

D-CUP

D-CUP

JUNE
1997

**ANGELIQUE
"SQUIRT IT
ON MY
JUMBOS!"**

**BIG
CLITS!
BIGGER
TITS!**

**SENSUAL
ALL
NATURAL
BREASTS!**

**KATIE'S
HUMONGOUS
HOOTERS!**

02636 \$6.99 \ £3.95 UK



TIT TALK

MINKA SELLS OUT

Hi Bobby Paradise, Just wanted to let you know that every time you print my name it is more publicity for me. No matter how you portray me, my fans know better. Just to make life easier for you, I'll take out all my D-CUP appearances on my website and in my fan club newsletter. That way you won't be bothered with having to sell my back issues. I noticed that you are into name calling—"silicone pal." But you also called me an "Asian goddess." Thank you for at least one compliment. See, you can be a nice guy if you want to. Just remember that the silicone girls are the ones who keep D-CUP in business and you, as the editor, in a job. BTW, the

December '94 *Gent* with me on the cover is SOLD OUT. The November '94 *Score* with me is SOLD OUT. The June '96 *Bust Out* with me on the cover is SOLD OUT. The April '96 *Score* with me on the cover is SOLD OUT. So much for your corporate masters' opinion that I am "inappropriate" for the D-CUP cover. But you're OK. No one writes more trash about me than you do and you have certainly helped me increase my fan club membership and mail order business. Thanks for your help.

Minka

<http://www.minkaxxx.com>

PS. Don't worry, I have no intentions of becoming an "intimate" acquaintance of yours. You couldn't handle me. And why do I get the feeling that you and Dr. Barry Tetons are the same person?

O' Minka, Minka, Minka, you surgically-enhanced Korean fox, welcome to America! Of course the "trash" we write about you has increased your fan club membership and mail order business. Here, the primary rule of celebrity states: It doesn't matter what they say about you as long as they spell your name right. And we have been spelling your name right.

"Silicone pal" isn't name calling, it's an affectionate sobriquet. And if Dr. Barry Tetons and I are the same person, all I can say is that it's going to come as a very rude shock to his wife.—BP

MINKA ONLINE

I'm going through the January 1997 issue. I'm in Big Boob Beat, looking in "Naked ambition." I'm trying to access Minka's newsletter. I've tried <http://www.minka.inter.net/newslet.htm>, with and without the <> signs in

the address. I keep getting the message UNKNOWN SERVER CHECK URL. What's wrong?

David

She has a new address:
<<http://www.minkaxxx.com>>.



THE MASTER BATERS

Yo, D-CUP, what's up, ya'll? I'm just taking some time out of my jacking off to write this letter. My wife and I love reading your mag. Together. All the wet cunts make us so horny. We sock it to it every chance we get. I've been having a fists of fury contest, a good ol' Jack-A-Thon 2000. I'm getting some good arm power thanks to your great magazine. Tell Marilyn Rose (January 1997) to try my wife out. She'll lick her up and down and all around. I'll take all she has to give and give her more than she can take. She's the sweetest thing we have ever seen. I'd like to give her ever inch of my love. Does she want a whole lotta love?

The Master Baters
Slimy Hymen and Harry
Palms the Horny Hippo
San Antonio, TX



"Silicone girls are the ones who keep D-CUP in business."



"Christy Canyon is the all time greatest natural D-CUP"

THAT PICTORIAL

It's been a few months since you ran the great pictorial on Christy Canyon. Since then, you've published a letter commenting on the layout in nearly every issue. So far, you haven't followed through on the promise you made earlier in the year about publishing another Christy layout soon. There are a few thousand of us out here who wouldn't want to see you break your

promise, especially after getting our hopes up. Please try to make Christy a regular feature. She's the all time greatest natural D-CUP beauty.

In closing, thanks again for publishing some of my earlier letters on Christy. Its always a pleasant surprise to find one of them in D-CUP, but not nearly as pleasant as finding a Christy layout.

JD



MEETING ROCHELLE

I really enjoy your publication and wondered if there was a way to purchase back issues. I'm looking for a certain model who I spoke to in a local strip club. She said her name is Rochelle, that she's from Ohio, and that she was in the March issue of D-CUP. I'd like to get this issue. Thank you for your time and keep up the good work!!!!

Scott

You must have been hanging out in Chaser's Country in Rootstown, Ohio, where our March covergirl, Rochelle, appears frequently. Her scorching 12-page pictorial in that issue is a memorable one. Back issues of D-CUP from January 1996 to the present are available for \$7

each. Send a check or money order to D-CUP, 210 Route 4 East, Suite 401, Paramus, NJ 07652.



TISSUE ISSUE

I want to compliment you on the Holiday D-CUP. I had to get out the tissue for that issue! I especially liked Carrie, with her beautiful pussy-lips and clit to go along with her beautiful breasts and face.

Name and address withheld by request

MY LAST TIT SESSION

In your December 1996 issue, Morbid96 wrote to "Tit Talk" and said, "But get rid of the guys," meaning have only girls' photos in D-CUP. He hit the tit on the nipple. I agree.

All of us, both subscribers and those who buy D-CUP from the magazine racks, know that your publication is, overall, the best big-tit mag of them all. I think you proved that in the December 1996 pictorial "Together at Last: Honey & Letha in Heat," the best girl-girl spread I've ever seen. Second best is the



"I now have two Polaroids of Lilli pressing her naked tits against me."

June 1993 "Lesbo Island," with Letha Weapons and Bethany Bustin. When it comes to big-titted girls making love to each other, Letha is the best, in magazines and flicks.

My last big-titted girl-girl session was in March of last year at San Francisco's Market Street Cinema where Honey Moons is a house lap- and wall-dancer. The featured dancer was Lilli Xene. I asked Honey if she would do a session with me and Lilli. It was the best big-tit girl-girl session I've ever had, especially since Lilli had just undergone tit augmentation.

I now have two Polaroid shots of me with Lilli pressing



her naked tits against my left side, while Honey is pressing her monster mams against my naked right side. Lilli's nipple and Honey's nipple almost touched as they spread across my naked chest. What a rush!

D-CUP is great, but remember what Morbid96 said.

T.J.H.
Willits, CA



PIERCED BEAUTY

My ex-girlfriend developed an addiction to piercing, greatly increasing the intensity of our sex life. Every woman I meet pales in comparison to her. So in your July issue, the sight of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Please send your letters to D-CUP, Swank Publications, 210 Route 4 East, Suite 401, Paramus, NJ 07652-5116.

You may also send E-mail to: DCUPMAG@ix.netcom.com



TIT TALK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

"I'd love to see more pierced babes in D-CUP."

Olivia's double tongue studs and genital piercing brought back those old lustful feelings. I always fantasized about my old girlfriend with another woman, but it never came to be (but I came a few times just thinking about it!). So to see luscious Busty Brittany lapping up Olivia's flesh and metal got my crank going. I would love to see more pierced babes in D-CUP! And how about some pierced D-cup size nipples?

**Sam
Vancouver, BC**

Honey Moons, in our November 1995 issue, is a fine example of a D-CUP pierced nipple beauty.

SITUATION WANTED

I thank you for maintaining the highest standards of breast journalism. It's always a rush to go to the newsstand and get the latest issue. By the way, I have a two-year degree in journalism...any openings??? Seriously though, I was wondering if you folks have put together a best of calendar for '97? Please let me know, time is running out.

**MM
Twin Lake, MI**

What makes you think an editor and two part-timers need help grinding out 48 mags per year? We can do twice as much work. We're not even human beings. We're androids. But don't tell anyone. Sorry, but we don't have a '97 calendar.

EXPANSION PLANS

Can I subscribe to your publication though E-mail? Please expand your PP&M section. And please put in more young models

Ken

It's best to subscribe by calling 1-800-340-8693. And PP&M is gone, gone, gone.

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REFUSENIK

I refuse to buy your magazine if it is without a PP&M section.

**J.W.
Dayton, OH**

INTERNATIONAL COMMERCE

I just wanted to check on the price of a subscription to England. If I subscribe now, how long will it take to get my first issue? Does the magazine still include your very popular PP&M? Could I send you a cheque made out in dollars, or could I quote my VISA card instead? Thanks for a great magazine, and your time.

**Bob
Online in the UK**

Foreign subscriptions are \$60 per year. The first issue should arrive in 4-6 weeks. PP&M has been canceled. Payment in checks (as we spell it here) made out in dollars, international money orders, or by credit card is fine. Somewhere in this issue is a subscription ad. Fill out the coupon and send it to D-CUP Magazine, P.O. Box 701, Mount Morris, IL 61054-1793.

"Thanks for maintaining high standards of breast journalism."

I WANT MY PP&M

I am a big Canadian fan of the PP&M section of D-CUP. Unfortunately, I can only get them when I'm visiting Washington State in the U.S., since the Canadian D-CUPs don't have the PP&M section.

I don't know why there is a problem here with [censored] models in magazines on our newsstands, since I can get back issues of them by mail. And I recently found on a local newsstand a series of British mags called RAVERS, which have [censored] models in them. Also, there are some hard core [censored] videos available in Vancouver, so I



don't think there is a clear law here.

So far, I have a collection of 11 PP&M sections. On a recent visit to the U.S. I picked up the May 1996 D-CUP. I had read a letter in the October 1996 PP&M section about a [censored] model named Torri in the May issue, and I was very interested in having that issue. So you can imagine my disappointment when I got home, opened it and found no PP&M section. After all my traveling across the border and back, I got a Canadian edition of D-CUP.

It's sad that you've discontinued the PP&M section. Judging by the letters praising the girls, it was very popular with your readers. I know that I'll miss the beautiful [censored] chicks. I hope you'll reconsider and feature a pretty [censored] from time to time.

