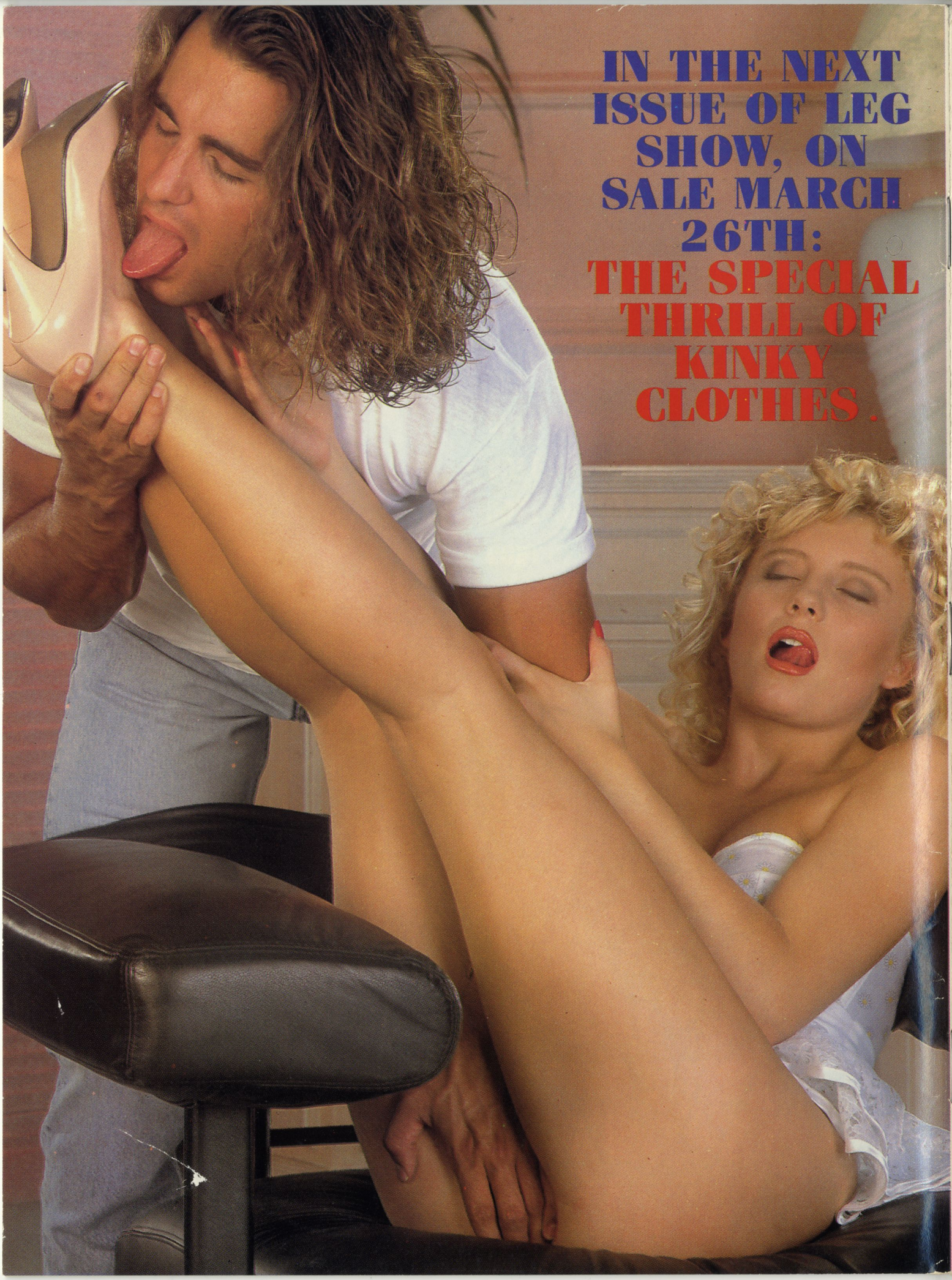




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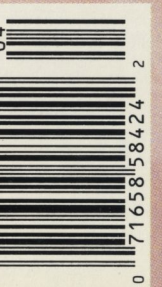
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LEG FORUM

FEET FIRST

Dear Dian:

Hi. My name is Jennifer L., the nineteen year old strawberry blond "The Foot Boy Hero" described in the Dec. '91 issue Leg Forum. When he showed me his letter in print I was so impressed I had to write to tell you my views on the subject.

His name is Chuck. I call him Chuckles, or Chuckie Cheese Ball. And believe me, he is my full-time footboy. He used to act like a real hot stud and God's gift to women. You know the type, a real macho asshole, but thanks to you and your great magazine, I found out his weakness. So I put a plan into operation and after teasing him by taking a little barefoot bike ride in front of him, I now have him eating out of my hand—or should I say my shoe. I have him totally at my mercy as I dish out one humiliation after another as only I can administer.

As I'm writing this letter, I have him on his knees before me lovingly licking the soles of my soft, sensuous bare feet. And yes, I have him stripped buck naked, which could prove to be a disaster for him. For right at this moment we are in the middle of the stage of the local community clubhouse. Of course, the place is empty and no one else is here, but if I hear someone coming, I'll just put on my shoes and walk out, leaving him here to explain his

bare predicament. I am fully dressed, of course. I never grant him the privilege of seeing me nude. Just as I never allow him the dignity of clothing when he worships my sexy feet.

I even made him get a crew cut. His head reminds me of a tennis ball, and he looks stupid and funny, but that's okay. I want him to look stupid and funny. He deserves it. I'm thinking of making him tattoo "Jennifer's Foot Boy" on his ass, leaving my mark on him for life.

After he's tattooed I'd like to lead him right down Main Street on a collar and leash, stripped naked with his lips sealed into a kissing pucker by super glue, and even his stubby crew cut shaved totally off, with the message, "I haven't got a hair" written across his back in lipstick. Then, in the middle of town square, I'd kick off my shoes and make him kneel and kiss my bare feet before the whole world. I realize I can't do this, but it's a nice thought, don't you agree? But I definitely will keep on using and abusing him as long as it amuses me.

I'm also on the lookout for other so called macho dudes with closet foot fetishes. So beware you guys. If I find you out, you may be the next of many who'll be kneeling before me, bare and crewcut, worshipping, kissing, and licking my beautiful bare feet and sucking on my sublime, sensuous toes.

Jennifer L.

PICTURE WINDOW

Dear LEG SHOW:

My husband and I have been reading your magazine for a couple of years now. We have always enjoyed Leg Forum letters and Home Photos. They have also instigated some fun that I'm starting to like more and more. My husband has wanted me to expose myself to strangers, and so far I have flashed my panties at shopping malls and other public places. I'll admit it's a turn-on, but I've been too nervous to do more until about a week ago.

My husband has been working a lot of overtime and when he comes home he usually eats dinner and goes to bed, leaving me horny and without sex. So, one night I was watching my favorite X-rated movie about a very well hung black guy fucking several older white women like myself. I had slipped my hand down my pants and was rubbing myself when I decided I'd better close the drapes. We have a large backyard, but my modesty got the best of me. When I got to the window I noticed my neighbor walking his dog in the back of the property. All of a sudden I got the urge to give him a show. He's in his mid 60's, married, and I knew he was harmless.

I moved to the center of the room where the lights were brightest and started to take off my clothes, first my blouse, then my jeans. I then walked around the room

in my bra and panties, my heart was pounding faster and faster. I then took my bra off and shook my 38D titties free, rubbing and lifting them, making them swing and jiggle. My pussy was tingling and its juices started to flow. Then I slowly pulled my panties off, leaving me totally nude. I turned my back and bent over right at the window. I ran my hands up my legs, over my chunky cheeks, down my crack, over my buttohole, and into my pussy. When I turned around I could see my neighbor only feet away from my window. He had his penis out and was masturbating the largest prick I've seen, except in my dirty movies.

I pretended not to notice him. I sat back down on the couch facing the window, watching the movie, which he could also see. The young black man was fucking a well endowed redhead, like myself. I spread my legs high and wide, exposing my hairy, big cunt and asshole.

I have decided to let my husband find out by reading this. I'm sure he'll love it. Thanks, LEG SHOW, for showing me a new way of life.

Emily

THE FABULOUS FRENCH

Dear LEG SHOW:

I have read in LEG SHOW about your readers' experiences in Paris and I can confirm what a sex mad place it is. I lived there for 3 years before being sent to London. I had lived in Chicago all my life and had been used to a pretty liberal attitude towards sex, but nothing could be compared to Paris.

I have always been a confirmed leg man and lover of stockings and garter belts, but in the U.S. it is not common to see women out and about in nylon stock-



I massaged my titties and clit until I came long and hard. I then slid a finger into my sopping wet pussy and slowly fingered myself, but it just wasn't enough. I then slid two, three, then all four fingers in and pounded my cunt as I put two fingers from my other hand up my buttohole while I sucked my own nipples, which made me have orgasm after glorious orgasm, leaving me moaning and whimpering loudly.

When I looked back at the window I saw his cock spurting sperm out and covering his hand. This sight, along with my video sent me into a massive cum. When I looked back he was gone. I have never been so turned on in my life. We have repeated this four times since. I can't seem to get enough.

In Paris the women dress to kill all the time and in all the department stores you can see women of all ages doing their shopping in great sexy outfits. They all wear sheer, shiny nylons, often seamed and very high heels. Most French women tend to be quite short and wear very high 5" heels.

My favorite pick-up place during the day was the hosiery department in a famous department store. I would hang around the counter selling the nylon stockings and wait for a tidy, stocking clad lady to appear. I would move next to her at the counter and discuss the merits of the different stockings and ask which they would recommend.

French women love to have an illicit

fuck during the day while their husbands are at work—it is almost expected—and I had some wonderful interludes with them. I was taken to some fabulous apartments and treated to some wonderful sex. The French women always wear really sexy undies and 9 out of 10 wear sheer nylon stockings. They love to suck cock and have made almost an art out of it. Unlike the American women who tend to try and deep throat, the French concentrate on the head with lots of lips and tongue. They always suck your balls and lick your asshole and seem to look on it as their duty to give head. I have spent many afternoons relaxing in a sumptuous apartment with a beautiful stocking clad woman sucking my cock. One woman I used to see quite often who had a fabulous maid who was always dressed in traditional maid's uniform with short satin dress and long black sheer nylons with 6" heels. The maid would suck her cunt while she gave me head and they would take turns sucking me. When I came she would always milk my cum into her maid's mouth so that I could see the cum on her tongue. The maid would dutifully swallow every drop.

At night the possibilities were endless. Paris has dozens of porno cinemas where all types of sexual activity goes on. I can confirm everything that your previous letter writers have said. I have had some great blowjobs from great looking women in these cinemas.

The park in the center of Paris is called the Bois de Boulogne. It is much bigger than Central Park in New York City and has vast wooded areas. There are hundreds of hookers in the park of all types, shapes, and colors. They walk around in various stages of undress. Many of them just in high heels and nylons under their coats which they hold open to tempt the passing drivers. There are always lots of watchers in the trees there in one place where couples go to make out in their cars and guys stand around the cars watching, openly jerking themselves off. Sometimes a car window will open and a female hand will emerge to jerk off one or two of the watchers.

I went along to this spot with a friend one night to see what was happening. There were about 6 cars parked with about 10 guys in all watching the various couples. A Mercedes pulled up and after a few minutes we moved slowly to the side of

the car to look through the passenger window. We could see a great looking blonde girl lying back in her seat which was reclined. She was wearing a large fur coat which was opened to reveal that she had no dress, just a black satin basque with black nylon stockings and high heels. Her companion was kissing her and playing with her pussy. We watched for some minutes, both of us with erect cocks, and saw her lean over and start sucking his cock. They saw we were watching and were quite happy to give us a show. The girl then knelt on the seat with her face near the window and her man fucked her doggy style. She looked up at us and smiled. She could see us squeezing our cocks through our pants and she indicated for us to take them out and jerk off. We stood there with our cocks pointing at the window with just inches separating us from this sexy looking girl, only glass in our way. We stroked our cocks while we watched her face which showed her reaction every time her guy fucked his cock into her. Then she opened the electric window and reached out both hands to hold our cocks. She drew us toward her face and started sucking and licking us. Her boyfriend was fucking her fast and hard and she was going crazy over our cocks. We both shot our cum at the same time. She tried to get it in her mouth, but it splashed all over her face. By her moaning I guessed she was coming and just then we heard her guy groan as he shot his load into her. When she had licked us dry she put up the window and the car pulled away.

One area of the park is frequented by transvestites and transsexuals. Some of them are so beautiful that it is impossible to tell them from the real thing. They stand around in the trees and on the sides of the road wearing the shortest of skirts showing their stockings and garters. They give the most wonderful blowjobs and do not hesitate to swallow cum. I used to enjoy wandering into the trees and taking two great looking TS's into the woods. I would lean against a tree and they would stoop down in front of me and take turns sucking and licking my cock and balls. Sometimes other TV's or TS's would come over and watch and stand quite close. I would share my cum with them and let them suck my balls and cock until it was hard again and then two others would take over.

These girl/boys were always very good

humored and very obliging. Some of them would display their cocks to passers-by and some of them were very big. It can be very sexy to see a beautiful TV with high heels and nylons with a thick 9" cock sticking out from below a very short mini skirt.

Just on the edge of the park there is a square called Place Dauphin. Around midnight there are dozens of cars with couples in them cruising around the square looking for other couples to swap with. Just off the square there is one road where a lot of single guys stand waiting to be picked up by a passing car with a couple looking for a threesome. Some of the guys wear long coats and pull them open to reveal their erect cocks poking out from their pants so as to give the passers-by a view of what they've got. There are always a few black guys there with enormous cocks and they seem to always be in the most demand.

If you do not like the outdoors there are several sex clubs in Paris which are usually open to couples only and tend to be quite private, needing some sort of introduction. Once inside the club they tend to be frequented by very elegant couples in their 30's and 40's. Quite a lot of older guys take their younger wives and girlfriends there to watch them being fucked. Usually everybody is free to fuck everyone else and quite often one of the women becomes the center of attention and gets herself fucked by everyone. One of the clubs has a round table where a girl lies on her back across the table surrounded by about 20 people. Her legs hang over the table and she is fucked or sucked by one person while she sucks a cock or a cunt near her head. After a couple of minutes the table is swivelled around slightly to give the next person a turn. The girls usually spend about half an hour to an hour on the table and finish up covered in cum and retire to the bathroom for a shower.

Sometimes the club will introduce a professional performer to join in the activities. One night when two of us with girlfriends were at one of the clubs, the woman who owned the place brought in a huge black guy, above 6'6" and 250 lbs. with the most enormous cock. He was absolutely jet black with a glossy, shiny skin and stark naked. Nadine, the owner, stroked his cock until it got rock hard and she could not reach around it with her hands. He was at least 12" long and incredibly thick. The head of his cock was big and shining and she led

him over to the onlooking crowd. For about 2 hours nearly every woman in the club jerked and sucked his cock and he fucked about 12 of them. Whatever they did to him, they could not make him come until toward the end of the show when he had decided to finish.

He put one girl on her back on a table and another on top of her so that he could fuck one in the mouth and one in the cunt alternately. Another girl got behind him and licked his asshole and after a few minutes he pulled out and shot stream after stream of cum all over the girls. Both our girlfriends had tried to suck his cock, but could not get their mouth around him, but both were fucked by him. The most incredible sight was seeing him fuck one of the women in the ass. She took it so easily, as if it was a little finger.

My life in London now is quite dull in comparison, but there are some interesting places which I will tell you about in another letter.

Gerald S.

POWER HIGH

Dear Dian:

Thanks for a great magazine. I wish you continued success.

My name is Joyce. I'm 34 years old, 5'2" in stocking feet, 105 pounds with a 38C-26-36 figure. Long blond hair, attractive face, great legs, and sexy feet. By sexy I mean I wear a size 6 1/2 shoe and have a very high instep. My toes are nicely proportioned, and I wear high heels *all* the time!

I am a cocktail waitress at a local lounge, where I've worked for the last three years. Take it from me, high heels make all the difference in the world. Case in point: Because I always wear heels, I have more men request my station, and I know the other waitresses don't make the tips I make. I have some fairly attractive co-workers, but they opt for "sensible" shoes—low heeled pumps or flats. Then they bitch that they aren't making the big money. We always discuss tips at the end of the night. I never tell them how much more I make. High heels have a power. Whatever it is, I *like* it!

Henry was a local regular with a serious high heel fetish. He was in his late 60's, handsome and well dressed with too much weight around his middle, but a

sweet old man. Full of compliments and a huge tipper. He always liked a table near the bar so he could watch me all night. I knew he had a passion for heels, because his eyes never left the floor when a woman wearing them walked by. So while I was at the waitress station I would shift my weight from foot to foot. Then I'd slip my foot in and out of my shoe, and maybe tip it over so I'd have to poke around with my stocking toe to find it. When I would look up, Henry's eyes would be glued to my feet.

When I passed by, Henry would "accidentally" drop change on the floor so he could take a closer look at my shoes. Naturally, I always went out of my way to add fuel to the fire. Sometimes I might drop my shoe right on top of his money.

One night Henry slipped me a note with a \$50 bill. The note said, "This is a strange request. Is this enough money to 'rent' the shoes you are wearing for one night?" I went to his table and asked if he wanted them now or when I got off work. He said quitting time would be fine. I changed at my locker (I always keep three or four extra pairs there, though for \$50 I would have walked home barefoot!) and slipped the shoes into a doggy bag from the kitchen. Then I dropped them at his table. He thanked me very much and promised to return them the next night.

Being married to a shoe fetishist, I knew what Henry wanted them for. Hell, I've seen my own husband jerk off to my high heels. So if a guy who's married to a woman who wears heels all the time, a guy who does all the perverted stuff you could imagine with them, still has the drive to jerk off with them, I could figure old Henry would cover my shoes completely with his stored-up cum! I actually got horny visualizing Henry with his prick inside my shoes.

The next night, there he was at his favorite table. Beside his chair was one of those designer shopping bags. "These are for you, Joyce. I have your other shoes in my car. But I'd love to see you in these black patents." I went to the locker room and pulled out two boxes from the Wild Pair shoe store. They sell what I call sex-play shoes—the sexiest women's footwear next to Baker's that I have ever seen!

God, were these shoes sexy. One pair was black patent, the other red. Both had five-inch heels. It was painful working in those spikes all night, but what tips, stares and compliments I received! I made at least

\$200, plus another \$50 from Henry to let him "rent" the shoes for the night. He said he would leave his headlights on so I could drop them off at his car.

