

BRA BUSTERS

NO.8

£1.00



THE GIRLS IN HERE
KNOW JUST HOW
TO PLEASE YOU,
WITH THEIR EYES,
THEIR SMILES AND
THEIR HUGE TITS!

INTERNATIONAL EDITION
ADULTS ONLY

BRA BUSTERS

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EDITORIAL

This magazine glorifies the breast, in all its splendor. We have searched for and found girls who do justice to their 40-inch bras, who love to be looked at, fondled and squeezed on their huge, magnificently feminine nipples. These are girls with a passionate sense of generosity, who give all they can of themselves. They are laid bare in the pages here, ready and eager to be looked at, ogled and appreciated for their lusting female needs.

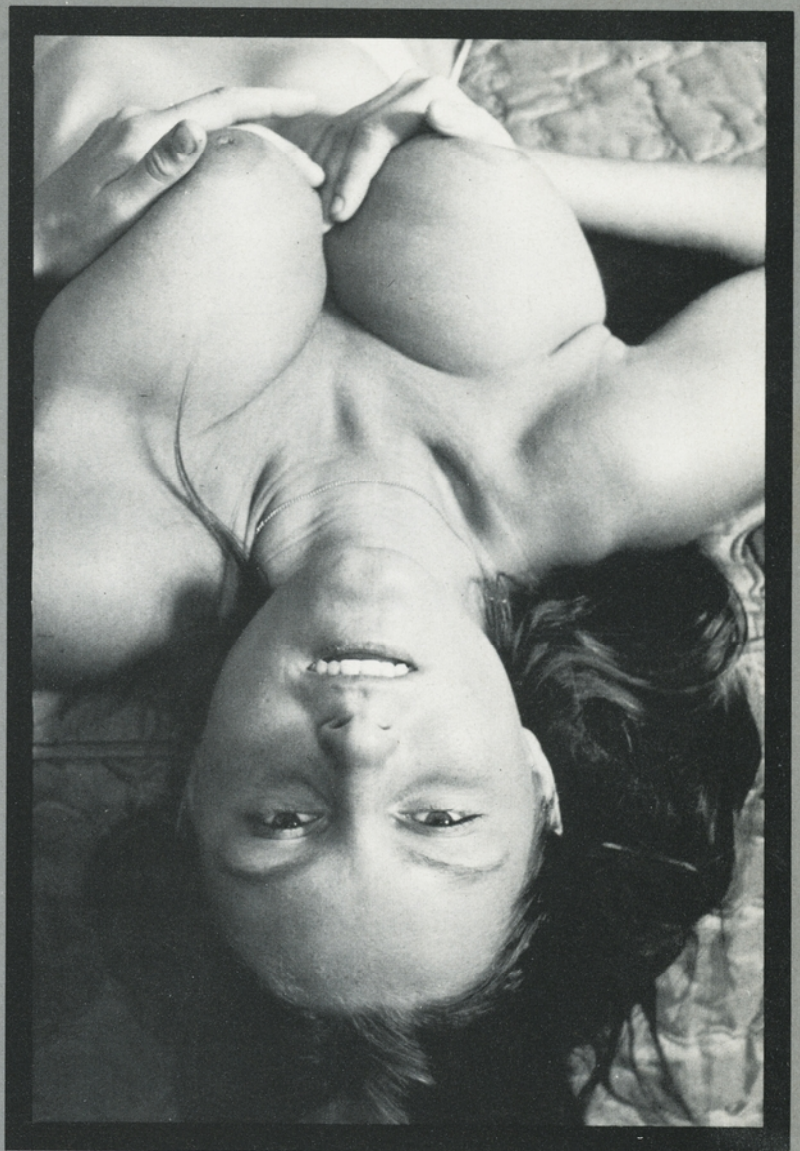


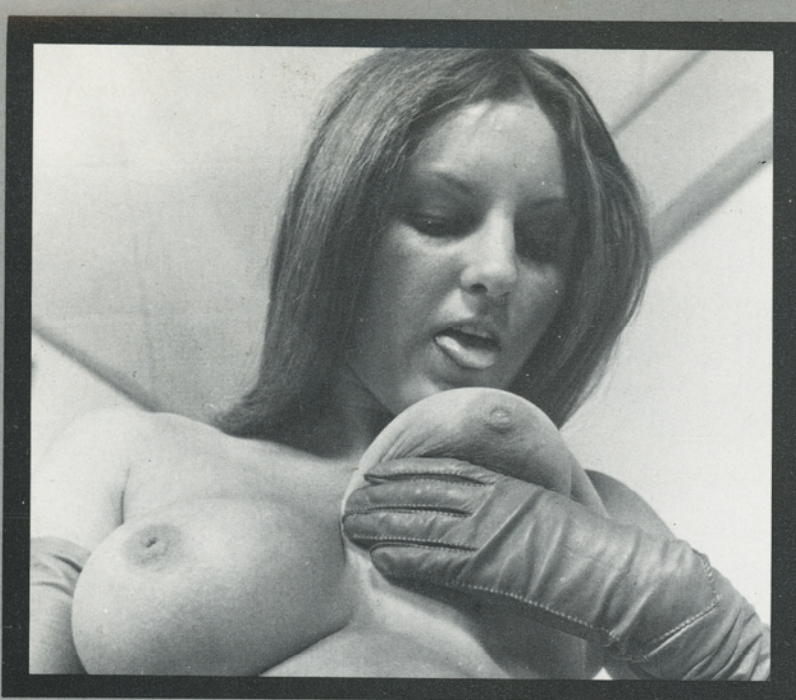
ΗΙΟΤ ΣΟΚΑΔΤΟ





**TAMMY ISN'T SHY
WITH HER BODY. SHE
LOVES TO BE LOOKED
AT . . .**





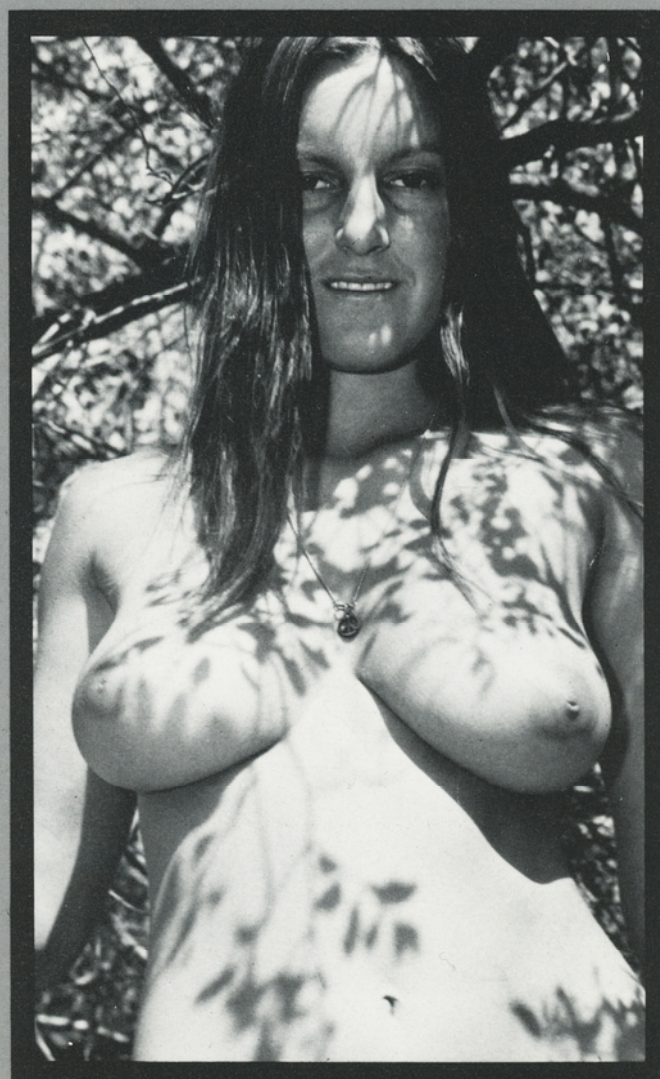
**SHE POSES AND
GRINS WITH DE-
LIGHT. HER TITS
ARE FIRM, FULL
AND SUCCULENT.**



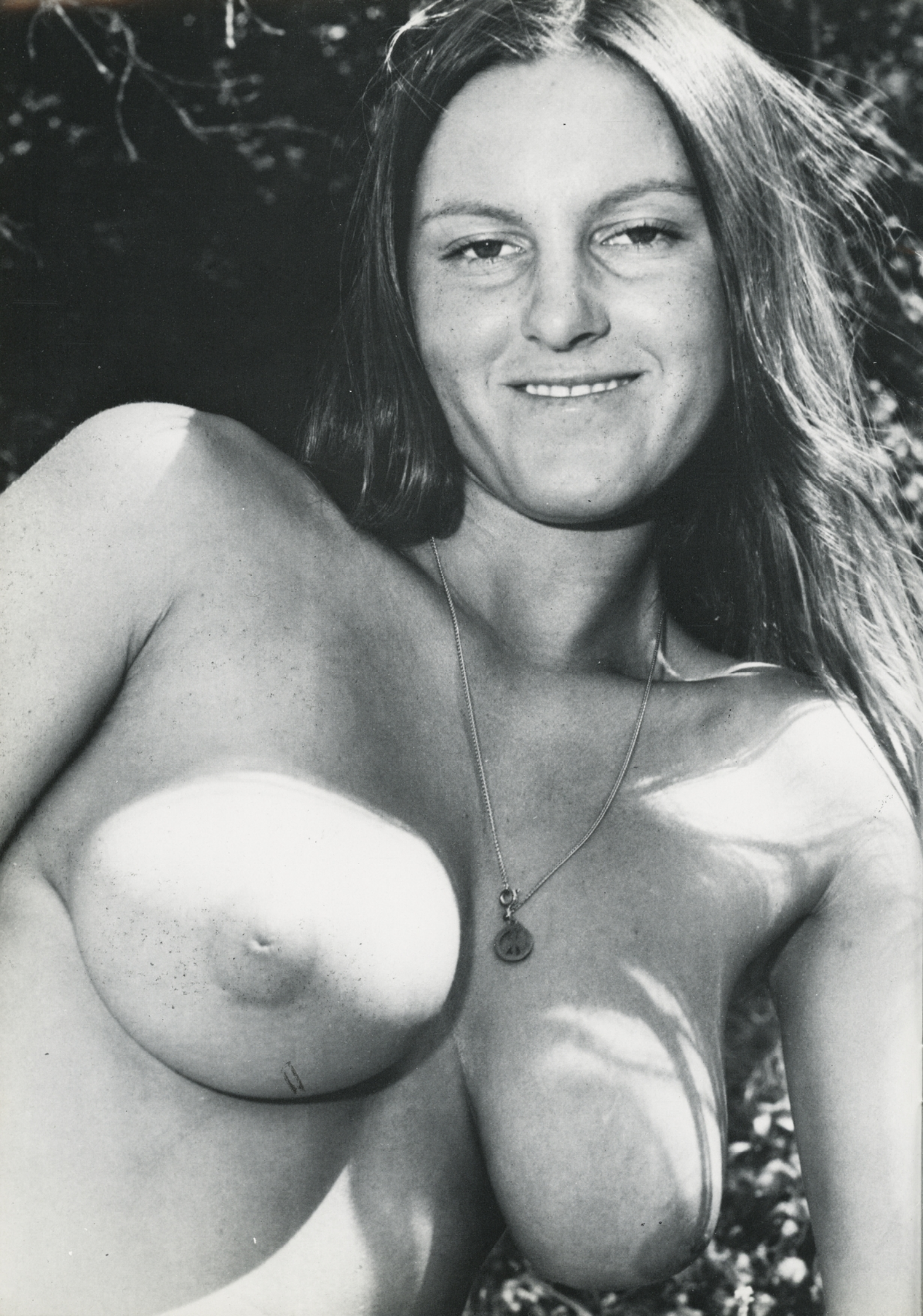




**WHEN SHE BARES
ALL, EVEN MOTHER
NATURE IS JEALOUS!**









**HER NIPPLES
ARE HER PRIDE.
SHE OILS THEM
AND KEEPS 'EM
SLICK. WHEN
SHE STRIPS,
MEN CAN GET
A LUSH PEEK.**



CHICHI'S MELONS



ChiChi sat in her dressing room. The yellow lights surrounding her vanity table sparkled and gleamed brilliantly, casting a glow over her heavily made-up face. She smiled into the mirror, and her dimples showed. She liked that. She lifted

her perfume and sprayed a heavy, flowery-scented layer of the French stuff over herself.

She closed her eyes, thinking back in disbelief. She was born in Wisconsin, the daughter of a poor dirt farmer, and her name had been

Charlotte Mae! Her eyes shot open, and she smirked with disgust and humor. She had certainly come one hell of a long way since those days back in Wisconsin, on her daddy's tiny farm.

Charlotte Mae was twelve when

she knew she wasn't going to hang around Wisconsin very long. She wanted out, and soon. Every part of her longed to be free of the place, free of her daddy's rules, free of the other hicks living there. She went to school obediently, and she even sang in the choir at church on Sundays, but she spent all her spare time planning and thinking about leaving Wisconsin, running away from the damned farm.

When Charlotte Mae was eighteen, the day after her birthday, she hitchhiked out of town. She told her daddy she would be going into the city to look for a waitresses job, but she had been plotting this day for over five years. She knew just how to do it.

The first car that came along picked her up. It was a beat-up station wagon, and an older man was driving. He had bushy eyebrows and thick lips, but Charlotte Mae didn't give a shit. She got into the car and thanked the man for stopping.

