

The Big New Colour

50p Issue 12 95p

# Topbusters

**BRITAINS No.1 BIG  
BOOBS MAGAZINE**

**TITTY CARTER  
FROM NEWCASTLE**

**MISS  
KING SIZE  
FROM  
LEICESTER**

**BUSTY  
SUSAN  
FROM  
WREXHAM**

**SALLY  
FROM  
BRISTOL**

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FOR SALE TO PERSONS  
UNDER 18 YEARS OF  
AGE.

**SPECIAL FEATURE**

on

*Confessions from*

**THE DAVID GALAXY**

**AAAAA**

## WARNING

We would like to warn all potential purchasers of this magazine that it contains explicit photographs of both male and female genitals; and material of a highly erotic nature, only suitable for extremely broadminded adults. We warn you of these facts as it is not our intention to solicit orders from anybody who may be shocked or offended by this type of material.



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The Publishers would like to state that all the photographs in this magazine feature simulated, not real sex and additionally, all the models are over 18 years of age and that all the captions attached to pictures in no way relate to the models who are all professional models.

# EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Big Boobs really are big business these days and the British public are showing that they like BIG BOOBS by demanding bigger and better boobs. Just look at the development in the last few months:

**A NEW MAGAZINE** called ROMP has devoted 16 pages of each issue to exclusively big boob shots. This magazine contains 100 colour packed pages for £1 and should not be missed. Order a copy from the newsagent who sold you this magazine.

**TWO FEATURE FILMS** - two great new films feature mainly BIG BOOB actresses. they are: Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair which is showing from June 28th at the Eros Cinema London, and from July 5th at the Studio Cinema, Blackpool and the Empire Cinema, Great Yarmouth (late night shows only at the latter cinema.)

**QUEEN OF THE BLUES** - this film is so naughty it has not found an opening venue yet! However, we'll keep you informed as soon as we know where and when it will be showing.

**A SEASON OF 'BLUE' BIG BOOB FILMS** Two top London 'Blue' film clubs (warning: These clubs only show Hardcore) are now showing exclusively films feature models with big boobs. The clubs are:

The Exciting Cinema Club, 18 Greek St, Soho.

Cin Cinema, 32 Old Compton St. Soho.

Both clubs charge just £3 for nearly a two hour hard-core show.

We urge all BIG BOOB enthusiasts to support the BIG BOOBS revival, but supporting magazines, films and clubs that specialise in Big Boobs. We are hoping for a London Strip club to put on exclusively Big Boobed strippers - we'll keep you informed of DEVELOPMENTS in this direction.

I hope to see you next month and we hope you place a firm order for next month's TOPBUSTERS by filling in the coupon on page

Yours in support of Big Boobs.

Sidney Spotter,  
(Editor)

# SUSAN

## from Wrexham

Makes her Screen debut in the controversial BIG BOOBS sex spectacular CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR. ALL BIG BOOB fans should make a note in their diaries NOT to miss this enormously funny, but highly explicit, BLUE COMEDY. Its showing from:

THURSDAY June 28th at the EROS CINEMA, Piccadilly Circus, LONDON

THURSDAY July 5th at the STUDIO CINEMA, BLACKPOOL

THURSDAY July 5th at the EMPIRE CINEMA, GREAT YARMOUTH (Late night shows only)





Rachel was the Managing Director's private secretary, and you could say she was unapproachable, in fact she seemed to studiously ignore the rest of the office personnel. Of course as the M.D.'s right hand, she was a cut above us common serfs, a 'good morning' or a 'good night' was the most I could hope for. So I worshipped Rachel from afar, scratching

the tip of my tingling prick every time she walked past my desk, leaving an aura of expensive perfume behind her.

Of course everyone in the office said the M.D. was screwing her on his thick pile carpet, or across his huge mahogany desk, and although I didn't believe such tales, the thought of Rachel lifting up her dress to let that

old bastard feel her tormented me. You can gather by now that I fancied Rachel, and I did, I fancied her like mad. Every night, when I lay in my bed Rachel would join me. she would stand by the side of the bed and slowly get undressed, while I lay on the top of the bed, prick in hand, watching her as each item of clothing was peeled away. Her dress slipping down into

a heap on the floor, the cute way she unfastened her bra, and the milky whiteness of her perfect breasts, the nipples already rigid with desire. Unfastening her suspenders, raising one foot onto the bed so that she could take a black stocking off. Then drawing her panties down over her hips and I could see the triangle of wispy hair, and the long gash of her cunt, the lips puffy with just a hint of moisture, betraying the fact that she wanted me as much as I wanted her. Now she was naked, and as her hands gently caressed her breasts, my prick grew longer and harder. She bends over me, taking my prick in her warm soft hand, then her lips close over the end, her tongue teasing and loving me. I reached out my hand and touched her firm breast, rolling the nipple in my fingers. She gurgles with pleasure and my prick sinks further into her red mouth, and her hands gently play with my balls. Rachel loves to suck my prick, she would suck it forever if I would let her, but I don't want to spunk in her mouth, I want her on the bed with me, her creamy thighs wide open, her bottom rising up to meet my nine inch stiffness. I want to slide into the beautiful pleasure pit, hear her juices smother me as we grind together in ecstasy. Her arms go around my shoulders, her legs lock across my buttocks, she lunges up and implores me to fuck her, and keep on fucking her until she cannot come anymore. I am the only man who can satisfy her in bed. Her language is the language of a street girl, but Rachel is no street girl, she is the M.D.'s private secretary, a girl who is cool and aloof until she comes into my bedroom, and then she is transformed into a sex crazy wanton who lives only for the fucking I can give her. My prick swells, I am almost coming. she knows it, and grinds up harder to me, she wants all my come inside her. Her teeth nip into my shoulder, my hands are under her bottom, lifting her until her back is arched, and I thrust a finger deep into her bottom, making her cry out in ecstasy. And she climaxes with me, biting, scratching, swearing, telling me what a marvellous prick I have, and to keep it in her cunt forever.

Then I open my eyes and

## RACHEL...



## A DREAM CAME TRUE

*In dreams and fantasies the impossible can happen whenever we wish it to. The unobtainable becomes the obtainable, the cool, aloof beautiful girl who ignores you at work can be transformed into a panting passionate lustful kitten who writhes in your arms. But maybe that cool, aloof beautiful girl also has dreams and fantasies about you...*

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Rachel has gone, drifted from my room as swiftly and as silently as she entered it. My wrist aches, my prick is sore from the beating I have given it, with a sigh I get into my bed, pull the sheets around me, and go to sleep.

Rachel is a beautiful girl, her hair a glossy black, always perfectly groomed. She always wears a black dress and dark stockings. I know she wears stockings, I once came into her office and she was straightening them. My mouth went dry when I saw the band of white thigh above the stocking welt. She didn't see me straight away so I was able to watch her adjust her suspender, putting her fingers under the elastic of her panties, so near to that hole I desired so much.

So, as I said, I worshipped my Rachel from afar. Oh yes, I called her my Rachel, after all she wasn't married, or engaged. I don't even think she had a boy-friend, and I was pretty sure the M.D. wasn't shagging her.

Anyway, he was too bloody old, he hadn't a good fuck in him, he would never be able to satisfy my Rachel, not like I could when she visited me in the privacy of my bedroom every night.

It's a funny thing about a girl you secretly desire and yearn for, I knew the scent of her body, the feel of her skin, the ripeness of her breasts, the juiciness and aroma of her aroused hole. I knew it so well I could have painted a picture of her cunt, the flesh unfolded like the petals of a velvet rose, ah, the times I had kissed those petals as she lay on my bed, her legs apart, her knees back to her breasts, baring the most intimate part of her body. She knew I liked to kiss her soft wet cunt, and watch my fingers sliding in and out.

During the Spring, the Managing Director always went abroad in search of business, leaving Rachel to run the fort. He wasn't really missed on these trips abroad, Rachel as good as ran the business anyway. I had gone into the Telex room to cadge a biscuit from the operator and give her tits a feel. Lisa is only seventeen, but she is already prick-happy, she pretends to protest when I go up behind her when she is working the Telex, put my arms under her armpits and fondle her little round tits. I

keep promising myself that one day I will fuck her, but to do that would mean being unfaithful to Rachel. There was a message coming through on the Telex, so Lisa leaned back in her chair while I unbuttoned her dress and slid my hands inside her bra to tickle her nipples.

"Hey" she whispered, "someone may come in, stop it!" But she didn't push my hands away, and I had the luxury of getting a hard-on in the Telex room. When the message had arrived, she tapped out some sort of reply and handed the message to me.

"Take this into Rachel, Bruce" she said. "It's from the old man, it'll need a reply as soon as possible."

I kissed the nape of her neck, felt her tits one more time, went to the lavatory to wash my face in cold water to help soften my prick, and then on to Rachel's office. I tapped and opened the door immediately. There was a flurry of clothing as Rachel pushed her dress down. For a second I thought I had been seeing things, had Rachel her dress up by her waist and her fingers inside her knickers? No, she couldn't have, girls like Rachel didn't play with themselves, Lisa would, she was a right randy little madam, but not Rachel, she wouldn't get those sort of feelings at work, she was too efficient and businesslike to get an itchy cunt during working hours. But she was blushing when she told me off for entering her domain without waiting for a summons.

I handed her the Telex. "It's from the old man" I murmured, looking at her dimpled knees and wishing I had the nerve to push her dress up higher. "Lisa reckons it will need an answer."

She read the message and pursed her lips. "I cannot answer it straight away" she said. "Oh dear, it will mean I have to work late tonight to get the information the Managing Director needs."

The words came from my mouth without me even thinking about them. "Could I be of any help?" I asked.

She stared at me silently for a couple of minutes, and my heart beat painfully in my chest.

"Yes, I think you could be of assistance to me Bruce, if

# RACHEL

you don't mind."

"I don't mind" I assured her.

She scribbled something on a piece of paper, then handed it to me.

"Give this to Lisa" she murmured. "And I'll see you back here around five."

When I got back to the Telex office, Lisa was bending down sorting some papers out. Her mini skirt was higher than usual and I saw her panties stretched tightly across her round bottom. The palms of my hands itched to pull her panties down and finger her hole, get it going, make it juicy, finger fuck her until she had a come. My prick stiffened again. She stood up, looked straight between my legs and grinned.

"You are a sexy beast Bruce" she said. "A girl isn't safe with you around."

"Then give me a kiss" I smiled.

She kissed me, her hand touching my prick. "Why don't you ever ask me for a date?" she whispered. "I

hear that you have a place of your own, we could go there, and do something about this" she gave my prick another squeeze. I was just about to put my hand up her dress and cup her cunt when the door opened and in walked Rachel. She took the scene in at a glance, and coughed politely.

"I want to add something to that message Bruce."

I was conscious of the front of my trousers, when I get an erection there is no hiding the fact, you see I have a very long and thick prick! I once fucked a very experienced woman, and she said that it had felt like a donkey's prick inside her. I don't know how she knew about donkey's pricks!

I left the Telex office covered in red-faced confusion. What would Rachel think of me, messing about with a seventeen year old girl and getting a hard-on, and in working hours!

Later in the afternoon Lisa came to my desk. "What about tonight?" she whispered. "I'm all hot for you, and it's your fault. Are you really that big, or have

you something in your trousers?"

"I have nothing in my trousers except my prick" I grinned, putting my hand up her dress and rubbing over her gusset. My god, the girl was hot, she was burning down there! "I can't see you tonight Lisa, I have to work late with Rachel."

She pouted her lips. "That won't do you any good Bruce, a cold fish like her! she wouldn't know what to do with it."

This conversation was getting out of hand! "And what would a girl your age know about it?"

"I've been around Bruce, quick, take your hand away, Rachel is coming." I had the feeling she had seen me with my hand up Lisa's dress, but she didn't comment on it. Instead.

"It's still all right about tonight Bruce?"

"Certainly" I said.

She smiled, and she seemed to transform, it was such a warm smile.

"Good, and afterwards we will have dinner... on expenses of course. Lisa, haven't you anything to do, I

am sure I heard the Telex chattering as I passed the office?"

"Sorry miss" muttered the girl.

Rachel tut-tutted. "Really, you young people today, they only have one thing in their heads."

She smiled at me, and I could have sworn she looked at the front of my trousers, where my prick was just beginning to subside after me playing around with Lisa's hot damp gusset!

Working with Rachel was most disconcerting for me. For a lot of the time we were close together, pouring over documents, and her perfume made my senses reel, and when my arm accidentally brushed her breasts, the hot blood raced into my loins. My prick was rising and falling for two hours, and once, when I was stiff, she leaned against me, her thigh resting on it. I moved away quickly before she could notice my erection.

When we had finished she sat back in her chair with a sigh, and placed her hands behind her head. This had the effect of jutting her

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breasts out, and, try as I could, I couldn't tear my eyes away. I was stripping her bra away in my mind and gazing at the flesh itself. She half smiled at me.

"Does close contact with every woman disturb you Bruce."

I coloured, she had noticed the rise and fall of my prick! "No, not really" I muttered.

"Lisa has an effect on you! And I seem to have a similar effect."

"Lisa is a flirt Rachel, you know what she is like, and I am only human."

"And what about me?"

I took a deep breath. "You are different Rachel, I... like you, I can't help... well, you know what I mean."

I had a tightness in my chest as I spoke, I was going the right way to being booted out of the office. she got up from her chair and slowly walked towards me. She stood very close and lifted her head, her eyes soft. I kissed her lips, my heart fit to burst. She leaned in close, rubbing herself against me, and my prick stiffened. Then she

stepped back and began to unfasten the buttons down the front of her dress.

"I am behaving like a whore, Bruce" she whispered, "but I want you to make love to me" her eyes flickered to the front of my trousers. "Show it to me Bruce, show it to me, I want to touch it."

Her dress was now completely undone and it swung open. Her panties were black and clung tightly in her gusset. The flesh above her stocking tops was alabaster white, and the mounds of her breasts bulged over her bra. I unzipped my trousers as if in a dream, and my standing prick shot out, the single eye staring at her. She came close again, her hand warm and soft as she tenderly stroked it.