At my locker I decided to blow Henry's mind by changing into my black crotchless pantyhose. I put my miniskirt back on, then put on my long raincoat and met Henry in his car. He was parked way in the back, and I was glad, since it gave us some privacy.

I slipped my feet into his lap so he could exchange yesterday's "rental" shoes for the pair I had on. I let the raincoat fall open and spread my legs so my miniskirt raised further up my thighs, giving sweet old Henry a great view of my exposed pussy. Teasing this dear old man was making me hornier and hornier. I struggled to keep my composure. My pussy was growing wet.

As I've seen my husband do so many times, Henry took the shoe from my foot and brought it to his face, inhaling the perfume aroma as his eyes were glued to my pussy. "Joyce, honey, you have the sweetest smelling feet in the world," he told me.

I said, "Hurry up and change my other shoe, Henry, I'm getting hot and bothered over all this!" I rubbed my foot against his hard-on and added, "Looks like I'm not the only one!"

"Joyce," Henry replied, "you've had me in a constant state of arousal ever since I first saw you, with these legs and the sexy shoes you wear."

"Thanks again, sweetie, but I have to run!" And out the door I went.

When I got home I went to the bathroom and inspected the shoes Henry had kept overnight. Sure enough, I found traces of his cum inside and out. Finding it there set me on fire, and I fingered myself to climax.

Henry's next move was to buy me high heels. I would wear them to work for a few weeks, then he would exchange them for another pair, plus an extra pair for myself. Naturally I accepted this offer and was curious why he hadn't made any sexual advances on me. We still played our little game of changing shoes in the car, and I still gave him glimpses of my pussy. In fact, I grew more blatant in stroking his erections with my feet. I mean, this was a six month period we're talking about!

Finally one night while we were in his car Henry handed me an envelope with five \$100 bills inside. I was surprised, to say the least. He said he was having a private

party and he wanted me to waitress for him. He gave me several packages containing the outfit I was to wear. I called it a deal. He handed me a room key for a local motel, and told me what time to be there.

The next night after my husband left for work I got busy preparing for my first freelance waitressing job. I could hardly wait to try on my special uniform, so I quickly showered, did my long blond hair carefully and applied my makeup. Henry had left the decision of which shoes and stockings went best with the Frederick's minidress up to me. Since the dress was red, I chose the black patent heels and the black seamed stockings. I was amazed at how well everything fit. My big titties looked great in the dress. Since it had spaghetti straps, I couldn't wear a bra, and a good portion of my breasts were exposed. I also chose not to wear panties. Henry had paid me \$500 and so I would give him what he paid for—a sexed-out waitress! I did wear my raincoat to the hotel, since I'm not *that* much of an exhibitionist.

I brought the extra packages straight to his room. All the men in the lobby checked me out, which thrilled me. Anyway, Henry wasn't there yet, and I didn't see a bar set up. I wondered....

I took the raincoat off and sat on the sofa, when I heard the key opening the door. In walked Henry with a huge grin on his face as he eyed me from head to heels—lingering on the heels! "Boy, you sure do look super, young lady!" He drank a toast to me, and said I made him happier than anything else ever had. I almost cried, it was so sweet. Then the inevitable happened—he started kissing me. I initiated frenching.

This was all new to me, Dian, since I had never been with any man but my husband. It was all new and very, very exciting. Henry's hands and kisses were setting me on fire. I felt his hard cock pressing against my thigh and wanted it. I actually felt like a whore! Henry broke our kiss long enough to say, "My God, you're not wearing any panties!" To which I replied, "The better to serve you, my dear." As he planted his lips back upon mine he said, "Damn, Joyce, you're every man's dream come true!"

His hands left my ass cheeks and pushed the straps off my shoulders. The bodice fell to the floor. Henry ogled my big

continued on page 43

CONTEMPT



LEG TALK

pher who inserted short test tubes in the model's snatches so when they opened the lips the vagina would be completely open. With clever lighting he could see all the way to the cervix. We posed the models on their knees with their chests pressed to the bed so their asses were thrust in the air. When they pulled their pussies open in this position they'd suck air, gaping into great black holes. All these photos brought sales, but none that would be called exceptional.

Then fate brought me to LEG SHOW. "You get lots of letters at this magazine," I was told. "They're pretty weird, you might want to read them." Unlike my contemporaries I'd always loved reading the letters, fascinated as I was by human behavior. The LEG SHOW letters amazed me. They were so intelligent, so insightful, and often so tormented. These were no illiterate losers. In most cases they were far more educated and complex than the publishers I'd heard condemn them. They were courageous enough to admit that sex was an important part of their lives and that they liked it in ways that our ignorant, superstitious society deemed perverse. Sex did not exist in a void for them, the way it is portrayed in virtually all pornography, but was subtly intertwined in all their life experience. Love, security and even spirituality were all tied intimately to their sexual feelings and they longed for sexual materials that addressed this tangled whole. What touched me the most was how they had been affected by the attitudes of the sex material purveyors. After years of contempt from them, coupled with contempt from society, many readers shared their views of them as unworthy scum.

It has been a delight to produce LEG SHOW guided by your insights and my own. Realizing that we are the same, sharing a unique concept of sexuality, gave me the courage to make a sex magazine that I like, that shows sex as I experience it. I loved those forbidden peeks at my father's collection as a child as I love a forbidden peek now, just as you do. I will dare to give you pages of up the skirt shots where nothing but panties are exposed because I know sex for you is more than poking your dick in a hole. In LEG SHOW I have dared to show less, because you tell me it will satisfy you more. My risk has paid off, as LEG SHOW has doubled in sales and circulation in the six years of my editorship, and spawned several imitators. The imitators don't quite get it, of course, because they can copy the style, but not the compassion.

I hope this issue of panty peeks, classic girdles and pantyhose inspires very satisfying masturbation. You'll find some merciless teasing in these pages, but never the contempt of an uncaring editor.

—Dian

he chose to believe that all his readers were illiterate, mentally deranged losers who deserved to be punished with his bad printing, second rate photos and inflated prices. He felt he was atoning for the sin of being a pornographer by abusing his readers. And his attitude predominates in this business.

Strangely, it was while working for the above mentioned publisher that I saw my first copy of LEG SHOW. It was the premiere issue, some ten years back, and I thought it was a very curious magazine. It seemed so old fashioned, like the "girlie" magazines I found hidden behind the furnace as a child. My father was and is a big collector of pornography and was never able to hide it well enough to foil childish curiosity. I remembered his French garter girls and that early LEG SHOW took me back. Could such an old fashioned concept, focusing on legs instead of tits and cunt, succeed? My training up 'til then told me no. I'd been led to believe by the publishers I worked for that sex magazine consumers were slavering beasts wanting only the coarsest and most extreme examples of sex. I saw their lust as stripped and isolated from all other emotions and bought the slogan chanted by all in the business, "Pussy sells." Though we recognized that big tits helped, most of our efforts were directed at finding ways to get pussy to spread wider. I knew a photogra-

The others in my business just can't believe it. They don't want to believe that less could be more, that a peek at panties could be more stimulating than a double page close up gape at spread pussy. I think it's because they have contempt for you.

Is it strange to think that the people who produce sex magazines could be as unenlightened as those who suppress them? From my fifteen years in this business I've seen it to be true. I know people who've worked for years in this business only for the money. They are filled with self hatred for abetting an industry they believe to be sinful and even dangerous. They turn their self hatred outwards, as so often happens, by harboring a special hatred for the consumers of their product. They don't read the letters sent by their readers and they make no attempt to know or understand them. I've heard publishers I worked for in the past say printing quality didn't count, proofreading didn't count, beauty in the models didn't count, and honesty and understanding were laughable wastes of time. "The fucking perverts will buy anything as long as there's enough pussy," I remember one man saying. He liked to look at sex photos himself, and yet

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FRAN, Boston, Ma.



I'm a recent convert to leg and foot sex. Yeah, I was a foot virgin until six months ago, when my boyfriend introduced me to LEG SHOW. He used to leave the magazines lying around and for a long time I wouldn't look in them. Then one night he sat me down and said, 'Look, this is what I'm into.' He turned the pages and made me look at the girl in garters and stockings and panties and at girls with their feet on men's penises. I

didn't want to accept it at first, but he said he couldn't live a lie and if we were going to have a relationship it would have to include this kind of sex. After thinking hard I realized I couldn't live without him and agreed to give it a try.

"It's the greatest thing that ever happened to me. Sex isn't just something we do in bed for fifteen minutes now, it's like, all day, every day. He loves panties, so I wear one pair for

a few days until the scent gets really strong, and then I'll grab his head and push it under my skirt. I like to do it in dark restaurants, or at the hospital where I work. He'll come down on my lunch break and we'll go in a back hallway and I'll push him under my uniform. Once he gets a whiff he's paralyzed. The only way to get him out from under there is to drag him out or order him to jerk off. Cumming breaks the spell, you see. I made him jerk off



in the hospital once in a stairwell and he squirted his sperm on the wall. Every time I walk down those stairs now I see the faint stain and my panties get wet.

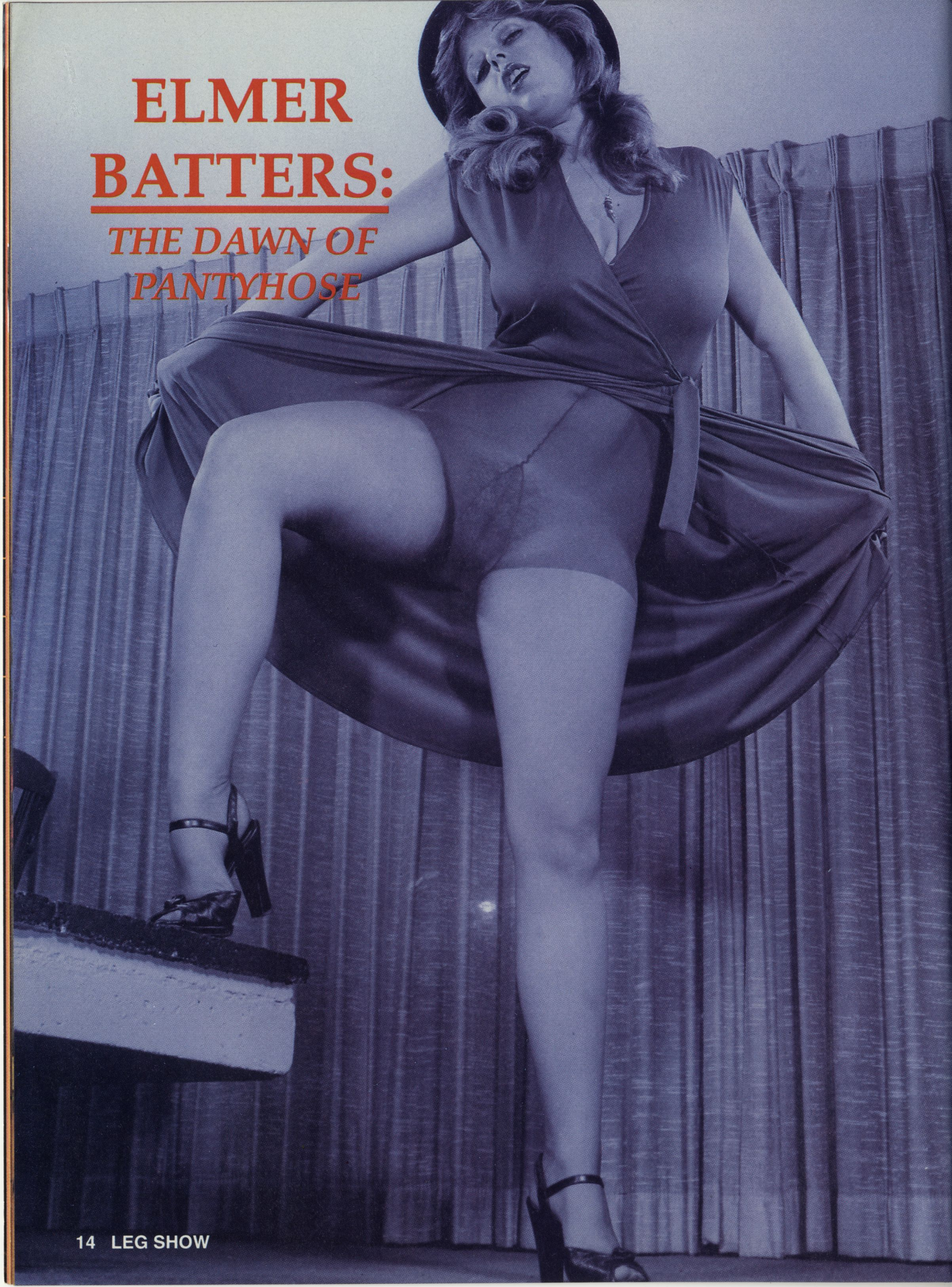
"At home I tease him with my feet too. I love how he resists, telling me to please not make him smell my feet. I tackle him and get my feet all over his

face. I squeeze his dick and say, 'Smell 'em, you wussy panty sniffer. Smell my feet or I'll jerk you off and you'll never get to fuck me!' The funny part is, that's what he wants, right? But I've learned it's more fun to have him smell my panty crotch and my feet and then eat me to orgasm than fuck. He's happy because I jerk him off with

my feet, or just make him jerk himself off while I model my panties and cute little feet for him.

"I sure never expected to have a life like this, but I'd never trade it now. I dedicate these photos to my boyfriend, The Sniffer, and all you other foot and panty sniffers out there. Jerk it 'til you hurt it, guys!"





ELMER BATTERS: THE DAWN OF PANTYHOSE



I was in a store the other day looking at pantyhose. Not that I usually hang around lingerie departments, though there were a lot of other fellas there doing just that, it was what you might call personal research. See, I hear from a lot of you young fellas that pantyhose really cranks your engine. You talk about sheer-to-waist and sandal foot and silk feel and I realized I hadn't taken a look at pantyhose for a few years, since I stopped shooting so much. "I was very impressed with the improvements. Though still a garter and hose man, I like the new shiny ultra sheer pantyhose and can understand how you might find them mighty arousing. What you see in these photos was the height of pantyhose in the late sixties. They didn't have the smooth shine that the new models have, and the panty part was a lot darker and thicker than the sheer-to-waists. They did have those wonderful toe seams though, which I didn't see in any of the modern hose. The guy who put that seam right along the tender backside of the toes was a footman, take my word.



"Sometimes we forget that there are others like us out in the world. We get surprised when we find an item like pantyhose that seems to cater to our fetishes so precisely. It seldom occurs to me, and I'll bet to you, that these things are being designed and manufactured by footmen expressly for our fetish pleasure. It may not be much discussed, but we're part of the world's biggest secret fraternity, men."

—Elmer



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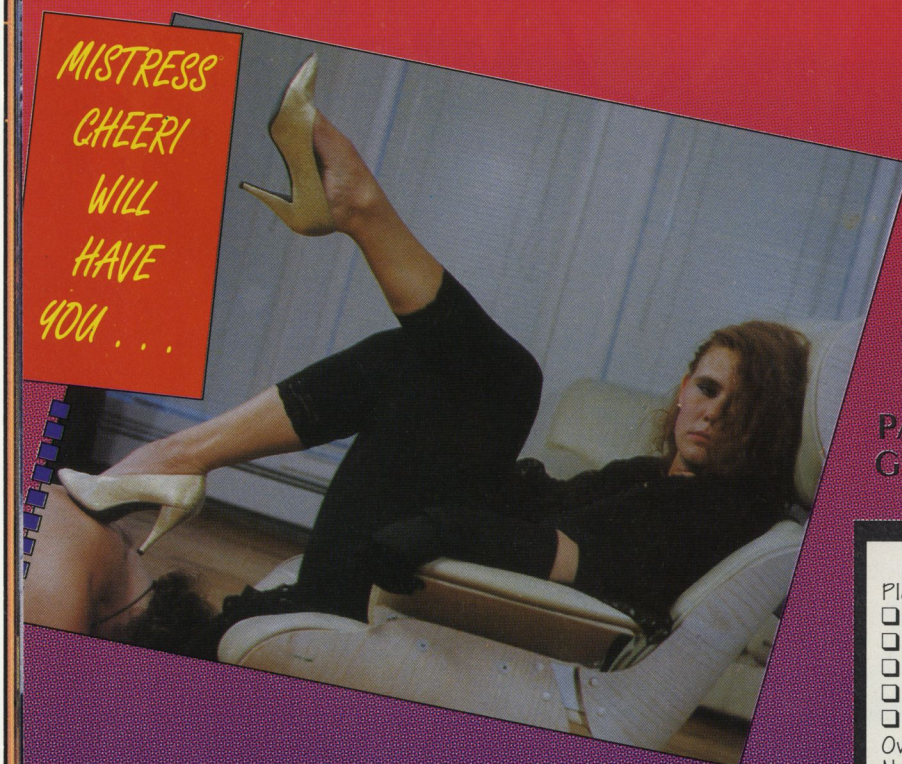


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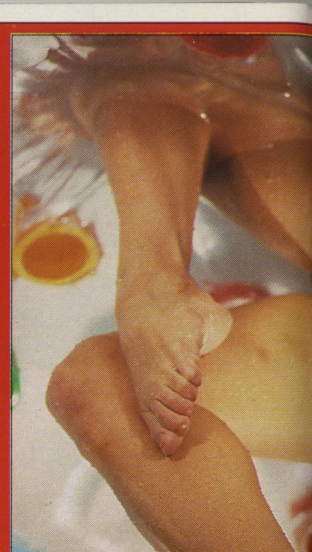
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**SUCK
MY
TOES!**



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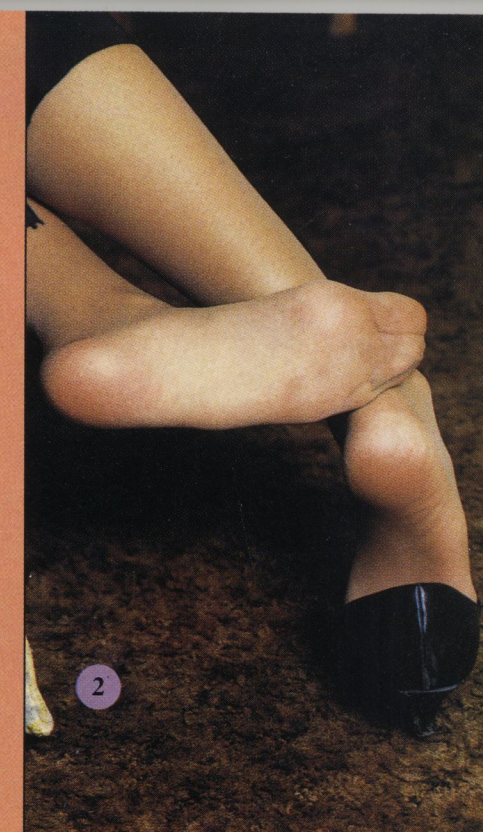
1



Dear Dian:

Here are my girlfriend's sexy feet.
Would love to hear from anyone who
would like to trade photos or foot videos
with us.

