

BRA BUSTERS

NO. 11

£1.00



RED-HOT
MAMAS WITH
MONUMENTAL
MELONS AND
UNQUENCHABLE
SEX DRIVES!

INTERNATIONAL EDITION
ADULTS
ONLY

BRA BUSTERS

NO. 11



CONTENTS

PAMPERED PERFECTION/Photo Essay Treated like jewels	4
HER MONUMENTAL TEATS/Fiction Already mammoth at 18	12
GWEN'S GLORIOUS PAIR/Photo Essay She's proud of 'em	16
CAN YOU JUDGE A WOMAN BY HER BREASTS?/Article Identifying characteristics?	23
MOLLY'S MAMMARIES/Photo Essay Her man loves them up	27
BLACK & BOUNTIFUL/Photo Essay Big-titted mama	34
LEZZIE TRAMPS/Fiction Prick-teasing the boys	44
HER COME-ONS/Photo Essay Using them to meet men	47



BRA BUSTERS No. 11 is published eight times a year by Night-Bird Magazines, Ltd. and distributed in the U.K. by David Gold & Son (Holdings), Ltd. Rich Industrial Estates, Crimscoth St., London S.E. 1 5TE and in the U.S.A. by MAGCORP, The Magazine Corporation of America. Copyright ©1980 by Night-Bird Magazines, Ltd. **BRA-BUSTERS** is copyrighted and may not be published in whole or in part without written consent of the publisher.

EDITORIAL

We pay our respects to five gals with glorious globes in this issue—gals who not only have been more than blessed by Mother Nature, but who don't mind giving us an earful of what turns them on in bed, too. We've always believed in providing a little background on the dolls we profile in pictures whenever possible, and these five are no exception. So get an earful and an eyeful . . .





AdultMagazinesPDF.com

PAMPERED
PERFECTION



SHE TREATS HER GLORIOUS
BREASTS LIKE THE FAMILY JEWELS.
SHE BATHES THEM DELICATELY,
SMOTHERS THEM IN SOOTHING
LOTIONS AND CREAMS, MAS-
SAGES THEM DAILY . . .





SHE SAYS SHE'S ALWAYS HOPED TO FIND A MAN WHO'D TAKE CARE OF HER BREASTS THE WAY SHE DOES. "I THINK IT WOULD BE HEAVEN TO HAVE SOMEONE TO MASSAGE THEM FOR ME, BUT SO FAR, NO LUCK." SHE TELLS US SHE'S HAD LOTS OF APPLICANTS FOR THE JOB, BUT MOST MEN FLUNK OUT. "THEY'RE TOO ROUGH," SHE EXPLAINS.



"MOST GUYS THINK A GIRL
WANTS HER BREASTS MAN-
HANDLED, BUT MOST GIRLS
LIKE GENTLENESS . . ."



"THERE'S NOTHING MORE EXCITING
THAN A MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT
TO DO WITH A BOSOM."





"A MAN WHO GETS ME IN BED AND TAKES HIS TIME IN FOREPLAY IS THE MAN FOR ME. MOST JUST WANT TO GET IN AND OUT, BUT NOT THE ONE I'M AFTER . . . "







Her Monumental Teats

Betty Rhodes was blessed or cursed, depending on one's point of view, with the most enormous pair of breasts in all of Hudson County. Betty considered them quite an asset. True, it was terribly difficult carrying them around with her all day, forcing her to lean back to compensate for their great weight as she walked. Her parents were horrified at the astronomical costs of the custom-made bras she required. These factors paled

in significance when the plus factors were considered.

Although only nineteen years old, Betty had already discovered that her monumental teats were as good as currency of the realm, something that she could use to barter for favors from utterly fascinated men.

For example, at the tender age of eighteen, her bra already a size forty-two D-cup, this incident occurred as she walked home from

college carrying a heavy load of books.

"Betty," Johnny Werner grinned impishly as he came up to her, "if ya let me play a little with yer tits, I'll carry them books home for ya."

Up to this time, Betty had been horrified by the sudden, overwhelming development of her breasts. Her girl friends in college had teased her unmercifully, while the young men's whistles and catcalls had embarrassed

her.

Now, as she walked along with Johnny, relieved of the weight of the books, his eyes popping at the sight of her great breasts bouncing about in the tight confines of her sweater, her hatred for them began to change.

Later, in the semi-darkness of her hallway, she hadn't minded in the least as he slid his trembling hands beneath her sweater and wormed them under her drum-tight bra, squeezing and pinching the foam-rubber-soft flesh. As a matter of fact, she had rather liked it, discovering to her amazement later on that her panties were sopping wet with warm elixir.

Foolishly, Johnny couldn't keep his mouth shut, and shortly there was a platoon of fellows bidding to carry her books home for the opportunity to handle her massive breasts. One offered to buy her a Coke, plus carry her books, and she chose him. The next day, one offered her a hamburger.

In a weeks time, they were offering her cold cash. The going rate went from a quarter to five dollars, her breasts a glorious forty-eight inches from the almost constant handling.

It was November when they moved, and Betty had eight months to go to finish her senior year in college. She rose and showered, planning on making a triumphant first entry at the local college. As always, when without a bra, there was a constant strain on her shoulders and collarbone as she selected the garments she would wear. She chose a black lace bra designed to fit her peculiar needs. It was like a double hammock built for two, boned and wired to hoist and separate, cradling the twin monsters to ex-

citing heights.

Through trial and error, she had discovered that there was only one way to get into her enormous bras. She bent from the waist till her torso was horizontal to the floor, her breasts dangling like huge watermelons toward her feet, pulled below her knees by the force of gravity. She caught the great, swaying breasts in her bra cups, filling them to overflowing, then worked the straps over her shoulders. The hardest part was to work the catches at the ends of her heavy-webbed body straps. She tugged and tugged, lifting the over-filled cups until she finally managed it.

She encased her gigantic, projecting breasts in her tightest, most revealing sweater, then wriggled her way into a skintight polka-dot, silk skirt, finishing off with long, black hose and shoes with huge platform soles supported by chunky heels. She knew that the tiny, mincing steps that she would be forced to take in those high heels would cause her great teats to jiggle deliciously.

There wasn't much accomplished in the classes that Betty attended that day. The men were unable to concentrate as their eyes bulged at the sight of Betty's massive globes. They appeared to rest like two great blimps atop her desk.

"Do you like Cokes?" a hulking giant of a boy asked her as he sat at the desk right next to her in her second period class.

"Who doesn't, big spender?" she smiled, noting how his dark eyes were burrowing like ground hogs into the lavish cleavage revealed by her low-cut sweater.

"I'll meet ya at the front entrance after school," he

grunted.

Joe Marano turned out to be a shy, considerate young man, but strangely despondent and distant as he drove her home in his Volkswagon after they had finished their Cokes.

"My mom's out for the day and I'm still thirsty, how about another Coke?" she asked as he pulled the V.W. up in front of her house. "On second thought, I don't really want a Coke, I want an explanation, chum," Betty said, her voice sounding irritated as they entered her house. She turned and faced the huge man, her enormous bust heaving and bubbling out of her sweater from an increase in her breathing. She noted the huge bulge in his skintight jeans, wondering how big it would be when erect.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm not accustomed to having boys ignore me," she scolded, turning sideways so that he wouldn't miss the enormous, jutting quality of her bra-lifted teats. "Do you know that eight boys asked me out for Cokes after school? I sure picked a lemon."

