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BIG BOSOMS



**BIG BUSTS LEAD TO
BIGGER DELIGHTS**

BIG BOSOMS



"EAT MY SHORTS!"

BIG BOSOMS

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Blossom Roberts is a gal who likes to snap bones. She is a licensed chiropractor, and if you happen to be tied up in knots, she will be happy to straighten them out for you. The treatment is surprisingly effective and Blossom, with enough of her own anatomy to display, knows an awful lot of everybody else's. Enough to make her a busy girl, working at her tilting table five days a week and half day Saturday.









Her father was one, and so Blossom, having no sibling brothers, followed in the old man's track. Before she was a teenybopper, she already knew how to twist a man's head just the right amount, and he'd still be able to walk away on his own steam.

"It's a long painstaking course," she told us, "but you'd be surprised at all the good we can do. And a lot of people would sooner get a jolt from me on their spinal column than take a pill, which may or may not





do them any good. I get a lot of health nuts in here who are rabid and fanatic about chiropractics. They say it's Nature's way, and as long as I can help them, that's okay with me. Of course, once in a while, I get a guy in here who's seen me on the street and thinks we're going to wind up holding hands. After I get my hands on him, and use a little leverage, some of the tricks my daddy showed me, he's not so sure. If that's all that was ailing him when he came in, I don't



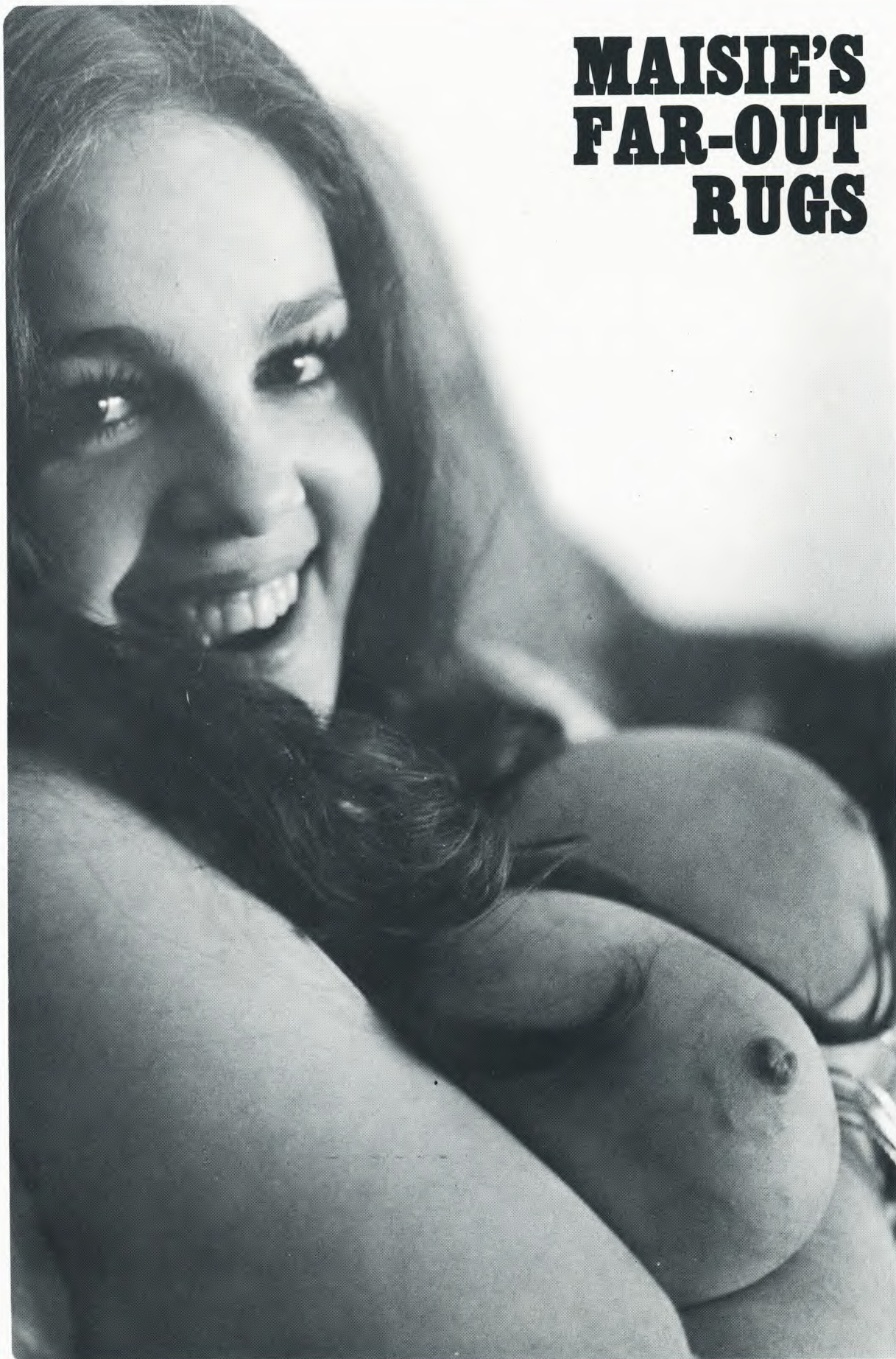
know if I helped. But one way or another, I know I straightened the guy out!"

