

NUMBER 1 ALL MODELS ARE OVER 18

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ADULTS ONLY

BIG BOUNCY Boobs

FEATURING:

SAMANTHA STRONG!

**SHE'S HOT
ALL THE
TIME!**

**RIPE MELONS
AND WIDE
OPEN
BOOBS!**

**SUPER
CHESTED
GIRLS...**

**WANTING
ALL THE
ACTION**



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All Models Are Over 18 Years of Age







BUSY BOOBS

Every time I bounce down the street with my big boobs bobbing in front of me some horny dude thinks he has the right to come along and squeeze my erect nipples until I can feel the pinch all the way down to my belly button. And then after working my tits over he gives me a wink and thinks I'm going to hop into his van and take off to someplace in the bushes to fuck. Well, maybe once in awhile that routine is OK but I have other things to do in my busy life and I have to make that very plain.







"I'll see you around, Frieda," I exclaimed, climbing back into my car. She was still yakking away as I turned the corner.

Next there was Laura. I had to admit she had a pair of whoppers and they always seemed to be on the move. It was as though they had a separate motor and all she had to do was give it a little flip and they were on their way. I wondered if my boobs had the same kind of independent motion and I made a mental note to check that out as soon as I got home.

"I know just what you mean, Debbie!" snapped Laura when I told her the reason for my visit. She had been hassled by a lot of breast-freaks and she was getting damn tired of it. I settled back to hear her story. At least she would have something more important to say and I wouldn't be wasting my time like I had been with Frieda.

"Every time I take a shower I suddenly have Peeping Toms in the window," continued Laura. I asked why she didn't pull down the shades. "I can't do that," she almost shouted. "Then they wouldn't come around anymore!"





At first no one wanted to talk about their problem. In fact, most of them didn't think it was a problem in the first place.

"I love to get my tits mashed," freely admitted Frieda. She started giggling just talking about the many adventures she had experienced in the past. I sure wasn't going to stand there and listen to her silly stories. I had others to interview.





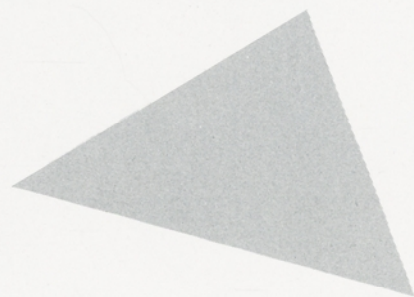


So far I haven't been able to convince one guy that I am serious. They all start to laugh when I give them that story. Maybe I don't have a very serious expression on my face. Time and time again I practice in front of a mirror. My lips press hard together and my eyes become tiny slits. Even so I have that damn impish look on my face and no matter what I do it just won't go away!

Finally I had to come to the conclusion that I would just have to put up with all that groping. Actually I did enjoy some of that impromptu grabbing. My huge jugs were made to be mauled once in awhile. A pair of strong hands can really get the blood racing and it won't be long before I'll feel a rumble deep inside my box. Those churning juices are about to erupt and I have to take a couple of deep breaths to get ready for that glorious release that will eventually send bolts of shivering electricity up and down my spine.

But how can I have one of my towering orgasms right out in the middle of traffic? Everyone will start blowing their horns and I will get all confused and it will take another hour for me to come back down to earth.

How do other girls with big tits handle a situation like that? I decided that it was time to find out. Personally I knew about five of them. (Of course none of them came anywhere near my incredible measurements but they were sticking out there and sending the boys up the walls so they qualified for a questionnaire.)









I shrugged and told her I was late for a massage. She wanted to come along but I explained that Max would only take one pair of whoppers at a time. "Maybe next week, Laura," I said over my shoulder as I started to exit from the room. She didn't like me leaving that abruptly but that was the way it was going to be.

Originally I had planned to visit Nanci also but after Frieda and Laura I was too discouraged to continue. And so I went back to my apartment to compare the notes. I didn't have much to go by and that was when I decided to go out in the street and just talk to some of the guys who had been giving me a hard time in the past.







As soon as I closed the door to my apartment, however, my mind went blank. I felt like such a fool! Now I would have to go back and start all over again. Then I remembered that I didn't have that dude's number. How in the world was I ever going to find his place?

And so I was out in the street again. Without even trying, my colossal cones started bouncing up and down and before I knew it I had another guy on the hook. Even if I didn't ask any questions I was going to have fun.



Finally I had to do something. I was getting so hot from all that intense groping that it wouldn't be long before I exploded and those imprisoned juices would be streaming down the inside of my firm thighs.