"It's so big I can hardly get my hand around it" she said huskily. I pulled her to me, kissing her hard on the mouth, my hands fumbling with the clasp on her bra. When it slipped away I kissed her breasts, sucking at the nipples frantically, my hands going down the front of her panties to caress her cushiony mound. she gurgled

in her throat, her fingers pulling at my hard prick, and she writhed against me, rubbing my prick against her body.

"Say common things to me" she hissed, trying to shove my prick under the elastic of her panties.

"Such as?" I grunted, pulling her panties down so that she could press my prick against her mound.

"You know, Bruce, fuck, cunt, and what you are doing to me."

We slid down to the carpet, and I wrenched her panties off completely, and she lay back, legs apart, her suspenders a frame for her triangle of hair and her puffy hole. It was just as I had imagined it, the shape, the way the flesh parted when she touched herself with her fingers. "What are you going to do with that... that dick!" she almost shouted. "Fuck you" I gritted as I lowered myself between her thighs, and prodded at the oval. I had to push to get a couple of inches inside her, and she groaned, opening her legs as far as she could.

"Hurt me you gorgeous

man" she panted. "I want every adorable inch of you inside me, I want you to stretch me my darling... aaaah, that is wonderful. Talk to me Bruce, tell me what we are doing!"

"I'm fucking you" I croaked, driving hard and deep into her tight cunt, getting my hands under her bottom and nipping her hard so that she reared up in pleasure. "I have nine inches of hard prick in your fanny, and when I spunk I will fill you up!"

"Yes, yes, you will darling, you will fill me with your hot spunk Oooh, it's so good, I don't want you to stop."

Her hand went to my head and she held me, staring into my eyes. I was deep inside her, and I paused, just twitching my prick.

"Oh!" she groaned, and pulled my face down so that we could kiss fiercely. Her mouth opened, her tongue fought with mine, her hips rotated, I could feel her cunt muscles squeezing me, almost sucking me deeper inside.

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# RACHEL

"When this is over Bruce" she spat, gasping for breath, "I want you to kiss me down there, and I will suck your prick...aaaah darling, it's... happening...mmm!"

Our groins were pasted together when my prick spurted. She screamed thinly, jerking her hips rapidly. I know women don't come like men do, but come seemed to be streaming from her cunt, bathing my thighs and squelching around my prick. It was a tremendous ejaculation for me, spurt after spurt shot from me, and with each one Rachel reared up against me, twisting her head from side to side.

"Oh God" she whispered, "I didn't think I was going to stop coming, it kept happening to me when your prick jerked." She gave me a hug, tightening her thighs in an effort to keep my bubbling prick inside her. "I don't remember ever having sex as good as that." She kissed me wetly, her mouth opening, her tongue searching. "You did it with your trousers on!" she said. "You have made my legs sore!"

I came away from her and squatted on my haunches looking at her well-fucked hole. The inside of her thighs were red where my trousers had rubbed against them. And her stockings were laddered. Although she looked lewd, laying there, she also looked the most adorable creature in the world. I bent my head and kissed her quivering sex lips and she stroked my hair softly.

"Take me to your home Bruce" she whispered. "I want to go to bed with you, where it is comfortable and we can both be naked, there are so many things I want to do to you."

She had to change her stockings of course, and watching her pull them on gave me another erection. She smiled at it, pursing her lips. "You will have to wait Bruce darling, until we are in bed. But first we will have the most wonderful dinner, wine, anything you want, and all on the firm. Oh, but I must send a Telex to Japan, the M.D. will be waiting for it.

"Fuck the M.D." I

smiled, stroking her bottom.

"I would never do that" she said, quietly. "I know what everyone thinks in this office, that I sleep with him, but I don't Bruce, truly I don't. He would like me to, and I have been tempted, but something has always stopped me. I wonder if it was you in the back of my mind? I don't think I could ever go with another man now that I have had you inside me. Oh Bruce, put it away, let's wait till we are in bed!"

All through dinner I kept staring at her, not being able to believe my luck. My dream was coming true, the beautiful Rachel would soon be in my bedroom, and wouldn't drift away during the night. I would be able to hold her soft warm naked body close to me, feel her lips on my prick, kiss between her legs, the night would be one long orgasm for both of us. To make me even more randy, she sat by my side at the table, and kept stroking between my legs, keeping my prick in erection. When the meal was over, I had to sit five minutes before I was able to get up!

As befitted her position Rachel had her own car, a sleek red Capri which she drove as perfectly as she fucked. As we went up the stairs to my humble flat we passed Lisa on her way down. She stared at us in amazement. "Good evening Lisa" said Rachel, sweetly. "I didn't know you lived with her."

"I don't" muttered the girl. "I came to see Bruce about something."

"Well he is going to be very busy for the rest of the night my dear, so bye bye!"

Lisa glared at both of us and marched off down the stairs.

"Did you arrange to meet her, Bruce?" asked Rachel.

"No" I said, quite truthfully. "I told her I was working late with you, I was surprised to see her here."

I unlocked the door and Rachel stepped inside. As I closed the door she put her arms around my waist from the back, her fingers playing with my knob-end.

"I can see that I am going to have to watch you darling" she murmured, pulling my zip down and getting her hand inside to fondle my prick. "A lover as competent

as you, will be in demand. Where's the bedroom?" She led me into the bedroom with my hard prick, then let go to unfasten her dress. I stripped off quickly and lay on the bed, watching her, just like I did in my dreams, my heart thudding painfully in my chest. My prick stood up from the hairy groin, and I slowly stroked it as she got out of her clothes. It was all so perfect, exactly as I had fantasied so many times. Then she was naked she stood by the side of the bed, looking down at my prick. Then she got hold of it, wanking me very slowly. I caught my breath as the exquisite sensations flooded me, then when she bent her lovely head, her black hair tumbling onto my belly, I raised my hips, my prick pointing at her mouth. Her red lips opened and she took the end in between them, and then clamping her lips over the ridge. I could feel her tongue tormenting me, and my legs stretched out tautly, her fingers finding my swollen ball bag and squeezing the nuts gently. I fondled her firm breasts, squeezing the nipples until they were thick and long. I could hear her groaning in her throat as my prick went in deeper, filling her open mouth, and stretching her lips.

Suddenly she took me from her mouth and smiled wetly at me. "I want fucking, very badly" she whispered.

She joined me on the bed, our bodies uniting, our lips meeting in a passionate kiss. She placed a leg over my thigh and I was able to nudge my burning prick into her wet hole.

"Oh, but I love you Bruce" she breathed. "I'm so full of your prick I can hardly get my breath."

I moved her over onto her back and screwed my prick deeper inside her tight pussy. She bent her knees and moved up and down to meet my steady thrusts, her hands on my shoulders, and staring up into my face. "Do you like me a little" she croaked, digging her fingernails into my shoulders, her orgasm only seconds away.

"Yes" I whispered, speeding up my thrusts, and plunging deeper each time. Her eyes closed, and an ex-

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pression of sheer bliss crossed her face. She bit her lips, then he mouth opened, gasping for air. "Aaah, Bruce, I'm coming, try not to come yet my love, I want your prick in my mouth when you come. Mmmm!"

She subsided gently, taking deep breaths, her cunt sleeve gripping and releasing my prick convulsively. I had managed to control my climax, so lay with it in her until she was fully relaxed. "Thank you Bruce" she said, softly, "you won't regret it!"

I eased myself up from her body and lay by her side, loving the feel of her fingers in my groin, twisting the hair, then caressing my balls. There was a slight bite on her left breast, and she touched it tenderly. "I used to have love bites" she murmured, "But I like this one. I'm going to bite your belly!"

She was down on me in a flash her hand holding my erect prick, her teeth nipping into my belly. Then she looked up at me and smiled. "Suck it" I said, hoarsely.

Her head went down, her hair tumbled around my groin, and I couldn't stop the groan in my throat as her mouth drew me inside. She wriggled around so that I could feel her wet hole from



the back, parting her thighs as I slid two fingers up her. I had only ever been gammed once before, and I had been disappointed, but the way Rachel did it was unbelievable. She held me on the verge of coming a score of times, taking me from her mouth and blowing warm air over me. I pulled at her leg, and she moved over me, straddling my face. I looked up into her body, the lips of her cunt peeled so that I

could see her inner flesh, and her clitoris, like a tiny, tiny erected prick. I gripped the cheeks of her bottom, and gently pulled her down, the aroma from her hole making my prick harden even more in her mouth. Then I tasted her lust, ramming my tongue deep into the oval, and working it around. I found her clit, and flicked it before sucking it into my mouth. We were locked together, her mouth on my prick, her cunt

on my mouth.

I croaked that I was ready for coming, and she gurgled an answer and seemed to drag me deeper into her throat. When the spunk shot from me I churned my face and mouth into her, moaning and gurgling. She ground onto me, almost sobbing as she coped with my ejaculation. When it was over she came up my body, laying on me, her hands stroking my face, love in her eyes.

She was no longer cool and aloof, she was everything a man could desire, beautiful, warm and passionate. "I'm going to ask you to marry me" she murmured, wriggling around so that she was completely over me, my semi-stiff prick nestling between her thighs.

"And I'm going to accept" I grinned, squeezing her gorgeous bottom.

I was the one who left the office when we were married, Rachel had too good a job to give it up. Lisa was a bridesmaid, and the little minx offered to give me a wank at the reception! If Rachel hadn't been watching I might have let her.

And that is how my dreams and fantasies came true, so if it can happen to me, it can happen to you!

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Rosemarie England



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# AMBUSH

by John Frampton

The first shots to take our patrol by surprise came from behind a hedge some hundred yards on our right. Corporal Miller in charge yelled at the three of us to take cover as he was winged while diving towards the nearest ditch. I had been a little way behind my companions and as I went down on the left side of the road they went to the right. Then, for what seemed an eternity, I lay there shivering as complete silence enveloped the countryside after that single fusillade of automatic fire.

For weeks we had been out on patrol and up to this moment we had had no trouble and in fact had managed to establish quite a good relationship with the local inhabitants. Now it seemed our luck had run out.

Several times I called out softly to the rest of the patrol but receiving no reply decided I had best keep quiet as I did not want the opposition to find me first. After some time I peered over the top of the ditch and was just in time to vaguely make out the tall shape of 'Dusty' Miller as he crawled up onto the road about fifty yards

from my position. I was about to call out to him when there was another rapid burst of firing, this time from the opposite direction to the first, and Dusty took a header back into his ditch. The other lads returned the fire at which all hell broke loose and shots seemed to be coming from every side at once. This, I figured, was not a good place to be and though I knew Dusty would have radioed for reinforcements I still decided to try to get out of it by myself if I could.

A cautious glance out of the ditch revealed a cottage close at hand and with the low wall round it clear in the moonlight I reckoned I would have better cover there. I waited until the moon went behind a cloud for a moment and with my heart pounding I heaved myself back up onto the road and dashed for the wall. Before I had quite reached it the moon came out again and I literally threw myself over the stones as shots splattered all around me. Crouched behind my defence I fired my rifle in the vague direction of the shots and then lay flat waiting for the return fire. Strangely it

did not come.

I had been lying there maybe ten minutes when I was taken completely by surprise with an arm going round me to pin me to the ground while a hand was placed hard over my mouth. My attacker was not very strong and as I struggled to free myself a soft voice whispered, "Easy soldier! You're with friends!"

I had no way of knowing if this were true or not but the thing that amazed me most was the voice. It was that of a young woman! No wonder I had been able to break free so easily though I never was to find out how she had been able to approach me so quietly. I considered the situation carefully and came to the conclusion that I was no worse off really than I had been a few minutes before so I asked, "What now?"

"Come with me and be quiet about it," she ordered taking me by the hand and, like a lamb, I crawled along the side of the wall with her. We followed the wall round until we came to the place where it nearest approached the cottage, a matter of only a few feet, and waited there

until another cloud passed over the moon. Then she hauled me up and together we dashed to the refuge of the doorway. I heard her fumble with the latch and the next I knew I was being pulled inside and the door shut tight. She switched on the light and I got my first real good look at her.

A fresh faced girl in her early twenties she stood there with her bosom heaving and shaking with nerves now that her ordeal was over. Her dark cotton dress clung to her ripe full figure like a second skin and, glancing down at her feet, I saw she had no shoes on. This would partly account for how she had caught me unawares at least I thought.

"Bridget Malone," she said, holding out her hand.

"Peter Macdonald," I replied taking her hand in mine and feeling the soft warmth as our fingers met.

"Well now that we're introduced give me your rifle and get into that room and take your clothes off!" she said quite calmly.

"Do what!" I exclaimed. The invitation to strip off for her might have been pleasant enough in other cir-

cumstances but to give up my rifle just like that was a crime with such heavy penalties that I could not reasonably consider it without a good reason. This she immediately gave me!

"Christ, Peter, don't you realise that they are sure to come here to search for you and what do you think they'll do to us if they find you in uniform?"

Shoot me most likely I thought but then I remembered what they did to those of their own people who helped the Security Forces. Although I had only just met her I knew I had no right to expect Bridget to take that sort of risk on my behalf. With no further word I handed her my rifle and saw her prise up a floorboard in the hall before she pushed me into the room.

A quick glance around established that this was possibly her bedroom as it was full of feminine fripperies but my immediate concern was to divest myself of my uniform. As quickly as I could I pulled it off and was standing in my vest and underpants when she came into the room beside me. I could not help but notice the appreciative, and I hoped interested, glance she gave to my crotch with the bulge of my prick and balls only too visible there before she took my things out and presumably hid them beside my gun.

She was away rather longer than I had expected her to be and I began to worry again in case this was a new sort of trap after all. I could just see the headlines. **'SOLDIER CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN!'** I had even got to the point of looking around for a suitable weapon with which to defend myself when she returned and I was immediately ashamed of my previous unworthy thoughts.

In her hands she was carrying two glasses of neat whisky and as she handed one to me she raised hers and said, "Here's to the eternal confusion of these murdering swines out there!"

"I'll drink to that," I grinned touching her glass lightly with mine.

As the fiery liquid flowed down my throat giving me a wonderful warm feeling I had to remark that I really had needed that to which she agreed and then, turning her

back on me, said in her soft voice, "Unzip me, please, Peter!"

She had been so efficient up to now that I was not in the least disposed to question any of her motives and obligingly went close and pulled the zip right down the back of her dress to just below the waist. Standing near her like I was I could not move when she stuck her bum out to press it against my crutch while her zip was coming down and heard her give a small sigh as my prick began to rise and nestle against the crease of her arse. Then she was pulling the dress off.

