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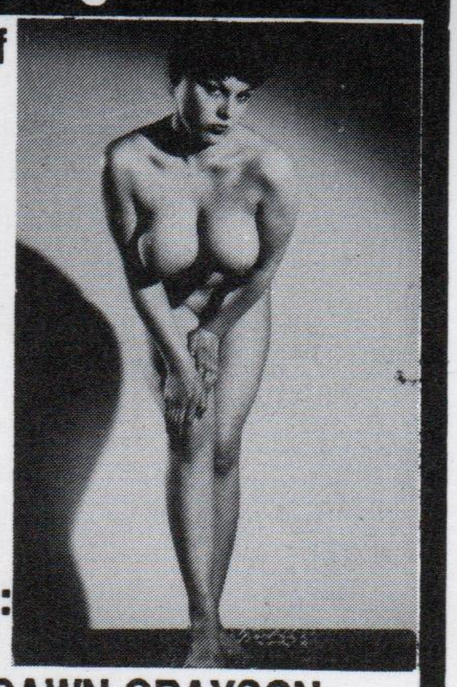
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- **a frank discussion of sexual topics can lead to a deeper understanding of the sexual needs and problems which both men and women may face.**
- **the vast majority of mature men and women are interested in learning about the sexual experience of others, and should be allowed to learn more on this subject.**
- **sex between consenting adults, including lesbians and homosexuals, is a vital personal freedom.**
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SAGAN'S SECRET SEX-LIFE



People are fond of telling you that attending university is an opportunity for self-discovery, personal growth and broadening your experience. Which is true enough I suppose. Take me for instance. I've only been at university for two terms and already I've learned things about myself I scarcely imagained possible. And my experience? Well, that's so broadened it looks like it's been flattened by a fleet of runaway steam-rollers. I'm spread so thin right now that if you held me up to the light (always supposing you had nothing better to do, that is) you could see right through me. And what would you see? Sagan. Sagan permeates me like a watermark permeates paper. She's indelible. She runs through every fibre of my being. I am stamped through and through with her image, her face, her body. I'm like a stick of Blackpool rock. Cut me in half and you'd find her name running right through me. She is as ever-present in me as the Queen's head is on bank notes. Sagan. The name alone makes her sound like a character from *Dallas* or *Dynasty.* And I suppose in many ways she is. Young, beautiful, rich, American — and incorrigibly manipulating. A teenage Machiavelli of the emotions who makes Joan Collins look as ingenuous as Maria von Trapp. When I told her this the other night she just laughed and bit my nipples in the tender cruel way she has that makes the plump, randy buds bigger and harder than anyone else can.

"Manipulating'! *Moi?* Listen, my little super-sexy, teenage tit-slave: the only things I'm remotely interested in manipulating are your superb, creamy-skinned, swollen-tipped mega-breasts." She grinned at me impishly, her small, cool hands purposefully mirroring her words as they skilfully worked the twin mountains of meat like promiscuous blancmanges on my upper body. I want to *squeeze* them, *pull* them, *pinch* them. "I want to smear them with oil and spank them. Bind them with cord until they bulge like balloons and the nipples turn purple. I want to lick them and bite them and suck on their indecently huge, fruity tips until they're raw. I want to hear you squealing with ecstasy day after day, night after night as I put your unimaginably immense, desirable, adorable meatballs through their never-ending paces."

I laughed too at this lurid catalogue of unlikely, sexy horrors. Sagan has the vividest imagination and a colourful way of expressing herself that makes everything she says sound outrageously raunchy and exciting. Just listening to the depraved minx rabbiting on with her obscene nonsense I could almost imagine myself turning on to some of that stuff.

"Wait till we're in California," she continued eagerly.

"Dad's bought a house for me at Pajaro Dunes in Monterrey. We'll have our own stretch of beach and I'll oil you every day and put you out in the sun to turn brown. This English rose complexion is all very well in Surrey, but if you lay around looking like that in California the cops are sure to mistake you for a corpse and you'll end up in the morgue with a ticket on your toe!"

"I haven't said I'll go yet. Not for certain," I reminded her cautiously.

"Of course you'll come. Why wouldn't you come! You love me don't you?" she wheedled shamelessly.

"I never said that."

"But you do, don't you?" she persisted.

I shrugged, powerless to suppress the smile that seemed to blossom inside me like a buttercup every time this brilliant creature turned her warmth on me like the sun. Sagan beamed at me triumphantly and buried her face between my boobs.

"I knew it," she mumbled gleefully as she wallowed hog-like in my immense, undulating titty-trough. "I knew you'd come!"

I suppose before we go any further I should tell you something about myself. My name is Pamela, I come from Bishop's Stortford, I am nineteen years old, and at present I am a student at the University of Surrey, in Guildford, studying to be a nutritionist. Like a lot of first-year students I live on campus where I share a flat with a Home Economics student called Jenny. Living on campus in a modern, purpose-built university can make for a very insular way of life. We have everything here — houses, shops, launderettes, banks, restaurants, cafes, sports facilities, film clubs, discos etc. It's quite possible to live here without ever venturing into the town. It's a very comfortable, cosseted, *elitist* way of life and on the face of it not one calculated to broaden a person's experience very much. On the contrary, it often results in apathy, torpor and complacency in the unwary. After a year spent living on campus I suspect reality can come as something of a shock to those who allow themselves to be seduced too completely by its undeniable blandishments. Still; having said that, there are undoubtedly opportunities for 'personal growth'. Especially in the area of 'inter-personal relations' (i.e. sex).

Not surprisingly, in a mixed, unmonitored community of some 3,500 adolescents, sex (in its various social manifestations) features very prominently on the unwritten agenda. In fact, so much thought, time and energy goes into fantasizing about it, talking about it, pursuing it and consummating it, that it must remain a never-ending wonder that any work ever gets done at all. Whoever it was that decided long ago that 18-22 was a suitable age for people to pursue academic achievement must have known as much about human beings as Ronald Reagan knows about the arse-end of the Crab Nebula. University (contrary to the popular misconception) is not a *lecture* theatre — it is a theatre of *war.* A holy war at that. A bloodstained battleground where brain cells and harmones fight it out, *a outrance,* to secure converts to their respective and irreconcilable causes. Needless to say the hormones generally win. Which brings us rather neatly I suppose, to the subject of *my* sexuality.

Coming to university is the first real opportunity I've had of getting to grips with this thorny issue. I don't know if it's different for boys, but being a girl living at home, I found myself somehow pressurized, in ways that are hard to pin down or characterize precisely, into constantly 'postponing' the questions; as if my family was somehow set in concrete and there was no room for it. I felt my relationship to my mother and father was so rigidly defined that there could be no question of it expanding to include these new developments. I was confused and frustrated by this at first, but realized eventually that 'growing up' was something I would have to do away from home. It was almost as if the brittle fabric that enclosed my family was too delicate, too fragile, to accommodate this cataclysmic upheaval. I knew instinctively it would crack and crumble like eggshell if this particular chick didn't fly the nest and hatch out elsewhere.

What made the whole business doubly difficult (for me at any rate) was my growing awareness that I was not, strictly speaking, heterosexual. I was well aware that 'crushes' between adolescent girls are a normal stage in sexual development — but I was equally aware that in my case it was not something I was going to 'grow



out of'. If anything my attraction towards my own sex grew more and more clearly defined. I had sex with boys and wasn't positively turned off by it: but the experience somehow laced the completeness I had felt when my girlfriends and I had fooled around together when we were younger, exploring ourselves and each other, rehearsing and experimenting with sex the way young girls do. Although I got an undeniable buzz out of playing with a boy's dick — stroking it, sucking it, making it grow hard and feeling it inside me or between my tits — I missed the exquisite smoothness, softness and roundness of a girl's body. Those characteristic, silky, feminine contours. The way her hair smelled. The scent of her skin. The tenderness of her hands and lips and tongue. The time and care she took to caress and fondle me. Her instinctive knowledge of how and where to touch. However, in my parochial world of Bishop's Stortford, none of this seemed remotely acceptable behaviour amongst adults. These were feelings I had to hide, even from myself if possible. In Bishop's Stortford girls went out with boys and boys went out with girls. There was nothing in between. If homosexuality did exist there, it remained securely closeted.

Imagine my 'culture shock', therefore, upon arriving at university to discover a whole new role where 'deviant' sex not only existed but was actually elevated to the status of an institution. People here could join Gay and Lesbian societies the way they joined the Film Club or the Squash Club or the Amateur Operatic Society. There were girls here the same age as me who didn't just suspect they might be lesbian — they knew it! And what's more they were proud of it They talked about it openly; even wrote about it in the student publications: discussed their 'needs', their 'problems', their 'rights'. They even had their own discos where you had to be a fuck



ing dyke to get in, for God's sake!!! To say I was astonished and delighted would be putting it mildly. I have to confess, I was so overwhelmed by all this during my first term, I threw myself into the fleshy cauldron of easily-available, casual sex with perhaps a little too much zeal and abandon. The sudden liberation of my repressed sensuality rushed to my head like the bubbles in a bottle of champagne once the cork's been popped. It was intoxicating. And it was easy. For the undeniable truth is, yours truly turned out to be a very welcome addition to the lesbian scene on campus. The pool of available females wasn't limitless by any means and the arrival of an exceedingly pretty, wide-eyed, mega-breasted, irrepressibly eager and curious young tit-baby was viewed with unalloyed pleasure by those young women who were in the market for a little lesbian playmate with such obvious fleshy allurements. Suffice it to say I was very popular, very much in demand, and in my callow eagerness to please (myself as well as others) I put my stuff about rather too readily. So much so, I'm afraid to say, that I began to acquire something of a reputation for being 'easy meat'. During those first few months I guess I fairly did the rounds of the les disco lizards who perched on their bar stools, sipping *pina coladas,* sunning themselves under the sparkling mirror-balls and just waitng for a toothsome morsel like me to flutter within range of their sticky, reptilian tongues. For the better part of an entire term I was tongued, sucked, tweaked, bitten, licked, laved and nibbled in ways and to a degree that had hitherto only formed the stuff of my wildest, most secret fantasies. In no time at all I learned the true meaning of 'French' and 'Greek' oral examinations while crop-haired bull dykes and black-leather tit-queens scored (often two at a time!) off my monstro tit-ends, basting me with their hot, pungent pussy-dew until my sex-swollen jugs gleamed like greased torpedoes between their thighs. Mind you, while it's undoubtedly true that for some women big tits can provide a delightfully satisfying penis substitute — for others there is no substitute. For these women *prosthesis* provides the answer. You would scarcely believe some of the unspeakable appliances I've been skewered and impaled on, or how often I have lain or crouched with every distended, drooling orifice filled to bursting with rippling plastic pythons, vibrating rubber cactii and jack-hammer phalluses — all gleaming with KY and bristling with more clitoral stimulators than a battleship has guns. Don't get me wrong: I enjoyed this predatory cat-and-mouse game. It didn't take me long to discover that I got off in a big way on being stalked, seduced, overpowered and ravished in this outrageous manner. These girls played their games and I played mine. We all got what we wanted ... even if it wasn't always what we needed.

For the fact is, after an entire term of muff-diving, fist-ducking and playing 'pass-the-dildo' with the prettiest and best Guildford had to offer, I was dismayed to discover that there still seemed to be something lacking. I had expected to be fulfilled by this surfeit of sexy, willing, female flesh: and I wasn't. So for a while I just carried on playing my games — hoping, I suppose, to sate my emptiness with sheer quantity. After all (I reasoned) if that elusive, indefinable something I was searching for wasn't to be found in either men or women — then I had to recognize that my options were dwindling rapidly. And I had all but resigned myself to accepting that my nameless longing was something I would just have to learn to live with — when Sagan appeared. Like Michael Rennie in that old black-and-white sci-fi movie, she dropped into my life from another planet and made my spinning world stand still. That was in the final week of my second term at university — the week designated as Lesbian & Gay Awareness Week by the Students' Union. There were all sorts of events scheduled for that week — such as talks, seminars, discussions, screenings of films and videos, a































play, and finally, on Saturday night, a Lesbian & Gay Disco — and Sagan was one of the guest 'speakers' invited by my room-mate, Jenny.

I had only moved in with Jenny at the beginning of that term. Not surprisingly, a lot of room-changing goes on at the beginning and end of each term, as old friendships stale and new ones blossom to take their place. Although Jenny is lesbian too (what a dreadful word: sounds like some awful congenital disorder!) she and I weren't lovers. Wisely, I think, we both recognized the inadvisability of trying to share a small flat with someone we happend to be involved with. The inevitable jealousies, resentments and arguments that are such a prominent feature of passionate young relationships made for a rather stressful, strife-ridden existence, that was far from conducive to successful study. Our association from the first was based on the more reliable, less ephemeral, and infinitely less volatile foundation of simple friendship and mutual liking. Jenny is twenty-four, what we call a 'mature student' — but she is mature in more ways than that. Despite my well-deserved, promiscuous reputation, Jenny could see that I was basically confused and disoriented — and vulnerable. She decided to take me under her wing, assuming the role of a big sister as it were. But not, I hasten to add, in a strident, condescending or patronizing way. She didn't attempt to interfere with my relationships or to preach at me in any way at all. She was content to provide me with a stable emotional base and to lead by example I suppose. And her friendship, and the sane, companionable refuge of our flat, did indeed have a steadying influence on me. My sleeping around became less frenetic — and I began to involve myself (in a small way) in the 'politcal' as opposed to the purely sensual consequences of my sexuality. I can't pretend I was profoundly interested in this 'politicial' stuff, but

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Jenny is very committed to the feminist cause and the Women's Movement generally, and I began to help out in various practical ways simply because I enjoyed being with her and doing stuff together. I admired her tremendously and sometimes wished I could be like her. But we both knew I never would; and that acceptance of *me* as I am made me feel good. I realized that was something I never experienced at home. Something I badly needed. And Jenny gave it to me. I suppose in a way she provided that nest I needed to hatch out in. Under Jenny's light but broody wing, I began to grow up.

