, Ron Jeremy, David Morris and Candy's own live-in lover Pat Romano.

And that's just the guys! Let's not forget beauties like Martina, Mai Lin, Shanna McCollough, Tanya Lawson.

When they aren't giving each other sub-desk, chasing the models or just generally fucking around, they're

Candy gets it on with her former manager and live-in co-star, Pat Romano.





cooperating in the sweaty quest to restore Candy's misplaced appetite for nookie. Why? Because a mystery man has bought their skin mag and, if they can nurse Candy back to carnal health, she'll be able to seduce the sucker and save their jobs. At least that's the reasoning. The reality, of course, is something else. But therein lies the fun.

Since this \$250,000 fuck film was written for her, it fits Candy like a dildo. Our advice is, if you're a fan of Candy's (and if you're a BIG BOOBS reader, that's a sure thing), don't miss *All The Way In*. It's a chance to watch a living legend let it all hang out. And, in Candy Samples' case, that's saying something, brother!

Without Pat's prong to suck, All The Way In could be Candy's last X film.





**'I love the plot,' says Candy.
'The mystery guy I'm supposed to screw
senseless turns out to
be the one my pussy's pining for.'**

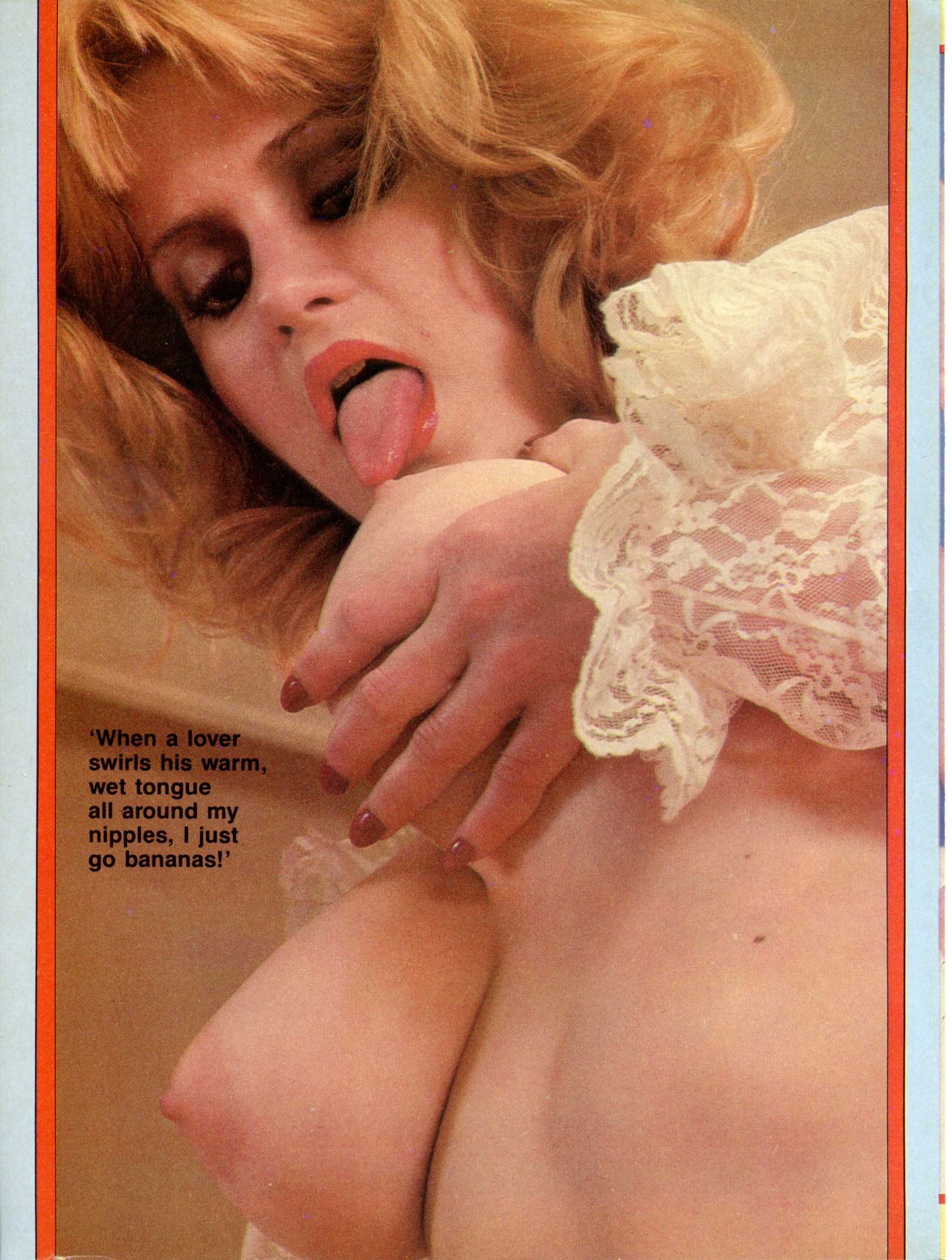
Carrot Cake

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEROME BISCHOFF

Wendy Bakes For A Living, But She's Her Own Tastiest Confection!



'Men think because I have red hair and big tits, I must be a hot fuck. Well, they're right!'

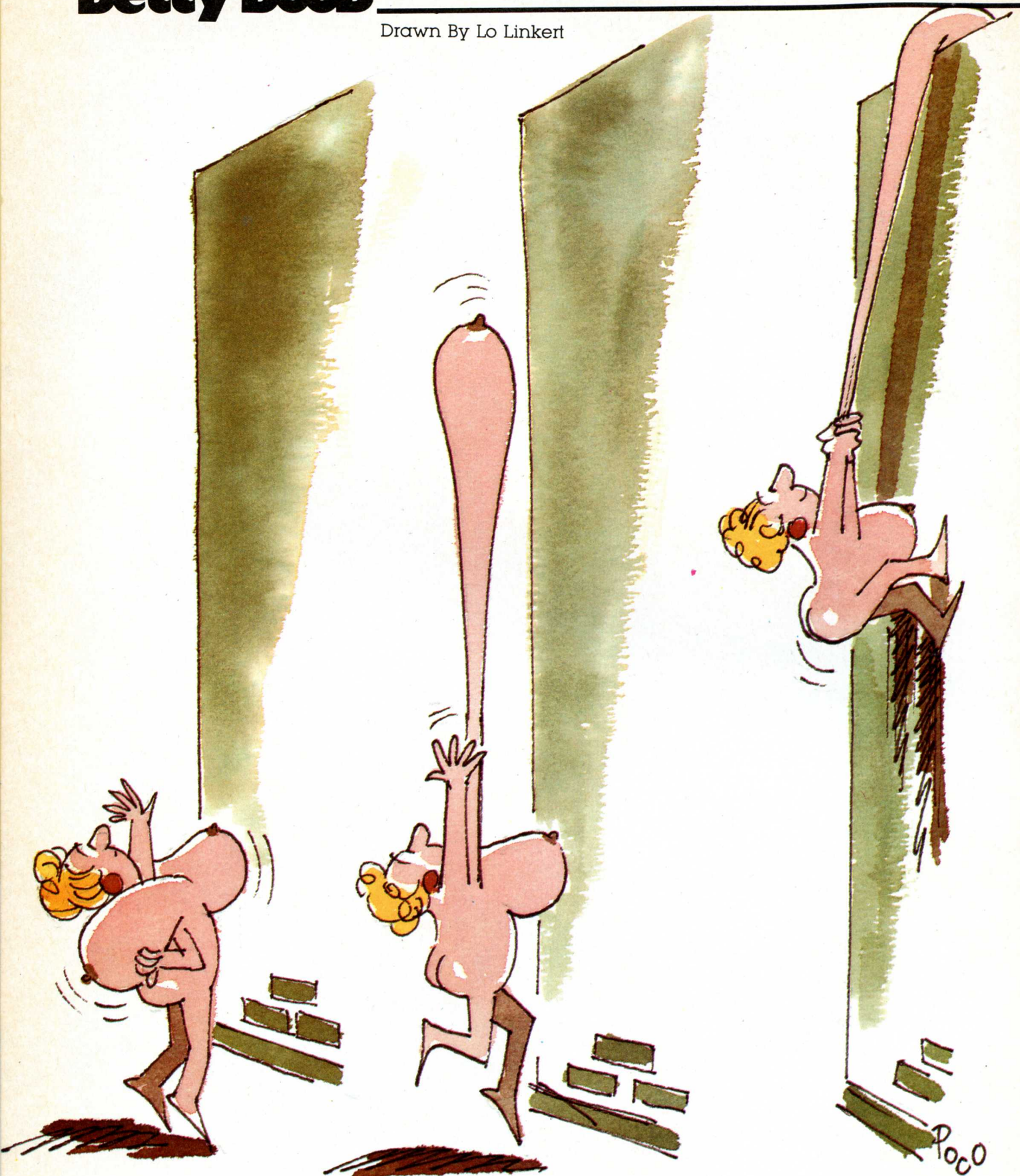
A close-up photograph of a woman with blonde, wavy hair. She is looking down with her mouth open, tongue sticking out. Her hand is raised towards her chest, with fingers slightly curled. She is wearing a white lace top. The background is a soft, out-of-focus beige.