"Where to?" he asked her, grinning widely, a faint trace of spittle dribbling down from the corner of his mouth.

Charlotte Mae smiled with pride and assurance. "Hollywood," she said eagerly, her blue eyes flashing eagerly.

The man laughed. "Hollywood! What the fuck for?"

"What else?" she said, sliding closer to him. The car smelled strongly from tobacco and sweat, and the mingled scents began to waft through Charlotte Mae's nostrils, teasing her, then exciting her. "To be a big star!"

The man saw the girl inching toward him. He felt his cock shudder at the sight of her, her golden-blond hair spilling tangly down past her shoulders, and her lips set into a grin that showed aroused lust. But then, his eyes fell past her beautiful face to her tits. They were the size of huge, ripe melons, just

ready to be plucked and tasted. He licked his thick lips with delight. They were squeezed tightly into her T-shirt, a cotton, clinging thing, that did little to hide her rosy nipples and the full fluffiness of her boobflesh.

He pulled the car to the side of the road. He didn't give a damn if it was the middle of the afternoon. He had to fuck her, the pouting, big-titted slut. He grabbed her and held her, pressing her tightly against him. He could feel her panting and craving him with delicious desires.

"Take me to Hollywood, and then I'll give you my cherry," said Charlotte Mae, her blue eyes wide, her nostrils flared from the man's horny smell.

Her cherry! The man flushed with excitement. He hadn't had himself a cherry in years, longer than he cared to recall. His hand went to the girl's bosom, and he let his fingers stroke against the soft fabric of her shirt. He felt the huge mounds come to life beneath his probing, deliciously moving fingers, and he tugged on her nipples, sighing as they grew and shuddered larger.

"I, uh, mmmm, that feels so goood," sighed Charlotte Mae. No man had ever touched her. She was pure and virginal, but she wanted desperately to be fucked. The man was grabbing at her tits, rubbing them, massaging them hard and fast, and it felt good, damned awful good. She felt her thighs spread, and she knew she was ready to give away her cherry right there and then. But she had to wait until the man took her to Hollywood. Or else, he would fuck her and drop her off, she knew that.

The man's thick fingers prodded deeper into the titflesh of the innocent, beautiful, young girl. His tobacco-stained fingers dug at her sharply, probing, eagerly plucking her fleshy boobs. He was moaning very low, like an animal in its time.

