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JANUARY 2009

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VALENTINE TEASE

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BACK WITH NEW TRICKS UP HER PANTYHOSE

> FETISH TEASE QUEEN STOYA THE DESTROYER

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SAFE FANTASY ALTERNATIVE TO DANGEBOUS SEX PRACTICES, PRINTED IN CANADA



DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

Last month I wrote about a sad phenomenon -- women who look and act sexy, but don't actually like sex. Part of the problem is that we take our social cues from mass media. With legions of women moaning and gyrating in movies and music videos, commercials and sitcoms, we think we know what sexual pleasure is supposed to look like. Indeed, the last time a movie dispelled, rather than perpetuated this myth was when Mee Ryan silenced an entire restaurant in When Harry Met Sally. Her real imitation orgasm showed the world how easy it is for a lady to fake it. This chilling scene left women screaming with laughter and men checking their balls to make sure they were still there.

But I'm not here to talk about problems; this month, we're looking for the solution. How do you know when you're in the company of a woman who really, truly likes to fuck?

In order to get to the bottom of this, first we've got to take care of some unpleasant business. If you're a guy who's heard "I like you as a friend," one time too many, you've got to start by looking at yourself. It may be that you've been trying to date beyond your depth, or, in the language of the auto industry, driving too much car. Lucky for you,



you've got plenty of female pals; test the strength of their alleged friendship by asking one of these ladies to go girl-watching with you at an outdoor café, or better still, a bar. When you see a woman you find attractive, discuss her physical merits with your friend. Then ask her if you think the woman in question would go out with you. If you're a six, but you only scope women who are nines and tens, this is how you'll find out. Stress that you're looking for brutal honesty (that's where the alcohol comes in), but understand that you may not get it. If your friend keeps giggling and saying things like, "You're so mean/so critical/too choosy!" that's a nice girl's way of telling you to start lowering your expectations. As a side bonus, all this boozing and girl-watching may arouse your friend's competitive streak, and she might end up sleeping with you after all. Or she'll ust think you're a pit and she doesn't even like you as a friend, so try to stick to the original experiment. Now that that's out of the way, what follows are the fruits of my research. I've spent the last thirty days polling and trolling, separating the fuckers from the fakers and distilling the data down to this handy list. I call it **Five Things About** Women Who Like Sex.

1) Women Who Like Sex Are Well-Maintained...

Leg wax, pussy wax, manicure/pedicure, hairdo, high heels, matching underwear and smooth, sheer hose. For a woman to want to have sex, first she must feel beautiful. If she's worried that her leg stubble will cut you to ribbons, or that her toenail polish is chipped or past its prime, that's a distraction that will keep her attention on how her body looks, rather than how it feels.

It's furny that this is the thing that seems to matter least to men, who'd just as soon hike up her flannel nightie and fantasize about Jamie Lee Curtis, but it's a huge deal for women. Part of it is that beauty rituals make a woman feel feminine, and physically preparing herself for sex is like a form of foreplay. (If you don't believe me, take your lady shoeshopping and see if you don't get a result.) A woman who takes pride in herself takes care of her body, and why? Because she expects to use it. Exercise releases endorphins, and a woman who likes the way her ass looks in sweat pants is much more likely to show it off to you in satin panties.

2) ...But Not Too Well Maintained

Beware perfection. A woman who is obsessed with keeping every hair in place isn't looking to be touched by any man who isn't a gay hairdresser. She definitely doesn't need you sweating on top of her with your grubby hands and your itchy balls as you do your nasty business. For this woman, beauty rituals have ceased to be the foreplay and have now become the sex. When physical perfection is her orgasm, it becomes impossible to achieve -- there's always a ragged cuticle or unplucked eyebrow to spoil her climax.

Most of us understand that sex is messy, and good sex is filthy. On a psychological level, a woman who is immaculate in her presentation has deeply internalized the relationship between dirty, as in covered with grime, and dirty, as in pleasantly naughty and forbidden.

3) Women Who Like Sex Order Dessert

If you find yourself on a date with a woman who meekly requests a salad (with dressing on the side) and no entrée, you may as well just duck into the men's room and start jerking off, because that rabbit food is the only thing she's going to put in her mouth. Chances are that a woman who will deny herself a good meal has a diminished capacity for pleasure, whether giving or receiving. She may also have body-image issues, which rarely translates into a fun lay. An appetite for food translates into a nu appetite for all the hedonistic enticements of life. If I were a man and I had to choose between a woman who was 15 pounds overweight or 15 pounds underweight, I'd want to go to bed with the one who has a hard time saying no. And don't even get me started on vegetarians. I'm sure I can respect their personal convictions, but given the choice I'd rather fuck the vegetable.

4) Women Who Like Sex Don't Fuck On The First Date

This may seem a paradox. After all, if a woman likes sex, you'd think she'd want to get right to it. And it's true what they say -- most women decide immediately whether you're going to hear the good F word (fuck) or the bad one (friend). So why delay the inevitable?

Women who are easy to get into bed aren't necessarily the ones who enjoy being there the most. If that were true, hookers would work for free. And putting out right away is usually a sign of insecurity — she's afraid you won't like her, or call her again, if she doesn't fuck you. Women who like sex also have these concerns, but they're not ruled by them. For women, sex is very much a mental game, and it's difficult to separate the emotional from the physical. (That's why so many men go to bed horny — your woman is mad about something you don't even realize you did or didn't do.)

For a woman to enjoy sex, she has to like the guy she's doing it with, and that will take a little getting to know him. Having sex too soon with a guy you think you could like is a weird, half-baked feeling, like trying to eat a cake that's still all batter in the middle. Just as you can't put it back into the oven and expect it to be the same, it's hard to grow into that kind of intimacy, and much easier to wait a minute or two. A woman who truly enjoys sex isn't going to toss one off that's sure to be mediocre; it matters too much to her. And she's not going to starve from lack of orgasm -- she's going to go home and jerk off.

5) Women Who Like Sex Give You Direction

I was going to say that women who like sex cum with instructions, but that sounded too cutesy for something this important. If you're in bed with a woman and she has no opinion on how, and how hard, and in what position you should be fucking her, it doesn't mean that you're doing everything right. It usually means she doesn't know what she likes, or she's afraid to speak us. and neither of these bode well. Good luck making her oreasm -- and by that I mean a real one.

A woman who likes sex, on the other hand, knows what she likes. That's because she's done plenty of quality fucking before; hopefully, she's even worn out a few vibrators. But that doesn't mean you should expect to receive a set of written directives. Women of experience know the fragility of the male ego and understand that sometimes the best teaching is done silently, and by example. Any gesture, push or repositioning should be considered a gentle suggestion -- written on a billboard five stories high.



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've 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: mmgcreative@yahoo.com.

Twisted Princess' Nasty Tale

enjoy reading your stories each month and got up the courage to send in my own. I hope you don't find it offensive and hopefully I get to see it in a future issue of LEG SHOW. I'm a 19year-old female now living in south central Pennsylvania. My mom and I moved to this no-action town from Baltimore so she could marry this dipshit banker she met online. Wait, it gets better! So the dipshit banker has a 19-year-old son. He's actually kind of hot! He's cocky about it, but that kind of turns me on. So I flaunt my sexy ass in front of him just to tease him because I know he watches me.

I'm into porn and I love dressing up! I put on little outfits, sexy stripper heels and pantyhose. I love pantyhose (all different kinds). I love to show off my ass and legs in my hose and heels and make all the guys drool over me. I watch them all watch me as I cross and uncross my legs in my little skirts. That's not the point to this, though -- my step-brother is!

Shortly after we moved in with the dipshit banker and his son I noticed my pantyhose started missing. At first I thought either they got runs and I threw them away or I just left them somewhere. Who would have thought the little fiend would have a pantyhose fetish like me?

One day my step-brother thought I left to go to the mall (he was probably hoping I'd get more pantyhose), but I didn't. I hid in the downstairs office and waited. Just as expected, I heard him go into my room. That was my cue to sneak upstairs and catch him. He must have heard me because he ran out of my room just as I was topping the stairs. I asked, "Have you been in my room, you little twerp?" He got all flushed and stared at me. I asked if he'd been taking my pantyhose and he tried slinking away while saying "No."