G.T.
P.O. Box 4047
Fullerton, CA 92634-4047



2



3



4

Dear Dian:
I enclose two beach feet
shots which I adore. Cute
little toes all sandy and
curled...

Scott

3

4



Dear Home Photos:

Here're a few photos of the legs, feet and pussy that have made me happy for a long time. Guys and couples who like what they see, let us know if you want to exchange photos, panties or used nylons and pantyhose. Her feet and pussy smell very sweet.

R&S
Box 774
649 E. 223rd St.
Carson, CA 90745

5

6



Dear Dian:

My wife posed for these pictures for your Home Photos section and it has always been her fantasy to see her picture in a magazine such as yours. We would love to exchange photos with couples into bare legs and feet, foot sex, cum shots and fantasies. Send SASE, letter and photos.

J.M.
Rt. 1, Box 141-B
Hazlehurst, MS 39083

7



8

Dear Home Photos:
Does anyone like our photos?

Rusty and Teresa
P.O. Box 1306
Lawrence, KS 66044

9



8



9



10



11

Dear Dian:

Here are some photos of the ticklish feet of my friend. She would be "tickled" to see her feet in Home Photos and I would be interested in hearing from other readers interested in tickling.

Ken
P.O. Box
831922
Richardson,
TX 75083

10

11



12



13

Dear LEG SHOW:

After enticing me with her sexy lingerie my sexy friend insists that I remove her shoes and lick her lightly perfumed feet, after which she rubs her beautiful feet all over my manhood until I'm ready to cum. Then it's time for me to penetrate her while licking and sucking her feet and toes. We would love to exchange photos and videos with other females and couples who love these photos and fantasies.

D.T.
Box 30218
Philadelphia, PA 19103

12

13



18 Dear Dian:
We are a couple who enjoys voyeurism in many forms. I like showing your readers my wife in her foundation wear or pantyhose. Correspondence welcome, please SASE to Steve, P.O. Box 344, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

19

20



21 Dear LEG SHOW:
This is my point of view. What do you think? I love my position here. Anyone with similar interests, write.

Boxholder
P.O. Box 165
Highland Park, IL 60035



Fellow Voyeurs:
My sexy lover enjoys every opportunity to display her shapely body, whether it be in public or for the camera. She would love to be in your magazine and have thousands of capable voyeurs admire her poses. We would welcome any correspondence with those who like what they see and encourage them to write and show us some of their attributes.

Dell and Les
P.O. Box 55
Havelock, N.C. 28532

MAURA

UNPREDICTABLE



Last time you saw me in LEG SHOW I was in my black leather military mood. I love to play Top Sergeant in charge of the Masturbation Corps, barking out the orders and making you jerk off just the way I want or else. But I also want you to know there are more sides to me. I need to be soft and feminine sometimes, gently teasing you into masturbating instead of ordering. You're deeply drawn to femininity in a woman because as a poor man you're not allowed to display your own femininity much. Don't my pretty lacy things look exciting? They're just as soft as my satiny smooth skin and silky hair. I'd love to lie next to you and guide your hands over my shiny stockings. My legs are strong, you can see it in their powerful curves, but they can yield to the right man. When I'm in my feminine submissive mood I like to show myself off to you, spreading the legs that have crushed many a head to expose my taut, shiny nylon panty crotch. Yes, it has a sweet womanly smell, doesn't it? My pussy is getting very wet as I make myself vulnerable to you. Would you like to peel my panties off to see how I've prepared myself for you? Here, I'll push them down slowly. Do you like a hairy pussy? No? Then I'll go shave clean for you right now, before I go any further.

"How's that? My pussy is really vulnerable now. Not even a hair to protect it from whatever you want to do with it. I'll bet a soft, hairless cunt would feel really good on your lips. Why don't you get down here between my legs and part these lips with your tongue? Yes, stick your tongue into me as far as you can. I'll hug my stockinged thighs around you just right, so they make a warm nylon embrace. I think I can catch your cock between my ankles and you can thrust against the nylon as you eat me.

"Hmm, you do look a little submissive down there, trapped between my legs, but I assure you, I'm totally at your mercy still. Mmm, your dick feels so good between my ankles. Thrust it harder, fuck my legs! Oh, yes, I'm going to cum on your face! Oooh, god, I'm drenching your face in my juice and it feels so good!

"Gee, that was so great, but now that I've come I don't feel so submissive anymore. And you still haven't come? Well, here, take my panties and masturbate with them. Get your hand tight around that cock, soldier, and start jerking! Fill my panties with lots of sperm, and if you at home don't have a pair to jerk off with I expect you to get a pair pronto. That's an order!"





BUFFY:



CALLING ALL JERK-OFFS



Look at you! A man of your age peeking up the skirt of a girl my age! Why, I'll bet you have a daughter older than me. And didn't anyone ever tell you only boys masturbate? Don't deny you're doing it. I've seen a hard penis before and I know very well that the hand you're hiding in your pocket is playing with your hard penis right now. What's the matter? Doesn't your wife give you any sex? Oh, let me guess. You don't want it from your wife, do you? She's old like you and you want someone young, with soft, plump, wrinkle-free skin and light, delicate down on her cunt. But you don't even care that much about cunt, do you? Oh, I know you, jerk-off. You want panties.

"Isn't it just awful when a cruel, teasing female finds out your special

secret? You're at the mercy of a woman, even a girl like me, who knows your fetish, because we women can't resist controlling a man once we know how. Look at the way my white cotton panties stretch across my cunt. Can't you imagine the juicy treasure under there? You know we girls wear cotton panties because they're very absorbant. A girl my age, with her hormones so fresh and strong, makes a lot of slippery juice in her panties. My panties are wet right now, the inner cotton panel at the crotch just soaking from teasing you. I wish you were here so I could peel them off my sweet pink cunt and hold them over your nose. That would make your boner twitch, wouldn't it? What I'd do would be to put my panties right over your head, with the wet crotch, smelling



of all the things that come out between a girl's legs, positioned over your nose and mouth. Then I'd pull off one of my knee socks and tie it tight around your head, making the knot with the foot part, the foot part that was in my sweaty leather shoes, right over your mouth.

"Gee, that would mean that sock foot would be under your nose. I hope you don't have a fetish for soft pink girlfeet too. It might be just too intense for a jerk-off to have cotton panty smell and foot smell right on top of each other. Would it make you have to masturbate, even though I was laughing scornfully at you the whole time? What if I took the tender skin on your penis between my sharp toenails and pulled it to and fro? Could you still keep masturbating? I'd like to hold your penis tight with the toes on one foot while I scratched it with the sharp nails on the other foot. If my cotton panties were tied firmly over your nose you'd let me do that, wouldn't you? Of course you would! You'd like it even more! And just when you got ready to shoot all your sperm out I'd pull

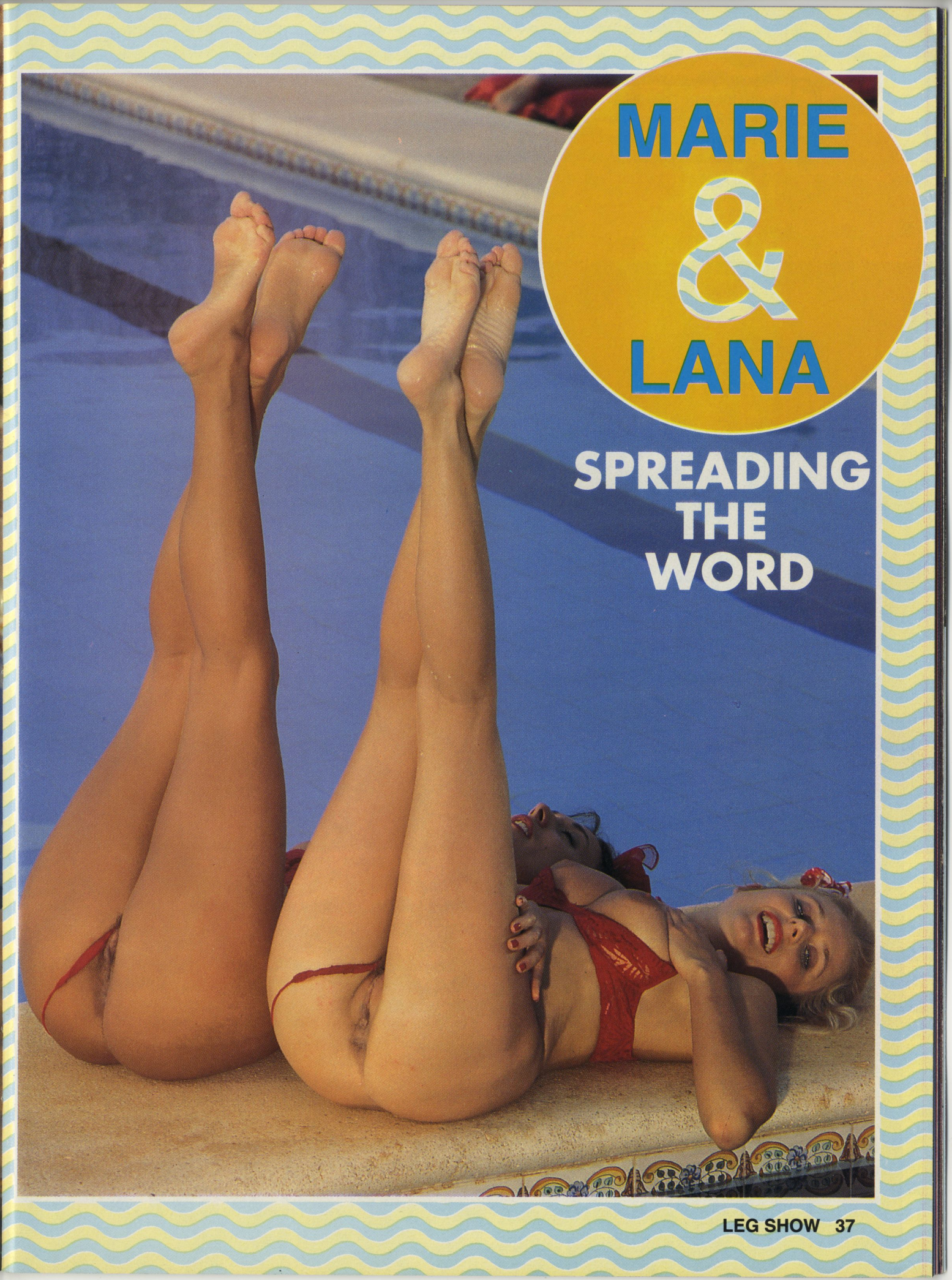




my panties off your head and catch all your sperm in them. They'd sure be wet then. Do you think I'll put them back on after you've spermed them? Think again. Back they go on your head and out in the street you go!

"I know you'll take my panties off your head before you get home to your wife, but I bet you won't be able to throw them away. No, they'll be in some secret drawer and you'll sniff them again and again while you perform the worship of masturbation. And that's just how I want it."





**MARIE
&
LANA**

**SPREADING
THE
WORD**

Close your eyes, get comfortable, and imagine your ideal foot fantasy. We know you're all different, but we also think we know what a lot of you want. You're greedy, aren't you? You think if one pair of sweet, soft wrinkled soles are good, why not two pair? What could be nicer than one pair of tiny, narrow size sixes, like Lana's, pressed over your face, while a wider, higher arched, more assertive pair of size seven and a halves, like mine, are clasped around your cock? That would be footboy heaven, now wouldn't it? Lana and I actually act out the above scenario pretty often, with only one twist. We like to do it to guys who don't like feet. Or *think* they don't.



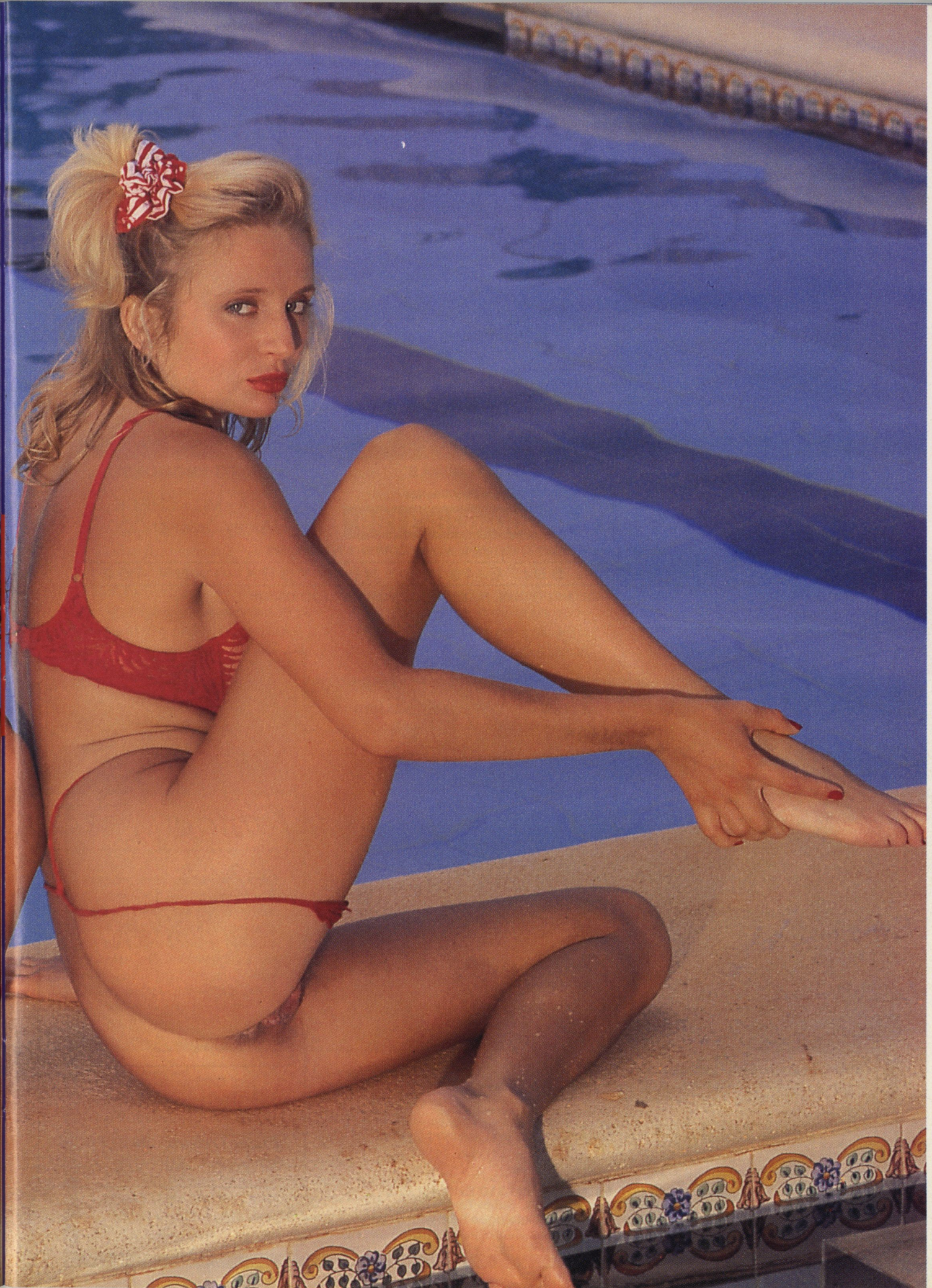
"There's a psychology behind this. We believe that all men love feet, only most of them don't admit it to the world, or to themselves, because they know it's perverted. They'd rather deny themselves the ultimate sexual sensation to maintain their shaky little fortress of sexual 'normalcy.' Of course, society's version of normal isn't normal at all, it's Victorian brainwashing of ideal moral behavior. You think normal guys only want to fuck pussy? Bullshit. If you define normal as what the average guy wants to do, which is the only definition of normal that means anything, then 'normal' is pretty fucking perverted, because normal men want to dominate and be dominated. They want to assfuck and be assfucked. They want to be locked in cages and made to eat from dog bowls and they want to have women on leashes and blowjobs in Macy's window. But most of all, deep down, they want feet. We make them know it.

"It's so great when we get our clothes off and some stud thinks we're going to fuck him. Uh uh, baby. 'Lie on your back on the floor,' we coo. They all do it. 'Close your eyes,' we pant. And then it's foot attack time. With Lana's soles in his face and mine on his cock, pressing firmly, he can't easily get away. A lot will struggle, but we pin them down hard. Lana gets his nose in one of her killer toe-locks, grabbing it between the big and index toe, and I cup his balls between my heels, not really hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to make him aware of the possibility. We let him know the rules then. He is there to service our feet and if he does it



right, he'll get the cum of his life. At that point they all think we mean to fuck them if they lick our feet a little. By the end they realize cumming between a pair of silky soft, wrinkled soles is the ultimate we speak of, and sucking the salty, sweet toes of an extra small pair of feet is the foreplay of their dreams.

"So are you disappointed that we don't make your dreams come true, footboy? You're already living your dream. To know the pleasure of feet and get to jerk off to our teasing photos is a pleasure most men will never know!"

