

BRA BUSTERS

NO. 12

TOP-HEAVY
BROADS WHO
BELIEVE IN
LETTING IT
ALL HANG OUT!

£1.25



INTERNATIONAL EDITION
ADULTS
ONLY



BRA BUSTERS

NO. 12



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EDITORIAL

**IN THIS, THE FOREMOST
MAGAZINE OF BIG-
BREASTED GALS IN THE
WORLD, WE TAKE
CONTINUAL PLEASURE
IN PRESENTING SOME
OF THE MOST WELL-
ENDOWED GALS WE
CAN FIND. WE HOPE
YOU GET THE SAME
KIND OF CONTINUAL
PLEASURE, ISSUE
AFTER ISSUE . . .**





BIG-TITTED BABES



**SHE'S GOT WHAT COUNTS, ALL RIGHT. SHE'S GOT
ALL SHE NEEDS AND A LOT LEFT OVER . . .**







**SHE SAYS SHE'S
DONE HER SHARE
OF SPREADING IT
AROUND, TOO. THE
BOYS IN HER
NEIGHBORHOOD
ALWAYS KEPT
THEIR EYES
COCKED ON
HER . . .**





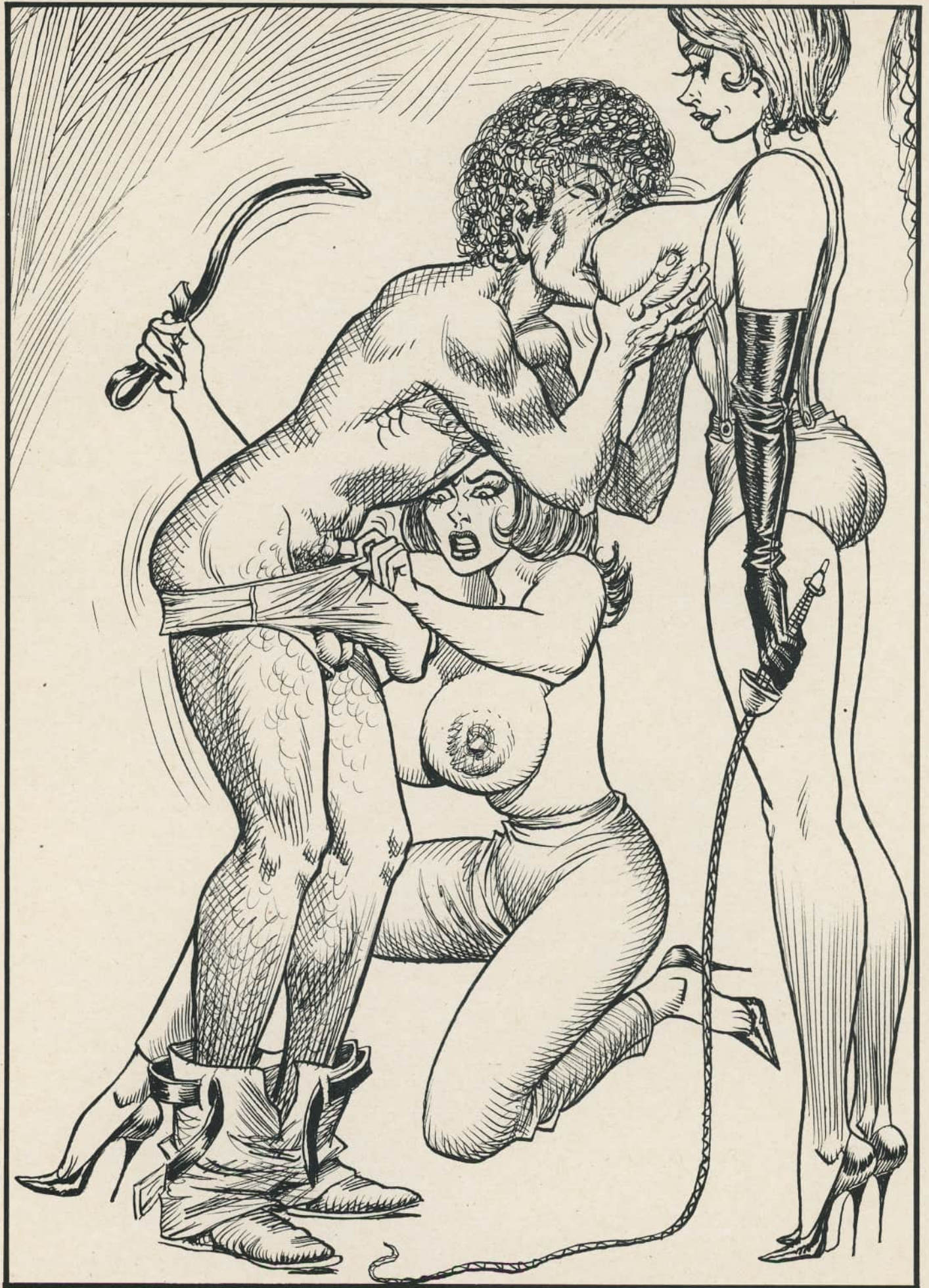


THE BOYS KEPT
LOOKING AS BABS
KEPT GROWING . . .
AND GROWING . . .
IN ALL THE RIGHT
PLACES. SHE BECAME
QUITE POPULAR WITH
THE GUYS WHO KNEW
WHAT COUNTED . . .



SO BABS GREW UP INTO QUITE A WELL-BLESSED YOUNG LADY, AND THE BOYS NEVER FORGOT HER. IN FACT, SOME OF THEM STILL KEEP IN TOUCH. "THE GUYS I GREW UP WITH WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME WHEN I WAS LITTLE, BUT ONCE I STARTED DEVELOPING, THEY FELL ALL OVER THEMSELVES TO GET A PEEK OR A FEEL. THE HORNY LITTLE DEVILS. BUT I LOVED 'EM . . ."





THE BREAST SLAVE

As a result of a rare lapse in self-discipline, ace Harlem pimp Marcellus Proud found himself locked in the throes of a terrifying dream. The nightmare was a recurring one, and in order to rid himself of this unsettling experience, the ever-sharp black stud had made it a habit to take a couple of snorts of primo coke and a few tranquilizers before retiring every night. All through the daytime hours before this particular night, he had been feeling truly "superfine," and when the hour of sleep had come at last, he felt so relaxed that he had decided to forget about his chemical helpers and attempt to face the netherworld of his tormented unconscious like the bold stud he was supposed to be.

This miscalculation in terms of psychic strength put him into the nightmare he now grappled with. The dream was always the same, its symbolism painfully obvious to the portion of his mind that

remained aware even in the depths of sick sleep. He was running through tall grass, through the African veldt under the blazing sun of high noon, being chased by a pack of leggy, black Amazons. As was usual, he ran nearly naked, clothed only in a flimsy native loincloth, his feet shielded by the lightest of sandals.

The element of fear began when he became aware of the total silence that seemed to dominate the chase. The only sound that accompanied his desperate running was the soft swishing noise that his sweating thighs made as they brushed against the parting blades of high, brown grass. The silence became a truly terrifying aspect of the scene, because it seemed to be the barrier that prevented him from escaping his unhappy situation. It was the force that prevented his conscious mind

from reflecting on the reasons why he was being chased, and it was also the motive force that kept him running, that kept him from simply collapsing and letting fate have its way with him in whatever unknown fashion it would take.

He knew that the pack of silent, black female giants that pursued him relentlessly were the phantom images of black womanhood his guilty conscience forced him to face, even if it was only in his dreams that they could exert any kind of influence over the man who had learned to exploit their weaknesses for profit from the earliest days of his youthful existence.

He was also aware that the climax of the dream, when he was at the end of his stamina and the horde of angry but quiet women mysteriously disappeared from the fantasy, and he found himself in a clearing in the veldt,

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mammoth, pale
globes of soft,
firm flesh
tipped with
moist roses,
that hypnotized
the black pimp
the most . . .**

exhausted and bound to a post, was a reflection of his unconscious mind's appraisal of his present status in real life. For before him stood the classic fantasy image of the dominant white goddess, the image that tortures the very soul of the black male, that sends shivers of lust, fear, hatred and insane greed through the mind of the type of man who makes his living by dominating the white bitch and making her sell her body for his profit.

The image of his dream varied only slightly from night to terrible night. Sometimes he was at the mercy of a woman with long, curling Nordic hair, and other times the girl was only slightly varied, having her blonde locks piled high on her haughty head, sweeping upward and accenting her hard demeanor, with her dark eyebrows and high cheekbones.

The body was almost identical in each case, however. The stance of dominance was emphasized by every feature and gesture. The girls were tall, their height overstated by the ten-inch heels beneath their feet, and the columns that were their legs were graced and accentuated by the sheerest of black hose, ending at their tiny waists in garter belts which framed the nest of the exposed crotch in a state of high

contrast.

