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LEG SHOW

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foot notes

by Jessica Michaels

PERVERSION OF JUSTICE

Jury duty, day two. I was one of seventy prospective jurors in a courtroom designed to fit thirty. There was a table up front, buzzing with official-looking men reading official-looking documents. Meanwhile, two young women, fresh out of law school, hoarsely tried to control the crowd. They had that humorless look of the overworked, unmarried Yuppie female -- too much Lean Cuisine and bridal magazines, not enough cock. One of them wore a pair of two-inch starter heels, the other a pair of drugstore partyhose, but even in their dowdy ensembles, I knew these ladies should not be underestimated. They had the power. It was their job to thin this herd down to twelve while the men in suits attended to higher matters of law.

Starter Heels described the charges: indecent exposure, lewd conduct. Basically, some guy got caught masturbating somewhere he wasn't supposed to. The people gasped. Whether they were outraged, or titillated, or some uniquely American hybrid of the two, I can't say for sure. I was too busy trying to snicker discreetly into a tissue. It sounded like she was reading the charges from my mailbox: *Dear Jessica, I was jacking off as usual into my mother-in-law's hamper/my girlfriend's panties/a shoe when the craziest thing happened...* No question about it, this trial was shaping up to be a Leg Forum letter, minus the happy ending.

Then, when she told us that the trial was estimated to last an entire week, my fellow citizens reached new heights of outrage. And pathos. Suddenly everyone had diabetes or cancer, a kid in a wheelchair or a spouse on a respirator. Bottom line, they absolutely, positively could not perform their civic duty, no matter how much they might have liked to.



Drugstore Hose marched up and down the aisles, collecting the first round of excuses. Otherwise dignified people bounced up and down in their seats, crying "Oooh, ooh, ooh! Ms, ms, me!" like they were at the velvet ropes, and she was the bitchy drag queen who could make or break their night. When she got to me, I briefly considered saying something smartass, but that would have been too easy. I didn't need to beg or lie to get out of jury duty -- I was pretty confident that the truth would set me free.

There was no way that either the prosecution or the defense would want a pornographer judging a sex trial. I was easily as biased as the most frigid spinster, except in the opposite direction. The minute I heard the charges, I felt sympathy for the poor wanker. I recognized that this was a very dangerous thing. Sure, there was the slight chance that I'd convince the eleven others to put aside their puritan prejudices and render a fair decision. But it was far more likely that I would be overly forgiving to a guy who didn't deserve it. A guy who I might find amusing, but I wouldn't want him bagging my grandma's groceries. I had to remind myself that crossing the line between consensual and criminal is not just morally reprehensible, it's short-sighted and selfish. Every time someone does that, we surrender more ground to the hypocritical majority. Legislation gets passed, and suddenly you can't buy a decent dildo in your town. Meanwhile, they go back to their smug little lives, molesting each other in basements after church.

Once the maligners had been dismissed, I got a better view of the lawyers at the table. I counted five average-looking joes, two unfortunates, and one hot one in a green suit. About the same breakdown as on the street. As if he'd felt me staring, the studly one turned around. I smiled at him. He smiled back, then continued chatting with his colleagues.

Starter Heels handed out an eight-page questionnaire, each requiring a yes/no response. *Do you work in law enforcement, or are you related to someone who does?* Three people raised their hands, and Starter Heels gave them the boot. *Do you have a personal relationship with a member of the legal team?* Another guy, gone, no questions asked.

Then came my turn. *Have you ever been involved in a sexual assault case?* I raised my hand. (I wasn't the assailant, if that needs clearing up.) Immediately, the two women rushed to my side, asking me questions with cloying concern. *When did it happen? What were the circumstances?* As they grilled me, I tried to convey a look of fragile bravery. A look that said, Yes, my sisters, I've been traumatized, but I'll try to soldier on.

Drugstore Hose patted my hand. "Do you think that...after what you've been through...you can still be impartial?" I pretended to give it some thought. But there were so many questions I wanted to ask her. *Like, When was your last orgasm? Have you ever picked up a stranger in a bar and given him a fake name, just for*

fun? I trained my thousand-yard stare on the lawyer table. The green-suited hottie turned all the way around in his seat. We had some intense communication with our eyes, which the women never noticed. They were waiting for my answer.

Finally I said, "I don't know. Honestly, I don't." The ladies looked at each other, nodded, and kept walking.

Motherfucker, I thought. What does a girl have to do to get kicked out of here? Next thing I knew, three more people were gone. I did a quick head count. There were fifteen prospective jurors left, and no doubt they would select an alternate, maybe two. I cursed myself for not playing the pornographer card up front.

Eventually I got my chance, but not until I was sitting in the jury box. "Juror Number Nine," Starter Heels said to me, "Can you tell us your occupation?"

"Magazine editor," I said. "A gentlemen's magazine." The lawyer table snapped to attention, but Starter Heels was unmoved. "That's pornography," I explained to her. She frowned, then moved on to Juror Number Ten.

"I teach ceramics," she said. "Motion to dismiss Juror Ten!" Starter Heels barked, and the lady packed up her things and scurried away.

The entire lawyer table stared at me, probably trying to figure out where they'd seen me before. But I only had eyes for my boy in the green suit.

What the fuck? I silently asked him. *We're lawyers. We're perverts. We want to watch you dangle a shoe, came his reply.*

Fair enough, I said. So what are we doing after this?

Then I winked at him, and the entire room went dead. Starter Heels and Drugstore Hose had a quick, furtive consultation. Heels wrinkled her nose like she'd smelled a foul odor. They both looked at me like I was the source of that odor. They called one of the older lawyers over, then another, then the court officer. My boyfriend began to look very troubled, even sad.

The two ladies marched over and motioned me to stand. "We think you should leave," they said.

"Fine," I shrugged. Probably best not to look too eager. They stood on either side of me and led me away from the jury box. The court officer said something into his walkie talkie. Why did I suddenly feel like I was the criminal? As we passed the lawyer table, I glanced over my shoulder at my courtroom cutie. If this was to be the end of our romance, at least I owed him a proper goodbye. I gave him a little finger wave. He tried to wave back. It was then that I noticed something glinting beneath the sleeves of his suit jacket. Handcuffs. He smiled lewdly, then flicked his tongue at me, three times in a row.

The court was wise to send me home that day. I think we proved beyond a reasonable doubt that judgment is not my thing. Besides, I would have found the dirty bastard guilty.



Did you know this is one of the few sex magazines that never finds it necessary to make up reader letters? To all who've contributed in the past, thanks. If you're yet to contribute, send your real experiences or fetish fantasies to: LEG SHOW LETTERS, 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, New York, N.Y. 10007-3079 or by email: imgcreative@yahoo.com.

CUCKOLD'S CREAMY DESSERT

I recently discovered LEG SHOW and I am enthralled with it. The women and the lingerie are without parallel. I love your feature article and the hot sexy letters from both men and women. In your recent Foot Notes column [By Popular Demand, April 2008] you raised the question if the cuckolding husband performed his duties out of unselfishness or contempt. I want to share my experience as a cuckolding husband.

I am divorced now, not because of her taking other lovers, just circumstances in general. I was one of those husbands who encouraged my former wife to take on and accept other lovers. She was reluctant at first -- a typical response, I suppose -- but once she did she quickly fell into that category of women who loved it. She became sexually alive with other men and had many lovers. Most of them became regulars.

I sometimes was allowed to watch; sometimes she'd go on dates and spend the night with her men. I always helped with her preparations for her dates. I'd pick out her lingerie and assist with her outfits. I would also help her shave her legs and pussy, getting her ready to see her man.

It always thrilled me to be her assistant. I would get so erect and she would comment on how excited I was becoming. She would allow me to lick her pussy but not make her cum -- she said she was saving her orgasms for her hung lover.

I have an average size six inch penis, but she loved and craved huge, oversized cocks. Most of her lovers were between eight and ten inches. She would describe their bodies and cocks in perfect detail.

She would also share with me every nasty sordid detail of their lovemaking on those occasions I wasn't allowed to watch. Sometimes she'd call me in the middle of one of her sessions and let me listen to her getting fucked. I would not be allowed to cum, although I could fondle myself. She was good at feeling my balls to know if I'd emptied them. This has been described by other readers about their wives. Trust me, they do this!

My favorite thing for her to order me to do was to completely clean her. Getting to suck other men's juices from her holes was heaven. She knew how I loved sucking other men's cum from her. She called it my "creamy dessert". She would call and tell me she was on her way home and had tons of "my favorite creamy dessert" waiting for me.

That was my signal to be waiting at the door wearing either nothing or a pair of sexy panties -- she would choose the color of the panties. Then when she came home she'd lead me to our bed and I'd undress her as she would begin to relate all the sexy, wonderful, nasty details. She would then lay back and spread her legs and order me to clean her up. I

J.C.

Oklahoma City, OK



would stop often and tell her how good her pussy or ass tasted with other men's cum inside her. I had to tell her how I loved the taste of men's cum.

My favorite was to get a creampie kiss from her right after a guy would cum in her mouth. She would transfer all of their cum to my mouth and have me swallow it right in front of both of them. This of course was when I was allowed to watch, not participate. I would have to thank her lover for fucking my wife so expertly and tell him how much I loved the taste of his cum.

Then I'd be sent out of the room for them to continue their lovemaking. After our divorce I really began to enjoy crossdressing and occasionally have a male friend come over and fuck me as my crossdressing alter-ego, "Joanna".

To find LEG SHOW and its discussions and acceptance of cuckolding and crossdressing has been a godsend. It is wonderful to know that there are other men and ladies out there who are like me. So I would put myself in the unselfish category of cuckolding men. I hope to find a truly remarkable woman who will love me, yet also want to take on other lovers, knowing her crossdressing/panty wearing cum sucking husband will be there to lovingly clean her up.

DR. SCHOLL'S SANDAL SCANDAL

I have had a foot fetish for as long as I can remember. Many years ago, they made a sandal called Dr. Scholl's (I think they still make it). They were wooden and formed perfectly to a lady's bare foot. They had a white leather strap going across the front of the foot, just behind the toes, with a brass buckle to adjust accordingly. All my sister's friends used to wear them.

I remember one girl, April, who would stay at our house on the weekends. When we would watch TV, she would sit close to the TV in the rocking chair and I would sit towards the back on the couch. I would be on her left, watching her left leg push her sandaled foot down to make the rocking chair rock. Her right foot crossed over, dangling her sandal. I got hard as I watched the show. I felt scared and embarrassed. Scared because I was poking out of my Levi's. Embarrassed because I thought that April had the prettiest feet in the world. I sort of felt that she knew. Of course she didn't, but my guilty conscience made me feel this way.

The next day she and my sister went out, and I was alone in the house. I immediately went to the guest room and looked for her white Dr. Scholl's sandals and found them next to the bed. I held them in my hand and examined them. As I looked at the insides I could see the indentations of her toes and the roundness of her heel. My heart started going as I pressed them against my Levi's. I was so excited I didn't care if I got caught. I took one and shoved it down my pants until it touched my privates. Something came over me and I took off my belt, shoved down my Levi's and soon my cock was leaking a little.

I took one sandal and put it on my hard-on and it dangled a little. I then got on my hands and knees and shoved it down until the heel part was touching my balls.

I started to buck back and forth making it slap my balls just like when she would walk in them and they would slap her bare heel with each step. Man, it felt so good, then I started to fantasize that she was watching me. Standing next to me, April was telling me to buck harder or she would tell everyone what a dirty freak I was. So I bucked harder and the shoe started to go up and down by itself a little while it slapped my balls. I must have been leaking like crazy because I imagined her yelling at me, "Harder, and I mean it!!" So I bucked harder and the shoe went flying next to her bed. Then I saw a long-ass string of cum, not from shooting but from leaking. I thought that was enough so I rushed to the bathroom and got some toilet paper and cleaned her shoe.

