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# LEWDDD LETTERS



Readers, we want to hear about sexual encounters involving big-titted ladies. Manuscripts should be from 400 to 800 words in length and typewritten double-spaced. Please send your submissions to HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES, *LewDDD Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, and enclose an SASE if you want them returned. If your letter is printed, you'll get at least 50 smackers.

## AUSSIE GREENER PASTURES

Amy and I had known each other for years, and though we went out occasionally, we weren't really dating. A short-haired brunette with barely discernible breasts, she was cute, but skinny, and I preferred busty women—and she did too. When Amy invited me to a sneak preview of a Hollywood outer-space sequel, organized by the popular film series' local fan club, I decided it beat sitting home alone, and that's how I met a most enchanting creature.

Amy and I had barely walked into the cinema lobby when a voluptuous woman in her mid-20s emerged from the costumed crowd and rushed up to give her friend a hug. I looked down, and my eyes locked onto a magnificent display of creamy cleavage; in fact, it took a huge effort to look up again. The blonde, whose hair fell almost to her hips, was on the plump side, but breasts as large as hers wouldn't have fit on a slender frame—any more than her grin would have fit on a narrow face. "We haven't met, have we?" she purred. "I'm Helena."

She then introduced Amy and me to her date, a chap named Paul. I resigned myself to watching the movie, but was pleasantly surprised when Helena chose to sit next to me. Paul and Amy stared at the screen as if hypnotized, while Helena concentrated on entertaining me—shifting in her seat so that her huge tits swayed, dropping popcorn into her cleavage and fishing it out, even pressing her boobs against my arm and brushing her hand across my hard-on as she leaned over me to whisper to Amy. After the film, very little of which I can honestly recall, Helena kissed both of us goodbye. As I drove Amy back to her place, she commented, "You and Helena seemed to hit it off quite nicely."

I shrugged. Trying not to seem disappoint-

ed, I asked, "How long have she and Paul been together?"

"They're not," Amy informed me. "She lives in Perth and is just visiting for a few weeks to get over her divorce and 'make up for lost time,' as she puts it." My companion said it warmly, without a hint of disapproval. "Look, it's the club's Christmas party on Saturday," she went on. "Do you want to come? I think you'll find it most intriguing."

I'm not sure why I said yes. Maybe it was to make up for staring at and being entertained by another woman's breasts all night, but I'm glad I did. When I arrived to pick up Amy, I saw Helena sitting on a chair in the kitchen and clad only in an old bath towel and green body paint, which Amy was applying to her

neck and back. "I'm going as an Orion slave girl," the buxom blonde explained, "and Amy's doing the parts of me I can't reach. Do you want to help?"

I glanced at Amy, who grinned and handed me another pot of paint. "Uh," I stammered, "okay. Where should I start?"

In reply, Helena dropped the towel. The tops of her enormous breasts were painted down to within an inch of her nipples, and her belly and thighs were also green, leaving only two narrow bands of pale pink. She grabbed both of her nipples, which were already swollen, and hoisted them up to her chin, saying, "I can't see below here."

I didn't need a second invitation. I scooped the paint onto my fingers, as Amy was doing, and began rubbing it onto the underside of Helena's sensational, silken-soft mammaries. She let go of the right dug, and the full weight



"The next time I visit you, sweetheart, I won't need to park on the roof!"



of its magnificent mountain fell into my hands.

I saw Amy lean over Helena's shoulder and start nibbling her ear, and her friend grabbed the back of my neck and pushed my face into her massive cleavage, smearing my cheeks with green paint. More by good luck than good aim, one of her nipples found its way into my mouth, and I began sucking on it eagerly while the blonde reached down to unfasten my jeans. I felt something brush against my ear. It was Amy sucking the sheila's other tit.

Helena began stroking my wood, but when I reached in between her meaty thighs to return the favor, I found that Amy's hand had beaten me there. Three digits were already imbedded in the blonde's wet folds, a thumb expertly rubbing her clit.

The next thing I knew, I was sitting in the chair, with Helena kneeling between my thighs while straddling Amy's face. The blonde wrapped her beautiful boobs around my cock

and grinned up at me before bending her neck and kissing and licking the head of my prick as it emerged from that heavenly valley. The warm softness of her billowing knockers sliding along my shaft, her heart-beat close to my throbbing penis, the way she teased me with her hot tongue and lips, and her expression as she came—her mouth forming a perfect O—all of these pushed me over the edge. My cum fountained into the air and splashed onto Helena's face and tits. The wench giggled as she licked up as much of my jizz as her tongue could reach, with Amy soon emerging to lick up the rest.

Entranced, I got to watch the two women lay on the kitchen floor, sucking titty, then kissing their way down each other's diverse bodies until they were 69ing right in front of me. After a few minutes I suggested that we'd be more comfortable in the bedroom, and they agreed. We staggered there naked with our arms around each other, then Amy collapsed onto the bed with her legs dangling over the edge.

Helena dropped to her knees between the brunette's thighs and began rubbing her boobs over Amy's crotch, teasing her friend's clit with her own nipples and milky flesh. Amy pulled me down toward her mouth, then quickly sucked me back to a full erection. With a greedy gleam in her eyes, she rolled me onto my back, grabbed a condom out of the nightstand and barely had time to pull it over the crown before Helena pounced on me.

She rode me frantically, coming time after time until I did too, while Amy sat on my face and kissed her mouth while I kissed Amy's slit. Naturally we both fondled those awe-inspiring melons. Finally Helena collapsed onto the bed, and the three of us huddled together, comforting each other gently—all smeared with cum, pussy juice and green paint.

The ladies and I never did make it to that Christmas party. As it turned out, we hardly left Amy's apartment until we drove Helena to the airport a week later! She's promised to come back shortly, but whether she does or not, green will always be my favorite color.

—S.D.

Melbourne, Australia



## BUSTING LOOSE

A blonde with huge, high-slung breasts goes to the eye doctor. Pointing to the bottom line of the chart and working up, the doctor asks, "Can you see this?"

"No!" the babe replies again and again.

Thinking the chick's boobs are impeding her vision, the doc points to the largest letter on top. "Can you see this?"

"No!" the titter reiterates.

"Can you see this?" he snaps.

"Now, that I can see," the blonde gushes.

"It's just as I thought, beautiful," the doctor concludes. "You've got great tits, but you're cock-eyed!"

—Mark

Corcoran, California

The mayor of Skedunk comes home early one day and finds his gorgeous, young wife being screwed between the tits by the handsome sheriff. "Hey, whaddaya think you're doing?" the mayor demands.

"See," the philandering woman says to the lawman, still plowing her DDs melons. "Didn't I tell you my husband was stupid!"

—B.G.

Chillicothe, Ohio



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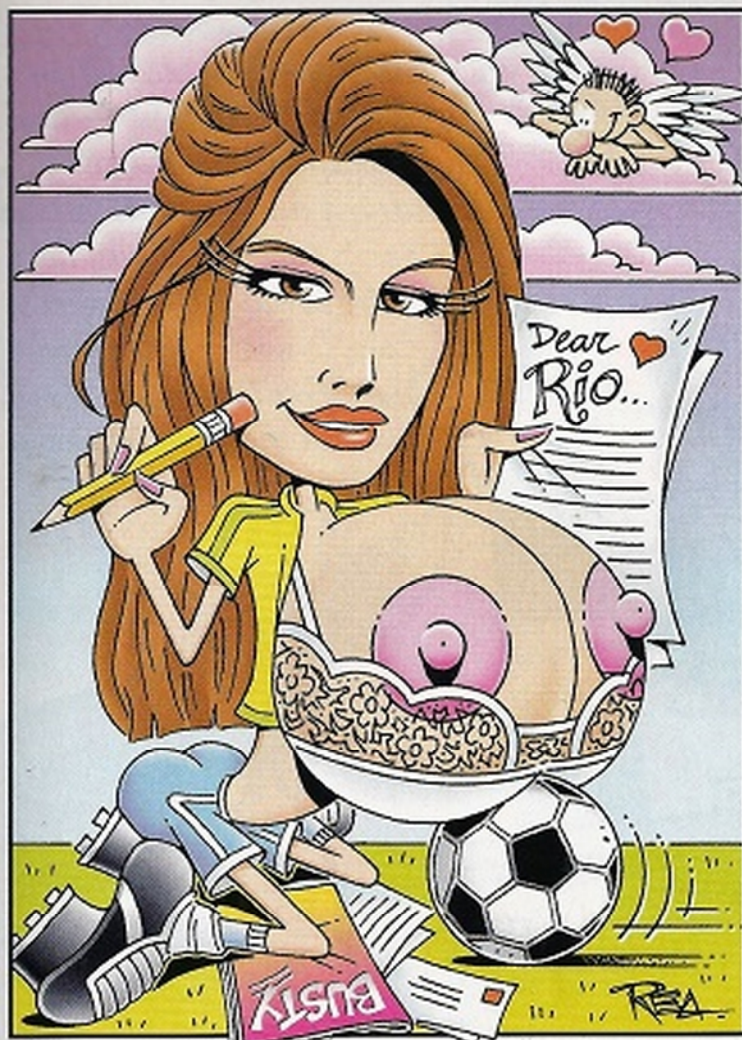
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**BUSTY BEAUTIES—BACK ISSUES**

P.O. Box 5755, Beverly Hills, CA 90209-9968







# The Girl From Striptanema

by Rio Rivers

**H**ello, everyone. I know you're probably wondering what this Brazilian bombshell has been doing since the soccer-goalie fling in my August '99 column. I shot a new BUSTY pictorial. While taking a shower at my hotel, I felt a need to add some toys to my collection. There was a sex shop nearby with so many marital aids—do married people really use such things?!—I didn't know where to start. Browsing, I saw a handsome guy wearing a baseball cap, and his cock was stretching the crotch of his jeans. Seeing that he was ready to fuck made me wet. I walked up and asked him to help me find a new toy. "My cucumber needs a break," I said.