It was the breasts, the mammoth, pale globes of soft, firm flesh tipped with moist roses, that hypnotized the captive black pimp the most, and it was the sight of these agonizingly perfect glands that elicited the tortured response from his own sexual organs, the sac swelling in the heat of the moment to a size it never reached in his real sexual experience, and the rod reaching out to new lengths and dripping copiously in uncontrolled eagerness and obscene animal desire.

It was only after he had reached a peak of sexual stimulation mixed with fear that he was released from the bondage of his guilty mind, and the events which culminated his exhausting dream ritual were always identical. The buxom she-devil approached his helpless form, her malevolent eyes moving slowly over his sweating body and finally focusing on the glowing, weeping head of his straining erection, and with a sly, vicious smile, she drew from behind her back a jeweled hand which held a glinting razor between its fingers. In the final seconds, he could hear the soft laughter of the woman as she knelt before him, and his eyes were blinded by reflection of the sun on the surface of the blade.

Proud bolted upright in the bed, gasping for breath, covered with a dank, sticky layer of sweat, paralyzed with fear and the dull pain of unreleased erotic tension. "Goddamn, goddamn mutha-fucka, sheeeit," he swore aloud, warding off the spell of the nightmare as best he could in the pitch-dark of the room. "Holy shit! I gotta straighten out my act quick or I ain't gonna be able to sleep no more at all. Gotta get somethin' goin' right away!"

With these words, he pulled himself out of the tangle of silk sheets and light velvet covers. With his organ still pulsing, he made his way through the dark hallway of his apartment to the bathroom, where he flicked on the light switch and doused his

face in cold water until he had control of himself and his sexual frenzy had subsided.

He finished in the bathroom, went down the hall and turned into the dark living room, carefully making his way down the steps and across the carpet to the marble slab upon which rested a Tensor lamp and stereo system. He turned on the bright light and carefully lifted the corner of the heavy turntable with his left hand, and felt with the fingers of his right hand for the small plastic pouch that was taped to the underside of the machine.

Extracting the small bag of coke with little effort, he laid it under the focused beam of light and grabbed for an album cover. Working quickly, he undid the transparent tape on the bag and shook out a small mound of the powder onto the slick surface of the record jacket, dividing the little hill of coke into two rows. He cursed himself when he realized that he was stark naked and didn't have his billfold and the crisp twenties that were so convenient for snorting dope.

He left his work lying on the slab and began looking for something to use to snort the stuff. He finally found a ballpoint pen, which he broke in half, sending the cartridge, spring and small pieces of plastic scattering across the room.

Returning to a kneeling posture under the lamp, Proud quickly sucked up both rows, one in each flared nostril, and immediately prepared two more, slightly larger ones. He sucked them up as well, shut off the lamp, and threw the shattered body of the pen across the room as soon as he had finished with it. He made his way back to the bedroom in a stumbling fashion, feeling a hell of a lot better, and stretched out on top of the bed, not moving a muscle or having a dismal thought until he was fast asleep.

He awoke the next morning to the familiar sensation of Miranda's skilled hand massaging

his bulging pecker. He opened his eyes to see her mischievous smile, making her brown face a mass of tiny wrinkles. The half-Cajun, half-Negro cook and maid broke out in a gentle sing-song laughter.

"Good morning, Mr. Proud. Ain't it nice to be alive!" she smiled, turning the question into an obvious statement of truth, the kind of truth she knew was plain as day after forty-one years of earthy experience with life's unpredictable changes, changes which had brought her from a New Orleans bordello to the plush pad of a successful Harlem flesh merchant.

"Shit, Miranda, cut that out. You know how a man needs to conserve his energies in my line of work. Anyway, I never do nothin' before I have my breakfast, ya hear?"

"Oh, but I can't just leave you up in the air like that, sir. Why, I just don't know about you men anymore. I mean, what's more important, your stomach or your tender heart?"

"You should know better by now, love . . . and that ain't my heart you got your fingers wrapped around now, is it?" the now-smiling black man responded in a joking, patronizing tone.

"Well, I'll be damned. Have it your way. I was just trying my best to please the master of the house in my humble fashion. What'll it be, ham and eggs, steak and eggs, or coke and eggs?"

"I'll have the steak, rare, the eggs over easy, and a lot of coffee. And you can take a little snort on the side, once I'm out on the route, of course, so I don't get mad that the hired help's been runnin' off with my stash. Dig it?"

"I got it. And by the way, before I forget, it's 12:30 now, and Charlotte called at about ten and wants to talk to you real bad 'bout some new blood she got all lined up for you. So call her back right away. You dig that, Mr. Proud?"

The naked and now happily flaccid man smiled his agreement, grabbed the still-firm ass of the rising housekeeper and

pinched it lightly until she squealed in mock ecstasy. Then he bounded out of the sack and made his way to the closet to pick out a suitable set of threads for impressing the daylights out of the bitches he was going to have to deal with after he made the arrangements with Charlotte.

He dressed quickly, choosing a truly 'superfly' white velour three-piece suit and a set of patchwork leather high-heeled shoes which increased his stance to almost seven feet, topping off the outrageousness of his garb with a bright yellow scarf, a wide-brimmed straw hat, and a gold watch chain which hung halfway down his long thigh.

He tried on several pairs of colored sunglasses and picked out a pair of bug-eye orange ones with heavy chrome frames. He put them in his vest pocket, and by the time he had finished his preparations, his breakfast was waiting for him when he made his way into the spacious kitchen.

"My, my, my. Do my eyes deceive me, or is this the same man I held in the palm of my little hand not more than fifteen minutes ago? You are simply gorgeous, Mr. Proud. I don't know how you can bear to look at yourself in the mirror without gettin' a hardon!"

"It's really very difficult, if I do say so myself, Miranda. But it's all part of the job . . . my image, you know. If you can manage to take your greedy eyes off my body for a few seconds, could you please bring me the phone so I can get some work done? I got a late start this morning, and there's girls out there who need my careful attention."

"Right away, with the utmost haste! My, my, my!"

The high-spirited Miranda fetched the phone and set it down next to Proud's steaming plate. She took a seat across the table from him. Cupping her hands around her chin, she sighed deeply and stared at him in exaggerated, starry-eyed admiration.

He dialed Charlotte's number,

Charlotte was one of Proud's first white conquests, and she was extremely successful at her trade under his tutelage.

occasionally looking up at the beaming face of the maid with an expression of annoyance mixed with disbelieving good humor, until the girl at the other end of the line picked up the phone.

Charlotte was one of Proud's first white conquests, and she was extremely successful at her trade under his tutelage.

She had an unusual sense of loyalty and gratitude to the man who had enabled her to retire at the age of thirty-five, with a house in California, an apartment on Park Avenue, and a numbered Swiss bank account that was stuffed to the bursting point with untaxable dollars. She expressed her gratitude by calling the pimp once a year, or once every six months, to turn him on to other foxy white girls who had expressed an interest in trying their hand at the trade.

More often than not, the contacts that Proud had made through Charlotte proved to be anything but disappointments — most of them were high-fashion models who had passed the magic age of twenty-five, and were seeking new ways to reap dollars that were as quick and rewarding as the fickle but lucrative route of the mannequin.

Their conversation began in the usual friendly tone that more or less typified their entire relationship.

(Continued on page 44)

Edith's Endowments



**SHE'S ALWAYS
BEEN PROUD OF
WHAT NATURE
GAVE HER, AND
SHE'S NEVER
TRIED TO HIDE
HER ENDOW-
MENTS . . .
"OH, HEAVENS,
WHY WOULD I
WANT TO HIDE
MY TREASURE
CHEST?"**







EDITH SAYS SHE'S ALWAYS HAD BIG TITS AND ALWAYS WORE THEM PROUDLY. "SO MANY GIRLS WOULD DIE TO HAVE WHAT I HAVE. I'M VERY LUCKY."



**DOES HAVING
BIG BOOBS MAKE
HER A LITTLE
MORE POPULAR?
"A LOT MORE
POPULAR, IF YOU
REALLY WANNA
KNOW. I DON'T
SIT HOME ALONE!"**









TITS-A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

Breasts come in many shapes and the shapes come in many sizes. Just what is the "right" size for breasts? The notorious French courtesan, Ninon de Lenclos, felt that each breast should be just big enough to fill an honest man's hand. A good rule of thumb, except that honest men have a wide variety in glove size! Another view is that "anything over a mouthful is a waste." This will make the lady with a boyish figure (that's straight from the shoulder) feel a lot better but will probably not improve her dating/mating ratio. Mother Nature doesn't really care much what the size of the breast is. Breasts are there to supply lactation to the newborn and little breasts do that job as well as big ones. The milk glands provide the function of the breasts and the rest is fatty tissue. It has no real function other than as a spongy protection of the milk glands.

Well, that may be Mother Nature's view of all that luscious bouncy fatty tissue, but ask any man how he feels about it and you get a different reaction altogether. The fact is that a big, well-formed set of tits will make most men momentarily forget what they are saying or doing or thinking. Bounteous boobs seem to whisper in a man's ear, "Why don't you reach out and touch?"