Charlotte Mae let the man's hand go from her nipples down to the

elastic ridge of her panties, beneath her skirt. His hand was sure and very fast; moving quickly and with urgency, like he couldn't wait to get into her pants.

The man grunted to feel the girl's pussy. Furry, soft and lovable, it came into his hands like a sweet kitten. He pressed the palm of his hand into it, and it responded, swelling and rising with lust.

"Are, are you, you going to, to, to do it to me?" asked Charlotte Mae, her voice pleadingly soft and eager. She wanted to be fucked so bad, her cunt hurt and ached with sore tenderness.

The man nodded, his dark eyes glassy. "Yes, I am, and you're gonna lose your cherry."

He pushed her down onto the seat of the car and turned off the engine, sliding down his brake. He unzipped the fly of his baggy, worn jeans, and he pulled out his hard, nubby cock. The thing was red and fat.

Charlotte Mae gasped. She had never seen a cock, only heard her girlfriends whisper and giggle about them. It was big and ugly, with a head that looked dangerous and thick. It was dripping out some sort of jelly. She shuddered with terror.

"You, you're putting that thing in, in me?" she asked, already knowing his answer.

He nodded, licking his lips, his eyes wide with greedy lust. "Yeah, baby, I sure am. Lift your dress for me and pull down your panties. Be a good girl about it."

Charlotte Mae was quivering with fear. Her thighs clamped shut tightly, and she shook her head.

The man gasped. "What, you slut? Cock-teasing little bitch!"

She shivered with terror.

"Lift that damned skirt, now! Do as I tell you, girl!"

"N-n-no," she said, stammering.

"Well, hell, there's more than one way to skin a cat," he muttered under his breath.

He grabbed the girl's T-shirt and hoisted it. Her boobs sprang free, firm and ripe. They were beautiful, pink and soft as a cunt. He held them and pushed them together tightly, forming a cuddly, lush hole for his cock to slide into. He grinned at her.

Then he pushed his cock into the girl's tit-cleavage. It sank to the hilt, and it throbbed and shuddered thickly with engorging blood. The cock pulsed, growing purple as he pushed it tightly into the tit-cunt he had formed for himself.

Charlotte Mae looked down. The man was over her, on top of her, and his thick, red, angry-looking dick was inside her nipples, banging at the flesh there.

He humped her, fucking her tits, cramming his cock in and out of the velvety cleavage of titflesh she gave him there. His cock was purpled with the lust of the moment.

Charlotte watched and saw herself being fucked in the tit. It was one of the most exotic, delicious sights she had ever seen, and her heart thumped wildly to see the man fucking her tender, fleshy boobs. She started to move with him, pushing her tits into his thickening, growing, ripening dick. His balls were furry and huge, pushed against her tit's soft base.

"Oh, yeahhh," groaned the man, holding his dick tightly into its nesting place, feeling the girl's creamy pink tits heave and shudder as he fucked her there.

Suddenly, as she watched him, the man's cock began to throb wildly. It seemed to grow even fuller, and the head of the thing was purple and tensed. She saw a dribbling clear drop of something gooey spurt onto her nipple, and she shivered as its warmth permeated her flesh.

"I'm comming, commmmmming nowwww," groaned the impassioned, greedily fucking man, sliding his cock faster and harder

between the mounds of Charlotte Mae's boobs.

Then, it happened. The cock shook and raged and grew bright red, and it spurted and poured out huge, gushing waves of creamy-white goop. The stuff dribbled, then poured, and it washed over the girl's pink, heaving, huge tits, coating them with the viscous fluid and the sticky urgency of the white-hot juice.

As the older man pushed his newly-flaccid, shrivelling cock from the girl's cleavage, he sighed with relief and shoved his prick back into his trousers, pushing the thing roughly away.

"That was great," he said with delight. He had never tit-fucked a girl, but it had been a wild, delicious experience for him.

Charlotte Mae smiled over at him, her blue eyes crinkling and her nostrils flared with eager passion. "Yes, it was. Thank you. When we get to Hollywood, I promise I'll let you take my cherry, mister. It's a promise."

The man laughed. "Shit, no! You're out of this car, little lady. I got what I wanted. Get going now . . ."

Dejected, and feeling lousy, Charlotte slid out of the car, putting her T-shirt back on as the station wagon sped off, leaving her all alone again.

Charlotte Mae tugged down her skirt and checked to make sure her T-shirt was down all the way, covering her tits completely, and then she held out her thumb again. The second car stopped to give her a lift.

"Where to?" asked the scraggly-bearded man, a leer over his lips.

Charlotte Mae held out her chest seductively, making sure he caught sight of her rounded, juice-filled tits. "Hollywood," she said, smiling, tucking a strand of blonde hair back behind her ear.

The man grinned. "I'm going as

far as Nevada. Hop in and I'll take you there with me."

She hoisted her big tits firmly, proudly, and grinned at him. "Do I have to pay any of the expenses, gas or anything?"

He smiled and scratched his head, staring at her plump tits and her large body. "Naw, no way. Just, maybe, you know, something special . . . A piece, maybe."

Charlotte Mae smiled and nodded. "That's for free, mister!"

By the time she arrived in Hollywood, four days later, Charlotte Mae had fifty dollars in her pocket, given to her by an exceptionally grateful man who had driven her through the Nevada desert, and had pulled over to the side of the road to get her cunt in the burning heat of the summer afternoon. Her pussy was sore, and she felt dirty and exhausted. But she wanted to find the studios, and to make an audition.

"Hey, ChiChi! You go on in ten minutes, baby, hustle your ass!" called the stage manager.

ChiChi shook her head, smiling sadly. That little girl, Charlotte Mae, had long ago disappeared. She was now ChiChi LaFond, at the Pussy Club in Hollywood. It was the closest she would ever come to being a movie star, ChiChi knew.

ChiChi stood and adjusted her skimpy, shimmery bikini top. The pink sequins shook and glimmered as she walked toward her dressing room door. Her cunt trickled down juices, and she hoped to God she could get a piece of cock before the night was over. It had been over a week, and she had to get laid, for God's sake.

She walked to the edge of the stage and peeled on her leather gloves. They rose over her elbows, and she adjusted her tiny pink bikini panties. Her high heels were five-inches, and her feet ached sorely, but they were part of her costume, part of her routine. She had to wear

them. She was a performer, a true professional.

The stage manager let his hand rest on ChiChi's fanny. It was broad and full, a real tender piece of buttoflesh. ChiChi sneered over at him.

"Get off me, shit," she said, tossing back her mane of thick blonde hair.

"I know your type, ChiChi. You like it between the boobs. I know. I've heard some crazy stories about your titties, baby, and they sound real wild"

"And now, all you horny guys out there, hold onto your cocks, get ready, 'cause, here she is, straight from her engagement in San Jose, Miss ChiChi LaFond!" The announcer's voice rose to a feverish pitch, and he was drowned out by the audience's wild applause.

ChiChi walked out and smiled to her audience. All men, all horny-looking, all handsome. She grabbed up the microphone and cooed into it, her voice low and throaty, filled with the obvious sexuality of her hunger.

"My name's ChiChi," she said. "Know why?"

"Why?" called the men, gaping at the pink-sequined woman in her high heels and silk stockings, wearing her lace garter belts and the seductive, highly sensual leather gloves.

She knelt at the base of the stage and wiggled, shoving her vast, huge tits into the faces of the men in the front row. She saw sweat trickle from their foreheads, and she felt her pussy flowing thick cream.

"Because I have big chichis," she said, touching her fingers to her nipples inside the tiny pink bra she wore. "Once I had a man lose his prick in the cleavage of my chichis," she said, a grin over her face, her blue eyes lit with feverish want.

One of the men in the front row leaned forward. "Can I see?" he asked her. "Can I touch them,

ChiChi, honey?"

"Sure." ChiChi unclasped the hooks of her bra, and with a flourish, she tossed it off, throwing it out to the men in the last rows of the place.