"I'm sorry, I dig ya . . . I dig ya plenty," he grinned, his black eyes burrowing once again into the shadowy depths of her unequalled cleavage. "Ya got an outta-sight shape, baby, but some-thin's botherin' me, that's all."

"That's good, I thought I was losing my touch," she smiled, her fingers itching to wrap themselves around his monstrous manhood. "What is bothering you?"

"I should be at football practice today. I'm eligible. That fart of a history teacher, Mr. Wainright, flunked me on my last test."

"Wouldn't you rather be with me than kicking an old

football around?" Betty whispered huskily, moving close to him and sliding her slender white fingers around the great protrusion in his jeans, finding it soft, but incredibly massive.

"Ordinarily I would, baby, but next Saturday is our last game and there's gonna be a bunch of football scouts in the stands to see me," he gasped as her probing fingers moved intimately over his male goodies.

"Come into the living room and sit on the couch, I'll soon make you forget your troubles, as a matter of fact, I might be able to do something about them," she whispered, leading him into the living room by his rapidly hardening manhood.

"H-how can you do anythin' about it?" Joe stammered as he sat on the couch and watched as she gathered the midriff of her sweater in both hands. With teasing slowness, she tugged it upwards toward the great overhang of her jutting breasts, revealing her creamy white diaphragm.

"Oh, you'd be surprised, sweetie," she smiled as the sweater reached the great undersides of her swollen breasts. "There's not much I can't do when I set my mind to it . . . where men are concerned that is . . ."

She gave a strong upward and outwards yank to enable the taut sweater to clear the prominence of her twin peaks. Her face vanished a moment in the body of the pullover, then it fell to the floor. He focused his eyes on her bra-clad bust. The extra large, black lace cups were filled to the limit, massive half-moons of flesh billowing over the tops and quivering.

"I can see that you like," Betty smiled as she saw an enormous boner thrashing

about in his jeans. Both of her hands were behind her back grasping for the hooks, her twisting shoulder joints thrusting the great melons forward, forcing additional pressure into the flesh-filled bra cups.

Joe gasped as the bra suddenly loosened and the enormous mammary glands toppled free like an overwhelming torrent of released emotion. The great teats resembled half-filled beach balls, shifting sluggishly under their own laxity as she wriggled her way out of her skirt and stood triumphantly before him, clad in a black lace garter belt that was partially hidden by the overlap of her huge appendages, garter straps that were seemingly attached to their undersides as they emerged and ran down to sheer black hose that was tautly stretched upwards into inverted V's, and skyscraper-heeled, platform soled shoes.

"Still thinking about footballs?" she smiled wickedly as she moved to his seated figure, bending forward and engulfing his face in the warm, scented depths of her cleavage. "I think that you'll find mine much bigger . . . and far more exciting."

"Somethin' else, baby . . . they're somethin' else," Joe gasped as she placed her hands on the outside perimeters of her breasts and mashed them all over his face.

Then when his hands replaced hers, almost sinking from sight in their billowing softness, Betty reached down and unbuttoned his jeans, a hand burrowing inside, probing through the opening to his shorts, her fingers snaking around his gigantic boner, she whispered, "Tell me about old Wainright, has he any hang-ups that you know of?"

"I went into his desk drawer the other day looking for a blackboard eraser and found a sex book there . . . can you imagine the old bugger?" Joe moaned, in the depths of her scented cleavage as she stroked his hot meat into further erection.

"What kind of a sex book? Be specific," she shrieked as she spread her luscious black nylon-sheathed legs and straddled his thighs, settling down, he entering the fiery depths of her.

"Nothin' sensstional, just pictures of broads all dressed in leather . . . gloves, boots, you know the sort of thing," he moaned as Betty's thigh muscles bulged enticingly under their sheer black covering as she used them to bounce herself up and down on his massive manhood.

"That's all I need to know, babykins," Betty said. Her release flooded over her. "You'll play football Saturday."

* * *

"It won't do no good, baby. He's too old. I'll bet he hasn't had it up in years," protested Joe as he let Betty off in front of the elderly teacher's home the following night.

"He's breathing isn't he? My father always said that I could make a corpse come," laughed Betty as she climbed out of the V.W., reaching down with a hand that was now tautly encased in gleaming black kid and patting his swollen prick. "Park in the next block and wait for me . . . keep him nice and hard for me, this shouldn't take long."

It was raining hard, and after Joe drove off she stood for a while until she was drenched, knowing that it would cause her black silk

frock to adhere to her lush ripeness like wet tissue paper. Besides the dress, she was clad in black hose, knee-high, black leather boots with eight inch rapier-like heels, armpit-length, black kid gloves and a tiny mask that barely covered her eyes.

"Oh, I feel so foolish, Mr. Wainright," blushed Betty a few minutes later as the teacher opened the door to her ring. "I know you don't recognize me with my mask on. I'm Betty Rhodes of your fourth period history class. I was driving to a masquerade party in this silly, kinky clothing and my car broke down in the next block. I knew that you lived here so I was hoping you'd let me phone a garage."

"Oh, I recognize you . . . even with the mask on. Come in child," he wheezed, unable to keep his beady eyes from roving over the sensational, leather-clad girl.

Mr. Wainright was tall and stooped, in his early sixties, Betty guessed. He had a huge cranium, with his sparse grey hair combed carefully across it to hide as much of his baldness as he could. A pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, not modern but from a bygone era Betty suspected, rested near the tip of his hawk-like nose.

"Do you have a bathrobe I could use for a few minutes, sir? I'll have to slip out of this dress and put it over a radiator so that it can dry out," Betty asked as she went to the phone and pretended to phone a garage, pressing one of the buttons down so that she wasn't connected.

With bathrobe in hand, Betty moved from the room, her hips swiveling provocatively, the wet silk outlining each of her meaty asscheeks individually to him, her

equally wet, black nylon-clad limbs gleaming excitingly.

"Oh, Mr. Wainright, my gloves have shrunk a bit I'm afraid, I can't bend my arms enough to reach my zipper . . . could you help me?" the over-abundantly endowed blonde beauty called out a few minutes later.

As the elderly teacher stood behind his massively-busted student, having difficulty working the wet zipper, finally tugging it down, Betty felt something as hard as steel probing at the crevice between her tautly encased asscheeks.

Betty spun around, her ripe, richly-painted lips in a wide open O of surprise when she saw a behemoth, half again the size of Joe's loose in the teacher's trousers.

"Why MR. WAINRIGHT! she screeched. "You NASTY old man!"

"P-please accept my apologies," he stammered, his spectacles clouding over as perspiration began to run down his great forehead. "I-I don't know what came over me."

"Does this happen to you in class . . . do you get an erection every time you see an attractive girl?" she snapped, awestruck by the unexpected size of his penis, reaching down with leather-clad fingers and grasping his mighty boner as though to emphasize her point. "I think that the principal, Mr. Haraway, should know about this."

"Oh, please don't inform him . . . I-I only have two years to go to get my pension," he pleaded, obviously terribly upset, however, his manhood still hard and long in his trousers, was in her gloved hand as she stroked it to and fro.

"One favor calls for one in return . . . don't you agree, sir?" Betty smiled wickedly, both of her gloved hands on

his mighty weapon now, taking up a gentle back and forth motion, the material gradually becoming sopping wet and adhering to its shape.

"W-What favor can I-I do for you?" he rasped.