**T.M.
Vancouver, BC
Canada**

COMPLETE MODEL DIRECTORY

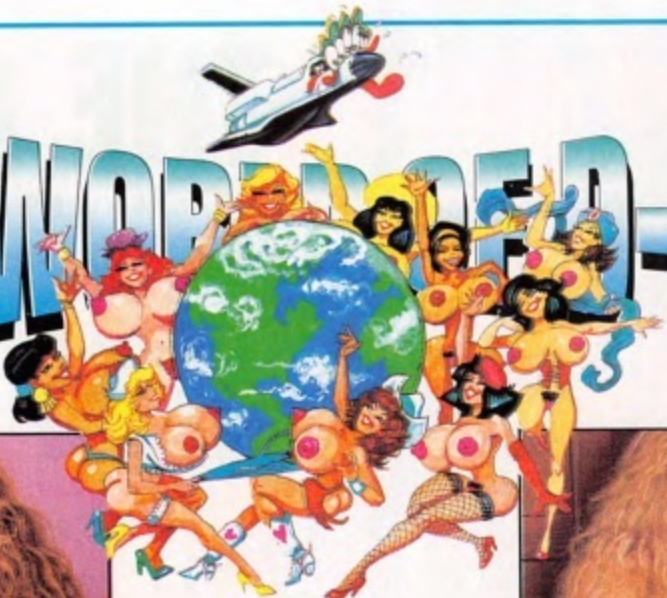
In your May '95 issue, you published a "Complete Directory of Large-Breasted Models." If you have this list online, please send a copy to me by E-mail. I would also appreciate information on ordering back issues of D-CUP from you. What issues are available? What does an issue cost if ordered from Canada? (Including postage, exchange.) Will these back issues be seized at the border by Customs, from what you know? (I don't live in Quebec!)

W

To receive a copy of the "Complete Directory of Large-Breasted Models" send us an SASE. See the previous letter for information about ordering back issues. The possibility exists that material will be seized at the border of any foreign country, but it's unlikely, we think. □

"Please put in more young models."

THE WORLD OF D-CUP



Maybe it's June for you, but for us it's the homestretch to Christmas. And while most other porn rags are now saying something like, *Winter's finally over and as the temperature rises so will your prick as you look at the naked girls in our magazine*, we at D-CUP are muttering "Bah! Humbug!" and contemplating the joy of another dark and frozen December. But we know you didn't buy this magazine to read about our existential dilemma. You bought it for the big juicy tits and the wet open twats. And tits and twats you shall have, brother—raw and in abundance. Yet there's still something disconcerting about communicating with you across an ocean of time. So much changes between the day we write this and the day it appears on the newsstand. Which is why D-CUP has chosen to exist outside of time. It makes no sense to put together a Christmas issue in the middle of sweltering July or a summer issue when we're buried alive in a blizzard. Did you pick up this magazine for a fucking weather report? Do you really want to see Santa Claus von Bulow bury his big, hairy prick between a pair of well-oiled jumbos? Isn't it the well-oiled jumbos you really want to see? What we offer, dear reader, are tits for all seasons, jugs that transcend time, breasts that make you forget time. And when our lineup includes the likes of Chloe, Danni Ashe, Keisha, Princess Pattiya, Angelique, Katie, Hunter Love, Alexandria Quinn, Natalie, Teresa and Jessica James... Time? What's time? Consider it forgotten.





ALEXANDRIA QUINN







*"Spray me with
your cream!"*

In the February issue of D-CUP, there is an interview with Alexandria Quinn, who is a model, nude dancer and star of several classic XXX flicks and recently finished her first mainstream film, *Head of the Family*.

Nothing we might say here would top what Alexandria herself said in her interview, so we're going to quote a few of her sizzling remarks about her sex life.

"I like to get tit-fucked and I like men to come all over my tits and face."

"My husband and I were in Las Vegas and we brought two girls back to our hotel room. Everybody was on me...one would be playing with my tits; my husband would be fucking me; I was getting eaten."

"I try to have sex at least twice a day."

"I love anal sex. It makes me come a lot different and a lot harder."

"I love being an exhibitionist. I got really turned on doing this shoot for D-CUP. I got really excited rubbing the lotion on my breasts because it looks like cum....It really turned me on rubbing my tits and nipples. I like playing with myself in front of people."

You can reach Alexandria via E-mail at <alex@virginsweb.com>. Her website address is: <<http://www.virginsweb.com>>. Or you can contact her the low-tech way by writing: Quinn Productions, 22425 Ventura Blvd., #151, Woodland Hills, CA 91364.











TERESA



Czech her out!

Teresa, the Czech model who you've seen here many times before, now looks like the white queen in a chess set. But that image fades fast when she slithers out of her sexy white outfit. First, the bra goes, revealing what you want to see most, Teresa's luscious, all-natural, chewable, Czech boobs. Ahhh.

Next, the jeans. But Teresa takes her time. Slither, slither, halfway down they come—flash a little leg, flash a little Czech cheek. Then the jeans are gone, revealing the wonders of Teresa's lush but limber body.

But even with all that leg and ass and peek-a-boo pussy, Teresa's boobs are the main attraction for you boob fans, and you're not cheated there. Teresa shows them to you from all angles, each better than the last.













Big Boob Beat



Why Women Don't Like Having Enormous Silicone Boobs

A few issues ago we ran a "Top Ten" list of the reasons why women with big surgically-enhanced boobs liked having them. Now, here's the flip side—Top Ten Reasons Why Women With Big Boobs Don't Like Having Them.

10. "When I bend over to tie my shoelaces, I fall on my face."
9. "When I go into a sporting goods store, it looks as if I'm shoplifting basketballs."
8. "It costs extra money at the laundromat—one bra takes up an entire washing machine."
7. "The wire retainers in my bra set off metal detectors at airports."
6. "I'm always dropping crumbs and cigarette ashes into my cleavage."
5. "I lose things in my cleavage—keys, lipstick, contact lenses..."

4. "I can't use a computer because I can't see the keyboard."
3. "I can't go jogging because my boobs bounce up and hit me in the face."
2. "I can't scuba dive because, like water wings, my boobs keep me afloat."
1. "I can't drive a car because I can't reach the steering wheel."



Fan Club Update

Bodacious Babbet
PO Box 29586
Richmond, VA 23229.



Concerto in Double-D Minor

Why is this big-boobed musician nude? Was there an orchestra of nude, big-boobed women back in the 1950s, the time in which our staff archeologist estimates these photos were taken? Was she a precursor to Charlotte Moorman, the notorious avant garde topless cello player of the early 1960s? Looks that way, right?

So imagine this, big-boob lovers: a symphony orchestra of about 100 musicians, all of them female, all of them nude, all of them with huge boobs. There they are, playing their violins, oboes, trumpets, French horns and trombones, which is what our lovely model plays. And there you are, in the audience, playing with your "instrument." What are you all playing? The Concerto In Double-D Minor for Orchestra and Skin Flute, of course.

Bravo!

"Me Tarzan, You Defendant"

Tarzan, and his significant other, Jane, have been a part of American popular culture for at least 50 years—in Edgar Rice Burroughs' books, and in films, television, comic books and advertising. But the descendants of Tarzan's creator, collectively known as Edgar Rice Burroughs, Incorporated, recently drew the line at their Tarzan and Jane characters appearing in porn films produced by a California filmmaker.

Two X-rated films, *Jungle Heat* and its French version, *Dard'zan* depict a Tarzan-like character who wears a loin-cloth (part of the time), has a large-breasted sidekick

named Jane, swings on jungle vines, cuts loose with Tarzan's patented yell and even has a pet chimp named Cheeta.

Can't do that, says Burroughs, Inc., because, their lawsuit states, the films slur Tarzan's and Jane's "wholesome" image. They "depict the erotic side of Jane's relationship with a Tarzan-like character known as Ape Man," showing the two in "numerous" sexual encounters, which is not consistent with the characters' "high moral standards" and "clean and attractive appearances."

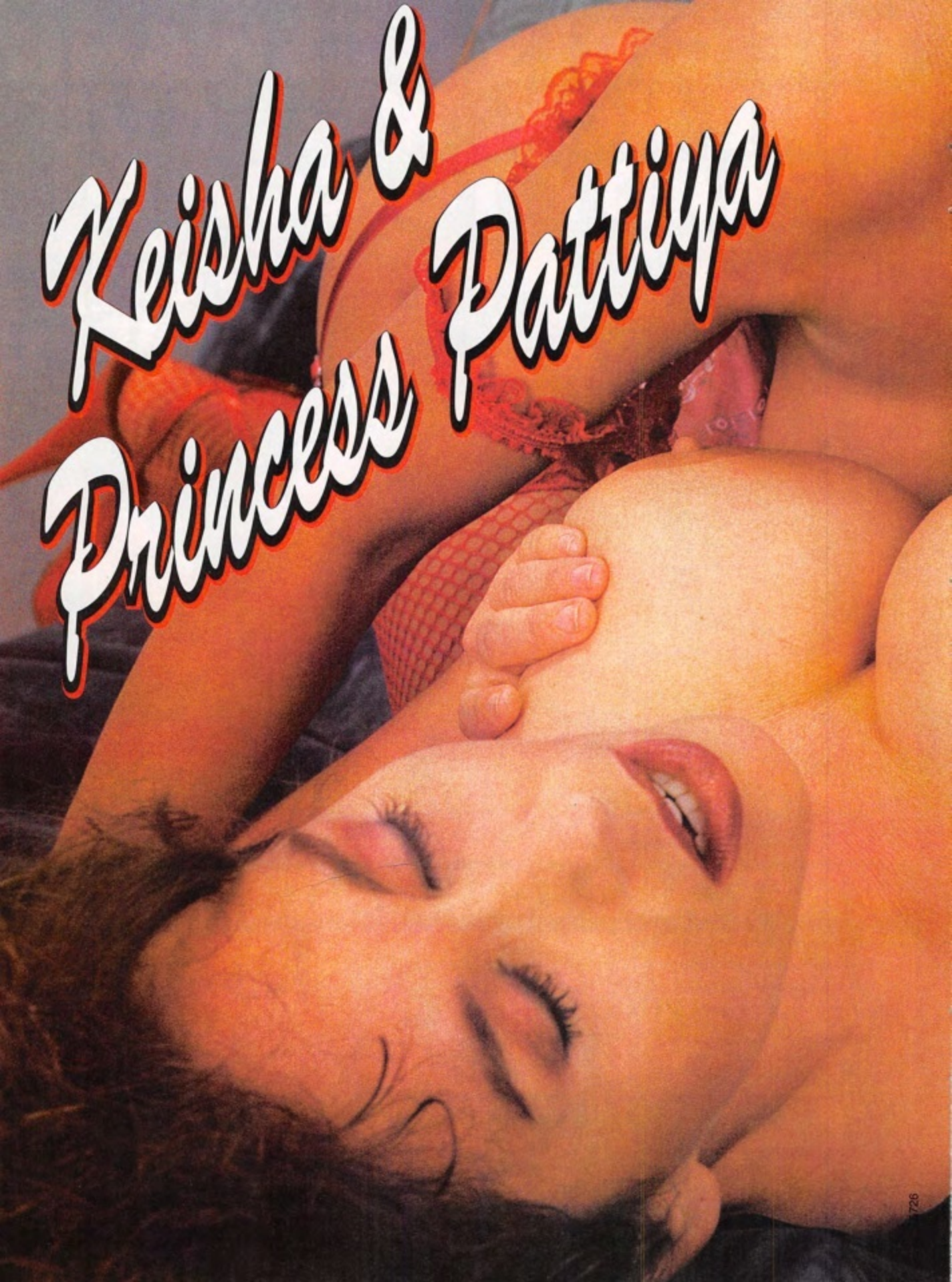
Burroughs' Inc. requested that the court have the two films removed from video shops.