Magnificent mammaries implore a man to possess them. Unfortunately, these same delightful glutinous protuberances are usually attached to a woman — and as many a tit-lover has found to his sorrow, a woman is not all breast. Some men who fall for the big bazooms find they are hung on a shrewish, carping, narrow-minded or just plain dumb female who, in her finer moments, could turn the Pope into homicidal fury. It may be difficult to force oneself to overlook a set of beautiful boobs — if they are really mountainous it may be physically difficult to overlook them or even look past them — but for anything much beyond a one-night-stand it would be a good idea to make the effort.

Women with wonderous woogies (as the Australians call tits) have ambivalent feelings about their endowment. They often complain that men relate to their busty substances rather than to them as people. One lady who measured in at an impressive forty-two inches — which she had carried with her as her individual flagship since the age of seventeen — said, "I'm just not interested in guys who ogle my tits. How would you feel if you were considered walking, talking cleavage. Before he puts his hands on my boobs, he's got to look past my nipples into my eyes and make



me feel like a whole woman."

"They are a nuisance most of the time," complains another gal with equally prominent pectoral promontories. "I envy the girls who don't have to keep their's caged in a bra to keep them under control. Frankly, they get in the way when I'm working. Some women may envy my set, but they don't have to live with them all day every day."

"Mine get sore during my period," claims another lass of the terrific tits sorority. "If they were half the size, maybe they'd just be half as sore."

"I'm sensitive about my breasts," said one woman. "They are so huge and out of proportion that I feel they detract from the rest of me. I think my legs are particularly curvy and that my ass is very shapely. If I didn't have to support these mountainous breasts, I'd have a good figure. I feel that people stare at my breasts as if I were some kind of freak and miss my better attributes completely. I try to squeeze them in to reduce their size, but I really can't do much. They just push out in some other direction when I try to flatten them. I've tried reducing my weight down to skin and bone, hoping my breasts would lose some size too, but all I did was nearly starve myself. I don't think I lost half an inch there. I don't understand the fascination that men have for large breasts."

"But it all starts in my tits; that's the key to my furry little box."

But there are other women conspicuously endowed who don't share their sisters' complaints. These women unanimously are those who find their breasts and nipples to be erotically sensitive.

"I parade my tits proudly," said a delectable little blonde who had it all out front. "I know they're big and I love them. Would you believe my nipples get hard when a man stares at them? And when my nipples start to get hard I can feel my cunt lips begin to get warm and fat. In other words, my tits are my way to get it on — and get myself off. I can push the undersides up high and lick my own nipples. I know just how I like it done. I point my tongue and run it around and around each nipple, one right after the other. I push my fingers into the squishy flesh and hoist them up so they're right in my mouth and I can suck on them hard. I flick my tongue against them rapidly and my cunt begins to drool, it feels so good. If I keep it up long enough, I'll start to come. I'll be lying there on the bed, my tits shoved into my mouth, both hands working on the big creamy boobs, tongue sucking and darting and flicking, my thighs spread wide and cunt juice dripping out of me as I come and come without ever touching my pussy. I can keep it up for a long time, too. If my mouth gets tired I wet the palms of my hands and scrape them in circles around my nipple. Sometimes I push the nipples way into my breasts and feel the friction against my fingers as they pop back again. Love me, love my tits, I say. They're my gateway to adventure — and orgasmic paradise."

Another woman — a redhead with that creamy white skin they so often have — agrees completely with the idea that breasts can be erotically exciting to the women themselves. But she prefers a man to excite them. This woman states, "I get turned on by breast stimulation before anything else. Some men leap for the clit, but for me that comes afterward. If he'll play with my tits I just melt and he can do anything he wants. I like him to use his hands a lot, but what I like best is to have the skin of my breasts sucked and licked. Especially the undersides which seem to be very sensitive. Then he can use his mouth and tongue on my nipples. He can push my breasts together and suck both nipples into his mouth at one time, running his tongue over them, sucking on them and circling around both. It feels as though his tongue is taking the stimulation I get from both nipples and fusing all the pleasure together in a huge wave. If I am sitting on top of a man with his penis buried deep inside me, I like to lean over, letting my tits swing freely so he can catch them in his mouth and tease and kiss the nipples as I move up and down on him and he fucks back into me. He doesn't have to worry about who will come first. If his lips are around my nipples and his rod is moving in and out of my cunt, I'll just start to come and keep going."

And yet another woman goes even further with her admissions of titular delight: "I really turn on when I can feel the beating, pulse-pounding heat of a man's fat hard cock against my tits. After

he's sucked on my nipples and handled my tits a lot in his hands so they are warm and tingly all over, I'll often slide down on his body and begin to suck his cock. That turns him on but it doesn't do much for me. However, when his cockhead is big, next to bursting and all slippery and wet from my saliva, I'll take my breast in one hand and his cock in the other and begin to run the nipple of my breast over the head of his cock. At that moment it feels almost as though my nipple were a cock, too. I can feel the heat pulsing in both of us through my nipple. The wet lubrication from my mouth makes the nipple skate easily all over his cock, and I pay special attention to the underside of his prickhead, where men are really sensitive. Sometimes this whole idea will turn him on so much he'll come and I'll feel the lovely, warm gushing of his climax flooding over my nipple. I'll put one hand on my clit and rub some of the come juice from his cock against it, and the next moment I'm right there with him. I can play tits-on-cock games for hours and stay very aroused. Unfortunately, most men get tired of it too fast and want to fuck me. Men are impatient."

Another woman with very firm, uptilted breasts that stretch the tape at forty-four inches explained how breasts her size were important to her sexually. "I have big breasts as you can see," she explained. "I'm also five feet ten inches in height, so I like *big* men. I also have what might be called a hang-up for men with big dicks. It takes a long, fat dick to get the best out of breast-fucking. I am happiest when I have a tall, strong man with a big penis squatting over my breasts until they are slippery with the ooze from his prick, especially where his prick has been circling around my nipples. Then he'll spread some lubricant between my breasts until they are very slippery on the facing sides. He puts his cock between my breasts and I squeeze them together hard, almost till it hurts. I push the nipples together and I play with them both with my finger as the fellow starts to fuck in and out between my breasts. As he shoves in, I can feel his balls sliding against the undersides of my tits and then his prickhead appears. I stick out my tongue and try to lick it and he soon gets the idea. He'll fuck fast between my tits for a few minutes, then if his cock is long enough, he'll press forward hard so my lips can get around it. I suck him until he's just about to come and then he fucks some more between my breasts. As he gets closer and closer to coming, I increase the pressure on his cock by squeezing my tits closer and closer together. I try to work it so that

when he rams ahead hard, I can catch his cock in my mouth for the first spurt and keep his prick there so I can drink his come. I don't know why breast-fucking turns me on the way it does, but a big, rock-hard prick between my breasts is incredibly exciting. Of course, if the guy is virile enough to please me, he'll usually rest for a minute and then start to get ideas again. Pretty soon he'll be fucking me in the more usual way or maybe dog-style, but since he's already come once between my breasts, he can now last a long time, so that makes the second fuck really tremendous. I cup my hands over my nipples and keep moving my fingers and hands over them as he jams his big prick in and out of my pussy. I can feel his prick all over me, actually feel the heat it creates in my breasts as well as my cunt, and when I start to come it feels as though every cell in my body is exploding. I think guys agree that big breasts are more fun to play with, and if a big guy has a prick to match, he can play with mine as long as he wants."

The girls quoted above are not hookers. However, they all have an active sex life. We wondered if they felt that the size of their breasts gave them more sexual opportunities. Opinions were divided.

The blonde said, "I definitely feel that they do, and I hope it continues. Half the battle, after all, is attracting your partner, and let's face facts — in this society big knockers put you ahead of the game when it comes to attracting men. As I said, I flaunt mine because I believe in numbers. Out of all the guys who would like to get their hands and mouths on my tits, I may let one out of fifteen actually do it. But it is so nice to have the opportunity to say no to the others. After all, natural selection won't work unless you have a selection!"

The redhead wasn't as sure that her tits gave her a larger chance for success. "I feel very often attracted toward men who are rather afraid of me, largely because of my breasts. I think they feel I'm too much woman for them, and they want someone closer to the norm that they can dominate. Actually, looks are deceiving. I like a strong man to dominate me and excite my breasts and the rest of my body. If my sex life is successful, I feel it's because my large breasts scare away the meeker men and leave only the more dominant men to dare approach and conquer me. But I wonder about some of the others that I have really liked and admired and would have gone to bed with if they had made the proper invitation.



I think my big breasts may have cost me some wonderful intimate relationships with gentle and more sensitive guys than I generally seem to wind up with."

The woman who liked contact between penis and breast was certain her large breasts were an asset in the social picking order of sex, and the woman who liked to begin sex with tit-fucking felt that she probably had an edge, but was much more concerned with the size of the man's penis than her own breast size, which just about brings us full circle in the manner of preferences and advantages!