"I haven't had a real man in simply ages, the guys in school bore me silly," Betty giggled as she slipped out of her dress. He gasped at the sight of her awesome tits jammed together by her taut, heavily boned bra, the rich red hue of her aureoles and nipples showing clearly through the diaphanous material.

"W-Why yes, I'd be most happy to," he gasped, then Betty sank to her silken knees and deftly unzipped his fly, licking her carmine-laden lips till they shown wetly, as though she were a gourmet about to savor a delectable meal.

"I-I simply have to kiss him first . . . if you don't object," Betty whispered hotly. Her ripe body was aflame with desire as she hoisted his massive cudgel out of his trousers.

"I-I don't object in the least," he groaned as the enormous busted girl's painted lips worked furiously. Her head was bobbing as he took her enormous tits out of the bra-cups and sank his long, bony fingers into their incredible softness.

"And, oh yes, sir, afterwards, I'd like you to do me one other teeny-weeny favor," Betty gurgled through wide-stretched lips.

* * *

The following Saturday, big Joe Morano scored four touchdowns. But Betty didn't see it; she was in a motel with her history teacher . . . ■

Gwen's Glorious Pair

"MY TITS ARE SO SENSITIVE, SO MUCH A PART OF ME, I FEEL LIKE I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THEM . . ."







"I KNOW I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THEM WHEN I'M IN BED WITH A MAN BECAUSE HE USUALLY GETS THE MESSAGE. IF I MAKE IT WITH A GUY WHO DOES A NUMBER ON MY BOOBS, THERE'S NO WAY HE'S NOT GONNA REALIZE WHAT HE'S DOING TO ME . . ."





“THERE’S A GUY I’M SEEING REGULARLY BECAUSE HE LOVES TITS. BOY, WHEN HE GETS A NIPPLE IN HIS HOT MOUTH AND RUNS HIS ROVING TONGUE OVER EVERY INCH OF THAT TIT, HE CAN HAVE ANYTHING HE WANTS. AND HE USUALLY GETS IT, TOO. ONE TIME HE WAS STONED AND DID AN ORAL TRIP ON ONE TIT FOR TWO HOURS!”



“IT’S LIKE I HAVE LITTLE
NERVE ENDINGS IN MY TITS,
AND WHEN A TONGUE
TOUCHES ONE OF THEM, YOU
BETTER LOOK OUT . . .”



“AT TIMES I’M SO SENSITIVE
THERE THAT I SHUDDER IF
ANYONE EVEN THINKS ABOUT
SUCKING MY NIPPLES.”



Can You Judge A Woman By Her Breasts ?



Everybody knows that the real all-American sport is breast-watching. The American way has always been, 'The bigger they are, the better,' and every American male has grown up hearing things like, "Check out *those* jugs" and "Did you see that pair?" It is no wonder, then, that he attains his puberty thoroughly grounded in the search for, and study of, the mammoth mammary. Did you ever wonder why?

Since American females have almost completely abandoned the centuries-old custom of suckling their young, what purpose does the female breast serve?

Silly answers to that question occur readily enough but, unless you are ready to give up hours and days and weeks of sleep, unless you are willing to spend weeks and months and years in an endless examination of thousands of female breasts, never ask yourself that question seriously.

If you already have asked yourself that question and the warning has come too late, you may as well go on to the hundreds of other questions that that first one prompts. For instance, why does the gynecomorphous anthropidan (blooming female-bodied human being, if you prefer) have mammae (breasts) all through life beyond pubescence (regardless of whether she ever becomes a mother) when no other gynecomorphous mammals do, except while they are suckling young?

Before you can answer even that question, you find yourself struggling with still other questions, such as, if all sows' teats are alike, all cows' udders essentially alike, etc., why are all women's breasts (when divested of their disguises) so vastly different and unlike?

Difficult as these three questions seem, there is a simple answer to all of them and to the hundreds of other questions like them. That answer is the reason for gynecomammology (the science of interpreting the personality and character of the human female as disclosed by the characteristics of her breast). And, just as the answer to those questions is the reason for gynecomammology, so is gynecomammology the reason for this report.

Personality and character, our own as well as those of others, have always been perplexing and mysterious. Through the ages, people have sought to "read" personality and character through astrology, phrenology, chiromancy, etc., and, more recently, through psychology, with varying degrees of

satisfaction and dissatisfaction, but always without success. Psychology, at first a fad and now a pseudo science, has always been almost successful in interpreting personality and character as disclosed, but it has failed completely in all its efforts to "read" undisclosed personality and character, with the result that the aura of mystery cloaking them has remained secure and unsevered.

One factor overlooked through all the ages has been that of Nature itself. Probably, diverted interest can explain this but, regardless of diversion, it cannot excuse it. Time and time again philosophers have said that Nature hides no secrets, she is never party to a crime or deceit; she supplies a "window" to all that is not exposed, and man needs only to discover the windows nature has provided.

The window is personality, and character has been with us ever since man (or the woman of the species) was created, but through the ages we have looked at it, admired it, speculated on it, contemplated it and seen it as everything but the "window" that it is. Only the serious asking of the questions with which this report begins finally drew back the drapes and made man see that the breast is not merely a breast, but a "window" to its owner's innermost secrets of personality and character.

As a "window" the breast (when exposed) is even more revealing than the picture window in your living room. Like a microscope that discloses ignored germs in a drop of water, it discloses facts that even its owner is not aware of. But Nature has taken pity on the owner whose secrets are better hidden. She has made the "windows" to unsavory personality and character unsavory themselves in like degree so that women instinctively "draw the blinds" to hide their unsavory personal traits from the eyes of the world.

Nature, in her pity, was wise, but Nature at the same time (wisely or unwisely) failed to provide against deceptive females. As a result, women, instead of merely drawing the blinds on their unsavory "windows," have resorted to all sorts of trickery to make their "windows" deceptive. With all manner of disguises, devices and thrystagems, they have falsified their "windows" and distorted the view. Beneath it all though, the true "window" (when uncovered) still bares to view all the secrets of personality and character that the women would hide or distort.

Through this discovery, because of this new concept of the female breast, this sudden realization that it is a window to its owner's personality and character, we are prone to think of the breast itself as something new or as a new discovery, but let us spare ourselves that error. True, this new concept may heighten interest in and attention to the breast, but even so, it is doubtful that the breast itself will notice the difference. Why? The reason is simple. The breast is almost an individual, a conceited, egotistical frump accustomed to being the center of attraction, for the female breast is the one organ and object that has never lacked for interest or attention through all of time.

In all history, since the beginning of time, probably, no subject has commanded more universal attention or been accorded more interest, constantly and undiminishingly, than the mammae of the gynecomorphous anthropoid. The breasts of female-bodied human beings, through all of time, have commanded more interest and attention day to day than science, health, politics, religion, education or any other subject or object. Everything else suffers many days of forgottenness in time, but the breasts of the human female never do.

Every male, consciously and unconsciously, from the days of earliest childhood, has an awareness of the female breast and consciously and unconsciously gives it speculative attention every day of his life. Likewise, every female, very consciously, has an awareness of her own and other breasts almost from infancy, and daily contemplates her own and observes all others comparatively.

Use of the term 'every' makes no allowance for exceptions and the term is used here because no exceptions have ever been discovered, even amongst celibates and those who live in cloistered seclusion.