Anybody For Jury Duty?

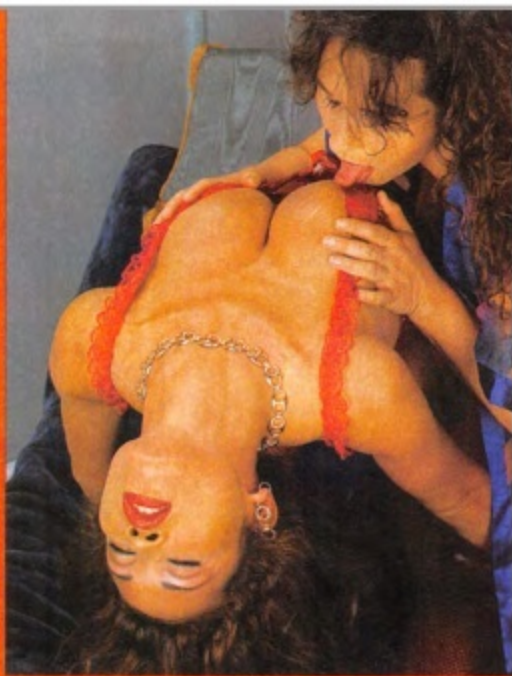
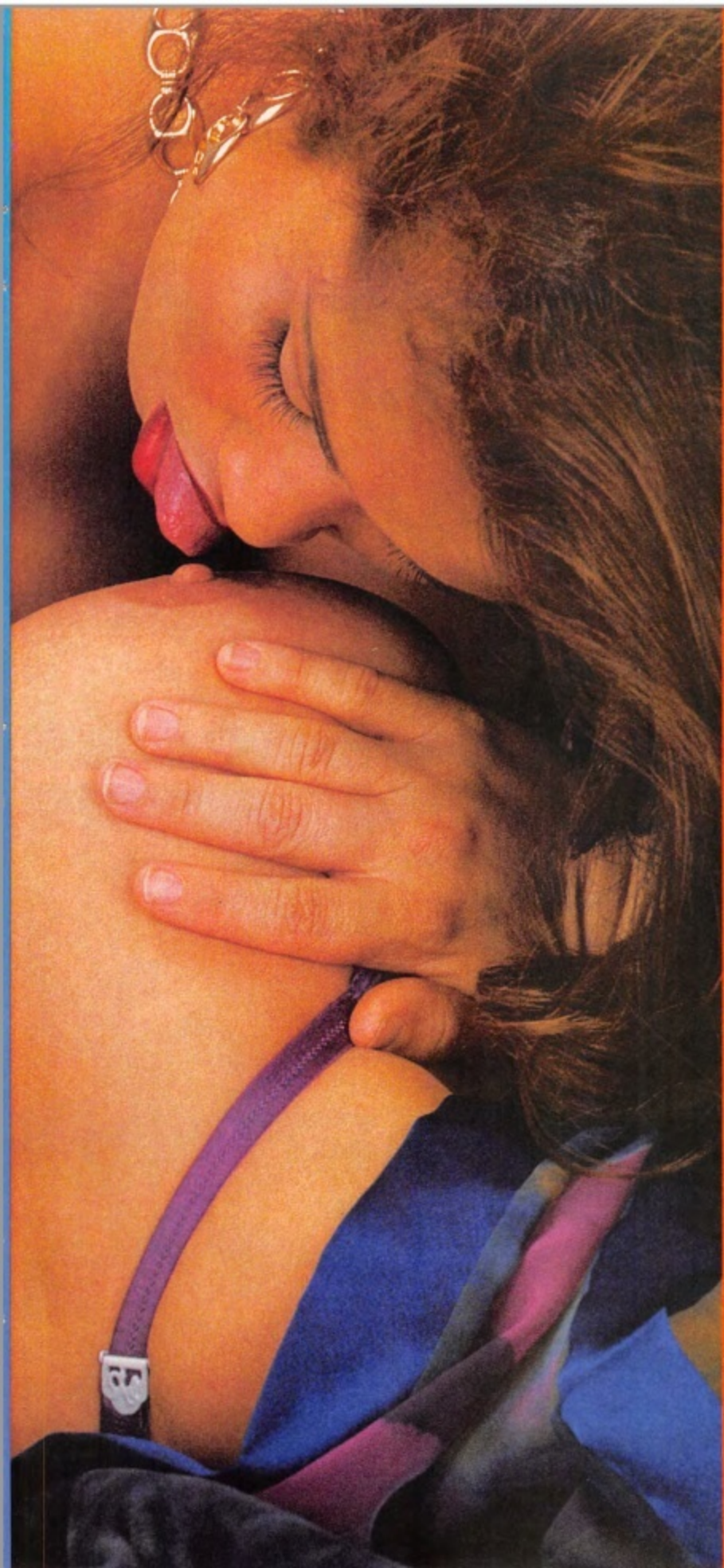
You can't have a topless dancer in a courtroom as evidence. But a lawyer for a topless bar owner in Hamilton Township, N.J. wants to introduce just such "evidence" at his client's trial.

The owner of the bar, Volcanic Eruptions, was charged with permitting topless dancing, which violates a township zoning ordinance. But his lawyer insists that the law wasn't broken because the dancers wear latex pasties that you can't see through—thus, technically, they were not topless. And he wants to bring a dancer into the courtroom "dressed" in her "costume" because, he said, "If you can't tell the difference in a fluorescent-lit courtroom, how do you expect the cops to be able to tell the difference in a darkened bar?"

The prosecutor said that a courtroom "is not the proper place for that kind of performance." And at this writing, the judge hasn't decided whether or not to allow such unusual evidence to be presented. □

A close-up photograph of a woman lying down, her eyes closed in a peaceful or unconscious state. She is wearing a red garment with a lace or mesh-like pattern. Her hand is resting on her chest. The lighting is warm and soft, creating a sensual atmosphere.

Zeisha & Princess Pattiya





Party On!

Keisha last appeared in the December 1995 D-CUP; Princess Pattiya, who keeps very busy, hasn't displayed her royal boobs here since 1993. So we thought that Keisha and Pattiya together would be interesting. Welcome home, ladies.

Looks as if the ladies are having a "celebration," and you're invited, so join in as they begin by peeling off each other's bras and kissing and squeezing their juicy jugs. Which pair do you like best, Princess's tawny, reddish-tipped tits or Keisha's, lighter and with pink nipples? Take your time.

And as you make up your mind, watch as these two lovely bodies entwine, warm flesh against warm flesh, licking, fondling, pinching, teasing. They go tits to tits, tongue to clut, tit to clut, clut to clut—did we miss anything? And you guys—well you know what to do.

Party on!









The Jessica James INTERVIEW

HER PERFECT BREASTS!

By Irv O. Neil

Part II



Last month Jessica James discussed, among many topics, how she started dancing while getting two college degrees; gave us a detailed analysis of why T.T. Boy is her favorite porn actor; and revealed how she'll get guys naked onstage in Canada and turn them into banana and strawberry sundaes right in front of their astounded friends. Now here's more of my candid talk with the high-spirited "good ole girl" of the big boob scene!

IRV O. NEIL: Do you do any special things with your breasts in the movies or onstage?

JESSICA: Usually not so much in the movies, because big boobs are a dime a dozen there; we've all got them! (Laughs) Onstage, I do a lot of tricks with them, like make little flowers out of dollar bills and hold them on my nipples. And of course I pick up dollars [with my boobs], or I do the Texas Ride for Five. And anyone who's seen my show, knows what that is: a five dollar bill, folded in half the long way, is placed on the guy's nose, and I sit on his face and pick it up without using my hands! (Laughs) And another thing I do is flip the guys onto their backs, and pour beer off my nipples into their mouths and they have to catch it all; I can get away with that almost anywhere I'm topless.

ION: Do you work in a lot of nude clubs, too?

JESSICA: Oh yeah. Generally the nude clubs want to hire the porn girls, so...

ION: Do you use toys in your show?

JESSICA: Not usually. Most of the clubs that I work in, you can't use, uh, implements. (Laughs)

ION: Anything new planned for your act that you want to mention?

JESSICA: I do have a jungle kind of show in the works. We're not real sure yet as to what that's going to be, but it'll be something spectacular.