I knew he was lying because I saw them peeking out of the front of his pants. So I pulled them out of his pants and asked what the hell he was doing with my pantyhose. Surprisingly the little perv told me he likes to jerk off in them. He said he likes the way they smell, the way they feel, the way they look on. So I told him I wanted to see how much he likes them. His jaw just dropped! I told him if he wanted them he had to earn them. He stood there staring at me, thinking about it. Finally he sheepishly asked "What do I have to do?"

I told him to take his pants off and put my pantyhose on. He looked at me like I was nuts, but did exactly what



I told him to do! I sat on the bench in the hallway watching him. He was stroking his cock slowly in my pantyhose. He was so shy about it and he couldn't look at me. I was getting so hot! I told him, "Faster, you little pervert, I know you stroke it faster than that when you're alone." And he did. His cock was huge!

I sat there telling him "Faster, harder!" I asked him if he liked beating his cock in my pantyhose. I told him to tell me what he likes about them. He was so sweet and submissive. He beat his cock so hard and fast telling me yes he loved them, he loved the way they felt. He told me how he watches me and how he takes them out of my hamper when I'm gone. He told me how shiny and soft they were. Then he erupted like a geyser, sperm flying everywhere! He was panting and shaking from his performance. I swear it was better than a porno flick. I stood up and started to walk away, then turned and told him to clean up his fucking mess. That's when I walked to my room and rubbed one off myself.

> The Twisted Princess South Central, PA

She Rides Bikes -- And Bikers

y husband, Rob, and I live in a very small, conservative down. We plan weekend outings to fulfill my love of showing off my legs and teasing. For this trip we'd opted for our old van -- it has room for us to enjoy some good old-fashioned road sex if things got too hot! Before leaving we'd settled on one of my favorite outfits: white nylon tights with the crotch panel removed, my favorite pair of white high heels with ankle straps, a black and white checkered blazer worn over a strapless lace bra top, and a skirt so short that it wouldn't show beneath the blazer when I walked.

We enjoyed the day and stopped several times for cold drinks and teasing, and by mid-afternoon we were lost on the deepest back roads. The van began to act up and when we pulled to the side of the road we couldn't get it started again. After an hour we realized that we were more off the beaten path than we thought. Rob decided to walk to find help. I sat back to enjoy the afternoon. I found the vibrator that we'd brought along and was enjoying a good buzz when I heard an approaching vehicle. I got out to try and flag a ride when a single motorcycle came into view. He pulled to a stop beside the van.

The lone rider was a man of about 30, with long black hair pulled into a ponytail and a lean, muscular body. He turned off the bike and sat quietly for a minute as we both stared at each other. I told him my husband and I had broken down and I was waiting for him to return. He introduced himself as Kris and produced three cold beers.

An hour or so passed and we became quite comfortable with each other. I couldn't help but notice the large bulge in his leather parts, and I appreciated his comments on how much he liked my outfit. Being the tease that I am, I couldn't resist putting on a show. He told me that he'd moved into the area two years ago, and that he had a studio a few miles away where he did stained glass as well as custom work on motorcycles.

With no sign of my husband, he offered to ride me to the nearest town to see if we could find him. We left a note in the van for Rob in case he returned, along with Kris' business card. At the last minute I decided to add to the note, "Kris is great looking, with long black hair and a great body -- you better hurry!"

With my skirt so short, and the crotch panel gone from my pantyhose, I tried to mount the motorcycle. Kris helped me position my legs so my high heels were securely on the pegs. I'm sure he thought he was being sly, but it was obvious to me that his hands lingered on my nyloncovered legs much longer than necessary. His touch felt like fire, and I sure didn't stop him!

But the real jolt came when he started the bike up. Oh my -- I was now riding on a giant vibrator! As we rode, that big, pulsing motor did things to me that I'd never imagined, all the while I clung tightly to Kris' lean body. On several occasions as we made turns he'd reach back with one hand to stroke my leg. I assume he thought I'd think it had something to do with how we went around the corner, but honestly I could hardly care less -- it felt great! In return, I shifted my hold around his waist, and at one point let my hand slip down lower for just a moment. Before long he'd reached down and repositioned my hand directly onto his large bulge. My heart skipped a beat -even semi-hard I could tell he was hung like a horse.

We rode for about 15 minutes before we arrived at his place. As I dismounted the bike I was embarrassed to see that my wet pussy had enjoyed the ride a little too much and left a wet spot on the leather seat. Kris smiled as he wiped it up with his bare palm and went about filling his bike with gas while I went inside to use the bathroom. Thinking of his oversized cock, I shuddered with an intense orgasm while using a tissue to dry off my wet pussy. What a buzz that bike ride had been!

Weak-kneed, I wobbled my way back to the yard in my five inch heels, and allowed Kris to help me back on the bike. This time he was very bold about rurwing his hands all over my legs, even up my exposed thighs and around my waist. He asked if I needed a heavier jacket as dusk was approaching, and he seemed happy with my "I'll just hold tighter to you," response. Still we failed to locate Rob. We stopped in town to talk to several of his friends, all of whom were wide-eyed at my outfit. I'm sure it appeared as though I was riding in nothing but white tights, high heels and a bra with a loose jacket. My skirt was so short it was bunched up around my waist.

On two occasions his friends asked if he was going to "give her a ride on the bike?" It seemed an odd question since he already was, but I let it pass. We rode back to check on the van, but it was gone, so we went back to Kris' house. As expected, Rob had left a message. He'd gotten a ride to another town, returned with a tow truck driver, and suggested that I sit tight with Kris and he'd be there as soon as he could. He closed with an odd comment, saying "Maybe you could loosen her up a little." Kris shot me a huge grin and said that sounded like a great plan. It was like Rob could somehow sense the sexual tension that had already built up between Kris and me.

Kris asked me if I could help him with something he was working on. We went to his shop, which was very modern and clean. He said he was working to tune a motorcycle engine, but in order to do it properly, he needed somebody in the seat for weight. In the rear of his shop he showed me the engine hanging from overhead support beams. When I asked him about the odd-shaped seat he said it was something temporary that he'd rigged so he could lie on the engine and try to tune the motor, but it hadn't worked out very well. He lifted me onto the bike and helped position me on the seat as best he could.

It was rather an odd feeling -- the bike was hung high enough that my feet couldn't touch the ground, and there were no foot pegs. Basically I found myself sitting directly on my bare (and already horny!) pussy, with my full weight bearing down on it. Kris' hands ran all over my body, and he helped me remove my blazer, saving he didn't want it to get dirty. That left me basically sitting atop this huge motor in my crotchless white hose and bra. Overhead he showed me two padded grips that I might find helpful if I needed to maintain my balance, which I immediately erabbed as my wet pussy had already begun to slip around on the unpadded leather seat. The last thing he did was to suddenly wrap me in a full embrace and kiss me firmly on the lips. The embrace lasted for several minutes, and I could feel my pussy dripping wetness as I began to contemplate what was in store. He smiled and said, "Hope you enjoy the ride!" With me now fully mounted he started the engine.

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Once that throbbing engine fired up I knew right away this motor had been rigged as a giant sex toy and I was trapped on it like a rag doll! Positioned like I was, my pussy lips and clit weighed down by my full body weight, I came within two minutes from the incredible sensation. I squirmed with delight, my throbbing clit getting such an intense pounding from the varying vibrations as Kris revved the engine. With his free hand Kris began to stroke my body all over, and soon had my bra top off as he tugged and teased my nipples. Again I came, this orgasm lasting several minutes. My head swooned and huge bursts of wet cum flowed from me.

I have no idea how long I was in this state of euphoria -- at least five minutes, I'd guess. When I regained my senses, Kris was standing beside me on the platform with his parts around his knees, exposing his incredibly oversized cock! Still not fully erect, it was already more than twice the length of my husband's "almost five inches" when erect. I eagerly grabbed it, pulling it closer so I could masturbate it to full size. As it grew, it thickened to the point where my hand would no longer close around it fully. Even though his dick was hard as steel, its enormous length caused it to bend downward from the weight.