Lie down at your own risk, guys. The better way is just to **look!** See?





MAISIE'S FAR-OUT RUGS





Could you guess what this langorous looking dish does for a living? Designs rugs, that's what! The kind you walk or roll on, the kind you hang up on a wall because they're so pretty, the ones with the patched up out-of-this-

world designed look. It's all Maisie Marcutt's new far-out way of creating something to take the place of something people always took for granted. Her rugs are so special people hate to walk on them.

This designing female got into her raggy rug craft quite accidentally. She started as a potter but couldn't see enough security as she didn't sell enough pots. Then she tried making prints and delicate drawings but these didn't sell well either. Finally, one day she got fed up with pacing the rug in her living room and decided to cut it up instead, and make it more interesting. This kind of patchwork quilt pattern looked so good, her friends all told her she had to bottle it immediately, or whatever, and she would make her fortune.









Friends usually give well-meaning advice but usually wrong. In Maisie's case for some unaccountable reason, it worked! Her rugs became the talk instead of the walk of the town, and now she has more rug orders to fill than she used to have time to pace over, worrying. Hairless men, take note! Maisie's rugs are different but they're not for your head, but your apartment. Now Maisie, herself, ah! That's something that goes right to *our* head!









EXTRA! EXTRA! BUSTY NYMPHS EXPOSE ALL!



Here are more splendid examples of what it takes to drive a man temporarily out of his ever-lovin' mind. These nature nymfs are the kind of thing man is getting to see more and more of these days, with consequent growing notion to continue this kind of dalliance with the proper forms.

Nymphs are nothing new and they are fast becoming part of the new style in west coast living. Nature camps are burgeoning with new members and probably more epidermis is exposed to the Sun today than at any previous time in history. These are statistics of course, and are dull. Talking to the practitioners of the sun cult is a lot more fun, and easier on the eyes.

"You've got to be really hung-up to go on living your way," one cute sun-bronzed Ms. told us.

"There's got to be more to life than facing buttons and zippers and pockets all day long. Who needs them? This way is healthy and sane and makes for more natural convivial groups.











"I'm talking about the young people that we're getting to sun-groove with us. They all come into this thing with zest and open eyes. Believe me there's hardly ever a dull moment. Of course, when you sit on a wasp's nest, it's something else again, but so what? The main thing is, this way you know what people are all about. There's no hiding behind a false front, if you know what I mean. And I like it when you can look person squarely in the eye and see exactly what they're thinking."

Anyone for a round of eye contact?





LISA LOVES BOOK WORMS

Lisa House is an outdoor girl with plenty of indoor appeal as well. Although she can get by on her looks and easily make it as a model for fashion mags or the bikini business, she prefers working with people who have something interesting to say or do, and has found her niche as an editor for a publishing house.