ION: Do you ever do stage acts with other girls?

JESSICA: I do. A lot of the time my partner is Ginger Hill, and as a duo we're called Notorious. We duo every once in awhile; not a whole lot anymore. We used to do quite a bit, but now our schedules don't let us.

ION: Well, switching gears here, in your personal life, what kinds of partners do you like? Men, women, or both?

JESSICA: I do prefer men.

ION: And what do you look for?

JESSICA: I'm probably the only woman who has no particular type of man that she likes. (Laughs) I really don't. It all depends on the individual, and varies from one extreme to the other.

ION: No particular thing gets you going; rather, the whole "gestalt"?

JESSICA: Yes, that's true.

ION: Have you ever met customers in clubs

that you were attracted to?

JESSICA: Attracted to, quite a bit. (Laughs)

ION: You'd be surprised how many dancers tell me they're NEVER attracted to customers.

JESSICA: They lie! (Laughs) That doesn't mean we always ACT on it when we're attracted, but you do meet some people that have you going, "Wow, that was a real nice set, I enjoyed that!"

ION: But have you ever gone out with anybody you met on the road?

JESSICA: No.

ION: You must get a lot of letters from your fans. What kinds of fantasies do they express?

JESSICA: (Wicked little laugh) I used to write a column for a foot fetish magazine, *Leg Action*, and enjoyed that immensely. I got a lot of great fans from that, and I still get a lot of those guys that love my perfect size six feet. And of course I get a lot of boob fans, because I have these perfect boobs: heads fit nicely between them! (Laughs) Then I get the guys who want to be porn stars; probably the majority of my mail, and the number one question on the road, is, "How do get into the business?"

ION: Do they ask about any stars in the business besides yourself?

JESSICA: All the guys seem to relate to Buck Adams. They think he's the coolest thing since peanut butter, because he's been around for so long, he's done everything, he's a big director. He's a great friend of mine, and I do get to talk about him quite a lot with the guys.

ION: Do they ask about Ron Jeremy?

Another dancer told me he's the most often asked about person, male or female.

JESSICA: They do, and I tell them, "No, I've never worked with Ronnie, but he's a really great guy." That's my pretty much standard answer, but it's the truth—he really is one of the nicest guys you could ever meet. We're good friends.

ION: Well, getting back to your size six feet: do they come into play in your sex life?

JESSICA: Not too much anymore.

(Laughs) But I would never turn down a foot rub; you never know where that might lead! (Laughs) Or any sort of massage, but feet especially...

ION: Are your feet very sensitive?

JESSICA: They are. And I take good care of them since I have to dance all the time.

ION: Do you take care of them yourself, or would you have a lover do that?

JESSICA: If I was lucky enough to find one that could do it right (Laughs), that would definitely be my preference. And now I've been doing some martial arts training, and a lot of that you're supposed to do barefooted. The idea there is that you build up this big callus on the ball of your foot; so I'm kind of in a struggle with that. "Okay, that's what I have to have, but it's going to make my feet look bad..." But they assure me it doesn't.

ION: Why are you taking up martial arts?

JESSICA: I do have a new martial arts show, and I've done some boxing before. I'm just really into staying fit and working out. With martial arts, it's also a mental as well as a physical thing. And I have a really great trainer... (Chuckles)

ION: Why do you chuckle?

JESSICA: Because he's also my emcee who travels with me. So I'm lucky there.

ION: What about the boxing? When did you do that?

JESSICA: Earlier. I liked it quite a bit; I was a Marine at one time, and I've always been a very athletic person.

When I was in college, I played soccer. I have horses, I ride them quite a bit in rodeo. But boxing is my very favorite sport in the whole world. (Laughs)

ION: Do you box with women or with men?

JESSICA: I did a little sparring with both at one time, but I don't think women should fight men—it's a totally different thing. I think women can be great fighters, and there are actually a couple decent women boxers, but I truly believe they'll never compete with the men. And I'm not saying that to be sexist; just keep it separate.

ION: And what about rodeo? What do you do there?

JESSICA: There are two events girls do in rodeos. One is barrel racing, which is a timed event: you ride your horse in a cloverleaf pattern around three barrels against the clock. And the other is goat-tying, but I'm not a real good roper, so I don't goat-tie; but I barrel race. I've had horses since I was about two years old. I keep them just outside of St. Louis...and I've had so many dogs, too. Now I have one dog that travels with me all the time. I'm a big pit bull fan, and I've raised it for years. I'm very loyal to my pit bull Siri.

ION: And how long were you a Marine?

JESSICA: Unfortunately not as long as I would have liked to have been. I have bad knees, and so they—booted me. (Laughs)

ION: You just went through basic training?

JESSICA: Yeah.

ION: You're very physically oriented.

JESSICA: Yes. I'm a short, stocky, muscular girl, and if I don't work out all the time, I tend to look fat. (Laughs) That's why I'm so jealous of all those tall girls.

ION: Have you ever done any martial arts, or boxing, in erotic films?

JESSICA: Not yet...except for a catfight video. But that just didn't go over well, because there's just something about getting slapped in the face that just aggravates the hell out of me. That doesn't work, and I can't play. I like to—fight.

ION: Do you like to go to boxing matches as a fan?

JESSICA: As much as I can. (Laughs) My very favorite boxer is Roy Jones Jr. He's the IVF Supermiddleweight, best



"I do a lot of tricks with my boobs, like make little flowers out of dollar bills and hold them on my nipples."

pound for pound boxer that has ever walked the face of the earth. (Laughs) And many other people do share that opinion with me. He's a really great athlete.

ION: Would you like to make regular martial arts films?

JESSICA: Actually I would, I've been thinking about that recently. And that's another reason why I've been training and maybe doing some stuntwork. But before I'm done with it all, my end goal is that I want to put out an album. And unlike all the other porn stars who have done bands, like Traci Lords and her little

techno-pop industrial thing, I want to put out a country album. I don't know how this is going to work in their happy little world, but I'm hoping at least I'll have the support of my fans, and the name Jessica James has been around long enough that hopefully the people out there that know I'm just a good ole girl will still buy my music, even though I once was a porn star.

ION: So you're saying the country music fans would be critical of your having been a sex star and dancer?

JESSICA: I believe so. A lot of them do come from the Bible Belt, I know myself how I was raised, and we looked down on that sort of thing.

ION: Did you have a strict upbringing?

JESSICA: No, I really didn't. I was raised in that kind of environment, but I grew up with just my dad, bless his soul. He was my best friend.

ION: Did he pass on?

JESSICA: Yes. And my mother had died when I was young, so it was just me and my dad. And then he died when I was sixteen.

ION: So he never knew that you became a dancer.

JESSICA: No. But I believe, even though nobody wants to see their little girl doing this, that my daddy would be proud of me because I've never compromised in anything I wanted to do, and I do the best at what I do, and do it my way. So I believe I'd have his support. He was my best friend in the whole world.

ION: That's a nice thing to be able to say.

JESSICA: He would even be proud of my big ole boobies.

ION: So are you basically on your own in the world, then?

JESSICA: Yes, I am.

ION: Have you ever been married?

JESSICA: Yes, I was. Married and divorced. And my ex-husband is still a real close friend of mine. And I like to tell this: he actually did a couple of amateur videos with me after we were separated. We were separated for three years before we finally got divorced. It was just a matter of, "We gotta go sign these papers." I was a dancer before I got married. I grew up with my ex. We were kids together. I was his first girlfriend.

ION: What was his reaction when you became a dancer?

JESSICA: He didn't seem to mind that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

too much; he thought it was a normal thing for me to do. (Laughs)

ION: Was he the very first person you ever did a scene with for a movie?

JESSICA: No, my first ever movie, the one I did in Vegas, was not an amateur movie. I did a scene with a girl. And then I was going to do a scene with a guy for an amateur company, and I was like, "Let's have it be my ex." It was easier that way.

ION: Do you just like women in your private life, or is it just a movie thing?

JESSICA: I went through that phase for awhile (Laughs), and I really did like women and I probably almost preferred them for awhile. And some of them still strike my eye. I don't think it matters to me if it's a man or a woman at this point; it's just how I perceive them—

ION: —as people, you mean. Well, is sex different for you with a man than with a woman? I mean, obviously it would be, but what is the different quality of each for you?

JESSICA: I think with a man, for me, it's mutual; even though I like to be dominant, it's mutual. And most of the time with a woman, I'm very nurturing. And I don't know why; I definitely have the dominant role there. I'm very loving and caring...

ION: When you say "nurturing," do you mean women get into your breasts a lot? Do they, say, like to be nursed by your breasts?

JESSICA: Uh...I don't know. (Laughs) I think guys are more into the boobs than the girls are.

ION: Are there any outrageous fantasies guys express about your boobs—things they want to do, or see you do?

JESSICA: No, not really. I think my emcee sums it up the best when he says, "They say more than a mouthful is a waste, but what the hell—I got friends!"

ION: What kinds of music do you like to perform to?

JESSICA: A variety, because I try to please everyone, myself included. Everything from the 50s, to hardcore gangsta rap for a cop set, to Indian music and hippie music and 70s music and the Bay City Rollers. I definitely do it all.

ION: What's a sexy memory in your life that you look back on with pleasure?

JESSICA: I had one recently actually, and with a girl. This is what told me that I wasn't done with the girls yet; I thought I was done with girls. I met this girl, and she was so beautiful; she had done modeling for Escada, and she's from Toronto, a French girl. And my birthday was the best day I had with her; I spent my birthday this last year with her. Unfortunately, I wasn't

with my boyfriend, though. It was a pretty interesting experience, but I don't want to indulge any details because that's personal. And my personal life's pretty personal.

ION: Oh, all right. But who's this boyfriend you mentioned?

JESSICA: He is my emcee and my trainer.

ION: But he knew that you were with this girl, so it's not like a secret he's going to discover when he opens this magazine.

