

BRA BUSTERS

NO. 4

DUSTY'S
DOUBLE DELIGHTS
BUFF 'EM, TIGER!

THE
MAMMARY MODEL
BARING IT
FOR BUCKS

STACKED
AND SEXY
D-CUP DREAM

ENGLISH
MUFFINS
TASTY TREATS



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BRA BUSTERS

NO. 4

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EDITORIAL

Over the last ten or so years, the small-busted woman has been idealized and praised, a trend originating with the fashion industry. Female curves were out; flat, unisex bodies were in. Happily, this disgusting attitude is on the wane, again, admittedly, dictated by fashion. After all, they are in the business of selling clothes; the "latest" must be different from the last. More clothes must be sold; money must be made off the pitiful slobs who are suckered in by this propaganda. For some of us, big-breasted women have always been the best, and this magazine is dedicated to her. On with the show!



*Dusty's Double
Delights*



Oh, sweet, dark melons — luscious enough to eat, big enough to allow a few auto-licks! Dusty is doubly blessed with a chest that's in full, frigging bloom.

*The tip of the nip,
like the cherry
atop the sundae, is
the best part, the
piece de resis-
tance. Spasms of
ecstasy surge from
teets to twat.
Thighs quiver. Clit
throbs.*







Dusty is sensuality in the flesh. Every inch of her body is made for feeling pleasure. She touches herself, all over, everywhere, setting hot sparks of passion flashing through her sumptuous flesh. "Fever," she whispers, voice husky with rheum.







Her body sinks into the soft mattress, writhing and undulating to the pounding beat of lust that throbs through her veins. Massaging her massive breasts, Dusty moans with hedonistic pleasure.



The Mammary Model

William Adlinton dreamed of just one thing: breasts, glorious female breasts.



As he sat back in the velvet-covered rear seat of the old limousine, William Adlinton the Third — known to his old school chums as Billie — dreamed of just one thing: breasts, glorious female breasts. He let his eyes droop closed, his hand tightening on the wooden box of artists' colors that rested beside him on the plush seat. Yes . . . gorgeous breasts, full and rounded and quivering like jelly.

The old limousine, a vintage Hooper-bodied Rolls, was carrying him to the finest brothel in New York City, Belle Matthews' place, and there he knew he would find the girl of his dreams. She would be young, lovely to look at (blonde or brunette did not matter), and she would have a magnificent chest, huge and perfectly shaped, the pink-tipped buds swollen with titillation.

Billie felt the old car turn a corner, and he sensed he was near the foreboding brownstone building that hid from public eyes the most exclusive brothel in the city, the only place a man of his breeding would deign to go. Besides, Belle knew his preferences, and she could be counted on to provide the right girl for the right length of time in the right setting.

Upstairs, on the very top floor, was a north-lighted studio, a spacious room with a pair of large windows that admitted indirect light. A superb Persian carpet had been placed on the hardwood floor, and an ornate couch could be used for posing models . . . and then for enjoying their favors. Billie's artist's easel was permanently a part of the room's otherwise sparse furnishings.

Again he patted the box of paints beside him on the seat, as the car pulled to a jerking halt. It was a fine car, but the transmission needed work. That meant money, a commodity that William Adlinton found in short supply, especially since he had quietly loaned money on the car itself, the last of his inherited possessions he could use to raise funds.

"What is it, Dodson?" Billie asked brusquely.

"We have arrived, Sir, but if I may be so bold as to make a suggestion, Sir . . . Might we not spend the evening elsewhere?" His voice betrayed a bit of shakiness, and he cleared his throat. "I just mean, Sir, that since the lady of the house spoke so coarsely to you last time, should you give her the satisfaction?"

Billie came forward in the rear seat, his box of artist's colors under his arm.

"I'll make the decisions, Dodson," he snapped. "This is where I plan to spend the evening. Take the car around."

"Yes Sir," the chauffeur responded. He pulled the Rolls into a driveway, then brought it to a halt in front of a rear door. He hurried out and opened the door for Adlinton, who stepped out quickly. "I just think I might add," the servant said, "that your late father

had me make a promise on his deathbed, as you know, to the effect that I ought to watch out for your best interests."

"And you think you're doing it by bothering me with such nonsense?" The once-wealthy heir allowed himself a haughty laugh.

"It's not nonsense," the chauffeur persisted. "The lady, Mrs. Matthews, was quite unpleasant last time, and she made a point of warning you about, uh, shall we say, your forgetfulness about the fees past due."

Billie felt a surge of anger. How dare this servant question his financial condition?

"Stay here with the car," was all he said, and he mounted a short flight of steps that led to the rear door of the famous brothel. He rang the bell, waited a few moments, and then saw a point of light appear in the peekhole. It was not long before the door swung open for him.

"How do you do, Mr. Adlinton," a man's voice came by way of greeting. There was a touch of surprise in it.

Billie stared at the broadly powerful man in the starched evening dress. This was Coontz, butler and bodyguard to the madam.

"I'll go directly to the studio, Coontz," Billie said sharply. He was now in a small, tile-floored anteroom, and he knew he could use the rear stairs to make his way to the attic room he preferred.

"Certainly," the servant replied, but he gave the man a strange look.

The attitude of this low-bred servant annoyed Adlinton. The man had never shown the proper manners. Perhaps there was something about Billie's sexual preferences that the fool didn't understand or care for. Adlinton had noticed it on several occasions, and again the butler glanced down at the box of paints beneath his arm. It was that, or maybe his proclivity with a paddle. Whatever it was, the whole thing was none of this roughneck butler's business. Billie despised the crude bastard, and never missed a chance to

comment on his low estate.

They were soon at the top of the stairs, and the butler showed him into the attic chamber. It was late afternoon, and the light filtering in through the large windows was perfect. Adlinton glanced at the couch, noting the soft shadow one arm threw over the seat. He looked about but did not see his easel.

