

GOLDEN STATE PUBLICATION Vol.5 No.2

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SG 0023

TITS

Super
Big

ADULTS ONLY



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All models are over 18 years of age





HATTY





No one believes me when I tell them I am a stunt flyer but that is what I do for a living. They all say that I would never fit in a cockpit with my big boobs sticking out like that. They have a point—two of them, actually—but I use my specially designed plane and those tricky tits stick right out there with no trouble whatsoever.

There is even room for an extra passenger. Someone who can relax me while I am doing the loop the loop. My perky pussy needs attention also, sometimes a lot more. Those eager fingers of mine don't do all the work; a good healthy cock can knock me for a tailspin.

Because I am up in the air most of the time, I get my sex over the clouds. This isn't as dangerous as it sounds. I will admit that

when I spread my firm thighs at that height there is a loud popping sound. My cunt lips snap apart and all that inner pressure is momentarily released.

There is something celestial about getting fucked up in the air. All you have to do is close your eyes and let that pumping take place as though it were being directed by a horny eagle on his way north for the snow country.

Of course I always have to be careful that my vision isn't obstructed during these elevated interludes. With a guy humping me in the cockpit this isn't always successful. Once in awhile I can look out between a pair of muscular legs but there is a lot going on up there and there has to be a wider view than that. So far I haven't had any serious

accidents although I did sideswipe a guy in a balloon. (What he was doing up there jacking off in the clouds didn't make sense to me!)

Not all of my flights include a rollercoaster orgy. Although I do try to work that in whenever possible. Getting stunt work is easy, there just aren't enough pilots like me to cover all the assignments. And also I always include something a little extra. Before landing I lean over the side and let my mammoth mounds wave in the breeze. That sure stirs up the crowd down below. Maybe they ignored all the signs I was carrying in the rear but my bare breasts sure got their attention in a hurry.

Long ago I discovered that you sell your own gimmick. My super breasts get





a lot of attention both on the ground and in the air. Frankly I love to fly in the nude. In this way I can glide through the clouds with my butt, bosom and box bouncing away in the cool atmosphere.

If I had to stay on the ground all the time I think I would go right out of my mind. I didn't feel like this all my life. Once I was deathly frightened of flying. Even going up in an elevator. Then I started reading about girls getting fucked in a two-seater and suddenly I was intrigued. Why couldn't that happen to me? I was sure ready since I had the wettest box in town. A good solid piece of meat could shove its way into my willing hot hole anytime it wanted!

And so I started taking flight lessons. Thankfully the beginning lessons were on the ground. I wanted to stay on solid ground for as long as possible. But the day finally arrived when I had to make my first flight with an instructor. He couldn't take his eyes off my breasts and this got me worried. Was he going to give his complete attention to the flight or was he going to lose his head and start groping me up in the clouds?

I got the answer to my question the minute we left the ground. His hand reached over and ripped open my blouse. "Got to let a little air in, baby, that will help us keep the plane steady."

Maybe so, I thought to myself, but it sure wasn't keeping you on an even keel. Already I was so nervous I forgot everything I was supposed to do. Luckily he handled the controls



**“... Never
had I tasted
such a
sweet cock
and balls
before.”**





until we leveled off and was on a straight course. There was no doubt we would have crashed otherwise.

All of a sudden I was holding my breath. Stars starting popping in front of me and there was a high-pitched whistle through both of my ears. With all this activity going I just had to close my eyes. That was sure no way to fly a plane and so I hoped that the instructor could take over again like he had when we took off. When I felt his hand between my thighs I knew that everything was under control. He was go-







ing to dig his horny fingers deep into my wet pussy and make a pilot out of me yet.

Since I was stuffed into my seat I didn't see how either of us could move around much. I was soon to discover how versatile an instructor can be with a vulnerable student. Much to my amazement he was crawling on top of me. Right away I realized that the controls were strictly in my hands at that moment. This made me dizzy but it also made me as hot as hell.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" I hoarsely whispered. The wind was whipping into my open mouth. Actually he

didn't need any encouragement because he was already stuffing his big piece of meat deep between my thighs.