The subconscious and unconscious and conscious awareness of mammae is an interesting subject in itself. There is not room for a full discussion of it in this article (it would require a full volume of its own), but it is touched upon here in order to point out the spectacular notice accorded the breast even in the absence of any awareness of a reason for such notice.

Motion picture studies of this phenomenon reveal and prove facts about it that are vehemently denied until a playback of the picture forces an embarrassed admission. The common test used to prove the fact is a simple one that anyone can employ even without a camera. With one person (male or female) alone in a room, from a point of vantage the observer (or camera) watches that person's eyes as a female enters the room. Invariably, without exception, within the first seconds of the female's entry, the eyes of the other person (whether male or female, young or old, cleric or atheist, bashful or bold) will flit directly to her breasts.

Of course, one would expect these results if the entering female were wearing a tightly molded sweater or a peek-a-boo dress or gown (one designed to hide only the "eyes" and to deliberately expose anything else that immodesty short of vulgarity permits), but these hundred percent results are obtained even when mannish, severely-tailored suits and unflattering dresses are worn.



This phenomenon produces an unending chain of interesting facts. One, of course, is that women accord as much notice to the breasts of other females as men do. Another, is that nuns and monks (whether they be Christian, Buddhist, or what they be) are no different from the noncelibates when subjected to this and other tests. The most interesting revelation of the phenomenon, though, is that results are the same regardless of whether the entering female is fully clothed, partly clothed or clad in a bikini, or even naked.

A peculiar feature of the phenomenon is that it persists even against an individual's will. To prove this, all you need to do is merely tell the test subject beforehand that he or she is going to be subjected to the test, and describe it. Almost all test subjects will claim immunity to the phenomenon, certain in their own minds that they can control the reflex that forces eyes to flit to a female breast. However, even when forewarned and exerting their will against it, over eighty percent of males and ninety percent of females (women must have less will power than males) will succumb to the phenomenon.

There are other tests to prove the universal awareness of the female breast (some simple, some complicated), tests that prove this awareness is greater than any other that humans have, consciously or otherwise, except the awareness of the senses themselves. This is truth that easily belies all denial, and because it is a truth it makes almost unbelievable the fact humans have been advancing toward civilization some twenty-five thousand years or more without ever discovering that the breast is

Nature's "window" to the mysteries of personality and character.

With this truth before us we must view another truth. Millions of volumes have been written and years of research done on uncountable other subjects and objects of universally lesser interest, but heretofore almost no writings or researches analytical of the indicativeness and qualities of the female human breast have been disclosed to the world. Despite all the interest, attention and notice it has been accorded, the breast has been woefully neglected as an object and subject for scientific study. Other than some worthy volumes on breast surgery and some very unworthy and unscientifically founded volumes parading as guides to "breast development" and the like, little or nothing has heretofore been published on the female breast.

For thousands of years, without an awareness of their breasts as "windows" to their innerself, women have been aware that the female breast is the focal point for attraction of the opposite sex. Their discovery of the fact, though unrecorded, is no mystery. Probably even in pre-caveman days, the female noticed how her breasts magnetically drew the gaze of males. This and other male attentions, such as fondling and caressing the mammae, forced her to an awareness of the influence of this appendage with the male.



Because women have been aware of this they have, since the very beginning, looked upon their breasts as lures. And, like fishermen who experiment in the devising of fish lures, women have experimented endlessly (and still do) with ways and means of making their lures more alluring. Hopefully, one might even say ambitiously, they have adorned their breasts and embellished them, garnishing them in an infinite variety of ways.

Before civilization and throughout early civilization, women decorated their breasts with dyes and paints, sometimes with intricate designs, and the custom has never died. To the contrary, instead of passing away, the custom (in its more modern forms) is again spreading. To a lesser extent than in earliest time, throughout the advance of civilization and right on into our time, paints and powders and rouges have been used on the breasts to enhance their qualities of attraction. Today, with styles once again baring the breast more and more, those women who have breasts worthy of display spend as much time with paint, powder and rouge on the make-up of their breasts as they do on the make-up of their faces. More time, in some instances, admittedly, and those admissions are backed by good reasoning. With complete frankness they say, "Of course we spend more time on our breasts than our faces; they'll be noticed more."

In early civilization, as soon as a female reached puberty, she adorned her breasts with anything that would attract attention to them and make them more attractive (in her mind) to the male. Sometimes the adornments were simple, but often they were intricate. At times they were true works of art, time consumingly and carefully constructed of colorful feathers (like fish lures). Other times they were jewel or seashells, or else ornaments made of metal, wood or cloth.





In some instances, these adornments were painfully and painstakingly sewn or wired to the very skin of the breast; in other instances they were glued or stuck fastly to the breast with resin or other vegetable saps; in still other instances rings or bracelets made of wood or metal were fitted tightly around the breast and further ornamentation was fastened on or hung from these encircling bands.

Later, when climate or style of the time decreed or necessitated clothing covering the breast, women refused to let the cloaking defeat them and always managed to suggest their mammae and emphasize them by means of beltings, diagonal girdings, draped fullness at the breasts, or otherwise. Far before our time, women were expert on the suggestive stylizing of raiment; so much so that the most immodest of today's women's suits and dresses and gowns would have been much too unseductive for even the most modest maidens.

As time advanced, girdlings expanded in width and design until they became the early corset, and from there on the various forms of corseting were developed to displace girdlings completely. From the very beginning, whether they pinched the waist or not, all corsets were primarily designed to exaggerate the breasts, or support them for display. The early corsets, being sometimes worn as an outer garment and sometimes as an undergarment, were usually fancy and elaborate contrivances. Corsets, inflexibly constructed and covered completely by rare and colorful feathers that were stitched to them in either intricate color-blending designed or exquisite mosaic patterns, pictorial and otherwise, vied with each

other as they performed their function of being a display shelf for the bosoms of royalty. Flexible corsets woven or brocaded with silver or gold and heavily jewel encrusted also cupped royal breasts for display. Lesser corsets, of course, cupped the not-lesser breasts of lesser women.

Unfortunately, the corset, until recent centuries, served the purposes only of those who possessed breasts of at least modest mass. Those women who were without breasts of adequate mass are credited with the invention of breast-encasing corsets as an offensive weapon. Once they had created them they turned to devising all manner of breast-encasing corsets and then defensively resorted to paddings made of a great variety of substances in an effort to, with one stroke, hide their lack, stuff the void, and suggest a mass they were wishful of.

In northern Europe and the Scandinavian countries, rabbit fur was preferred and was the padding chiefly employed as a void stuffer (and many women used it even in America until recent years and there may be some who still do). Still later the posey and rosette, made of scraps of fabric gathered and closely tufted, were originated in France and employed there and elsewhere as a corset topper. Those served not only to stuff the void but to, at the same time, suggest that the wearer genuinely possessed a desirable and comely breast which was merely flirtatiously covered by the fancy ruffling.

At one time, when a man married and found his nuptial bed shared by a female with physical appurtenances somewhat less than what he had been led to expect, he was without a recourse and had to accept his lot; and his wife, having caught her a husband (luckless fish that he was), abandoned the use of her strictly lure-purposed deceptive devices. (Actually, in certain areas it was and still is considered indecent and bordering on immorality for a married woman to use these devices). The result is obvious, and some husbands today have painfully shared the unhappy experience; the husband becomes the laughing stock of his friends immediately.