After that, every Friday when April came over, as soon as we were in front of the TV set and April started her teasing shoe dangle, pressing the floor to make herself rock, not only did I get hard, but I went to the bathroom to play with myself. It was just too hot and I simply couldn't take it!

M.E.

Downey, CA

WHAT SIZE PANTYHOSE, SIR?

On a business trip to Minneapolis I went to the Mall of America. At one of the department stores I saw an absolutely beautiful Scandinavian sweetheart working the hosiery counter. It was around 5:00 pm and somewhat busy. Once her department cleared a little, I walked up to the sales counter. In a very nervous and squeaky voice I asked for some help on buying a pair of pantyhose. The salesperson, whose name was Erica, looked at me for a full ten seconds before she said, "What size and who would these be for?" She arched her eyebrows at me and waited for an answer. My voice cracked and I started to stammer. "Um, I guess I would need a large or extra large," I said. I could feel my face burning. I then, very quietly said, "They are for me."

I wasn't sure if she heard me. Erica then asked if I had a particular color that I was interested in. I said, "I'm not sure, but I would like them to be very very shiny." Erica slowly walked out from behind the counter and gave me a thorough look over from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet and then back up again. She was absolutely beautiful. I estimated her age to be between 26 and 28 years old. She was maybe 5'8 and in terrific shape. Slowly, a half smile and half grin appeared on her face. "Why don't you step over here," she said. We went over to the pantyhose section and she explained the sizes. She showed me a number of sample pairs. Tan, gold, silver and bronze. "Go ahead and touch them," she said. I started feeling them while Erica watched. "How do you like the way they feel?" she asked with a knowing smile. "What color do you like?"

I started stammering again and told her, "The shiny gold ones feel good and are pretty." She started looking for my size. "I'm sorry but we don't have large in gold," she said. Erica sort of let out a mooking laugh. I was so embarrassed and Erica knew. She then went to the samples again and very seductively said, "Bronze is really hot." Her eyes were piercing me. My heart about popped out of my mouth. "Yes! Yes! Bronze is what I want!" I then mentioned again that they were for me and would they fit? Erica looked hard at me with a smirk on her face. She said very directly and very sternly. "I heard you the first time. Do you want them?" Very weakly with a cracking voice I said, "Yes, I really really really want them." Then she said, "Yes, I'm sure you do."

I could tell she was picturing me wearing these shiny bronze pantyhose. "Let's go ring you up then," Erica said. I was thinking how enjoyable it would have been had they had panties in the hosiery department. The thought of having Erica help me pick out a sexy silky pair of pink panties made me instantly hard. After ringing me up, instead of just handing me my purchase, Erica took the bag she put my pantyhose in and walked back around the counter to hand them to me. She held out the package, and as I reached for it, Erica pulled it back. She gave me a wicked smile and looked me up and down again. She stopped and stared at my crotch. She could see I was absolutely hard. She then gave me a pathetic look and said, "I hope you really and thoroughly enjoy your purchase. Don't play too hard." Then she laughed at me.

I walked away and stopped a little way down the aisle. I turned around and saw Erica talking to one of the cosmetic salesgirls. Erica was pointing me out and they were both

snickering at me. I've never ever felt so sexy and excited in my life. I couldn't even wait till I got home to jock off. I opened the pantyhose in the rental car in the parking lot of the mall and jacked off, picturing Erica and the cosmetice girl laughing at me.

The only way it could have been better is if they could watch and laugh at me jacking off.

P.M.

Chicago, IL

FLIRTY OLD MAN

First of all, LEG SHOW has no equal! The photos are awesome, the content is exciting and really takes care of my sexual needs. My wife has dementia and is paralyzed due to an auto accident years ago. Therefore, to fulfill my sexual desires, I wind up masturbating several times a week. I am a senior citizen - 79 - and even though the amount of cum is small, the intense feeling of an orgasm is still wonderful. I try to enjoy at least four per week and LEG SHOW greatly enhances the stimulation.

I thought it is ironic that I was going to share my fetishes - pretty face, boobs and garter belts with stockings - when I read your Foot Notes editorial about public indecency [Are You Indecent?, December 2007]. This event happened several years ago and when you read it, you will understand my love for garter belts and stockings.

I worked in an office cubicle where I could see one of the secretaries sitting at her desk. She was an attractive brunette with a nice figure, but also with a wedding band. She was flirty at times and I enjoyed looking at her sitting at her desk.

One day I was looking at her when she slowly spread her legs so that I could see her panties. When she saw me looking, she smiled and opened her legs even more. No one else could see her, so I knew the show was for me. I gave her the thumbs-up sign and smiled. That evening, I enjoyed fantasizing about her. The next day when I was looking, she did the same thing and then left. She returned shortly and the next time I looked, she was spread with no panties. I could see her pussy and as I looked, she slowly rocked back, giving me a full view of her crack.

I immediately went to the men's room, took off my shorts and returned to my desk. She spread again and I did something which could have caused me to be fired -- I unzipped my pants, loosened my belt and showed her my hard cock. My cubicle entrance was small and I was taking a chance and at the same time, getting a huge turn-on. Suddenly, two office girls walked by and looked in, stopped, said "Wow!" and walked on. I felt that I

would be fired, but nothing happened then or later.

I closed my pants, walked close to her and told her to meet me in a store room. I had the key and when she arrived, we went to the back of the room and she lifted her skirt. I dropped my pants and we had a wonderful quickie.

We enjoyed each other at times, sometimes oral, sometimes fucking. We were lucky not to have been fired and I



don't believe anyone caught us -- although the two who saw my cock would giggle every time I met them and asked about the store room love nest.

I really feel that you were on target in your editorial about teases. I do read the editorials while I await the recharging of my balls.

I have viewed a plethora of naked girls and ladies as well as porno images on the web. Porno does not excite me. One day when alone, I was naked as I watched a porno movie and I did not get any excitement from watching. If I would have been in the movie, I know I would have performed to orgasm.

Are girls born with pubic hair, or is it a mutation that all pussies are bald? Frankly, they all look alike. When I was shipped to Korea in 1950, we were told the Korean girls' pussies were horizontal, not vertical. So much for that rumor!

I always enjoy at least one "cumming out" as I look at you and I can only be envious of the photographer. You have a fantastic body!

I get rather tired of reading about donkey-dicked black cocks. I know most of them are hung better than us white guys, but I have found through experience that women like to be loved, not banged and rammed. When I make love, I use my tongue, hands and cock and love them emotionally. One partner experienced her first intercourse orgasm with me after 21 years of marriage.

Most people believe that a 79-year-old man has no interest in sex, nor can get it up. I don't need Viagra -- LEG SHOW does it! I appreciate you and your work in helping me to maintain a healthy sex life. Keep it up and I will too.

R.B.

Dayton, OH

BARROOM BACK DOOR BETTY

I frequented a local barroom after my divorce. I was always hoping to meet somebody nice that was less of a prude in bed. I was 42 and was literally married to a librarian for 20 years. I always posied the issue of kinky sex and the little woman was repulsed. The final straw came when she got into my computer and saw all the different sex sites that I visited. Many of them were pantyhose and foot fetish sites. I think the only thing that made me horny for my ice cold wife was that she wore pantyhose a lot, yet repelled my advances when she would get dressed for work. I'd sneak up behind her and try to dry hump her ass while caressing her thighs. You'd think that a woman would appreciate that sort of passion, but she always pushed me away.

I used to beg her to wear them to bed when we'd have our occasional session of intercourse, but she saw it as something too dirty. Little did she know that I secretly wore her hose when she was out of the house. If she had ever caught me doing that, the marriage would have been over a lot sooner. I used to beg her to try on her hose without panties but she seemed disgusted by that idea. I was so deprived of pantyhose sex that I had to use myself as the woman and jerk off to my own bottom half in the mirror while squeezed into a pair of her hose.

The marriage finally ended and I was out on the town waiting to meet a sexy, uninhibited woman. I realized that I was a bit outdated in my dress so I bought new clothes, got a hipper style of haircut and put away my big framed glasses that I've had since the 1980s. It was probably my tenth time at this so-called singles bar that I bumped into Alexia. She was carrying a purse, a phone and a drink in her hand. I had just turned around with a fresh Vodka Collins and we collided. I was a bit drunk at the time. We both apologized and she invited me to her corner of the bar to buy me a new one. She was very cute, with long dark hair and big hoop earrings. I couldn't tell her age too well. I pegged her as 33 but to tell you the truth, my wandering eyes were more fixated on her bottom half. This girl had on a fairly short burgundy colored skirt with silky smooth black hose on her perfectly formed legs.

She noticed that my attention was fully captured by her thighs and calves. Her shoes were sexy too but I have a thing for the holed foot more than the shoes. They get in the way. Instead of being embarrassed or reprimanding me, Alexia played into it. She kept crossing and uncrossing her legs. She'd fiddle with the bottom of her skirt, which biked it up an inch every time. She let her foot dangle out of her shoe and even took them off when she saw that my eyes were glued to them. We had a very nice corner of the bar that sort of isolated us because of an awkward placement of a Keno machine. It was like a private section that was perfect for the show that I was enjoying. She put her feet on my lap and asked if I'd rub her tired feet. She could feel the stiffness in my lap with the soles of her pretty peds. This one act was unfortunately my greatest sexual experience with a woman to date.

I gave this girl the greatest foot rub of her life and she reciprocated with a teasing of my cock that just about made me cum. I squinted to see up her skirt and I didn't detect a panty under there, but it was hard to tell. She read my mind and openly told me that she didn't wear panties. The crotch of a pair of pantyhose turned her on when she pulled them up. Just hearing those words shot a large drop of precum out of the tip of my dick. I had to get out of there before I exploded. We quickly hopped in my car. I had to hold my jacket over my groin to conceal the huge erection that I was sporting. Alexia made us change positions because she only had a drink or two and I definitely had a few too many.

She drove my car as I rubbed her thighs and calves. This session was so passionate. We got to her place and we headed to the bedroom. Alexia had her back to me and let her skirt drop to the ground. I humped her thighs from behind and kissed her holed ass cheeks while she giggled. I just went wild, pressing the sides of my face against her upper thighs and ass. She kicked off her shoes and she lay down face first on the bed. Her blouse was still on.

"Lick my ass and fuck me there," she said. "I don't want to get pregnant I prefer anal sex."

With this one statement I had enough beat off material for the rest of my life. I couldn't believe it. I never had anal sex with my wife. She wouldn't even let me tease her ass with my finger. I wasn't really sure that I would even be able to make it in there without cumming on her leg first. I was right. I simply couldn't hold back and I exploded before I got my mouth to her inviting ass lips. Instead of ridiculing me, Alexia said, "Good boy. Rub that cock on my feet and get it

all out. That was the easy one. Now eat my ass."

I took her orders like a good soldier. Sliding down her hose to the bottom of her cheeks was all new to me. I would still be married happily if my wife let me pull down her pantyhose every night. I quickly sucked and slumped at her hairless backside. She was squeaking with joyful laughter as she bucked against my tongue. It didn't take more than ten minutes for my dick to be totally ready again. She knew it was time too, because she placed a few pillows under her belly to position herself for maximum pleasure.

It was like a tight young pussy against the throbbing head of my cock. No lube was needed because of the licking that I had been giving. My dick slid in a half inch at a time. In less than a minute, I was all the way in her creamy asshole. I gently pumped her as she moaned. I cursed my bad eyesight and lack of glasses which deprived me of fully enjoying the sight of what was finally happening to me. If my wife could see me now!

