

A close-up photograph of a woman's upper body. She is wearing a light pink, off-the-shoulder top with thin straps. Her skin is fair, and her hair is dark. The background is solid black. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her body.

Busty

TOM KING

ONE MAN'S OBSESSION WITH BREASTS

Publishers Warning: Adults Only

Busty

Tom King

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This book is a work of fiction.
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Foreword

Lust is life. I think my voluptuous body and my enhanced female features are physical expressions of the lust that resides in me. An insatiable lust for life and sex. For the experience of ecstasy. Those moments of deep intensity and connection, like during an orgasm. I have become a living embodiment of how beautiful, pleasurable and intense my lust for life and love can be.

I have had many opportunities to wonder why men and women are so intrigued by breasts. Besides some rather dry psychological interpretations, my conclusion is that breasts simply embody a sheer goodness in every sense: warmth, nutritious comfort and sexual excitement. They are positioned on the chest, which is also the seat of the heart.

Love is expressed by affection, caring, nurturing, warmth and tenderness. All of which we experience from our mothers' breasts at the very start of our existence. I believe big breasts symbolise love, womanhood and femininity. I would not suggest that small breasts equal less femininity, but big breasts seem to be a natural statement that their function is solely to give love. Breasts are pure pleasure and big breasts are an abundance of pleasure.

My boobs started growing at a very early age. I was a very shy teenager and the attention on my ever-growing breasts was difficult to handle. With my breasts growing beyond the double D cup before I even turned 20,

something else had to grow along with them – my sexual consciousness, my erotic awareness, my understanding of the sexual nature of men.

I had to learn to live with my enormous breasts, to accept them as part of me. Searching for a purpose and role in life, I could not exclude my breasts from my decisions. I realised that, if there was a reason for anything, then there was a reason for why I had been blessed with this body. And I accepted my legacy as a personification of the female goddess. From that day on I stopped hiding inside baggy clothes and thick sweaters. I stopped being ashamed of my body and embarrassed by its beautiful sexual nature.

My breasts give me an incredible amount of sexual pleasure. The more my partner pays attention to my breasts, from the base to the explosive sensitive tips, the more aroused I get. Therefore I absolutely love the physical attention my breasts receive. The sexual attention and admiration I receive from men sparks a strong response in me. A powerful arousal which, of course, I cannot always allow to run free, but nonetheless I enjoy it.

When men worship me because of my breasts I feel that I am an embodiment of the goddess that has become lost in our time, but still remains a part of our collective human soul. Nature, love, the physical pleasures, the luscious celebrations of our senses, all struggle to find space in our modern lives, yet our longing for such is ancient. Loving breasts is a deep, primordial instinct.

I am honoured by the masculine attention, because I see and feel that behind the fascination there is more than a mere physical interest. The massive response I get because of my body is an expression of a deep longing for what breasts symbolise. When men worship my body I know that

they are longing for the very height of femininity, and desiring the Goddess, and adoring all that she stands for.

Lust is life. Enjoy!

Chloe Vevrier

Author's Introduction

I can never get enough of girls' breasts.

It doesn't matter how many I enjoy, how many I see, how many I touch, I can never get enough. I know I could never be content with one woman. However perfect she was, she would still have only one pair of breasts – and that could never satisfy me. Anyway, there is no such thing as perfection. There are qualities that a woman's breasts should have, yes, but no single ideal.

First, let us consider size. Big is good. Big ignites that spark in my brain. Small breasts have a certain sweet appeal, it is true, but a big pair will send the blood pumping to my cock and leave my throat dry with desire. Big is womanly, big is desirable. On a slightly built girl a pair of apple-sized breasts can look exquisite, so let that be our starting point for size. If the girl is bigger, then her breasts must be bigger in proportion: while a fragile, elfin little thing may have apple breasts and be beautiful, a big fat motherly woman needs big fat motherly breasts, at the least. Note that I draw no crass fashion-driven distinction between the virtues of the elf and the earth mother: each is desirable as long as her breasts meet that minimum standard in proportion to the rest of her body. The maximum? In my dreams there *is* no maximum. Often I imagine breasts out of all realistic proportion to their bearer's body – colossal breasts, bigger than her bottom cheeks, bigger than the full

roundness of her hips and thighs together, bigger even than her entire body. To put it bluntly, let us say that if a woman's breasts are each as big as her head then I will be in Heaven.