Well, do you have any sexual fantasies that you'd like to fulfill? Things you'd still like to try?

JESSICA: I think I've tried everything. (Laughs)

ION: What's the most sensitive part of your body?

JESSICA: I like the insides of my thighs to be grabbed really hard.

ION: Do you like your partner to go down on you?

JESSICA: Oh yeah. But I'm picky about that, too; they have to be really good. And I'm also blessed in that department; my partner is really good.

ION: Did it come naturally, or do you tell your partners what you require and train them in the manner you prefer?

JESSICA: I do definitely, but if they don't have that natural ability, they just won't do it.

ION: You won't let them go down on you? So what do they get to do instead?

JESSICA: Just fuck the shit out of me.

ION: Do you have any positions that you especially like?

JESSICA: Doggie style is my favorite, standing. And I love sex outdoors; and the rain.

ION: Have you ever gotten caught having sex?

JESSICA: No, not yet. It's not on the fantasy list, but I'm sure it might happen some day; and I'll leave it up to my partner to talk us out of it.

ION: Do you consider yourself an exhibitionist away from being a dancer?

JESSICA: No, I don't think so. But I like a lot of attention.

ION: Do you dress very sexy away from work?

JESSICA: Most of the time I dress down.

ION: With your large breasts, do you have to get bras custom-made for the cup-size?

JESSICA: No, but to get the sexy ones though, sometimes they have to be a little small so my boobs are popping out of them. But no one really complains about that. (Laughs)

ION: Any particular brand of bra that you lean towards?

JESSICA: No.

ION: So you just play the field when it comes to undergarments...well, do you ever watch your own movies?

JESSICA: I do. But I'm so critical of myself that it makes it hard. I watch the acting, and fast-forward over the sex and go, "Oh God, I look so bad there." But I think we're all like that.

ION: It's true, many actors can't watch themselves. Well, is there any kind of scene you'd like to do in a movie that you haven't yet?

JESSICA: I'm hoping real soon to do some sort of a western. And a real good friend of mine, Jace Rocker, he's a director, I've worked for him quite a bit—I'm hoping that he'll get me a western pretty soon, so I can ride horses and shoot guns. I recently did *Heinie's Heroes* for VCA with him, he wrote the script for that. That was really great. And I'd like to do a cop/martial arts thing.

ION: So what are your plans further down the line besides continuing to dance?

JESSICA: I'd like not so much to be an agent, but be a management consultant when it comes to girls in this business, and dancers that I meet that I want to get into the adult business. I'd put them on the right track so they don't fall into the hands of the wrong people, 'cause that's real easy to do; the business will chew you up and spit you out if you don't know what you're getting into.

ION: What do you have to know in order to survive as a dancer and porn star?

JESSICA: How to stand your own ground is the most important thing, and never compromise your principles.

ION: So people are always trying to work you down in price, or tell you to do this, or—

JESSICA: —try things you don't want to do. I believe you should never do anything you don't want to do.

ION: Absolutely. Is there anything you regret doing?

JESSICA: No, I have no regrets.

ION: Have you ever done a scene with several guys?

JESSICA: No. Only once did I do a scene with two guys, Steve Hatcher and Michael J. Cox; and that was recently for Jim Enright and Jace Rocker in *Portrait of Dorie Gray*. Sindee Coxx was Dorie; I love her, she's one of my favorites to work with, too.

ION: You don't do anal on screen, though. So the scene with two guys wasn't a d.p.?

JESSICA: It wasn't. Just two guys.

ION: So what's your fan club address?

JESSICA: Jessica James, 4579 Laclede Ave., Suite 420, St. Louis MO 63108. And I'm also affiliated with Alley Katz online.

ION: Finally, did you have any expectations when you entered the adult business, and were they fulfilled or not?

JESSICA: I know it's kind of a strange goal to have, but I came into it just wanting to do the best I could and be the best at what I did. And I may not be the best yet, but I give it my all and I'm workin' on it. (Laughs) I got a lot of really great fans and great friends in the business, and I'm glad of that; very thankful for that.

ION: Any last words?

JESSICA: I love ya all!

D-Cup - June 1997





**“Watch Me
Suck This Guy!”**



*Starring
Angelique and
her fabulous
aureole!*

Angelique and Kris have obviously been out on the town, "puttin' on the ritz," as the old tune goes. He's wearing a tux; she's wearing an evening gown, more or less. But she isn't wearing it for long because Kris wants to get his hot hands on our Brazilian beauty's mega-boobs. And he hefts and strokes those monsters, paying special attention to their awesome aureole and big red-brown nipples, which he licks and flicks and munches on.

Angelique wants you to watch her suck this guy, so she keeps busy, too, toying with Kris's big dick through his pants until it stiffens into larger-than-life size. That's what Angelique can do to a dick.

Get on the bed, Kris, she says, and like magic, Kris's pants are down and his happy dick is in Angelique's mouth. And Angelique's fingers are in her pussy. But, of course, Angelique wants other things in her pussy: Kris's tongue and Kris's cock. No, not at the same time—physically impossible, unfortunately.

But Angelique is fine with Kris's tongue, then dick, then tongue again, then dick—in doggie style, Angelique on top, Kris on top, "69" sideways, tit-fucking. Watch her tit-fuck this guy, too!













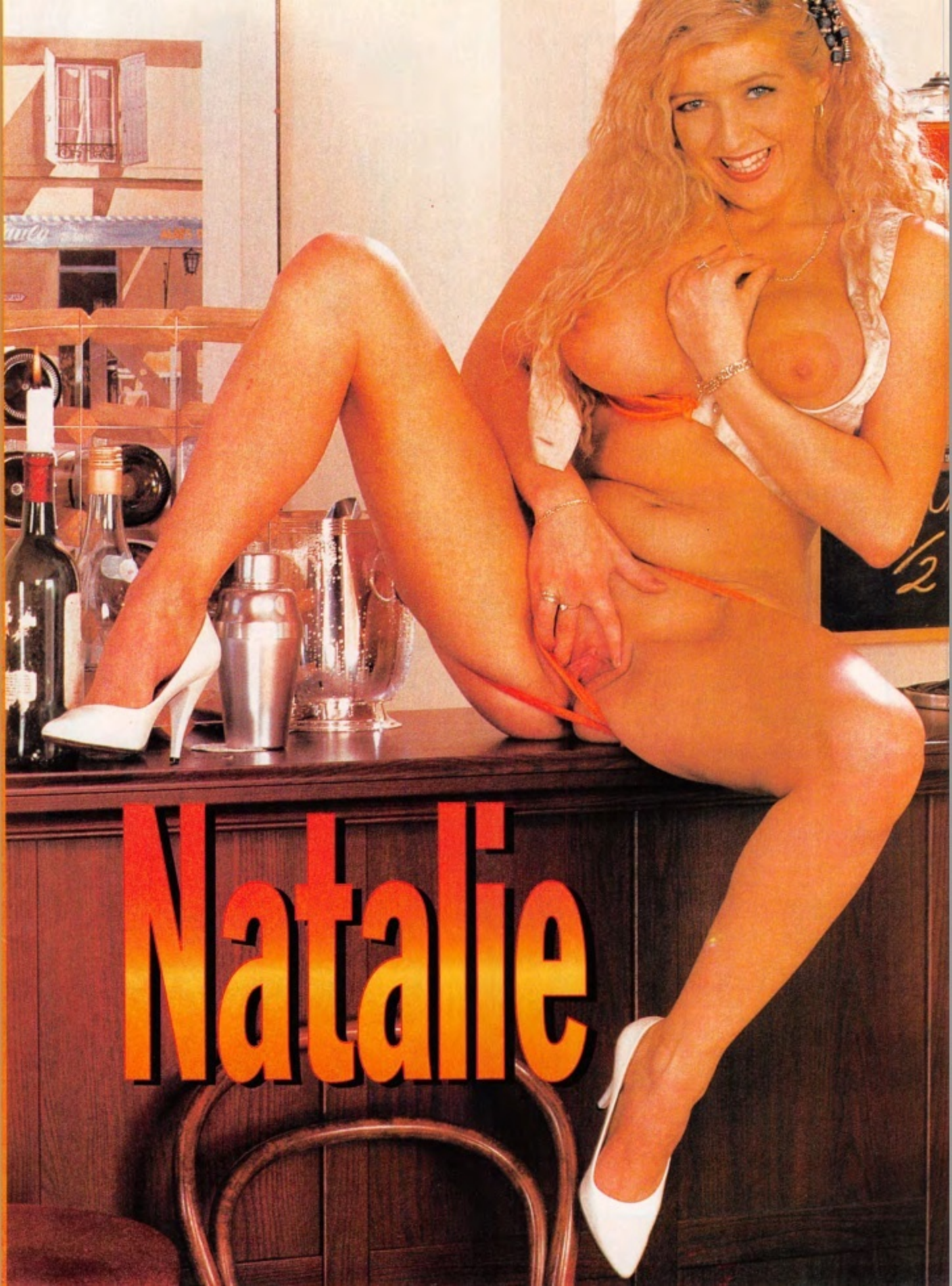
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OVER 18 ONLY









Natalie



What's Your Pleasure?

What's your pleasure? Hey, Natalie, don't carry that bartender pose too far. If you have to ask what a D-CUP reader's pleasure is, you've wandered into the wrong magazine.

Our readers' pleasure is big boobs—titanic tits, well-nourished knockers, gargantuan gazongas, monstrous mams, humongous hangers.

Yes, and whatever you call 'em, Natalie's got 'em. Her big, juicy, pink-tipped tits are a pleasure.

But what is your pleasure, exactly? Do you like how Natalie s-l-o-w-l-y peels off that hot red bra, revealing her tasty tits? Or maybe you like it when she massages them lovingly. Or how about when she tweaks the nipples the way you'd like to tweak them? Oh, you like all of that—and there's something else you like about Natalie. You like when she peels down her red panties and shows you her almost completely shaved cunt. You like when she lies down, spreads her cunt and slips a couple fingers into its slick interior. And you like when she gets that I-need-your-dick-now look on her face. And...