Not only did my dick feel the greatest comfort in the world, but Alexis talked me through it intensely. "You love my tight asshole?" she asked. "You'd do anything for it, you naughty boy. I love the shape of your cock. It's a perfect fit. You love my pantyhose, don't you? I'd like to see you in a pair. I get extra hot seeing a penis in pantyhose. It's my passion. You give the best foot rub. I'd let you rub my holed feet every night if you were my man. You're fucking me good. You could have your way with me as much as you wanted."

It was just too good. I couldn't take it anymore. My strokes got harder and faster and I gripped her hips like a prisoner who just got out of the joint after 20 years. I roared as I pumped the very first ass load of my life. She joined in with the sexiest moaning that I had ever heard.

I left my soft, sticky cock inside her for ten minutes, then I finally collapsed on the bed and had the nicest calmest sleep of my life. I woke up the next morning with a confused smile on my face. Alexis was not in the bed. I hoped that she was as happy with the session as I was. I quietly made my way to the bathroom and I saw her silhouette in the shower. I peeked in the very corner of the curtain and saw her rosy ass. She was shampooing her long mane but didn't notice me. My dick had that sore feeling and was rising. It was getting foggy and I didn't have my glasses, but it looked like she was pretty flat chested. I couldn't care less about tits, though. My eyes went back down her calves and feet.

I opened the shower curtain and stepped into the shower with her. She was startled at first but then turned her head and smiled. I hugged her from behind and started to slowly let my hands wander down her body. I got to her pussy and felt a lump. It was more than a lump. It was a small cock. I was shocked -- totally and utterly shocked. My eyesight was bad but I would think that I'd be able to tell a man from a woman! Alexis calmed me down. "There there now. Don't let this ruin the best night of your life." She held my hands and rubbed her legs with them. I stood silently behind her.

She reached back and felt my growing hard-on. "See, your dick doesn't mind."

She was right. My purple cockhead was poking her ass cheek and I just stayed in that position, dumbfounded. She turned around and kissed me gently. Even without the make-up she looked pretty passable to me. She was thin and beautiful. After more sober squinting, I decided she couldn't be

more than 29 years old. Her hands made their way to my cock and she knelt down and took my entire manhood into her mouth. Slowly she bobbed on my wood. Her expertise allowed her throat to open and engulf me to the very base. I felt disappointed yet helpless. She sped up until I was basically ramming my cock into her face. She knew I had aggression and anger at what I'd discovered; she was giving me a way to release it and punish her for the trick.

As I came, I realized that I'd had the hottest sexual encounter of my life with this person. The fact that she was a guy didn't seem to repulse me. She was too great. Her hands, lips and voice were all more gentle than my ex-wife's. Her asshole was like an 18-year-old extra-tight virgin pussy. She had a pantyhose fetish that surpassed mine and was willing to let me indulge my nylon lust all over her body. Even her feet were nice. Maybe I'll stop wearing my glasses around her and let the illusion continue. I told her that I felt funny but I'd come back tonight to talk to her about our situation.

The whole day I wracked my brain as I sat in my lonely apartment. What would people think? Would they know? Was I too drunk and blind to see or could she fly under the radar? What do I care? I didn't have kids, and my mother was pretty old and blind. I worked from home and hardly had friends that I'd see socially. I was desperate for companionship and to top it off, she/he's into all the stuff that I am passionate about. I used to jack off to my own body in pantyhose so it's not like I hadn't seen and been aroused by a set of balls and a cock bulging out of its sexy confines.

That night I rushed over and confessed my desire to be with her. She too had been searching for a person who shared her fetish. She met a few people on the internet but they weren't her type. She was attracted to me more than anybody that she'd ever met. We had a session in her bedroom that was incredible. We parted and stimulated each other for hours on end. It spilled over to the next day. I was able to confess and act on every desire that I've had since I was a teenager. I even sucked my first cock. It was a breakthrough.

We now live together and my balls have never been so drained. We go out like a regular couple but come home to a fully satisfying lifestyle. Her asshole, mouth and feet make up for any lack of a vagina. She's as horny as I am and it couldn't be more perfect. She is always in drag and lives her life as a woman 24 hours a day. We are looking into getting her a pair of tits soon. She's very excited about it. Since I work from home, I am constantly indulging myself with pantyhose play throughout the day. When I'm working on the computer, Alexis is under the desk licking, sucking and throating my cock. I can hardly get any work done. I bet that I blow six or seven loads throughout the day on her and in her. She blows three or four loads per day. We are exhausted by Sunday and we try to refrain. I hope that my heart doesn't give out. I should have gotten divorced sooner.

H.H.
Honesdale, PA

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Helen's HOLEY HOSE

SHOE SIZE 8



photos by Jana Krenová

See this little hole in the crotch of my pantyhose? This hole is key. It's my little secret from the world.

I can go outside, feeling naughty and daring, but looking polished and respectable. Nobody but me knows that while my pantyhose are rubbing together as I walk, making that lovely dry scratching sound, my pussy is open and bare. Totally vulnerable, ready to be fucked.





Now that you know my secret, how am I going to make sure that you never tell? I know – I'll use my pantyhose to play with your cock. This way, you'll have a nylon secret too, and we'll have to trust each other. First, I'm going to stroke your penis against my nylons while I wear them. I'll do it until long threads of precum stain my pantyhose and make them even shinier. Then I'll roll off my pantyhose and wrap them around the base of your cock. I just love seeing your stiff pink dick turn purple as I make it harder and harder.



Next, I'm going to take the head of your cock and pull it through the crotch hole. It's as close as you're going to get to penetrating my pussy, but if you show your appreciation properly, I'm going to let you work it in and out of the hole as I tightly grip the base of your cock. This way, I can audition you and your fucking technique. After you're done showing me what you can do, I'm going to take one leg of the nylons and work it all the way down over your penis until the head fits snugly into the toe of the pantyhose. If your cock is the

right size – that is, as long as my foot – I'll be able to stretch the nylon all over your junk and cup your ball sac in the heel.

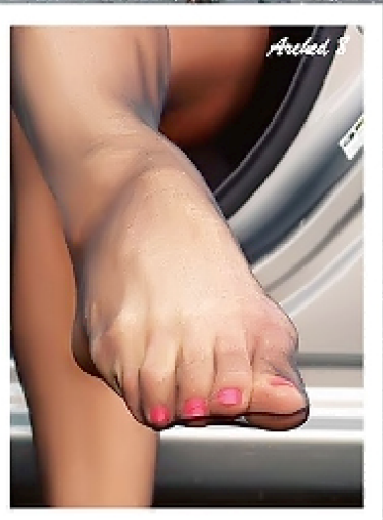
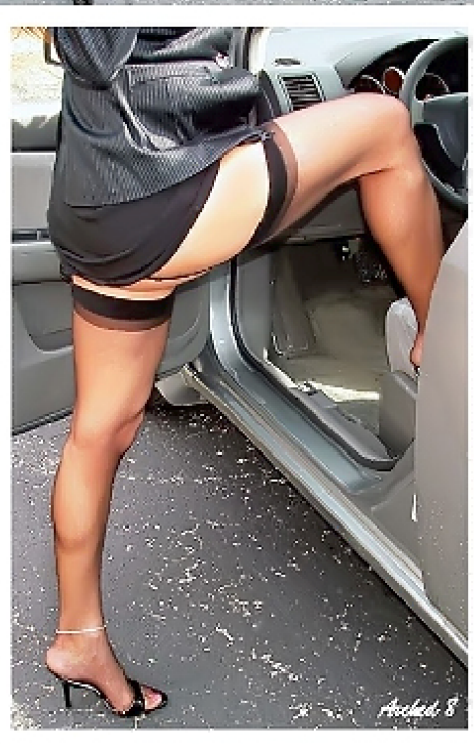
There's nothing that brings me more satisfaction than to dress up your cock this way. It pleases me so much, I just might stroke your cock until you spurt right inside the foot of my pantyhose. And if you take me somewhere nice, I'll roll my cummy nylons back on and eat dinner with your load drying on my foot.



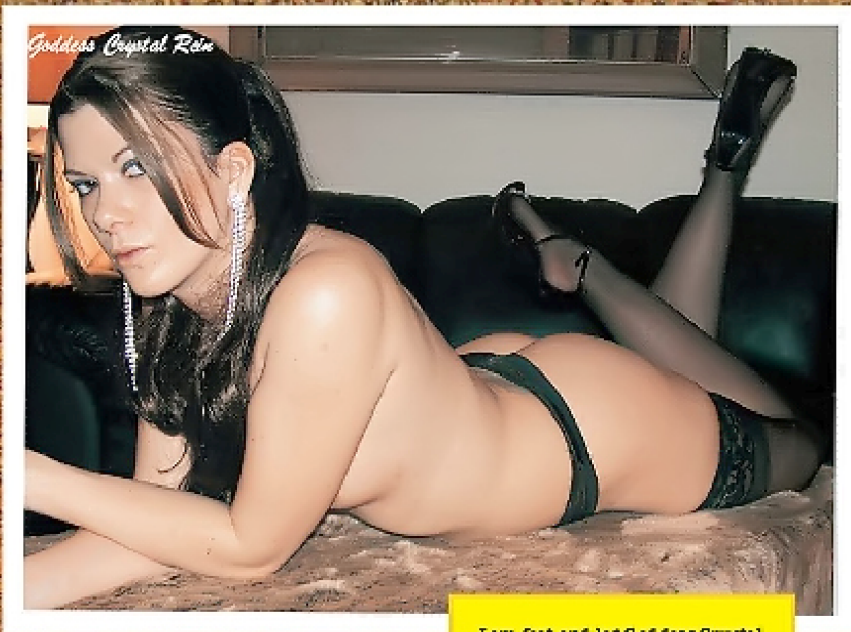




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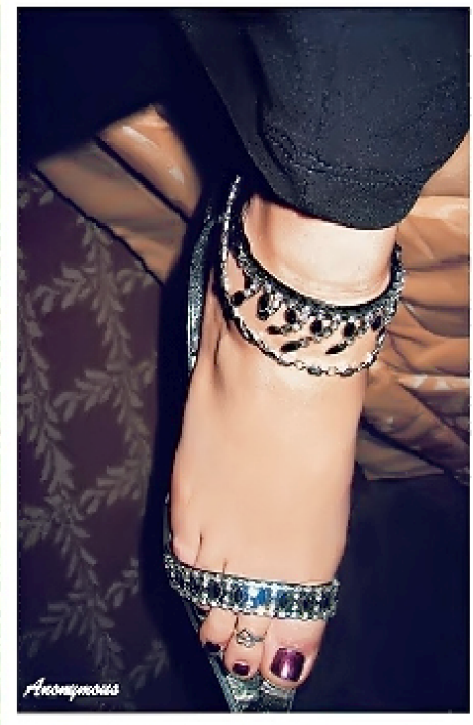
I'm your foot mistress, Arched 8. I love to tease my slaves with my sexy feet and legs. I have DVDs available and would love to hear from all footslaves.
arched8@yahoo.com or LyrnTech,
P.O. Box 80178, Dayton, OH 45420



I am foot and leg Goddess Crystal Rein and I'm ready to get your blood throbbing in all the right places. I have hundreds of erotic photos and sexy items available. Write now! GoddessCrystalRein@gmail.com



I'd like to share two of my favorite passions with all the horny LEG SHOW fans out there - public foot teasing and hot foot sex! I hope you enjoy the photos.
 Anonymous,
 Delray Beach, FL



