BLACK TITS & SPLITS

ALL NEW BUXOM SOUL SPLIT TITTERS



BLACK IS BIG & BEAUTIFUL

ADULTS ONLY





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All models are over 18 years of age











FOXEE

For the last few days Foxee has been nervous as a kitten on a hot tin roof. She has the lead in a new play and she doesn't know if she is going to be able to handle it. Getting the lines down is no problem; can she



remember them the minute she steps out on the stage? That's the big problem.

Several times the author has come to Foxee's apartment to help her with her lines. Usually they end up in bed before the end of the first act. She isn't going to learn anything this way! Foxee needs more discipline in her life.

A friend recommended a hypnotist. He had a new technique that would guarantee her retaining every word no matter how nervous she would get on stage. This sounded good to Foxee and she made an appointment immediately.

The hypnotist had an office on the fifteenth floor of a downtown office building. Foxee was always frightened of heights even if she was inside and









couldn't look down. She asked the hypnotist if they could meet somewhere else. He said, "Sure, how about your bedroom!"

Once more Foxee ended up getting banged instead of doing something constructive about her career. She hated herself afterwards but during the fuck-session she was enjoying every second of it.

Then she met this electronic expert at a Singles bar. Every time he touched her she got a shock right down to the tip of her pussy. She could not take that too much longer and told him so. He made up for this dynamic approach by stating that he had a solution to her problem. "And what might that be?" murmured Foxee, taking no chances with another shock.

He said that she would have to come with him to his apartment. She knew he was hot for her box and said No. Then he whispered in her ear. Foxee's eyes widened. "Can you really do that?" she exclaimed. He crossed his heart three times. She had to believe him now.

Off to his apartment they went. His hand was on her knee all the way. Actually Foxee didn't mind this because she was starting to warm up to this crazy dude. Maybe he did have a great secret he was willing to share. What did she have to lose but a friendly rape in the upstairs bedroom.





The moment they got inside his apartment he started taking off all his clothes. "I think better this way," he explained. Foxee didn't believe that for a second. "I'm leaving mine on," she stated flatly. "My brain needs all the warmth it can get." There was nothing he could say but she could tell by the expression on his face that he didn't like her decision at all.

"Take a look at this, doll," he said, opening the door to the next room. Foxee glanced inside cautiously. There were wires all over the place. "What is all that junk?" she asked contemptuously. He didn't answer, instead his finger pushed a button and a voice jumped out of her mouth. It wasn't hers and she had never said those words before. She almost fainted on the spot.

"Don't get excited. This is my voice-mediator. I can throw sound in any direction I want. If you record your part on that tape then we can play it back on the night of the play and you'll never have to worry about forgetting any of the lines. How does that sound to you?"

Foxee opened her mouth to answer but no words came out. She was absolutely shocked. Finally she gave him a big hug. "You got it, baby," she shouted. "That's just the gimmick I'm looking for."

He wanted to know how happy she was and she showed him right then and there. The two of them almost broke that mattress in half. It was bouncing all over the place. Foxee was happy to put out to a genius!

The night of the opening everyone was amazed at Foxee's calm attitude. She walked around as though she had the world in the palm of her hand. In a way she did but she wasn't going to admit this to anyone.



Finally the moment had arrived. The curtain went up and Act One began. Foxee was sensational. Each line was delivered with the right amount of feeling and sensitivity. The critics were overwhelmed. Then in the Second Act something went wrong. The tape started going too fast and she tried to move her mouth in the right sequence. Then all the words blended together and the audience started to laugh. The curtain was dropped and that was the end of Foxee's career. The electronics man left town the next morning.





Bunny





If you happen to discover Bunny's one big weakness then you have her right in the palm of your hand. Of course she isn't going to give you a hint. You'll just have to find out the hard way.

Enjoying life to the fullest is Bunny's current full-time occupation. She never worries about money because it always seems to be coming in from someplace. You might say that she has an unlimited amount of admirers.

Once in awhile Bunny will get serious about her life and decide that she is going to settle down and make herself a career. But then she starts thinking about her talents and suddenly she discovers she doesn't have any. Of course that isn't true at all. Bunny would make a great hostess under any circumstances. She knows how to meet the public and there is always a smile on her face. Unfortunately she easily gets bored and drifts away.