Then he caught sight of the butler, rough Coontz, removing it from a closet. He started to speak to the servant, give him a piece of his mind, but he settled for a spiteful glance as the man set the easel up before the couch.

"I trust everything meets your requirements," the man said cynically to Adlinton.

"Everything except you," Billie shot back. "I'm going to speak to the madam about your impertinences."

"That won't be necessary."

The voice was a woman's, and it came from behind the pair. Adlinton turned, found himself facing the buxom madam.

"How do you do?" he said solicitously.

"It's been a long time," the woman replied, neglecting to extend a hand. "You're a week past your usual date."

"Business has kept me," Billie Adlinton lied. In fact, he had spent the whole week cooped up in his quarters, wondering if each day would be the one in which a marshal came to order him out of the house. The date for making payment on his mortgage, long since beyond the last possible extension, had come and gone without a check placed in the mail. He was desperate. The longer the time had passed since his last visit to Belle's house, the more frustrated he had become. He had taken out his paints and tried creating a vision on canvas, but it didn't come alive for him. He found that his pent-up tensions increased, and there was no release. He just had to come to Belle Matthews' house of prostitution. He just had to.

As far as business keeping him, that was the biggest laugh of all.

He had long since squandered his inherited fortune, and he was in no sort of business at all.

He stared into the woman's face, knowing that her silence amounted to an indictment. When was he going to settle the huge bill he had run up during past visits?

"What brings you here?" she asked, finally, giving him an opportunity to discuss the matter of money.

"After this evening," he said coolly, "I'll take care of the entire debt." He knew it was an impossible lie, but it was worth trying one more time.

"All right," the famous brothel-keeper said. "Is everything in the studio to your liking?"

"Perfect," Billie said, feeling a sense of relief flood through him. "Only one little detail is missing."

"Of course," Belle came back. "I know the type of girl you wish to see, Mr. Adlinton. She is young. She has a marvelous bosom. And you would like her to be virginal."

"That is not always possible," Billie laughed.

"It is tonight," the woman replied. "I have just the girl for you, a new member of our staff. She would delight in posing for a famous artist like yourself. And as to your other passion . . . well, she need not know about that. It will make her little performance more realistic."

Belle and the butler left the studio room, and Adlinton paced about his easel which had now been set up before the couch. He opened his box of paints and withdrew a palette. With practiced hands he selected various colored tubes and squeezed paint in dabs around the edge of the palette. He was indeed an artist, but hardly a famous one. He had studied art in school, but his family wealth had never made it necessary for him to sell his paintings. Instead, he focused all his limited skill in one area, coinciding with his fascination for the human breast.

This was his passion, to see a buxom young girl naked, and to transfer her loveliness to canvas, an act that never failed to arouse his latent passion. What was it

about that act? he wondered, as he prepared his paints. Nothing else fired his passion. Nothing else worked.

As he contemplated these things, a softly feminine voice broke into his thoughts.

"Am I . . . am I all right?" the voice asked.

Billie Adlinton looked up. The girl was already on the couch, already naked. His eyes bulged. She was indeed a new girl, a lovely new girl, young and pretty. She gazed up at him with innocent brown eyes. Waves of thick brown hair framed her sweet face. He glanced quickly about the studio. They were alone.

"You're . . . you're perfect," he gasped, and already his sable-haired paint brush had mixed a flesh-like tone of pigment and had begun to streak the virginal

The madam had sent him the perfect creature this time. He looked down at her huge, quivering tits, and lust possessed him.

canvas. "Yes," he said, seeing the shape of her huge breasts take form on the blank canvas. "Yes, yes. You're perfect." He could feel the heat rise in his body, as his organ of pleasure tented out the front of his pants.

He painted feverishly, the woman's superb bosom and then her whole naked form taking shape on the canvas. He outlined her face and hair, then roughed in the background with shapes and colors long since familiar to him. Once again, that magic was happening. A big-breasted beauty was coming to life on the canvas, and as she did, the artist seemed to take possession of the girl in a way that was otherwise impossible for him.

He worked speedily, the color-dripping tip of his brush skipping across the canvas. He was

possessed, his eyes shifting from the gorgeous model to the girl taking life on the canvas. He was whipping himself into a frenzy, his shaking hand somehow producing a sure-handed image on the canvas.

Something violent was coming out in him, some hidden urge, some dark desire. This, too, always happened to him when the picture and the model were perfect, and before long his mind turned to the wooden paddle he knew lay hidden in a drawer. Dropping brush and palette, he whirled and strode to that drawer, and then he opened it and drew out the instrument of pain.

Turning back to the big-titted lovely on the couch, he strode towards her. He watched her face for a sign of some kind. Was she really ignorant of his ultimate pleasure? The girl's mouth dropped open, and her hand rose as if to cover it.

Yes, she was truly shocked, and with that realization, a cruel desire flooded William Adlinton the Third.

"I'm going to hurt you," he said coldly. "But you will come to like it. You will come to be thrilled by the feel of the paddle."

He sat on the couch beside her, grabbed her arm. She resisted, started to get up.

"Please," she gasped.

"I want you," Billie said. "I need you. You're mine now. I possess you. And you're being naughty. Get across my lap, you naughty little girl."

The girl was quivering, and she seemed about to make a break for the door. His tone must have mesmerized her, however, for she seemed to grow weak in his grasp.

Billie laughed loudly. It was glorious. The madam had sent him the perfect creature this time. He looked down at her huge, quivering tits, and lust possessed him.

Then he threw the girl across his lap.

He caressed the smooth curve of her rump, thrilling to the roundness. It was like a breast, a huge tit. He reached under her, felt one of the mammaries and

grasped it firmly. Then, holding her by one massive boob he raised the paddle in the other hand and brought it down hard on her ass.

"O-h-h-h-h," the girl moaned.

"You'll learn to like it," he promised in a feverish voice.