**'When a lover
swirls his warm,
wet tongue
all around my
nipples, I just
go bananas!'**



betty boob

Drawn By Lo Linkert





**DON'T
CALL ME**

BAMBI

'I hate that nickname,' says Barbara. 'It makes me sound like a goody-goody. Do I look like some kind of virgin to you?' Nope.



'I figure nature gave me a body like this for a reason, and no way I'm going to waste it. Hey, If I'm not making wet spots on someone's bed at least once a night, something's wrong.'







C-807-F New York City

My husband and I are adult entertainers. We'll preform live shows, pose for photos, films, videotapes. Indoors/out, year round. We'll act as host/hostess, entertainers, socializers at business meetings, to liven up parties, etc. ALL fantasies, fetishes accommodated. Free to travel. For full details send letter with your interests, phone and SASE.



L-694-F Florida

Palm Beach model, mature 28 yrs. old, sensuous blonde, 38D-24-36, will pose by mail or in person for generous gentlemen. SASE a must for details. \$5. required for three samples in color.



A-498-F New York City

Eager beaver wants you to cum see my dam. Let's build a relationship. SASE please and \$5 for photos.



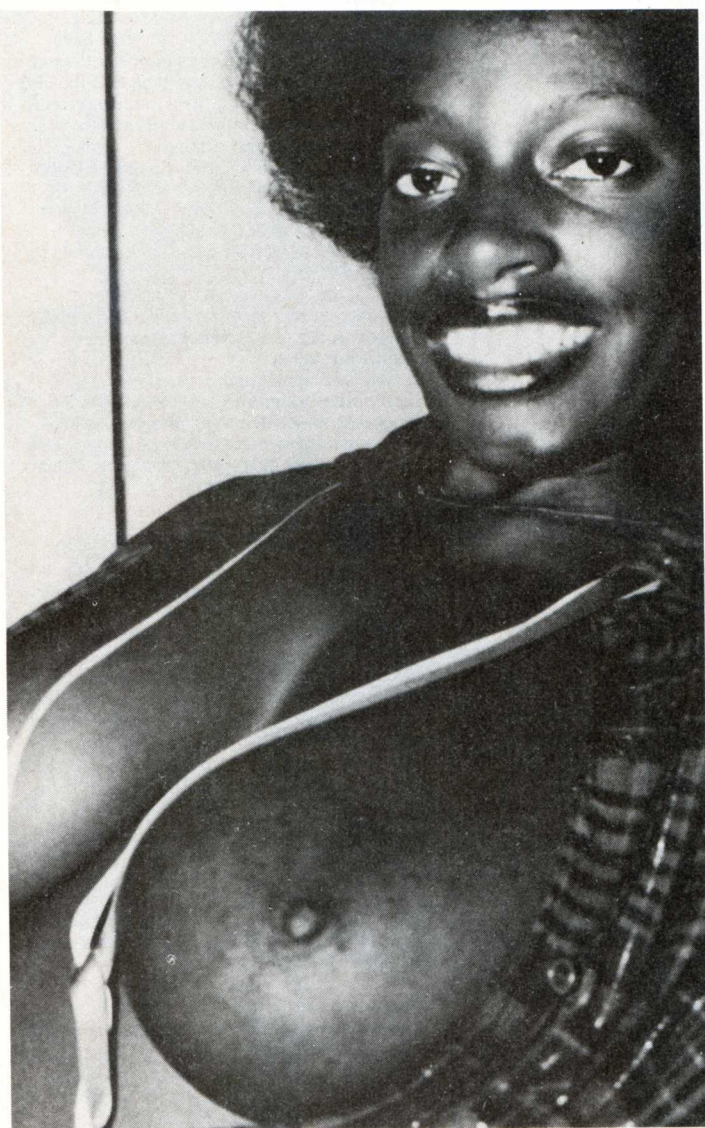
J-451-F Florida

Bondage Bitch will model for you. Get on your knees and write today for details about my dynamic photos. Generous token gets samples.

BIG BOOBS Magazine is proud to present in connection with the **CONTINENTAL SPECTATOR** a compendium of potential swingers, swappers, and girls and guys who just plain love to screw around. Instructions as to how to answer any of the ads found on these three pages are located in the coupon on page 94. Happy Hunting.

The Editors

SWAP 'N' POP



E-357-F Nebraska

Busty bi- black lover from Omaha welcomes letters from bi-gals and couples and men everywhere. Can travel to meet you. Will do modeling. Send photo and SASE for my reply please.



G-705-C Minnesota

Bouncing breast and quivering rump make my full figure built for pleasure. Prefer men over 50 with 7" or more of bulbous cock to pose with me in action. Hubby, a good photographer, will take pictures. Active bi-females (fatties preferred) welcome. Couples also write. Send letter stating intentions, desires. Token for photos. SASE a must for reply.



R-768-F California
Delectable doll travels to NYC, Houston, Chicago and many other cities. I'd love to meet men for swinging fun, gentle Greek & fantastic French. Answer all who write sincerely and include an SASE for my reply.



A-487-F Florida
Frustrated gal, tired of supressing her sexual desires, needs discreet, tactful male for dining out and screwing around. Write with an SASE for details.

SWAP 'N' POP

These ads are presented by BIG BOOBS in conjunction with **Continental Spectator**-the biggest, most reliable and longest-running (20 years) swingers' magazine in America.

The advertisers in **SWAP 'N' POP!** have specifically requested the opportunity to meet you, the sexually-aware, swinging BIG BOOBS reader. And each month we'll introduce you to another group of **Continental Spectator's** swinging couples and singles.

HOW TO CONTACT THESE SWINGERS

- 1) Write a separate personal letter to each advertiser you wish to contact. Put the letter in an envelope with the complete code number on the outside and seal it. Do this for each advertiser.
- 2) Place the above sealed envelope or envelopes in one large envelope. Enclose a forwarding fee of \$2 plus loose postage stamps per letter.
- 3) Seal and send large envelope to **Continental Spectator, 147 West 42nd St., Suite 603, Dept BB, New York NY 10036**
- 4) Your return address should be on the upper left-hand corner of the large envelope. Attach correct postage and mail.

PLEASE NOTE THESE GUIDELINES

Advertisers must be over 21 years of age. It is against the law to send obscene letters and photographs through the mail.

Continental Spectator cooperates fully with Postal officials in this matter. Neither BIG BOOBS nor **Continental Spectator** assumes any responsibility in any way for transactions between advertisers and readers who answer ads. Let discretion and intelligence be your guides.

