

BIG TITS

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in BONDAGE

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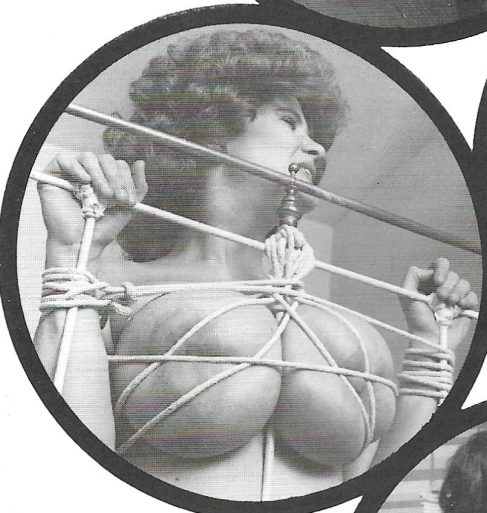
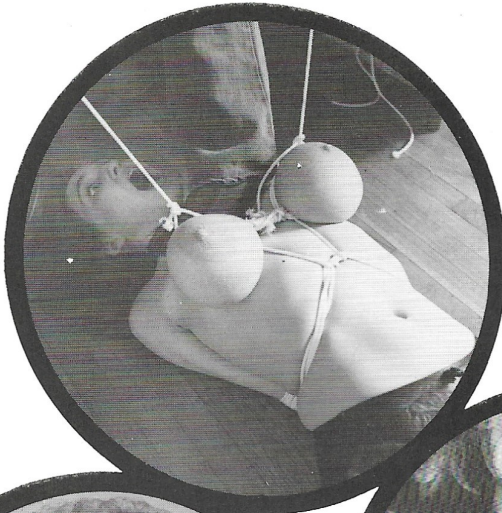
**HUGE, SWOLLEN
TITS—TIED AND
TETHERED!**

**MASSIVE
MAMMARIES
BLOATED WITH
LUST!**



Big breasts are a great big attraction in a woman. They spell out femininity in bold letters, and they excite the mind, the body and especially the imagination of any red-blooded male. For most men, the bigger a woman's breasts are, the better, and when bondage is added to the sexy encounter, excitement is brought to a totally new level.

Putting a woman's breasts in bondage simply emphasizes and exaggerates her natural endowment. Of course, it also helps pin down her writhing, struggling form! Bondage is a sensual game that is meant to excite both man and woman, and the idea behind the whole activity is simply to have more fun and more powerful sexual satisfaction by fulfilling mutual fantasies of capture, revenge and punishment. This magazine is meant to show you the ropes and put you and your mate on the road to real fulfillment!





TIGHTLY TIED



Roxanne was a groupie, and she knew that a lot of the guys in Hollywood groups were more than slightly bent. They were, in a word, kinky as hell. It didn't bother her at all, mainly because she was one of the few groupies who never had to put up with their bizarre shit. She had a shape to peddle, you see. She had tits so big that ninety-nine percent of the time, the musicians were so awe-struck with her fine and bounteous shape that she didn't have to put up with the Mazola on rubber sheets, the enema bags, the knotted towels up the asshole, and the other assorted sickening stunts other eager-to-please young ladies had to accommodate in order to get intimate with these spoiled brats of the stage.

Lance looked like he was a sucker for big tits if she'd ever seen one. Sure, he was rich, handsome, fairly talented, and had a single with a bullet about halfway up the local chart. He could go places. He was already someplace—at least compared to the dipshit town in west Texas where he came from. He was kind of cute, in a hayseed sort





of way. More comfortable with cows, chickens and horses than with the sexy little city gal like her, she thought.

His party had thinned out considerably—just a couple or two smooching in one of the bedrooms, and, at last, she had him alone, in the living room. His approach, direct and drunken, kind of put her off—even though she was fairly used to crude moves, Lance sticking his big paw down in front of her

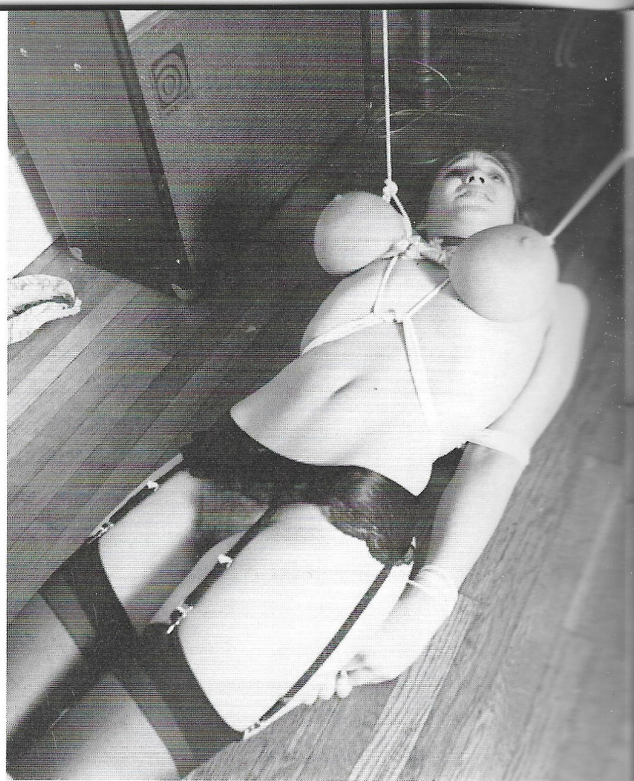
blouse and roughly grabbing an overflowing handful of tit was a little strong for her tastes. She told him so, and then winked at him. He gave her a sleazy smile, and lunged again, grabbing both of her tits in his mitts and squeezing them like they were made of playdough, not ultrasensitive human flesh.

"Bastard," she snarled at him. "Cockteasing bitch," he spit back.

She put her hands on her hips and









shook her tits at him while she stuck her tongue out.

"I'll fix you," he muttered, turning to leave the room, and then returning with a coil of rope.

"Going to the rodeo, cowboy?" Roxanne teased. Before she could giggle, she gasped, as he swung a long loop over her head and then yanked it tight around her waist. He laughed cruelly as he dragged her off her feet and pulled her form along the floor.

"Yep," he smirked, "Gonna punch me a cow!"