Shape is no less important. Perhaps it is more so - and here the concept of the ideal breast breaks down completely. Certain shapes hold little appeal. Breasts should be full, heavy, prominent. Sagging bags of skin hold no appeal - *rondeur* is everything. To fully understand, we must classify, although it must always be understood that no two women's breasts are exactly alike, and that much of their charm lies in the infinite variety. Using a somewhat arbitrary scale, and drawing a discreet veil over the actually unappealing, six shapes cover the spectrum of desire.

'Buds' are breasts that are still swelling towards maturity, or those that maintain the appearance of doing so since many women never lose this early shape. Like small breasts, buds hold a certain sweet charm, but only that of the still-tight rose: the full bloom presents the display of true glory.

'Bumpers' are breasts of mature contour but broad-based and firm, rising high and proud from the bearer's chest. These I appreciate rather more, although bumpers can never achieve that heft of pendulous weight that feels so good in my hands.

'Apples' are full but not too big: round and upturned, their shape carries a touch of cheekiness. I find slightly built apple-breasted girls adorable, intensely feminine, although in a fashion redolent of the maiden rather than the mother.

'Bouncers' are, I suppose, the classic form, the sort of breasts that those of us blessed with both artistic talent and a strong obsession will draw in female figures in erotic

cartoons. Jessica Rabbit has bouncers, and damn fine ones too. Bouncers must be big, heavy and, above all, round.

‘Melons’ take us a step further, to the woman whose breasts are so large that she seems awkward, vulnerable. Bouncers may be as big as their bearer’s head, but melons are even bigger.

‘Udders’ are typical of the fine, mature woman: they are massive, pendulous yet still full and meaty, the breasts of a woman used to giving milk.

Each shape has the potential for glory, and no one type is inherently superior to another. The same may be said for breasts’ colours. From the palest milk-white to the darkest ebony, every human skin tone has the potential to delight. I could never – on the basis of colour alone – choose a white girl over a black, nor a black girl over a white, and were I lucky enough to have one of each I would still yearn for the varieties in between: the olive of the Mediterranean and the rich tan of the Indian girl, the subtle tones of the Far East, the distinctive and curious ochre of the Native American. All are sublime. The colour, however, should be even, excepting only the nipples and, in certain cases, the demarcations of tan lines.

Texture is a consideration often neglected, though it is essential to the sensual pleasure of touching a woman’s breasts. Resilient flesh and silky-smooth skin is perhaps the obvious combination although the ultra-fine down characteristic of natural blondes has a certain appeal. Some girls I have known possess a rubbery pneumatic texture, which can be rather pleasant. But then, so is fleshy softness, not to mention the engorged sensation that comes only when the bearer is in milk. Silicon-assisted firmness feels and looks odd, although I would never dream of criticising

any woman who, cheated by nature, has chosen to accept science's aid in achieving mammary magnificence.

Nipples come in many different shades and sizes and my only preference is that they should suit the breasts that they adorn. Buds should, and generally do, come with pale soft cones. Apples look nice with their nipples small, neatly formed and slightly turned up. Bouncers need good-sized nipples, with broad areolae and prominent teats, while melons should have the same but even more so. The nipples on udders can be as large as you please, and if possible should be dewy with milk. In general terms, the bigger the breast, the darker the nipple should be. This is as nature intended, for a woman's nipples usually darken with age and with pregnancy.

