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Details page 64

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LEG FORUM

PUBLIC APPEAL

Dear LEG FORUM:

Both my wife and I are avid LEG SHOW fans, and over our six years of marriage we've experienced many different forms of sexual deviations. Although my wife is now thirty-three, she possesses the sultry body of a woman ten years younger with measurements of 36-25-38. I felt compelled to write in and share with all your loyal readers a new fad has started which we hope catches on all across the country. We had to go out shopping last Sunday and as luck would have it, all of my wife's pants and slacks were in the dry cleaners. Not wanting to get all dressed up in a skirt or dress, she decided to slip into a pair of black, opaque tights that she normally wears underneath a skirt or mini dress. These black tights are similar to a pair of pantyhose but have a single seam running down the middle of her crotch between her thighs and up the crack of her ass. Except for the fact that you could faintly see through them due to the weave in the stretch fabric, you would swear they looked like pants.

Well, my wife slipped her black tights over her just showered, naked lower body and wore them as pants along with a spandex tube top, no bra, and a pair of five inch, spiked

black high heels. As she was slipping her feet into her high heels I noticed that I was able to see every detail of her hips, ass, and pussy showing right through the weave of her black tights. Since my wife is a bit of an exhibitionist anyway, I just kept my mouth shut and enjoyed



getting my rocks off from her new outfit!

We got into our car and drove to the nearby mall to do some shopping. From the moment my wife got out of our car all eyes turned to her. I watched as men of all ages drooled over the sight of my wife's lower body being exposed through the tiny holes in the weave of her black tights. I reached the point where I was so turned on by the sight of her that I let her walk around the mall by herself so I could follow her and look at her ass showing right

through the black tights.

She got so many cat calls and propositions for sex that I almost came right in my pants as I followed her around the mall. The more attention she got from the other shoppers, the more she flaunted her body in their faces.

At one point I was walking towards her and I stared intently down at her pussy as she walked closer into view. I was able to actually see her pussy bush showing right through her tights as she approached me. Her soft white flesh was sticking through the tight weave of the fabric with her pussy bush making a definite pattern in her tights.

When I confronted her with the obvious fact that she was exposing

her body to all these strangers she simply smiled at me and told me that she knew all about it. She confessed to me right in the middle of the mall that she got a thrill out of showing herself off in public and that if it wasn't for the fact that she would be arrested for indecent exposure she would love to parade around all day stark naked. I love it when she talks that way, so I put my arm around her waist and we continued to go from store to store together, attracting all the attention that we could.

Our final stop was a hosiery store where my wife purchased a half dozen pairs of new tights. She bought them in various bright colors to attract as much attention to herself as possible. She swore to me right then and there that she would throw away every pair of slacks and pants she owned and continue to wear tights exclusively as pants from that day forward.

I confess that I love the new look and would be willing to bet every last dime I owned that men from all around would also love looking at her pussy bush and ass showing through her tights. Who could resist such a sight?

Tight Fit

BED & BATH

Dear Dian:

We wanted to take a minute and fill you in on a very hot and wonderful leg experience we recently had. We are Mike and Neva, a 33 yr. old, white professional couple who are always looking for great erotic leg games to play. We have been avid readers of your magazine and have made several great contacts and friends through the "Personal Please" section in LEG SHOW.

Two weeks ago while waiting for a weather clearance in Chicago we were able to fulfill one of our fantasies. Our flight assignment was eventually cancelled and we ended up at a major airport hotel about 10 pm, very tired, wet, cold, and horny. After a few nice cocktails Neva suggested we take a bath to warm up and relax. I didn't think twice and suggested she leave her garter belt, stocking, and panties on while we took our bath. Neva is a flight attendant who always wears stockings and as a matter of fact, several of your readers and our friends have added her used stockings and panties to their collections in the last year.

This evening she was wearing dark navy stockings with a black garter belt and very sheer black french cut panties. As we sat in the tub she rubbed her wet pantied ass on my feet and legs and eventually my chest and face. The taste of her wet nylons and panties was very sweet and erotic and after about 5 to 10 minutes of this play her pussy became very wet and sticky and she was ready to be fucked hard. I had

other plans, however, and insisted that she use her wet stocking feet on my now rock hard dick.

The feeling of those blue, wet, crisp nyloned feet on my cock was unfucking believable and within seconds I shot a huge, hot, sticky stream of fresh white sperm all over her feet and legs. The sight of cum on her stockings was very hot and she told me that it was now her turn to cum, so I ended up using some great bath gel that the hotel had provided to clean and bathe her feet, legs, and breasts. She insisted that I leave her pussy and ass alone.

We left the tub and moved to the bed where Neva quickly moved to the doggie position, her favorite, and told me to lick, finger, and tongue her pretty little pink wrinkled asshole, which I did. We ended up spending the next hour or so with me servicing her in several different ways and eventually I got all 7½ inches in her ass. I shot another nice load deep in her ass and we fell asleep.

The following morning we were off to the skies and I'm sure Neva has told a few of her flight attendant friends about wearing stockings in the tub. She actually wore the same pair that day that I had had so much fun with the evening before.

We would be very interested in corresponding with other LEG SHOW readers and would love to trade photos and videos with them. We will send what we receive and love it all! Mike and Neva, Box 191163, San Diego, CA 92159.

Mike & Neva

GETTING HIS KICKS

Dear LEG SHOW:

Ever since I was a teenager I've had this fetish for plastic boots with the elastic fastener on the side. I've kept this a secret until one day my wife came in and caught me masturbating into a pair. She didn't seem upset, but rather turned on by it. She let me finish and then to my surprise she took the boot and stuck her hand in it, then brought out some of my sperm and licked it off her fingers. She then took what was left and poured it over her shoes and feet (red 3" high heels with black stockings on). This turned me on so much I had to masturbate again, but this time she wanted me to come on her feet and shoes.

The next day I came home from work and my wife said she had a surprise for me. She went into the bedroom and came out wearing a pair of red elastic fastener boots that she bought at a garage sale. She told me to come over and kneel at her feet, then took a pair of scissors and cut an opening in the side of the boot so I could stick my dick in and wank off. After I did this she told me to do the same with the other boot. Sometimes she leaves her shoes on in the boots, but most of the time she has them off because she likes to walk around in the boots with my sperm in them. Sometimes she even wears them to bed after I've done this and sleeps in them all night. She says it keeps her feet nice and smooth.

Ever since that day she caught me masturbating she keeps coming home with more boots, and sex has become even greater.

The Boot Man
R.S.&J.S.

MAN WITH A MISSION

Dear LEG SHOW:

A torrid and erotic sexperience is prompting me to write this and share my fortunate adventure with fellow foot fanciers. I've done my share of toe tasting in my 23 years, but this recent escapade puts my past conquests to shame.

It was a Thursday evening and I was unusually horny, wondering where I could find a woman. Deciding to try something new, I put on my best suit and drove to a classy bar in an even classier hotel. After an hour or so of scanning for snatch, a woman who appeared to be 40ish sat on a stool two removed from where I was. As she sat we made eye contact and I flashed her my "shy but interested" grin to feel her out.

She was exotic-looking, attractive, heavily made up, by choice it seemed, not like she was hiding anything. I made a trip to the bathroom, thinking of a smooth way to approach her, and was greeted with a fresh drink upon my return to the bar. When I found out she had ordered it for me I slid beside her and struck up a conversation.

For the next half hour we had a witty little chat chock full of sexual innuendos. Our talk took a decidedly sexual direction and when

Donna asked me what my favorite part of the female anatomy was, I proudly professed that I was a foot freak. Donna struck a look of mock shock and asked in a seductive tone, "What do you do to a woman's feet?" I told her anything they wanted me to, and felt the snake wake in my slacks.

After some more bullshitting, during which I learned Donna was there on business, that she was a mom of two, and that she and her husband rarely fucked, she invited me to her room so I could "taste her toes."

When we reached her room Donna's tone changed to a slutty, demanding one and she instructed me to strip and lay on the carpet facing up. She slowly started to disrobe while she told me how handsome I was and how she wanted to cum in my mouth. She raised a high heel clad foot and began to lightly grind my nose and mouth with it. When she was completely naked (she had a fantastic figure with noticeably different sized breasts that were just beginning to sag a bit), she removed her shoes and plunged her right foot under my nose.

"Don't kiss them yet, honey. Just smell them. Smell my toes like a good boy," she said and started to wiggle her digits in my face. Her foot aroma was very pungent—more than what I had expected, but it only increased my pleasure. Donna then sat on the bed and instructed me to lick and kiss her heel. She slowly moved her foot downward and I feverishly bathed it with delirious licks. I slobbered like a madman when I reached her toes and started in with her other foot when the taste was lost from the first.

Donna then laid on the bed and told me to come up and make her feel good. I asked her to get on her hands and knees and began to lick, suck, and bite her ass cheeks while I played with her soaked cunt. Donna's asshole was one of the most gorgeous I've ever seen—completely hairless and a healthy pink. I spread her cheeks to open her up and stuck my nose into her little shitter. She was getting very excited and started grinding her ass into my face. I couldn't stand it any longer so I began to lick her bunghole, driving my tongue as deep as it would go and tongue fucking her delicious

butt. When I sucked at it Donna began wailing, "Oooh baby, that's it! Suck my little asshole! Eat my asshole!"

When she was satisfied, Donna told me I had fulfilled one of her fantasies by eating her asshole and that I deserved to fulfill one of mine. I told her that I had always wanted to jet a load of hot cum all over a woman's face, but could never find a receptive recipient. She slid in between my legs from where I was standing and said, "You want to cum on my face Baby? Come on and do it. I want you to cum on my face."

With that, she began sucking my cock like a bitch in heat, slurping and making animalistic groaning noises as she looked at my face to see how I was enjoying it. I felt as if I had a little domination action coming my way so I grasped her hair with both hands and started face fucking her. When she didn't pose any objections I became a little bolder and started saying shit like, "That's it bitch, suck it deep."

When I was ready to regurgitate my genes onto her face, I yanked the back of her hair so her face was tilted upward and I squeezed my cock as hard as I could. When I let go, a barrage of boiling liquid shot out of my dick at 100 mph, hitting her square in the eye and dripping down her cheek. It was unbelievable. The ensuing 8-10 pulses all produced volume and when I was finished Donna's face was covered with my cum. She told me to spoon feed her with my cock and I proceeded to plant volleys of scooped sperm onto her tongue.

When I left that night I gave Donna my number in hopes we could get together again some day. If there are any other ladies in my area who would like similar service from a handsome young guy with an insatiable thirst for quirk, get in touch through the personals. Ciao.

J.M.
Holbrook, N.Y.

GETTING HIS KICKS

Dear Dian:

For years I've been a big fan of LEG SHOW, but recently I have developed a strong fetish for tough, dominant young girls. This happened after I was "literally" kicked in the balls by a young Puerto Rican girl almost 2 years ago! I am a 40+

white male who stands 6'2" and weighs 210 lbs., but I am very much a wimp when it comes to talking to women.

After my separation 2 years ago—I'm now divorced—I began to frequent the nightclubs, going to a different club almost every week. I couldn't believe all the sexy young ladies there in those tight minis and statuesque heels! It was like a LEG SHOW magazine layout every weekend! I loved just watching and would fantasize about kissing the feet of these young foxes. Unfortunately, I never got the courage to confront any of them except for only



one time 2 years ago.

There was this beautiful 20 year old Puerto Rican girl named Rachel. She is 5'6", 117 lbs., with a full 36-23-34 figure, strong, well toned perfect legs, perfect size 7 feet, and a face as gorgeous and haughty as they come. Her eyes were truly evil, and her jet black hair, silky and curly, hung over her eyes just barely. When I first noticed her in a club she was clad in a tight black mini and a zebra print top that was closer to a bra than anything else. It exposed her entire stomach and navel area. I was in love, but mostly with those heels, a pair of 4½" zebra print high heeled pumps! She had no stockings on, although it was

February, and she unconsciously teased me into submission by dangling a single heel at her toes when she crossed her legs. I prayed for the heel to fall so that I might see her sexy toes, but she was an expert at dangling a heel at her slender toes. She wiggled and flapped and twisted that spiked pump so much that I couldn't believe how she controlled it at her toes! I watched and watched and watched until she noticed me and my obsession. I walked out of the club scared.

I went to another club across the street and hung out there for about an hour before I watched her come

toenails. Minutes later the beauty saw me again. She seemed angry. I tried not to look at her, but her eyes caught mine and she waved me over with her index finger. I was a jellyfish, but walked over to her. She bent her lips to my ear and said, "If you look at my foot for one more second I'm gonna crack you right in the mouth." I swallowed loudly and shook my head, "Y-yes Ma'am," I replied, turned and, beginning to walk out, heard her say, "Leave. Get the fuck otta here!" I left.

About 2 hours later, after hitting other clubs, I went to the parking lot to get my car. Another coincidence—she was there getting hers too with a girlfriend. It was parked almost next to mine! "Holy shit!" I thought. As I watched her walk by I couldn't keep my eyes off her tall zebra print heels that clicked across the wet pavement of the parking lot. She barely noticed me, but finally did. She was really pissed. "Hey you. . . Fuckhead. Are you following us?" she asked. I replied, "No." She told me to "Come here," and I walked over to her, scared stiff.

She told me that an "old fuck" like me doesn't belong in clubs like these and she told me to go home. I decided to go for broke and told her I thought her heels were sexy, and I liked them.

She gave me an evil grin, still pissed, and swung her right leg ferociously giving me a vicious kick in the balls. "You like 'em now asshole?" she screamed. I went down to my knees clutching my balls in pain, then fell on my side onto the wet pavement, sort of in a fetal position. Rachel walked over and stood above me, tears coming from my eyes, and put her high heeled foot over my right cheek and pressed. It was damp and dirty from the pavement, and I felt my face turn red.

"My name is Rachel, and if you ever come near me again, I'll beat the shit outta you. Got that, asshole?" she snarled, her foot pressing upon my cheek and now making a squashing motion as if she were squishing a cockroach. "Yes, Ma'am—ugh!" I replied. She removed her vicious pump from my face and walked away, my last view of her being the backs of her zebra print knife-like heels getting into her car.

I laid on the dirty pavement for a

minute before I got up to my car and fell asleep in the back seat. I woke up with a sore crotch and a dirt print on my cheek from her shoe. Oddly, I was so turned on that I didn't wash the dirt from my face for the whole day, and was so in love with her domineering personality that I truly felt put in my place—at the feet of a Goddess!

A. Jackson

DANCING WITH WOLVES

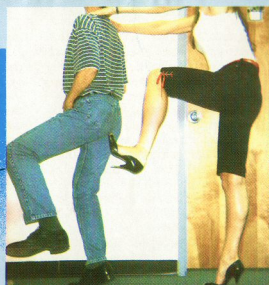
Dear Dian:

I've been an avid masturbator and reader of LEG SHOW for over 3 years now. The photo layouts and interviews are terrific. I've answered many ads from the "Personal Please" column. I have corresponded with many people who share the same interest as me. I've also personally met a single girl, and a couple from the Cleveland area who have run ads. We've shared many satisfying, cum filled evenings together.

For the past 5 years I've worked part-time as a male dancer in clubs that feature an all male revue for "Ladies Only" night. I usually do 2 or 3 shows a month. When I first started dancing, I had a problem of getting an uncontrollable erection at the wrong time. The sight of a room full of ladies, many of them wearing short skirts and high heels, makes my cock very hard. It's very difficult to hide an erection in a tiny G-string. I used to go into the men's room and masturbate. If I was wearing a light colored G-string there would always be that wet, tell-tale stain in the front. I found that if I jacked off 3 or 4 times before leaving home I wouldn't be as apt to get a hard-on later.