Roxanne cursed him out from his

boots to his brains, but Lance kept grinning, whistling as he worked, roping her wrists and ankles together and then brutally wrenching her to a standing posture. Roxanne tried to knee him in the groin as he molested her ass with a finger and then he lifted her top to expose her tits.

"My, my," Lance sighed. "Look at the size of those udders!" Deftly, and with practiced skill, he made short loops, fastened two coils around the bases of her prominent globes, and then ran leaders up and away from them, like reins. He

pulled sharply on them, and laughed as Roxanne squealed in pain, her breasts billowing and puffing out like inflated balloons. She was at his mercy—she was being broken, like a wild horse, with Lance at the reins, pulling her tits like a professional cowboy would control a wild horse by pulling at its jaw. She'd been tamed before, fucked and abused to heights of delight, but this was different. It was dehumanizing. She was being humiliated, degraded, and when he stepped on her chest, she was being abused. . . .





SALESMAN'S REVENGE

Coming home after a week spent pounding the pavement in hicktowns, Curt was eager to get into his wife's loving arms, and even more eager to get into her pants. Nora was a magnificent specimen, as they say—fits that wouldn't stop, a hot, always hungry mouth, and a cunt with muscles so well trained

Curt often wondered where she'd received her informal education.

He wasn't at all surprised to find the lights out in their suburban home when he pulled into the driveway after the tedious all-afternoon drive. It was late. He couldn't blame her for turning in early, especially since he hadn't





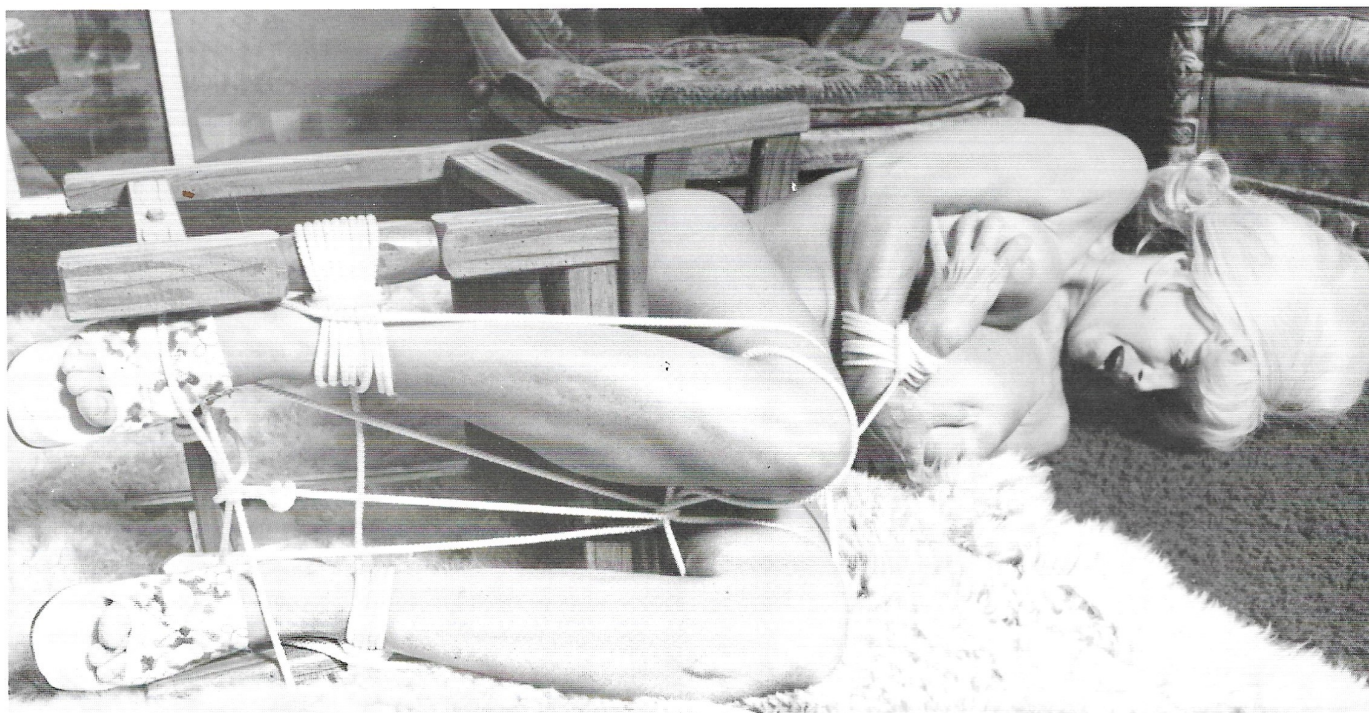
bothered to call and warn her he was on his way. It was going to be a surprise.

