

The Big New Colour

No.7

Tophbusters

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**BUSTY
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GIRL WITH THE
BEST BOOBS
IN BRITAIN**

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AND
BIRMINGHAM.**

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**Featuring
BRITAIN'S
BIGGEST
BOOBS!**

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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

WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF TOP-BUSTERS

The magazine which tries to bring you the very best BIG BOOBS around. Big Boob fans should not miss out on the new movie THE PLAYBIRDS, which features some of the best looking Big Boobed ladies in the world. This is a sex thriller, which thrills in every meaning of the word, it's not surprising as it's directed by ace Danish Director Wilhelm Roestein, but it's worth seeing just to look at the lovely, big busted ladies in it! The film is showing NOW at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, Central London.

We urge you all to come to central London to see this truly wonderful film, which will be particularly appealing to BIG BOOB enthusiasts. It's the best sex film ever shown in Britain, for the first time you get a film in an ordinary cinema which is BETTER than those featured at the Cinema Clubs. The film cost a fortune to make, but it shows! The end product is pure luxury, pure nudity, pure action, pure quality... mainly with Big Boobs!

We hope you like the magazine this month and that you place a firm order for next month's issue by filling in the coupon on page 73, only by placing this order with us or your newsagent will you guarantee your copy of next month's issue... as TOPBUSTERS sells out fast. If really attractive big-boobed ladies turn you on then why not try the new 100 page magazine COVER GIRL, which always includes a BIG BOOBED bird each month. Cover Girl features the best looking girls we've ever seen... it's available for £1 an issue from your



local newsagent or £1.25 mail order from Cover Girl, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7. See below for Order Form.

See you next month.

Editor.

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Meet Our Cover Girl-

We hope you like these pictures of Busty Malone. Film fans who'd like to see more of these fabulous boobs, will be pleased to know that Busty is appearing in the great new sex film THE PLAYBIRDS, which is now showing at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, London. Look out for this film at your local cinema, it features the best boobs around - YES DOZENS of BIG BOOBED BIRDS!



**Introducing
CHESTY O'NEIL
from Belfast**



A TRIP TO TITSOMANIA

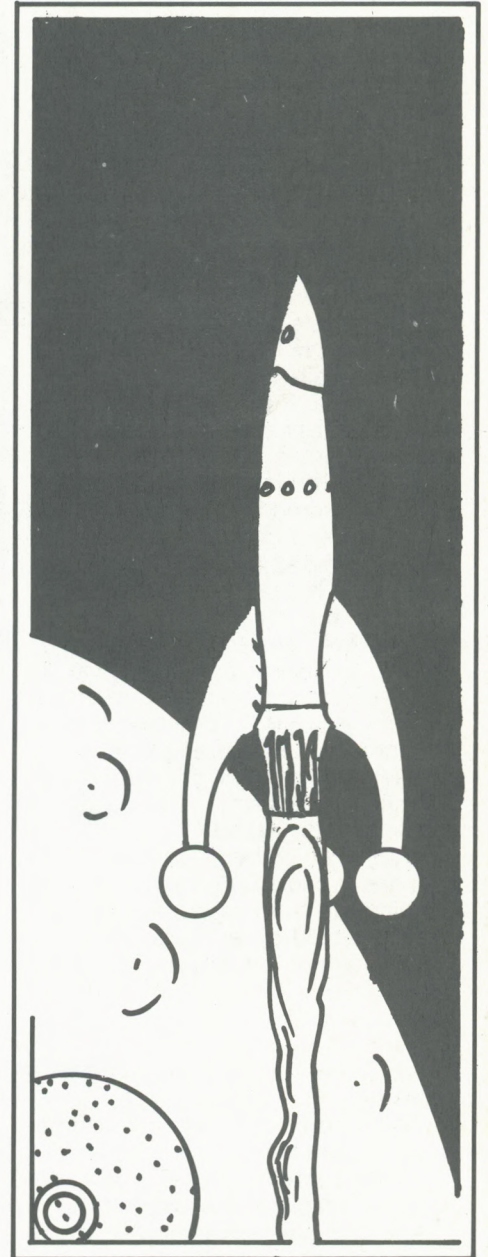
Sue awakened that hot summer night to find a strange, silver-blue glow pervading the large bedroom of her parents' house in the depth of the country. What a bright moon, she at first thought, as she heard the village clock half a mile away striking two o'clock. Or was it dawn already? She got out of bed and walked over to the wide-open window. Looking out, she saw the blue-silver glow had lit up the large garden, turning the green grass to blue and the red roses black and the yellow flowers green. Naked – she leant out over the window sill and felt a slight breeze blowing over her large, luscious breasts, stiffening-up her perky nipples and sending thrilling little sensations through them right down to her naked cunt which, in response, started to open-up as it always did whenever she touched her breasts – or a boy touched them for her – or sucked them with adolescent lips.

Then she saw the tall silver man – apparently stark naked, standing in the middle of the garden. She could clearly make out the shape of his broad deep chest and his slim waist, his long, muscular, shapely legs. And, with another thrill shooting through her – she also saw the definite shape of a longish silver prick sticking out slightly from the tops of his thighs – together with a silver ball-bag underneath it. The

man looked up at her, his long silver hair waving out from his head, his handsome, clear-cut features defined in silver-blue, the dark pools of his eyes turned directly to her. He smiled and Sue smiled down at him. The blue-silver light appeared to be emanating directly from him as he stood in the centre of the garden.

With an apparently effortless leap – more like a short flight through the air – the silver man left the ground and, in a second or so, was sitting on the broad sill of her bedroom window. Sue looked down at his prick which was indeed a very real prick, for now it was even stiffer and his balls were large and round, his entire body smooth, hairless and glowing with this fascinating blue-silver light. He invited her to sit with him on the window sill, her feet and legs dangling out over it. For some reason – Sue knew no fear, for the next moment, she was indeed sitting side by side with the silver man. The glow was now centered round the two of them more than on the garden and she knew for sure the light was indeed reflected from him.

She looked down at herself and, to her pleasure, saw that her body was also now glowing with the strange silver-blue light – her large breasts were silver globes – her stiffened nipples a lightish blue. Putting his arm round her slim waist and smiling at her as he looked at her,



Sue – breast-mad since she had discovered her breasts at eighteen years of age are already standing firm at 39'', goes on a voyage of discovery to strange Planet in Space called Titsomania. Or – does she?

the silver man suddenly lifted her up from the window sill. She found herself travelling through the air side by side with him, his arm still round her waist. She looked down and saw the garden and her parents' house growing smaller and smaller as the two of them gained height rapidly. They were both still surrounded by the blue-silver glow coming from the man. Sue could not now see

anything outside the perimeter of the glow. She asked the silver man where he was taking her and felt not the slightest fear or trepidation as he replied, in a softly modulated, confident and comforting voice that they were on their way to an undiscovered and unheard of Planet called Titsomania.

"What a funny name for a planet," she giggled.

"Its for girls like you who are conscious of having extra large tits" replied the silver man. "Up there, we men love Earth Girls with extra large breasts and nipples and we play all sorts of games with them."

"With the breasts or with the girls?" enquired Sue, as she went on sailing up and up into the warm air, still surrounded by the haze of bright silver-blue light.

"With the breasts and with the girls as well" smiled the silver man – moving his hand from her waist up to her breast and managing to hold it gently – just pressing gently onto her stiff, jutting-out nipple. She felt a warm thrill course through her silver-blue body. Looking down at herself she asked.

"Am I silver because I am with you and in the strange lights you are sending out from your body, or have I really turned silver?" she asked.

"You are now a Silver Girl" he answered "you have become one of us."

"One of you?"

"A Silver Girl of Titsomania" he went on.

"What on earth will my parents say?" asked Sue.

"They might report you as missing" replied the silver man – "That is to say – until you return to Earth."

"When will that be?" asked Sue.

"In a matter of moments according to Earth Time" said the man "But it will seem much longer on Titsomania. Up there – time is relative. It is – and it is not – if you get what I mean?"

She shook her head as, looking up, she saw the vague outline of a vast, silver-blue globe hovering above them – several miles away it seemed, for she could take it all in with her eyes from round edge to round edge.

"I don't get what you mean" she said.

"Time stands still. That's what I mean" said the silver man. "It stands still because, on Earth, it has the bad habit of always moving on and on – making people grow old and tired and ugly and sexless. In Titsomania, no girl or man ever grows old or sexless. Men can go on having sex all the time. Not like men on Earth who can only do it once and then have to rest."

"Do what only once?" smiled Sue.

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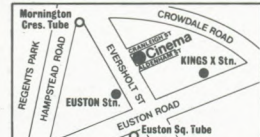
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"Fuck only once – for instance" the silver man smiled back at her.

"Oh – you do know what that word fuck means then?" asked Sue.

"Of course. That's what we all do with our time that stands still on Titsomania" replied her companion.

"We fuck and we suck, and we titillate and we stimulate and we masturbate. We specially like girls and young women with large tits in Titsomania and that's why I have come to fetch you up there. You are one of the youngest girls to have such large tits I have ever seen on Earth. On our Planet – the men wor-

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ship big tits in Ancient Times a phallic worship – men and women on Earth worshipped large pricks and balls."

"You also use those naughty, sexy words?" asked Sue with a broad smile.

"They are good words" replied the man. "And we also say cunt and ass hole and spunk and cock and bollocks."

Sue laughed with delight and pressed his finger down onto her stiff nipple and felt more thrills running through her body. Looking up, she could no longer see the diameter

of the globe above her for she could now see a huge expanse of silver-blue land and the mist of silver round her and her companion had suddenly cleared. In a moment or so they were upside down – or so it seemed – as they both landed on their feet on the surface of the globe. But the illusion or the reality of actually being upside down quickly readjusted itself for Sue – her feet firmly on the silver grass beneath her feet, thought that all the time she must have been living upside down on Earth. Her mind quickly cleared and she adapted and adjusted it to her new position.

Looking round her, she saw hundreds of girls and young boys – all naked and beautifully blue-and-silver glowing brightly and scintillating as they turned this way and that – reflecting some hidden light glowing brightly from somewhere.

"That strange light – where do it come from?" she asked.

"From the moon" answered the silver man. "But the Moon is always down under the horizon and one never sees it – for this Planet is the only flat Planet."

"It looked like a globe as we approached it" replied Sue, looking in wonderment at the distant horizon and at the hundreds of milling girls and boys and men and young women moving around.

"Does that mean" she asked "That if anyone goes right to the edge – right over there to the far horizon – he or she would drop right off?"

"Exactly" replied her friend. "Surrounding the edge all round Tit-somania is a silver mist and if anyone cares to drop off the edge they will be swirled down through Space until they just burn up in the Stratosphere."

"How unpleasant" said Sue.

"Only twelve people – six boys and six girls have wandered off into Space these billion, trillion years"

said the man.

"Billion-trillion?" asked Sue.

The silver man shrugged. "That's supposed to be how long this planet has been in existence" he laughed. "Long before Earth. And we made our own boys and girls, so it is said, long before they started to appear on Earth. And we made them all with large, very large tits, the girls, that is. And we made the boys with very large and long pricks," he added.

Sue looked down at his prick, still jutting out from the tops of his thighs and supported by a round bollock-bag.

"Your's doesn't look any larger or longer than any boy's or man's prick I have seen and touched and had up me on Earth," she remarked.

"Then watch," smiled the man.

He stood straddled-legged on the soft, mushy silver grass and stuck his pelvis out. As he did so – several hundreds of the girls and boys started to move towards them and formed a large silent circle round them. There was utter stillness as they all looked at the man. Sue sat on the soft grass and fixed her eyes in amazement on the silver man's prick. Within the space of a few moments, it grew out and out and thicker and thicker and thicker – the silver flesh pulling back from the end until a large shiny light blue nob was fully revealed. His balls grew proportionately larger as his prick lengthened to ten, twenty, thirty and forty feet long – still stickig out dead straight and stiff in front of him and not in any way toppling him over. His balls grew larger and larger in their bag until they rested on the ground between his wide-spread feet.

"Go to the end of it" said the man.

Sue got up and ran quickly to the end of his gigantic prick where the nob was now a huge, glistening shape – just like a normal nob but as large as the end of a swollen melon. She could clearly and distinctly see

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the large, round, dark hole in the middle of it.

Three utterly devastatingly pretty young girls with long, flowing silver blue hair and very very large round silver breasts and stiffened blue nipples stood round the engorged and enlarged nob and started to rub their hands vigourously on and round and up and down the shiny, slippery nob-end. Looking back at the silver man – Sue could see he was standing upright – hands proudly on his slim hips – legs and thighs straddled wide open – his balls still reaching down to the ground and completely filling the space between his outspread legs.

She switched her fascinated and-bemused gaze back to the nob which was still being vigourously stroked and rubbed and massaged by the three girls. To Sue's utter amazement – she saw that all three girl's breasts were now swelling out from their bodies like silver balloons – the blue nipples were now swelling out from their bodies like silver balloons – the blue nipples growing longer and longer until they lengthened out to appear to be as long and as thick as an Earthman's normal, eight-inch erected prick. The enlarged breasts bobbed and swayed up and down elegantly as the three girls went on massaging the silver man's swollen nob. The silent encircling crowd of boys and girls and men and women looked on in silence but all bore wide smiles on their faces. The circle had narrowed down so that it encompassed only the silver man's nob now and the man himself was out of the circle altogether.

Sue heard one of the girls shout out – "Now" in a beautifully pitched, musical voice.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

READERS IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT Mary Millington's film

The PLAYBIRDS (Cert X)

is NOW showing at
EROS CINEMA, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON W.1.
BLACKPOOL Studio 1 Cinema.
GREAT YARMOUTH Empire, Cinema.