And then he started working on my tits and I had to let go of the stick. How could I keep the plane on a level line when everything was exploding inside of me? That was too much to expect!

Without warning the plane began to dip and turn. If all the wings had sprung off at that moment I wouldn't have been surprised. But then, miraculously, we straightened up. I couldn't understand this

until I saw that the stick was now up the rear end of the instructor. At that moment we were flying strictly by ass-power.

When he stopped sucking on my flying nipples I let out a loud grunt. He could see that I was really getting turned on by this concentrated attention and so he got right back to work again. Pressing my huge boobs tightly together he tongued his way in between and left a wide path of hot saliva almost down to my belly button. His mobility continued to amaze me. All of this was going on while we were still circling the



field.

Later when we got down to the ground I started thinking about all that action up in the clouds. If that was what a trainee experiences imagine what a licensed pilot would end up with? Just imagining that future scene got me all hot again. I wanted to take off up into the clouds and start all over again. The instructor looked worn out but he was still staring at my big boobs so I knew I could

have my way.

Everyone was amazed when I received my pilot's license in such a hurry. But if they had known how I had doubled up on my training they would have understood. Actually my pussy should have received the award. That little devil did all the work. She was stretched, slammed and sandbagged for so many flight hours she had her goggles on backwards.







Now I was ready to show the world what I could do. I was determined to make a name for myself up in the air. And then reality hit me square on top of the head. No one wanted to hire a female pilot!

I was absolutely wrecked when I made this dreadful discovery. What was I going to do? All my plans were smashed to pieces at that moment! But then after a couple of hours of moaning

and groaning I came to my senses. I wasn't going to let these rejections defeat me. My talent was going to be recognized, that was the promise I made to myself.

Everything changed when this movie company came in town. They were doing a story about the early mail carriers and they were looking for someone to fly one of the old planes of that time. Of course they wouldn't hire a female pilot so I

had to disguise myself. Flattening out my big boobs wasn't easy. I had to wear a double jacket with all kinds of tight restraints inside. It wasn't easy to breathe so I didn't do much talking. Maybe they would like the strong, silent type and give me the job.



Sure enough I was hired! I wanted to kick my heels up in the air but I decided to control myself because I could easily give myself away if I became too remonstrative.

Up I went with not a moment of hesitation. I was going to give them a show they would never forget. But then as I made my first dive my boobs popped out of their barrier and my wild tits stuck straight out like red beacons and for one wild second I didn't know where I was headed.

Down below there was a wild cheer. I could see all the cameras aimed at my heaving breasts. In an instant they had become a star! If this acclaim had gone to my head I would have ended up on the side of a distant mountain. Instead I grabbed for the stick and pulled myself up. There was still a lot of tricks I wanted to show them. My pussy was starting to itch at this point. Obviously it didn't want to be left out in the cold.

The minute I landed everyone came running up to me. The director, producer and all the cast wanted to shake my hand. Plus do a little serious groping. I sure enjoyed all those eager fingers digging deep between my thighs. It made all the previous risks well worth the time and effort.

Now that I have made a name for myself I can get fucked in the clouds even on rainy days.



















Cindy



For almost twenty minutes straight this dude chewed on my mammoth tits. I was loving it so much that all I could do was throw back my head and let him go. Of course later my left nipple was so sore that I couldn't put my blouse back on. Although I might have had a few regrets then, while all that marvelous chewing was going on I thought I was floating up in space.

Probably I am more in love with my big tits than all the guys I have ever met. Of course there is no way that I can chew on my own luscious tits—if there were a way I would certainly know by now!—so I have to keep looking for breast-freaks. And let me tell you they are coming out of the walls. Every year there are more guys into tit worship.







