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LEG SHOW

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foot notes

by Jessica Michaels

DEAR PEN PAL 2009

This Valentine's Day, I'd like to celebrate the men (and women) who touch my heart with their wonderful letters, stories, photographs and gifts. In your own special way, you're as significant to me as any romantic other. You make me laugh, you shower me with compliments, and I never have to remind you to put the toilet seat down. Since I can't go out to a candlelit dinner with each and every one of you, we'll have to settle for the next best thing -- putting your pen names in print.

First, Mr. A.J.K. from Kansas. Your letters are brimming with unmanicured enthusiasm and exclamation points as you describe your favorite models and how you would like to serve them. I enjoy your themed stationery -- "Autumn Leaves" is my favorite -- as well as your straightforward style. Recently, however, you suspended your usual unadulterated praise to tell me that you didn't like it when we listed the movies of our adult star models. I think you said you found it "disruptive". Well, I took your opinion to heart and if you've noticed, I haven't listed a single movie since. You are a testament to the power of a dedicated fan's suggestion.

Last Valentine's Day, I extended an invitation to a certain "mystery writer", asking him if he could be a tad less mysterious. It seemed only right, as this correspondent sends me approximately one sexy, thought-provoking fantasy per day, holding back nothing except a pen name. I was so thrilled when he responded to my plea, as his work could single-handedly keep Leg Forum up and running for the next 30 years. I bet you'd be a fascinating person to have a drink with. R.F.C. (as I call you, and you know why), you are the Joyce Carol Oates of pornography!

I'm a little concerned about my dear Douglas from Maine. He's the Debbie Harry fan who, like most of us, struggles with the four P's: faith, family, finances and fucking. I used to



receive at least one letter a week, complete with illustrations, but lately he's gone silent. Douglas, you should know that I received your journals -- and those fantastic runes -- in the mail, and I keep them with my special things. I hope this was part of a cleansing ritual for you, and not an indicator of something more worrisome. So please write to me and let me know you're okay.

Last year, M.M. from Connecticut was the hands-down winner of our "Sticky Stocking Contest". Since then, he's become Marky Mark, one of my favorite correspondents and Leg Forum contributors. With colorful turns of phrase like "quicksand cunt" and "pot-roast pussy", his letters crack me up for days. Recently he wrote, "Does Jessica ever put on sweat pants, T-shirt and just go out for an ice cream cone? Your pics inflate my kielbasa, but I would love to see you in floppy wool socks with a slice of pizza in your petite hand." Marky Mark, do you really want to shatter my sexy editrix image with a direct response? There are certain things -- and you know what they are -- that simply must remain a mystery. So my only reply to you is a great big knowing wink.

David C. from Illinois wrote to tell me that he was so inspired by our Best Of Ed Fox issue, he came up with his own foot rating system based on Ed's. His one complaint, if you can call it that, was that there were no pictures of my feet in the issue. I'm flattered, David, and I have two suggestions for you. One, pick up a copy of Ed's wonderful book [*Ed Fox: Glamour From The Ground Up*]. And two, check out LEG SHOW's Special Giantess issue for an extreme close-up of my stockinged sole. That should keep you jacking for a good long while.

Everybody knows I have a soft spot for crossdressers. In fact, I'd love nothing better than to spend an afternoon in LEG SHOW's wardrobe closet with each of you, especially those who send such lovely pictures, stories and suggestions to me. They really help me to understand your inner life and make the magazine even more crossdresser friendly. In that regard, I need to acknowledge the readers who asked that our cross-dressing fantasies have a more loving, less punitive outcome. I think you'll find that your request has been granted. There's Gloria from Texas, who sent photos as well as a sexy story of her adventures; Beverly Star, the crossdressing patriot who likes to pose, stockinged and tucked, in front of the Stars & Stripes. Beverly is living proof that there's nothing more American than freedom of expression. Finally, I need to clarify something on behalf of our lovely Miss Selena. She/he wrote: "Thank you for publishing three pics of me in the January 2008 issue of LEG SHOW, but I am perplexed as to why you did not mention that I am a transvestite, as you have before..." It could have been our rush to make it to print, or it could be that you simply fooled us, as you looked so impeccably feminine. Either way, readers, note well: there is indeed a cookie in Selena's cookie jar!

