

BRA BUSTERS

NO. 20



£1.25

OVERFLOWING MELONS TO
DELIGHT AND AROUSE THE
MOST DISCRIMINATING OF
BIG-BOOB LOVERS—THE
BEST IN BIG GIRL ACTION!

INTERNATIONAL EDITION ADULTS ONLY
All models are 18 years or older.

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**WELCOME TO THE
MAGAZINE FOR THE
MAN WHO LIKES BIG TITS!
THEY'RE ALL HERE, THE
LOVELIES THAT MAKE
YOUR DREAMS WET ONES!**





SUPERBOOBS

Super Boobs is the name she goes by when she appears on stage—but at home, lovely Theresa Martin answers to the name Nipples. She's got it all and she knows it. She loves lazing around the house clad in little more than her stockings, playing with her full, pillowy tits, stroking her juicy pink-rimmed clam.





She gets herself worked into such a lather that there is little else to do but tug apart her cuntlips and pray for a surprise lover to present himself at her door. She loves to arouse and otherwise stimulate herself—she says its good for her complexion. She cannot keep her hands off her body for over two hours at a stretch. She is in a constant state of sexual arousal, ready to take on anyone. There are those who say that her stage show—in which she does a striptease number and then engages in masturbation to the howls of delight from her audience—is really not a show at all, but the real Theresa. Not true. She is aware at all times that it is an act. We know because we asked her. She is very conscious about her career and will do nothing to spoil it. We told her this lay-out would help.







There's nothing Super Boobs won't do in the name of sexual pleasure. She can be very appealing when she's in the mood. She loves men of all shapes and sizes as long as they know what they're doing in bed. Will just any guy do? "Sure," says Super Boobs. "But only for one night. I hate long term relationships."



Booker's Babe

Booker was a stud, a real cool dude who had a way with the ladies. He always got what he set out lookin' for, but when he met Labelle Simmons, things didn't happen exactly the way he had planned. For one, she wasn't about to take shit from no man, despite Booker's studly clothes, his long Caddy convertible and the massive piece of meat dangling obscenely and suggestively between his thighs.

She'd known men before him and she knew she'd know men when he was gone. He called her his foxy lady, his woman-river flowing into him. But in reality she was a mean high-yeller bitch, ready to put him down any chance she got.

The first night, they met he wanted to have her, no matter where or how. He'd been nursing his drink, listening to the wail of the singer who thought she was another Billie Holiday. But she couldn't sing the pants off anybody, least of all Booker.

But then, staring back at him from her reflection in the mirror above the bar, was a face he knew, right then and there, he'd never be able to forget. Immediately, he swung around on his stool and stared her down, eye to eye.

She kept her cool, swigging her champagne cocktail, her sequined dress cut so fucking low he could just about see the nipples popping out of her café au lait-colored jugs. She was lighter skinned than him, a mulatto or an octoroon and she wore her complexion smugly, as if the lightness of her flesh made her that much more sweeter than Booker.

But he'd known chicks like that before and it didn't faze him. In fact, her arrogance, the way she seemed to look down at him from her long, false eyelashes, turned Booker on something fierce. All at once he couldn't stop himself.

He could feel his long thick limber column of manflesh perking up between his high-waisted hounds's tooth trousers and he made no move to hide his rising excitement, wondering if she was the kind of vixen who got off on big black meat, just the kind he carried around with him, ready and able at a moment's notice.

"Freshen the lady's drink up," he told the bartender, winking suggestively at her and motioning her closer with the back of his hand.

She smiled sarcastically but edged nearer, rising up before him, cool and sure of herself, her waist narrow and her hips flaring out on either side, her rounded ass like a jellyroll, real broad and high.

"What say you and I take a little ride together, sugar," he said with a grin, curling back his broad sensual lips and leering at her as she stood alongside of him, her knee cocked slightly so that all she had to do was lean forward an inch or two and she'd be rubbing herself up against his thick, swollen cock.

"What say you relax, honey," she giggled, flashing even white teeth and accepting a new drink from the bartender with a nod of her head. "Labelle don't like it when she's rushed."

He wished she was his hot bitch so he could show her her place. But now he cleared his throat and said nothing, clinking glasses and downing his

drink before ordering another. He moved slightly closer then, wanting to feel her leg against his crotch, thinking how nice it would be if this high yellow bitch moved her hand down, nice and easy mind ya, and pressed her fingers against his tail, his cock like a snake inside his pants.

But she made no move in that direction, at least for the time being. She was giving him the onceover, staring at his chocolate colored face, wondering what kind of dude he was, with his big wad of bills, his Caddy and his flashy rags.

"Where you get all your bread, big boy?" she finally asked him, aware of how he was still ogling her tits.

"What's it matter to you, sugar? Booker's got more than enough for the two of us. What say we high-tail it out of this joint. I got some coke back in the car and we could have ourselves a real nice little get-together over at my place."

"Good stuff?" she asked. "Not that shit they been pedallin' around, cut down to God knows where."

"The best, only the best."

Labelle finally agreed, knowing that she'd never pick another willing John, another cat who was after her the way Booker was. So she introduced herself and he got her fox throw and she put it over her shoulders, ignoring the way he grabbed her ass on the way out of the bar.

He fondled the heavy rounded cheeks of her satiny butt and shivered to himself, pressing one hand down against his crotch and feeling the way his cock was rising up along his stomach, fucking hard as a rock

and long as a policeman's billyclub.