There is nothing like walking down the street and hearing brakes screech in the distance. Naturally I know exactly what is happening. Someone got a good look at my super measurements and want to make sure if they are for real. Well the only way you can do that is get out of the car and investigate for yourself. Don't worry about a reception, I am more than willing to try out your beautiful warm mouth.

Let me tell you that having a pair of whoppers isn't easy. I mean a lot of time is taken up meeting new ad-

mirers all the time. Not that I mind that too much but I don't have too much time for my career. Few people are aware that I am a professional photographer and have worked for a number of magazines all over the country. When I get an assignment then I have to get moving immediately.

Once I get on the road there is no fooling around. (Well I might take off with a well-hung dude if he looks like he wants some fast action.) Time goes so fast and before you know it the day is over. Since the sun is important to me, I can't let

it sink into the west without first getting some classic shots down. My reputation depends upon that.

As soon as my work is completed, however, I go out on the town and get rid of some of those tensions which have been building up for the last week or so. My big boobs need some immediate attention, they have been ignored too long. Quite honestly I can hardly wait to get attacked by a pair of strong, horny hands. I just know that they are out there somewhere!







A couple of times I have made a serious mistake concerning who I go home with. Getting roughed up is not my idea of a good time. There are some guys who aren't satisfied unless they leave you with a couple of bruises. My boobs have been twisted, tweaked and tortured. As far as I am concerned that is all in the past. My pretty breasts are my own private treasure and I have to be careful who munches upon them.

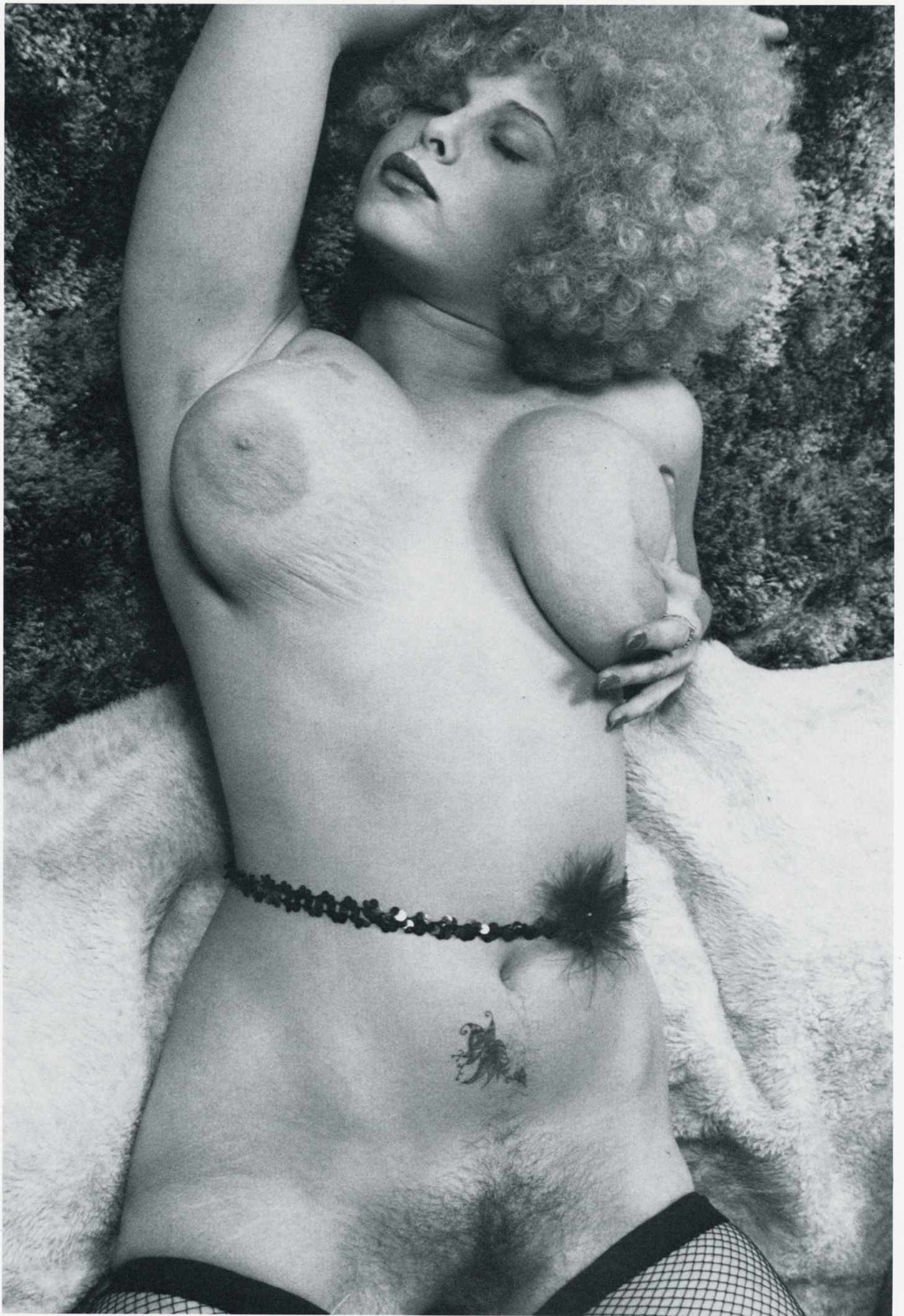
There was that one time in St. Louis that I thought I had it. This guy suddenly brought in two of his friends and they all wanted to play bouncing on the boobs together. Well I wasn't in the mood for that kind of rough stuff and I told them right then and there. That didn't go over too well because they fig-