The dude was amazed that I had approached him since he recognized me from my February '99 BUSTY layout. Matt, who looked about 39 or 40, blushed when he admitted being a fan and that he'd jerked off to my pictures many times. (I knew then it would be easy to get him in bed!) As we roamed through the store, he showed me a string of metal balls that could be inserted into an ass or pussy, a monster dildo that had two heads, and a kinky set that included oils, feathers and a rabbit dildo. As I carried the merchandise to the register, I

asked Matt if he'd like to come to my suite (after I'd freshened up) and teach me how to use my new toys. Do you really think he'd say no?

At six o'clock Matt showed up. When I opened the door, with my hair flowing over my shoulders, I was wearing black lingerie with stockings, a garter belt and high heels. The guy went crazy when he saw me, and I so did I. He was wearing a long black coat, pressed jeans, cowboy boots, a loud striped shirt and, yes, a cowboy hat. Spread on the plush carpet were my new toys, a bottle of white wine on ice, a tray of strawberries, a bowl of melted chocolate and some fondue. (Room service was four-star!) To complete the scene, I'd lit dozens of candles.

Starting slow, we sat down on the couch and drank some wine. It just felt good having company, a virtual stranger who was giving me instant orgasms just looking at him. Soon we started playing with each other. Once Matt's hands touched me, we threw our bodies at each other's mercy. As I tore his shirt off, I noticed his rippling pecs, which turned me on even more. He started kissing my breasts even before he undid my 34DD bra. My pussy wanted him so bad. Obviously I wasn't getting any cock right away, since we had all the toys to play with. After ripping my panties off with his teeth, Matt went down on me, his deft tongue turning my body into pudding. That was when I noticed the bald spot in the middle of his longish hair, which made him more appealing. I prefer mature men. He took the little balls that were attached by the strings and pushed them inside my pussy, and at the same time he was licking my slit as if there was no tomorrow.

With the flourish of a matador, I pulled out the balls—to a very unique climax—and then I madly pulled his pants down. The dude had a cock ring, which made him even more attractive. As I sucked his nine-inch penis, I poured chocolate syrup all over the shaft, and with every lick he tasted even more delicious. As he fed my mouth with his rod, I could feel it getting harder and harder. Then as it quivered, he yelled, "I'm coming, baby!," and I was slurping a mixture of his hot sperm and chocolate.

While I stroked Matt's tubesteak, he poured massage oil all over me and brushed my pussy with a feather. He also stuffed some strawberries in my twat and sucked them out. Then he took the rabbit dildo and put it in my pussy and then up my butt, gently ramming me until I came so hard, my mind was a white-out in the Rockies. Just when I was ready  
(continued on page 87)





I needed extra money for Christmas. Like most college coeds, I'm not what you'd call independently wealthy. That's why I took the job. Besides, how tough could it be, being Santa Claus's helper at a local toy store? I will stick a needle in my eye before I ever do it again! Probably the only thing that kept me from going postal during those three weeks was Carl, the guy that I worked with. He was easygoing and always singing and joking and telling stories. A lot of his yarns were pretty filthy, but I didn't mind. They were funny.

Carl was in his mid-40s and had a full thick beard of prematurely snow-white hair. That and his belly being big enough that he didn't need a pillow to play a convincing Santa made him a favorite with the kids. He was the one that kept the young ones under control while I snapped the pictures.

I wish that Carl had been able to do that with the fathers as well. They seemed to like 19-year-old redheads with big tits, slim waists and round asses. My mostly green outfit consisted of a short skirt trimmed with fake fur, a loose satin blouse with balloon sleeves, heavy green tights, elf boots with toes that curled up, and a stocking cap with a bell on the end that constantly seemed to be falling in my eyes. The men looked and made suggestive comments whenever their wives and offspring were out of earshot.

Maybe I would have liked the attention if I hadn't been so hassled. With term papers to write, 12 million screaming kids going through the line every day, and my boyfriend bitching because I wasn't spending any time with him, I wasn't in the mood. The fact is, guys are not the only ones who like a little fucking on a regular basis, and most nights I went home too pooped to even finger myself.

## COMPLAINTS



"Now what was it you're here to complain about?"

The last day was the worst of all. We were swamped from the time the store opened its doors. What made it bearable was the large bowl of holiday punch in the employee lounge. Of course, somebody had spiked it, but nobody complained, and even the anal-retentive manager had a glass. Conveniently, the lounge was right next to Santa's throne room, so I was into the stuff pretty often. As a result, by the time we closed at five, I was more than a little punchy.

Since it was Christmas Eve, nobody wanted to stay any later than necessary. The supervisors left well before closing, and all the other employees followed the last customer through the door. Since Carl and I still had to change into our street clothes, we ended up being the very last people on the premises, and he got the task of locking up. No, we wouldn't have to climb out the chimney.

By then the two of us were both pretty exhausted. I guess that was why we weren't really in any hurry to split. Carl just kind of slumped in his chair while I went into the lounge and filled two large cups with the last of the laced punch. While I was there, I pulled off my tights and bra. I wasn't planning anything. Honestly! The store was hot, and I just wanted to be comfortable.

I came back out. Being drunk enough and tired enough and silly enough, I handed Carl his drink and then climbed up on his lap, hanging one leg over the arm of the chair. That was when he noticed my bare legs and probably my bikini panties as well. I figured that it didn't matter. Everything was covered. We started kidding then. "Santa" asked me if I had been naughty or nice, and I said that I hadn't had a chance to be naughty in a long time, but that was going to change now that my job at the store was finished. He asked what I wanted for Christmas, and I nonchalantly replied, "Ten inches of thick, hard cock applied repeatedly to the insides of my sopping pussy." I was only kidding! It was just a way of relaxing after a long, hard day—and three weeks of hell.

I don't know when Carl started fondling my tit. I didn't really notice until he began squeezing a nipple between his thumb and forefinger. That's one of those things that really turn me on. That's why I didn't say anything at first. He had been at it for a long time before I did finally say something. It was really starting to get me hot.

"I think Santa's being very naughty," I said, relishing the erotic stimulation. "What will your wife say?" I'd seen her once. She looked more like Mrs. Claus than Carl did Santa, short and dumpy.

The portly, white-bearded man smiled. "What she doesn't know won't hurt me! Ho-ho-ho!" His face turning red, he pulled his hand away anyway and apologized.

I grabbed both of his hands then and placed one on each of my twin 44s, with his fingers on my taut nipples. "I was just asking," I murmured. "I didn't say to stop."

I was drunk, I was horny, it was Christmas Eve, and—after all—he was Santa Claus. And it felt pretty fucking good. It was great to just lie there across my colleague's lap, letting him pinch and rub my tits. It was even nicer when he opened my blouse and started to suck and bite them. Like I said before, my nipples are very sensitive, and I was really getting into it.

Carl was too. I figured that he didn't have too many chances to get his hands on a pair of firm, young, DDD-cup tits like mine. The way he was sucking and licking and grabbing those things, I figured that they were either going to swell up to twice their normal size from the handling, or he was going to wear them down to nothing. Either way, I didn't mind.

Carl's naughty nipple-nibbling had me halfway toward coming even without touching my cunt. As far as I (continued on page 75)



A full-page photograph of Annette Christianson posing by a swimming pool. She is sitting on a blue and green patterned towel with the word 'SUN' in large yellow letters. She is wearing a bright green halter-neck top and white strappy high-heeled sandals. She has long blonde hair and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background shows the edge of a pool with a decorative tile border.