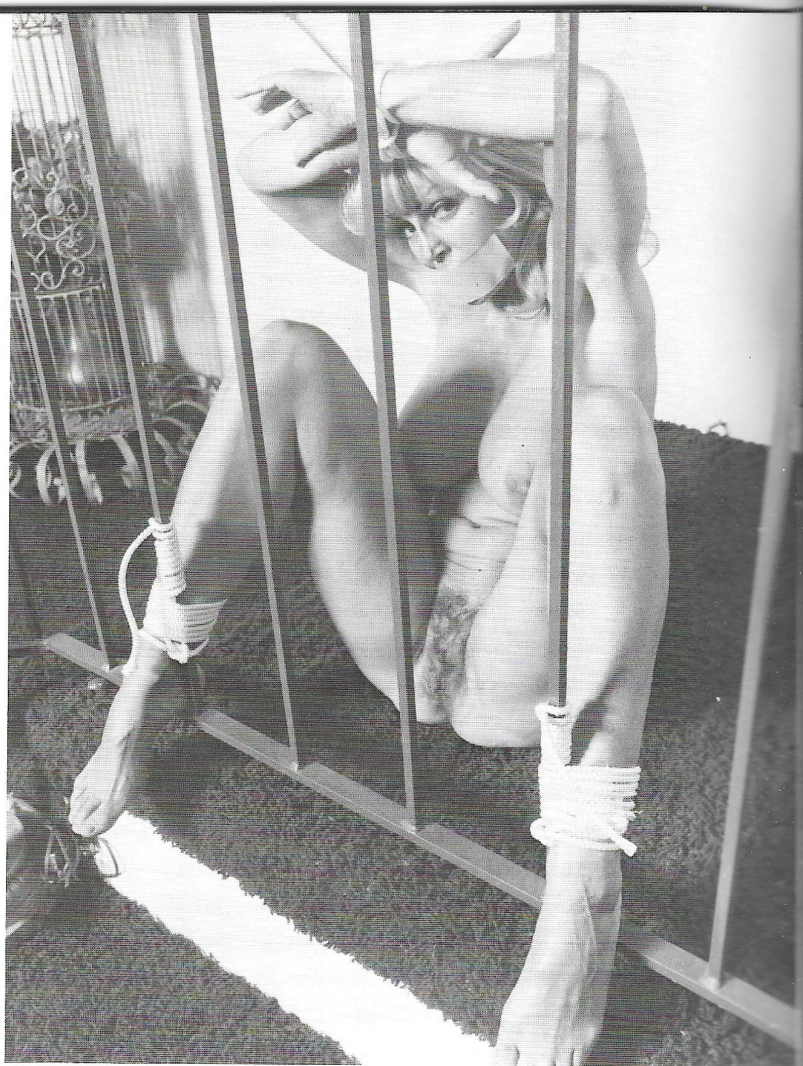
Curt was the one who recoiled in surprise, however. He had noticed the powerful reek of perfume once the front door was open, and the muffled thrashing coming from the couch was strange. When he flipped the lightswitch in the entrance hall, out of the corner of his eye he saw a half-naked youth bolting out of the living room, through the kitchen and then he heard the crash of the screen door in the service porch.

"Curt!" Nora called as he rushed past. He stopped dead in his tracks. Her mouth was twisted into a red smear. One of her huge, melonous dugs hung freely from her blouse. Her tight short skirt was up around her wasp waist, revealing the moisture-soaked black lace panties beneath.

"I didn't realize you'd be—"







He cut her off in mid-sentence, lashing out with his palm across her face.

"You whore." Curt's voice was hideous. It scared him almost as much as it terrified Nora. "You filthy, conniving, lowlife pig of a bitch!"

He flailed at her wildly, and then spontaneously, he strode directly to the kitchen closet and extracted the

plastic-wrapped bundle of new clothesline. He'd meant to install it outside that weekend. What a fucking chump, he thought to himself. Helping the little lady with her household duties! He'd help her all right.

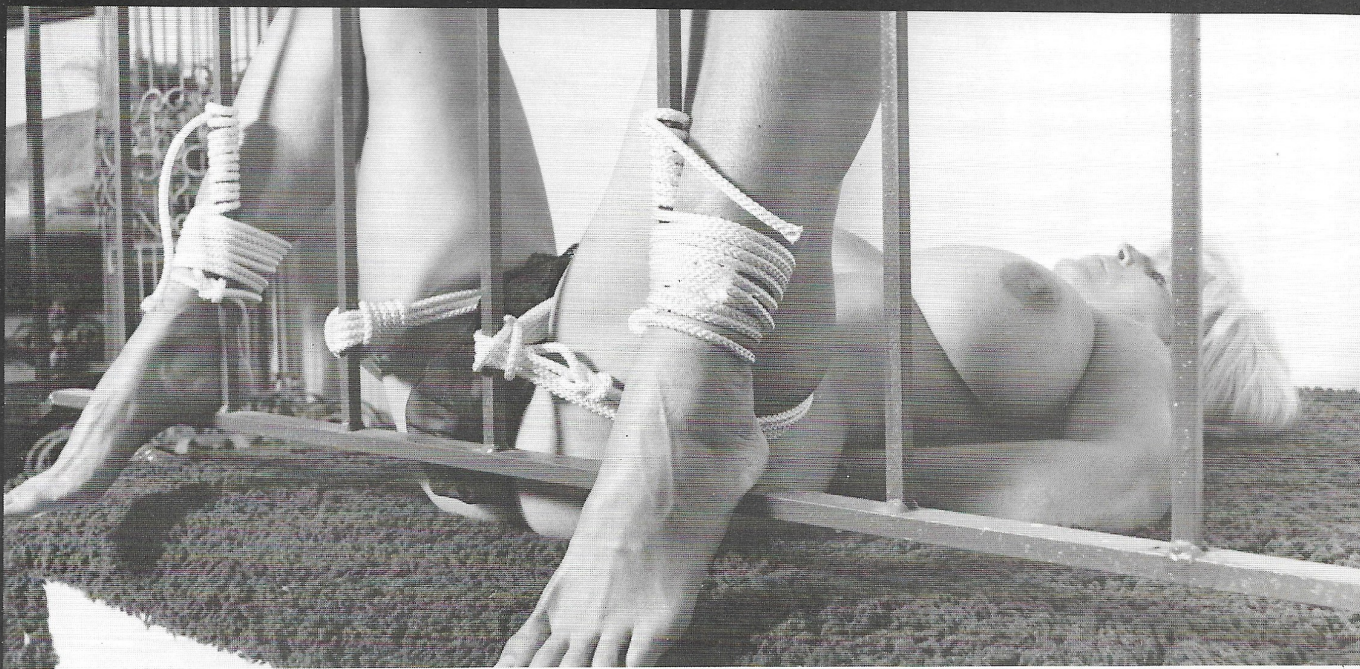
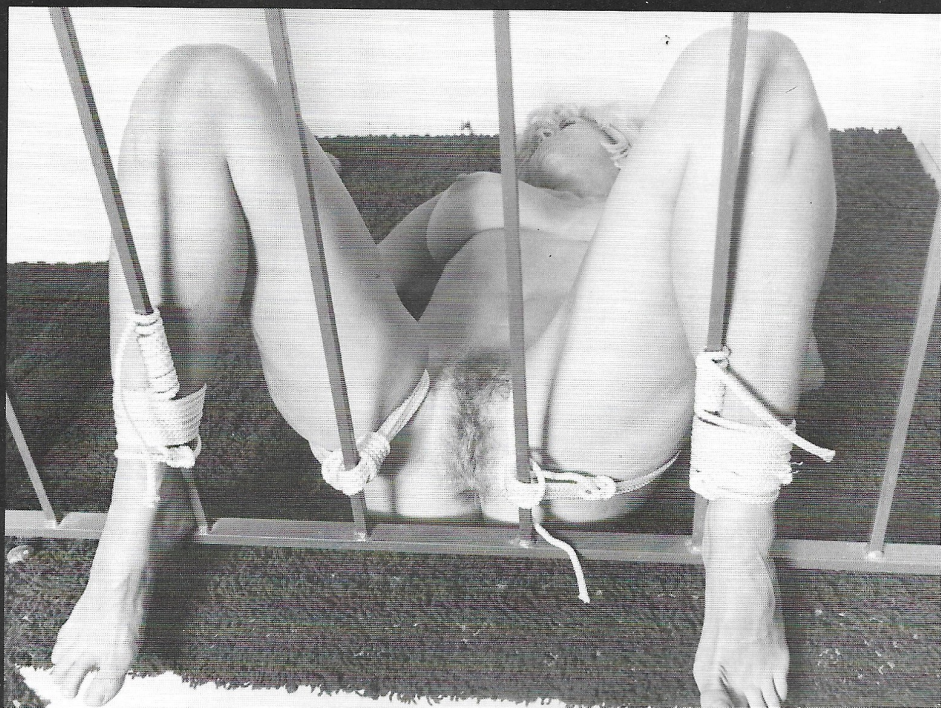
Working methodically and with a menacing silence, muscling Nora into a dining room chair and swiftly wrapping the line around her wrists