LADIES AND COUPLES

If you'd like to see your ad and photo in BIG BOOBS, **SWAP 'N' POP!** write to the above address for an application. If you're interested in a greater variety of swingers, send for the giant 132-page issue of **Continental Spectator** for \$6.00 plus \$2.00 p&h. Use the convenient order form below.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$8.00 for the latest issue of **Continental Spectator**. Please rush via 1st class mail. I am over 21 years old.

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State _____ Zip _____

Send form to **Continental Spectator 147 W. 42nd St. Rm 603, Dept. BB New York NY 10036**

GIANT JUGS CONTEST!

**ATTENTION: Big Boob Lovers...Show Us Your Girl's Buxom Bosom
And You May Win \$250 In Cash! Details Below!**



Send us your private pix of your girlfriend, wife or lover's mouth-watering melons and—if we feel her titties top the chart—we'll send her \$250! Each month, we'll pick a winner from the entries received and arrange a professional photo shooting by one of America's top centerspread photographers to appear in a subsequent issue of BIG BOOBS.

If you've got more than one amply endowed playmate, you can send in as many submissions as you want—but each must be accompanied by the model release that appears on page 97 of this issue. All photos become the property of Friday Publishing Company. Send your entries to: BIG BOOBS CONTEST, Friday Publishing Co., 114 East 28th Street, Suite 501, New York, N.Y. 10016.

LUCINDA R. calls Atlantic City, N.J. home. At nineteen, she's a natural blonde who loves to go braless in the summer!

KIMBERLY K. loves Atlanta, Ga. and plans to live there forever. She's twenty-one, single and loves to French Kiss for hours!





JANE C. resides in sunny L.A., is twenty-five but doesn't look it at all, loves older men, fur coats and horseback riding.



RHONDA J. hails from Memphis, Tenn. She's on the cusp of Taurus/Gemini, age twenty-two, loves French men and Greek sex!



MONA Q. was born in Austin, Tx. and grew up in Iowa. She's a Scorpio who loves oral sex, baking bread and water sports.

AUDREY K. spends her time in Miami, Fla. water-skiing, sun bathing nude on her terrace and looking for Mr. Right!



BARBARA C. was born in Indiana but now lives in Missouri. At age 35, she's a hot Leo!



BUNNY is a big (40-D) beautiful girl from Queens, N.Y. She's got green eyes, is twenty-two, loves to ball her hubby & tube downriver nude!



BIG BOOBS CONTEST

MODEL RELEASE

You must fill in the requested information and attach the model release to your photo submissions in order to enter the contest. Phone numbers necessary for verification. Each entrant must be at least 21 years old.

IMPORTANT: We will not consider for publication entries that do not include photo-copy of model's current, valid identification (driver's license, etc.).

I hereby give BIG BOOBS Magazine the absolute right and permission to copyright and/or publish, or use photographic portraits or pictures of me, or in which I may be included in whole or in part, or composite or distorted character or form, in conjunction with my own or a fictitious name, or reproduction thereof in color or otherwise, made through any media at its studios or elsewhere, for art, advertising, trade or any other lawful purpose whatsoever. I hereby waive any right that I may have to inspect and/or approve the finished product or the advertising copy that may be used in connection therewith, or the use of which it may be applied.

For first exclusive reproduction rights to the above-mentioned photographs and/or editorial material wherever the North American edition of BIG BOOBS is distributed, plus reuse reproduction in any annual editions and/or calendars of BIG BOOBS Magazine.

