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FEBRUARY 2007

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FROM THE PAST

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OFFICE THRILLER

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THE TEASE

ON OUR COVER

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FROM
WAIST
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FEBRUARY 2007 LEG SHOW



COVER PHOTO BY R.B. KANE

PUBLISHER
**MAVETY MEDIA
GROUP LTD.**

EXECUTIVE VICE
PRESIDENT/
GROUP PUBLISHER
TONY DESTEFANO

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
JESSICA MICHAELS

MANAGING EDITOR
JULIE BLONSHTEYN

ART DIRECTOR
ERIC WORBETZ

ADVERTISING SALES
MANAGER
BJ EUBANKS
MMG SERVICES, INC.
(908) 653-1000

CIRCULATION
K. LACE

PHOTOGRAPHERS
ROY STUART
WARREN TANG
JANA KRENOVA
R.B. KANE
JACK HARRISON
TONY WARD

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Jessica Michaels

Foot Notes..

It's been a really busy month for me, dear readers, and I didn't have a chance to get new photos taken. Here's an old picture I really like. I know you'll like it too.

I wanted to do a column on the history of sex toys, but I'm going to give you a basic timeline this month and go into more details next month. Stay tuned, my pets.

Jessica Michaels



• **Around 25,000 BC** Clearly sexual prehistoric stone carvings of women. These faceless, nude sculptures boasted greatly oversized breasts, hips, buttocks and vaginal lips. Most experts consider them fertility goddesses, but they may have also served as the porn of their day.

• **Around 2,500 BC** Egyptian art is filled with sexual images and many of the gods they worshipped were very well endowed. Egyptian art depicts female dancers gyrating nearly naked, carrying a sculpture of an oversized erect penis to honor the god Osiris. Possibly an agricultural fertility ritual, although one has to wonder. There is some evidence to show that Egyptian women were familiar with the use of dildos. Condoms were commonly made of animal intestines but their use was very different from that today. They were used to ward off evil spirits.

• **Around 500 BC** Invention of the *olisbos*, an early version of the dildo, in the Greek port of Miletus. Fashioned from stone, leather, or in some cases wood, traders sold these *olisbos* around the Mediterranean as sexual refuges for lonely ladies.

• **Around 350 BC** First mention of olive oil as a sexual accessory. Originally it was touted for contraception, but couples have used vegetable oils as lubricants ever since.

• **Around 300 AD** Invention of penis extenders, now known as prosthetic penis attachments or PPAs. These cylindrical devices, which fit over men's erections to make them look larger, were first mentioned in the classic Indian sex manual, the Kama Sutra, which suggested crafting them from wood, leather, buffalo horn, copper, silver, ivory or gold.

• **Around 500 AD** Invention of Ben Wa balls. Originally they were a single ball used to increase men's pleasure during intercourse. Some were solid, others hollow with clappers that made a ringing sound as they rolled around in the vagina. Eventually they were paired and used by women to increase the strength of their pelvic floor muscles, much like Kegel exercises are used today. If you thought the love swing was a new invention then think again. Older civilizations were light years ahead of us in that department.

• **Around 655 AD** Introduction of mirrors as sexual accessories. Lady Wu Chao, consort to the Chinese Emperor Tai Tsung, ordered sheets of reflecting glass arranged around their bed. When other courtiers insisted that the mirrors were a bad omen, the Emperor ordered them removed. When Wu Chao seized control of the throne after Tai Tsung's death, she reinstalled the mirrors to enhance trysts with her subsequent lovers.

• **Around 1200** Invention of the proto-cock ring. The first documented rings were made in China from the eyelids of goats with eyelashes intact. The flexible eyelids were tied around men's erections, and the hardened lashes were said to increase the pleasure of intercourse.

• **Around 1400** Coining of the term "dildo." In Renaissance Italy, the Greek *olisbo* became "dildo," possibly from the Latin *dilatare*, to open wide, or perhaps from the Italian *diletto*, to delight. Renaissance Italian

dildos were made of wood or leather and required liberal lubrication with olive oil for comfortable use. Even with a liberal amount of olive oil as lubricant, the *diletto* was not as comfortable as today's models. But as evidenced by today's booming adult toy industry, dildos continued to evolve and grow in popularity.

The oldest dildo known is in fact 106,000 years old. Made of carved whalebone, it was found in Iceland and is decorated with Goddess symbols and an ancient menstrual calendar (used by its owner to track her cycles against phases of the moon).

• **Around 1600** Invention of the modern cock ring and clitoral stimulator. Chinese men slipped ivory rings over their erections to help maintain them. The rings were ornately carved, usually depicting dragons. Over time, the carved dragons' tongues extended to form a nub that would rub against the woman's clitoris and enhance her pleasure during intercourse.

• **Around 1700** European health spas installed gravity-fed systems that sent powerful jets of water into bathing pools, much like the jets used in today's jacuzzis. While not specifically developed for female genital massage, surviving accounts hint that some women spent considerable time leaning into water-jet spouts.

The clockwork vibrator, or *tremoussoir*, was invented in France in 1734 and was available from medical instrument suppliers in the American colonies by the 1750s. The devices were expensive and thus were purchased mainly by physicians, but there was no obstacle in custom or law to their purchase by any person who could afford them.

• **Around 1750** Appearance of modern BDSM. European brothels began specializing in flagellation and other SM-style "punishments" that dominant prostitutes meted out to willingly submissive men.

• **1791** Publication of *Justine* by the Marquis de Sade, from whom the term "sadism" is derived. Probably the most infamous writer in the history of French literature, who occasionally has been hailed as "the freest spirit who has ever existed." His controversial writings helped popularize BDSM and the many toys used in sexual power play, such as riding crops, whips, nipple clips and restraint devices. ("Masochism" comes from Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, who wrote a novel about male sexual submission.)

• **1844** When Charles Goodyear discovered by accident how to vulcanize rubber he not only revolutionized the car world but also the sex toy industry. The process of vulcanization made rubber stronger and more durable and eventually led to it being used in the production of condoms, dildos and other sex toys.

• **1869** Debut of the first vibrator. Developed by an American physician, George Taylor, M.D., it was a large, cumbersome, steam-powered apparatus. Taylor's "Manipulator" simply turned a wheel, which pushed a rod that created a movement on a handle or padded surface. The patient would either hold on to the handle and receive the vibration or oscillations, or sit or stand against the padded surface to receive the movement from the machine. Taylor recommended it for treatment of an illness known at the time as "female hysteria." Hysteria, from the Greek for "suffering uterus," involved anxiety, irritability, sexual fantasies, "pelvic heaviness" and "excessive" vaginal lubrication — in other words, sexual arousal. However, since it was the Victorian era, women were not considered to be at all sexual and it was therefore deemed a disease. Physicians of that era treated hysteria by massaging sufferers' vulvas until they experienced dramatic relief through "paroxysm" (orgasm). Unfortunately, hysteria was a recurrent condition and repeated treatment was often necessary. Taylor touted his steam-driven massage device as speeding treatment while reducing physician fatigue.

• **1882** Debut of the first electromechanical vibrator. Forerunner of today's vibrators, these vibrators were smaller and less cumbersome than Taylor's steam-powered device. The original electromechanical vibe was a battery-powered massager designed by British physician Joseph Mortimer Granville. It featured attachments similar to those in today's vibrator kits, which allowed the physician treating hysteria to vary the vibratory sensations the device produced. However, Granville was firmly opposed to using his device as a treatment for female hysteria and considered it useful only for massage of men's skeletal muscles to treat injuries caused by overexertion. There were at least two dozen models available to the medical profession. There were musical vibrators, counterweighted vibrators, vibratory forks, undulating wire coils called vibratiles, vibrators that hung from the ceiling, vibrators attached to tables, floor models on rollers and portable devices that fit in the palm of the hand. In fact by the turn of the century there were complete operating theaters devoted to managing the scourge of hysteria.

• **The 1890's** Invention of the motion picture. Almost immediately after movies appeared, early filmmakers began producing pornography, some of which featured women playing with vibrators and dildos, including strap-ons.

• **1899** Publication of America's first advertisement for a home electric vibrator, the Vibratile, in McClure's magazine — as a cure for headache, wrinkles, and "neuralgia," or nerve pain, a term that included hysteria.

• **1900 - 1920** Popularization of the home vibrator. As electricity became widely available around the U.S., plug-in home vibrators were one of the first electrified home appliances. Marketed to women as health and relaxation aids, vibrator advertising copy was filled with double-entendres, for example, "all the pleasure of youth ... will throb within you." They were advertised in many consumer magazines, including Needlecraft, Home Needlework



Tickled Pink

I truly treasure each copy of Leg Show. I don't collect or let the magazines pile up. I basically say, "Out with the old issues and in with the current ones". I will rip pages out of the magazine that really turn me on such as Foot Notes and many pages of Pauline's Somewhere in New York. Even hot stories that are erotic to read such as Foot Worship. Also hot pantyhose stories and stories of tickling.

A few years back there was a story called "The Foot Girl" about a young college girl named Felicia who was obsessed with tickling feet. I found this story to be very erotic. Felicia told us how she lost many boyfriends because she would start a tickle attack on their feet when they weren't wearing shoes or socks.

This would have been my dream girl, although she would have to be very sexy and pretty for me to be turned on by this. I am a guy who just loves to be tickled by girls. If I could get Felicia to not only tickle my feet but also my underarms and stomach I would be in Heaven with her as my girlfriend. I could satisfy many of my sexual fantasies with this girl. I would have her tie me up for some tickle foreplay.

If I remember correctly, this story was in a Leg Show Magazine from 1998 or early '99. I think many readers who did not get a chance to read this would really enjoy an encore.

Question: Is Jessica Michaels ticklish? And does Jessica Michaels have a tickle fetish?

Does Jessica enjoy being the tickler or being tickled?

You know, Jessica, that I would love to be tickled by you or even tickle your sexy size seven panty-hosed feet. Especially after you gave me a great shoe dangling show.