AND at these cinemas:

MIDDLESBOROUGH ABC 2, 3rd Sept. KINGS LYNN Majestic, 3rd Sept.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE ABC 1, Westgate Road, 3rd Sept.
MANSFIELD ABC 2, 3rd Sept. STOCKTON Classic 3, 3rd Sept.
GLASGOW Classic 1, 3rd Sept. DARLINGTON ABC 2, 7th Sept.
ALDERSHOT ABC, 7th Sept. BRADFORD ABC 1, 10th Sept.
LIVERPOOL Scala, 10th Sept. LEEDS ABC 2, 10th Sept.
WALSALL ABC 2, 10th Sept. CANNOCK Classic 2, 10th Sept.
TUNBRIDGE WELL Classic 3, 10th Sept. HUDDERSFIELD ABC 10th Sept.
DEWSBURY Classic, 17th Sept. HARROGATE ABC 2, 17th Sept.
HAMMERSMITH ABC 2, 17th Sept. EALING ABC 2, 17th Sept.
KILMARNOCK ABC 2, 17th Sept. CROYDON ABC 2, 17th Sept.
EDGWARE ABC 2, 17th Sept. TURNPIKE LANE ABC 2, 17th Sept.
BEXLEY HEATH ABC 2, 17th Sept. ROMFORD ABC 2, 17th Sept.
PUTNEY ABC 3, 17th Sept. STREATHAM ABC 2, 17th Sept.
WAKEFIELD ABC, 21st Sept. SOUTHPORT ABC, 21st Sept.
HALIFAX ABC 2, 24th Sept. GOLDERS GREEN ABC 2, 24th Sept.
WALTHAM CROSS Embassy 3, 24th Sept. MILE END ABC 3, 17th Sept.
ILFORD ABC 2, 24th Sept. WOODFORD ABC, 24th Sept.
PUTNEY Astoria 3, 24th Sept. CLAPHAM JUNCTION Granada 3, 24th Sept.
ENFIELD ABC 4, 24th Sept. LEICESTER ABC 3, 1st Oct.
KEIGHLEY Classic 2, 1st Oct. LOUGHBOROUGH Curzon 2, 1st Oct.
RAMSGATE Kings, 1st Oct. MARGATE Hall, 1st Oct.
BARNSTAPLE Classic 1, 1st Oct. SKIPTON Regal, 1st Oct.
ABERDEEN ABC 2, 5th Oct. CHATHAM ABC 2, 8th Oct.
BANBURY Classic 1, 8th Oct. RHYL Astra 3, 8th Oct.
SITTINGBOURNE Classic 2, 8th Oct.
CLEETHORPES ABC, 8th Oct. HASTINGS Classic 2, 8th Oct.
BRIDGEWATER Classic 2, 8th Oct. TAUNTON Classic 2, 8th Oct.
YEovil Classic 2, 8th Oct. KIRKCALDY ABC 3, 12th Oct. SCUNTHORPE Classic, 15th Oct.
BLACKBURN Classic 2, 15th Oct. ACCRINGTON Classic 3, 15th Oct.
WIGAN ABC 2, 22nd Oct. BARROW Astra 3, 22nd Oct.
EDINBURGH ABC 3, 22nd Oct. LUTON ABC 2, 22nd Oct.
COLWYN BAY Astra, 29th Oct. HOLLYHEAD Empire Pool, 29th Oct.
CAMBERLEY 5th Nov. EAST GRINSTEAD Classic, 5th Nov.
WISHAW Classic 2, 12th Nov. WEYMOUTH Classic, 12th Nov.
(These dates are published as a guide but subject to last minute alterations).

Continuous performances at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus.
11.00am-2.00am - 7days a week.

Also watch out for details of PERSONAL APPEARANCES of MARY MILLINGTON on stage at various cinemas throughout the UK.

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THE PLAYBIRDS

CERT X

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READERS IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT Mary Millington's film 'COME PLAY WITH ME' (Cert X) is showing at these cinemas: These dates are published as a guide but subject to last minute alterations.

PORTHCAWL Cinema 2, 24th July-3rd Sept. (Late night shows between these dates).

(Late night shows for a season at the following I.O.W. Cinemas)
LEEDS Plaza, 20th August. THURSO Picture House, 21st August.

ST. AUSTELL Film Centre, 23rd August.

PADSTOW Capitol, 24th August. SWANSEA Studio 2, 24th August.

ROCHDALE ABC 3, 24th August.

TAUNTON Classic 2, 27th August. EASTBOURNE Curzon 3, 27th August.

GUILDFORD Studio 2, 27th August.

ABERDEEN Grand Centre, 28th August. BARGED Cameo, 28th August.

DOUGLAS I.O.M. Strand, (Late night shows) 17th August.

CALASHIELS Kingsway 21st August BATHGATE Regal, 2nd Sept.

INVERNESS La Scala, 3rd Sept. ELGIN Playhouse, 3rd Sept.

SHEFFIELD Studio 7, 3rd Sept. BLACKWOOD, Maxime 2, 3rd Sept.

STAINES ABC 3, 3rd Sept. CHELTENHAM Odeon 3, 3rd Sept.

HALIFAX ABC 3, 3rd Sept.

WELLING Granada 3, 3rd Sept. BELLESHILL George, 3rd Sept.

CARMARTHEN Lyric, 3rd Sept. LOCKERBIE Rex, 3rd Sept.

BRIDGEWATER Classic 2, 3rd Sept. YEovil Classic 2, 3rd Sept.

ST. ANNAN Lady, 4th Sept. BRIGHTON Odeon 3, 7th Sept.

PRAEDSTREET Classic, 7th Sept. VICTORIA Classic, 10th Sept.

BRIERFIELD Unit 4, 20th Sept. SHAFTSBURY Savoy, 3rd Oct.

WINCANTON Plaza, 3rd Oct.

And the film is still showing at The Classic Moulin, Gt. Windmill St., Soho. - Continuous performances 11.00am-2.00am - 7 days a week.

ALSO watch out for details of PERSONAL APPEARANCES of MARY MILLINGTON on stage at various cinemas throughout the UK.

mous blue nob started to pulse violently – the three girls moved away and from out of the now opening-and-shutting dark hole in the centre of the nob, there spurted forth great gushes of what Sue guessed must be the man's spunk. The vivid, pulsating spasms lasted for quite a full minute as the white stuff spurted out many yards ahead, to settle onto the blue grass where the circle of onlookers had hastily parted in order to prevent themselves from being saturated.

After the incredible, unbelievable and impressive orgasm and ejaculation ceased the breasts on the three girls had started to go down again until they had assumed the proportions they had had when first Sue had set eyes on them. At the same time – the prick started to shrink back in a firm, retracting line towards the silver man whom Sue

could now see again, as the other side of the large circle had opened up in order to allow his diminishing prick to shrink back to his body. Hastily running back to the silver man, Sue was in time to watch his prick reach his body, his balls to draw themselves up between his open legs and thighs and his genitals in general to assume their almost normal-looking proportions.

"Why did those girls who were masturbating you get their tits to swell up to those enormous sizes?" demanded Sue.

"Because this is Titsomania" replied the silver man "And – since the boys and the men's pricks are so large when erect it is impossible to fuck girls between their legs – the girls masturbate the males and their tits swell up as they do it and this gives them multiple orgasms and that's how the females get their sexual relief and satisfaction."

"Does that mean" went on Sue "that girls can never be really fucked up in Titsomania?"

The silver man nodded. "All the girls here finger-fuck each other but, when they wish to have sex with boys or men, they bring a boy or a man up to his erection, as you saw mine was brought up, not by the girls but by my own desires. Then a girl rubs her boy or her man off or two or three or even more girls rub the man or the boy off until he ejaculates. All the time they are rubbing, they get orgasms themselves because their tits swell up as you saw those girls' tits swelling up and the girls get their satisfaction."

"But" went on Sue "How on earth do you men make babies in the girls?"

The man smiled. "A girl only has to syphon up some of her man's sperm in a syringe and squirt it up into her womb" he said. "And she makes a baby in her womb, provided of course, that one of her eggs comes down and meets the sperm, just as it does in Earth women!"

"If" went on Sue – "I happened to be able to put some of that ejaculation I saw shooting out of you – up into my womb – would I give birth to a normal child if I was back on Earth with my parents, or would I give birth to well – what would be considered to be an abnormal child if it happened to be silver blue all over and if it was a male, if it had a prick like yours in erections, or if it developed enormous tits if it was a girl?"

"That would depend entirely on whether your genes and hormones and the rest of your body chemicals were more powerful and predominant than mine" replied the man. "If they were – you would probably have an ordinary Earth child." But he went on. "If my genes and hormones and all the rest of the

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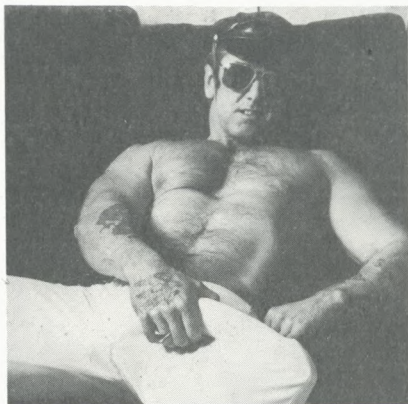
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body chemicals were the stronger – doubtless you would give birth either to an all silver-and-blue male baby, capable of getting adolescent and adult erections like mine or you would have a female child capable of developing very large tits like the girls here in Titsomania can and do."

"What a dreadful thought" said Sue. "I had better not do anything like that – had I? But" she went on – "I wouldn't mind trying to get my own tits swollen up like I saw them swell up on those three girls – because I see they did go down again once you had had your ejaculation and they had had their orgasms as you said they did have?"

The silver man smiled. "Come with me" he invited. He took Sue's hand and they walked for about half-an-hour or so it seemed to Sue. Eventually, they reached a deserted part of the Titsomania landscape. The man turned to Sue.

"Go about twelve feet away from me" he said. "I can control the development and the length of my erection. I didn't tell you that before when I let it grow out to its fullest extent for the sake of the watching crowds who always enjoy one of us men putting on a good prick show. I will let my prick grow to twelve feet long and proportionately thick. You rub and massage the nob you will see swollen up like it was before and make me ejaculate. Then you will find your breasts swell up like they did on those girls and you will have your own orgasms. But don't touch any of my ejaculation and stand at the side of my nob when I start to shoot out."

A moment later Sue was twelve feet away from the silver man and his prick had erected out to reach

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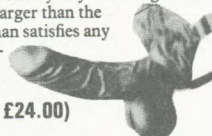
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her – his balls were only a third of the way down between his straddled thighs and his nob end was not so large as it had been before and the thickness of the shaft of his prick was reduced. Sue started to rub what was, in any case, a most grotesquely swollen nob all blue and shiny, sticking out from the foreskin of his silver prick. She looked at it intently as, with both hands wide open, she vigorously massaged the sticky, plum shaped fleshy-blue glans. After a short while, her tits started to swell up and, in next to no time, Sue was aware they were four times their original size, her nipples were as long as large corks and she was orgasming violently between her open thighs as she grew wetter and wetter and more and more wide open. She also felt strangely powerful orgasmic sensations in her enlarged and inflated breasts and in her cork-like nipples. She gasped in delight as the terrific sensations

surged right through her body and in her bottom as well.

She rubbed the silver man's nob-end more vigorously. When it started to pulse and to contract in spasms, she stood to one side as she went on rubbing the wet surface with her two hands. She bent over it enough to be able to see the dark hole in the blue nob start to open wide. Then his milky white spunk started to shoot out. She counted no less than twenty powerful gushes of the stuff as it was powerfully propelled from his hole to land a good twenty or so feet away on the blue grass in diminishing spurts until the final spurts fell onto the grass immediately in front of his nob. When his ejaculation ceased altogether – her frantic orgasms also stopped. She looked down and saw her breasts were going down rapidly to their proper size.

She rejoined the man and watched his prock growing smaller and smaller as detumescence set in. His balls slowly raised themselves up between his thighs until his prick and his balls were normal again, but still large as they had been when first she had seen him sitting on the window sill of her bedroom.

"It was fantastic" smiled Sue, holding her breasts in her hands. "I have never before experienced such violent orgasms throughout my entire body and, of course, my tits have never but never swollen up to almost three times their size!"

For what seemed to Sue to be hour after hour – but she guessed it was merely a matter of moments in stood-still-time as the man had told her Time was Relative on Titsomania, she was taken around by her companion to watch young boys in their teens practising erection-gaining with their pricks, to see girls massaging the boys and gaining their own breast-swells and writhing around in the ecstasies of their own orgasms while the boys they were attending to had great ejaculations over the grass. She also watched groups of girls and young women masturbating their own breasts or each others' breasts and bringing them up to enormous, round globes of shiny, silver flesh capped with long, thick nipples and gaining overwhelming orgasms.

Later she found that her companion had taken her to the very edge of Titsomania and the two of them were staring down into the swirling masses of whitish blue mist that marked the beginning of never-ending space. She recalled what he had told her of people falling off the edge into Space and being burnt up in the Stratosphere. She shuddered and withdrew from the dangerous edge.

"What else do you all do here on Titsomania beside spunk-out and

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get swelled up pricks and tits?" she asked.

"Nothing else" replied the silver man. "We do not sleep – since Time stands still and therefore there is no need to sleep for we never grow tired. One cannot grow tired when there is no Time passing to make one tired."

"But doesn't losing so much spunk and masturbating so often make the boys and the men tired?" asked Sue.

The man shook his handsome head and his hair fanned out attractively. "No. Sexual energy always renews itself in our bodies a few moments after we have lost it" he replied.

Sue looked down at his prick. He was standing straddled-legged and she saw his prick was starting to grow erect again – to swell out and to lengthen – the blue nob pushing its way out of its silver skin covering shiny and glistening. His balls were beginning to enlarge.

"You are getting another erection" she gasped.

"Of course. All the males in Titsomania keep on getting erections. Its new and joyful each time it happens to us. do you want to massage me again?"

But Sue shook her head. Suddenly she felt frightened. She took one more look at his rapidly swelling and expanding prick – one more look at the swelling nob and the heavy

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balls descending between his legs, swelling out into a large solid, round bag and turned on her heels. She ran and ran and ran across the soft silver blue grass. Time and time again she caught sight of the men and boys standing up, legs apart, with pricks shooting up and out in long, firm, rigid lines from the tops of their thighs. Saw girls and young women with enormously swelling breasts rubbing them frantically with their hands. Saw girls standing at the ends of elongated pricks, rubbing frantically at swollen blue nobs. Saw the sudden gush of white spunk shooting out of a nob and across the blue grass. Was conscious of the strange silence that seemed to hang over the strange Planet.

Suddenly she found she had run to another side of Titsomania and was, in fact, standing right on the edge of another section of the treacherous rim of the flat horizon. Before she could stop herself, she felt she was falling, falling down through Space. Very soon, her body started to grow warm, then warmer, then hot, then even hotter. She felt she was aflame and then knew she was as the whitish mist through which she was falling gradually turned to yellow, then to bright orange, then to a brilliant red. She realised flames were coming from her naked body as she fell even more swiftly down through the interminable limits and depths of Space.