ured that they had invested some money in me and they wanted some results. It took a lot of ingenuity to get out of that trap!

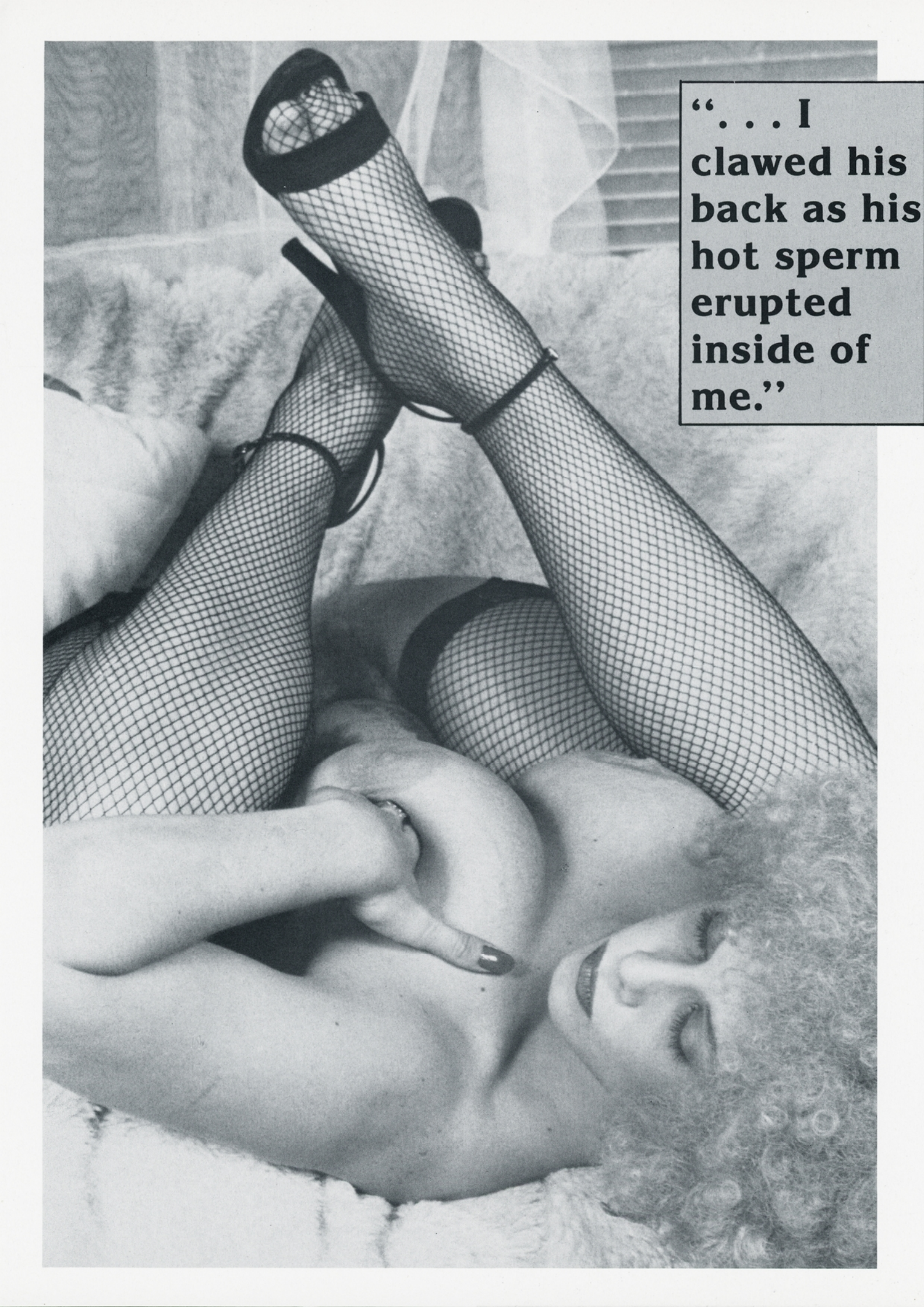
But I can't worry about going out on the road all by myself or I won't be able to do anything. There is a certain chance you take just waking up in the morning. Possibly mine extends a little further than that.