Her boobs sprang free. They were massive and magnificent, forty-four inch tits ringed with purpled nipples that stood erect proudly. For their huge size, they were as firm and tight as a young girl's, and ChiChi smiled at the glazed looks of her admiring fans.

"Wanta see anything else, sweetheart?" she asked, her voice thrillingly soft, like fine satin.

The man wiped a thick film of perspiration from his forehead. "Yeah, your pussy," he said.

She put her fingers down to the elastic band of her skimpy sequined bikini bottom, and she tugged down the tight fabric. It slid off her, exposing her furry, blonde snatch to the men in the front rows. The men behind all stood to get a view of what was happening.

"Like what I got?" she asked the man.

He nodded, swallowing hard. His mouth was dry, and he took a long pull of his beer. "Sure do."

She winked. "I got what it takes, sweetheart. Do you?"

He grunted. "Sure, yeah."

She smiled to him. "Meet me after this routine then, baby, and we'll check each other out"

Then, ChiChi stood and danced, turning to show off every inch of her pale, pink body to the horny men in the audience. The one lucky stud gulped down another beer, hardly believing his good fortune. He twisted on his wedding band, and nervously waited for her act to be over.

Later, in her dressing room, ChiChi wiped the sweat off her face. She dragged a kleenex under her armpits and waited for the dude from the audience. He had been good-looking, strong and self-

assured. She often chose a stud from her cheering throng of fans, especially on nights when she had to get fucked between shows. And tonight was one of those nights. Her cunt was feverish with urgent need, and her tits burned to be filled and screwed.

There was a harsh knock at her door, and then the man entered the room. He was tall and handsome, and ChiChi was glad she had chosen him. "Come on in and take off your pants," she said, grinning at him.

She laid out on her sofa, which was just for this kind of thing, and she opened her sequined bra. Her boobs ran out, firm and full, their nipples rock-solid, eager.

The man slid down his trousers and pulled out his cock. It was large and fat, and red-rippled with veins that trickled through the meaty length of it.

"Fuck my boobs," she said, her voice soft, her lips pouting.

The man got between her tits and pushed them together, holding onto them with firm passion. His fingers were fiery, and his hands were thick. His cock stroked her there, pounding into the cleavage of her breasts' pink hole.

"Oh, yeah, fuck it there, just fuck me, do it to me," she whimpered, loving the exotic, thrilling feel of the man at her boobs. She had to be tit-screwed to love it, and this man was going at it with fever and driving force, taking her with him.

Suddenly, the man came, shooting his gushing, thick load of sperm all over the woman's ripe, succulent mounds, pouring over her nipples, coating her lips. She licked it off her lips, then pushed her tits into her mouth and sucked his sperm off them with teasing delight.

"Okay," said ChiChi, a devilishly wicked grin over her beautiful face, "now fuck me in the cunt, lover. . . . That was just the beginning of your good time with me"

EBONY ECSTASY



Elena is an elegant and sophisticated woman with a taste for the finer things in life. She loves cock, cock, and cock.



**It is a lucky man who gets to
sample the sweets of Elena's
ebony mounds.**







With their black-rimmed nipples and floppy full globes, they are a sight to behold.





**Elena can't get enough
of a good thing. Once
she takes a taste of a
guy's prick, she has to
have the whole thing
down her mouth!**







But, what this ecstasy-bound bitch loves best is to have a thick piece of male meat at her boobs, fucking her on them, in them . . .



TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

To the average tit-watcher, the man who misses out on his lunch break every day because he's too busy looking at the tight-bloused boobs of the girls in the office or out on the street, breasts are the most beautiful, important and wonderful things in the world, a God-given treasure for all humanity to share and drool over.

From the vantage point of psychiatric and medical studies, we now know that while men derive untold and fabulous enjoyment by viewing the female bust, women are equally stimulated and aroused by the sight and feel of them. Flat-chested females might be less enthusiastic to praise tits than their big-titted sisters, but even they pause often to reflect on the beauty and subtle but penetrating marvel of breasts.

They might be simply envious of what they see, but try as they might, they find it difficult to be completely indifferent to their existence. As for those women who have large, firm ones, they know it, and they carry their treasures with pride and delight. They are, to a certain degree, the attention-getting women in society, and much of their enjoyment and pleasure in life stems from the knowledge that wherever they go, they are certain to be lusted after and adored.

From a psychological viewpoint, then, being big-titted, for a woman, goes a long way toward instilling in her a sense of innate female pride and pleasure. More importantly, the girl with large boobs usually feels in complete control of her fate, her destiny. She exudes sexuality and sex appeal, makes out well with





men, and clearly thrives on her own self-confidence.

But size and shape have nothing at all to do with either breast function or the ability to convey physical pleasure and sexuality. It is not the exterior structure of the breast that determines how well the boobs are to fulfill their sexual destiny, but the complex interlacing of ducts and nerve tissue that underlie the outer flesh. If that skin lacks proper dimension (in other words, if the woman is flat-chested), it in no way impairs the flow of milk to the nipples, or short-circuits the transmission of erotic pulsations and throbbings. The fallacy of thinking so goes toward the notion that big-titted women are more desirable for giving milk and for nourishing babies.

The female breasts serve a two-fold purpose. On the one hand, they are the organ fashioned by nature through which the infant receives nourishment (mother's milk), and on the other hand, they are an erogenous zone, the secondary area of sexual stimulation on the female body (the clitoral-vaginal region being the first). Both roles play an integral part in the orchestration of life itself.

There are three primary physical components of the breast: the nipple, the fleshy bud which crowns the breast itself; the areola, which is the dark pigmented area immediately surrounding the nipple; and the mound of flesh which swells from the chest and is commonly called the breast. The nipple is often pink-colored, although it may vary somewhat from person to person. The areola, on the other hand, is usually tinged with hues of pink and brown, and often shows a remarkable disparity in terms of size. With the different women you look at, the areola may range in size from one-half inch in diameter to three inches. And the size of the breast, of course, varies as greatly as do the nipple and areola.

The nipple is a particularly intriguing part of the breast. Under normal circumstances, it is soft to the touch and reasonably pliable. It may be slightly rounded at the end, or fairly blunt, but it seldom grows larger than the tip of the little finger. In appearance, it may look like a small berry, its contours deeply wrinkled and mottled. When aroused (as by manual stimulation, for example), it will stiffen and tighten, causing the wrinkles to grow deeper. The tissues inside swell slightly and the nipple will stand erect, a physiological reaction not unlike the erection of a man's penis during arousal and sexual stimulation. When in this erect state, the nipple is sensitive to the touch and quite able to send waves of intense pleasure and erotic delight through





the woman's body.

The nipple is thus composed of muscular erectile tissue which comprise a number of outlets through which the babe draws nourishment while suckling. These openings range in number from fifteen to twenty, and are the endings of a rather complex network of ducts which lie buried in the mass of breast tissue immediately beneath the outer flesh. Some authorities report they have observed nipples which are so large, it is physically impossible for an infant to be accommodated by the thing in its tiny mouth, but this, most certainly, is a rare occurrence.

Surrounding the nipple in an almost perfect circle is the areola, or pigmented area we have already mentioned. It is generally much deeper in color than the nipple, although it does seem to vary somewhat according to the complexion of the woman. Blondes and redheads usually have pinker areolas, while dark-haired women have areolas that range the various pigments and tones of brown.

During pregnancy and throughout the nursing period, the areola often takes on a much darker appearance. Although it does not change considerably during the course of sexual stimulation, it does show a remarkable variety of size and shape, as already noted. In addition, however, there are numerous instances where the areola takes on a third dimension, appearing as little tits perched on the ends of the breasts themselves.

The greatest mass of tissue is what we, of course, call the breast. Beneath the outer skin lies the maze of glands which collectively are known as the mammaries. They number from as few as ten to as many as twenty-five separate glands, each with its own duct leading into the nipple. Each separate gland is made up of "lobules," which in turn consist of numerous "alveoli" comprised of countless "acini." Each of these structures is connected by ducts which ultimately converge to unite in the outlet at the nipple, the pointed edge of the tit. To protect the very delicate membranes and glands, they are immersed in layers of fatty tissue. It is this tissue filling in the breast that gives it its size, shape and support, not the number of lobules and alveoli, as many uninformed people might suspect.