He brought the paddle down on her ass again and again, feeling the fullness of her breast in his hand at the same time that he watched the tit-like buttocks reddening. Then he dropped the paddle beside him on the couch, grabbed her butt fiercely with both hands and kneaded it. He shaped it like clay in the hands of a sculptor. He shoved his face into the smooth flesh, kissing it passionately. He was alive again, revitalized, passionate beyond the reach of his financial troubles.

He stared at the reddened nates, superbly shaped like the bosom of some voluptuous woman, protruding from a low-cut gown, replete with cleavage. This girl was perfect, the perfect model. He would use her again and again and again, coming here often to fill his need.

He turned the girl over, sat her on his lap. Her monstrous breasts trembled. Lust filled his body, stopped his pulse. Her tits were perfect, beyond his wildest dream. He bent slowly to reach them with his face, fearful that such an intimate touch would awaken him from his dream.

He made contact, did not awaken. The silken smooth flesh of her breasts caressed his lips. He pushed his face deeply into the cleavage, let the marvelous flesh surround him. He kissed all over the breasts, concentrated on the nipples and the large areolae around them. He stared at the finger-like nipples, now hardened with a desire he had aroused.

That did it.

The girl's breasts had responded to him, and that was like a signal. He lifted her off the couch, turned and lay her on her back. Then he stripped off his pants and undershorts, letting his hard maleness spring to prominence. He lay over the girl, made entry, and then began forcing his way in.

Indeed, the girl was a virgin as he had been told. That thrilled him even more.

He began to pump in and out of the girl, oblivious to her screams of pain. "O-h-h-h-h-h," he heard himself moaning, and his passion soared. Then he was coming, filling the girl with floods of molten desire. He humped her again and again, finally slowing into a collapse over her.

He rolled off her and lay for a time on the floor, panting and regaining his senses. Then he rose and quickly dressed. He gathered up his paints and stuffed them into the box. He knew that he had to get out of there. He hadn't so much as a dime in his pocket to settle up with the madam.

He gave a last forlorn glimpse at the big-busted girl lying dazed on the sofa, glanced at her image — the one he had created — on the canvas, and then he snuck quietly out of the studio. Down the stairs he tip-toed, only to find himself staring at the brawny butler, Coontz, barring his way at the rear door.

"Have you forgotten something?" the man asked with a grin, and it was only seconds after he pushed a button in the wall that Belle Matthews appeared.

"I . . . I'll have Dodson bring the money to you," Adlinton said to Belle.

"I've heard, Mr. Adlinton," the woman replied, "that you're broke. Is that true?"

Billie felt sweat form on his upper lip. "I . . . I . . .," he began, but the woman stared him hard in the face and he could no longer lie. "Yes," he finally admitted. "I'm ruined. I'm flat broke."

Belle grew livid. "Then why in hell did you come here tonight?" she fumed. "And you used one of the few virgins I ever get hold of. Why?"

Adlinton couldn't speak; he couldn't even resist when he felt the butler's powerful hand on his arm.

"Shall I take him upstairs?" the man named Coontz asked, in his rough voice.

The woman could only gesture with her hand, as she spun and walked off. Billie felt himself being hauled towards the stairs, and then as he tried to struggle, the powerful butler shoved him and grabbed him in a bear hug. The next thing Adlinton knew, he was being hauled bodily up the stairs to the studio. His box of paints was still in his hand.

The butler threw him onto the couch — the naked girl was now gone — and then the once-wealthy man was bound hand and foot and secured to the sofa. He struggled, but it was no use. Coontz had tied him face-down, his ass in the air.

"Please," Adlinton begged. "I'll have the money shortly. A big deal is coming through for me this week."

It was no use. The next thing he knew, the seat of his pants had been torn out. Then his undershorts. He waited in suspense, not knowing what was to follow. He didn't have too long a wait.

"Oh! No!! Please, Coontz, no! Oh, no! No! No! No!"

The powerful butler was whaling the hell out of his bottom, wielding the paddle with more strength than Billie had ever used on a girl. Again and again the strong servant stung his bare behind with the weapon, till the victim could bear it no more. Then, he heard a woman giggle. Belle Matthews. Maybe he could beg her for mercy.

Turning, just as the paddle fell again, he stretched his neck to catch a glimpse of her, started to speak, began asking for mercy. But his voice choked in his throat. He knew somehow that it would be of no use.

Belle was in the room all right, but not to call a halt. She was standing before his easel, a palette of fresh colors on her arm. Behind her was the girl he had just taken, demurely dressed now, looking over her shoulder at the canvas.

Belle had a look of power on her face, and Billie Adlinton knew there was no point in begging her to stop. She was painting him in all his agony, and that was too great a delight. After all, who knew that feeling better than he did?

Man Pleasing Mammaries





For men who like big-busted girls with lots of moxie, Sal's your gal. She's a bit on the kinky side (likes to have her boobs cock-whipped till she comes), but she's cute and will do anything in bed for the right guy.



Not that she's particular. Truth is,
she'll ball anything with three legs
near the hindquarters.







The red satin garter frames her pert and sassy ass and rolls with her luscious, hefty contours as she walks. Love it . . .





Her calling cards say, "Plow Sal and Howl." Get it?





HOW TO LOVE A TIT

As any tit man knows, good things don't always come in small packages! Tit-loving is a fine art. Want to be an artist? Read on . . .



While there are a lot of studs who know how to drill a chick's eyes out at the drop of the hat, there are very few who really understand how important it is to make love to the chick's breasts to get her ready for the main event.

With all the sexual research going on these days, the layman is learning that titties are for more than just looking at. Admittedly, they serve that function admirably and have proven a constant source of visual delight for countless generations. Today, however, the fleshed out fullness that adorns a woman's chest is recognized as more than a clever decorative device fashioned by the Divine. It is viewed as a well-spring of physical pleasures able to make any round of loving a moment to be long remembered.