As a consequence, and to avoid his friends' jokes, the husband who was thus caught (through being unprepared and unexplored before marriage) forced his wife to continue the use of her deceptive devices. No matter how affronted he had been by her deception, he had to become a co-conspirator in order to save himself the embarrassment the disclosure of her deception would cause him.

When husbands themselves became co-conspirators in the deception and single women found themselves now having to compete with married women as well as other maidens, the game lost much of its sport and women, both married and single, began losing much of their former and originally natural interest in it. With the sport gone and much of the interest lost, women slovenly quit taxing their individual ingenuity and began using standardized, commercially produced thrystagems. Married women offer an excuse: Why be creative when you have already caught a husband and all you are doing is saving your husband's pride? What

(Continued on page 58)



MOLLY'S MAMMARIES

MM



MM



MM



MOLLY HAS ONE OF THE BEST
PAIRS OF MAMMARIES WE'VE
ENCOUNTERED. THEY'RE NOT
ONLY HUGE, WITH PLENTY FOR
EVERYONE, BUT THEY'RE PER-
FECTION. BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED
AND SMOOTH AS SILK . . .



AFTER HER LAST MAN LEFT HER, THE MEN
FLOCKED AROUND. BUT MOLLY TOOK HER TIME
IN FINDING THE RIGHT TIT-LOVER FOR HER.





MM



MM



SHE FOUND THE RIGHT GUY, BUT WE NEEDN'T TELL YOU. THE PICTURES SPEAK. AND HE LOVES MOLLY'S MAMMARIES.

MM



MM



MM





**black &
bountiful**



**LIKE THE FRUIT ON
THE TREES IN HER
BACKYARD, THIS GAL
IS BOUNTIFUL AND
RIPE FOR PICKING . . .**



**THE LUCKY DUDE WHO
LANDS THIS FILLY IS
GOING TO HAVE PLENTY.**









**"I'VE GOT A LOT TO GIVE A MAN,
AND I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU, I
WANT A MAN WITH A LOT TO OFFER
WHERE IT COUNTS, TOO. I'M NOT
WHAT YOU'D CALL GREEDY, BUT I
JUST FEEL THAT TWO WELL-
ENDOWED PEOPLE FIT BETTER . . ."**

**"I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE GALS
WHO CAN SUCK HER OWN
NIPPLES, SO I NEED A MAN
WITH A GOOD HOT MOUTH
AND TONGUE TO DO IT
FOR ME . . ."**







**"I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL FIND WHAT I'M
LOOKING FOR, BUT I'M TRYING."**



ANNOUNCING

The arrival of
'Doc' Johnson's
family of superior
marital aids . . .
now available at
all of your finer
sex boutiques.



The Mini Mystique

The Maxi Mystique

The Elite 7 inch

The Elite 10 inch

The Caress



The Explorer

'DOC' JOHNSON
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!!!



LEZZIE TRAMPS

Helene and her younger roommate, Brenda, were having breakfast in bed. It was only fitting that the two beauties should make a pleasant meal of each other's many charms. They were definitely subject to each

other's influence, and they uninhibitedly chewed upon the hot flesh in the rented suite of rooms.

The whole truth was that Helene was as addicted to Brenda's tits as the younger woman was addicted to the skilled use of Helene's tongue. Helene loved large-busted females, just as much as men loved them. She swooned with pleasure as she sucked at Brenda's large, quivering clitoris, reaching down the length of her tight, smooth body to catch a swaying nipple in her fingers. The feeling of the giant nub in her palm made her shake and moan with unbridled lust and the desire to literally consume the younger woman.

Her reverie was broken by the laughter of Brenda, who now sat on the bed between her legs, playing idly with the dense pubic curls of Helene's mature, succulent twat, every so often inserting a finger into the pie, coating it with juice, and then licking off the finger in her mouth.

"You came before I did, you old whore!" Brenda said. "You're such a selfish, horny, lecherous old bag, Helene. I've never met anyone in my life who could come just by playing with my tits! Christ, you're just like those guys who spy on us out in the woods on our walks. I bet they're jacking each other off while they watch us. What do you think?" she asked, the sarcasm still evident in her voice.

"Well, dear, if you mean the guys are engaging in homosexual contact, I really don't see how you can afford to be too critical. After all, what do you think you're doing down there right now with those divine fingers of yours? A little higher dear, yes, that's it, rub my little button for me . . . oh, yes, a little harder, Brenda dear. We older women like a little roughness on our honeypots!"

"Faggots are disgusting, you old cow! Lesbians are beautiful! All the guys want to fuck you and me. Tell me you haven't seen all those hard cocks in the dining room whenever we walk in there. Goddamn, I bet every creep at this resort is jacking off right

after breakfast, his eyes shut, just aching to grab my tits. Isn't that right, Helene? They're all a bunch of faggot jack-off artists, and only us girls know anything about pleasure and love, right?"

"Oh, come on, Brenda. Do you mean to tell me you aren't even curious for a little taste of male meat? You know full well that I go both ways, and to tell you the truth, even though I am in love with you, and I find women ever so much more attractive and tasty than men, a bit of sperm in the hand or mouth, or even in the cunt is good for a girl's complexion!" she kidded Brenda, trying to egg the younger fox into more outrageous talk.

"Shit! You've got to be kidding, Helene. Before I fell in love with you and learned what pleasure really was, I was the jerk-off queen in my hometown. I used to jack-off every one of my dates and get that sticky pus all over my dresses and my hands and tummy. Oh, it was so disgusting, the way they dry-hump you, feeling your tits like they were punching bags or something. Then they get really hot and go out of control and shoot that crap in their pants. Oh, it's just awful!" Brenda squealed, continuing to swirl her fingertips over Helene's inflamed clit.

"Brenda, I'm surprised at you! You know very well that with that kind of attitude, that's all you could expect from your dates. You've got to take your time with men, dear. You know, build them up with your fingers, then relax a little, build them up again and then back off and, finally, give them a luxurious fingering right around the tips of their dicks — it's just like a clit, honey, honest. You'll have them in the palm of your hand if you treat them right, dear. You can have them eating cunt for hours, even days on end, if you play your cards right. Believe me, I'm telling you the truth," said Helene, seeing if the information had seeped into Brenda's bigoted girl-soul.

"I could show you all the ways of stimulating a man's sex organs so that you'll never have to work a dreary job again in your life, my dear. You'll have the skills

necessary to have every impotent homosexual wimp in the world paying for your services, begging with credit card in hand for a chance to masturbate in front of your swaying tits, whining like a poodle at your feet for the chance to lick your rectum till it sparkles. Does that sound attractive?" Helene asked, her tone deadly serious and her intentions of the highest nature.

"Sure does. I can't wait to get those queers in here! We'll have a field day with them, and make them jack each other off and suck each other's dicks, and then we'll take their money and kick their balls off!" Brenda squealed in sadistic glee.

They fucked each other until they were lathered in sweat and sex juice. Then they went into the bathroom to shower, after which they would make their way out into the woods near the lakeside resort to seduce the horny young men.

They locked their suite and strutted out by the pool on their way to the woods. All of the men and women stared in awe at the brazen pair. The voluptuous girls exited from the wooden gate and began their hike.

"Don't turn around, Brenda. Just listen to me. Did you see the two creeps get up to follow us?" Helene asked in conspiratorial glee.

"Of course I did. I can fucking hear them stumbling in the bushes over there to the right. Such idiots! God, I hope they have their pockets jammed full with money!"