That's enough pleasure from Natalie for now, even for a D-CUP reader..











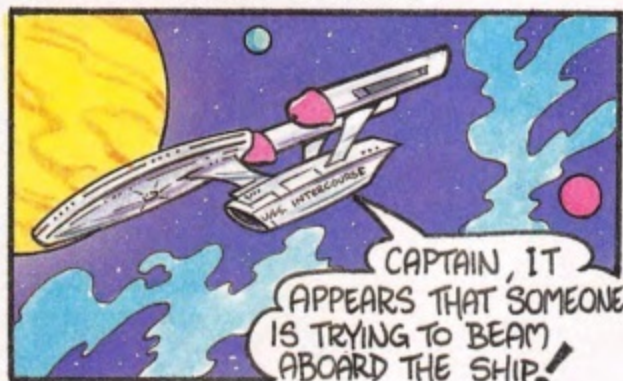


by
FRED
RICE
N.
B.C.

QUEEN GAZONGA



WHILE ON A ROUTINE MISSION, THE STARSHIP **INTERCOURSE** RECEIVED AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE FROM THE PLANET **URANUS**. THE MESSAGE STATED THAT KLINGON SHIPS HAD SURROUNDED HER AND THEY FEARED AN ATTACK WAS EMINENT.



CAPTAIN, IT APPEARS THAT SOMEONE IS TRYING TO BEAM ABOARD THE SHIP!



MR. SPUNK, WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT HER? BESIDE THE FACT THAT SHE HAS A TERRIFIC SET OF **BOOBS!**

CAPTAIN, ACCORDING TO OUR COMPUTER, SHE IS **QUEEN GAZONGA** A COMIC STRIP CHARACTER WHOSE **SEXUAL ADVENTURES** APPEARED IN **D-CUP MAGAZINE** IN THE LATER HALF OF THE 20TH CENTURY.



D-CUP MAGAZINE? SEXUAL ADVENTURES!? I'D BETTER INTERROGATE HER IMMEDIATELY!



YOU HAD BETTER COME WITH ME.

MMMM... SOUNDS LIKE **FUN!!**



HMMM.... I THINK I SHOULD LAUNCH A **PROBE** AROUND **URANUS**.



CAPTAIN, MORE KLINGON SHIPS ARE ARRIVING. WE MUST DO SOMETHING, **NOW!**



THE KLINGON SHIPS ARE RETREATING! QUEENIE, YOUR **MOUNTAINOUS MAMMARIES** SCARED THEM AWAY. YOU'VE FREED URANUS FROM THE KLINGONS.



NOT EXACTLY, MR. SPUNK... THERE'S STILL ONE **CLING-ON** HOVERING AROUND MY **ANUS!**



Cyberotica

By Dr. Barry Tetons

Cheap & Sleazy Interactive Tit Sex!

Naked, sweaty, lust-crazed babes await you on your computer and you don't even have to set foot in cyberspace. The new crop of CD-ROM releases are more detailed, more interactive, and lower priced than ever. Many of them ask you to participate, but that's what sex is all about, right? Though you rarely find babes dropping blouses to show you their bra-busting wares—at least, not for nothing. Well, not for me, anyway.

If you're new to CD-ROMs, or tired of getting ripped off by cheap photo collages posing as interactive videos, try a Romsoft sampler pack. It's a catchy packaging idea that, in this case, also gives

you good product. The six-disk *Super Hot Adult Six Pack*, volume one (\$34.95), is a good sampler both of Romsoft's product and the type of CD-ROM that's out there. Interactive means some input from you is required.

In the case of *Private Screenings*, you simply select the model whose nude video you wish to see (for great breasts, check out Christy, in the first panel). *Massive Melons*, which also should be of interest, features stars like Angel Bust and Melissa Mounds in video clips you'll discover as you move through a house. Not a lot of input needed, and each model has a couple of video clips and a photo album. Don't get your hopes up over *Sensuous Girls in 3D*, though. You have to wear the goofy glasses to see the effect, and it's hardly noticeable (or I'm significantly astigmatic).

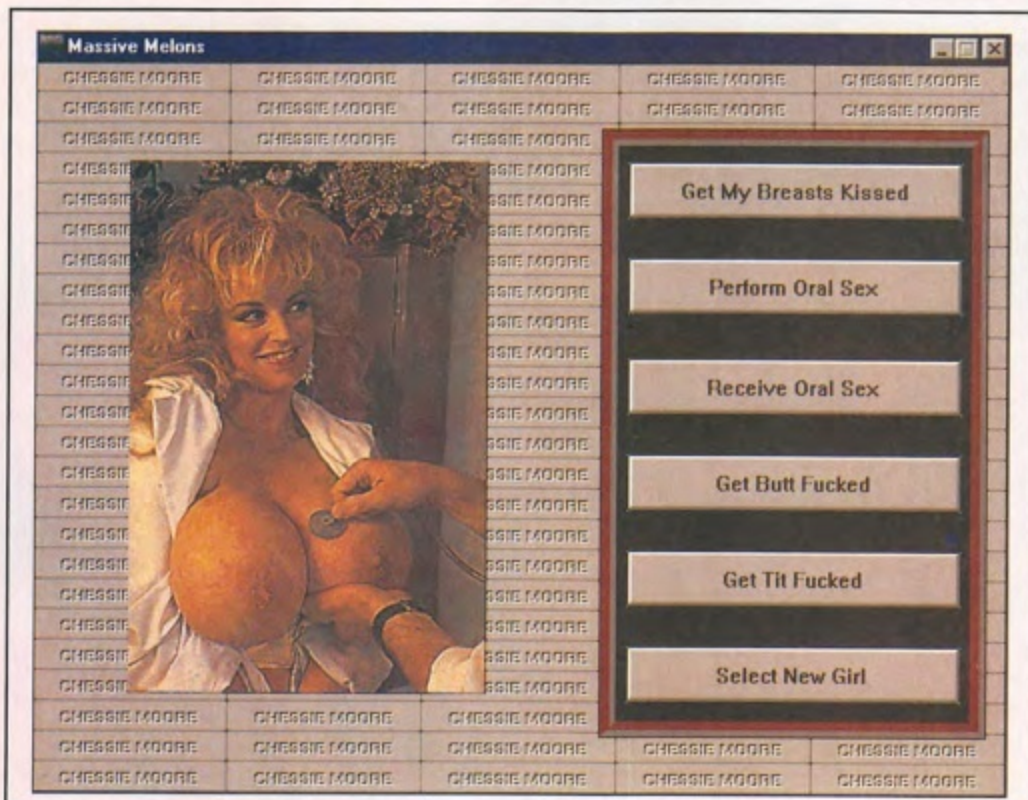
Still, it's a great bargain. The six titles in *Super Hot Adult Six Pack*, volume two (\$39.95), include four that are interactive (or somewhat interactive), including the particularly hot *Striptease*, featuring (R-rated) dances from the Pure Platinum clubs—but these women are bone-hardening sexy. *A Shot in the Pink* is a full-length movie, and there's a photo collection in there as well.

Look for a smaller sampling in the *Hot Adult Three-Pack* (\$19.95), including the interactive game *Penetration*, where you match up pictures to collect a prize video clip—and these clips run the gamut. Get more info from Romsoft at 1-800-859-4441, or visit their Web site at <http://www.gosoft.com/romsoft>.

We previewed *Dream Machine II* a few columns back. It's as good as we anticipated. Interactivity gets a little more

personal, a little dirtier as you navigate the perils of a futuristic land in which your incredibly sexy hostess is being held [censored] by the NetVirus scourges—and if you interrupt one of them while he's [censored] her, be prepared with the right weapon or you'll get blown away. Each time you do away with one of those bad guys, however, you get rewarded—a sexy striptease by one of the hostess's alter egos. Answer the questions she asks and a profile of your sexual fantasies and desires develops, and the farther along you go, the more custom-tailored these pleasures will be for you.

Dream Machine II (\$49.95) comes from NMP Interactive, which gave us the wildly successful *Seymour Butts* titles. So you know the



The complete guide to sex and the computer!



"The new crop of CD-ROM releases are more detailed, more interactive, and lower priced than ever."

graphics are good and the video clips are arousing.

NMP Interactive is also bundling titles in easy-to-buy packages; one of the most recent is the all-video *Up and Cummers 6 Shooter* (\$49.95), a six-pack containing a bunch of titles from the ongoing Randy West series. Here he interviews—and puts it to—a succession of young lovelies, among them Nicole Lace, Asia Carrera and Dyanna Lauren. The women don't seem quite as desperate as those Ed Powers collects in his *Dirty Debutantes* series (also available in an NMP six-pack), and Randy West doesn't take himself too seriously onscreen. It's not at all interactive, so sit back and enjoy the show.

Preview this and other NMP titles at their snazzy Web site: <<http://www.newmachine.com>>, which also points you to online retail sites where you can buy these and other CD-ROM titles.

Speaking of Web sites, Vivid isn't just a porno production house—it's an education. Or at least, that's how it looks online at Vivid University, where

you do your undergraduate work under some graduate. Visit them at <<http://www.vividvideo.com>> and take the tour yourself.

That's where you can get previews of their hot new titles, such as *Mind Teazzer II* (\$49.99) the follow-up to a very successful interactive game. You've got puzzles to solve, my friend, and you really have to do them, or else you won't get to see the videos. And those videos, starring some bodacious women, get hotter and hotter the more difficult those puzzles get. If you solved your way through the first *Mind Teazzer*, you're on your way—but it's a new set of challenges waiting for you here.

Once Randy West got through with her, Dyanna Lauren made quite a name for herself as a porn star. Look for her in *Club Caterina* (\$23.95), surrounded by an all-star cast, in which hostess Ashlyn Gere takes you on a tour through her very own sex club, and it's not difficult to find your way into some blistering footage.