# ANNETTE CHRISTIANSON

## Transcontinental Yabo Queen Alfresco

Photography by JOHN LEE

**B**elying the nordic moniker and blond hair and fair complexion associated with Scandinavia, ANNETTE CHRISTIANSON is a denizen of Prague. How the 39-25-35 Czech, who overstuffs her natural, sensitive breasts into a 34G brassiere when one is required, got to be lying nude by a pool in sunny Portugal is roundabout serendipity. ANNETTE was discovered by a BUSTY talent scout during one of her frequent sightseeing-and-shopping trips in London, although the 5-foot-5 lxxobette came to Britain mainly to study the language. An ardent exhibitionist, ANNETTE was easily swayed to follow in the footsteps of many of her country's beautiful women and do explicit modeling.





"When my boobs started growing at an early age, I was embarrassed. Now I love the attention and have the confidence to say I favor being fucked from behind."



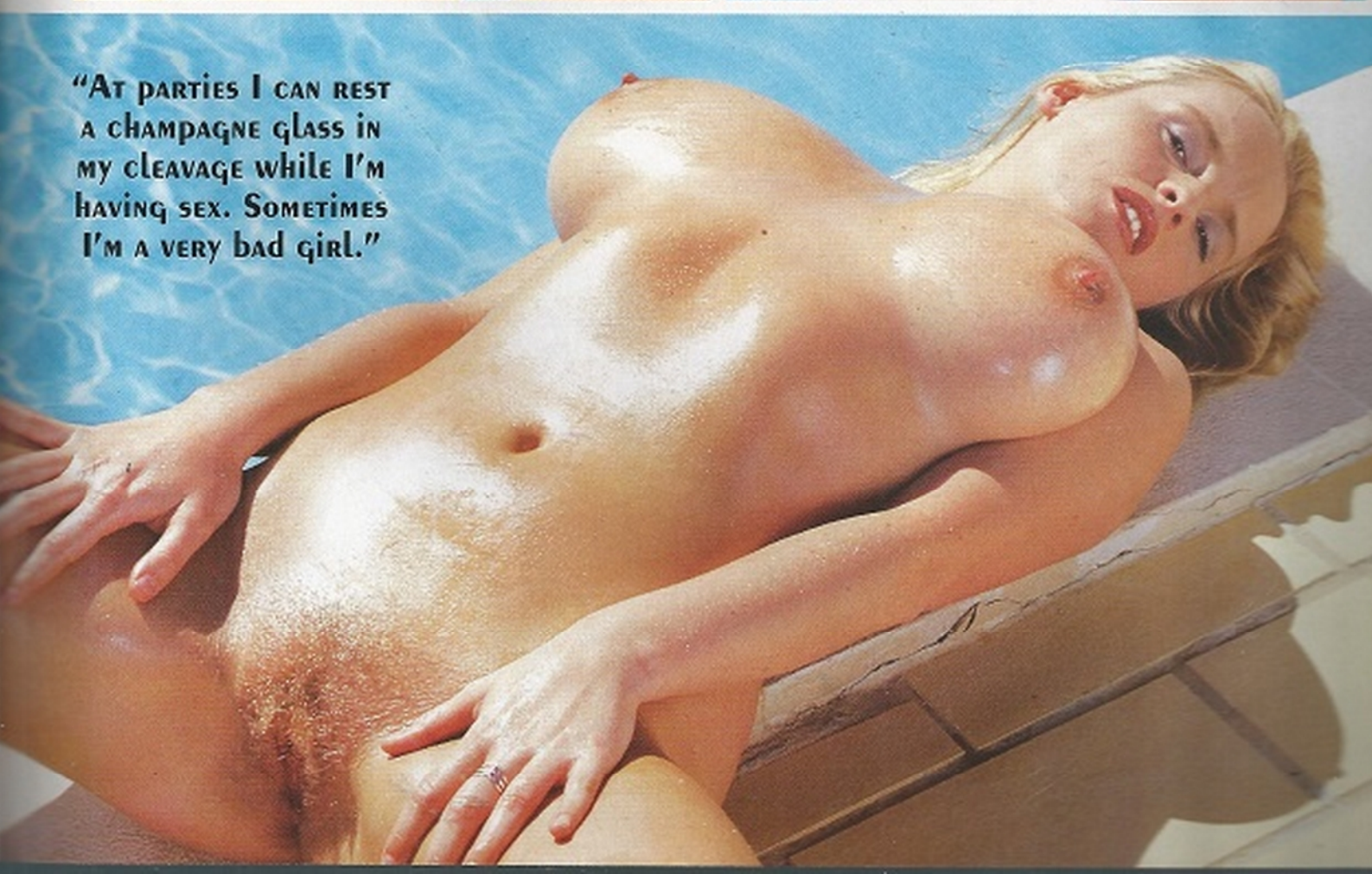








"AT PARTIES I CAN REST  
A CHAMPAGNE GLASS IN  
MY CLEAVAGE WHILE I'M  
HAVING SEX. SOMETIMES  
I'M A VERY BAD GIRL."





**T**HE 23-YEAR-OLD VIRGO-SHE WAS BORN ON SEPTEMBER 7, THE BIRTH ANNIVERSARY OF ENGLAND'S RENAISSANCE SOVEREIGN, ELIZABETH I—is fluent enough to tell us, “The first time I wanted to fuck, when I was 17, it took my boyfriend five times before he could burst through my maidenhead.” Since then deflowered ANNETTE, an admitted “soft-and-gentle” lover whose favorite amorous act is having a fellow give her head, goes bi periodically. “But just to have fun,” insists the enthusiast of swimming, horseback riding, snow skiing, dancing, and flashing her tits in public. “I’ll sleep with a girl when I’m not in the mood to masturbate, and there isn’t a man for me.” It’s not hard for an inveterate tit-man or generic horn dog to be in the mood for flowery ANNETTE CHRISTIANSON, whose fantasy is “having two guys for a whole day.”





"I LOVE RUBBING baby oil INTO  
MY BIG BREASTS, AND I LOVE TO  
MASSAGE A MAN'S PENIS BETWEEN  
THEM AFTER HE GOES DOWN ON ME."







# HOLLY BODY

Blossomy Blessings

Holly is a popular Yuletide decoration, but allow us to eschew the brittle green leaves and red berries for a more decorative arrangement. "My God blessed me," declares the 38GG-26-35 porno star, a shameless, sensual woman of faith whose deity is the positive energy surrounding her Maker. "I can't hide my body. I've tried to many times, but it doesn't work. Because I'm willing to be the center of attention in a sexual context, men lust for me, but that's not a sin; it's just a primordial human response." Our primo cord reponse is to start the new millennium with Holly Body—as the curvaceous Californian puts her omnipresent need—"waiting for a genuine dream man to sweep me off my feet."

Photography by R.B. Kane  
[www.rbkane.com](http://www.rbkane.com)













"I'm not ashamed of anything I do. I'm a caring person deep in my heart, and giving and getting pleasure is my most sacred endeavor."









Lusting for cock is a daily occurrence, so I always keep a fun toy handy!"





**HOLLY BODY FAN CLUB:** 11054 Ventura Blvd., #328, Studio City, CA 91604 (Please enclose an SASE if you want a snail-mail reply.) FYI: Holly's birthday is June 4, and the Gemini's hobbies are in her own words "dancing, sex, good music, sex, movies, sex, good food and did I forget to mention sex?" Her favorite XXX videos are *In Search of the Scorpion Woman*, *In the Money*, *Deep Throat: The Quest*, *Hawaiian Erotic* and *Paradise*. An *Udder Nonsense* regular, Holly Body was BUSTY's Miss October '94, a Season's Greetings lesbo in the January '96 BUSTY and one-fourth of an all-pornstress orgy in May '96.  
[www.hollybody.com](http://www.hollybody.com)







# Chrissy Maxx

Klondike Kleavage





A UFO buff from Fairbanks, Alaska, 48EE-20-34 Chrissy dreams of having sex in outer space. "I'd love to have cum floating into my mouth," admits the sultry, gravity-defying blonde. Closer to Earth the vixen entertains other fantasies. "I enjoy dressing like a hooker and inviting men to my place," murmurs Chrissy, who made her porno debut in *Las Vegas Big Boob Hospitality Sweet*. "I never take their money. It's a thrill to be with a guy who could afford a high-priced prostitute. Actually I'm just a nympho living on a huge inheritance. I love sucking dick and the whole ball of wax! Sex should be as free as I live my life." That's a great maxim.







"I really get off  
whispering. 'Do  
you want to slip  
into something  
a little more  
comfortable?'  
after I strip  
for a Romeo."









"I max out with a banana cock  
ramming me from behind."



"A stud maxes out when  
I intermittently take  
him into my mouth  
during a sloppy tit-fuck."



- "We both max out  
when he creams my  
face and titties while  
I rub my slit and  
beg for a cum-shot!"