Between my dance sets I mingle with the girls, and in some places serve drinks. It seems I always end up sitting at a table with a group of girls who are wearing skirts and heels and showing a lot of leg. I have a very strong fetish for nylon covered legs and high heels. It usually shows by the hard-on I get, no matter how many times I jack-off. There's always something exciting about the way a group of girls act in an environment like this, especially after they've had a few drinks. They almost always want to touch, feel, and grab. Each girl tries to outdo the other. I've received many award winning handjobs

Why I'm Not



A Feminist

In 1969 I thought feminism was a great thing. The early leaders, Germaine Greer, Betty Dodson, Betty Friedan talked about shaking off Victorian moral restrictions on female sexual expression, uniting us as sisters rather than acting as caty competitors, accepting each other as equals whether we be executives or prostitutes, and gaining sexual equality where it really counted—in economic opportunity and compensation. It was a loving, benevolent, truly liberating concept, and I, a horny young hippie about to enter the work force, was behind it all the way. That was a long time ago.

Today I don't recognize the vicious, controlling tight minded thing feminism has become. Like a shrewish nag the movement vents its collective anger through moral accusations and legal demands, but like the shrew, no victory brings satisfaction because the discontent lies much deeper. It's the old inability to accept inevitability, coupled with that damnable human urge to control others. The feminists are pissed that male and female sexuality is so different. So is just about everybody else of the time, but most of us are content to muddle through it one on one in our personal relationships.

Feminists in the past encouraged women to embrace their form of sexuality as equal to male sexuality, to see that there was nothing inferior about being slower to arouse, needing different kinds of stimulation to achieve satisfaction, and most important, accepting that they were *allowed* to have satisfaction, something our post-Puritan society still discourages in females with its moral condemnation of "sluts" and prostitutes.

Modern feminism wants to legislate female sexuality as the *only* politically correct kind.

The war on pornography, spearheaded by feminists, is basically a refusal to accept sexual differences. Research shows men are strongly affected by visual stimuli, women generally are not, needing direct physical stimulation to become aroused. Men, fueled by the horny hormone, testosterone, think about sex more than women do, on average, and whether single or attached, over ninety percent of them masturbate regularly. Visual aids make that masturbation more pleasurable, thus the demand for pornography. Researcher John Money says men were designed to arouse easily from visual stimuli to be competitive in early breeding competition. Man had to be able to get it up at a distance so the female could examine him and see if he pleased her enough to be allowed closer. Since the female always gets to choose in nature she doesn't have to be aroused until her choice is made. A slower arousal is to her advantage, letting her choose with her mind and not her cunt.

Sure, we don't live that way now, but our bodies haven't caught on to the changes yet. My point is that men and women are different and fighting it is a waste of what little time we have on this planet, unless your need to control others is more powerful than your need for happiness.

That may sound funny to some of you, accustomed to the pleasure I and other LEG SHOW women take in sexually controlling men, but there's an important difference: consent. In sex play humans can channel their control instincts into mutual satisfaction. It's an escape valve that keeps us from tyrannizing those who don't want to be controlled. Men and women without an outlet play the game out in real life. Like the feminists, so frustrated by their lack of power over individual men in their lives, usually beginning with Daddy, that they seek to control all men. And how do they do it? By forcing the government—the symbolic Daddy of us all—to enact new laws. Thus they get to not only control Daddy, but everyone else. Sure, they think they're doing good, they think they know what's best for us all, but laws generally steal freedom rather than enhance it. And in setting up all these laws to protect women aren't we just perpetuating the idea that women are helpless children who need the protection of a paternal male to survive?

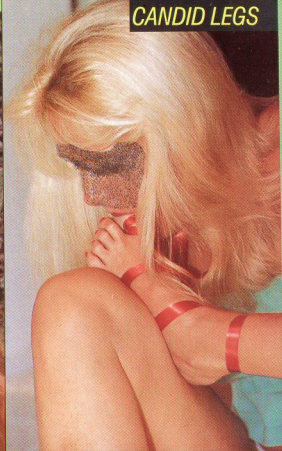
Here's one that got me recently. Feminists in Germany are pushing the government to tax all men extra to make up for men who abuse women, mainly husbands who abuse wives. I see it here all the time too; feminists who think the government can and should do something to make men stop beating their wives. Let me say it loud, LAWS CAN- NOT CONTROL HUMAN BEHAVIOR! By harping on it being the government's job to stop wife abuse they keep women in the mindset that some knight in shining armor is supposed to come solve all their problems.

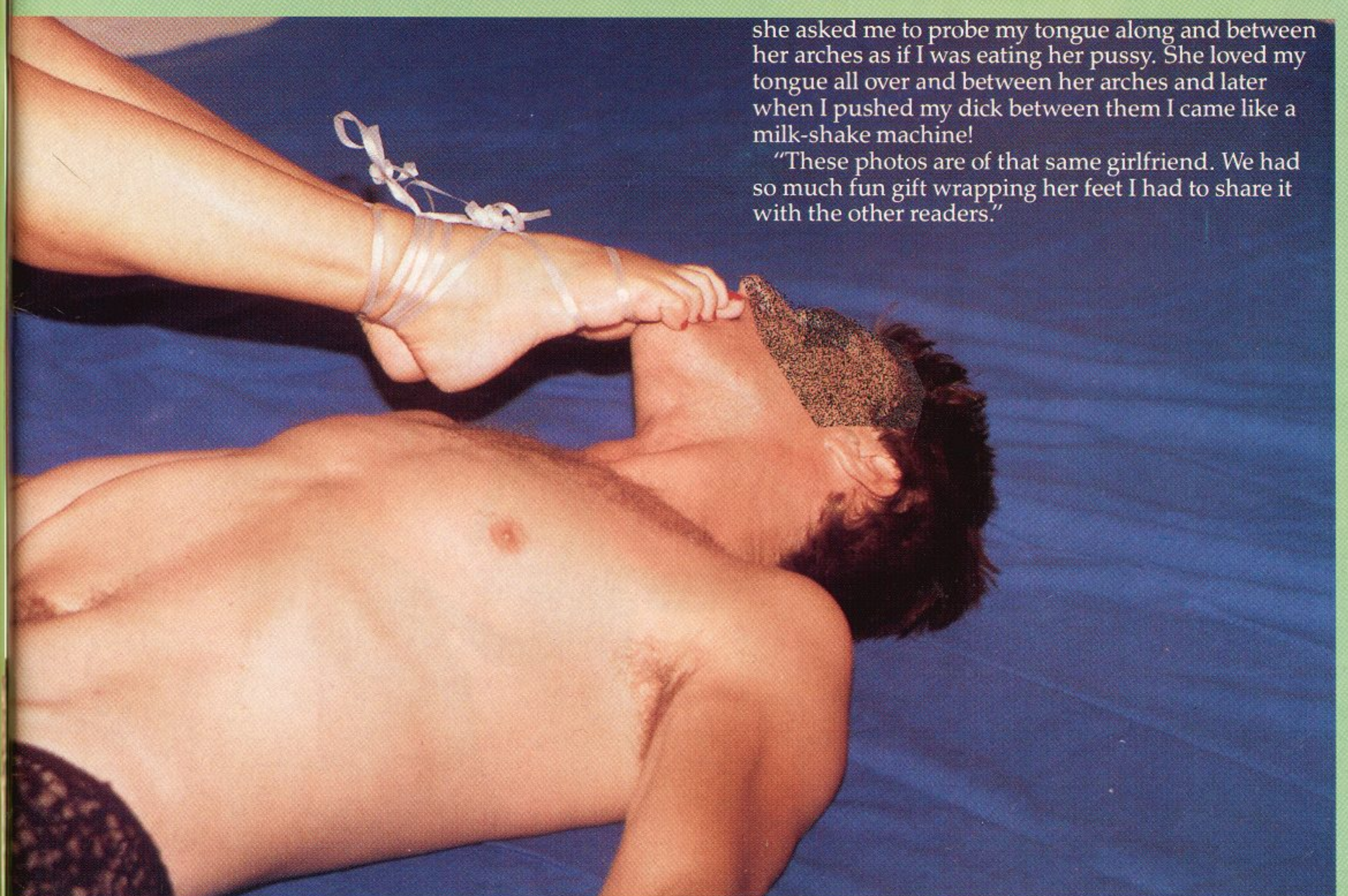
Want to stop your man from beating you? Buy yourself a baseball bat. An ax will do in extreme cases. Walk into the bedroom after he's kicked the shut out of you and fallen into boozey slumber and brain the bastard. *That's* how women become "empowered". No one can give you power. Power is something you build yourself from the blocks of desire and self esteem. I know a lot of women—and men—don't have much self esteem, but that can be built too, by doing esteemable things, like asking for what you need and by shopping elsewhere if you can't get it where you are now, by not letting people of either sex control you or hurt you, and perhaps hardest of all, by not letting self loathing drive you to hurt yourself. What pisses me off most about the feminists is the same thing that pisses me off about all groups who present themselves as saviours: they are freedom stealers, and when you steal freedom from anyone, you ultimately steal from us all.

—Dian

D. SCOTT, San Diego, Ca.

While I enjoy seeing lovely models in bare feet, I get as hard as a chrome lug wrench when I see their feet gift wrapped. In my experience with many women who enjoyed my foot fetish, nearly every one also enjoyed having their feet honored this way. After I tie their big toes together it's easier to enjoy both feet at once and the women get very aroused as we play. With a 3 or 4 foot length of ribbon decorating a woman's toes and ankles I enjoy sliding my hard dick between her arches. Once when I tied my girlfriend's toes together with silk ribbons





she asked me to probe my tongue along and between her arches as if I was eating her pussy. She loved my tongue all over and between her arches and later when I pushed my dick between them I came like a milk-shake machine!

"These photos are of that same girlfriend. We had so much fun gift wrapping her feet I had to share it with the other readers."



ELMER BATTERS

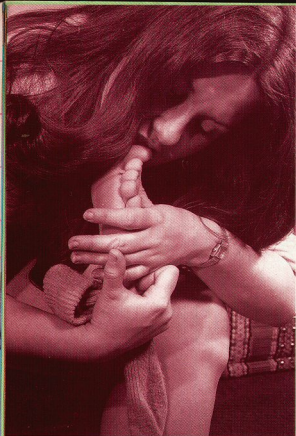
Suckled Piggies



"How many of you out there can suck your own toes? A few of you young ones, I'll warrant. You got to be young to do it, real flexible as you only are in youth. Not one of these girls was over the age of twenty. Just sweet young things with perfect unblemished little toes. 'Bet you can't suck you own toes!' I'd dared them and that's all it took. I was a sneaky one, yesiree, but the photos made it all worth it. Some of these girls even confided that they sucked their toes at home the way a child might suck her thumb. Cute, huh?"

—Elmer





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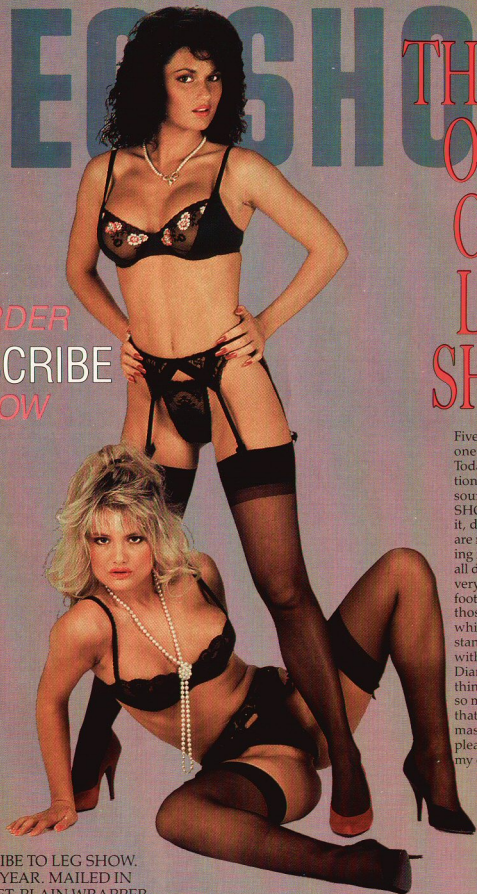
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Dear LEG SHOW:

My sexy wife loves to show off her sexy legs in sheer stockings and sexy shoes. She *always* wears garter belts or corsets under her dresses, even to work. She enjoys teasing attractive men with "raised skirt flashes". We'd both like to hear from similar couples and exchange photos and fantasies.

J.M.
Box 525
8033 Sunset Blvd.
L.A., Ca. 90046



Dear LEG SHOW:

Here are photos of a friend from Alabama. She is only 24 years old and loves showing off her legs, ass, pussy, and feet to anyone. Her pussy is always wet. She would love to lay on a mattress with legs spread wide and any stranger who wanted to look at or fuck her could. She is the last true slut of the decade! Hope you and your readers like her.

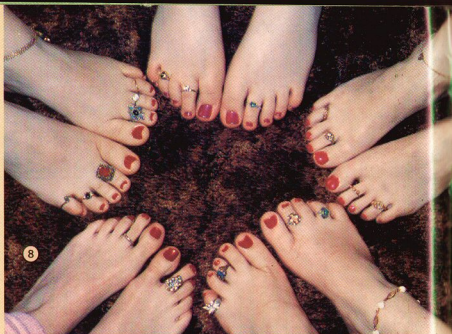
William B.



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Dear Dian:

I am a dominant woman who loves to have my feet and legs worshipped. I have included some photos from one of my pedicure parties. I have these parties as a special treat for my husband. Need I say how much he enjoys them? Anyone interested can write.

Rose K.
5303 Pacific Hwy E,
Suite 192
Tacoma, WA. 98424



10



11



12

Dear Dian:

My lady and I had a great time taking the enclosed photos. We both love your magazine and hope to see our photos in the Home Photos-section. Hope you readers enjoy the photos as much as we enjoyed taking them.

Vic and Helga



13

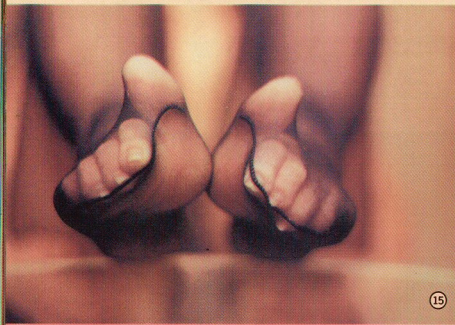
Dear Home Photos:

Thought you might be interested to see this pic that I sneaked of my wife, Anne, while she was working in the kitchen.

Tezza
Australia



14



15

15 Dear LEG SHOW:
Hope you will use these in an upcoming issue.
16 D.M.
P.O. Box 081362
17 Rochester, Mi. 48308



16



17



18

18 Dear Dian:
We would like to share my really long legs with your many readers. We love your magazine. We wait for it each month with excitement!