Lauren is at it again—with Rebecca

Bordeaux, Chayse Manhattan, Marc Wallace and others, in *Extreme Sex #1: The Club* (\$29.99), which is a movie-only title, but a movie worth seeing for its kinkier aspects. Yes, a video rental would be cheaper, so it's up to you where you want to watch it—and if you want to keep it.

Chasey Saves the World (\$29.95) is another save-the-world adventure—in this case, you're battling Martian Cyborgs, and you're at your most vulnerable while having sex. It's an easy, straightforward game and, not surprisingly, the sex scenes are worth fighting those aliens for—and you've got Chasey Lain in there, swinging for you.

For more info about Vivid titles, and to find out who's selling them in your neighborhood, call 1-800-822-8339. If you're not nervous about online shopping (and you really shouldn't be), visit the Excalibur Films sales site at <<http://www.adult-video-cd-roms.com>>, where you'll find secure ordering and discounted pricing. Me? I'm going back for another striptease. □

CHLOE & DANNI





Professional Lesbians!



Here they are, Chloe and Danni together for the first time, "professional lesbians" in heat, acting out your fantasies. They are among your favorites, and their completely natural boobs are among the biggest and best-looking of all the boobs to have ever appeared in these pages.

And there's a whole lotta licking goin' on, as you've noticed by now. That's because there's so much tit-territory to lick; we estimate something close to 200 square—or, we guess, round—inches of tits to lick, considering the gals' dimensions. And there's also a

whole lotta squeezing, munching, sucking and stroking goin' on.

What else do "professional lesbians" do? They give face, as we call it, slipping their educated tongues into each other's blazing pussies, as Chloe and Danni are doing, probing and poking for stiff clits and other pleasure points. And they also enjoy going tits-to-tits, clits-to-tits and the always popular—among lesbians and us straight types—"69."

Did Chloe and Danni omit anything? No. After all, they're pros.





















"Have a taste, guy!"

When Hunter made her modeling debut in the April issue, we told you that she was "just a sweet country gal" who knew nothing about cityfolk and "their wicked ways." You didn't believe that phony story, of course, especially when Hunter flashed her all-natural tits, then stripped down in record time to arouse you with the awesome sight of the rest of her lovely body—smooth, round cheeks, flat tummy, long legs and juicy cunt.

Hunter showed you her "wicked ways," and now here's her sleazy side. Lots of tit-licking, with Hunter giving special attention to her aureole and sweet nipples, which is what you'd do. Lots of open-pussy shots—and what a tight, appetizing pussy it is! From the look on her face and her poses, Hunter seems to be saying, "Have a taste, guy." And maybe you'd like to smear that oil all over Hunter's tits.

Is your dick stiff yet? Silly question. What's that you say, it's still stiff from seeing Hunter in the April issue? Figures. And your dick will still be stiff from this issue when Hunter appears in D-CUP again.

You can write to Hunter at her fan club: 4570 Van Nuys Blvd., #156, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403.

Hunter LOVE





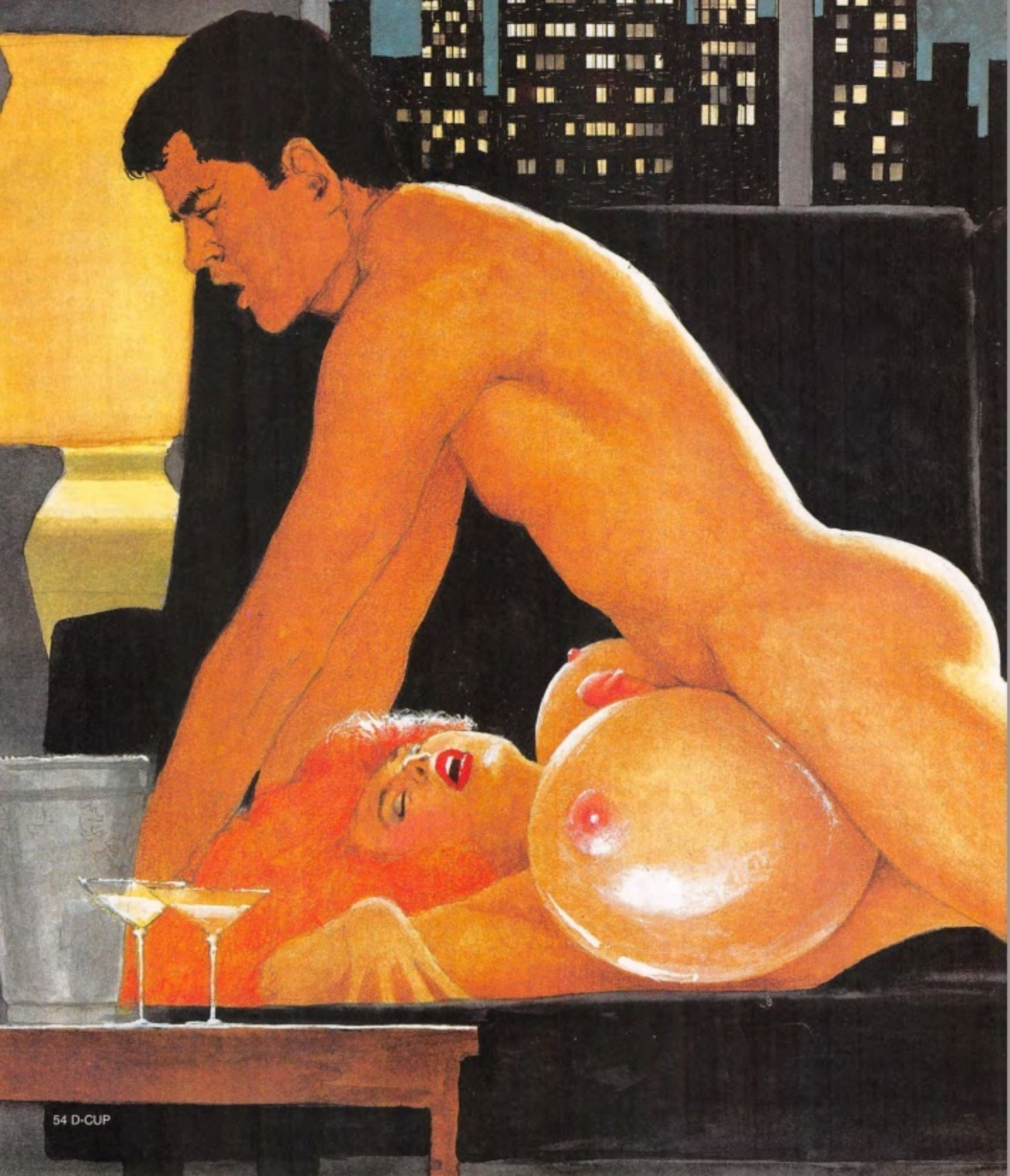






D-Cup - June 1997

Broadcast



Cooze

Part II

By Willard Moody

In Part I (April '97) of this tale of human depravity, we left jug-crazed anchorman Steve Crabbitt in his secret sex hideaway on the 95th floor of the WDDD studios, plumbing the hidden depths of meteorologist Joelle "Double-D" Flanders. As Part II opens, things are pretty much the same.

The cold ice cracked as the vodka flowed into the tumbler. "More,"

said Joelle Flanders, WDDD weatherwoman—oh, excuse me, make that meteorologist—her freshly creamed 44-DD knockers comfortably nestled in an olive-colored terry cloth robe I keep around for such occasions.

Joelie smiled as she rolled the 100 proof potato juice around her adorable mouth before swallowing it. She sucked in, hissed, went "Ahhh" and shook her orangey mane. Her slightly lopsided lips widened into a yawn and the silver bead in the back of her tongue caught the light. "Color me impressed," she said, holding out her glass. I poured. "You're

"A geyser of my pent-up scum cascaded all over the best set of naked torpedoes I'd ever seen."

good, Stevie boy. Really good. You know, I usually have trouble coming."

Yeah. Right, I thought. And I'm Ulysses S. Grant. So have a cigar.

Joelie drained the glass again, melting an ice cube in her mouth as she held out the glass. I poured. "Well, I guess that's why they call me The Anchorman, Joelie."

"Steve Crabbitt with the news," she teased. She shifted her nice ass and the loose robe loosened a bit more, and by chance the light from the only lamp in the room fell on her half-hidden, still jizz-gummed breasts. I felt my dick tighten, and my mind leaped back half an hour, when the big thing popped from her anxious mouth, and, as her tongue flailed the air, a geyser of my thick pent-up scum cascaded all over the best set of naked torpedoes I'd ever seen; that is, seen on a fellow professional broadcast journalist. She held her gorgeous globes up to me, like an offering to a television god, and squished them tight together, like a flesh pita. The jizz accumulated in her cleavage; a little milky pool she lifted up and licked at with her tongue, before letting go of her tits and letting the juice ooze down her cones. Then she smeared the stuff all over her amazing bazooms, sighing and gasping and damn near coming again as she lacquered her hard nipples with the sacred goo. It was hard to remove this image from my mind.

Meanwhile, Joelie sighed and looked around the little room, holding her glass. "Gee, this room goes with the anchor slot? Is this, like, a perk or something?"

"Something like that." This 95th-floor fuck den was mine, and I intended to put it to maximum use, until I either croaked from cranking as many big-chested babes as I could smuggle up here "to see the view," or until I was fired, whichever came first.

"Most of the guys I date are young sharpies, you know? Talent scouts,

agents, associate producers, that sort of thing."

"Really? Well, I'm an Old Dullie."

"Oh, some of them are nice, but most of them are, well, slimeballs."

Not me, baby.

Joelie snuggled up to me, close. I felt her breasts pressing warm and soft against me under the robe. A perfume of sweat, scum and Chanel number something still wafted from her excellently shaped bod. It was truly one of those bods made for fucking, and Joelie well knew it.

My dick was stiff as a brick. Her hand reached under my robe and began fondling it. "I guess you got me back for the elevator incident, huh, Stevie?"