For some of the far-out preferences regarding large breasts we have to talk to a prostitute, for these women are forced by their trade to accept the stranger desires of their customers. We asked one such woman to tell us the most peculiar episode of her career thus far which related to her enormous breasts.

She told us that she has one customer who visits her regularly mostly because she has large breasts and large breasts with prominent nipples are required to fulfill his needs.

"We're both naked on the bed," she told us, "the john and me. He gets to his hands and knees and spreads his legs a little. I get down behind him, putting my knees close to his. I grip one of his legs for support and I take one of my tits and work it into the crack of his ass. I see him get a hard-on as soon as my nipple touches his anus. I work my nipple into his asshole very slowly because the longer it takes, the more excited he gets. I next tilt my body to one side so my other nipple makes contact with his cock, which by now is as hard as any cock can ever get. I grab his prong and skin it back so the head is uncovered and I try to get my nipple into the eye of his cock. This is very difficult, especially since we are in a pretzel-like position. If I feel myself getting tired and know I won't get it in, I can always rub my nipple across the head of his cock and this will often make him come. I don't mind that, but often the idea of shoving my nipple in somebody's asshole doesn't please me. In my line of work you have to do some weird things, and this guy, he pays plenty for it."

We wondered next when women first become aware of the fact that their breasts were larger than normal, and we asked what effect this had on them when they had to deal with this realization. The answers were like a study in teenage sex.

Dr. Alan Guttmacher tells us that the typical pubescent female begins to show signs of breast development about two years before her first menstruation. Medical statistics indicate that the age of puberty is becoming lower. The first menstruation occurs before the girl reaches her teens in most cases, meaning signs of breast development begin around ten or eleven. In a pre-teen girl the breast is a cone with the nipple pointing straight ahead. But as the child's breast grows, it must fight the force of gravity, the enemy of all large breasts. As it continues to grow, gravity pulls downward so



that the under surface becomes more rounded than the upper surface. The nipples usually continue to point straight ahead or even slightly upward. This is what gives the teenage girl her pert apple breasts with the impudent nipples punching holes in her T-shirt, with the unseemly arrogance that turns a preacher into a pedophile. The growth of the breasts does not happen evenly, but in spurts. Spring's tomboy can be endowed with luscious melon bazooms by fall. By the time they are eighteen or nineteen, girls have attained ninety per cent of their breast development. By then the breasts are creamy-smooth in texture, the color of the nipples a soft pastel of pink, brown or orange. During the next few years the shape may change slightly with a gradual increase in the amount of breast tissue. As tissue continues to grow, the impertinent nipple becomes the captive of gravity and begins to turn slightly downward, and this downward trend will continue into middle-age sag unless the woman fights it vigorously with exercise. Even then, the battle will not be won. The victory of gravity will only be postponed.

Tina L. told us that she first became aware of her breasts in the fifth grade, when she was ten. She was used to wearing T-shirts and her incipient development into womanhood was obvious. At first she was annoyed by this encroachment into her childhood freedom. While most girls looked forward to their first bra, Tina hated hers because she said it made her feel cramped and different from the other kids. Her feelings are typical of a girl who begins to mature before her friends. She feels different, apart, awkward and embarrassed. Peer group sensitivity reaches its zenith in the early teens. By the time she was twelve Tina had a full, lush set of breasts much larger than those of her chums. For a year or so she tried to minimize her breasts. She felt it necessary to strap them down, and she remembers that it was vital to her that they didn't shake or wobble when she moved. She developed the "sophomore hunch" to further hide her breasts. Of course, during this time she was developing sexually in many ways, as were her friends. Boys were becoming more interesting. It was curiosity about a boy's interest in her breasts that led Tina to discover the pleasure they could provide her and encouraged her to regard her large breasts with pride.

"My best girlfriend had an older brother — just a year and a half older than we were. Of course, when we were younger we all played together. Then we went through that period where girls stayed with the girls and boys were just horrible monsters to be tolerated. That age, about eight to ten, was when I started to develop. Then junior high school came along and we were a lot more interested in those objects of mere toleration than we would have guessed a few years back. Tommy, my friend's brother, had changed too. He was growing lanky and his shoulders were broadening. Still, I didn't pay any special attention to him until the

(Continued on page 58)



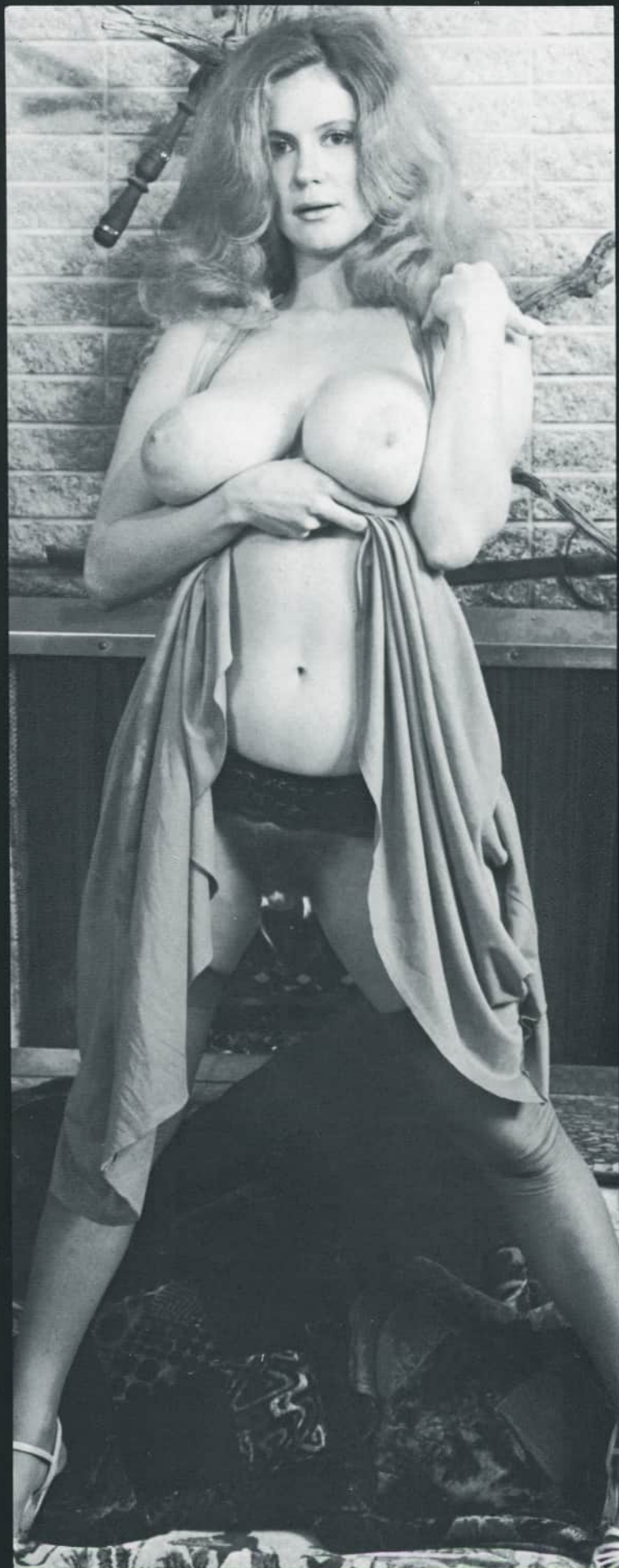
CHESTY



"CHESTY'S A NICKNAME I GOT FOR TWO REASONS . . ."







**"SOME FOOTBALL
PLAYERS NAMED
ME ONE NIGHT."**









**SHE'S A BIG
GRIDIRON FAN.
"YOU COULD
SAY I'M AN
ATHLETIC
SUPPORTER!"**





DOES SHE DATE ANY JOCKS HERSELF? "ARE YOU KIDDING? ALL I DATE ARE JOCKS!"



A photograph of a woman with blonde hair, looking upwards, with a text overlay. The woman is topless, and her breasts are prominent. The background is dark and out of focus. The text is in a stylized, bold font, with the first part in a yellow box and the second part in a red box.