Please answer these questions, Jessica. Just as you talk about your shoe dangling experiences as a young girl. I would just be "tickled to death", no pun intended. If you would speak in Foot Notes about your experiences being tickled or experiences where you titillate others. Tell us Jessica, tell us how you just dominate men by tickling them or where on your body are you ticklish.

If you were to tickle me I would either beg you to stop or beg you to continue. Either way I'm begging you to answer these questions in Foot Notes.

There is a girl who works in my office. Her name is Sherin. Just this week she was wearing a pair of white high heels. The next day it was sexy flip-flops and by Friday, sexy 70's type wedges. She has unbelievably sexy feet. I want this girl so very bad. Even more when I'm done reading Leg Show. All this tickling talk has now made me want to tickle her feet when she takes off those sexy wedges but I would really love it if she would dominate me and tickle me into submission.

Sincerely,
David C.
Chicago, IL



Feet of Fury

Nancy is my friend's very sexy and leggy wife. She is in her mid 40s but she keeps herself in great shape. She is 5'8", has short blonde hair, blue eyes and pouty, ruby lips. She thinks her best features are her strong, toned legs and her very pretty size 8 feet that she pedicures weekly in pinks and reds. She loves to tease both men and women with her feet, and is always showing them off in sandals or flip-flops. She loves attention to her feet.

Nancy is a corporate woman, she earns a very good salary, is very smart, and she seems conservative. You would never suspect that this woman is a green belt in karate, and she loves fighting, and kicking and stepping on an opponent. She loves hurting them, and then humiliating them beneath her gorgeous feet, forcing them to smell her toes.

Nancy has soft feet with long prominent big toes with the smaller toes tapering down evenly. She keeps her toenails long at the edge of each toe, and trimmed nicely. As pretty as her feet look, they can really sweat and smell very, very strong. It is a sour, salty, tangy smell, like vinegar and eggs, and they can truly make your eyes water, and your body twitch. Nancy says her feet are deadly and her best weapon.

Nancy has large blue mats on the floor of her basement, where over the last ten years she has had many fights and wrestling matches with other women aged 18 to 52. She has won almost all of them. She really enjoys dominating younger females with her feet, it makes her feel young and sexy.

One of her matches was four years ago against a young girl that she met at her gym. Alexa had long, curly, wavy dark brown hair, green eyes, was a tall 5'9" and the same weight as Nancy at 130 pounds. She was just out of college, 23 years old, and she had long thin size 9 un-polished feet.

The women circled each other, then grabbed hair and shook each other. Alexa kicked Nancy in her right knee, Nancy fired a kick back into Alexa's thigh. Nancy then tripped Alexa to the mat, and she got a body scissor on her. Alexa punched Nancy in the chest, but Nancy maneuvered her legs up to her neck, and pulled on her hair. Alexa grabbed at Nancy's ankles, but could not get her to loosen the grip that was choking her. Nancy then planted her right pink painted foot on her throat, with her other leg under her neck as she sat next to her on the mat. Nancy pressed the foot on her neck with more and more fierce pressure.

Alexa was gagging under the foot, really being choked and weakened. Nancy dug her toes into her neck. Alexa tried to get the foot off her neck, grabbing at it, but it was futile. Alexa almost started to go limp. Nancy slipped her left leg out from beneath her, and shocked the poor girl by pressing her sweaty left foot over her nose and mouth, while still choking her. The poor girl yelled and screamed, shook her body and kicked her legs wildly. Nancy's very smelly foot was smothering her, and the odor was really torturing her. All she could breathe was Nancy's sour foot. Nancy then swung her right bare foot into her face, and sat on her belly, with both stinky bare feet covering her whole head.

Alexa cried under the assault, Nancy just smiled and continued to rub both bare feet up and down and all over her poor face. Alexa coughed, and begged, but Nancy told her to shut up and smell her feet! She ordered Alexa to kiss and lick her sweaty soles. Alexa had to deeply smell Nancy's feet, taste them, love them and worship them, for the next hour. She would remember them forever!

Thanks for Reading,
Dave R.
Queens, NY

A Reader's Written Ejaculations

I feel compelled to respond to your Foot Notes section in the April 2006 issue of Leg Show. Yes, I absolutely love the women-in-charge direction of the magazine and definitely want to read more of your model's dominant experiences. I am a relatively new reader of Leg Show and the theme of female domination is what hooked me from the first issue I read and guaranteed that I would be a subscriber for life. Nothing turns me on more than the thought of fully submitting to a beautiful woman.

I'm not sure how in-depth you want your readers to get in our responses, but my absolute favorite submissive fantasies include being forced to lick all of my own cum from a woman's feet (or pussy or breasts), being forced to wear panties (the more feminine, the better), being assertively fucked in the ass with a large strap-on, having my orgasms be denied or forced, and being tied to the bed while having my face sat on (ideally by a freshly cream-filled pussy).

Jessica, I've been lucky enough to experience some of the above-listed fantasies thanks to the encouragement of your magazine. So what I'm basically trying to say is please, please keep the magazine going in the current direction. The more kinky and dominant Leg Show is, the better Leg Show is. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Pete A.
Miami, FL

P.S. As far as lingerie is concerned, nothing gets my blood racing faster than garter belts and thigh-highs. I'm also quite a fan of corsets.

Slippery Situation

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for a very long time and have a real fetish for beautiful women with bare feet, stockinged feet, socks or shoes of most types. Your magazine has all of these things and the sight of a high heel being dangled from a pretty foot or a stocking being removed is an incredible turn-on. However, you never seem to have women wearing, what I regard to be the ultimate turn-on, slippers!

Basically, the sight of a beautiful woman (either naked, clothed or partly clothed), wearing slippers reduces me to a quivering wreck with a rock-hard erection.

The style of slipper can vary, from the basic flat, open-toed or closed toe mule made from terry-toweling, velour, faux-fur or other material, to the ultimate in indoor footwear- the high-heeled (marabou or feather trimmed) fluffy mule.

Sadly, my wife very rarely wears slippers, but when she does, I try and make the most of it. Every Xmas I buy her a pair, and although she doesn't know for certain about my secret fetish, I think she has her suspicions.

A few months ago, she wore a pair of soft, red velour flat closed-toe slippers which I bought her about three years ago. When I heard the flip-flop of the slippers against the floor and the soles of her beautiful feet, my heart leapt and I became hard instantly. Even better was to come.

While she was on the phone with someone, she began to dangle the slipper on her right foot and slap it back and forth against the sole of her foot. When it eventually dangled from the tips of her dainty toes and then fell to the floor, I almost creamed myself. I did everything I could to stop myself from rushing over and placing it gently back on her foot like a modern day Cinderella.

When she took them off upstairs to get dressed, I sneaked up to feel the dampness from her sweet feet inside them, to inhale deeply their amazing smell. I then placed my erection inside so that the tip would be where her toes were, with my balls rubbing against the insoles. I came within seconds, but managed not to soil her slipper in case she wanted to put them back on - how could I explain that!

Over the years I have bought many pairs of slippers in different styles and colors in her size (and some in my size I have to confess) and kept them in the hope that one day she might wear them. She has 2 or 3 pairs that she wears very occasionally and I have often dreamt of her unzipping me, lifting a slipper off her foot and placing it on the tip of my penis to let it dangle there.

Also, I have several pairs of high-heeled fluffy mules which I have dreamt of her wearing, but have never had the courage to ask. The sight of her slipping her stockinged toes into the mule and lifting her foot to let the feathers on her toes stroke and tickle my swollen balls and penis would prove too much to handle. I also fantasize about putting my penis between the sole of her foot and the soft insole of the slipper and emptying myself over her feet and slippers and also sucking her toes while she still had the open-toed slippers on.

Please, please help me with my fantasies and start showing the girls wearing any of the slippers I have just mentioned. You would make this foot and shoe/slipper fetishist very happy.

Also, could you recommend some movies, which show beautiful women wearing slippers (Austin Powers I and The Man with Two Brains are two of my favorites)?

Kind Regards,
J.D.
United Kingdom

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United Kingdom

How My Girlfriend Became a Leg Show Slut

My girlfriend, Trish, and I have been together for four years. She's 20 and I'm 23. We both were living at home and wanted to move out together but the rent was too high so I suggested we get a roommate to split the rent three ways. It just so happened, my best friend, Martin, was looking for someone to room with. We moved in together to a two bedroom apartment. It was then that my girl and I found out something about my buddy that changed our sex lives.

Every night we would be awakened by loud moans from women calling his name out and moaning loudly and wildly and this would last from 30 minutes to an hour every session. I could see the look in my girl's eyes of curiosity and I also wondered what he was doing to these women that had them moaning and screaming so loud but soon I would find out.

I took a night job at a local warehouse working from 8pm to 4am in the morning so I was no longer there with my girl. I wondered what my girl did in the room all by herself listening to the action going on in the next room. I considered our sex good but I know I never made her moan outrageously loud and scream my name out like all his women did.

About three months after taking the job I began to grow suspicious about the friendship between Trish and Martin and how his female friends would not be over every night like before. One night I played sick and left work early at 12am. I got home and opened the front door and heard loud moaning coming from Martin's room. I went straight to my room only to discover Trish wasn't there. It was then I realized that was Trish in Martin's room getting the shit fucked out of her. I rushed down the hallway to his room and opened the door, they were so deep in fucking they hadn't even noticed me coming in. Her legs were in the air, pinned all the way back to the headboard, and he was pounding her dripping wet pussy. I turned on the lights and they both jumped.

I looked down and wrapped in a condom was my buddy's 10-12 inch dick, hard as a rock and it was then that I knew why all the women had been screaming his name. I looked over at Trish and was shocked to find her in a pair of black stockings with a garter belt connected to a corset top and a pair of stripper high heels. Something, as a Leg Show reader, I had been begging her to wear for me for years and she had it on tonight for Martin.

Right then my dick got hard as a rock and I said to her, "If you wanna be a slut and fuck my best friend well we're going to treat you like one. Get back on the bed and let my boy finish what you guys started". They both were shocked and thought I was joking until I turned the lights off and took off my clothes.