For more than ten years we've tried to be the best breast magazine anywhere, so don't hesitate to send us your comments, suggestions and fan letters to **HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES**, Mail Sacks, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 (E-mail: [busty@mp.com](mailto:busty@mp.com) and please provide your hometown). Our marvelous models stand out, and we want you to speak out. Please drop us a line.

# MAIL SACKS

## SEEN YA IN SEPTEMBER

**B**USTY is a good mag that hardens my dick and gets me off. Why? The girls actually suck cock, take it in their cunts and finger themselves. They are real. If that is not enough, they pee for you, and some do it real nice. And if I'm having a soft-dick day, I can count on the she-male ads to stiffen my pecker real good. September '99 was not a fantastic issue, but it got me off several times. Jamie looks like she could be Kirstie Alley's kid sister, and that was enough to get my dick's attention, and I like the way Jamie fingers her pussy. Corinne knows how to treat Dan's cock, both in her mouth and her fuck-hole, and you

show it like it is! The bitch is *real* good. The interview with Tess Tickle was great, and she pees for us, which I like, but you should have had Bekah whiz too.—Mike Topeka, Kansas

*Not fantastic?!*

**Y**our September '99 issue may have debuted one of the most beautiful women I have ever had the pleasure of seeing: Belinda. She has a natural look that any man could fall head over heels for and possibly marry. Once again you have outdone yourselves by finding this Spanish beauty.

—Eric Cincinnati, Ohio

## QUESTION OF FORMAT

**L**et me begin by saying that I think your magazine is one of the best on the market. I speak as a true connoisseur, a man who has been obsessed with the feminine anatomy

for years—and with breasts in particular. I have a special fondness for breasts measuring 50 inches or more, and double or triple cup sizes only make them that much more tantalizing. I also don't discriminate between natural and artificial just so long as they are BIG.

—M.S. Illinois

I have been a big fan of BUSTY since the first issue. For me the whole genre of tit mags began in 1989. I'm a sweater meat-and-potatoes man through and through. I think I speak for all tit fans when I say that I love big natural breasts.

When HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES began [in October '88], I didn't care if the chests were real or enhanced. I just loved the models' humongous proportions. But over the years, the novelty of feature dancers with giant jugs has worn thin. Naturals are the wave of the future. BUSTY needs to keep pace with the newer magazines and wear itself off the airbags and focus on God-given boobs. Chloe Vevrier, Autumn Jade, Christy Canyon and Linse Dawn McKenzie are examples of women blessed with great, gigantic natural tits.

—James San Antonio, Texas



Corinne



Belinda



Jamie



Tess Tickle



Bekah



# PHOTO CHEST

We're looking for uninhibited, well-endowed honeys who want to pose nude for our world-famous amateur-photo contest. All that's required is to send in clear, color slides or prints of a bosomy gal (preferably a half-dozen or so in various states of undress), and if we print one or more, we'll send the lucky lady \$200, plus she'll have a chance to appear in a full-length pictorial with a grand prize of \$1,000. Check out the model release on opposite page for all the details.

## Kitten



**A** dancer from Stockton, California, 22-year-old Kitten has this to say about herself: "I am energetic and have a very outgoing personality. I like having sex in public, and I don't think there's anything I enjoy more than sucking a large, hard cock—apart from being fucked with it, of course. I also love having hot cum all over my body." Since hiking and fishing are among Kitten's hobbies, all we have to say is that her 48DDD breasts make great lures. (Photos by Friend)



*"Large cocks and my 48DDD tits were made for each other."*



# California Rose Ho! Ho! Ho!



The perennial-fave homemaker from Choctaw County, Oklahoma-36C-25-35 when she isn't with child and up a few cup sizes-sends Titmas Greetings. "My fans can see what it would be like to find naughty me under their tree," says Rose, who's been lighting up *Photo Chest* since July '97. "I love sex, but the holidays make me like a lot lizard on Spanish fly." C.R. enjoys being a fantasy gal for truckers and nontruckers alike, and the 24-year-old Sooner reveals her own: "I dream about rubbing boobs and pussies with covergirl Haley Hills. She's so nice." (Photos by Rain Runner)



california\_rose@hotmail.com



# Amy Zaahn

**Y**ou may start singing "Going to Kansas City...." and quickly heading in that direction knowing the Midwest metropolis is where this 23-year-old exotic dancer takes off her clothes—hopefully with paramedics in attendance. Not only does the newcomer from the Show-Me State have an outrageous anatomy, but she also has a way with words, as evidenced by the letter that accompanied her submission: "As you can see, I'm a big girl—hence the name Amy Zaahn, for *amazon*. Get it? I like to say I'm heroically proportioned like Xena, only bigger. I'm over 6-feet tall in my bare feet, which means I'm up to 6-8 in some of my dancing shoes! I currently measure 42DDD-26-40, but soon that cup size is going up again to at least an FF or G.

"I am bi and really enjoy making it with other women, especially if they are small and cute so that I can dominate and make them worship my physical superiority. I'm 210 pounds of raw feminine power! One of my fantasies is to watch my boyfriend doing a petite girlfriend of mine who is whining about his cock being too big for

her. I move in and push her away, easily taking all of my man's huge member into my wet pussy and fucking him like the bombshell I am. While he's recovering from that knockout experience, I demand to be further serviced by my little slavegirl, who obediently licks me to an explosive climax! Whooo, hoooo!!! I've got to stop. Talking about it is making me so hot." Who can talk? Amy is millennial. (Photos by Barry)



**"I hope my first BUSTY pictures make you all come!"**





# XXXmas Nightcap

(continued from page 30)

down to prop myself up into a more comfortable position. That's when I discovered that Santa's South Pole was even more interesting than his North Pole. If what my hand closed around inside of his pants leg wasn't a baseball bat, he was hiding a really nice present for me. Whatever it was, I wasn't going to wait until Christmas morning to open it.

I slid quickly to the floor and pulled Carl's red pants down over his boots to his ankles. I found myself staring at the biggest cock I had ever seen in my life. It was more than I'd wished for. Eleven inches of very thick, very hard man-meat stuck straight out from beneath Santa's round belly. It was going to be my best Christmas ever.

Now, I happen to like blowjobs. Some of my girlfriends don't, but that's why I get more dates. I am also very skilled at cocksucking. It comes (no pun intended) from lots of practice. I won a contest at the shore last summer—14 guys in an hour. The thing is, I knew that I was never going to completely swallow the giant candy cane that now stood in front of me, but I was about to give it my very best effort.

I started slow, licking the shiny red knob of Santa's prick. That cockhead was so big and bright that lead reindeer Rudolph could have been put out to pasture or turned into a venison dinner. Every time a drop of pre-cum appeared on the tip of that enormous dick, it quickly disappeared with a swipe of my tongue. I nibbled around

was concerned, he didn't ever have to stop. That is, until I reached

the bottom of the thick, horny crown. Then I licked and nibbled and sucked and kissed my way all the way down that long, fat, hard Yule log until I reached two large, very cheery-looking Christmas balls that looked a lot better hanging from the bottom of a massive prick than they ever would have looked on any evergreen tree.

**S**anta must have enjoyed the efforts of his little elf. His eyes had that twinkle everyone always associates with Kris Kringle, and his cheeks were as rosy as they were supposed to be. He pushed his ass out to the edge of the seat and leaned back.

I nearly dislocated my jaw slipping my lips over that humongous knob of his. It just about filled my mouth all by itself. I began to pop the tip in and out from between my lips, over and over again. Santa began to moan softly. Then I started to slide my mouth up and down on that thick, swollen fuck-stick, each time taking just a little bit more of Santa's gigantic pecker into my mouth. I felt the helmeted tip banging against the back of my throat in almost no time at all, but I know a few tricks, and I managed to get a lot farther down that Christmas sweetmeat than I'd thought I was going to. It was a lot farther than Santa thought as well. He told me that I was definitely going right to the top of his Nice list.

That jolly "old" man fucked my pretty face for a good 30 minutes before he filled the back of my throat with Christmas pudding. Let me tell you, I did some of my very best cocksucking work on

him, pistoning my mouth up and down on that very special Yuletide dinner while the bell on my silly hat jingled away. I went fast and slow and deep and shallow and tongued his balls and even his ass before he finally exploded in my mouth. When Santa blew, he pumped out enough dick-cream to feed a small nation for a month. I probably gained a pound or two just from what I swallowed, not counting what flowed down my chin and dripped onto my huge titties.

When Carl finally stopped hosing jism all over me and caught his breath, he looked down at me. With a smile and shaking finger, he intoned, "Naughty little girls deserve a licking, and Santa is just the fella to do it!"

I couldn't have agreed with him more. He lay me on my back on a giant pile of stuffed animals and went straight to work. I soon found out why everyone calls him "Saint Nick."