Unless a crucial problem comes into her life Bunny isn't going to change her routine. She can always bop around because she is surrounded by artists and writers who need her spontaneous enthusiasm to keep them going.

In her own unique way Bunny is quite a good artist herself. Several of her self-portraits have been on exhibition at a couple of well-known galleries. She is unaware of this, however. The paintings were given to admirers. Immediately they saw the artistic potential and made arrangements to have them exhibited.



A surprise party was planned for Bunny but at the last moment she was unable to make it. This was unfortunate because if she had been able to see her paintings on exhibition it would have changed her whole life.

In the meantime Bunny lives each day as though it were her last. She enjoys seeing the sun come up and the sun go down. During those hours of light she is busy visiting close friends. When the yellow moon comes over the mountain she dresses up—or gets in the nude—for the party that night. All this constant activity doesn't tire her. She has enough energy to keep going twenty-four hours a day.

Will Bunny ever discover that special lover who will come in her life and be a meaningful influence? There is a slight possibility that this might happen in the near future. Events are happening around Bunny that point in that direction. Bunny isn't getting as bored as usual. She won't suddenly throw up her hands and be on her way with no explanation.

There is no denying that Bunny attracts a certain kind of dude. That foxy chocolate body can give a sadistic guy a lot of weird ideas. Maybe he can see her as his little slave. This is absolutely