Candy Feet



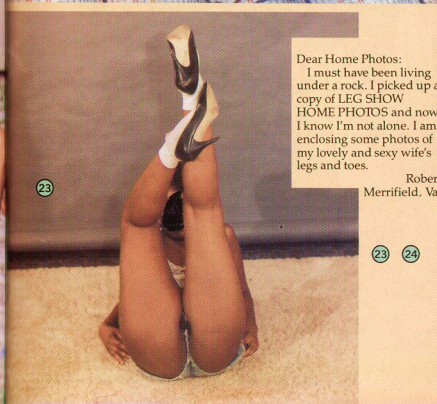
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Dear Home Photos:
I must have been living under a rock. I picked up a copy of LEG SHOW HOME PHOTOS and now I know I'm not alone. I am enclosing some photos of my lovely and sexy wife's legs and toes.

Robert
Merrifield, Va.

23

24



21

Dear Dian:
I hope everyone will enjoy seeing the feet, legs, and shaved beaver that I service daily.

Chuck



24

GENA:

Tickle Tamed



You can't tell a woman by watching how she acts in public. We all have two sides, inside and outside. My outside is very much in control. It's only natural that I'm in a management position in my job and attract men who want me to take control of them. And I get pleasure out of controlling these men, but a deeper part of me, my inside part, is missing something. I need balance. I need to get out of control. And I know just the way.

"It happened at the gym, of all places. I'd paid for this personal trainer, a muscle bound idiot—or so I thought—to help me tone up. I bossed him around all the time, since that's how I'm used to treating men. I was paying him good money so I figured even if he didn't like it he could damn well take it. And it wasn't like it was all suffering. I wore sexy outfits, tight little

spandex numbers, that showed off my tight ass and long silky legs. And instead of working out in clunky running shoes I wore little slippers, cut so low in front my plump toes formed cleavage just like tits. So I gave him plenty of teasing, though I made it clear he was beneath me as a sexual partner.

"One day I came in right at closing. He helped me into a big Nautilus machine and left me to do my sets. I worked my arms to exhaustion and waited for him to come release me. The way these machines are made you can't get out without assistance. When he didn't come, and I noticed the gym looked empty, I began calling for him, indignantly demanding that he come and release me immediately.

"He appeared out of nowhere, an evil grin on his face. 'So you want out, huh? A tough cunt like you I figured you didn't need a man's help,' he sneered. I



called him a moron and demanded my release. He bent to my feet and stuck a finger into the cleavage between my big toe and index toe. 'Always teasing me and telling me I'm not good enough,' he said, twisting his finger. He was *tickling* me, the thing that I hated most, the thing that robbed me of all control. 'Oh no, please,' I gasped, 'Don't do that! Anything but that!' the helpless giggles already overtaking me.

"'Can't stand to be tickled, huh bitch?' he spat, and pulled both my little slippers off. Oh my lord, my bare feet were totally exposed to this brute and I was helplessly locked in the machine! All I could think to do was bring my dominant personality to bear. It worked with all the others.

"'Stop that this instant!' I barked. 'Don't you dare touch my feet!' He laughed. He actually laughed in

my face and began furiously tickling the soles of my feet, making his powerful fingers fly over my writhing digits. The laughter poured out of me in gasping hysterical bursts. I tried desperately to free myself but the machine held me tight and the tickling reduced me to abject helplessness. And in the middle of it all a feeling took hold of me like I'd never felt before. It was surrender. I felt my body opening up to this man, giving in, and my cunt exploded in spasms of climax. I came more intensely than I ever had before, hardly noticing that he was jerking his cock all over my feet, showering them with hot cum.

"Ever since that experience I've longed to feel that freedom of surrender again. My feet long for it, for the tickling fingers that will allow me to lose control. Dare to tame me. I need it so."





CLAUDINE:

FITTING THE CRIME





I went to visit an old friend of mine in Nebraska recently. What a strange place that was for a sophisticated city woman like me. Here I am, thirty five and never been married, and my friend is thirty seven and has already been through two husbands and has an eighteen year old son! I was so surprised to see how this boy had grown up. He was just about my height—five foot six inches—and quite muscular from his sports. A deep tan made his blonde hair look even blonder and I have to admit I was quite smitten with him. He seemed to share the feelings as he couldn't look at me without blushing. I noticed right away that he was fascinated with my sheer black stockings and high heels. His mother wore sneakers and jeans like everyone else, man and woman, who I saw there, so I suppose I made quite a contrast in my patent leather spikes, clinging thigh high stockings and short, tight dresses. Every time I bent over I could feel this boy's eyes on the backs of my thighs, devouring the flash of stocking top and white flesh above.

"At the end of my first week there I made a delicious discovery that made my second week much more exciting. Coming into my bedroom unexpectedly I discovered Justin, the boy, lying face down on my bed. Naked. He had covered my bed with my stockings and lined up my high heels at the head, right in front of his face. When he saw me he jumped up, his stiff cock waving before him. A stocking was caught on the tip, stuck there with pre-cum and I realized he'd been rubbing his beautiful naked body against my silky stockings and no doubt sniffing my high heels while he was at it. He



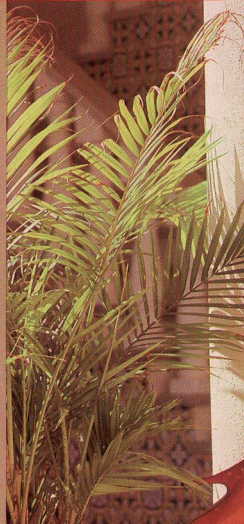
was now blushing furiously and trembling, his cock rapidly wilting. 'Now, this is no time to go limp!' I said sternly, 'just as the fun's about to begin!' He looked up with startled calf eyes and his cock shot back to hardness. 'So, you like my nylons?' I said, picking a pair off the bed. He nodded, his cock bobbing with his head. I pulled the stockings on over my arms, smoothing them all the way up to my armpits like gloves. 'And you like the feel of my nylon all over your body?' I continued, drawing up another pair of nylons and signaling him to raise his arms. Again he nodded, allowing me to pull the second pair of nylons on over his arms. 'Well, I like that feeling too,' I whispered, running my nylon sheathed hands down his quivering body.

"Under my firm direction he undressed me and we stroked each other all over with our nylonned hands. I pushed his head down to my cunt and holding him tight by his lovely blonde hair I pressed my cunt to his mouth until I came all over his face. Then I sat him on the bed and threw my nylonned legs over his lap, scissoring his cock between my thighs. As I continued to caress him with my nylonned hands I jerked him with my thighs, watching his cock grow red and tormented in the rough embrace of my nylon sheathed thighs. And all the time I reminded him in crisp tones just how he was to caress me with his nylon covered hands, teaching him that a woman's pleasure must always come first. 'Oh yes, Claudine, always!' he cried as his copious young cum flew out all over my black nylons.

"For the rest of my visit I made sure Justin studied his lessons in serving the female sex drive every day. And since I believe in making the punishment fit the crime, stockings and heels were on every day's lesson plan!"



Tina: idle mind



1 It's not that we girls don't get horny too. It's just that it takes more to turn us on, like caresses of hand or tongue. You men are really out there when it comes to sex, though. I learned in my psychology class that men can be powerfully aroused by stimulation of any one of their senses. Like just looking at a girl's sexy parts can make a man so hot he loses all control. Some of the girls in class felt scared about that, like they could be turning men on without meaning to, or even knowing it. It made me feel really wicked.

"I don't feel afraid of men like lots of girls. Maybe because Daddy was the coddling type, I learned early that I could twist men around my little finger, or toe. I had a boyfriend last semester who liked toes. He was too ashamed to admit it, I guess, but I found a scrap book he had full of pictures of toes he'd cut out of magazines and catalogs. Some of the pictures had dried up yellow stains on them and they smelled like jizz. So I started teasing him by going barefoot a lot and he fell under my spell almost like hypnosis. We



always ate where I wanted to eat after that and I got the gifts I asked for, as long as I kept putting my feet in his lap and walking around in stocking feet. I even hid my dirty stockings in his knapsack when he went off to class. When he'd go to get a book my foot smell gushed out, making his dick threaten to shoot in his shorts. "Eventually I got tired of him, but not of foot teasing. So hearing my professor's words about how easily men are aroused through their senses put my idle mind into gear. You know they say an idle

mind is the devil's playground. Well, the devil's always climbing on my mental jungle gym and he whispered that I ought to try my teasing out on the professor.

"Foor prof! He couldn't figure out how I got his home address or why I was lounging by his apartment complex pool in my sinful red lingerie. His eyes were riveted to my wet nylon stocking feet. I pointed the toes and smiled, utterly in control. He was shaking more violently with each passing second. 'Why don't you bring me my shoes,



prof!?' I murmured seductively. He picked up the red pumps I'd left on the far side of the pool and took a few steps in my direction. Then he stopped and stared at the shoes. He tried to tear his eyes from them and then lost the battle. He brought them to his nose and after a deep, trembling whiff he



LEG SHOW



turned and bolted back to his apartment.
"When he brought the pumps to me in class on Monday he mumbled some excuse. I pretended to believe it, but I could still smell his sperm in the shoes. So, looks like I have a new toy. I may get straight As this year!"



(continued from page 7)

under the table. I've soaked many nylon covered legs and high heeled pumps with thick white globs of sperm.

Girls have given me their panties with their names and phone numbers written on them. One of the most frequent questions asked is if I do private parties. I started doing private parties about 3 years ago. I charge a reasonable fee, depending on where the party is, how long I'm required to stay, and the number of women in attendance. A lot of the parties are fairly tame and I just do my routine in the nude. Some of the parties get pretty wild. If I suspect the party is going to be wild, I don't masturbate for two days before the party. That way I can maintain a good stiff erection without having to stroke it to keep it up. I try to control the mood of the party through dancing and doing my routine. The girls are always fascinated by my ability to maintain a constant erection, many times without touching it.

To help gain control of the mood I let them touch it and stroke it. They all want to see it "shoot". If I feel myself coming I'll back off and let the feeling subside a little so I don't ejaculate. Then I'll start jacking myself off. I'll ask a girl to pull up her skirt so I can see what color panties she's wearing, and I'll ask another girl to put her foot up on the table so I can measure the height of her heel with my cock. When I'm ready to ejaculate I'll ask for a volunteer to catch my semen in an empty drink glass. I usually have several girls fighting over who's going to catch the first spurt.

Next I'll dance with the girls and let them touch me or whatever excites them. I can regain my erection within 5 minutes. Then I try to persuade them to get "comfortable," maybe take off their blouse or skirt. There are usually 3 or 4 girls at every party who like to exhibit themselves. One of my most memorable experiences happened at the second party I did.

There was a very attractive, tall blond girl. She caught my eye the moment I got there. She was wearing a white see through nylon blouse and a black lace bra. Her tight black spandex skirt was slit in the back and barely covered her ass. She had very long, shapely legs, a nice tan, and no nylons, just red

patent 4" pumps. I had already masturbated twice for the group with my attention focused on the blonde's legs. When I started talking some of the girls into getting "comfortable," the blonde got real "comfortable." She got completely naked except for her red pumps. She started dancing with me. She danced very well. While we were dancing I had a throbbing hard-on and it was leaking pre-cum. She would reach down and stroke my cock from time to time. When she bent over and put her hands on her knees and swayed her ass back and

her pussy. I could feel myself starting to penetrate her. She thrust back a little and I was balls deep into her. We fucked to the music in that position for a good 5 or 6 minutes before I pulled out and shot my cum all over her ass.

I later found out she was a dance instructor and also married. Her husband has had several affairs and she does more or less what she wants to. I still see her occasionally. She accidentally introduced me to a great way of masturbating. I've always enjoyed jacking off with a pair of panties wrapped around my



forth to the music. I rubbed my cock between her ass cheeks to the beat and I almost lost it.

By now the rest of the girls had formed a circle around us and were cheering us on. The blonde squatted down in front of me and started jacking me off and teasing the head of my cock with her tongue before

deep throating me. I was desperately trying not to cum. Then she stood up and bent over and grabbed her ankles. Her legs were spread apart and her little pink pussy was gleaming. I rubbed the head of my hard-on between the wet, slippery lips of

cock. One time she was watching me masturbate into her panties, and she took one of my nylons and tied it around the base of my cock and under my balls. She tied it very tight and the veins in my cock really stood out. When I came, my cum shot about 5 feet and the sensation was fantastic. To my amazement, my cock stayed as hard as a baseball bat. We then fucked for over an hour before I came again.

I still have a pair of her nylons and several pairs of her panties and I masturbate with them often.

J.A.
Cleveland, OH

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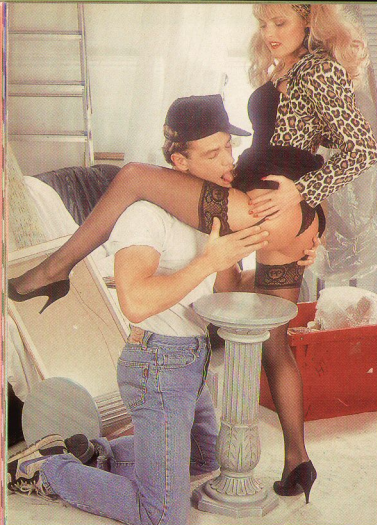


MARLENE

Slick & Sleazy

What can I say? I'm beautiful and utterly bereft of morals. I'm very exhibitionistic and count up my male conquests like notches on my gun. A head shrinker might say I have an immature hunger for attention, attempting to symbolically win the love of my absent father. One did say that to me, just before I wrapped my nylon-sheathed thighs around his head and jerked him off into my shoe while he ate me to orgasm.





'Are you suggesting I'm a nympho who presents as highly sexual but doesn't really reach climax?' I asked him. 'Then what's that caking your lips psych-boy, vanilla ice cream?' He conceded I might be a special case.

'Yes, my dears, I am a special case, a predatory woman with designs on every one of your nutsacks. The fun for me is in the chase, me chasing down your dick and making it squirt out a big load of cum, with the more people watching me do it the better.

'You've seen women like me, dressed so sexy, nail, make-up and hair exaggerated in just the way that makes your dick hard. Tight skirts, high heels, shiny black nylons, you just know we have to be turning you on for some purpose. For me it's sheer kicks, a life devoted to sexual sensations. I used to have a husband who got me turned on to man-baiting. He picked out the sexy clothes for me and told me how to do my make-up and wear my hair. Trouble was, he wanted me to turn men on and then leave them hanging, to go home and have sex with him. One day I said 'Fuck this! I want to take those cocks all the way.' I left my husband and started making men cum.

'I especially like the blue collar set. These boys are so surprised when a woman like me comes after them. They've no more than dreamed of fucking a woman in sexy lingerie and worship me like arrogant exec types never would.

'I like to go right to the construction sites to trap my meat. With a skirt so short it reveals my stocking tops and garter straps I can't help but get attention.

Sometimes I'll make a deal with myself that I'll take the first man who comes along. Other times I'll take the youngest, or the best looking or the shyest, whatever strikes my fancy. I turn my victim on with blatant exhibitionism, showing off my stockinged legs, ass and bare cunt. Lots of times he'll want us to go somewhere private. I stop that immediately. I want all his buddies to watch as I want as many hard cocks around me as possible. 'Yes, jerk off, pull your cocks, I'll pant as my lover of the minute slides his cock between my soft ass cheeks. I can't resist looking around me as I take his cock up my slick cunt, watching the other men stroke their cocks through their pants. 'Go ahead, take it out, I'll urge, 'jack off on me while he fucks me.' It's hard for them to believe I really want their cum splashing my legs, shoes and face, but when I extend a leg and point to my elegant shoe, saying, 'Here, shoot it right here,' they get the message and give me their sperm.