Jen was one of the leading lights of the Union and, not surprisingly, very active in the preparations for Lesbian & Gay Awareness Week. It was while helping out with these preparations that I first heard Sagan's name.

"Sagan?" I inquired curiously. "Is that a girl?"

Jenny looked up from the itinerary she was compiling and smiled. "Yes," she replied. "Sagan DeOssie. She's American."

"That explains it," I nodded sagely. "Unusual name."

"Her family's very wealthy. Father's some kind of electronics wizz-kid in Silicon Valley. Made a fortune in micro-chips. Her mother's English though. That's one of the reasons she's over here. Visiting family."

"How come you know her?" I asked.

"We met while I was in the States last summer. Camp America. You know the sort of thing."

I nodded then hesitated. Jenny smiled and shook her head indulgently. "No. We weren't lovers," she laughed.

I grinned back at her, always impressed by her infallible ability to read my mind. Or maybe it's just that I'm so predictable.

"What's she going to do?"

"Oh; talk about the Gay and Lesbian scene in the States — California particularly. Changing social attitudes, consciousness raising problems, significant legislation and litigation — that sort of thing. She also writes and performs her own songs. She might do a bit of that: I'm not sure."

There was another pause.

"What day is she booked for?" I inquired nonchalantly.

"The Friday. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered if she'd be staying over for the disco on Saturday," I replied disingenuously.

Jenny regarded me quizzically with her disconcerting X-ray eyes. "What's the matter, Pamela? Your date fallen through?"

I shrugged uncomfortably.

"You've never met *anyone* like Sagan before," she assured me.

She didn't know how right she was.

I have to admit to a twinge of disappointment on first seeing Sagan. She wasn't my idea of a millionairess. I doubt she was anybody's idea of a millionairess — least of all her millionaire parents. She certainly didn't dress like the Carringtons. No Giorgio Armani; no Calvin Klein; not a suggestion of a shoulder-pad. Zilch. In her faded jeans, baggy argyle sweater and ripped Tretorn tennis shoes (worn without any socks!) she looked more like one of those 'Street People' you see on *Newsnight,* sleeping in cardboard boxes outside the State Department in Washington. There wasn't the remotest hint of inherited wealth about her. It was indecent. I felt cheated. It even occurred to me to wonder if Jenny hadn't been pulling my leg again. Worse still, our poor little rich girl arrived late. Twenty-five minutes after her talk was due to start she rolled up outside the Union building in a battered red Golf convertible with a sticker on the back that read: WINE ME, DINE ME, 69 ME! Jenny (who was having kittens by this time) had gone on ahead to the venue to see what could be done to redeem the situation while I hung on at the Union to show Ms. DeOssie the way to the lecture theatre in the event that she showed up there.

However, if the cothes outside the girl were less than eyecatching, the girl inside the clothes was anything but. Sagan was ravishing. A radiant, honey-skinned, golden-haired creature of such exquisite perfection

she took your breath away. She may have dressed like the proverbial bag-lady but she was one of those rare individuals who simply exude style and class and quality, wherever they are, whatever they're doing — and whatever they happen to be wearing. In a bin-liner or a bikini — Sagan would always turn heads, cause eyes to bulge, tongues to drool and loins to stir lasciviously. That's just the way she is.

I was still struggling to reconcile this mass of contradictory impressions two hours later as we were sitting in the canteen having tea. Her talk had been a great success and girls kept pausing at our table to congratulate her. No one seemed to notice that she was late, or care. Indeed, the small audience seemed somewhat in awe of her, almost as if they regarded this sublime, tanned goddess as some kind of *guru.* The fact that she was from San Fransisco (regarded by many as the spiritual home of the Gay and Lesbian movements) undoubtedly had something to do with that. But mostly it was her presence, her personality — and her voice. Her laid-back West Coast accent was a delight to listen to. It seemed to wash over you as warm and invigorating as a soft Pacific swell, and we all sat mesmerized. Then she answered questions, fielding her audience's queries with a gentle wit and assurance that endeared her to them even more. And to end, she did indeed perform a couple of her own songs. I had been dreading this bit from the moment I saw her produce the guitar from the back seat of the VW. (You know how it is. So many people who imagine they can play and sing simply make you cringe with embarrassment and you end up hating them for it). But Sagan was really good, and I was relieved to be able to say so with genuine admiration.

The preceding couple of hours had afforded me ample opportunity to study and try to assess this beautiful foreigner. What was it about her that had such a profound effect on me? Why was I so irresistibly drawn to her? For it was an undeniable fact that Sagan fascinated me. While she and Jenny reminisced and laughed about the previous summer and caught up on each others news, I took inventory. Sagan was of medium height with blonde, waist-length hair worn in a broad plait down the centre of her back, and there was that kind of controlled power and easy athleticism about her movements that gave her the appearance of one of those beautiful, bronzed, super-brat tennis pros so beloved of the tabloids. Her breasts, so far as I could tell under her voluminous sweater, were not overly large, but it was clear from the untrammelled way they moved about that she wasn't wearing a bra. I found myself envying her. How I wished I could do that. Go around untrammelled: careless and bra-less. Don't get me wrong; my colossal titty-globes provide me and my lovers with a lot of pleasure (many of them denied to girls who lack my voluptuous endowments) and I get a real buzz out of having my hot, swollen-tipped tit-babies fondled, fawned-over and passionately worshipped by the many acolytes of fine female tit-flesh who are literally queueing up to sample



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SENSATIONAL PHOTO SETS

SET 1: Big Zoey, great centre-spread in Club International, Mayfair and the USA Coast-to-Coast, superb tits, and she spreads for you.
SET 2: Big Zoey No. 2.
SET 3: Tony, big tit star of numerous Amazons, 50+ and Peaches magazines, including her own special "Big Toni's Hot Shots" she puts on a superb spilts and tits show for you.
SET 4: Hildegarde: The biggest tits in Europe, feast your eyes on the mega-boob girl and marvel at the split-beaver show.
SET 5: Big Toni, another great set of your one and only super-boob girl, by popular request.
SET 6: Stacey joins Becky, a big tit Indian girl, to give you your very own Coffee and Cream, get yourself a double handful and come again.
SET 7: Big Toni strikes again, the shots that were too hot for 50 Plus hot shots, open slit, oily slit and wet slit.
SET 8: SB 68. Big Irma, great tits, great splits, only one set available on Irma, exclusive to S.B.
SET 9: Kitten and Candy Samples will give you a spread you won't forget, the biggest tits in Hollywood, USA. For your lasting please, a collection item.
SET 10: A double for you with two bored housewives (amateur models) who hit the bottle and lose their inhibitions, horny days are here again.
SET 11: Norma, a super fatty, tremendous globes of dangling flesh, are you man enough to handle Norma.
SET 12: Ireland's own super big tit queen, enormous udders, you'll long to feel, not to be missed.
SET 13: A great new discovery, Del, a miners' wife from Yorkshire, see how you would like to 'strike' into this horny chick.
SET 14: Honey, another great favourite, pregnant Honey gives you a dangling, hanging show.
SET 15: SB 60. The sensational Mary Edwards the big boober from Liverpool, now going further than she's ever gone before, horny action!
SET 16: The divine Chris, super-star plumper, some great open shots, this set is a triple-comer!
SET 21: Mega-Star Sam Fox needs no introduction.
SET 22: Lolita, new big-tit young girl, her first ever posing sesssion.
SET 23: Debbie Jordan, one of AMAZONS MAGAZINE first discoveries, a great 'titting and splitting' set.
SET 24: Chris needs no introduction from us, you've seen her in Peaches, Bounce and Fifty Plus, now she gives you a great OTT show. Hot Stuff.
SET 25: The sensational Tracy Neaves, the Top of all the Page Three stars, great tits, beautiful face, at enormous expense, for your eyes only previously unpublished and uncensored shots.
SET 26: Blonde beauties: A sensational set of Big-Busted Blondes, Busty Beauty Queens, a must for all collectors.
SET 27: Maxine, a big busted blonde, Yorkshire lass, with milk-heavy breasts, great oiling and spread shots.
SET 28: The sensational Debbee Ashbee, Page Three, Penthouse, Mayfair, Vidio, she's done the lot, a great set.
SET 29: **Double E Cup Bra-Busters**
Ten different super top girls, your all time mega-tit girls.
SET 30: Nicky, one of your all time favourites give you spread showing that will get you creaming, not to be missed.
SET 31: Big Toni; due to popular demand we give you another sensational set on Big Toni, just voted by the Top American Tit Magazines as Miss Tit Sensation of '86.
SET 32: Lu Varley, another great Page Three superstar, sensational firm young boobs, you'll 'come' again and again for 'her'.
SET 33: **Black Bombshell**
Ten great shots of all your tit black chicks 500 inches of super heavyweights, all your great favourites.
SET 34: Jayne. The Big Busty sensation from the Midlands, a double 'F' cup, we needn't say more she'll smother you.
SET 35: **LOLITA & LOCHINVAR**
Young Lovers, a very heavy action pix of a young heavy titted Lolita and her college stud, not for the squeamish.
SET 36: **Lesbian — Big Tit Action**
A new sort of action, the hard core shots of two big girls getting it 'on', definitely ADULTS ONLY this one.
SET 100: Mel Penny in her wet look kinky gear, she's hot, she's horny and she spreads it wide for you.
SET 101: Another great set on Zoey, this is a must for all her army of admirers.
SET 102: Everyone's favourite big titter, Toni of the enormous udders.
SET 103: The last of the red-hot mommas, big fleshy breast, horny shaven action oedipus special.
SET 104: Karen Britain the "English Rose" girl thrills you with a heaving hooter and wet juicy pussy scenario.
SET 105: The fabulous yum-yum a blast from the past, a real superstar legend incredible spread position and massive mammaries.
SET 106: She's wet, willing and horny, and if you're quick she'll give you the big 'O', can you wait.
SET 107: Mellissa Mounds America's top bra-busting sensation, enormous boobs with a great spreading slick finger show.
SET 108: Heavy poppin momma, with swollen mams gives you a sexy promise, enthusiasts only.
SET 109: Bettina the Brazilian top buster, a tit sensation, open front and rear spreads.
SET 110: By popular demand another great splitting and titting set from super bazooms Toni Frances.
SET 111: Irish Lisa once more, immensely heavy 47 double G swinging loose for your carnivorous pleasure, don't miss this one.
SET 112: Sharon 44EE from Birmingham, indulges in her secret kinky fantasy, lot's of horny action.
SET 113: Mature older woman with heavy swollen breasts, tits and splits all the way.
SET 114: Blonde bombshell exposes her charms for your sexy scrutiny.
SET 115: Mel shows you her enormous boobs and shows you her glory hole.
SET 116: La Dawn sensationally show you a hot wet split.
SET 117: Double your pleasure, Millie and Sheila love each other with unbridled intensity, for les lovers.
SET 118: Esoteriasts only! Shaving, piercing and ringed beauties triple XXX.
SET 119: Unusual action set, pierced nipples and pierced and ringed vulva, only the confirmed should apply for this vary rare and much sought after page five super-chick.
SET 120: Horny, superchick spreads her stuff for you, you'll come again and again over this bombshell.
SET 121: Blonde sensation, sensual tits and shy disposition, sexy plus and more.
SET 122: Millie another Irish super-hung super star, horny plus, action shots.
SET 123: Another sensational set from Big Toni, this time in her fem-dom outfit. You'll grow hard when you see the sensual finger-pie shots. Big Tony commands you!
SET 124: Big Blonde Heavyweight Titter 44EE, sensational action splits, you'll get it on with this super-tit star.
SET 125: The super sensational Susy Sparks, America's answer to Titanic Tina, enormous quivering mounds of suckable flesh, this girl could suffocate you.
SET 126: Debbie 44DD the sexational big-titter from Stoke, swings her way into your lost lust.
SET 127: Lisa, the megaboob sensation from Belfast, see her swing her 47GG destroyers, abandon hope all ye sinners.
SET 128: Shona the Glaswegian hot-pot, wide splits erotic tits, can you handle this one.
SET 129: The new superstar big boobed Louise from Leeds, you'll COME back for more and more and more!!
SET 130: Alison with her firm young boobs will give a hard time, triple XXX, no surrender.
SET 131: Sensational blonde superstar, don't hang around, genuine winking. Action, definitely overkill.
SET 132: Bumper Sampler Pack. 20 super glossies, all different,

NOW BIGGER 6 × 4 SIZE — NOW SUPER GLOSSY

PLEASE SEND SETS

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124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132																			
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SET 2