**ATHENA'S
ASSETS**



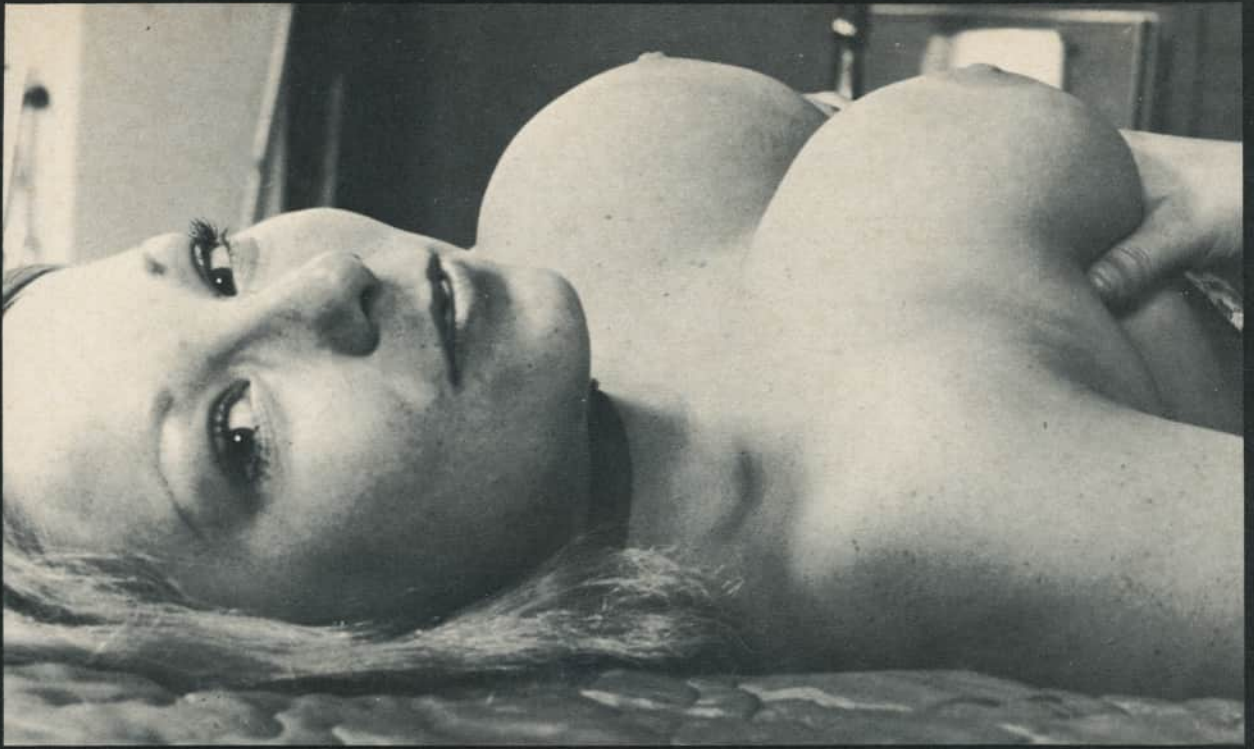
She's always known what she has up front, but until recently she never knew how much her two mammoth jugs could work to her advantage. "I always used to get a lot of dates, but on my secretarial job, I've gotten three promotions in the last six months!"





*Does she get chased
around the boss'
desk a lot? "No, not
really chased like
you see in the
movies, but I do get
a lot of the brush-
ing-up-against-you
routine. But I don't
mind. I'm kinda
flattered."*









She admits she does wear clothes that accentuate her assets, but she doesn't see a thing wrong with using what Mother Nature gave her. "I'd be a fool if I didn't," she says.





"Look, I just finally figured out that these bazooms can open doors all by themselves—I'm just sorry it took so long to figure it out."







"Oh, I'm sure some of the guys who date me do it because of my tits, but it doesn't really bother me. I mean, I'm just as guilty. I've dated guys because they've had muscles or a big dick, so what's the difference? Everybody's got at least one thing going for them, and big knockers are my ace in the hole."



"My tits? I'd describe them as good healthy handfuls . . ."

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**HIGH
HEELS**

DON'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION.
IT'S A MOUTH-WATERING EXPERIENCE.

"Where are these 'samples' and when can I get a good look at 'em?" Charlotte's tastes were impeccable. The real customers always had a yearning for the slim, sophisticated model-type that she was expert at procuring.

"Hello, Charlotte. When did you get back to town? Or should I ask such a question of a discreet lady?" Proud was still beaming at the maid and was obviously pleased that wherever he was, it seemed that he was the object of continual female admiration, even at his breakfast table.

"Why, hello, Joy Boy. It certainly is good to hear your mellow voice again. I just got back from Europe . . . Switzerland and the Riviera this time . . . snow and surf, the usual scene." Charlotte was bubbling along in her usual manner, her humor and cheer always a reflection of the gratitude she felt she owed the man who was responsible for allowing her to live in the high style of the Jet Set.

"Well, that sounds real nice, Charlotte. And I tell you, sincerely now, the next time I get me some real free time, I mean a couple months at the least, we're gonna have to go over there together, and you can show me around. What do you say to that?"

"Oh, that would be too much. Just like old times, huh, Marcellus? I could show you all the ropes, and maybe you could even set yourself up with a real intercontinental operation. You know, featuring beauties from around the world, served up in the famous style you're known for all

over this world. That would be a real first — a New York operation on the Riviera! They got the biggest and horniest bankrolls in the whole universe over there. . . . princes and dukes with some real bizarre tastes."

The pimp began to mull over this concept in depth before making any kind of response, for the idea wasn't at all far-fetched. It was a sure-fire way of getting the hell out of New York, which was fast losing its attractiveness to the former street gang leader made millionaire, with its violence, its competition and the noise and dirt. A European location would provide him with a fine place for an early retirement and a fade-out from the business. With Charlotte to help him over the hurdles, the proposition looked more and more attractive.

"I hear you callin', honey. You got my number, and the next time you make any plans to go over, clue me in and we'll check out the scene together, dig?"

"Well, I don't think you'll have to wait all that long, honey. You see, I was planning the same sort of thing. You know, mellowing out for the remainder of our days, doing the grand tour, and so I brought you back some samples to look over . . . to kind of get the feel of where things are at in the Old Country, got that?"

"You think of everything. You're still the sharpest thing I ever ran across — besides myself, that is. Where are these "samples" and when can I get a good look at 'em?" He responded with an eagerness that was typical, for Charlotte's tastes were impeccable, even if they weren't exactly his tastes. The real customers always had a yearning for the slim, sophisticated model-type that she was expert at procuring.

"They're right here in my pad. If you come over now, you can meet them. Ingrid and Marcia are their names, but I'm going to split for the airport the minute I get off the horn. I'm going down to lovely Miami to do a little free-lance work at the "international

brotherhood of hoods" convention. Big business down there this time of year, and even though I don't need the money, I want to keep in practice and keep up my connection with these guys as long as I can. They're always so eager to please, and the only way they know how to express themselves is in cash. So, off I go. Anyway, you should come by right away, before the girls get lost sightseeing. I'll get back to see you in a week or so, okay?"

"I'll be over as soon as I can. Man, I sure as hell hate to miss you again, girl. You've done me right so many times now, but business is business. You keep thinkin' about that European scam, honey, 'cause I'm dead serious about it myself. I can't take this shit around here too much longer. You know my act just doesn't fit in with all the guns and dope and all. I gotta have a mellow environment, some room to move, you know? And as far as I can see, you fit right in the picture, honey. You're the key to the whole thing, 'cause you know the ropes, baby. You have yourself a good time down in Florida, and say hello to all the heavies for me."

"Sure enough, Marcellus. You behave yourself now. I'll keep in touch, and we'll get everything worked out when I come back. Have fun with the girls. They're really gonna blow your mind!"

"Bye for now, Charlotte. I'll be there in a flash!"

The sleek pimp hung up the phone, barely able to keep from bursting out into open laughter. He was tremendously satisfied with the way things were working out this morning, and especially so in light of the miseries he had endured through the night. The day's pleasantries had been arranged, and they had succeeded in pushing from his mind the staleness that might have come rushing back upon him if he had nothing to do but reflect on his psychic tribulations.

It was primarily the thought of the future which worked such

magic with his mood, for the vision of Marcellus Proud sipping a tall, cool drink in an outdoor cafe on the Cote D'Azur, checking up on his receipts from the toils of his multi-lingual stable of international foxes, was truly a vision from the pimp's conception of paradise. The knowledge that the fantasy was quite realizable, with a little work and a little help from his friend, made his glimpse of the future even more attractive and satisfying.

He watched as Miranda cleared the dishes and cups from the table, placing them into the dishwasher, all the while humming a bluesy refrain. He knew that she too deserved better, and that if he made the great leap, he would surely retain her services, taking her with him wherever he might go.

Generosity was really a part of his nature and, in a sense, it was the key to his success as a pimp. Unlike the hundreds of others who operated similar scams, he had never resorted to threats, cheating, or the violence directed at women, which is the characteristic method of control that pimps traditionally employ. On the contrary, Marcellus learned early that in business, reward is the factor which creates loyalty and success, and he was always sure that his girls were well-rewarded.

His generosity worked to his advantage in his relationships with everyone he came in contact with. After establishing himself and gathering his initial fortune, the first thing he did was buy the apartment building, occupying a single floor himself. The remainder of the building was filled with black families, and the bottom floors were rented out to highly legitimate, black-owned businesses, all tenants being given easy-going leases and very reasonable rents. The effect of all this generosity and consideration was to insure a high degree of loyalty and trust between himself and those whom he had helped out. These people formed an almost impenetrable barrier

between the pimp and those who sought to mess with him, John Law included.