Home Photos Model Release

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**Classic
LEG SHOW**
★★★★★ 1998

photos by Jana Krenová



Submissive Boyfriend's Cumming Out Party

VERONIKA



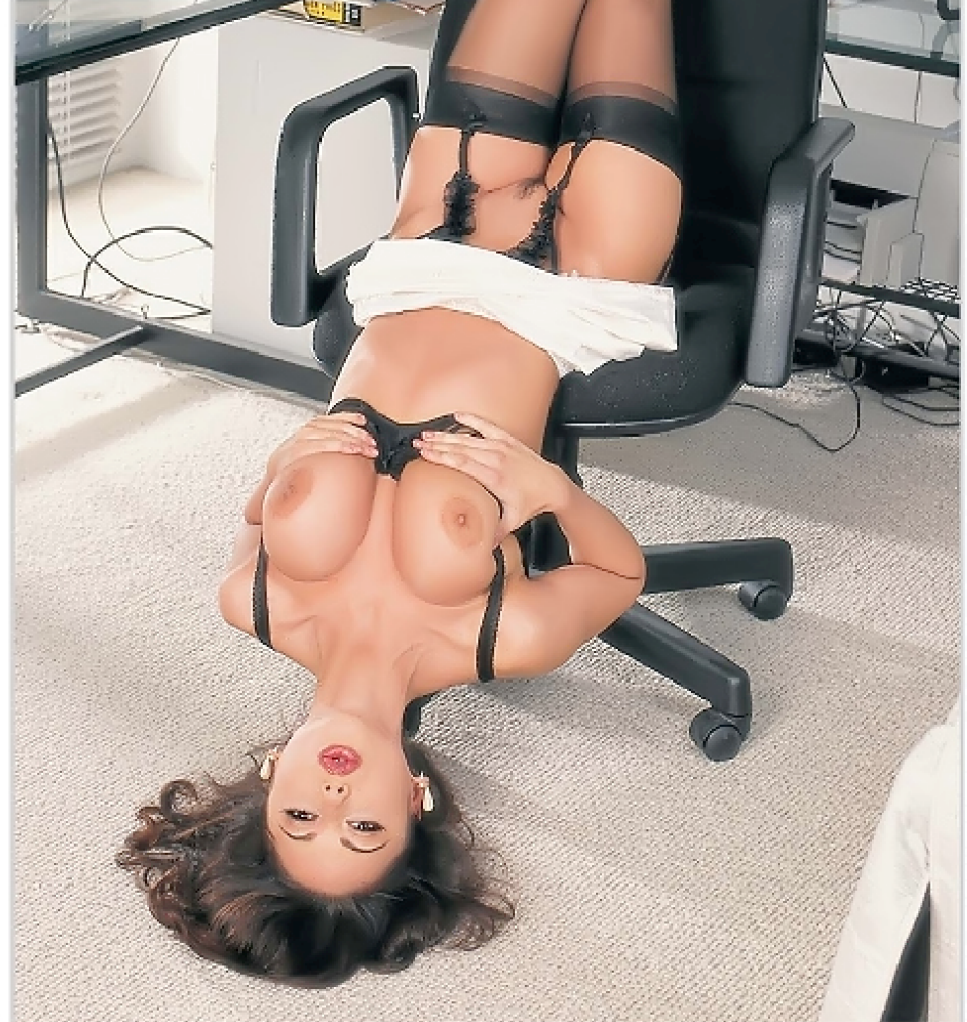
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Meet Veronika, our Classic LEG SHOW model, who first graced these pages in December of 1998. Photographer Jana Krenova helped me to track her down by phone. Although Veronika's gone on to many other modeling jobs, I was thrilled to discover that she still remembered posing for LEG SHOW.

I was so terribly nervous that day. My boyfriend at the time, Josef, came to the shoot for moral support. He'd always made me feel so easy, but there's a big difference between being sexy, and having to act sexy in front of an entire crew of gorgeous women.

You can't see it in the pictures, but Josef is standing off to the side. He had a very high level government job, and we had to promise not to take a single shot of him. I always suspected that Josef had submissive tendencies, but he was too ashamed of his desires to tell me. But that day — all because he was helping me make nice pictures, of course — Josef agreed to "act" the part of my slave. I made him get on his knees. "You're not man enough to look at me," I told him. In between shots, I ordered him to crawl over to me and let me rest my high heels on his back. The girls on Jana's crew screamed with laughter. His ears turned bright red, but I knew he was secretly loving it.





I became more and more outrageous with my commands. The ladies on the crew joined in the fun, and pretty soon, he was kneeling in a circle of women, rubbing their feet and massaging their legs. His poor little cock was so hard, I could see a tiny cum spot seeping through his pants. I knew he was torn between enjoying the ladies' attention, and wanting to be alone with me. After they left, we kept playing. But I wouldn't give his aching balls any relief until he finally admitted out loud what he was: a total wimp, my helpless submissive slave. He came so hard that day, he made a stain on the carpet that we never could get out!

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PENCIL SKIRT

Fiction by Elle Molique

"Jeremy!! Where's my coffee, damn it?!!" I yelled, just to see how fast he could get through the door with a cup of scalding Sumatra and an armload of executed demands. An agent for the biggest artists in the entertainment industry always had more than enough work for her personal assistant.

"Right here, Ms. Markham," Jeremy stammered. I wouldn't let him call me by my first name like I was some hippie grade school teacher. That's how the inmates learn to run the asylum, and there'd be no missing bricks in this wall.

"The contract for Alien Siblings was approved by Shaker & Weiss this morning. They'll be on the Scarypalooza Tour next October," he said proudly. Actually, dealing with entertainment lawyers was something I loathed, so I was glad for young Jeremy's useless law degree. You have to be fluent in law speak to get them to be efficient. Otherwise, translation would cost you in billable hours.

"Thank you, Jeremy. Now, I need you to find some companionship and recreation for a certain blues guitarist who'll be in town on April 16th," I ordered. I couldn't just say, 'Orrin Jackson needs a couple of Asian hookers and some blow or he won't play,' even though it was true. Such things would come back to bite you in the ass later. He knew what I meant anyway. He knew very well that Hollywood ran on hookers and blow, and that if he wanted to play the game, he had to be fluent in discretion, also.

"You look very nice today," he said. Suck up. Better than an impolite asshole who had to be trained to notice these things, though. I always dressed to kill, though I never wore underwear. Tight, tailored pencil skirts, silk and lace canisoles, form-fitting jackets, gartered thigh-high stockings, lace bras, and high, open-toed stilettos composed the bulk of my armor. I paid \$320 a month for my hair to be shiny, brown and perfectly blunt. I worked out on a strict regimen. My nails were always cutting-edge French manicure, with toes to match.

I sat at my desk, tapping as I prioritized my deadlines for the day. He came

around the side to peer over my shoulder at the contract I was about to sign and throw back at him to be sent down the chain again. I often caught him looking down the front of my blouse. He was letting his eyes linger longer and longer every time. It vexed me that some part of my facade was being seen through, yet I'd be livid if he didn't look. A classic no-win situation, one of many I had created for him.

I dropped my pencil. I made a habit of it, just to see what he would do. He played this game with me without complaint, always picking them up and handing them to me as dutifully as a toy soldier.

"Here you are, Miss," he said, instinctively knowing that I hated the word 'ma'am' as much as I loathed talking to lawyers. He looked up at me with those soft brown eyes. I liked the view from up there. I was about to send him out with the contract when he spoke.

"Ms. Markham?" he asked, throwing me off balance. He had rarely ever addressed me without being spoken to first.

"Yes, Jeremy?" I volleyed, rather perturbed.

He stood up so he could get closer to my ear, piercing my personal space like no one had in years.

"I'll tell you later," he whispered.

I'll tell you later? What the hell did that mean? My glassy composure was suddenly fogged. I was being psychologically set up for something, but what? That was how the game was played in Hollywood. You threw your opponent off balance with silent bombs and concealed intelligence. Suddenly, the boy had flashed his balls after tucking them between his legs for half a year. I didn't know how to react.

He left the room with my contract and my control. His tight little ass moved like he knew something I didn't know that he knew. I hated that. What I did know was that my closet was not exactly empty. I thought I'd knotted up all my loose ends. A cold-war stand-off existed between me and all my skeletons, at least as far as I knew. Still, I had made a few films with ratings that contained more than one letter.

Maybe I was just being paranoid. I took off my shoes and massaged my feet, rolling over the details of my dealings with Jeremy. These same feet, the ones that propped up my power now, had posed for all kinds of cameras a few years back. I'd worn a blond wig and used another name as I strip-teased my way through the pages of all the top leg mags and skipped through some select skin flicks, knowing all along someday that I'd have a different life. Not that the other one was so bad. I'd made money and met some interesting people, but things changed. I was always good at planning for the future, and I knew I would need another identity someday. It was part of the reason I never regretted it.

I smelled my hands. Was it vain to like the smell of your own feet on your hands? Probably, but I didn't care. I smelled them again. I started to relax. Fuck him and his veiled threats, whatever the fuck they were.

I slid my feet back into my shoes and started for home, allowing myself to dream of a bubble bath and a glass of wine. I doubt he knew of my fetish past. He'd have to have the fetish himself to know that, and he'd never even glanced at my feet.

The lights were off in the reception area. All the wannabees, fakes, and frauds had been extricated from the premises. Shift, we had to call security six times a day to remove people with demos, portfolios, and zed cards who were ready to make the big time, right now. All they needed was our help. And our time. And our money. The days of discovering a band or starlet and nurturing them to fame and fortune were over. We needed a sure thing just to pay the office rent on Wilshire Boulevard. And subsidize the coke and whores of our established clients, of course. Jesus, when did I get so cynical? Oh, yeah, when I had crossed to this side of the fence. Life was so much simpler as a slave than a master. You were poor, but your role was less accountable.

I walked past the front desk, about to step out into the warm, dry evening when a faint whisper cut through the dark.

"I'll tell you now," the voice said. Jeremy emerged from the dark side hallway, scaring the living shit out of me.

"What the FUCK do you think you are doing?" I yelled.

"Worshipping you, right? I've spent the last six months doing everything you asked. I have lasted longer than your last three assistants combined. Did you ever wonder why?" he asked.

"I...I...assumed—" I started.

"You assumed that you finally deserved being treated that way, no?" his voice was rising.

Was he going to attack me? I looked around for a means of escape. I was impervious to most full-frontal accusations, so I felt no guilt at how I treated him. I really had earned my position and the numbers always proved it. He was damn cute, though. Even more so, now that he had grown a spine.

"Umm...why do you think I care what you think?" I had to ask.

"Umm...I know you don't care, Lena," he said, leaning on my first name like he was biting into a jelly bean.

My blood pressure started to rise. He was going to know his place if I had to die putting him in it. Most people were dying to be a star. My job was to make sure that most of them fell out of the sky. Mostly because they were dumb enough to believe their own childhood-chosen, Barbie-doll fucking fairy tales.

He walked toward me slowly. I had forgotten about the pencil behind my ear. I dropped it.

"Pick it up," I said.

He just glared at me.

"I said pick it up!" The command in my voice was undeniable. I had learned a lot dealing with the public in my "performance genes". You could get a lot done with genuine, nothing-to-lose conviction in your voice.

He bent down. I stepped on his back and pushed him to the floor. He lay on his belly without moving. His muscled arms perfectly fit into his white-striped shirt. Oh, and that ass in those tight, black Armani pants. Good god, he looked hot.

"What do you have to say for yourself?" I scolded. My spiked heel digging into his back.