Martin began to fuck her doggy style while I put my cock in her mouth to quiet the moans as he fucked her. I thought about switching positions but realized my 6.5" cock couldn't measure up to his giant cock. I left the room instead and went into my room and grabbed the anal lube we had bought and were supposed to use because we were both anal virgins. I went back to the room and told Martin to stop and lay down flat on the bed. She would ride his dick while I fucked her in the ass. She didn't want to be fucked in the ass but I told her to shut up and that she was now my slut.

She got on top of Martin and I applied the lube to my dick and rubbed some around her asshole. It took work but I gently got my cock in her asshole. After taking it easy at first I began to fuck her ass hard. Martin also fucked her harder and we both had her screaming our names as we came. She immediately fell asleep. I thanked my buddy for giving my girl what she wanted and he thanked me for understanding.

The next morning, she still had on the pantyhose and sexy lingerie she had on the night before. I asked her what made her dress



up for Martin and not me. She said that while I was working and Martin was in his room fucking, she picked up one of my Leg Show magazines and saw how the women dressed. She went to the store and bought some lingerie to impress me. Her plan was derailed when she got back to the house and caught Martin walking naked out of the bathroom. She saw the enormous cock and realized he had already sent his lady friend home. She rushed into our bedroom and put the lingerie and the high heels on and walked to his room. She asked him to fuck her with his giant cock and to make her feel like the other women.

He did just that and it went on for a few months before I caught them. I made her a deal, if she wore stockings or pantyhose like the Leg Show models then I would let Martin take care of her pussy as long as her ass was mine. She happily agreed.

Now we both get our way. She gets satisfying big cock and I get a nice tight ass and the best of all, Leg Show heaven pantyhose stockings and high heels every night. I love it! Legs, pussy, ass, and its also fun tag teaming my slut with my best friend. Every now and then he brings one of his women to join the action. We have foursomes too and my sex life has changed and will never be better. I don't have to dream about having my own Leg Show slut to fuck anymore and lick and worship her feet and legs, I have my very own now.

Leg Show forever! It was this magazine that made Trish understand and appreciate a real legman and how to dress up to make a man melt.

Thank you Leg Show,
David M.
Los Angeles, CA

Lust for Leather

Your cover model and centerfold for April's 2006 issue was a great choice. She has a very beautiful face. Yes, those sexy black leather boots and bustier got my attention. But, her allure (again, that enchanting face says it all) — she's a "goddess"! Every photo in her photo shoot oozes a raw sensuality. I only wish there were more pages in her photo set! In your Foot Notes, you asked several questions pertaining to the "direction" of Leg Show. Well I'll give my answers!!

1) Do I like the direction of the magazine? Yes, both you and Julie present some of the most beautiful women to grace its pages. Your photographers capture their "allure" to perfection.

2) Do I enjoy hearing about the model's "dominant" experiences? Yes, I enjoy how they know how to use their "power" of allure.

3) Do I wish for less kinky models? No, it's interesting to see "how" they tease men, with their beauty (legs, breasts, or anything they choose to wear).

4) Would I like to see and hear from more submissive models? Yes, it's erotic to see a beautiful woman in a submissive role, yet not being subject to "abuse" or fantasy stalking or rape type roles. Leg Show is too good of an adult publication for these "fantasies"!

5) Would I like to hear about models' leg or feet experiences? Yes, the very thought of a Leg Show model dangling her high-heeled shoe or "up the skirt" look gets me every time! Anytime!

6) Do I wish to see more leather? Yes, leather is one of the most awesome sexy looks on a woman. You rule in it and Michelle's photo set speaks for itself, perfection. Yes, I'd love to feel her boot heels and savor their scent or the scent of that bustier on her breasts.

7) More bare feet? No

8) More feet in general? Yes, I always enjoy the dangle shot, the sexy stocking/pantyhose covered leg/foot and high heeled shoes or boots!

Over the years, you and Julie have led Leg Show to be a premiere adult publication that caters to both professional and girl-next-door (amateur) models photographed by several photographers to "ultimate" perfection. The main reason, again, is photographers like Warren Tang, Jana Krenova, Pauline etc. bring out that "allure" of your models whether they grace a cover, centerfold, or pictorial. That is why several models return, because each time they return each photo shoot gets better. Like Ava, Lucy L'vette, Brandi Ireland, and Ingela. Some of Pauline's muses, too, return for encore photo sets. Why? Because you photograph them at their very best in "anything" they are styled in. Yes, I do love/lust for leather yet realize a dominant woman like you, Ingela, or Brandi Ireland could dominate a man wearing a simple sundress. It's not about the leather but the woman wearing it well!

Proof of this idea? In your Foot Notes you wear that sexy rubber yellow mini skirt that Brandi Ireland wore (it gets better the second time around when you wear it) and you wear it so well. Your tushy looks so hot in that mini, black leather pantyhose, sequin tank top and those heels, a fantastic way to start a Leg Show issue. My favorite photo is of you long red talons on your sheer-to-waist pantyhose covered tushy, skirt raised. You look hot in anything, it's not about your red vinyl/mini-dress, black leather mini and thigh-high black leather boots, your power suits, or lingerie but YOU. The woman, again, that wears it so well!

Sophie Moons (little black dress), Sarah's (halter dress and white lingerie), Jo's (plaid skirt, red top and sheer to waist white pantyhose) or that cute mini-skirt on Jelena Jensen, looks sexy. All four women are styled/photographed to perfection. I love the sexy long white fingernails on Jelena's beautiful hands (I wish I could lick her fingers after she's played with her womanhood and savor her scent). I will look at Eva in summer type halter dress, bra straps peeking out, looking hot. Though the smoking loses a few points, I'd rather smell the scent of her perfume and savor her juices on those long frosted nails.

If Eva wore Michelle's leather bustier and boots she would look hot! But, Eva, again could dominate in her sexy "print" dress or Michelle could wear that same dress and still dominate! It's about a woman being comfortable in her own body, that has a

style all her own, that looks good in anything. Like you or any of your models.

I would like to end with a fantasy. Jessica, in a candle-lit bubble bath, looking so beautiful. I gently towel off your adorable hard body. I watch you put on your black sheer-to-waist pantyhose, then your black sheer lace bra, then your red silk blouse. I bring your leather skirt (as your humble slave). I help you zipper it, and then, after getting your blouse inside, button it. You sit on a chair, pulling up your skirt, I smell that sexy scent of leather. I get your black thigh-high stiletto heeled boots but you tell me, "No. They are only for the bedroom". I get a pair of sleek knee-high boots with spike heels.

You have me put them on you then order to bury my face up your skirt. Smelling that leather and your fresh scent, tell me to wait. We have dinner and then we go out dancing then the love-making. I bury my face up your skirt (again). This time, your feminine musk combined with the leather is amazing. I then feel your boot heel, I'm a happy man!!

Best Regards,
Curtis K.
Allentown, PA

The Next Generation

I think my twenty-something generation is different than previous generations. Heterosexual men are challenged by the acceptability of gay men and strong women. Gay men are easy to dismiss and deal with. Strong women are another matter entirely. My generation is the first where young women have been brought up as equals in every sense. Free to explore sexuality. Most every young gal I've met has experienced men as well as women. Bi-sexuality is standard among the under 30 generation. Bi-sexual women are no challenge to get into bed but their expectations are far greater. With great experience in lesbian love, a cock must perform to demanding standards in order to compete. I should know.

My wife, Tara, had her pussy licked and licked pussy long before she touched or fucked a cock. Her first fuck with a cock was a let down for her, she's told me. She enjoyed several years of being fucked by her best friend's vibrator before that. Tara enjoys the emotional connection when we fuck. She also enjoys lesbian sex with her old college girlfriends. Our sex has gotten boring for her. Her lesbian sex has really turned her on.

Tara revealed to me one night that while I'm away at work, she gets together with a few girlfriends. The latest craze among the lesbian circuit is what's called "ultimate surrender". They get into girl wrestling. This athletic body contact contest is just an extension of the hockey and basketball they all competed in during college and combines it with the sexual drive of late twenties aged gals. They wrestle three rounds of five minutes just in thongs. The thongs come off quickly by the more aggressive wrestler. The wrestling is tiring but sexually stimulating. The winner gets to do whatever they want to the loser.

Since penetration is equated with domination, the winner usually straps on a dildo and forces the loser to take it in every of her openings, orally, vaginally, and finally anally. After reaming the loser, the winner gets her pussy licked to orgasm.

I told Tara that we should try wrestling. She told me that I probably wouldn't want to since a direct hit to my balls would make me lose the match and she was sure I couldn't take the humiliation of being ass fucked by her. I don't look forward to that possibility but I may take up her challenge so I can win my wife back for cock fucking from her lesbian lovers. If I don't, I may lose the right to fuck my wife entirely—a right most men older than thirty take for granted. Competing with other pussies for my wife's pussy is challenging.

Sincerely,
John M.
San Antonio, TX



PHOTOS BY R.B. KANE

KITTY

ANOTHER OFFICE TEASE

SHOE SIZE 7



LEG SHOW 11



It was so boring around the office until Mr. Withers joined the steno pool. Small, mousey, bald and bespectacled, he isn't much to look at; it's the way he looks at us that makes for all the fun. Or rather, the way he looks at our legs and feet.

I was the first to notice. I have a habit of crossing my shapely legs when I work and dangling one high-heeled pump from my toes. My skirts tend to be tight so when my legs are crossed they pull up my thighs far enough to reveal the welt at the top of my stockings. I was snapping my shoe off and on my heel this particular day and felt eyes on me. I turned and saw Mr. Withers with his eyes glued to my leg, seemingly hypnotized by my shoe action. I also saw he had a huge erection straining at his trousers. My heart surged with glee. "Let's just see if I can make you shoot in your pants, you little wimp," I whispered to myself.

I twisted in my chair, forcing my skirt to hike up higher. I felt a cool rush on my thighs, letting me know a slice of bare thigh and my garter strap were exposed to Mr. Withers' hungry stare. He rewarded me with a small gasp. I dropped the shoe I'd been





my delighted ears. As he hunted for the pen I managed to step on his throbbing hard-on by "mistake." He squealed softly. "I'm so sorry," I said, as I stepped on it again, this time with the spike heel still on my other foot. He made no noise so I bore down on him, grinding the heel into the rock-hard shaft.