Having accepted their utility since creation began, menfolk have only recently become aware of their tremendous potential for unlimited highs during a bout of intense lovemaking. As a consequence, few lovers really know how to use the breasts to obtain the maximum pleasure possible for both partners. Surprising as it is, most men simply don't know what to do with a healthy pair of boobs once they've satisfied their curiosity, and fewer still have mastered the various techniques guaranteed to have the fair sex fairly climbing the walls.

Ex-army men well know that no subject can be discussed intelligently until the matter of nomenclature and functioning have been dispensed with. The human body, too, has its nomenclature and functioning aspects, and it might be well to learn what they are. The breasts, after all, are more than organs for suckling the young; they have astonishing potential as playthings in the early stages of foreplay, and the mechanics of releasing this potential are closely linked to their make-up.

Coinciding with the onset of puberty, the breasts of the young girl begin to develop, reaching full maturity in about three years. As puberty commences at different times with each individual, some girls will be fully developed by the time they are thirteen years of age; others, those who enter puberty at a later age, may not attain full breast development until their sixteenth year. The actual rate of growth will also vary, but generally speaking, the blossoming period will span three years, and whatever transformation has taken place in that time will stay with that person throughout their younger years.

Some young ladies must certainly feel cheated when the maturing process has ended. Flat-chested, with little more than a nipple to identify the spot where a gorgeous boob ought to be, they are



destined to go through life never knowing the thrill of an admiring glance generated by a luxurious pair of mountains. Known clinically as micromastia (under-sized breasts), the condition frequently causes considerable anxiety and often leads the unfortunate to costly treatments that usually fail to make a notable change in breast size. Adolescent girls are sometimes subjected to endocrine injections (with questionable result) while their older sisters shell out for silicone treatments at prices that would make your head swim.

The size of the breasts determines neither its functional capability, nor its aesthetic properties, assuming it is neither too small nor too large. In either case, its utilitarian function is not impaired by mass. The mammary gland, consisting of from ten to twenty-five separate glandular systems, each with its own duct, lie buried in the fatty subcutaneous tissues that give the breasts their size, contour and form. Each of the lesser glands is made up of lobules which in turn consist of numerous alveoli. The alveoli contain the secretory glands which cluster about like bunched grapes and serve up nourishment through a network of ducts in each lobule, converging gradually to form one large duct terminating in the nipple. Other lobules with ducts of their own converge on the same area, the nipple being a patchwork of duct endings through which the mother's milk is transmitted to the infant in breast feeding.

Although the number of lobules varies from woman to woman, it is not the number of them that determines the ultimate size of the breasts. They are comparatively small, but the difference in their number could hardly account for the diversity of sizes noted. In actuality, size is largely determined by the amount of fatty tissue in the breast, and it is a matter of note that many a big breast proved useless as a fountain of nourishment.

The nipple is composed of erectile tissue, muscular yet porous, through which the infant sucks milk when it nurses. There is not a single opening through which the milk passes, but a series of little spouts. The important thing to remember is that quite aside from performing its obvious utilitarian function, the nipple is supplied with nerve endings and erectile tissues that respond to stimulation in a purely sexual context. Physiologically speaking, the breasts are more than a watering trough for the young; they're an organ of physical sex, as capable of erotic stimulation and response as the genitals themselves.

The breasts of most women are particularly sensitive to touch in much the same way as the under arm or the nape of the neck is. These areas are not conditioned in the way more exposed flesh is, and they are highly susceptible to manual and oral caresses. They are easily titillated and respond physiologically by tensing, as it were, with goose-pimples forming as on the neck, or, in the case of the nipples, by becoming erect. In this state they may

be compared to the rigidity of the erect penis, soft, yet firm to the touch, malleable yet free-standing and "hard."

In the course of foreplay, the nipples invariably jut forward from the areola, the darkened encirclement of puckered flesh that surrounds the nipple itself. In aroused women, even the areola will shrink with the onset of physical excitement, and experienced lovers look for these signs as a signal that further, more direct sexual attack can be mounted. But building to that point can be exciting in and of itself, and countless Lotharios and their maidens have discovered additional thrills by lingering awhile at the portals of Eros. But doing so takes some doing; it requires mastering a sufficiency of techniques that boredom doesn't set in and undermine the whole show.

From the observations above, it should be obvious the breasts respond well to myriad manipulations, oral as well as manual. The latter are usually a prerequisite to the former, so they will be discussed first.

To begin with, the hands themselves are the lover's most powerful ally when it comes to breast play. Indeed, the hand caress is an instinctive pass across the bosom applied with gentle pressure more designed to tease and titillate than possess. The movements should be fleeting, momentary hesitations during which the fingers trail playfully over the outer contours. Occasionally, the hand may close over the breast, cupping it with a tenderness that befits a lover. Then again, it may linger long and lovingly around the areola and nipple, barely grazing the flesh with a sweep of the palm. Manual touches such as these will prove particularly thrilling to the lady, while the degree of intimacy will most assuredly give rise to erotic fantasies in the male.

As the woman's pleasure mounts, the man may be tempted to grasp the nipple between thumb and forefinger. The woman will almost certainly welcome this diversion, as the intensity of response will undoubtedly be accelerated by this display of affection. Such direct stimulation will usually bring the nipple to attention; it will rise forth and stand firm against the fleshiness of the breast. It should be noted, however, that the sensitivity which makes joy possible may also result in extreme pain if too much pressure is applied.

While the breasts are being fondled, the male should also proceed with other forms of foreplay. His other hand may be stimulating still other areas of the woman's body. He might kiss the nape of the neck, stroke the abdomen, or breathe lightly into his partner's ear. It is well to remember that no one technique will be successful in and of itself; best results are obtained when both lovers commit themselves fully to the action!

Many lovers miss out on the myriad possibilities manual stimulation affords simply because they lack sufficient imagination to innovate on their lovemaking techniques. How many, for example,



think of their hands as the only source of manual manipulation? Admittedly, they are the "handiest," so to speak, but the fact is, other means can be found to press into service. Indeed, there might be occasions when a man prefers to employ his hands in other pursuits (like clutching the buttocks, or stroking the neck with one hand while the other administers to the thighs), but hesitates doing so because he doesn't want to break contact with the breasts.

