

Date: May 18

Title: *They Say Kunoichi Should Have Small Tits But What If I Just Live With the Back Pain*

I'm so glad to be back in the content mines, loyal readers. "But wait," I hear you say, "Martha you wonderful bitch, you were in the content mines last week too!" Oh ho ho HO, loyal readers, that's where you're wrong! That wasn't content! I'll show you content! I'll SHOW THEM ALL!

Maniacal cackling, flip the page, enter *They Say Kunoichi Should Have Small Tits But What If I Just Live With the Back Pain*. I was considering just calling it something shorter like *Kunoichi* or *They Say* or even just the first half *They Say Kunoichi Should Have Small Tits*, but Big Titty Ninja Hour is funnier and makes me sound less like I'm padding my word count so we're using that. Big Titty Ninja Hour is about a girl with a small town background, a smaller brain, a big heart, and an even BIGGER pair of tits. Our main lady Hime is twenty one years old, and instead of starving or getting mowed down by asshole landlords wearing armor like you might expect of a young peasant in the late Edo period, her fate is far more fun. She makes a deal with a local lord to become a shinobi in exchange for enough food to feed her family for three months, and intends to become ruler of Japan. Thanks to the opening narration, barring some kind of asinine "it was all a dream" reveal or an "everything we see is really a fever dream she has in a coma" theory, we know she will succeed.

Somehow.

Now, you might reasonably expect a story with that premise and this title to have, say...some tonal issues. Real shinobi were hardly glamorous after all- the most exciting thing they'd get up to was essentially dressing as a cook and poisoning someone no more corrupt as their employer. Meanwhile, that title promises hijinks, training arcs, and a sense of stupid self aware giggliness. That's why- and if this part genuinely surprises you, welcome to both anime and pop culture in general- it doesn't bother with realism in the slightest. Sure, Hime may not breath fire or commune with magical spirits, but she's very much a Pop Culture Ninja.

Her every outfit is anachronistic as hell, she does stupid acrobatic flips and spins and physics defying leaps constantly, she has a sword that can do...well, Anime Sword Things, and most importantly she acts like an accidentally (that part's important) slutty college girl from the mid twenty tens. Her inexplicably modern bras get exposed all the time, you know, and she never really notices, and one time in episode 2 she just...forgets to put her baggy ninja pants on and speaks to her lord wearing fancy ninja clothes from the waist up but, from the waist down, is naked except panties and sandals.

Of course, a sleazy ecchi is only as good as...gosh.. as good as, as...mmmmm...

Tiiiiitties.

Love oppai. Obey oppai. Stare at oppai. Drool for oppai.

Love oppai. Obey oppai. Stare at oppai. Drool for oppai.

Love oppai. Obey oppai. Stare at oppai. Drool for oppai.

Love oppai. Obey oppai. Stare at oppai. Drool for oppai.

Love oppai. Obey oppai. Stare at oppai. Drool for oppai.

Ggghhhh mmmhhhhh, sorry about that. Someone commented on how weird those segments are three days ago, and I just wanna say that I leave my lapses of judgment in because some part of my brain finds them hot. It...gets really upset when I try to delete them, haha. Like, almost as upset with me as it got when a classmate's pretty little skirt swished just a bit too far and I tried...

Not to look...

Look...

At her panties...

Her soft, plush...adorable panties...

Mmmffff, giiirls...I love girls..

Panties are justice, panties are joy...panties are justice, panties are joy...panties are justice...panties are joy...

Mmmwerrrr. Sorry. God, that felt good. Anyway.

So as you could probably guess, Big Titty Ninja Hour is a bit hollow thematically. It's no *Citizen Dane*, and I understand that to say so is to use the most hackneyed comparison possible, but it's no *Aiba* or *Cereal Experiment's Pain*, either. Hime is good. The female friends who laugh and wiggle when she gets touchy feely with them are good. The jealous wives and daughters who grope her and curse her tits for not being theirs, are bad. The jealous wives and daughters who grope her for being too modest with her amazing gifts from the gods (her titties) are good. The husbands and fathers who try to kill her, or who try to stop her from completing her less lethal missions, are bad. I say this upfront because it *is* military grade candy coated shlock, but DAMN is that candy FUCKIN delicious.

The way Hime's huge oppaitastic titties jiggle and boing is a work of art. The love and detail that went into animating her milkers and even more that went into the beautiful (J-cup, according to the show) bras holding them is obvious in every frame. The camera loves to fixate on them

every chance it gets, putting them and their majestic loftiness front and center a majority of the time. Whether she's trading flashy sword maneuvers with a master of the blade or bouncing with the gallop of a horse she just jacked, Hime's skill and achievements play second fiddle to her...

Her tits.

Her juicy, fertile flesh melons. Her mountainous milky mounds. Her titanic terrific tatas. Her stupendously sensual sucklesacks.

Mmmmmff, tiiiits...