It was all over for Mr. Withers. He slumped to the carpet and when he at last crawled out there was a huge sticky stain on his trousers. I hid my laughter behind my hand.

Now I've alerted all the girls in the office to Mr. Withers' fetish. We take turns dangling our pumps and "accidentally" dropping things and finding all kinds of reasons to get him under our desks. The man's a nervous wreck, but we're now the happiest steno pool in town.



dangling to the carpet and wiggled my toes, admiring my scarlet nail polish through the reinforced toe of my seamed, black stockings. This time a little moan came from Mr. Withers' direction. Then, to really seal this pitiful leg-lover's fate, I "accidentally" dropped my pen on the floor.

"Oh dear," I said, turning to Mr. Withers, "I'll surely get a run in my stocking if I crawl under this desk to get that. Could you...?" He fell to the floor and trundled over instantly on all fours, just like a faithful dog. I spread my legs wide to give him access under the desk, flashing him stocking tops, garters and my tiny lace bikini panty crotch all at the same time. A groan rose to







Learned Too Well

ERICA

SHOE SIZE 8

I used to be married. I was young, what can I say? I married an older man when I was just eighteen because he liked to do daring, nasty things that got me very excited. It made me feel like a star, because all the nasty things revolved around me.

What he was into was having me dress up like a total whore and taking me out in public to turn on other men. He'd kind of hang in the background and play with himself through his pants pocket while I sat on a bar stool with my skirt hiked above my pantyhose, flashing my nylon-cov-



ered, wet cunt at strangers. Of course, they didn't stay strangers long. An eighteen year old girl in sheer pantyhose without panties, with her cunt and ass in the wind makes guys get friendly fast. Just when their dicks were really hard and they were starting to inch their hands up my thighs, my husband would come up and introduce himself and take me out to the parking lot. There, in a dark corner, he'd flip my skirt up, rip a hole through my pantyhose crotch and fuck me bent over the fender of someone's car. Sometimes I think what he liked best was messing up another man's paint job with his pull-out cum shot.



So one day I came to my senses and said, "Why do I need this creep? I can do this number without him and have a lot more fun!" That was the day I packed up my pantyhose and spike heels and left home.

Now I'm much more creative with my teasing. One of my favorites is picking up hitchhikers. Their eyes pop out of their heads when they open the car door and see my legs sheathed in expensive, silky pantyhose, stretched tautly on my shapely legs. My spiky pumps working the pedals make a lot of them hard, and my wet cunt, clearly visible beneath the sheer crotch





panel of my pantyhose, does it to the rest. All the time I drive I wiggle around in my seat, making my skirt ride higher and higher until they just can't contain themselves. "Go on, take your cock out," I tell them. "Do you want to cum?" I love to see those rock hard cocks, hard for me and my legs. I have them jerk off while I drive, reaching a long nailed hand over to give them a stroke from time to time. When I see they're ready to shoot I kick off a pump and hand it to them, urging them with a hand on their nuts to fill it full. When they've drained every drop into my pump I slip it back on my foot and feel their living sperms squish between my pantyhosed foot and shoe. What a kick! I also pull over and tell them it's the end of the ride. I can't waste time being a chauffeur when there are so many men out there waiting to be teased!



AMANDA

www.amanda-nylons.com

Measurements:

Dress: 36 (EU size)
 Bras: 75 c (EU size)
 Shoes: 37 1/2 (EU size)
 Height: 164 cm
 Figure: 90 - 65 - 92

Marital Status: Single



Is this how you dress in every day life?
 Not during my work time, but always during my time off.

Who takes your photos?
 My boyfriend.

What is your favorite tease outfit?
 Always highest-heels, F.F. seamed stockings, negligee.

Do you prefer stockings and garter belt or pantyhose? Why?
 I prefer stockings and garter belt, because it makes me feel sexy above pantyhose. Furthermore, it makes me sometimes horny.

What kind of panties do you prefer?
 String Tanga.

How and where do you like to tease men?
 I like to tease men in my really hottest outfits—this means I am dressed in a very short skirt with stockings, garter belt and spicy heels. I love the feeling, when men are looking on my legs and I can tease them with my charms. Lifting my skirt to show my nyloned legs to men is really my favorite and it makes me often very nasty. Best places are bars and discos.

What are your thoughts on exhibitionism?
 Everybody, who likes to be an exhibitionist, should show his fetish to others. For me it's very important to live my exhibitionism, because this way I can act out my feelings. However, exhibitionism should not hurt other people.





What made you decide to live this lifestyle?

It was as a teenager I first discovered my fascination for nylons. I always admired sexy women in stockings and high-heels. At this time I decided to live this lifestyle ASAP. So, at the age of about 20, when I started to work and earned my own money, I could realize this lifestyle. I bought my stockings, my heels, sexy clothes and went out, teasing men...

How did you get started with your website?

Over the last three years, I decided to share my fetish with others. The best way I could find was to start an internet site. So, I asked one of my best friends (he is a webmaster) to create a site for me. So, I started with my first page in Dec. 04. The site was running for 8 months. I noticed that there was more and more success, I decided to create a completely new designed site, which is running now. I have great followers and a lot of members, which are growing day by day. During the next month I'll start with a second site, which will be a fetish one...

What is the main appeal of your site?

The main appeal is of course my hot nylon pictures. Every week I add a new photoset. I add at least 400 pictures every



month. The pictures in my Members Area are 1000 x 1504/1024 x 768 Pixels. Furthermore, I like to show wet and messy legs/feet/heels. To be dressed in wet and messy nylons gives me a very naughty feeling, which I will show to my members.

What's been the biggest surprise about running your website?

The biggest surprise is really the great success, which I cannot believe.

What impact has your site had on your life? And what impact do you think your site has on others?

My life is more intense, because I can show my fetish officially to others, so it gives me a feeling of freedom. I hope, that I can give to others inspiration, satisfaction and stimulation for their sexual life.

What can readers expect to find on your site?

There are a lot of hot nylon pix, video clips and a store, where users can buy my worn nylons and slips. During the next weeks I'll produce my first DVD, which will be offered in my shop.

For those readers who are not connected to the internet, do you have a Fan club address?

Sadly, I must say no. For now, readers can see me only on the internet. But who knows, maybe I can get a fan club in the near future. However, I would like to say thank you to all my members and girlfriends for their loyalty. ■



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SHOE SIZE 7

AJ Khan

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I get a lot of stupid comments from men about the Kama Sutra, once they find out that a) I was born in India and b) I'm in the sex business. So I'm here to set the record straight: no, I am not an expert practitioner of Kama Sutra positions nor do I aspire to be. My dancing often requires me to assume positions that would be impossible if I weren't so flexible, but that's work. In the bedroom, being painfully twisted into a pretzel does not add to my enjoyment of sexual intercourse. What's more, perhaps it will come as a surprise to you that as someone who makes a living on the periphery of the sex business, I do not usually enjoy sexual penetration (unless it's with an exceptionally well-endowed gentleman, which disqualifies about 98% of you).





Since the extremely well-bred is such a rare breed, I often have to make do with "regular" men. Of course, I don't have any use for their cocks, but I find that the jury guy compensates for the disappointment below the belt with superior tongue skills. Currently, I have a live-in tongue assistant named Al. When I'm at work, Al meticulously cleans my apartment with an old toothbrush in the hopes of being rewarded when I return. Al is very conscientious in his housework, so I rebuke him by wearing black girdles and stockings, even when the weather is warm. The combination of synthetic fibers and high temperatures brings out my roughest colors.

I often think that Al must be just dog with the way gets on his knees and sniffs my stinky toes after a long hard day on my feet. How eagerly he then proceeds to lick my feet, first through the nylon, diligently sucking out all the juice from the fabric. It is pure heaven when I feel his warm wet tongue lapping in between my toes!

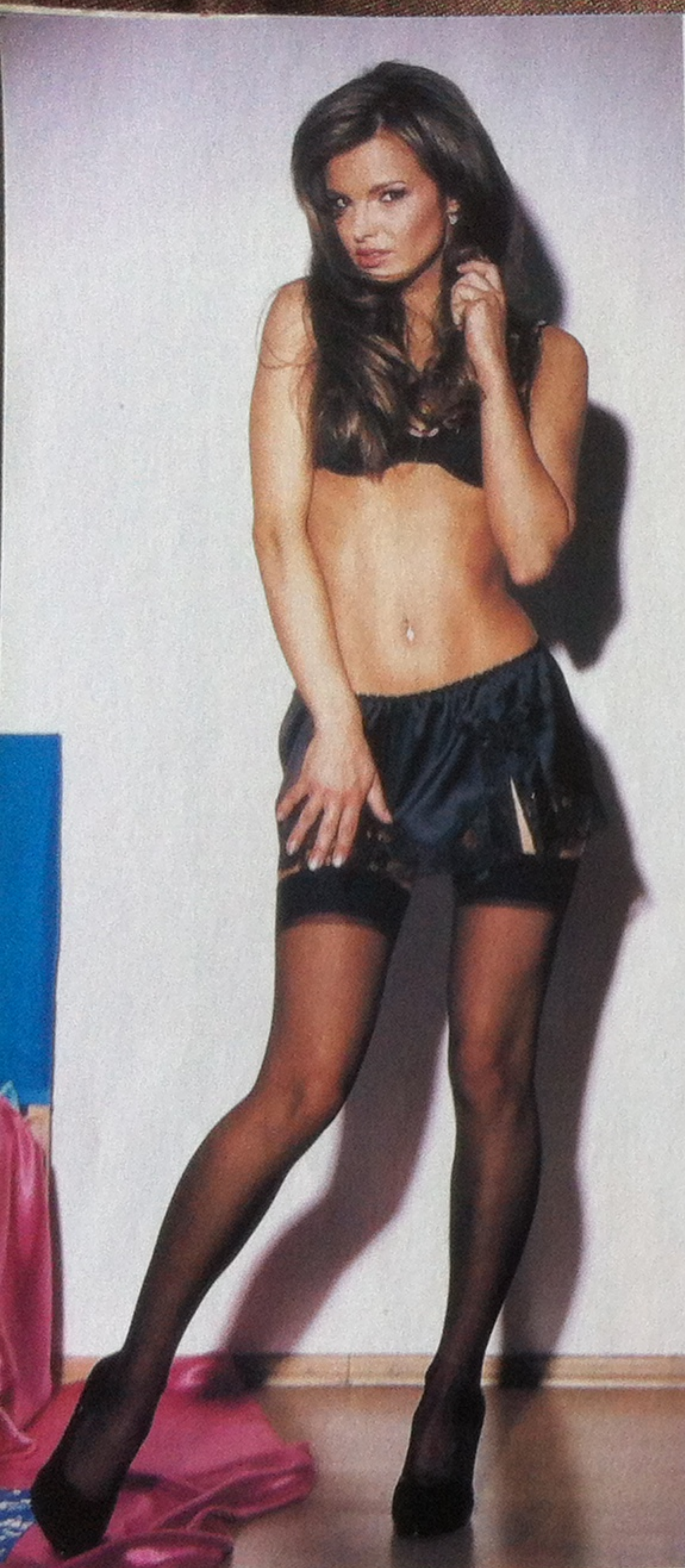
Even though Al is in no way sexually attractive to me as a man, I can't help but be turned on by his ministrations. I find it easier to close my eyes when his tongue starts moving up my leg, lest the sight of his shiny balding head bobbing on my sweaty snatch ruin the moment. Al has admirably built up endurance and honed his technique over the past couple of months. I'm a very difficult woman to please, and it often takes nearly an hour of patient tongue swirling on my tender clit to make me cum. But when I do, my whole body shudders from pleasure, and my pussy releases a gush of warm liquid in Al's face.