By now my pussy was so wet and slippery that I began to lose my balance again, and I was forced to reach overhead for the hand grips to steady myself. As I hung on for dear life. Kris slid under me and began to position himself on the still-revving engine. I immediately saw now that the odd seat had actually been molded to his body. He laid down beneath me as I pulled myself up as high as I could go, allowing him to bend and twist his massive cock enough so he could position its head against my pussy lips. Wet as I was, his giant bull cock still met with resistance as it tried to push its way into my soaked vagina. Once, twice, three times he thrust hard against my pussy lips, then suddenly it popped through and with one tremendous jolt I found myself impaled on his rock-hard penis. As it penetrated me, I could feel it stretching me so wide that it felt like I was being raped by a telephone pole! Its incredible size, coupled with the vibration of that huge engine resulted in a feeling I can't describe, but I'll never forget.

I began to fuck that huge horse cock with all my might, determined to stretch myself so completely that I'd accept every inch of it. I slammed down again and again, each time feeling that vibrating cock hitting bottom and mashing against my womb. Kris egged me on, counting the inches that remained at the ready. Slowly I took him deeper and deeper, yet several inches of that splendid cock remained to be overcome. My arms grew tired, but I couldn't stop -- this was the ride of my life and I was determined to get every last thrill out of it!

It suddenly dawned on me that I could hear myself yelling because the engine had stopped, and Kris was focused on something behind me. In my fervor, I'd failed to hear my husband and the tow truck driver enter the shop. As I turned to face them I heard the driver say to my husband, "I told you she'd be in good hands -- he even got her on the bike!" I saw the look of complete shock on my husband's face as Kris introduced himself and said, "Glad you could make it -- I've gotten her loosened up just like you asked."

I did my best to try and dislodge myself from Kris'

huge cock, but I couldn't lift myself high enough. My eyes were locked on my husband as I was firmly impaled. Kris looked at me and said, "Hang on!" With that he began to thrust upward into me, somehow forcing himself even deeper and deeper. It felt like I was being split in two, and I felt another wave of orgasm begin to wrack my body. I could feel my cum being squeezed out each time he thrust into me, and my vagina walls being pulled back each time he withdrew. I let loose with an incredible scream of joy as my body shuddered with orgasm. That's when the look in my husband's eyes changed from shock to that "I just came in my pants!" look I've seen before.

Kris eventually came so deep inside me, and with such force I thought he'd launch me like a rocket. I could feel his heavy load squirt out and run down my pantyhose-covered legs. I could see my husband with his little five inch cock out -- jerking it for all he was worth. Kris finally helped me squeeze his huge, spent cock out of my stretched-out, gaping hole and I was finally able to dismount from the siant vibrator bike. Rob immediately pinned me to the ground so he could try to fuck my cumfilled pussy with his baby dick. He slipped and slopped his way around inside my creamy slit -- and to his credit his tiny little cock was some like the wind. Unfortunately I couldn't feel him inside me. He tried so hard that he came twice. We ended up staving the night at Kris' place - and by morning he'd mounted me twice more with Rob helping to rev the bike while we fucked away.

I am so blessed to have a husband to understands my need for big cocks to fuck me, and I just want to say that I love my husband and his baby cock!

> C.K. Sioux City, IA

Gimme Some Chocolate!

deliver to women's clothing stores. I met a young woman at one of my stops who signs for the packages. Her name is Theresa and boy is she hot. She is four feet ten inches tall and about 90 pounds. She is tight, tawny and quite kinky. She always gives me a woody when I gaze upon her fresh lowmileage body. She is very hyper and energetic. As time went on, I found out this behavior was due to her addiction to chocolate. Upon each visit, she would beg me to bring her some dark and sweet candy. For Easter, I gave her a giant fudge buny. Her eyes bulged like high beams. In gratitude, she grabbed my crotch and said, "I owe you!" She said her roommates were away and she would like a fuck. I told her if she wore a pair of crotchless partyhose, she had a deal.

She said okay if I would promise to bring a ton of that sweet brown sugar. She said her boyfriend had a three inch pud, and she was pondering making it with an older guy. That's when I decided that this lady needed a lift. I went to her house and knocked on her door. As promised, she answered in nothing but shimmery crotchless hose. I rushed in and feasted on her sweet, tender meaty clam. It was fat, smooth, and smelled so free of cock. What a waste! That thing of hers was begging to be pried open so it could give a sigh of relief. As much as I wanted to spoil her, I realized that she deserved the best. I made a quick call and the rest was history. I snacked on her pussy while she inhaled a giant Milky Way bar. Her puss got very wet and she discarded the wrapper and begged for more.

I knew she was ready for the ultimate. With her less spread wide open, she asked for a Mounds bar. That's when I introduced her to Willy. He came in naked with his big black dick hard and ready for action. That thing was 12 inches long, and as thick as a loaf of wheat bread. Willy is fifty years old and craves young white pussy. I told Theresa that this was the fix she needed. Willy put his home-wrecker in her face and she sucked it like a giant Butterfinger. She gagged after only taking two inches of his log in her mouth. Willy wanted to fuck, so he turned her around for a pounding. Mr. Goodbar forced all he had deep into her soggy puss. I thought she would only take eight inches at the most and beg him to stop.

I was wrong and amazed. As she downed two Devil Dogs, her wet fat pussy inhaled all of that fat tire iron dick. I came watching her suck up all that pulsating hammer. With her hands behind her head and her pussy stretched like the Lincoln Tunnel, she yelled out, "Is that all you got?!"

Theresa wasv't impressed. She screamed, "Give me more -- eighteen inches, twenty, thirty-six. I love chocolate!" Is there a black man out there with a 42 inch dick? If so let me know and bring enough Butterfingers to shut this bitch up.

Marky Mark Trumbull, CT

Busted

y girlfriend threw me a party for my 50th birthday. Her 24-year-old stepdaughter spent the night, since we all got plastered. I woke up to get some water and saw Nikki asleep on the couch with her bare feet sticking out of the blanket. I couldn't resist. I was still drunk in the morning, so I got on my hands and knees and crawled over to her feet. My heart was pumping so I just started smelling her feet. I didn't want to wake her up; I was scared and excited. Finally I started pecking at her feet with small, light kisses. I heard her say, "Eddie, what are you doing?" I said, "T'm sorry; I have a foot fetish and I saw your pretty feet sticking out of the blanket and I couldn't resist." She said, "T'm going to tell my stepmom."



I said, "Please don't; I'll do anything you say. If you tell her she'll break up with me."

She said, "You are such a pervert." She asked me, "Do you kiss my stepmom's feet?" I said, "I kiss and worship them." She said, "Worship?! You mean you'll do anything as long as she lets you kiss her feet?" I said, "Yes."

She then laid her legs over the couch with her feet dangling helplessly. She looked at me and said, "Eddie, I want you to rub the bottom of my feet with your nose." I felt humiliated. Not even her stepmom makes me do this. I did it and my cock got hard. I guess her giggling and her other foot rubbing my face was something I'd never experienced. She said from now on I had to do whatever she said or else she'd tell her stepmom. I had to go along with this deal.

She sat on the couch normally and crossed her legs and said, "Open your mouth." I did. She then stuck all her toes in my mouth and said, "Recite the alphabet, Mister." I did, and then she giggled and said, "Now do it backwards and don't mess up." I tried but couldn't. Just then my girlfriend got up and we both heard her. Nikki right then and there kicked me right in the balls. Damn, I was in pain and had to get up. As I walked away Nikki said, "You better practice the alphabet backwards." I can't wait for her to visit us azain.

> Bare foot Nose Rubber Los Angeles, CA

Sexy Saleslady

his experience happened during a recent shopping trip where I was being the patient husband, waiting for my wife as I watched the people walking by. I noticed quickly out of the mass of people a lady who I would estimate to be in her mid-thirties. She was about 100 feet from me. She was of average size, with long blonde hair and was wearing a black two-piece dress business suit. I think she worked at one of the larger department stores in the perfume area, because she did have an identification tag on her top. What really caught my yew evere the black stockings and as she got closer, I noticed that the skirt was split a considerable length up the back as she passed. I very easily saw she was wearing black, lace top thigh high stockings and matching high heels.

I am in my fifties but this still raised my attention, if you understand my meaning. I noticed her going up the escalator to the food court, and decided instantly that I needed something to drink. I was directly behind her about ten feet or so and she had one foot on one tread and one on the next, showing the tops of both stockings and a beautiful pair of legs. I have read numerous statements by Ms. Michaels about how instinctive this can be and how it is such an instant reaction. Well I can attest to this now. I don't know if this lady has a husband or boyfriend, but if she does, I certainly envy him.