He knew that he was not the typical pimp; that he was capable of giving as well as taking, and yet it troubled him greatly that he should still be afflicted with the sense of guilt that seemed to be symbolized in his dreams.

Sure, he had exploited women plenty. He had dominated them, made them do his bidding, but he prided himself on the fact that he'd always been able to get his way by virtue of his personality, by promises of wealth that always came true, and never had he sunk to the level of brutality, of threats of disfigurement and the like. In short, he could not understand why his own subconsciousness plagued him; he was searching for the weakness in his own soul which was the source of these unpleasant reveries.

"You're drifting, Mr. Proud . . . just drifting away," the bright, cheery voice of the housekeeper rang out, breaking up the hazy mixture of yearning and doubt that was crowding the present out of the hustler's overactive mind. He shook himself free, gathering up his most positive energies for the business at hand.

"Well, Miss Miranda, I've got to split. Gotta get my act together with the new chicks Charlotte laid on me. I should be back here around five, but don't you worry about fixin' me any dinner, 'cause I'm gonna take myself out for a night on the town tonight. As a matter of fact, why don't you go out and buy yourself a new outfit, and you can tag along with me? I got some serious thinking to do, and it concerns our plans for the future."

"Our plans? My, my, I didn't realize our relationship was so, uhh, well-established. Why, thank you, Marcellus dear. You're so very considerate!"

"Ain't nothin' like that. In case you didn't get the point, I'm thinking of moving the operation to a new locale — Europe — and I'm gonna need someone who can

Sure, he had exploited women plenty. He had dominated them, made them do his bidding, but he had always prided himself on the fact that he'd always been able to get his way by virtue of his personality . . . by promises of wealth . . .

do my soul cookin' for me when I get there, you dig?"

"Well, I'll have to think about that some more myself. I'll surely need some kind of big raise if I'm gonna have to compete with them princesses and dukes and all. By the way, how am I supposed to get myself a new outfit for tonight? You have any ideas?"

"Easily arranged. You don't think I'd expect you to get it on your own, now do you?" Proud spoke in a mock-patronizing tone. He rose from the table, extracted his billfold, thumbed through the substantial wad that it contained, and pulled a crisp fifty and a pair of twenties. "The big one's for the dress and the little ones you can do what you will with, all right? I'm on my way now. You keep yourself busy till I get back, then we'll have us a meal. Bye."

He strode over to the tiny black woman and gave her a squeeze. Then, with a new burst of energy, he started the series of moves that would take him downstairs to the underground parking level.

On passing the large mirror in the hallway before he reached the front door, he gave himself the onceover, examining the reflected image with the pride and attention one gives to one's most valuable possessions. For the pimp who strives to make a lasting, dominating impression

**Proud liked
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finest pads from
their association
with him.**

on first glance, appearance and image are the most valuable possessions.

He reflected positively on what he saw, adjusting his straw hat to give an even more rakish appearance, and bounded out the front door to the elevator, pressing the button that would stop him at the garage.

When the elevator stopped and the door slid noiselessly open, he took two giant steps forward, stopped dead in his tracks, placed his hands on his hips and let out a low whistle of self-approving congratulation.

There it stood, his pride and joy. It was a brand-new Mercedes-Benz, a huge black and chrome sedan with dark-tinted windows, black leather interior, and personalized plates which spelled out his whole essence: PROUD. The vehicle meant more to him than almost anything else in the material world. It set him entirely apart from the other, flashier *nouveau-riche* pimps who paraded up and down the streets in their bright-colored, white-walled symbols of success and sexual supremacy. The Benz was no piece of "Deetroit shit," as Proud referred to the cars of his competitors; and it was a reflection of the inner man, he felt, a symbol of his knowledge, his class, of his lineage and the fact that he was indeed a cut above the others in all aspects of

life.

He could not suppress his beaming smile as he opened the car's heavy door and slid into the form-fitting seat. Just starting up the beast and listening to the purring of its perfect motor almost made his day complete, even if it hadn't really begun yet. The car was an unceasing source of joy to its driver, and the responses of the people on the streets and in other cars to it was a never-ending ego-boost for him.

As he wheeled out into the surprisingly light traffic and began to make his way uptown to Charlotte's Park Avenue pad, he unlocked the glove compartment and started a casual search for the small baggie of coke that he always kept on hand. His fingers found the bag. He released it immediately and locked up the stash for safe keeping until he was ready to lay it on the new girls as a gift, and as an enticement to begin working for him.

He felt that he knew the feminine psychology as well as any man had ever known it, and he knew that beautiful women, women who were capable of having any man at their beck and call, women who were sophisticated, sexual and sharp, always responded well to thoughtful gifts which emphasized the bond of hipness that existed between them and Marcellus Proud, the best employer any woman could ever hope to have.

He knew that it was a necessity to dominate women who wanted to work for him; that these girls craved dominance from their men and despised any sign of weakness or indecision. But long ago he had recognized that the bonds of dominance were severely strained when it was necessary for the pimp, for the man, to resort to physical brutality, except of course where you ran into chicks who got off on being beaten.

Proud had always tried to avoid employing this type of chick, but it was very difficult to weed them out. So very many of the skinny

model-types were very deeply into the masochistic bag. Of course, all of the chicks from time to time were expected to service the needs of Proud's masochistic male customers, and most of them gladly took the opportunity to beat the daylights out of a simpering white businessman; it is an understood fringe benefit of the occupation.

Many also were quite willing to play a mildly masochistic role themselves, especially if it was related to fetishism and the more playful aspects of bondage. But Proud didn't want to have chicks around who craved punishment, who were constantly on his case, trying to annoy him to the point where he would beat them himself.

No, this was not the point of his operation, and chicks like these had ruined many of his fellow pimps by involving themselves with really bizarre clients who wound up killing them, or by driving the pimp out of his mind with their excesses and sick demands till the pimp broke down and polished the girl off himself, bringing the law down on him in the process.

The story was a familiar one in New York, but its lesson was not heeded by most pimps, and this was because they had weaknesses in their own characters which constantly attracted them to this type of girl. They really relished the idea of dominating a White Bitch, but they were not sophisticated enough to separate physical from psychological dominance. They got off on beating these chicks up themselves.

Proud liked submissiveness in his stable as well, but he liked to keep control of the situation. He liked to have the girls devoted to him because they got the best johns, the best cut, the finest pads from their association with him. He was glad he could keep his needs for dominance on the level of image and psychology; it was his ace in the hole, and a further verification that he was indeed one step ahead of the competition.

These thoughts ran through his

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ASK
YOUR BOOK
DEALER

head as he made his way to his meeting with the new girls, and they helped to set his frame of mind so that he would make the proper impression. The proper impression — that really was all there was to the business, for the girls were always willing, really. They knew what was expected of them, and for most, the life in Proud's stable would not be much different from life as it had been for them on the outside. The only difference would be in the number of times they had to put out, the variety of men and, for the majority, the amount of money they would get out of the deal.

A girl operating on her own runs financial and psychological risks. Proud's whole function was to eliminate the factor of chance in the sex-for-money game, and he was the best there was at it.

This knowledge served as his final reinforcement of ego as he pulled up to the entrance of the plush apartment building. He swung open the door and handed the keys to Jerry, the doorman,

who smiled a greeting to the familiar black ace.

"Good morning, Mr. Proud. How are you . . . how's business?"

"Just fine, Jerry. Take her down to the garage. I think you'll find that Miss Brice's parking space is unoccupied . . . she just left for a vacation in Miami."

"Right away, sir. Have a nice day."

Have a nice day yourself, you senile little honky bozo, Proud thought to himself. He didn't really know if the aged doorman was aware of what his business was, and he really didn't care if he did or not. White people who occupied positions of servitude had always irked him with their prying, disbelieving looks when they saw an obviously superior black man moving and grooving right up there with white masters' women.

Don't you dare put a scratch on my fender, you sly old fart, or I'll have your head pickled, Proud fumed to himself. He gave the doorman a final big grin for a goodbye, concealing his contempt

with practiced ease.

As he entered the elevator, he had a momentary sense that something was definitely wrong, and after a split second at a total loss, he remembered that he had forgotten the coke in his car. Shit, he thought, I'd better get a hold on myself real quick!

His self-deprecation was brought to an abrupt halt by the bored, sarcastic voice of the elevator operator.

"What floor, sir?"

"The tenth floor, boy!" he practically yelled. The operator was stunned and petrified by the towering presence. It took him a couple of seconds to get the lift going, fumbling over the buttons and the mechanism which controlled the sliding doors.

Get a hold on yourself, man. The boy sits there on that stool eight hours a day, taking orders from dowdy old ladies and poodle-sucking creeps in smoking jackets. He's got a right to be uptight, but not you, baby. You gotta keep your cool, gotta get your business straight for this

Proud remained transfixed, his eyes on the tips of her mammoth white breasts . . . he fondled the point of the breast closest to him, causing him intense pleasure.

action. He kept this mental monolog of confidence-building going until he exited the elevator and made his way down the carpeted hallway up to the door of apartment 1006. He rang the bell and waited, tilting up and back on the heels of his boots to pass the agonizing seconds.