and ankles. She whimpered like a whipped dog as he worked, her begging and whining succeeding only in making his blood boil at a higher temperature.

Savagely he coiled lengths of rope around the bases of her immense and arousing breasts, pulling the line taut as he worked, forcing the jelly-flesh of her dugs into a grotesque, balloon-like parody of feminine endowment.

"God, you're hurting me," Nora blubbered as Curt gritted his teeth and began savagely pinching and twisting her thumb-sized nipples between his nails. She was trembling with fright, bawling, and yet she was also breathing in the hasty puffs and snorts that always preceded her sexual climaxes. The idea that she was getting *hot* from this treatment enraged Curt. He kicked the chair over on its side and laughed like a maniac as she squealed with terror.

"This is only the beginning for you, you cocksucking pig," Curt snarled as he swiftly unbound her and then, just as rapidly, lashed her to the ornamental iron stand in the vertical posture. He stripped her as if she was a slave on the auction block, and feebly, Nora begged him not to hurt her. He ripped her panties off, and approached her, his cock swollen like a rotten fruit inside his shorts. . . .





WEB OF WANTON DESIRE

Laverne writhed against the cold wrought iron of the headboard as Norm watched. He'd done fairly well this evening, he thought. Got both wrists locked up tight as a drum, and she seems to be getting into the spirit, he thought.

Norm could tell Laverne needed more "treatment" before she'd be ready for him. She always needed a good, punishing session, with the emphasis on her tits, in order to "get in the mood."

Maybe it was guilt. Norm thought it was guilt. She felt like some kind of a freak because of her tits. Norm pulled another inch or so on a loose cord, drawing a knot tight against one of Laverne's hideously engorged nipples and watched as she curled her lips and began to breathe rapidly, her excitement building as the tension across her chest increased.

It was a small price to pay for Laverne, he thought. She was the

envy of every guy on the block, and if she felt like a freak, like a slut, or like shit because of all the pawing and pinching and joke-making she'd suffered through before their marriage, that was too bad for Laverne. Norm thought she was worth whatever she demanded, as long as he could have her, and those tits, all for himself.

Laverne wedged her ass and back against the iron rails and gyrated across them, punishing her back,





and doing some damage to her restrained tits as well. Norm could see the hot welts forming on her pink/white skin, and it scared him. He hated the idea that she might damage the "goods" in her weird passion. He really couldn't understand her. If she'd only ask, he gladly spend hours on end licking her asshole just to *see* her tits! She was such a prize, that was the way it *ought* to be, he felt. She had everything. He—he didn't have shit! When they'd courted, that was the way it was. Him begging and whining, coming in his pants every time she let him feel her bare tits and suck on the fat nipples in the drive-in movie. He wished he could stay like that forever, his spurting dick trapped in his pants, his mouth fastened to her big tits.

After their marriage, everything went topsy turvy. He was still at her beck and call, but now, he was obeying a different kind of command. She wanted him to be the master. She wanted him to have her at his mercy, and to show her who was boss. He didn't feel comfortable in the role, not at first,



but then, gradually, he began to get caught up in the seductive web of her "perverse" desires. He got a hard on watching her suffer. He liked her reaction to the tight cords crushing her immense tits into billowing, pressurized globes of swollen flesh.

"The other way, Norm. Chest first, now," Laverne hissed. She wanted her tits against the cold steel. Maybe she'd want them stuck through the bars, tied tightly to the cold, harsh iron, and then maybe she'd want him to fuck her face while she hung there by her tits, a piece of meat, a sex "object," a powerless victim of her own fantastic urges. Norm obliged her, freeing her and then beginning the ritual again, tying her up with her tits separated by a rod of steel. He wished his dick was between her tits, clamped between those heavenly pillows, oozing its juice into her cleavage. God, how he wished his dick was there, but it wasn't, and so he twisted the ropes tighter, till he thought her breasts would burst from the pressure, but all she managed was a moan of pleasure, another climax of pain. . . .





TITILLATING TORMENT



It was Debbie's idea. All of them were Debbie's ideas, from the first minute they'd spent alone on their honeymoon, to this evening. From the ass-fucking, the sexy underwear, the dildo she used on *him*, to the vibrators, the masks, the bizarre costumes, she was always light years ahead of him, always leading him on to new, and strange and even perverted ideas.

Not that Mel minded. Not in the least. She was a dream come true—the girl next door with the imagination of a demented whore! On the street, out to dinner, at their relatives, there wasn't a hint of the sensual power contained within Debbie's interior. Everyone knew she was pretty, that she had a knockout body, a lovely ass, and great tits, but it was her mind that was the secret storehouse of what she was really all about.