The more adventuresome have discovered they can do all things at once if they dare to innovate by giving their imaginations full reign. While the hands ferret out the intimacies of the pubic region, the feet can be employed to manipulate the bosom. Tweaking the nipple with the toes might sound a bit facetious, but don't discount the possibilities until you've tried it. It certainly has the advantage of maintaining an erotic peak in an area previously excited while the hands prospect for further treasures south of the navel.

Another technique that has been used successfully is to cup the breast in the armpit. As the hands stroke other body areas, the motion jostles the breasts, producing a physical sensation many women find thoroughly satisfactory. Similarly, the elbows can be used effectively if the whole arm is moved. Even the face and head can be pressed to the bosom in a shifting sideways motion, a massaging technique favored as a prelude to

oral/breast connections, a logical progression in the lovemaking art.

Oral stimulation is of four kinds: kissing, licking, nibbling, and sucking. The preliminary approach is usually undertaken by lightly flicking the tongue over the whole breast. Most women appreciate this kind of attention, but some complain that saliva left behind cools not only their breasts but their ardor as well. Avoid the "wet approach" if possible, keeping the tongue moist, yet dry, as you pass over the fleshy mounds. And like a moth circling ever closer to the flame, allow the tongue to work in closer and closer to the nipple itself. A few brief passes of the tongue and the nipple will almost surely become erect. At that point, you may wish to encircle it with your lips. Do so, but refrain from grasping the nipple in the lips proper. Instead, open the mouth slightly and grip the rigid tissue between the teeth. Now tease the nipples with a gentle kneading action, pausing every now and then to caress the summit with a fleeting pass of the tongue.

All of these techniques should be incredibly effective if applied with a tender touch. For many women, however, the moment of truth begins when the full mouth is placed against the breast. The lips may rest against the flesh, or they may be employed to nibble and grasp the organ. This is a particularly effective kissing technique, one that incorporates both the kiss and the nibble.

There's an old saying: "A little nibble on the nipple never hurt a soul." Perhaps not, but the most effective oral caress that can be applied to the breasts is undoubtedly the one that includes a bit of suction. Sucking at the breasts, of course, is reminiscent of breast feeding routines, and while many modern mothers never breast feed their children, the association is rather an obvious one. It has been suggested that maternal instinct accounts for the enthusiasm with which the sucking caress is greeted, but the truth probably lies in the fact that the nipple is terribly excited by the sucking action, and most women find it intensely pleasurable.

Nor is the experience limited to the female partner. Men are not unaware of the mother/child significance of sucking at the breast, and many relate a sense of new-found security in being allowed to perform as an infant. Some probably refrain from doing so because it is an obviously infantile regression, but most seemingly overcome their reluctance in favor of the security they feel in committing the act.

Paying homage to the breast by these diverse techniques is far from unnatural. In fact, recent studies indicate anxieties and frustrations that result from failing to partake of these diversions often lead to complex sexual problems requiring years of extensive psychiatric therapy. Join the sexually well adjusted; make your next round of loving an adventure in total commitment. Begin by mastering one or more of the techniques suggested.



Although she was born in Manchuria in northeastern China, Kym was kidnapped by pirates at the age of sixteen, taken to Shanghai and put out on the streets, where she went to the highest bidder

For two years she spread her legs for drunken, mercenary soldiers and rich men with perverted sexual lusts — anyone willing to pay the price. Then, she was saved from this life of sordid decadence by an American farmboy, who took pity on the girl, married her and brought her back to the U.S. Kym was happy, but she found life on the farm a bit dull . . .



Unable to give up all her old habits, when she gets the itch, Kym gets lewd and nasty for one of our photographers, giving him a very personal tour of her scenic Manchurian mountains. What does hubby say about all of this? "He doesn't know. He thinks I'm home baking cherry pies — I pick one up at the bakery after each photo session."









"I lost my cherry on the streets of Shanghai so often that I have an obsession about cherry pies," Kym admits. About the only fruit Kym does still possess are her ripe guavas. And there's lots of juicy loving in them yet. In fact, nothing turns Kym on more than having her luscious tits sucked on, licked and tongued to nipple quivering ecstasy. "I'm jealous of all the attention cows' teets get on the farm," she confesses.







BACKSTAGE ENCOUNTER

by Tracy Charles

Randy wanted the musician she was watching so badly she could hardly think straight. While she stood watching the tall, well-built entertainer, her heart pounded fiercely in her chest and there was a strange, creeping feeling between her shapely legs. If she could only just meet that handsome guy . . .

The set was finally over and the musicians on stage all bowed royally to the audience. They were each introduced, and when the leader of the group called out, "Meet our bass player, Mitch Timmons," Randy screamed out at the top of her lungs. You would

have thought he was Frank Sinatra or Elvis Presley, the way she carried on. Mitch glanced her way, happy with the reponse, but he blushed slightly. He wasn't used to that sort of treatment.

Randy blushed a little too when he looked at her. Her heart was in her throat with excitement at just having him look at her. True, it was a corny way to get attention . . . but it had worked . . . he had looked at her! His deep-set blue eyes seemed to penetrate her very soul when he gazed at her. Their eyes locked for a brief moment, then Mitch turned away, placing

his bass on a rack.

Randy wasn't a very bright girl. She knew her limitations in the intelligence department, but there were several good qualities about her that most men noticed, and those were her physical attributes. Her almost perfectly-shaped breasts caught most men's eye, and the shape of her behind, the way it protruded slightly, turned many heads whenever she walked down any street.

Being aware of these special physical charms, Randy began plotting in her cute little mind just how to make Mitch Timmons

aware that she existed. What she wouldn't do to him once she got him alone and in bed . . . or in a car . . . or in a phone booth . . . or *anywhere* for that matter! She giggled low.