Love oppai. Obey oppai. Stare at oppai. Drool for oppai.

Love oppai. Obey oppai. Stare at oppai. Drool for oppai.

Godddd, I can still see them waving and bouncing delightfully through the air like excited puppies. Her giggle echoes in my ear, so soft and melodic and airy...

Obeyyyyy oppai.

So anyway, as I was saying, the star of the show is NOT Hime. The narrator can monologue all he wants about her skills, heart, dedication, none of that *really* matters. The animators didn't draw *They Say Kunoichi Should Have Small Tits But What If I Just Live With the Back Pain* because they wanted to tell the story of a young underdog uniting Japan, they drew *They Say Kunoichi Should Have Small Tits But What If I Just Live With the Back Pain* because they wanted to demonstrate just how much BETTER bog standard shounen shenanigans are when they're background noise enhancing a pair of gigantic fucking honkers. And yeah, they were right. You're excited for the swordfights because you want to see Hime strip a sexy milf to their undies with her sword, or to watch an old battlescarred lady with one arm knock Hime on her ass and step on her face (me next ;-). You're not excited to watch the dumb sword clanging you've seen a million times, but the thought of Hime shoving a soft beautiful femboy to the ground by jamming her now-exposed, scratched up titters in his face? SUBLIME.

Her breasts are animated with the dedication and awe usually reserved for big fights or elaborate setpieces. Watching them bounce and jiggle during low impact movement, then whip about violently during the action scenes, is undeniably a delight. I had my face glued to the screen every time they were in shot, which meant I didn't look away for most of the anime's run. The BRAS, though, make my fucking mouth water. I cannot express to you through text alone the craftsmanship and care conveyed in their designs. I almost wonder if they're rotoscoped or something, because with the amount of lace and lines and details drawn onto each of them (and she goes through MANY) you'd expect them to do the *Fregun* thing where a detailed object is drawn much simply whenever it has to actually move, but this show never does. Maybe the boob guy got all the budget and shared it with the bra artist, I don't know, but the results are captivating.

It's a quick one, being the usual twelve episodes long, so you can get through it in an afternoon if you binge it. I definitely recommend that you do, honestly. It's super easy to get sucked in, and you're not going to come away disappointed afterwards if you do.

Date: May 25

Title: *IN A WORLD Ruled By Peace And Love*

Okay, okay, HEAR ME OUT. I know some of my readers have been clamoring for my input on the more mainline anime from the last few months, like how I used to do, and I get it, and I know I don't usually do anime on here that aren't done airing (in season-sized chunks at least), but HEAR ME OUT. This is another one of those *Shaves of Day* sort of examples, right, where something gets enough mainstream attention people arbitrarily decide it isn't porn? Right? So that's right up both of our alleys! So let's all just put down the torches, stare at some ripe anime boobs, grab our skimpy *Sailor Moon* themed outfits and get inappropriately affectionate with other girls in public cause it's primetime anime trash hours BABYYYY!

(Editor's Note: hey guys. She put a gif here that, while stunningly beautiful, would definitely get us either kicked off the site or hit with a copyright claim, so please just imagine a j-pop idol swinging her hips and "accidentally" swishing a miniskirt high enough to flash her whole panties. Thanks for your cooperation.)

The year is 2093. There is no war, there is no famine, and there is no queen of England. World peace has been achieved thanks to the all-healing power of j-pop. Idols give performances in even bigger stadiums than they already do, their perfect smiles and full bodies and pretty outfits delivering practically infinite joy to the masses. But all is not well in this eutopia because...well I mean you *knew* that's where this was going, right?

There's a seedy underbelly to this operation: it's the j-pop industry, of course there is. Now I'm no expert on that specifically, so I'm sure there's specific criticism to it, but much of it also applies to the world of celebrities and famous actors under capitalism in general. The networking, the lies, the using people, the parasocial stuff, it's all there. Just...exaggerated, you know, because it's an anime. I don't wanna spoil anything, so skip this blog and go watch it blind if you're intrigued. Okay, good? Everyone left either has seen the two episodes that're out or don't care if they read spoilers? Okay.

Now, that premise is fun but here's where the magic happens: there are a handful of super elite idol groups who work directly for the government, and those ones are MIND CONTROLLED. At the end of episode one we see one's panties "accidentally" slip off into the audience, where it releases a flood of chemicals and drugs everyone there into a state of euphoric suggestibility. The crowd eagerly passes the panties about, the cloud of pheromones brainfucking everyone there into a state of complete blank compliance. The lyrics shift to a message of love and

obedience, which the crowd eagerly repeat. A would be assassin, caught up in the drugs, gets grabbed by security and taken backstage to meet her, helplessly cooperative with her captors all the while. As the idol sings we're treated to her inner monologue, which is struggling to resist something but failing. She teaches the crowd to submit, to love, to obey, to be soft and docile and complacent.