"I've had upwards of twenty men all jerking off to me and on me at a single construction site. I'll fuck several of them as well, whatever it takes to get that cum and those notches on my gun. Am I sexually deviant? Perhaps, but it beats being bored."



"I've had upwards of twenty men all jerking off to me and on me at a single construction site. I'll fuck several of them as well, whatever it takes to get that cum and those notches on my gun. Am I sexually deviant? Perhaps, but it beats being bored."



SANDRA

Dairy Queen

Let's get it straight. You're a masturbator. I'm a masturbatory aid. Why else would I be posing like this? These photos may be artistically shot, but I didn't get together with the photographer to make art. She, yes, my photographer is a woman, and I have exactly the same goal when we take photos like this—to make the most men possible spill the most seed possible by spanking their weasels. Yes, we talk about you. I say, 'Let me pull my skirt up like this but not all the way, the suspense always gets them hard.' Then she says, 'Okay, wet



your lips and give them that go to hell look. That gets the *really* guilty ones hard.' And that's how it goes through the whole session. When I raise one long, shapely leg and point my patent toe, knowing the lightest fringe of pubic hair is peeking out, I picture you convulsing in orgasm, your dick clenched in your fist, and can't help but smile. I want you jerking off to me, I wish you'd do it twenty-four hours a day. It's immensely exciting to sit here in this studio, striking poses effortlessly, the light click of the camera and the photographer's heels as she captures each image the only intrusion. Then a few months later you will receive these pictures in the magazine and my mere image will have such power it will drive you to masturbate. Mmm, it makes me wet.



"Isn't it nice to know these are the only expectations I have of you? You don't have to take me out, make conversation, pay my bills or grow old beside me. All you have to do for me, to have a fulfilling relationship with me, is masturbate. I can love you for that one simple act. By jerking off to my photos you win a place in my heart because you're satisfying my deep female urge to milk men of their vital fluids."

"In fact, I'd love to have all of you as my human cows, lined up in your stalls, your only purpose in life to provide me with fresh semen. At two intervals a bell would go off and you'd be obliged, with some fitting penalty for shirking your duty, to masturbate. I'd have tubes running through your stalls with collection cups at each station for you to dump your load into. Then your combined juices would be sucked away through the tubing to my central collection station where each milking's cum would be sorted for shining high heels, providing lotion for foot massage or for protein baths to soften my skin. My assistants, all young ladies in short skirts, stockings and high heels, would pass out fresh photos of me to aid you with your milking. They might personally pose themselves if some cow was having trouble meeting his quota, but consistent failure to meet quota



would not be tolerated. There are too many eager jerk offs out there for me to put up with one who's not truly devoted to the task. 'Dried-up' cows would be processed into leather to make new high heels for me and my assistants. Quite an honor actually, so you see every man has his part in my grand scheme."

"Mmm, that fantasy has made me so wet I may have to masturbate myself. That's the other nice thing about photo sessions. If I get the urge to masturbate I do it right in front of the photographer and it makes the photos even better!"







**LEG
SHOW**



THE SHRINKING PROFESSOR

They Cut Him Down To Size

By Greta Pommer
(Translated from the German)

It was another terribly busy day for Stefi and me at the Reduktion Institute. Professor Toller was in a terrible mood and kept us jumping. Nothing we said or did was quite good enough for him and I think Stefi was ready to cry. Professor Toller was having a good deal of trouble with the B.E.R.M. (Biological Entity Reduktion Mechanism). The polarity settings had to be recalibrated constantly. It was working good enough in actuality. We shrank three Rottweilers down to the size of kittens and brought them back again. But nothing was good enough for Professor Augustus Toller. He reminded us over and over that the B.E.R.M. machine could revolutionize industry and technology and it had to be absolutely perfect.

At last, lunch time came and Stefi and I were free for an hour. We left the Reduktion Institute right away and walked a few yards down the busy Konigstrasse to the Hosiery Boutique. The Hosiery Boutique was our life saver. We were so fortunate to have met Ilsa, Anni and Narta, our friends who owned the Hosiery Boutique. In our lunch hours Stefi and I would go there and try on the lovely stockings, girdles and fashionable pumps that jammed the shelves. Our weariness would melt away as we stood before mirrors, dressed in the elegant garments of intimate stylishness.

Stefi and I told our friends Ilsa, Anni and Narta all about our wicked, slave

driving professor and they nodded in sympathy and complimented us on how we looked in black six inch heeled pumps, full fashion stockings and tight, flesh tone, glossy girdles. Stefi became a new person whenever she tried on six inch heeled pumps. She strutted and posed in them, her cheeks flushing with pleasure and then soon excused herself to go to the ladies room.

I am sure that Stefi masturbated while standing before the washroom mirror wearing the pumps. I could tell from the way that Narta and Anni looked at me that they thought so too. Ilsa was more innocent of such things. After the friendship with the Hosiery Boutique owners developed, they began to lend us articles of clothing to wear for our afternoon's work in the Reduktion Institute next door. I'm sure that Professor Toller had the most fashionably dressed laboratory assistants in all of Berlin.

Stefi and I soon realized that our Professor was sexually aroused by our borrowed hosiery and shoes. He blushed and stuttered something awful when we returned from our lunch. His eyes quickly darted down to view Stefi's shiny 6" pumps, and to caress the dark seams of my full fashion stockings. It was our only revenge on the Professor who worked us so long and paid us so little. Stefi and I deliberately began to torment his penis! When we were near him Stefi often strutted past and wiggled her hips and bottom beneath her short lab frock. I always sat at a counter calculating polarity calibration tables. When I realized the professor was watching, I kicked off my high heels and arched my stockinged feet prissily on the tiled floor. Poor Professor Toller! He turned all red and fidgeted nervously. He often made up pathetic excuses to get down on the floor near my feet and check cable connections to the main control panels. His eyes stroked my glossy toe reinforcements and were captivated by my shiny stockinged foot bottoms and naughty heel reinforcements.

Later, when he was in another part of the lab, Stefi and I giggled and made fun of him behind his back. We laughed at the way we could turn him inside out with our little fetishistic games. That's when we started calling him little Auggie—short for his first name, Augustus.

In the evening, back at the Hosiery Boutique where we went to return our borrowed clothing, our stories were a big hit. Ilsa, Anni and Narta laughed along with us and giggled at Auggie's obsession with our legs and feet. Anni said that it was too bad we couldn't show off the exquisite girdles too! Stefi giggled and replied that if we did that, the poor Professor would never get anything done.

Anni was fascinated by the B.E.R.M.

Reduktion machine and asked us all kinds of questions. One lunch time we snuck a tiny Rottweiler over for them all to see. That was a big hit, and they all thought that it was much more adorable tiny than it was big and dangerous. That's when Anni gave us a wonderful idea!

She said, "We might all even like Professor Auggie if he was tiny and helpless like this little Rottweiler!" Stefi and I both started getting the same plan right away. Narta and Anni laughed too because they knew what we were up to. Ilsa wasn't sure but she joined in the spirit of the fun anyway.

Stefi and I decided to shrink the Professor that very afternoon! Our plan came together beautifully. The Professor was half in the plexiglass reduction chamber of the B.E.R.M. machine adjusting the placement of some magnetic grids. Stefi distracted him by walking past and dropping her clipboard. She bent over to pick it up, giving poor Auggie a delicious view of her stockinged legs, high heels, and very tight grey mini skirt. While he was preoccupied with his view of Stefi, I pretended to blunder clumsily by and ran into him. Quick as could be, I shut the door and sealed him inside the reduction chamber. I then pointed my index finger and placed it gently against the power button without pressing down hard.

Poor Professor Auggie! He gulped and began shaking with fright. "No! No! You musn't! This machine is not ready for testing on human subjects! Oh, please, please let me out!"

Stefi and I just stood there and laughed at him. "But Professor! You said you were going to freeze our already low salaries if we didn't work harder. I don't think that's very nice, do you?"

The Professor was helpless and he knew it. He was desperate for us to let him out and we knew that he would do or say anything to make us show him mercy. Stefi and I had already made up our minds to shrink him, but we wanted to play games with him first. "Well Professor?" Stefi said, "Will you promise not to freeze our salaries?"

"Yes! Oh Yes! I will double your salaries—I promise! Only please let me out of here!"

Stefi and I knew that if we released him he would just fire us and then give bad recommendations to any prospective future employers. Still, we wanted to make him squirm some more before we shrunk him. I got an idea. "Professor, we'll let you out, but first we want to see you naked! Take off all your clothes Professor!" I smiled as I spoke and the Professor didn't think I was serious at first. I lifted my finger from the button and then began to shove it back toward the button—forcibly this time.

"Gobs of his sperm splashed against her feet."

"No! No! I'll take off my clothes! I promise! Wait! See I am obeying you!" The Professor was true to his word. He removed his spectacles and then his lab frock. He removed his tie, shirt and undershirt. Stefi and I stood outside the reduction chamber watching and smirking. The Professor gulped and blushed as he bent down to remove his shoes and socks. He looked like he was slowly strangled as he took off his pants, but he didn't dare to stop and disobey.

The Professor was at our mercy and he knew it! In another minute he stood in front of us trembling and slowly took down his underpants. He quickly covered his penis and scrotum with his hands. I have never seen anyone look so defeated! It was a real kick! Stefi wasn't satisfied.

"Professor, you are being naughty and disobedient! You aren't really naked with your hands like that. Take them away!"

The Professor pleaded but we just laughed and insisted. My finger hovered over the power button and he moaned and took his hands away. His penis was actually quite large, but Stefi and I pretended we had to lean forward and look closely to see it. His testicles were big and well defined in his hanging scrotum. They looked in need of a good emptying.

Stefi turned to me and whispered, "Let's give him a girdle show! I want him to get an erection!" We slowly raised our skirts revealing our stocking tops, garter straps and then our tight shiny girdles to the poor naked Professor. The Professor stood there squirming as his penis began to slowly twitch to attention. Stefi made sure he was at maximum hardness by bending over and wiggling her girdled bottom at him, right up against the glass.

His penis got huge and Stefi and I couldn't help laughing and making fun of it. Finally Stefi told me to go ahead and shrink him. The Professor had only a split second to scream "NO!" and then I hit the button. There was a bright flash in the reduction chamber and a loud hum. Stefi and I stood wide eyed. The Professor was only two feet tall! But something was wrong; his genitals were still of almost normal size!

Stefi pointed to his penis. "Oh little Auggie!" she exclaimed with exaggerated concern, "You are so little, but your penis is sooo big!"

Professor Toller looked down at his penis and his eyes almost bulged out of his head. "Oh my God! What has happened? My reduction machine has terribly malfunctioned! I shall never be normal again! What have you done!" He glared at us with a look of furious incredulity. Stefi and I just giggled and

made fun of his proportionally immense penis. Professor Toller's penis was about as long as one of his arms and as thick as one of his legs, in fact he was having trouble maintaining normal balance because it was erect. He thought for a few moments, trying to ignore the smirking comments from Stefi and I.

"Aha! I have it. The penile muscle was rigid and excited, thus presenting more density resistance to the reduction waves. That is why my penis has hardly shrunk at all, while the rest of me is but one third my normal size!" He looked up at us with relief and begged us to enlarge him and let him out.

"Oh no! No little Auggie. You are much too cute and precious this way to change you back to your big and mean old self so soon," I giggled. "Yeah, so there!" added Stefi giving the Professor a bit of her lethal pout. He tried to pick up some of his now way oversized clothes to cover his nakedness with. "Put that down!" I snapped. "Stay naked Auggie so that we can see your penis or we'll never let you out or enlarge you either!" He dropped his clothes and looked like he'd just been slapped.

"Quick, Stefi! Take the enlargement module out of the circuit array," I smirked. "That way only we can decide when to enlarge him. He's only two feet tall and it will be much too heavy for him to lift back in place now." Stefi smiled prettily at the Professor, gave a sassy toss of her blond head, and then removed the enlargement module and placed it carefully in a high cabinet.

I opened the door to the reduction chamber. "Come here little Auggie," I purred. "I'm sure you want to cooperate with us, because if you do exactly as we say you will soon be yourself again. Otherwise, who knows? Would you like to be little Auggie forever?" He came to me as I asked, knowing that he had no choice.

He was so terribly humiliated at what I did next! I grasped him under the arms and picked him up as though he were an infant. I placed him astride my left arm so that his normal sized erection lay against my forearm, its tip throbbing and purple against my wrist. Stefi came right over to watch the fun. We laughed at little Auggie's pathetic attempts to salvage a bit of dignity. He tried to act peeved and outraged. "Do put me down at once Greta! This is most irregular! Do put me down at once!"

The sight was so ridiculous that Stefi almost collapsed, she was laughing so hard. She kicked off her six inch pumps and dropped into a chair shaking with laughter. I felt the Professor's penis get harder against my arm. His eyes were on the dark naughty heel and toe reinforcements on the stockings that

Stefi wore. I took his penis in my right hand and began to gently toe with it. "Stefi! Poor little Auggie got an even bigger hard-on when you kicked off your pumps. I think he has a thing for ladies' feet." He squirmed in absolute embarrassment as I continued to fondle his penis.

"Stefi," I laughed. "Pose your toes for little Auggie while I inspect his penis. We have to make certain that it is in order and not damaged by the reduction machine. We must see that it is working properly." Stefi raised her pretty stockinged legs and pointed her coy reinforced nylon toes like a ballerina while I began to masturbate little Auggie's big penis. He writhed and grunted but was quite helpless to prevent the delicious genital manipulations he was receiving. Soon, almost against his will, his eyes were inexorably drawn to Stefi's naughty toe show. As his penis throbbed and twitched in my busy fingers, little Professor Auggie watched Stefi perform immodestly in her chair. She alternated pointing her toes with arching her feet and showing her sexy stockings off to the poor Professor while I played with his penis.

After a little while Stefi got bored and came over for a share of my fun with the Professor. I let go of his penis and let her toy with it. She took it between her palms and rolled it around like it was just a big piece of bread dough. The Professor was beside himself. He tried desperately to pull back away from Stefi's hands and escape his masturbation and it made Stefi and I giggle like schoolgirls.

I made Stefi leave his penis alone for a while and we took him over to his big desk. I let Stefi carry him, and as she did she rubbed and pinched his bare bottom. When we got to the desk, Stefi squealed with indignation. "Oh the nasty thing! He's dribbling his precum all over my blouse." "Oh Professor!" I scolded, laughing all the while. "That was a very naughty thing to do to nice Stefi. Imagine getting her pretty blouse all messy with juice from your weiner!"

I began to type up a contract for the Professor to sign, along with Stefi and me. It read as follows: I, Professor Augustus Lemuel Toller, do hereby name Stefi Niebl and Greta Pommer as my full partners in all profits derived from the Reduktion Institute and any products resulting from research at said Institute.

I helped him hold the big fountain pen while he signed. Stefi kept casually pulling on his penis like it was just a big rubber toy.

"There little Professor Auggie," I cooed gently, "You will feel a lot better now without all that heavy responsibili-

(continued on page 86)

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SUSAN:

In The Great Tradition



After I appeared in Eric Kroll's Girdle Collection a lot of readers wrote to ask for more photos of me. I told Eric he had better put a layout together on me and he happily obliged. He likes when I act like that. Tough, in control.