His tongue must have been almost as long as his cock, and he pushed it all into my pussy. Now I really found out about lively and quick. I never knew that someone could flick that fast. Santa tongue-fucked me like he really had to deliver gifts around the whole world in one night, and around the world he went—licking my ass with the same enthusiasm that he was



"No, the missus and I never had any kids. See, I only come once a year and then only down chimneys...."



# BUDDER NONSENSE



## MERRY TITMAS

Clockwise from top  
 left, Melissa, Patience,  
 Vicki Valentine and  
 Fantasia deck the halls  
 with mammy decks and  
 a little jolly. Season's  
 Greetings, folks!



I LIKE 'EM  
 REAL LONG  
 AND SWEET, BUT  
 THIS MIGHT BE A  
 FEW FEET OUT OF  
 MY LEAGUE. (GULP!)  
 MAYBE I CAN DO ONE  
 AS BIG AS PETER  
 NORTH'S POLE.





## POTASSIUM, PLASTIC & PROTEIN SHAKE

Three January birthdayers provide a litany of oral ingestion. That's banana chomper Lovette, amateur Miah with an acoustic utility pole, and Kim Chambers doing GI Blow.



THIS DILDO IS ALMOST THE SIZE OF THE TEXAS PANHANDLE, BUT I CAN HANDLE IT... WITH A LITTLE PATIENCE!



WOULD A B.J. QUEEN MAKE XMAS COOKIES THAT DIDN'T HAVE A CREAMY SECRET INGREDIENT?



THERE'S ONLY ONE CHAMPAGNE FOR ME - DOME PERIGNON 34D!



LUNA'S GINGERBREAD MAMS

## Cleavage of Yore



\$\$\$\$\$: If you've got booby photos from yesteryear, send them to *Cleavage of Yore*, HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. We pay \$150 for each vintage shot published (or \$50 if more than one is used in an issue). Please provide your Social Security number and enclose an SASE if you want unprinted materials returned.

## GLASSININE PASTIES?

Tanya Danielle fills those goblets BUSTY-style. Contrary to conventional boulder-holderism, it seems her tits are providing support for the bra cups. A Happy New Millennium to all, and please don't drink and drive—anything that isn't breathing.





# "Have a Go!"

*Rhian's Milk-Wood Encore*

XXX Photography by Bill Eastment





**T**he wanking Welsh wench introduced in November '99 makes a quick turnaround, trading in her cigarette and cunning vibrator for something smokier and meatier. Eighteen-year-old Rhian, natural-bosomed and a pleasure to behold in the nude and then some to hold in the flesh, only recently lost her virginity, making this sex-show follow-up more lascivious. "A tart can say she loves being lurid in voyeuristic photographs and loves sucking outrageously large cocks and loves shagging," the uninhibited Swansea reflects, "but why leave anything to the imagination? That's not me." We'll leave precocious Rhian with her appointed cocksman Jeremy, and she won't have to ask, "Am I a good lay?"











**Rhian offers up the titman's triad:  
balls-squeezing blowjob, rapturous  
boobplay and to-the-hilt fucking.**













"I'd like to be the slut in *Under Milkwood*—a bawdy play by Welshman Dylan Thomas—who cries out, 'Shipwreck in my thighs!' I know what she really meant."







Can a fair lass be fairer than Rhian savoring an afterglow puddle of spunk?



# BUSTING INTO DOUBLE ZEROES

## Meyeresque Pandora Peaks Speaks

### Bra-Belle Interview by Tex Novo

**I**n keeping with this mag's whimsical spirit, the November '94 issue showcased a then-rising exotic-dance star's hourglass figure beside a rather large hourglass. As granules of sand have dropped through the space-time continuum toward the new millennium, Pandora Peaks has become renowned in other forms of entertainment, mostly involving her deference to nudity. To enliven the photo-exclusive that follows, our chief correspondent calls the BUSTY legend to see just what makes the titanic-breasted marvel tick.

**HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES:** Your latest layout marks a very special occasion.

**PANDORA PEAKS:** I like that.

**How do you appraise being BUSTY's Miss Millennium 2000?**

It's a neat thought. (Snickers.) The zeroes and the breasts sort of go together. Going to the new century, my boobs will get there first, before my feet and backside do.

**Speaking of boobs, what are your measurements these days?**

The real thing is 44-22-36, and that's 44H like *huge*. Some people know me as 72HHH. That was just to get everyone's attention, but now we're into *real* numbers.

**What have you been doing lately, having first appeared in BUSTY's April '92 edition?**

Being one of Russ Meyer's girls of the '90s is up there. Mostly I've been working on my Website, [www.pandorapeaks.com](http://www.pandorapeaks.com). Everyone can see me on the World Wide Web. I was part of the Pandora Project, which included DVD and VHS tapes and the book *Pandora Peaks: Visions & Voyeurism*. These can all be ordered through my Website or fan club. [See page 61.]

A new project I've completed is *A Peek at Pandora*. This was a fantasy I had. I'm not a lesbian, but I do like women. I did a girl/girl DVD video with RayVeness—she's been in BUSTY a few times—and a new girl named Envy. This is totally high-tech. The viewer can get two different camera angles by clicking on

one or the other, which is cool.

**Is this simply getting naked with the girls, or is there nasty, down-and-dirty lesbian fun?**

We're having a lot of fun and more fun. There's an R-rated version and an X-rated one.

**Is this your first X-rated release?**

The very first and probably my only one.



(Laughs.) It felt right, and the circumstances were right, and I decided to try it. My pictorial with Joi planted the seed. People still talk about that [July '92] layout.

**What kind of women do you find attractive?**

RayVeness has really nice, soft breasts. I like the total package. I have a great imagination. Women without breasts are cool too. They can wear T-shirts, and their boobs are never in the way. I personally love breasts. They make me feel feminine. I've had breasts all my life. I like cleavage too.

**How would you describe your breasts?**

Full, voluptuous, gigantic, protruding.

**A Russ Meyer favorite is cantilevered.**

That's a good one for the Peaksters. They bring boob lovers to their knees. They go goo-goo. They turn grown men into little boys. They just love them.

**Do you love talking about them?**

We can talk about tits. I like my nipples. The areolas are a nice size, and the nipples aren't too big, but they get erect. My nipples feel sexy to touch. They have a lot of feeling. My breasts are not rock-hard. They're soft but firm, like a good mattress. (Laughs.) A day in the life of Pandora's tits. When I run or work on the treadmill though, I have to hold them, and it's hard to slow-dance.

**Short guys must dig slow-dancing with you.**

With their eyes level with my boobs. Their heads rest nicely on the pillows.

**Let's go from the fox trot to the samba. We understand you're also big in Latin America. What's that all about?**

Some soap operas and variety shows I did down there are repeatedly rerun on television. Let's see, there was *La Familia*, *Hola Susana* and *Sábado Sensational*. I was on vacation several months ago in Argentina, and people speaking Spanish yelled out my name and asked if they could have their picture taken with me. It blows my mind. I made a big impression.

**As you have with Beavis & Butthead.**

(Laughs.) Yes, they mentioned me in their book *Huh Huh for Hollywood*. It was cute. What's going to be our adventure this time? Remember I helped a woman jump-start her car with my boobs in my first layout. Now that I live in the North Country, hockey is in my blood. I have front-row season tickets to the [Toronto] Maple Leafs. If I wear the right clothes, there seems to be a lot of action in my part of the ice. (Laughs.) I may have to visit a player in the penalty box some night.

**Why did you move to Canada?**

I had a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity up here and grabbed it.



But you'll always be a Southern belle?

Yes. I'm from Atlanta originally, but at the start of my career a few magazines said that I was from Texas to account for my huge tits. No matter where I go, I'll be a Georgia peach. I still have my Southern drawl.

Toronto is in southern Canada.

(Laughs.) I have a lot of Pandora sightings up here. I like to fix things around the house, and whenever I go to stores to buy things I need, people come up and ask me if I'm Pandora.

The Burt Reynolds-Demi Moore flick *Striptease* certainly made you more recognizable in public. It may be semi-old news, but tell us a little about the experience. It's not every month that BUSTY BEAUTIES presents a bonafide movie star nude in its pages.

I like that. (Pandora accentuates her Dixie drawl.) Bonafide movie star. Being cast for *Striptease* was such a cool thing and one of the highlights of my life. I just finished a movie called *Silverman* that used the house I'm living in. I have a cameo. Stephen Baldwin is in it.

Back to *Striptease*'s Burt Reynolds.

I saw him all the time. He was so cool. It's such a trite word, but he was always very giving and willing to talk about himself and share his stories. I like to be like that. People are very intrigued by Pandora.

Notice whom we're interviewing.

Here I am the Ba-Ba-Boom Girl, and I'm intrigued by Burt. He's still a very handsome man. I was tickled pink getting to be in that film.

But not tickled pink literally?