Under it she had a nylon slip which quickly followed her dress to the floor leaving her clad only in the flimsiest bra and panties. Her full ripe breasts thrust provocatively against the fabric of her bra clearly showing the outlines of her firm nipples and causing my cock to continue on its upward journey. Still without any further words she unclipped the bra allowing her tits to spring free and letting me see them in all their glory. With a half smile she posed in front of me before asking quietly, "aren't you going to strip off completely, Peter, before you come to bed?"

Matching her smile I replied, "Bridget, darling, there's nothing I'd rather do but what about your husband for instance?"

At this her eyes clouded over and I knew I had made a mistake. I began to stammer and stutter some kind of apology but before I could get properly started she held up her hand to silence me and sat on the edge of the bed before saying "Don't say you're sorry, Peter; you could have no way of knowing what has happened in my life."

I went to her then and put my arm round her shoulder and asked her to tell me all about it.

"Up to about six months ago I was very happily married. Everything was lovely and seemed to be fairly quiet until the night a gang of hoodlums broke into our house. They tied John to a chair and then gang-banged me until I passed out. When I came round I saw that they had stripped John naked and see I was aware of what was going on, they mutilated him before my horrified eyes. I'll never forget the scream that

came from him. Then they shot him through the head."

Bridget was sobbing quietly as she related these horrible events and all I could mutter was "The bastards! The lousy unholy bastards!" over and over again. But that was not all.

"Now look at what else they did to me!" she said in a completely toneless voice. She rose and turned her back on me and pulled down her panties and there, mutilating each cheek of her smooth bum, a long large knife wound into the soft flesh! I was aghast. Granted I had heard of some terrible things happening, but this went far beyond the bounds of horror. How could any man do such a thing? It was only too obvious some could!

She came back into my outstretched arms, still sobbing, and said "Now what do you think they would be doing to you if they knew you were Army?"

Frankly this did not bear thinking about as far as I was concerned and I could see the sense in her argument. Also the fact that she had not been in this locality for long enough to become well known would tend to lull any



suspicion at her being found with a man in her bed. So I stripped naked and hopped in beside her.

Her sobbing eased as I held her close and tried to comfort her and I suppose had it not been for the sounds of sporadic gunfire coming from outside we would have got ourselves organised quicker. As it was I had just about a good enough root to poke up her when we heard the outside door being smashed open. Bridget clung shaking to me and my prick instantly took a nosedive and wilted. Heavy footsteps sounded in the hallway and then the door was kicked open!

Five men, balaclava helmets over their heads and revolvers in their hands burst in and, while two kept Bridget and I covered the other three searched the house. We were told that if we kept our mouths shut we would not be harmed but if they found the soldier they were searching for to be here we could start praying now. I, at least, had been praying from the moment they broke in!

Bridget had obviously done a good job of hiding my kit as a few minutes later one, who was apparently their leader, growled that nothing had been found but to remember we were being watched, whatever that may mean. Then with a warning to forget we had ever seen them they took themselves off.

When Bridget eventually stopped shaking and let me go I asked her where she kept her whisky and, when she told me, I rose and refilled our glasses. Silently we drank the fiery liquid and, as it coursed through my veins, I felt the strength returning to my loins and interest in Bridget's body once more. I gathered she felt the same way as, almost shyly at first and then more firmly, she grasped my rising tool while I played first with her tits and then fondled her fanny.

After a while I parted her pussy lips, feeling the wet warmth up her quim with my fingers, at which she broke our embrace to say, "Fuck my cunt hard when you're ready, Peter! A good screwing will put me right!"

More than anything else these words turned me on and I promised both Bridget and myself that I would give her the fuck of a lifetime. But first I had to investigate her adorable pussy further.

I threw back the bed-clothes to gaze upon her smooth flat belly and tongue out the little hollow of her navel before lowering my head still further down to brush the soft down of her pussy hair with my lips. She clutched my head, forcing it hard in between her heaving thighs, and held my face firm against her soaking cleft. Slowly I wriggled my fingers up to part her quim lips and then poked my tongue inside her well-lubricated passage. My groping fingers found her clit and gladly I sucked on it

# AMBUSH

till a thrilling shudder rippled through her body and I knew she was coming. Lovejuice pissed all over my face as I tried to drink all she had to give while she threw herself all over the bed and moaned aloud in the throes of her orgasm. Then, hardly giving me any warning, she hauled me round, opened her legs even wider, and forced me to plunge my throbbing cock hard up her straining cunt. The warmth of her velvety hole engulfed me completely as I rammed her as hard and as fast as I possibly could.

Like a pair of animals on heat we banged away at each other's most sensitive parts and she came again and again until finally my aching prick and balls just had to have their release. I could feel my cream seep up my shaft as it began its journey into her twat and then it was spurting out my knob end in great soul-searing jets. Again and again the fruit of my loins splattered up her as our bellies slapped and our pubic hairs meshed together at every hard, straining stroke. We screwed as though there were no tomorrow in our urgency to achieve full and absolute sexual satisfaction. Bridget may have had a series of multiple orgasms or it could have been one long prolonged coming while I spunked and spunked her cunt again and again and yet again. We rode the crest of the lust wave to distraction until, at last, it was all too much and we ground to a shuddering halt - spent but happy.

My prick was throbbing painfully and I am sure Bridget's snatch was red raw after our fucking effort but, like me, she felt wonderful. It was as though we had both obtained release from our sexual and nervous tensions in that one blinding grind which could only be a good thing. Some time later Bridget whispered, "I really needed that, Peter! It's the best fuck I've had since I lost John!"

This last remark brought me back to earth and I recalled my reason for being here in the first place. I listened intently and realised the firing had died down outside. I figured that now that I had had my pleasure at

Bridget's body it was about time I tried to find out what had happened to the rest of the patrol. I asked Bridget where she had hidden my rifle and uniform and, with a worried look clouding her lovely face, she told me the third floorboard in the hall was loose and my things were under it. I gave her a long tongue-searching kiss and tickled her fanny before going in search of my bits and pieces.

I found my kit with no difficulty and had taken it back into the bedroom and was just pulling on my trousers when we had another visitor. Neither of us had heard him enter, he must have come in seconds after I left the hall, and the first I knew was when he snarled, "Aha! Caught you, you bloody whore!"

I whipped round at his words hearing Bridget's scream to find a masked man pointing the muzzle of an automatic right at my gut. I was completely taken by surprise but we had reckoned without Bridget's quick thinking. She stopped screaming and slowly and deliberately began to pull the bedsheet down!

Gradually her breasts came into view and in the circumstances I was not surprised to note that her nipples were soft and flattened. Lower and lower she drew the sheet down and then I realised her plan. As soon as the first wisps of her fanny fuzz came into view I saw that the man's attention was sufficiently distracted and I made a dive for his gun. Grimly we wrestled for possession of the weapon and again Bridget came to my rescue. She reached below the bed, pulled out a huge china pisspot, jumped up, and smashed it over the man's head. I felt him go limp and as soon as I released him he slumped to the floor. Quickly I took her dressing gown from behind the door and used the cord to bind him hand and foot. This done I finished dressing and, after Bridget had calmed down a bit, she dressed as well. Then, while she made a pot of coffee I went round the house and cautiously peered out of the windows.

I had checked the rear of the house first but when I looked out to the front I spotted three or four jeeps and troops moving around quite openly. Obviously the

## ATTENTION SOUTHAMPTON AND PORTSMOUTH READERS

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## WIN A NIGHT OUT WITH MARY MILLINGTON

Mary Millington's NEW FILM 'Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair' is showing at these venues from these dates:

**LONDON** - From June 28th Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus.

**BLACKPOOL** - from July 5th, Studio Cinema.

**GREAT YARMOUTH** - From July 5th, Empire Cinema (late night shows only)

Everyone seeing her film at any of these cinemas will be able to enter a FREE competition that offers readers of this magazine a chance to win an 'all expenses paid' night out with Mary Millington - visiting Soho's sexiest places!

### THE COMPETITION

(Return to: Mary Millington Competition,  
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Use your powers of observation to see how many different females appear in CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR. And use your skill to write in under 20 words what you liked about the film.

### ENTRY FORM

I estimate that the number of females in CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR IS..... (fill in your estimate here)

I liked the film for the following reasons:

.....

.....

NAME: .....

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.....

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(NB: This competition is open to MEN and WOMEN as 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' IS THE SEX FILM FOR BOTH SEXES!) (Closing date October 30th 1979)

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# IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR ALL BLUE FILM FANS

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incident was over and all I had now to do was to report in with my prisoner. Calling to Bridget that everything was under control and that I would be back in a few minutes I first satisfied myself that our assailant's bonds were still secure and then went out to meet the troops.

I was just in time to see Dusty Miller being loaded into the ambulance and to find out he was the only casualty and not badly wounded at that when a Lieutenant asked where I had been and what I had been doing. Had he but known! Briefly I explained how I had become detached from the rest of the patrol and then informed him that I had detained a suspect. At this two men were detailed to accompany me back into the house and I watched with satisfaction as our recovering prisoner was taken away. Envious glances were cast on both Bridget and me by the lads but to give them credit they passed no remarks although they possibly guessed I had been through her at some time during the operation.

Sadly I could not remain much longer with Bridget but before I left I held her close and promised I would keep in touch with her. While we kissed I slipped my hand up under her skirt to grope and fondle her knickerless cleft and felt it becoming damp again. My prick too was filling as she goosed me but then a Sergeant spoiled the whole thing by shouting to me to get a move on.

On arrival back at our base I was hauled up in front of the C.O. where instead of getting a rocket for becoming detached from the patrol at an awkward time I was congratulated on the initiative I had shown! I felt it only fair to mention that none of this would have been possible had it not been for the help I had received from Bridget and, when I heard that our prisoner was a very big fish indeed, I was more concerned for her safety than anything. If it ever got about that she was even remotely to blame for his capture then she would be in very real danger. I mentioned this to the C.O. who made several notes and then I was dismissed.

During my day off a week later I changed into civvies and hired a car to drive out to her cottage on the off chance

that she would be there. I was delighted when she answered my knock and she immediately invited me in. She was dressed in slacks and a heavy jumper but when I suggested I take her out for a drive and something to eat she excused herself and went off to change.

Half an hour later, with Bridget sitting beside me looking so desirable with the mini skirt she had put on up above her knees revealing an enticing expanse of creamy soft thigh above her stocking tops, we were driving slowly through the countryside. Her hand took mine and placed it on her suspender and then she laid her other hand lightly on my fly. Not the best idea when one is driving but we were not going fast and anyway the country road was deserted. I edged my fingers higher until I found the rim of her pantie elastic but, much to my disappointment, it was too tight for me to worm my finger inside.

Bridget was obviously enjoying the crafty feel I was giving her but as she felt my cock get hard and straining for release she pulled down my zip and eased it out from my Y-fronts to roll the foreskin back and lightly scratch the tip. It was all too much for me and as soon as I could I pulled off the road and prepared to get across her. Bridget was every bit as much in favour of a jump as I was and urgently we scrambled at each other's clothing.

In the middle of a passionate kiss she jerked her bum off the seat and heaved her skirt up round her waist while I took the same opportunity to yank her panties down. Again I was treated to the wonderful sight of her bushy cunt curls with the sexy slit just discernible through them and I knew then this was going to be another memorable fuck. I crawled over her willing body feeling her firm tits press into my chest as I tried to get my prick close against her luscious quim. But the gear lever got in the way and we lost precious seconds while we climbed into the back of the car.

The back seat of a car is far from the ideal place to have a fuck but the human animal is adaptable and if the need is great enough a way will be found. So it was with us.

Bridget half lay, half sat on the seat while I sort of squat-

# AMBUSH



ted in between her heaving thighs. I pulled her blouse out from the waist of her skirt, up over her boobs, unclipped her bra, and pulled that up too to reveal her glorious orbs with their hard pointed dark nipples standing out proud and firm. My lips clamped over one and as I sucked on it as a babe might my hand found the soft wet folds of her pussy. I poked and prodded it with my fingers, teasing her erect clit at every opportunity, until the juices were flooding out. Then she could wait no longer.

My trousers and pants were down somewhere near my ankles as she grasped my solid hard-on with one hand and squeezed my balls with the other so that I had to get it inside her soaking snatch. As I separated her saturated swollen quim lips I felt the hot tip of my throbbing tool glide between them and then it was up her twat and I was driving my weapon into her sheath as hard as I could all the way to the hilt. A moment or two to let it soak in the hall of Venus and then I was bumping her for all I was worth. So violent was our

screwing that the car was bouncing on its springs while all the time Bridget kept pleading, "Harder! Fuck me harder! Ram me stupid! Shag the arse off me! Make me come! For fuck's sake make me come!" until she ran out of breath, at which point she gave herself up on the altar of love.

My rod pistoned remorselessly up her slippery slit until at last with a cry of triumph she came off in a series of convulsive sexy spasms she could not control. She went mad with the thrill of it. Her nails raked my back and bum, her legs flew all over the place and her juices pissed out over my balls, between my straining thighs, and onto the car seat. Then her finger found my arsehole and with no hesitation she plunged it up me! The feeling was truly fantastic.

From the moment Bridget started coming I knew my own climax could not be long delayed but as soon as she fingered my anus I just had to explode. I know I groaned and shouted something aloud and then my spunk was jetting out in great scalding spurts filling her twat to overflowing. And still we came - again and again. Quivering we clung together as though it were the end of the world until we were both spent and slowly our emotions subsided. We may have stayed

like that for long enough had I not found my left foot had become jammed under the front seat of the car! This provided just the right amount of light relief we needed and we laughed merrily until it became free. Then Bridget said quietly "You're a splendid fucker, Peter, but why are you doing this for me?"

A silly question I thought as I had screwed her as much for my own relief as hers but I answered, "you saved my life, dear!"

"Bollocks!" she replied with a grin but I could see from the look on her face that my answer had pleased her.

For maybe an hour or more we sat in the back seat, talking little and gently petting each other, until I asked her if she knew of anywhere handy we could get a meal. She suggested an hotel and, as she had not put her panties back on and I had kept my fly open, we goosed each other for most of the way until we came into a better lit area where we adjusted our clothing for the sake of decency.