I waited until she ordered, and then ordered a drink, finding a seat that would allow me an unrestricted view hopefully without her noticing me. She sat with a crossed leg showing a lot of that leg and the lace-covered top of the stocking. I am sure I had the look of a starving man, but I have not had this kind of reaction for a long time. Fortunately my wife is a marathon shopper, which allowed me plenty of time for this, and about halfway through her meal, she slid a napkin off the opposite side of the table. I got a quick glance all the way up to and including a glimpse of a light green pair of panties. I was absolutely in heaven!

She finished eating, and like an obedient little puppy, I followed her down the escalator all the way to the department store. I suppose I could have followed her inside and asked to see something to purchase, but I was honestly afraid that I would make a complete fool of myself. I was correct that she did work at the cosmetic/perfume counter. My next stop was the bathroom in the store where I furiously masturbated as I visualized her beautiful legs and stockings. Frankly I didn't care if anyone heard me.

When I came out, I was by myself in the bathroom, so apparently it was meant to be. I walked by her counter on the way out of the store and she gave me a big smile and asked, "Is there something I could show you today?" I thanked her and said no, but smiled back thinking about the fact that she had already shown me more than she could have ever realized.

In case any of your readers have any question about what stockings, legs and high heels have over us men, this should easily answer the question.

> S.S. Pensacola, FL

Hired Cock

was employed by a 38-year-old divorcee to do summer maintenance at her large country home. During the interview process, she outlined the jobs to be done and then stated that I was to satisfy her sexual needs. Then she wanted to see if I could satisfy her. She began to rub my balls and stroke my cock until it was at full erection -- nine inches. She led me to her bedroom where we had our first sex and she had a great body with tits that bounced while we were humping.

After a few weeks, she asked if I would like to earn extra money and when I replied yes, she asked if I would mind being naked in front of four other women. After thinking for a moment, I replied that it might be a real turn-on for me, so I said yes.

She instructed me how to move about and remove my clothing because the ladies had always wanted to see a male stripper but didn't want to go to a public place.

When the day arrived, I saw the women who looked to be in their mid-thirties and driving luxury cars. I began to move about while music was being played and as I removed each article of clothing, they put money in a basket. When I was down to my shorts, my boss asked if they wanted to see my nine incher. They threw more money into the basket and began to cheer. I turned my back as I removed the shorts, shook my booty and then turned slowly so they could see my dangler. I moved about in front of them allowing my cock to move up and down and side to side.

They told me to walk closer and then began to massage my balls and cock, which of course began to rise. I could feel my balls beginning to get warmer when my boss asked if they wanted to see me cum, which I didn't know was in the plans.

I stopped in front of each one as they began to stroke me and by the time I got to the short blonde-haired girl, I was ready to cum. She stroked me about six times and I shot my load of cum in her hair and on the side of her face. The ladies cheered and threw more money. The blonde left the room to clean up while the ladies thanked me for the show.

When I walked into an adjoining bedroom, my boss asked me to remain naked while she counted the money. It was over \$200 so I thought perhaps I was in the wrong business. Shortly after, the blonde came into the bedroom completely naked, walked over to the bed, lay down and told me she wanted the biggest cock she had ever seen. I slid it in her wet pussy and we humped until we had our orgasms. She was quicker, but it didn't take long for another one from me.

A week later the blonde brought a friend while my boss was at work and we had a three-way, which lasted for several hours.

This was definitely the best summer job I ever had.

J.G. Davton, OH

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ared was the Ultimate Frisbee champion at our college, legendary for having this long, thick cock that even a black guy would be proud to own. I was dying to ride it, but I couldn't let him know that. The first time we went to bed he handled my body so delicately, like he was afraid he might break me. It was sweet but boring. I reached into his hemp shorts and grabbed that cock just below the head. I squeezed until I felt a droplet of precum ooze out of his piss slit. That got Jared's attention.

"I need a man, not a scared little white boy," I told him.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's just I'm so ashamed of how my people have oppressed your people," he said.

I sighed. What can you expect from a vegetarian? I rolled over on my belly and stuck my ass in the air. I knew he wouldn't be able to resist. He dove in like a starving man, kneading both cheeks with his hands. He spread them apart and buried his face in my crack, snaking his tongue from my cunt hole to my asshole and back again. He nibbled on my clit

The Vegetarian Eats Pussy shee size 8





and sucked on my pussy lips, snuffling and slurping for all he was worth. In the mirror I could see his pale, freckly body all hunched up behind me, his nine inch cock so full and heavy, drooling a long string of cum onto the bed. I could feel my pussy begin to pound as I ground my wet, swollen fuck hole against his face. A cock like that attached to a guy who can eat pussy was a rare find. Better still, he didn't seem to realize it. I had to remind myself that once I

remind myself that once I had him trained I could ride him all I wanted. To keep control, I reached back and clamped his fat shaft

between my stockinged calves. The hot nylon friction made him wince, but he humped away anyway. The moment I feit that first ribbon of his cum splash against my skin, I couldn't hold back any longer. My pussy spasmed and gushed and he eagerly lapped up every last drop.

As he was wiping himself off -- and apologizing for his mess -- I had to secretly slide three fingers into my throbbing cunt to calm it down. As long as Jared doesn't find out how badly I want to fuck him, 'I'I have the upper hand. For now, it's fun to have a sex slave who knows his place.







I'm a true exhibitionist and I love fucking multiple guys at one time as my boyfriend watches. Hove fat cocks in my mouth and and fm. I get so hot when I wear ecock-ings, hels and short skirts and love it when they shoot their load on my legs. I want to hear from all you horny boys. DT, P.O. BOX 152, New York, NY 10044

DT

Hi to all Leg Show fans! I'm Elektra, Hope you like my photos I love to wear sexy outfits, stookings and 6" heels. I love to tease man and women. I have hot and sexy photos, panites and stookings avail-able for my naughty fans. Write me. Elektra, PO. Box 1161, Beatly, NV 89003







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Banata Secret Services

Shortly after her centerfold shoot for the March, 1999 issue of LEG SHOW, Renata left the modeling world to open her own private security business. Her firm specializes in training bodyguards to provide 24-hour protection for actresses, models and the wives of foreign diplomats.

"It takes a very specific personality type to work for these women," Renata says. "They're often very beautiful and demanding, and they don't like to be told that they can't do something, even if it's for their own safety. In order to be effective, our bodyguards -- or 'close protection officers' -- mustn't be easily distracted by feminine beauty. At the same time, desire can be a powerful motivator. We train our employees to serve the total needs of our clients, which offers the greatest tactical advantage.

"Potential agents must submit to psychological testing and a thorough polygraph screen. The subject is fitted with the traditional sensors as well as a custom-designed penile cuff to measure arousal. I ask him a series of deeply personal questions: Do you believe in God? How often do you masturbate? Have you ever fantasized about being anally violated? If so, by a woman? If so, please describe.

"To unnerve him, I slowly raise my skirt during the test," Renata says. "The polygraph will let me



AND A MARY

TANTRA NATASHA MEETS A MAGICAL MAN WHO CAN MAKE WOMEN CUM AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH JUST A WAVE OF HIS HAND

UTLIFE

hotos & text by Natasha M

w.dirtyd:

YOUR

YOGI BARE

a Ble

One of the most sizzling-hot swinging sex scenes I have ever witnessed started with ... a tango lesson! Never fear, I'll be explaining that in a few moments. But in order for me to do so allow me to introduce ANTON DIAZ, the remarkable man who hosted the sex scene in question. Anton leads an erotic explorations group called SEXY SPIRITS. Currently based in Manhattan, he has long been a student of Eastern philosophies and religions including the Chinese mystical philosophy known as Taoism, as well as Tantra, the Hindu-Buddhist tradition dealing with mediation and sexual energy. For the past decade Anton has hosted gatherings that combine the two studies ... and that also toss in more than a pinch of nondenominational orgiastics. His little gettogethers could be described as explorations of the interconnection between sensuality and spiritual enlightenment. They could also be described as group gropes with a mystical twist. Either way, as regular readers of these pages might well imagine, they are totally my cup of (organic green) tea.

