

BLACK TITS & SHAVED SPLITS

Number One



**bra busters & a
tender shaver**
ADULTS ONLY



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All models are over 18 years of age

pat





When you have a pair of big tits like Pat there are several directions you can go. Either you show them off to the world or you pretend that your measurements aren't really that spectacular and go your merry way.

Long ago Pat decided that she was going to be proud of her physical gift. Her wardrobe was always fitted around those lus-





clous boobs and she didn't care who knew it. Often she would run toward a departing bus even though she wasn't interested in boarding just to have that front action and get a lot of attention. She always succeeded in turning heads—there was never a problem in that department. But as time went by Pat decided she wanted more than that. It took a while to understand this new desire.

Her attitude about her mammoth breasts completely changed when she met Arlo, a sculptor from Brazil. He offered her a lot more than pure lust.



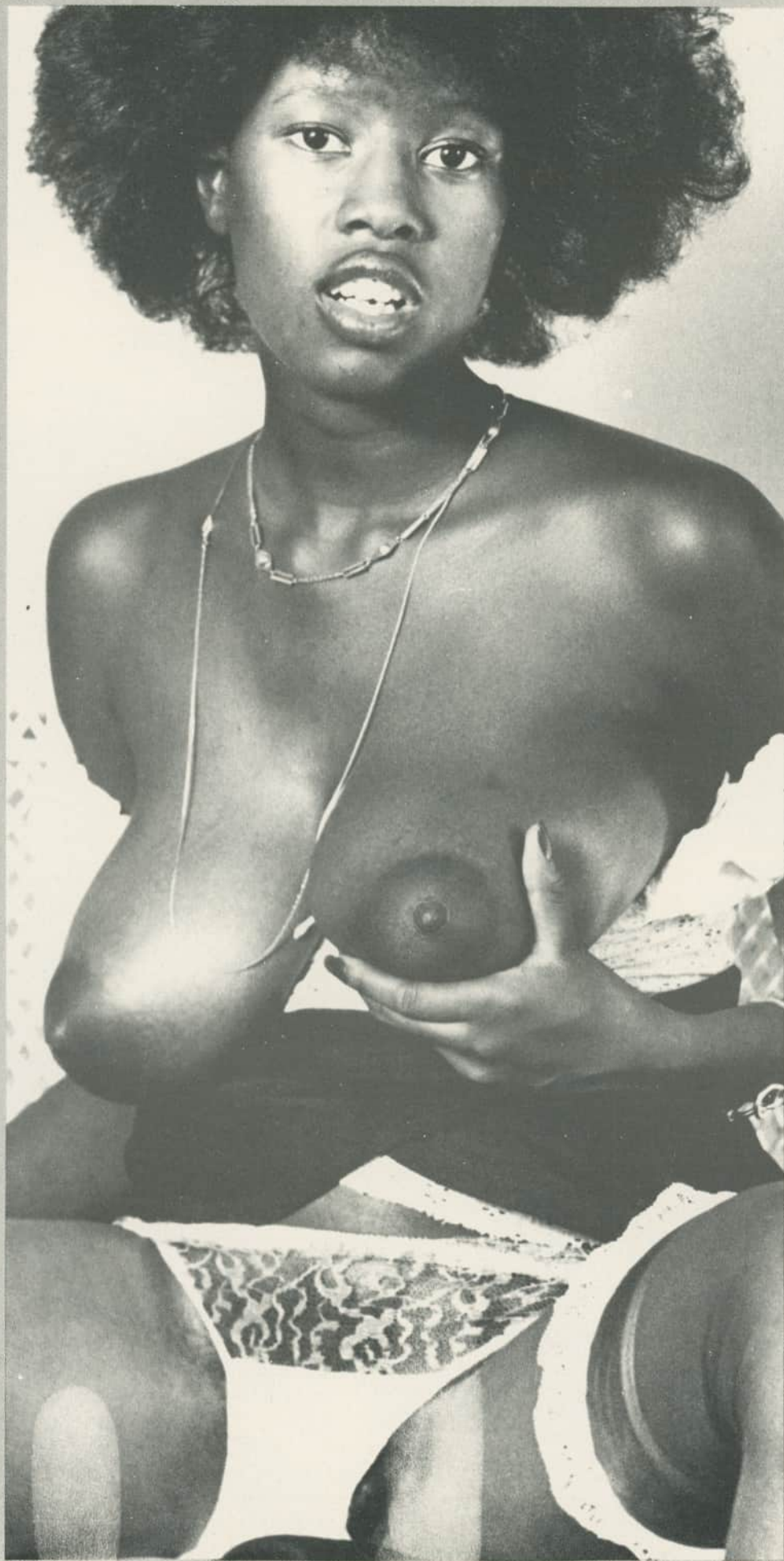
They met casually at a Sunday afternoon pool party. It was an unusually hot weekend and Pat was glad to get away from the city. The house where the party was being given was located high up in the mountains and the air was cool and fresh. The party had the typical swingers' rules. Nude bathing was allowed in the pool but there would be no drinking or drugs allowed on the grounds. Pat was happy that everyone she would meet that day would have a clear head because she wasn't in the mood to get involved with any crazies.