I've told two of my girlfriends about this phenomenon, and their verdict consensus is that I'm one of those so-called "female ejaculators." Personally, I find the whole phenomenon speculative. It is a test of tolerance, a daily exercise for your bladder control. The fact I squirt a probably 10% pee but Al hasn't earned any attention, so why test him?

Before you accuse me of being a cold heartless bitch for exploiting and abusing poor Al, keep in mind that because he is a certified peasant, Al benefits equally from our arrangement. After my powerful orgasm, I feel too drained and limp to move. I lie still with my eyes closed, half-asleep. The immediate sound of hard stepping socks reaches my ears, but out of consideration for Al's feelings I say nothing even though it's quite exciting. I don't even reprimand Al when I feel something wet and slimy on my toes. I just let him lick me clean afterward.





I'm going to make myself very vulnerable here. I know most of the girls talk about wanting sex for sex sake, no strings, no commitment. I think some of them are angry with men and that's why they want to tease them and make them masturbate instead of fucking. You men seem to like it that way, so maybe I'm cutting my throat here, but I want more. I see the pictures in Home Photos where the men are so proud of their kinky wives and want to show them off to other men and I feel so envious. I've always wanted a relationship like that. Imagine loving someone so much that after ten years of marriage you're still hot enough to dress up for each other and take dirty Polaroids for sex magazines. Why can't I meet a man like that?



Photos by S. Colby

I've always had a wild imagination. I want to try everything I hear about, besides thinking up a lot on my own. Occasionally I've found men who would be partners to me in my experimentations, but one of two things always happened. Either they fell in love with me and wanted to settle down to so-called "normal" sex (boring sex) or it became apparent they had no concern for me and only wanted the sex. So where are all these wonderful guys who take their wives to bars dressed as whores and encourage them to take on everyone there while they sit back and love it? I could stay with someone like that the rest of my life. I



SUZI SHOE SIZE 7
CARINA
Kink For One



could be a fine, understanding wife to a man who jerked off while I exposed myself to truckers as we drove down the highway. I yearn for Tom Peeper, who'd hide in the bushes and take pictures while I exposed my panties "accidentally," then fuck my brains out afterwards and again when the photos got printed. I want a man who'll walk me into a nightclub on a leash, and then have me crawl under the table and blow him as an appetizer. Yes, I can do some of these things by myself, and I do. And I can get dates to do some of these things, but I dream of a true partner, a co-conspirator who doesn't need my urging to get into it.

Is it all fantasy, guys? Do you make these things up you claim to do with your wives? Or is there really a man who can love and be wildly, imaginatively kinky at the same time? Prince Charming, come ride this white whore into the sunset. ★



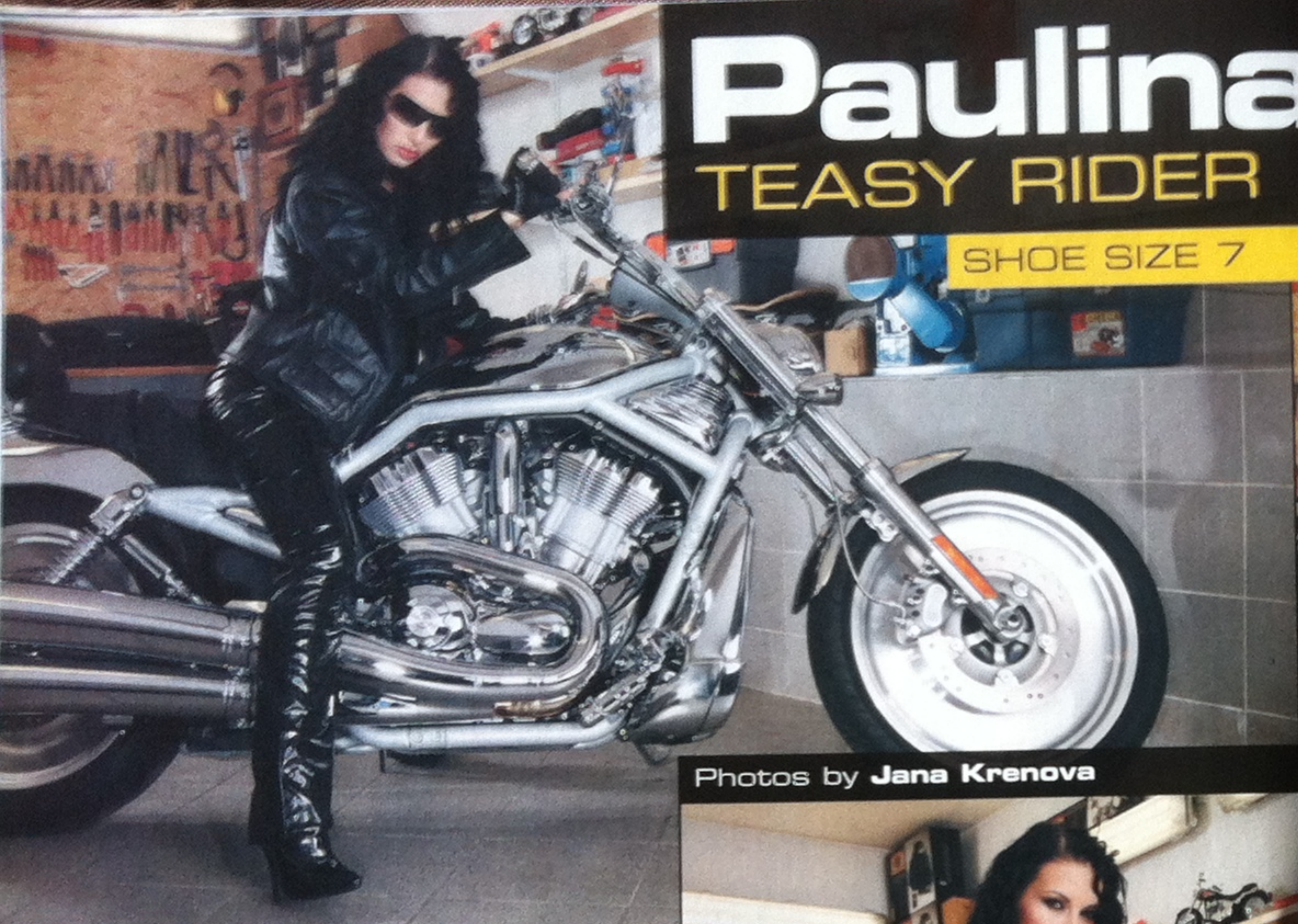


Paulina

TEASY RIDER

SHOE SIZE 7

Photos by Jana Krenova



I've used a bike to get around since I was eight years old and it's sure helped to make my legs big and strong. I never thought about a bike being sexy in any way until last year, when I was nineteen and bought my first motorcycle. I love to feel the gyrating steel between my legs as I race down the street.

One day I was walking back to my bike when I heard a bunch of boys accusing another boy of sniffing my motorcycle seat. He ended up



in tears and the others finally got tired of teasing him and went away.

I approached him and asked, "Why were you sniffing my seat?" He started to say he didn't and then hung his head and said, "What's the use? Yeah, I sniff 'em. Girl's seats, ya know? When they ride in skirts or thin shorts it leaves their smell on the seat, and I ... well, it does something for me. I'm a real fuckin' sicko." He started to cry again.

I went over to my bike and sniffed the seat. It did smell like pussy. It reeked! I guess that's because I usually wear g-strings, or sometimes just



pantyhose with no panties when I ride in skirts. The pussy smell mixed with the leather seat smell was really fantastic. I told the boy he could continue to sniff my seat if it would make him stop crying. "It's really strong," I said, and raised my skirt to show him the little g-string barely covering my shaved mound. My panties were soaked through with juice from riding my vibrating metal beast all day.

The boy looked shocked, then a big smile spread over his face. He eagerly sniffed my seat and his cock got hard in his pants. He sniffed for about five minutes and then turned to me, trembling, "Would you pose on the bike for me?" he asked. "And would you hold your skirt up like that when you do it?"





"I will, if you jerk off while I pose so I can see you shoot your cum for my sexy legs and smelly motorcycle seat," I answered. He looked shocked again, but he did it, you better believe.