"Don't be so fucking greedy, Brenda," Helene cautioned her over-anxious friend. "You'd better hope that their pants are full of wet, dripping male meat. The money can wait till you've learned how to handle a penis properly."

They continued to walk up the hill and over it at a brisk pace until they reached a secluded spot near an old abandoned barn. They decided to spread their towels out on the ground for a little sunbathing, and a little exciting play to egg on the studs who were obviously following and were within easy spying distance.

"Showtime, Brenda. Leave your sandals on and I'll leave my boots on. You've got no idea what it does to a guy's mind, and his cock, to see a naked girl in boots! I tell you, if that doesn't bring them out of the woodwork, nothing will!" Helene said, pulling open her top and slipping her shorts off to reveal herself to her lover.

Helene spread out her large towel, and Brenda joined hers with Helene's, and then the two lay down, bellies up to the sun. Helene immediately extracted a bottle of lotion from her purse and, dumping a large greasy blob onto Brenda's belly, she began to rub it into the younger woman's skin. The feeling of Helene's lubricated, skilled fingers coating her nipples and boobs with the slick oil sent Brenda into a fit of shakes, and she yearned to caress the older woman's body with her tongue. She rolled over and wrestled the bottle away from Helene. Laughing, she dumped its contents onto the quaking belly of the older woman. They struggled and laughed with each other until they were both coated from chin to ankle in the slippery lotion. Then they embraced in a passionate fury, their fingers probing for the furnace-like entrances of each other's burning twats, Helene's fingers closing over one bulbous nipple of Brenda's tit, pinching the rigid nub till it grew twice as large, and then popping it into the hot confines of her hungry mouth.

From the bushes, Jed and Ralph looked on in breathless awe at the big-busted beauties frolicking in the blazing sun.

"Goddamn it to hell, I gotta fuck the one with the long hair and those giant tits!" exclaimed Jed, panting in heat and speedily whacking himself off.

Ralph smirked and unzipped his pants, exposing a dripping, hopelessly engorged penile member to the air.

"Take the fucking younger one — I want mama. Look at that cunt! Look at the way she's sucking off that little whore! Christ, that's talent!" he said in a voice twisted with seething lust.

"I got a plan," Ralph an-

nounced. "We'll surprise 'em. Come up naked on 'em, and when they see our boners, well, they're gonna have to come through with hand-jobs at least. We can threaten to turn 'em in for being queers if they don't perform right off the bat!"

Jed remained clothed, still stroking the oversized organ that arched out from the fly of his Levis.

"They could get scared and yell rape, Ralph, and then where'd we be at, huh? We'd be up shit creek without the paddle."

"Ah, horseshit! Who's gonna believe those whores, anyway? Everybody's seen how they dress, how they're always pinching each other's tits and lookin' at each other around the pool and even in the dining room. They're a pair of lezzie tramps—they *seduced* us, dig?" said Ralph, hinting at the full measure of his strategic capabilities. Jed agreed with a nod and then removed his pants and let them drop to the ground.

"Now, we'll start out being nice to 'em, but you let me do all the talkin', alright?" They began to make their way down the hill, out of the patch of trees where they had been hiding. "If they don't come across right off, we'll go into the threat routine. You'll see how fast those bitches get down on their knees and start with the suckin'!" he boasted to the trembling Jed.

"Thirsty, gals?" Ralph said casually as he peered at the gorgeous lesbian aftermath that lay sprawled at his feet just inches on the other side of a crude wooden fence.

Helene opened her eyes. "I believe we have company, Brenda . . . some very handsome company, handsome and ample, I might add," she crooned with a throaty, cum-dripping voice. "By any chance, were you fellows spying on us?" asked Helene, caressing the insides of her thighs with her fingers, in plain view of the two young men. Jed almost shot his wad at her lascivious gesture.

"Oh, hell no, ma'am. We just spotted you sunbathing in the raw, and we decided to see if we

could join you. Ain't that right, Jed?" Jed couldn't respond intelligibly; only a low moan escaped his lips as he gritted his teeth and nodded like a mute.

"The cat seems to have gotten to poor Jed's tongue," Helene teased, deftly turning to face the entranced young man. "Perhaps you guys would loosen up a bit if some of that terrible tension between your legs was relieved. What do you think, Jed? Would you like to step over the fence and lie down on your back on the blanket and have Brenda here give you a hand-job? I'm sure you'd feel a lot better after a nice hand-job, and you could feel her tits, too . . . the ones you're staring at while she's palming you off. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Jed began to quiver all over, his knees banging together, his dick bobbing and a streamer of drool hanging off his chin.

Helene laughed at their eagerness. It was time to start in with the psychological pressure, however. She sat down next to Ralph, and Brenda sat down in between Jed's legs, and together they began to lightly stroke the immense, dripping dicks, concentrating on titillating the men mercilessly, Helene pacing the action to Brenda's delight. These lads were going to pay for their fun . . . pay dearly.

"Ralph, dear, stop twitching so much and just let me work at my own speed. You men have absolutely no concept of the meaning of the word *pleasure*! All you want to do is spew that sticky stuff up in the air. Isn't that right?" Helene cooed, doing a tantalizing finger tango over the oozing slot of Ralph's cock, causing him to grimace and gasp.

"See, Brenda. They can't even talk anymore! Now, if we were to decide that it was getting late and we had to go back to the hotel room for our beauty rest, what do you think these studs would do to try to convince us to stick around a little longer, for their own pleasure?" Helene asked Brenda slyly.

"Gee, Helene, I am getting tired. Why don't we pack up and

leave now, before it gets dark? I'm sure they could relieve themselves, or maybe they'd take care of each other? Are you two homosexuals by any chance?" the younger bitch asked, speeding her fingers over Jed's pulsing meat.

"Come on, Helene, you gotta give us hand-jobs, you promised!" whined Ralph. Helene laughed at him and grinned over at Brenda, who likewise cupped Jed's eggs in her palm.

"I promised? Did I? Well, I can change my mind, dear, you know. How are you going to prevent me from changing my mind? How are you going to get me to let you feel my big tits, dear? It is my tits that are driving you out of your mind, right? I saw the way your friend was staring at Brenda's lovely tits. What would you give us to let you feel those tits, maybe put your dicks in between them and fuck us there?" she goaded Ralph, giving him a sexy squeeze to his balls and slipping one long finger up his asshole with a corkscrew motion that made him

squeal out loud in ecstasy.

"We'll pay you! I'll give you five bucks for a hand-job. I got it in my pants up on the hill. Five bucks!" he managed, thrashing his head from side to side, desperate for his climax, but totally under Helene's exquisite fingertip control. She laughed at him.

"A five-dollar-whore! That's what Ralph thinks of me, Brenda. Let's leave. Now!" she spat, dropping the petrified cock in disgust. Brenda did the same. Both men cried out in blue-balled agony.

"Hey, c'mon, you promised!" Ralph squealed, his face contorted in frustration and anger.

"And you just insulted me, you piece of shit!" Helene barked. "I wouldn't whack you off for less than twenty, up front!" she snarled, kneeling over him with her hands on her hips.

"Alright, alright!" Ralph said. "You'll get the money as soon as we get back to the hotel. C'mon, Helene, now finish me off!"

"You think I'm stupid enough to believe that bullshit, Ralphie

boy? You get a free hand-job, squirt all over my hand, and then go running off? You think I haven't heard that kind of shit from twirps like you before? No way, sonny. You've got to prove that you're gonna pay . . . you've got to show me and Brenda that you're up to your word. Now, how are you going to do that, sonny?" Helene demanded, wickedly flicking the inflamed end of Ralph's organ with her sharp nail, causing the big, thick, wet cock to collapse instantly.