There was nothing that could have prepared the man for the sight that greeted his eyes when the door swung open in absolute silence.

The girls were supposed to be named Marcia and Ingrid, but they might as well have been called Thunder and Lightning, for the effect the sight of their semi-nude bodies had on the pimp was to create wave after wave of fear mixed with intense sexual arousal which spread upward from his loins and immediately paralyzed him. They were the White Bitches of his nightmares, in the flesh — one with long, flowing hair, the other with her blonde locks piled high on her head, both revealing their swaying, oversized breasts, the swinging red tips hypnotizing the pimp in the depths of erotic fantasy and fear of what the power of these women held for him.

"Well, Mr. Proud, why don't you come in? We've both been waiting for this moment for such a long time. Is there something the matter? Don't you feel well?" It was the one with the stacked hair who spoke, her voice trailing off in a distinct tone of mockery, belittling the man, and at the same time challenging him and teasing him to make some kind of response.

Proud was incapable of speech. He entered the room, padding over the carpet in silence while the other girl closed the door behind him. The one who had spoken smiled, and immediately began to undress him with expert hands. She had him stripped down to near-nakedness in a matter of seconds, leaving only his tight underpants on, pants which were stretched out in front to their fullest capacity by the throbbing erection which remained trapped behind them.

She then settled down on a king-size cushion on the living room floor and beckoned the paralyzed pimp to join her. She gently grabbed for the bulge in his pants and led him down slowly by it to where she was sitting, bringing him down onto his knees and moving into his lap.

"What is it that you like, Mr. Proud? Is it these?" she whispered in tones of pure sensuality, nodding to her breasts. "Is it? Can't you speak? That's all right, little baby, come here and kiss me."

Their mouths met in an embrace of flowing tongues, their saliva intermixing in midair and falling in streamers onto the point of his straining organ. All the while, Proud remained transfixed, his eyes avoiding contact with the woman's eyes, remaining fixed on the tips of her mammoth white breasts.

She was coolly aware of his obsession and continued to kiss him. He fondled the point of the breast closest to him, and one of

her hands slipped downward to dance lightly over the knob of his cock, working the saliva through the thin fabric, causing him intense pleasure.

The other girl observed the scene with detachment from a few paces, smoking a cigarette and weighing the action with cold objectivity. She began to speak.

"That's fine, Ingrid. He'll do just fine. Abdhul will be pleased beyond all expectation. You see, Mr. Proud, women can be procurers just as well as men, but our methods are a little different.

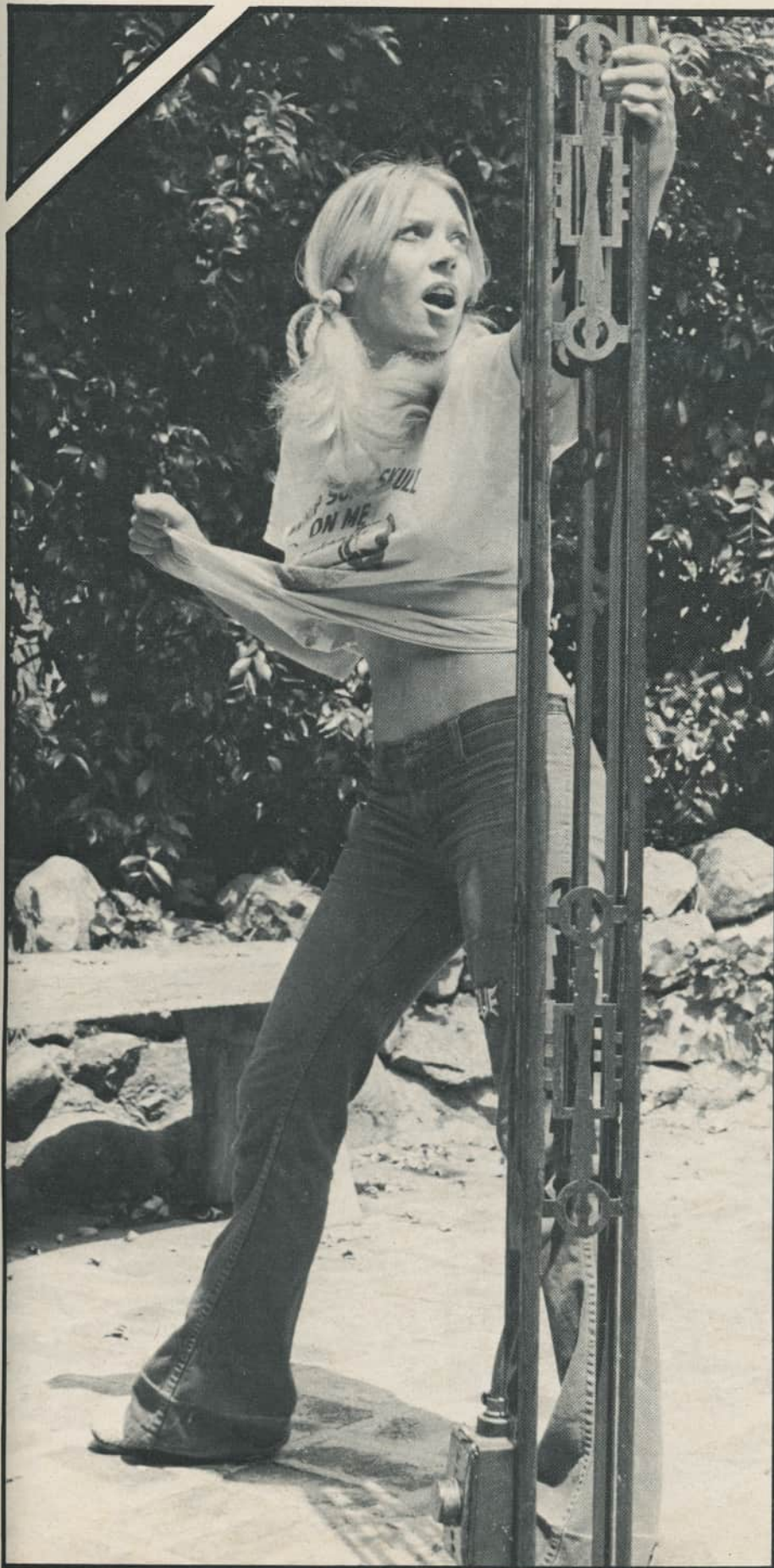
"We are in the service of Abdhul Rah, the richest of the oil sheiks, and he is in need of a man to service his harem while he is away from his headquarters in Switzerland.

"Your friend Charlotte sought to recruit us there, and in the process of convincing us to follow her to New York, she told us quite a bit about you . . . quite a bit indeed. We knew that you would have the . . . uh . . . equipment for the job, but we could not be sure that your personality would be flexible enough to be molded into that of a servant, a sexual servant for a harem which numbers one dozen very demanding females. You will, in a sense, be the plaything of the harem, our prisoner, but it is a role that many men dream of, is it not?"

The words had a chilling effect on the pimp, but not chilling enough to dampen the lust he felt. He was oblivious to everything but the soft mound he held in his hand, and the pulsing pink nipple that seemed to grow larger as he ministered to its needs.

So this was the way it was to be; this is what happens when dreams come true, when the player becomes the prey in the only game in town. This was the way that his European retirement was to be realized: as a sexual servant to the soft, white breasts and bodies that he had built his fortune on. □