Thus and so, there is no ideal, rather a magnificent variety of choice. Imagine, if you will, a parade of girls with glorious breasts, each pair exquisite in their own right: perhaps a pale and slender elf with a pair of ripe little apples, a strapping Jamaican dancer with a pair of bouncers that seem to defy gravity, an elegant Italian model with firm, high bumpers thrusting from her chest, a sweet little butterball, heavily pregnant with her swelling udders weeping milk – and more, as many as you please. Could you content yourself with just one? No, and nor could I.

My personal display preference is for the girl or girls to be bare, as nature intended, without adornment and without concealment. Yet there is no denying the allure of presentation. Slow, teasing exposure is a delight, as is the sudden unexpected flash. But for me at least the revelation must at last be complete: she must go bare. Which is not necessarily to say completely nude, but bare-breasted. Prior to that delicious moment of exposure, we have a wide choice of delights with which to whet our appetite.

Bras nowadays come in a multiplicity of designs, and, thank God, their primary purpose is to display rather than to conceal. The shapeless armoured monstrosities of the past may presumably still be purchased. But any glance at a modern lingerie catalogue will reveal a wonderland of lace and gauze, of silk and fine cotton, of cunning artifice for providing lift or hinting at rather more than nature has seen fit to provide, for holding apart or pushing together according to the bearer's need.

All I ask is that the bra should be appropriate to its purpose. Breasts are the very essence of femininity, so let bras too be feminine, delicate, elegant, perhaps at times mysterious, at others a little silly. Let us have silk for the smouldering beauty, lace for the coquette, leather for the siren, fluff for the kitten and feathers for the clown – metal, even, for those rare women who can carry it off, for, as womankind has a multitude of aspects, so should the way she displays her breasts.

Breasts are round, so let bras too be round, round, round. Seams are a nuisance and spoil the natural curve of the breast though they are clearly necessary at times. However let them be kept to a minimum. Anything that distorts the divine shape is anathema so please, for the love of God, let us dispense with the conical bra. Who thought of that? Some mad surrealist? An alien? Nipples may be conical, maybe, but breasts are round and they should stay that way.

It might seem to be stating the obvious to assert that a bra should fit, but this is not necessarily the case. Although, in my opinion, too large a bra merely looks slovenly, I will gladly grant that this may be to some men's taste. Too small a bra is a different matter: with the right girl the effect of abundant flesh spilling uncontrolled from an inadequate

constraint can be deliriously arousing. This is also true of bikini tops, which are essentially specialised forms of bras.

A bikini top should display a girl's mammary curves, allowing the natural shape of the breast to be appreciated beneath a single layer of unadorned material. For my money, a bright colour chosen according to the girl's coloration is best. Yellow and pale green are nice on dark-skinned girls, white on the very darkest. Blue and dark green are best on a blonde, while red looks delightful on any young woman. Black works best for a redhead. As with bras, a bikini top should fit snugly but not tight against the breasts that it conceals, although a deliberately inadequate bikini can achieve an overtly sexual or playfully foolish look, both of which work well on the right woman.

Nowadays one might be forgiven for assuming that the bra is the natural garment for a woman's first and most intimate layer of concealment for her breasts. But it is in fact a modern invention, dating back less than a century. It is also very much a product of contemporary Western mores and obsessions. Our Edwardian and Victorian ancestresses wore chemises, exquisitely delicate garments of lace-fringed cotton cut like a diminutive blouse and designed to reveal the upper swell of the breasts above the edge of a corset.

Similar garments have been the norm through most of history and in most corners of the globe, except for those times and regions in which felicitous climate and joyful lack of moral restraint have allowed women to go bare-breasted. The best examples were the Ancient Minoan priestesses whose garments were cut not merely to allow their breasts to remain bare but actively to display them as objects of pride and adoration. Now *there* was a sensible culture.