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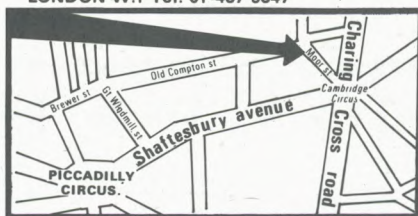
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JOE MOORE, PO BOX 55, LONDON E7.

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I'VE BROUGHT STACKS OF MAGS WITH ME FROM HOLLAND INCLUDING:- CC'S, PRIVATE, SELECTAS, EROS AND ALL THE FAMILIAR TITLES. A PILE OF AMERICAN MAGS AND SOME SENSATIONAL 'NEW WAVE' BOOKS FROM SWEDEN, WHICH YOU ARE GOING TO LOVE. AND I HAVE REGULAR SUPPLIES AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

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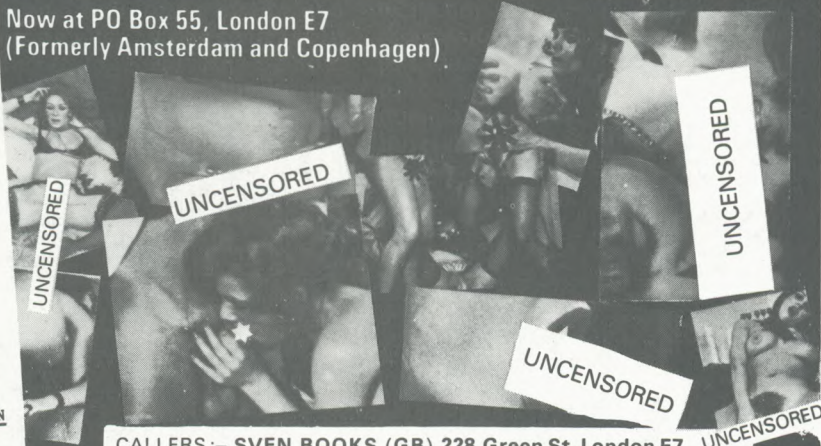
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**STICK UP
ISSUE 102**

The petrol attendant is tied up and robbed by three girls, but laying on the floor he can see up their skirts and gets a hard on. They notice this and start to tease him, sitting on his face, fondling each other, and licking his cock, to a group oral orgasm.

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ISSUE 103**

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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**THE OFFICE PARTY
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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**SMALL TOWN DICK
ISSUE 105**

Only one thing matters to the Ladies of Brimstown and that is Dick's prick. They will do anything to be fucked by him and he makes sure they do. Candles, rolling pins, brooms, three men at once and his dog. It all happens in this magazine.

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**LIVE SHOW
ISSUE 106**

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**LADY SMITH RELIEVED
ISSUE 107**

She is very beautiful and sex mad. So much so that her husband hires three young men to satisfy her. Just imagine three steaming cocks all relieving Lady Smith together!

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A personal message from Porno Queen

MARY MILLINGTON!

As you are probably aware, I have appeared in the only two genuinely hardcore pornographic magazines available on open sale in this country – WHITEHOUSE (85p), and PARK LANE (75p). And, solely for the benefit of dedicated hardcore fans, there are now six Whitehouse Specials – shrink-wrapped so as not to offend customers who are unaccustomed to Scandinavian-style porn.



HERE ARE MY SPECIAL OFFERS:

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Each containing 100 porno-packed pages, totally frank and explicit in the extreme, dealing with close-up colour shots of intercourse, oral sex (inc. sperm-sucking), vibro sex, fisting, The Bottle... all uncensored. Just 85p and 75p.

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No. III VIBRO GANG-BANG

The gang's all here – trying out all sizes, from the 4-inch "nipper" to the 17-inch "juggernaut". Watch that blonde bitch suck in that jumbo dick! Just £1.

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The youngest girls take on the hugest cocks in a specially arranged extravaganza. NOT for the lily-livered. Just £1.

A FINAL WARNING –

as these products come to you EXACTLY as described, for your personal entertainment, they are FRANK. They are EXPLICIT. They are UNRETOUCHED and UNCENSORED. THE PENIS, THE TONGUE, AND EVEN THE FIST IS SEEN PENETRATING THE VAGINA. But it is most definitely NOT our intention to solicit orders from persons easily shocked or offended.

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By posting the coupon direct to our sole mail order agents: WHITEHOUSE, 34 Upton Lane, London E7.

2. FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT (If he has the nerve to stock it!)

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P.S. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Many magazines have copied Mary's successful style, by using the same style glossy covers. BEWARE – the covers may appear similar, but their contents are tame and rubbishy. Here are a list of Mary's magazines – they are the strongest available in Britain:

Playbirds, Whitehouse, Lovebirds, Park Lane, National News, Exciting Cinema, Colour Cockade, Private, New MS, Colour Climax, Weekend Sex.

AND DON'T FORGET

To see Mary's movie 'Come Play With Me' (Cert X), now on general release and still showing at the Moulin, Gt. Windmill St., Soho, AND LOOK OUT FOR MARY'S NEW FILM 'THE PLAYBIRDS'S' (which is ten times better than 'Come Play With Me') which is showing from Thursday, 6th July at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus – the hottest, most thrilling sex movie of all time. If you see no other film this year we urge you to see this film.



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From the Publishers of this Magazine

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We as the publishers of this magazine GUARANTEE that these are the strongest and best books we have ever published – stronger than our normal monthly publications. These magazines are DEFINITELY NOT the normal 'rip-off' mail order lines that so many of our competitors appear to specialise in.

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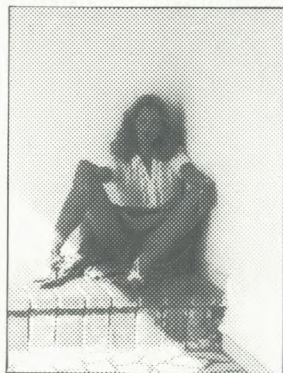


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A page from issue 5



A page from issue 6

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Pages from Issues 7, 8, and 9

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THE PLAYBIRDS



Over the last few years *Playbirds* magazine has acquired a reputation as the best value for money "crotch" magazine on the market — explicit shots of the most beautiful birds. Now they've made their very own full length feature film called *'The Playbirds'*. It's the most explicit sex film ever featuring the world's top porno actresses: Mary Millington (England); Elsa "Deep Pussy" Von Krud (Germany); Erika "Deep Throat" Bergson (Denmark) and Bibi "Hot Orgy" Forbes (USA). In contrast to most sex films which contain a weak or poor story, *'The Playbirds'* is a fast moving thriller in its own right — but with the large sex/nude contents it's a sex thriller which really thrills AND it's the best sex film ever.

But if you'd like to find out more about the film before you see it you can in the uncensored photomagazine AND the novel of the film:

i) PLAYBIRDS EROTIC FILM GUIDE NO 2— "THE PLAYBIRDS"



This near 100 page magazine is packed with uncensored, uncut colour shots of the most unusual and kinky sex acts which appear in the film — every conceivable type of sex act is covered. All the stills appear with text in the order in which they appear in the film so that you can follow the story in words and pictures. See "fist ducking", group orgies, gang bangs, lesbian screw sessions, "deep throating" ... yes, the lot. This is the sex film and the sex magazine you've been waiting for!

Just 95p from your local newsagent (mail order £1.20)

ii) "THE PLAYBIRDS" Photo Novel



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We offer you BOTH the photonoel and magazine on "The Playbirds" PLUS the photonoel and magazine on Mary Millington's last film "Come Play with Me" — **four books in all** just £3.95. (Note to filmgoers — Come Play with Me is still showing at the Moulin, Gt Windmill St, Soho).

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**The best Sex Thriller
Feature Film
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Mary Millington, Elsa "Deep Pussy" Von Krudd,
Erika "Deep Throat" Bergson and Bibi "Hot Orgy" Forbes.
Directed by Wilhelm Roestien (Denmark's leading "blue film" director)

An international cast, brought together at a cost of £2 million + to produce the biggest blue movie extravaganza ever. A film all about sex, straight, bizarre, orgies, lesbianism – it contains the lot in explicit close-up detail. The finest blue movie ever. **WARNING** – Not suitable for female film goers.

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Cinema, Piccadilly (01-437 3839) seven days a week.
Continuous perf from 11 am – 1 am.
At selected cinemas during Summer/Autumn.



The Book & Erotic Guide of the film!

Please supply (tick) ☒

THE BOOK about the film – sex, terror, murder and more sex. A highly explicit and detailed novel that is packed full of pornographic illustrations from the film. They portray every sex act from the bizarre to the horrifying and leave nothing to the imagination. Nearly 200 pages of action £1.20. ☐

THE FILM GUIDE – Illustrated and featuring most of the porno scenes from the Scandinavian version of the film (F/F, group, intercourse, oral etc), all the action and every sex act imaginable in raw detail – £1.50. ☐
Available together (£2.50). ☐



SPECIAL OFFER
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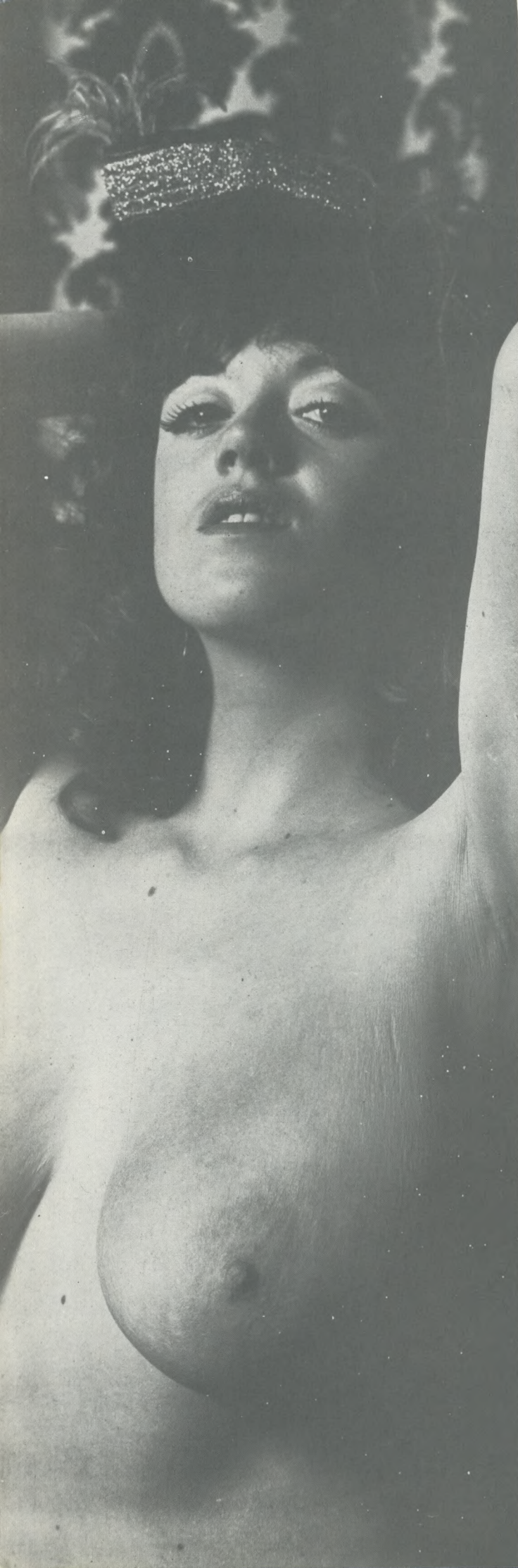
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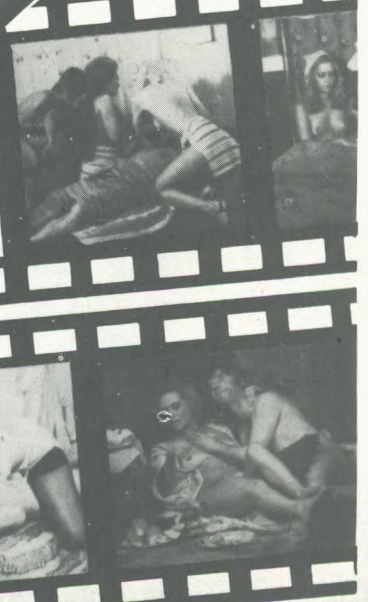


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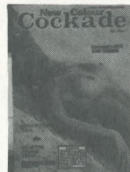
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BOOB-QUIZ

Betty – only twenty – has a bust measurement of 41". Yet she is by no means fat or overweight. She has a well-proportioned figure – a delight to the male eye. As well as that, she is delightfully pretty with auburn hair – bright blue eyes and freckles that come out in the summer. Our male Interviewer put the question direct to her. "What gives with big boobs – Betty?" The query was the start of a most interesting Quiz.

BETTY. I'd like to bet there are far more big-boobs men in the world than there are bottoms-men or thigh or leg men!

INTERVIEWER: Maybe you have formed that conclusion because you have large bust measurements than most girls of your young age?

B: I suppose one could say that – but out of all the girls I know, they tell me they envy me my tits for their men friends all grumble about their average-sized breasts and suggest they would find them more sexy if they were to have larger tits.

I: This tit business has a lot to do with a mamma-complex – inherent in a great number of men, you know. Personally – if I happened to be a girl, I would not be too pleased to think I aroused mother-complexes in my men-friends. Because breasts are subconsciously linked with breast-feeding and large breasts on a girl often arouse the subconscious memories of breast-feeding in men's minds.

B: Fooley to that!

I: How do you mean – fooley?

B: I mean – I think a lot of inconsequential shit is talked by a lot of mind-benders about sex and the subconscious!

I: I'm not a mind-bender!

B: No?

I: I'm merely a quite knowledgeable Interviewer for sex magazines. I have had to study sexology of course – but that doesn't make me a professional mind bender – a psychiatrist.

B: Oh – goody! Then I can behave naturally with you?

I: By all means – please do!

B: I mean – I can use dirty words like fuck and prick?

I: Of course. But please don't regard them as dirty words. They are not. They are just popular, non-clinical terms for sexual parts and for sexual actions.