She's gonna have her full, rest assured, he thought to himself, leading her to the spot where he'd parked his car. She looked visibly impressed when he unlocked the door and she slid inside the Caddy convertible.

The leather seats sent off a spicy aroma and she wiggled and got herself comfortable as he slid in alongside of her, reaching under the dash and removing a magnetic tin in which he kept a lid of cocaine. "It's all set up, sugar," he told her, handing her the container and turning to face her on the seat.

He hadn't started up the car yet, and now he leaned forward, grabbing her by the back of the neck and pulling her face toward his mouth. Her body was pungent and warm and she didn't resist, totally passive as he thrust his long raspy tongue down her throat, pressing his lips against her mouth.

And even as he tongued her lips and teeth, kissing her and breathing hotly, Booker had only one thought on his mind. Reaching down, he tried to slide his hand underneath the bottom of her skintight sheath dress.

He was fucking pissed off when she pulled his fingers away, but instead of trying to get rough with her, he took hold of her nearest hand and pressed it down against the massive swollen outline of his cock.

She stiffened as he let go and her fingers moved up and down, exploring, fondling, squeezing every inch of his hardon. "Sheeeit, that's not bad, baby," she hissed, licking his lips, his pupils dilated as she groaned and felt her hand working on his tail.

"Why don't you go down on it? It tastes real fine, sweet as sugar, Labelle," he whispered, pushing his slim lithe hips forward, his long legs cramped in the car as she slid her hand up and pulled the zipper down.

"Let's go back to your place first," she grinned, finally letting go, turning him on and then turning him off, a fucking cock-

teaser which made him bristle with sudden rage.

He pulled abruptly away, snatched the lid of coke from her hand and turned the key in the ignition, speeding down the street and heading uptown. Labelle said nothing, taking out a compact and redoing her lips. She didn't care if he was pissed off or not.

"How much do you think I'm worth, boy?" she snickered.

"I'll whip your ass—you keep talking to me like that, woman," he replied, glaring at her as he turned down a side street and tried to find a place to park his car.

"Like shit you will. No one, not even my papa, has ever whipped me, little man. So just make sure you know who you're dealin' with, she announced.

He held his tongue, hauling up his zipper and knowing that as soon as he got her inside his pad, he'd do a job on her she'd never forget, not in a million years. So after he parked the car, he helped her out and she linked arms with him as he led her down the street to the old unrenovated tenement building where he kept an apartment.

The outside may have looked like shit, but inside she was secretly pleased to see how lavish the furniture was. Booker went to get them drinks in the kitchen and she found the coke where he had dropped it on the marble coffee table.

She poured it out, rolled up a dollar bill and sliced it evenly so that when he returned they were all ready to snort some, using the rolled up bill like a straw. And as soon as they had both taken in their first hit, he sat down on the couch and then wrapped his arms around her.

"You and me is gonna get along real fine," he groaned, loving the feel of her warm tasty body, the way the coke was relaxing him and getting him turned on. He had put on music and now Labelle leaned back and closed her eyes, flowing with the coke, not minding it in the least when he pulled her closer to him, pressing his eager hands down against the huge heavy globes of her jugs.

They were warm and firm as the rest of her and without another word he peeled the top of her sequined dress down, swiveling around on the couch so that he was kneeling in front of her, admiring her braless coffee-colored boobs.

"Take a lick, black man," she laughed, cupping her massive rounded tits in the palms of both of her hands.

She jiggled them back and forth and he moaned and threw himself against them, stuffing one long, hot, pink nipple right between his lips. Her tits were slightly salty and the nipple was firm and taut as he curled his long wide tongue around it and Labelle arched her back, pushing more and more of her boobs into his mouth.

"Yeah, man, do a job on 'em," she whimpered, loving the way his tongue was lashing hotly, licking and slurping to beat the band.

He was a mover all right, and she wasn't about to stop him as he pawed her other tit at the same time, tweaking the powerfully strong long nipple with the tips of his fingers. Booker kept panting, feeling the way his crotch was gettin' all hot and slimy, his cock clammy inside his pants.

"You sure got a pair of nice thick lips on you, boy," she giggled as he got slowly to his feet.

He could feel the coke in his body, turning him on, making him light-headed and incredibly aroused. And when he stood up in front of her and she took one look at the huge grossly distended bulge in his trousers, she smacked her lips together, knowing she was going to be with a man tonight, no doubt about it.

"That all real, honey chile?" she giggled, putting on a fake southern accent, mocking his own slight drawl but, at the same time, genuinely turned on.

"You bet your sweet fat ass it is, sugar," he chuckled, undoing his silk tie and tossing it across the room.

She made no more moves to get up, content to sit there and feed herself another hit of co-

caine. He watched her sucking it up, into one nostril and then the other, hungry to rip off her dress and really show her his stuff.

But he also knew that Labelle Simmons was no ordinary run of the mill hooker type. She had class and a way with words and he trod gently, not wanting to upset her and ruin what he hoped would be one fucking great time together.

So he began to unbutton his shirt, moving slowly in time to the music, swaying back and forth as she leaned against the couch, shivering from the coke and staring up into his yellowed eyes as he took off his shirt and bared the smooth ebony planes of his lean but muscular chest.

"You're not a bad dude after all, are you, Booker?" she asked slyly, reaching out and running one hand up and down his chest.