Brenda bellowed out laughter at this move, and she reached out and grabbed Jed's swollen cock and roughly jacked up and down on it while she brutally wrenched his balls. He screamed in ecstasy and pain, completely immobilized by the crafty young bitch.

"I don't know. What do you want, anyway?" Ralph asked, tears streaming down his cheeks as he stared at his shrivelled meat.

"Well," Helene began, "I don't know about Brenda, but I have a terrible itching in my rectum. I'd

RUBBER QUARTERLY will fit your needs

You'll feel the sensual texture and smell the distinctive odor of latex and rubber as you turn the pages of RUBBER QUARTERLY — a magazine devoted exclusively to the erotic possibilities of this versatile and very touchable material.

*Expand your horizons. Stretch your mind.
Get into RUBBER QUARTERLY and squeeze more
pleasure out of your life.*



ON
SALE NOW
ASK
YOUR BOOK
DEALER

like you to lick my asshole. And when you've done that for awhile, maybe you'd lap my cunt some and get me out of this terrible mood you've put me in. Then we'll go back to the hotel and you can get the money. That's twenty for me and twenty for Brenda, and we'll see if we can find the time to finish you guys off. How about you, Brenda? Do you think a little tongue up the ass would prove these two are quite willing to pay for their pleasure?"

"Maybe, Helene. But I really think that the only way they could make up for the horrible things they've done is to suck each other off for us right here and now. It's really too bad we don't have a camera to photograph it, because then we could be sure they'd pay well. A rim-job might change my mind, maybe," she said, dropping Jed's dick and whirling her body over his so that her ass was an inch from his mouth. She reached behind her and pulled her cheeks open with her fingers.

"Get busy, Jed. That's one of the prettiest assholes a guy could ever lick, and if you do a good job of cleaning it, I may let you suck on one of my tits for a minute," Brenda said, following her remark with a shake of her ass, signaling she was ripe for rim. All Jed had to do was open his watering eyes and he was presented with a sight that raised his erection to a new plateau of stiffness. There it was, a polished, puckered anal ring, looking for all the world as tasty as a fresh jelly doughnut, and hanging below it were a pair of fluffy wet pussy flaps, appetizing as an ice cream bar on a hot day. He swooned and began to chew the asshole with a ravenous appetite.

Helene adopted a similarly dominant stance, pressing her more mature and experienced asshole against Ralph's hungry jaws, and soon the only sound to be heard above the chirping of the birds in the meadow was the slurping of the young studs enjoying their first taste of girl-butt.

Carrying on shamelessly, the two women maintained a free-flowing conversation all the while

the men licked and sucked at their rectums, casually leaning over in the middle of their talking to suck each other's mouths while the lads worked blindly from the rear.

"These two are easy to work with, Brenda. See what I meant? I don't think we had to exert our delicate fingers for more than five minutes before they became eager to give us our pleasure. It's all tied up with their sense of macho pride, believe me. They're born that way, you know, always trying to prove something. It's quite useful, if you know how to handle it. Right?" Helene mused, enjoying to no end the feeling of a powerful tongue in her asshole in the open-air setting.

"Sure is," commented Brenda, twisting her ass in Jed's face. "I'm glad we didn't have to bring them off, either. I think I would have gotten sick at the sight, to tell you the truth. I guess after we're paid in full, it won't be so distasteful to jack the guys off, but I think we should make sure of their honesty first by having them suck each other off in our room while we take pictures. Don't you think that would be good insurance?"

"Yes, I do, Brenda. But let's give them the benefit of the doubt, and see if they come up with the bucks on schedule. Ohhh, Ralphie dear, would you mind using a little more tongue while you work? And use your fingers on my twat as well, it's itching, too."

Needless to say, the promise of more exquisite fingertip action on their organs kept the men busy with their tongues. Well after they had succeeded in bringing both females to a nearly endless stream of orgasms through the rim technique, both ladies swiveled daintily and thrust their cunts into the lads' mouths and demanded a thorough and lengthy twat-chewing session, as further evidence of their sincerity. It was getting dark by the time the foursome got up and dressed to return to the hotel for dinner and other treats.

Helene and Brenda walked Jed and Ralph up to their rooms, and with tender squeezes to their crotches, reminded them of the

financial debt they were responsible for. The fellows promised to deliver in ten minutes, and the girls went back to their suite to wait it out.

Exactly on schedule, Jed and Ralph arrived, money in hand. Ralph handed Helene two crisp twenties, then prepared for accepting the other side of the contract by unbuckling his belt.

"Oh, Ralphie, dear," Helene yawned and stretched, thrusting her tits out at the excited young man. "I have a terrible headache now, and I really don't feel like getting my hands or tummy wet with your cum. Do you mind if I just watch you jack off? Here, Brenda and I will be good sports and let you two play with our big titties while you masturbate, and we won't even charge you extra. Alright?" she asked in a patronizing, bored tone.

"But you promised to do it," Ralph whined, echoed by the strident Jed, who already had his boner out of his pants.

"I don't think you understand what I said, Ralphie. What I mean is that some other night, Brenda and I will do it for you, but just now, well, we're a little tired. Now, if you want to leave and just forget the whole thing, that's fine with us. But if I were you, I'd get that hand on my dick real fast and then come back tomorrow night with some more money . . . let's say, fifty dollars, and Brenda and I will be glad to make you happy, like this," she said, sitting on the bedside, opening her hot mouth and giving the head of Ralph's penis a delicious sucking, then quickly drawing back.

"Won't that be nice?" she teased, taking the knob of his cock between two fingers and tugging on its slippery surface for a few seconds. "Now, be good boys and show Brenda and me how much cum you have, and how far you can shoot it, okay?"

Ralph and Jed went at it with gusto, reaching out and fondling the women's tits as they whacked themselves off, the only sound in the room being the squishing of hands on meat, and the faint laughter of the two brazen beauties. □



Her Come-Ons



SHE'S ALWAYS FOUND THAT HER GENEROUS ENDOWMENT HAS GOTTEN HER MORE DATES THAN THE GALS BORN WITHOUT. IT SEEMS MEN ARE JUST NATURALLY DRAWN TO HER TWIN MAGNETS...

"IT'S THE FIRST
THING THEY GO
AFTER WHEN WE
START GETTING
HOT & HEAVY ...
I WON'T SAY IT'S
THE LAST THING
THEY GO AFTER,
BUT THERE'S NO
DOUBT WHERE
THEIR ATTENTION
IS IN THE
BEGINNING ..."



★ PREMIER INTERNATIONAL EDITION ★

STEP UP TO

Keep afoot with what's happening in the exciting world of female domination as you climb through the pages of **HIGH HEELS** magazine.

Miles and miles of gorgeous, leather-sheathed legs belonging to women who are worthy of spike-heeled pedestals. Dozens of haughty, imperious and dominant disciplinarians will put you through your paces on each and every vividly revealing page.

**HIGH
HEELS**

ON SALE NOW
ASK YOUR BOOK DEALER

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





"IT'S GREAT FOREPLAY WHEN A GUY CHOMPS 'EM."