(Laughs.) No, it was only R-rated. Still, I had some good coverage and was part of the major cast. Even the name was so alluring—Urbana Sprawl. I got to see what making a major movie was all about.

Late-night cable viewers might spot you in an Andy Sidaris movie with his trademark—scantily clad babes.

I was Atlanta Lee in *Do or Die*.

That was a lot of fun too. I'd like to work with Andy Sidaris again.

Are you always cast as a celluloid stripper?

It seems that way. I'm typecast. I make a good stripper on the silver screen.

Why did you want to be a stripper?

I like being onstage. I like the shows. I like the attention. I like the costumes and the make-up. People ask how I do it. There's no real formula. You just become alive up there. Having done both, stripping is easier than acting. The music builds, and you have that immediate interaction with the audience. In films there's only the crew around you as you find something from within. It's 1, 2, 3, perform!

Do you take acting lessons?

All the time. I want to improve my skills.

Some of your fans may also want to know about Pandora's nonacting skills.

I can sing. Besides starring in it, I did some soundtrack vocals for D. Kelly Marsalis's erotic crime drama *Innervisions*.

How about something less musical?

(Laughs.) I like to swim in the nude. I have a pool. That's fun. Here is a fallacy I must address. People look at me and say, "With tits like those you must float." I don't float. When I'm in water, I have to keep my arms and legs moving. I wish I did float, but it doesn't work out like that. Maybe some women are buoyant, but someone would have to save me.

How about addressing an intimate skill?



Involving fingers and toes? I love sex. I like the sexual aspect of being a stripper. I'll slide a string of pearls through my illustrious lips, which are famous for being so long.

The lips under your nose or between your legs?

The ones between my legs. Pandora's box! I have pouty upper lips. When I realized that some girls are smooth down there and that some girls have lips, I thought that was fascinating. I like the smooth kind. Mine make sex feel real grippy. The lips have something to hold onto. My lips never get in the way like some girls say theirs do.

Do you have intercourse-induced orgasms?

I do. Guys like to think of us as multi-organic. I am. I do a little of everything, although I

hate to tell my fans I'm not a big anal person.

You won't be the first BUSTY Beauty to profess that pet peeve, but you are the first to do so in the double zeroes.

In my mind, anal could be sexy, but for me it doesn't work. I don't want to break men's fantasy, but I don't find tit-fucking sexy either. I admit it's the first thing every guy thinks would be so cool to do in bed with me. Tit-fucking or not, I like men to come all over my tits. I don't mind that at all. Do you think boobs will be a priority in the new millennium?

Breast worship is eternal. Breasts are symbolic of femininity and a source of nutrients in the life cycle. Breasts are Freudian. On the psychological front, do you still enjoy men fantasizing having sex with you?

It comes with the territory. It's always neat to think that someone would fantasize about me. I like to watch sex films because they turn me on. Not that I want to do them or anything. I like the fact that someone can look at a picture of me, get excited and have a great time with himself alone, or enhance sexuality with a partner. I've had couples come in to clubs and say I've made their sex lives better. I'm a helper. I come to the rescue. I think your magazine helps people's sex lives.

Is there a memorable sexual encounter you'd like to relive here?

I had a good boat experience, going 60 miles per hour and giving a good blowjob. I think it's sexy when you're in a place where you can get caught. One night my boyfriend and I were going home, and we were both real horny. I took off all my clothes. I'm butt naked, and he had to pull over to the side of the road so we didn't have an accident. The car had tinted windows, and we rolled them down so everyone could see. (Laughs.) No, we didn't, but only because it was really cold that night.

Did you have close calls shooting the gonzo-location pictures for *Visions & Voyeurism*?

When didn't we? Somebody called the police when we were filming at the newsstand, saying what we were doing was detrimental to children. A motorcycle cop pulled over the limousine I was sitting in. He told us it was against the law and to be cautious of that. The cop could tell we weren't out of our minds on drugs or irresponsible. He just gave us a warning and let us go, but it's all on tape. Another crew was behind the limo and shot the whole episode.

You also got to go grocery-shopping nude.

Guys would love to see a girl shopping nude and waiting for a bus nude, which is why we threw those into the book *The produce department* (layout follows; Q&A continued on page 61)



# PANDORA Q&A

(continued from page 50)

ment was marvelous. (Laughs.) I felt right at home with the cantaloupes and watermelons.

**Do you sometimes feel too large on top?**

I see myself in pictures and go, "Oh, my goodness!" In everyday life I wonder why people are staring at me. I am extreme with the big boobs and narrow waist.

**We like to think your career got a big boost from initial exposure in this magazine.**

It definitely did. Russ Meyer saw my pictures in *BUSTY*. I haven't seen Russ in a while. I'm still waiting for him to release a video we shot a few years ago, a *Tale of Two Titties* or whatever he's going to call. It's in his ball court. [Editor's Note: Meyer, the so-called Godfather of Bosomania, is the man behind nudie classics from the '60s and '70s such as *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, *Beneath the Valley of the UltraVixens*, *Lorna* and *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*]

It's a very hard business from one week to the other. Russ was very influential in getting me to a level beyond what a men's magazine reaches, something more mainstream. I'll always appreciate that. Strippers, movie stars, whatever, we all must start somewhere. I haven't forgotten my roots, and that's why I enjoy being in *BUSTY*.

**Wearing only the proverbial birthday suit.**

I love being naked, and I love saying that.

**When is your birthday?**

April 12.

**David Letterman's and Shannen Doherty's birthdays and just a couple of days short of the anniversary of the *Titanic's* sinking.**

Like I said, I don't float either. Another person with the same birthday, strangely enough, is Charles Napier, a character actor in some Russ Meyer films.

**What do you see for the new millennium?**

Excitement. Life gets better. I'm looking forward to life. I have almost ten years on me since my first layout, but I don't think I'm that different. I've gained a little weight, maybe three pounds because I'm not dancing so much. That kept the weight off, being so active.

**How do you feel about adult magazines' tilt toward younger, natural models?**

There's something for everybody. My niche is I have boobs, and they're bigger than life, and that's just the way they are. I could not be in a magazine with only natural girls. That's not what I'm all about.

To find out more or to drop a personal line, write to Pandora Peaks Fan Club (1543 Bayview Ave., #511, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M4G 3B5. (Please enclose an international postal coupon if you want a reply.) Readers with Internet access can find the *BUSTY* fave at [www.pandorapeaks.com](http://www.pandorapeaks.com).



# FLESHTONES

Pandora Peaks has always exuded demure-cool and sexual desire. Those who have seen her in the pages of *HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES* know firsthand the impact of some of the biggest breasts in the business. One of Pandora's recent projects is a quantum leap beyond what we've grown accustomed, *Visions & Voyeurism*.

The coffee-table book contains a vast collection of artistic images by fine-art photographer Amanda Greene, whose work has graced many prestigious galleries. Greene's fascinating portraits play with exhibitionism and erotica in a way that is much more sophisticated than the peek-a-boo style of tabloid journalism. In fact, her framing and composition remind me of the compelling work of Helmut Newton, Richard Avedon and cult shutterbug/filmmaker Russ Meyer. A few of my favorites: Pandora totally nude reading a racing form at a Los Angeles sidewalk newsstand, Pandora (in pumps, stockings and a lacy bra) crossing Hollywood Boulevard, bringing traffic and

pedestrians to a halt, and a nude Pandora stranded in the Mojave Desert alongside the pronounced tailfins of a classic '59 Cadillac convertible.

These images evoke the sexy, stark underworld of the bebop jazz vibes of the late '50s and early '60s, transporting anyone who has seen Pandora in magazines or live onstage to a new level of awe. No wonder private collectors have paid up to \$10,000 to own original prints from Greene's striking ensemble of Pandora erotica.

Companions to the book are an excellent documentary DVD (also available in a VHS videocassette) directed by D. Kelly Marsalis. After bursting onto the film scene by taking Pandora to new artistic heights with his award-winning production *Innervisions*, Marsalis does a masterful job staging each sequence while keeping the general public and police at bay. A scene that shows the director's genius is his shooting Pandora in rush-hour traffic waiting for a bus in full, topless big-breast

Pandora Vision. We all know she has a one-of-a-kind body that even when clothed can make all the lights go red, but this is a shocking new definition of traffic control.

*Visions & Voyeurism* is the must-have book and DVD or video for collectors and breastmen alike. —Rejean Forte

*Visions & Voyeurism* (autographed art book, \$50), DVD (100 minutes, \$20) and VHS videocassette (76 minutes, \$20) can be ordered through Peaks Productions, 1543 Bayview Ave., #511, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M4G 3B5 or [www.pandorapeaks.com](http://www.pandorapeaks.com). Send check or money order in U.S. funds only and please add \$7 postage & handling for each book, \$5 for each video product.