SET 4



SET 6



SET 7



SET 8



SET 9



SET 10



SET 14



SET 16



SET 24



SET 25



SET 26



SET 27



SET 28



SET 31



SET 32



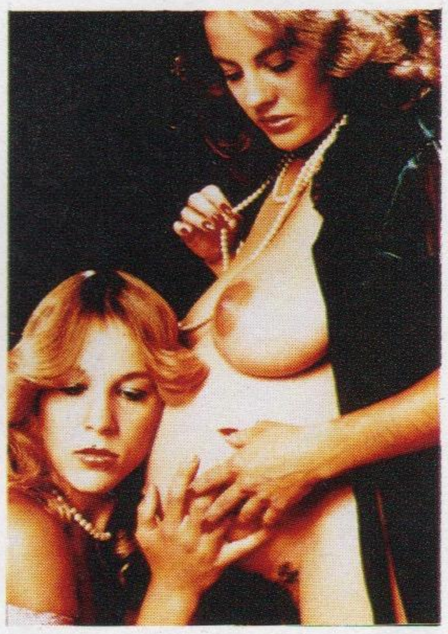
SET 36



SET 40



SET 42



SET 44



SET 49



SET 50



SET 54



SET 60



SET 61

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SENSATIONAL PHOTO SETS



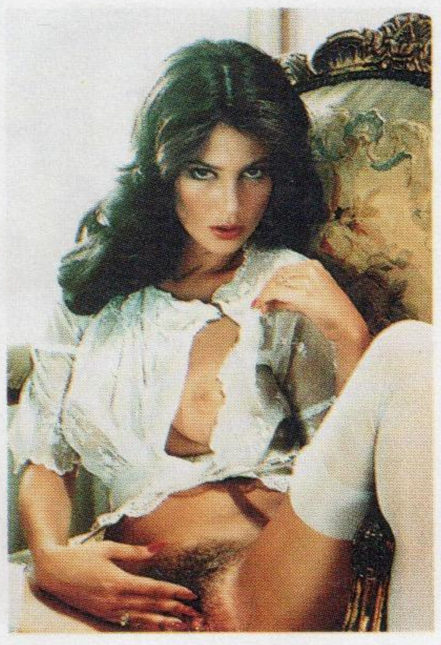
SET 63



SET 66



SET 68



SET 70



SET 100



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SET 102



SET 103



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SET 105



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SET 108



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SET 111



SET 112



SET 113



SET 114



SET 115



SET 116



SET 117



SET 118



SET 119



SET 120

SENSATIONAL PHOTO SETS



SET 121



SET 122



SET 123



SET 124



SET 125



SET 126



SET 127



SET 128



SET 129



SET 130



SET 131



SET 133



SET 134



SET 135



SET 136



SET 162



SET 163



SET 164



SET 165



SET 166



SET 167



SET 168



SET 169



SET 170



SET 171

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SENSATIONAL PHOTO SETS



SET 137



SET 138



SET 139



SET 140



SET 141



SET 142



SET 143



SET 144



SET 145



SET 146



SET 147



SET 148



SET 149



SET 150



SET 151



SET 152



SET 153



SET 154



SET 155



SET 156



SET 157



SET 158



SET 159



SET 160



SET 161

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SEXY BIG BOOBED GIRLS

WHO WANT TO TALK TO YOU



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Emmy Lou — she's horny and well-hung and loves talking dirty!



0898 777 628

Big breasted super-star, loves to talk about her shaved pussy.



0898 777 631

Natash, Big boobs and big belly she's about to drop her big secret.



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Mature super-titted momma, do you want to hear her dirty secrets.



0898 777 644

Young heavy nippled porn-queen shaved, open snatch, very horny.



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Mega-tit porno star, spreads her secret opening for only you.



0898 777 622

Cory, a West German hard-core star wants to talk to you about her X-rated movie career, only ring if you are unshockable.



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Heavy hung shaved Hollywood porn-actress talks to you of her X-rated movie roles.



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Erika, big breasted raver who wants to tell of carnal desires — Wet Erika will have you 'creamin'



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Jenny wants to tell you about her raging nympho days, definitely adults only.



0898 777 653

Lori — the coffee coloured sensation from Amazons Magazine, tells about her sensational tits and splits photo-session that went too FAR!



0898 777 684

Dee would love to talk to you about her naughty AC/DC sessions with her 'Toys'

XXX ADULTS ONLY XXX

RATES CHARGED 38P PER MINUTE 25P OFF PEAK

NEW VIDEOS!! SENSATIONAL BIG BOOB STARS



BIG BOOB SPECIAL No.7

BIG BUST FILM 7. An 18 year old beauty with a great pair of 42s really bounces her boobs. Quickly followed by a very shy young lady showing her massive boobs for the first time. Lots of real close up action shots. A couple of over endowed ladies then show all they have, we mean ALL. 44dd is about the average for this amazing film. The action continues with another 7 huge girls. All great massive boob sequences.



THE DREAMS OF STACEY

Stacey Owen, the number 1. British big boob star takes you on a journey into the world of the glamour model. See the truth behind the film and photo sessions, the casting couch and the dirty mac brigade. Meet the new models and see how they get into what can be a very sordid business. Featuring DEBEE ASHBY, LU VARLEY and CHERRY OWEN. A Peter Kay Film produced by Jim Deans.



STACY KEEPS IT UP

Filmed in and around a 16th. century mansion, our story starts at a tea and gin party attended by some of the biggest boobed girls you will ever see. To liven up the party our huge boobed hostess has acquired the services of the local stud RAMBONE GLITTERBOY. After some initial reluctance our well hung young stud gets the message and proceeds to service the beautiful party goers as they are presented to him. A Peter Kay film produced by Jim Deans.



NAUTICAL NAUGHTIES

In this great film two lonely, randy women find a novel way to pass the time of day. They enlist the services of a horny photographer in helping them make their own blue movie. Hot action from start to finish. OVER THE TOP IN SEARCH OF PLEASURE. A Peter Kay film produced by Jim Deans.



BIG BOOB SPECIAL No10.

Big Boob Special 10 starts with two huge pairs of 44's bouncing to some raunchy music. Their owners, Louise and Debbie quickly proceed to a full sexy strip. Wet, shiny 44E's have a certain appeal, particularly when they belong to sexy Swede Christina. Huge boobed Tracy Neave as you've never seen her is quickly followed by some sexy bouncing in the haycart and then by a massive boobed beauty getting messy in the kitchen. Over a dozen of the country's biggest boobed birds on one tape.



THE GLAMOUR-PUSSY

What happens when a beautiful, full-breasted blonde gets the casting couch treatment from a randy porno-mag producer. The sparks really start to fly as the competition to find Miss Glamourpussy gets into full swing. See three of the country's biggest boobed newspaper models nude in this sexy story of corruption and explicit sex. Tracy Neave nude for the first time on video.



D' D' LEATHER LOVERS

Two huge breasted beauties fly to Paris for the way out birthday party of the local Porno Baron. After a frantic session in which they both lose their clothes they report for work on his latest movie. We see the actual making of this film including the two girl leather domination sequence that caused a storm when the film was released. The kinky porno dealer then flies to England where he hires the services of some local big boobed talent. The action is fast, bouncy and very horny.



BABY YOU'R A BIG GIRL NOW

BABY YOU'RE A BIG GIRL NOW. The programme they said couldn't be made. Over 60 stones of naked fun featuring the biggest bounciest birds in Britain. You've never seen them like this before. These big-hearted birds do it all, from 25 stones Big Maggie to the tiny 20 stone Jan. You won't dare say no to these MONSTERS. Warning! Do not attempt to lift this tape on your own.



BIG BOOB SPECIAL No.8

BIG BUST FILM 8. A handsome young stud tries to resist the advance of the firmest pair of 44s ever seen. A pair of gigantic young tits put to a most unusual use. Those are just the first two scenes from this fantastic film. Leather clad girls on motor-bikes are always horny, if the girl has great big tits, a great rear end and all the right bits in between then you know you're in for a treat. A leather clad giant really makes use of a young stud. See her 44s as she rides him. Add to this six more sequences and you have another great film.



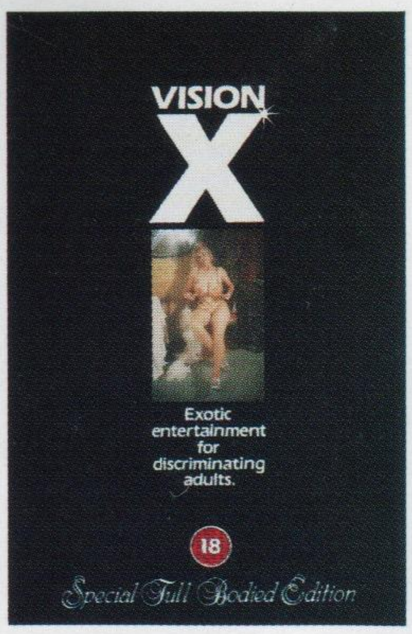
BED TIME SEXTRAS

Stacy and Michele decide to spend the night in a country bed and breakfast hotel. The sex mad owner can't believe his luck and stops at nothing to seduce both big busty girls. His wife Donna soon finds out what's going on and gets her 46dd body in on the action. A non stop, mixed action sex film starring STACY OWEN & DONNA DREAM.



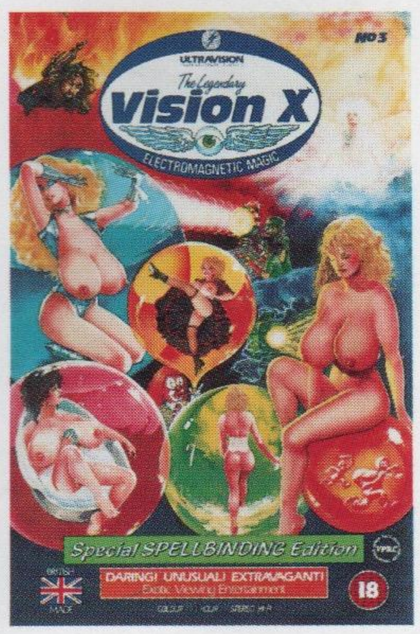
BIG BOOB SPECIAL No.9

BIG BUST FILM 9. Combine the biggest boobs with horny bonking action, that's just for starters. Follow this with 3 massive mammeried girls bouncing around JUST LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THESE GIRLS. Ever wondered what it's like to have a pair of 40dd boobs dancing around on top of you, our camera man shows you just that. Five mammoth birds let loose with leather and chains, this is the start of our big tit leather orgy and there is still loads more to come on this amazing programme.



THE GIRL FROM PLANET X

is back again, starring the real TINA SMALL (beware of imitations) in a bizarre, off-beat adventure. Will the Empress of the Spheres escape from the diabolical clutches of Xor and his Hypnotron? Enjoy this spellbinding epic of thrills, suspense and a totally unique physique.

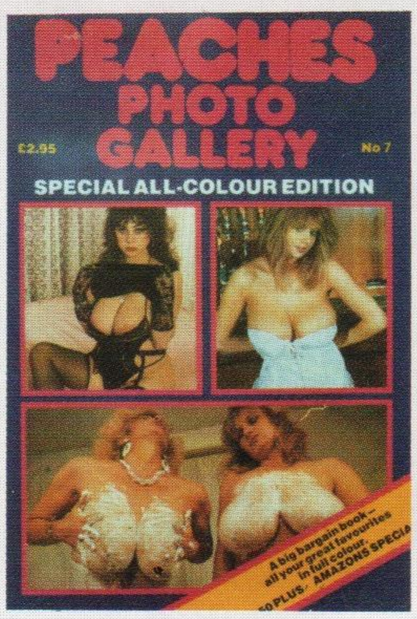


VISION X

In this one hour extravaganza we are treated to a feast of undulating female flesh. See it squeezed into outrageous outfits, peeked at through secret keyholes, and bounced about in wild abandon. Watching bedsprings bend with tossing and turning and enjoy wedding night adventures. Be mesmerised by heaving pendulums and pink things that go bump in the night.