I got very juicy sliding my cunt around on the seat while he jerked his cock. I found I could cum too, from mashing my clit on the hot, soaked leather, with the added stimulation of seeing what my teasing poses did to him. I turned on the engine to start the vibrating that I knew would put me over the edge. I even got bossy as my orgasm approached making myself hornier by telling him exactly how to pull his cock, taunting him by saying I didn't think he was man enough to shoot a big load for



me. He did though. He shot a huge load, which spurted all the way to my shoes, splattering them with milky droplets. I had a magnificent climax as I made him lick my shoes clean, still posing my cunt on my cum-soaked gyrating seat.

That was a year ago. You should smell how strong my seat is today. I masturbate myself on it all the time and it never completely dries between rides, keeping it very aromatic. When I catch guys smelling it, I give them the same treatment as that first boy. And none have ever complained.



VANESSA COOPER

Thrill Sergeant



Shoe Size 8

Okay, dogmeat, get that dick out and I mean now! What are you waiting for, a written invitation? That's right, take it in your hand and start pulling on it. And keep your eyes on my photos. You're jerking off to me, right? So quit staring at your cock like you're in love with it. What's that? A little oil to make your hand slide better? Use spit, cockroach. Real men can stand a little discomfort. Of course, if you were a real man you wouldn't be here jerking your cock, right? You'd be balls deep in some silly little bitch's cunt. Don't worry about it. That's my job. I'm here to make you a man, my kind of a man, and I'll do it my way.

Photos by R.B. Kane



Like my shiny vinyl skirt and boots? I like 'em plenty, 'cause they're tough, tough like me. I'd like to see some vinyl or leather on you too. Leather is what real men wear, not that wimpy soft stuff that girlyboys like you like. Go get your leather belt. If you don't have one I'm sure your dominating wife has one. Get it now! Okay, grunt, wrap that belt around the base of your cock, if you can force yourself to stop playing with it for a minute. Yeah, wrap it around your balls too, get the whole mess tied up nice and tight. Now get back to jerking that cock while you dream of rubbing it down the silky length of my sleek, powerful pantyhosed legs. If I had you here





I'd have you squirting your sackload onto my vinyl and buffing it to a high gloss with the head of your prick. Since that ain't gonna happen, you're gonna have to gloss my photos with your precious seed. But not so fast!

What I want, and you damn well better take this as an order, phlegmwad, is for you to jerk that thing for all you're worth and when you're just ready to cum, I want you to tighten that belt just as tight as your sissy little hands can get it. Oooh, that doesn't feel right, does it? Makes the cum back up into that strangled sack of yours. Well, take it, pussy! Real men can take that kind of treatment ten times a day before breakfast and like it!

So's how about you do it ten more times? Yeah, I do mean it. Jerk that cock until your balls turn big and blue and when you've got ten loads backed up in there, then you can loosen that belt and let the jizz fly. Just make sure you get it all on my photos, calcrap, or you're gonna have to start all over and keep doing it 'til you get it right.

Now repeat this every day for a year and you just might become a man, sissy. But I sure ain't promising nothing.







LEG SHOW®

FEBRUARY 2007



Dear Jane...

Advice for Boys Who Need It Bad

Jane of X-traordinary Talk! first appeared in the May '95 issue and was an instant hit. Her mature beauty, warmth, intelligence and sweet, nurturing style of dominance won her many fans—as well as a husband. Yes, Jane married a LEG SHOW reader, and with his enthusiastic support has expanded her business of teasing talk tapes into a wonderful website and live phone teasing.

Since Jane not only lives the fetish lifestyle but maintains a healthy, loving fetish-based relationship, we figured who better to answer your questions on integrating your fetishes with your relationships. You can contact Jane through her website with your questions, or write her c/o LEG SHOW, 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, N.Y., N.Y. 10007.

He's Looking for Love in a Balance Sheet

Dear Jane,

My therapist and I are addressing a sex-related question: What's the best way for me to explore my foot and giantess fetishes? Although I have a good therapist, it made sense for me to get input from someone who specializes in human sexuality and is part of the foot fetish community. So I'm writing to ask if you'll help me.

As I see it, there are three general ways I can explore my fetishes: 1) "romantic" relationship (marriage, longtime dating); 2) through a prostitute, professional foot mistress, stripper; and 3) cyberspace. Here are the plusses and minuses I see for each:

Relationship: I would have someone willing to indulge my fetishes through role-playing strictly because she cares about me, not because she cares AND I'm paying her. It also would be an environment where I could expand my sexuality because I would want to pursue her sexual interests, too.

The trouble is, I don't think I'm the marrying kind; I've no desire to raise a family, and even if I wanted to marry or get into a long-term dating situation, I don't know if I would want a monogamous relationship. I'm used to going out in public alone; I don't know if I could handle going to movies, restaurants, etc. with someone else.

Also, I don't know if I can find a woman in the so-called real world who'll accept my giantess fantasy and blend it into our sex life through role-playing. I'm less concerned about finding a woman who's into foot fetishism, since that's more common.

Professional: Through visiting a few strip clubs, the Internet, and watching HBO I've learned there are plenty of places where I can pay to indulge my fetishes. One advantage of this is that the chances of having my sexual interests accepted seems greater. Of the five strippers with whom I shared my giantess fantasy, three eagerly participated in role-playing with me (another half-heartedly tried, the other gave me a zombie-like lap dance and occasionally smiled when I talked with her). Because of that, I've found I can relax when I'm with a professional. I've also found sex workers to be more creative sexually than the women I've dated. Of course, I might discover women in the so-called "real world" to be just as creative if I would share my interests with them, but I doubt it.

Another big advantage is scheduling. Being a graduate student (an accounting) and teaching assistant who also works part time as a free-lance journalist and being a caregiver to my elderly widowed mother, it's difficult to make time to date. A professional works specific shifts. I also don't have to worry about not spending enough time with her, unlike in a regular relationship.

I like the quality of affection professionals give. The ones I've been with have rendered or used their skin so it feels soft and



Photo by Alan Fairgate

smooth. They kiss well. They know how to say pet names with the right sense of sexiness. In turn, it's easy to talk to them and be affectionate.

The biggest drawback I can think of is that professionals are expensive. In addition, I don't know if they care about me as a person or if they're only interested in my wallet. The optimist in me tries to believe they care about me on a basic humanitarian level, even if they're being affectionate because it's their job. The cynic in me thinks it's only a job to them.

Cyberspace: Thank God for the Internet! Because of it, there are hundreds of places to explore my fetishes—and I can do so privately any time I'm at my computer. I've also shared my fantasy with Web mistresses and found them to be supportive, even when I wasn't a member of their pay site, which suggests they care about me as a person or fan first and then as a potential customer. A few have even encouraged me to stay in touch with them as cyber-friends. Furthermore, as one Web mistress has pointed out, joining a Web site is cheaper than getting lap dances at a strip club or having a session with a foot worship mistress or prostitute. And thanks to cyberspace, I can order custom videos and photo sets, which provide safe ways to explore my fetishes.

The biggest drawback I see is, there's no human contact. Granted, the mind is the most powerful sexual organ (as I believe you've written) and masturbation, my imagination and a handy picture have produced some satisfying sexual experiences, but it's nice to hold someone occasionally and have someone to talk to.

Have I covered all the plusses and minuses? If not, which ones have I missed? Are there some plusses and minuses I can easily fix? If so, which ones and how? Please tell me. I could use your insight.

Still Thinking

P.S.: Thanks for doing that foot fetish segment for "Real Sex" a few years ago ("Fetish Role"). Although I'm still private about my fetishes, I've become more comfortable about them because of you.

Dear BT,

I admire how hard you're working toward your degree, sweetheart. You're like a good fit, you and accounting.

I'm only good with numbers if a sale at H&M is involved. I'm a go with the gut kind of girl, sweetheart, so I can't help add anything to your ledger sheet of pros and cons. Perhaps my gut feel for what your gut feel is could offer another perspective.

Since I suspect you're as lost in the world of "gut" as I am in number crunching, here's an example of what it is: A friend of mine believes with her heart and soul that there must be good sex outside her vibrator. The problem is that she considers 45 minutes of foreplay minimal, while, she claims, every man she's ever known thinks 5 minutes is more than adequate—and that driving back to her place should count towards it. Even though the cons outweigh the pros in her search for a good lay, inexplicably her gut tells her to keep looking for that one man who's not short on time.

Look less in your head than your gut for a moment. Do you really want to pursue a relationship with a woman? You're not interested in so much as going to the movies with one. This might be news (sad news), sweetheart, but relationships are about more than getting the decimal point in the right place, more than about sexual exploration.

It appears you have a lot of comfort with the clear-cut nature of relationships with professionals, your sexual needs satisfied in exchange for payment. You're not alone...I have a male friend who told me that he would be perfectly happy if a woman showed up at his door once a week. She'd have sex with him and then leave with the cash he left out for her and all the problems of a full-blown relationship.

A paid relationship is still a relationship, sweetie...particularly if you see one favorite woman over a long period of time. And even though at its core the relationship is an equitable exchange of money for sex, you two would likely develop a mutual caring.

For many with sexual proclivities not easily satisfied, the Internet can provide a chance to develop connections and bonding that the rest of their lives cannot. It appears that, for you, while satisfying in some ways, it's primarily a place to fill in the gaps—it takes the place neither of a relationship nor of a paid but in-person dynamic. If you were a man who preferred to isolate himself, then the Internet might be ideal. But the fact that you get out, share yourself with a therapist, and—in every instance in your letter—state that you need to have women care about you (not just service your needs) tells me that you need human contact.

Whatever your ratio analysis yields right now, darling, please know that you can change your mind. On occasion, revisit what you're getting and what you want. Unlike cold, hard numbers, we human beings change over time.

He's got a Thing for Men's Underwear

Dear Jane,

I am fascinated by men's underpants. I find them, shall we say, satisfying.

My fetish grew out of the advances in manufacturing these spandex/cotton blends. The first time I put on a pair of CK boxer-briefs made from one of these new blends was about 10 years ago. My erection was instant...spurring semen, not far behind.