B&W Pandora photos courtesy  
Visions & Voyeurism publisher:  
Setec Astronomy Productions  
(8306 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 278,  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210).

## AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST

MODEL RELEASE  
ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES' Photo Contest, you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF IDENTIFICATION, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, state-issued ID, work or school ID, etc.). Second ID can be Social Security card, birth or marriage certificate, credit card or immigration document. Provide photocopies, not originals. Send a selection of sharply focused color prints or slides. Model should be at least topless, and faces must be visible. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we publish. If we print model's photo, she'll win \$200 and be considered for a feature layout worth up to \$1,000. (Amateur of the Year will win up to \$2,500!) Send photos, IDs and release to HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES, Photo Contest, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

(Please Print)

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Maiden Name \_\_\_\_\_

Any Alias, Nick, Stage or Professional Name \_\_\_\_\_

Name to Be Published \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (Include Area Code) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Measurements (Include Cup Size) \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Model's Social Security Number \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include Separate Sheet if Necessary

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

### NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

In consideration of \$200, I hereby give HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any revisions or any additions whatsoever to such photos, portraits or any of the above information, whether true or fictional. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs and that my photographs can be published in other affiliated magazines. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

## WIN UP TO \$2,500

See this form for details.





# PANDORA PEAKS

Atomic Bombshell

In 1992, M.K. of Garland, Texas, wrote: "At last I have finally discovered who is unquestionably the absolute sexiest, classiest, most voluptuous nude model ever! Pandora Peaks is the standard by which all others should be judged. What a dynamic, classy lady—beautifully proportioned in every respect, with perfectly plump, succulent, luscious tits and an alluring, seductive appeal that would drive any man wild. She has got to be the one BUSTY Beauty who can please *all* your readers. She's the big-tit queen of all time." After almost an entire decade of similar superlatives from jaw-dropping fans, Pandora Peaks returns with more distinction. Accompanying an exclusive telephone Q&A is a new pictorial of the universally revered exotic dancer, Russ Meyer girl, film star and now BUSTY's first centerfold of the new millennium.

Photography by R.B. Kane  
[www.rbkane.com](http://www.rbkane.com)



Clad in one of her favorite spray-on dresses, Pandora can cause a furor without batting an eye, but the 44H-22-36 paragon is a BUSTY favorite for perennially revealing one of the most remarkable slim-and-stacked bodies to ever defy gravity and the other laws of nature. As one acolyte told us, "She's broken the boob barrier!" Who better to cross a major calendar threshold?











"In ideal circumstances  
a seductive striptease is  
the start of a mutually  
satisfying erotic journey."











"Why is it I'm never wearing  
a nightie when I wake up  
in the morning?"









A blonde woman with large breasts is posing on a bed with pink sheets. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. In the background, there is a pink wall, a framed picture, and a vase with flowers.

**"I get turned on hearing  
from men who fantasize  
about my larger-than-life  
Peaksters. Are they  
making you larger?"**

**PANDORA PEAKS FAN CLUB**  
1543 Bayview Ave., #511  
Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M4G 3B5  
(Please enclose an international postal  
coupon if you want a snail-mail reply.)  
[www.pandorapeaks.com](http://www.pandorapeaks.com)



HUSTLER  
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MILLENNIUM  
JANUARY 2000

Piqued for  
sensational pillow talk? Call

**1-800-958-0069**

\$3.99 per minute

MUST BE 18 OR OVER





A photograph of a woman's midsection. She is wearing a black bikini top. A thin, double-strand silver Pandora necklace with several charms is draped across her bare abdomen. Her right hand is visible at the top, holding the end of the necklace. Her left hand is visible at the bottom, resting on her hip. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting with pink and white elements.

*Breast wishes for a super  
new year, new century and  
new year, millennium!  
new love 'n' kisses....  
Pandora Peaks*





# Tabitha Love

T&A GALLERY

Photography by Robert Veze





A 22-year-old sorceress of amorous delights, this BUSTY debutante lives in the seismically active Los Angeles area. "Making the ground shake with good loving," coos Tabitha, whose most bizarre fantasy is running around naked and fornicating amid Easter Island's bizarre stone carvings. The tawny angel herself is an exquisite objet d'art capped by cinnamon-gumdrop nipples that have "Suck us all day" written all over them. "Everybody flatters me about my butt," Tabitha extols, "but I think my breasts are my best feature because they're large and natural. They stand very erect."











Tabitha from this lovely angle should have been a native of Honduras with two s's, but she has only a smidgen of Spanish ancestry. Although Tabby made a name for herself in black pornos, that she's not. "There's Cherokee blood on both sides of my family," the bootyful babe explains, "and I have a Scottish grandpapa." Both sides of Tabitha are top of the line.





"I love to be fucked,  
even if I have to do it  
myself. An empty  
pussy breaks my  
heart."







**TABITHA LOVE**

c/o HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES  
8484 Wilshire Blvd., #900  
Beverly Hills, CA 90271

(We'll forward correspondence, but please  
enclose an SASE if you want a reply.)

XXX Videos: *Wayne's World*, *Black in White*,  
*Revisited*, *Sister 2: So Bad*, *Hollywood*, *My Baby Got Back*, *7 and 7*, *Overdose*, *Cougar*,  
*Couples*, *Dark Desire*, *More Than a Woman*,  
*Borderline* and *Freaky Week*; *The Series*.





# JESSICA TURNER

## Jovial Jugster

**M**y friends call me "Smiler," confides the brassiere-filled Londoner when I reach her cell phone for a brief biographical sketch. She smiles even when I'm talking, but it's more obvious when I'm getting my kit off, which she feels so, so good. "Rubbing yourself to orgasm? we are sensing that the 5-foot-7, 38EE-28-36 acting-and-drama student is keen to delve into the graphic. "No," she chirps. "That's British slang for *undressing*, but I enjoy rubbing my pussy. I don't have anyone wanking it for me. You should see how big my smile is when I'm being fingered or giving a blowjob or getting fucked by a big, stiff cock. Sexually I'm incredibly active. I'm very dangerous and daring. I'm willing to try anything." Still a teen—the cheerful thespian won't turn 20 on May Day—Ms. Turner is a woman when it comes to prodigious breasts. "I like how my Lils of Love feel," the playful natural murmurs. "People tell me my boobs are like pillows and as soft as a baby's bum. I like blokes to baby them." **BUSTY**'s first homegrower of the millennium may not have a perfect set—"My left titty is bigger and heavier than the right," Jessica points out—but the jugular bird is perfect for fantasy and real-life fun.

Photography by  
Parker Haldane







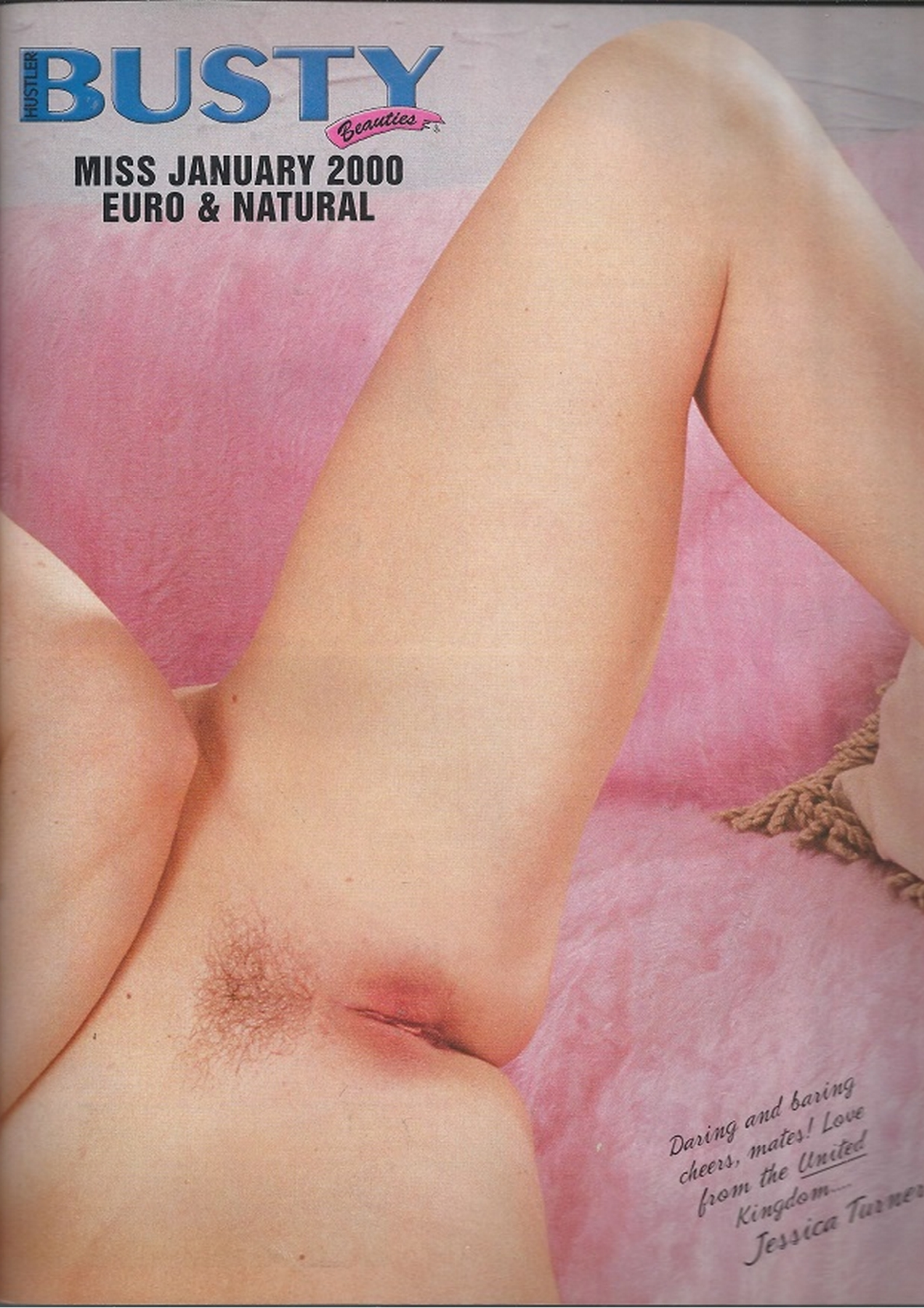
"My face really  
lights up when my  
boobs are thrust  
out, and I have  
something deep  
inside me."