He shivered and grinned like a Cheshire cat, unbuckling his alligator belt and kicking off his matching alligator shoes before undoing the top snap of his trousers. No one said a word after that. The Motown sound filled the apartment and Labelle moved back and forth as she watched Booker skinning down his trousers.

And even as he stepped out of them, still wearing his knee-high, black silk socks and a pair of tight-fitting Jockey shorts, she had seen all there was to see. He had an African body, long-legged like a basketball player.

But it was hardly his legs that interested her.

Fuck no, for even as he began to pull off his socks, Labelle was gaping, sucking in her breath and shaking her head in disbelief. "Youse gonna kill me, mother-fucker," she groaned, staring at the enormous bulge which tented up the front of his underpants.

"But it'll be fun, anyhow," he laughed, pleased that she was turned on to his tail. Few ladies in the past had ever turned their eyes away once he had gotten this far.

And Labelle was no exception.

Size had never been that

important to her, so much as technique. But now she knew that even if he moved like a honky (a white man), he'd still be dynamite once he got between her legs and stroked her box, giving her a river's worth of cum and a hurricane's worth of pleasure.

Rather than pull his shorts down, right then and there, Booker smiled to himself and edged closer. His body exuded a mysterious spicy odor and as he stood a few inches away from Labelle, he reached down and began to stroke the silhouette of his cock.

She held her breath, loving the show this black superstud was putting on. White chicks had the right idea when they thought black cats were better in bed than honkys. Because one look at Booker and she knew it was a fact, plain and simple.

His long limber legs were wiry, the muscles corded and powerful as his massive hands rubbed against his equally massive cock. He said nothing, loving the way she stared, liking nothing better than to get a chick really turned on before he took his pleasure.

"Think you can handle it, Labelle?" he snickered as she saw how the elastic waistband of his briefs was slowly but surely being pulled off of his waist due to the incredible pressure and presence of his cock.

"If you can use it, sugar, Labelle can handle it. I never tell any of my gentlemen friends, but three or four years ago, Labelle was down on her luck. Had to find me some cash, know what I mean?"

He nodded his head, shivering as he stared at her jugs and kept on stroking his tail, turned on by the way she couldn't take her eyes off it. "Go on," he whispered, curious to hear the rest of her story.

"Well, seein' as how I needed some ready cash, I got me a nice little job with this photographer type friend of mine. Sheeit, boy, you should have seen me the day I took on three studs at once," she said, licking her lips and tasting the

cocaine from his tongue. "One down my throat, one up my ass and the other doing you-know-what for days boy, fuckin' days on end. But that was nothin', let me tell you, to compare with the photos taken of Labelle here, doing a job on a horse, man, a fucking horse!"

Booker could hardly believe his ears.

"You shittin' me or somethin', woman?" he asked, ready to rip off his shorts.

"Booker, honey, Labelle never shit a man in all her life. I'm tellin' you, sugar. I had me a horse, a real live twelve-inch stud, black as you. Like my fucking arm it was," she concluded, giving a drawn-out, low-pitched whistle before reaching out with one hand and pulling him toward her. "Come to Mama, boy, come to Mama and Mama'll make you real happy, real nice and fine," she cooed as he moved closer and she leaned down, brushing her lips and cheeks across the massive outline of his pecker.

He stopped moving, smiling at her as she reached up and took hold of his shorts, slowly peeling them down so that first she saw the wiry black hairs fanning out around his crotch, then the mauve-tinted base of his cock and finally, every last thick inch of his pole as she jerked them all the way down and gasped with incredible surprise.

His shorts were tangled around his ankles and he still didn't move, standing there with his hands on his hips, a smug self-satisfied expression on his face and nearly eleven inches of incredibly thick dark-brown meat straining up toward her lips, making a forty-five degree angle from his lean washboard stomach.

"Holy Mothah!" she swore, for never before had she seen a tail on a man like the one sported by Booker.

His cock was as thick around as her wrist and he skinned it slowly back so that the huge fist-like head of his black dong stared her right in the eye, smooth and purplish colored, lighter than the rest of his enormous hose.

And hanging below were a pair of nuts like a fucking black, hairy grapefruit, round and swaying as he kept stroking his meat, smiling at her before turning sideways, licking his finger and dipping it back into the cocaine.

The silence gave her the chills but it was the sight of Booker, stark naked and so turned on, that made her shiver all the more. For as she watched he hissed between clenched teeth and smeared the round plum-shaped head of his ebony-hued dick with the cocaine. She knew that now he wouldn't come for hours and that, at the same token, his cock would stay hard for just as long a period of time.

The cocaine seemed to numb the head of his cock, but the drug had made him beside himself and he felt so turned on, so savage and wild, that the next thing he did astounded even Labelle, who was quite accustomed to any and all forms of sexual pleasure.

For as soon as he had rubbed the coke on his dick, he seized her by the shoulders and rammed her face down, right between his legs, impaling her mouth and throat on nearly the entire length of his battering ram.

She choked, spraying saliva over his massive hose as she felt it tearing into her mouth, bending her tonsils back and slipping down her throat. "Come on, sugar. Show Booker what a good cock-suckin' fox you are," he grinned, moaning hotly as he held her head in place, refusing to let her go.

She tried to breathe and finally did so through her nose, though it was impossible to do anything but keep her lips tightly fastened around his pecker. He slid back then and she gasped, using her tongue to slide up and down over his braided black dick, so hungry to taste it between her legs that she thought she'd come in her panties, right then and there.