Notary Seal

MODEL

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Phone (day and evening) (In Confidence) _____

Signature _____

Date _____

PHOTOGRAPHER

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

WITNESS

Signature _____

Phone _____

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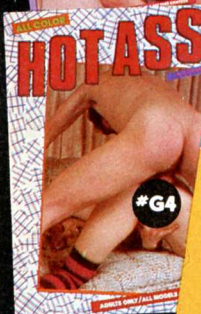
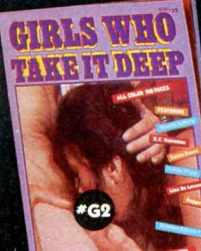
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98 BIG BOOBS

TRAINING OF TRICIA

What humiliation! Then, tugging at my collar and with her heels in the air, she made me suck out her anus. Every time I stopped, she brought those heels dangerously close to my vulnerable and quite erect cock, evoking extreme castration anxiety. Finally she relented and let me off the hook, rewarding my enforced servitude with a hearty feast at her abundant mammaries, pushed out so temptingly in her tight cat corset. I followed this with a meal at her pussy, which was a whole lot juicier, especially when she came.

Then, seeing I was still erect, Tricia allowed me my greatest thrill—to mount her generous chest with my cock between her delightfully cushiony boobs. It took only a few thrusts this way to explode my passion, through her tits to her lips. This was indeed paradise, beginning and ending with Tricia's treasure chest of mammary delights. My training of Tricia had ultimately paid off.