B: I get you. Well – this stuff about mamma-complexes with men – I suppose that idea arises from the

fact lots of fellows like to suck a girl's tits?

I: That has a great deal to do with it – yes.

B: Like they once sucked their mamma's tits?

I: Exactly.

B: But what about the fellows who like to fuck their pricks off between my tits? I don't recall having read anything in nursing and mothercraft books about baby boys getting their tiny pricks between their mother's breasts?

I: That practice is a refinement – an extension of the subconscious desire on a man's part to make a fuss of his girl's breasts. Look – what do you suppose would happen if it was a law of human Nature that baby girls and boys played about with their mother's genitals when they were as young as they are when they have mother's breast milk? Why – they would have subconscious memories of doing that to their mothers and, later in

adolescence and adult hood, they would be fixated on the females genitals – would they not?

B: Men are supposed to be fixated on the cunt, in any case.

I: Yes, but I mean to the extent many men are compulsively fixated on female breasts.

B: I get your point. Like if mothers played around with their baby boy's pricks when the babies were young – the kids would grow up fixated on having girls and women playing around with their pricks?

I: Exactly.

B: But most men do like to have girls and women playing around with their pricks! All the men I go around with, love it – as much as playing around with my tits.

I: I am only trying to make you realise that, subconscious memories from the past play a very important part in the sexual habits of adolescents and adults – men and women alike. And I will also add that many girls who are fixated on their own breasts are that way because they recall happiness at their mother's breasts when they were babies.

B: I suppose I am fixated on my breasts?

I: I think it would be impossible for a girl like you, young and very attractive, with a bosom of 41", not to be well and truly fixated on her breasts. Are you?

B: Well – yes. I guess I am.

I: Nothing to be embarrassed over.

B: No. I suppose not. After all – most men are fixated on their pricks and balls – aren't they?

I: You could say that!

B: Oh – I do say that! I bet you are fixated on your prick and balls, aren't you? Or shouldn't I ask an interviewer such a sexy question?

I: Of course – you are entitled to ask me anything you wish. It helps the Quiz and leads to other important questions and answers. If you are

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fixated on your breasts – let us say men encourage you in this?

B: You just bet they do! From age sixteen, I was made a fuss of by boys and youths and men of all ages over my tits! That's why I say so many men are fixated on girls' tits more than on legs or bums. Even on cunts! I have a few boyfriends who are vastly more interested in fucking my breasts than my cunt – bringing me to orgasms by rubbing my tits rather than by rubbing my clit or poking my hole!

I: And do you like that?

B: I like it as an additional sexual excitement to poking and fucking and twitching my twat and my clit – but I still want intercourse and so on. Trouble is that – when men take a shine to me when they see my tits under my shirt or sweater, and when they get me naked, they seem to forget all about the fact that, like all normal girls, I gotta pink, hairy gash between my thighs, see? They get so fascinated by my tits and with my red nipples they just forget about that other fascinatin' part of my anatomy!

I: And does that annoy – worry you?

B: It frustrates me. After all – I would understand if it so happened I was fat and bulbous like many girls with big tits are and men had to forage through folds of flesh and hair to find my fanny. But I am slim and as nice as the next girl, so I can't see that my tits have such precedence over my cunt!

I: A big bosom arouses the subconscious mamma-complex in men!

B: There you go again – with that mind-bender jazz!

I: Let us be truthful and practical, Betty!

B: Ok! Mind you – don't get the idea I never get fucked! I do, of course, even by men who get hooked on my tits!

I: I'm sure you do!

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B: My point is – men are fascinated with my tits!

I: Don't tell me you don't like that? Enjoy it?

B: Fuck me – yes, I do. Of course I like it! I get my fellows to massage my tits for I know that massage from the hands of another person makes ones tits grow larger. Right?

I: That is the general theory!

B: And of course, at pubs and in discos and in the streets, I just love fellows going boggled-eyed at my breasts when they see them bouncing up and down in their half-cup bras! Its super at a disco when I'm dancing. Do you know – I get the most sensational feelings dancing – and my tits bounce up and down?

I: You do?

B: I do that! In fact – I can safely say I get a good few orgasms when my bare nipples rub up and down inside and against the material of a sweater or a silk shirt. I really do come, and then some! Like a fellow with a stiff horn on and he is wearing a loose pair of silk or linen drawers and his exposed nob-end rubs up and down against the inside of the material! I know one fellow who puts on a pair of short satin running shorts in his pad when he is with me and, after he has moved and walked around his joint for about ten minutes with a horn on – he suddenly comes all his stuff inside the shorts – just by friction – see? Well, that's the way it goes with my nipples, bare under a shirt or sweater while I am dancing in a disco!

I: Is there anything special you do to your bosom to make it develop and to keep its 41" measurements?

B: Bosom! Hark at the man! Tits or breasts, you mean. Yes – I massage breast development cream in each breast every morning when I get up. I also pull and rub and tweak each nipple at the same time, to make them come up all horny and red. That way – I can be sure that when I am dancing and walking down the street – my nipples are almost constantly erect. and that they come up fuckin' quick once a fellow starts to rub them! I am also well into sucking. Nipple sucking – that is. That also sets me off coming – you just bet! Sometimes, at night in bed, I have the most fantastic fantasy wish-thoughts.

I: About what – for instance?

B: About how nice it would be – for instance – how nice it would be to be like a man who can squirt out his spunk when a girl tosses him off. Like I get to wish that, when a man massages my nipples between his fingers and thumbs, I could shoot out a stream of milk from each nipple when he makes me come! Or real spunk – come to that! What do you make of that fantasy?

I: It might well be you have penis-envy.

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B: Penis envy? You mean – jealousy of men because they have pricks?

I: I mean just that!

B: Yes, well I do know a few girls, friends of mine, who openly tell me they wish they had pricks – but were still girls, mind you. they like being girls, with tits and all – but with little balls and pricks inside their knickers at the same time. Do I have penis-envy then – you reckon?

I: Your fantasy of having milk coming out of your nipples when you have a breast-orgasm certainly suggest to me you envy the male his ejaculatory function.

B: Yeah? I guess that's it. the male ejaculatory function! You use all the right words – don't you?

I: I like to think I do – certainly!

NAME: _____

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B: Yeah! Well – ok then. I gotta have penis – envy in a way, I suppose, like those girls I just told you about. Its a strange mix-up really – as I'm very feminine – I mean. I just love my tits and my feminine figure.

I: Girls who have penis-envy are not un-feminine of necessity. Its just they like the dramatic and demonstrable erect penis and its ability to show it really is orgasming when it ejaculates and the fact it is so obvious when a man is on heat – for his erection shows that fact.

B: Doesn't it just? Mind you – a girl's nipples stiffen when she's on heat. Mine do in no uncertain manner! I mean – they grow up to almost half-an-inch long when I get horny! I reckon that if girls shot out juice when they came – juice from their cunts I mean – they maybe wouldn't wish they had pricks. The shooting-out would be enough to impress their fellows they were coming. Like spunking or love-juice spurting out of my nipples would impress a bloke that he was making me come!

I: Has your large breast measurement led you into any lesbian adventures?

B: At school – it happened once or twice. Butch girls in the Senior Form – when I was fourteen and fifteen and my breasts had already grown to about 35". They were after me for cunt. One girl in particular – Rowena – a lovely butch blond, would like to get me in a field near our school on a half-hol afternoon, and take off my school shirt and the bra I had to wear and to straddle down over my naked breasts after she had taken off her school drawers. She would sit over my naked tits with her skirt over my face and fuck back and forth over my tits – her clit and her wet hole coming all over my nipples. Great! It used to make me come as well, between my thighs, of course. Then another girl – a redhead of about a year older than me in our dorm, used to like to come into my bed with me after lights out. All the girls in our dorm knew what was going on! She would lie next to me and suck off my nipples one after the other and massage my breasts and poke me up my hole until I did not know if I was coming from my tits or from my hole or from the lot!

I: And that did or did not convert you to lesbianism or to bi-sexuality?

B: Did not! Neither to the lezzy scene nor to the bi-scene. No way! I was all for boys. I had turned sixteen and knew I could have sex with boys without them getting into trouble for having me! Oh no, lesbianism was not for me. Just a pleasant passing adventure. I suppose if it hadn't been for my large tits at that young age at school those girls would not have made advances to me and I would have had those particular experiences with them.



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I: Do you wish you had average sized breasts?

B: No way! Would you?

I: I am extremely unlikely to have breasts – let alone a pair like yours!

B: Well – I mean – would you ever wish you had an average sized prick? Oh, but of course, I have no idea what size it is, do I?

I: Actually no. You don't!

B: Well – I'm sure you know what I mean! I mean – if you were a girl and you had tits like mine – would you wish they were smaller?

I: No. Not if I was as slim and as attractive as you are.

B: You see? That's the answer – then!

I: What do you think of the immediate future?

B: The future? In what way the future?

I: I mean, as you grow older – say five years, ten years time – your measurements may well change. You may get bigger – or grow smaller?

B: I don't wish to grow smaller. No way! So I will keep up the breast massage and all my exercise. In any case – I have so many men lovers I get massage and sucking of my tits practically every night!

I: Lucky you! Suppose you get married. After all – you are only twenty?

B: The bloke I might marry would have to take my tits as well!

I: Doubtless one of the reasons why he would wish to marry you would be because of your tits!

B: Probably so! But I would make bloody sure he didn't have a mamma-complex or was a mother's boy before I married him. I wouldn't want to play mother to any man!

I: And – if you conceived, your breasts would get larger.

B: Probably they would.

I: And after the birth of a first child and after the breast-feeding period was over, your breasts could begin to sag and to loose the strength and body they have at the moment.

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Would that make you feel unhappy?

B: You bet it would! How would you feel if you got married and, after a while, your prick lost its strength and size?

I: A penis is slightly more private and out of sight than a pair of breasts.

B: Granted!

I: Would you feel your glamour-life was over once you were a mother and maybe your breasts lost their beauty?

B: Yes. If that did happen. But you know – breasts, if taken good care of after child birth, can still retain their original beauty.

I: Oh yes. I know.

B: I have had offers for showbiz engagements because of my tits.

I: I am not surprised. What offers – for instance?

B: For Topless Go-Go dancing, for one thing. But actually – two agents and one club owner and one publican took one look at my tits on stage and said 'Too much! Too much!' they were all afraid the size of my tits while dancing would either drive the men to too much drink – or there would be riots – or women in an audience would protest at so much flesh!

I: Pity. How about non-topless dancing, then?

B: There would be too much flop-flop-flop! I went into that question and they said topless or covered, my tits were too way out to be safely on show on stage!

I: And you were disappointed?

B: You can say that again! I was

astounded – as a matter of fact. One of my agents told me I had a fortune in my hands with my tits! So then I thought I might try to be a stripper.

I: You did?

B: I did! I tried a routine – rehearsed it – bought a cassette, made a smashing twelve minute Strippers' tape and got a couple of bookings at two different pubs for Sunday lunchtime shows.

I: How did they go?

B: They went! Just like that! I did the strips ok. I mean – like a professional. It was the tits all over again.

I: What gave with them?

B: There was such a fuckin'uproar as soon as I appeared on stage in a low-cut bra and the fuckin' men wouldn't stop yelling 'get 'em off!' right up until I did strip off the bra. Then the roofs of the pubs – both of them – nearly got lifted off by the yells of the men! It was like I had no cunt and no cunt hairs showing and it was just tits, tits, tits all of the time!

I: So what happened with those pubs?

B: The managers refuse to book me again. They both said it was too much. Too much, they said. If I was announced to appear again, the pubs would get so stashed out with eager beaver blokes, there would be riots! Just think of it – being banned for being too beautiful!

I: Why haven't you tried some of the real good strip clubs – like those in the West End of London?

B: Frankly – I'm not really interested any more in showing myself off on stage as a stripper or a dancer.

I: No?

B: No. I really get all the exposure I want with all the men I go with. I prefer individual attention to the attentions of a mob of drunken men, largely Irishmen, in a pub. All wanting to get their lecherous hands on me!

I: Yes. I understand that.

B: Even posh audiences in well-run

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strip clubs would not attract me.

I: When you have rear-entry intercourse – do your male partners make a play for your breasts?

B: You just bet they do! Hanging out in front of me – those boys, getting up me doggy fashion, just love to get hold of my tits and massage them and pull on my nipples like they were milking a cow while they go fucking me up from behind!

I: And that attracts you?

B: It attracts me – Baby! What – I not only come from up my hole – I come from my two tits, don't I?

I: I have no doubt you do! Suppose, one day, you suddenly start to spread, I mean, develop wider hips, a larger bottom, a bulgy tummy – all in proportion to the large size of your breasts – what then?

B: What then? Maybe my tits would grow larger in proportion!

I: But – I'm sure you pride yourself on having such a slim figure in spite of your large breasts. Surely you would hate to develop into just yet another fat young woman?

B: Oh yes. Perish the thought! If I ever saw that happening, I would start to diet like mad!

I: Well – Betty – you are quite the most sylph-like and attractive young girl! With a large pair of breasts it has been my pleasure to interview in this studio for a sex magazine.



B: How very nice of you to say so.
I: I have forgotten to ask you what you do for a living?

B: I am a beautician behind the cosmetics counter of a large beauty shop in the West End.

I: Quite perfect for you! I am sure you must be a great asset to the firm?

B: Men customers like me. Men who come to buy presents for their wives, but I am not so sure about the young and middle-aged women. They often stare at my breasts as though hypnotized while I serve them from behind the counter. Flat-chested girls just look at me as if they could murder me. Men of all ages gloat over me and I'm perfectly sure they often purchase more goods than they came in to buy just for the sake of hovering round me a bit longer!

I: Like I said – you must be a great asset to the firm! And of course – women and girls less well-endowed would look at you with envy. Well Betty, this concludes our Boob-quiz, as we call it in this magazine. So, once again – many thanks for your kind co-operation.

B: Anytime – Big Boy!

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On pages 3 and 4 we brought you some Colour shots of the very fabulous BUSTY MALONE – she's so good we thought we'd bring you a few more pages of her! Busty makes her film debut in the sex movie THE PLAYBIRDS, which is now showing at the Eros cinema, Piccadilly Circus. See her in this great film, which is now on a limited release around the country; or see her in a really explicit set of pictures in this month's PLAYBIRDS magazine – available from the newsagent who sold you this magazine just 95p, or mail order for £1.20 from Playbirds Magazine 34 Upton Lane, London E.7.