"I had a few questions I wanted to ask you," I mumbled. My words still were not very loud but I was hoping that he could hear me.

"And I have the answers, baby," he mumbled back. "Let's go to my place and we'll match them up." He was breathing hard and so was I. Going to his place sounded like a good idea because then we could both get our breath back and I could continue on with my interview.

To this day I will never know how I asked all those questions with my legs up in the air but I did it. Of course I wasn't able to write anything down and I was hoping that I would remember everything until I got home.









It didn't take long to get some companions. I guess my nipples had a way of sending out vibrations that even I wasn't aware of at the time.

"Well, what do you think?" I murmured as this tall dude moved in on my swinging jugs. He was so busy checking me out that he didn't hear a word I said. I was going to repeat my question when his right hand unbuttoned my blouse while his left hand slipped inside. Once he had a thumb and finger around the base of my throbbing cherry I was unable to form any intelligent words. All I could do was continue walking in a straight line and keep those whoppers bouncing. It was amazing how he was able to keep right in step with me. It was as though we were rehearsing for a Vegas dance show and both of us were going to be stars on opening night.















Suckable MELONS



Even after I go to all the trouble to make a petits choux a la creme they still get hot over my enormous whoppers. I guess I can't blame them because I love to examine my big boobs as soon as I wake up in the morning. Sometimes I find myself gently pinching the tips of those luscious melons. They actually appear to be glowing at that time of the day.

But even though I get turned on by all that intense admiration I still back off when a dude with sharp teeth comes on the scene. After all I don't want my tender tits chewed off. How will I tempt all the guys if I don't have a pair of stiff cherries to display whenever I take a walk?

Perhaps if I hung a sign around my neck I might get some results. It would read: "Look but don't munch!" Would anyone take me serious, I wonder. My past reputation would catch up with me, I suppose. When I first started showing off my wonderful whoppers I made sure that I attended every weekend orgy. I wanted to make sure that those gigantic jugs got around town. There was plenty of hot meat to go around and I didn't think that I would ever reach a saturation point. Little did I know how some of those boys would react once I came on the scene.







There was that one Saturday night that I thought they were going to eat me up and I would suddenly completely vanish from sight. Perhaps I was teasing a little too much but that was no excuse for their rapacious response. Without warning six of them attacked my poor defenseless colossal cones. I couldn't believe that so many horny mouths were descending upon my heaving breasts all at the same time.

All during that attack I was reaching out for hard dick because I was up to a boiling point and I needed some stiff meat up my squealing snatch. Everywhere I turned I found eager cock and I knew it wasn't going to be any problem getting nicely fucked later. Those thoughts started drifting through my mind and I began swallowing hard just thinking about that exhilarating pounding and stretching. But then my thoughts were abruptly turned around. My tits were on fire from all that savage munching that was going on.

"Hey, guys," I exclaimed, "leave something behind, will ya?"

There was no way that they could answer me because they were all busy biting and sucking. I didn't think that I could take anymore of that ravaging and I started twisting from side to side. They didn't like that one bit and a couple of them started slapping my tender buns hard. That was enough to keep me still. I sure wasn't in any mood to be spanked!

Finally they did back off and for the first time I could take a deep breath. When that precious air filled my lungs I slightly relaxed. I needed that delicious oxygen but I also needed a dip in some cool water to relax some of that pain that was shooting through my aching nipples.



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Once more I reached a point where I had to make an important choice. Was I going to allow every breast-freak in town to take me over whenever he got in the mood to munch on a pair of monster mounds? It didn't take me long to come to a decision: This was too much! Sure I got turned on by all that attention but I was also turning into a chewed hunk of red meat!

There was only one way I could approach this problem. Although I wasn't the cowardly type I decided to leave town without notice. Even my close

friends wouldn't know where I would be for the next couple of weeks. I figured in that time I could get a handle on this weird situation. Little did I know that I was going into another city where the guys were even more crazy over a set of whoppers.

Hardly had I arrived on the scene than I was approached by a couple of guys who were licking their lips and staring at my bobbing boobs as though they owned them. From the expression on their faces I could tell

that I would soon be attacked from all sides. Sure enough, my blouse was ripped open and they went to work like a couple of tit-happy hyenas.

There was nothing I could do as they satisfied their desires. One of them switched from one nipple to the other with such a rapid motion that his head became a blur right before my eyes. I had never seen anyone move so fast and I wondered if I was imagining that fantastic motion.

When I finally got back home I realized that guys were the same all over. I had a pair of suckable melons and there was nothing I could do about that!