"Tighter, Mel. Make me hurt," she whimpered. She wanted it bad tonight. Her fantasy was like something out of a book—an elaborate daydream of capture and ravishment at the hands of a stranger. She insisted on him using one of her stockings as a blindfold. She loved the idea of having strange hands molesting her while she was helpless in the web of rope, the rough coils slipping up from her thighs deep into her wet slit, her wrists helplessly tied to her waist, the savage coils tearing and rubbing against the incredibly soft and silky meat of her big breasts.

"I won't break," she urged him. "Don't be such a pussy! Tighter! I want it to hurt!"

Mel couldn't believe what was coming out of that pretty mouth. His dick was up and batting against his stomach as he worked on her, hoisting her up by the flesh of her tits, watching with fascination as her tits swelled in the harsh clasp of the rope and her voice grew more guttural, frantic and sexy as she got more and more turned on by living out this fantasy of hers.

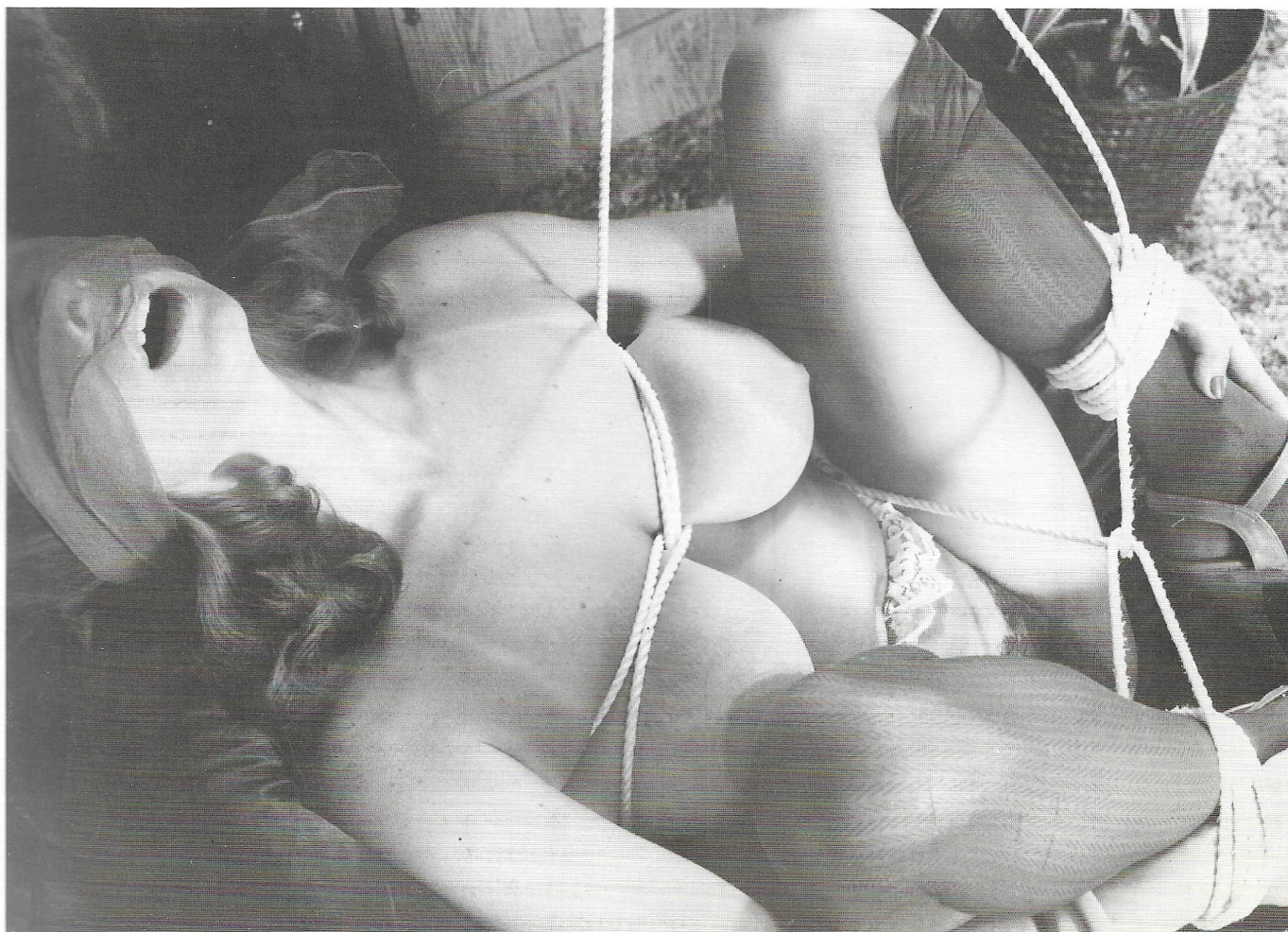
"From the rear, and hurry," she begged. He knew what she wanted, and she thrust her buttocks out provocatively to make her point. Mel held his dick in his hand and with his other hand, he pried open