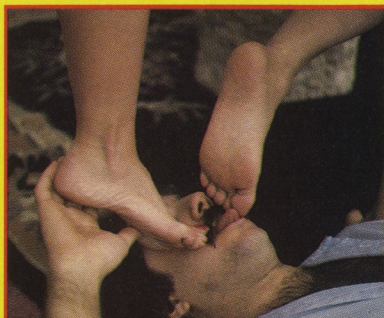
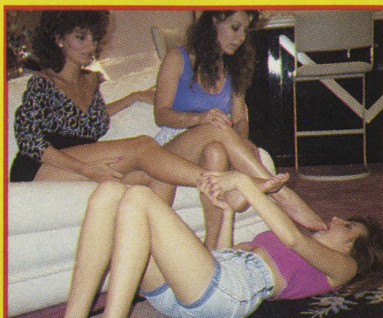
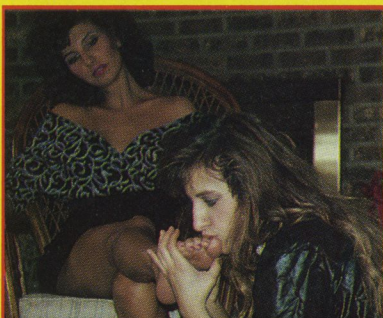




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LEG FORUM

continued from page 7

tits. My nipples were hard as could be. He began sucking and nibbling on them, making them even more excited. I said, "Henry, be a dear and open the sofa bed. I want to make sure I try on all these high heels for you tonight."

As Henry removed my minidress he said, "Oh, Joyce, you don't know how many times I've fantasized about having you this way!" I undid his pants and shirt. He stepped out of his shorts. He said, "You're more beautiful than I've ever imagined."

I laid back and spread my pussy open with my fingers. I said, "It's all yours, sweetheart. Eat me real good!" Henry dove

one of my shoes as though he were alone with it. I really got off seeing him thrust his cock in and out against the sole. I put my feet on his face so he could smell them at the same time.

While he showed me how he could fit his cock and balls inside and wear the shoe that way, I played with my big titties, pinching the nipples until they were erect and sensitive. I told him I wanted to please him with my mouth. He leaned over me and lowered his cock down through my eager lips. I pumped my head up and down his shaft, with the assistance of his ready hands. I marvelled how big his penis was—larger than my husband's. My pussy dripped as I sucked this older man's huge n

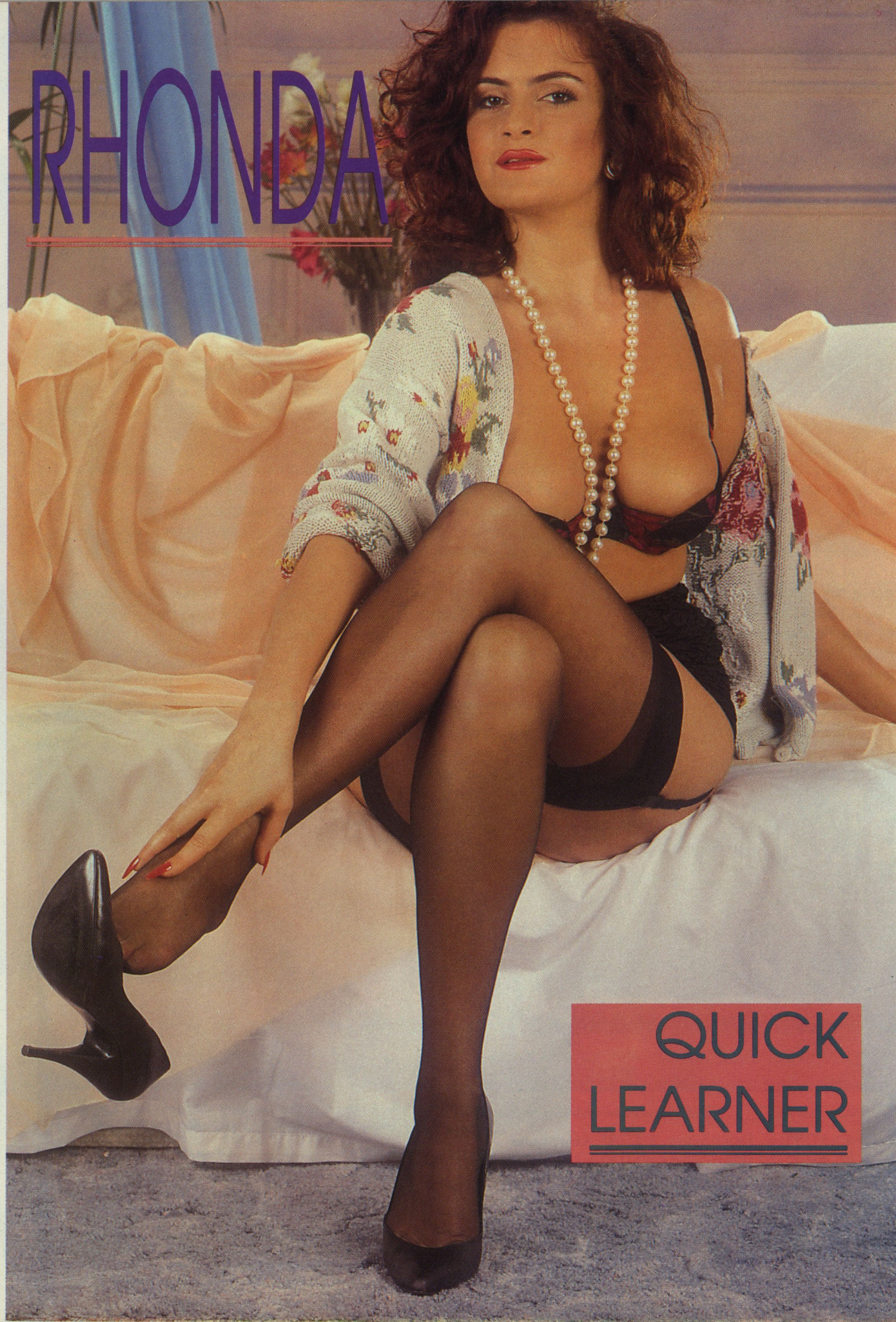
that nylon creating friction in there was the absolute best!

"You are the absolute hottest woman on earth!" Henry cried. "I'll never let you out of my sight!" Strong statements, but then, he was close to cumming.

"I bet you'd like to fuck me with one of those sexy black heels, wouldn't you, Henry?" I said. I had never tried anything like that before, but I wanted to feel that stiletto spike up my snatch. "Let's see if I can take it, honey!"

He was gentle and careful not to hurt me, but soon I was begging him to be more vigorous. It drove me wild. Henry confessed he had always wanted to do this, and when I came he showed me the biggest

RHONDA





My first lover was a man twice my age. I was a freshman in college and did the usual cliché of falling in love with one of my professors. He was very tweedy and respected around the college, but a total pervert in private life. To my utter delight.

"Our big thing was to drive to a town about fifty miles away. There, away from his wife and colleagues, we'd play our games. He would select clothes for me; classic seamed stockings, black kid pumps and sixties style cocktail dresses with deep cleavage and tight skirts. He'd do his usual tweed thing and together we'd look like the original odd couple.

"He always had to get me out in public, like to a hotel bar, where there'd be lots of men without dates. He'd send me in ahead of him, so no one would know we were together. The first few times I was really shy, teetering into a bar full of men on five inch heels, my big tits trembling in my tight push-up bra. My skirt would allow me to take only short, mincing steps and all eyes were on me by the time I made it to a stool near the center of the bar. My lover would enter and select a spot where he could see all, but not be noticed.

"I'd order my drink and turn to face the room as he'd taught me. I'd have to pull my skirt up to sit down and stocking tops and garter straps would show immediately. I raised my leg high to cross it over the other, giving every man a flash of silky black panty crotch. My lover would be playing with himself discreetly by then.

"I let the heel of my pump slip free as I began bouncing my top leg, using it as a lure. I'd flip that shoe around on the tip of my big toe like an angler playing a trout fly—with the same purpose in mind, catching a big fish. They'd come so fast, drawn by my stocking foot tease. I could pick the one I wanted; my lover made that clear. By the time I was leading him out of the bar, my lover had





already scampered back to the car to wait.

"I always brought him to our car and stretched out on the front seat. There was a split between the two sides of the seat back, just big enough for my lover to peek through. He also angled the rearview mirror so it would reflect the exact spot my feet would occupy. I knew the discreet mark on the seat well, and always placed heels there before pulling my pick-up's face into my fragrant stocking soles. After he feasted on my soles awhile I usually asked him to fuck my feet. The hot cum felt so good on my stocking soles.

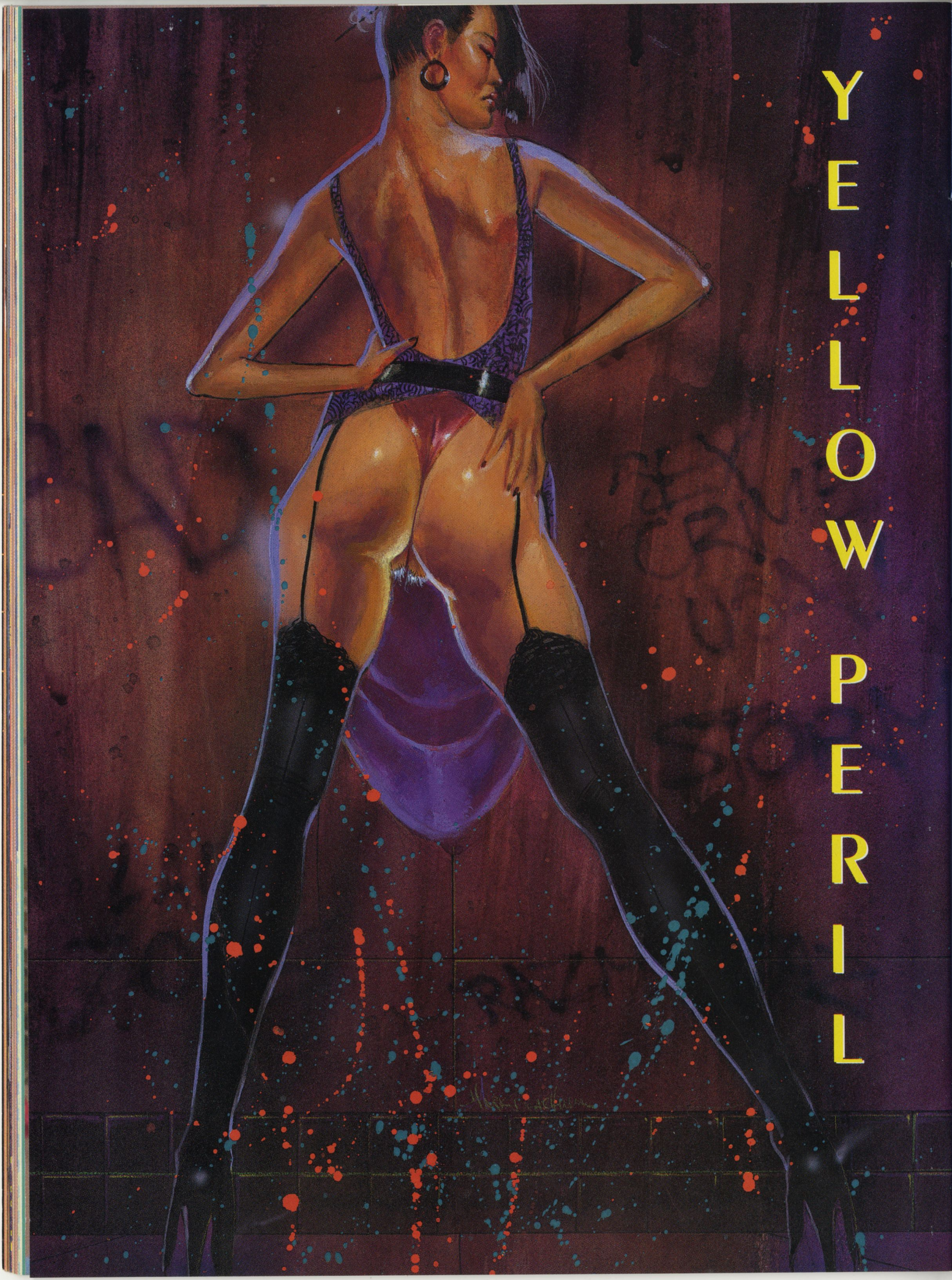
"After he came and left, the tweedy professor jumped over the seat and had his feast. I've never seen a man in all my foot adventures since who enjoyed sucking cum from stocking feet so much. I really miss it.

"I don't miss my games, though. You can still find me most weekends trolling for foot fuckers in hotel bars. Sometimes there's a man waiting in the backseat to clean up the mess, sometimes a submissive girlfriend. They say the lessons we learn first are the ones we learn best. I thank old Mr. Tweed for that."



MOHS GET LEG





She Nearly Teased Him To Death

By Mel Fender

Her ass was so perfect, so absolutely wonderful, that you might watch her walk by without realizing you had looked up from your paper. That happened to Howard several mornings in a row, until all at once it dawned on him that she was his favorite part of commuting—the Asian tease who boarded the train at his station and departed for the local five stops later with every eye, male and female, glued to her elegant derrière.

Her clothes were always tasteful and businesslike, yet upon this tall Eastern princess they took on a distinct personality. Her stiletto heels (she walked as though she had been born in them), the way she tied her hair back into a tight bun to display her flawless skull, her impeccable choice of lipstick and jewelry—it all said: "I am the most important woman on this subway car, if not in all creation, and you will stare at my ass as I wait for the doors to open."

Everyone complied. It seemed to Howard that he was not this woman's only fan; every morning at 8:02 he found himself among the same group of commuters, at the same spot on the platform. She would appear at precisely 8:00, her fierce scowl would cause several people to step back so she could take the front of the line. A hush, unnoticeable in the noisy train terminal, would fall across the crowd when she turned her firm, muscular buttocks toward them.

Once she arrived at 8:15, exactly fifteen minutes late, and for the most part, like Howard, the crowd had waited, as though they would have had to face the day unfulfilled otherwise. And when she did get there, wearing more makeup than usual and a pearl necklace that matched her teeth, Howard saw her smile. Just for a second, almost imperceptibly, the corners of her mouth curled up in satisfaction that all these people had waited for their morning glimpse of her.

And she would reward them amply.

Howard had taken to bringing large hardcover books to work. Not books he wanted to read, necessarily, but heavy ones he could open and rest on his

crotch, while commuting, pretending to pay attention. His daily schedule of waiting until he got to the office so he could jerk off in the men's room no longer worked. He needed the extra stimulation. Nobody else seemed to notice.

This day, she stayed by the door for her entire ride. The car was more crowded than it should have been, since so many spectators had waited for the princess; Howard decided the train was a massive cock that this nymph had teased until it clogged and ached. He couldn't even get a seat, and stood with the book concealing his swollen organ as casually as possible.

When she stepped off, she remained next to the train until the doors closed. Everyone filed ahead of her down the stairs to the local. Then, as though she meant to smooth the back of her skirt, she placed one hand on her left ass cheek and began massaging it. When the train's air brakes hissed and the motor started, she turned her head so they all could see her profile. Her eyes were shut in what resembled concentration. She impulsively grabbed her skirt and tugged it up to reveal herself.

Helpless, Howard pressed the book against his cock.

Beneath her royal blue skirt, she had exposed where her stockings ended and her garters took over. The strap appeared silken, a softer blue than the skirt, and it stood out like a beautiful vein against her amber flesh.

And...Howard spied just enough of her cheek to realize she had no panties on.

The train pulled away. She held still, clutched herself, so that as the scattered newspapers and trash whirled about the station, the wind didn't dare touch her.

Reluctantly, Howard eased the book off his hard-on. He looked around at his fellow oglers, and saw that they shared his nervous discomfort. Normally Howard enjoyed eyeing the others after the princess left, especially the women, who would wear secret faces of shame that they could be so entranced by another woman's sexuality. Yet today was worse. Today the princess had playfully

exercised her power over them, had taken them on a field trip just to see how many of them would wait for her so she could embarrass them in front of these strangers on the later train.

Howard didn't mind in the least. He knew from experience that his first priority at work would be a visit to the restroom, and since he had seen her ass, he'd probably need to return at least twice during the day. God, his eyes had finally tasted the fruit of his tormented dreams, the dark holy place above her hemline! If the princess chose to make fools of commoners, he was thrilled to be chosen.

Howard's wife Maryanne hadn't fucked him since—had it been five years now? Six? He stopped counting

"Her ass was absolutely perfect—like an oriental empress."

back around the time he decided he wouldn't be able to stomach the action if she ever did toss him a piece again. The rolls of fat and untrimmed mole hairs landscaping her backside made his dick want to take chastity vows.

Had she always been like this? Howard wondered. Was he really idiot enough to marry this hog? No. The wedding pictures on their mantel showed him holding a slim, pretty (though not spectacular) girl of nineteen. Twenty years later, he swore that she'd seen him coming, that she knew she was a time bomb waiting to explode into Mrs. Pork-o upstairs.

So he slept down in the basement now, and she ran the house, more or less. For Howard, it was like living with the big sister he had never wanted, always complaining and belittling him and demanding his paycheck so she could spend it on ice cream and soap opera magazines. Her cousin was the

most heartless divorce lawyer Howard had ever heard of, so unless he decided to live in a treehouse Howard had to stay married.

Nonetheless, his need to see the rest of that Asian woman consumed him. He cut photos from magazines and newspapers, shots of models who resembled her, and mounted them around his cubicle at work. In desperation he concocted a plan to discover where she lived; he would leave work early for a few days, and travel to the station where she caught the local each morning. If he waited there several days in a row, he was bound to see her at least once. Then he could follow her home, discreetly.

Meanwhile, each morning she entered the car and dismissed everyone with a glare of disgust, never suspecting that one of these Neanderthals had devised a plan to trail her. Howard was only able to get off work early once or

"He stroked his pole as he sniffed her moist panties."

twice a week, so it took him three weeks, but one Friday evening, he found her.

She was heading home, a little late, as though she'd been celebrating. Rush hour had ended and the trains were less crowded. She walked wearily yet with her unflinching grace to the middle of the platform. Howard followed her halfway. The train pulled in, they both got on, and Howard crept forward, car by car, until he could peek through the door and see that there were two or three other passengers, all sitting at the far end.

Then she glanced up and stared at him. Howard quivered. She looked angry. Suddenly she recognized him, and a knowing flame lit in her black marble eyes. Calmly, she gestured for him to enter the car and sit beside her. Howard was terrified, and only found the courage to do as she wanted because he honestly couldn't believe it was happening.

As he sat beside her, he observed

that her maroon lipstick was smeared in a few spots. She regarded him through narrow eyes.

"You're one of the weirdos who gawk at my butt every morning, right?" she asked him.

Howard nodded.

She laughed, rolling her eyes. "So did you follow me, or just spot me by accident? Tell the truth," she admonished him.

"I just...I don't know," Howard stammered. "I mean, there you were..."