Fuck my clit & tits!





"See you later," I murmured as I gradually started backing away. They had no intention of letting me go at that moment and all at once I was surrounded. There was nowhere I could go, I was right back in the middle of that hot and heavy action all over again.

By the time I was able to be alone, my breasts were on fire and even if I inhaled just a little bit the pain increased in both of my bobbing jugs. I was mad but I was also strangely excited. There was something about all that savage sucking that sent a whirlpool of desire through my heated loins. At that point I was ready to ride the biggest dick in town. I could squeeze that cocky prick dry so fast that it wouldn't know what happened.

Sure enough, I soon found myself in the saddle. One by one I chopped down those arrogant, stiff shafts. They thought they ruled the world when actually in the end I was the one calling all the shots.

That incident at Debbie's party changed my whole life. No longer was I going to worry about a formidable breast attack. No matter how many horny mouths suctioned on my super jugs I would still be king of the mountain later. At least those were my thoughts at that moment.

Then as the word got around that I was open to kinky tit sucking I found I was getting calls in the middle of the night. Apparently dudes were coming in from all over the country to try me out. Some were obviously nuts about huge breasts and they would have gone to the moon and back if they thought they could swing on a pair of bountiful boobs.











Later John came over and he had another kind of story to tell: "I used to masturbate looking at pictures of women with big boobs. All I had to do was stare down at those incredible cones and I would be right on the verge of popping. As soon as I was big enough to start chasing girls I started making a private collection of mammoth mounds." I thought he meant he had a closet full of tits at home until he explained. "Since I was a photographer I could take a shot right after I chewed a succulent nipple. In that way I would always have plenty of horny memories."

His confession got me so hot that I had to blink my eyes a couple of times to clear that misty veil that was closing in upon me. He could see that I was in a turmoil and he had me on the nearby couch in a flash. When he parted my moist cunt lips with the bulging head of his throbbing jackhammer I took a deep breath because I knew that it wasn't going to be long before my tight pussy would be pounded deep and hard.



C H E S T Y

FRAN



There they are, full and inviting! If you feel in the mood to swing on those cute, cuddlesome cones then come over and we'll get acquainted.

Oh, how I love to meet new guys who are turned on by my bouncing boobs. They all have a different story to tell and I love to listen as they eagerly fondle my proud pointers.

Richard had a tale I could hardly believe. He said that he had been searching for the right tits for over ten years. Once he had seen a French actress in an obscure movie and he never forgot the scene when she had her blouse ripped off her. "For the next couple of minutes I could hardly breathe," he admitted. "There was nothing I could do but lean back in my seat and start jacking off." I couldn't believe that he could get away with doing something like that in public.

"I sure did!" he insisted. "In fact, this babe next to me leaned over and helped me get myself off." Just hearing him tell that story got me all hot and bothered. "Is your cock that big?" I asked innocently. He nodded and guided my hand to his bulging crotch. Sure enough I could hardly get my fingers around that enormous head and I had to swallow a couple of times to keep my head from buzzing with excitement.

Before Richard could tell me any more of his tale I had his tool up my tingling twat and suddenly I was filled up to the brim with all that hard driving meat. At that moment I sure wasn't in the mood to waste any time listening to a long story, my pussy was on fire with desire.







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A couple of seconds before he shot his sticky load into my rumbling guts I felt a surging eruption inside of me. I we both came at the same time that would be a miracle. At least it had never happened to me before!

Right after John left, Cal came by for a visit. This seemed to be the day for storytellers. He had a tale he wanted to tell also.

"There was this girl with a huge set of knockers that would follow all over town. She was very haughty and knew she had lots of boy friends. Even so, I kept on her trail because I felt one day was going to be able to go over that foxy body and work those classic cones over."

As I listened to John's story I could visualize myself in the same situation. Before I knew it I was unzipping his fly and reaching in for that commanding cock. He didn't stop talking once but his eyes did narrow and his tongue circled the outside of his lips.

It was only when I started sucking on his throbbing cock that his story began to fade out and all I could hear was lots of heavy breathing.

"Now where was I?" exclaimed John right after he shot his load on my cheek. There was no way that I could answer him because my mouth was still aching from that plundering prick.

Soon he got bored and said he had another appointment. I was glad he was leaving because frankly I was getting tired hearing all those stories. I wanted some action and the sooner the better!

Before the hour had passed I had my wish. Jim and Don dropped by and there weren't two more crazy breast chasers in town. For the rest of the afternoon I was in heaven as they played all kinds of glorious games.





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