In our dank and chilly northern lands such delightful displays are hardly practical. Indeed, it would be cruel of us to expect our darlings to go bare-breasted in any but the most clement of weathers. There is also the matter of the dead hand of Christian morality, which lingers still. Yet who knows? Clothes have steadily been growing more revealing throughout my lifetime and with the help of a little global warming I may yet live to see bare breasts bobbing in the local high street. Wishful thinking? Certainly, but consider how just a few short years ago the idea of girls deliberately showing the tops of their knickers above the waistband of their low-slung jeans would have been considered an outrageous impossibility.

If bras have their charm, so does their absence. Naked breasts beneath a top have undeniable appeal, and are still rare enough to produce a pleasant shock. In such cases, nothing beats a fine pair of bouncers on a relatively young girl and it is fun to debate on the relative merits of seemingly innocent or accidental display versus unabashed showing-off. Personally, I like both.

Indeed, I get much pleasure from the sheer variety of girl's breasts and this extends to the outer garments that conceal them. Only the most shapeless jumper or the heaviest of overcoats lacks appeal. T-shirts are a delight, either tight to display the full *rondeur* of the wearer's bust or loose so that it merely hints at her contours as she walks. Blouses too are fine, allowing as they do a variable display of cleavage or a tantalising glimpse between two buttons – of lace trim, of softly curved pink flesh, perhaps even of a nipple. Tight sweaters are also good even though they provide a thick covering because they still display that quintessentially female shape.

However formed, however displayed, breasts to me are infinitely desirable. They are a divine gift to a woman whereby she may arouse her men and, in my case, at least, provoke an all-consuming passion that can ultimately be released only through orgasm over the objects of desire. This brings me to another factor in the appreciation of breasts: a woman's attitude to her own breasts.

I have heard remarks from two well-known and well-endowed women (I mention no names) whose fame derived at least in part from their mammary magnificence. Both said more or less the same thing: that they were unable to understand the fuss over what were to all intents and purposes large lumps of fat attached to their chests. This astonished me at first, but after some reflection I reached the only tenable conclusion, namely that both females were not in fact human beings at all but a species of shapechanging alien sent here for some inscrutable purpose.

Naturally I am being facetious. Yet I really do find this attitude astonishing, and also as destructive to the erotic urge as a bucket of ice water applied at the moment of supreme pleasure. How can a woman not enjoy her own breasts? Are they not crucial to her sexuality, second only to her genitals? Is it not arousing to display them, to have them touched, kissed, suckled?

Fortunately, after considerable research, I can answer the above questions with certainty. A minority of generally somewhat sexless women do indeed seem to have little or no appreciation of their breasts, but this is not the case for the majority – far from it. Most women find their breasts exciting as an element of sexual display and also erotically stimulating for their own sake. If you are privileged to watch a woman masturbate, I will lay short odds that she will do so

with one hand to her vulva and the other to her breasts, generally, in my experience, with her arm held beneath them and one nipple between finger and thumb.

My cousin, a pretty girl with a fine pair of bumpers set off by long tawny blonde hair, used to masturbate like that. She and I were never lovers as such but we came to a mutual understanding whereby we would lie together and tell each other dirty stories while we masturbated. Occasionally her hand would stray to my cock or mine would move to her breasts but that was the limit of our contact. Our pleasure was in fantasy, and in watching each other.

Exact circumstances varied but, so far as memory serves, her private technique never did. She would make herself comfortable on her bed, sometimes naked, more usually in knickers with her nightie or her top and bra lifted to expose her breasts. As she liked to see my balls I would either lie head to toe beside her or sit in a chair, my nether regions exposed to her as I brought myself erect, stimulated by her body and whatever we had chosen to talk about. After a while she would place her arm under her breasts, supporting them and stroking herself as she watched me. Only when she had tweaked her nipples erect and I was straining to attention would she slip a hand between her thighs, still pinching and pulling at her nipples, but now with increasing urgency until she came. By then I was usually finished myself.