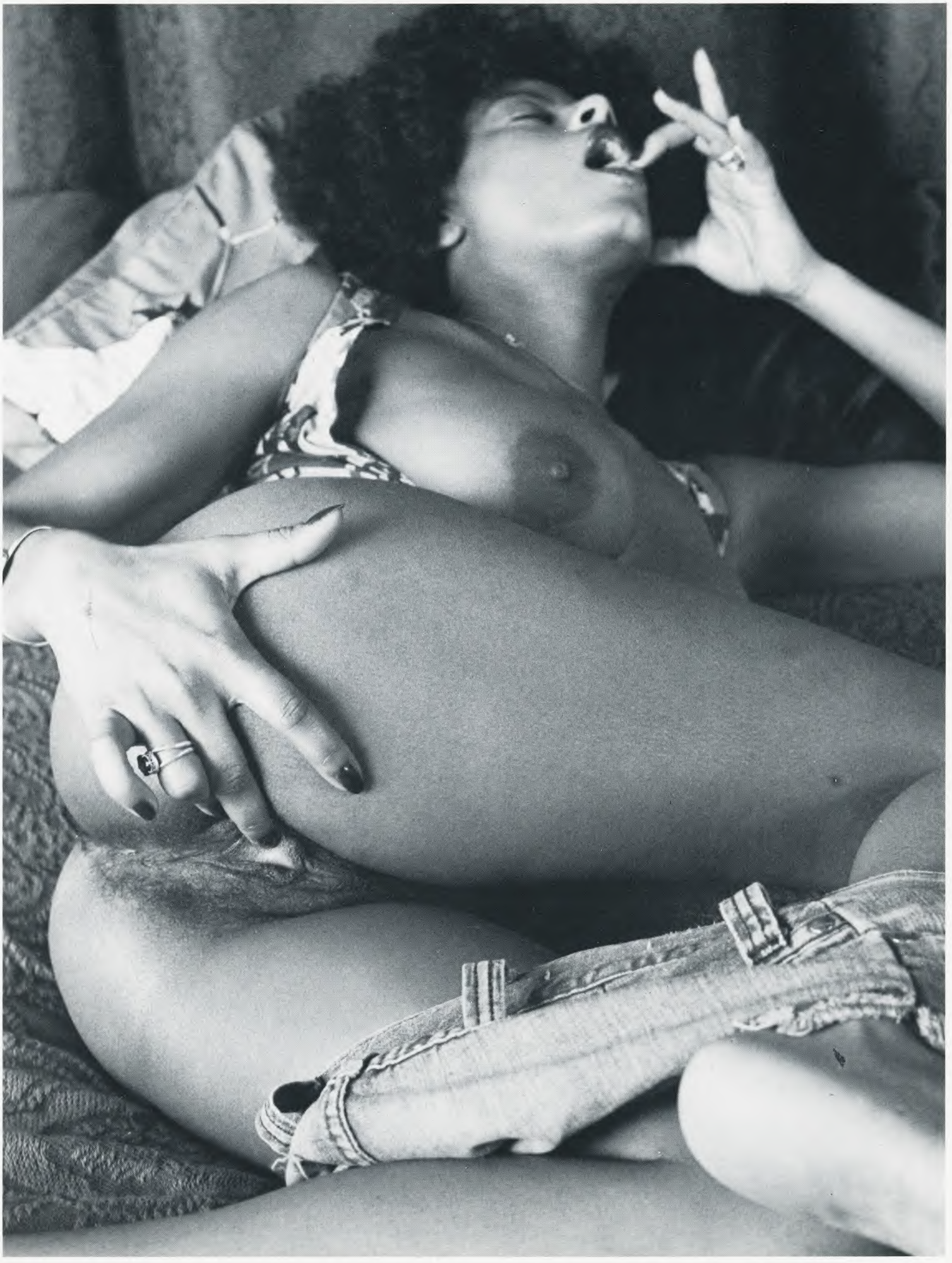


the wrong image but Bunny has started to get used to this kind of mental picture guys get about her. Once they get to know Bunny, however, they quickly change that impression. She is going to be no one's slave, that's for sure!

A couple of times in the past Bunny has been involved with some dangerous types. Secretly she likes to take these chances because deep down in her heart she believes that nothing bad will ever happen to her.

There was that time she went to Chicago during a fierce winter and met two Black dudes who just had to be gangsters. She did her little girl routine, pretending not to know what was happening. This was her big mistake because they both took turns fucking her in the back of their custom van. This was the first time she had ever had so much sex on wheels and she was beginning to like it. There's no telling what goes through Bunny's mind. Every once in awhile she has to do something wild like that.

Then there was that time she flew off to Detroit and went to the wrong hotel. Bunny isn't that dumb! She knew what she was doing all the time. There just happened to be a convention of meat-packers in town. They were mostly cowboys looking for a good time. When they got a good look at Bunny they knew they had come to the right place.





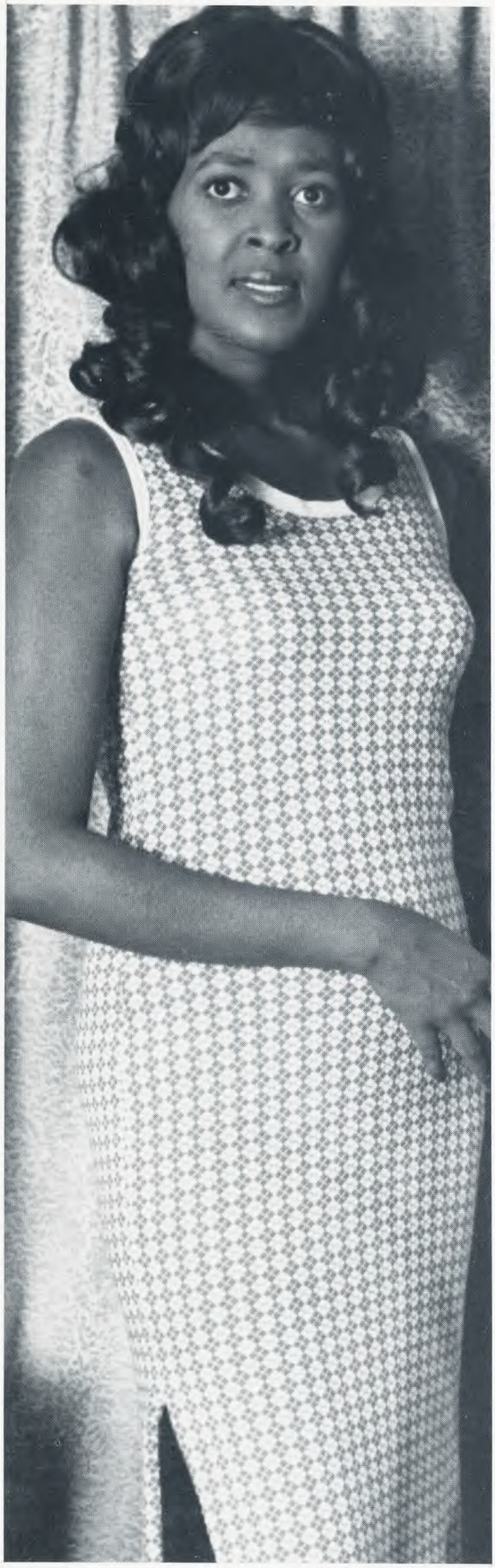














DEE

If you happen to be passing through New Orleans in the next week or so you have to stop off and see Dee. She has just opened her Health Restaurant and she is eager to demonstrate her talents to you. And if you play your cards right you might get Dee for dessert.