Some of you readers work almost as hard as our staff, painstakingly going through each issue, pointing out which girls you like and why you like to masturbate to them. There's foot fan and Brandi Marie lover, J.E. from Maryland, whose ransom-note collages are a highlight of my month; C.B.K. from Pennsylvania, who pens me highly detailed letters in multicolored ink; and Jana Krenova fan John B., our longtime email correspondent. There are so many of you writers, and so many gorgeous ladies to write about, I'm afraid there's not enough space to print your comments. So I'll have to paraphrase: Those of you who love feet love Ed Fox. If you enjoy

Jana Krenova, the photographer, you're absolutely thrilled to see her as a model in our May 2008 Anniversary Issue. Everybody, but everybody, loves "Pauline Presents", and our September 2008 cover girl, "Office Fantasy" Pamela, was as much of a turn-on to our readers as she was to our staff.

I'd like to send special greetings to Mike B., who's currently doing time in a California jail. I want you to know that I read all your letters, and your passion and frustration come through in your very emphatic handwriting. I wish you luck in finding "horny women with dirty minds to send photographs wearing clothes -- no nudity!" I hope that your sentence is over soon, and that you go on to live a productive, lusty, felony free life.

There's a fellow from the Midwest who sent me a wonderful Polaroid photo essay. It's on my wall right now. Two pictures -- one of his lump dick, looking at Playboy, the other with an impressive hard-on, looking at -- you guessed it -- LEG SHOW. Keep it up, sir, and happy 80th birthday!

I'm going to have to wrap this column up with a series of random shout-outs. First, there's my slipper fetishist from Glasgow, Scotland, J.D. Check out one of his fantastic stories, "Dad's Delectable Toes" in this month's Leg Forum.

There's T.R. from Pennsylvania, who wrote a breathtakingly candid letter about how looking up at his mother's sexy legs led to his lifelong obsession with panties, nylons and powerful, dangerous women. Alas, the letter was a little too racy for us to print, so readers, I'll have to leave it to your fertile imaginations. To edit it would be a disservice to everyone, so I've kept it aside for my own enlightenment. And did you know that "Oedipus" means "swollen foot" in Latin?

David J. from Ohio, thanks for the pictures -- you are indeed a very handsome man, and I wish you luck in finding a lady who will indulge your cravings for feet and nylons. You wrote, "There's not many women in Ohio that will let a guy worship and kiss their feet." David J, take heart and keep looking -- the mail I receive from your state suggests otherwise.

I'd like to thank the fellow from Daytona, Florida, who sent me -- among other things -- a collection of cartoons with fem-domme themes. Mr. Daytona, I can never tell if you're writing to criticize or praise. It could be that you're simply frustrated, as I am, with the climate of sexual hypocrisy in this otherwise great land. You did write a great rebuttal to my jury-duty column, "Perversion of Justice" [Foot Notes, September 2008], highlighting all of my own very prejudicial observations and concluding, as I did, that the court was wise to send me home that day.

Thanks again to everyone who wrote -- my only regret is that there isn't room enough to acknowledge you all. But I'd be neglecting my duties if I didn't include a few final words on form. Whether you're writing a fantasy for Leg Forum or writing directly to me, readability is key. For obvious reasons, typewritten letters tend to get priority. I understand that many of you can't risk the exposure of having your partner or boss find a sexy submissive letter on your computer, so unless you're able to compose it, print it, and wipe it, please remember to use your very best penmanship. You should also know that I will only print the identifying details that you request, and I would never, ever compromise your confidentiality. We've got a good thing going, you and I -- let's keep it that way. Happy Valentine's Day!





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: mmpcreative@yahoo.com.

The Halloween Strut

H!! I'm Sandi, or as many of you know me, "The Denver Doll" from the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. I've been writing about my exhibitionistic experiences for all of you devoted Leg Forum fans and this time I'm going to tell you about one of the most exotic and erotic nights anyone can remember.

Halloween Night. So many of us exhibitionistic ladies patiently wait all year for our one true opportunity to put on our most enticing and naughty outfits to tempt both sexes. I know Halloween is traditionally meant for costumes of ghouls and goblins, but what about all of us girls who wish to be sirens of the night? We need the ultimate rush of adrenaline as we leave our homes on Halloween night in search of nightclub parties where public exhibitionism is looked upon as the norm. Here in Denver, a city of great nightclubs and social hotspots, it's not hard to find at least two or three "Pimp & Ho" or "Exotic & Erotic" parties open to everyone who wishes to strut themselves around in outfits barely legal enough to even be seen in the privacy of your own home. However, tonight, Halloween night, it's a no holds barred exhibitionistic wonderland. I do realize there are some boundaries as to how much I can show off and believe me, I take it right to the limits of the law. That's why I'm called the exhibitionistic "Denver Doll".