**HUSTLER** **BUSTY**  
*Beauties*

**MISS JANUARY 2000  
EURO & NATURAL**

*Daring and baring  
cheers, mates! Love  
from the United  
Kingdom...  
Jessica Turner*

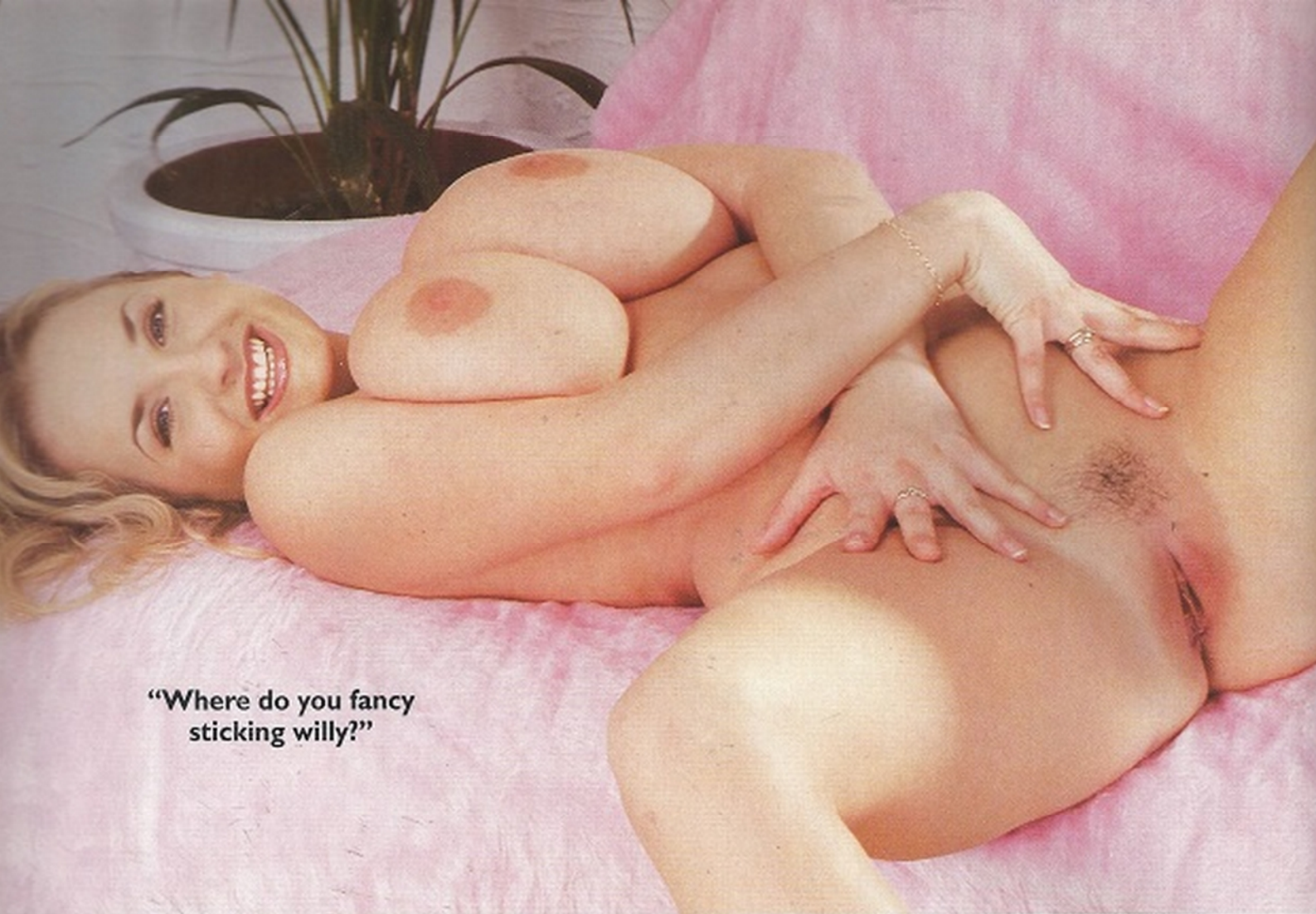




"There are smiles all around when  
I slip off my bra and knickers."







"Where do you fancy  
sticking willy?"



**JESSICA TURNER FAN CLUB**

P.O. Box 924, Sutton, England, United Kingdom SM1 2UZ

(Please enclose an international postal coupon if you want a reply.)

FYI: Jessica's birthday is May 1, and her hobbies are cooking, cycling, bowling and swimming. ("If I tried to breaststroke across the English Channel, I wouldn't drown!" Jessica quips.) She prefers being taken from the rear—"Doggy-style is always good"—and has two fantasies: "I'd like to be as famous as Linsey Dawn McKenzie, and I fancy having public sex in a romantic, fiery place. No, not a foundry in Birmingham—perhaps on the rim of America's Grand Canyon."



# WHAT A DECADE!

*'90s Bazoominary  
Retrospective Part One*

*Marilyn  
Hellons*





"If you thought that 1989 was  
a great year for HUSTLER  
BUSTY BEAUTIES, wait  
until you see what we have  
in store for the 1990s."  
-Larry Flynt, January '90



*Topsy Curvey*











*Farina James*



**BUSTY BAZOOMINARY  
PICTORIALS**

ALEXIS LOVE: April '93, Summer '94, July '95  
AUTUMN JADE: September '98, August '99  
BAROCCA: September '97  
BUSTY DUSTY: October '91, May '92,  
May '93, August '94, April '98  
CHRISTY CANYON: September '93,  
Summer '98  
KAYLA KLEEVAGE: Summer '92, Summer '93,  
January '94, November '95, October '98  
LINSEY DAWN MCKENZIE: July '97,  
October '98, December '99  
LISA PHILLIPS: April '90, May '91  
MARILYN MELLONS: August '90,  
December '91, October '93  
TARINA JAMES: May '98  
TOPPSY CURVEY: December '90,  
August '91, August '94  
TRACI TOPPS: November '90, March '92,  
December '93, October '95, July '96  
WENDY WHOPPERS: Summer '93,  
March '94, August '94, Summer '96  
To order back issues, see page 42.

**H**ow has HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES been able to endure since 1988 while so many skin magazines have bitten the dust, and the proliferation of sex on the Internet threatens to undermine the paper-and-ink cosmos? Of course, the answer is a loyal readership that can count on a steady, bounteous stream of breathtaking breast goddesses. In the past ten years a select few have attained superstar status because of their remarkable physical assets and unequivocal sexuality. However, this baker's dozen BUSTY Beauties from the pneumatic 1990s (with other standouts to follow in coming months) is more than a visual, provocative and nostalgic stroll down Mammary Lane. We've also mustered these tantalizing see-ductresses to thank them for joining our family, as it were, thus encouraging our readers to stick with us. Sincere thanks and a Happy New Millennium to them too!

*Barocca*











*Autumn  
Jade*

The debate over titmen's preference for natural endowments versus silicone-enhanced dominated the 1990s and will probably continue as long as women can decide what they want do in the name of beauty and titillation and as long as they want to show off what they're packing.



*Kayla Silvercage*