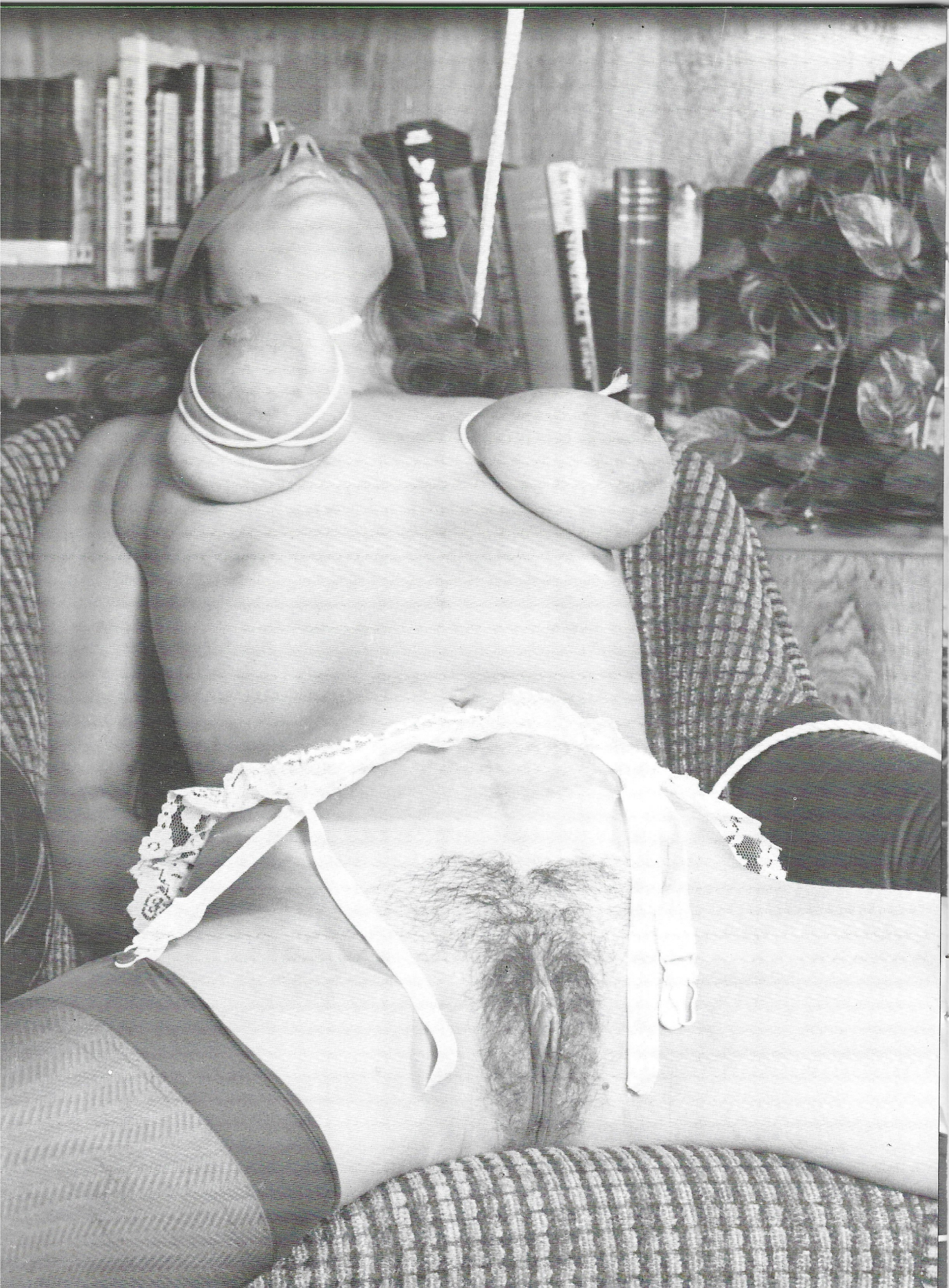


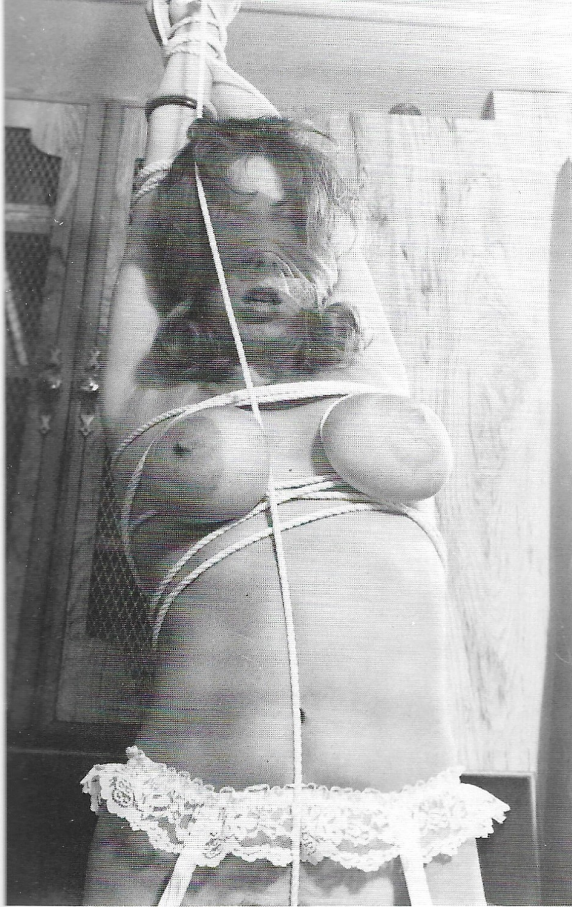
her ass cheeks and forced his way in as she dangled from the rafters in the den, hanging there, by her tits, while he worked his thick dick deep into the bot tightness of her rump. He lasted a few seconds, just long enough to give her a few short thrusts, and then he came with an animal grunt, his hands knocking the coils off of her lovely tits as he squirted spurt after spurt of juice into her bowels.

Tears of joy ran down Debbie's cheeks as she felt Mel rewinding the ropes around her tits, obeying her command for more restraint, stricter restraint, more playful punishment for whatever "sins" she'd imagined she's committed.



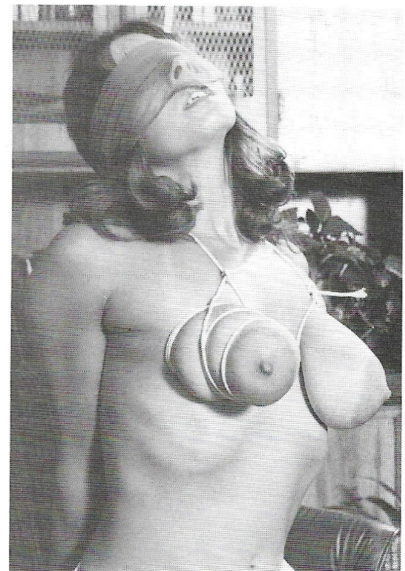








She got a sexual thrill from the idea of being tormented for her "flirtations" sexual escapades she would never actually embark upon, but which filled her head in the form of endless daydreams of debauchery and promiscuity. Mel sat her down in the easy chair, and following her orders, wrapped one tit tightly in rope, looped the free end over the rafter and jerked on it, yanking the soft organ into an obscene parody of an erection. Debbie sighed and winced with pain and pleasure, spreading her gartered thighs and rubbing her ass into the fabric. Mel wished he could get inside that pretty head of hers, and learn what made her tick. In the meantime, this would have to do. . . .