It suddenly dawned on her that beneath her coat was a skimpy cocktail waitress uniform. "All's fair in love and war," she reminded herself, and she slowly unbuttoned the coat and let it fall open, exposing her long, deliciously-curved legs which were covered in tight-fitting black stockings. Her blouse was cut so low that most of the flesh of her breasts was exposed . . . down to the edge of her brown nipples. The cleavage looked inviting to all who looked.

Randy made a big thing out of it. She wanted that bass player to see her, no matter what she had to do. She crossed directly in front of the bandstand, letting her coat flow languidly to each side as her body was revealed for everyone to see . . . especially Mitch Timmons.

Her timing was perfect. Mitch was just leaving the bandstand when Randy crossed in front of him. He looked at the fantastic flesh being displayed in full view, and his mouth fell slightly open. His mouth began to water when he looked at the full, thick lips that smiled at him when he stared at the luscious owner. Mitch nodded to Randy when she passed him and he returned her broad smile. The thought raced through his mind . . . How could he get to know such a beautiful creature? How would he go about trying to make out with this one?

Las Vegas was a haven for musicians and entertainers to work, this or any other time of year. This happened to be the winter season, and Mitch was booked into the Las Vegas Hotel for four weeks, and he had already played one week of the engagement.

There were plenty of women to choose from, but the one that had just paraded in front of him was definitely choice material. It was grade-A stuff and you didn't see

many girls with figures like that, no matter what town you played, Mitch surveyed, working his way backstage. He was dying of thirst and couldn't wait for the cool, refreshing taste of a beer.

"Who was that cute little chick that screamed when you were introduced?" Ralph Miller asked, putting his tuxedo-uniform jacket onto a hanger. He then put on a sport coat to wear between shows as all the musicians did each night, to keep from spoiling their stage wardrobes.

"I don't know, but I sure as hell would like to find out. I just saw her going past the bandstand, and son of a bitch, what a wild body!"

"That was definitely 'eating stuff,' and you should get on it, because she was screaming for you, no one else. If it were me, I'd be out there right now lining something up with her," Ralph encouraged his friend.

"Yeah, I guess I will. But I was out late last night and didn't get much sleep. I have a hang over that's killing me."

"You don't have to take her home tonight, you know. Go out there and get her name and number and do it later. She's a beauty, man. Operate! Operate!"

"Yeah, I will," Mitch said, taking off his jacket. He had just bought a new jacket that he put on, and it made him feel good, in contrast to the sweat-soaked mohair tuxedo jacket he worked in every night.

The bar was filled with eager drinkers, each pouring a little courage into their fun-starved bodies in the hopes of finding some happiness. Mitch sat down at the end by the waitress station and looked around. The cute girl with the wild body hadn't come back yet. He hoped that she hadn't left for good, and that she had only gone to the bathroom . . .

"Hello, Mitch," a seductive voice called out behind him. He turned around to see Gina, an attractive Italian girl who worked in the upstairs showroom as a cocktail waitress. Her full mouth and long brown hair complimented the petite features of her beautiful

face. Gina was shy and never wore anything that might expose her body. Of course everyone could see beneath the loose clothing and tell that there was plenty of woman hidden there. There were some curves she just couldn't hide.

Mitch moved over and let her sit beside him. "How you doin', Gina? Want a drink?"

"I would love one, and I was wondering if you would give me a ride home tonight. Are you through for the night?"

"Yeah, we just did our last show." Mitch looked at the gentle curves beneath her coat. She just had to be big-busted, he thought to himself. She just had to be . . .

"Let's leave, then," she said, standing. "I'll give you a beer at my place."

"Great!" Mitch said, forgetting the luscious little woman he had wanted to meet.

Randy returned from the ladies' room and saw Mitch leaving with another woman. Her little trick hadn't worked. "Shit!" she hissed under her breath. "Oh, well. There's always tomorrow," Randy consoled herself.

Mitch parked his car outside the elegant Stonewood Plaza Apartments where Gina lived. "You do all right for a waitress . . . cocktails, of course," he remarked, observing the luxurious surroundings in the lobby of the apartment building.

Gina smiled and said with a sexy smile, "I do all right. I also have wealthy parents."

"Really? Where are they?"

"In Italy. My father has a lucrative business over there."

Gina's apartment was decorated in good taste. Mitch's feet sank into the plush carpet as he walked to the heavily-padded couch by the window.

"Beer?"

"Yes, please."

It suddenly dawned on Mitch that Gina had picked him up. He wondered if she had the same thing in mind as he had . . . perhaps?

"Take off your coat and your

shoes and relax, Mitch. I like to see people comfortable," Gina said, handing him a cold beer.

Mitch looked at the woman who just brought him to her apartment for the first time. She was really a good-looking woman. He had noticed her before, but she had been so shy, he hadn't bothered to try and make out with her. Now, she was the one in pursuit of him, and it made things much more fun.

"I don't bring many men home with me, Mitch. You're someone special, and I hope you know that," Gina said, unbuttoning her blouse. She undid all the buttons down the front, then let it hang open. Her large breasts pushed heavily against the tight material of her bra that held back her loveliness.

"Your breasts are a lot larger and more beautiful than I had thought," Mitch said, feasting his eyes on two of the most perfectly-shaped breasts he had ever seen. "Why do you want to hide such beauty? Men and women adore the, you know."

Gina blushed a little. "Men look at them, then make remarks, and it embarrasses me, is why. I'd rather hide them and not bother with men's stupid comments."

"What a shame," Mitch remarked, reaching out for Gina. "Let me take off that bra."

Gina didn't resist. She leaned forward, throwing her long hair over her head. "It's awfully tight."

Mitch quickly unsnapped the confining halter, then took off her blouse and let the bra fall to one side. The loveliness of her breasts was almost too much for him to take. He had seen beautiful mammaries before, but these were so wonderfully perfect! "My God!" was all Mitch could manage to say. He was satisfied for the moment just to sit and stare.