"Um...here you are, Miss," he said, keeping his head down and as he held up the pencil. I couldn't help but laugh. He turned his head up and smiled. He pulled his legs around in the fetal position, disengaging my foot from his back. It had to leave a mark. He

wrapped my shod foot in his arms and curled himself around my ankle. I felt like I was stepping into the heart of him. This was familiar. This was good.

He reached up my leg with one arm and cradled my foot with the other. I never wore underwear. I couldn't think all constricted like that. He touched me, pushing his arm up as high as it would go, then brought his fingers to his mouth and tasted me. He groaned. The energy between us was tightening. Rather than weakening in the knees like a small-town girl about to mount the casting couch, it made me stronger. I felt his touch radiating up my spine.

He turned toward the ground, then quickly snapped back, thrusting his fingers hard up into me this time. Now I was weak in the knees. Jesus, what a feeling. His aim was perfect. I moaned, instantly wet. Where did this confidence come from? I suppose I could have slapped him with a lawsuit, but instead I just slapped him, mostly to keep my own composure. If I melted and this got to the ground, it would be over like a kick boxer in a wrestling ring.

He sat up, putting his whole juicy hand in his mouth and looking me straight in the eye. He face was flushed with my slap and with the taste of pussy on his tongue. He had enough balls to take what he wanted, yet still be comfortable completely under my power. I pushed him down on his back and sat square on his face, the bottom of my skirt biting into the sides of my thighs just above where the garter belt was attached. I wasn't sure if he was getting any air since my pussy covered his whole face and my skirt enclosed the connection between us. I kept him there, not caring if I smothered him or not. He slid his lips through mine so he could breathe and positioned himself to focus on my clitoris. I pulled my skirt up higher, revealing my ass. His arms had been pinned under me. He brought them through my legs, reaching over my thighs to grab my ass, pulling me apart, exposing me as he squeezed my cheeks. I sank into his face again.

I didn't worry about the security cameras in the dark. I didn't care if anyone walked in on us. I was tired of this game, "the business". I hadn't felt this good since my days as a nude actress. Give and take instead of just take.

He pushed me off of him, forcing me to my hands and knees at the edge of the carpet. We had been on tile, but it was going to be too hard for what he had in mind. My skirt had fallen down. He

raised it up and licked me from the back. He put his tongue in my crack, forcing my pucker open as he buried it as far as he could in my ass. I pushed back and spread my legs to open it further for him. We hadn't even kissed yet and he was already licking my asshole. I relished the feeling, wanting to taste my ass in his mouth for our first kiss. He pulled my ankles to straighten my legs on the floor and pushed them apart with his knees. He moved his body along mine until his mouth was by my ear.

"Ginger," he said softly.

He knew! That was my porn name. I loved hearing it again.

I turned my head to drink his mouth and the savory flavors inside it. His weight was full on me now.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I made it a point to know. Besides, my dad is R.J.," he said.

"R.J. Johnson? I thought your last name was Fulton."

"I told you that. My dad didn't want everyone to know that his son was on the payroll. It would have affected the way I was treated. Besides, you don't sign my checks," he grinned.

That explained where his confidence came from. R.J. Johnson owned this agency. His dad, my fucking boss, was the only man I took advice from. He was also one of a handful of people left in town who knew who I really was. His father had been my agent back in the day. He had loved the fact that I wasn't a redhead and called myself Ginger. Ginger Dujour. I'd never fucked his father, though. He was one of the few happily married players in Hollywood, the ones you don't hear about in the tabloids. His wife was an absolute doll. She'd been a great friend during that time. I had never met their kids, though. Neither were much for getting their children involved in Hollywood life during childhood. I had eventually gone back home to Texas to root myself for a while, then moved back to L.A. to take a stab at making some real money. R.J. had been glad to hire me on.

"Holy fuck," I said. He jammed his fingers into my clit from the back, biting my neck. That was my Achilles...neck. I was melting into the carpet fast. We were losing our role-playing personalities, totally stripped down to just essence. I was so ready to fuck him.

He tore my stockings away from the garter ribbons, spitting along my inner thighs and bringing my legs close together. He undid his belt and pulled

off his pants, lobbing them under the reception desk. He didn't wear underwear, either. He straddled over me, grazing my ass with the head of his cock. He leaned back on his folded knees, my legs still together under him. He pulled himself up on his hands, sliding his cock all the way up my slick inner thighs and straight into me, coming in one thrust. I almost blacked out with the energy he shot through me. I came instantly.

I knew this was just a warning shot, though. He was into legs and feet hardcore and had obviously been digging in his dad's firm vault. He lay on his back for a minute and caught his breath.

I was so alive I didn't need to speak. I took off my stockings, slipping the sheer, ripped fabric slowly off my damp legs one by one. I threw them under the desk with his pants. I took off my jacket and sat on it, inside up, arranging myself in the lotus position for a moment to collect my energy. My hands encircled my ankle, pressing my foot up to my blue camisole with cream lace. With my big toe and my second toe, I pulled the fabric away, digging my foot under my bra and scooting out my breast. I pinched the nipple with my toes. He recognized the move from one of my later flicks right away and smiled, stroking his wet cock. I brought the foot up higher, inching it toward my face, digging my left heel into my wet vagina the whole time. I brought my mouth down to meet my foot. I slowly inserted my big toe into my mouth, sucking up to the joint. The next toe went in easily. I saw him stroking with a deep grin embedded in his face. The third toe slid in. Now for the hard part—getting four and five to fit. I sucked the spit back into my mouth and pushed the fourth and fifth manicured, white-tipped toes in, sucking all the way down to the ball of my foot. I licked the ball of my foot with all my toes in my mouth, matching my licks with his strokes. Wetness poured out of me onto my left foot as I watched him get so much pleasure out of what I was doing. I realized how much it meant to me to make people happy. My eyes teared up a little as he shot his load toward the ceiling. I pulled my foot out quickly and caught some of the juice on the way down, licking it off the top of my foot. Jeremy collapsed into a heap next to me.

"You never once let on that you liked feet," I said. "And I would have noticed the signs."

"Believe it or not, men can be subtle,

Lena. I didn't want to show my hand," he said, kissing the inside of my wrist where my pulse pounded the hardest.

"Foot," I corrected, smiling.

I had one more special trick down my sock. He was in good enough shape to go for a triple crown. I let him lay there for a minute and breathe.

"The reason I took all your shit is that I knew it wasn't the real you," he said.

"It's one part of me, Jeremy. Don't kid yourself. Everyone has the capacity to be more than one person. There's more to me than this, but I'm not apologizing for what I am," I said.

"No need to," he said, leaning over to kiss my mouth.

I put my fingers in his mouth and steal some spit as we kissed. I put my wet hand around his cock to reactivate it. He took over for me. I pulled my cami and bra apart and pushed my breasts together on his face. He was ready for The Fountain.

Both of my feet were wet, my left one covered in my juice, my right one still wet from the licks catching his semen. I rubbed my feet together, mingling our fluids. His cock was good and ready. I put my feet together, surrounding his penis with my arches. He started to cream immediately. I used it to further lubricate my feet, moving them up and down along his shaft. I pushed them together tighter with my hands until the rhythm was perfect. I looked in his eyes. He stared over at me like I was fulfilling his deepest, most lizard-brain desire. It felt so good to make someone feel that way. He was getting harder and harder, raging between my arches. I let go with my hands and took over fully with my feet. The Fountain was a vintage move from my fourteenth picture. As Jeremy's cock got harder, I molded my feet to his tender skin, sliding like a foot vagina and gathering fluid with each pass from his creaming crown. I fanned my toes out, spreading them along his shaft. Elmer Batters would've gotten a kick out of this shot for sure. Jeremy took over, grabbing my ankles and pulling them up and down like he was offering wine to the gods. The orgasm started to gather in him. His eyes rolled back in his head and he cried out from the depths of his soul. A fountain of come sprayed three feet in the air. I don't know where all the come came from, but it showered all over me. I licked it from my lips.

I took him a while to catch his breath. The most grateful, peaceful look had surfaced on his face.

"That was amazing...unbelievable. My very favorite scene from my favorite movie of all time," he said, smiling under his sweat.

How often does a guy get to re-enact his favorite movie scene with his star? I liked the idea of that.

"That's called The Fountain." I giggled like a kid.

"I didn't know it had a name," he laughed. "There's nothing about that on the internet. Believe me, I've done the research."

I laughed, "Well, this kind of research is...more thorough, no?"

"No shit," he said. "You've been on the business a while. Why don't you feel sorry for the people who are struggling to make it in this industry?" he asked, point blank.

"Wow. Umm...because most of the time, I think they all do it for the wrong reasons. You see, I liked doing foot work because it was fun. Nobody abused me as a kid or anything weird, so I wasn't running away from anything. It was just something I enjoyed doing. Today, people feel they have to be validated by attention. It's ridiculous and, frankly, dishonest."

I balled up my shredded stockings and wiped the stickiness off my legs and feet the best I could. The inside of my jacket was wet, but I didn't care. It was a pleasure making it that way. The lady who did my dry-cleaning was going to be in for a surprise, though. The carpet marks looked like a gang of jackrabbits had had a brawl in the middle of the floor. The cleaning service would come in and vacuum up the evidence, thank goodness.

"Guess I'm going to have to find another assistant," I said.

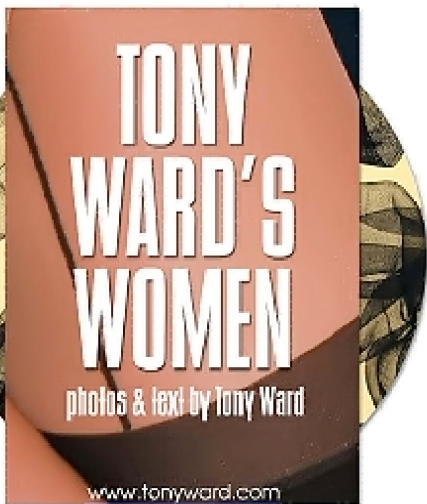
"Yeah, probably. I think Dad is catching on to my motives, and I don't want you to get in trouble," he said.

"Well, thank you. I will probably be just as mean to the next assistant, you know. Are you sure you want that on your conscience?" I asked.

He picked up the pencil and handed it to me without hesitation. I put it behind my ear.

"I can live with it," he said.

Just out of law school and Jeremy had fucked his favorite porn star and come all over his tyrannical boss in one shot...or three. The young man had a bright future ahead of him.



This beautiful 19-year-old contacted me via email about a year before we got a chance to meet. It was a rainy day in New York. I was impressed by her brava-do, street smarts and desire to make money as a fashion model in the big city. Growing up in Atlantic City, Isabella realized that she enjoyed modeling. Because of her stunning looks and perfect proportions, photographers began to take notice. This enabled her to build a decent body of work, which led to a variety of fashion assignments, including turns on the runway during Fashion Week.