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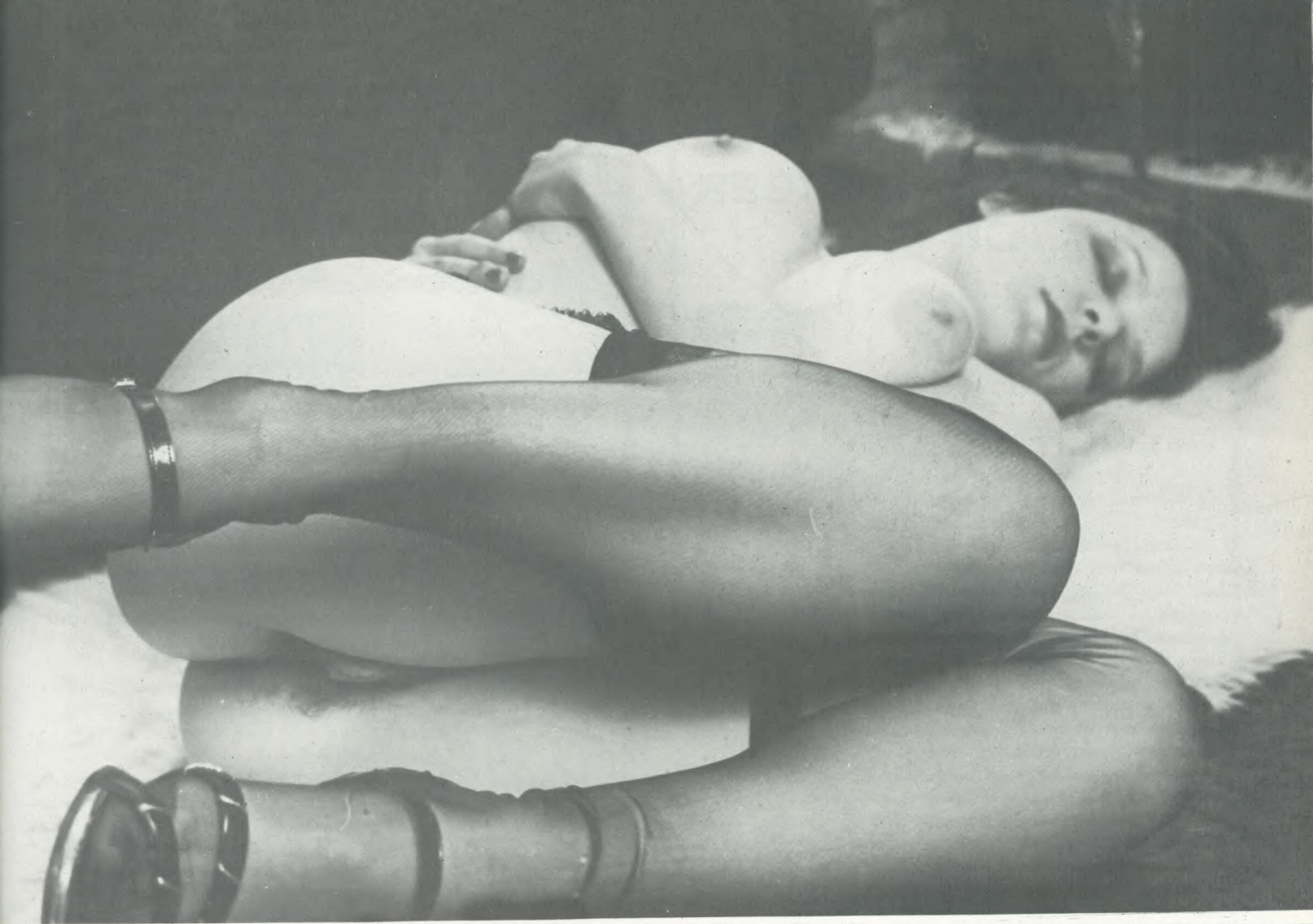
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THE BEAUTIFUL BUSTY PORN PEOPLE

CHAPTER EIGHT

The cook arrived later that day at the Cassidy residence, in answer to a hasty call from Bruno apparently — by phone — because with guests on hand Emily Higgs could not cook and wait on at the same time. A lonely man when he wasn't scrubbing with whores and odd loose ladies in Dartmouth, he dined out at a club a lot, or fended for himself, with Emily serving up some solitary meals for him. But with Carol and Rita on hand — and Steve and Elaine — they needed cooked food quickly. The dear lady who "did" for him arrived on her bike. She apparently lived in a cottage down the lane, about half-a-mile away.

Bruno recovered his equilibrium. His chin was bruised — sod that young bastard — but his gut was tougher than might be expected. Probably all the sex riding on top of whores had toned up his belly muscles. Bedtime athletics are more beneficial than a lot of people think. And so are porno ideas; no one could feel ashamed of his or her horny thoughts — although in the case of the female the sexual arousal would be termed randy.

The evening meal was a great success, with Bruno lording it at the head of his table. Roast ribs of beef were well worth consideration with Beaujolaise or St. Emilion. Some toothies were delighted with a delectable sweet which the cook had rustled up in no time apparently. They capped the meal with liqueur coffees and a cigar for Bruno. Steve wondered how long this hospitality would last before he was booted back to the Hotel Splendide.

Some time before they sat down to eat Carol and Rita had been sent down to town with Arthur Minter in the Rolls and with some money and orders to buy some clothes which would make them fairly presentable. It seemed that Bruno was still worried about the Goldensteins. If they called around and saw Rita, for instance, in her tight gruesome jeans and that crazy shawl she wore around her, they might think that Bruno had taken leave of his senses.

In a way he had, for he could barely think clearly with all this female anatomy around him. He was like a boozier let loose in a pub or a brewery. He had Elaine on hand — he thought — and then Emily Higgs moved around the dining-room like some sturdy peasant who was prepared to bend down and show her arse at a moment's notice. The two girls, Carol and Rita, looked good in new polyester dresses which were long and brilliant in every colour the makers could dream up. Bruno even knew they had clean underwear. They had showed him the packages when they had returned with Minter, giggling and shrieking their delight. "Look — new knickers — briefs! New bra — tights! We got two lots..."

"Spent all that bloody bread," added Rita defiantly.

Bruno had grinned. The few lousy pounds were of no value to him. His annual club subscription cost him more. And it tickled his vanity to think that these two kids were so pleased with the purchases. The damned stuff was department store in any case... still, the thought that they were wearing briefs that he had bought excited him...

The house seemed to be suddenly filled with lush female flesh. This really

pleased him. It was like having a private harem on hand. He was bearing out the old dictum that every man should have his own harem. That a lot of this lusting was in his mind did not worry him. He liked having a mind surging with horny thoughts about young girls. He had incredible side thoughts... like wondering why he had spent all those bloody years with a wife who had not been so good with her legs open... wondering how this yearning for soft flesh had come over him of recent years... perhaps he was having a resurgence of sexual vitality... that must be the answer...

Steve enjoyed his roast ribs of English beef and later his brandy of Napoleon Courvoisier. He refused the cigar Bruno invited him to have. He was the new breed of non-smokers and was determined to stick with the idea.

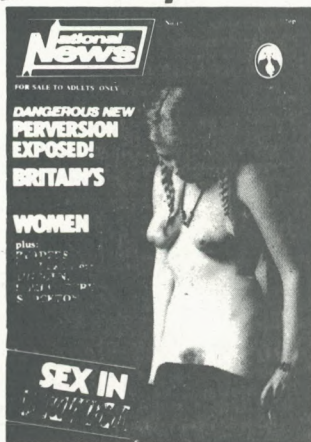
"That's what I like about you, Waterman," observed Bruno. "You've got that damned determination to succeed — rather like me. Christ, I should have had a son... not too late..." He took a lustful look at Elaine as if an instant fuck would produce an instant heir. "Not too late," he repeated. "I'm still a young man."

On the big white settee that rubbed silkily against their soft backside flesh, Carol and Rita giggled at this statement with the arrogance of individuals still in their teens. They even glanced at Bruno Cassidy and noticed the grey hairs, the receding hairline and the soft belly that overhung his genitals. With the disdain of their age they wondered how a man like Cassidy could put a girl up the stick. They wouldn't have his brat at any price. They might take the cock because one male muscle was surprisingly like

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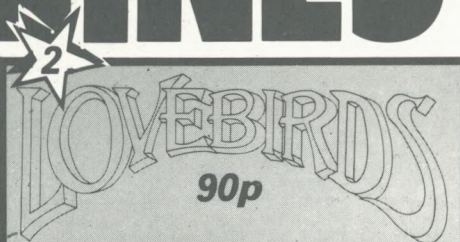


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another male do-dah — but allow a bastard to grow in the young womb — that was too much.

Carol and Rita even whispered to each other, giggling, thinking their remarks were not overheard — but they were.

"Oooh — it's like having a kid to John Wayne..." This from Carol.

"Could be a fucking funny kid," observed Rita. "Might have two noses and no peeny... you hear about things like that... you see, an old cock can do some awful things..."

"Genetically, you mean," said Carol.

"Did I? If you say so love..." Rita sometimes thought Carol had read too much.

Elaine smiled as she played around with Bruno's meaningful look, returning it and thinking furiously. Oh, yes... he'd use me as a breeding cow... the superior swine... marriage would mean frantic fucks and incessant inquiries as to whether her periods had stopped... a brutal way to live... well, her idea of marriage to an old man was that it would mean a passport to luxury living with probably some utterly masculine hero on the side to share wanton nights when hubby was reaching for his slippers...

Emily Higgs moved slowly around the room, clearing glasses and fooling around in general. She moved slowly because she wanted to hear the conversation. She was sure she hated the slinky Elaine Wilson's guts. If someone would cut off her tits and throw them to the ducks in the park that would be perfectly in order.

Elaine was so obviously the kind of young cow who would do anything to Bruno's cock that he wanted. He could stuff it in her — or she would fondle it — or kiss it — or anything brutally lustful. The girl was an adventurer. All secretaries were cows... she'd read some novels... lurid things about business men and secretaries... and obviously some shocking things went on... this Elaine was that type... damn her... Oh, it wasn't fair, just when Bruno was being nice to her...

The evening was quite enjoyable, Bruno Cassidy thought, his bladder full of wine and his cigar smoke making him feel serene. He had some lustful ideas for the rest of the night... now which young bitch would he take to bed... Emily was always on hand with her pretty little pussy so there was no need for hurry... and even Elaine could be persuaded to take his tool at any convenient date... so maybe a nice night's screwing could be obtained from one of the young bitches... Carol or Rita... did he prefer dark hair or blonde that night? He would have to indicate to the girls what was in his mind. Everything in the world had to be planned... work... business... even bedding down...

Of course, there were minor problems. He had seen the few exchanges of glances between Steve Waterman and Elaine and he supposed there was some sexual rapport between them.

It was the kind of attraction that any young girl would hand to a young man. But if he left Elaine alone at night, Steve Waterman might move in between her legs, using the pussy. He wasn't going to stand for that. Waterman could screw his own kind — the two wandering girls — Carol and Rita. God, it was rather more complicated than he had thought... supposing he took the dark haired girl, Rita Bell — that was her name — to bed... that would leave Elaine free to fuck around. He couldn't have that. Waterman would have to bed Carol Royle — that was the young cow's name — and Rita would bed down with Elaine and him... yeah... he, Bruno, in bed with two... Elaine and the Rita slut — that would provide some hot lecherous moments. Elaine wouldn't like it but she'd obey — or else! And Steve would be content with a night's hot shagging with the blonde Carol. She was lithe and willing — what more could the young devil want!

That left Emily Higgs on the shelf. Well, she'd have to stay there. In stock, so to speak. Ha, it was all rather beautifully lewd. Rita and Elaine in bed with him... later in the night, of course because it was still early as yet... and Waterman safely stowed away with the other girl, Carol. That disposed of four lumps of meaty female... nothing like getting things in order... and the dear cook lady could get on her bike and pedal like hell back to her cottage and mind her own business, probably with difficulty.

He had got rid of that young scruffy swine — what was the name — Johnny something-or-other — and a fair deal of work had been accomplished that day. No doubt Steve Waterman would have to return to the damned factory that had spawned him — but that would be another day. In the meantime the lust was thickening his balls and stiffening his penis. He could feel the heat there, knew he was ready for a rampage with his phallic thing... later... when bed beckoned...

The facts were he had got rid of Johnny Mash with the help of Steve. At that moment in time, as Bruno glowered and leered at legs, Johnny was sitting in a pub in Dartmouth and rubbing his hairy chin and wondering if he should allow it to grow into a beard. He had some money. Steve had pushed some notes into his hand. Steve was all right. Not a bad sort considering he attempted to run with the bosses. There were worse bastards than old Steve around...

The draught cider he was knocking back was having some effect on his thoughts. It was cheap stuff; he couldn't afford whisky or beer. The pub was low class, which suited his image at that moment. It was full of working men who had scrubbed off the greast from their hands and were in their best casual gear. A few had not bothered to go home after work and Johnny Mash felt his scruffy jeans mixed with this lot. Some were young guys on holiday — bedrollers and leather jacket types. Under the seats bed



rolls were stacked — and got in the way — and it seemed these guys were camping and spending an hour or two in the pub before pitching their tents and dragging their females into horny embraces.

Johnny thought he would have to find some place to sleep that night. It was warm. Maybe he could persuade some guy to allow him to share a tent. He might even be able to share a blit. A chunk of hot crumpet was always a good thing to have when bedded down.

So he was out on his arse. Cassidy, the bastard, had won. A few lousy pounds on hand, nowhere to go — he was back to square one. He would miss Rita... he'd got used to gloating over her flesh... he should have made Rita tag along with him...

Still, he had had a fair time at the Cassidy place and came out clean. The git would have no reason to call the filth... he had taken nothing... except a bash at the juicy Emily... and as fucking wasn't a crime yet, he couldn't be hounded for that...

Johnny Mash looked up from the bar counter, his glass of cider in his hand. It was the kind of moment when a man feels there is someone in the crowd who he knows but who, possibly, should not be there. Johnny saw the movement, felt surprise at his hunch, and then the man moved lithely through a door into the lounge which was just adjacent the bar.