GIVE THE LADY A HAND

Anton often opens his spiritual sexcursions with some sort of sensuous surprise aimed at making the evening far more interesting than your ordinary, ho-hum, garden-variety orgy. On one occasion the opening offering might be an erotic rope-bondage presentation. On another, a hands-on demonstration of how Anton is able to give women a seemingly endless series of toe-curling orgasms by utilizing his own special method of massage. Yes darlings, the amazing Anton can most definitely do that. Because he has studied both Taoism and Tantra, Anton calls his unique hands-on fusion of the two "taontric massage."

When a recent Sexy Spirit session started, for example, it looked like nothing so much as a graduate school seminar meeting. A few dozen male and female downtown types took seats politely and listened attentively as Anton gave an informative, albeit somewhat bookish lecture on the nature of the female orgasm. Then an attractive young woman named Laura entered, removed her robe, and reclined on Anton's massage table. Over the next hour Anton performed a laying on of hands for Laura which began as a deeply relaxing massage and soon went on to give her not just an orgasm or two... or three or



To learn what wonderful wildness Anton will conjure up next visit his website: sexyspirits.com

And as always, to learn all there is to know about my own erotic goings and comings, visit my naughtiest-ever reality video site:

dirtydating live.com



four or five or six, but such a flood of gushingly copious vaginal squirts with each... Anton terms female ejaculate the "divine nectar of the goddess"... that I though I'd been mystically transported from midtown Manhattan to Yellowstone National Park for repeat performances by Old Faithful.

TOO, TOO TANGO

Have I mentioned as yet that among his accomplishments Anton is an awardwinning ballroom dancer? Of course I haven't, but he is. In fact he twice represented the United States in international ballroom dance competitions. But considering this aspect of Anton's background it was just a short step to his recent realization that folks might enjoy starting another of his sexpeditions... by learning to tango! At the Sexy Spirits session I'm speak-

or, Anton requested that the ladies learn their lessons wearing only lingerieor-less, and quite a few complied. From its

birth a century ago in the working class dance halls of Argentina, tango has always been termed "the dance of love"; but under Anton's aegis, that evening tango evolved into the dance of lust: By the end of the night women who'd begun by tangoing in their knickers had long since lost said knickers and were busy expanding their erotic horizons by fucking and fisting and strap-on sexing each other. It was one of the most deliciously dirty displays of delightfully deviant deeds I have ever witnessed. Of course I mean "dirty" and "deviant" in the very finest and fondest senses of the terms.





DANCEROUS BEAUTIES ON THE LOOSE IN NYCI * Photography & Styling by Ingela *

www.myspace.com/stoyabot

I've always been fascinated by the way a dog will wag his tail when he's happy and tuck it between his legs when he feels threatened or ashamed. Since everyone says that men are dogs, the first time I saw a man's dick it seemed wrong that it pointed to the front. I instantly want-ed to pull it through his legs so that it faced the other way and made a cute little "cock tail".

Nowadays I play on my rooftop with my slaves. I love thinking of all the neighbors looking down on us from those anonymous high rises. It makes my

Unite ALS. MAKES A COCK TAIL

course he pretended it was a misunderstanding. I grabbed his naughty prick and tried to bend it back. I was waaring my stretchy satin gloves and they were very slippery, so when I went to pull his cock it kept sliding through my hand. The tugging and pulling and squeezing made his dick even stiffer. I would lose my grip and it would bounce back in front of him, bobbing gaily up and down. Finally I got it tucked nice and snugly by making him cross his legs at the ankles and squeeze his thighs together. It seemed uncomfortable for him but I loved it. The way his cockhead peeked out from between his ass cheeks, his dick actually looked apologetic.

That was fun for awhile, but lately I've been craving more excitement. Why watch my slave standing still as a statue when I could be making him perform for my neighbors? So I've ordered my slave to make himself a dick retainer. It's a simple waistband with a nylon stocking that runs through his ass crack like a thong and loops around his penis head. It keeps his manhood where it belongs: under my control. If he's really bad (or really good!) I can pull it extra hard so that his cock pokes cut a few inches like a stubby tail. Then I can hang one of my high heels from his mushroom head. If he gets aroused and his dick leaks and the shoe slides off, I'll have to turn it around and slide the high heel into his asshole to hold it in place. Whatever happens, I can't wait for cock tail hour on the roof -- the whole neighborhood is invited!













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It was Roland Carre's belief that the women who acted most properly in public would be the most uninhibited in his studio. According to his notes, he first spotted Sophia riding on the bus. "The bus was unusually old, making lots of noise and vibrations as it lumbered down the street. I noticed immediately that this seemed to make Sophia very uncomfortable. I could tell by the way she crossed her legs very tightly that she was fighting to keep control. Every time the motor revved she would close her eyes, as though she was embarrassed, but then the slightest smile would play at the corners of her mouth. One day, I noticed a tiny wet spot on the back of her skirt, and I knew I had to photograph her. It took three weeks to work up the nerve. I basically told her that I would bring her to a place where she wouldn't have to try so hard to keep her legs together. She seemed to understand. Later on she confessed that she always rode that bus because, if she squeezed her thighs a certain way, she could make herself climax. She tumed out to be one of my favorite models, and we became friends and confidantes for years and years."



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Dear Jane... Advice for Boys Who Need It Bad

Jane of X-traordinary Talk! first appeared in the May '95 issue and was an instant hit. Her mature boauty, warmth, intelligence and sweet, nurturing style of dominance won her many fans – as well as a husband. Yee, Jane martied a LEG SHOW reader, and with his enthusiastic support has expanded her business of toxeling talk tapes into a wonderful website and live phone teasing. Since Jane not only lives the fetish lifestyle but maintains a healthy, loving fetish-based relationship, we figured who better to answer your questions on integrating your fetishes with your relationships. You can contact Jane through her website with your questions, or write her c/o LEG SHOW, 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, N.Y., N.Y. 10007.



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

Photo by Jim Pullan - Glangur Photographics

Dear Darlings,

Closets: secret places where we can safely celebrate who we are. Closets: prisons that keep us trapped, isolated, and lonely. Are you in one? Or out? Or are you in and want to come out? Or

are you out and wish you'd never cracked the door? No easy answers ...

I receive a lot of e-mail around "To tell or not to tell - that is the

question."

Occasionally I receive tales of great liberation - and a far better sex life and deeper bond - after having finally admitted you love to suck toes, worship her behind, masturbale with (or in) her lingerie, be sexually dominated, be "forced" into performing in certain ways, or any num-ber of other sexual proclivities the rest of the world tends to associate with depravity.

And sometimes I receive letters that break my heart, stories of regret and loss.

"Nina" offers a story of the latter. I'm sharing Nina's experience because I, too, sometimes regret having shared myself. I, too, see how complex an issue it is to be the kinkster I am.

Which raises questions that can alter our lives forever depending on how we answer. Should we be true to who we are, no matter the cost, i.e., "This is who I am, world, and screw you if you don't like it? Or should we suffer personal repression and hiding in order to maintain our relationships? If we do share, how much is safe to share? If we share, should we let it all hang out, or should we parcel the truth to make it more agreeable?

I've run an online business for 15 years that caters to men with lingerie (particularly panty) fetishes (www.pantymistress.com). While I don't announce this business to the world, I do share it, if it comes up, with people I feel good about.

Ned felt good about his marriage and his wife when he told her he's a crossdresser. Like many CDs. Ned practiced his secret life as "Nina" when away on business trips. Over time, he developed a wardrobe, some confidence, and a group of crossdressing friends.

He wanted to tell his wife of 15 years about himself not because he harbored hope that she'd participate with him (he was certain she wouldrif) but because he felt that maintaining the secret was keeping his mar-riage from being all it could be. After being caught in a lie he could have covered if he wanted to, he decided instead to come clean.

Recently, I was caught up short in the same way. I didn't intend to bring up my panty business to a group of new filends; it just happened that they found out. I could have gone through some elaborate scheme to prevent them from finding out, but I didn't.

In my case, I had signed up for a class referred to me by a friend. I didn't know this friend well, but for several years we interacted in relation to another business I have. I always enjoyed our encounters and knew he did as well

I was excited to attend the class he recommended and indeed got loads of great information from the first session and met some great people. After that class, I was so full of ideas, so happy to be getting to know new people.

I couldn't wait for the second class. So warmly embraced by these people, I couldn't imagine the coldness and eventual ostracism that was to take place.