"What do you mean?"

"Teasing me like that. Tonguing me like that. Fucking me like that. You eat pussy like a pro, Steve. Where'd you learn that?"

"Er..." Beirut? The Senate? Cal State?

"My, my, you're hard again. I bet you do the news with a hard-on, you horny bastard." She was rubbing and stroking my tool, tickling its top with her perfectly manicured nails. Her robe fell open. Her breasts quivered. Her nipples hardened again.

"Stevie," she whispered, one hand stroking my cock, the other pinching her nip. "Tell me. Who you think will win the election?"

I blinked. "Beats me. Who fucking cares?"

"That's right Stevie. Who fucking cares? I want to ask you something."

"Ask away," I said, as her palm warmed my balls.

"It's...it's just a question, Steve. I don't really mean anything by it."

"Shoot." Before I do.

"I mean, it's not a suggestion. It's more like a thought. You know, an idle thought."

"Go ahead. Please. Up here, things are strictly off the record. You can trust me."

"Sure I can, Steve. I know that now."

"So what were you getting at?"

"Well, I was just wondering...when you look over your shoulder, wouldn't you rather look over your shoulder, you know, during the broadcast, and wink at little old me instead of that old flat-chested hissy bitch Maya Anders?"

What a fucking girl! I thought. Does she know anything about the weather? Does she know the difference between one cloud or another? Rain or shine? Night and day?

"Steve Crabbitt," she giggled, stroking my shaft again. "Rhymes with rabbit."

"Let's not get silly." Her itchy little fingers were driving me insane—no small undertaking there.

"I was also thinking that...maybe you'd like to fuck me again? Actually, I

thought, you being a big tit man, I thought you just might wanna fuck my tits."

My eyes glazed over. Outside, the sky was deepening to purple and you could see a few stars. The view was great. Her tits were my oyster.

"It's getting late," I said

"Who cares?"

"Right."

"You being that Big Tit Anchorman, so to speak, and all that." We were still on the floor. We had finished fucking on the floor and afterwards I got the robes and vodka and ice, figuring we would get dressed. But we remained on the floor, as if welded there by some libidinous force. Now Joelie suddenly got up and went over to her purse and reappeared with a small bottle of baby oil. "I carry it around for my skin," she said. "And other things." With that she opened it and dribbled a flow of the shiny clear stuff out over her humongous breasts. She rubbed the oil in, slipping her hands all over her beautiful supple flesh until her tits shone like molten silver bells. Then she tipped the bottle and some more oil dribbled down and flowed in rivulets between her cleavage. "You wanna fuck them, don't you?"

I stared.

"They're million-dollar tits, Stevie. Believe me, you'll like it. I'll make it good—real good."

I gasped.

"Come on Stevie. Let's do it on the couch." She put her fingers to her lips and licked the tips. "So you can fuck my throat first."

She got up and pulled me over by my dick and as I stood there almost panting she arranged her body on the couch so that her neck was stretched backwards on the wide leather arm. She must have been into yoga, I remember thinking. Making little moans, she kneaded and squeezed her slippery breasts, her head twisting back and her mouth puffing like a fish. "Fuck my mouth, Stevie—Oh. Fuck my mouth good, Mr. Anchorman."

At times, at fleeting moments like these, moments we can only capture in a blink, I sometimes pause to ponder the philosophical implications of exactly what the fuck I'm doing. That done, I slid my swollen cock slowly into Joelie's warm, tender mouth. Her lips clamped tight and her tongue churned at my dick like a bottled lizard struggling for life. I thought I'd drop a fresh load right then and there, but I wanted to save it all for those tits, those fabulous tits, on a truly fabulous girl.

She kept kneading and jiggling and fingering those melons before my delighted eyes, knowing how much I dug it. So I fucked her mouth some more, trying to keep my churning nuts from melting into butter, so I could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Broadcast Cooze

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watch her play with her tits as she sucked, monitoring my breaths amid Joellie's grunts and the sounds of sucking and smacking. I started counting backwards from 50,000 while picturing in my mind's eye some of the great stories I've covered in my career: the gang murders, wars, the subway collapse, the twins in the hole, the tornado in Kansas—all to keep my churning balls from exploding. I thought about two out of my three ex-wives, enough to stop anybody from coming, and some political campaigns I'd been on. Lots of babes to fiddle with there!

Once again, I had to compliment myself, for, through these mighty mental exertions, my self-control remained intact. And looking back down at Joellie's face, my dick filling her mouth like a snug pipe-fitting; her fingers playing with her straining, aching-to-be-creamed on nipples, I could tell that we were going to make one helluva swell news team.

I have a nose for such things. In fact, as far as I was concerned, morale here at WDDD, which had been in the toilet, was up about a 1,000 percent already! And that percentage could easily go to more than a million any second!

I pulled my tool from Joellie's obstinate mouth and straddled her. Her head rose to lick my balls as I planted old "Walter Concrete" between her shiny, slippery, baby-oiled tits. It was pretty much my fondest dream come true. My greatest story, in fact. She gripped them and squeezed them together.

"Fuck my tits," she gasped, when she wasn't busy licking my poor overloaded nuts. I started cramming her

compressed cleavage as if it were a tunnel to undiluted ecstasy. Her nails raked my pubic hair as I went in and out.

"Yeah, yeah, you're fucking my tits," said Joellie, stating the self-evident, as I grooved in and out and in and out of her mammoth breasts, which she pressed tighter and tighter together, as her tongue continued to rake my balls.

I couldn't take it—could any human? My swollen balls started pumping out testicle juice like there was no tomorrow. It warmly flowed over her flat freckled tummy and she took her hand from my hips and rubbed the warm spunk in, oohing and ahing. I shot some more, all over her billowing tits, as she squirmed like a pelican drowning in oil in one of those touchie-feelie nature magazine shows.

That's when there was a flash, a click, a snap and a whirl. I turned around to see Phil Stoned, our producer. He was holding a Polaroid camera. Behind him was Maya Anders, giggling

hysterically. And behind her was Sir Marshall Whitehead Atafax, the owner of WDDD and about 5,500 radio and TV stations and satellites and newspapers all over this pathetic world. And behind him was a blonde of 19 or so, who had even bigger tits than the tits I had just fucked, only her tits were hidden in a beige cotton dress, which concealed them about as loosely as could be. That made four people staring. Phil grinned like the fucking moron he was.

"Nice job as usual tonight, Steve, though you seemed a little...tight? On the tight side?" He eyeballed Joellie, a smile slowly unfolding under his idiotic moustache. "And Joellie, your insight

into the movements of the weather is growing with every new dawn. Have you been consulting the Old Farmers Almanac?"

"Knock it off, Phil," said Joellie, coming off the couch, grabbing the bathrobe and hastily re-arranging herself.

"I mean it. I'm serious. You're becoming a first-rate weatherwoman."

"Now, Phil," I said gripping my slippery dick. "I know what you're thinking."

"What am I thinking?"

"That Joellie here has developed a slight problem with elongating her s's and c's, and I was helping her out before it got to the stage where the viewers would notice it and you would have to step in. Just helping out the new girl."

"Wrong, that's not what I was thinking."

"I would like to tell you what I was thinking. I was thinking that you are fired." It was Sir Marshall. His deep baritone, a voice filled with power and money, filled the suddenly small-seeming room.

"Who?" both Joellie and I said, at the same time. "Who's fired?"

"You are, you fucking idiot," said the Sir, as Maya, unable to contain herself, said, under her breath (but I heard her), "So long, sucker."

So here I am at the Almost At The Airport Big Boob Topless Bar—yeah, that's the name—looking up at one of my favorite dancers as she modeled her big tits, rubbing against the firepole, giving me kittenish looks as she cunningly prepared to take anchorman—make that ex-anchorman—Steve Crabbitt's freshly minted fifty, the one with the big picture, the big picture of some bearded president.

It had all happened so fast: a brisk cab ride home, a short, sanitized press release, and Steve Crabbitt, at least as far as WDDD was concerned, was history.

So now I'm here, right here, right now, sucking hard on a bourbon, waiting for a bargain flight out to Milwaukee to see about a co-anchor spot, and if not that, maybe sports, or even—dare I say it—the weather. Yeah, I'll do the weather! The bartender, who has so-so tits, is checking out the nightly news, which flicks on just as I raise another double bourbon to my thirsty lips.

"It's the WDDD News with Maya Anders and Joellie Flanders; Dick Dirth, with all the entertainment news. And Joe Mumbo with sports and the WDDD weather!"

That's right. Lucky me. Or more like: lucky Joellie.

I guess I know now where they got the phrase "No news is good news," right?

So from all of me to all of you: Have a nice day!

"She rubbed the oil in, slipping her hands all over her beautiful supple flesh until her tits shone like molten silver bells."

"I grooved in and out and in and out of her mammoth breasts, which she pressed together tighter and tighter, as her tongue continued to rake my balls."



What a woman!

When Katie appeared in the Holiday 1996 issue of D-CUP, we mentioned that her magnificent boobs are all-natural. Well, they're still all-natural because, unlike a number of other big boobsters, Katie thinks they're big enough.

"I'm not going to have my beautiful breasts pumped up with silicone, saline or...Silly Putty. They're mine, they're beautiful and I love them."

Here, Katie kissed her boobs, stroked them and went on.

"I know my breasts sag just a bit, but I've found that there are lots of men who like 'em that way. So my breasts stay natural—forever."

Take that, you lovers of silicone, saline and Silly Putty!

Just kidding, guys. But if you like extra-humongous boobs even if they have been scientifically enhanced, and don't like them with a slight sag, check out Katie's other erotic attributes. Her meaty hips and thighs, for example. And cheeks that seem to be pleading for a man's strong, hard hands to grab them and hold on while his strong, hard dick plunges balls-deep into her steamy cunt.

So you do like Katie's all-natural body. Then you're an all-natural guy, so you and Katie are made for each other.



WTF YA