Isabella began receiving requests to exhibit her beautiful body in the nude. This led to her contacting me. Naturally, I was very interested. After lunch, we agreed to the parameters of the shoot. Isabella considered herself more of a striptease model and had no desire to show pink, preferring instead to leave something to the viewer's imagination. Although petite, she knew that she should pose in a way that would highlight her most formidable physical asset – her beautiful, voluptuous, natural breasts. Because of her perfect proportions and shapely legs, she has quickly become my favorite petite model. While I was working in LA, directing my first feature for Private, I invited her to fly out so that I could photograph her. We created this set of pictures in my hotel suite. You'll be seeing many more images of Isabella as time goes by – both with and without clothes. Enjoy, LEG SHOW readers! ■



ISABELLA RENEAUX



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Natasha's NIGHT WORLD

YOUR GUIDE TO THE NAUGHTY NIGHTLIFE
photos & text by Natasha Manitoba
www.dirtydatinglive.com

A SPACE ODDITY

NATASHA LETS HER FINGERS DO THE WALKING
TO THE WILDEST SIDE OF THE WEB



Superhighway Sleaze

Oh the places we've gone, the things we've seen, dear readers. Over the years it has been my perverse pleasure to take you on midnight rambles through the nightworld to the near edge of the Outer Limits. While our travels haven't required you to leave the comfort of wherever it is that you study this fine publication, be it boudoir, work cubicle, or public restroom, our monthly sex-cursions typically do demand significant legwork on my part. But recently I've done some naughty night tripping to a vast underground community of erotic exhibitionists... and it hasn't even required me to leave my



sleazy easy chair. As you might expect, the community of which I speak exists in cyberspace, and it's not just any old pit stop on the sin-formation superhighway, but the newish area of "Web 2.0" ...cyberspeak for many file-sharing places where Youtube meets thy neighbor's wife for deliciously dirty acts of carnal congress. These sensual super sites showcase imagery that's clearly The Real Deal... real people really fucking like the real mammals we really are. Some sites have Youtube-resonant names like Youpom, PornoTube and Xtube. But my favorite is a red hot really "community" which goes by the name of PORNHUB.COM.

Pieceful Coexistence

You might well ask why I mention this, since conventional wisdom has it that Webpom in general steals circulation from print publications. The answer has everything to do with my trust in you, dear reader. Recently I've been sending short lesser videoclips of my own erotic excursions to certain of these porno places. The result? More visits to my own site... and more readers for this column. Something I've long believed is proving true: While the Internet is fine and dandy as a dirt delivery system, at times erotic connoisseurs desire, nay NEED erotica they can hold in their hands. So to speak.

As mentioned, my favorite sex site is an enormously popular one called Pornhub.com. I recently questioned JUSTIN, a Pornhub exec, about the whys and wherefores of his super-site's suck-cess.

NATASHA: How would you describe your site to a blind person?

JUSTIN: I'd say it's the next logical step in online entertainment. Surfers expect to get more and more of their online services free, and as bandwidth and content decrease in price it's possible for us to deliver that.

NATASHA: Surfers must love it, but I guess it's hateful to porn producers who want people to pay for their products.

JUSTIN: Well, that was the original reaction, and the first of the tube sites encouraged it because they had a lot of pirated porn. Instead of showing content they owned, they would give away stuff other people were charging for. They were doing harm to the sex industry... which they owed their existence to! We saw an opportunity... we decided to do a tube site in a way that would satisfy the average surfer looking for



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free porn but would also work in collaboration with the adult online community in a way that wasn't pirating. When we started, porn producers were saying uh oh, here comes another one. But when they saw how we were doing it... publicizing their videos, sending surfers to their sites for full-length versions of sex tapes and so on, they actually started helping us.

NATASHA: Well dear, you've been enormously helpful with MY little site. You send me surfers who want full-length versions of my videos, and you send me readers who buy LEGSHOW to get the story behind the pictures. So... by the way... thanks.

JUSTIN: You're welcome.

So there you have it, dear readers, a shameless pandering plug for Pomhub. But by now you know I only shamelessly, panderingly plug the people, places and porn I like; and I really like that site. It's full to overflowing with steamy sex clips aimed at all sorts of sensual tastes. Even yours? Yes darlings, even yours. Besides, I plug Pomhub in full confidence that once you've scurried over



and ogled all they offer to your hearts (and other organs') content, you'll come crawling back to me, here on the pages of LEGSHOW. After all, you know who knows what you like. And a final note: The pictures you see here are mine, all mine, taken from steamy sessions I've uploaded to Pomhub and elsewhere. I've been accused of many things in my days and nights... but never of piracy.

Find my latest teasers on Pomhub under my username, "dirtydatnglive." Or surf right to the source for full-length video versions of all my voyages, on my naughtiest-ever website, www.dirtydatnglive.com.



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**AMAZON
WOMEN
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Some people believe that less is more. With LEG SHOW's Special Giantess Issue, we're going to prove that more is more: longer legs, larger breasts, bigger hair. Statuesque beauties who stand at least 5'10 in bare feet will pose in opera-length stockings and impossibly high heels. This will emphasize their Amazonian glamour and cause them to tower over their faithful fans. So many of our readers fantasize about surrendering to a dominating female, and these ladies are sure to overpower them. This issue, hitting the newsstands on October 7th, will include all the super-sized goddesses from past issues.

GIANTESS

Special Edition of the
November Issue
ON SALE OCTOBER 7th



Juliet

shoe size: 7

Super Shiny Lips



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photos by David Churchyard



I have a makeup fetish. Sometimes I get really turned on just sitting in front of my mirror putting on eye shadow and mascara. I especially love applying layers and layers of thick, glossy lipstick. My favorite color is an extra shiny bubblegum pink, and I never blot it like you're supposed to. This way, I can mark my territory by leaving sticky pink lip prints on everything my mouth touches. Just smearing the gloss on my lips with my fingers can make my pussy tingle. The next thing you know, I'm squeezing my own breasts with my sticky, stained fingers, and rubbing tacky pink gloss onto my nipples until they're sore and stained.

When I was at school the boys used to tell a joke about a girl who couldn't decide what color lipstick to wear, and her boyfriend's dick looked like a rainbow. It was supposed to be a mean joke, but it made my cheeks red and my panties damp. I bet you think I'm going to confess that I want to see how far down the length of your cock I can mark with my gooeey, glossy pink mouth. But that's only half of it. The truth is, I don't just crave the sticky feel of lipstick, I'm addicted to the taste of it too. I always fantasize about making out with another lip gloss slut, but I'm not really into girls.



So here's what I need you to do for me. Sit in my makeup chair and close your eyes. I'm going to dip my finger into a pot of super slick gloss and apply it to your mouth. Don't worry if it's goopy; I love it that way. I'll kiss you to blot some of the excess, and as I press my sticky lips against yours, I'll be able to finally taste that wonderfully sweet, industrial scent.

This is guaranteed to make my pussy wet, so if you want to keep playing with me, you're going to have to get on your knees and rub your glossy pink mouth

against my pussy lips. I have a very sweet pink pussy, don't you think so? I think it looks even prettier with your shiny lip prints all around it. Now I want you to dip your tongue into my cunt and rub my juices all over my glossy lips. Keep working your tongue until you feel my juices flood your mouth. Then I want you to take my cum and rub it all over my lipsticked labia. After my needs are satisfied, I can spread my legs in front of my makeup mirror and we can admire your work.

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Pauline Presents
Somewhere In New York

Rebecca

from Those Girled Teenage Years



What is she talking about? Those girled teenage years? I am talking about girls back in the glory days when they wiggled their sexy smooth firm fannies into a tight giridle for any occasion, whether they needed some control or not. I am NOT referring to you boys who, as teens, sneaked into their Mommy's or sister's or Auntie's bedroom and clumsily tried to put one on over a throbbing boner. Let's get that straight, young man (giggle).

I felt that Rebecca here was a perfect candidate to dress up in a high quality everyday giridle and flash her pretty beaver to those willing to take a peek and not stare too much because it might make her feel self-conscious. You readers are so considerate sometimes. I think you would try not to stare too much at "giridle pussy" not because of good manners, but because you know you will get a big knobby stiff one that can only be tamed one way - either giridle it or grip it.

But I absolutely loved Rebecca's wide-eyed girldish bubbly enthusiasm for old-fashioned shape wear. "Pauline, high school girls wore stockings and giridles to school every day?" Or "Pauline, couldn't boys see your beaver with a giridle like this?" I think I failed to mention to her that a common accessory was a nice pair of cotton or sheer nylon panties. Cotton for schoolgirls, and nylon for grown up girls, office girls, and for sexy dates. Guys, what's more fun on a date - bare smooth beaver or silky nylon beaver? Rebecca was curious about that. I suspect the answer is, of course, stocking-top beaver!

You boys should have seen Rebecca squeal with delight at all the vintage stockings, foundation wear and pencil skirts at her disposal. "I want them all, Pauline, pleaseeease, can I have one outfit? Just one? Pleaseeease?" Oh dear, she was giggling and squealing like a 1950's teen who got her very first giridle and stockings from her Mommy. Some of you vaguely remember sisters or cousins in those years, right? Coming-of-age Rebecca is

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allowed to wear stockings while her younger sister posts and says "Awwww, Mom, how come SHE gets to wear stockings? Half the girls in my class get to wear stockings." I think Mom knows that it is best to hold off letting the girls wear nylon stockings because they know that boys their age are popping boners at a hint of stocking top and reinforced heels or toes. Why, Moms know that if a boy glimpsed Rebecca's girdle, the boy would be nursing a super hard one all day. But then again, isn't that how she snared Dad? Entrapment... in her girdle!

By the way, Rebecca blushed and said her tight girdle "tickles a little down there." Oh dear, any volunteers to (abuse) tickle her... um... tickle?



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Well, before you perverts run off and dust off your old high school year books to reminisce with your pants down, you will note that Rebecca is all grown up at a very mature 19 years of age and not a young girl any more. Looks like a young girl to me, though, eh? A 1950's pencil-skinned fanny-wiggling, high-heeled good girl who is trying to look bad. Remember those sexy tight-skirted girls walking down the city street two or three at a time, in their tight sweaters and pumps, fannies bouncing, causing a pants bulge everywhere in their wake. Rebecca is my very willing accomplice in this longing look back at those days of high heels going clickety clack on the hard concrete sidewalks. She suggested that we take more pictures in the future. I cautioned her that sometimes you have to let a guy recover from the inevitable exhaustion of a pretty girl flashing "girdle pussy." Guys, do you want to see, shall we say, "more" of Rebecca in the future?



Oops, I almost forgot. Forgive me. The keenly astute LEG SHOW reader has got to be wondering about Rebecca's stockings and, yes, they are of an "every day" vintage sort, the kind girls wore when all girls wore a fancy girdle and stockings for the work day. They would garter up a classy pair and run out to the bus stop or ride into work with a bunch of the other office girls. How would you like to catch a ride with two or three other girls like Rebecca, rubbing their legs together in the car ride to downtown? The girls riding the bus were no doubt subject to fanny pinchers and cock-rubbing perverts. No wonder these girls eventually turned the tables and mercilessly flashed men and high school boys as cock-teasing "retaliation," my theory goes. Some male readers have written to me about 1960's office girls flashing stocking tops and girdle garters during their daily bus commute - no doubt as a way to "get back" at the other guy who earlier that day pinched her ass. Rebecca's nylons are those old fashioned semi-sheen semi-scratchy types, providing a delicate mix of smoothness and "necessary" friction. I wonder what you guys would do if Rebecca flashed her girdle-beaver on your bus. Would you look away so she would not feel self-conscious or would you ask if you could kiss her legs and "tickle her tickle." Any gentlemen out there? (To tickle her tickle, of course!).

PS: Rebecca agreed that a nice little fanny slap helps the circulation after wearing a girdle all day. Hmmm, Rebecca's Tips For Foundation Lovers. Rebecca, honey, here's one more slap for good luck. SLAP! Oh my, this is addicting, isn't it?

END

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LEG SHOW

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OFFICE FANTASY **2**

presents...

PAMELA HAVING IT ALL

I never planned on working for a living. I figured that I'd meet some older, rich guy and he'd take care of me. In return, I'd suck his cock until either his heart or my knees gave out, whichever came first. But once I got to college, I realized that I really liked sex. I also found out that no matter how hot you are, most guys don't want to gamble their entire fortune on you if they think you're too slutty. So I had to make a decision: keep my legs closed, or make my own money and do as I pleased.