We had a pleasant meal and as we drove back to Bridget's cottage we stopped frequently for a kiss, cuddle, grope and gentle lovemaking so that it was nearly midnight by the time we got back. It was then that we discovered just how lucky Bridget had been. The cottage was a smouldering ruin! Apparently, we found out later, a bomb had been planted outside it and had exploded with no warning being given. It was obvious to me that the target had been Bridget herself and not the cottage and I knew she realised this as she muttered in her state of shock, "What if you hadn't called..."

This was no time to be considering what might have been and I hastily drove back to our base with Bridget beside me. In this case the Army came up trumps. I reported the incident to my C.O. and from then on things moved swiftly. Transport was laid on to take Bridget to relatives, while I was assured everything would be done for her safety. We were given the use of a spare office to say our farewells and though it took a little time for all the arrangements to be made it was not near long enough for us. Although we had known each other for such a short

time the thought of being miles apart was almost too much to bear for either of us. But Bridget's safety was all important and, promising to write, she bade me a tearful good-bye.

There the story may have ended apart from the sexy letters we sent each other but, I'm glad to say, there is a sequel to it.

Time passed, fortunately without any more really serious incidents, until it was nearly time for us to return home, our tour completed. Perhaps I was breaking security though nobody had given any ruling on it but anyway I wrote to Bridget and told her I would be sailing home on the 'Lion' to Southampton in about a week. I promised to continue writing to her but apart from that thought no more about it and we had, as far as I knew, got used to our separation by this time. Bridget however had other ideas.

Everything went according to plan and we had an uneventful crossing to Southampton. I was gazing idly ashore as the ship came alongside and then I was astonished to see none other than my Bridget standing on the wharf waving a handkerchief frantically! Or was it a handkerchief? Closer inspection revealed it was the tiny pair of white panties she had been wearing the last time I had shagged her!

I virtually went down with the gangway and then I was dashing across the quay to scoop my girl, as I now thought of her, into my arms to hold her close to me. From that moment on everything happened in a whirl. I spent my entire leave with her and a week after I had landed at Southampton we became engaged. That, like everything else connected with us, had been quite a sudden thing too. We had been lying in bed naked as usual, following one of our usual splendid fucks when she had said, "I love you, Peter!" and though matrimony had not really occurred to me before this I knew I wanted Bridget to be legally mine. So I popped the question. As she said afterwards, "they took my man away and now, thanks to them, they've given me another!"

I am not sure they did that on purpose but there is no point in considering that.

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# CAROL KINGSIZE from Leicester

Film fans will be pleased to know that CAROL KINGSIZE can be seen in the feature film QUEEN OF THE BLUES. This film is almost hardcore porn, but it will be shown in Britain shortly, at the time of writing the exact release date is not known, but lovers of erotic pornography should not miss it! The film is shot and set in a sex club and revolves around the acts and lives of the performers and patrons of this dubious club. A film not to be missed by readers who like blue movies!









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The orgy is interrupted by Sonia, jealous at what she sees - annoyed at being interrupted - all four force themselves on her and every hole is filled.

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The 3 sisters share everything including their boyfriend, a very capable lad who manages intercourse and oral with all 3 simultaneously.

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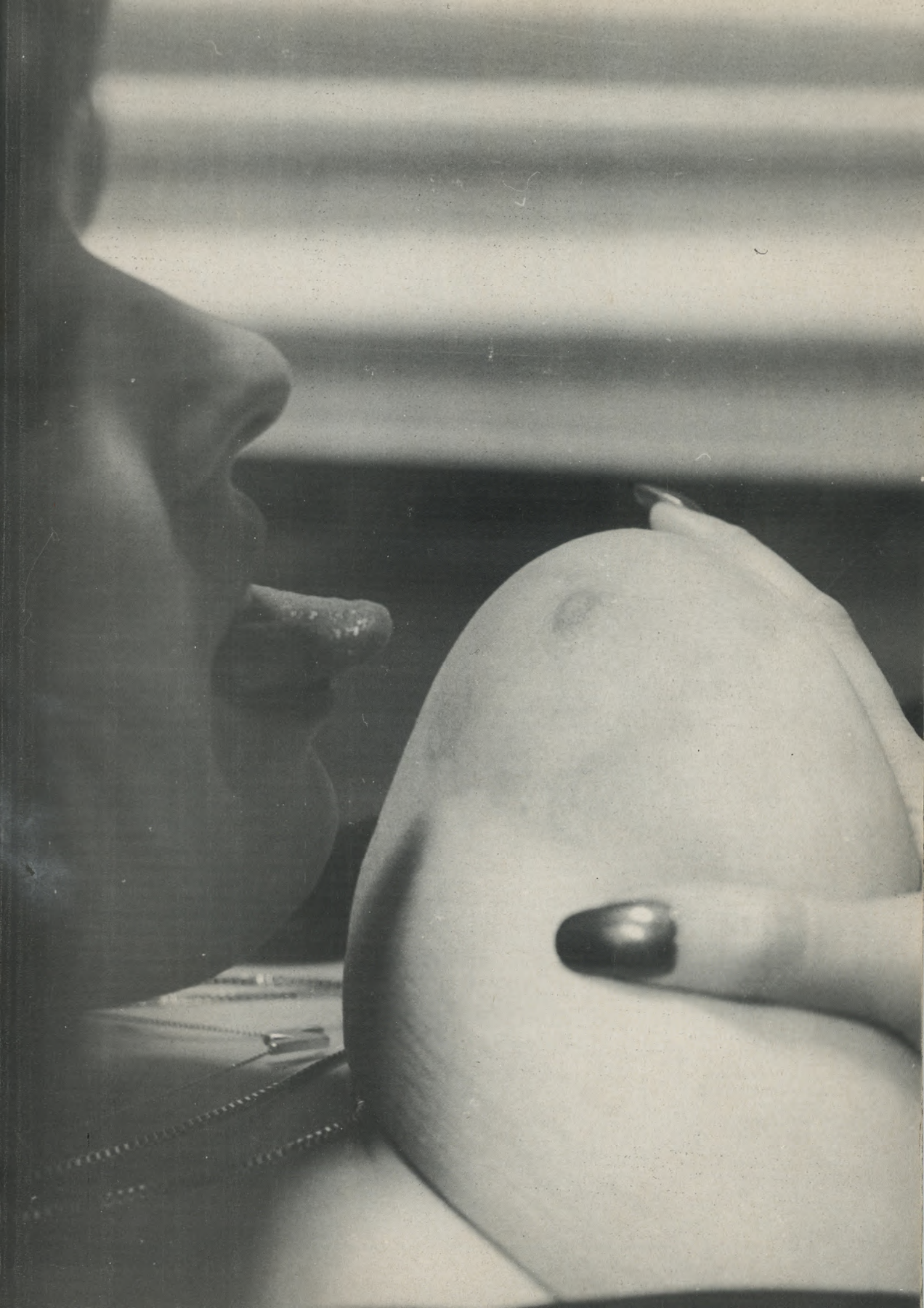
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Continues to bring you new style porn, recently we took a colour porn duo-set, in broad daylight around Europe's landmarks - imagine having it away at the Berlin wall? Plus regular pictorial stories like single girl masturbation, using some of the biggest 'tools' handy to most girls, two men taking one girl at the same time! Fascinating close-up photography here. Lesbian action with the big butch female teaching her randy young lover more and more. A real turn-on with every page.



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Each month we choose one girl for our main feature and we say to her "you choose how we expose you in Lovebirds". Alice who is in one of the next few issues, chose 'three men with big cocks because I have not had that before'. The thought of all three taking her at once really turned her on, and the fellers, and me, The result is one of the horniest set of porno pictures ever to be published. Look out for Alice soon, plus lots of pussy shots, duo, group, orgy and lesbian sequences and sexy stories.

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# Rosemarie ENGLAND Rosemarie ROVING AROUND GREAT BRITAIN in Leicester

Each month Whitehouse will be publishing, exclusively, the sexy exploits of our very own Sex Symbol, Rosemarie England. Rosemarie was selected from over 500 young lovelies who apply to be our 'roving sexy reporter' as our editor said 'have pussy will travel'. Additionally, Rosemarie will be posing for single, duo and lesbian shots. If you can't wait for next month's Whitehouse to see more of Rosemarie, you'll be pleased to know that she also appears in a very naughty set of photos in this month's ROMP. The latter is a new magazine that's available from the newsagent who sold you this magazine for 95p, (in case of difficulty send £1 for a sample copy to: ROMP, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7). Romp contains 100 colour packed pages and is really top value for 95p.

Film fans will be pleased to know that Rosemarie is working on a highly explicit sex comedy entitled 'THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' which will be showing soon in Central London - watch this space for details.

"If you would like to come into the inner office," said the garage hand at the service station at which I had stopped to get a set of new spark plugs fitted into my little yellow sports car, "I will be only too pleased to knock the price of the plugs down to fuck-all, in exchange for a hand-job!"

Now, although I was innocent until a few weeks ago when I started roving round Britain to write a series of features for this magazine, and although I have since learnt a great deal about sex and men, I have to admit that I have not yet mastered all the lingo and jargon associated with sexual activity. So, when this hulk of a garage hand said 'hand-job' I was, to put it mildly, slightly flummoxed!

"Is it something else my car needs doing to it?" I asked, as I made my way into a small, scruffy office at the back of the service station. I was on my way to Leicester, my next port of call for the magazine series, having recently left Glasgow on an adventurous investigation of the habits of the dour Scots.

"It's something I need doing to me," grinned the mechanic. "I need servicing!"

"What do you mean by a hand-job then?" I asked.

He made an unmistakable gesture

with his closed right hand, moving it briskly up and down in the air in the region of his trouser zip. Quick-witted as I usually am, I got the message in a flash.

"Oh," I volunteered, "you mean you want a wank-off?"

He grinned again, very hugely. Without further ado, he unzipped his greasy overall trousers and let them down, perching himself on the edge of a desk, his hairy thighs spreading out, as thighs do when in a sitting posture. His prick and obviously substantial balls were large shapes inside his pale blue French briefs and I must admit, on that warm summer morning, made quite an inviting sight for a young bird like me to look at.

"No charge for them sparking plugs," he said, "in exchange for a wank. Okay?"

I was by no means short of cash but the proposition was inviting, so I smiled back at him, nodded my head in agreement and started to roll down his blue pants. I pushed them down to his ankles where they joined his trousers. I was just getting hold of his large, pulsating prick as if I was handling a gear stick and going up into fourth, when the office door opened and in walked a dark haired girl of about twenty or so, dressed in blue denim. She looked at us.

"This fucking service station will go bankrupt one of these days," she observed, "if George goes on giving free services and repairs and petrol and oil to girls in exchange for wanks!"

"Oh," I said, "does he make a habit of it, then?"

"You can say that again," the girl replied. "What's he done for you car?"

"Fitted new spark plugs."

"Oh well," sighed the girl, sitting in an old revolving office chair and gazing at my right hand grasping George's prick. "Better get on with it - tossing him off, I mean. A set of spark plugs isn't too much of a loss."

She sat there watching me with a certain glint in her eyes that told me she was enjoying the sight of me pulling down the flesh of George's thick prick, exposing his mauve, shiny knob and joggling his balls up and down between his open, hairy thighs as I started the old one-two on him.

"Actually," the girl said after about twenty tosses of George's cock, "George and I live together."

"You do?" I asked, getting on with the job and looking at George's naked tum, for he had by then pulled his white shirt up to above his navel.

"George tells me not to get jealous of him with girl customers at this garage because he says it's good for business to offer sex in exchange for car jobs," she went on. "He says the girls talk to their friends and this joint gets recommended.

Mind your shirt, love," she continued, looking at my hand which was now going very vigorously up and down on George's extension. "When he comes, he shoots out all over the place. I've never seen a bloke shoot out so much spunk per wank as he does."

No sooner had she spoken than George started to gasp and to heave his tummy and hips up and down so that his prick was more or less fucking my hand as well as me tossing it. In a split second after - his white goo started to rush out of the dark hole of his knob and to squirt up into the air. I deftly stepped to one side, keeping my hand on his prick and continuing to pull the spunk up out of him. I had learnt by then how naughty it is for a girl to stop in mid-come and to cause the spunk to stop shooting out. I managed to keep it all off the red shirt that I was wearing with a short, cream-coloured skirt.

"That car of yours is in good condition," observed George, a little later, as trousers up and clothes adjusted he stood with me in the forecourt of the service station with his girlfriend. "Fifty miles to Leicester," he went on, "you better take care of yourself in that place," he said grinning down at his girlfriend. "The Leicester lads are hot on birds."

Shortly after that little adventure I was on my way again, on the main road to Leicester and ruminating about men in general. "There's no doubt about it," I thought to myself out loud. "Men are over-sold on their pricks! I suppose it's quite a natural thing actually, having that rubbery length of flesh ready and eager to swell up and out of their bodies at the slightest excuse. Besides that," I went on, as I drove down the final motorway towards Leicester, "Besides that, there's all that spunk stuff the sex books say men manufacture in their bollocks and bodies all of the time that just has to get out of them via their knob-ends. I suppose it must get a bit irksome having to toss off alone and it must be very nice to have some pretty young bird like me to do it for a man." Anyhow, I went on thinking to myself, now silently as the traffic ahead of me was starting to jam up slightly - anyhow I rather like the feel of a hot rod in my right hand! It gives me a sense of power. When a girl has a man's stiff cock in her hand she is in complete control of him. A man is at his weakest when he's on the horn and about to come and it's absolutely imperative for him that the wanking does not have to stop until he has finished ejaculating. Funny that girl of his didn't seem to be at all jealous of me. I reckon she was interested in seeing her bloke being tossed off by me!

It was about six in the evening when I reached the outskirts of Leicester. There

was a slight chill in the air as I garaged my car in the hotel car park at the place where I had been booked in for my stay. Leicester, I decided, when I went for a walk that evening after dinner at the hotel, is a big sprawling city full of ups and downs in terms of old houses of bygone eras plus high-rise flats and offices, making a continual incongruous skyline wherever one looked. The streets were flashy and full of the typical shops one sees in Britain's towns and cities. All provincial cities, I had decided, were poor imitations of London - sporting cafes and pubs and clubs and discotheques with high-sounding Continental names in attempts to suggest sophistication. I don't know what the prostitution scene is like in Leicester even now, but I got the idea things appear to be more relaxed there than they are in London. I say that because I am sure I saw street girls lurking in dark doorways and even walking the streets in a surreptitious sort of way, not exactly looking blatantly like prostitutes, but giving with the right signs to men in the know who passed them on the pavements. That leads me to the funny fact that actually, that first evening strolling through the lighted streets of Leicester, I was mistaken by a fat, balding little man for a street girl!