"It was three years ago when he stopped me on the streets and gave me his card. He said he wanted to take classic pin-up photos of me. I was a headhunter for an executive recruiting firm and told him I wasn't that kind of girl. Then I became that kind of girl. I got sick of nine to five and wasting my five foot nine inch more obvious talents and became a private stripper. I decided to give Eric a call.

"Since then I have posed for him more than any other model. I love doing the fifties style pin-ups with him. I get to wear sexier clothes than I ever knew existed. Eric collects all kinds of vintage lingerie, gloves and shoes. I love the five and six inch high heels, and the tight gloves and girdles. It's hard to describe the way they make me feel. Grown up, somehow, superior, and very sexy.

"Posing for pin-ups has helped inspire me in my stripping too. I do outcall only, bachelor parties, bridal showers, whatever. I've expanded my



characters to include nurses and schoolgirls and dominants, plus a Betty Page style fifties pin-up girl. Imagine me coming to your home. It could easily happen if you live near New York. Money is all it takes. I'm wearing a shiny black girdle and seamed, full-fashioned stockings. My shiny patent heels lift me six inches off the ground. I'm now six foot three and my tits, strapped into a black satin fifties nosecone bra, poke you right in the eye. I mount your coffee table and start to dance.

"You're peeking, aren't you? From down there you can see right up the bottom of my girdle, can see my full cut white nylon briefs and the stain growing in the middle of the reinforced crotch panel. That's the cunt of a strong woman leaking into that nylon, boy. It's a classic pin-up cunt, perfect and slick and left to the imagination. I may mash it against your face or slide it along your fly, but you won't get to stick your dick in, oh no.



"Pin-ups are made to masturbate to, though, and you may definitely jerk off. Pull it for me, baby, pull it in the great tradition. And if you want to have a real LEG SHOW pin-up girl come dance on your coffee table, write to my buddy Eric Kroll. He'll be glad to pass your number along to me, 'cause he likes me tough. You will too."

Eric Kroll
Box 464 Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017



I knew something was up when Christina ducked out of the office party. She didn't think anybody saw her leave, but I'd been keeping an eye on her.

I'd pegged her as trouble the day she started work. But with legs like she is, I knew she was my kind of trouble.

She was one of the new brokers McKean hired after the Gulf War ended. An awful lot of rich Kuwaitis wanted to replace their jewelry collections pronto once they got their country back. That meant it was boom time for diamond exchanges like this one. Here at McKean & Company we do all our buying and selling by phone, getting stones to big jewelry houses all over the world.

I'd been juggling two calls the first day Christina settled in behind her computer terminal. It was damned hard concentrating on carats and commissions after I got a look at her wares.

She was a brunette, tall and slender, wearing a wine red blouse, black miniskirt, and black stockings. When she sat down the miniskirt rode up a little on her thighs. She didn't bother pulling the hem back into place.

In fact, she didn't seem at all concerned that the amount of leg she was showing went well beyond accepted workplace standards—in any business but a whorehouse, that is. The dark garter band of the stocking nearest me was completely exposed. I could see the silver edge of a garter snap on that thigh.

I wondered what kind of woman would dress this way for her first day at a new job. The obvious answer was "My kind of woman." Maybe she was old man McKean's type, too.

She hadn't noticed me appraising her, so I feasted my eyes on a little more. When she crossed one leg over the other it only accentuated her firm, perfect thighs and calves. She must have been a runner, judging from the muscle tone of those luscious limbs. Or maybe she kept them in condition by wrapping

DIAMOND LEGS

THE TREASURE WAS BETWEEN THEM

By Daltry St. James

"Her stockings covered her firm, perfect thighs and calves."

them around her lovers' backs, locking her delicate little ankles, and squeezing hard while she was getting fucked.

I preferred that theory.

Her chair was pushed back far enough that I could see the conservative black pumps on her feet. They seemed to be new—well shined and unscuffed, probably an expensive brand from some uptown boutique.

As this leggy beauty logged onto her computer she absent-mindedly began swinging the leg she'd crossed. She flexed her toes so the heel of her shoe came off her foot. She let the shoe hang from her toes, so her heel and arch were exposed.

Her stockings were sandalfoot style, without reinforced patches at the heel that can ruin the smooth look of sexy hosiery. I travelled up that erotic, stockinged leg with my eyes, savoring the lush landscape of her nylon covered flesh. I followed

the curve of her instep around the angle of her heel, journeyed past the flexing bulge of her calf, and lost myself in the juncture past her knees where her sweet thighs were pressed together.

I wanted to pull off that shoe she kept flipping so nonchalantly and run my tongue all over her stockinged foot. I imagined its aroma; that sweet perfume mixture of leather, silk, and sweat created by a beautiful woman's feet. She'd massage my face with the soles of her rangy feet, let her thighs gap open, and then...

I noticed she was looking at me. I smiled. She smiled back, but there was an edge to her expression. It was the kind of look that said she knew exactly what I wanted.

"Hi, I'm Christina," she said, turning toward me in her swivel chair. She still had that enticing shoe dangling from her toes.

"Reed," I responded. "Reed Mitchell." I hung up both my phones. I could place more orders anytime, but it wasn't everyday I met a girl with legs and feet like these.

We made some small talk about the diamond market and old man McKean's management style, but then both our phones rang. She picked up hers so I picked up mine.

Since then we'd had drinks after work a few times, but things never went any further—no matter how hard I tried. I figured out early she was the type who gets a lot friendlier with big wheels than with company cogs like me.

Still, she was a challenge I couldn't ignore. Every day she seemed to wear a different sexy outfit, always emphasizing those mile long legs and her perfect feet. Knowing she was just a tease didn't make it any easier to look away.

Tonight's surprise birthday party for old man McKean had been her idea. That's why alarms went off in my head when I saw her duck out of the conference room. All three dozen of us who worked at the company were gathered there for the party, meaning Christina would have free rein of the place if she

wanted to use it as an occasion to go snooping.

I slipped out behind her during "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." A flashlight beam was moving behind the pebbled glass of McKean's office at the far end of the hall.

I could've tipped off McKean and been a hero—I might've even gotten a promotion for my trouble. But a girl like Christina was too precious a commodity to broker away so cheaply. I had other plans.

I knew what she was looking for. I'd mentioned over drinks last week that McKean kept a personal stash of diamonds in his safe—strictly off the books, since we don't usually see any of the actual stones we broker. Her eyes had lit up like Christmas lights, just as I'd expected. I knew from the start she had a touch of larceny in her heart.

She had nerve, too. I couldn't imagine how she hoped to crack the safe. Maybe she was hoping McKean had left it unlocked, or that she'd get lucky picking numbers at random.

I pushed open McKean's office door and flicked on the lights. Christina's face was white with shock when she turned around. The safe behind her was shut.

"Looking for something?" I said. Some of her color came back when she saw it was me, but she was still scared. Then she saw where I was looking.

I was staring at her legs again. I couldn't help myself. She was wearing a short black skirt with a slit on one side. The skirt was so tight it had stayed bunched around her hips when she'd stood up. She hadn't bothered to straighten it out, so her muscular thighs were exposed almost all the way up to her crotch. She was wearing beige stockings today with a white garter belt.

Christina knew the quality of the merchandise she was displaying—and its desirability. Smug confidence replaced her earlier fear. She gave me a knowing smile and casually leaned back against McKean's desk. Then she very deliberately crossed one of her long legs over the other at the ankle.

"Maybe I am looking for something," she replied, narrowing her eyes. "How about you?"

With that she scooted onto the desk. Leaning first on one ass

cheek and then the other, she hiked her skirt up around her waist. Then she uncrossed her legs. She wasn't wearing panties.

She leaned back a little, spreading her hands on the green felt blotter behind her. The message she was sending wasn't exactly subtle.

The desktop flattened out her thighs, making them look even fuller and sexier. Her pubic hair had been trimmed way back, as if she liked showing off the fleshy lips of her pussy.

"Help me open the safe, Reed. Maybe I'll show you my gratitude later," she whispered.

"What do you mean, maybe?"

She gave me a lazy grin. "If you want a taste of things to come, you'd better hurry before we get interrupted." She pulled up her knees.

I could see everything she had that I wanted: her precious feet, her long legs, her creamy thighs, and the gaping lips of her cunt.

"Her shoe dangled enticingly from her toes."

But I was no fool. McKean or one of our co-workers might leave the party and find us here any second.

I reached in my pocket, found what I wanted, and flipped it to Christina. She caught it, looked at it, and her eyes got very big.

"It's a diamond, at least three carats!" she gasped. "Where did you..."

"I beat you to it. I was in here as soon as the party started." I patted the bulge in my pants pockets meaningfully. She stared at it like she was hypnotized.

"But I'm not selfish," I added.

"Come to the hotel across the street with me right now and maybe I'll share some of the wealth."

Seven minutes later she was stretched out on a king size bed. She'd peeled off her skirt and blouse, and lay back against the sheets wearing only her stockings, garter belt, and bra while I stripped.

I made sure to fold my pants so nothing would fall out of the pocket. Christina looked like she was trying

her best not to appear too interested in the contents of that pocket.

When I turned around she gave me a slutty smile.

"You like my legs, don't you?" she purred. "I've seen you staring at them, since the day we met."

I sat on the edge of the mattress and rested a hand on her right thigh. It was every bit as firm and well toned as I'd imagined.

"How come you weren't this friendly before?" I gave her thigh a pinch. She didn't cry out.

"You didn't have a pocketful of diamonds before."

I grinned at her. "At least you're honest. Sort of."

"So, now that you can do anything you want with me, what have you got in mind?" She rolled onto her stomach and put her chin in her palms. Her knees were bent so her stockinged feet were up in the air. The cheeks of her round ass were pale as ivory against the dark beige of her stockings. The suspenders of her garter belt were like lacy ribbons on the world's best present.

I leisurely straddled her back like I was mounting a horse backwards. That way I was in position to hold both her feet and press my face against their soft soles. The sweet stink of them was like an aphrodisiac, stiffening my cock and making my mouth water. Christina was helpless beneath me; mine, all mine.

As I rubbed my face against the toes and balls and heels of her feet, my five o'clock shadow kept snagging the nylon. When I took my face away I could see all the little runs I'd made there. I liked the effect. I deliberately ground my chin into one of her insteps, moving my head back and forth, feeling my beard prick and rip the delicate material.

"That feels good," Christina said. "Oooh, I like what you're doing."

I glanced down between her legs. She'd hunched her ass up in the air a little. Moisture glistened in her little fuckhole between the pink lips of her cunt. She was so turned on she was getting wet.

I bit down on the nylon stretched between the ball of one foot and its heel. It tasted of sweat and leather. I tugged at the material with my teeth until it tore. Now the tender skin of her foot was laid bare for my nose and lips and tongue.

Christina squirmed beneath me as I took a long, loving lick of her instep. I tore her other stocking the same way so both her feet were uncovered.

I moved so I was between her legs and rolled onto her back. Her stockings looked like exotic ballet leg-gings now, starting just below her crotch and ending at her ankles.

Christina unfastened the front clasp of her bra and pulled its big cups away from her tits. Her nipples were stiff, jutting upright from those swollen mounds. She spread her thighs apart, displaying her sexy cunt like an animal in heat.

"Are you going to fuck me now?" she asked in a little girl voice. "I hope you're going to fuck me hard. I like it hard."

I pushed my cock between the glistening lips of her pussy. She was so wet I shoved all the way in with one thrust. She let out a surprised moan, then got in the rhythm.

I grabbed her behind both knees and pushed her legs up in the air so her ankles rested on my shoulders. By this time she knew what I liked. While I fucked her she caressed my face with first one foot, and then the other.

It was paradise.

"Reed," she groaned, rocking with my thrusts. "Would you do something special for me?"

"Anything, beautiful."

"The diamonds. Put the diamonds on me while we're fucking. I want to feel them on my body."

I squeezed her thighs without answering at first, then pulled my cock out of her cunt. "Sure, Christina. Whatever you want."

I got the grey velvet bag of stones from my pants pocket. Christina couldn't take her eyes off it. She reached for the bag when I got back on the bed, but I pulled it away. "No touching or no deal," I said.

She bit her bottom lip. "I'll be good." She made a show of putting her hands under her ass, indicating she'd be leaving them there.

My cock was still slick with her pussy cream. She pulled up her knees and I slid back into her cunt easily.

With my dick embedded in her that way I reached in the bag and dropped a few of the glittering stones on her smooth stomach. I felt

her cunt muscle grip me tighter as they landed on her skin. This was obviously turning her on.

"God, I love diamonds, big, beautiful diamonds," she sighed, staring down at them. She struggled to keep her arms rigid at her sides.

I took out a few more stones and showered them on her tits. One of them came to rest against one of her stiff nipples. She licked her lips when she looked at it.

"I've got an idea," I said. "It'll mean messing up your stockings a little bit more."

"Go ahead, lover," she said in a throaty whisper. "Do anything you want."

I reached in my bag. Using a sharp edge of one of the faceted stones I made a hole in the nylon at the side of one of Christina's legs. I pushed the stone through, situating it under the material so it would stay. I did the same thing with several other stones, positioning them in a line that ran down her legs like a side seam.

"She jerked me off with her pretty feet."

"Oh, Reed, darling," Christina sighed, almost swooning. "It's like wearing studded stockings, but with real diamonds! Real two and three and four carat beauties!"

She looked like a whore out of some degenerate sultan's dream as she lay there with her ripped stockings and those glittering stones running down her legs. I finished off by scattering the rest of them in her hair.

She started cumming then, writing with an orgasm that made her tremble. I rode her all the way home, plowing in and out of her juicy slot. Hard, the way she'd said she liked it.

Then it was my turn. I figured I'd earned something special. I pulled out of Christina's pussy and stood on my knees in bed. My dick stood out like a shining club.

"Lie there and use your feet on my cock," I instructed. "Make me cum using just your feet and you can

have half the diamonds."

She didn't even hesitate. She put a foot on either side of my dick, her pretty face set in an expression of willful determination, and went to work.

She caressed my shaft and cockhead with the soft pads of her toes and the rougher surfaces of her heels. She put the soles of her feet together to surround my meat, making a smooth surrogate cunt out of her silky insteps. She made a "V" with her big toe and the toe beside it to massage the underside of my rod, pressing it up against my belly, gently using her other foot to stroke my balls.

"Come on, baby," she cooed.

"Shoot your big load right onto my pretty little feet. I want your cum to run all the way up my goddamned thighs."

She gripped my swollen cockhead in the crook of her toes and squeezed. That's what did it.

I grabbed her other foot and sucked all five of its dainty toes in my mouth at one time as I started gushing. Christina practically came again herself—no doubt thinking about the payoff she'd just earned.

After a few minutes I got out of bed. "Why don't you gather the diamonds together so we can divide them up?" I pointed to the stones that were scattered all over the bed.

"I'd love to," she purred.

I had my back to her as I put my clothes back on. By the time I finished dressing Christina had arranged the stones in a pile at the center of the bed. We each ended up with nineteen, evenly divided by size.

Christina promised she'd always be available for another fuck, but I wasn't buying that. I knew she'd be out of the city within hours.

I also knew I'd started out with fifty stones in the bag, not thirty-eight. Which meant dear little Christina had hidden twelve of the original batch from me while my back was turned.

And you know what? I was glad she did it. Really.

Otherwise I'd have felt like a complete shit for lying to her about what was in McKean's safe, bringing her to this hotel room on false pretenses, and showering her with worthless rhinestones she thought were diamonds.

Like I said, I'm no fool.