Johnny thought suddenly... that was the chauffeur... the man known as Arthur Minter... the suave silent guy who

had driven Cassidy to the ship-yard that day. Well, it seemed the man liked a pint of wallop – or something.

Curious, Johnny edged away from the bar and went to the connecting door. He looked into the lounge, where the hubbub was considerably less because there were fewer customers. Minter had gone straight to another man, a guy with hunched shoulders and a lot of oily hair and a beard. What with his thick dark glasses and the hirsute stuff, it was like someone hiding behind a barrier. The man wore a soiled suede coat and his hands were bunched deep into the pockets.

The one thing that Johnny Mash noticed immediately, with his knowledge of thirsty men in bars, was that Minter made no attempt to order himself a drink. He spoke intensely to the man in the glasses and beard. The guy made reply. Minter went on, in a low voice, confidential as hell.

As Johnny Mash hung around the door, curious and little else, his drink forgotten and on the bar counter, he saw Minter suddenly hand the other man a yellow envelope. Quick as a flash, even from that distance, Johnny noticed there was nothing written on the envelope. And the guy turned it over, as a man might do. Still no writing on the envelopes... so it wasn't addressed... or through the post... so it figured it contained something... yeh, an envelope with something in it...

Eyes crinkled at the corners in

curiosity, Johnny fingered his rough chin again and thought this Minter was a queer cuss. The little he had seen of him he'd thought he was a silent type. Of course, a chauffeur had to keep his nose out of his employer's business. Maybe that was Minter's role in life...

Whatever brought the man to the pub on the Dartmouth quay, it wasn't beer for after a few more words to the guy behind the fence of black glasses and beard, he turned and went out of the building, using another door. That was just as well for Johnny was lounging in the other doorway.

Still, something intrigued Johnny Mash. Why in the name of shit should the reserved Minter journey a mile or more to deliver an envelope to a greasy individual in a pub? The whole episode seemed a bit shady. But maybe the greasy guy was a bookie. Maybe he was Minter's long-lost son... maybe... maybe... maybe...

When a man rubs shoulders with some dubious characters on the road, in the way that Johnny Mash had done over the past few months, he meets up with some right berks. some were mad... others just alcoholics... and some as crooked as the seamier kind of minority politician now creeping into the British Isles...

Johnny had palled up with a bloke who made him laugh for a time and who had taught him how to pick pockets. That trick wasn't a thing to boast about.

It was an accomplishment that had landed the wandering bloke in jail. It had amused him to train Johnny Mash.

Johnny laughed curtly, inwardly, as he surveyed the man in glasses and black hair. The guy looked a creep. Maybe that was unjust. He might be kind to old ladies and shag like a gent. But he looked a creep – and in this shocking world what you look like is of prime importance. Ask Danny La Rue...

Still, all that bloody beard and the barrier of black-framed glasses seemed like something a man used to hide behind. Some guys were afraid to show their lips, so a fungus was handy. This kind of thing might get to the point where only a pair of eyes were visible, like a bloody Peke. Some girls were like that – but they had tits and bold boxes usually carved in blue jean material and that was all a man needed to know with some of 'em.

It was flaming ridiculous, but as Johnny mused on the greasy man standing at the bar the more he itched to try his skill at picking a pocket. And the man was so damned careless. The envelope resided in a pocket of the suede coat, an open thing with no flap. And the man was now resting his hands on the bar – and indeed giving the impression he was about to lift his glass with one hand while he hung on with the other.

Johnny moved.

He went gently through the few men and girls in the room and brushed softly

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against the greasy guy just as the man raised his glass and drank.

Johnny's fingers slipped into the pocket and just as deftly whipped out, soft as the touch of an amorous git pinching a girl's bottom. Johnny kept on moving. The envelope slipped under his own leather jacket. He certainly did not wave it aloft. He laughed inwardly as he padded on to the door. He had done it. The bloke he'd known would be proud of him.

Johnny Mash was prepared to find that he'd nicked a bookie's tip or something. That didn't matter. He'd pulled the trick off.

But when he got outside the pub and went to the nearest street lamp he was curious about the envelope. It seemed to contain something small, round and thick.

Johnny split the envelope open. Inside was a tight bundle of paper, obviously packing paper. He unwrapped this lot – and found himself looking at a tiny roll of film. Not being as thick as he sometimes looked, he knew it was micro-film. It was a tight roll of negative and he knew better than to attempt to unwind it.

The discovery set up a whole set of questions leaping around in his mind. Now why the hell should Minter give this man in the pub such a strange thing? Micro-film wasn't used by snap-shot hounds. It wasn't something that Aunt Mable used to take shots of a growing

niece – the kind of thing showing young tit and bum that made proud relatives say "Hasn't she grown..."

Johnny carefully wrapped the small disc of film again. He stuck it in his jacket pocket. Minter... a bloody chauffeur... why micro-film? Minter... a paid servant... to a rich git... why micro-film? Minter... a lone man... maybe he didn't have any plump young nieces... But Minter must have a camera that used micro-film...

Suddenly, the silent, lean man with the greying hair seemed an odd bod. And another thing – the greasy type with the hedge of beard and black-framed glasses seemed hardly a photographic agent.

Johnny hadn't mixed with low crooks and roughs for nothing. He sensed there was something fishy as an Icelandic government behind all this. Now what the hell? More important – was there any bloody bread in it? He needed bread – blood on it or not.

He mooched on, brooding on his discovery. Minter was working for Cassidy – that was a significant detail – but as a bleeding chauffeur. The furtive passing of micro-film in a pub hardly fitted in with a chauffeur's duties.

All the same, Johnny knew that many queer happenings could easily be explained. Maybe Minter dabbled in photography. Maybe he'd been taking pictures of his own cock length. The sort of things that went on in a man's

bedroom – or a girl's – would make the average porno mag seem like Wee Willie Rabbit.

Suddenly Johnny realised the night was wearing on and the only protection he had was the lingering alcoholic effect of his last pint of cider. It might be cool that night.

He dived into another pub which was rough enough to qualify for Victorian Dartmouth. Maybe they'd photographed it for the Onedin Line. The old stone frontage huddled on the corner of a side alley, just off the quay, and the raucous sound of voices seemed nice and pally. He decided to join them and the roll of micro-film negative could stay right there in his pocket, unexplained.

The place was full of youngish people, a point he liked. The number of jean-clad legs of both sexes was considerable. There wasn't a person over thirty in the house. The air was full of smoke and long legs sprawled all over the place. There was some bed-rollers with their gear under the tables. They had small tents, blankets and blobs all rolled into one tight roll. The landlords of some pubs didn't like bed-rollers because they cluttered up the floor-space. Some of the more posh pubs had barred them along with leather jackets. That was prejudice for you...

They had girls, too – and most of them were pissed on rough cider. The sight of girls warmed Johnny's heart as

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he made way to the bar and got himself a pint of the apple juice. He liked girls. He liked to feel that their lovely flesh was on hand, as if it gave vitality to a place. Long ago he had decided that guys who liked to hell around in a bunch might as well live on a bull farm. The female flesh gave instant warmth to a place. The sight of those fleshy thigh cylinders seemed to add another couple of degrees of heat to the atmosphere. Anyway, they were something to look at because the wallpaper was atrocious. Maybe Charles Dickens had chosen it. Maybe some guy had pissed at the wall in the past – or was it just a mug of wallop that had been hurled?

Johnny grinned at some girls and got grins back. They were all a lovely long-haired lot, with pert faces and tits that bunched up under sweaters or shirts. All that tit! Nature had been generous when it decided that two was just right – or was it just plain symmetry? Well, a man had two hands. Of course, he knew that all sex had not been a frontal assault. In the animal past, before the dawn of history, the male had attached sexually from the rear and had only decided that the game was hornier when played from the front. At that point in primeval time the female had reckoned to grow tits that really looked like tits and not just buds on a tree. That had been very obliging of these near-primates – but then females always were obliging to the cock-happy male.

He hardly knew what brought on all this lustful reflection, unless it was the crowd of bitches and the smell of cunt in the air. There wasn't really any more odour than is usual in a crowded pub – and he wouldn't have objected because he hadn't bathed for a week – it was just some sort of sixth randy sense operating in his sexual mind. The cunts were there – that was a physical fact – the feeling that they were nice and snug between thigh and other flesh was a metaphysical thing. He knew the soft pockets of female pussy lips were there, that they were capable of penetration and that they could tremble with ecstasy. All that made for a sense of cunt...

The bed reels gave him his idea. It had been lurking in the back of his mind even when he had picked the pocket and found the film. Sod the film. Probably of no importance... or was it... oh, sod it – sex was more satisfying.

And the sex was all around him. He didn't mean the male kind. He wasn't interested in other guy's erections. The phallic erection was just something he got. If other men had it periodically, well, that was just one of the odd things of life. The only interesting hard-on was his own.

The well-rounded bitch was stood close to him had flicked a calculated look at him right from the start and now, with his mug of cider arming him so to speak, she smiled and giggled. The plump tit boobs under the white T-shirt joggled and acted as a lure. The girl was drinking beer...



THE PLAYBIRDS

Directed by
**Ace Danish film director
Wilhelm Roestein**

**THE BEST 'BLUE MOVIE' EVER
SHOWN IN BRITAIN**

WE REVIEW THE SEX FILM OF THE YEAR – THE PLAYBIRDS

You can see this masterpiece in erotic entertainment from Thursday, July 6th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus. Showing 7 days a week continuous performances from 11.00am (late show nightly at 11.00pm).

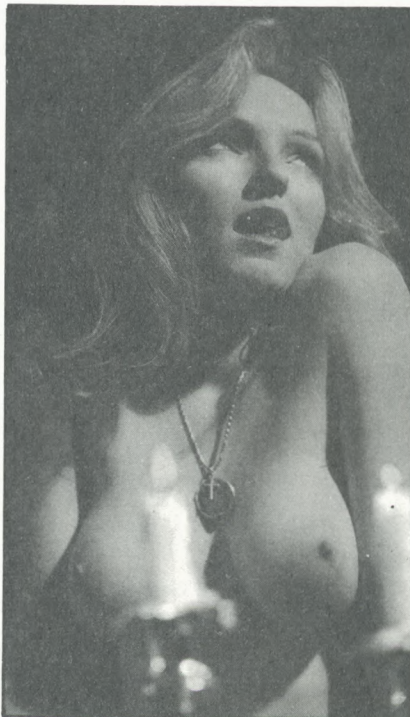
INTRODUCTION

On Thursday, July 6th something very special happens at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus. It's the first public showing of what we believe to be the finest adult film ever seen in Britain. We urge as many of you as possible to see this film as soon as possible. The film is called 'THE PLAYBIRDS.' It has cost a fortune to make. It has taken almost a year to film. It has brought together the finest actresses from all over the world. The Playbirds features nearly fifty of the best looking women in the world. If you see no other film this year we urge you to see this masterpiece. The Director is Wilhelm Roestein, Denmark's leading Blue movie maker. Normally you can see his films in Soho's Sex Cinema clubs (like the Exciting Cinema, 18 Greek St, Soho). NOW, for the first time you can see a film as good as those shown in the clubs, but at an ordinary cinema, without having to wait, pay membership fees or pay large admission prices (like £3.50/£5.)

WHAT MAKES THE FILM SO SPECIAL?

This film is exceptional as it is a wonderful action, suspense, thriller film in its own right. It's as good as any Clint Eastwood, or films like the Sweeney, or Get Carter; BUT this sort of superb action is combined with really beautiful women in a really hot sex film. Make no mistakes about this: THE PLAYBIRDS is a sex film in every meaning of the word. It's all action, all nudity, all sex; BUT all this fits in with the plot. The director is Denmark's

leading Blue movie king and he makes no bones about giving the public what they want; but by packaging it in a two hour feature film he has ensured that it will reach the largest possible audience and appeal to the largest number of people. However, we must warn you that the film is so explicit and direct that many women may find it unsuitable, so unless your wife or girlfriend is extremely broadminded DON'T take her with you when you see this film.

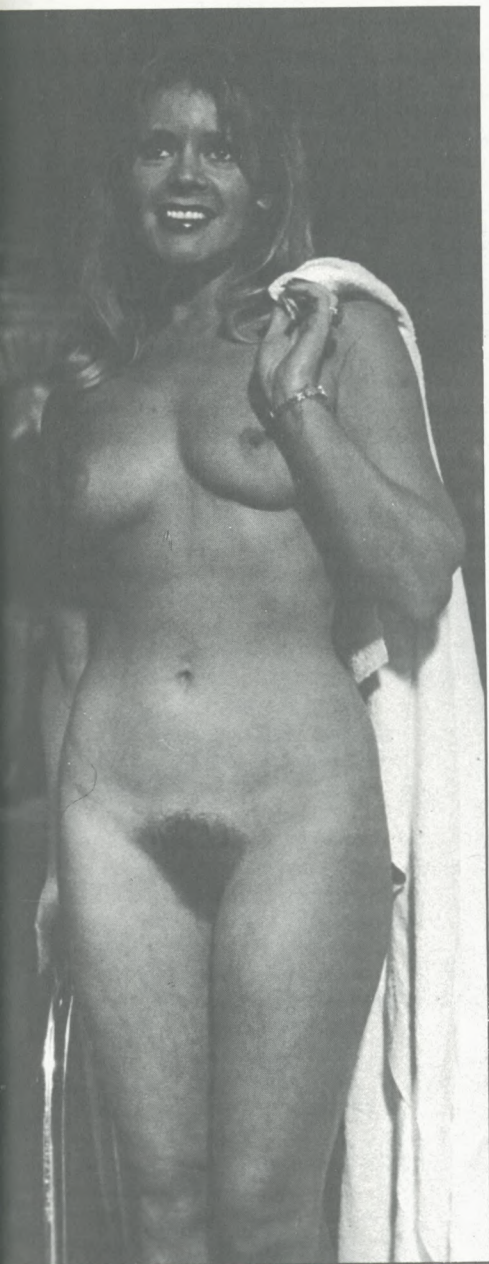


WHAT'S 'THE PLAYBIRDS' ALL ABOUT?