"Although my function as an editor is not world shaking," she told us, "at least it has its uses. Because I process manuscripts that later become books, I feel that a great many people will benefit eventually from the work I do, from the author whose work I edit, to the public who gets a chance to read the book and become better informed or entertained, to my employer who makes a good living as a net result; and I, myself, profit, by having a certain measure of security and the ability to support myself





"I've had a good education and that has helped," she added. "For a few years I wasn't quite sure just how I would utilize the intellectual gifts I have. For a short time I was a typist and worked with authors who needed their rough manuscripts prepared for publishers. Then I saw I was working at the periphery instead of at dead center, and got this job where I'm closer to being the hub of the wheel.

Yes, I date a lot of our writers, especially the ones who write sex books. I'm always interested in learning things."

That's a nice girl.







MARQUIS EROTIC FICTION

Ray Coleman had to find an answer to his problem. If he didn't, his financial backers would furnish their own fatal solution.



the right way

The expensive custom made shirt and jacket fit like paper on the wall. The slacks hugged his body tightly, almost intimately. Ray Coleman viewed his reflection in the mirror and focused his gaze on his crotch. The material was perfectly smooth. Not the slightest bulge. He turned away from the mirror in deep disgust. "I haven't had a decent erection in a week," he muttered to himself. "This business is driving me nuts."

He leaned against the edge of the drapes and stared moodily out the window of his office. It had all seemed so simple when he started the operation. You fill an urgent need and customers come in droves, bringing money. Nothing to it, he'd reasoned. Business wasn't bad, but it wasn't good enough to satisfy the money boys who had gone in with him. Where was the financial 'leak'? There had to be one. He must be collecting more money than what showed on the books. Was it management problems? Possibly, but he had good people, he thought, and he was no greenhorn at this kind of operation. He turned away from the window and closed the heavy drapes. "I'm going out tonight," he thought to himself. "Anywhere. To do anything to get my mind off this mess."

The Cad tires screamed in protest as he viciously gunned the heavy car out of the parking lot. He had to find some answers. Soon.

The lights on The Strip glittered as brightly as ever, not reflecting Coleman's bad mood. Las Vegas never

slept, not while the tourists still had a few bucks in their pockets. Ray turned the car away from the city, knowing where he was going and hating the idea at the same time. Still — there was that slight tingling feeling beginning to make itself felt in his crotch and a heavier pulse in that vein at his temple as he thought about getting laid. Hell. Why not? Nothing like a little Rest and Recreation to take a man's mind off his problems.

He parked in a far corner of the lot and let his gaze travel past the neon glowing in the midnight air. Up past the 'Restful Haven' sign to a shadowy figure sitting comfortably in an old armchair in the shadow of an air conditioning vent. "Security's on tight" he grunted to himself as he eased out of the Cadillac. "Must have had some trouble."

He walked steadily toward the whorehouse, a solitary figure outlined in the glare of the floodlights pointed toward the lot. His finger reached for the button set next to the heavy door, but it opened when his hand was still in mid-air. He grinned at the peroxide blonde who was welcoming him. What little she wore was just enough to make him want to see the rest. Nice boobs. Looked young. Firm nipples punctuated the centers of the satin cups curving over the swelling mounds. She breathed with exaggerated heaviness as he brushed the hair between her legs with an inquisitive hand as he passed her.

"You're right on the ball with your welcome," he smiled.

"We aim to please, Mack," she replied, slipping an arm around his waist as they walked across the waiting room to the jukebox.

"The name's Ray, honey. And I'm in no hurry. Like to look around a little first, if it's O.K."

"Just don't be too long, Ray." She kissed him lightly, nipping his ear with a practised gesture. "When you're ready, remember Scarlet. That's me."

He slipped a quarter in the slot, punched a Sinatra number, and turned to look around the room. Business was brisk. More than half the chairs and lounges were occupied by potential customers. Four had chicks on their laps, copping free feels while getting

their erotic machinery in motion. There was one way in and one way out; the door leading to the parking lot and a smaller one to a long hall that obviously extended the entire length of the building. Ray noticed some broad was always right by the outside door. 'No changing your mind, once you're in,' he thought. The place turned him off, somehow. But not too much. There was enough to watch. Two of the 'employees' were nude to the waist, their customers' hot hands twisting the chicks' nipples and bouncing their boobs to the beat of the music. In the far corner a small guy with the biggest whang Ray had ever seen had it out and was trying to slip it in past the elastic bottom of the broad's playsuit. She was letting him have enough action to cinch the sale, but was wasn't delivering. Not yet.