LESSON IN LUST



April always had that air about her. She was sexy, and she was proud. She got her share of appreciative whistles from hardhats and even the punk kids who loaded shopping bags down at the mall. Ben was righteously proud of her too—but their private life always left something lacking.

It was her attitude. Ben knew it. She felt she was doing him a favor—just living with him. Never mind that he brought home the only paycheck every week and turned it over to her. Never mind that she spent her entire day munching

chocolates, rapping on the phone with her bitchy girl friends, spending his cash, and then criticizing the hell out of him after he came home from a hard day, breaking his balls at the plant to keep her high on the hog.

And the nights alone. The headaches. The curlers in bed. And the special nights, maybe once every two weeks, when she'd let him climb aboard, and with her face to the wall, allow him the privilege of spending a few moments between those crisply tight pink pussylips, pounding and lunging for dear life,



until the desperate moment when he squirted his virile essence into her uncaring womb. He was always depressed afterwards. It was a bit like jerking off.

Sure, she allowed him to play with her earlobes, to tickle her pussy, to spend as long as he liked caressing, sucking and kissing those shapely, luscious tits. But there wasn't any fire in her—not a trace of passion. It made him feel like a filthy worm, and he was just about up to here with it.

What she needed was a lesson in lust, something to get her groin going, something to turn her into the fireball of passion she looked like to strangers. The thing she needed was to be thrown in the water and be forced to swim, so to speak, and the only way that Ben was going to get her into that kind of position was to tie her down and make her face the music.

He did just that. Without a warning, after dinner, as she sat in front of the dull-witted glow of the TV, he came out of the bedroom, stark naked and erect, a length of nylon rope in his powerful hands. He caught her by surprise, and no matter how wildly she thrashed, she didn't have the strength or the will to resist him once he had her arms in a hammerlock behind her back. She was a goner. Her eyes went wide



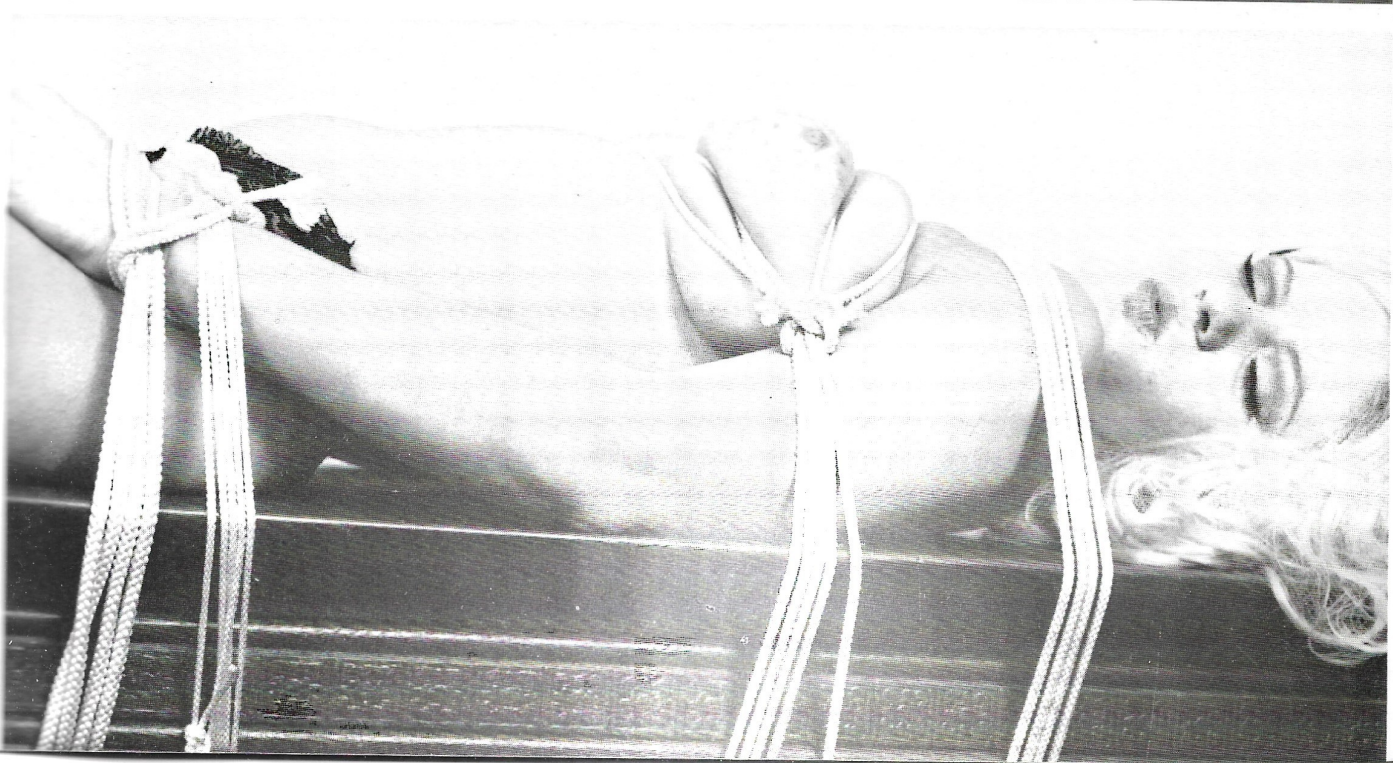


with terror as he threw her on the couch, naked and bound like a slave girl.

"No, Ben!" she whimpered as he approached, his flaming hot pork in his fist, aimed directly in her face. "Don't make me do that! I can't. It's horrible. It's dirt—"

Ben laughed a wicked laugh as the bulbous girth of his huge, greasy cock shut her up as it slid slowly between her lips. She was too frightened to bite, to petrified and helpless to resist the intrusion. The poor virgin, Ben thought, hissing with lust and heat as he pressed forward, moving the length of his intruding instrument deep into her mouth, and then deeper still, till it was buried in her throat, the frantic rush of air through her flared nostrils the only sound in the room aside from the nitwit giggling coming from the TV set. Ben hunched down with a knee on either side of her thighs, his balls against her chin, and took her pink ears in his fingers, and slowly, persistently, and with a steadily building crescendo of obscene rhythm, he fucked her head at his chosen pace. . . .