She shrugged, and waited a short while before speaking again. She allowed Howard to study her, and instantly his cock demanded to spring free of his pants. When she spoke, her voice only aggravated the swelling.

"This is the last time I'll ever ride the subway," she sighed. "I should have had the limo take me home, but I wanted to ride this train one last time." She smirked at Howard. "And you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Why won't you ride the train anymore?" he asked.

"I just got a huge promotion at work," she yawned. "I'll be moving to Manhattan. I'll have my own limo. I'm a VP now."

"What do you do?" Howard asked.

She looked at him, amused that he would attempt conversation with her. "Well..." she started, then was silent for a long moment. Howard deduced that she was debating what she ought to tell him. Finally she spoke again. "I was an executive secretary," she announced. "Two nights ago, I fucked the CEO like he's never been fucked before, and today I became a vice president."

Howard's jaw dropped. She looked pleased, and went on.

"It wasn't the kind of thing that could just happen, though," she continued. "But there was the guy—my boss, sort of, this guy I was fucking who gave me the secretary job, since I don't type or anything. Anyway, he told me a few mistakes of his he'd buried, stuff no one knew about but me and his wife. I just told the CEO, and this morning they fired this dope and gave me his job. I feel bad for the guy. At least he's got his wife's salary to live on."

"Anyway," she smiled, "the CEO won't get another piece of my ass until he makes me a partner." She placed her hands behind her head, displaying her body for all the world, like an Oriental

empress. She must have been nearly six feet tall. "And you should cheer up. After all, it's your lucky day, too."

"My lucky day?" Howard replied.

"Hmm-mm," she nodded. "Being the Head Bitch In Charge makes me, uh, hungry, you know? I plan on getting fucked tonight. And you're in the right place at the right time."

Howard swallowed.

She brought him to a condo every bit as elegant as herself, and mentioned that her name was Janna. Howard complimented her on the decor. She told him it had cost a fortune to ship it all the way from Hong Kong.

"So you're from Hong Kong?" he asked.

"Duh!" she smirked, scorning him just hard enough to show she had no respect for him. "Did you think I came from around here? That's why I speak proper English, unlike the rest of you lowlives." She laughed to herself as she shook her head.

First she led him through her bedroom, where Howard noticed an expensive home entertainment system with a mounted camcorder trained on the bed. Then they were in the bathroom, and Howard's cock began clawing at the inside of his trousers, dying to come out. She undressed herself casually, unveiling perfect pink nipples and then the trimmed silk triangle of her snatch, rich black against her skin. But she didn't turn around. Her ass remained unseen.

"Here, Herbert," she said to Howard, who knew better than to correct her. She handed him her clothes. "Put these in the hamper. And then get my turquoise kimono from my wardrobe." She stepped into the shower and left Howard to his tasks. He dumped her skirt, blouse and stockings into the laundry box. The panties he brought with him to the bedroom.

When he unzipped his pants, his prick sprang out like a mountain lion. Her panties reeked of her private perspiration, the fragrances of moisture trapped against her cunt and asshole. A magma-like load prepared to fire from his rockhard pole as he stroked it.

Suddenly the water in the shower stopped.

"Herman?" Janna called. "Where the fuck is my robe?"

Panicked, he zipped up his pants, tossed her drawers under the bed and grabbed the kimono from the closet.

Continued on page 86

PEEKING UP PARIS, LONDON, AND AMSTERDAM

A Very Special Glimpse Of The Panties Of Europe



Photos By Roy Stuart

PARIS

AVENUE des CHAMPS ELYSEES



I was inspired by a special issue of NEW LOOK magazine to undertake this enormous project. This is the French NEW LOOK, much more popular than its American cousin. The issue was devoted to panties. Attention grabbing, no? Without showing anything but the panties of girls on the streets of Paris, this feature was more titillating than any of the nude girls in the magazine. GLIMPSE fans will understand. I decided I could do them one better, as the master of up-the-skirt photography, and include London. Then I got so inspired I included Amsterdam and ended up two up. I won't waste a lot of space on words with this one. I believe the peeks at these beautiful women's panties tell more than I ever could."



AVENUE GEORGE V

AVENUE WAGRAM



AVENUE GEORGE V

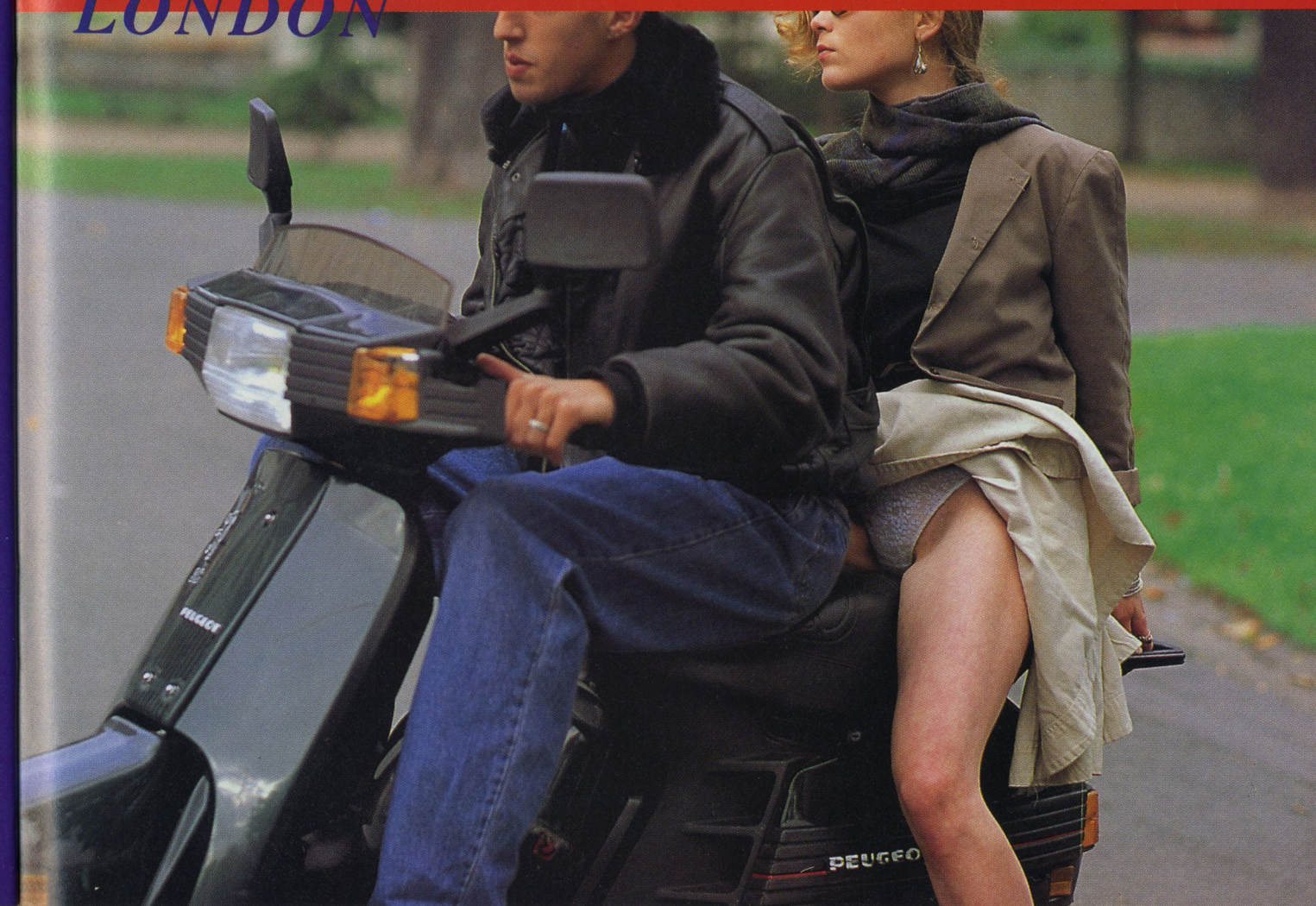


AVENUE des CHAMPS ELYSEES



LONDON

LONDON





LONDON



LONDON



LONDON



AMSTERDAM

LONDON

AMSTERDAM



Would you like GLIMPSE photos and videos for your own collection? Write Roy Stuart, 1 Bis Rue Du Marechal Foch, 94350 Villiers Sur Marne, France. Please enclose a stamped, self addressed envelope and \$1.00 for information.



AMSTERDAM

Fetish Fashions Specially Selected For The LEG SHOW Reader In Regular And Larger Sizes.

For a long time I've wanted to offer LEG SHOW readers the opportunity to buy fashions like they see on our models. Finding a company that understood the special needs of leg and foot men and their women was the problem, until I found Mistress Antoinette at Versatile Fashions. Antoinette understands your needs

like I do and I am proud to introduce you. Her motto is "I care" and you'll find she does.

All Versatile Fashions are custom fitted, so follow ordering information carefully for each item to be sure you get exactly what you need.

190CC



190CC Cleopatra Corset

Classic boned satin tight lacing corset. Covers breasts to hips and reduces waist by 4" or more with sturdy laces over satin comfort guard in back. Front hook, eight sturdy garter straps, striped only. Colors: White/Black, Red/Black, Pink/Black. IMPORTANT! Order by normal waist measurement. Waist sizes 20-32 inches, \$284. Sizes 34-42, \$298. ALSO include size you would like your waist to be when laced into corset.

150N Ribbon Corset

Hook front, lace back waist whittler. Can reduce waist up to four inches and looks great worn over clothes as a corset-belt. Colors: Black, Red, White, Blue. Order by normal waist measurement. Waist sizes 20-32 inches, \$89. Sizes 34-42, \$98.

328R Splash of Flesh Dress

Sexy, skin-tight nylon cire dress stretches to hold and mold any body into a beautiful shape. Great for flashing at the mall! Colors: Red, Black, White. Sizes 6-14, \$69. Sizes 16-20, \$89.

8009-8 Ankle Strap D'Orsay Pumps

The classic cut-away that shows her sexy arches. Comes in a 4-3/4 inch heel (Indicate D'Orsay Pump) or an astounding 6 inch heel (Indicate D'Orsay Pump A). The 4 3/4 inch heel comes in sizes 6-14, \$119. The 6 inch heel comes in sizes 9-14, \$149. Colors: Red, Black, White. Indicate Patent or calf leather.

505A Open Breasted Leotard

Back zip, tight and shiny PVC. Colors: Black, Silver, Gold, Red. Sizes 6-14, \$79. Sizes 16-20, \$95.

911A Open Palm Gloves

PVC to match leotard above. Colors: Black, Silver, Gold, Red. Sizes S/M/L. \$34. Size XL, \$45.

255L Latex Rubber Dress

Nothing clings tighter than rubber. This black latex dress pulls on and holds tight to above knee length. Color: Black. Sizes S/M/L, \$189.

120L Latex Stockings

The only complement to our rubber dress, above. Color: Black. Sizes S/M/L, \$89.

328R
8009-8



505A
911A
255L
120L



211A
921A



211A Cone Bra With Chains

PVC and chains create a very dominant effect. Cups fit average breast sizes. Colors: Black, Red. Sizes 6-14, \$99. Size 16-20, \$109.

921A Hot Pants

What could be hotter with a PVC bra than PVC shorts molding her cheeks and exposing her long, strong legs? Colors: Black, Red. Sizes 6-14, \$45. Sizes 16-20, \$55.

420A
604A
6925



215A
231A
8001-8



215A Cover-Up Bra

PVC with front opening to close or expose. Colors: Black, Silver, Gold, Red. Sizes S/M/L \$24. Size XL, \$28.

231A 8 Strap Garter Belt

The same kind worn by Dian Hanson in so many editorial page photos! 4 straps per leg hold your stockings extra tight. In PVC. Colors: Black, Silver, Gold, Red. Sizes 6-14, \$45. Sizes 16-20, \$49.

8001-8 Thigh High Boots

Imagine 4 3/4 inch heels and mid-thigh high! An inside zipper holds them snug. Colors: Red or Black. Sizes 6-14, \$249. Indicate Patent or Smooth leather.

104C



104C Venus Corset

A shorter, front hook, black lace, Victorian tight lacing corset. Sturdily boned satin, will reduce waist by 4 inches or more. Full satin guard under laces protects tender skin. 8 garter straps. Colors: White, Black, Red, Pink, Light Blue, Royal Blue. IMPORTANT! Order by normal waist measurement. Sizes 20-32, \$229. Sizes 34-42, \$249. ALSO include size you would like your waist to be when laced into corset.

420A Open Side Bondage Skirt

Buckles up each side hold it tight while exposing lots of hip and thigh. Sexy PVC. Colors: Black, Silver, Gold, Red. Sizes 6-14, \$98. Sizes 16-20, \$119.

604A Exposed Bustier

Front laced and boned under bust, this PVC bustier has adjustable straps and matches the skirt above perfectly. Colors: Black, Silver, Gold, Red. Sizes 6-14, \$69. Sizes 16-20, \$79.

606H



606H Front Lace Waspie

Patent leather-look PVC makes a specially provocative corset, with delicate lace edging and 4 garter straps. Colors: Black, Silver, Gold, Red. Sizes 6-14, \$68. Sizes 16-20, \$78.

374A
815



374A Open Breasted Maid's Uniform

What a fun fantasy! She's maid to serve in our PVC uniform with back zip and underwires to shape and lift the bust. Colors: Black, Silver, Gold, Red. Sizes 6-14, \$179. Sizes 16-20, \$198.

815 Petticoat

Under your maid's uniform you have to have the fluffy petticoat! Soft nylon with elastic waist. Colors: White, Black, Red. Sizes S/M/L, \$65. Size XL, \$75.

6925 Open Toe Ankle Strap Sandals

Feature a high 5" heel and sexy ankle strap. Colors: Pink, Light Blue, Red, Silver, Gold, Black, White, Black Patent. Sizes 4-14, \$98.



981
7162

981 Full Fashioned Stockings

These are the real thing you've been looking for! Reinforced foot, real black seams, shiny, flat knit, and the much loved "keyhole" expansion top! Color: Black only. Sizes: Medium, Long, Extra Long. Give shoe size when ordering. **\$14.00**

7162 Slide In Mules

These ultra-bare shoes leave toes and heels totally exposed. Rise to a towering 5" heel. Colors: Red, Black, White. Sizes 4-14, **\$79.**



Black Kidskin Gloves A

These soft classic gloves are available from only one manufacturer in America and we've tracked them down! All gloves are custom sizes, so they're expensive, but so worth it. The leather is exquisitely soft and fragrant. Please indicate WOMEN'S Sizes S/M/L, **\$325**, or MEN'S Sizes S/M/L, **\$345.**

IMPORTANT! Read Carefully Before Ordering!

All of these clothes are custom fit, so follow special size instructions carefully.

Corsets: Give normal waist measurement and measurement you want your waist to be.

Kidskin gloves: Trace around your hand and send in the tracing to be assured of correct size.

Shoes: Order your usual shoe size, whether you are a woman or a man. Men should not try to guess their shoe size in women's shoes.

Stockings: Indicate whether stockings are for man or woman.

On All Clothes: Indicate whether you are a man or a woman for proper fitting. In general, sizes 16-24 are men's sizes.

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						Shipping and Handling		\$3.00
							Total Enclosed	

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Expiration Date _____

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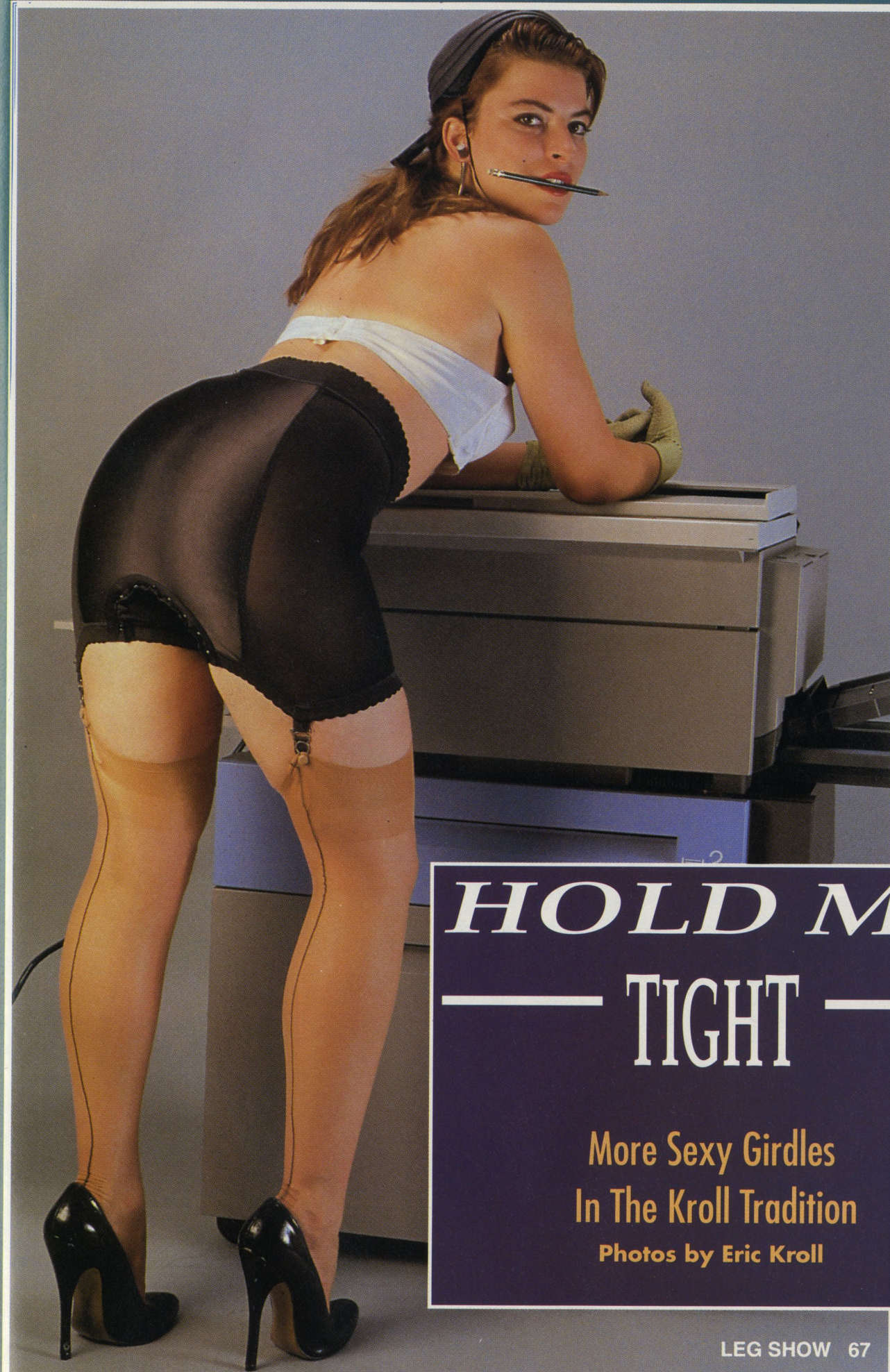
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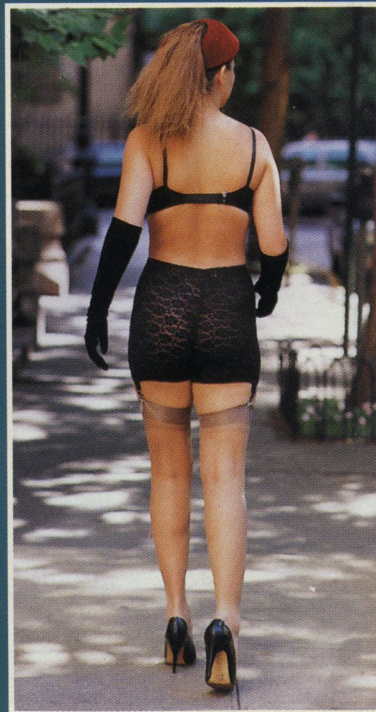
HOLD ME — TIGHT —