Few men had ever gotten to her so quickly, like Booker was doing, but Labelle also had a few tricks up her sleeve and he was going to pay for his

eagerness, even if she took her pleasure first. So she wrapped her choppers around his meat and licked up and down, hard and fast while he kept thrusting in and out of her clinging sucking mouth.

"That's good, sugar, that's real nice and fine," he drawled, panting with excitement as she kept licking his dick.

To see her working so hard made him smile and he held onto her and ran his fingers through her hair, pushing her face down and throat-fucking her somethin' fierce. It was too good and he listened to the music with one ear, reaching down and licking his finger so that he could take another hit of the coke.

"Booker's a big sport, sugar, so you do a job on his tail and he's gonna do a job on your fat hairy black cunt the likes of which you ain't ever gonna believe!"

She didn't doubt him, not for one second.

By then she was so stoned, so turned on, that she could feel her cunt dripping like a leaky faucet, hot streams of her juice dampening the front of her panties. Her legs felt hot and itchy and all she wanted to do was rip off her clothes and get into bed with him.

But Booker wanted things his own way, now that he had proved to himself that Labelle needed him just as much as he needed her. "And handle the rest of the goods, sugar," he grinned, forcing her to play with his nuts.

She couldn't even blance them in one hand, they were so heavy, the wiry pubes scratching against her palms as she kept gurgling and sucking, slobbering over his dong as he stretched her lips to the breaking point.

"No stopping, you hear, Labelle," he laughed, holding onto her as he felt himself uncoiling like a snake about to strike.

He had her exactly where he wanted her and he knew a woman like Labelle had to be shown her place before he did anything else. So he kept at it,

moaning as he felt the way she was licking and sucking his enormous black pole of meat, turning him on so that he was ready to stop in just another second, afraid of shooting his load, right then and there.

Of course, the coke would have stopped that, but he felt an incredible rush just at the instant she laughed to herself and pressed her teeth down along his dick. He screamed out as she bit into his dong, trying to pull out of her mouth, boiling with rage.

She finally let go, rocking back and forth on the couch so that her tits swayed hotly. She slapped her hands on her thighs, laughing outrageously and Booker didn't think twice after that. He grabbed her dress and ripped it off, breaking the zipper as she gave him a startled look.

"I'm gonna make you pay through the nose for that, boy!" she yelled, jumping to her feet, her hands outstretched and her long sharp lacquered fingernails raking down across his chest.

He howled in pain, taking hold of one of her hands and wrenching it down around her back. "Now you shut your fuckin' black face, woman, you hear?"

He yelled at her, hauling the arm up as he pulled her dress out of the way and began to drag her to the bedroom, making sure to take some more coke before he moved down the narrow dimly lit hall of the railroad flat.

She kept struggling, even as she felt the way his pole was rubbing up and down against her back. She still had her panties, garter belt and stockings on and she tripped over her high-heels and kicked them off so that she could walk.

"Okay already, just cool it, prick," she told him as he pulled her into his bedroom and threw her down on the bed like a sack of potatoes.

But Booker was in a rage and not hearing a word she said, snarling like a jungle animal with his cock like a third arm between his legs, he un-

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**Melons
Galons**







Some girls don't like the way they look with their clothing off. Helen's not one of them. She loves the way she looks in the nude, and she loves the way men look at her when she's that way. It's one of the main pleasures in her life, and she takes every opportunity to charge up her batteries by putting on a flesh show that's always a hot one. Here she is, getting into it.





Her enormous tits are her proudest feature. She loves men who respond to a full set of tits—those are her kind of guys! She knows what she's got!





In bed, Helen is an awesome sight. Many men have simply given up when confronted with her incredibly lush, wanton beauty. She needs a man who knows what's going on, and is not afraid of a big woman!



Tender Tits









Some women are blessed with super-sensitive tits. Debbie's one of them. She can feel a man's breath on her nipple and get off on it. She especially enjoys a good mouthing, lips, tongue and teeth, giving her all the pleasure she can stand!





She's into oral sex, and she doesn't much care if the guy goes down on her sweet snatch or gives head to those amazing tits of hers. Pleasure's pleasure, Debbie says, and she'll take it any way that she can get it. Hold those ears, Debbie! She'll be sure to turn him loose when she's had enough of his tongue!





Pumping Iron With Paula















Paula's into iron and she loves it. For one thing, she meets these amazing guys who all want to take her to bed! And they've got these unbelievable bodies that turn her on totally! She wonders why more chicks aren't into weight-lifting. It's the best thing to happen to a girl since mini-skirts, Paula thinks. When no one's around, she'll play with herself—but she likes to save those comes for when they really count!

Not that Paula couldn't get all the guys she wants anywhere she happened to be. But she loves big men, with bulging muscles, and a gym seemed to be the place to find them. "When I found out that women were allowed to take part in the work-outs, that was all I needed to know. Imagine—I go in there, change into the briefest of outfits, then help the men work out! You can't imagine the action I've gotten!" She isn't really into weight-lifting herself—too much like work, Paula says. But she loves to see men straining and groaning as they hoist five hundred pounds over their heads. It turns her on to see guys go for more than they can handle.