In telling the above anecdote, I trust that you will not think me boastful. Rather, consider it a tale shared between fellow enthusiasts for our mutual delectation. With this in mind, I hope that you will excuse a few further excursions into my experiences, accounts focused always on the joy of girls' breasts. As with my cousin, who had best remain nameless as she is now a respectably married mother, I am

often quite happy with visual stimulation and the use of my right hand. Yes, given the right conditions I prefer encounters of greater intimacy. But in my memory all such conjunctions are equally sweet, and those of a purely voyeuristic nature only a little less so.

I have always loved to watch girls on the beach and I cannot resist taking a sneaky peek in the hope of catching a glimpse of their naked breasts when they are changing. On such occasions, I find that my pleasure is in direct proportion to their embarrassment. The bold girl who strips naked as if she were in the privacy of her own bedroom is certainly a stimulating sight, but far less so than her shy sister who wraps herself in a huge towel beneath which she undresses with clumsy motions and pulls her swimsuit on with as much haste as she dares. Ideally, she employs rather too much haste – and drops the towel.

Perhaps my happiest memory of this sort occurred not on a beach at all but beside a deep pool on the high moors. I recall the day perfectly: bright sunlight and that sultry heat one can only hope for during a few days each summer, the river beside me sparkling and chattering, the scenery more like something created by Thomas Hardy or possibly J. R. R. Tolkien than by God. Except, that was, for the girl standing on the water-worn slate some little way downstream from me, who had more in common with a cartoon from *Mayfair* or *Penthouse*.

Just to watch her was amusing and not a little arousing. She was beside the pool – her boyfriend was already in the water – and was attempting to undress beneath a barely adequate towel. No doubt she would normally have managed perfectly well. But on seeing me approaching she became flustered so that as she attempted to take her knickers off they caught on her big toe. Instead of

untangling them, she merely pulled harder, lost her balance and sent herself hopping across the rock on one foot, the towel gone, her fine apple-sized breasts bouncing free on her chest to create a sight at once utterly ludicrous and highly erotic. I thought so, anyway, and, after bidding the couple a polite 'Good afternoon' and getting a dirty look from the girl in return, I found myself a private space among the rocks in which to masturbate.

A more calculated piece of voyeurism involved a girl who used to live in the houses that back onto my own. I have no idea if she was merely careless or a deliberate exhibitionist, but either way she had the curious habit of always shutting her bedroom curtains *after* she had undressed. She was also regular in her habits, retiring to bed each weekday night between ten-thirty and eleven o'clock, which enabled me to be ready and waiting with my own curtains almost closed and a powerful telephoto lens set up on a tripod and trained though the tiny gap that I'd left.

The girl was well endowed, with a juicy pair of bouncers that wouldn't have been out of place in one of the raunchier pornographic magazines. She would usually strip to her bra and panties, allowing me to get myself erect as she went about her business. By the time she felt ready for bed I would usually be feeling fit to burst, and could generally time my orgasm to that perfect moment when she finally undid her bra and let that magnificent pair loll forward out of her cups. Sometimes I would wait a little longer, to watch her remove her panties and put on a fresh pair for bed, all the while with her breasts gloriously naked. Occasionally she would even pull the curtains closed while she was still bare-breasted, giving me a last full-frontal flash before the show ended. Sometimes I think she knew damn well that she was being watched.

An amusing postscript to this story occurred the last time I saw her before she moved. I had taken up my normal position at ten-thirty sharp, cock in hand and eye to my lens. Her light was already on and her curtains were wide open as usual. But rather than the customary sight of her moving about her room as she began to prepare for bed there was a most curious apparition: two pink objects, round and smooth, set some little way apart, were bobbing up and down to an even rhythm, each becoming visible in turn. These were clearly human in origin, and my mind being the way it is I immediately thought that I was witnessing some bizarre exercise involving the display of a pair of truly colossal breasts. This was not the case. The girl had found herself a boyfriend, and what I was looking at was the alternating motion of his bald head and his bottom as they fucked.