The primary difference, then, physiologically speaking, between flat-chested women and those hung heavy with huge breasts, is the amount of fat lying beneath the outer flesh. If it is excessive, the sheer weight will tend to distend the entire breast, and it will ultimately sag and become shapeless. Those with boobs turned to perfection are fortunate in that they have a proper balance between size and shape on the one hand, and adequate support on the other, keeping them full yet very firm.

Breast-feeding causes the mammary structure to swell slightly and the added weight of milk inside drags them downward, causing distention. However, this is only a temporary disfigurement and women should not dismiss the idea of breast-feeding their infants for fear they will never regain their formerly youthful, firm tits.

The act of breast-feeding itself provides one of the

(Continued on page 58)

TINA'S TREASURE CHEST





TINA'S TREASURE ARE HER TITS. THEY'RE HUGE, WITH NIPPLES THAT COME ALIVE AT THE WARM TOUCH OF A HAND ON THEM, SQUEEZING THEM.

TINA LIVES BY THE AGE-OLD
EXPRESSION, "IF YOU'VE GOT IT,
FLAUNT IT!" AND THAT IS JUST
WHAT THIS BEAUTIFUL-BOOBED GIRL
DOES . . . WHENEVER SHE CAN . . .









TINA LOVES SEX. HER TITS COME ALIVE WITH A
HARD, THROBBING MAN BETWEEN THEM.

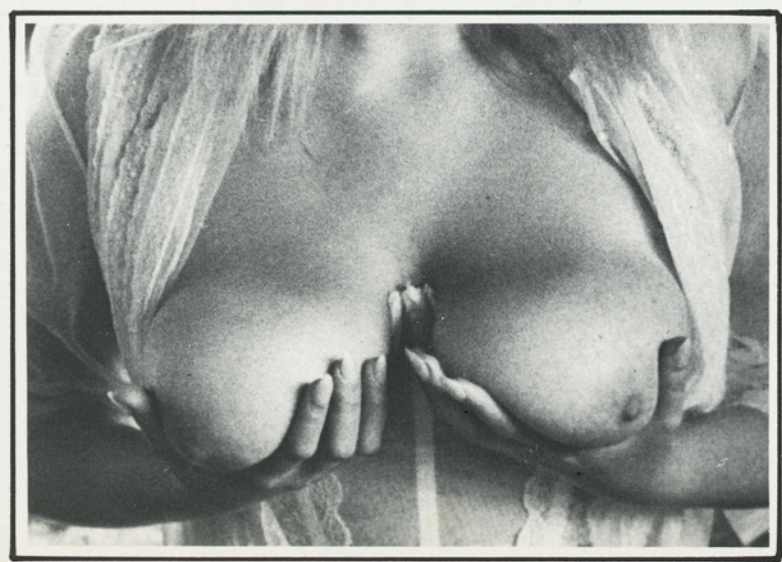




BUT WHEN SHE'S ALONE,
NO COCK AROUND TO
PLEASURE HER, SHE
TOUCHES HERSELF,
COMING . . .

Lace Lady



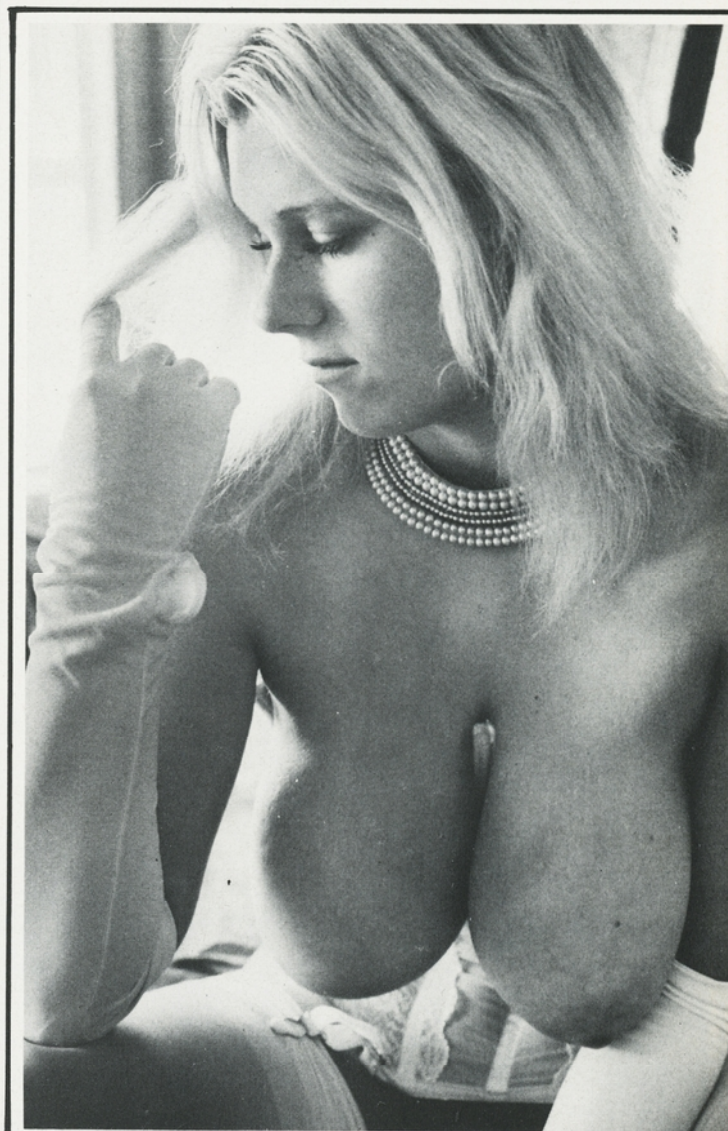


Ronnie loves her breasts. She buys special clothes to show them off and she dresses as conspicuously as possible, knowing she will turn men on.









Ronnie enjoys being naive and soft and lets her men make the first move. Then she says yes, and her passions flow. . .





Ronnie is, deep inside, a hot-blooded slut who can't ever get enough of men, or herself!





When she dresses in lace, feeling it tickle her nipples, she smiles eagerly.





Ronnie is the best of everything female: soft and pretty, dressed in lace, but once she's stripped bare, her body and urges rule her totally.



HIGH FLYING BOOBS

Cathi smiled as she faced the people. It was her first day on the job, and she was nervous. Her fingers trembled as she lifted the microphone.

She cleared her throat and switched on the sound. "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Flight 100 of States Airlines. Our trip from Los Angeles to New York will begin shortly, and will take approximately four and a half hours. The captain requests that you fasten your seat belts for a safe trip. . . . "The words rolled off her tongue with ease, and as she spoke, telling the passengers all about the air mask and the emergency exits, she grew calm and happy. She was a stewardess!

Vic kept his eyes focused on the girl talking into the microphone. She was like a vision of perfection to him, and he lit a cigarette, wanting one last smoke before the "NO SMOKING" sign flashed. He puffed it, inhaling gratefully, liking the taste of the acrid smoke filling through his nose and going down into his throat. That girl! He let his eyes slide down her face, from her soft, wavy blonde hair, cupped delicately around the base of her neck, to the smooth line of her throat. His eyes fell lower, and he smiled with full appreciation. Her tits were huge, and beautiful! He had never seen more perfect boobs, ever, and he had looked. . . .

Vic was a tit man. He had a thing for breasts, all sizes, shapes, and colors. But, as all true tit men, his favorite were the really large ones, almost too big, spilling out of their bra cups. He sighed, watching the girl smile into the crowd of people seated on the plane.

As Vic's hungry eyes slipped

lower, down to the girl's soft, narrow waist and tapered, thick thighs, wondering if she was wearing panties right now, she clicked off the loudspeaker system.