The Bra Busters Report

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 new-born and little breasts to that job as well as big ones. The milk glands are the function of the breasts and the rest is fatty tissue. It has no real function other than 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 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 wonderful woogies (as the Austra-

lians 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 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 to, 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 sister's 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 enough 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 heist 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 nipples. 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 taints 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 who 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 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 attention to the underside of his prick head where men are really sensitive. Sometimes this whole idea will turn him



on so much he'll come and I'll feel lovely, warm, gushing of his climax flodding 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 me with my breasts first until they 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 prick head 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 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 big 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 the breasts gave them more sexual opportunities. Opinions were divided.

The blonde said, "I definately 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 of saying no to the others. After all, natural selection won't work unless you *have* a selection."

She told us that she has one customer who visits her regularly 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, especiaully 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 a 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. Allan Guttmacher tells us that the typical pubescent female begins to show signs of breast development about two years before her first menstration. Medical statistics indicate that the age of puberty is becoming lower. The first menstration 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 umpudent nipples punching holes in her T-shirt with the unseemly arrogance that turns a preacher into a pedophile. Then growth of the breast does not happen evenly, but in spurts. Spring's tomboy can be endowed with luscious melon bazooms by fall. By the time she is eighteen or nineteen girls have attained ninety percent 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 excercise. Even then, the battle will not be won. The victory of gravity will only be postponed.

(Continued on page 58)

A Nurse's

Dora came out of the operating room with a sigh of relief. It was the same thing every time—she hated working with the surgeons, the butchers, she called them, and she hated working in surgery altogether. It was the messiest, least rewarding aspect of medicine, and by far the least appealing to a girl who had specialized in pediatric nursing—caring for kids with colds and broken arms was indeed a lot more pleasant than watching arrogant, snivelling prima donna doctors who were almost always better off dead.

Dora always asked herself after a more-or-less thoroughly disgusting session in the operating room why in hell she had ever gone into nursing anyway in the first place. She knew she had the natural attributes as far as intelligence to have made a financial success of her life in any field she might have chosen. As for her looks, well she could have easily made it

on her face and body alone, even if her head was as empty as the heart of an average doctor.

In the area of looks, there was absolutely no question as to Dora's qualifications as a natural wonder—her face was pretty as a proverbial picture, even more youthful in appearance than her twenty-five years betrayed. Her body was without doubt of center-fold quality—she was possessed of a pair of perfectly shaped mammarys that were as immense in size as they were perfect in structure—they were glands which provoked jealous outrage from other woman at the first sight of them as they pushed against the semi-transparent fabric of her nurse's outfit, and they were beacons of instantaneous arousal to all men who came into mere visual contact with them as they heaved, bounced, and jiggled in braless freedom beneath her uniform. A smile always came to Dora's succulent lips whenever

she saw the bulge forming in the trousers of a man who had glimpsed her prize winning pair for the first time—it was like Pavlov's dog, and the conditioned response never seemed to wear off to the slightest degree, even when Dora made it plain to the man that she would not at all object if he were to make more intimate advances, and actually take her to the comfort of his apartment or home and there strip her down to her divine nakedness and wallow for as long as he wished upon her natural resources.

Dora had allowed many handsome, wealthy men to do just this, and in every case the reaction was just the same—they all went into terminal states of priapic excitement—they could not lose their erections no matter how many times the sweet Dora palmed, sucked or humped their tools into release—the reddened and swollen members refused to soften, even after the pendulous

Delight



sacks of precious fluids had atrophied into withered, empty bags of hairy flesh, the edifice of male virility stood firm, in a now pathetic and painful condition that attested to the sensuality and lushness of Dora's voluptuous magnificence.

This was the kind of reaction that had plagued the sweet thing's life ever since she escaped the pre-pubescent world of instant gratification. From the fateful day when her jugs began to swell, when the first puffs of downey hair sprouted on her virgin mound, when her heart went into violent fits of pumping at the very thought of boys wanting to "do it" with her, she had had this powerful and dangerous effect on men—men, the creatures who could and should have been able to quench the hideous fires which burned betwixt her perfect thighs, but who were incapable of satisfying her, for they were paralyzed in the very area that should have been put to use to implement her saving. The paralytic reactions she inspired in men turned

against her, and men warned each other about her devilish powers, telling their friends of the intense pain that awaited them from attempting to relate to the sensuous beast named Dora, and it was true—every man that risked the pain never returned for a second try, for his organ was always chafed to a point very close to being beyond repair.

So what did the girl do—what was she to do that would prevent her from isolating herself from the world of humanity and thus leaving her to feed upon her own bitterness to the point where she would become a pariah, an embittered useless person, without friends, without purpose, without meaning or direction to her life? Dora decided that she would dedicate herself to medicine—she would become an angel of mercy to those who were in need of benign, gentle care—those who would be safe as well from the ravenous effects that were always wrought by the sight of her body—she would serve the needs of the innocent, the sick and broken children of the world, and

in doing so, she would fulfill her own needs to be of use to others, and perhaps, she felt, in her contacts with men of science, men who practiced the healing arts, she would have the good fortune to run into a man who would be patient with her, understanding, someone who would take the time that was needed to establish a meaningful relationship with her, and perhaps together they could overcome the fate that had left so very many others screaming and crying in her bathroom, clutching pathetically at the torn and blistered remnants of their manhood.