Coleman felt a warm hand close over his cock and smelled expensive perfume. He pulled the girl around in front of him and started to dance, holding her close and rubbing against her firm pubic arch. She was soft, pliable, a good dancer and agreeable as hell.

"My room's just down the hall. Number four."

"How do you know I'm ready?" Ray grinned.

"You're ready, handsome. I can tell. Those slacks are tight, but I can still feel it."

"No ballroom," Coleman grinned.

"This ain't the 'ball' room, either," she cracked. "It's number four. Why don't you and our friend follow me?"

She closed the door behind them and kissed him abruptly, reaching for the zipper that held her one piece gown in place. Suddenly nude, she stepped back a pace and let him take it all in. "Like me?" she asked.

"I like it. What's the tariff?"

"Fifteen bucks, cash money," she replied, reaching for him.

"For how long?" Ray asked.

"Fifteen minutes. Don't worry. You'll make it. Statistics prove it takes a good man to last longer than four minutes."

"I wasn't questioned, when they were gathering their statistics. So if I prove to be average, what the hell will we do for the other eleven minutes?"



She laughed, revealing perfect white teeth. "We'll think of something. But you're not average . . ."

They both looked down at his cock, lengthening in her teasing fingers. Her other hand was held out, palm up.

"I've nothing smaller than a twenty."

"I'll take it. All." She folded it expertly and dropped the bill in a slot cut in the top of the dresser. Releasing him momentarily, she flipped a small switch and spoke into a mike Coleman noticed for the first time, set into the wall by the mirror's edge. "Number twenty-three. In and ready at 12:14. It's a twenty."

There was a seconds delay and then a metallic voice rasped in reply, "He has twenty minutes. Signal when finished."

"Christ! Who was that? Big Brother?"

She shrugged. "It's the system, honey. Gotta check in and check out, every time." She filled a basin from an old fashioned pitcher on the stand beside the bed and then turned to help him undress.

"God. This place is a precision processing factory," Ray thought as his shoes hit the deck, followed quickly by the slacks and then the rest of his clothing. "No theft possible on the money. No free overtime for anyone. And electronic communication to protect the chix in case the customer has too many weirdo ideas. Talk about efficiency." He had seen nothing as yet . . .

Her fingers squeezed him at the base of his stiffening cock and slid expertly down its length to the swelling head. Noticing his grimace of distaste, she kissed him quickly and murmured in his ear, "I know, hon. But it's a house rule. Gotta check you. Suppose you had something?"

"Since you haven't stopped working that thing I presume I'm O.K." Ray commented, dryly. "But how about you?"

"I'm guaranteed by the house medic. 100%." She smiled happily as she felt his heavy pulse beating in the long cock in her hand. She splashed warm scented water on it and picked up a small bar of pink soap. Ray closed his eyes.

"Are you going to fuck it off or wash it off?" he asked suddenly. "I know it will save wear and tear on your pussy, but I didn't come here for a course in personal hygiene."

"You're going to get what you came for, baby," she breathed in his ear as she hugged him tightly, rubbing her full bush against him. "Lay down and let's do it. I want to feel it all in me . . ."

Flat on the bed, Ray watched through half closed eyes as her lips brushed slowly across his chest, then his stomach, then on down to where her hand held his throbbing penis in a velvet grip. Her tongue investigated the reddening head of his cock while his fingers trailed gently up and down his inner thighs. 'She's good,' Coleman thought. 'Damn good! Some crib, though. No windows. Pale yellow walls. Concrete. Floor too. Stupid lighting. A little too bright. It's a fucking factory. But it works. It's efficient. Wonder how many jokers they process, each night?'

"Your mind's wandering, honey. I can feel it. Right here." She looked up at him, past his cock now in both her urging hands.

He looked at it, sourly. The crazy thing had been just hanging around for so long it didn't realize the time for some therapeutic action had come. Had his business troubles brought him this far down the sexual scale towards impotency? In sudden disgust with himself he sat up suddenly in the bed, his cock wilting even more.