Now - I never offend men who are not good-looking, tall, dark and handsome. To me, a man's a man's a man like a cock's a cock's a cock, whatever

way you happen to look at the man and his cock. I like personality in a man, a sense of humour. So, when the little tubby character with an almost bald pate walked by me near a brightly lighted boutique and smiled at me in his little blue suit and white collar and tie I just, well, smiled back at him. Turning round, I saw he was quite obviously following me. I stopped to look in a jewellers shop window. He pulled up beside me and, in a conspiratorial whisper said: "How much?"

Having so speedily turned into a rather blase bitch since I started working on this series, I was not annoyed or taken-aback. Neither did I go through the routine of the offended, outraged, insulted female accosted by a male! No. I smiled down at him, he was only up to my shoulders and said: "How much are you willing to pay?" Of a sudden I thought, what fun to pretend to be a street girl instead of meeting up with some randy young sod in a pub or at a disco.

"Ten quid?" queried the little bald-headed man. I understand that prostitutes offer what they call a 'short time' and I wondered if his ten quid offer was meant for a short time and what actually a short time involved. Anyhow, I made a quick decision.

I nodded and whispered back: "Okay by me."

His little pink face wrinkled up into a delighted smile.

"Your place or mine?" he went on, in a slightly louder and now more confident voice. I didn't think it would be wise or indeed possible to take this character back to my hotel bedroom I said: "Your place."

That appeared to please him very much. He slipped his arm in mine and walked me down the High Street, turned left, turned right and ended up outside a small house in a row of small houses in a dark back street. He had a cosy, clean, little flat on the ground floor. He showed me into his sitting room in which there was a conglomeration of old but clean and good-conditioned furniture, a small upright piano and a broad, low divan.

He told me he played the piano in one or two pubs, was age fifty-three and also did a bit of travelling for an export firm in china goods and kitchenware. He busied himself in his small kitchen making a pot of tea for the both of us. When I was drinking my cup of tea, he fished out a ten pound note from a shabby wallet he took from his inner jacket pocket. Undaunted and quite without conscience in the matter, I took it and put it into my handbag. Too late now to tell him he had made a mistake and that I was not on the game! I couldn't possibly offend this tubby, little man with the twinkle of lust in his grey eyes.

"You don't come from around these parts?" he asked conversationally as, with a briskness born, I imagined, of ex-



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perience in the matter of dealing with girls on the game, he started to undress.

"Actually," I informed him, as I watched his rubby little pink and white body being revealed as he took off shirt, trousers, an unsightly pair of large white Y-fronts, retaining his socks and shoes while being eventually quite naked, "I come from London."

"Ah - the City of Sin!" he said blissfully. "I go to London for my annual holiday," he said, "and I always go to Soho with all those sex shops and bookshops and cinemas showing sexy films. And, needless to say, I always end up by going with the girls!"

By now he had seated himself down beside me on the divan, his chubby fat little thighs spreading out, his small prick rapidly rising over his little balls. Fat men, I thought, most probably do have smaller cocks than slim or large-built men. I looked down at his mere four inches, now obviously at full-mast for it had ceased to expand and his balls had risen up under his prick, round and hard.

"Do you want to fuck?" I asked him, wondering if he would be able to make it with me owing to his fat tum and the shortness of his tool.

He looked at me with pleasant surprise written all over his face. "For ten pounds?" he said.

Uncertain of the prevailing going-rate for a fuck in the profession in Leicester and judging by the surprised look on his face, I gathered that ten quid purchased

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the 'short time' only. Which no doubt involved a quick toss or possibly a gam or a blow-job, as I had learnt it was sometimes called.

"Why not a fuck?" I asked him with a smile, taking hold of his tiny tool, much to his delight, for he started to squirm about on the divan and to open up his thighs still more.

"You are being very generous then," he replied. "Will you have any objection to me doing it to you from the rear position?" he went on, getting quite technical. "The fact of the matter is," he went on conversationally, "with my rather small penis and my rather large stomach, I sometimes find it rather a problem to make ends meet!" and he burst into hearty laughter. "You get what I mean?" he asked.

"I get precisely what you mean," I replied, laughing with him. "Well, okay then, of course we'll do it in the rear position."

So saying I stood up, lifted up my sexy skirt, let him have a look at my tan stocking-tops and white suspenders and

my bright yellow knickers edged with sexy white lace, pulled them down with my back to him so that he could look at my white bottom. Turning to him, I saw his eyes gazing hungrily and lecherously down at my wealth of golden hair and the now parted pink lips of my cunt. Kneeling up on all fours on his divan, I invited him to get up me.

After quite a lot of fumbling and manoeuvring into a strategic position behind me and his hand guiding his small prick up into my hole and his thick, hot thighs pressing against my open thighs and inbetween them, he finally got his weapon lodged into my hot, wet hole. A moment later he started quick piston-like thrusts up into me. I felt the first two or three inches of my cunt being stimulated in a very pleasant way and also felt the thud-thud of his small balls against the inner sides of the back of my thighs. Then he was well on his way fucking me with considerable gusto. His eager little hands grasped my tits in front as his arms encircled me pulling himself into me a little more. With a deal of grunting and groaning, he continued to fuck away at me until, with a sudden loud exclamation, he started to come into me. I felt him pulsing away up my hole in the grand manner. Obviously he was still very virile, in spite of his tubbiness, his baldness and his age. When he stopped shooting, he got out of me, dismounting like a satisfied jockey who had passed the winning post first.

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He handed me my bag and I gathered he wanted me to go. Satisfied that he had had a prickful of my cunt, he was now

"Well, really," he lisped, pretending to be outraged. Nevertheless, he stood up, undid his zip and his waistband and

I pointed at his still rigid cock. "See," I said, "it hasn't gone down at all. You

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must be simply full of spunk." I held out my arms to him, inviting him to lie down between my thighs which I opened up invitingly for him revealing my pink and red and hairy and wet and opened hole. He gazed down at it with a look of alarm mixed with sudden desire.

"Come on," I urged. "Be a man."

"Well," he grumbled, climbing up onto the bed and settling himself down on top of me between my outstretched thighs, "if you insist!"

He got into and up me like a little hero. He started the familiar fuck movements on me. Very soon he was well under way - his arms encircling my back, his trousers and pale pink slips abandoned on the floor by the bed. He took quite a time to come since he had already lost a considerable amount of spunk but that suited me fine as it gave me ample time to enjoy myself and to come quite six times while he went back and forth in me. When he did come, he breathed heavily and, as he withdrew and knelt up on the bed in front of me, still quite stiff, he said: "Bert will kill me duckie, if he knew!"

"Bert need never know," I told him.

I watched him pull on his pants again, and then his trousers into which he tucked his white shirt. Then, with a wan smile on his now rather flushed face, he left the bedroom and I poured myself another cup of rather lukewarm tea.

Fresh and invigorated from that unusual adventure I got up, showered, dressed in a pale green dress, stockings,



black lacy drawers and bra, and high-heeled shoes and went down to breakfast. The gay boy was serving with three other waiters. He served me as he had done the evening before and a conspiratorial smile passed between us but he looked terribly guilty nevertheless.

After breakfast I went to the car park and getting into my yellow car and feeling rather like a James Bond girl with my blonde hair screaming out as I drove through the busy streets of Leicester. I wondered if I would meet up with another sex adventure before nightfall, for the following day I was scheduled to leave Leicester and to drive back to

London to write up this latest feature in time for my usual press date deadline?

Tingling between my thighs from my recent fuck with the delicate body of that young gay fellow, I felt that what I really wanted now was the feel of a heavy, hairy man with some flesh and muscle on him - however uncouth he might happen to be. My wish came true for I stopped to watch one of those navvies, as they are called, working one of those huge powerful pneumatic drills into the road, making a devastatingly quick hole in the tarmac and whatever else goes to compose a road surface. I watched,

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(MORE VENUES AND CINEMAS TO BE ANNOUNCED IN THIS SPACE NEXT MONTH)

**Confessions from  
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### BRITAIN'S FIRST PORN MOVIE

fascinated, as his large, deeply tanned, naked-to-the-waist body and arms shook and vibrated under the power of the drill. I thought surely that drill must be the vibrator to end all vibrators! Didn't such a vibrating monster bring a man up into a magnificent horn? I looked down at the man's shabby brown cord trousers but could see no evidence of that. He caught me looking at him and gave me a wide grin. Then he switched off his machine and came over to the low barricade surrounding the hole in the road. I was brisk and frank with him, for this was just the sort of guy I felt I just must have.

"Don't you get a horn on using that drill?" I asked him.

He looked at me as if he hadn't heard right. "You what?" he said.

I repeated my question. He wiped a sweaty arm across his grimy face. "You having me on?" he queried. I shook my head and told him I was a London journalist doing a series for a sex magazine and would he be interested in my interviewing him after he had packed up his job for the day?

The outcome was that he agreed to meet me at the hole-in-the-road site at five that afternoon when he knocked off.

"Have you a place we can go in private?" I asked him.

He nodded and grinned. "You can come round to my gaff," he said.

And that's how I found myself at his bedsit at six that evening, after we had had drinks in a nearby pub. As soon as we got into his shabby room, he stripped off completely - his tanned body coming to light as soon as he had disposed of a grubby shirt, his old cords and scanty briefs, shoes and socks. I followed him to a small bathroom on the same landing, where he gave himself a shower while I watched him. Under the warm water, he developed a healthy erection, about eight inches, as well befitted a man of his age, physique, and strenuous occupation. He was thirty-two.

Back in his room, he literally stripped me off before I even had time to take my own gear off. By now his prick was turgid, stiff, pulsating, enormous in length and thickness and obviously ready, willing and eager to dispose of a large quantity of best-quality navvie's spunk!

He wasted no time in almost throwing me onto his unmade, rumpled bed and getting on top of me. It was a case of gentle rape if there is such a thing! I wrapped my naked legs round the small of his back in order to draw into my cunt as much of his cock as I could. He was a fantastic fucker in that he stopped his movements from time to time in order to let me regenerate and to lead me up to still more and greater orgasms. He held himself in until, at last, he had to say he was coming. I braced myself for the onslaught and then felt I was being well and truly flooded out with his stuff. He fucked me twice more after he had made



a saucepan full of baked beans and sausages, and we had washed it all down with mugs of hot, strong tea. The energy of the man!

I went back to my hotel about ten that evening, beautifully exhausted, fucked

to death and full of good 'copy' for my piece on my visit to Leicester!

**NEXT MONTH: Rosemarie in Norwich**

# TITTY CARTER

Film fans will be pleased to know that TITTY can be seen in the feature film QUEEN OF THE BLUES. This film is almost hardcore porn, but it will be shown in Britain shortly, at the time of writing the exact release date is not known, but lovers of erotic pornography should not miss it!

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# TRICKS with TITS

My name is Tessa and I am twenty. Up to the age of seventeen, I was of average slimness, nice tits, waist, hips, bottom, thighs. I still have a nice, average waist, hips, bottom and thighs. But something happened to my tits. They now are sized 42" in comparison to a 23" waist and the rest of my tall body in proportion. Of course, this makes me a most outstanding figure! Girls such as Sabrina, Mansfield (late) and Monroe (late) had tits such as mine plus the advantage of an otherwise normal figure and height. Big boobs on a big fat girl get sort of lost in the general welter of flesh, but big boobs on a tall slim girl really show. That's the way it is with me now at age twenty. I work as a secretary in a computer office but, at my favourite pubs, clubs and discos, I am inundated with suggestions I should become a topless Go-Go dancer or a stripper. Both jobs appeal to me very much, but I rather like the security of my secretarial job and the almost daily advances my young, thirty-year old, nice-looking boss makes to me when I got to his office to take it all down (his dictation, that is). I knew from the very start he was a tits man so, the second day I worked for him in my small office next to his. I went along with a tight blouse on with a deep cleavage and no bra. His eyes were all over my tits from the moment I walked in, sat down by the side of his desk and started to record his dictation in shorthand. He has an audio machine in his office, but he never uses it now, since he sees all I have to show him with the old fashioned shorthand method of dictation. Audio-typing may be modern but good old tit-watching is

ageless! One morning after I had been there for a month, my tits got too much for him. Happening to bend down at the side of his desk to pick up my pencil, I caught sight of him sitting side on to me behind his desk. His zip was right down, his white shirt ruffled up in front, the top of his light blue underwear pulled down and over the edge of the elastic, spilled out his erect prick plus his balls. He was in one helluva fix of horn and hard balls!

"Is it my tits?" I asked him, as I sat up in my chair again at the side of his desk.

"Is what your tits?" he asked. I nodded in the direction of his lap behind the desk.

"Is it my tits what has given you the horn?" I asked.

"That has - that have given me the horn, Miss Robinson" he corrected me.

"Sorry, Mr Pendelton" I corrected myself. "I admit I do not speak good English at times what I really should do as your private secretary - but at least I do type your letters proper - do I not?"

"Indeed you do Miss Robinson" he smiled at me. "Now" he went on, "about your tits and my horn as you call it. One usually refers to that kind of masculine sexual phenomena as an erection, not a horn."

"I know a pub called The Horn of Plenty" I replied. "Its down the High Street past the Betting Office. I always thought it meant the stiff prick with plenty of spunk in it."

Mr Pendelton smiled. "Oh dear me no" he replied. "Its something to do, really, with Ancient Greek Mythology, I think, actually."

"They were a sexy lot" I responded. "They taught us Greek

Mythology at my school, all about the god called Priapus who had a constantly stiff prick. Or was it Pan?"

"It was both, according to Greek and Roman Mythology" replied my boss. "Anyhow" he went on, "how did you know I was well, on the horn, as you put it?"