Neither did Ned expect the harshness of what happened after he told. How could he? He loved his wife and she, him. They had history! Surely in 15 years they'd weathered worse, he thought. Why, most men spend more time vegging in front of the tube watching sports than he'd spent crossdressing! Yes, he knew he was a dutiful and loving husband.

Sadly, we both received swift and sure judgment-and-hanging.

Ned shared Nina. And I was discovered by my new friends to not be the nice girl they thought I was but a ... (insert dramatic downbeat) pornographer.

Three weeks to the day after dropping the nuclear bomb (which is how he recalls the day), Ned's wife up and left when he was at work. Took the furniture and all the personal effects gathered through their 15 years together. She ended the marriage with two lines scrawled on the outside of a used envelope: "I can't do it. I want a divorce."

In my case, I received a notice from PayPai that my class fee had been refunded. I immediately wrote to the instructor and alerted her that she had mistakenly sent me money. She wrote back that it was no mistake: "You appear to be associat-

ed with porn," she wrote back to me. "This is against my moral principles. Do not attend any more of my classes."

Ned couldn't find his wife to even talk things through. She was throwing away 15 years just like that? I tried as well: I wrote the teacher of the class and asked for a fair hearing. I wrote that I was an entre-preneur who developed a number of businesses, that I'd raised two fine daughters, that I was far more than a "pornographer." And to please not judge me.

My e-mail came right back to me: the instructor had blocked my incoming mail. I was hurt that I hadn't even gotten to explain myself. I wrote the fitend who referred me to the class. He, too, blocked my incoming e-mails. He also uninvited himself on my Twitter account - and blocked me from his Twitter account. Ditto Facebook. I was granted no earing; my "morality" was tried and judged without due process. The next time Ned heard from his wife was through her lawver. It's

been a year since their holocaust. They're now divorced. As for me, I obviously won't be attending more classes and my new friends ... well, good-bye to them.

Ned's loss is far greater than mine, of course. But at the core of our stories rests the same (sadly, widespread) credo by which we were condemned: judge another not as a whole, but for one sliver of who they are which you don't understand, for that one small sliver is enough to make that person wholly unacceptable.

"Nina" wrote me the other day. She said that if she had it to do over, she would have kept silent.

She wrote, "Why? Because in gaining freedom for Nina, I really hurt someone I loved. If I could do it over, I'd limit Nina and keep my wife. We were married for 15 years and Nina was out and about secretly for 10 of them. The outings were not as much as I would have liked, but all of life is a balance and I probably could have continued at that level.

"My wife always saw Nina in Ned in terms of communication and interests ... She was not aware of how they were connected to me as a crossdresser. When I made that connection for her it crushed her.

"Now I understand that some of the problem is her internal image of herself. However, when you love someone you protect them from whatever would hurt them. I failed in protecting her and she is gone. We have talked a few times but she is nowhere close to changing her mind.

"If this were the first time I failed in life, I would be crushed and probably suicidal. But I'm human and have practice in falling short. I'll forgive myself and move on."

I feel the same way. I would really like to be attending the class and naking new friends. Even at the cost of not being fully "known" by them. In not telling friends, I give up very little.

In not telling the person who, ideally, is closest to us, we risk a great deal. Then again, we risk a great deal when we do tell. Ned's tale is cautionary, but not the only outcome of sharing. Ill share happier endings next month.



I used to think that I was great in bed. But then I started dating Bob. He's into crossdressing, which is perfect for me, since I love to play dress up. Even better, Bob has a slender body so we could share stockings and panties, and sometimes even shoes. The only problem was, once we were both dressed like girls, I didn't know what to do. To get some ideas, I read a bunch of dirty books about crossdressers. The next time Bob and I played, I acted like the ballbusting dominatrices I'd read about. I told him what a dirty slut he was, what a fairy, what a sissy, and so on. I made him get on all fours and dragged him around by his hair until he had rug burns on his nyloned knees. Finally, I stuck a dido in the books. I thought he was going to shoot all over the place, but instead, when we were done, he crawled meekly into the bathroom and stayed in there for a half hour. I assumed he was jerking off.

(x.com

Two weeks later, I found a letter in my panty drawer, written in his beautiful feminine script. The letter read:

My darling sweetheart, I love that you want to please me with crossdressing, but all this brutal domination leaves me cold. A little bit goes a long way. For instance, I love to be told that it's time to transform and that my clothes are laid out on the bed. I don't need to be humiliated by you in our bedroom -- trust me, I get plenty of that at work!

When he came home that night, he found a trail of rose petals leading to the powder room. There I'd laid out an outfit just like mine -- white lacy top and white stay-up stockings. As I helped him get drassed, I told him, "Tonight we're going to play a game called 'Lesbian Honeymoon.' You know you want to dress up as my girfriend, and since I'm feeling a little bi tonight, the only way you're going to taste my pussy is if you're my hot lesbian lover."

bian lover." Bob's cock was so hard, I could barely get his satin panties on. We climbed into bed, where we made out like girlfriends, giggling and whispering secrets to each other. I played with his "pussy" and he played with mine, and we had a cortest to see who could make the other cum the most times (I won). Funny, but after all that sweet talk, things between me and Bob got very, very dirty. At the end of the night, Bob asked me to marry him for real, and I said yes, on one condition. He has to let me pick out the lacy panties he's going to wear on our wedding day.

zin-xxx.com

www.clubnella.com/belcalfin-index.html photos by Photorama International

I have this crazy fantasy that I'm an evil nanny -except that my charge is a grown man of 25. One night, after giving him his bath, I dry him off and insist on rubbing lotion onto his skin.

Cincent Contract of the Naughty Nanny SHOE SIZE 7

I begin at his ankles, slowly working my way up his naked body. Watching my hands glide over his skin, he quickly becomes aroused. I catch him stealing glances at my stockinged legs. His penis begins to stir. As I make my way up his thighs, my fingernails tantalize him and he becomes quite aroused.

As I rub the lotion onto his ass, I dig my long, teasing nails into his flesh, like a rider spurring her stallion to perform. Saving his penis for last, I gently apply the lotion, rubbing it all over his raging hard-on. His face flushes pink with embarrassment, but he's unable to stop me. Soon my right hand is sliding up and down his lubricated shaft as my left hand teases his ball sack. Faster and faster I slide my tightening hand as

photos by Jack Harrison

my young man becomes more and more excited. I crouch before him

more excited. I crouch before him and my short skirt rides even higher. Unable to look away, his eyes are drawn to my sweet, shaven pussy. It soon becomes too much for him -- the view, the nails raking his nuts, the hand gliding up and down his cock. His knees begin to shake. Finally, when he's about to explode, I stop, release my grip, and leave him perched at the peak, cum boiling in his balls. Then I smile, wipe my hands on a towel and drees him for bed. His tormented penis throbs in his pajamas. I tuck him in, turn off the light, and wish him pleasant dreams. A few minutes later, I come back into the room. Just as I expected, I catch him masturbating. Since this is something I've warned him about, I force him to stop just seconds

force him to stop just seconds before he climaxes. I make him lie across my lap for a spanking. As I

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paddle his behind with my hair brush, I trap his dick between my thighs. Despite the pain and humili-ation, the gentle pressure of my legs keeps him erect. At last he's able to rub against the legs he's fantasized about for so long. But just as he's about to shoot, I push him off my lap and onto the floor. "Masturbation is forbidden," I remind him. "The male must learn to resist his wicked urges, or suffer the consequences. I've been merciful to you this time. But if you fail again, we will have to solve your problem permanently." Then I turn off the lights and lock him in his room. He cowers on the floor, thrilled but terrified. I don't let

floor, thrilled but terrified. I don't let him out until the next day, when we repeat the exercise all over again.