Almost within the hour Pat was splashing around in the cool water. Several times she floated on her back with those juicy nipples sticking straight up like two rosy red beacons. Swimming came to a halt in all lanes when those twin beauties sailed by.

Pat was being grabbed from all sides. She loved this kind of impromptu fun and she never discouraged this kind of water play.

Little did Pat know that she was being observed from the deck. Arlo arrived late and he decided to be an observer for awhile before getting involved in the action. Actually he was looking for a beauty like Pat but he didn't like to admit this to himself because he considered himself an artist first and foremost. All other thoughts he placed on a lower level. This gave him a limited personality but there was little he could do about that for the moment.

Meanwhile Pat was having plenty of fun. A volleyball game had started in the water and two teams were being chosen. Everyone wanted to get their hands on Pat's super equipment.





Actually she was carrying around her own set of fantastic volleyballs and she could win the game in a second once she started bouncing them around the pool.

Finally the game got started. There was no referee and anything went. Because of these loose rules it was difficult to keep score.

And then just as chaos took over, Arlo stepped in and declared himself as the arbiter. This came as quite a surprise because in the past he had always remained in the background.

Suddenly the game took on a new intensity. Both sides were determined to win because rules and regulations had been added, and this made it more of a challenge. Pat was right in the middle of all the action and gradually she was becoming quite confused. Whenever the ball came in her direction she leaped up and her full breasts blossomed forth as though they were silky petals of a flower.

At first Arlo was able to concentrate on the logistics of the game but as he became more and more fascinated by Pat's measurements he found it difficult to keep up with the intricacies of the fast-moving action.

Without warning Arlo fell in the pool. No one took much notice of this because they thought he was trying to get closer to the game. Then when he started thrashing about and gurgling, everyone realized that he couldn't swim. Im-







mediately Pat grabbed him under the arms and pulled him up to the surface. When his eyes were level with her hard nipples he almost fainted right on the spot. This was too much to ask of a part-time referee. He needed all the air he could get at that moment!

The game came to a halt and Arlo had the water pumped out of his lungs. When he was able to speak he said Pat's name. She looked at him, bewildered. She didn't remember meeting him before but that didn't make that much difference. After all, everyone was friendly at the weekend pool parties.

The moment the barbecue was announced everyone moved to the other side of the pool. It was time to eat and stomachs had to be filled. The drowning man was saved so there was nothing else to do in that department.





All at once Pat found herself alone with this strange, isolated man. In a way she was attracted to him, which was unusual. He definitely was not her type. She liked the dudes who knew what they wanted and went after it. This guy liked to stand on the sidelines and referee a volleyball game.

For a moment it looked as though they were going to part company. Then Arlo mentioned his profession. "I am a sculptor and your breasts are one of the most magnificent specimens I have ever seen. Will you let me put them in stone and save those fantastic nipples for posterity?"

These words echoed in Pat's ears and for the first time in her life she didn't know what to say. Several times she tried to answer him but her words got all mixed up. All she could do was nod her head. Yes, of course she would love to have her boobs in stone,





then the whole world would know her measurements. What a fabulous way to become famous!

During the next six weeks Pat would go to Arlo's studio located further up in the mountains. Although she had many invitations to parties she would not acknowl-

edge them. She was much too busy being a model for Arlo.

A number of times Arlo had to take precise measurements of her breasts. Every time he got the tape ready his hands would begin to tremble. Naturally he was always off a few meters







and his diagram would be all out of proportion and he would have to start all over again.

Fortunately Pat was patient and allowed him to roam at will over her massive boobs. She wasn't about to stand in the way of a talented artist.