A rather more intimate and enjoyable memory of round pink things of exceptional size comes from an early relationship. This girl was the daughter of our local confectioner. She was a bubbly butter-fat blonde of seventeen with a fine rolling stern and magnificent udders of extraordinary size for her age, made all the more impressive by her petite five foot and two inches or so of height.

She was rather more experienced than me and at the time I was still a little in awe of women – and, of course, completely in awe of their breasts. Nevertheless, this girl was blessed with that wonderful feminine sympathy that makes one think of nurses and Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, and she led me gently along the path towards the heaven of full sexual intercourse. Unfortunately, when she decided that the time had come – after a woodland picnic – and straddled me in the grass to engulf my head with her gigantic breasts I found myself unable to rise to the

occasion. The sheer shock of having so much heavy pink breast-flesh unloaded into my face had made me come already.

One thing I learned to appreciate by going out with the confectioner's daughter was that for the true breast enthusiast one cannot afford to allow one's choice of partner to be dictated by humdrum fashion. Breasts may look better above a slim waist, true, but if one is to revel in the *real* glories of genuinely big melons or the grandest of udders their bearer must always be at least a bit plump. Silicon-assisted breasts, however large, simply do not cut the mustard for me, although I confess to a certain horrified fascination when faced with these unnatural monsters.

Aside from my sweetshop sweetheart I have encountered a good many plump girls with superb chests: if forced to make a top ten of my finest I expect eight or nine of the places would be occupied by women whom society would view as overweight. So, generally, would the girls themselves, which creates an exquisite irony: because they reckon that they do not have fashionable figures, those girls with the most to offer in the breast department are often considerably more eager to please than their arguably more fashionable but actually less desirable sisters.

I recall Leone, who lived in a constant state of embarrassment about her breasts. She was short, as the best breast-girls often are, and was endowed with as fine a set of bouncers as one could hope to find anywhere. Her waist was slim, but she had big bones, full hips and a large wobbling backside. In many ways she was the essence of femininity, and she was also highly sexed, with nipples so sensitive that she could almost achieve orgasm simply by having them sucked and stroked.

Having her breasts admired and played with not only turned Leone on, it made her feel confident. So much so that I think I can safely say that I've never known a girl so easy to get out of her bra, nor so prepared to tolerate hours of close attention to her breasts, a process that generally culminated in me coming over them as she herself masturbated.

It is also remarkable how often a girl will be happy to indulge you with the pleasures of her breasts – or indeed to play with another girl's breasts for your entertainment – when she would draw the line at more conventional sex. Many is the girl I've persuaded to lift her top and bra while I masturbate, so long as it is clear that I will demand nothing more. And why not? She can't get pregnant and she is safe from sexually transmitted disease, while like my darling cousin she may well appreciate the view that I myself provide for her.

I knew an Irish girl once, Naomi, with a fiery personality and a pair of bouncers of exceptional *rondeur*. She invariably had a boyfriend, often more than one at a time. Naomi made a point of letting me know that she was not interested in me sexually, yet more than once I persuaded her to take her top off and let me masturbate over her, even, on one memorable occasion, to fuck her breasts and come in her cleavage.

But enough of my personal reminiscences. Breasts, for me, are a central part of my life. I know it's an obsession. I don't care. I want to surround myself with breasts on every side, in every way. It's my life, and if other people don't like it then they can simply go their own way and I will go mine.

Nor is it simply a matter of my physical sex life. I collect, I classify. Any erotic material that focuses on breasts is a

delight to me, although I would like to think that I am at least moderately discerning in my choices. I have extensive collections of magazines, videos, DVDs and so forth, also artwork and sculpture. In this I have no shame. Some of it is pornographic, some artistic. For me the distinction is trivial at best. Breasts appeal to me sexually and aesthetically, and if this makes me a pervert, or any of the other things that I have been called over the years, then so be it. I want my newel posts to be full-chested caryatids, I want the statuary fountain in my garden to be three magnificently developed nymphs sporting naked in the water, and until the authorities drag me away to the camps that will no doubt soon be erected for social deviants like me they shall remain that way.