Early on, Calvin Klein and 2Xist, to name two brands—became favorites. Klein makes a boxer-brief from an especially lightweight and elastic fabric. Soft and white, it conformed beautifully to my penis, whether flaccid, semi-erect or ragingly hard. Without trousers, the visual effect was, to me anyway, very sexy and...very naughty. Whether angled to the side, towards my left hip, or downward, along my left thigh, erections were enhanced by the feel of the tightness and constriction of the fabric doing its best in a losing battle to restrict the direction of my penis as it erected. 2Xist has a cup built into the fly that cradles my genitals perfectly.

I "customize" my underpants. I pull the material up between my buttocks and tuck it in my crack and against my anus, and wedging the seam between my testicles and into the skin under—and between my sac and my thighs.

Merona underpants are made of a microfiber that feels amazingly soft to the touch, conforms tightly around my penis and testicles and, when pulled tightly, wedges perfectly between my buttocks—a feeling I adore. The CG biker underpants is an even more recent discovery and obsession. Very tight, they have double-stitched seams that wedge in my buttocks in back, while splitting

my testicles and converging with the other stitching in a small diamond that pulls tightly just underneath my testicles—a spot that responds strongly to pressure.

Due to the nature of the fabric and its tightness, my erections—almost constant in these underpants—are held tightly to the side, pointing at my hip—and yet, have just enough give in the elasticity, to cause a bulge that is both obscenely visible, even under the most conservative dress trousers, and intensely pleasurable.

Of course, propriety is important. I dress appropriate to the situation, most days. If I'm in public and my day is mostly business or I'm in formal settings, I wear suits. Pleated corduroys, chinos and jeans, otherwise. With my jeans, I will occasionally pull them up high and then roll down the waistband if I'm wearing a sweater or my shirt untucked, to accentuate the shape and outline of my penis. By the way, it should be noted that in terms of public detection, I'm safer...longer...in the Merona than the biker short, since the cotton in the blend tends to soak up my pre-cum leakage when I'm very turned on. In the biker shorts, the wetness is immediately and very apparent at the head of my penis.

The many, many climaxes I've had, wearing underwear are intense—sometimes as intense as the first orgasms I ever had as a child—and the sight of my penis, pulsing and spurting semen into—and often straight through—the material has a great deal to do with the arousal of those orgasms.

Again, I want to thank you for your website as well as your insight...to say nothing of thanking you for listening when I write to you. I am both blushing and throbbing in my CG underpants.

Dear Mr. Underpants,

When I was first exploring sexuality, I used to buy my lover cotton bikini underwear, new at that time and a boon to the staid world of Fruit of the Loom and cotton boxers. Like you, I love the penis and testicles obscenely outlined. Because men's undies just weren't doing it for me, I eventually moved on to putting men into women's panties.

Until I read your letter. Wow, you've opened up a candy store for me, sweetheart! I experimented with every brand and style you mention on my lover (if you're a rep for any of these companies I'm happy to be giving you free exposure). You're right about the sensuality particular to each style. I prefer the low-riders myself in each brand, but the point is the same...a nice sexy, even obscene bulge that's sexy fun to play with. And for a borderline exhibitionist like yourself, I can easily understand how the narcissistic pleasure can't be rivaled.

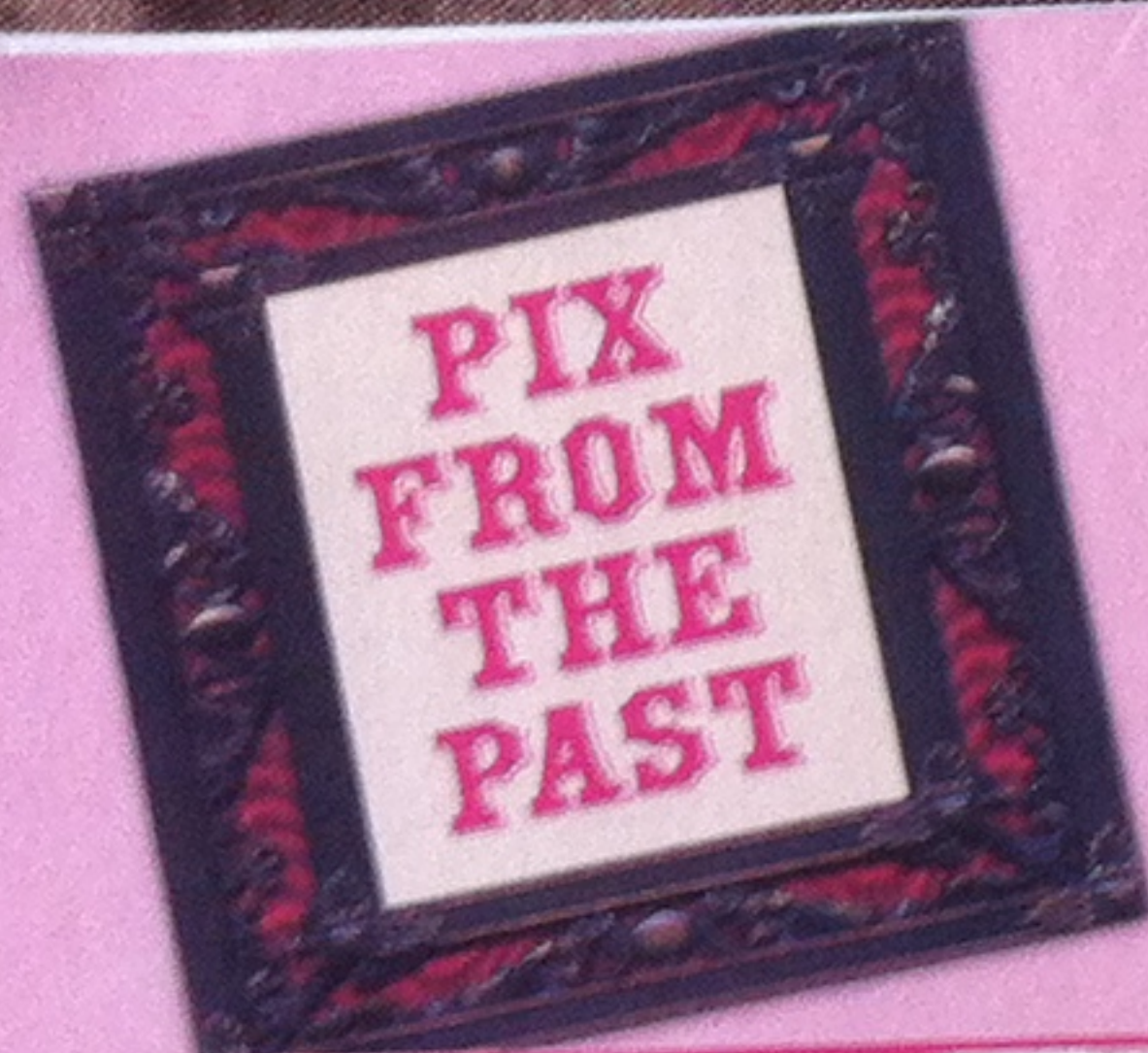
I visited some forums on the Web, men talking about underwear. It's amusing, the way men focus on manly things like price—getting a deal on Merona at Target, for instance—and only cursorily mention the sensual pleasures of the garment. But, between the lines—as between the butt cheeks—the pleasure is there, no doubt about it.

Note to all: Even though I don't have one, I receive dozens of e-mail messages daily promising to "enhance" my dick's performance. And I bet you do, too. The FDA recently issued a warning against Zimaxx, Libidus, Neophase, Nasutra, Vigor-25, Actra-Rx, and 4EVERON because they contain some of the active ingredients found in the drugs Viagra or Levitra, though they are not listed on the labels. These ingredients can interact with other drugs and can be dangerous for you if you have certain medical conditions. If you have ED or other sexual problems, please take good care of yourself and your dick: visit a doc, not a website.

Jane Vargas holds a Ph.D. in Human Sexuality and is co-owner of X-traordinary Talk! She can be found on the Internet at www.legshow.com. Ask for Jane's advice on any aspect of fetish sexuality by e-mailing her at jane@legshow.com or writing to her at Leg Show, "Advice to Boys Who Need It Bad" is a registered trademark of X-traordinary Talk! Please note that Jane's advice is from the viewpoint of a caring, safely dominant woman; it is not intended to replace professional therapy. All questions are "real," although they may be edited for length.

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LEG SHOW 69



Valentina

Be My Valentine!



I'm single again now that I finally broke up with my no good ex-boyfriend of two years. I've always been attracted to the hard-living bad boy type, the kind who breaks a girl's heart and then gets drunk with his buddies to celebrate. Frank was the last and worst of the lot. He never brought me flowers, much less remembered my birthday. I never even got the cliché candy heart for Valentine's Day. Whenever I mentioned anything about his lack of romance, he'd say, "Baby, I got your present right here," and start unbuckling his pants.

My girlfriends said he was a disgusting brute, which was completely true, and that I could do so much better, which was less so. You see, there are not many guys out there who pack more than a thick 9 inches. After Frank had broken me in, I couldn't feel, much less appreciate, anyone else. (Don't ask me how I know...). That's why I tolerated him for so long.

At first, not having Frank around was very liberating. There were no more overflowing ashtrays to knock over, no more dirty socks littering my living room, no more middle of the night booty calls waking me up. But then I started feeling lonely. My poor little pussy went from almost daily doses of 9 inch man meat to zilch without warning.





I briefly considered getting a dildo to relieve my solitude, but knowing what a size queen I am, I'd most likely buy the biggest one in the store, and where would that leave me? I'd have an even smaller pool of possible boyfriends to choose from. My girlfriend, Suzanne, just raves about her "personal massager", but I was worried that I'd become addicted to the electric buzz on my clit and never leave my apartment.

So that just left me with my hand. I confess that I masturbate a lot, probably more often than I should. The orgasm I get from fingering my pleasure button isn't as strong as my vaginal one, so I have to do it several times a day to be satisfied. I wind up doing it at least once while I'm

in the office. Usually it's in the bathroom stall, but sometimes the urge overwhelms me and I discretely draw up my leg, and hump the high heel of my shoe under the desk.