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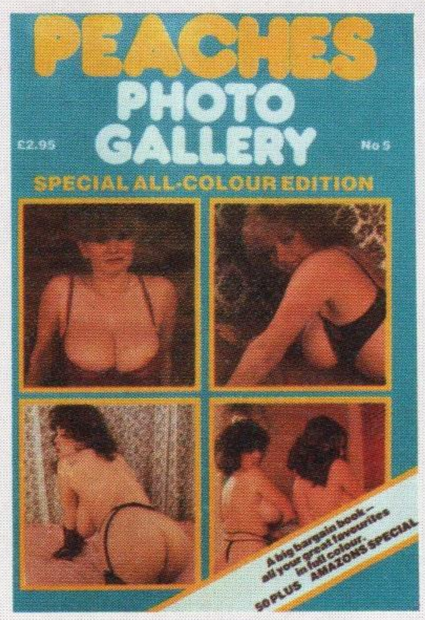
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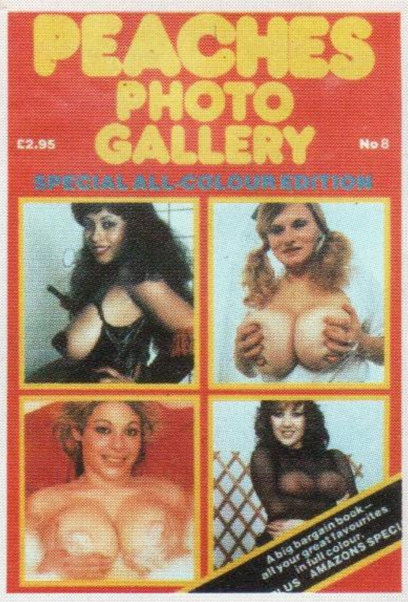
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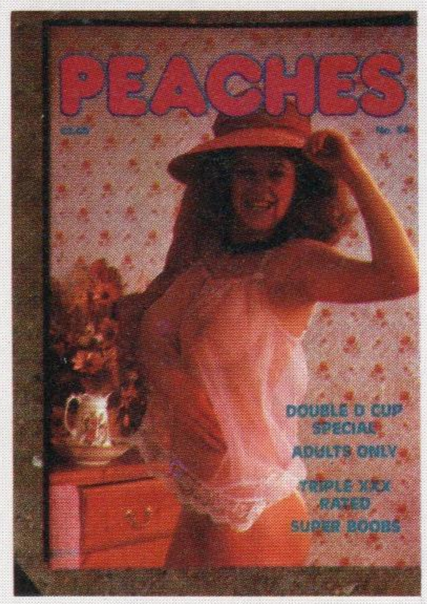
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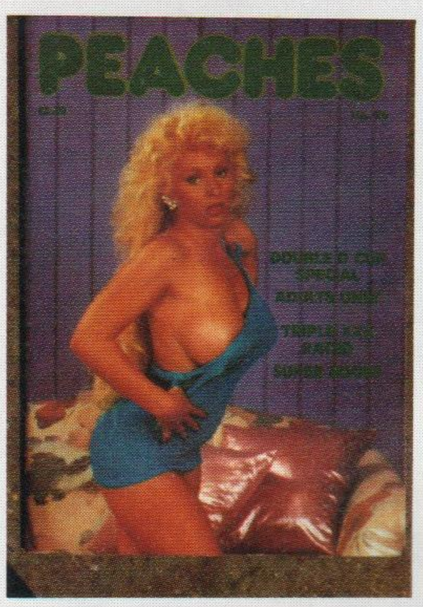
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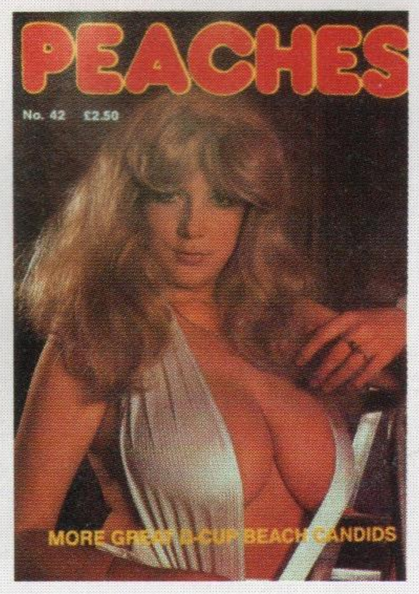
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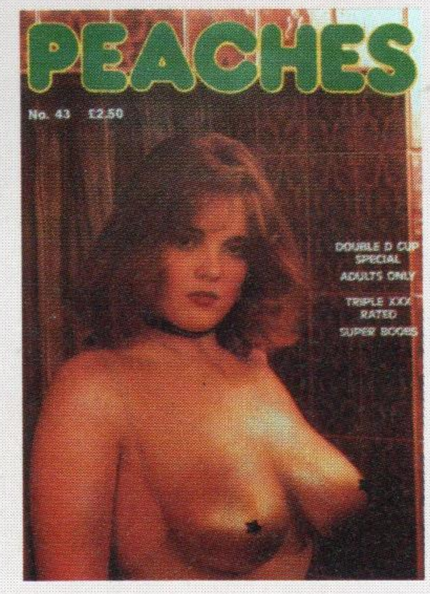
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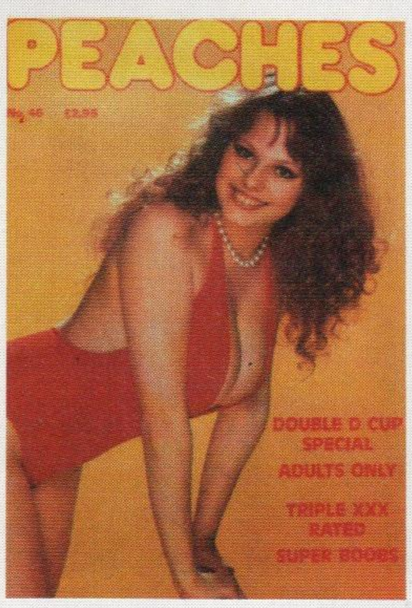
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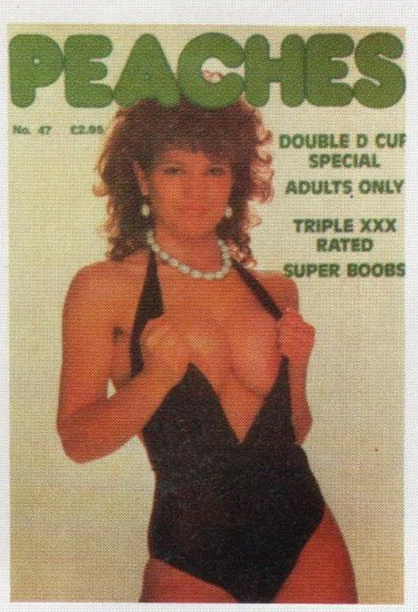
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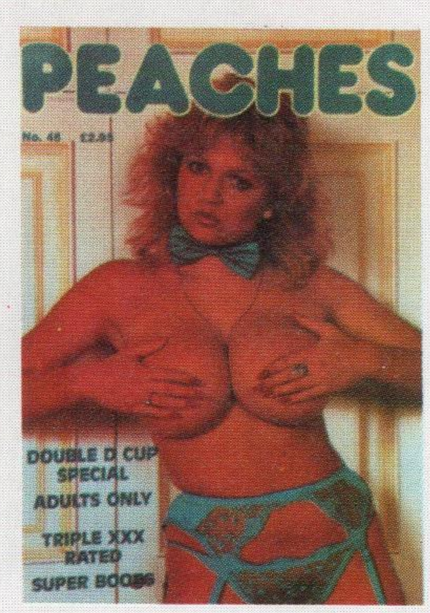
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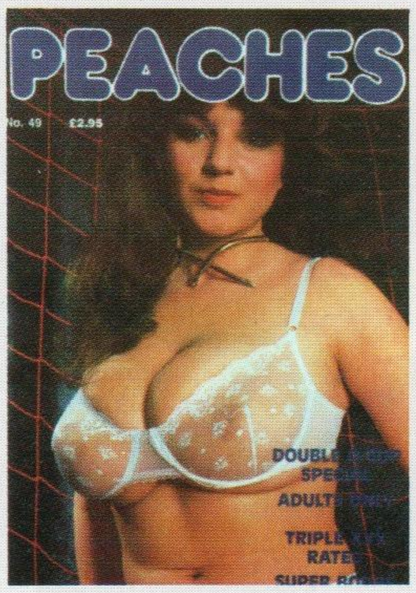
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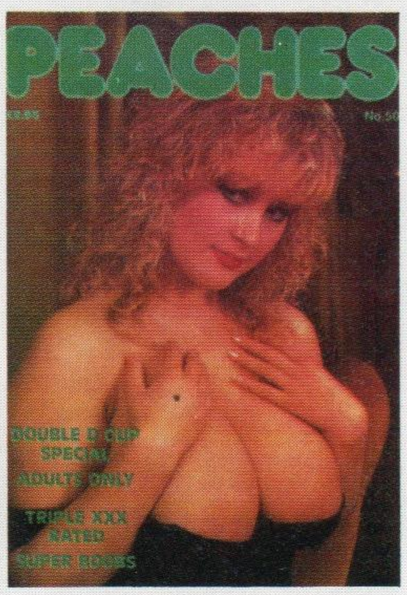
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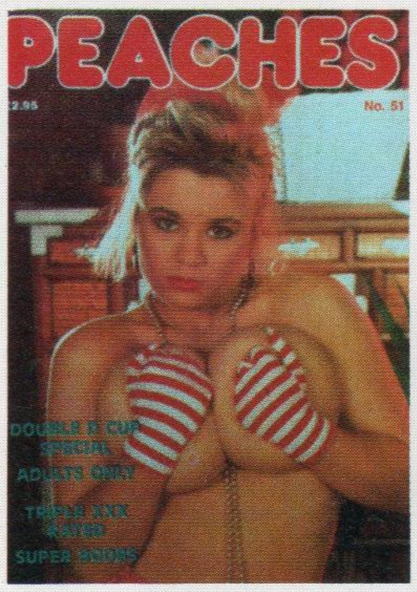
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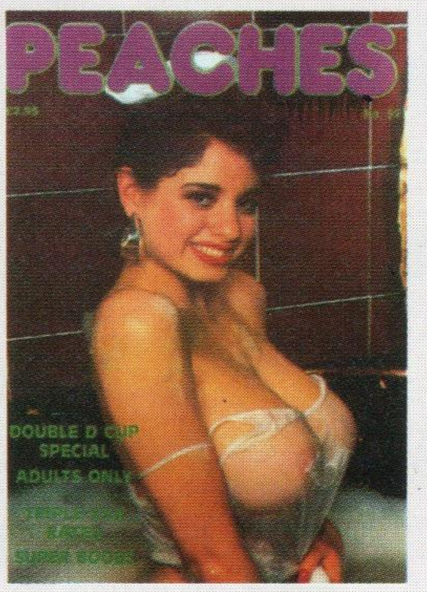
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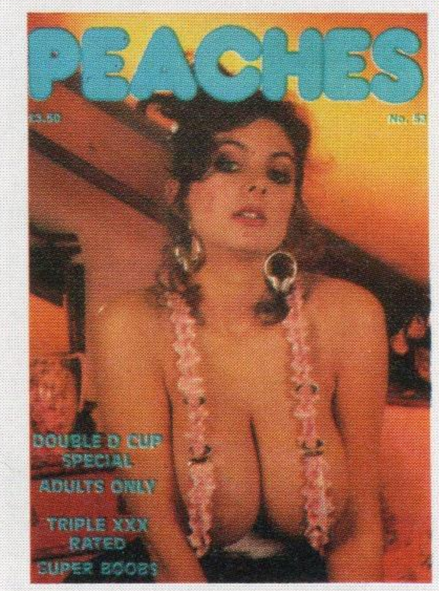
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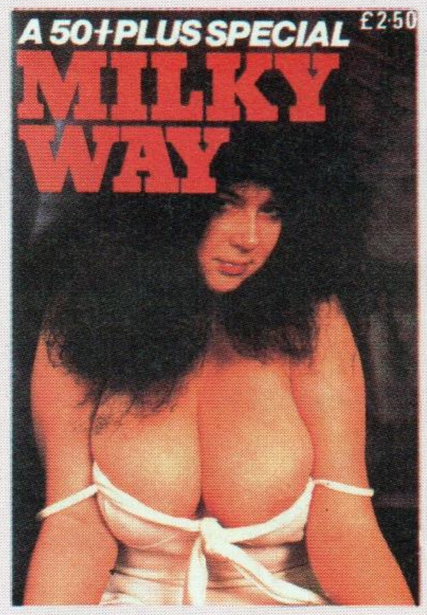
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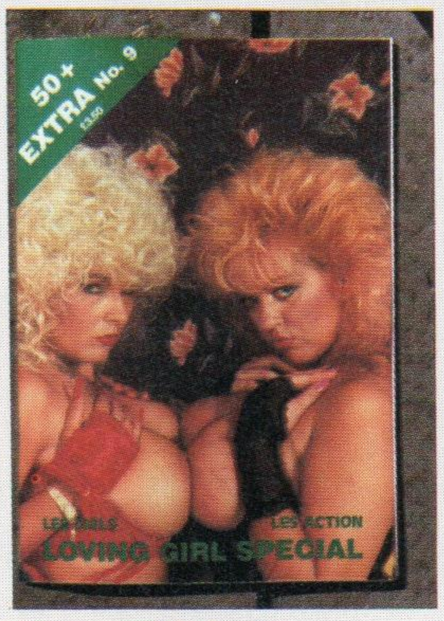
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MARIA WHITTAKER