BUDDING BONNIE



**SHE MAY BE YOUNG,
BUT SHE HAS PLENTY.**



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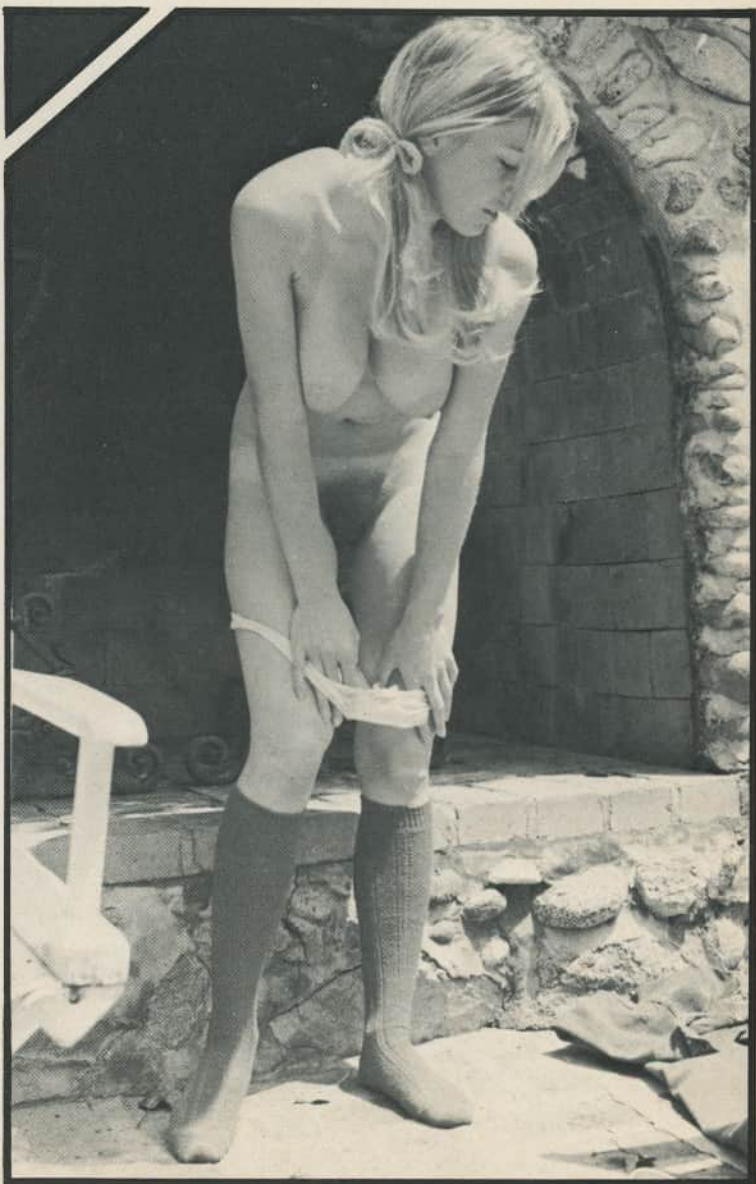


SHE WAS A CHEERLEADER IN HIGH SCHOOL, AND WHEN SHE JUMPED UP AND DOWN, YOU KNOW WHAT THE CROWD WATCHED . . .





**"I'VE ALWAYS HAD A LOT
UP FRONT . . ."**













night when my friend and I were having one of our giggling conversations about other boys of some interest, and my friend made the remark that she'd never be as attractive as I was because her tits would never be that big.

"Well, I was stunned. Even more so when she went on to say that her brother said he'd like to have a handful of my tits. That night I went to bed thinking more about Tommy than I ever had, and I felt warm and excited all over. I resolved that if my tits were a way to popularity — a way to make the other girls envy my success with the boys — that I was going to use them. I still didn't know what Tommy would do with a 'handful' of them, but I was determined he was going to get a chance so I could find out.

"It was on a weekend just before the close of the school year that I had my opportunity. Tommy and his sister were going to their summer cottage with their father to get the place open for the summer vacation, and I managed with a little help from my friend to be invited along. We worked all day Saturday, cleaning up the place, and for once I did nothing to stop the swaying, jiggling, bouncing of my big young tits. I pulled a sweatshirt over them and that was that. The idea made me excited. I felt daring and I guess my face must have been a bit flushed. I could feel the heat in my face and my nipples, which seemed to stay as hard as pebbles all day. I could see my reflection when I was cleaning the windows. My breasts didn't have any sag in them at all. The upper slope just kept going out and out to the forty-inch mark (they are now a set of forty-two's or a bit more). The nipples were exclamation points punching against the sweatshirt. The material of the sweatshirt slid over them as I moved or changed position, which only made the nipples seem more prominent. Whenever I moved, my breasts would jiggle slowly from side to side or up and down with a heavy feel, as if they were filled with some kind of erotic glycerine. You could see only the beginning roundness of the underside, then the sweatshirt just gave up trying to follow the contour of the underside. I kept pulling the sweatshirt tight to emphasize the nipples and the curve of the upper slope. You can picture me, tight jeans which showed off my ass and legs, an innocent, girlish expression on my face and these big, virginal, untried or untested bazooms jutting out, moving of their own accord like two caged

animals begging for some special attention. If anyone had even mentioned my tits or made a slight joke about them that afternoon, it probably would have been traumatic to me. I don't know why my friend didn't mention the fact I wasn't wearing a bra. We girls were conscious of the other girls at that age when it came to such things as bras, periods and so on. But she didn't say a thing. I knew I had Tommy's attention, though. I also had the attention of his father, although he tried hard to hide his fascination with my jugs.

"Well, it was a warm day, and that night it stayed warm with just a slight breeze coming in off the lake. Tommy's father, not wanting to spend the evening with three kids, went into town to drink beer with some of the locals he knew. My friend went to sleep watching the portable TV we had brought along. I figured it was now or never. I got up and stretched, and that in itself was quite a sight to see. I suggested to Tommy that we take a slow walk along the beach before turning in. He was as agreeable as a well-fed puppy, agreeing to the walk with an alacrity I found encouraging.

"If Tommy had been watching my body all day, I had also been looking him over with interest. He was really turning into a man, developing long muscular legs, a broad back, and his face was losing some of its boyishness. I was also interested in the pale, faded spot in his jeans around the crotch which seemed to be quite full.

It was dark on the beach with only a partial moon hanging over the lake. We were the only people around. The breeze rustled and sighed through the pines just back of the beach. It was beautiful and kind of eerie. My pulse was pounding. I let my breasts brush against Tommy's shoulder and arm, burning the nipples into his bare flesh. I wondered how to go about getting his hands on my tits. It was crazy — I wanted him to feel me up, he wanted to do it, yet neither of us seemed to know exactly how to go about it.

"I think there is a special god watching over lustful teenagers who want to get it on and don't know how to. This particular night that god put a partially submerged log in the sand in front of me so I could trip over it, sending me suddenly sprawling on the beach with Tommy landing with a thud right on top of my girlish and hot young body.



"Suddenly one of his hands was cupping one breast. He started to jerk it away as if he had been burned, but I put my hand on his and brought it back again. Tommy let out a tiny cry, as if years of frustration had just come to an end. He put one big boyish hand under my heavy breast and lifted it, exploring the weight and heft. Brazenly I pulled my sweatshirt so he could see the whole apparatus of my breastworks — the nipples hard and throbbing, winking at him like two searchlights at the tip of a tower, the creamy flesh pale as milk, soft as sable, the ripe mounds quivering and sculpted into perfect contours as if by some demon genius. Even when I lay back on the sand, those mounds refused to flatten out as they do now that I'm older.

"He put his hands all over my breasts, exclaiming softly to himself. He pushed his fingers into them and let the flesh pop back. He ran his fingers over my nipples and pushed them back into the resilient flesh until they disappeared, only to spring back the moment he lifted his hands. He squeezed my breasts together, molding the flesh like warm putty in his big adolescent hands. In short, he was driving me crazy. I begged him to kiss them.

"He responded with enthusiasm. Either men are born with oral talents about breasts, or Tommy had the instincts of a good lover. First he licked all around my nipples, wetting them down, getting them well lubricated. Then he started to flick his tongue hard and fast over the spires. He held my breast with his hand and his tongue darted across the nipple with machine precision, relentlessly. He left one nipple and started the same crazy, wild tonguing on the other. By now I was twisting and squirming, out of my head with the maddening sensations he was creating. Then he pushed both breasts together, squeezing them hard together, and he began to flick his tongue against both at the same time. I could feel a vast wave growing inside of me, a tidal wave of excruciating pleasure that seemed about to engulf me and drag me down into its depths. The wave grew and grew until I barely recognized my own voice crying out, moaning and gasping. Tommy pulled both nipples into his mouth with powerful suction and his tongue refused to stop working all the while. His hands pushed in against the flesh. My fingers were clawing at his back and then mingling in his hair, pulling his face deep into my tits, urging him on, yet almost unable to bear the ecstasy he was creating. Suddenly the wave broke and I catapulted through my first orgasm, and it was the most magnificent thing that had happened to me up to that point in my life.

"He seemed to sense that something had happened to me. He lifted his head and looked at me curiously. I was so out of breath, so ragged were my feelings, that I couldn't speak. Suddenly, Tommy pulled away, startled. He pointed to the road that lead to the cottages.

"Holy cow, that's Dad's car!" He looked suddenly guilty and frightened. My manly lover had changed in a second into a scared boy. He grabbed my hand and pulled me roughly to my feet. He was already running toward the cottage, racing the oncoming car on the road to our left, dragging me clumsily after him. I was still dazed and I stumbled after him through the sand. My breasts were sore. They felt mauled and bruised as they bounced heavily as we ran. But it was a soreness that felt good, and I knew they'd never be bound and fettered again. That night I discovered two very good friends in my tits, and I can tell you they've given me, several carefully chosen men (and two other women) — an awful lot of pleasure ever since."

The sad fact is that many women with large breasts do not have such profound sexual feelings residing there. Some women with large breasts say they derive no sexual pleasure from their breasts, so that while men love to play with them, the proud possessors are merely bored. The size of the tits has nothing to do with how sensitive they are. But happy the man who finds the perfect combination in a girl like Tina. Big, firm, lush, bouncing boobs that are filled with those nerve-endings that turn a woman into a moaning, sobbing sexual derivish — such tits are worth the search and a worthy prize when the search has come to a successful conclusion! □