There's something about entering an intimate restaurant and being greeted by a stunning Black girl with measurements that seem to be out of this world that can start off an evening with a tremendous bang. Dee has the personality and figure to sway even the most hard-hearted.











And then there's her special recipes! Her cuisine bourgeoise will knock you right off your feet. Of course you will demand to know how it was cooked and Dee will look you right in the eye and give you a big smile. But that is all she will give you. After all, a girl can't give away her best secrets or she won't be in business very long.

Roast veal with lemon sauce is her specialty. It's all cooked in a Dutch oven and covered with tarragon and heavy cream. Delicious! While you are eating Dee will come by to see if everything is all right. Please don't reach out and grab the hostess—although you will be tempted to do so many times before the evening is over—because Dee is all business during these hours. Later she might be interested in taking a drive along a lonely country road. It all depends upon the mood she might be in at that time.

Originally Dee wanted to combine eating with loving. She visualized food and sex on the menu each day. While this sounded simple enough, Dee soon discovered that there were many complications along the way.

There was no telling who was going to be a guest each night. Some were ladies and gentlemen while others were more like animals. They wanted more and more of whatever was offered them. There was no way to satiate their enormous appetites. These were not the kind of people she wanted in her restaurant.









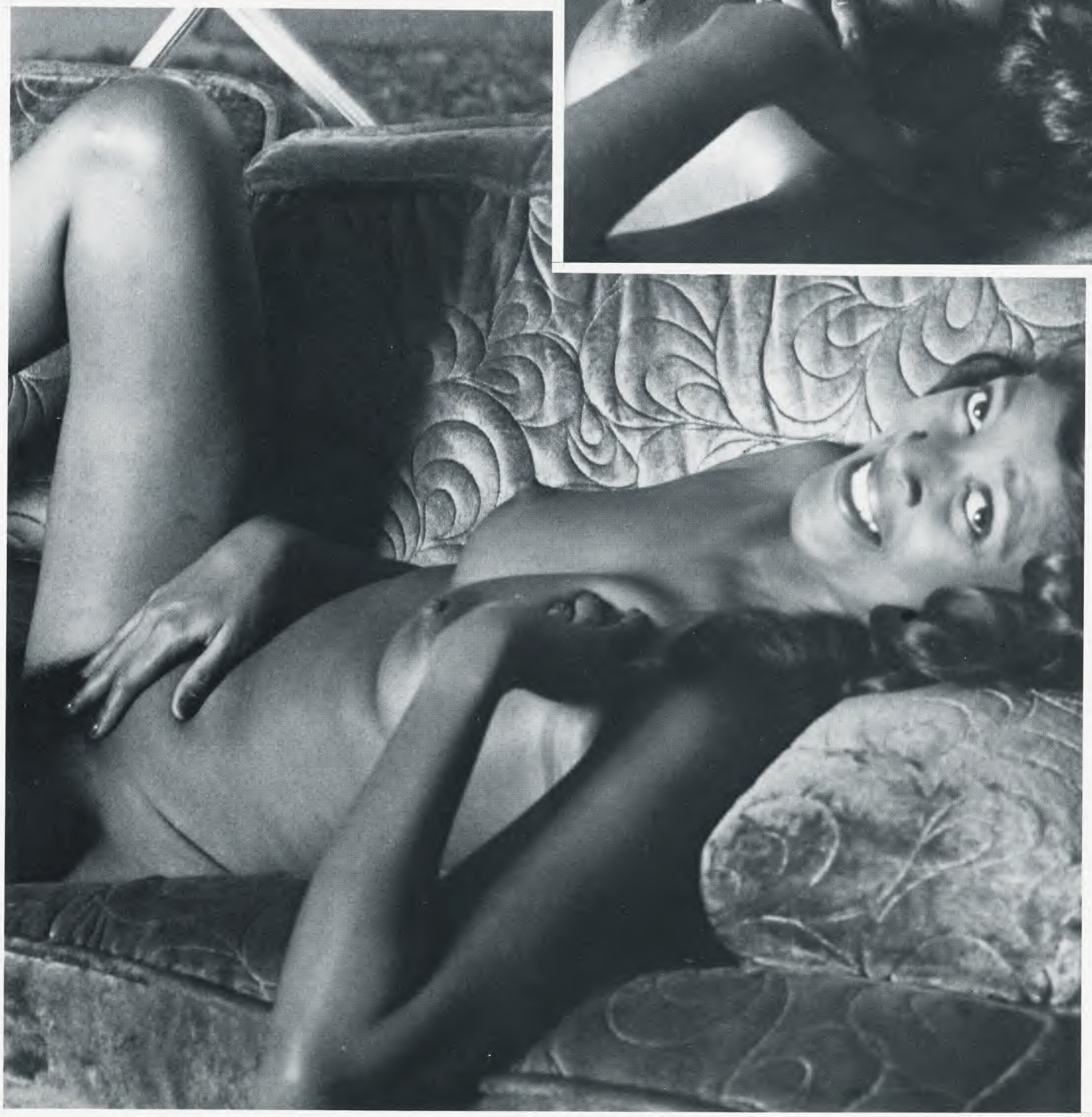