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Back in school, I was a little on the voluptuous side and I didn't feel as pretty as the other girls. To attract guys, I began wearing very short skirts and pantyhose. The pantyhose made my legs look longer and more siender, and the short skirts meant that guys weren't always looking at my D-cup boobs. They were staring at my crotch, hoping that my skirt would ride up and they could catch a glimpse of my pussy. I was reluctant to go all the way, so in order to keep the boys interested, I gave blowjobs to every drug I went cut with When

I was reluctant to go all the way, so in order to keep the boys interested, I gave blowjobs to every guy I went out with. When the word got around – and it got around quickly – every single guy on campus was clamoring for a date with me.

photos by R.B. Kane pantyhose by Gatta

I started wearing even shorter skirts, and I graduated from super-shiny pantyhose to open weave hose like these. Unfortunately, even though I didn't fuck, my slutty reputation became more than I could handle. Guys whose friends I'd sucked off began camping out on my doorstep. I knew I had to do something to get things back under control. I accepted a date with the biggest stud on campus. I knew that whatever happened, he'd tell all his friends about our date. We went to dinner and came back to my apartment. I

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can't even describe the satisfied smirk on his face;

can't even describe the satisfied smirk on his face; I'm sure he expected an expert blowjob from Keira Cum Smearer -- that what everyone called me. We started fooling around on the couch. The moment I felt his hands begin to push my head towards his crotch, I told him, "Get on your knees and pull your pants down. I need your dick to be as hard as you can make it to satisfy my pussy. So jerk it good and look up my skirt." He got right to work, yanking his dick desperate-ly. I knew he thought he'd be the lucky guy to finally snare the pussy prize. The sight of my soft, wet cunt peeking through the weave of my fishnets was more than he could bear. To push him over the edge I began dangling my high heel from my toes, from than he could bear. To push him over the edge I began dangling my high heel from my toes, from time to time slapping it rhythmically against the sole of my foot. When the cum began spurting from the tip of his dick I made him catch it in his cupped hands and swallow it down. I certainly didn't want any of his sticky mess on my beautiful fishnets. That date didn't help me lose my slutty reputa-tion. The stud told some wild, untrue story based on what he wished had happened that night. But I learned something valuable -- guys love to lie, and I love to cocktease!





Erotica LA

Photos and Text by Harris from Paris

A blond woman with long legs laced with silk ribbon stilettos daintily wrapping her trim ankles struts by the security guard at the show entrance and heads towards the stand of Wicked Productions. She is fabulous and womanly, not cute and girly.

Ah, the sites at the LA Erotica, held at the LA Convention Centre, a government owned building. Being a public structure means no nudity allowed. Signs warn potential flashers.

So never mind the name of the event, the show is tame. The women are on their best behavior. So are the fans. It's all PG rated, except for a few dozen screens displaying hard-core x-rated videos. And the occasional fan grabbing and groping here and stealing a kiss there.

But for leg lovers, such tameness is irrelevant. While breast men might bemoan a virtual sea of cover-up, those who believe sex starts from the waist down and like to explore from the ground up have plenty to enjoy.

This society considers this PG. So the ladies, the performers, the boutique owners, models and visitors, if they got nice legs, they tend to show it. Make that emphasize.

The LA Erotica convention is an assembly of sex-related video production, accessories and toys, but as adult is virtually mainstream in California, it attracts no longer just sex related stuff. Consider who else has invested in a booth at this event. Research stock investors, lawyers, white teeth bleachers, auto detailers, glass blowers, lip moisturizer salesman, hair rejuvenation stylists, travel agents, stripper pole manufacturers, bling bling makers, sex institute educators, pink cross.org, ship cruise organizers, and skateboard distributors.

There were stage shows offering plenty of leg as part of the entertainment. A Ms. Parsons entertains with a business of burlesque and palates, combining flat lines and flaring curves. There was also a fashion show of the performers, Twisted Cherry Lingerie show, a show your tattoo contest, a number featuring Friends of Adult Media and Entertainment Stormy Daniels.

The girls at Wicked features were easily the most leggy. That's because they greeted their friends standing while the







women at the other booths greeted their fans sitting, unfortunately tucking their pretty legs under the autograph tables. No problem, all a fan need do is ask and any performer was more than happy to provide a spontaneous sensual leg show.

Visitors provided great sights too. Some of the ladies sashayed around in Gothlike looks, knee-high boots, mini short shorts showing more cheek than

hiding it. Open midriffs reveal tattoos all over the place but most regularly on the lower back. Some are comfortably wandering the show wearing what could pass for sleepwear - undies and a t-shirt.

There's no shortage of tattoos revealed below the knee, a scorpion by the ankle, a dragonfly on a calf, all designed to guarantee you keep your eyes looking down.

Exotic dancer Noelle Borelli has directed her dance skills to shoe design, decorating pole dancers' mile high platform stilettos with soft Victorian like fabrics turning them from flashy dancer items to elegant and refined shoes suitable for the most formal occasion. "I just love them," she says. "They're comfortable on or off the stage. I can even do cartwheels in them."





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yes, these are people who live the tellish, tease, and dominant illestyle. Leg Show Lifestyles spotlights one special service how to contact them to share your fantasy or avail yourself. If you know a "real" LEG SHOW woman or service who deserves recognition in Lifestyles. wile to me, Jessica Michaels, at 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, New York, NY 10007 with photos and details. When sanding photos for print please fall out and include the model release form on page 25

Alaya's back, and she's kinkier than ever! This self-proclaimed MILF talks about sex on the beach, stripper poles and the undercover vixens she meets at the PTA.

You were featured in LEG SHOW Lifestyles in August 2007. What kind of response did you receive?

The response was wonderful and so unexpected. I was so thrilled to hear from all your readers and to correspond with them back and forth. I am still getting mail and writing back. I do make a great pen pal and I do answer all my mail, so write to me!

What inspired you to pose for us again? As I have grown and gotten older I feel that my true essence and passion for hose is coming out more. I wanted to share it with your readers and the world. I live in sunny Florida and wear heels and hose daily.

What are your measurements and shoe size? 38C-31-38. My shoe size is a big 9.5. I love shoes and shop for them a lot.

You have referred to yourself as a MiLF --what do you think it is about older women

that makes them so sexy? I think what makes us hot MILFs so sexy is our sense of adventure and our security in life. We are not afraid anymore of the taboos in society. I live my life the way I want to and will not apologize for it. I think we are more popular now because we have reached our sexual peak and want it all the time and we know what we want. We are not afraid to speak up and say "Fuck me harder!" or "Make me squirt!".

Last time we spoke, you were single and looking for that special leg man. Are you still looking?

I am not looking any more. I found that wonderful man to complete me and my heart. He is my rock. We are happily married. He is a longtime LEG SHOW reader and was thrilled to find me in the magazine.

What is the most erotic thing you like to do with your stockings and hose? Do you leave your hose or stockings on while having sex? I always have my hose/stockings on during sex. I find that it is more erotic and arousing to me as my lover rubs my legs and snaps on my garters. The most erotic thing I do with my stockings is tie them around











What is the wildest sexual fantasy you've yet to fulfill? I am a huge football fan (Go Bucs!) and would love to sneak into their locker room before halftime and set up my strip-

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per pole and as they come in do a show for them and then suck all their cocks and send them back out to win the game. That is all a team needs at halftime if they are losing -- a good BJ!

What can our readers expect to find on your website? My members will find a site with over 98,000 hardcore and soft-core pictures and movies. Plus a site where you see me change core pictures and movies. I have gone from skinny to plus and now to curvaceous! My hair color has changed from blonde to vixen red and then back to my natural color, brown. So you are getting three hot chicks for the price of one. I enjoy playing on video so my members have access to hundreds of hardcore movies. I love anal and facials the best so that is what you will see. Lots of fucking and sucking. You can check out my site at www.naughtyalaya.com

Any major changes that LEG SHOW readers would like to know about?

Yes -- I have gotten older, juicier and naughtier with age! I feel 20 again and am just getting started. I do sell all my naughty stockings/hose and clothing. So mail me with any questions.

Do you have a new favorite tease outfit? I love my cop outfit. Since I have three stripper poles in the house I am always swinging on them. My hubby enjoys his night-



ly dances and when I am feeling real naughty I pull out my cop outfit with real cuffs and a real gun. He knows he is in for it then. He gets cuffed down and can only watch and enjoy the show. Then lots of teasing and taking control of him. I have to be in control -- that is my fetish. I just love to sit on his face as he is cuffed and cannot go anywhere.

Have you done any good teasing lately? Oh yes!!! I do wear my heels and hose out every day. I was recently in the grocery store in a short miniskirt, stockings that peeked out the bottom of the skirt and my six inch heels. This older man in his eighties kept following me around the store and then cornered me in the frozen food section and asked if he could touch my stockings. I told him, "Of course, and then you can follow the stockings to the garter straps and work your way up." His face was redder than mine. I love it ... watch for me in your Home Depot. That is my favorite place to tease men and women!