This past Halloween the weather in Denver was fairly nice with just a hint of chilly night air, so I decided to go all out with an outfit I knew would turn heads from the second I got out of my car. I selected one of my hot pink colored teddies with sexy black lace, a pair of super long thigh high brown stockings that pulled high up to my crotch line and a pair of fuck me ankle strap black pumps that gave me the erotically powerful look I so desired. My pussy was shaved smooth and my fingernails were done in bright blood red. I looked like a sexy diva right from the pages of LEG SHOW magazine. I was the Colorado Temptress!

I picked out a very upscale nightclub which offered one of the largest erotic Halloween parties in Denver. I stylishly arrived about an hour after opening and the crowd line to get in was so long I thought to myself, "No way, I'll never get in." Then out of the blue one of the doormen picked me out of the line and escorted me to the front door where I paid and was instantly allowed to pass magically inside to one of the hottest parties of the year. The crowd was huge and busting at the seams with costumes of all kinds. I saw Frankenstein, the Werewolf, the Mummy, skeletons, ghosts and every kind of scary nightmare costume imaginable. There were also lots of ladies in sexy attire...and then there was me!

Wow! I had indeed taken my outfit to over-the-top lim-



Sandi B.

its. I could feel every set of eyes in the place gazing upon me as I began my journey through a sea of people that were literally body to body. The music from the disc jockey was loud and titillating and pulsed through my entire body. I decided to walk around showing off not only my hot costume, but my hot body as well. Eyes were upon me from all areas of the nightclub and I could tell already that some men were positioning themselves so they could get the best look possible. The crowd inside kept growing and growing until

moving about became a struggle of bodies bumping and touching each other. I thought to myself that the dance floor will be the ultimate exhibitionistic playground with the best opportunity not only to be seen, but even touched, accidentally or on purpose.

I worked my way through a sea of bouncing people to the center of the dance floor. By now I had been bumped into and touched by so many men and women I was totally turned on. My nipples were erect and formed beautiful points in my teddy and my pussy was so moist I knew my crotch would start to show a pronounced wet spot. I was indeed ready for my next move. I could barely move my arms, there were so many people dancing around me, but I managed to reach down between my legs and release the snaps on the crotch of my pussy-hugging teddy. Pop! Pop! Pop! My pussy was free and feeling so good as the warm air from the people dancing swept across it. That's when I felt a tap on my shoulder and I thought to myself I had been spotted by a bouncer and I would soon be asked to leave. Instead I heard the welcomed words, "Would you like to dance?" I turned around and there stood a man in a great skeleton outfit. He was standing so close to me in the huge crowd that I knew he couldn't see my unstrapped teddy crotch. He grabbed my waist and pulled me tightly against him, immediately making me aware of his hard "skeleton bone" between his legs. How appropriate for a skeleton man!

The dance floor by now was body to body and I could feel other people's hips, shoulders, arms and legs all rubbing against me. But the best part was my totally naked pussy rubbing up against my skeleton man's rock hard bone.

He knew it! I knew it! We were both so turned on that I thought we'd have sex right then and there on the dance floor. After about 20 minutes of grinding our sweaty costumed bodies together, he slowly dropped one hand from my waist and slid it down the side of my hip and across the front of my stocking-covered thigh until he was able to cup my hot and sweaty slit. I hugged him even closer so no one would be wise to the incredibly personal moment we were sharing. I could tell from the flow of my sexual womanly fluids that I was soaking his hand. I then reached down with my right hand and rubbed his hard cock right through his costume. My hand moved faster and faster until I felt the throbbing jerk of his cock as he exploded right there in his costume. I rubbed and rubbed until all of his cum had soaked the crotch of his costume and now my hand was as wet as his pussy-covered hand.

I whispered into his ear and told him to follow me to the rest rooms. I reached down and snapped back up my teddy crotch, and with him right behind me to hide his soaking wet crotch, we left the dance floor and went through the crowd to the rest rooms to clean up. After coming back out, we exchanged phone numbers and agreed to contact each other again soon. We've gone out again since then, but the only thing I've seen of his original skeleton costume is the boner part.