"I'd like to make you happy, Mitch," Gina said, reaching down for his cock. Her long, sensuous fingers found the slight bulge in his trousers and began to stroke the lump with tender loving care.

Mitch watched in amazement as

the voluptuous Italian woman manipulated his zipper, and in a few moments had his cock out of his pants in her hand, stroking it as though it were a small kitten. She took the turgid instrument and moved forward, placing the hard, but soft-skinned cock on her chest between her large breasts. She held it there for a few moments, moving her body and feeling the goodness of a man's organ against her wanting body. She moved in an erotic manner, sliding his prick around on her chest, between her lovely breasts.

Then, with one quick movement, she swooped down on her knees, engulfing his penis into her mouth as she began voraciously sucking his hardness. Her lip and tongue movements were incredible as she sucked and twirled her talented mouth on him. Mitch lay back and got comfortable while he watched the young beautiful woman go down on his hot cock. The sensations he experienced were indescribable. It seemed that every nerve in his body was being exercised sensuously while the beautiful mouth and lips performed their fantastic ritual . . . all for his pleasure and benefit.

Enjoying such intense thrills, Mitch was unable to sustain himself very long. He felt his insides explode and sent the semen rushing from his cock into Gina's throat. He held onto her long hair while she drained the last of his juices, then relaxed as Gina re-positioned herself and sat down beside him.

"Was it good?" she asked, nosing his cheek.

"You kidded?" Mitch answered, incredulously. "Of course it was! You're probably the most talented head-artist I have ever enjoyed."

"Will you fuck me, then, in a few minutes?" Gina asked, standing. She took off the rest of her clothing and stood before Mitch, naked. The full curves and lines of her body were as beautiful as Mitch had ever seen before.

"I worked hard doing that for you. Now I want you to fuck me.

It's your turn," she pouted.

"I'll go down on you. You'll love it, baby."

"NO! I don't want you to give me head. I want you to fuck me!" the Italian woman screamed, almost attacking the surprised musician.

Mitch felt the walls closing in. He said, a little apprehensively, "Look, Gina, I have to go. I'm supposed to meet the guys for a rehearsal tonight." He stood and dressed. He put on his new sport coat and started for the door. Her sad eyes were pleading for love. "Thanks for everything . . . and the beer."

"Maybe some night you'll come back and fuck me?" Gina pleaded, standing by the door.

"Sure, we'll do it, but now I have to meet the guys for practice. See you tomorrow at the club."

"Goodbye, Mitch," Gina said, then shut the door. She felt her cunt ooze lust.

It was still early and Mitch drove back to the Las Vegas Hotel. The place was alive and jumping. There were more people there now than when he had left earlier.

That pretty, well-developed girl in the crazy waitress outfit was still there, sitting in the same place. There were two horny guys standing on each side of her trying to make out.

"See that girl down there?" the bartender asked Mitch, who had just sat down at the bar. "She's been askin' me all about you since you left with Gina. Why don't you take her out and fuck her? Get her off my back."

"What's her name?" Mitch asked, playing it cool. He loved it when attention from other females was thrown his way through other people.

"Randy! Hey, Randy! Come over here. The guy wants to meet you," the bartender called.

Randy picked up her drink and shoved past the two men. They looked at Mitch with contempt as the snake-like movements of Randy's sexy body eluded their lecherous desires.

"Randy, say hello to Mitch. Mitch, Randy," the bartender said, taking the couples' hands and placing them together. "I now pronounce you man and wife." The bartender turned and walked away, laughing.

"Do you promise to love, honor and obey?" Mitch asked, looking down into Randy's eyes . . . then to her most beautiful bosom.

"Anything! Anything that your beautiful little heart desires. Anything!" Randy said, her heart pounding fiercely once again. This silly guy . . . this musician, did more for her than any man she had met since she had been in Vegas. There was something about him that she couldn't explain . . . but he really turned her on! She felt all of a sudden like a silly school girl.

"What would my new wife like to drink?" Mitch asked, holding her small, wet hand.

"I already have one," Randy

said, raising her glass with her free hand.

"Just how long have you been around . . . without my seeing you?" Mitch asked the standard question.

"Two months. And you've been here only one week," Randy said, her eyes sparkling.

"You're very observant. Do you keep up with all the groups in Vegas?"

"No!" Randy said emphatically.

"Listen. I'm really tired. It's been a long day and I also have a hangover. In fact, I think I'll go home and take a nap. I'm a little tired."

Randy's foot wrapped itself between and around Mitch's ankles, rubbing her full calf against his. She leaned close to the bass player, making sure her sensuous display of cleavage was exposed. "You wouldn't leave a poor girl all alone with all these horny old men, would you?"

Mitch looked down at the delightful girl. There were some nights when he could do nothing wrong. Every woman he looked at wanted to make out. Other nights he couldn't score if his life depended on it. This happened to be a good night. How could he pass it up?

"If you can't wait, why don't you and I just go backstage and have our own little party? Then, maybe we'll go on home. How 'bout it?" Mitch said, his cock moving upward in his pants. She was gorgeous, beautiful . . . and most of all . . . she was ready!

"Backstage!" Randy cried, clasping her petite hands together. "The thought of going backstage gives me chills!"

Mitch grinned lasciviously, and then guided the charming little sexpot directly behind the bandstand. The other groups that worked the lounge had all finished for the night and were gone. The

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area behind the bandstand was vacant and had a lonely feeling about it that gave Mitch the creeps. It was cold and damp, but he knew in his horny heart that it wouldn't stay that way for very long.

Randy took her coat and put it over a chair near the door. She reached around behind her and unsnapped her tightly fitting waitress uniform, loosening the confining clothing. She was too shy to take it all off, but deep down inside, she wanted to. Her wish was to be completely nude . . . alone with the man who had turned her on so much since she had first laid eyes on him.

She waited for his advances.