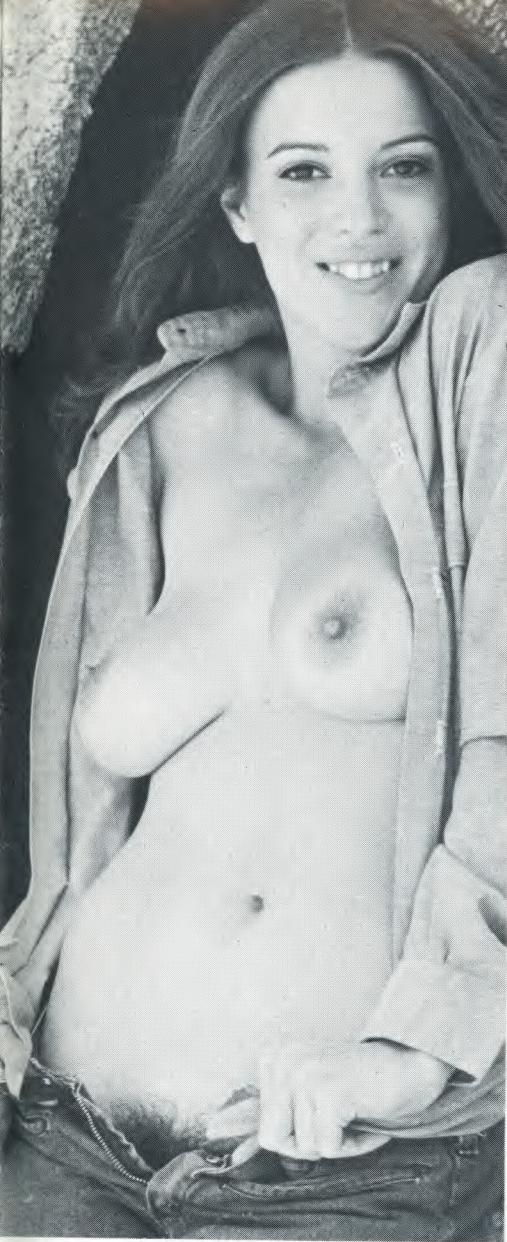
"Got a vibrator?"

"No, sweetie. Management says no frills. Just straight screwin'. Don't you like me?"

"You're O.K. I mean, you're really very good. And you're a real looker," Ray smiled. "I guess it's this place. It's so damn efficient in design and function. I feel I'm being processed. But they must rake in the dough!"

"Figure it out, hon. Three to six girls every shift. Four shifts in every 24 hours. A buck every working minute, seven days a week. You want to waste your balling time talking statistics or are you gonna do it to me?" There was a slight edge to her voice, but it was cloaked with an attitude of 'the customer is always right'. Brainwashed by 'management',





Ray thought. But hell, he'd come in to forget his troubles, not to have them wipe him out. He lay back again and pulled the girl to him. She gripped his thigh between her legs and rubbed herself against him, guiding his hands to where she wanted them. Ray began to feel that old tingle in his balls again and his cock was growing firmer with her leg rubbing him gently.

His cock, in her insistent hand, suddenly felt — different. He moved his leg and felt the coolness of a glass jar on the bed beside him. The label read 'Love Jell'. It smelled good. Like fresh strawberries. Her hand slid easily over his hardness, stroking him up and down. She squeezed him. Just hard enough. Then eased the pressure. Repeatedly. Up and down. She changed hands without missing a stroke, her gaze intent on his throbbing organ. Her breathing became more rapid as she warmed to her work and she suddenly shifted her position to straddle him, facing his gaze. Her full breasts bounced and the bed complained as her pace stepped up. A fine film of perspiration broke out on her soft skin and Ray could feel the muscles in her legs tensing under his hands as he held her tightly over him. Now she was gripping him with both hands, the bright red head of his cock appearing and disappearing between her palms as she stroked him faster and faster. She suddenly stopped, holding him stiffly pointing at the ceiling and looked straight into his eyes. Holding his gaze, she bent over him and then Ray watched as his cock slowly vanished between her full red lips. He felt her tongue teasing his entire length until she bottomed it, taking it all.