Of course there was no way of picking and choosing your customers. You have to take your chances, unless you happen to be a private club. Dee has been thinking about going in that direction. It would mean taking out a different kind of license and also purchasing some suitable insurance. At this point she doesn't know if it would all be worth the time and trouble.



To keep her reputation spreading Dee has to come up with some new exciting offerings every once in awhile. Her Gazpacho from Sevilla, for instance, was a sensation. This tangy Greek soup has now become an important item in her culinary repertory.







For awhile Dee had been living upstairs over the restaurant. Eventually she had to move because too many customers were climbing the stairs to get a piece of Dee before leaving for the evening. She had to put a stop to this because her name wasn't even on the menu!

More and more tourists are finding out about Dee's place and it won't be long before she will become a little too public. This will be unfortunate because then her restaurant will lose its informal charm.

Maybe Dee will close down and start somewhere else. She has been thinking of going down to Biloxi right on the Gulf of Mexico. Lots of artists live in that neighborhood and Dee would soon fit right in with the casual atmosphere.









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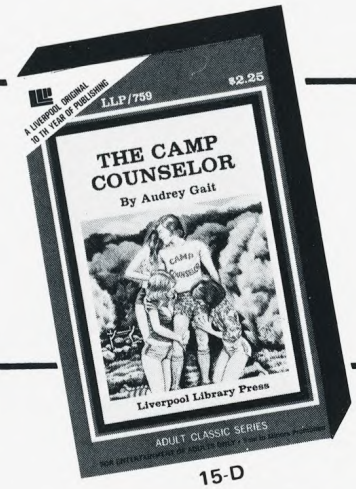
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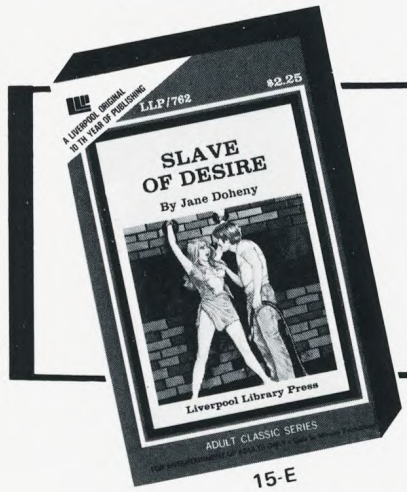
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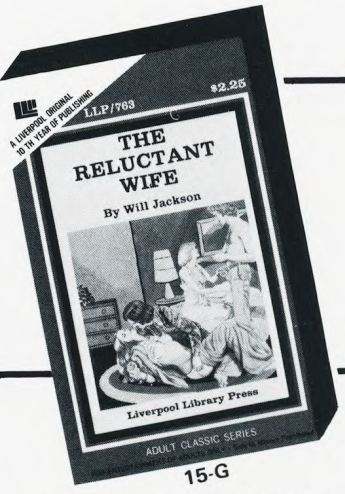
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PAM















Some of these Black beauties can really surprise you. Take lovely Pam, for instance, would you believe that she is a clever gambler and has made a small fortune in Vegas with her own system?