"I just bent down to get my pencil" I replied, "when I couldn't help but get a gander of your prick which is right stiff, standing up over your drawers. Plus I could see your bollocks as well, Mr. Pendelton. So I rightly thought it was my tits, you see, that was causing the uprising"

At that moment, the young girl from Accounts came in without knocking on the door. As she put some papers on Mr Pendelton's desk, she glanced down and she saw what was sticking up from under his trousers and blue drawers. She giggled and put her hand to her mouth.

"Stiff again, I see, Mr Pendelton" she said, looking at me. She flounced out of the office, rather jealous, I thought, and closed the door noisily behind her.

"Then are you in the habit of letting the female members of your staff see you on the horn?" I enquired.

"All my staff are female" Mr Pendelton reminded me. "And, yes" he went on, "from time to time, I must readily admit, the young girls who pop in and out of this office do indeed catch me with astiff prick."

"And do they do anything about it then, Mr Pendelton?" I asked.

"If they are in need of a slight rise or an extra half-day, Miss Robinson, they do sometimes suggest a short, sharp wank on my prick might produce the necessary results."

"Like a shoot-out of your spunk?" I suggested.

"That most certainly" replied my boss. "But it often produces the rise a girl might be after, or the extra time off she might wish for."

"I have the biggest tits on your staff" I said to him.

"That I have already observed and noted with considerable satisfaction" answered Mr Pendelton. "In fact, it was your tits that induced me to engage you as my personal and private secretary more than it was your expertise at shorthand and typing - not that you are not good at that" he hastened to reassure me.

"Oh good" I observed. "I like to give every satisfaction"

"Do you now?" he enquired. "And to what limits do your desires to give satisfaction stretch?"

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Anna's horsey friends get quite frisky when they hear that she is being fucked by a great stallion and when they see her sucking him off and then push her steaming pussy over his giant cock, they all join in.



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ISSUE 104

First of all the office boy is fucked by the M.D.'s secretary, then she starts on the big guard dog. At the same time the cleaning lady can be seen stuffing a broom handle up the wet pussy of a young girl from the typing pool. And so it goes on.



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"Well" I rejoined, "When you tell me over the intercom that you want me to come in to your office and take it down, I would always be prepared to do that."

"Do what, Miss Robinson?"

"Take them down" of se I said with a smile.

"You mean, your knickers?" he asked.

I smiled. I stood up and walking round to the side of his desk, looked down at his prick. It seemed to have grown larger, thicker and redder, more purple at the nob than when first I had set eyes on it. Also, Mr Pendleton had lowered the elastic of his blue drawers so that most of his naked thighs were now to be seen and his white shirt had moved up almost to his belly button.

"Well" I said in surprise (not really) "it seems as you have got

much more hornier since last I took a butchers at your prick. What has happened, may I ask, to cause that?"

He smiled up at me. "I would say, Miss Robinson" he replied, "That it is because of the intimate nature of our conversation."

"Not because that little bitch from Accounts walked in and looked at your cock then?" I demanded.

He shook his head and his wavy blonde hair fell in forelock style over his forehead.

"By no means beause of her" he said. "It is because of the intimate way in which we have been speaking plus the fact that, sitting next to my desk, I can see right down the top of your blouse or shirt or whatever and most of your extremely substantial tits are fully exposed to me - all but the nipples,

that is."

"And what does the cleavage between my tits remind you of?" I asked him.

"Of the slit that I feel sure exists between the lips of your cunt" he said, without the slightest hesitation. "Minus the hairs of course" he added.

"You should cali me Tessa" I smiled at him. "But I will go on calling you by your monicker of Mr. Pendleton. It makes me feel you are my boss for real you see."

"But I am your boss for real" he smiled back at me. Looking at my tits again as I drew my chair up close to him almost now behind his desk so that I could look down and see the huge prick and bollocks he was now sporting, he went on -

"Are you in need of a rise, Tessa?" he asked me.

"I wouldn't say no to your rise" I replied.

"I mean from a money point of view?"

"I sm perfectly content with the bread what you pay me at present, Mr Pendleton" I replied. "It keeps me in new knickers and uplift bras - not that I wear bras a lot you understand?"

He nodded. "I most certainly understand" he replied.

"Then" I went on, placing my shorthand notebook and pencil on the edge of his desk, "then, if the cleavage between my tits makes you think of the slit between my thighs, what would you like to do about it?"

Mr Pendleton rose from his desk. The movement caused his trousers to slip down his slim hips to his knees and from there to his ankles. Stepping skilfully out of his trousers, he stood in front of me, his pale blue sexy cotton drawers very small, stretched across the lower parts of his thighs, the gusset hanging down where a little time before had nestled his balls. He pulled them down and right off and his short white shirt hung below his grey jacket. He took off his jacket and walking to the door of his office locked it. Returning to his large desk he said.

"I would very much like to fuck your tits, Tessa. How would you like me to do it?" He indicated the long, low divan over by the wall opposite the window. "I can either fuck your tits facing down you with my bum in your face or I can fuck them facing up you with my prick shooting out at your neck. Which would you prefer?"

"I take it you fuck cunts as well?" I asked, undoing my blouse and

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stripping it off. He gazed open mouthed at my suddenly revealed, naked knockers, stiff nipples poised on top of each quivering globe of flesh.

"Good heavens Tessa" he muttered. "They are twice the size I at first thought they were".

I removed my small, yellow, silky skirt to let him see my black garter belt and suspenders holding up my tan stockings and my small white frilly drawers.

"Perhaps I might have the pleasure of fucking your cunt as well?" he asked, almost reverently.

"If you think as you will have enough spunk Mr. Pendelton" I replied, moving over towards the divan by the wall. "I don't doubt as I will be only too happy as to oblige you in that direction."

"Your knowledge of the English language is deplorable" he said, "but you have the boddy of a goddess."

"A Greek one I hope?" I said, as I laid down on the soft divan. I watched as he straddled his muscular bare thighs over my body and prepared to lower himself down so that his prick landed between my breasts. He fixed himself onto me with his long cock neatly between my tits and knelt over me on his thighs but held himself up enough

on his elbows so that I could watch, with my head on a cushion, the movements of his red prick with its wet, purple, swelled up nob as he started to move backwards and forwards in between my heavy tits. He got into action and for a while, fucked me while the sensation of his nob between my tits zeroed my nipples up to stiffness and the sensation of his cock gliding smoothly in between my tits started me off having comes between my thighs inside my white drawers.

"You are making me come, Mr Pendelton" I said, as his movements grew more rapid. He was getting too breathless to answer me. The next moment my throat and my neck were being splattered by a flood of spurting spunk as I watched it all shooting out of his nob end. When he had finished, he knelt up over me and started to rub all his stuff into my tits and nipples.

"Good for little girl's tits" he smiled down at me. "Makes them grow even bigger."

"So I have been informed, Mr Pendelton" I replied. "But I have had lots of mens' come rubbed into them, believe me, but it don't seem to have made them any bigger than what they are at present."

"Must have helped" he replied,

dismounting me like a jockey getting off a Derby winner.

"Well, alright then," I conceded. "There is a lot of truth in them old wives' tales I have no doubt" I said. "Anyhow" I went on, sitting up and feeling my now sticky tits with my hands. "It pleases men to think their spunk does improve girls' tits."

I looked at him standing by the divan, naked but for his short white shirt. His prick was still long, very red now almost along its entire length, his mauve nob shiny with his come, his bollocks nice and round and hard and still pressed into the space between his thighs and under his cock. They glistened with fair hairs as did his thighs.

"You are a very well hung man, Mr Pendelton" I said. "What I have in tits you have in prick and balls."

"Well thank you for that compliment" he glowed. "And now" he went on, proceeding to pull my white frilly knickers right down to my stockinged feet and off them, "Now let us have a look at your cunt, shall we?"

"You sound like a doctor," I giggled.

"If I did happen to be your doctor" he smiled, "I would be guilty of unprofessional conduct the moment you walked into my consulting



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room!"

With that, he splayed open my thighs, I crooked my legs at the knees, kneeling on the floor at the foot of the divan, he started to suck me off like a real gamming Frenchman. He was very good at it, I must say, and very soon had me panting away with comes from his lips and tongue. After that, he indulged in looking at me very close and poking me up with one, two, three and then four fingers which at once gave me an appetite for his prick. I told him so after a while and he took his fingers out (as they say). He stood over me, his prick still beautifully stiff and pulsing.

"I like being screwed from the back," I said, starting to kneel up on the divan, settling down on my elbows, arse up in the air so he could see not only my cunthole but also my asshole.

"Which hole?" He asked.

I tutted, "Really Mr Pendleton" I said "English gentlemen never approach a girl in any way but up her correct hole, didn't you know?"

"I have a girlfriend called Penny -" he began, but I cut him short.

"Fuck your girlfriend called Penny" I said. "She's probably got an asshole like the Blackwall Tunnell. She'd have to have" I added, "to

take up your lot!"

I felt him straddle over me, thighs each side of my bum and, in a second, his prick was gliding right up into me. Holding my tits with both his hands and pulling at my stiff nipples, he started to fuck me. I felt my climaxes soaring up and down my body from my tits to my cunt and back again as he grew more and more excited and started to stuff me higher and higher up until his nob was pressing up against my cervix. With a sudden burst, his hot spunk hit it and went right through to my womb, I bet.

"That was fucking fantastic, Mr Pendleton" I said as he got off me, prick still shooting out the remainder of his spunk as he sat quite exhausted now on the edge of the divan. At that moment there came a knock at the office door.

"Answer it Tessa" he said.

I stared down at him. "With us like this?" I asked.

He nodded with a smile. I crossed the office and unlocked the door. That girl from the accounts came in the office, more papers in her hand. She looked across at Mr Pendleton on the divan, saw his prick was now getting long and limp over his balls between his sopen thighs and then looked at me.

"Had a good fuck, Mr Pendleton?" she asked, grinning.

"Splendid, thank you" he replied.

The girl held up two fingers in the air in a suggestive manner, grinned at me and went out of the office.

"You don't seem to mind your staff knowing what a sexy sod you are then?" I asked.

"No" he replied. "It makes for good inter-office-relations. Much better than patting them on their cheeks and complimenting them on their work. I like every girl who works here for me, the whole twelve of them, to know that, whenever they start to feel randy during office hours, they are free to come in here and to ask me for a poke or a suck or a fuck, or all three. You've simply no idea how that sort of thing makes for a really contented staff. And they reciprocate, mind you."

"In what way, Mr Pendleton?" I asked, putting on my drawers and tightening up my suspenders.

"Often they come in to this office" he replied, "and if I look worried over business matters, they offer to wank me off to sooth my nerves. Every single girl in this Firm has seen my prick and either had a suck at it or wanked it, according to their tastes. And there's only four of them I haven't fucked so far. It makes for

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good inter-office relations, as I say. No industrial action here, believe me."

But I have one thing over the rest of Mr. Pendleton's office staff of twelve sexy girls all under twenty five. I have the biggest tits of all of them.

Then, last week, Mr Pendleton did an unexpected thing. He took on an office boy. An attractive youth of seventeen, fresh from comprehensive, not even started to shave yet, a slim, pretty faced youth with sandy hair and a pale face and large blue eyes. It was obvious to me that as soon as he set eyes on me (and my tits) he fell head-over-heels in love with me. The rest of the all girl office staff are very pretty and all very sexy but of course I am the sexiest of the lot with my large tits plus my slim figure plus my beautiful face.

It was obvious the youth, whom we all nicknamed Sandy, was very sexy himself, having reached and passed the age of discovery of wanking himself off, getting constant horns on and trying to see up the skirts of the girls at the office. An afternoon last week, I saw him walking down the corridor between the main office and Mr Pendleton's office and standing at the gents loo door. I smiled at him as I stopped, wearing a short white skirt and black sweater under which could clearly be seen my bare tits and nipples. He looked at them the way he did whenever he saw me.

"Going to spend a penny, Sandy?" I asked him.

He had grown very bold. "No" he grinned, "I am going to have a wank, thinking of you and your tits, Miss Robinson."

I looked down at his jeans, and it must have been true for it was clear he was on the horn, and a big one at that.

"Because of me and my tits?" I asked, letting him see I was pleased at his sexy thoughts about me.

He nodded. "I do it in bed at night" he said.

Suddenly I took him by the hand and pulled him towards the ladies loo opposite the gents. I opened the door pushed him in, took him to one of the closets. I locked the door behind us and held my finger up to my lips.

"Let down your clothes and let me see what you got" I whispered.

His pale face flushed up, his eyes grew round.

"Go on" I said. "I can see you are stiff. I will wank you off."

Without a word he unzipped. Let his jeans fall to his ankles. He was

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wearing nylon briefs.

"Pretty" I smiled. I pulled them down for him and his seventeen year old prick shot up in the air followed by his youthful balls, all clear of hair. His thighs were pale skinned. I fondled his little round bottom for him as I took hold of his prick, the nob of which slid out quickly from his foreskin, looking all clean and fresh and young and pinkish. I told him to fondle one of my tits over my sweater as I started to toss him off as I sat on the loo seat with him half standing, half squatting with open legs by my side. He pulled my black sweater up out of my skirt and took hold of one of my tits bare. I got thrilled to death to feel this youth's hand feeling me and my nipples grew stiff. While I tossed him off slowly and deliberately, looking at his pulsing prick as I did so, he massaged my tit and nipple in his hand. Then with a gasp, he started to shoot out all over the shiny tiled floor. It seemed he would never stop. He squeezed my tit like mad, nipple between his finger and thumb.

When I saw he had come all his lot, I released my hold on his prick and it started to go down. He pulled up his yellow briefs and jeans, fixed the zip and waist. I opened up the closet door and the main door, looked out and beckoned him to me.

He slipped out safely for the corridor was deserted. I went back to the closet to mop up his come from off the floor with toilet paper until there was none left. I flushed the paper away and went back to my office through the extra door that led into it without having to go into Mr Pendelton's office. I have not risked doing the same again and I know most of the girls in the firm are just longing to interfere with Sandy, and I like to know I had the guts to do it to him and I have one over them. The gent's loo is small, of course, only two closets, since there is only Mr Pendelton and Sandy to use them.