Vic watched her walk down the aisle, seeing the soft, lush flare of her hips, swaying as she moved. He licked his lips, watching her boobs push tightly against the fabric of her uniform. "CATHI," read her nametag.

Ever since he was a kid, Vic had loved breasts. When he discovered the beautiful form of them, and realized they were the basic difference between girls and boys, he had known that he was truly fascinated by them, craved them.

At night, lying in his bed, touching his stiff, still-growing cock, he would think of girls, all of them with large, rounded boobs, all of them smiling at him, laughing, eager and willing to open their blouses and be touched by him.

And now, at the age of 35, he was still fantasizing about titmeat, ripe and firm and glistening with sweaty musk. They thrilled him.

"Sir, please extinguish your cigarette for take-off," said a very soft voice.

Vic looked up. He had been far off somewhere, thinking back about tits. He smiled at Cathi, his eyes focused on the lush mounds of her breasts, pressed clingingly against her coarse uniform. He pushed his butt into the ashtray and rested on the arm of his seat.

"Thank you, sir," she said, sliding back down the aisle.

She served him his dinner, an overdone piece of meat smothered in a terrible thick brown gravy, and he ate it, thinking about her boobs, wondering how they would taste in his mouth, being suckled by his hungry, greedy lips and being bitten by his eager teeth.

By the time the film came on, and the lights were lowered inside the cabin, Vic had a throbbing hard-on that he couldn't control. The old woman seated beside him had fallen asleep,

and her head was on his shoulder, loud snores escaping her nose. He pushed her head away, grunting. His cock blugged inside his shorts, and he wanted, needed to get himself off inside the girl's crested cleavage of tender boob-flesh.

As the credits began running on the screen before him, Vic started thinking back. He thought of his wife, Sharon, when he had first met her. She had been firm and round then, wearing a support bra that gave her tremendous lift and rounded cups. He had fucked her often, screwing her in every room of the apartment, loving the feel of her large, succulent tits mashed against his furry chest. But now. . . . He shook his head, thinking of her floppy tits, and her oversized waist, the bulge of her fat rippling around her sides.

"Sir, don't you want to watch the film?"

He looked up into the stewardess's blue eyes. They were shining like fine sapphires, richly deep. She smiled down at him, and her eyes drifted, with instinct, to his crotch. Her nostrils flared slightly as she looked at his cock, thick and hard, pulsating beneath the fabric of his trousers.

"Oh," said Cathi, her eyes flashing with new arousal, "I see you have other thoughts right now!"

He laughed. "I sure do," he said.

She bent lower, and he could see her breasts. They were so full, so big, shining with a fine film of musky female perspiration. He licked his lips, watching her move further down, and the outline of her suckable tits came into his view.

Cathi had been feeling really horny, ever since the plane took off from the airport. She had wanted to become a stewardess for the adventure of flying from exotic place to exotic place, but, deep beneath that reason was the truth. Planes aroused her. She felt slightly dizzy inside them, and the idea of being in such a powerful, fast-moving thing really thrilled her. They

were, to her, the height of all her deepest sexual fantasies and dreams.

"Well," said Cathi, grinning down at the slightly balding, handsome man, "if you don't want to watch the movie, and you obviously don't want to nap, what do you want?"

Vic took his hand and brushed it lightly over the girl's hand, touching her soft, thin fingers, watching her shiver with delight. "I think we both know what I want. And I also think what I want is what you want. . ."

Cathi slid her tongue over her lips, parting them, letting the fine layer of her saliva coat her mouth. "Yes, you're right. I want to be fucked. . ."

Vic grinned with pleasure and self-pride. His cock, outlined by its huge, pulsating form in his trousers, rippled and coursed with blood-engorged hunger. "Where can we go, to make it?"

"Leave that to me," she said, her voice quietly teasing, her eyes bright with horny lust.

She led him through the cabin, toward the rear, where the restrooms were located. They were empty, Vic saw. The other stewardesses, all pretty and young but with smaller, firmer tits than Cathi, sat in the last few rows, giggling and gossiping, painting their fingernails.

Cathi pointed to the very last row of seats. There were two seats there, unoccupied. "Let's go in there," she said, pressing her hand tightly together with his, squeezing on his fingers, her heart racing with the pressure that flowed and coursed between them.

Cathi had heard stories from the other stews, about good-looking, sexy businessmen on their flights, picking them up, making it with them. She knew this last row was reserved for the lucky stews who got men, and she grinned with self-satisfaction and eager delight. There was something about this man, about the way he leered at her breasts, almost saw right through her uniform, and she knew he was a boob-man. She loved men who knew how to handle her tits.

Vic let Cathi sit, and he knelt before her. His fingers slid down the top of her uniform, pulling at the buttons, slipping the blouse from her shoulders. It fell to her chest, and exposed the pale, young flesh there. He moaned as her blouse parted further, revealing the luscious orbs he had been so deliciously waiting to see. They came naked to his sight, large, white globes of firm, full, velvet-soft skin, ringed by coffee-brown nipples which now stood proudly erect and tight. He could see the fleshy nipples close even tighter, showing the girl's obvious sexual fire and arousal.

Vic didn't waste any time. He peeled down his shirt and tugged off his T-shirt. He tugged down his trousers, tossing off his shorts. Naked, he held his cock for the girl to see.

Cathi shuddered with pleasure to see the man's big, thick cock before her. It was red, with a large, tumid tip and a blue vein which ran the horny length of the thing.

It was as if time lost all meaning for them. All that existed, in that airplane, 30,000 feet over the ground, was the man's ripe cock and the young, horny stewardess's full boobs.

Vic pushed his mouth over the girl's nipples. He loved them, long and hard, taking his time with them, letting his tongue slide onto each of them and twirl it inside his achingly warm mouth.

Cathi sighed low. As the man's eager, hot mouth caressed her swollen, painfully large nipples, with teasing gentle hunger, she felt herself be taken higher and deeper. Her cunt oozed out fresh flowing juice, which trickled down her thighs, over the crotch of her panties. She tugged her uniform up onto her legs, exposing her pale thighs to the man's feverishly starved eyes.

Vic moved his thick, bristly tongue onto the girl's mounds of boob, running his mouth onto her flesh there, feeling and sniffing the warmth of her body, so smooth, so alive, so eager!

"Ohhhh," moaned Cathi, totally lost in the pleasure the man was bringing to her, inside her

boobs, at the base of her large nipples, stroking his tongue all over her there, cupping her tits with his salivating mouth.

"On the floor," said Vic, his voice husky and thick with pulsating lust which flowed through his belly, controlled him.

Cathi did not hesitate to obey him. She lay on the floor, hiking up her skirt, her skimpy, drenched panties exposed to the man's starved eyes.

But Vic didn't want to fuck her, not like this. He didn't want to shove his dripping, eager dick into her. . . He wanted more from her, much more than that!

"Wh-what are you going to do to me?" asked Cathi, her large blue eyes lit with terror and arousal. Her nostrils flared, and she slid her tongue over her lips, coating them with saliva. Her breasts were heaving with passionate desire.

Vic smiled down at her, holding his big dick in his fist. He ran the length of it, recalling how good it felt to titfuck a young girl, like this one. Hell, he could hardly wait. He slid his hand up and down the risen, ripe shaft, feeling it throb with arousal and need.

"I'm going to fuck you, baby," he answered finally, his eyes teasing, his voice hoarse with lust.

Cathi smiled and tugged down her panties. They came off her flesh quickly, easily, exposing a furry, blonde bush beneath. The hair there was curly and very thick, and a layer of tumid, wet juice saturated the fur, coating it tropically. He stared at the cunt, his cock thickening at the sight of the moist box, waiting to be entered and fucked. But he had other ideas in mind for her. . . Other, more arousing thoughts and plans.

Vic let himself slide over the girl, pushing his cock to her tits. The flesh of her there was so warm, so firm, and so moist! He shuddered to feel her skin. He grabbed her boobs in his greedy, thick fingers and pushed them tightly together. They were heaving with delighted passion, pink

nipples straining hard, erect and eagerly tingling.