What are your thoughts on voyeurism?

I think it is fun if it is done in good taste and no one gets hurt. I love to watch any couple that will let me and I would love to participate. The more the merrier is my motto! It turns me on a lot to see some good rough sex.

You're a sexy PTA mom by day and a vixen at night. Do you ever meet any other undercover vixens at PTA meetings? I have met several "naughty" moms at the PTA meetings who all have their own skeletons in the closet. I think it is great that we all can be professional, responsible parents during the day and hot sluts at night.

If you could give a seminar on teasing men at your next PTA meeting, what advice would you have for the PTA moms? I would love to give a seminar on the art of teasing a man properly. Men love to look very discreetly at a sexy lady and want to be seduced slowly. I would tell the moms to put on a sexy low-cut suit coat, tiny miniskirt that slits up the side, garters and stockings. Last but not least sexy red six inch high heels. Red is such a power color and most men love it. Then head out on the town and begin the teasing. Sit at a bar on a stool where you can slowly uncross your legs and snap your garter belt. The sound of the belt will bring the men and women coming. Then when you have a nice piece of eye candy watching you, hike up the skirt a bit and undo your stocking and just rub where the band is and look up at your eye candy. Watch as he watches you! ★









The Apprentice Sales Girl

It is always fun for me to meet and photograph a brand new model for you relentlessly horny leg lovers and feed your insatiable appetite for a new pair of gams. As we all know, men have such short attention spans because of their constantly released and recharged cum loads. That is why women will always dominate your every waking hour. So don't fight it, boys. Accept it and turn your cum soul over to Pauline's cum soles. We here at LEG SHOW realize that your attention span is as long as the time period that you can store up a nice big heavy load, and we need to provide you with new boner inducers every month. So I am extremely pleased to introduce a brand new Pauline Girl - Deanna. I have no idea what a shy sort like she is doing here, flashing panty, gams and gash. I should not talk, though. As a shy teen and college girl, I eventually learned to flash "girdle pussy" and stocking tops, myself.

Well, Deanna was introduced to me by Thea, one of my photo subjects that you may remember. Thea is the door-to-door girdle saleswoman who 1magazin-xxx.com

got into some wildly sexy nylon-based predicaments with her tightly packed girdle and taut stockings. Deanna is Thea's shy apprentice who is learning the ropes - er, garters - of selling stockings, panties, and girdles in the suburbs. Apparently, Thea would sit in the car and send Deanna up to the front door to show off her old fashioned Hanes reinforced heel and toe stockings and a bag full of goodies. Nice sheer blouse, too, eh, fellas? Gets a girl through the front door every time. Deanna surely packs her transparent sheer panties very nicely but you might notice that sometimes she needs a firm hand to snug them up and over her generous bottom. Very frustrating, no? Panties must not sag! Some men might take it as an invitation to grab the offending panties and twist them and manhandle them and make a girl "tingly." And such tingling could be sensed by said male who thinks he can then beat his meat in front of such a girl. What do we do with a girl who sloppily wears her high class panties? Do we peel them down and slap her fanny one time or do we offer to snug them up and caress her cheeks for good measure? Thea did one and I did the other, natch. Well, how else will a girl learn about proper pantying (giggle)??



Deanna also received demerits for the way she stuffed her soft leather bag with unmentionables. Unfolded stockings lazily sticking out of the bag and rumpled panties and girdles in plain sight to anyone passing her on the street. Deanna needs to learn that fluffy wispy nylon stockings sticking out of a girl's purse or handbag is like walking through a Dog Park with doggie treats in your pocket. The dogs will come running and panting with their big dicks - er, tongues - wagging and flapping. Talk about giving a dog a bone! If you show a man on the street what treats you carry in your purse, I guarantee he will follow with his hardening bone happily wagging and twitching in his trousers. So, yes, another demerit for Deanna.

Deanna also committed the cardinal sin of going into a man's bedroom while on a sales call. Somehow, the man of the house was home alone, although he convinced Deanna that his wife was next door and would be home any moment to buy some stockings or parties from Deanna. He actually convinced her to raise her skirt and model her Hanes, her pumps, and sheer panties - in his bedroom! Get this. He said he wanted to see how his wife would look where she dresses and shows off her own frillies! Deanna bought that?? Yes, she did. She even sat on his bed to pose her legs real sexy and

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cross and uncross them, at his request. Sounds like a very specialized leg pervert to me. You leg lovers are all pricks (but loveable ones - smile)! Deanna told me that Thea was so angry at Deanna's lapse of judgement that Thea threatened to give her a spanking right there in the man's driveway after the sales call. Can you imagine?? Tight-skirted well-heeled Thea making Deanna bend over the hood of the car with Deanna's panties tight as a sausage skin over her big fanny cheeks, shadowy cunt pressed into the nylon, getting a few SLAPS?? In broad daylight! I bet the man of the house would peek outside and jerk a big load all over his picture window while viewing this sinful display. A big sexy demerit, indeed.

We still do not know if the man really had a wife since there were no feminine touches in the house, as Deanna recalled. She suddenly regrouped and told Thea that there was a family photo of the man and a lady who she said was his wife. But Thea and I think that Deanna was just making that up to avoid more demerits. I have full faith in Deanna that she will learn how to properly pack and conceal vintage stockings, girdles and panties. And that she will learn not to let a man close the front door while only she and he are in the house. And that she will learn to avoid the most egregious offense of going into a man's bedroom armed only with your spike heels, taut garters, and erect nipples. And she will eventually learn how to make a man get on his knees and expose his "throbber" while she poses and spins and bends, sticking her toesies and

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pantied cunt one millimeter from his face, to close a sale. I have full faith that under Thea's and my motherly discipline that she will be coaxing big loads from quiet suburb to quiet suburb -AFTER closing the lingerie sale, of course. Well, if you are not a piggie, that is, and behave yourself (tee hee). I do think she needs much more experience from the most acutely affected leg perverts, though. Let me know if you would like her to visit you on a practice sales call. Maybe she can help you slip on her freshly worn see-through panties and Hanes stockings, all warm and perfumed. Ding DONG!

The End









There are some LEG SHOW readers who believe that nylon is an unnecessary barrier between a beautiful pair of bare feet and their hands, mouth, or cock. If you've got a nasty fetish for naked foot flesh, now is your time to rejoice. This month, we dug out some shots from the files of foot fanatic Soleman with a selection of crinkly soles and arches au naturel. Enjoy!

I met Sandra and her two friends at a block party one summer afternoon. They noticed me taking photos of the live reggae band and asked me to take some shots of them together in front of the bandstand. We then grabbed some BBQ and a few beers and sat at a nearby bench. A few drinks later as we all became more comfortable with each other I complimented them on their pretty feet. Sandra's friend Luisa then said she would love a foot massage, a request I eagerly jumped at. The girls then let me snap some photos of their tasty toes and soles. I stumbled away sniffing my hands and hurried home with my dirty thoughts.

















My best friend, Polly, is the nastiest girl that I know. Men go crazy for her, but not because they think she's a slut. She dresses well and acts very ladylike in public. She told me that her secret is her natural body perfume. Pheromones, they call it -the combined odors of her sweat and her pussy juice, even the musky secretions from her feet and her ass. These aromas are powerful aphrodisiacs that are retained in a woman's most private placee -- her armpits, the soft skin behind her knees, the moist folds of her labia. The problem is that modern women are so obsessed with shaving and plucking and waxing and bathing, they strip them-



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But there's something Polly does-n't know that I know: if there is a spen't know that I know: if there is a spe-cial man (or woman) on whom she wishes to cast her spell, she brings her heady perfume right to you. One time I saw her in my apartment, enjoy-ing a private interlude. She leisurely stripped out of her skirt and heels until she was completely nude. Her scent wafted from her body and stirred in the breeze. I swear she moved in a rit-uel gebing to diffuse it throughout the ual fashion to diffuse it throughout the ual fashion to diffuse it throughout the room, touching my possessions, plea-suring herself in my favorite chair. Naturally I was flattered, and I find myself being aware of her in a whole new way. I've even begun applying my own pussy perfume before going to see her, wondering if she'll notice.







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