I really need to find a new boyfriend before I either break down and shack up with the first guy with a sizeable bulge or become a perverted masturbation addict. This time it's going to be a really nice guy, preferably on the shy side, who'll treat me with the respect I deserve. I'm starting to get restless now that Valentine's Day is approaching and I see the hearts and flowers on every street corner. My fantasy is to spend a romantic evening getting pampered by my new guy, wherever he may be.

I'm going to doll myself up all pretty in a flirty red satin dress and sexy lingerie. Frank never even noticed when I got dressed up for him. He'd just rip off whatever was





obstructing the path to my pussy without giving it a second look. No, this time I want a man who appreciates my feminine side. I want him to kiss me all over, starting with the tips of my toes. I want him to linger on my feet, because I'm particularly sensitive there. I think, eventually, I might take the dress off, but I'll definitely keep my lacy stockings on.

One last thing -- my dream guy also has to have a great deal of patience because I won't be having regular sex for at least a year. According to my doctor, that's the minimum time my vagina needs to shrink back to its original dimensions and appreciate regular-sized guys again. Of course, this is going to require a lot of creativity, but trust me, I'm worth waiting for. Do you think you fit the bill? If so, send me a valentine....



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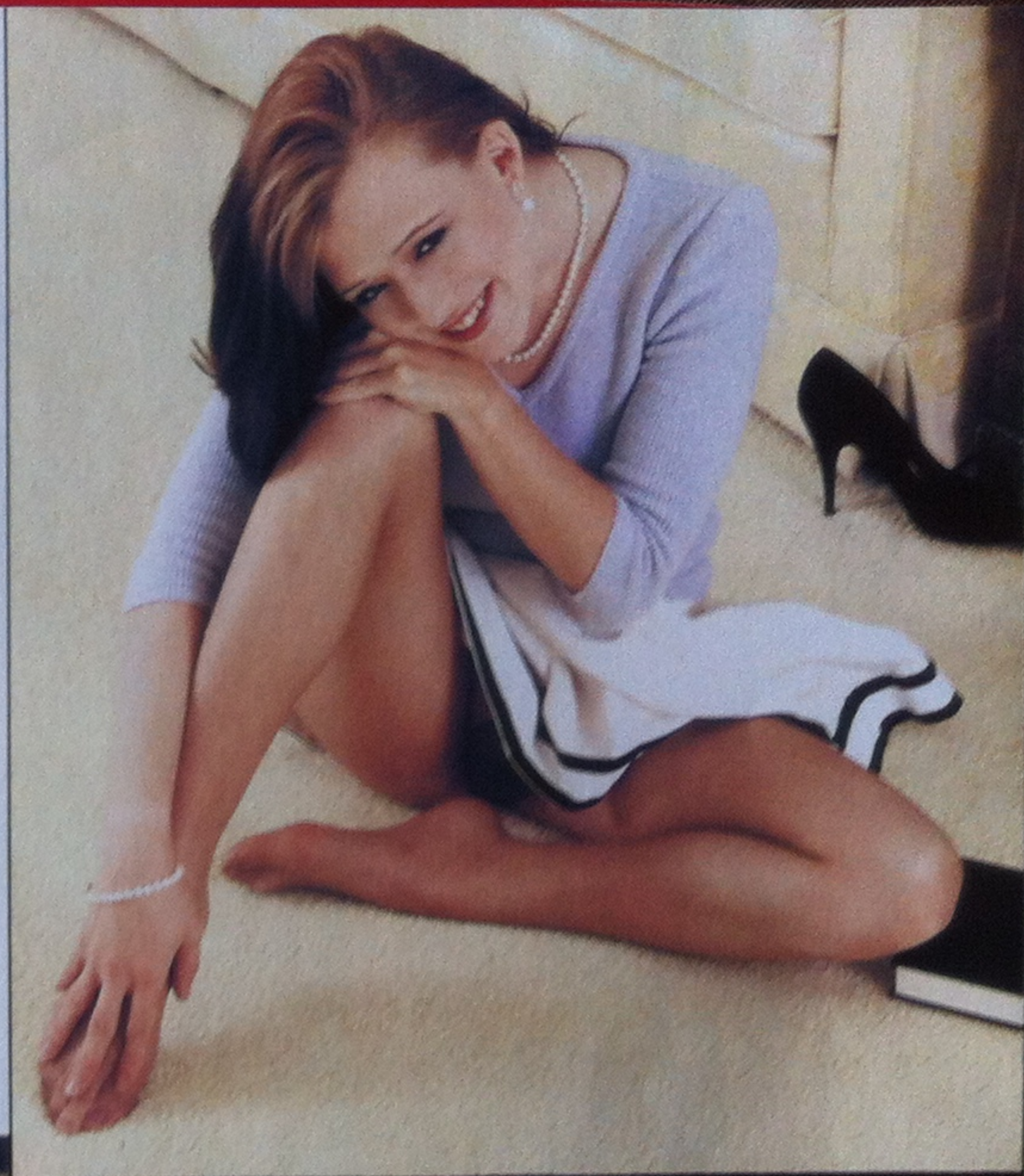


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Dear Pantyhose Piggies: Yes, you are absolutely correct. Darrien did seem to be a little young to be a teacher, as presented in the August 2005 issue of LEG SHOW magazine. "Piggies" has another meaning, besides describing selfish pantyhose fetishists who beat off at the drop of a dime...or high heel. Darrien's ability to kiss her cute little toes makes her a "piggie" lover too, huh? If you can get over to your secret LEG SHOW stash, check out that old issue and see what I mean. But I suppose at this point you may have cheated and flipped a page or two ahead and get my drift already. Yum yum, sexy pantyhose toesies. Mmmmm. Piggies! (smile).

Somebody in the New York State school system did some digging on Miss Darrien, as her students affectionately call her (Miss Darrien, PLEASE stick your big toe in your mouth and get lipstick all over it. PLEASE ???). My lingerie money is betting that it's that old crow at Darrien's last school who blew her in. It seems that Darrien has missed one semester of junior college and has to go back to get her degree. Big deal. One missed semester. Isn't it more important to have young sexy lithe teachers out in the schools as soon as possible to teach those advanced classes in toenail painting, toe kissing, pantyhose waistband snapping, and fanny wiggling? I am certain you can





tell that this is a rhetorical question. So I thought it might be a nice idea to let you share in a typical school day with Darrien.

She was very pleased that her girly cheerleader skirt still fit her and that she would wear black pumps instead of little white sneakers for extra "boner inducement," as she put it. Darrien hopes you do not mind that she substituted sheer to waist pantyhose for full cut cheerleader panties. In high school, she tells me that, instead of those "safe" cheerleader panties, half the time she wore these kinds of pantyhose over fancy thin white panties on game days, just to piss off her cheerleader coach and to give the players and male teachers and fathers' big boners. I suspect that you could tell where Darrien was on the sidelines by zooming in on where all the male eyeballs were zoomed in. Another way would be to have a special heat-seeking device that measures rapid blood flow to the lower (i.e., cock) region. Well, you get it by now.

I said that many men like a slender girl sometimes because they want to fondle and cup each ENTIRE ass cheek or pick her up like they are some sort of he-man and do piggy things with her with their big bones. She respectfully responded with tact and aplomb worthy of a proper teacher: "Well they can fuck THEMSELVES because I am the one who will tell THEM if and when they can even look up my skirt or get a peek at my toes. Those horny meatballs can stuff their cum-filled meatballs back in their pants and sit on the floor with their boner bulges and they can kiss my nylon ass!" Oh dear, I guess we just figured out that Darrien is still the teacher even though she is now a student. She smirked when she said that so I know she is not a cruel bitch, but it leaves no doubt who will be your boss.

Darrien said that she studies sometimes at a girlfriend's house. She said that the girl is not really a close friend but the girl has a younger brother that she likes to tease with her flirty skirts and pantyhose. She catches him looking when the girls



lay on the floor reading and she lets him look at her pantyless pantyhose. "He gets a big one, too!" she tells me. Oh my! But lately she has dreams that she falls asleep on the sofa while studying and in the dream she wakes up with her bra exposed and her skirt up to her pantyhose waistband and could swear that she felt someone fondling her feet and legs and cunt! She said to ask you piggies if anyone could be that bold to (after getting a boner from being teased for hours) fondle the skirted teaser when she fell asleep with her schoolbook in her hands. I said I would ask but that such a pervert surely would not be reading MY section of LEG SHOW (ahem).

After this semester Darrien will officially be "Miss Darrien" again and can legally offer private classes again. She thinks that maybe she will offer the following curricula to the especially devoted: Face Smothering, Footsie/Boner Sandwich-Making,



and Toe Sucking 1 and 2. She is working on a program for pantyhose stretching to make them extra shiny but that will not be ready yet. Naturally, the teacher expects you to pay tuition of a new pair of pantyhose per day of class. Also, each semester, only good boys can pull their pants down and Miss Darrien will slide her hosed bottom in their lap provided they do not ejaculate.

In the mean time, you all are invited to her graduation day. She promises to lift her robe and show her pantyless pantyhose, provided you beat your meat extra fast, on the girl next to you.

Piggies!!





Cortney & Kelly

TONY WARD'S WOMEN

photos & text by Tony Ward
www.tonyward.com



Cortney and Kelly didn't know each other before the shoot so to ensure there was chemistry between them, I forwarded each model's pictures to the other to make sure there was a turn-on factor...there's nothing worse than producing an erotic shoot when the models find each other unattractive. As evidenced by the pictures from that day the girls hit it off just fine. Cortney, the taller of the two beautiful blondes, was working at Al's Diamond Cabaret in Reading, Pa. when I first spotted her. She had very little experience in front of the camera. Cortney hailed from Pittsburg driving 5 hours in a vintage Cadillac to show up at my door. Both of these girls have perfect legs and I tried my best to emphasize the beauty of the legs during the entire shoot. I was amazed at how they quickly felt comfortable with each other as they kissed and caressed each other's bodies during the first roll of film. Cortney called me recently to request a new shoot. She enjoyed herself so much playing at my studio that she wanted to come back for more fun. I would like Kelly to return as well. Enjoy LEG SHOW readers. TW

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MARCH 2007
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