The boobs came together, pushing into each other, and made a lush pathway for his dick. He shuddered hotly as he stroked his cock to the trail of her moist, tumid flesh there.

Cathi moaned low to feel the man's prick pushed between her tits. She had been fucked many times, many ways, by many different men, but this was something shocking and delicious. The cock fit snugly between her large, firm boobs, and she sighed to feel him there, growing larger as the huge prick thickened and throbbed.

Vic began moving on her, pushing his cock between her large, massive breasts. He pumped her there, rubbing her fleshy tits around his dick, feeling them grow and engorge with fire as he rubbed her huge, lush mounds.

Cathi had never felt anything like it. Her nipples were alive with fever, and she was rocking back and forth as the man over her fucked her boobs. He was heaving, straining and grunting as his hips pumped and banged into her fleshy, large melons. His hips lunged, and his cock was harder, stiffer and bigger, pumping into her tits, scorching her already-burning flesh, driving in to her.

"Ohhhh," moaned Cathi, unable to speak, unable to think. Her whole body came alive beneath him, her mind dizzied and whirled, and her fingers trembled with delight.

Vic held the girl's tits tighter in his grippingly strong hands. He pumped his cock between her big, teasingly hot boobs, feeling his engine throb and pulsate, filling with blood and energy. He humped and fucked her hard, fast, ramming into her, charging through her, lunging his meaty prong through her fleshy mounds, bringing her and bringing himself. His balls thickened, and he pushed them to the base of her lush, succulent titties.

Cathi's face flushed with fevered arousal. She slipped her finger down to her crotch, feeling the magnetic heat spill

and slide from deep inside her sexuality.

Vic felt the girl moving beneath him. With a grunt, he sensed her slide her hand down to her wet, aching horny cunt. Her finger slipped into the gaping hole of her slit, and she began touching herself.

Cathi moved on herself, pushing her finger up her cunt, rubbing the palm of her opened hand on her clitty. Her clitoris was large, full and ripe, gaping with fevered sensuality, and she began pumping herself down there.

She moved up and down herself, sliding another finger into the gushing hole, thrashing with heated delight on the thick carpeted floor of the airplane cabin. She writhed on the floor with horny arousal, slipping fingers up her cunt, moaning as the fire of her orgasm thrilled through her belly. Her nipples strained with passion, feeling the man over her fucking her tits, rising and heaving, his cock growing fuller and larger as he screwed into her tender boobflesh.

Their bodies moved together in perfect, clinging sexual synchronization, writhing with tumid, delicious passion on the floor, joined by the man's huge cock.

Vic looked down at the girl. Her eyes were charged with a raw sexual energy, glaring like the bright blue eyes of a raging tiger, and her lips were large and glazed with saliva. Her nostrils flared like a bitch in heat, and the sight of her made his balls tighten and tingle.

Cathi brought her hand lower, moving it in wide, lush circles over her clitoris. The aroused thing grew larger and fuller, engorging with tumid lust, and she stroked herself heatedly, thrilled by her own self-love. She could feel her orgasm close in around her, filling her breasts, seeping down into her belly, flowing out into her thighs.

They rammed harder and faster, with Vic's thrusting, urgent cock rushing higher onto the girl's pale flesh, thrilling them both.

Suddenly, Cathi came. Her clit burst open, and the juice of her delighted, taken cunt poured down her creamy-white thighs, coating them. She thrashed on the floor, and her movements seemed to hypnotize and ignite Vic. Vic felt his balls ram harder against the fevered flesh of the young girl, and then he groaned, very low, loving the sensation of the rich creamy cum saturating up his cock, filling through it, making it fatter, harder, hungrier.

Cathi's fingers pushed high into her cunt, and she shuddered with pleasure and fulfillment. Then, she felt it. It was a tiny, thick drop at first, and it landed on her chin. She looked down and saw the beefy large head of the man's cock at her face, very close to her, pushing with hunger. She could watch the cocktip grow and thicken with horny pulsations which coursed through it, and she sighed, waiting to feel him come on her.

Vic pumped harder, faster, deeper, driving with a powerful force that seemed to thrill through them both. His cock was pressed up to the girl's lips, and it slid up and down between the soft velvet pathway of her boobs. He came in a hot, horny rush of spasmodic release, his cock spilling open and drenching the girl's face with his lush, eager juice. He poured out every drop of his sperm onto her, and she opened her lips to let the semen flow through her mouth, going heatedly down her throat.

Cathi slurped the man's jism eagerly, taking every drop he slid down her mouth, passionately drinking him up. Then, they dressed quickly and Vic returned to his seat, a broad, pleased smile across his face. Cathi went into the restroom and smiled at her image in the mirror. The man's sperm slid down her lips, forming a horny trail over her mouth, and she slurped it all off with the pointed, eager end of her tongue, thrilled by the man who had just cum on her face, and by the still-tingling warmth between her big, fleshy boobs, where he had fucked her hard.

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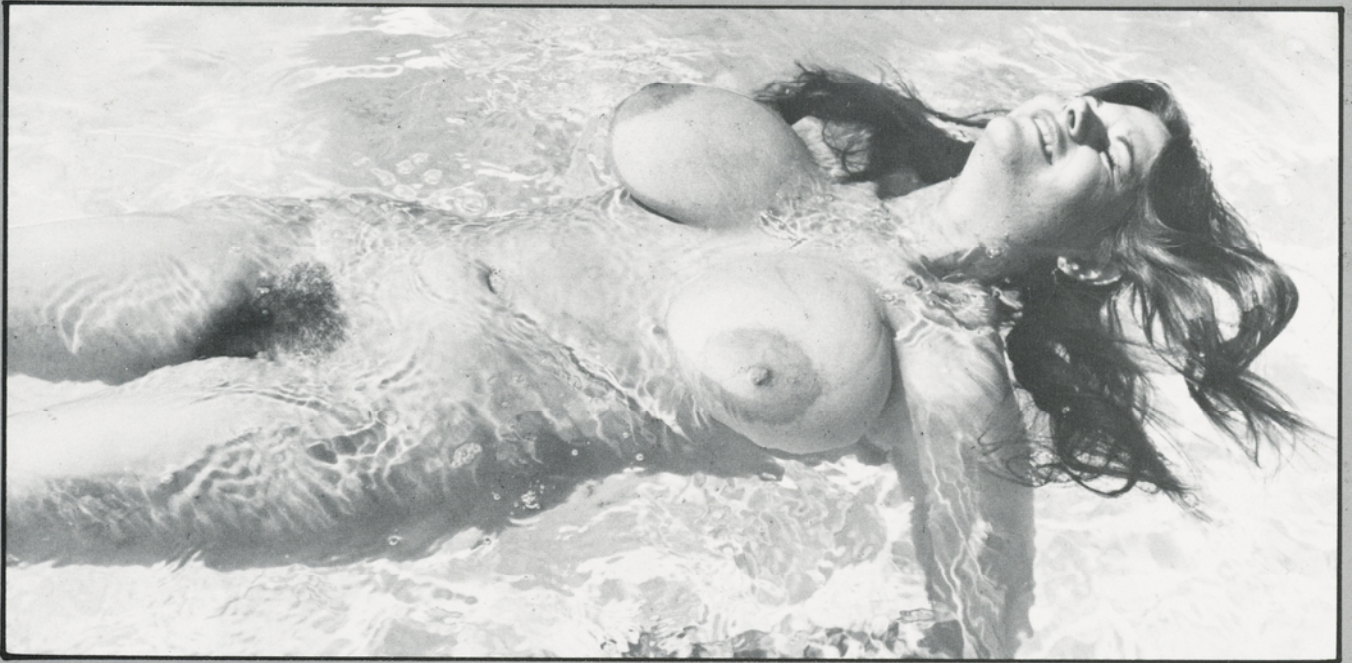