One lunch hour, however, a day or so ago, Mr Pendelton told us he would be out for two hours at a business lunch. As soon as he had gone and we all saw his car had driven away, we got Sandy from the storeroom where he worked, into the typing office. We stripped him, and holding him down on an office table, we gave him a good going over. Once he was naked in front of the girls and me as well, he got a horn, of course. We all took it in turns to hold it and to rub it up for him, wondering who would be the lucky girl to give it a final rubbing up to make it come. Dorothy, a girl of eighteen, squealed as she felt his prick start to pulse in her grip. She

carried on and we all watched open eyed as Sandy's spunk started to splosh out all over his naked thighs and onto his tummy. One thing that pleased me and that was that, all the time he was being wanked by one girl at a time, he kept his eyes fixed on me, looking hard at my swelling tits through my blouse. I had no bra on and my nipples were stiff and red as I watched each girl take her turn at pulling his prick, including me. I would like to have been the girl who gave him his last pull to bring him off, but Dorothy made it just before it was my turn to hold his prick.

I still get those offers to be a Go-Go dancer or a stripper but really I get so much fun being played about with by Mr Pendelton at the office and being admired by Sandy plus I have many boyfriends outside the office in my evening and weekend social life that my tits are forever being looked at, admired, held, massaged and made to make me come between my legs. Plus the fact I get regularly poked and fucked in cars and at my flat, what do I want with being a Go-Go dancer or a stripper, just being stared at by a lot of sexy men in pubs and clubs but never touched? Its far more fun my way, actually!

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# SPECIAL FILM REVIEW

## CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR



Allan Lake and Mary Millington



Allan Lake, Bernie Winters and Diana Dors in a scene from Confessions from The David Galaxy Affair.

Each year we select a sex film of the year. This year we have selected a film which will be on your screens shortly. This film is called 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR', which is quite a mild title for such an explicit film! However, without a shadow of a doubt it is the funniest, sexiest comedy we have ever seen and we strongly suggest all readers go and see it. This film will appeal to all ages and both sexes, as it is so funny, but make no mistakes this film is the most explicit we've seen for showing in public cinemas. The film is showing from Thursday June 28th at the EROS CINEMA, Piccadilly Circus, (01-437 389). We urge every reader to travel to London to see this very special film.

### The Theme of the Film

Confessions from David Galaxy is a cross between three very funny films, Alfie, Seventeen (The Swedish masterpiece), and Confessions of a Window Cleaner. All these three films were really excellent sex comedies, but in our opinion 'CONFESSIONS' FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR is better than all three. It takes the best from these three films, mixes it with some very explicit sex action and comes up with the best sex comedy ever seen in Britain. We really like this film as its guaranteed to make film goers feel good. There is far too many nasty, pain, shock, heavy 'message' and uninteresting films on release at the moment. The public are 'conned' into seeing them through heavy TV advertising how often have you been to see a heavily advertised film only to be disappointed in the contents? The money has been spent on the advertising not on the film! We would stress here that this is NOT the case with 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR', a very large sum of money was spent to bring together a superb cast.

### THE CAST

This is one of the strong points of 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR'. This film combines the talents of four British sex symbols (Mary Millington, Diane Dream, Debbie Delight and Rosemarie England), PLUS some of the top comedy stars in Britain (Anthony Booth, Dianna Dors, Kenny Lynch, Allan Lake, and Bernie Winters), PLUS twenty or so of the most attractive women in Britain including Miss Southampton and Miss Birmingham. Never have such a bevy of beautiful birds been brought together in one sex spectacular.

### The Sex and the Comedy

'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' features undoubtedly the strongest scenes ever shown in Britain, so explicit we have decided against featuring them here! It features not only duo, but also two girl action and there are plenty of close-ups of both nudity and action. However all this strength is combined with some great comedy gags, sketches, and dialogue. This makes the film acceptable to a lot of people who might otherwise see it



Allan Lake and Rosemarie England.



There are plenty of 'close up action sequences in Confessions from David Galaxy Affair.

purely as a 'porno' movie. What we really like about 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' is that it's such good 'fun' it'll really make you feel good (as well as sexy) after you've seen it. This is a film that's guaranteed to turn on even a frigid girlfriend! The humour is witty, but very adult.

So in conclusion we urge ever reader to see 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR', and as soon as possible. MAKE THE TRIP TO LONDON to see it, you might make a really sexy day of it by visiting some of the sexy saunas and blue film clubs that are now plentiful in London. Confessions from David Galaxy will be showing at a few cinemas around Britain, but it will not be showing at them all, so we urge you to travel to see this film. In future months we will keep you informed about where this film will be showing. In one final word, if your Christian name is David OR if you have a good friend or relation with this Christian name ENSURE that you see this film as it will have a special benefit and meaning to you (we'll not explain what we mean here for fear of giving away the plot!)

See you at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, London on June 28th for the first showing of 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' and meet Mary Millington IN PERSON. The film is showing 7 days a week, continuous performances, from this date. First show 11.00am daily, last show 11.30pm.



Kenny Lynch and Allan Lake in Confessions from The David Galaxy Affair.

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The film stars Mary Millington, Dian Dream, Debbie Delight and sensational sex superstar Rosemarie England, four very sexy and very sensual ladies who will set the screen alight.

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**The David Galaxy Affair is showing from June 28th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus (01-437 3838) 7 days a week, continuous performances from 11 am - 1 am. This sensational film will be on general release at selected cinemas throughout the country during Summer & Autumn.**

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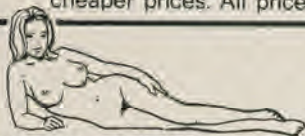
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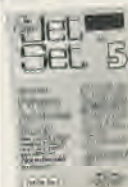
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Packed cover to cover with adverts from Sexy Swinging Girls, Guys and Couples from all over the U.K., and addresses and phone numbers so you don't have to waste money on forwarding fees. For only £5.00 (Nothing more to pay) you could make plenty of exciting contacts. **Special Offer - both books only £7.00.**

TO: MAIL ORDER DIVISION, 34 UPTON LANE, LONDON E7

Please send me (tick)

☐ LADIES

☐ JET SET

☐ BOTH BOOKS £7.00

Name .....

Address .....

370



# CINEMA BLUE

39 Dean St. Soho.

A Cinema club which will appeal, in particular, to the regular cinema club goer. Shows exceptionally strong films, with programmes changing weekly. Shows not only hetero movies but F/F, group, J/A, and F/A!!! The only club in London showing such way out and explicit films.

Open 7 days a week from 11.00am daily. Our admission price is £3.50, membership £1 a year, we are slightly dearer than some clubs - but you get what you pay for! We are the CINEMA BLUE and show 100% BLUE Films!

409

**LEILA** The fabulous three-hole doll



A gorgeous Brazilian babe eager for your most kinky fantasies. Named after King Farouk's favourite mistress, she has the legendary sexual appetite, sensuous, blue-eyed and full-breasted. Her thighs and buttocks feel just like the real thing of an 18-year-old and her exquisitely fitted vagina and open mouth will draw you into long and lustful orgasms. Plus that additional hole for realism.

Leila is being sold in the sex shops for £25 or more, but at the biggest importer of sex toys from Brazil, we are able to offer Leila for just £10-95 including VAT and carriage.

All orders are sent by return of post. Ladies please cover.

**ONLY £10-95**

**CURT JOHANSON** (Dept.)  
228 GREEN ST. LONDON E7  
Callers welcome Mon-Fri  
9.00 am-6.00 pm Sat 9.00 am-4.00 pm

**HOT CHERRY**



Cherry is hot, ripe and waiting just for you. And she will never let you down when you need her most. Just think no more lonely nights. Cherry is a beautiful, blue-eyed blonde, with hair that can be yours to keep forever. And she has a beautiful, 38-26-36 body and a perfectly formed vagina.

THIS IS THE DOLL THAT OTHER DOLLMAKERS ARE SELLING FOR BETWEEN £14.00-£24.00. DON'T BE TAKEN. YOU CAN BUY EXACTLY THE SAME DOLL IN EVERY DETAIL FROM US FOR JUST £10.95 INC. VAT AND CARRIAGE.

ONLY JOHANSON CAN MAKE THIS VERY SPECIAL OFFER BECAUSE WE ARE THE LARGEST IMPORTER OF DOLLS.

All orders are sent by return of post. Ladies please cover.

**ONLY £10-95**

**CURT JOHANSON**  
228 GREEN STREET,  
LONDON E7. Callers welcome  
Mon. - Fri 9.00 - 6.00 p.m. Sat 9.00 - 4.00 p.m.

## Male Masturbating Unit

The ULTIMATE Sex Aid for all men. The new supercharged male masturbator (batter powered) Unit will give you orgasms after orgasms, the like of which you will rarely experience with a woman. The male organ is inserted into a sleeve (shaped like the female vaginal) the vibro motor is then switched on and the male is brought to a speedy exhilarating climax. Ideal for use by a female on a male, or the male by himself. Standard US army issue, 100% guaranteed. Just £12.50 (Post Free). Order your masturbator by calling in at our shop or by filling in the coupon below. We will despatch your order by return.

**HOW TO ORDER**

Mail Order Form: Mail Order Dept., 34 Upton Lane, London, E7. (See special advert on opposite page for details.)  
CALL IN PERSON AT:  
a) SOUTH LONDON: The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury, S.W.16. Just one minute from NORBURY Station (15 mins. from Victoria by B.R.).  
b) EAST LONDON: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London, E7. (Just two minutes from Forest Gate B.R. station - two stops from Liverpool St.). or ten minutes from UPTON PARK district line tube.  
c) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
d) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
e) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
f) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
g) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
h) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
i) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
j) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
k) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
l) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
m) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
n) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
o) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
p) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
q) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
r) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
s) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
t) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
u) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
v) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
w) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
x) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
y) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).  
z) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St., (Just one minute from SOHAMPTON B.R. station - two stops from Victoria by B.R.).

Please send me a new supercharged male masturbator unit. I enclose £12.50.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## THE SEXIEST SEX CASSETTES AROUND!

After listening to so many low quality poorly produced cassettes we have produced our own! All of the highest quality and featuring the strongest material ANYWHERE - these are the HOTTEST CASSETTES ON THE MARKET.

### THE SEX ADVENTURES OF MARY MILLINGTON

Mary takes to you about one of her sex adventures AND tells you up with a personal message. Complete detail on the sex act. The most erotic, just on tape ever! The tape lasts a FULL HOUR as do all our other cassettes. Special offer price just £3.95

### SUCK ME/FUCK ME - MADE IN DENMARK

This cassette (and the one above) is the strongest cassette so far sold in Britain. Really hot action. Really hot action. Entirely in English. REALLY HOT £3.95

### SEX ROCK

The punk rock girls get fucked at a rock orgy. Bang Bang £3.95

### RELAX AND SCREW

Good story line plenty of action £3.95

### RAIL SCREW

A Sex rave up that takes place on a train! £3.95

### BELT UP AND BEAT IT

Bizarre spanking, domination tape. £3.95

### SPECIAL OFFERS

The tapes are £3.95 each but we offer a different for £7.50 and all 6 for £21.

**HOW TO ORDER**

Mail Order Dept., 34 Upton Lane, London, E7.  
OR BETTER STILL CALL IN PERSON AT:  
The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury, S.W.16.  
The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, London, E7.  
SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St. E7

**ORDER FORM**

Return to Roandale Mail Order, 34 UPTON LANE, FOREST GATE, LONDON E7

Please supply tick:

The Sex Adventures of Mary Millington  
Suck Me/Fuck Me Made in Denmark  
SEX ROCK  
Relax & Screw  
Rail Screw  
Belt up and Beat It  
I enclose £

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## BOOST!

### YOUR SEX LIFE

From Germany a new WONDER SEX Pill - that will increase the sex drive of you and your partner. Think of the fun it will add to your life.

**WARNING:** This product should be administered only with the full permission of both partners.

Sample pack £2; Large Pack £5.

### ORDER FORM

To: PI OFFER,  
469-471 High Road,  
London, E.11

Please send me (tick):  
☐ Sample pill pack £2.  
☐ Large pill pack £5.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## REALLY BIG MEN

You've probably heard about men who are 10' or more - but seeing is believing. In this month's special readers offer, Doreen offers all her readers a chance to buy these American BIG MALE books. All are fully uncensored and unretouched. Guaranteed to turn on the ladies - and show you photos you will find hard to believe!

These magazines sell for between \$5 and \$10 in America (over £3.95) we offer you a sample copy for £2.00 or 3 different for £5. CARRIAGE PAID. All mags are sent per return under plain cover.



**HOW TO ORDER**

Mail Order Dept., 34 Upton Lane, London, E7.  
will be sent by return under plain cover.  
OR BETTER STILL CALL IN PERSON AT:  
a) SOUTH LONDON: The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury, S.W.16. Just one minute from NORBURY Station (15 mins. from Victoria by B.R.).  
b) EAST LONDON: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London, E7. Just two minutes from Forest Gate B.R. station - two stops from Liverpool St. or ten minutes from UPTON PARK district line tube.  
c) BOTH shops are open 9.30am-6.00pm weekdays, 9.30am-3.45pm Sats. Late night Wednesday until 8.00pm.  
d) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St. Open 9.30-6pm. Tues. to Sat. Late night closing Fri. 8pm.

Please supply me with (tick):  
Sample BIG MALE NUDE BOOK at £2.00  
Three different books at £5  
Ten different books at £12

All prices include carriage  
I enclose £

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## SEXY DOREEN DOLL OFFER

A life size inflatable doll - complete with artificial vagina for only £14.75 (price includes VAT).

NOW YOU CAN SLEEP WITH DOREEN EVERY NIGHT!

Hi stranger,

I'm the original Doreen the real thing, not the cheap and nasty imitation being offered in my name. I do get angry, but that's life when you're the tops.

Let me tell you something about myself. I'm the playmate with the 'real feel' and all I need is air to turn me into a 36-24-36 accommodating girl. I may sound immature, but most men think I'm pretty too. What's more, I'm fully functional and never say no.

If you want to spoil me by dressing me in some super sexy fun-wear and get extra kicks I won't complain, but then I never do - and don't forget that super cream - my skin's so sensitive.

Treat me gently and I'm yours for life. I just hate to sound commercial but my price is right too, and I can slip quietly and discreetly into your life through the post in a small plain parcel. So please hurry - I'm just dying to meet you.