My career path is working out marvelously. I managed to land a position in an office full of unhappily married men. I did some research on the company, like my counselor said to do, and made sure that I was the hottest girl in the office. I wore the highest heels I could and showed off my curvy legs in short, feminine dresses



and sheer to waist pantyhose – no underwear underneath. Even though I'm just a lowly executive assistant, I've got every guy in here working for me. The payroll guy, Raymond, gives me foot massages on my lunch hour. If he cuts my check first, I'll reward him by letting him put his cock between my nyloned soles. If he wants to rub against the fabric until cum bubbles over the top of his cock, that's his business. Sometimes my boss, Mr. Baxter, will ask me to come into the office to take dictation, but we know what that really means. I spread



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my legs on top of his desk, and I let him lap at my pussy and asshole through the crotch of my pantyhose. We need that tiny barrier to keep it legal — he's a married man, you know.

But I save the best for Hector, the maintenance man. After everyone else has gone home, he rips a hole in my pantyhose and spears me with his nine-inch cock. I figure, he snuck across the border in search of a better life, he deserves the hairy paradise between my legs. So now I have the satisfaction of a well-stuffed pussy, and a paycheck in my hand every week. In a few years, I'll have a baby or two, and I'm sure my boss will give me a long, paid maternity leave. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise — the modern career woman can have it all! ■



SEE MORE OF PAMELA & HER FRIENDS AT:
www.officefantasy2.com



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VICTORIA KRUIZ

MY LITTLE MAN

SHOE SIZE: 8.5

photos by Viv Thomas • vivthomas.com



When my husband's friends all get together, they tease each other about three things: who's got the smallest cock, whose wife is the biggest slut, and who likes to take it up the ass.

Frankly, I don't know how my husband can stand these male bonding sessions, because he wins in all three categories!

First, his cock. It's small. And by that I don't mean petite, I mean that when he takes a piss, he has to be careful, or else his nuts will get wet. Fortunately, he's got no delusions about it. He's made it work for him. Now he actually gets



aroused when I mock him for his size. I tell him, "Rub that miniature prick against my leg. You don't even deserve to feel it against my stockings. It's bare leg for you, pencil dick. If I put on my fishnets, it might get caught in the weaves." And so on.

How do I know that his cock is the smallest of the group? Refer to number two. That's right: I've fucked all his friends. I have to be a slut, because I simply don't get what I need at home. I'm so much hotter than all the other wives, so it's easy to seduce his buddies. When I come home, reeking of another man's cum, I make him put his face between my legs and try to guess whose load he's about to eat. I'm not completely cruel, however. I still haven't told any of his friends about his inadequacies. But hubby knows if he doesn't cater to my every whim – sexu-

ally and financially – I'll spill the beans. Then his buddies will sneer at him the way that I do.

But the best part about my acorn-dicked, cuckolded sweetie is number three. He can take a huge black dildo up his coal chute like a champion. I'll get behind him with my ridiculously oversized strap-on and thrust it in until he squeals. I'll say, "You like how full and packed your ass feels? Well, you never make my pussy feel this way. So jerk your miniature manhood. Squirt your seed into your hand. Now eat it!"

This may sound cruel to you, but I adore my husband and I know he loves me. This is just the type of sex that gets us off. The rest of the time we're completely normal.







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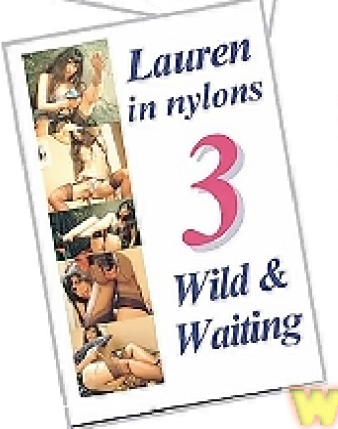
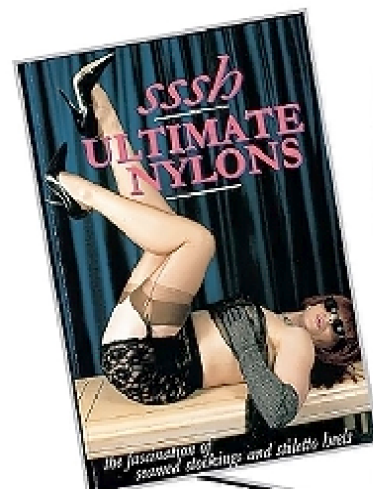
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SSSH

www.sssh.uk.com

sssh (pronounced 'shush') is a UK-based organization for devotees of full fashioned stockings and stiletto heels. Members of sssh explore and enjoy all aspects of seamed stockings and stiletto heels and the women who wear them through meetings, dinners and parties, photo and video sessions, contacts and involvement, newsletters or e-mail communication. LEG SHOW spoke with Paul Goff, who founded sssh in the early 1990s.

Who are you and what do you do?

My name is Paul Goff, born 1952. I live a total creative lifestyle in central UK, close to the ancestral home of Princess Diana. My education is in architecture and construction, which has given me a level of discipline in all my professional pursuits, i.e. drawing, music, painting and photography (both stills and moving images). There's also my passion for seamed stocking and stiletto heels, which I express through image making, writing, and planning events and parties for a nylon utopia.

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When did you realize that you have a passion for seamed stockings and high heels?

Growing up in the 1950s, ladies all around me dressed in high stiletto shoes, fabulous frocks and shiny stockings with seams. That's how I developed my interest. During that postwar decade, ladies did their best to put on the glamour and style.

What is it that you find so erotic about seamed stockings (versus seamless), and stockings versus pantyhose?

I was captivated by the 'raeping' sound of the nylons, the way they caught the light, and the chance of a touch by innocently glancing my hand across a lady's leg. The sensuous feel of the fabric was electric. To study the seam on the back of a lady's stocking with the seam running up beyond the hemline of her skirt is a cause of mystery. What more is there

to be discovered? Why is there a finishing loop at the top of the seam in a darker welt at the stocking top? Where does the seam lead? Then there's the fascinating gadgetry of suspender clips, garter belts and devices to hold the sheer nylons taut and straight. All these elements become an irresistible erotic trigger.

Does your wife (or girlfriend) participate in sssh?

All my partners throughout life have been strong participants in the sssh lifestyle...some even insisted on that being an integral part of the relationship.

What happens at a sssh party?

A sssh party or ball brings together devotees. We often begin with a Friday evening social gathering or dinner. Saturday day activities include photo opportunities, sales, trade, collectors, exhibitions, and demos of sssh related products. Saturday evening is wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling seams and heels edification. There's dancing, a buffet, corsetry and foundation wear parades, opportunities to help the ladies change their stockings, and a contest to find the Cinderella who fits the shoes. Basically, anything that centers around glamorous ladies displaying as much stocking as a healthy guy can possibly take! Then on Sunday, members just chill with a nylon goddess.

Are there any crossdressing members of sssh?

Yes, there are crossdressing males in the sssh membership who love to wear nylons, but we don't actually cater to their particular requirements. In sssh, the emphasis is on the ladies who dress this way and the men who admire them.

Do you ever host sssh events in the States?

We've been hosting sssh events since 1994, and now many similar groups exist across Europe, but we haven't staged anything in the U.S. We have tried to sow a few seeds in the minds of our members there.

Who takes the photos?

For the most part, I do. Making quality images that are erotic and stimulating without being pornographic has been my true passion for 40 years. The sssh newsletters, however, feature many images created by our enthusiastic members. This provides variety and diversity, covering all members' tastes for classic seamed nylons.



What are your thoughts on exhibitionism?

Definitely more of it! It's a way of individual expression, but not explicit behavior or to cause offense. If there are exciting clothes being worn, then put them on show.

How did you get started with your website?

I discussed this with a design colleague with the intention to inform like-minded folk that we exist and to cater to those who live online, but it's difficult to feel a lady's stocking top this way.



Where do the models come from?

The ladies featured in sssh images are real wives, girlfriends and female partners from the membership who love high quality erotic image making and who naturally wear seamed stockings and stiletto heels.

Can you describe the ultimate tease outfit -- and the ultimate woman wearing it?

This is a very subjective topic and you would get a different answer from each sssh member. Some prefer retro style from the 1940s or 50s, while others require a more fetish style latex modernist diva. For me, I like crossing time eras to include 1950s black seamed nylons worn very long with 1990s five or six inch patent leather shoes. Skirt, tight and above the knee. Accessories probably with a futuristic angle. She's above 30 years old and knows exactly the power she holds. I don't enjoy categorization or labeling; a timeless classic is my preference.

What is the main appeal of your site?

This is a portal for real people enjoying a real passion linked with quality images and evidence of real seemed nylon pleasuree.

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

The surprise comes from those who find us. They can't believe that we actually exist = just what they've always dreamed of.

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

For many years sssh was the spearhead of a new nylon revolution. Now there are many sites picking up on the nylon stocking theme, but not all are based around our philosophy of a deeply embedded need to share the pleasure. The sssh eNEWS project has now given me full control to send exciting information and images of real sssh activity right down the in-pipe to members' email.

What can readers expect to find on your site?

The site www.sssh.uk.com sets out the vital ingredients and activities enjoyed by the membership, and describes how to get closer to the sssh sensation. There is a selection of portfolio images and a free sample of the sssh eNEWS, which is automatically sent to members 15 times a year.

Is there anything else you'd like to tell LEG SHOW readers about sssh?

Although coats have to be covered, sssh is not a company business driven for financial gain. We exist out of a genuine passion to explore why seemed stockings and stiletto heels hold such a powerful grip over the truly obsessive male devotee, and to admire the beautiful ladies who choose to dress in this way.

Can you tell us about your line of sssh DVD's?

I make dynamic videos and DVD programs that feature the real wives, girlfriends and partners in sssh. Although they are exclusively available to sssh members, we offer one DVD to non-members featuring Lauren from Philadelphia, USA. Lauren came to sssh UK with her wardrobe of basques, corsets, garter belts, heels and nylons for three days of intensive filming to create a wonderful series of non-explicit seemed stocking productions. *Lauren In Nylons 3: Wild And Waiting* is available via mail order from sssh in England. *Ultimate Nylons* is a must for the serious nylon fanatic. This DVD, exclusive to sssh members, features sssh ladies wearing their nylons and stilettos perfectly naturally, with erotic seductive style, indoors and out, in public and in private and oh! so naughty and daring. Our DVD's are made NTSC American format.

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

We can be contacted by surface mail: **sssh, PO Box 122, West Haddon, Northampton, NN6 7DS, England.** If members cannot receive the wonderfully exciting color eNEWS by email, we will post a black & white photocopy to keep you fully up to date.



Roland Carré
**Flirty
French
Maids**

A master of French glamour photography in the 50s and 60s, Roland Carré had a secret side—getting his models to pose for explicit fetish photos. This private stash was recently discovered, and can be seen only in LEO SHOW.

Carré was passionate in his appreciation of the female form; but he could be a practical realist when satisfying his passions required it. His notes about Margot, a Russian émigré he photographed for a fur catalogue, clearly demonstrate this dichotomy.

"I love the Russian female. So often French girls try to 'reason through' their sexual desires... or get into a hopeless muddle about them. Say what you will about the Soviet system, it produces women who think with their heads and feel with their pussies, which is just as things ought to be. When a Russian girl feels like fucking, she fucks. And if you can provide some added financial incentive... so much the better.

"Margot had shapely legs and a delicious derriere... as I saw when she changed out of her street clothes for our fur catalogue photography. After shooting, I waited till she was out of the furs but still wearing nothing but her pumps, nylons and panties. I produced a roll of francs, carefully counted the agreed upon model fee into her upturned palm... then held up another note.