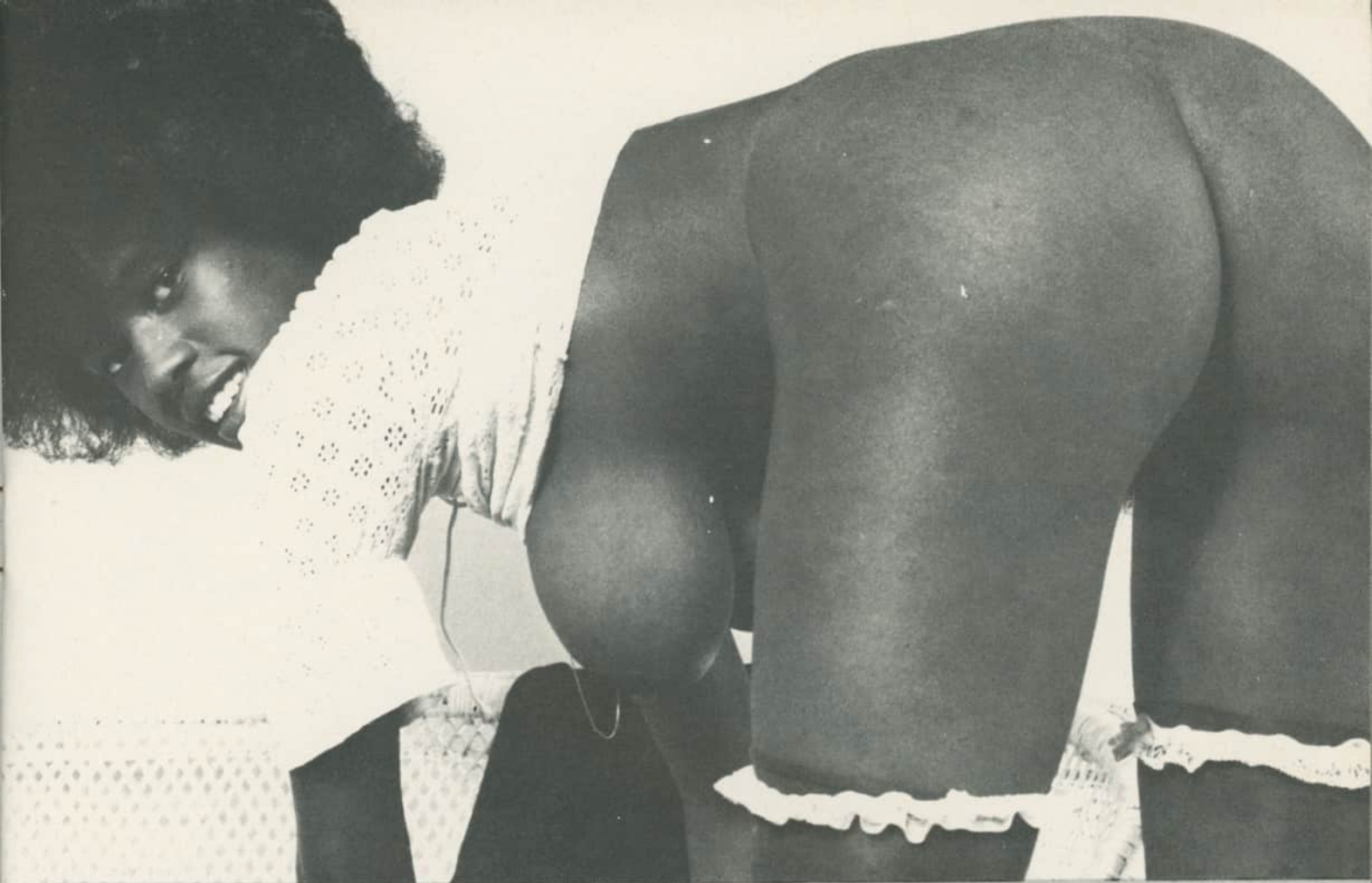
The statue was completed six months later. Pat had not been able to see any of the work because she had been faced at an oblique angle and she was waiting for the unveiling as much as the others.

All Pat's friends thought that a gala party would be announced to celebrate the conclusion of this artistic endeavor. Instead Arlo opted to have a quiet assemblage in the patio of his studio. There was a number of hot objections to this but Arlo held his ground. He felt this was the only way to go and no one was going to make him change his mind.

And then the big day arrived! Pat was so nervous she hardly got any sleep at all the previous night. She imagined all kinds of things going wrong. No matter how positive she tried to get, the black clouds would still darken her view. This was not like her at all!

Only eight people came for the showing. Arlo was determined not to make a circus out of this exhibit. He was going to be in control at all times. Pat was a little bit disappointed at the turnout but she didn't want to say anything to Arlo which might upset him.

A silence came over the small crowd when Arlo stepped up on the platform. He looked into each face and then without any preamble he pulled the cord which released the covering. Pat opened her eyes wide to take in everything that was about to happen.