This then, was the path of fate that had turned the voluptuous Dora into a nurse, and as fate would have it, she had not yet run into that special man, that man who would release her from her own special sort of sexual bondage and deliver up to her the sexual release that she so surely needed and deserved. As fate would have it, things became much worse, for Dora entered unknowingly into the world of the Girl in the White Uniform—a

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Dora felt that the hospital would be like a nunnery for her, a place where the pressures that were exerted by her figure upon the minds and genitals of men would be diminished by the much larger issue of healing the sick. How wrong she was, how very wrong. By the time she had finished her training and had gone to work at General, hoping that she would get her long awaited assignment in Pediatrics, she was well aware of the nature of her mistake. Instead of serving as armor against the impure thoughts of the male sex, the virginal white of the nurse's uniform acted like an aphrodisiac—combined with her voluptuous figure, the effect was nearly preposterous—as she walked down the halls of the hospital, she had to grow accustomed to the muffled sound of prostrate glands exploding beneath layers of material, the sight of stains spreading over the crotches of trousers, and most unbearably, the occasional sight of an intern gone berserk, shipping out his swollen and dripping organ and jacking off right in front of her like an immoral baboon at the county zoo.

The effect on the patients was even more disastrous—victims recovering from abdominal surgery had their stitches popped by the mere sight of her immense globes thrusting out into their faces as she bent over their beds. Dora tried to keep up her smile when erections pointed at her from every bed in a postoperative ward but it was not a laughing matter, as the howls of pain and inordinate lust echoed in her ears.

The hospital staff had early-on denied her a job with the children, they felt she would be a horrible influence on the development of any child entrusted to the hospital's care, and they could only put her on the surgical staff in the hope that all of the patients she would be coming into contact with would be so hopelessly drugged on anesthesia that they would be unconscious of her charms and thus free of her debilitating influence.

So it went, and thus Dora worked only with masked and gowned doctors and unconscious patients—there was talk that even this was taking too much of a chance with the welfare of the surgical staff, and rumors had it that today Dora would be transferred to the basement of the hospital to work with the ghoulish members of the Pathology department, who spent all of their time putting pieces of dead people into bottles and cataloging the specimens by name, date of death and the specific chemical peculiarities of the deceased.

When she came out of today's surgical session, she went immediately to her locker in the dressing room, and there she found a neatly typed note which indeed informed her that as of that minute, her services would no longer be needed in surgery, and that she was to report to Dr. Hauptmann in Pathology as soon as she was dressed. The note was signed by Dr. Burton Quint, head of surgery, a victim of priapal paralysis at the hands of Dora the very first day that she had worked at the hospital—he had seen her in the hallway almost a year ago, and doubled over in sexual agony, had asked her out for a drink that night. After they had gone back to his penthouse pad, he had desperately attempted to make love to her, except every time she made any response to his advances, he had ejaculated at her slightest touch. Still possessed of a mighty, and painful erection, he had pitifully attempted to do his manly best with her, mounting Dora in the missionary position, but the moment his glands made contact with her delightful and as yet unfucked pussy, he suffered a ruptured blood vessel, and she had the embarrassing task of calling for the ambulance, and then of trying to face him when he finally recovered and returned to his executive post.

Needless to say, he refused to even look at the girl again, and all of their remaining communications were in the form of typed notes pinned to her locker. Tears came to her eyes as she read it, and she changed into her white

outfit, and tried as well to mentally prepare herself for the inevitable transfer to the sick, smelly and dark world of the Pathology Department.

Slowly and dejectedly she made her way to the elevator, and pressed the bottom button, the one that would take her a full twelve floors below street level to the dungeon called pathology. This was the end, she felt, she was totally without hope. All of her contacts with males would be restricted to senile and impotent old men, and to boys who were too young to get erections. As the elevator fell slowly downward, she contemplated the idea of the nunnery, and it seemed excellent, and the only possible alternative to suicide. She did not blame men—she was not bitter about their failures—how could they help it if the bitch had such an effect on their hormones—how could they stop the rush of blood to their pulsing weenies? She thought over her past, all of the nights she had spent with men, huddled with them in the bathroom, or on the edge of her bed, trying everything she could think of to bring them off to their final release so that the pain would subside and their weenies would find peace and return to the blessed state of limpness. She remembered the commonplace sight of a man coming naked to her bed for the first time, stripping away the blanket that shrouded her body, and then going into a series of bonebreaking spontaneous orgasms, shooting gushers of sperm all over the ceiling, clutching in pain at his gonads in disbelief and sheer agony, and then the expression of fear and surprise that came over him when he realized that the erection was not going to subside, that relief would not come until he collapsed in fatigue or was put to sleep with tranquilizers. She remembered in horror the hours she had spent tenderly stroking and suckling those engorged members, taking orgasm after orgasm into her mouth and palm and yet finding the member only firmer for her efforts, and then there was always the embarrassment of

calling the ambulance, or helping the man to get home in a cab, doubled over, often times dry-heaving and crying, whimpering "Never again, God, I'll never see her, I promise. Never again!"

So it went, and so she would be forever condemned to the dungeons of pathology. Wryly she thought, this is justice, this is exactly what I deserve for having caused so much pain. This is where I belong, where no sane man sets foot, where the sun refuses to shine, between the devil and the deep blue sea.

The elevator finally came to rest at the bottom of its run, and Dora stepped out into the sickly green of the pathology offices. She made her way through the receptionist's room, where no one was working, probably because no one ever called, she thought, and she went into the inner sanctum where she thought she would be most likely to find the head ghoul, Dr. Hauptmann.