See you soon,

With lots of love,

*Doreen*

### ORDER FORM

To: ROANDALE MD OFFER,  
34 Upton Lane, London, E.7  
(Callers welcome)

Please send me: (tick)

- ☐ The Doreen Doll £14.75
- ☐ Doreen Knickers 75p
- ☐ Sexy Nightdress £5
- ☐ Special Cream £2
- ☐ Special Offer - all 4 items £20

I enclose £.....

Name .....

Address .....



THE  
SEXY  
DOREEN  
DOLL  
£14.75

(includes  
VAT)

### OFFICIAL STOCKISTS

SOUTH LONDON: The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury, S.W.16.  
EAST LONDON: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London, E.7.  
SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St.

# CENSORED!!!!



Dear Readers,

Are you interested in Scandinavian Magazines? You know the type I mean - the uncensored, unretouched, group action books. Well, that's what I have to offer AND FOR THE FIRST TIME THE TEXT IS IN ENGLISH but the photographs are still the original porno - fully unretouched and a lot of colour. Should you be interested in this type of material, read on - because I've got a special deal to offer you that is far too good to miss.

I would like to take this opportunity to introduce myself to you (I am one of Scandinavia's largest dealers and I have just set up in England) - I am going to make you a really special offer to establish goodwill and to prove my fast return of post service.

This offer is really unbeatable and too good to miss, especially if you are looking for the real thing. Simply fill in your name and address on the coupon below and return it to me with £3 either cheque or postal order.

UPON RECEIPT OF YOUR TRIAL ORDER, I WILL SEND YOU BY FAST RETURN OF POST SERVICE - GUARANTEED, FOUR STRONG SEX MAGAZINES - THE LATEST CLIMAX AND EROS AND TWO OTHER PORNO BOOKS - WORTH £3 EACH! PLUS A FREE SET OF ACTION PHOTOS FEATURING M/F, LES, F/A, F/HORSE, G/O, OPEN CROTCH, ETC. (WORTH £2)

By sending in your £3 order, you are receiving £14 worth of material! Beat that as a trial offer - I hope that this will allow you to judge the quality of my goods and my fast speedy service - AND OF COURSE MY GENUINE RELIABILITY.

Yours sincerely,

Torben Jurgen UK SALES DIRECTOR.

CURT JOHANSON  
228 Green Street, London E.7

I enclose cash, cheque, P.O. for £3.00. Please rush me by return my Climax, Eros plus TWO other 'SCANS' and porno cards

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

VISIT OUR SHOP 10 a.m. - 5.30 p.m. MON-FRI  
(THURS 6 a.m. - 11 a.m. - 3.45 p.m. SAT)  
We are just 2 minutes from Upton Park District Line tube.

Callers also welcome at our North London Stockists:  
CLUB SOPHISTICATE BOOKSHOP 184 EVERSHOLT STREET, London NW1  
(Open 11.00am-10.00pm (Sundays 1.00pm-8.00pm). Callers only at this address NO MAIL ORDER. Two minutes from Kings Cross, Euston & Mornington Crescent Stations.

£2, two different for £3, four different £5.50p post free  
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME Mon/Fri 9.00 a.m. - 6.00 p.m. Sat/Sun 9.00 a.m. - 4.00 p.m. We are five minutes from Forest Gate (BR) three stops from Liverpool Street.

SEND TO: CURT JOHANSON  
228 GREEN STREET  
LONDON E.7.

Just fill in the coupon if you do not wish to damage this magazine, fill out your order on a plain sheet of paper. Make payment by cheque or postal order. All goods will be despatched by return under plain cover.

### ORDER FORM

To: CURT JOHANSON  
228 GREEN STREET  
LONDON E.7

Please supply (tick)

- ☐ A Sample Woman/Animal Book at £2.
- ☐ 2 books at £3 ☐ 4 books at £5.50p

I enclose £.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

swedish-paradise  
porno  
cinema-club

Most cinema clubs show American or Dutch films which are simply not as good as the porno films from Scandinavia. At the Swedish Paradise Cinema Centre you will only see films from Denmark and Sweden and then only the very best available. All the films are full length colour with English sound - not dubbed - the club is very modern, with good seating and boasts a full size screen. See the very best from Scandinavia in the very best of modern comfort. Membership just £1.00.



SWEDISH  
PARADISE  
CINEMA CENTRE  
34 BREWER ST., SOHO, 01-437 6466



# NYMPHO NURSE DOLL

The MOST LIFE-LIKE DOLL  
YET. The Nympho Nurse Doll  
really is as good as the real  
thing - ideal as both a novelty  
AND a sex toy! Look at these  
attributes:

- \*REAL Beautiful BLOND  
Hair
- \*Vibro Pack
- \*THREE HOLES
- \*BABY-DOLL Nightdress
- \*Sexy Crotchless knickers
- \*Soft 'skin-like' rubber body

All this JUST £34.75 (being  
sold elsewhere for £75 or  
more!)

Write or call in person: (We are just minutes from Upton Park,  
District line tube, and open 6 days a week  
NND Offer, SVENSON BOOKS 10.00-5.30, Thurs. till 8.00pm, Sats. till  
228 Green St., 3.45pm - Come and see our large  
London, E.7. selection of films, aids, mags, etc.)

## ORDER FORM

To: NND Offer, SVENSON BOOKS Please supply a  
228 Green St., London, E.7 Nympho Nurse Doll,  
I enclose £34.75.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



# Date a Dildo!

For thrill hunters, for  
seekers after sexual satis-  
faction, for those who  
find variety is the spice  
of love: pick a date with  
one of these rewarding  
companions. Beautifully  
turned out and endless-  
ly enjoyable. Lustily  
life-like in looks and  
feel.

All  
Orders  
Sent  
by  
Return  
of Post

## STRAP-ON JACK Just £14

Reduced  
from  
£25

Here's a fabulous weapon to wield!  
get to be the  
most wanted member of your  
circle. Just look up with this fan-  
tic piece of equipment and the  
dames go down like  
dominoes.



## VIBRATING DICK £5

reduced  
from £8

## How to order

1. Order from your local newsagent
2. Mail Order from: Roancliffe,  
34 Upton Lane, London E7
3. Call in person at:  
**EAST LONDON** - The Private  
Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate  
E7 7 Two minutes from Upton Park  
Sh. Two mins from Leyton Rd. at  
the junction, Upton Park Station  
4.30-6 p.m. (Wed. 9 p.m., Sat. 2.45 p.m.)  
**SOUTH LONDON** - The  
Winkhouse Shop, 139 London Rd.,  
Norbury St. 15 minutes Victoria by B.R.  
5.30-6 p.m. (Wed. 8 p.m., Sat. 3.45 p.m.)  
**SOUTHAMPTON** - The Private  
Shop, 103 St. Marys St.  
8.30-6 p.m. Tues. to Sat. (Fri. 8 p.m.)

Tick Items Required

All Post Free

Name .....

Address .....

..... I enclose £.....

# LONDON'S MOST LUXURIOUS PORNO CINEMA CLUB

Fed up with the cheap and  
naughty film clubs, small  
screens and dingy  
basements - then come to  
the finest Cinema Club  
around.

Two very luxurious,  
big screen cinemas under  
one roof, both showing  
the best All American  
porno movies - 2 hour full  
length colour and sound  
made with million dollar  
budgets.



MEMBERSHIP JUST £1

NEW  
BLUE

## Exciting Cinema Club

18 Greek Street, London W1. 01-437 3447

3 minutes Piccadilly Circus & Leicester Square  
10 am-10 pm Mon-Sat 2 pm-10 pm Sunday

225 X

## We dare what others don't!



We show only pornographic films

Full length colour sound films  
Continuous shows changing weekly  
Luxurious interior  
All imported films

## CIN CINEMA CLUB

32 Old Compton St. London W1

### SPECIAL OFFER

Come along and try our  
INDIVIDUAL PORNO BOOTHS  
Just 50p, unbelievable but true  
HARD PORN SHOWS JUST FIFTY PENCE!  
Open 10 a.m. - 12 p.m. 7 days

368



# Don't miss out on Miss King Size in Next Month's Topbusters



She's just one of the superb young ladies who'll be exposing their boobs and pussies in NEXT MONTH'S Topbusters. Still just 90p (mail order £1), get your order in TODAY!

## HOW TO ORDER

To make sure of YOUR copy:

- 1) ORDER a copy from your local newsagent OR
- 2) MAIL ORDER from: Mail Order Dept., 34 Upton Lane, London, E.7. (all goods sent by return under plain cover).
- 3) CALL IN PERSON AT:
  - i) SOUTH LONDON: The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury, S.W.16.
  - ii) EAST LONDON: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London, E.7.

BOTH shops are open 9.30am-6.00pm weekdays, 9.30am-3.45pm Sats. Late night Wednesday until 8.00pm.

  - iii) SOUTHAMPTON: The Private Shop, 103 St. Marys St.
  - iv) PORTSMOUTH: The Private Shop, 62 Castle Road, Southsea.
  - v) SHEFFIELD: The Private Shop, 354 Abbeydale Road, Sheffield 7.

Open 9.30-6p.m. Tues. to Sat. (Late night Fri 8pm.)

## SPECIAL OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS

Take out a subscription to TOPBUSTERS this month and we'll give you FIVE, YES FIVE, American BIG BOOB BOOKS FREE!

## ORDER FORM

Return to: Mail Order 34 Upton Lane, London E7

Please supply: (tick)

- ☐ Topbusters 13 at 90p (mail order £1)
- ☐ Topbusters Subscription £10.80  
(includes 5 American BIG BOOB BOOKS free)
- I Enclose £.....

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

**more  
of  
TITTY**





by popular request another  
shot of CYNTHIA from issue 3

# PORNO NEWSFLASH

GREAT NEWS YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR!



If you are really after the strong genuine imported Swedish/Danish porno material and do not want to pay the excessive Soho bookshop prices where they are charging £5.00-£6.00 per magazine, or £30.00-£35.00 per film, look at these offers from our newly established English company at the original Swedish/Danish prices! We want you to read over this page of offers, remembering all lines are bang up to date, and then compare prices with any other deals. OUR PRICES ARE THE CHEAPEST!! SVEN BOOKS, 228 GREEN ST, LONDON E7.

## IMPORTED HARDCORE MATERIAL

Yes, the REAL THING - all the mags cover:

1. Mixed sex action shots - the real thing not just simulation
2. Single girl clutch shots - the Scandinavian sort
3. Lesbianism - the complete lesbian sex act - as it really is. Climax and Private also have sections on:
  - a) Female/A (dog and horse) - a really beautiful sequence
  - b) Proud erect males
  - c) Girls using all sex aids - vibrators, dildoes

The frank picture material and reports show in a unique manner the emancipation and honesty towards sex as enjoyed by Swedish women. There is an interest in Private for all, whatever their sexual tastes. Erotic art, lesbianism, exhibitionism, masturbation, troilism, sex orgies, fellatio, cunnilingus, close-ups, orgasm, transvestism, editorials and articles. The original photographs are refined and aesthetic showing many varied

unexpurgated coital positions. At last we offer you these hard-to-get magazines, and at prices that will astound you! Titles like PRIVATE, CLIMAX etc could be costing you £5.00-£6.00 each at the present time, but look at what we can offer you! SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY "SCAN" PACK which we guarantee to include: One CLIMAX One PRIVATE One WEEKEND plus 7 other SCANS. 10 MAGS £6.00! 20 MAGS FOR £10.00.

### FREE SEX OFFERS - FREE!

We have bulk purchased 20,000 brand new copies from a dealer in Amsterdam: these were all the unsold copies from all the shops in Holland and Germany. If you wanted these mini-sized mags which are BIG on PORNO ACTION it would have cost you £4.00 - maybe even £6.00 - from some dealers, but if you want real porn, here is a fantastic offer: Free publication covering M/F biz F/A, FREE WITH EVERY ORDER. As our introductory offer anyone who orders from this page will receive a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE. This will show (shock) you we sell the hard gear.

### FEMALE ANIMAL MAGS

Such titles as Drunk Sex, Animal Bizarre, Horny Dog, Animal Grotesque. No simulation, fully explicit. A banned subject but now you can judge for yourself. £2.50 each, four different £6.00.

### NOVELS - PHOTO READERS

Full length novels any theme you want. 8 page centre porno PHOTO section, and covers every conceivable illicit topic. Usually £1.25 each, but now on special offer at £1.00 each or four for £3.00, fifteen £10.00.

### HOMO FILMS

action as in the homo porno books  
Super or Standard B  
£14.00 each  
Three different £40.00

## HOMO TRIANGLE COPENHAGEN HOT (Imported) MALE ACTION

A new series of strong virile male action mags. Large format to highlight the action, superb colour and reproduction - and new models, many of whom are not professionals but have been caught unawares by a friend's camera. GAY ACTION SPECIAL NO. 1 Packed cover to cover with a variety of men, from 14 - 22, who revel in showing off their grand penises. They have a nob size that will astound and delight. Young boys of 18 with a manhood that must be 14", more active men of 19 who jointly admire their size and play together, and those who have reached 21, consenting together to attain full mutual satisfaction. Erect men, but many who stand proud with their 10" are dwarfed by the true 'king' sizes of several of the others. Camera close-ups zoom straight in on every member and none of the action is missed, so that the viewer is involved with a sense of fulfilment. This is truly an advanced publication, yet we are happy to offer it at the special price of £2.50 only. GAY ACTION SPECIAL NO. 2 This magazine again features in the same candid provocative detail the same age

groups as FRED, but there is all action throughout. Spunky indoor (bedroom) shots, and unsuspecting outdoor glimpses. The main point is the giant sizes of the organs, but when two young men lie together they get turned on looking and playing with each other, and naturally they seek greater fulfilment, contact and relief together. All this is clearly shown, but it shows how happy two men can be together and how completely satisfied they can be. Big boys throughout, and big value for money at the introductory price of £2.50. DYNAMO NO. 3 Hardcore homo action from the United States showing exactly what united means. Words cannot adequately describe the sensitivity with which these photos were taken, you must have this in your collection. Worth more than double the £3.00 selling price. THESE THREE BOOKS REALLY GO TOGETHER. HENCE WE ARE OFFERING THEM IN A SPECIAL TRIPLE PACKAGE - £7.00 FOR ALL THREE. Also 8 other HOMO books £10.00.

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