In the back of his mind Coleman could hear a clock ticking. "Goddamn," he groaned. "Here. Trade places."

In a second she was flat on her back, her legs open wide and her hands reaching for his fullness and guiding his throbbing joint up and in. She locked her ankles across his back, pulling him into her as deeply as he could go, squeezing him with her strong vaginal muscles in a pulsing rhythm that made him catch his breath. She was good. He could feel the sweat begin to trickle down his

back as his hips moved with piston smoothness. They were beginning to work. Together. Joyfully. As one.

"Mmmmmm. Hold me close. Close your eyes. Forget this lousy place. I hate it worse than you possibly could, and I've been a pro here for only two days. God, you're so hard. And you're good. So good."

Coleman concentrated on how she felt. How soft her arms were around him. How silky her pussy felt around his hot cock. How her stroking hips met and matched his in thrust and pace. The world faded away as her tongue gently probed into his dust-dry mouth.

Dimly, over the rhythmic squeaking of the bed, he heard a faint hum and then that rasping voice.

"Twenty-three, time's up. You O.K.?"

"Oh, Geez," she groaned. "Yes, goddammit, I'm all right," she shouted at the grill work on the wall, never ceasing the motion of her hips against him nor easing the pressure of her locked legs against his heaving buttocks. "Get lost, will you?"

No damage. The pressure had built beyond the point of containing it any longer. Ray suddenly half lifted her off the bed, crushing her to him as he jerked and throbbed and poured his climax into her wet box. She shuddered against him, digging her nails into his back and whimpering softly. He laid her gently back on the bed and pushed himself upright, to look at her face. Her eyes were filled with tears and her lips were quivering with genuine emotion. No act. No put-on for her trick.

"I'm sorry. Truly sorry. Some night I'll rip that friggin' box right out of the wall," she tried to smile up at him. "You . . . you're really sumthin' else. A real man."

Ray grinned, wiping his face with the bedsheet. He felt ten years younger and twelve times stronger than he had when he reached out to punch the house bell. "Forget it, honey. It's just today's systems. The place is a goddam money factory for someone, that's all. You are what's important, here. And I never even asked your name."

"No matter," she replied, moving shakily to sit up on the edge of the

bed, for the moment not trusting her legs to support her weight if she stood. "Names don't mean much around here. Just performance. They give us numbers," she said bitterly. "Take a number for better service, please," she mocked. "Just like a crummy bakery or meat market."

Ray reached for his slacks. "Tomorrow I'll be back in my office, with the answers to a lot of my problems neatly worked out. I have a lot to thank you, and this place, for. And don't try to figure that one out. Where's my other sock?"

"I think it's there under your hot ass," she laughed, throwing off her momentary depression. She slipped into her dress and turned her back to Ray, gesturing toward the long zipper. Together they ambled back down the long hall to the reception room. At the door she kissed him quickly and murmured, "Don't say anything. Just go, please. And . . . thank you."

Ray paused and turned back to look at the building, his eyes squinting against the glare of the floods atop the concrete blocks. "Damn," he said to himself, quietly. "That's some place. And I thought I knew it all . . ."

He trudged across the lot to the Cad, whistling softly to himself. Without opening the door he leaned against the car and stuck his head inside the window, grinning at three feminine faces in the dim light.

"You sure took long enough," the one in the front seat complained. "Couldn't you get it off?"

"Shut up, Doris," a voice from the back seat ordered. "He got it off all right. Look at his face."

"I think he got more than that," said the third shadowy figure. "You got the answers. Right, boss?"

"Dead right, girls. We're home free. I now know *everything* I need to know to make our little house run more efficiently." ■





OH THOSE SULTRY STEWARDESSES!



Every single one of these luscious high flying birds has wanted to spread her wings and be flown since her earliest childhood.

They've come to realize their dream with a vengeance. They get flown at night. "Just once I'd like to blast off during the day," says one, in protest to the night shift which they all work.

"With my pilot-lover around," quipped another, "blasting off during the day is not the problem. But working nights is."

The next time you see a pilot nose one of those big birds up into the wild blue yonder just think where his nose is going to be after he brings that baby down and puts her to bed.