SUZY SPARKS



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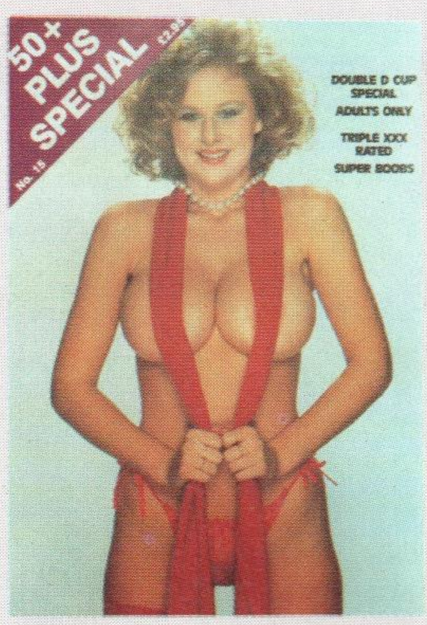
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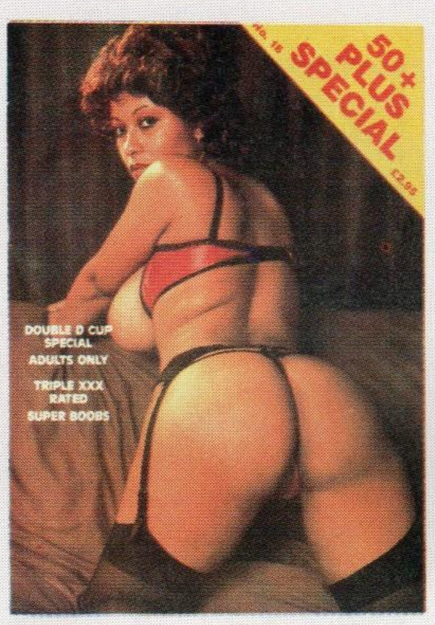
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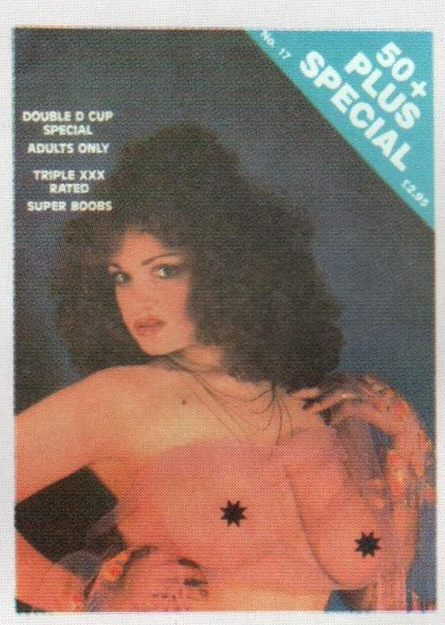
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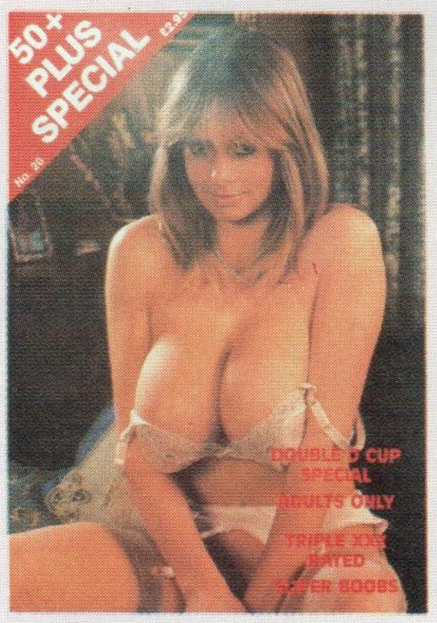
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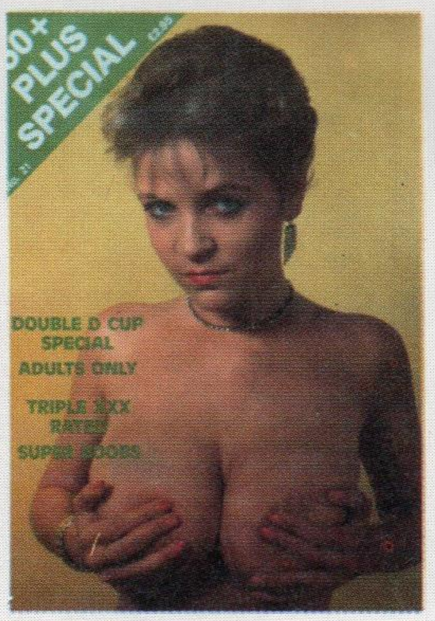
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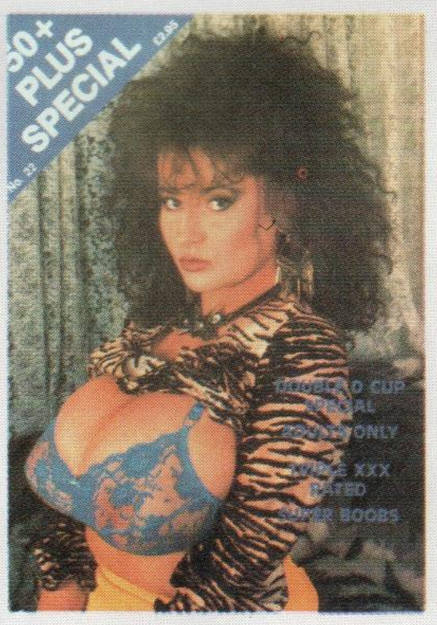
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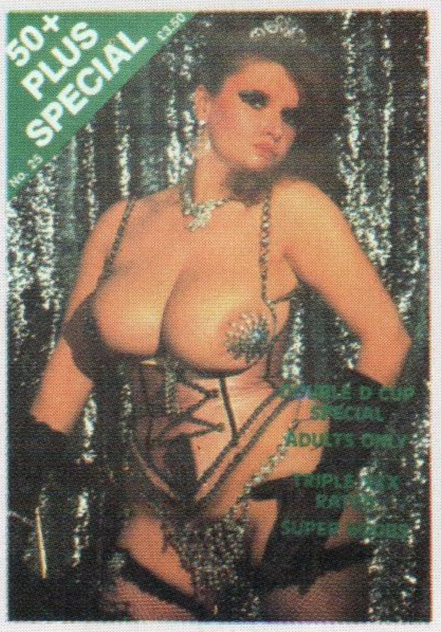
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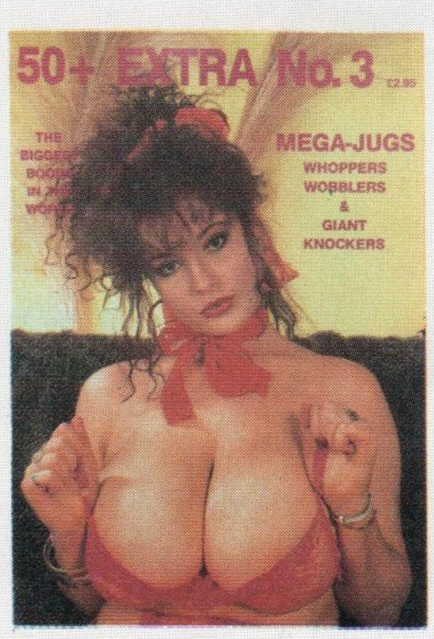
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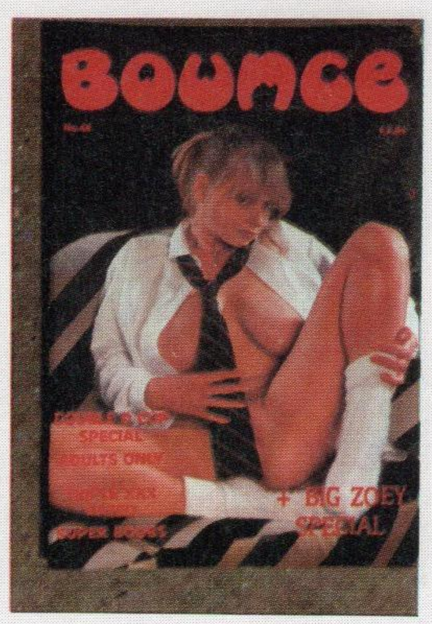
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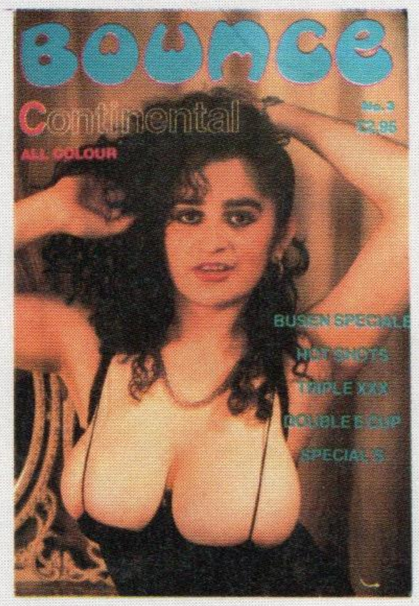
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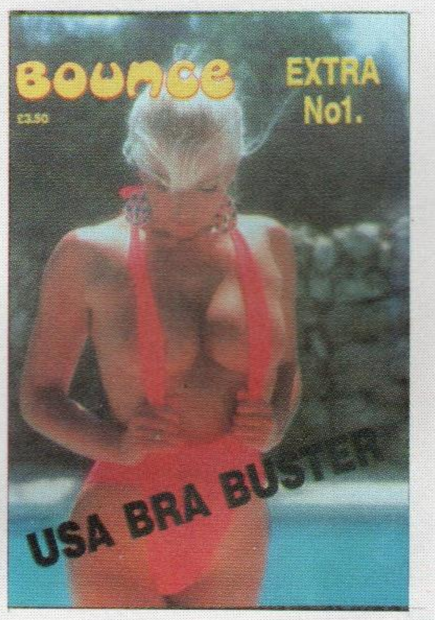
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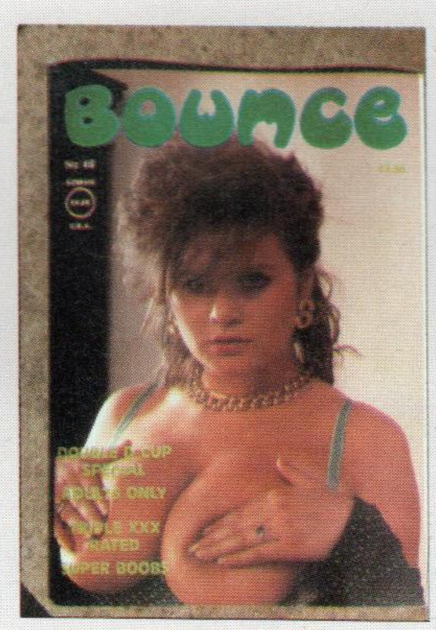
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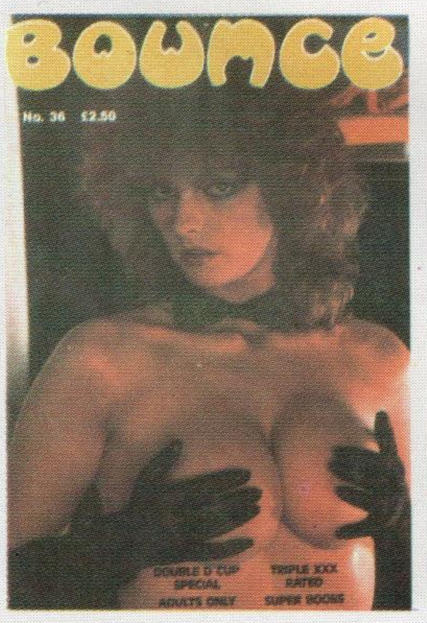
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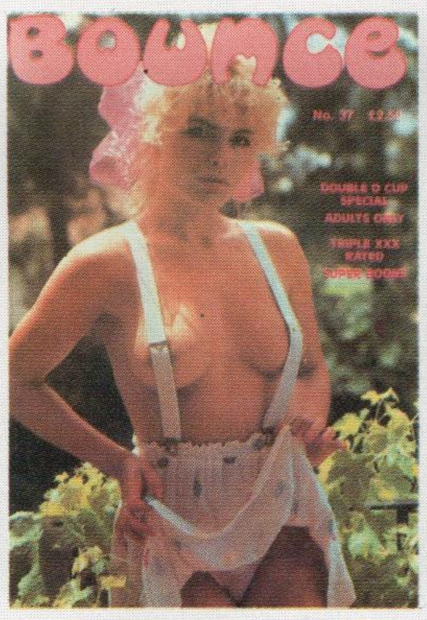
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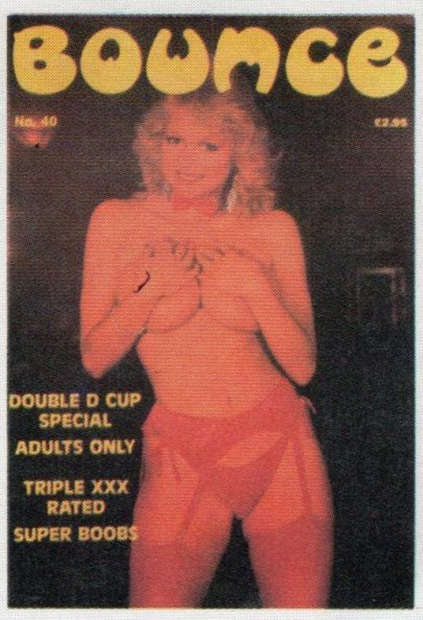
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BOUNCE No. 36



BOUNCE No. 37



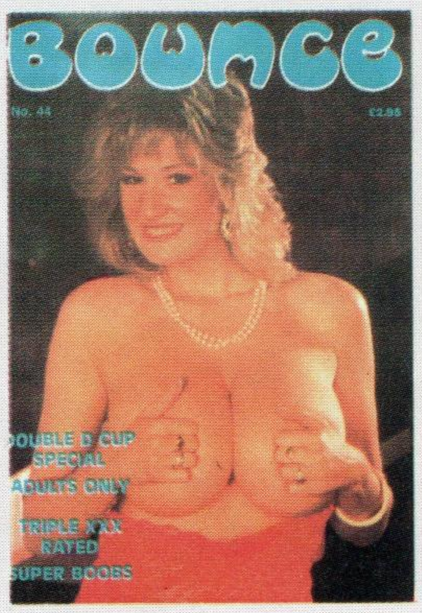
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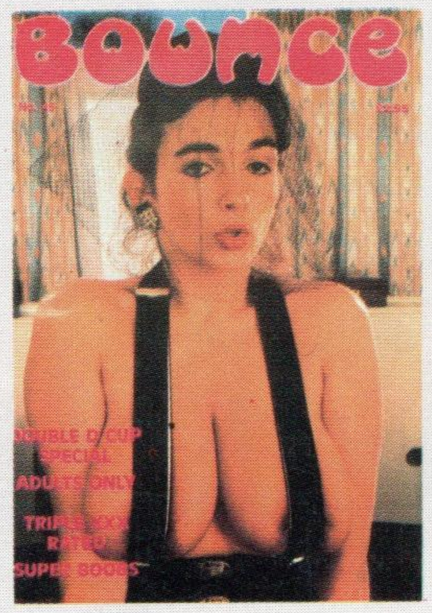
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BOUNCE No. 43