More Sexy Girdles
In The Kroll Tradition
Photos by Eric Kroll

LEG SHOW 67

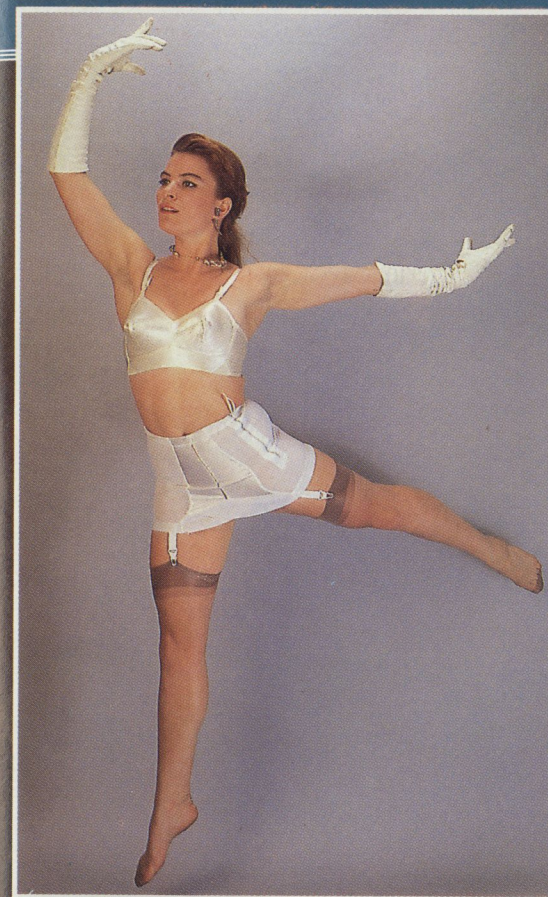


My mom wore girdles and I'm sure yours did too. Let's get that out of the way up front for the benefit of all the amateur analysts. Also for the record, most of us who love a tight, shiny girdled ass are older men, ones who grew up in the age when girdles ruled. In my youth even teenage girls wore girdles. My sister fought for the right to wear them, calling the garter belt my mother thrust on her 'baby-ish.' All the cool girls in school wore full panty girdles to hold up their hose, or to keep that new fad, pantyhose, from sagging at the crotch and bagging at the knees. My first make-out adventures were all with girdled girls and I vividly remember the elec-



tric thrill of sneaking my hand up a skirt to squeeze a satiny, springy, girdled buttock.

"Today I collect vintage girdles, but I'm occasionally so enthralled with a modern model that I'll add it to my collection and lovingly photograph it on one of my models. There are a few companies still making great girdles, but no matter how beautiful, those old styles, so rich with memories, will always move me most.



"As before, I will make prints available to private collectors. If you would like a complete listing of color girdle photos and my outrageous new girdle video, *Girls From Girdleville*, send \$2.00 to cover postage and handling to: Eric Kroll, P.O. Box 464, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017."



PAMELA

PRESSED PUSS





Do you like the way pantyhose squash a pussy? It's one of the things I like most about the waist-to-toe hug of sheer, shiny nylon. Panties never fit as tight in the crotch as pantyhose, and they don't have that thin seam up the middle to rub me just right. When I put on my pantyhose I do it in front of my bedroom mirror. I'm vain, I admit, and I love to look at my beautiful long legs and the lightly haired slit between them. When I get my pantyhose smoothed on I sit on a chair in front of the mirror and spread my legs wide apart. Then I arrange my pussy.

"I like to see the lips spread wide against the restraining nylon. I prefer sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose so that every detail of my plump pussy is shamelessly, utterly exposed. The final touch is to center the seam on my clitoris. Already, even before I pull on a short skirt and go into the world for a day of up-the-skirt teasing, a glistening spot of moisture forms on the crotch of my pantyhose. But of course, I've excited myself by voyeuristically enjoying my own female sexuality. My aroused cunt smells so good filtered through warm nylon. I'm drawn to tug gently on the top of my pantyhose, sliding the seam over my clit. The rough seam peels the hood back off my pink pearl and more juice seeps into the nylon crotch. While I watch in the mirror I poke a finger against the moist spot and wiggle it into my pussy, pushing the nylon with it. My clit is fully, painfully, erect now, throbbing with the friction of the seam. I imagine I'm a man watching me masturbate with, and through, my pantyhose and my cunt spasms hard, squeezing out more juice.

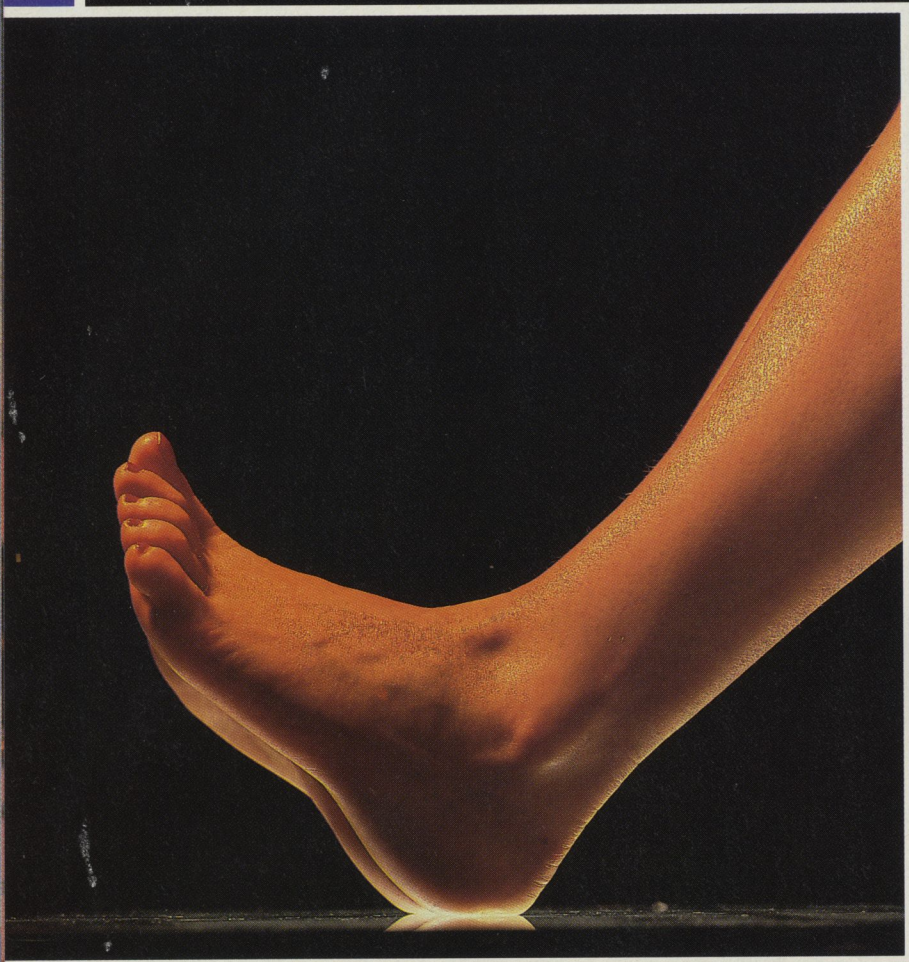


"The spot on my nylon crotch is now two or more inches across and growing. I push three fingers into my cunt, the rough nylon encasing them stimulating me insanely. I imagine my favorite fantasy, that a man has come in, caught me, and seeing my love for nylon penetration, pins me down and tells me to put one of my nylons over his cock. Submissively I comply, and he then throws my pantyhosed legs over his shoulders and rips the crotch panel away.

"He teases my pussy lips with his nyloned cock just the way I tease myself with my fingers. Only when I'm begging does he sink into me fully, deeply, and begin pounding. I cum so hard imagining this scene, especially its finale: he shoots his cum deep in my cunt and then pulls out. He then presents his nylon covered cock, heavily coated in sperm, to my lips. I open my mouth and take it down my throat, drinking all his delicious cum from the nylon.

"This is just my first masturbation of the day. After teasing a few dozen of you men with peeks up my skirt I'll be back home for three or four more! "





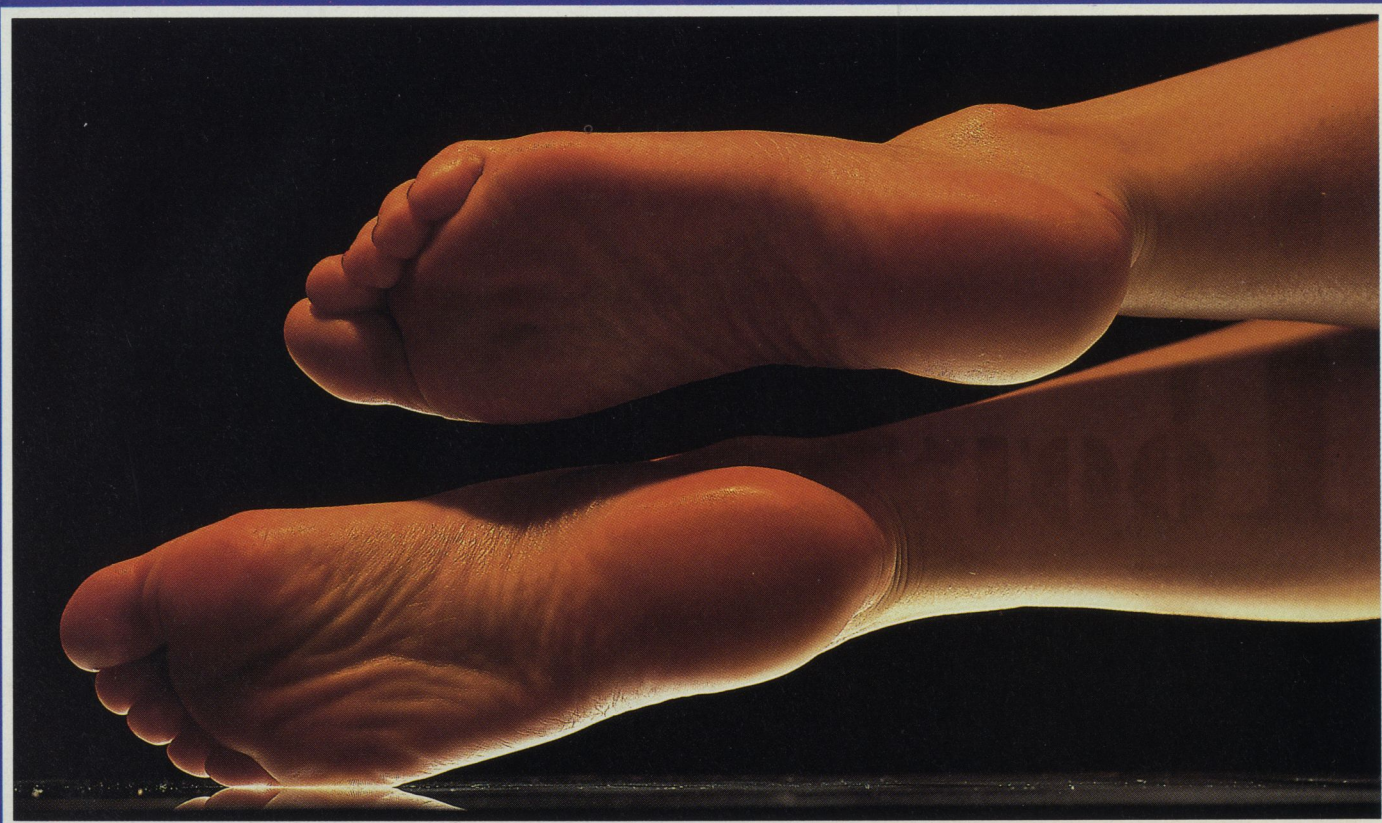
I am a fine arts photographer, and I cannot give my name for fear of losing my big fashion clients and gallery crowd. I am a proud foot lover too, though, and have photographed my wife's perfect feet for many years. I consider her feet to be as beautiful as her model's face and have long wanted to share my photos of them with the world. This is the perfect forum, where they will receive the sexual appreciation they deserve from other foot lovers.

"Why is it so exciting to see my wife's feet on another man's cock? I can't say, except that it thrills me to know she is so sexually strong she will do whatever she wants to give herself pleasure. She gets a fiendish joy out of making me watch and even photograph the feet I adore masturbating another man. I feel equal parts anguish and excitement and she sees it on my face, feeding on it to increase her passion. She makes me keep snapping the shutter while my shaking hands are yearning to stroke my cock.

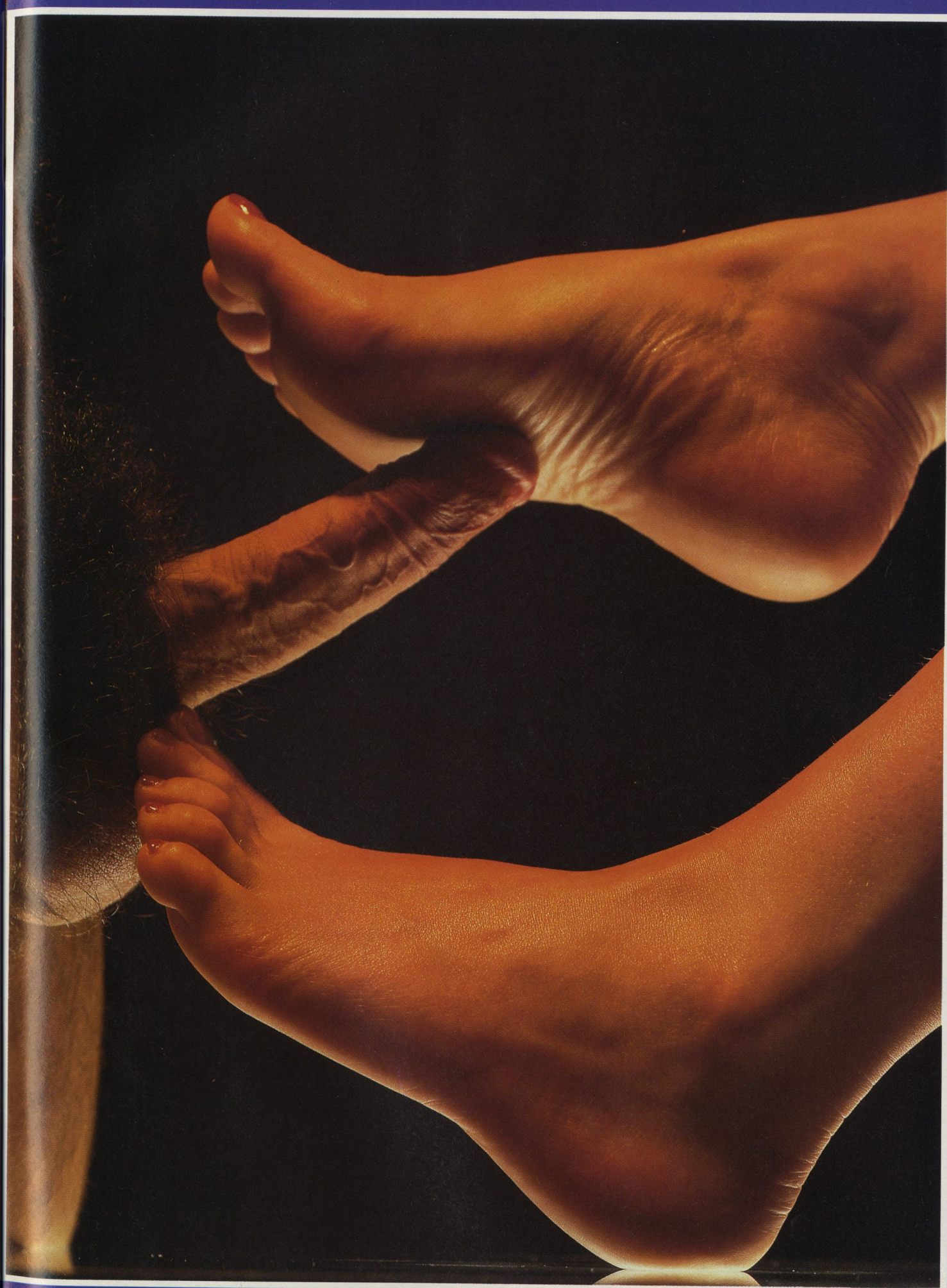
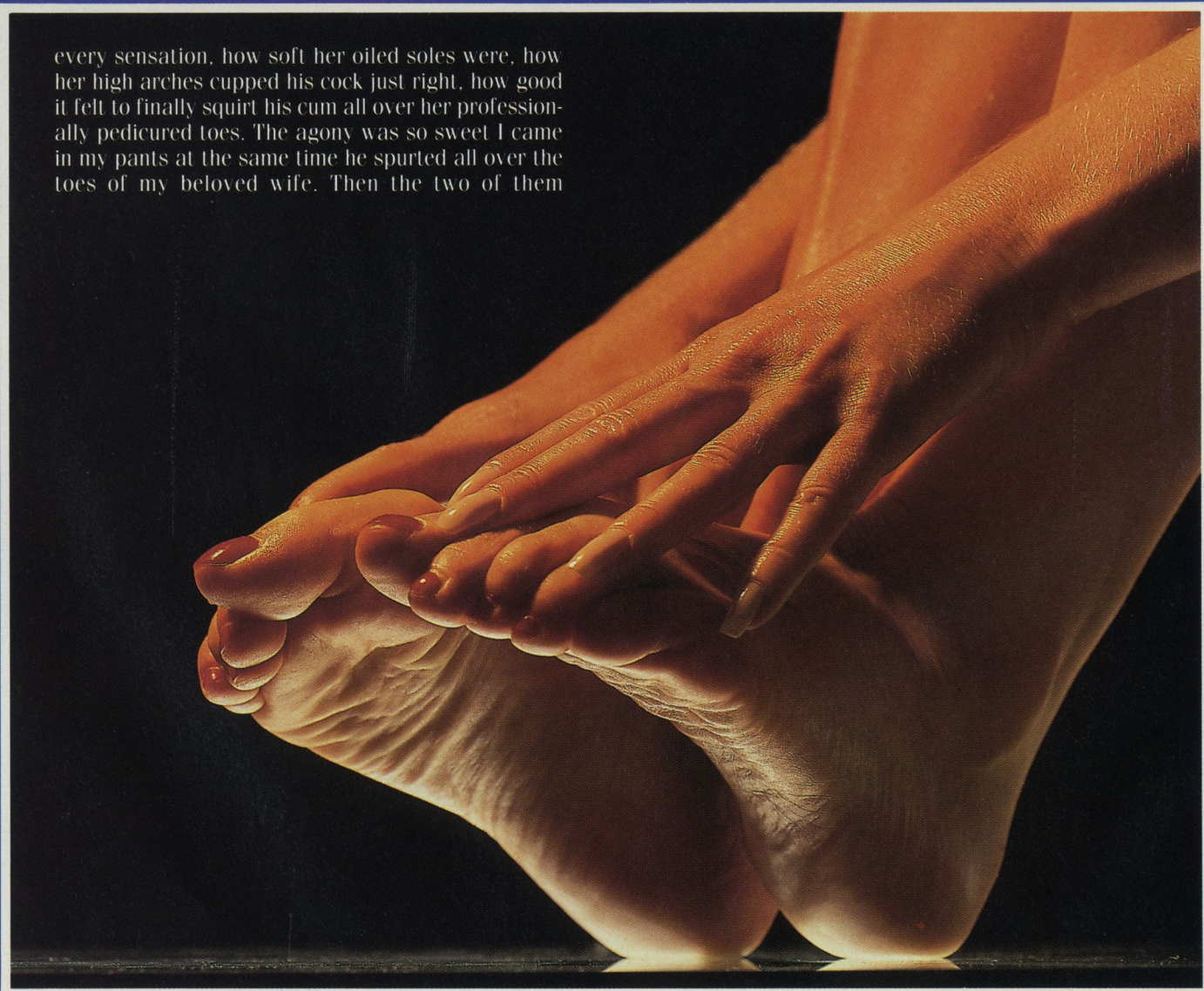
"Sometimes the man she's picked joins her in tormenting me, telling me how good it feels to have my wife's feet jerking him off. The man in these photos went so far as to describe