Mitch was horny, but not overly so. He had just had that thing with the pretty Italian, and could take his time to make this one a longer, more beautiful affair. He took off his coat, then locked the door. He didn't want some musician walking in on them looking for his drumsticks, or something equally irrelevant. He looked at her breasts, which were almost totally exposed, and he changed his mind.

He was horny.

Randy looked at her lover and thought about the other girl he had just been with. She felt hurt, but said to him, "If you wanted a girl, you should have asked before. I'd do anything you want and you wouldn't have to go out with a lot of other women."

It flashed on Mitch what she was talking about. She had seen him leave with Gina and had wanted him then. He looked at her and said, gently, "I didn't even know you then, Randy. How could I have asked you anything?"

"But I like you, Mitch! I want to be with you and do all the things you want a woman to do for you. I'll do *anything* to make you happy . . . anything!"

Mitch thought for a moment, then said, "Well, you could come over here and give me a kiss. We're locked in for a while, so don't worry about people busting in . . . they can't."

When Randy walked to Mitch, he turned her around and put both hands under her arms and on her breasts, then began kissing her neck. Her tits were so large! And her butt fit snugly against his cock, which had grown to full size. If they were both nude, it would just fit, he thought, looking down at one of the most incredible asses he had ever seen. He let go of her breasts, then put his hands on her shoulders and gently pushed her uniform off her body. It fell to the floor. The bra was attached inside the uniform and now the only clothing she had on were panties, a garter belt, black stockings and high-heeled shoes.

"Let me look at you," Mitch said, moving her away from him so he could admire the magnificent hunk of flesh before him. Her breasts were fantastic, the way they stood out, pointing upward toward his face. Her hour-glass figure was almost too much to take, with a small, narrow waist that moved down to hips that were soft, touchable and beautiful. He turned her around to get a better look at her wonderful ass and this made her breasts look even better. He pulled her to him and opened his mouth and met one of the tastiest, most sexy mouths he had ever experienced before. Every muscle in her mouth responded to his, and her tongue immediately began to tantalize him, driving him further into sexual oblivion.

Having done so many times, Mitch unfastened his belt, unzipped his pants and let them fall to the floor. With one hand, he got out of his shorts and began unbuttoning his shirt. Within a minute he was nude, and enjoyed the feeling of her body against his . . . especially her large breasts, pressing against his bare chest.

Randy was short and Mitch was taller, giving him a definite advantage for his next maneuver. He took her breasts and held them in his hands, then stood on tiptoe, placing his cock between her lovely tits. She obliged by lowering herself a few inches, and his prick

fit snugly between her two smooth mounds of flesh. The couple stood still for a moment, each feeling the closeness of the other and the warmth their two bodies expelled. Randy began to move first, her body shaking and wiggling in a moist sensuous rhythm, as she rubbed her body and breasts against her lover's. She was hot and wanted Mitch to make wild, mad love to her.

To encourage him, she began a slow descent downward, licking kissing and sucking on his skin. She let her large breasts also touch and vibrate against his body until she reached his long, stiff pole, then she opened her mouth and began to suck him, much like she had kissed him moments earlier. His hard cock felt good to her as she sucked, kissed and tried to get as much of him in her mouth that she could manage.

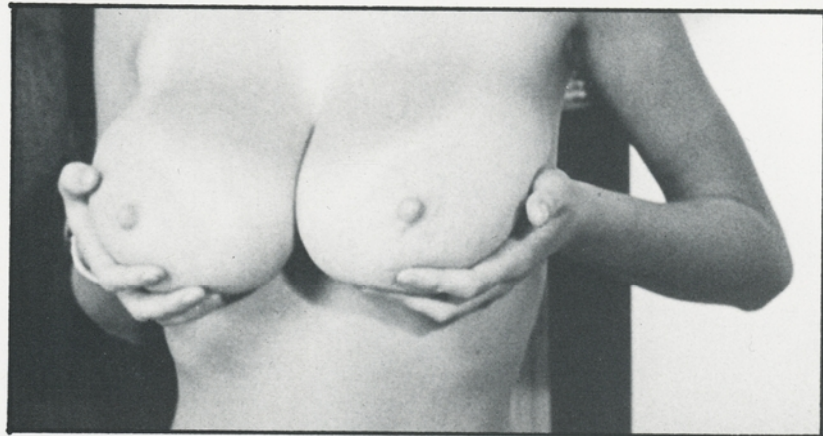
"Ohhhh!" Mitch moaned, his legs beginning to shake from the sexual excitement. He looked down and saw her thick lips wrapped around his cock, and it made him even weaker. He felt all his energies going out his prick and into her body, and he didn't want the first time to end that way.

"Come on. Let's get it on!" he said, letting his prick slide from her moist lips. Her lovely buttocks swayed and moved sensually, inviting him to take her. They lay on the couch.

He mounted her, and she waited for the moment of ultimate pleasure. He found the tiny, raisin-like opening and pushed his prick against her strong muscles. It didn't take long to penetrate the opening and slide inside the tight periphery. Her cunt was wet, and fevered.

"Oh, my God!" Mitch moaned, letting the twitching body beneath him take over.

"I know," Randy said, guiding him deeper to give maximum pleasure. "It feels good and we're doing it all backstage! I'm so hot! Oh, God!" she said, twisting her whole body into a delightful orgasm.



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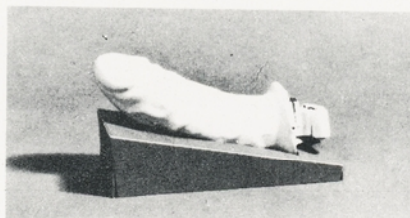
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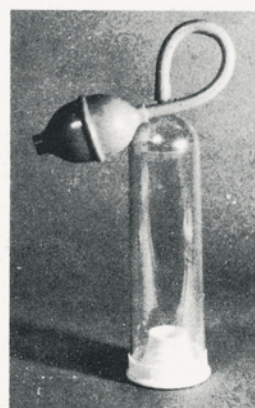


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