The Playbirds is based on the lives of the models who appear in Playbirds magazine. Some of the best looking models from Playbirds appear in the film. One by one the centrefolds are murdered and sexually attacked by a religious maniac. The film revolves around these attacks and the efforts of the police to catch the criminal, including drafting in police-women to be 'targets' for the religious crank who is attempting to 'clean up Britain' single handedly. This is the outline of the plot only, we won't tell you anything more here for fear of spoiling your enjoyment of the film when you see it. However, what we can say is that the film builds up to the most bizarre and unexpected climax. This is centred around a party for 500 sex models and the publisher of Playbirds, house-scenes occur which have never before been shown on the screen. AND remember that every girl in this film is SUPERBLY attractive.

WONDERFUL ACTING

As we've said before, besides being a really hot movie 'THE PLAYBIRDS' is a wonderful film in its own right. This is only made possible by some brilliant acting by some of the top actors and actresses in Britain. Here's just a few of the great people who played their part in making this magnificent film: GLYN EDWARDS (remember him in Get Carter), possibly the best 'Tough Guy' actor in Britain, his performance in The Playbirds is nothing short of Brilliant and we hope he gets some



MARY AT THE PARTY - ORGY SCENE

sort of award for it. He plays the chief inspector in charge of the investigation. **ALLAN LAKE** (Diana Dor's Husband), he plays the flash, but likeable publisher of Playbirds magazine (Dougan). **WINDSOR DAVIS** (Whilst Windsor is a top comedy actor in shows like It Ain't Half Hot Mum) he turns in a brilliant straight performance as the police commissioner. **DERRIN NESBIT**, who plays Jeremy, the assistant to Dougan, the brash young company man. AND don't forget the actresses: **MARY MILLINGTON** shows just how much she's improved from her performance in 'COME PLAY WITH ME.' Mary gets more attractive all the time. AND film fans around Britain will be pleased to know that Mary will be making personal appearances all over Britain where THE PLAYBIRDS shows. **SUZY MANDEL** (who regularly appears in 'The Benny Hill Show'); **PAT ASTLEY** (The sexy nurse in TV's 'Are You Being Served'); **SUE SILVEY** (former beauty Queen and one of the best looking models in Britain). All these lovely ladies show you all their



MARY MILLINGTON 'DRESSED TO KILL'



MARY MILLINGTON & KENNY LYNCH



MARY IN TRAINING

innermost and outmost charms! AND there are special appearances from some of the sexiest ladies who have ever appeared on TV - actresses like Penny Spencer (remember her as Sharon in 'The Fenn Street Gang' and 'Please Sir'). Penny Strips off completely nude for the first time in her life in public in THE PLAYBIRDS, she plays a neurotic policewoman and turns in a brilliant performance. Yes, the acting in this film is out of this world. All this is set off by superb direction, photography, locations and music.



FOUR GIRLS TO EVERYMAN!

THE SEX AND NUDITY

These scenes lift this film into a different division than anything which has been seen in Britain before. All too often so-called Sex films are being let down. The girls are unattractive, or the films are no hotter than a tin of cold baked beans! Or worse still the film is a poorly dubbed foreign film, or even worse sub-titled! However, this film is made in English, the women in it are ravishing and it's as sexually explicit as anything you'll ever see at a cinema. THE PLAYBIRDS features 50 of the most attractive women the world has ever seen and they all participate in the final orgy, rave up, party in which the film culminates. At this party the most outrageous and unexpected scenes take place... when you've seen the film, you'll know what we mean by this.

We could go on telling you about this film, but words fail us, it is just not possible to convey in words what we think of this film. **WE URGE YOU ALL TO SEE THIS FILM**, take your friends and tell them about it. Because of its nature it will only be shown at selected cinemas outside London, but it's well worth travelling a few miles to see this film. Watch this space in future months for details of the provincial release dates. **BUT IF YOU LIVE IN THE SOUTH EAST OF ENGLAND** we urge you to make the trip to Central LONDON to see this film as soon as it opens, Showing from **THURSDAY, JULY 6th** at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus. **WE GUARANTEE** that you **WON'T** regret it!

POSTSCRIPT TO FILM FANS

Film fans who have not seen Mary's last film (Come Play With Me), will be pleased to know that it's still showing at the Moulin, Gt Windmill St, Soho. It has been showing at this cinema for over a year and has broken all sorts of records. If you've not already seen it, we urge you to do so. **BUT** if its a choice between 'COME PLAY WITH ME' or 'THE PLAYBIRDS' we'd like to state that 'THE PLAYBIRDS' is **TEN TIMES** better than 'Come Play With Me.'

"It'll make you fat..." warned Johnny Mash with a grin.

"Beer? Oh, who cares. I am fat, anyway..."

"You're well-rounded..." And Johnny took a nip of the buttock flesh to prove his point. The girl smiled as if he'd complimented her for an hour. She had a nice oval face, with the smooth complexion of a Latin. Her raven black hair hung down her neck way below her shoulders. She could have wrapped it around her bulging tit stuff and used it as a scarf. She oozed the aurora of sexual magnetism, a kind of current that generated in her boobs, her soft belly and the undoubted ample quim space between the thighs.

There was one point which was important when a man meets up with a girl. "Are you with some guy?" Johnny was sure the answer to his question would be yes.

"No," she said quickly. "It's a sad state of affairs... I'm the odd girl out... sickening..."

"Odd?"

"I'm not queer. I mean my friend, June, has her feller and we've got a tent already set up on the site with two bedrooms... one of those orange blue things... but I shall be sleeping alone... sickening..." She seemed to like that word.

"Where's June?"

The girl waved a hand. "Over there. And that's her bloke - the one feeling her thigh... you'd think he'd get enough... sickening..."

Johnny Mash took a fast look, observing the territory, so to speak. June was beautiful, there was no doubt, and as some sort of explanation it should be said that she was not exactly Nordic. She was coloured... not white... or pink... but with a nice coffee stain... and she had lovely brown eyes and lips that looked as if they could weld a man's mouth to hers for ever. She wore the inevitable jeans - Brutus jeans, if the makers do not mind a mention - and the full flesh made the jeans into cylinders of artistic satisfaction. June was a new breed and if flesh is an expression of joy in nature, then June was busting out all over. Her breasts hung fully in a check shirt and the two top buttons were loose. If the remainder burst away then beer drinking would suddenly stop in the pub.

"For heck's sake don't sleep alone," muttered Johnny and his eyes asked the rest of the sexy questions of the girl.

"You haven't got a bedroll?"

"I'm a poor lone guy..." he joked.

the girl with the Latin complexion pouted red lips. "You look okay... you know... horny... a bit dirty... I like scruffy jeans... and whiskers... I tell you what I don't like. I don't like men who are stuffed inside eighty quid suits like dummies in a multiple tailor's window. sickening.. I mean, they're not real..."

"I'm real," said Johnny. "And what's more I'd like to share your bedroom in the tent. You'll find that I'm

very real."

"I bet," pouted the girl. "Well, you're on - and you can take that any way you like."

"I'm on," corroborated Johnny.

"Don't drink too much of that piss," warned the girl.

"Why?"

"It's ghastly when a man has to lift off the body beautiful in the middle of the shagging for a piss. I'm Wendy, by the way..."

"I'm Johnny," he said. "Cripes - what a marvellous pub!"



CHAPTER NINE

The primitive old pub was okay. The crowd of drinkers stayed until thrown out, and that was way past eleven. There was a hell of a row for about fifteen minutes while the bed-rollers lurched out in their thick boots and carrying the gear on their backs. Other people of both sexes wandered off to homes or holiday accommodation. Two police surveyed the crowd with grins and folded arms. There were not many cars.

Johnny Mash stuck fast to the lovely Wendy, not merely because she had lush flesh and sexy hair but because he needed that night under canvas. He had slept in ditches but they smelled. If Wendy smelled he reckoned she would give a sensual odour, the kind of animal thing that reached out and made a man's balls tingle.

So they wandered away into the night and as the two girls did not have a bed-roll to lug around – their tent was already set up somewhere – Johnny was free to slip a hand around Wendy. As the voluptuous June was being hugged and felt, deep stuff, tit and bum, by her guy, Johnny felt it only right that he should try his hand. And it was soon obvious that Wendy expected to be felt all over.

The coffee-coloured June was laughing sexily with her man. She offered him her fleshy lips for suck-kisses many times as they strolled along. The guy was tall, lean, jean-clad, his hair nicely curled around his neck and some sort of black fuzz on his chin which he thought was a beard. Johnny reckoned to get on all right with this bloke. After all, the hand of friendship was giving him a night's kip. He discovered that the guy's name was Nick. What else didn't seem to matter. It didn't matter to Johnny. He called out: "Thanks for the night's shelter, Nick..."

"Thank Wendy, feller... she might have been sniffing around me during the night – and June doesn't like rivals..."

"Thanks, June," Johnny called out.

"You are welcome," came the cockney voice. "Cripes – you'll have a handful with Wendy... she's a sex maniac..."

"Thanks, you split arse," yelled Wendy.

June giggled in the night, some yards ahead of Johnny Mash and Wendy. "Watch it – that feller might split you further than you need for biological reasons."

"There isn't a man alive who can do that..."

"You'll meet one some day..."

They were a happy bunch who walked up the lane and left the lights of the town behind. There were fields on all sides. Behind them staggered some people carrying the bed-rolls, girls and blokes. Apparently there was a camp sight just ahead and they expected to set up tents and doss down. With stomachs full of rough cider they would not feel the chill in the ground. And with amiable



fleshy moulds of female flesh to hug, the guys wouldn't come to much harm.

Johnny forgot all about the roll of micro-film. It lay safe in his imitation leather jacket.

His needs were some covering over his head and some breakfast. And in the interval if he got his arms around the juicy Wendy and his penis length fully sheathed into her slit, he would be happy. What more could he ask? He was only thinking about essential things!

The orange and blue tent stood among plenty of similar things, some small and some large. All the campers were not young bed-rollers; some family people were there with kids. A few motor caravans were parked around and there were proper toilets and fresh tap water facilities. But Johnny wasn't very interested in the detail because with one hand waist-wise around Wendy, sliding up from time to time to cup the lush dangling titty, he suddenly realised he

was tired. He unwisely told the girl this...

"Not too tired, I hope," she muttered.

"Oh, no - not that kind of tiredness. Funny thing about a man's horny appetite - it is separate from everyday things. I mean, a man could have a pain in the gut and still want to shag. The urgency of sex overcomes many things..."

Wendy's oval face came close to his. "I hope you are right. It's bad enough spending the night in the tent and listening to June being screwed into the ground by Nick and keeping the pussy warm with your own hand..."

"I'll keep it warm..."

"Nice boy... okay, let's get inside..."

He kissed her because she was near enough for this lips writhing exercise. His mouth mashed on her pouted lips and the feeling of deep heat in the womanly body seemed to well up, right from her cunt flesh, through her belly and into the mouth. They stood locked together for some encouraging moments and let the steamy feeling of gut sex run through them. Their lip pads rolled and sucked, eating and tonguing. The taste of passion hinted at some great things to come. And come he had no doubt he would.

"You're lovely," he told her.

"To a horny man like you all females are lovely..."

"You are probably right," he admitted.

"Let's get inside and run down the zip..."

She was referring to the flap on the door of the tent and not his jeans. He grinned when he discovered that. The tent was large and the interior held the usual camping items such as a stove and blankets, pots and pans, cans of food and a lantern. One side of the tent made another room - a bedroom, Wendy called it.

"Mine," she said. "For lonely me... I was mad to come along with Nick and Jane..."

"Mostly because Nick is always up her nick?" he grinned.

"Something like that..."

The proceedings were something like a strip-tease to Johnny Mash because his jolly prog was standing upright in anticipation. Just to hold Wendy and tit-squeeze was enough to add another degree of rigidity to the penis. And when Nick and June went into their side of the tent and pointedly zipped down the partition, Johnny was alone with the rounded bitch-shape of Wendy.

"Christ, I'm hungry," he muttered.

In a corner, among the rolls of blankets, there were some provisions and Wendy quickly tossed him some packets of crisps.

"Am I supposed to shag on these?" he protested.

"It's all for free, pal..."

"I suppose so..."

"Hunger makes a man fit for anything..."

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"Maybe you are right... a full belly isn't good when a man is rutting and humping frantically up and down on the soft pad of wench flesh..."

"How you talk. Where'd you come from?" Like all girls, she was mildly curious about a guy. After all, she was offering her blit and her mould of warm flesh, so she was entitled to feel some interest in the male. A man wasn't just an extended length of genital muscle, was he?

"North London," he said.

"That could mean anything," she mocked. "I bet you're married... running away from the stupid bitch... the world is full of people running away..."

"Not married at all," he told her flatly. "And if I was I wouldn't run away. It's the economics of life that I'm escaping from... a job... money... the lack of it... and a guy in London who

wants to fit me out with a concrete overcoat..."

"You'll be better off wrapped up with my flesh..."

"That is obvious." Johnny grinned and took off his jacket. He sat down and slipped out of the faded jeans. His erection bulged obviously in his crimson underpants and the girl seemed to glow as she feasted on the evidence of horny zest.

"You look good," she said.

"I feel good. And what about you, Wendy? Is this just a randy camping exercise? I mean, you've got a job... parents..."

"I've got all those bloody things," she mocked, "and right now I don't want you to remind me of them. I want some sex action, you big lug!"

She began to strip off, purposely, with no attempt to tease. It wasn't the kind of strip where the girl shows off her charms, joggling tit and sticking out the buttock mould. It was just a strip for action. She got out of jeans and white T-shirt in no time. She stood naked in seconds, a full womanly but girlish shape that made his cock suddenly throb to a new tautness.

"Hold me," she murmured. "It's a bit cool in this bloody tent..."

He held her, skin to skin, contours shaping to each other. His tool had desires to insert but he played the waiting game, wrestling in a body impact that was hot with sexual fervour. She grabbed at his underpants and slid them down. They fell to his ankles and he kicked them away. The genital tool pulsed even more and licked at her belly. For some moments he bent his knees because he was taller than Wendy and the penis rubbed wetly on the lips of the vagina entrance. The damned thing was eager for insertion.

But there had to be more to this lush encounter with the willing Wendy than a standup bash. They had to get snug, locked together, covered with a blanket so that the sex heat permeated them and bore them along into an erotic world where the mind screwed as well as the body.

As if by mutual consent they fell to the blanket and snuggled down, laughing, writhing and wrestling. Wendy pulled another blanket over them and their naked bodies clashed and slid, skin on skin, his knee coming up hard against her box. She wriggled voluptuously on the pounding knee as if this harsh contact was a reminder of the sexual feast ahead.