For as long as I possibly can I am going to hold those jugs straight out and let the rest of the world see what I have to offer. They will be bouncing and bobbing whenever I cross the street and I always secretly hope that someone will reach out and squeeze them if they get the chance. Why not? That's what they are there for, baby!









**“... I
clawed his
back as his
hot sperm
erupted
inside of
me.”**





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Maybe other girls with knockout knockers love to get groped and pinched all the time but I am getting damn sick of it! Why can't I wear my tight blouses and sweaters and walk around like everyone else? Sure I don't mind being admired but all that physical stuff is too much.

All my girlfriends say that I am sick. They would give anything to have a pair of bouncy jugs like mine. Well don't think that I'm not appreciative but when I keep ending the day with aching nipples then that is too much. I feel like running off somewhere all by myself.

If I meet the right guy and he wants to suck on my stiff cherries, well that is different. After all we will be fucking later and getting it all together in the beginning is the only way to go.

Ever since I was a little girl my big weakness has





always been going to a parade. But now I have to be careful and stay in the background. No matter where I turn there will always be tit-nuts. They can see the beveled edges pushing through my blouse and this drives them crazy.

In the past I have lost a couple of beautiful dresses because these nuts have to look at my bare nipples. It doesn't matter that there are other people around, the ripping takes place on the spot.

This doesn't mean that I have given up going to parades, in fact, I have increased my attendance. If I enjoy something that much nothing is going to keep me

away. Also I have no intention of changing my dress habits. Why should I be forced into a corner because of these kooks?

Probably deep down in my heart I do love to get mauled once in awhile. Consciously I could never admit this because then I would be wide open to every breast-freak in town. Those towering tits of mine would be in flames before the sun went down. And I wouldn't like that one bit!

Maybe it sounds like I complain a lot over nothing. You could be right. The time has come to accept the consequences of having a super pair of creamy cones.

If the men of the world want to suck on those beauties I can't keep pushing them away all the time. That just isn't fair.



“... My
proud pussy
was split
wide open
by his hard
drive.”



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