**"I USED TO BE A
DANCER IN VEGAS,
AND THAT'S WHERE
YOU'LL FIND THE
REAL TIT MEN,
TAKE IT FROM ME.
THEY WERE THICK
AS FLIES . . ."**





AdultMagazinesPDF.com

**“I DON’T THINK
THERE’S ANYTHING
THAT EXCITES ME
MORE THAN A MAN
WHO KNOWS HOW
SENSITIVE A GIRL’S
TITS ARE AND ACTS
ON IT . . . ”**





“OH, SURE, I CAN
PLAY WITH MY
NIPPLES MYSELF,
BUT IT’S JUST NOT
THE SAME THRILL
AS WHEN A MAN
DOES IT IN THE
HEAT OF THE
NIGHT . . .”







single women use as an excuse is: Individuality would be too daring by modern standards.

Though the male of homo sapiens has been put at a disadvantage by creation disregarding all its rules, and awarding the focal point of sex attraction to the female of homo sapiens instead of to the male, there are certain compensatory factors in the arrangement. For instance, in lesser animals the focal point of sex attraction possesses little individuality or distinction, if any. All lions' manes are essentially the same; all male ducks of a given kind have essentially the same plumage, as do all cock pheasants, etc., and the focal point (apparently) serves a single purpose, that of sex focus, and does little or nothing that we can detect toward revealing its owners' qualities. However, this is not true of the focal point of sex attraction (as we at long last recognize) in homo sapiens.

The breasts of the separate females of homo sapiens are as different and distinctive as their fingerprints and ears. Just as no two persons have ever been found to have the same fingerprints, so have no two females ever been found to have the same breasts. As with fingerprints and ears, marked similarities can and often do exist, but there are always differences present that are distinctive and identifiable.

Unlike fingerprints, which serve no known purpose other than identification, the breasts, because of their link to the thought processes and mental attitude, serve by their characteristics to disclose (or betray) their owner's personality and character. Because of a vague recognition that at least an emotional link must exist, the dictionaries have long defined breasts (or mammae) as the seat of consciousness of the passions, affections and thoughts. Strictly speaking, such a definition is very erroneous, for the breast, instead of being the seat of the consciousness of those things, is the portrayer of its owner's thoughts and attitudes toward those and many other things, both conscious and other-wise.

The focal point of sex attraction of the gynecomorphic anthropoid shows that its indicativeness is at least some degree of the personality and character of the individual who has long been known or at least suspected by man (and by many women as well). However, through the centuries, instead of man and his sciences delving into and being analytical of this fact and suspicion and thus availing himself of the knowledge that such an analysis could impart, man has viewed the breast vulgarly and lasciviously with only such generalities of depiction in mind as undesirable, desirable, makeable, sexy, pushover, slut, and sloven. True, the

breasts do indicate those qualities (or lack of quality), but they also indicate much more and, when properly viewed and analyzed, indicate the mentioned qualities and many others in all their varying degrees, and enable one to make a critical and exacting interpretation of all the facets of personality and character.

Contrary to popular belief, the breasts are never accidentally or hereditarily of a given type, style, mode, fashion or class. Nature does not cast about and randomly affix large, unsightly, vacuous, pendulous breasts on one female, and well-formed, cupped, bulbous firm breasts on another for no reason at all. Instead, by definition and intricate plan, Nature fashions and gives to each female breasts that fit and depict her personality and character so that to all the world (should her breasts be bared to it) her personality and character are an open book. Furthermore, Nature, in her extreme graciousness, takes cognizance of the injustices that could exist if women changed and their breasts did not. As a result, when a woman changes in personality and character (for better or worse), Nature changes her breasts to fit and depict that new personality and character.

Many a woman (once possessed of firm, well-shaped, bulbous breasts), on finding suddenly that her breasts are withering away to nonexistence, has blamed the change on everything but the radical change in her personality and character. In desperation she has (without consulting a physician) turned to consuming vitamin cure-alls, female elixirs, and old wives' tales. With frantic hope she has submitted to quack body-building treatments that falsely claim they can build the breasts you want. She has spent her money, wrecked her nervous system, and still not regained her breasts.

Other women, accustomed to relatively flat-chestedness, have sometimes been overjoyed to find themselves suddenly possessed of firm, full-formed breasts, even in late years. Thankfully and unquestioningly, these women never stop to consider that the change was a result of recent personality and character changes. At the other extreme of change are the women who have been accustomed to modest breasts and who suddenly find themselves burdened with ponderous, flabby, galligaskin breasts. With these women, those factors in their own revised personality and character that caused the change, also cause them not to question it or to care particularly much about it. As a consequence, these women indolently ignore their unsavoriness and never consult anyone regarding the change, either.

The breasts (protuberant mammae), as they occur on some males and most females, are normal only to the female of our species (that is, the gynecomorphous anthropidan). When breasts occur (or appear at some period later in life) on the male of our species (that is, the andromorphous anthropidan), as they not infrequently do, they do not characterize the male as androgynous or hermaphroditic as some lay persons prefer to believe. To the contrary, except in rarer instances where as yet unexplained imbalance occurs to cause retrogression of the testicles, penis,

etc., the gynecomastic (female-breasted) male is wholly andromorphous in all respects (appearance, function, actions, fertility) other than for that of the anterior of the thorax resultant from the presence of the incongruous mammae. However, at this time we are not concerned with the gynecomastic andromorphous anthropidan (he will be discussed more fully in another article); we are here concerned only with the gynecomorphous anthropidan and the female breast as it is found thereon.

To begin our study, let us first give consideration to the differentiation of mammae (as found in the gynecomorphous anthropidan) from chests (as found in the gynecomorphous anthropidan, but characteristic of the andromorphous anthropidan).

The factor that establishes a breast as a female breast and not a mere chest is the character (or physical properties) of its nipples. Definitely, the nipple is the apical portion of a breast. However, nipples occur on both chests and breasts, as do their areola. Since we are concerned with differentiating between chests and breasts, we must here consider the nipple from the standpoint of its most specific definition: The nipple is the puckered nib at the center of the areola or soft-textured, contrarily pigmented area common to the anterior surface of the thoracic encasement and approximately centrally located thereon or held extended therefrom variously by mammae when present.

When the nipple is protuberant and erectile (susceptible and capable of erection), it indicates the presence of mammae and signifies a lactiferous potential, and we describe the area of its locale as a breast (no matter how flat and unformed the area might be). On the other hand, when the nipple is recessive or not noticeably protuberant, and is not erectile, it indicates the absence of mammae, and thus signifies a nonlactiferous potential, and we describe the area of its locale as merely a chest.

From this you will note that lactiferous potential, as indicated by the character of the nipple, is the primary distinction between chests and breasts, and that by observing and determining the existence of this characteristic we can readily distinguish a flat breast from a flat chest, or a fatty chest from a fatty-form breast. However, should the student chance upon a nipple whose characteristics are doubtful, one that he is not certain of being distinguishably recessive or protuberant, he can always determine which it is by trying its erectile qualities through titillative excitation of it. In plain words, by tickling it. If lactiferous potential exists, titillative excitation will instantly cause it to become erect. So pronounced is this reflex that, in many instances, mere mention of the subject will cause her nipple to grow erect.

It might be advisable at this point to caution the student against over-zealousness. In employing titillative excitation, the merest touch to the nipple is all that is necessary to determine its erectile qualities. Anything titillative beyond the merest touch might readily bring about an excitation of the subject herself, and if such should occur, it might require the student to exercise such measures as would subdue the excitation, and cause him to lose valuable time from his study. □