**After all, this was her body
in stone!**

**There was a gasp from
everyone present. Instead
of a bust of Pat there were
two huge mounds of stone
upon the pedestal. Arlo had
forgotten about her face
completely and concentrat-
ed on what he loved the
most!**











clean



Linda

What is a girl to do when she has a strong urge to shave her pussy and all her friends are firmly against it? Is it wise to go ahead and do something that you know nothing about or should you wait until someone comes along with enough compassion to help and guide you through the obstacles?

Once Linda makes up her mind to do something in her life then she carries it through to the end no matter who is for or against her. This is a marvelous quality to have and rare to find in these days of conformity.

About a year ago when Linda was traveling in Canada with a friend she discovered something new that entirely changed her life. She had no idea that she would run into twin sisters who had smooth pussies

and were proud enough of this to broadcast it to the rest of the world.

As a librarian Linda has the opportunity to visit similar operations all over the country. This time she was going over the border to Canada to study their system. This would be the

first time she had ever left the country and she was secretly thrilled about that.

The unexpected rainy weather cancelled some of her plans. It was necessary to stay inside the hotel for several days. Residing in the next room were Doris and Debbie, two cute twins





with a special story to tell.

Before the first day was over they all got together. Doris and Debbie lost their key and asked Linda if she would help them find it. She had no idea where to look but she didn't want to sound like a bad neighbor so she agreed to search the corridors with them.

Just by accident Linda found the key near the fire exit. "How did it ever get

there?" exclaimed Debbie. "Yes, how did it ever get there?" repeated Doris, who said and did everything her twin sister did or said. They insisted upon giving Linda a special reward. "Oh, but I wouldn't think of it," exclaimed Linda. "I was only too glad to help you out."

No matter how much Linda protested the twins insisted that she be repaid for





her trouble. "We are going to show you something nice and smooth and shiny," exclaimed Debbie. Doris agreed, naturally, and took Linda by the arm. She had no way of escaping now; she had to see what this was all about. Basically Linda was a curious girl and this thirst had to be satisfied.

Before Linda knew what was happening she was inside the twins' apartment. The girls started skipping around the room as though they were a couple of little children. They are out of their minds, thought Linda. She started making plans to get out of there as soon as possible.

"We haven't shown them to anyone for so long," explained Debbie.

"Yes," chorused Doris. "You will be the first time this summer. Aren't you excited?" Of course Linda didn't have any idea what she was talking about. It was just her luck to run into a couple of nuts on her first day!

Without giving any further explanations the girls started to remove their skirts. Linda watched in amazement. Was this some kind of strange northern custom? she wondered. Linda had no intention of doing likewise. She was keeping her clothes on regardless!

"See how smooth we are?" said the twins in unison. Linda blinked her eyes several times before she could get up the nerve to look down at that exposed area between their silky white thighs. Sure enough, their pussies were shaved clean! Linda had to admit that it was quite an exciting exhibition. She had never seen such perky looking pussies before—and all because they were hairless. Suddenly that gave her a wild thought.





What would everyone say if she returned home with a similar looking pussy? Of course she would have to show it off immediately. There was no sense going to all that trouble if no one knew about it.

But would she have the nerve to do it? There was so much involved. Just getting a razor and some soap and water wasn't the answer. There had to be a technique or some kind of complicated instructions. At least this is the way Linda thought it should be.

The moment Linda returned home she began to make inquiries. She realized that she had to be subtle because some of her close friends might misunderstand. They were so conservative that shaving a pussy could be considered highly radical.

At the end of the week Linda had a score of Absolute Zero! No one was willing to give her any help. Most of those she talked to denied even knowing anything about shaving. Linda had a strong feeling they were not telling the truth but she had no evidence and so she kept her mouth shut.

Time was going by and Linda wanted to get going with her new project. It was still difficult to think about shaving on her own. Not that she wanted an audience but she would have appreciated a little encouragement.

For a long time she seriously thought about going back to Canada and looking up the twins again. Only that would be a little too obvious. Of course they would know why she had returned and Linda would be too embarrassed to start asking





questions. The whole trip would be a failure!

The next two weeks was a long period of brooding. Linda wouldn't answer the phone and for the first time in her life she was short with her friends if she happened to run into them on the street.

Something had to break soon or she was going to experience a mental breakdown. And then one night she had a dream and all her problems were solved! The midnight fantasy was so clear it was like actually living it.

She saw herself on top of a huge wave. The speed that she was moving was incredible. All around her swimmers were drowning beneath the surging currents. Only Linda was safe and she couldn't understand why.