BUTCHIE:

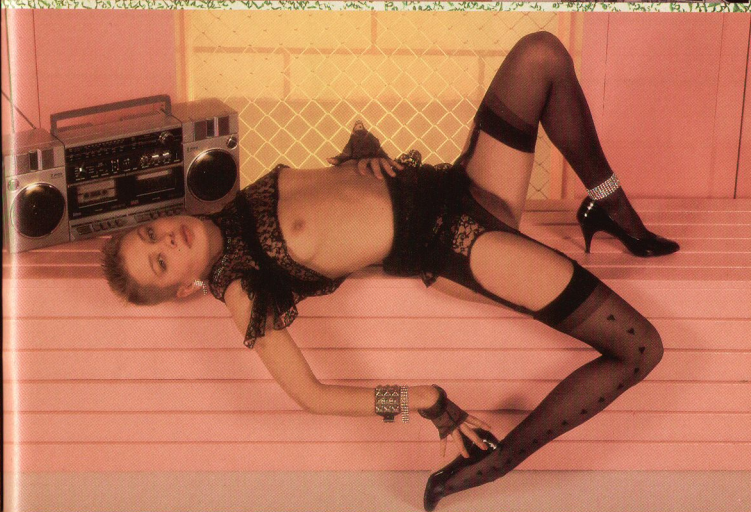
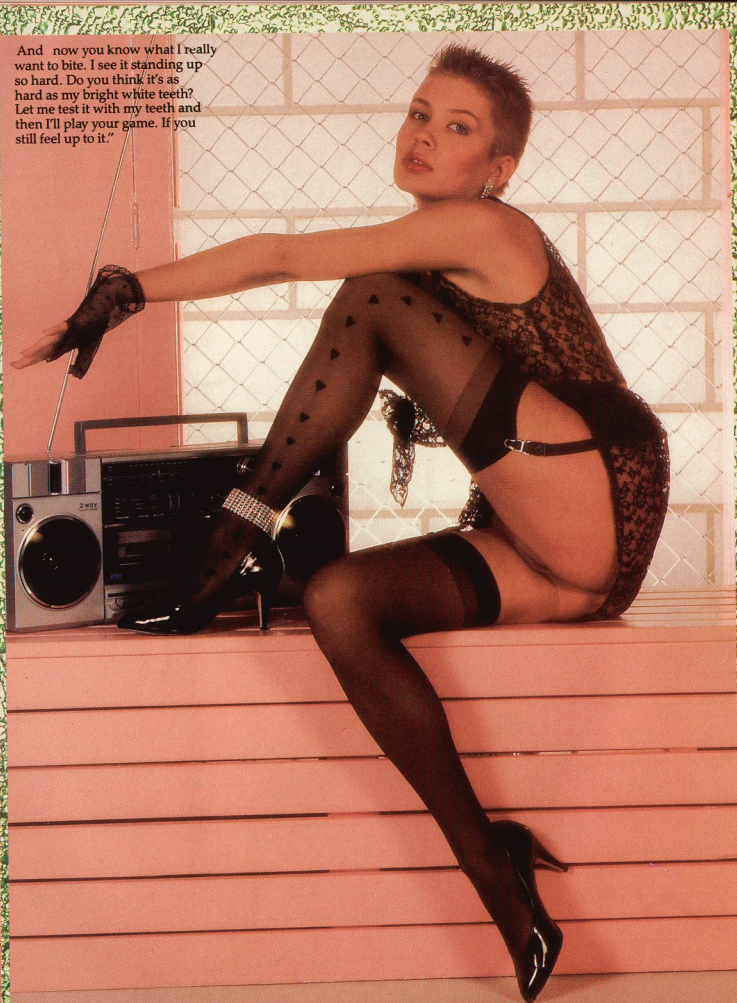
TOO ROUGH!



I was more than a tomboy. I was the roughest, wildest, bravest little tomboy ever, which is why my family nicknamed me Butchie. I stopped wanting to be a boy around sixteen, but I never stopped wanting to play rough. Being so small and delicate just makes me play meaner, because men always want to think I'm so cute. I'll show you cute.

"How about a horsey ride? Yes, let me climb up on your shoulders and wrap my legs around you tight. My, my, don't my spike heels dig into your sides as I cling like a burr, a sharp, prickly burr? I like how it feels when my toes dig into your ribs. My legs are plenty strong, so don't think you can just throw me off. Try it, you'll see. Oh, now you get it, the harder you try to get me off your back the harder my pointy toes dig into tender flesh. It gets rather uncomfortable, doesn't it? What is that moisture you feel on the back of your neck? Why, I must have forgotten to put my panties on again! That's my wet cunt sliding around back there. It's getting all juicy because I know I'm squeezing your neck too tight between my thighs and your face is getting all red. I can tell you want to get me off because I'm just playing too rough and yet you're so turned on you don't want to be too mean. You funny man! You think if you let me crush your neck between my thighs and dig my pointy high heels into your ribs I might let you fuck me. Well, I'll let you keep thinking that because it does turn me on to see you squirm. If you squirm enough I might even let you loose and curl up in your lap. Then I'll say, 'Let me whisper in your ear and show you how sorry I am for playing so rough.' Then I'll bend over close to your ear and take your nice fat fleshy earlobe between my sharp bright teeth and bite. Oooh, I love how that feels! Don't you dare squirm away from me now because this turns me on. I'm getting really wet now and I really will make you fuck me soon, if you just let me have my way. Baby, I love to feel my teeth on your flesh, sinking in. Yes, let me bite your shoulders, your nipples, your fat, soft belly.

And now you know what I really
want to bite. I see it standing up
so hard. Do you think it's as
hard as my bright white teeth?
Let me test it with my teeth and
then I'll play your game. If you
still feel up to it."





SHARI MORE THE MINIER



Boy, these new miniskirts sure are sexy. Since I'm just eighteen I don't remember when women wore miniskirts before, except for how hard it was to grab onto mom's skirt when I was about two years old. It was so far up there I could only grab her nylons. She says I was always tearing them! Anyway, I love these new miniskirts. I'm one of the lucky girls who has long slender legs that look just right in short skirts and I wear them everywhere. It feels so free with just my all-in-one pantyhose underneath and my glossy red pumps on my feet. What adventures they've gotten me into!

I was in the park on my lunch hour last week. I was lying on my stomach with my legs spread just a little, feeling how the wind was tickling my pussy through the thin nylon crotch of my pantyhose. I'd kicked my heels off and was pointing my feet and spreading my toes, working the kinks out. It all felt so good I started wiggling my cunt just a little against the grass, kind of stimulating myself. Suddenly this man was there.

"He was really cute but kind of pushy. He said he wanted to give me a foot massage and kept kind of pushing to do it. 'What the hay, those old heels do make my feet hurt!' He got right down there and rubbed my feet really good, like in ways that made my cunt feel just as good as my feet. Then his hands started working up my legs and I was feeling like it was going too far, even though it felt really exciting, when suddenly he threw himself right on top of me.

"I was squirming around and he was humping his hard dick right against my pantyhose-covered ass. My skirt had gotten all the way pushed up from my humping against the grass, I guess, and he'd just gotten too horny looking at my cunt and ass showing through the nylon. People were around us and I know they were looking and that was so embarrassing, but like it was so hot too, feeling his cock that hard and he was trembling sort of, and saying, 'Please let me cum, oh god let me cum on your ass!' I figured if he wanted it that bad I'd let him do it because I was really hot too. 'Yes, go ahead,' I gasped and he actually got his hands between us and unzipped and then I could feel his really hot, slippery hard dick naked against my pantyhose. I curled my legs up around him and pressed my nylon-covered feet against his back and he ground his cock hard against my ass and came! I could feel each pulse of cum as it shot out against my ass, soaking my panty-



hose. He kept pumping against me until he was totally emptied and then rolled off and pulled my miniskirt down and patted it to the wet mess on my ass. He kissed each cheek through the fabric, jumped up and ran away.

"Some people came over and wanted to call the cops, but I told them it was okay, that he was a friend of mine. I wish he were; that was the most attention my miniskirt ever got!"





ty on your shoulders. We'll help carry some of that and I'm sure we shall get on famously as partners." "Ooh," Stefi breathed, still masturbating little Auggie's big penis. "And to think. It's not every businessman that gets picked up and gently manipulated by his pretty female business partners. Does what I'm doing to you feel nice Professor Auggie? Does it? Hmmm?" The Professor was shamelessly squirming and gasping as Stefi's hand continued to grope between his legs. The tip of his glans was swollen so purple it looked ready to explode.

"Wait Stefi!" I laughed. "Let's all go over to the Hosiery Boutique and put on a real fashion show for little Auggie!"

The Professor's face looked like Stefi was slowly strangling him, not just playing with his penis! Stefi giggled at my idea. "Yes Greta! And after we put on a fetish fashion show for the Professor, we can put on a slow masturbation show for our three friends at the Boutique. I'm sure they would all like to see little Auggie squirt big gobs of sperm!"

"Anni and Narta would, I'm sure," I added, "But I bet innocent Ilsa would blush crimson if she watched us masturbate him!"

"Let's find out!" Stefi giggled.

We knocked on the side door of the Hosiery Boutique and waited a bit for an answer. Soon the door opened and there stood Anni with Ilsa and Narta behind her.

"Remember the idea you had Anni, about how the Professor might be likable if he was tiny and helpless?" asked Stefi. Anni nodded in curiosity as we walked into the Boutique. Stefi was as proud as a circus showman. "Well here he is! Meet lovable little Auggie!"

Anni squealed with delight as she caught sight of the tiny little Professor. "Ooh, he's adorable! Isn't he sweet! Why this lovable little fellow certainly cannot be the same terrible slave driver that you and Stefi spoke of so often can he, Greta?" Ilsa's mouth made a pretty lipstick framed "O" of stunned disbelief as she stood, hands on her curvy hips, gaping at the Professor. Narta was laughing almost uncontrollably at the sight. They escorted us toward the front where the racks of clothing were. Ilsa ran quickly to the front door, locked it, placed a closed sign in the window, and drew the blinds.

"Yes Anni," I said smugly. "This is indeed the very same Professor who has been such a slave driver to Stefi and me." "Yes and we're so very glad that you had this excellent idea Anni," Stefi smirked as she reached out to pull little Auggie's bare knees apart to reveal his genitals to our friends from the Boutique.

"Oh my goodness!" exclaimed Narta,

her eyes wide with interest at the sight of the little Professor's bare genitals. "What a perfectly immense penis he has! And yes, a very large scrotum too!"

A pretty young lady walked out of one of the dressing rooms, obviously aghast at all the commotion. She was dressed in a gleaming white girdle, laced to the most delicious tightness possible, and she wore six inch heeled pumps of the sassiest red I had ever seen.

"Oh, I am so sorry Sissy!" Ilsa exclaimed in obvious embarrassment. "I forgot that you were still here trying on our latest line of high fashion foundation ware! Stefi and Greta, this is Sissy Carmichael, a young attorney from England, a good customer and one of our dearest friends. We often spend our holidays together."

Of course there was nothing to do but to continue to make introductions back and forth. Stefi and I explained how the Professor had mistreated us and how we had turned the tables on him. Sissy Carmichael nodded and smiled and looked between the Professor's legs at his huge sex organ with obvious interest. We were all surprised, yet placed greatly at ease as well when Sissy blurted, "Can I feel his penis? Can I masturbate him?"

"Would you like this nice English lady to masturbate you little Professor?" Stefi cooed with mocking sweetness. To our great surprise he gulped and nodded. This brought giggles all around, even from Ilsa, who was acting much more amused with the entire situation than I had even dared hope.

The Professor had to be near the end of his tether by now anyway. Stefi and I had both mercilessly toyed with his penis. He was surrounded by women wearing six inch classic pumps; seamed, nude, or full fashioned stockings; and very tight and extremely short skirts. And the pretty young foreign lawyer who had offered to perform masturbation on him was clad only in a tight girdle and sassy red high heeled pumps. Narta cleared her desk and we had the Professor lay down on it—still totally naked. He was placed on his back and Ilsa held his wrists and Narta held his ankles so he wouldn't fall and be hurt if he writhed during the masturbation.

Anni squirted some baby oil into Sissy's hands. Sissy smiled down at the Professor as she rubbed her palms together and worked the baby oil well into her pretty fingers. When her hands were positively glistening with the oil, she bent over little Auggie and gigglingly asked him if he was ready. The Professor writhed and nodded. We all laughed and Sissy Carmichael began to give us a masturbation show. She took the Professor's penis in her right fist and began to pump it hard while she rested her left hand gently on his tiny torso.

Sissy smiled as she pumped rapidly, and with enough force to jerk his body and pull it up and down a tiny bit with each stroke.

Sissy was giggling while she did it and so were we. It was quite a ludicrous sight! A laughing woman in a girdle and sassy red six inch pumps, masturbating a two foot man with a normal sized penis, that two women were holding down on a desk, while three other women stood around watching curiously and laughing.

Sissy's hands flew up and down the Professor's penis. His scrotum began to slap against his bare bottom with the force of the girdled English woman's pulling strokes. Sissy took his scrotum in her free hand, to protect both it and his tiny bare bottom from the impact. Poor little Auggie! His mouth hung slack, his eyes were glazed, and he was panting and writhing in helpless delight!

It was obvious to all of us that Sissy Carmichael thoroughly enjoyed stimulating our little Professor's penis. Her cheeks were prettily flushed and her full lips were parted in an expression of controlled lust. The Professor raised his head from time to time and watched her hands as they mercilessly flogged his swollen, twitching penis. He looked at the full ripe curves of her bare thighs and turned his gaze to view the way her full breasts were nearly spilling from the girdle's corset top.

"Beat him off Sissy!" Narta breathed in a giggling fit of arousal as Anni leaned over Sissy's shoulder and urged her on. "Make him squirt Sissy! We want to see his sperm spurt all over! Make him blow his big load and get it all over himself!"

Sissy Carmichael turned out to be very obliging indeed. She wanted to impress her friends by pulling a big messy load out of the little Professor's tormented penis and watching him helplessly cover himself in cum. "Come on little Auggie!" Sissy teased with a naughty smile on her pretty face.

"Come on Professor! Let me empty your balls for you. I want to drain them dry and get your juice all over my hands!"

This was too much for the poor Professor to take. "Oooh, here it comes!" Sissy squealed and kept pumping.

She was bent over at the waist and her shiny girdle was stretched drum tight across her big bottom as she made her helpless victim ejaculate. The little Professor had found, moments before, that he could see her girdled bottom in a

mirror placed low on the opposite wall, for trying on high heels. His eyes bulged in disbelief as his penis gave in to the demanding hands of his giggling English masturbator.

"Ooh poor little Auggie! He's trembling!" Stefi cooed as we all watched him begin to climax. With a long whimpering moan of agonized delight the little Professor began to ejaculate as Sissy's merciless hands brough him to a near fainting crescendo of pleasure. Thick, heavy curds of his sperm sprayed up into the air, almost in slow motion, then slowly plopped back down to land in sloppy puddles everywhere. Sissy's hands and arms were drenched in it and one thick long squirt landed on her thigh. A second wayward blob skidded across her girdled hip and splashed on the floor.