CANDY FUCKS and SUCKS in this
EXCLUSIVE ALL COLOR

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candy
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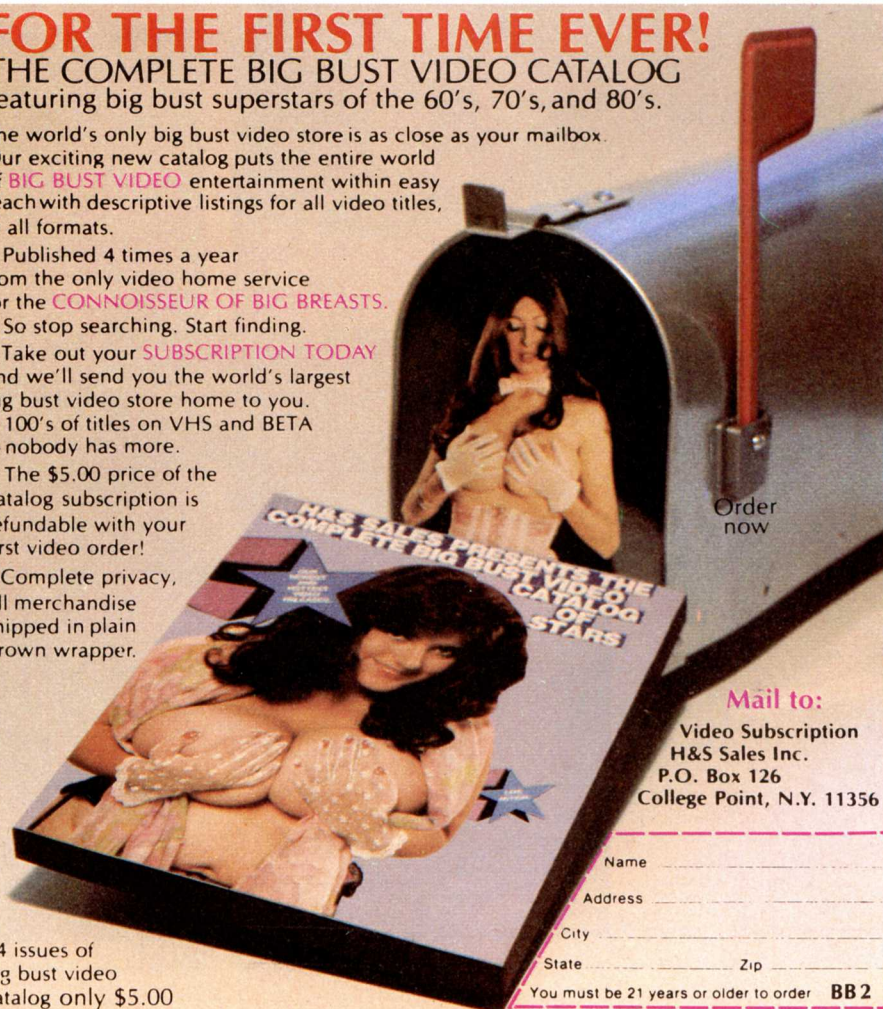