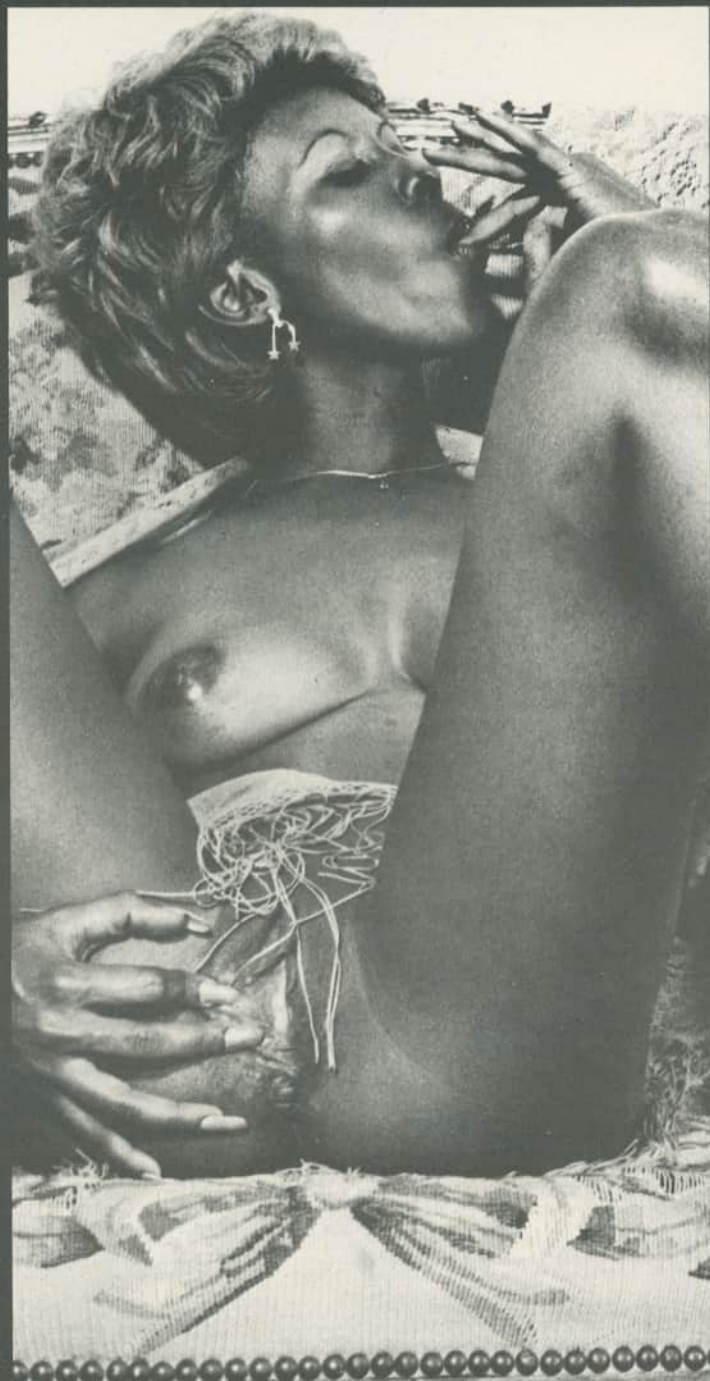


Then as her dream continued she saw the reason. The edge of the wave was like a sharp razor and it was carefully trimming the silky hairs between her firm thighs. Nothing could happen to her while the wave was so occupied. Suddenly all this obscure symbolism made sense to her!





She didn't need anyone to be around while she shaved her pussy if she had the right equipment. All she needed was more confidence in herself and she was on her way! With this revelation firmly installed in her



mind, Linda woke up with an entirely new outlook on life. Being afraid was stupid! If those silly twin sisters up in Canada could do it then so could she. Nothing was going to hold her back any longer.

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For the next few days no one saw Linda at all. She needed this time to be alone and mentally prepare herself for the big day. Maybe she was getting a little dramatic about it but this was the only route she could take at the moment. Fireworks had to go off in the sky before she would be able to pick up that razor and get herself all together.

All during the shaving Linda kept her mind blank. She didn't want any unfriendly thought holding her back. It is so easy to be inundated with negative feelings. Linda was on her way and in a few more seconds all that silky hair would be swept away from the sensitive surface of her pussy.

When Linda was able to step back and look at her reflection in the nearby mirror she was absolutely ecstatic with joy. Never had her pussy looked so gorgeous. It simply sparkled with spic and span cleanliness.

As soon as Linda patted those two bare cheeks with talcum powder she got on the phone and called the twins in Canada. They had to be the first ones to know. After all, without their inspiration Linda would still be only dreaming about having a smooth pussy.

Because Linda went through so much herself she is always happy to give advice to those just starting. As far as Linda is concerned, shaving can be lots of fun!