Gentlemen, the next time you can't decide on what to wear for Halloween, think skeleton! Bones can be more fun than you can imagine. I'd be more than honored to show off to you in my outfits. Just send me a SASE and I'll return it with a free photo and an exciting letter. My trick or treat gift to you!

Sandi B.
PMB 101
820 S. Monaco Pkwy.
Denver, CO 80224

Crossdressing Cocksuckers

Iwrote to you a couple of years ago about hooking up with a crossdresser (who went by the name of Colette) and then setting up an older friend (Ted, late 60's, black, widower) with Colette. Ted spent the night with her and had a great time. I watched as she took his eight inch black cock in her mouth without any trouble as Ted caressed her ass. That evening got me so excited that as I jacked off, I wondered what it would be like for me to dress up as a woman and have Ted in bed with me. After a long time of fantasizing about it, I finally called Ted up about a month ago and asked Ted if he'd consider an evening with me as a woman. I was worried that he might say no and end our friendship. He answered with a big "Hell yes!"

My wife has a large collection of lingerie but none my size, so I went shopping for my own lingerie. I picked up a pair of black silky thigh high stockings. I also found a hot red chemise which turned me on. I couldn't wait to try them on. I got home and put on the chemise as well as the stockings and stood in front of the mirror admiring myself. My wife had a long black wig which I put on, and as I stood there, I got hard. I couldn't wait to share myself with Ted. I called Ted up and we made a date. I put all my stuff in hiding as my wife might not understand. The date couldn't arrive quick enough.

Finally, the day came. As I drove to Ted's house, I began getting nervous, but I knew that it was something I wanted. I rang his doorbell, shaking while waiting for him to answer. The door opened and I walked in and he led me downstairs to his family room. I told him I was a little nervous, as I had dressed up for my wife before, but never another man. Ted said to relax as he began to remove his clothes. He stood there in front of me naked, and seeing his big horse cock, I decided that I was at least going to try. I removed all my clothes and put the chemise on and then rolled the thigh highs up my legs. I put the wig on and stood there in front of Ted, modeling for him. As I posed for Ted, he began stroking his cock. I walked over to him and asked if he liked what he saw and he said, "Hell yes!"

He sat down on the sofa and I joined him. I was giddy as a schoolgirl. I felt so turned on as I leaned up against Ted's body. He put his arm around me and I laid my head on his shoulder. I reached down and took hold of his massive cock, gently stroking it. It was growing harder and harder, bigger and bigger as I played with it. Ted caressed my shoulder with one hand and my silky legs with his other hand.

It felt so hot sitting next to this hot stud that I knew what I had to do next. I lowered my face down to his huge cock and closed my eyes and licked the head of his prick, tasting his precum as I played with his balls. Ted told me how good it felt as he rubbed my bare ass. I felt so sexy and woman-like. I decided it was time to deep throat his big black moose cock. I opened my mouth and slid my lips around the thick shaft and went all the way down on it. I couldn't believe that I was able to take it all in my mouth. It fit just right, like it had always belonged there. I went up and down on it like there was no tomorrow.

Ted put a hand on my head to direct how fast I should go, sometimes holding it down to enjoy it as I moved my tongue around the head. With his other hand, he spanked my bare ass. I felt so good, knowing he was enjoying me suck on his cock. He then reached around and grabbed my hard-on, stroking it as I pleased him. Oh, what a feeling! I lifted my mouth from his cock and licked his balls while jacking his cock off. It wasn't long before I could feel him getting ready

to cum. I stroked it faster and he shot his load all over my hand, lubing his cock up with his cum. I shot my load almost right after he came.

I got up and changed clothes to leave. I told him I wanted to be his bitch and he said yes. I can't wait until next time.

T.P.
Bedford Park, IL

Honeymoon In Jamaica

It all started on our honeymoon. We had booked ourselves at a resort in Jamaica -- my husband is a scuba fanatic -- where I was to get my first experience diving. I don't know what else to say -- except that I hated it from the first moment! After a couple of tries, we agreed that he'd enjoy things much more if we split up. I was more than content to sit on the beach and enjoy the sun. The only downside was that a lady alone seemed to be a magnet for men to hit on. I'll never forget the first day when Jamal approached me -- he was not easy to forget!