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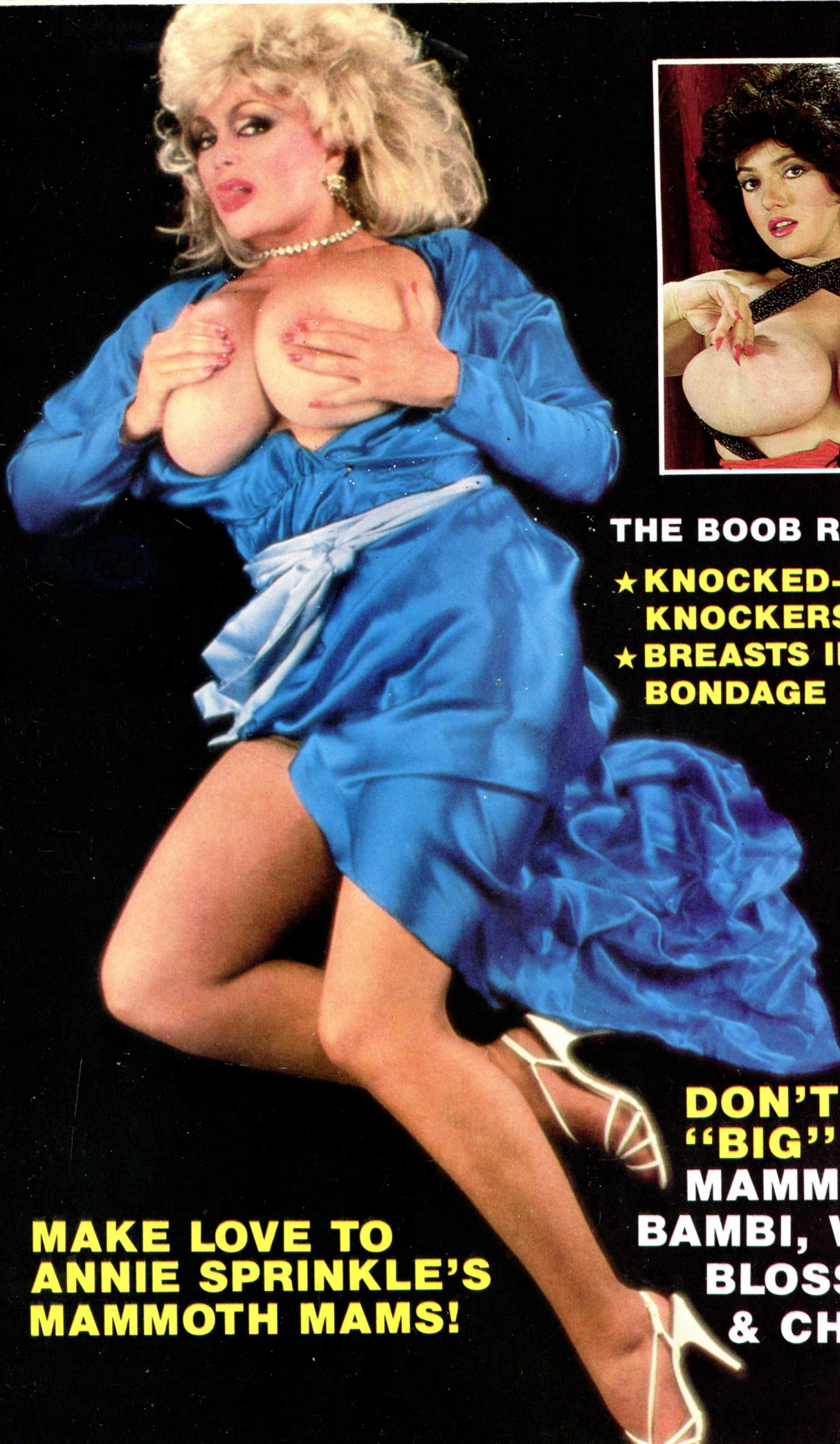
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& CHIFFON!**