1961

Margot

"Care to make something extra?" I inquired.
"By doing what?" Margot replied with a naughty grin.
"Oh, a bit of this..." I placed one note in her palm, "...and a bit of that". I placed another there.

"Margot folded the francs and put them in her purse. Then she simply unzipped my trousers and began sucking my cock. Delightful... but I was more interested in Margot's pussy than her luscious lips. I took her to my couch and peeled down her panties. Her cunt was deliciously fragrant, a complex bouquet of perspiration, perfume, and musk. I tongued her to an orgasm, fucked her to a second climax... and at last enjoyed a grand finale of my own." ■



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GLIMPSE

Most people think that dancers are prim and disciplined, but we're actually pretty wild. For instance, my partner, Nikolai, likes to pick up married men in the bathroom at the train station. He'll suck you off cheap, and if you show him a picture of your family, he'll do it for free. My roommate, Gwen, is hooked on piercings. Her labia is so heavy with rings and studs, she practically jingles when she walks. And me? I'm an exhibitionist, but I guess you've figured that out by now.

Every evening, when it's time for me to rehearse, I turn the lights down low. I draw the curtains most of the way closed, so that anyone who really wants to can sneak a tiny peek. Then I go through my routine. I pretend I'm not a lithe, ninety-pound ballerina at all, but a slutty, voluptuous stripper. With my years of classical training, I know men respect me. But deep down, I really want them to desire me.



BALLERINA'S DIRTY DREAM



suit jacket. But I let him know with my eyes that I'm not offended at all. I'm quite flattered.

I leap off the stage and into his lap. As the other customers look on, I mash my 36 DD boobs into his face, crushing his nose between my imaginary tits. I reach down and feel his hard-on through his pants. But even in a seedy joint like this, rules must be followed. I can't actually tug him to orgasm; instead, I turn around, plop my juicy ghetto booty into his lap, and grind and grind until he shudders with pleasure. I feel a warm wet stain begin to seep through his clothes and stick to my bare skin. I turn around and slap him across the face and call him a very naughty boy. He gives me a hundred dollar tip.

Sometimes I get so caught up in my fantasy that when I snap out of it, I'm completely naked in the dance studio. My pussy hair is glistening with cunt juice, and in the crack of the open curtain, I swear I see a shadowy male form hastily retreat. Later on, when I go out to my car, I notice a sticky tribute drying on the glass, and I feel a little bit ashamed at what I've done. But also very satisfied.



I warm up with a good stretch. To the outside world, I look graceful and dignified. But in my mind, I'm the feature dancer at one of those filthy little strip clubs out by the airport. The room smells like dry ice, cheap cologne, pine cleaner and sperm. Slowly I peel off my leotard, pretending it's a cherry-red vinyl dress. I whirl it over my head like a lasso and scan the audience. I find the man with the most pathetic, hungry look and I fling it to him. He grabs it like a life preserver and deeply inhales my musky scent.

Even from my imaginary stage, I can see that his dick is hard. He's blushing, but he can't take his eyes off me. He tries to cover his erection with his





For details on Roy Stuart's GLIMPSE Videos and DVD's series that includes sequences filmed during the making of this layout as well as other Roy Stuart layouts, please write to:

**Roy Stuart, 19 rue Richer 75009,
Paris, France**

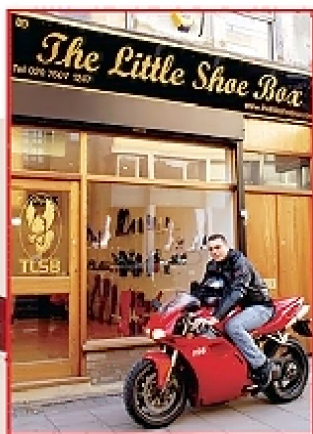
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The Little Shoe Box



by www.HarlesFromParis.com

One quiet afternoon, an attractive young woman with long frosted hair walks into the clean and neat shoe store in London called The Little Shoe Box. She is falling out of her low cut sleeveless T-shirt. Her skirt is so short, it barely covers her crotch. She has a provocative walk and does not seem to be in a hurry at all. Slowly, she checks out every item on display, picking up a nasty pair of stilettos, holding them ever so respectfully, examining them from every angle - top, side, bottom, back.

The Little Shoe Box is known around town for the 'niche' underground market. It seems, the average shoe store simply cannot be bothered to stock shoes so sexy they are a walking billboard for anyone in the sex industry. Well, it's not that underground. It's certainly known by everyone in the fetish scene and who could even begin to guess how many are secretly or openly involved among the stiff upper lip British.

What not many customers might know about this daring shoe store is that all the shoes are made right there on the premises. In the back is a full production shoe factory. Now, a shoe factory is not as glamorous as it sounds, if it sounds glamorous at all. Think of it as a tailor shop. But with a lot of old machines for cutting, sanding and scraping. Piles of leather hide and scraps all over. In fact, shoe makers are craftsmen. There is no assembly line. Not for this small, niche market.

In 1964, a Greek shoemaker and immigrant to London, Kypos Spyros - nicknamed Gino, opened a shoe repair shop on Holloway Road. Gino also made shoes, a skill he learned from his father and his father before him. In the 1970s, he was commissioned to make shoes for celebrities and in 1976, he switched to making shoes full-time. However, since the market was flooded with ready made shoes, the only way to survive, or the only demand, came for mak-



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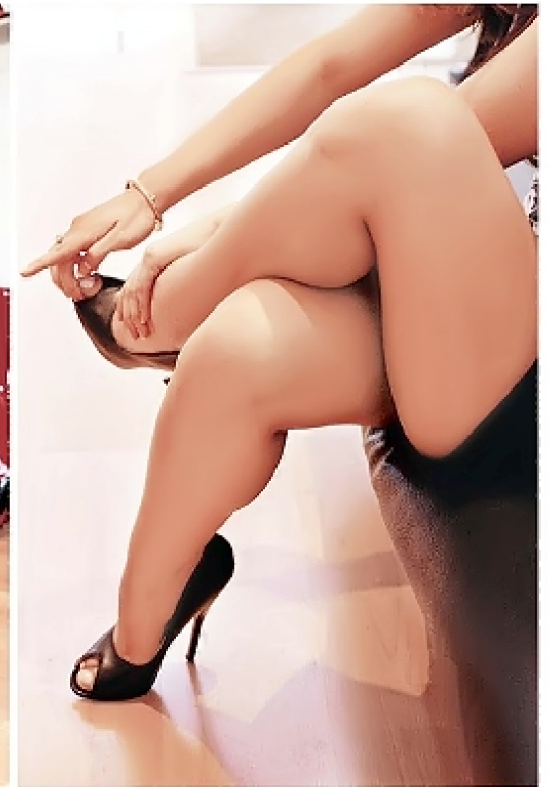


ing items that could not be found on the shelves of shoe stores. For example, stiletto high heels in large, men's sizes. A niche was borne and demand rocketed. The Little Shoe Box began exporting worldwide and suddenly there was too many orders to handle. In the 1980s, Gino's son, Spyros, joined the business. Spyros had dreams of glamour. A masochist guy riding a Ducati motorcycle around town, he preferred the market of sexy young women and movie stars to the clientele his father had found.

For a while, things looked great. They built a great little showroom. Shoes appeared in fashion editorials. Small orders were placed by big name fashion designers, some items were selected in major motion pictures. For example, the shoes worn by Elizabeth Berkeley in the movie Showgirls. Spyros went into partnership with his father and after two years had expanded both the premises and customer base. In 2000, Spyros took over the business. As he was more the m-entrepreneur type and not the behind the scenes humble shoemaker type, there was a problem with the business model. The small Little Shoe Box kept all the income so long as the craftsman was in the family.

With father retiring, Spyros envisioned manufacturing the shoes in Italy where everything becomes even sexier but at a dramatically increased cost. Very few shoe stores can survive on the occasional sale to a movie star or even rock star like Elton John or Rod Stewart. Spyros continued to promote business at all the erotic and shoe trade events. The icons of the fetish world were by now regular customers. The Little Shoe Box was regularly challenged to customize shoes and boots to fulfill the customer's fantasies. Spyros has not long made a pair of Victorian styled boots for well known fetish model Dita von Teese. A pair of sandals takes the name of Californian dominatrix Persephone for whom they were made. Prominent fetish photographers used The Little Shoe Box shoes and boots for their shoots.

And the lady in the shoe store? She doesn't say if her appreciation of these high heels is business related or not. But one thing is for sure, she clearly loves the attention Spyros gives her, kneeling in front of her, lacing up her boots or buckling the straps on her stilettos. But alas, those were the days. Shortly thereafter, Spyros closed the lights, locked the door and the couple went zooming off on his Ducati. Not long afterwards, The Little Shoe Box was closed for good. ★



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Anybody seen my damed in distress? Last seen in high heel hell, hopping on one foot, boobs jiggling. Must carry her home...ogle stocking removal...heavy footsieing...bondage her twisted ankle...take pictures as she hobbles on crutches. Hey, it could happen. Jimbo, P.O. Box 5344, Syracuse, NY 13220

Are yE/WWW FONDIST of dE/WWing very deep black/td/ends SPIDERWALKING about a la the one &/ly Eva Braun herself in Herr Schickelgruber's home movie(s)? or (SKY-H/gh/ct/ed) C/AVE m/str. ac/E/WW/ly (u/m/y/re/nd/ly) (E/E/E/E/E) (essent/ally) w/ear 2d pr of hand? Lermine SPOIL ya ROTTEN! Yours truly, Box 150119, QGds, NY 11415

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Are yE/WWW epilept/ct/gm/ite... h/ritate, dE/WWW/nting/roly/nd/gh/td/ed, a/er /y/rvascular as well as Double-p/rtion/ BLIS/T/PRISM/EGIST/US/moist/abl/inity VAINest/ly/ct/ro/old (w/b/ty/ck), crust, m/ist/atched, blood-shot, &/ct/rd/EW/WWY/marked E/gle/s/xxx/cessively p/rt/m/nt/d/ro/nced, r/cess/fesh, comer/nt/ck, gum/ny sm/d/d/e/c/e/ty/h/bedded (up/pt/s)... the world's LONGES/T/ongue, nipples &/or ch/risties), very wide thumb-nails, grossely overdeveloped (monster bump/ct/rd/ct/ro) instep, SKY-H/gh/ct/ed C/AVE most ac/E/WW/ly f/amy/r/ct/ct/le (E/E/E/E/E) or a/er (S/UPER) naturally BE/W/WH/ed full-b/rd/ed/ct/ro/ly set or indented/d/ct/ro/ct/ed NAL/S? or (Honey/M/EGA) bump/s (&/or foot und/rd/ly) BULLIOUS others t/la/y/ct/ur health (&/or salcy)? Let's connect! Yours truly, Box 150119, QGds, NY 11415

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Hurt me -- I love to be kicked and stomped by women. Let me be your personal doormat and walk all over me. Northern Indiana. Contact Scott at scottlikespain@yahoo.com or www.myspace.com/stompedwithstilettoes

Are yE/WW/WE The World's HAIRIES/T/UPPERmost B/LO/y/ND/IE (a la REDHEAD or black d/ld/rd/?) or K/E/E/E/E/E (essent/ally) w/ear 2d pr of hand? H/gh/ct/ed yE/WWW d/ct/ro/er (& begin to ENJOY/your lib/ity/O/y/gasm? Yours truly, Box 150119, QGds, NY 11415



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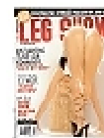
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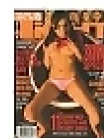
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