F OOTTSIE

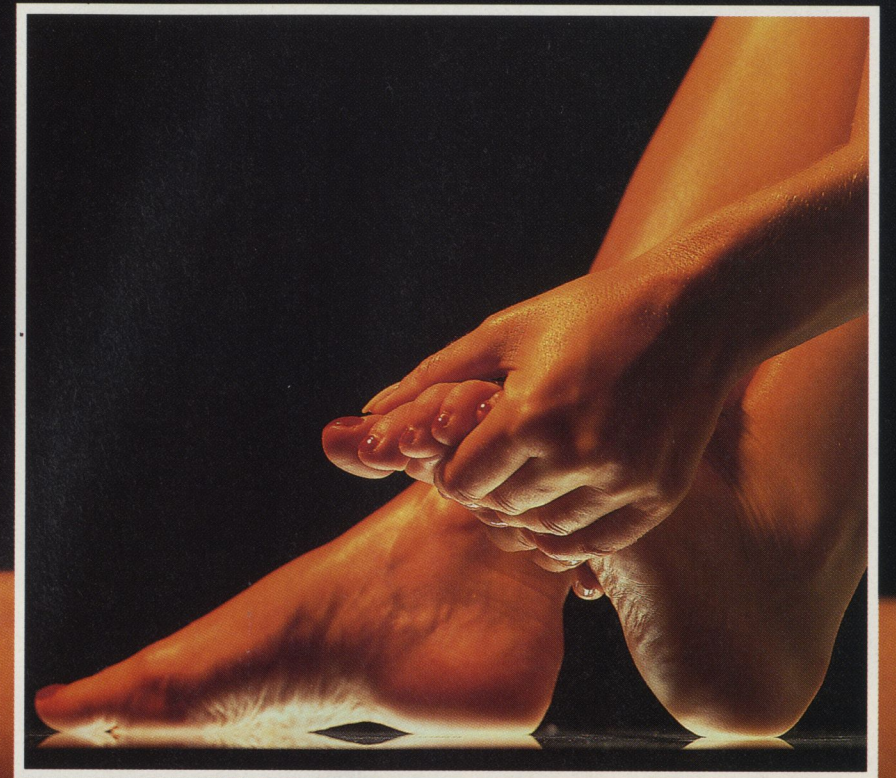
FOOT SEX AS FINE ART



every sensation, how soft her oiled soles were, how her high arches cupped his cock just right, how good it felt to finally squirt his cum all over her professionally pedicured toes. The agony was so sweet I came in my pants at the same time he spurted all over the toes of my beloved wife. Then the two of them



laughed and pointed at the stain spreading in my expensive slacks. And the crazy thing was, I felt happy and loved. My wife knows I enjoy this as much as she does, which is good, because she's the kind of woman who has to have many men underfoot, literally, at all times."



YELLOW PERIL Continued from page 54

She waited impatiently until he arrived, and she scolded him offhandedly. "Took you long enough," she said.

Howard eagerly watched her towel off. Now she finally showed him her ass. His breath froze in his lungs as she ran the towel up her crack, making it obvious she had thoroughly washed her portal. She glanced up and noted his rapture. She grinned. "This is the hole I like filled, usually," she told him. "Got a problem with that?"

Howard didn't answer.

"I didn't think so," she went on. "Hand me the powder."

Howard did as she ordered. She applied the white talc to her crotch and massaged it in. Inside his pants, Howard's erection felt as if it were tied in knots. His mind reeled—would he re-

Howard had to admit, the guy had a massive prick; maybe that's why Janna loved him.

But Andy was watching something on the console television. More precisely, he was watching *Howard*, on videotape, jerking off on Janna's bed while she was in the shower. Somehow she had turned the camcorder on, knowing what he'd do if she gave him her panties.

Andy guffawed when Howard put the panties on his face. Howard himself was speechless. Janna wasn't even watching the tape. She had both Andy's balls in her mouth, where she was sloppily tongue massaging them. Her porcelain Eastern features were contorted in bliss, as though giving pleasure to this rude man thrilled her very soul.

"Here," Andy laughed, tossing his own underwear to Howard. "Put *these* on your head!"

With a look of annoyance, Janna removed her mouth from Andy's fuckstick. "You heard him, Herman," she ordered. "Do it."

Redfaced, Howard put the boxer shorts on like a chef's hat. Andy once again erupted into moronic laughter.

Now Janna stood and dropped her robe. Her naked body made Howard's hard-on cry out almost audibly. She turned and bent over backwards, then lowered her ass onto Andy's cock. She tugged her cheeks apart, and Howard's eyes zeroed in on her puckered asshole. God, how many nights had he spent dreaming of servicing that gorgeous little opening? A faint brown halo surrounded it.

Then Howard noticed the wad of spit she had left on Andy's pulsing cockhead. That was all the lubricant she wanted. Andy pushed his shaft into her anus like he was loading a gun. Janna gasped as the veined love muscle parted her ass cheeks. She rocked herself up and down on the rod slowly while fingering her own twat, until Andy impatiently grabbed her long hair and pulled her all the way down. She gasped again.

Janna's manipulation of her clit became frenzied now as she began to buck in orgasm. For his part, Andy didn't seem to care whether Janna enjoyed herself or not, so long as she made him feel good. He did fuck her vigorously, though.

After a while, Andy glanced up at Howard and sneered. "Hey, Janna, I

think it's time your friend left. I'm not a tourist attraction, you know," he said.

Janna, flush with rough pleasure, nodded. "You can listen from out on the porch, Hubert," she moaned. "Don't let the neighbors see you jerk off."

Howard reluctantly opened the door. "Leave my drawers here, asshole," Andy snickered.

Howard had forgotten they were on his head. He snatched them off and threw them on the floor, hoping to piss Andy off. Andy, needless to add, didn't even notice, being too engrossed in Janna's heavenly aperture, which (when Howard snuck a final peek at it before exiting) resembled a pouty mouth swallowing every inch of Andy's oversized organ.

Out on the porch, Howard checked and decided no neighbors were watching. He thrust both hands into his pockets so he could stroke his turgid dick. He couldn't actually listen to them in the living room, the sound was too muffled...until he pressed his ear to the door. That made it come clear. He could hear Janna squeal and hiss as that snotty oaf crammed himself into her rectum.

"God, Janna, you sure are a slut," Andy chuckled at one point.

Howard came twice. Then he stayed until the sounds stopped, when he assumed they had fallen asleep.

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DONNA SAFEST SEX



LEG SHOW 57

**"God, the dark holy
place above her
hemline!"**

ally be fucking this woman tonight?

The doorbell rang.

"Answer that," Janna commanded.

Howard opened the front door to find an arrogant looking fellow in a business suit. "I'm Andrew," he said. "I'm here to see Janna."

"Well, I'm afraid she's busy...."

Howard was cut off when Andy brazenly brushed past him into the living room.

Janna appeared from the bedroom, lovely beyond description in her kimono with her hair hanging loose nearly to her waist. She smiled and threw her arms around Andy. They kissed, and she began at once to undress him. When she'd removed his jacket, shirt, and trousers, she handed them to Howard.

"Take these inside and hang them in the closet," she said.

Howard was on the verge of refusing when she turned her attention back to Andy—or more specifically, to his sweaty boxer shorts. Howard did what he was told. When he returned he stopped at the living room arch, dumbstruck. Andy was totally naked now, reclining on the couch while Janna performed a leisurely blowjob upon him.



Everyone on campus talks about it. We can't be like you older people were in the sixties and seventies; all that wild free sex. We feel kind of cheated, like we thought when we turned eighteen we'd get invited to the orgy, and then those four letters—AIDS—came along and stopped the sexual revolution dead in its tracks. Now the word is safe sex, and we all talk about what is safe and worry about what we've done that isn't. Except I don't worry. I've found the safest sex.

"I don't let you stick it in me at all. I'm a tease right up to the bitter end,

flashing my little white panties and long, healthy nineteen year old legs until your nuts are throbbing their blue ball agony. Then I laugh in your face. That isn't to say I won't let you get off. If I like you enough I'll *make* you get off, but only to my specifications.

"Your adventure will generally begin when you catch a peek up my skirt. Staircases around campus offer great exposure. I know you men always look when a girl in a short skirt goes up stairs. Your voyeuristic natures make you strain to see a hint of panties. I accommodate when I

know you're looking because I want to lure you into my web. Sure, I know the wind has lifted my skirt to give a breathtaking view of my white panties, so alluringly caught in the crack of my ass. I brazenly stare right at you as I sit to adjust my sandal strap and let my legs sag apart. Like the view? Why don't you take a picture? Lucky for you we've already done it, so the jerk-offs who can't be here in person can stroke along with you.

"Very clever of you to move around underneath me. You really think you're sneaking one on me now. I'm the one laughing, you little masturbator, as I

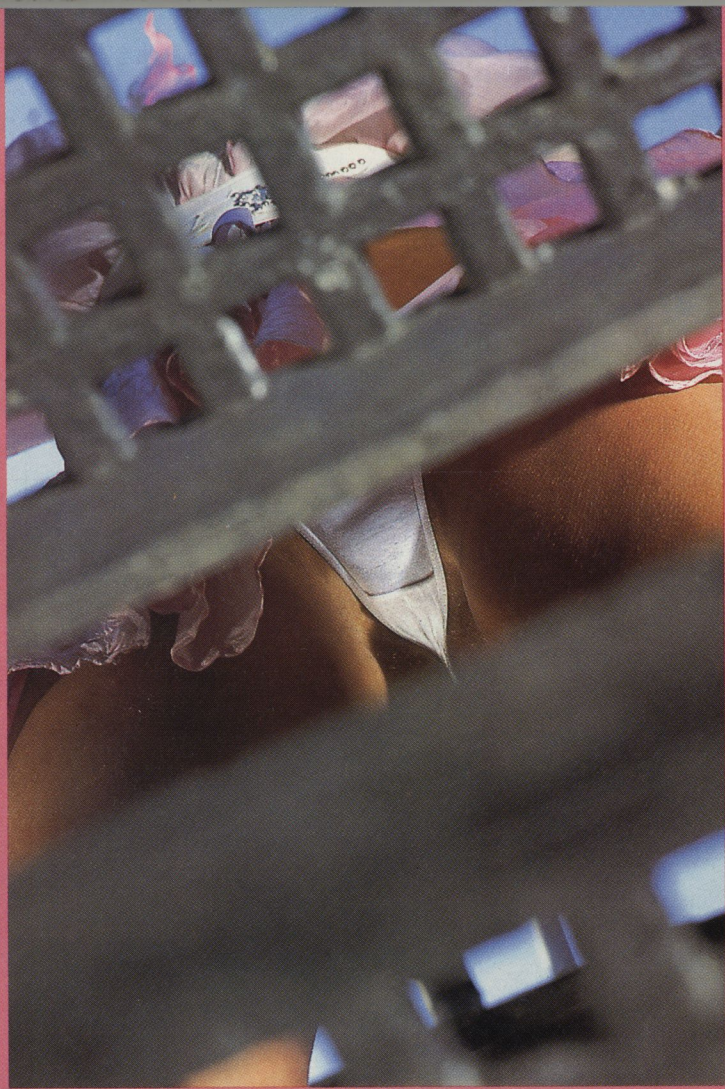


know just what I'm showing and am in control all the way.

"I'll just keep up my little show as you furtively follow me. Why look where I've led you, right to my house! And now I let you know I've caught you. Don't be afraid. I want you to come in. Here, I'll lift my skirt and let my panty crotch work its hypnotic magic on you. I know you're hooked on panties like so many men.

"Now get that penis out. I'm going to put a rubber on it, but don't think it's going inside me. Not a chance. What I want is friction on my clitoris so I can have an orgasm and I don't need to let your penis inside me for that. I'll just keep my thighs nice and tight together and you, my human dildo, can stick your dick between my silky thighs and start pumping against my panty crotch. That's right,

your cock will be locked out by this thin cotton panel. Feeling your frustrated lunges against my panties gives me the most delicious sensations, physical and psychological. Hump 'em hard, toy boy. Push your penis against my wet panty crotch until I'm completely satisfied. If you do it really well, I'll let you cum. Don't disappoint me, or I'll teach you what real panty slavery is all about."



To L&S (Nov. '91). Loved your photos! May I see more? Also would like to hear from women who wear foundation wear on a regular basis. Any size, color, or age will be answered. Write to B.O.B., P.O. Box 1772, Calumet City, IL 60409.

D/B/M would like to correspond with humorous, sincere, understanding, adventurous, marriage minded, sexually uninhibited ladies who love to write sexy letters and receive them. I can also make you special cassette tapes free. I am 5'10", 161 lbs., with a very athletic body. I will answer all. Write to Sylvester Staples, P.O. Box 1000 930501, Steilacoom, WA 98388.

I am a 24 yr. old, bi-sexual lady, and I love to masturbate while reading about other people's exhibitionist/voyeuristic/ masturbation/kinky, erotic adventures. I will exchange tales with all those with similar interests. SASE to Miss Sistine, Box 80985, Lansing, MI 48908-0985.

S/B/M, 28, wishes to correspond with women (especially heavyset ones) who love to have their feet smelled, kissed, licked, and sucked upon. Your feet and body I submissively want to worship. Please write me. Stephen Jackson, BF. 8772, 1111 Altamont Blvd., Frackville, PA 17931.

I am trying to find quality RH&T and Full Fashion stockings, especially Triumph brand. Please write me at Northern, P.O. Box 34143, Omaha, NE 68143-0143.

Stocking Foot Slave: Devoted stocking foot fetishist, SWM, 43, seeks a flat chested young white woman with very slender legs. Scars, mastectomy, or disfigurements, & disabilities no barrier. Feet or foot sex are my only interests. Exchange photos, videos, personal items. Please write: P.O. Box 967, Coram, N.Y. 11727.

MJS: Loved you in June '91 issue. You can cross dress me anytime and use me for anything you want! Also M&D in May '91 issue—loved your wife in heels & pantyhose! Write: C., Box 7324, Elgin, IL 60121.

All hot & horny women readers who would get off on your photos or videos of your panties and/or pantyhose peeking out under your miniskirts or dresses in my discreet collection (floor-eyed views most wanted), correspond and send to Ron M., P.O. Box 34011, Cleveland, OH 44134.

Columbus "Leg Show" type woman desired by WM, 30's, for erotic fun. Full-figured welcome! Photo/phone gets free panties. Will worship nyloned legs and lingeried body. Please write: Mr. G., Suite 157, 2599 East Main St., Columbus, OH 43209.

D. Scott (Oct. '91), incredible feet! I would like to buy some photos of your model's feet. Write to E. Smith, P.O. Box 1842, Ft. Pierce, FL 34954.

S/W/M with huge foot fetish seeks couples, or females to meet or correspond with, in-

cluding photos. Especially enjoy large feet & long toenails. Photo exchange with all or just write & swap stories. Am I the only person in KS that likes feet? P.O. Box 47261, Wichita, KS 67201.