"Give it all to me! Empty your balls little Auggie!" Sissy smirked as she kept pumping and watched the Professor

unload with smug satisfaction. Thick fertile ropes of the little Professor's sperm gushed from the tip of his penis and flipped through the air in all directions. Some flew on Narta's hands and the weaker squirts splashed all down the Professor's thighs. Sissy changed the angle of her grip as she continued to beat off the big slippery penis that jolted and jumped in her determined grasp. More spurts flew backward over the little Professor's head and hit Ilsa. A wayward, sideways glop shot through the air and skidded down Stefi's glossy stockings to drop off the curve of her knee and plop obscenely across the fashionable toes of her black six inch pumps.

"My what a naughty little Professor you are!" exclaimed Sissy in amazement as her greedy pumping hands urged the last thick drops from little Auggie's now drooping penis. It took us nearly twenty minutes to wipe off the table, clean up ourselves and wash off the little drenched Professor. As we tended him, the little Professor kept muttering to himself, "I can't believe the volume! It is impossible. So much semen!...Aha! I have it! My body's total blood volume was reduced due to the shrinking. Yet because my genitals remained of normal size, they are producing more testosterone per volume of blood. That explains my prodigious new ejaculatory capacity!" We just giggled at little Auggie's prattling. All that mattered to us was that we had fun teasing him, masturbating him, and then watching him shoot off like a fire hose.

Then he finally got his fashion show! Narta posed topless in a lacey flesh tone half girdle. Ilsa modeled in a pink suit with taupe reinforced toe stockings. Sissy Carmichael strutted by in her red pumps and an old fashioned hourglass corset. Sissy's original girdle was too

much of a mess to be worn before receiving a good washing. She was proud and sassy as she wiggled her bottom in little Auggie's face. Anni showed off in a grey mini skirted suit and lace blouse, with black ultra sheer full fashioned stockings.

Stefi and I pranced around the Professor in black blazers and tight white skirts, but without our high heels on. We teased him with a double stockinged toe show. Stefi had changed into totally nude ultra glossy stockings while I wore a pair with a stylish black seam up the back of my calves.

"Uh oh!" Stefi purred. "Our little friend has a stiff wiener again! What a naughty little man!"

We all laughed and placed the Professor gently down on the floor, on his back. We pulled up chairs and sat in a circle around him. Stefi and Anni amused themselves and the rest of us by gently pushing his penis back and forth between their feet. Little Auggie's sex organ swelled between Annie's full fashioned toes and Stefi's arched stockinged foot bottoms. He was all excited and ready to spurt again! We couldn't believe it!

It was at that moment that Ilsa stunned us all with a blushing request. "I have an idea! I want to do something to little Auggie all by myself. Could I try it please?" Stefi and Anni gladly stopped pushing the Professor's penis and moved their chairs back a bit to give Ilsa room. Ilsa scooted her chair forward a little to settle herself comfortably. We all giggled to see Ilsa modestly tuck the hem of her pink skirt about her pretty knees. Her stockinged feet were sexily arched on the carpeted floor. Then Ilsa raised her feet, stockinged toes pointed like a ballerina, and extended them to the little Professor's erect penis. She took his big penis between the balls of her feet and began to pull it up and down.

"Ooh, it's so hard and hot between my toes!" Ilsa exclaimed with an expression of sweet determined innocence. We all laughed. The Professor's penis was swollen to its purple, vein popping, twitching maximum and drooling precum as Ilsa's impudent toes gently enslaved it. Ilsa giggled and kept her toes pointed as she continued little Auggie's slow masturbation.

She redoubled her efforts, flexing her legs and skinning the Professor's penis up and down between her toes. She did it so hard that she pulled his little body right up off the floor with every upstroke. The friction was driving little Auggie mad!

"Don't be a naughty Professor and

make a nasty mess on Ilsa's nice stockings," I cooed. The Professor's rigid body was gently thumped down on the carpet and lifted clear again—over and over. "Oh no! I can't stop it! Do put me down at once! Ughhh..." The Professor's gasping pleas terminated in a low strangled moan. Ilsa pouted, prettily peeved because she had brought him to climax so quickly. She raised her legs and held him still. The Professor hung in the air by his oversized penis, held fast between Ilsa's stockinged toes. The pressure and friction were so great that his orgasm lasted nearly a full minute. Poor little Auggie! He hung there, his bottom six inches up off the carpet, his tormented penis twitching and jolting between the balls of Ilsa's feet. His mouth hung slack and he looked like he was going to faint on us.

We all leaned forward to watch his bizarrely induced climax and ejaculation. Finally the tormented twitching of his penis forced thick gobs of sperm up from between Ilsa's compressing toes. Ilsa giggled, sitting prettily, still holding him up off the carpet with her pointed toes firmly gripping his penis. Little Auggie shook uncontrollably as his penis drenched Ilsa's toes and squirted heavy curds of sperm high in the air. He hung there by his penis and ejaculating what seemed like a quart of cum in a series of slow spasms.

As his climax began to subside and weak dribbles started to drool out of his penis, Ilsa lowered him to the floor with her feet. As the Professor lay still, limp in a puddle of his sperm, Ilsa stood up proudly and bowed smiling. We all clapped and laughed. Ilsa stood saucily on tiptoe and raised her left leg to flick gobs of sperm off her stockinged foot bottom. She made a face as she did it.

After that Stefi and I told the Professor that we would take him back to the Reduktion Institute and enlarge him. After all, we had his signed contract and we were his full partners now. Sissy was an attorney and offered to represent us for free if we needed her. To our surprise, the Professor got down on his knees by my stockinged feet and began to kiss them.

"No please! I have never been happier. I wish to stay small like this for the rest of my life. I want to be enlarged again only if absolutely necessary and then but briefly. I have never known such pleasure. Please let me stay as I am!" he pleaded.

Of course we couldn't say no to little Auggie's pleading. He was so cute on his knees! Needless to say this was just the beginning of our games with the Shrinking Professor!

THE JENSEN'S NIGHT OUT



My husband and I like to play games. We used to be swingers but we got frightened by the current health worries. Now we set up these weekends and take lots of photos to look at later and swap with friends.

"Roger, my husband, likes traditional kinds of lingerie and high heeled sandals with full fashioned stockings. I like surprises. When he told me to pick out a costume for this particular weekend I selected black lace top stockings with a back seam, my favorite ankle wrap sandals and the new cleavage girdle I'd found. This girdle is great. It has a nice firm support panel in the front and bands under the cheeks in the back to lift them for a plump round look. With the butt out it also means my anus is totally unprotected from penile assault. Just in case I stretched my anal ring with two fingers and put a generous dollop of KY inside.



"When we got to the motel I was instructed to go to the room and prepare myself. This meant get sexy. I was stripped down to my girdle, stockings, heels and a short robe when the door quietly opened. Before I could turn to look a man had dashed into the room and dragged me to the bed! He pressed something hard into my spine and told me to shut up or I'd get it. Then he tied a blindfold over my eyes. I was terrified and offered to give him my money. It's not your money I want,' he croaked in a menacing voice. That made my blood turn cold, but I was excited too, sick as that sounds. I felt my cunt and ass pulse and seem to swell, fearfully anticipating what this frightening stranger might do to them.

"He started making me strike sexy poses, talking crudely to me all the time. 'Stick that ass out,' he said, 'and point your toes. C'mon! I want to see those soles wrinkling up! He'd push me into the poses he wanted, roughly feeling my tits and ass as he did it. I feared he'd feel my asshole and discover how I'd greased myself for my husband, so I tried to keep my cheeks pinched against his invading hand.

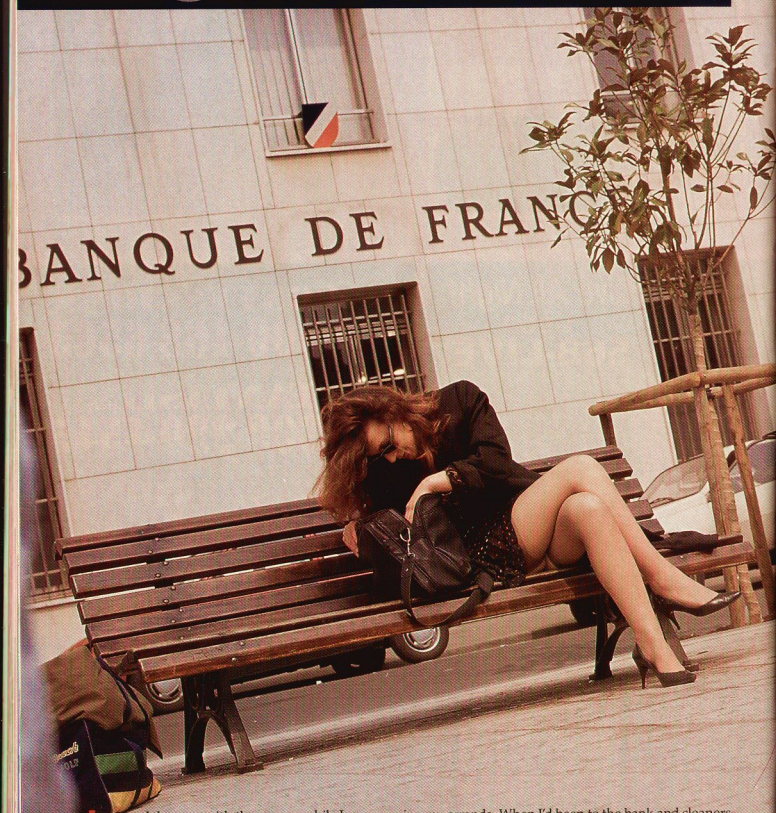
"That was the wrong thing to do! He realized I was hiding something and pried my ass open with two hands. He got his big thumbs right down on the edges of my asshole and pulled it open, all squirming to guard my backdoor futile. 'What's this?' he laughed. 'So, you want to get fucked up the ass, do you?' I shook my head no but he pushed my face down into the pillows. 'Get that ass in the air and spread your cheeks! With your hands! Open your hole up real wide for my big cock. I'm gonna stuff you good, little girl, gonna pound you fulla my fat cock and then shoot ya fulla cum!' And then his cock was pushing into me, opening my asshole. Inch by inch he worked it into my greased hole and shamefully I felt myself opening to him, wanting him to fill me full of his cum.

"Suddenly I felt hands fumbling with my sandal and familiar fingers stroking my soles. The touch sent me over the edge and I collapsed onto the sheets climaxing while my asshole was pumped full of cum. Minutes later the blindfold was removed and my husband was grinning at me. 'Had you going, didn't I?' he said. Yes, he did, as the photos here, the very ones he took that night, will show. What I didn't tell him was how disappointed I was when I realized he wasn't a horny burglar. All married couples deserve some secrets, no?"

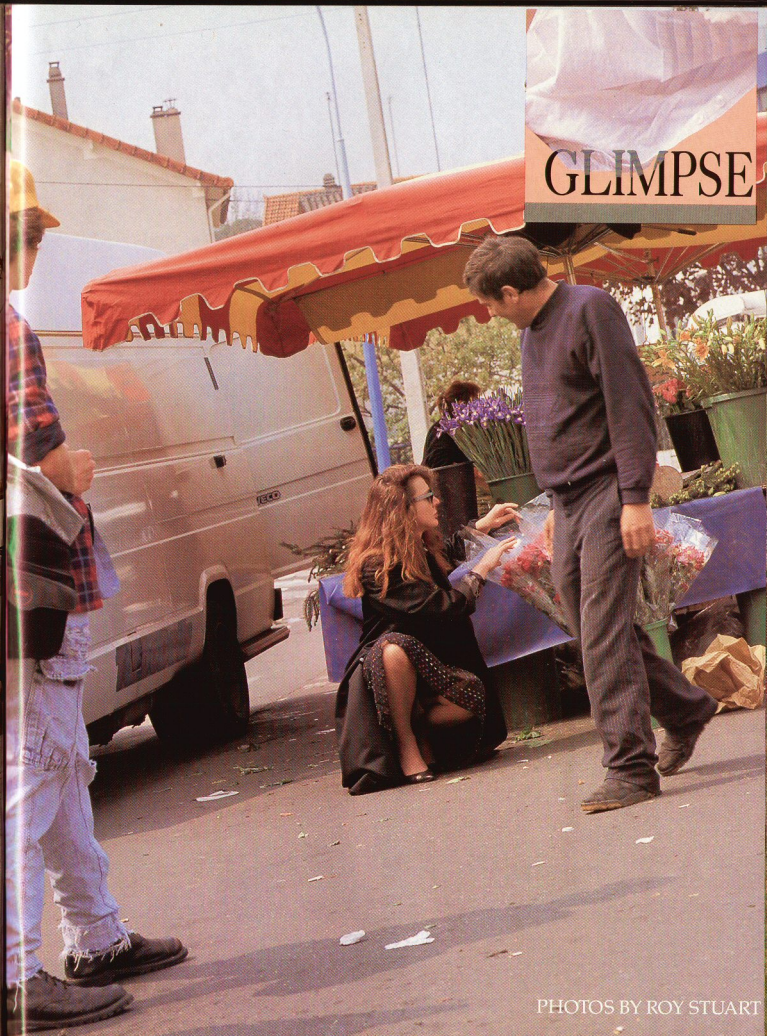




THE OTHER SIDE



I spotted the man with the camera while I was running my errands. When I'd been to the bank and cleaners and the florists and he was still lurking behind parked autos I knew he was following me and I was sure he'd been taking photos. I did a test. Turning my head, so he couldn't tell I was looking at him through my sunglasses, I casually lifted my skirt and adjusted a garter. Hah! He snapped a photo. Now I knew I had a pervert after me. He was a good looking one, though, and I thought he didn't look dangerous. I decided to toy with him. "Leading him to the park was just like making a stray dog follow a pork chop. I kept twitching my tail as I walked, letting the breeze lift my skirt, and he scampered along behind. Once in the park the real play began.



GLIMPSE

PHOTOS BY ROY STUART



"Since I had my stockings and garters on it was easy to sit so as to reveal a little skin above my stocking tops. The slightest glimpse seemed to set this man off. It was so cute to see him scurrying from tree to tree, thinking he was getting away with something. I ran into some friends and told them what was going on. One of the girls took her own shoe off and he took a picture. How that made her giggle to excite our voyeur with her foot! 'Do you think he's masturbating?' she whispered to me. 'He will be by the time I get done with him!' I whispered back.

"My game was interrupted by the arrival of a male friend. He was just a young guy who had been trying to get into my panties a long time. I used him to tease my voyeur, carelessly letting my skirt ride up to expose my panty crotch. It was so exciting to make two men hard at once, as my young friend was nearly bursting his pants, thinking my teasing was all for him. I did decide to fuck him after seeing how big his penis looked hard in his pants, and as I was leading him from the park by it I casually walked up to my voyeur and told him I wanted copies of the photos. That's when he told me he worked for a sex magazine and asked if he could publish my photos. I consented as long as I got to tell it from my side.

"And now you will masturbate to my photos, yes? All my hard work will be in vain if you don't, so please make your lovely penis shoot for me!"





To Kathy Woods, "Captive Audience," Leg Show Forum, May '91. You described my life long fantasy. I have photos and stories of this nature of my own to trade. Just write me. Please! I beg you. Bill Benjamin, 4020-104 Bonney Road, Suite 120, Virginia Beach, Virginia 23452.

Attractive white couple, late 20's, would like to explore photos, videos and letters with other couples interested in panties, lingerie and up the dress shots. All our photos are full body and face. We would appreciate the same. We will send what we receive. K.H., P.O. Box 367, Syracuse, N.Y. 13201-367.