TOO BIG FOR COMFORT

There was something about Adele that simply forced Herb into a hypnotic spell. She was beautiful—there was no doubt about that. No doubt in her mind, or in his mind, nor was there a shred of doubt in the minds of the men who whistled and stomped with glee everytime the couple went anywhere together.

"You should be proud, Herbie." That's the way Adele handled all the attention. She thought of herself as some kind of prize—like the biggest trout caught at the lake. Herb saw her point, and, in a way, he was proud to be seen with her. He was glad she liked him. He appreciated her, and he had a powerful, almost unbearable yen for her body, and especially those godalmighty tits of hers. But still. . .

As she removed her clothes, he puffed nervously on a cigarette and watched with awe as they came free of the restrictions imposed by the elastic of her nearly orthopedic brassiere. God in heaven, Herb sighed to himself. Put your cock between those pillows, do it just once, and you're like a pathetic junkie for the rest of your days. You can't even get a hardon after you've had a pair like that. They were too much. Too big. Too beautiful.

"Mmmmm," Adele moaned seductively, modeling in front of Herbie in only her tiny bikini panties. He was spread-eagled on the bed on his butt, the cigarette dangling from his dried out lower lip, his dick standing up straight from his crotch like some kind of hairless alien being with a terminal sunburn. All it needed was the *sight* of those tits, and it was done for, rock hard and nearly paralyzed until she granted him the merciful embrace of her beautiful tits.

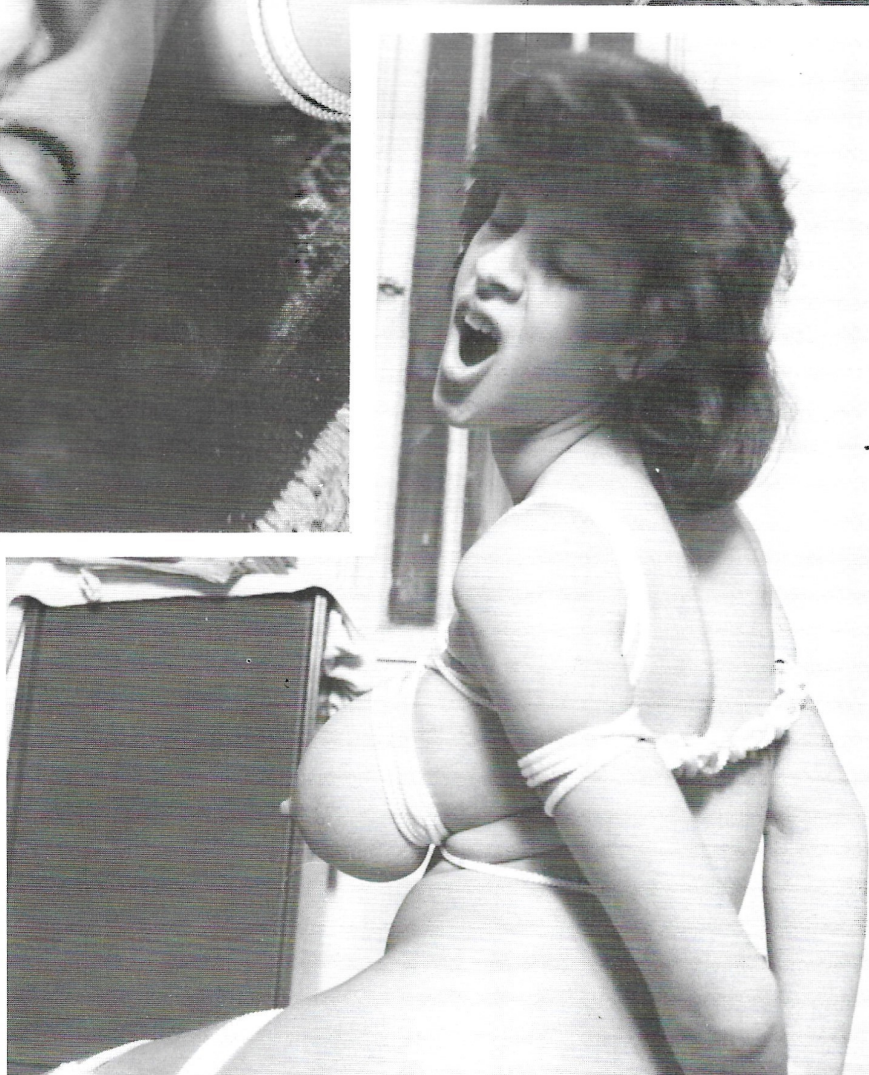
Adele bent over him, and with a teasing giggling, she dangled a nipple over the head of his dick, and then she made a bold move, stuffing the point of her nipple into the crack in his cockhead. Herbie whined aloud with pain as she tried to fuck his dickhead with her long, swollen





nipple! The evil whore, he thought—and then, his mind snapped.

He couldn't remember the details, but obviously, he had done it by himself, with or without her cooperation. She was on her knees on the bedroom carpets, her wrists bound, her ankles wrapped, and the bases of her huge tits tightly circled by crisp, merciless rope. Her tits were pressurized and choked—they looked twice as big as their normal 46 size! Herbie was crouched over her head, his dick in his fist, drooling and sweating like some kind of rabid animal. Look at 'em, he thought. Just look at the











goddamn size of those things! They were like Zeppelins—like torpedoes—like A bombs!

Herbie couldn't restrain himself. He roughly jerked the ropes up and over the tips and then twisted the knots behind Adele's broad back. The rope bit into the sensitive flesh of her nipples, and instantly, the pink points swelled like buds coming to flower in slow-motion photography. She loved it! She was getting off on it! Herbie stood back and admired his handiwork as Adele cooperatively writhed and struggled in her restraints. Every motion her ample body made seemed to emphasize yet another of her generous charms—her big butt, her fleshy, firm thighs, her huggable waist. God, was she built, Herbie thought. Built like bombshelter.

Herbie quickly unwrapped her and led her into the living room, and then started all over again on her. She sniffled, and made token objections, but once she felt the nooses gripping the elastic flesh at the fat bases of her breasts, she began to pant and ooze. She loved it. She goddamn well loved it. . . .





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