Attention All Sexually Aggressive NY/NJ Females, 19-50: If you sincerely desire a sexual union with a 22 yr. old, 6'2", 165 lb. SW who'll massage, lick & suck your bare feet, contact me. Let's have fun! Race unimportant. No ads! Send face/feet photo: TTG-309, 40 Newport Parkway, Jersey City, N.J. 07310.

W/M panty creamer loves to jerk into my favorite pair while looking at Leg Show. Interested in a panty exchange? Love to hear from M or F who loves men in silk & lace. Send letter, undies or photo to T. McKay, P.O. Box 250661, S.F., CA 94125.

M/W/C, 30's prof., trim & attractive seek to meet similar mid-Missouri couples. Note, photos, & phone gets ours. G&D, P.O. Box 262, Ashland, MO 65010.

Seattle, Tacoma. Handsome male, 29, 5'10", 165 lbs., seeks attractive lady who wants an adoring, accommodating man at her feet. Pampering, dinners, shoe shopping, foot massage, pedicure, adoration, more. Place your tired feet in my hands—I'll take you to heaven. Steve, P.O. Box 6562, Kent, WA 98064-6562.

Detroit area, S/B/M longs to submit to the control of a woman's feet. I will massage and worship your feet to please you. Seeking straight women age 18-40. P. Worthy, P.O. Box 27505, Detroit, MI 48227.

S/W/M, 39, handsome, 5'10", 210 lbs., would like to meet women who are into lingerie, stockings, and heels. Women who love to tease and please. Age and race unimportant. Would also like to trade photos with others. Write: A.L.C., P.O. Box 15040, Evansville, IN 47716-0040.

S/W/M, 31, professional, financially stable, attractive, 6'1", 180 lbs. Tired of games. Would like to meet attractive female into fantasy games, stockings, shoes, girdles, bi-curious, free to explore sexual desires. Can travel. Love beautiful feet. Boxholder, P.O. Box 18152, Salem, OR 97305.

Black Seamed Nylons Queen Roxie is back! My collection is better than Elmer Batters. Will trade with all hose addicted collectors. I'll match amount of photos. For info you must send 1st class stamp. My last ad filled my mailbox! Let's do it again. Box 230591, Grand Rapids, MI 49523.

Shoe and foot lover would like to correspond and possibly meet with all females or males who are into shoe fetish, foot fetish activities. I have a fabulous collection of sexy leather shoes and would like to trade shoes, photos, stories, etc. Boxholder, P.O. Box 24361, Dayton, OH 45424.

S/B/M, 28. Ladies! Need a man who will worship your whole body? I'm your man! I'll

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 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.**

give you a total body tongue bath (top, bottom, & in between). I'll lick the cum out of your wet panties & pantyhose, & your asshole. GA area. Send replies to J.T.K., 956 Ewing Dr., Forest Park, GA 30050.

Leg Lovers would love to correspond & meet couples and singles who enjoy stockings, heels, pantyhose, short skirts, and sexy dress. Will trade photos, etc. Will meet in person. Write soon! MG, P.O. Box 12, Crosby, TX 77532.

White male, 28, would like to correspond with/meet women with foot, leg, ass lust. Age, race unimportant. Dot letter and photo get immediate reply. John & Jane (Nov. '91) please write. T.M.I., Box 138, Pleasant Unity, PA 15676.

W/C, 30's, desires to meet attractive couples into heels, full fashioned, reinforced stockings. Will consider swinging with right people. Also consider Hispanic, black males if well hung. She wears above in public. Travel NYC often. We are real—return all photos! Photo collectors need not reply, been ripped off enough. T&N, P.O. Box 73, Waterford, N.Y. 12188.

I love the look, feel, & taste of sexy legs and feet all covered in silky hose. I'm very oral & submissive. Would love to be photographed with very dominant person, pleasing any fantasy they have. Make my day & I'll make yours. All ages welcome. Travelers welcome. Always ready to please all female fantasies. Jeff Owens, P.O. Box 1106, Dunnsville, VA 22454-1106.

Attractive S/W/M, 41, 6ft., 200 lbs., brown hair/beard, healthy, wants sexy, hot, white females who have beautiful legs, are into lingerie, hose, erotic times, who like to please and be pleased. Permanent relationship possible. Also enjoy letters, photos and videos. F.N., P.O. Box 14703, Dayton, OH 45413-0703.

Pussywhipped man needs to hear from women who can offer suggestions for me to please women. If you were my Mistress,

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.

LINGERIE MODEL seeks photo collectors. \$5 for info and samples, \$20 for info and set of 10 photos. Jill, P.O. Box 33182, Cleveland, OH 44133.

Young, happily married girl, 37-23-36 likes to meet good-looking, successful, polite, conservative men in Florida on occasion for fun get together. She also has private collection pictures of herself to sell—"peek-a-boo" style. Sammi, P.O. Box 50076, Lighthouse Pt., FL 33074.

FEET TREATS—Jewelry For Feet & Legs: Toe rings, finger & toe nail piercing rings, ankle snakes & more. Show someone what really turns you on by giving a special gift...with a special message. For catalog send \$3 cash or money order payable to G. Cook. G. Cook, Suite 202, 2150 Hwy 35, Unit 26, Sea Girt, N.J. 08750.

Your fetishes will be my fetishes and I'll put them on my photos or videos just for you! I'm a "closet whore" who loves wearing all that LEG SHOW readers have a fetish for! \$1 gets my letter with information. Mandy, Box 236, Cary, IL 60013.

NO RUN PANTYHOSE...ALL COLORS, ALL SIZES!!! Showcase your legs in GUARANTEED No Run Pantyhose. Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL. Colors: Nude, Suntan, Off Black, Black, White, Taupe, and Pearl. For information and order form, send S.A.S.E. to RPA, P.O. Box 694, Medford, N.Y. 11763-0694.

Leggy secretary loves showing off in micro-mini skirts. I'm shaved and have great legs. Send SASE and \$5 for photo samples, \$10 for teaser photo set, or \$30 for showoff/nude VHS video. Ann Hilton, Box 743, Hales Corners, WI 53130.

The incomparable 6'3" "Italian Goddess" Deena Zarra. World wrestling champion, possessor of the longest, strongest legs and most tantalizing size 13 tootsies ever to trod

what would you have me do? Please help me and I'll tell you how it works. Write: T. Lenheart, 9669 W. 57th Street, LaGrange, IL 60525.

Dear MJS (June '91), I beg of you, demonstrate to this submissive white male, 30, 6'2", the power of a beautiful dominant older woman. I beg to be your slave in person or by mail. Show us more, and please write: TR, 19 Decatur Lane, Sicklerville, N.J. 08081.

Young white soldier seeks friendship/possible relationship with women/woman who enjoy leg/foot sex, honesty, romance, fun, and being held. Age/race/looks are unimportant, but prefer slender appearance. Bare foot photo please. All answered. R. Tillman, 3351 Bowen Ave., Memphis, TN 38122.

the earth, or you. Private fetish, domination, and wrestling sessions, videos, photos, custom work, live phone sessions, and more. Gorgeous 6 ft. brunette and 5'10" Swedish blonde also available. Deena Zarra, P.O. Box 651, New York, N.Y. 10011. (212) 786-0675.

Hi guys, I'm Jill. My college girlfriends have the hottest feet & legs on campus. I shot a bunch of tantalizing photographs of them wearing their sexy socks & panties around our dorm. I also shot a romping video. We will send you our well-worn socks & panties. Sample photos & pkg. of worn socks \$10. "Sexy Socks" video \$35. To Jill & Friends, P.O. Box 3688, MRLS, MN 55403.

Seductress Mistress Amanda seeks foot lovers. Submit to me and taste the ultimate in pleasure. Erotic nude and stocking foot and leg worship, persuasive control and spiked heel discipline. "Pen Pal" training my specialty. Postal, cassette, video, or even custom video. S.A.S.E. to M. Amanda Victoria, P.O. Box 20341, Seattle, WA 98102.

PRETTY, SLENDER FEET in great poses—bare soles, side views, tip toes, see-through plastic heels, etc. Clear, sharp 4x6 photos. Custom work available too. Send \$3 for 2 sample photos and details to Price, P.O. Box 516, Ridgefield, CT 06877.

NEW for '92! Maria offers three new photo sets: 1. "She and Me" 2. "WS Poses" 3. "Truckers' Delight." Each set contains four fine quality photographs—in living color—for \$10. All three sets for \$25. One sample photo for \$5. Include SASE. Maria, P.O. Box 341005, Milwaukee, WI 53234-1005.

High heels—well-worn, used, sexy. 2 pairs—\$15, 3 pairs—\$20 includes shipping (UPS) and handling, discreet package. Send cashier's check or money order to Capitol Shoes, P.O. Box 10143, Spring-

S/W/M, 26, seeks correspondence with anyone into female legs encased in plaster casts, and to purchase photos or videos of same. Box #1928, 5334—Ounge St., North York, Ontario, M2N 6M2, Canada.

S/W/M, late 30's, D/D free, wants to correspond and possibly meet all ticklish females, married or single. Would really love to correspond with Sammi from Austin, TX in the Nov. '91 issue. You have beautiful legs. Are your feet ticklish? Tease me with your legs and feet please. Write to M.O., 1800 E. Stassney Ln. #702, Austin, TX 78744.

S/W/M, 26, has candid photos of women to trade with others. Also, would love to correspond with dominant women in Milwaukee area for possible future meeting. Good-looking, friendly guy. Write: John Buchner, N88 W14822 Main St. Apt A-11, Menomonee Falls, WI 53051.

field, IL 62791-10143.

Beautiful Goddess, size 6 1/2 feet, loves stepping on guys. I will write you a long letter explaining how I would squish your body & mash your face under my stinky feet. I'll even sign my letter with my Goddess foot print! Please send \$20 for my service. I'm for real. Christina Davidson, P.O. Box 384, Hackensack, N.J. 07601.

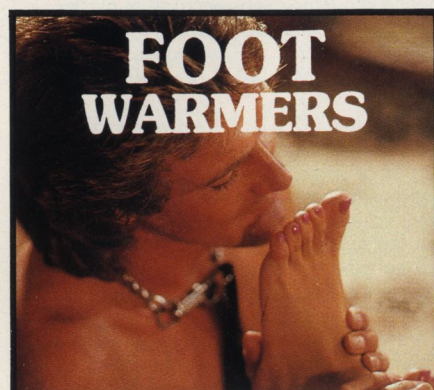
New for you in '92. Hot new feet. Plus new sets from some of your favorite girls. \$10 for catalog and samples of your interest. Gina Lang, P.O. Box 327, Washington, PA 15301.

I love wearing my tight black mini skirt and sexy pantyhose. I get all wet when people look at my long legs, all the way up my...For a pair of my wet pantyhose send \$22 money order/cashier's check to: S. Jacobson, 13601 Ventura Blvd. #279, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

Mature women with imperious yet playful presence, a trim body, curvaceous legs, sculpted fingernails, size 5 1/2 feet. Models spike heels, corsets, tight dresses, and other fetish items. For details and sample photo send \$5 (deductible from first order) to Suite 126, 1671 East 16th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229.

My name is Sandi. I love showing off my hot body in sexy garter belts, spiked heels, boots, stockings, miniskirts, etc. I have hot photos of myself plus stockings and panties. Send SASE and \$3 for exciting photos and letters. Sandi, 6742-A East Cedar Ave., Denver, CO 80224.

I married a woman who has the sexiest feet I've ever seen. I think you'll agree. For photos of her gorgeous feet in silk stockings, nylons, and bare, send SASE plus \$5 to TPB, P.O. Box 10124, Alexandria, VA 22310.



FOOT WARMERS

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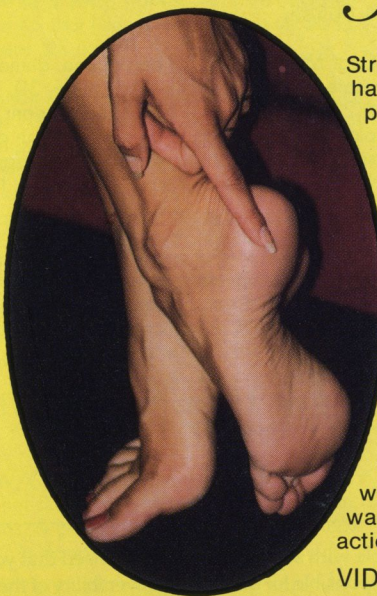
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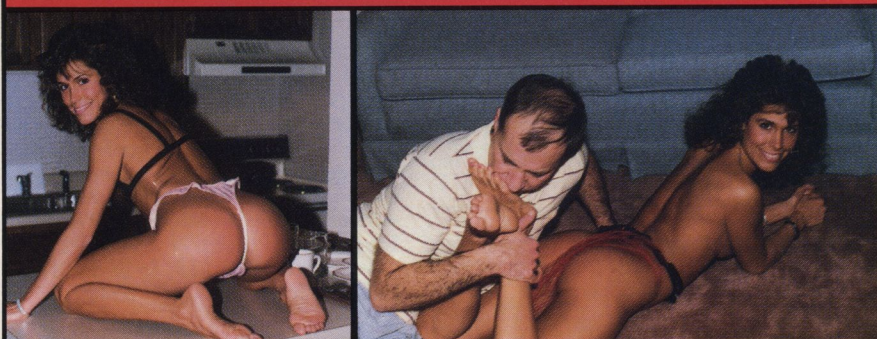


Strictly for all you foot worshippers out there, we have produced a 40-minute video featuring a pair of the most enticing appendages you will ever see. Beautifully tanned and pampered, with deep arches and classy detailing, they are a footlovers dream come true. Behold, as these feet operate with a mind of their own, teasing you in jet black, open toe pumps... flexing, and beckoning you to stroke their curvy bare soles... inviting you to explore the hidden valleys between each gorgeous toe. We realize that no video will satisfy every specific desire. But whatever your thing is, you'll want to get it on with this set of feet... feet which have literally drawn "chest men" to their knees, then to the floor, with their mouth-watering appeal. So get down there with everyone else and go crazy. This female wants you too, at her feet - where the real hot action is.

VIDEO: \$50 30 COLOR PHOTOS: \$20

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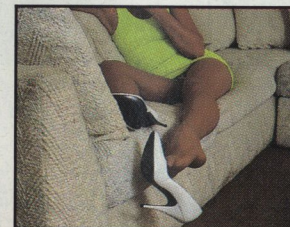
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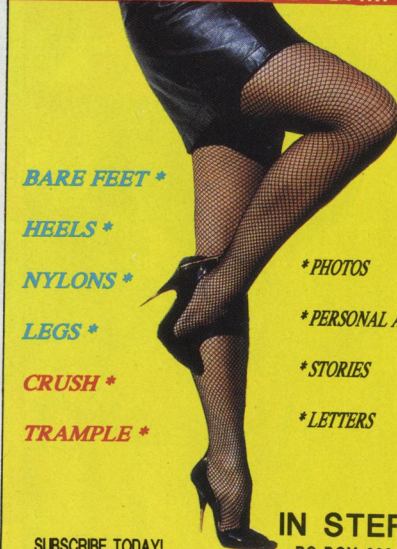
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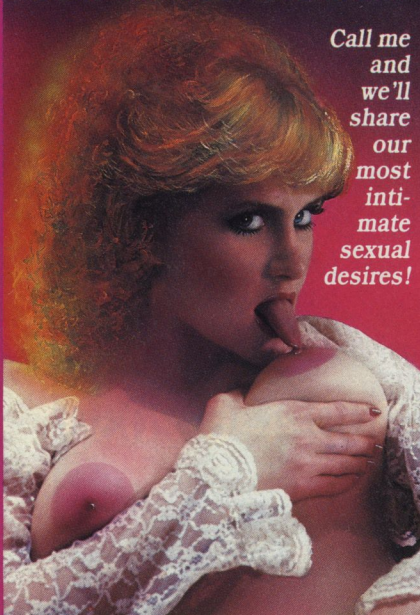
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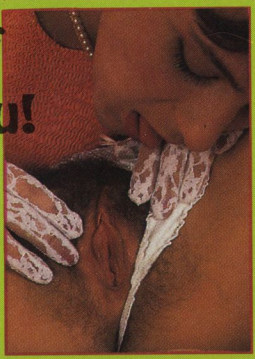
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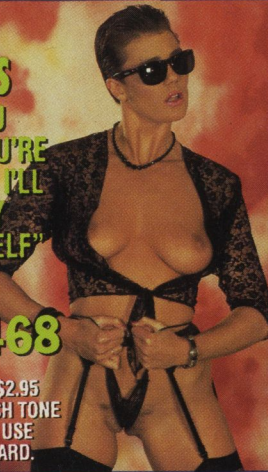


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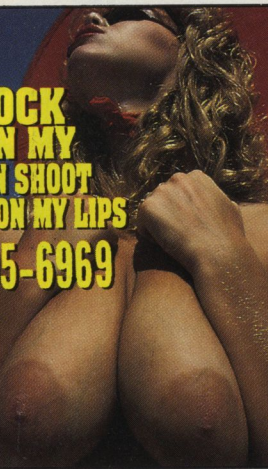
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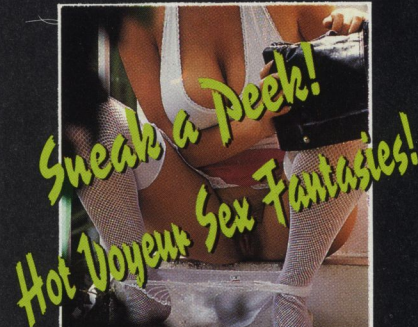
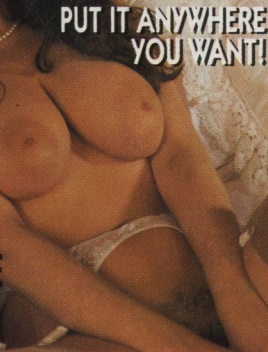


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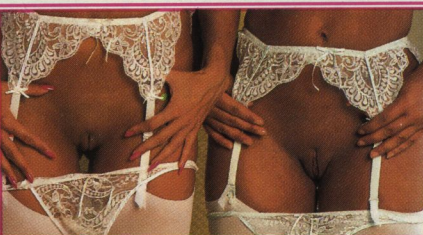
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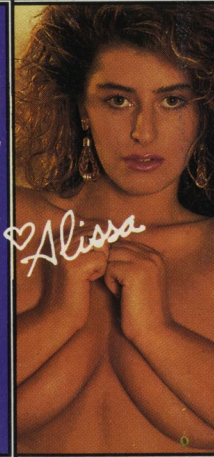
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