No one was around, to her eye, that is, and she began to poke around in the filing cabinets, seeking out some clue as to exactly what was done by secretarial nurses in this most forbidding environment. Going down the files, she opened the bottom drawer, the one marked L, and there to her absolute surprise she found all sorts of odd garments of black leather—long, tight gloves, high sexy shoes, tasty items like garters and hose, all of the things that normal girls used to turn on their men when their tastes became nicely jaded and they sought a little "dress-up" action in the bedroom. As she was bent over and pulling on one of the gloves to test its texture and fantasize what it would be like to be a normal woman trying to excite a perhaps slightly bored husband, she felt someone pull up her minidress, gently slap her pink behind.

"Does my pretty girl like the clothes Dr. Hauptmann has for her?" a lightly accented voice asked, and Dora turned about with a smile, for it had been years since she had heard words of tenderness that were not cut off immediately by some glandular disaster.

"Hello Dr. Hauptmann, I'm Nurse Dora Simmons, the girl they transferred out of surgery today. I love these things, sexy things, aren't they?" she said, retaining her smile, waiting to test out the Germanic Doctor, waiting for the telltale signs of hyperarousal and sexual dementia that she expected, but always hoped would never make their hideous appearance. She was smiling, but stunned, for the thin, wiry doctor remained seated and even though there was an obvious bulge in his pants, he seemed quite calm and most of all intent on looking at and gently slapping her ass.

"Those things are very lovely, nurse Dora but they do not compare at all with the pulchritudinous perfection of the pink globes which shake and shine before my disbelieving eyes. I have never seen an ass so perfect, nor thighs, never in all my years in this department have I seen a tumor or a blighted lung, or an infected kidney that was as perfect in its imperfection as your buttocks are perfect in their natural perfection. May I say that the contrast of the whiteness of your uniform with the growing pinkness of your pretty butt has gotten me very excited, and I would like for you to put on the clothes in the drawer, the shoes, the hose, the heels and the gloves, to further my excitement? Would you do that for me my dear? It would be a favor that I could never hope to repay you for, but it would afford me so very much in the way of pleasure."

The doctor's words were balm to Dora's defeated sexual soul. Here at last was a man who appreciated her beauty, and yet had the self-discipline, or whatever it was, to resist her to the degree that he could remain within his senses. Here was a man at last who was excited by her body, by her nurse's outfit, by the touch of her skin, and yet these were only details of his arousal and he actually needed more stimulus in the form of the leather goods in order to be fully satisfied.

Dora had her new outfit on in seconds, and at the good doctor's request, resumed her former po-

sition, bent over the files, and he once again began the gentle slapping of her pretty ass, all the while busily and excitedly patting to her.

"I have waited so long for you, my dear. You have no idea of how very many girls have stalked out of his office, enraged at the very thought of dressing up to please me. You seem to have a natural bent for this kind, rather, my kind of tastes, and I am so indebted to you. If you please, bend a little more and spread your cheeks with your hands so I may touch that most divinely puckered orifice, the seat of pleasure for me."

Dora moaned in ecstasy. Pleasure had been denied her for so very long that she felt it not one bit strange that she should be getting so much pleasure from the manipulations and mild spanking she was receiving from the dear Doctor. As his tongue began a timid exploration of her secret, dark pleasure spot, the first waves of tumultuous orgasm began to spread upward from her belly, and as his tongue worked its way deep within, she daintily placed a leather gloved finger upon her clitoris, and she let it dance over the slick and nubby surface in perfect rhythm to the mad pathologist's meanderings at the end of her alimentary canal.

So this was the moment she had waited for ever since she had donned her white uniform—the uniform whose sexual appeal had betrayed her so very many times before was now working the sexual magic it should have worked years ago, but it was only because she had finally met a man who appreciated the qualities of the sexual appeal of clothing to a greater degree than he appreciated the naked flesh itself. So be it, she thought before she entered into total orgasmic unconsciousness, so be it. I have met my mate, and my match, and I will wear whatever it is that he craves, be it white, be it leather, be it the softest and wettest of rubber or vinyl, for Fate itself seems to have written that I shall only be able to find my release in this way, and God knows I am grateful for the release any way it comes!

hot jugs



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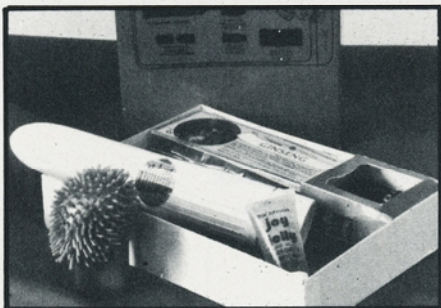
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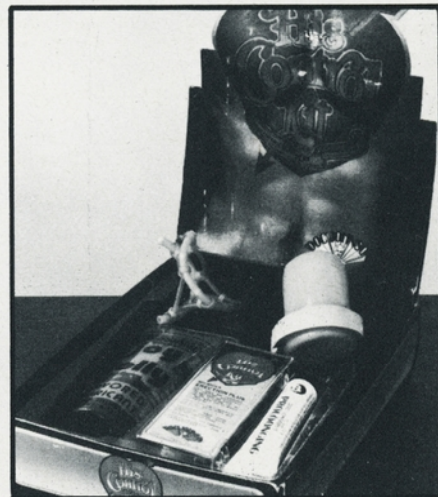
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Booker's Babe

(Continued
from page 14)

snapped her garter belt and peeled it down. She lay there, not saying another word, watching him and trembling with anger. But she still wanted his dick, no matter what.