BOUNCE No. 44



BOUNCE No. 45



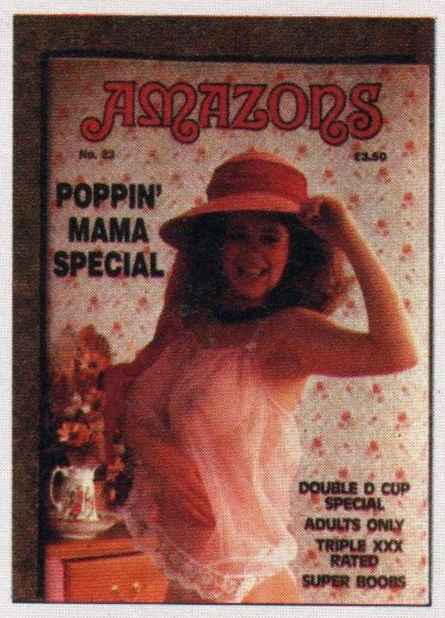
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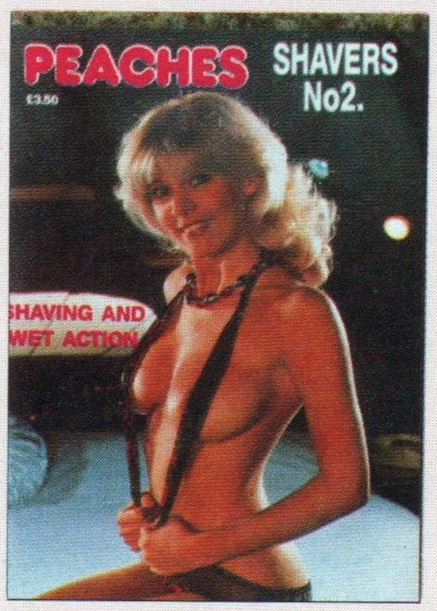
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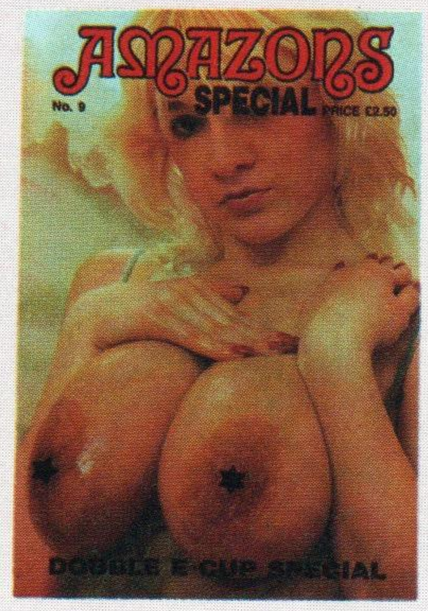
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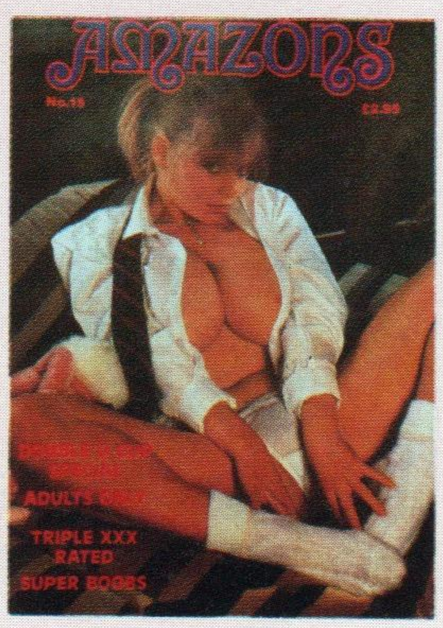
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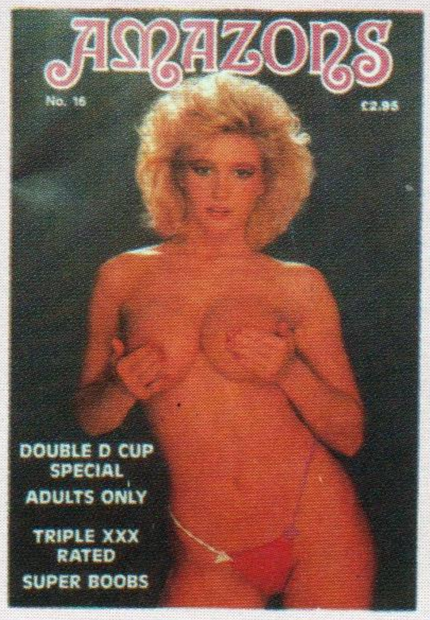
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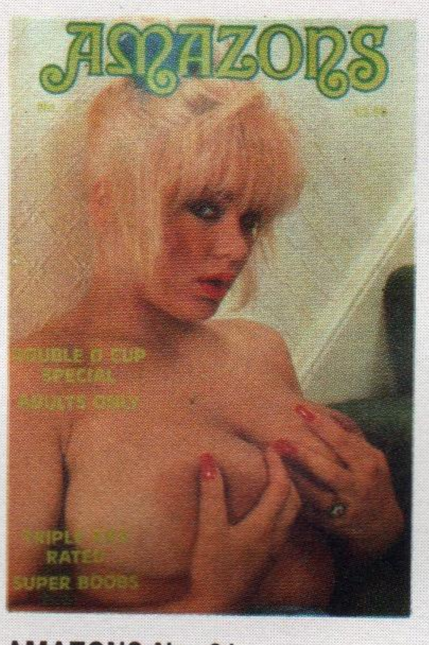
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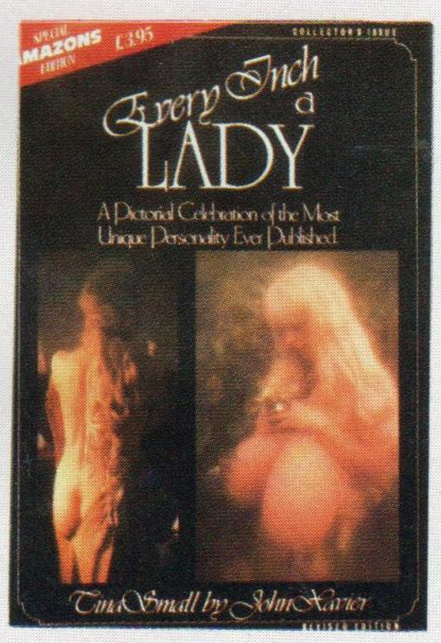
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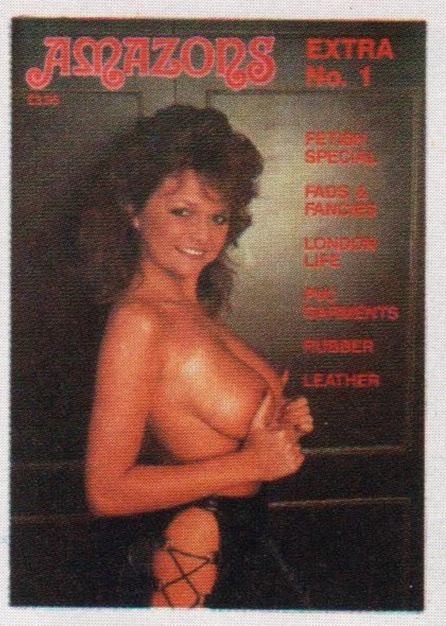
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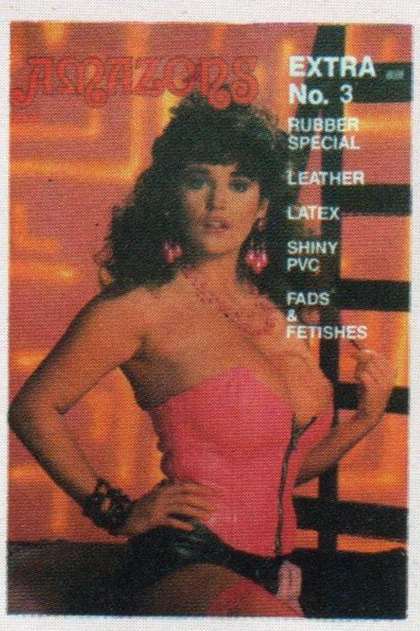
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AMAZONS EXTRA No. 2



AMAZONS EXTRA No. 3



AMAZONS EXTRA No. 4



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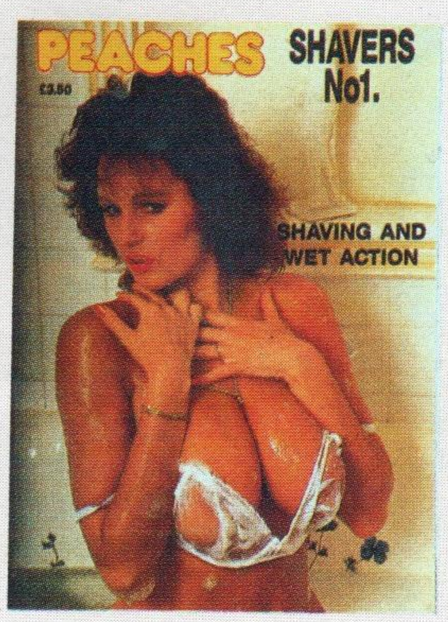
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their outsized, sensuous pleasures. But they are in all other respects a considerable nuisance. They make shopping for clothes an absolute nightmare; and playing any kind of sport is all but impossible (or at the very least, indecent!). Moreover, my own personal taste in boobs tends towards the pert, pink-tipped, girlish sort: maidenly, decorous, grapefruit-sized knockers with little chewy silk knots for nipples. So when I see a girl as beautiful as Sagan with breasts of perfect size and utility I can't help envying her good fortune.

"I'm sorry I was late," Sagan said after a brief lull in the conversation. "The truth is I wouldn't have made it at all if it hadn't been for Pamela's vigilance."

"Pamela's a good girl," said Jenny smiling at me. "She's been a great help in organizing this week."

I blushed bashfully.

"What are you studying?" asked Sagan.

"Nutrition," I replied. "This is my first year. Are you a student?"

"What else?" I'm a media studies major at UC Irvine."

I nodded as if this meant something.

"Will you be staying over for the disco tomorrow night?" I interjected coolly.

Sagan looked across at Jenny.

"Would that be all right?" she asked.

"Sure," replied Jenny, equally coolly. "I've already arranged to stay over at Angela's so you can have my room."

What are friends for. Sagan shrugged expansively and smiled at me warmly.

"Seems to be settled then."

That night Sagan drove the four of us into town and bought us dinner at a new vegetarian restaurant that had just opened. Our foursome was made up by Jenny's current girlfriend, Angela — a cheerful, pretty, redheaded girl who worked as a lab technician at the university and had a flat here in town. Her welcome presence had the effect of giving our little party the feeling of being a double date — a notion Sagan was clearly only too happy to embrace. All evening she flirted with me shamelessly, finding ways to pay me special attentions and opportunities to touch me. This touching was just friendly, affectionate gestures, but it was impossible to avoid the impression that her small, soft hands lingered a fraction longer than one might expect from a recent acquaintance — even one as ebullient and effervescent as Sagan. I wasn't sure how I should interpret these attentions to begin with. After all, Sagan *was* a foreigner and I knew that a lot of nationalities don't share our traditional English reserve when it comes to the matter of touching. In many countries they touch one another quite freely in social situations that we British would consider highly inappropriate. One thing I *was* sure of from the outset, however; and that was my response to being touched by Sagan. That was about as un-British as you could get: and had absolutely nothing whatever to do with *social* intercourse — foreign or otherwise.

To say that I was turned-on by this American girl's caresses would be like describing the Grand Canyon as a hole in the ground. I was intoxicated by her in ways and to a degree that I had never experienced with anyone before. It was indecent. All night long as the four of us sat eating and drinking, chatting and laughing, my shameless cooze was fizzing away between my thighs like a bloody Alka Seltzer, sending indescribably poignant sensations floating up through my tingling body like champagne bubbles to pop in my head and fill it with carnal imaginings of the basest sort. What a mercy human beings aren't endowed with the ability to read minds. But while it's thankfully true that no one could actually read my salacious thoughts, I could do nothing to prevent my treacherous boobies from betraying my internal agitation in the most complete, and humiliating way imaginable. I should perhaps point out here that, besides being hung like a prize dairy cow, nature has seen fit to endow me with nipples of proportionate extravagance — monstrous, erectile fingers of hypersensitive flesh sprouting obscenely from pimply, coral-pink areoles the size of coasters. And it was these unreliable, randy little sods, projecting from my tit-ends like acorns, that unmistakably signalled by shameful arousal to the whole world. What made it infinitely worse, moreover, was the fact that I was only wearing my sheerest, flimsiest bra underneath my *Sad Cafe* T-shirt, and between them they did less than nothing whatever to disguise my indecent mammary manifesations from the astounded gaze of waiters, friends and fellow patrons. Naturally, the girls were far too polite to comment on my condition, but once, as she was passing Angela the basket of garlic bread, Sagan contrived to let the back of her hand graze one of my painfully projecting nubbins, almost causing me to squeal out loud in shocked surprise and delight at the unutterable and amazing intensity of the feeling. It was like I had been jabbed in the tit with an electric cattle-prod. My nipples were so aroused they were like sexual detonators, primed on a hair-trigger and needing only the merest touch to set them off to devastating effect. I could almost see tomorrow's headlines: 'HEIRESS DIES IN BIZARRE ACCIDENT AS LESBIAN LOVER'S TITS EXPLODE LIKE LANDMINES!' It didn't bear thinking about. Another thing that didn't bear thinking about was the steadily growing moistness between my legs. God! Would it show through my jeans when I stood up? I felt positively soggy down there and I could almost imagine myself squelching when I walked.

It had been a wonderful evening but I was positively relieved when it was over and we dropped Jenny and Angela at her flat and drove back alone to campus.

"You've been very quiet since we left the restaurant," observed Sagan as she parked the car and switched off the engine. "Anything wrong?"

"Nothing wrong," I said, stealing a sidelong glance at her. "I was just thinking."

"What about?"

"Oh; about that sticker for one thing."

"Sticker?"

"The one on the back of the car."

A slow smile of mischief spread across Sagan's pretty face.

"What about it?"

"Well," I replied tentatively. "We've wined and dined ...

"But we haven't sixty-nined, right?"

"The thought had crossed my mind," I admitted coyly.

Sagan's smile broadened into a positive grin.

"What else has crossed that pretty mind of yours?" she inquired, leaning over towards me conspiratorially.

"You wouldn't believe."

"Oh, I think I can hazard a guess," she replied, reaching across and tweaking my thumb-sized nips hard through my T-shirt.

I gasped and squirmed in my seat as Sagan mercilessly kneaded the aching, pebble-hard fleshlets until they began to throb deliciously between her skilful fingertips.