Thinking of that fountain reminds me that one thing that has always delighted me is the notion of having a group of bare-chested girls together, especially lined up in military style. I suppose every Englishman remembers the classic moment in *Carry On Camping* when Barbara Windsor loses her top – although sadly she doesn't actually have much worth showing – and possibly this episode is relevant. In any event, I have always wanted to be able to line up ten or twelve girls, or a hundred for that matter, all in identical clothes, and have them pull up their tops and bras on command. One day, perhaps, I shall.

Another curious delight is the Japanese *manga* artwork that shows impossibly large-breasted girls who are often deeply embarrassed by their mammary development. I find this idea of a girl being so well developed that she becomes clumsy, even helpless, strangely compelling. On a more practical note, there is considerable pleasure in the notion of those girls who are sufficiently big enough to make buying bras a challenge or even an ordeal for them, and I

love the idea of a girl being obliged to go braless simply because nothing will fit her.

Better still is the idea of a girl's clothing giving way under the strain: the buttons of her blouse popping, the catch of her bra failing, cotton and elastic splitting to let her flesh spill out in naked, rounded magnificence as her face goes pink with embarrassment while I stare, drinking in each tiny detail of her nakedness and her shame. Sadly such events are in reality rare to the point of non-existence. But one can dream.

You may be thinking that my attitudes make me something of a chauvinist, or that my obsession with a particular part of the female body means that I see women as objects rather than people. To an extent this may be true, and I certainly don't deny taking pleasure in representations of breasts – just the opposite, in fact, as I have already mentioned. Yet although I am a confirmed bachelor I feel that I may at least claim to treat women with an old-fashioned respect that is generally appreciated. Damn it, any woman with her head half screwed on knows full well that just because we men appreciate their bodies doesn't mean we don't also appreciate their minds. How much nicer, after all, to have a girl giggling with pleasure or blushing in shame because she is bare-chested than for her to exhibit the indifference of a mannequin?

So yes, I admire women's breasts. I adore women's breasts. I worship women's breasts, and not surprisingly I treat them as one should treat objects of adoration, gently and with care. I am always aware, too, that even the most magnificent pair of breasts is incomplete without the woman who bears them.

To finish, then, a cautionary tale. Women's breasts are sensitive, and should, in my view, be treated as such, with a loving reverence surely most appropriate for such succulent glories. To me, the idea of inflicting pain on a woman's breasts is nothing less than sacrilege, although I know that some men like to do so and some women appreciate having it done. One such man was a friend known among his fellow breast enthusiasts as 'Mr Clampit' for the pleasure that he took in attaching nipple clamps to his partners' teats. He was persuasive and moderately attractive so not infrequently had occasion to break in some new girl to his particular penchant. One such was Amanda, an opera singer blessed with a pair of melons as full and powerful as the lungs beneath. His lust inspired, Mr Clampit had soon got past the stage of wining and dining her, enjoyed the first removal of her bra – always a great moment, that – and at length managed to persuade her to try his lightest pair of nipple clamps. She agreed, her nipples were duly clamped and she found the experience rather stimulating. Encouraged, Mr Clampit moved up the scale, so to speak, applying larger and sterner clamps, crocodile clips, nipple chains and more. Each in turn brought Amanda to new heights of breathless pleasure, until at last he dared to suggest his cruellest torment: electrified clamps. These were duly applied and the current turned on – at which point she floored him with a right hook.

* * *

Thus the reader will appreciate that my experience is not entirely negligible. In putting together this slim volume I have interviewed a number of busty girls and collected stories from friends both female and male, some true or but mildly embellished, some pure fantasy. As to which is which, you must judge for yourselves.