SWM, 33, 5'10", 160 lbs., good looking extremely oral, super discreet and disease free is looking for women who love to have their pussies sucked and butts licked for hours and hours. Great legs a must! Older, dominant women most welcome! Mike, P.O. Box 62, North Bergen, N.J. 07047.

Ticklish feet. SWM, 38, clean and discreet invites ladies of all ages (I love ages 45-60ish), and race, or bi, who love your feet being tickled to correspond and meet for erotic tickling. I love stockings too. P.O. Box 3383, Culver City, CA 90231.

Hello ladies! This sexy but shy 31 yr. old black male would love to hear from and meet attractive oriental woman who shares my lust for nylons and heels. I'm trim with a dancer's body. Only women who love to be eaten until dawn need apply. Roland O. Owen, 31 Leonard St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11206.

Young while attractive couple seeks others with similar interest in "dressed to thrill" sexy wear, and public exhibitionistic adventures. Wife is quite a knockout and very submissive to all my desires. We have a collection of pictures for trade with all serious replies. Please write and send photos to J&A, P.O. Box 634, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375-4949.

Have never admitted to anyone, but women's sexy bare feet make my 9" throb! Love to kiss, suck and lick pretty feet & toes. Want to contact ladies & couples who share my desire. Write or call D.S., 110 N. Roche, #3N, Knoxville, IA 50138, (515) 828-8076.

A&A: Your home photos in the April '91 issue are fantastic. Have you got any more? Or would you be willing to let an appreciative third party photograph some of your action in person? Write to Ray, P.O. Box 2, College Point, N.Y. 11356.

SM, 32, good looking with nice body, looking for a slender sexy female 18-42. I like legs, heels, lingerie. Your pleasure is my treasure! Photo-phone optional, privacy ensured. Can host or entertain. J.F.W., P.O. Box 453, Lyons, IL 60534.

DWM, 42, interested in meeting women who love to have their feet rubbed, kissed, and smelled while wearing panythose or old fashioned brown stockings with reinforced toe and heel. I am a true foot fetishist and you will not be disappointed. Write: W.A.C., 144 W. Newell Ave., Rutherford, N.J. 07070.

Fun young photographer seeking sexy females with great legs willing to pose and

exchange hot letters. I'm white, professional and clean. Please write with your interests and fantasies to Mike, P.O. Box 3337, Farmington Hills, MI 48833.

Attractive couple, he white, she oriental, both 35, want to trade photos with others into legs, lace, up-the-skirt shots, public sex/exposure. Also want contact with local males 9+ inches for her enjoyment—photo required! S&A, P.O. Box 223, Agoura Hills, CA 91376.

SWM, 43, self-employed, discreet and never pushy, would like to meet or write women who would like a shy man that loves to please at her feet. I'm very, very oral. Write: Frank, P.O. Box 221, Millers Tavern, VA 23115-0221.

To Becky & Ron R. (Candid Legs, March '91), Please contact me—I need photos of Becky or I'll stop breathing (or cumming). All women with gorgeous feet write too! Greg, P.O. Box 6815, Broadview, IL 60153.

SWM, 52, seeks mature women who relax to foot kissing & massage. Will perform cunnilingus or analingus on request. Ages 48 to 55 only. Am sincere, wish relationship. Please write: Christian McCloud, c/o Simpson, 71-27 Myrtle Ave., Glendale, N.Y. 11385.

Single black male, 28, 6'4", 242 lbs., submissive, seeks dominant female, any age, who wants a foot slave. I will worship your whole body, lick, smell, kiss and suck on your feet and toes. Serious replies only. Stephen Jackson, BF8772, P.O. Box 244, Graterford, PA 19426.

Discreet gentleman in his mid-twenties seeks correspondence with ladies who wish to be pampered. I would love to hear from you if you like to be treated like a queen. I am a definite leg man. J. Lazar, 998 Oak Grove Rd., Concord, CA 94518.

Male, late 20's looking to view photos and trade correspondence with women who wear pantyhose, girdles, high heels, and tight outfits. Simply adore and worship those with pantygirdles that have lace legs. Could possibly lead to a rendezvous. Race no object. George W., 2504 Tracy, Kansas City, MO 64108.

Obedient houseboy skilled in laundry, manicures, massage therapy, hairstyling, house chores. Seeks SWF to put me to work. Will serve faithfully. No sex involved! 39 Bonesteel St., Rochester, N.Y. 14615.

Sexy female model has foot & leg photos. Also, will wear lingerie and send back to you. I welcome letters from anywhere. All with SASE (2 stamps) will be answered with sample photos. Shannon Roxborough, 5139 S. Clarendon, Detroit, MI 48204.

Like to fish nude? Then fish Lake Superior with me on my yacht—sleeps 6, full bath. Nude fishing or suntanning. Females or couples only. Write: Capt. Dave, 2201 West 12th Street, Duluth, MN 55802.

SBM, 31, college educated, looking to meet black women with pretty legs and sexy feet. I would love to kiss and caress your feet. Tyrone, P.O. Box 21387, St. Louis, MO 63115.

Young couple would like to meet other

PERSONAL PLEASE

LEG SHOWS CLASSIFIED ADS

PERSONAL PLEASE is intended to help readers meet each other for mutual satisfaction. It is not a free ad service for those selling photos, services or items of clothing. Ads of this nature will not be run, though readers should note that it is not possible for us to screen all ads, **SO ANSWER ADS AT YOUR OWN RISK.** Ads are accepted free of charge and must not exceed 50 words. **ADS LONGER THAN**

couples and singles who love legs and feet. Will trade photos, etc. Will also meet in person. Write us soon! J&F, P.O. Box 47921, St. Petersburg, FL 33743.

Don't throw away your sexy, smelly pantyhose and socks. Send them to me and I'll put them to good use. I correspond with all who arouse me. Send your pantyhose and socks to Fernando, P.O. Box 271206, Salt Lake City, Utah 84127-1206.

SWM, 32, seeking horny woman. Must be clean, must enjoy sexy times and enjoy your toes and feet sucked and licked. Write with phone & photo to Steve Sisco, 34-22 93rd St., Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11372.

Adventurous SBM, 30, 6'2", 173 lbs., would like to meet or correspond with white, Italian, and Hispanic females 18-45 who like wearing dancewear, bodysuits, and leotards as well as tights and legwarmers. Pen pals are also welcome. Write: Tony Bolin, 160-10 89th Ave., Apt. 1D, Jamaica, N.Y. 11432.

I'm a devout follower of Aphrodite Callipygos—Goddess of the Beautiful Buttocks. I am seeking a woman 18-40 who will let me orally worship at her anal altar. She must be clean, fit and love the Greek way of love. W.R.H., P.O. Box 212, Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

Are there any women in my area with gorgeous legs who prefer sheer stockings, garter belts, and high heels? This generous, attractive single white male, very young 40, would like to meet you. Send descriptive letter, phone, photo to JS, P.O. Box 702, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

Very attractive WM, 31, tall, nicely built, seeks lovable foot friend who is 6 ft. or taller, very sweet, feminine, and has very large beautiful feet that need affection. I can totally feminize you and make that cute, girlish behavior surface. Occupant, P.O. Box 1565, Fraughton, VA 23692.

Attention: Doreen—dancing feet article April '91 issue. I would be interested in showering your feet with the love you want, because I have a strong foot fetish and am attracted to women's feet. If interested contact: Joe N. Jr., 903 A George St., Apt. 915C, Easton, PA 18042.

Young attractive couple desires to meet couples, singles, others. We're into garters,

50 WORDS WILL NOT BE RUN UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. Photos are accepted, but cannot be returned and will be run only if space permits. If you wish your ad to run every month, you must send one in every month. **IT TAKES A MINIMUM OF FOUR MONTHS FROM THE TIME YOUR AD IS RECEIVED BEFORE IT WILL APPEAR IN THE MAGAZINE.**

heels, stockings, full fashioned, seamed, reinforced heel/toe. She wears in public with short skirts, revealing stockings! We are real—travel to NYC monthly. Photo, phone gets ours. Photos are returned! T&N, P.O. Box 73, Waterford, N.Y. 12188.

My 5" ankle strap sandal collection has really grown thanks to all who responded previously. You have been rewarded handsomely for your used footwear. Why haven't I heard from the rest of you? Please don't throw away my treasures! R.M., P.O. Box 47661, Jacksonville, FL 32247-6661.

Females age 18 and over. Must have nice feet & willing to have them pampered. Also looking for any females who will let me take photos of their bare feet for my personal collection. Discretion is assured. I am a SWM, age 28 and a lover of bare soles. If you can, please send photo. Jim Harcott, P.O. Box 276, Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225-0276.

L'Eggs—saw your sex-sational photos in May '91 issue. Would love to have more if available. Will buy or trade. Will consider

PERSONAL SERVICES

This new section is for people with services to sell. Be advised that you will be asked for money when you answer these ads, and LEG SHOW cannot be responsible for quality or deliverability of these goods. If you would like to place an ad in PERSONAL SERVICES, please contact Alan Stone, c/o LEG SHOW, 462 Broadway, Suite 4000, New York, N.Y. 10013 for details.

BEAUTIFUL, SATIN FEET! I am an Attractive Dominant, with sexy photos of my gorgeous feet. Can customize photos, video and audio tapes for your unique tastes. Well worn panties, nylons, stockings and socks available. SASE for listing and sample. Ms. Sara, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd., #445, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

My name is Sandi. I love showing off my hot body in sexy garter belts, spiked heels, boots, stockings, mini skirts, etc. I have hot photos

of myself, plus stockings and panties. Send SASE and \$3 for exciting photos and letter. Sandi, 6742-A East Cedar Ave., Denver, CO 80224.

Wanda wants wimps—and Worshippers—for in-person or long distance servitude. For application and a picture of my "wicked" ways send \$5 and a SASE (a must!) to Wanda, POB 441, Cudahy, WI 53110. Lick my boots!

In response to Friendly Feet—Leg Forum (Jan. '91 issue), I'd love to hear from Dawn, also called Bambi, or any woman who goes barefoot a lot & gets hard, dirty, calloused soles. I

whatever you desire. Please write: Michael M., P.O. Box 18366, Philadelphia, PA 19120-0366.

M/W/C very much into pantyhose/heels/short skirts fetish. Would like to hear from all who love only pantyhose pics and videos. Will only trade on that subject, others need not write. Have extensive collection. Send pic and SASE to P.O. Box 874, Clifton Pk., N.Y. 12065.

Dear RL & SL: Better late than never! I just discovered your offer. Please count me in. Trying to start a collection. Looking forward to seeing SL's pussy. John Caverletti, P.O. Box 11, Deer Park, N.Y. 11729.

I have a fetish for shiny pink pumps. I love to smell them while I jerk off. Would love to hear from ladies that own and wear pink heels. Send photo of yourself in your skirt and pink pumps. I want to get my nose into your hopefully smelly pumps. Smile! Steve Robinson, R.F.D. #1, Box 380, Bradford, Maine 04410.

Attractive and experienced submissive, single white male, 29, 5'11", 155 lbs., enjoys teasing and sexual use at the hands of beautiful women. New York area only please. (212) 260-0585. P.O. Box 1405, New York, N.Y. 10276.

Karen & Box of S.F.: I haven't been able to leave myself alone since seeing your beautiful legs in Home Photos. Please, please, please let me know how I can see more. I would love to masturbate for you in person or on tape. L. Pinna, P.O. Box 361621, Milpitas, CA 95035.

MWM, 28, body builder seeks dominant female who wants her body worshipped during the day. Clean and discreet. Expect same. Photo assures quick reply. Send SASE & photo to P.O. Box 9014, Pawt., R.I. 02860.

will reward the right sole with a free video camera to capture her sole. Really! G.J., Music Place, Route 35 & Sea Girt Ave., Sea Girt, N.J. 08750.

Fantastic Feet Fotos! If you want the finest, forget the rest. Send SASE with \$2, \$3, or \$5 to receive photos. Amounts vary with amounts of money sent. Special requests are also available. *Please write me.* Gabrielle Fandall, Suite 133, 2429A E. Main Street, Snellville, GA 30278.

Nylon Leg Glamour on VHS Videos! Pumps on or off, you choose! Or dangle showing peds up close in full-fashioned or reinforced toe hose. Tasteful, amateur teasers with pretty faces, calves, arches, peds, and cleavage. Information: Large SASE and \$2 to Vidgames, P.O. Box 322, Hammonton, N.J. 08037.

If you thought last month's story was wild, just wait! We've got one for you that will blow your socks off. The best sexy foot slavery story you ever came across, or on, or under. Don't miss it. A new story every month. Your wildest wet dreams, in print! Send \$5 and

SWM, 36, 6 ft., 170 lbs, handsome European gentleman, uninhibited, wishes to get in touch with exhibitionistic female with great legs who loves to wear heels, nylons and risqué outfits. Interested in open correspondence and actual meetings. Discreet. Will help you live out your fantasies. Bernie, 252 E. Semoran Blvd., 324, Casselberry, FL 32707.

R.M.'s Boyfriend; S.L. & R.L. photos; Alex R.—Jersey; JoAnne Showoff; Karen (Jan. '91 Leg Forum); Jim & Vicki; G.; D. Daly and Anon of Chicago (Home Photos Issue), very interested in photos and correspondence. Steve, 6171 N. Sheridan Rd. #1707, Chicago, IL 60660.

P&G, your pictures were incredible! Please correspond and send more pics! MWC would love to correspond with Joe, M&D, Dan, J.G., Wild Bill, Sacramento and Devoted Reader & Fan. Write to P.O. Box 542683, Merritt Island, FL 32954.

Dawn whose nickname is Bambi—I want to buy you a video camera to capture your filthy soles! I'm for real, are you? Write me now! Please! Keep those shoes off! Are your calluses really that tough? F.J., Music Place, Route 35, Sea Girt Ave., Sea Girt, N.J. 08750.

M.P. again—we finally made a 1 hr. pedal pushing tape—home made—best quality. Subject—my wife and a friend. Will trade other videos as well. Love to see pretty legs & toes in high heel open toe shoes. Have over 150 tapes to trade. Just send your tapes. Will reply right away. Please, only good quality. M.P., Box 58761, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Dear L'Eggs and P. Lewis: I loved the classy poses of your wife's teasing legs, adoring them often and fantasizing with a passion. Can I please write you to see more? Write: P.K., P.O. Box 1788, Milwaukee, WI 53201-1788.

your address to: PJ, P.O. Box 274, Bedminster, N.J. 07981-0274.

Hi, I'm Heather. My college girlfriends and I will send you our worn socks right from our sexy feet to you. We also shot a tantalizing video & photographs of us vixens wearing our socks. Pkg. of used socks \$15, photo set \$15, video (35 min.) \$35. Heather & Jill, P.O. Box 3688, Mpls., MN 55403. Thanks guys.

The incomparable 6'3" "Italian Goddess", Deena Zarra. World wrestling champion, owner of the longest, strongest legs and the most tantalizing size 12 tootsies ever to trod the earth, or you. Private fetish, domination, and wrestling sessions, videos, photos, custom work, and phone sessions. Deena Zarra, P.O. Box 651, New York, N.Y. 10011. Phone (212) 786-0675. Verify Tues., Wed., Thurs., 4-7 p.m.

My thighs are for your eyes only! Married woman has recently learned the joys of giving men an eyeful of my panties, especially in public! Will trade or sell my "in public" tease photos and videos. X-ample is \$2 along with your age to Leslie, Box 217, Wauconda, IL 60084.