Problematic obviously (these are the bad guys) but HHHHH IT'S SO FUCKING HOT. The two episodes that currently exist each have a musical number where one of the government-run idol groups performs, and those sections are JAW DROPPING. The girls' legs, bare midriffs, flat tummies and big full breasts stare through the screen at you awash in bright watercolors and trippy rays of light, attacking your eyes with a wonderfully peppy barrage of beautiful babes and luscious lighting that makes it feel like a birthday cake for your eyes with especially creamy icing. Just this two dimensional facade of these girls makes the viewer understand why these performances so effortlessly pacify the entire world. It practically FORCES you to, by snaring your eyes on these beautiful...

Beautiful smiles...

Ripe, bouncing boingers...

Soft, pillowy cleavage...

Expressive, grinning faces...

Bright, wide, doey eyes...

Long colorful hair...

Short loose flowy skirts...

Panties...

Mmmnff. Tiiits. I fuckin love anime babes.

Anyway, the meat and potatoes of the show follow (perhaps surprisingly) Minata, a milfy lady in her late thirties who works as a handler for one of the lesser, not state-run idol groups. She takes a bit of a motherly role towards her girls, using her soft maternal smile and big inviting cleavage to disarm potential members and seduce ones who already work for other groups. She seems to have some kind of ulterior motive, although at no point in the show's hour long pilot does that come up.

This is where episode two comes in. Minata...likes girls. She LOVES girls. She's uninterested in men but she wants a family. A lady with breasts like hers needs young that she can use them to nourish, as she puts it, doesn't she? And during the scene in episode two where she poaches a

closeted lesbian couple from a rival group, you really...feel it. Her maternal smile coupled with the calculated growl of her inner monologue really draws you in, hoping these girls switch because watching Minata toy with them is hot but kind of scared you might regret feeling that way. The show loves this trick, pulling you to have conflicting feelings about what it's teasing you with. I know that's like, nothing special for erotica, but erotica generally doesn't come with a brain-blasting light show that tenderizes you first and leaves you weak and vulnerable and craving what it won't upfrontly give to you.

Now if you read this, you know by now that I'm a boobs girl. Minata delivers: her huge rack is the first thing you notice, then her flowing locks of plush hair. Her lips, coated always in bright pink lipstick with an almost starry sheen, makes you want to shove your face through the screen and suck on hers. Whenever she pats one of her girls on the head, or gingerly adjusts a costume to show exaaaactly enough skin, or brushes an idol's hair as she directs them, you really get the feeling she sees them as family. This is a woman who absolutely is using these girls to her own ends, and obviously loves it, but you can tell she does love them in her own twisted way. This is really iffy, of course, but as watch her...

Watch mommy...

Bottlefeed her cute girls...

Rock them in her arms...

Coo away their silly objections...

Don't leave Mommy...don't doubt Mommy...

We're a family...we love each other...no matter what...

No matter what...

No matter what...

Mmmm...

Nnnff. In the scene where Hilda throws a silly little tantrum and tries to escape so Mommy forces a pacifier in her mouth, you find yourself drooling and staring, blankly, your eyes all glazed over as you get treated to a POV shot of Hilda trying to run, pounding a door, turning, h- hitting Mommy, noooo, her wrist gets grabbed, Mommy sloooowly extends a pacifier towards the camera, everything gets all blurry, the colors warp to the pudply pastels of the concerts, the flailing of her free arm slows as it becomes less recognizable, then fully indistinct, her objections stop synching with the movement of her head as the pacifier takes position in the center of the frame...

It grows as it approaches, the sound of her voice becomes quieter and more muffled while Mommy's becomes clearer and sharper, chastising her, *forgiving* her, *LOVING* her, and you beg this baby to suck the cute sexy pacifier, to obey...

Fuuuuck. My eyes just fluttered and rolled and got all lazy and glazy there. Fuuuuck. I think I halfway lost consciousness too.

I fucking love anime porn, guys. It's so...so fucking good. Episode two ended in a cut to Hilda, now the face of her little production. And the screen, as her own face takes up all of it. Her smile takes up half of her face as she greets her fans, her internal monologue telling us that she's glad "whichever traitorous whore hurt Mommy's feelings" got punished and she's proud "to know she'd never do something so cruel to Mommy." It's the first time a singer's internal monologue shines with anything resembling joy, but...that's not joy. It's fucked. The camera zooms out to reveal the rest of her, doing a *Sailor Moon* pose with her slender legs niiice and wide, and her breasts (considerably bigger now, mostly in width) pushed out. A pacifier dangles from a necklace. Her free hand wriggles for a moment in its resting place in a fist on her hip. Is she fighting some kind of control, or is she just eager to dance? As soon as the music hits she jumps for joy, flashing her entire panties to the whole audience, but especially to you.

All in all it's absolutely wonderful and YOU, yes YOU, the cutie reading this, you personally in specific need to go watch it.