Johnny had this compulsion to stall the actual penetration, so he played with the lush titty stuff, moulding the boobs into some fascinating shapes. He pressed the nipples in until they almost disappeared. Then he stretched the flesh and the rubbery tips elongated and then snapped back when he let go. It was silly stuff, this tit fondling, but part of the game. She was moaning her pleasure, wriggling, smoothing deeply into his body, the hairs on her pubic zone rub-

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bing erotically against his cock. She shoved a hand down and grabbed his length and fondled it savagely until some lubricant was squeezed from the tip and went right over her hand.

She was a smashing sex partner, he felt sure, but he had not poked right into the cunt space. That would come. Everything would come – including his semen. He hoped she was eating her bloody pills because if she wasn't she wouldn't be the first girl to return home from a camping holiday to watch her stomach grow over the months.

He realised what Wendy meant by being lonely in the tent because he could hear all the rutting sounds of a man with a girl coming from June and Nick on the other side of the thin partition sheet. Wendy must have suffered some nights of the long distance – and lonely – shagger.

They were nicely warm, enveloped in sex heat, the blankets keeping the gut warmth in and the tent keeping the night air out. He supposed all around the camp site there was some vast amount of shafting going on. Just to think of all those male pumps going full blast and the resultant seed going to waste was an incredible thought.

Johnny Mash floated sensually on top of the girl, his cock feeling the girlish flesh part against the brutal probe of his tool. He was in... totally... encased in the warm sensual sheath... the clit taking some punishment...

He began the rhythm that is exploded all the human species into existence, poking grimly and brutally now that he had got started on the savage assault that is whimsically called making love. She whimpered her joy at being shagged. She was utterly female, the new kind, the bitch shape that enjoys the sheer satisfaction of being fucked to exhaustion. She was on the pill, alright, he knew. Her deep joy at being shagged was because of this liberating factor.

Johnny Mash was the frantic male who needed the blind rush to explode his seed into the unknown. He thudded roughly into her ample body, the bone above his cock hitting hard into the bone of her pubic region. Soon they were warm with sex sweats and smelling delightfully of the animal lust they shared.

Deeper... deeper... if it was possible, while she clung to his naked shoulders, sometimes rolling her hands down his back until the fingers dug into his lean, bucking backside. She, too, wanted the impossible – the feeling that he would never let go and that they were welded forever. She had given herself in a lusting female greed and enjoyed being taken. Her anatomy was being used fully and sexually, the ultimate in being a woman. Soon he would spurt all the lovely messy stuff deep into her quim and she would glow with sensual happiness...

Free of fears, the two shagged on, the moment of genital truth close to hand. Free from guilt, they clawed and con-



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sumed the other's sex energy.

And then Johnny blasted his seminal stuff into the hot hole of this female and exulted while he gasped and fought for breath, such was his exertion. Gone was his pretence that he was tired. As he had said, sex energy is a different thing...

She was stuffed good and proper. She was now in receipt of his gift to womanhood. The sticky fluids had blasted into the dark pinkish recesses of her pussy space and her biology could do what it liked with this generous present from manhood.

"You are screwed!" he gasped.

"Oh! Oh! Lovely... that was great... Johnny..." she gluped, clung. Her generous spread of titty dished bountifully against his chest. She writhed, still under the hot flushes of her sexual excitement. "Do it again... again..."

"You bet..." he muttered. "But give me time, you lovely poke..."

"Oh – you men – always shattered after a grind. What does that ejaculation do to you, anyway? I've always wondered..."

"Haven't you asked in your sex career?"

"I never get a real answer. Some guys are too busy panting."

"The spit leaves me a bit knackered..." Johnny gulped.

"Why? I feel like going on for ever..."

"That's because you just lie back and take it..."

"We have an exhaustion point... orgasms..."

Johnny rubbed his mouth deep into her lips. Then: "Shut up and wait for it. The gut stamina will return..."

They were silent for some minutes and had to listen to frantic whispers and slapping sounds from the other side of the tent. Somebody was having a backside slapped. Someone was gulping as if all the air in the body had been pumped out. The erotic whispers, the sensual laughing, the moans of joy – all came to the ears of Johnny Mash and Wendy as they lay momentarily silent.

"Those two buggers are having a ball..."

"It's been like this for three nights," whispered Wendy. "I have suffered..."

"And you didn't get a guy? Not one from the pub – or this site?"

"I'm shy..."

"Shit," he said. "What was it?"

Wendy stretched voluptuously in his skin embrace. "Oh, hell – you should guess – I was having my periods. Now I'm okay – hot as all hell. You've got me just at the height of my randy urges..."

Her candid comments simply made him horny again, as she had anticipated, and he began the slow writhe that told her his sexual stamina was returning. He rolled his gut to her belly, his tool sliding wetly over the soft gentle skin and giving him a horny thrill. He wondered momentarily if she would take the male length in her mouth... some didn't like it... others could be astonishingly greedy for it... he had known a girl in the lurid past who sucked and sucked... like a man at a breast... a baby on a feeding nipple. This silly bitch had a huge mouth, it was true, and no inhibitions. She had been a fat slob of girlhood to who all fleshy things came naturally. And his fat prick had been a natural for her full lips. She'd practically eaten the bloody thing at one time... causing him the physical agonies... nothing was so unbearable and yet so pleasurable as that pair of big sucking lips...

"What on earth are you thinking about?" demanded Wendy.

He thought he might as well tell her. He explained in depth. "She was a sexually greedy bitch..."

"So it would seem. Am I sexually greedy pal?"

"You have a nice natural appetite."

"Is all sex dirty?"

"All?"

"You know... the kind of practice you've just described..."

"Not if the partners in the primitive orgy like it and are still friends at the end of it..."

"So anything goes with you, Johnny?"

"Almost anything..."

"Almost!" she mocked. "I perceive some scruples. If you were married, would you wife swap?"

"You have some lovely curiosities..."

"Would you?"

He grinned down at her, smelling the

sweet smell of her body still in sex heat, the beautiful porno female under him. "If the wife wanted another stiff poker inside her and felt our relationship could stand the pressures that might result - okay."

"A man of ifs..."

"Well, all hypothetical questions must be answered on that qualification."

"Now you're showing off your A levels..."

He began to show her something else, feeling that they had yapped long enough. He slid up her body, still astride her, until his underhanging balls were level with her face and, indeed, the genitalia were pressing down on her wet lips.

He shoved - and the penis found contact with her lips. She seemed to hesitate - and then, slowly, she opened her mouth and her tongue licked out like a snake and tasted the bulbous tip of his tool. They didn't speak again. The animalish contact was conveying all burning desires and comments. He shoved gently again and his penis found further space beyond her lips. She kissed the thing in a caressing way, soft red lips sliding over the sensitive end of his penis. She seemed to gulp momentarily as strange fluids reached her taste buds, but she swallowed the next moment.

For Johnny Mash the thrills were maddeningly keen, tearing from his penis, streaking through his brain and whole being. On one hand he wanted



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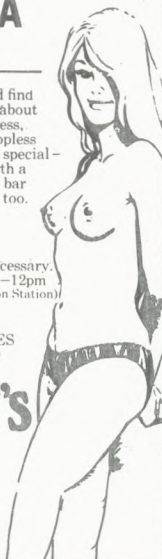
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madly to heave out his genital length and ram it into the natural slit between her thighs and on the other hand he felt he must suffer these agonising ecstasies a bit more. It was a beautiful pain, sensual, crazy, out of this world.

He twisted his head back as the agony and pleasure tore through him and his face contorted. His hands clutched and clawed at the blankets.

"Aw - hell - I'll come - I'll come -"

She was in danger of getting a real mouthful. He didn't wish to spit into her mouth. He wanted it the conventional way - yet he could not jerk the penis away.

Wendy knew she was giving him hell. She smiled with strangely bright eyes, her oval face flushed with warm tints. She lipped and lipped, knowing she was giving him the agonies of the damned. Then she suddenly spat the thing out and swallowed once or twice.

"God!" she gasped. "What an experience! I didn't realise it was huge..."

"It isn't..."

"It seemed enormous..."

"That's because it was in your mouth. You don't think it's so enormous in your cunt..."

"Just seems right... cosy... alive... a bit of man..."

Johnny gasped and lay flat against her for what seemed a long time, soaking up the sex in her warm body, the titty softness and the little warm writhing movements of her thighs against his. Then he began to undulate, moving significantly against her, indicating his desire to shag. She slowly opened her thighs. He slid in the lovely channel and the stiff tool naturally found the wet sex lips. He began to penetrate, going in deeper with every forward push in his sexual rhythm.

The night under the tent was a lush collision between two people naturally sexed and free from guilt. They used each other's heat and genitals, feeling that nature had provided these gutsy joys and that they should be exploited. Johnny Mash rutted and dived - and the girl opened. She was open so much by the male that the juicy hole seemed as if it would never again contract.

Johnny's imitation leather jacket hung carelessly over a camp stool, the little roll of film forgotten.

The night settled down and the moon scudded unseen by the campers, the public in general - and certainly by the lot in Bruno Cassidy's swank residence.

But the shagging in that house had been thorough and totally passionate. Bruno had been successful in pairing off the various parties to suit his own ideas on the subject. Steve Waterman was bedded down with Carol, not that he had any objection to that gift of sensual bedmate. The objections had come mainly from Elaine Wilson because she did not like forming part of a trio with Rita.

As she had said to Bruno hotly at the start, about midnight, when the brandy and sherry had warmed the desires as it fooled the brain. "Make a trio! With



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that slut!" Rita was in the toilet and could not hear or maybe tits might have been clawed. Elaine was showing plenty in a low-cut dress she had donned for the night.

"I want you by my side," he had said, grinning wickedly.

"Then throw that dark-haired slut out where she belongs - in the street..."

He decided to attack from another angle. "Haven't you ever thought of the permutations in flesh?"

"Permutations that excite you, Bruno..."

"They could be of sexual interest to you, too, my dear."

"How the hell is that?"

"Well, some women like to observe their man screwing another girl... a sort of perverse thrill... it's natural... a sort of voyeurism... quite in order..."

She looked dubious. "You think I'd get a kick out of watching you steep it in that bitch?"

"When we're all together in the same

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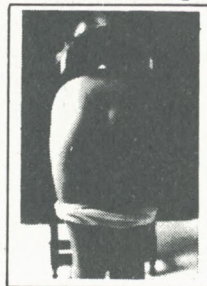
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bed, comforted by the shared sexual heat, you'll see that is not extraordinary. You know I have other women, darling. You know I'm not exactly virtuous..."

"Hardly..."

"Well?" He wanted an answer before Rita returned from her pee.

Something had occurred to Elaine. Her greenish eyes gleamed. "She'll have to watch me taking your peeny, too, darling. She won't like that. I do hope you have the energy..."

"I'll have the stamina," he boasted.

"You can shag my blit first," she said vulgarly. "Then I'll laugh when you feed a soft do-dah to that Rita Bell bitch..."

Bruno squared his shoulders, slid a patronising arm around the girl's shoulders. As they walked to the centre of the big lounge, where Steve sat close to Carol and allowed her body warmth to seep into him, Bruno was sure he had it all arranged. He told Steve his role for the night in tones that were practically an order.

"You will sleep with Carol." He leered. "You have no objections."

Steve nearly said that with nine bloody bedrooms they could all sleep alone. If they were bloody hermaphrodites they could spend all night fucking themselves. But that kind of way-out talk was not the way to flatter Bruno. Anyway, Carol was a lovable screw - he knew.

"Suits me," he murmured, glass in

hand. He looked at Carol, seeing her blonde look, the blue eyes so frank. She looked good in that new dress. The titty moulds cupped neatly in a bra that suggested she was something on a menu. Her thighs reached out like twin fleshy jetties to the ultimate thrill. "And you?" Steve could not resist the question.

Bruno Cassidy squared his shoulders. "My appetite is a bit more comprehensive than yours, dear boy. I mean, I am older, so much more experienced. Oh, you have sex zest - but I have this appreciation of the female which is so perfect that Rita and Elaine have consented to sleep with me tonight."

"A trio," murmured Steve. "Two girls - and one man."

Carol overheard. "Two men and one girl can be fun..." She was suffering her vaginal itch again, the urge that told her she needed a good hard shag. "Simultaneous insertion is a big thing..."

"Simultaneous insertion?" Bruno seemed to gulp at the daring visions it portrayed.

"One cock from the rear attacking position and the other from the front," said Carol blandly. "Both in the vagina, of course..."

"Of course," agreed Bruno. His shirt collar felt like a band of fire. His cunning brain wondered if this blond bitch was kidding him along. He didn't like to be made fun of... "Both in the vagina?"

"Can be done," said Carol. "I knew a lady wrestler who could take it - but she was six feet one inch and big all round. What's that in metrics?"

"Does it matter?" grinned Steve.

The bewitching hour of midnight came and went and the music from the palm court records was becoming boring. They'd had enough to drink, if anyone can get enough of free booze. Anyway, bed had a definite appeal. Carol and Steve wandered off to their room upstairs. Bruno took the arms of Rita and Elaine, smiling like a horny chimpanzee. "Let's go..."

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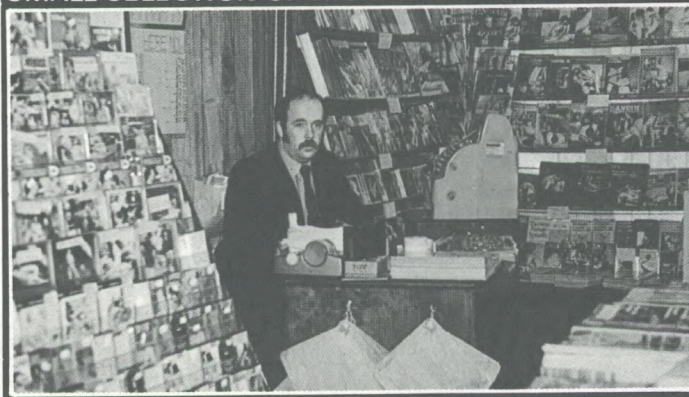
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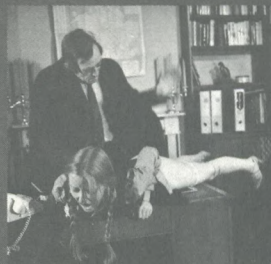
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