"My favorite card game is Blackjack. Now don't make any smart remarks. Color isn't that important to me. I'm only interested in winning and that means I have to give all my concentration on the cards dealt to me!"

Because she has a photographic mind Pam is able to quickly remember where every card is located after the first three minutes of the game. And she is trying to cut that time right in half.

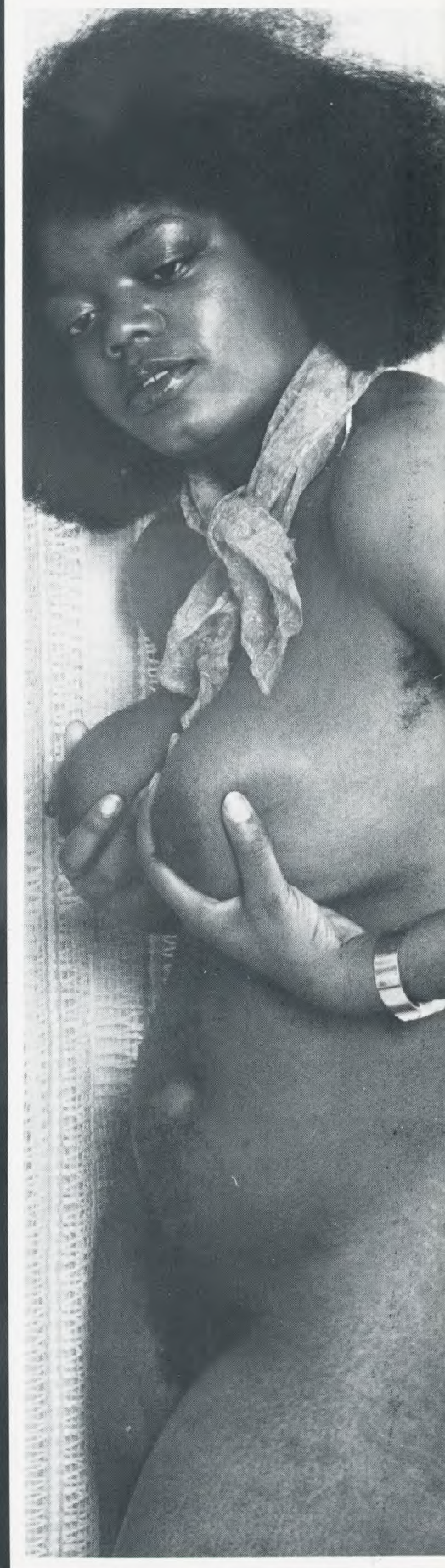
Often it is difficult for Pam to become completely immersed in the game. She is always being staked out by some dudes who think she is waiting to be picked up. That beautiful sleek body can give a roaming guy all kinds of ideas. Some would love to fuck her right under the table.

There are times during a grueling game that Pam has a strong need for sex. She needs that emotional diversion to get her over the hump. All she has to do is sit back and pretend to be bored and the action starts right away. At this point she can make her own choice and be on her way.

Being in the center of Vegas offers a lot of conveniences. You don't have to go a long distance to be in a comfortable room. In a few minutes Pam can be with a lover on a hard mattress (she loves that firm touch) and then when it's all over be back to the gambling tables for a final shot.

So far her luck has been up in all departments. Her system is working! She keeps this information to herself because she doesn't want to get a reputation of being a winner. The crazies might find out and be on her back. "I want to play it cool all the time," admits Pam. "Why





should I let myself become vulnerable to characters like that? They don't care what they do to get money. I have to work for mine, why shouldn't they?"

Perhaps you are one of those who don't think the act of gambling is work. If you had the time to follow Pam around during a typical day/night interlude in the various gambling casinos then you would see for yourself the amount of raw energy and mental concentration involved. Pam has to be aware of three to four things at the same time. Quickly she has to size up a game and make an immediate decision as to whether it is worth the time.

As a rule Pam will only play blackjack, baccarat or craps. All the other games like roulette, slots and poker are for the losers. Her system works on one level and she doesn't intend straying away from that just to have a little extra added excitement during her brief stay in Vegas.

Watching foxy Pam throw those dice with a vengeance is enough to get any red-blooded dude in a fast heat. Those full breasts get swung around in all directions. And those rounded, firm hips make even the table attendants swallow a couple of times in anticipation.