"Mmm," she signed rapturously. "I've been wanting to do this all evening. I'm a sucker for 'sit-up-and-beg' nipples like yours. And your ripe, juicy nips *were* sitting



up and begging weren't they?"

I nodded and gurgled inarticulately, unable to speak. Sagan grinned and relinquished her grip on my bloated tit-ends.

"I thought so. Let's continue this inside shall we?"

Once in the flat I scarcely had time to close the door behind us before Sagan's irrepressible hands shot up inside my T-shirt and began pumping my jugs vigorously through their silky stretch bra.

"*Jeez,* Pamela," she panted as she bent down to nuzzle my neck. "Right from the first moment I saw you — standing alone outside the Union, with your sweet angelic face, your sexy arse, and your fucking unbelievable gazongas bulging out of your blouse like a couple of Cuban pineapples — I haven't been able to think of anthing except enjoying a sizeable slice of trans-Atlantic tit-sex; know what I mean!"

I had a pretty good idea. Her hands and mouth seemed to be all over me — kneading, sucking and nibbling me everywhere at once; and I did what any decent, right-minded, hot-blooded dyke bitch on heat would do — I surrendered to it. Wrapping my arms at last around her I sank into Sagan's soft, scented body the way one sinks into a hot bubble-bath at the end of a long, arduous day: blissfully, gratefully, *ecstatically* — moaning and whimpering with pleasure as her hot, liquid flesh embraced me, cradled me; seeped into me and touched me everywhere at once.

"My room's upstairs," I managed to interject eventually between passionate assault and counter-assault.

As I led the way upstairs Sagan consoled herself by fondling my bum cheeks through my skin-tight jeans, but the moment we were in my room she whipped my T-shirt off over my head and stood back to admire my bra-clad mega-melons. I couldn't help smiling at her breathless, almost childlike admiration for my monstro meatballs and started to reach behind me to unhook my bra when she stopped me.

"No. Don't take it off. Not yet. Just lift your tits out of the cups and sort of let them hang over the top."

There was something about Sagan's manner that commanded obedience, and after only a moment's hesitation to digest this bizarre request, I found myself doing what she asked — slipping my hand inside my bra-cups and lifting my udders out one at a time. Having done this I found my bra acted like a sort of sling, supporting my outsized melons, pressing them together and thrusting the colossal fleshy extrusions directly out in front of me where they seemed to hover side by side in miraculous, gravity-defying tandem, their hard pink noses straining forward into the air like a couple of eager gun dogs.

"Amazing," gasped Sagan wondrously. "Tits like goddam torpedoes. And those nipples! I can't get over them. They're as big as strawberries!"

Moving closer, Sagan took hold of my immense fruity tips and began to roll them gently but firmly like Havana cigars between her thumbs and forefingers. For several minutes I just stood there passively, letting Sagan amuse herself playing *Space Invaders* with my swollen tit-ends and wallowing rapturously in the wonderful sensations. I'm a real sucker for having my big chunky nubbins twiddled with, and Sagan did it as well as anyone I've ever known. *Better.* She seemed to have a genuine, natural feel for the more esoteric forms of breast stimulation, seeming to know instinctively just what to do and how far to go with it.

"You like that," she said, studying the reactions in my face closely. It was only half question — half statement of fact.

I nodded my head, but my nipples said it all, swelling lasciviously between her fingers like pizza dough and flushing deep red — making them look more than ever like overripe strawberries.

Without relinquishing her grip on my exquisitely engorged teats Sagan started to move towards the bed, gently drawing me after her like an untrained puppy on my living tit-leashes. Whimpering with delight I stumbled after my adorable new tit-mistress. I was so eager to please, if I'd had a tail it would have been wagging frantically. Only after we had reached the bed and Sagan had sat down on the edge did she finally release my deliciously abused boobs; and as my knockers sprang back into place in their bizarre tit-sling I couldn't help marvelling at the truly spectacular size and length their tips had attained under Sagan's expert manipulation. Each fabulous, blood-engorged teat must have been at least a good three or four centimetres long and the aeroles had puffed up to stand proud of the surrounding, pale, vein-marbled flesh.

"Get undressed now," instructed Sagan gently. "Not the bra. Just the other stuff."

Smiling down at her I began to do as I was told. I was really getting off on this submissiveness trip. Sagan was showing me a side to myself I had never experienced before. But she was such a gentle, adoring mistress. There was nothing haughty or menacing or degrading in her commands. They were full of tenderness and playfulness and admiration, and it was a joy to obey her without question. It was exciting to submit to her, to place myself in her gentle hands to do with as she pleased. Because I knew that what she wanted to do was please me.

Sagan leaned back on her hands and watched me undressing until I was down to my blue lace panties. I slid the skimpy garment down my legs and was just about to throw it after my other clothes when Sagan held out her hand for them.

"Gimme," she said, sitting forward once more. Slightly embarrassed, I handed over the tiny undergarment and watched as Sagan pessed it to her face — first to her cheek, then to her nose and mouth.

"These knickers are sopping," she observed crudely. "Didn't your mother ever warn you against sitting around in wet knickers? Here; open your legs. Let me see that juicy cooze of yours."

Blushing with shame, but excited beyond words, I did as I was told, spreading my legs wide as I felt Sagan's cool fingers on the insides of my thighs coaxing them apart.

"You slut!" she teased in mock disgust. "You're dripping. Your honey pot is absolutely drooling. How do you explain that?"

"I ... er ... I ... don't know," I stammered foolishly, my insides literally fluttering with excitement at having Sagan subject my fanny to this almost clinical inspection, and I squealed out loud whe I felt her fingers prising my soft pink twatty-flaps apart.

"And I always thought the English were supposed to be so cold and reserved."

"That's English men," I croaked as I felt an indeterminate number of fingers waggling around inside me and making indecent little noises of obscene liquid succulence.

"Not English girls, eh?"

I shook my head.

Sagan withdrew her fingers and held them up in front of me. They glistened lusciously beneath a thick coating of freshly-harvested pussy juice and I could distinctly smell the fragrant aroma of my own sex.

"You know the one thing about England that I really love? Besides English girls, that is."

I shook my head again.

Strawberries and cream," she said wistfully, and I watched astounded as she began to smear some of the viscous goo over each of my massively bloated titty-buds until each monstrous nozzle of distended meat glistened mouthwateringly under a rich glaze of my own juicy sex-slime.

Taking hold of my boobs





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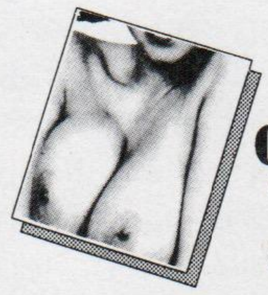
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in both hands Sagan gently drew them to her mouth and delicately proceeded to lick each rampant prong of moist, gleaming meat clean of pussy-dew before sucking on them long and hard, drawing them deep into her and mashing the rubbery bulbs of erectile flesh against the roof of her mouth with her tongue. I moaned and squirmed ecstatically at the fresh assault on my unbearably aroused teats and I found myself twining my fingers feverishly in her silky, golden hair and urging her to feast ever more ferociously on my tit-ends.

"Oh, God! Bite them!" I implored breathlessly. "Really bite the randy little buggers, Sagan!"

Sagan looked up in amused surprise.

"You don't mind?" she inquired in a voice that literally bubbled with undisguised glee.

"No. I want you to. Please. Bite me!"

Sagan didn't need asking a third time. Returning to her interrupted boob banquet with renewed relish she proceeded to worry and nip my unbelievably swollen titty-buds between her perfect white teeth, alternately squeezing and rasping the bizarre, rubbery extrusions with precisely judged cruelty, so that I found myself hovering excruciatingly in some nameless erotic limbo that exists tantalizingly between the realms of pleasure and pain: neither one nor the other — yet somehow both at once. With consummate skill my ravishing tormentor drew out the sweet, unbearable torture endlessly; inching the obscene frankfurters of exquisitely punished tit-flesh deeper and deeper into her lovely, carnivorous mouth until she was grinding the wretched, ecstatic fleshlets like wads of bubble gum between her back teeth.

It was wonderful beyond words. Unable to stand any longer on legs that shook like jelly, I slid down onto the bed with Sagan still attached limpet-like to my outrageously abused jugs. As she lay beside me, still feasting like a day-old calf on my sublime udders, my hands began to stroke and explore her instinctively; slipping under her sweater to sample the silky perfection of hot, naked flesh, then down into the waistband of her jeans. I fumbled with the button then eased down the zip and slid my hand inside — and almost jumped out of my skin.

"*What's that!?*" I yelped in shocked surprise.

Sagan remained completely calm and unflustered. She propped herself up on one elbow and continued to fondle my breasts tenderly with her right hand.

"What does it feel like?" she asked, unable completely to suppress the look of wry amusement that struggled for expression on her angelic face. My mind raced in confusion.

"But it can't be. You're a girl."

Sagan pouted at me indulgently and shrugged.

"You know I'm a girl; I know I'm a girl — but Nature went ahead and gave me a dick anyway. It happens sometimes. You know that."

"But ... I ..."

"You never expected to meet one."

"Well now you have. Question is: what are you going to do about it?"

My initial astonishment was beginning to pass — though not my wonder at this amazing development.

"It was just a shock, that's all," I said, surprising myself at how calm and reasonable I sounded. "I wasn't expecting it. You should have warned me."

"Would you be here with me now if I had?"

"I don't know," I replied, searching those lovely cornflower-blue eyes and finding that the girl I had fallen so badly for was still there. "I think so."

"Would you? I wonder. The truth is 'lesbians' are just as prejudiced against those who are different as anyone else. Homosexuality is all-right now. It's 'normal'. But *transexuality*. Yuck! That's bad. That's wicked. Those people should be shunned. They are abnormal after all. Right?"

"You know that's not true," I protested vehemently, feeling hurt by her accusations. "You know I don't think that. You're not being fair. I need time to adjust, that's all."

The indignation drained from Sagan's face and she relaxed again.

"I'm sorry. You're right. I'm being paranoid. But I like you so much ... I'm afraid you'll turn against me."

"Oh, never," I said — and meant it. I reached out and touched her cheek with my hand. "Let me see you," I whispered.

Sagan bent down and kissed me briefly and tenderly on the mouth before turning to sit on the edge of the bed to undress. I sat up beside her and unhooked my bra before helping her off with her sweater. Then she stood up and turned to face me. She hesitated for a moment before pushing her jeans down her lovely, tanned legs and stepping out of them. Now our positions were reversed and I sat admiring her as she stood before me, naked except for her sheer black panties. She was gorgeous. Pure perfection. A flawless specimen of a golden-skinned California beach baby. And to my amazement the perfectly-formed, full-erect, seven-inch-long dick that projected at a slight angle from the top of her knickers and reached up almost to her belly-button, didn't look incongruous at all. It looked perfect too. That dick and that body *belonged* together.

"Take them off," I commanded gently.

Sagan obeyed, hooking her thumbs into the skimpy garment sliding them off gracefully — revealing her final surprise as she did so. She was completely shaved down there. Pubis, scrotum — everything. Meticulously depilated and gleaming with tanned, silky perfection. As she straightened up I took the panties from her and pressed them to my nose and mouth. I breathed in the heady scent of violets.

"*Noche Cubano?*" I ventured. Sagan smiled and nodded.

Without the support of her panties her cock stuck straight out in front of her, pointing directly at me like the barrel of some benign gun. What was that legendary American revolver called? You know the one. The 'Peacemaker'.45? *The Gun That won The West!* Well this mother I was staring at had to be the 'Pussy-maker'.45. It was a glorious piece of hardware and no mistake. I reached out and took hold of it just behind the glans and gently pulled Sagan towards me (just as she had led me by my nipples only minutes before).

"It's beautiful," I whispered in hushed awe and amazement.

Sagan gave a little whimper as I peeled back the foreskin to expose the gleaming, blood-engorged purple head while my other hand reached between her caramel thighs to fondle her taut, hairless scrotal sac and squeeze the kumquat-sized testicles within. Slowly, deliberately, I began to wank her, watching her divine face and flawless body respond to me helplessly.

"God; you're so beautiful," I kept saying over and over. "I can't believe how fucking beautiful you are."

Seduced, enslaved, enraptured, Sagan submitted to my two-handed assault on her glorious genital sweetmeats, moaning and whimpering and squirming like a little animal as I worked over her sexy salami and throbbing plums with a calculated slowness that bordered on sadism — mercilessly drawing out her exquisite body on the rack of its own wanton carnality, but careful never to let her come, never to let her attain that unbearably longed-for climax and the blissful release from sexual torture that it brought.

"Oh, Christ! Pamela! Please! PLEEEZE!!!" she wailed, her hot, soft belly panting feverishly and glowing with perspiration.

I decided to have mercy on the wretched creature. Clambering onto my knees, I knelt on the very edge of the bed and guided Sagan's throbbing pork prong into

the deep, fragrant cleft between by sweat-slippery boobs and pressed them together, engulfing her tightly in miraculous, spongy spheres of soft, cheesecake flesh. Poor Sagan's delirious oans of pleasure gave way to positive shrieks of delight that must have been audible all over the campus, as I began to work my orgasmic titty-globes up and down and around her magnificent seven-inch shaft, mercilessly squeezing and massaging her hypersensitive tool between my downy nates of sex-swollen tit meat. Sagan for her part began jabbing away at my cock-caressing jugs like the proverbial frog-up-a-pump, driving her frenzied dick like a jackhammer between my boobs in convulsive, tit-splitting thrusts carefully coordinated with my own, rhythmic, tit-tossing efforts. Between us we pummelled her throbbing prick into an orgasmic jelly in no time. Orgasms roled over her feverish, trembling body like waves, bathing her sun-bronzed flesh in a tide of boiling sweat and erupting from her bursting knob-head in massive spurts of creamy effulgence that seemed to hang in the air momentarily like flying ocean spume, before crashing down and drenching my face, throat and breats in hot, salty cascades of living, seething sex-slime.