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TO FEEL THE PEAKS
OF HER PRECIOUS
PINK NIPPLES.**



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THEM TIGHT, THEY GET
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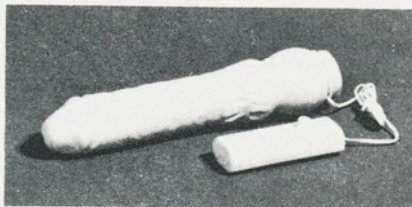
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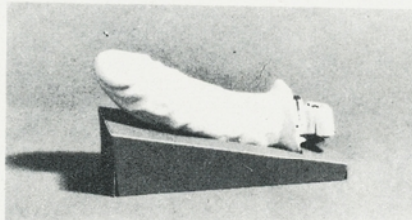
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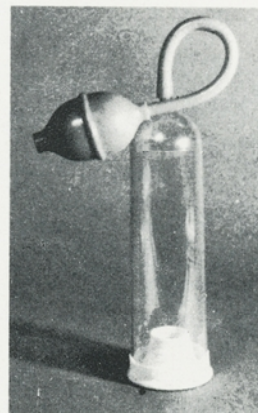


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**SANDY SPLASHES ABOUT, THEN
CLIMBS OUT AND DRESSES.**







(Continued from page 26)

most delightful, natural and special experiences in life any woman can experience. The mother who chooses to breast-feed her infant knows with satisfaction and pride that she has provided her child the type of care and nourishment nature intended. Many mothers consider it a matter of convenience, while others are more persuaded by the physiological enjoyment derived from suckling. As previously noted, the breasts, particularly the nipples, with their ability to experience erections, are unduly sensitive to stimulation, and it seems to make little difference whether that stimulation is from the lips of their infant's hungrily eating mouth, or their mate's loving lips over them. It is a highly arousing, purely physical reaction, and one that produces pleasure in the female.

And yet, with all this information, very few women feel really good about their breasts. They are self-conscious about them, thinking their breasts are too small, too floppy, too large, or too pale. For centuries,

breasts have been the focal point of many women-crazed men and since the dawn of time, when women realized the major physical difference between them and men was the size and shape of their mammaries, they have sought to reshape themselves. For years, women have been padding, binding, strapping, propping up and reforming their breasts with cups and other artificial but clever devices to make themselves, they believe, more attractive to those of the opposite sex. In most cultures, throughout the vast expanse of the world, a great deal of emphasis has been placed on the breast. Some men seek the largest, firmest, juiciest tits they can find, viewing them totally as sexual objects for their own selfish delight and glorification. And, really, who can blame them?

Where, thirty years ago, a woman (with small tits) in our society had no choice but to push socks and underwear into her blouse to give the appearance of greater, huger tits, modern technology and the fashion-conscious world have made great strides to relieve these women of their problems and psychological hang-ups. With the advent of padded bras, many women began to feel new self-confidence, padding and stuffing giving them the extra few inches it took for them to feel more like a "whole" woman. Now, however, the underwire bras, the cut-out bras and the push-up bras have all but replaced the need for bra-stuffing. They give a woman more "oomph," pushing up the breasts she does have and highlighting them in her clothing.

And plastic surgery and silicone implantation have come a long way. This type of plastic surgery, with breast implants to increase the size and firmness of a woman's boobs, is known as mammoplasty. Done in sterile conditions, by competent and patient surgeons, the operation can be a full success, giving a woman the breasts she craves. Silicone is a clear, colorless fluid that forms a rubbery substance when injected into the body, and it has a propensity to form, occasionally, into small lumps that may drift. However, silicone itself is a non-harmful substance, and the operation, when done by the hands of a skillful doctor, can give a woman new self-confidence and pride.

Lola is one such woman, born and raised on a farm in the Midwest, who sought large tits, after moving to Las Vegas with the dream of becoming a showgirl.

She sits now in her apartment, a small but tidy place, filled with souvenirs from the hotel showroom where she works. Her hair is blonde, falling softly to her waist, and her eyes are green and piercingly bright. But her face is not the focal point of our attention. Her tits are massive, huge and firm, tucked very tightly into the skimpy bikini top she is wearing, flowery and pink. The bikini bottom is equally skimpy, and traces of her blonde, curly pubic hair poke out naughtily from beneath her suit.

"When I left home, my parents thought I was crazy. I had this cute little body, but I looked like a boy. Tiny hips and a small waist, and nothing up here," she points to her magnificent, slightly sweating cleavage, "but two pinpricks I guessed were supposed to resemble boobs."

She lifts her glass of lemonade and drinks a huge gulp. "Well, I believed in myself, and I left home. I came here and found a doctor, someone another showgirl recommended to me. Very quick, easy and not too demanding about his bills being paid . . . I went to him twice for silicone, and now I have a great job, a great sex life, and the tits of my dreams." She pushes them together, squashing them into a full, deep cleavage, and they stand upright, covered only partially by her skimpy bikini top. They are tanned golden and beautiful, and are almost too much for a bona fide tit-lover to resist.

Lola smiles with bright eagerness. "Want a touch?" she asks.

They are full and firm, almost like real boobs, but much firmer. The flesh is warm and comfortingly soft. Lola unfastens the bra she wears, letting our fingers roam all the way over the lush forty-inch mammaries. When we squeeze the nipples, she licks her lips, obviously enjoying it as much as we are.

She smiles, then giggles with soft pleasure. "You know, I'm going to get famous from these. They've changed my whole life and everything in it. I can't even count how many big-time producers and directors have asked for my name. And, something else, sex is better now for me, too. Before, it was nice and all that, but I would always lie there and wonder if

the guy thought my tits were too small and not exciting. Now, I know the guys I sleep with adore my boobs. They worship them, really. When one of my lovers licks and slurps my tits, I know he's getting hot, as turned on by them as I am. It's like they're electrified now, really. Sometimes, when I'm by myself, I'll go into the bathroom and check them out in the mirror, and I'll grin like an idiot, just knowing they're mine, and they're beautiful . . ."

Sally is a young woman with another kind of problem. Her breasts measure fifty inches across, and they are, for her, too big.

She is a secretary for a large legal firm, but today is her day off. She is wearing a T-shirt, and the outline of her breasts is something almost unbelievable. They are tremendous, and their nipples jut out against the fabric of her shirt.

"I got these when I was about twelve. Seems like overnight, they just sprang up. My mom has big boobs, and my grandmothers both had real big ones, but these, well, they're just too damn big! Ever since I can recall, boys used to take me out, for nothing but a feel. Once they got their touching out of me, they'd go home and forget me. It's not too great being the biggest-titted girl in town.

"I got my job now because of them, that's for sure. I don't type or take shorthand half as well as any of the other girls there, and I hate the fact that men ogle me whenever I get up to go to the ladies' room. I mean, they really think I'm a sex object, nothing but two real big bazooms . . . and I'm not."

She twists her engagement ring, her eyes shining brightly. "Well, the guy I'm in love with, Peter, he doesn't care one way or the other, thank God. He says they're nice to cuddle in and all that, but he knows I want my operation. So, next week, I'm going in for it.

"It's simple, really. All my excess breast tissue will be removed surgically, and the remaining tissue is going to be remolded into a smaller boob, one I've chosen for myself, to fit into ordinary clothes and regular-sized bras. I mean, after a few weeks, I'll be fine, and I can even nurse my babies, so what the hell do I have to lose, except about fifteen inches!" She laughs happily.

For many women, like Lola, having large, firm boobs is the only thing in life that will make them fulfilled and happy in their own sexual identities. While others, such as Sally, fight against the stereotyped image of themselves as sex objects with their large, hanging breasts. Either way, it is very important to mention that, although many women view their own sexuality by the size of their bra cups, this is as much an over-used, trite and untrue fallacy about female sexual delights, as the notion that a man's virility is intrinsically linked to the dimensions and length of his prick.

Breasts are beautiful. That is undeniably and completely true. Some of the myths and ideas about breasts, however, should be seen as outdated and false. The true ideal beauty of a woman lies inside her, not hanging on her chest . . . Although, finding a wonderful, kind and understanding woman with a great set of tits is one of the best things that can happen to any man!