In fact, she was ready to explode unless he crammed his enormous black pole down between her legs. So when he took hold of her panties and skinned those down as well, staring hotly at her black-haired pussy, she lay still and let him do whatever he wanted.

Her cunt turned him on incredibly, the patch of fur nearly obscuring the narrow ragged-edged outer lips of her womanly box. Getting the coke, he knelt between her legs, knowing she wasn't going to give him a hard time anymore.

And he was almost right, for the instant he rubbed some of the cocaine on the lips of her snatch, then peeled them back and rubbed more coke on her thick stubby red clit, she was purring like a kitten, undulating her hips and calling out to him the sweetest, nice sounding names in the world.

But Labelle could handle anything, horses, mules and studs like Booker included. She pushed the pillows under her plump black ass, lifting her cunt up toward his dong. He thrust quickly down, spreading her narrow outer lips apart, stretching them to the breaking point as she tensed and felt the friction burning her cunt, cooking it in a red-hot oven.

"Yeah, fill me, plow into me, boy, harder, hard and mean like Labelle likes best!" she called out, urging him on, stroking her nipples even as he slid deeper imbedding the round plum that was the head of his cock right inside her muff.

Her cunt lips were stretched taut like rubber bands around his mammoth black pole and she was gritting her teeth, hissing like a wildcat as he thrust

forward, lunging deeper and deeper and pounding his meat down into the depths of her tight slippery muff.

"More, more!" she begged, wanting all of it, holding onto him as he kept going, refusing to stop, the coke making him tremble with excitement he had rarely if ever felt or experienced before.

Labelle had all the moves as well and she wrapped her ankles around the small of his back, trying to reach for his ass but unable to stretch far enough. "Man, give me your meat, give me your meat," she babbled, stoned and incoherent as he ripped into her until, less than an inch of blue-black meat was visible, the head of his cock tipping her womb and making her wince in sudden pain.

"You love it, don't ya, sugar?" he asked, smacking his lips and tweaking her nipples as he eased halfway back, her cunt walls seemingly collapsing as he pulled out of her before slamming down once again, stroking like a hammer as he banged back and forth, rocking and pistoning in and out of her clenching slippery box.

Labelle groaned and shook against him, pulling him down so that his smooth hairless chest was rubbing delightfully across her tits. She felt herself on the verge of coming, but the coke held her back and she was hot and sweaty, loving the unending friction of her big black stud.

As for Booker, he was in another world.

He couldn't stop himself and the harder and faster he moved, the more turned on he became. But, at the same time, he couldn't come either and he tried to relax and not worry about it, deriving an incredible amount of pleasure balling her, and taking his time, not having a care in the world.

"Hold me and stroke me, lover," she whispered, clinging to him as she too kept watching, staring between her legs as his dick slid in and out, well-greased with her abundant cunt juice now, fully lubricated

so that it seemed to her to be gliding and floating as it moved back and forth, stroking and frictioning against every last inch of her pussy.

Her pubes were matted down, syrupy with her discharge and she panted and begged for more, collapsing against him as the two of them lost track of time. They were groaning, rolling about on the bed, dripping wet by the time he felt himself getting ready to shoot.

Miraculously enough, Labelle sensed his imminent climax and she too felt herself on the verge of going over the edge. Then, just as he stiffened, he gave out a wild voodoo cry and hurled himself down against her, cramming the last inch into place, nearly busting through her cervix as he felt his balls cooling and her cunt shuddering around his pole.

And as she too started to come, unable to speak, Booker gave her everything he had, good to the last drop. A fucking bucket of cream poured and gushed and splashed into her well-stuffed pussy and she begged for more, writhing against him as her own juices streamed down in hot profusion.

Even the horse she had allowed herself to be fucked by hadn't come as much as Booker was now doing, drowning her in his cream until the two of them couldn't move and he closed his eyes, sinking down against her and falling instantly and breathlessly asleep.

But just as she had promised, Labelle had her way, at least that night she did. For when Booker awoke the next morning, she was gone, his wallet cleaned out and nearly a thousand bucks worth of coke he was gonna use out on the streets was gone as well.

Did he get his revenge?

No way, for Labelle was one smart high yellow bitch. But she eventually went to work for him and now he's her old man and she's his woman. So things sometimes have a happy ending, especially when you realize how the two of them still, to this day, can't get enough of each other. ■









She'll get it together soon. Already she's becoming bored with self-sex. She longs for a thick-pricked male to teach her the right way to enjoy sex. She'll work it out. With tits like that, she can't miss!





The Bra Busters Report

(Continued from page 40)

Tina L. told us that she first became aware of her breasts in 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 important 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 girl friend 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 night when my friend and I were having one of our giggling conversations about other boys of some interest and my friend made a confession to me. It seems that Tommy had been kidding his sister about her growing tits and 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 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, joggling, 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 joggle 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 tested 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 that 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 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 harder 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 exrutiating pleasure that seemed about to engulf me and drag me down into its depth. 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 led 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 roud possessors are merely bored. The size of the tits had 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 moaning, sobbing sexual derivish—such tits are worth the search and a worthy prize when the search has come to a successful conclusion!