"*Jeez-us!* wailed Sagan like a soul in torment as the last juicy gobs of gism squirted out of her dick like Crazy Foam, and snorting like a racehourse on the home stretch, she flipped forward onto the bed and rolled laughing and panting on top of me. We lay there for a while, cuddling and stroking each other, our sweat and sperm-smeared bodies sticking obscenely together.

"You give great tit," cooed Sagan endearingly as she carefully and slowly massaged oodles of hot, oily cum into my bespattered boobs; taking especial care to lard my big fat nips with the stuff until the colossal, crimson, nuggets of blood-engorged flesh shimmered like precious rubies in the light from the bedside lamp.

"You're no slouch in the boob-banging department yourself," I grinned mischievously.

Gently, I rolled Sagan onto her back then, crouching over her, proceeded to make leisurely love to every part of her magnificent body. And it deserved it. Sagan's body was a Disneyland of pure erotic delight. It had everything, in just the right proportions and in all the right places. Only I didn't have to queue for it. Just smash and grab: glorious handfuls and mouthfuls of honey-sweet, soft brown meat that melted in the mouth like Turkish Delight and yielded to your fingers like Play-do. Especially her breasts. I must have fondled, licked, pummelled and kneaded those perfect hemispheres of lightly-tanned tit-meat for fifteen or twenty minutes at least, and sucked the delicate pink tips up into red-hot points of fiery passion, before nibbling on them like liquorice. Poor Sagan whimpered and squirmed beneath me pathetically as she learned what it meant to be on the receiving end of such exquisite and prolonged tit torment. Eventually, reluctantly, I abandoned the high ground of her sun-kissed breasts and swept down onto the gently undulating plain of her belly which glowed and shimmered like fields of rape on a mid-summer's day. I grazed in these erotic, Arcadian pastures with bovine contentment for ages, gently sampling that sweet, scented torso with my tongue and occasionally harvesting little bits of hot, moist flesh with my teeth, making Sagan squeal with delight as I punished them with tender loving care. Finally, I bit gently on the almost imperceptible ridge of soft meat just below her belly-button until her cock, racing up to meet me by this time, nudged its head against my chin, like a pet pony impatient for attention.

"What's this?" I said, releasing the savoury wad of elastic belly-flesh and peering in mock surprise at the pushy new arrival. "Where did you spring from?"

Sagan's adorable belly bobbed as she giggled at this imaginary exchange.

Bending down, I carefully licked the darling, love-hungry manikin from glans to scrotum and back again, using my tongue like a paintbrush to gloss it with saliva and making it twitch convulsively like a broken metronome. Then, taking the succulent prong of swollen sex-flesh in my hand I ducked my head between Sagan's wide-spread thighs and sucked her sweet, peachy plums for a bit. Rather like bobbing for apples, I thought to myself as I rolled the taut, rubbery spheres like pebbles in a gently caressing sea of spit and laving them with my tongue while my right hand worked her dick like a bicycle pump. Poor Sagan writhed like a harpooned octopus and feverish, orgasmic tremours racked her gorgeous body once more. Suddenly, inexplicably, the dreadful words of that grotesque pageant anthem sprang into my head: *'Here she comes, Miss America ....'* But there was no way I was going to let *this* American Miss come. Not yet. I had plans for this particular hard-on, and they didn't include whitewashing the ceiling.

Surfacing from between her legs I swivelled myself astride Sagan's hips and, still holding her cock in my right hand, guided it between my legs and into my sopping gash. Sagan looked up at me through round eyes bright with lust and excitement and watched ecstatically as I slowly started to pump myself up and down her flagpole, my drooling, cock-hungry cunny squelching obscenely as it devoured her ravenously. But even this langorous up-and-down motion was enough to cause my outsized titty-globes to bob and sway tantalizingly, and unable to resist my twin feasts of tumescent tit-meat, Sagan reached up and grabbed onto them with the ardour of a drowning man. The circle was complete. We were locked into an unstoppable nexus of tit-squeezing, cock-caressing energy. A vortex of erotic excess that made nerve-ends flare and fizz like fuses, inexorably burning down to an explosive, devastating climax of mind-blowing, flesh-dissolving intensity. Orgasms like rockets lit up my insides, bathing my cunt, my belly, my tits, my brain, in showers of gleaming sparks — searing pinpoints of liquid lust like Greek Fire that swelled into super-novae of infinite, unimaginable delight — creating and consuming entire universes of pleasure in milliseconds. And then Sagan was coming again. Only this time she was inside me — spewing her life into me, filling me, gorging me with floods of her divine nectar until she had surrendered every last drop and lay, literally drained, physically and emotionally, and looking for all the world like the happiest crature alive.

We made love all night long. And when we couldn't make love any more we talked. Eventually, as we lay in each other's arms, tired and content, I plucked up courage to ask something that had been intriguing me almost from the moment I made my astouding discovery of Sagan's bizarre, beautiful, sexual ambiguity.

"Haven't you ever thought of having some kind of operation?" I inquired tentatively.

"You mean a sex-change? Nar. I'm happy with my body. I like it the way it is. I don't see why I should mutilate it in order to 'conform'. There's nothing wrong with me. I may be in a minority, but there's nothing wrong with that *per se.* The greatest people in history, the ones people remember, are the ones who didn't fit in: right?"

I nodded in agreement. The last thing I wanted was for Sagan to change. She was a paradigm of absolute perfection as far as I was concerned.

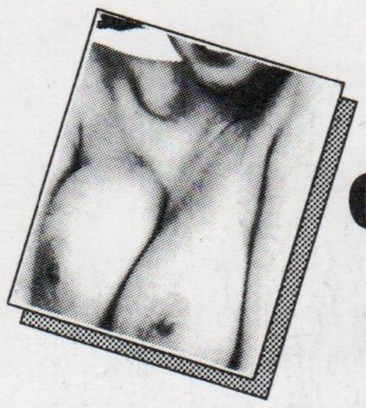
"Besides," she added with a lascivious leer, "I know one or two places where I 'fit in' rater well."

I laughed at this.

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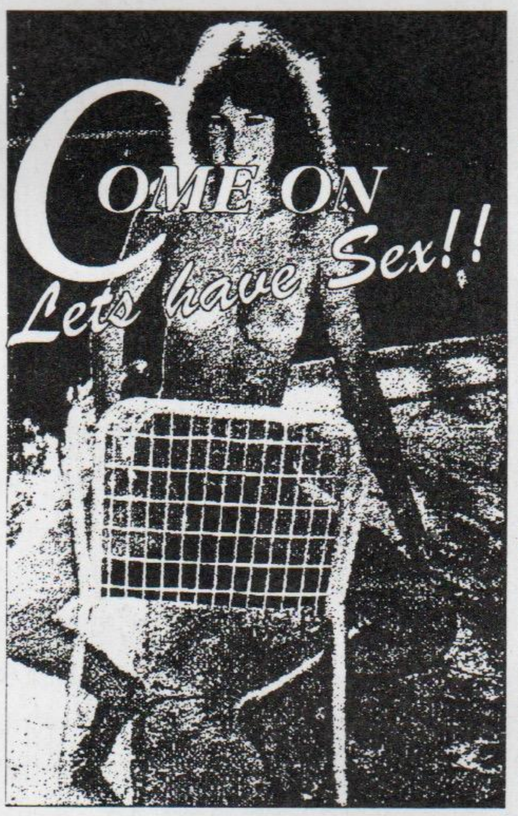
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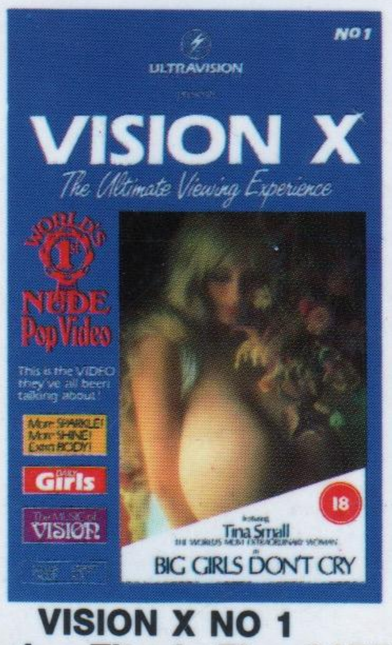
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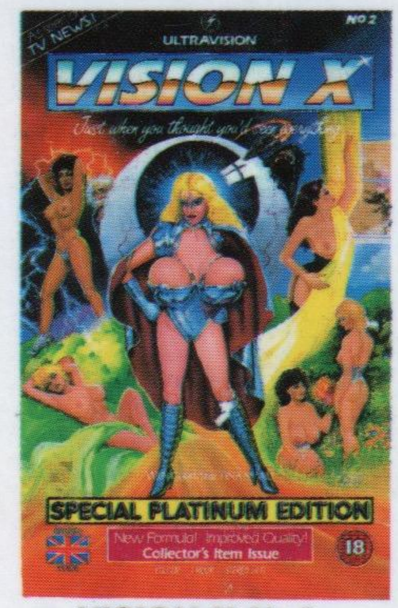
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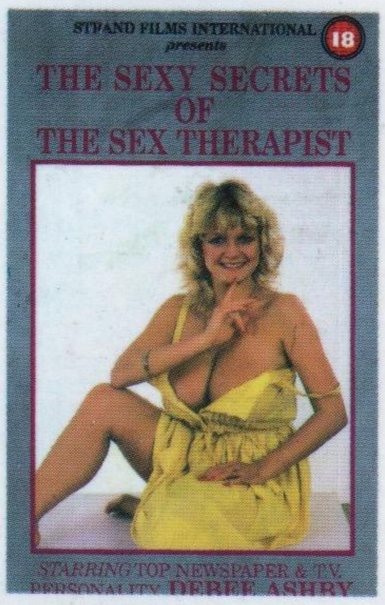
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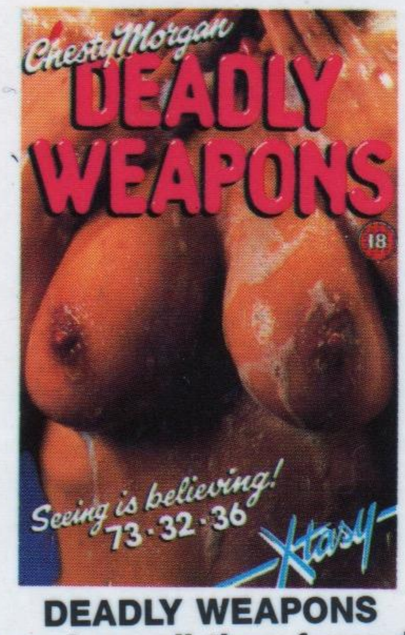
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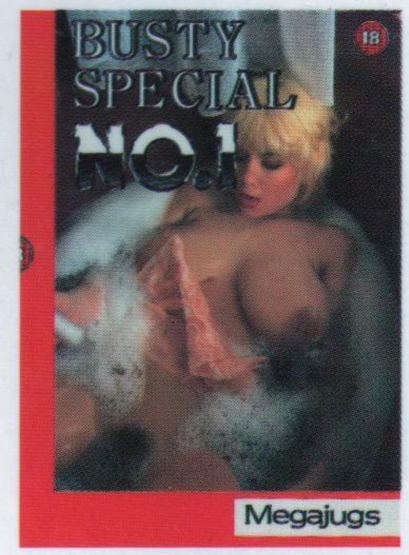
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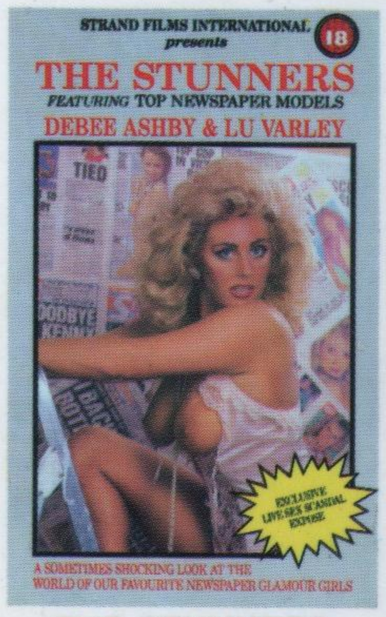
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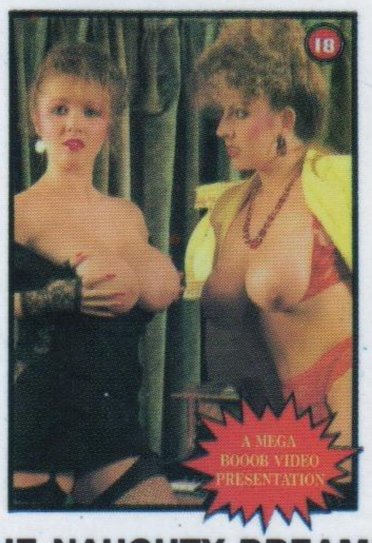
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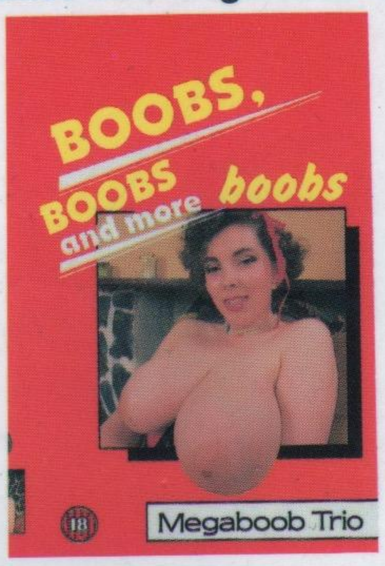
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