Jamal was a very tall and attractive black man. That day he happened to be wearing a bright yellow Speedo that seemed sure to lose the battle it was waging to hold back his enormous bulge. He stood almost directly over me, and the angle of the sun kept me from doing anything other than talking right to that overstuffed yellow pouch. I'd been enjoying a few beers and mostly feeling sorry for myself. After all, I was on my honeymoon and had been pushed aside for some diving.

We struck up a conversation and I learned that Jamal was also a diver. He wanted to take me and my husband out to see if he could help me overcome my fear of the water. I'll admit it; staring at that huge bulge would have convinced me of just about anything. I wasn't a virgin before meeting my husband, and I knew that I loved him in spite of his endowment being smaller than what I'd always hoped for. I just never expected that less than 72 hours after our wedding vows my heart would be racing (not to mention my wet pussy!) with longing for another man's oversized cock.

My husband was thrilled that I was willing to try scuba again and off we went the next day. He left me in Jamal's capable hands (is it even possible my husband didn't notice his enormous bulge?), and before long he was off doing his thing while I was getting wet with Jamal -- and I don't mean from the water!

I know I should have offered more resistance, but somehow I was mesmerized by the allure of his enormous bulge. He took me right there on the boat as my husband dove beneath us. His huge cock plunged deeper than any I'd ever experienced and I came repeatedly. Each time he seemed to fuck me harder and deeper than the last, determined to mark his spot so deep within me I'd never forget him.

This pattern continued on for three days, with Jamal depositing more than a dozen loads of his black cock cum so deep within me that my pussy will never ever be the same. At night my husband would make love to me as well, and without knowing it, licked that black seed from my womb each night. The funny thing was, he seemed to enjoy the taste

and my looser pussy so much that I thought I was making him happy by letting this black horse cock stretch me out during the day and pump me full of cum. What a perfect honeymoon for both of us!

M.R.
Sioux City, IA

Dani's Delectable Toes

Danielle is a new secretary who joined our company in January of this year. She is 20 years old, slim figure, with long brown hair, big brown eyes and full, blowjob lips. She is hot! Because she was so new to the company, and because of her age, plus the fact that the weather here in Glasgow is terrible at that time of year, Dani would dress quite conservatively -- usually denims, jumpers and most of the time those knee-high Ugg boots with the sheepskin lining inside.

However, as the weather improved and she became more familiar to her new colleagues (including me) her dress code changed for the better! She still wore denims most of the time, but she began to wear little low-cut tops or thin cardigans which would reveal those incredible tits a bit more. More importantly, her choice of footwear improved dramatically. She began to wear a little pair of gold ballet flats with bare feet. The sides of the flats were quite low so that you could see most of the arches of her lovely feet and the front part of the pumps were only just covering her toes. You could actually see the start of the little gaps between those tanned toes. When she walked about the office you could hear the scuffing sound the soft soles of the pumps made against the hardwood floor. That noise makes my dick so hard!

When she sat at her desk she had the habit of taking the pumps off and sitting barefoot. The first time I noticed this was when I brought her a cup of tea one day. I nearly spilled the tea when I saw those pretty feet under the table and those little ballet pumps cast to one side. The pale pink nail polish on those cute toes complemented her tanned feet perfectly.

Then one day I saw her car pull into the lot and she got out. My heart leapt when I heard the dainty slap-slap sound getting louder. I knew she wasn't wearing her soft ballet shoes. She was wearing flip-flops! They were baby pink to match the polish on her young, succulent toes with a thin insole and a pink butterfly motif at the front where the two straps meet and held the flip-flop between her two toes.

Later that morning I brought her the usual morning tea (I made the best tea in the office, she said -- what a sucker!) She was wearing the flip-flops as she sat at her desk, where she was leaning forward looking at her computer screen. This meant her toes were flexed, with the rest of her feet away from the sole of the flip-flop which remained flat on the floor. You could tell the flip-flops were brand new -- no sweat marks left on the insoles, and you could see the brand of flip-flop along with her shoe size -- a UK 5 -- embossed in silver writing.

As she turned to thank me for the cup of tea, Danielle caught me staring longingly at her beautiful feet in those barely-there flip-flops. She looked at me, then looked down at her feet, then looked back at me and smiled. It was obvious she had just worked out what I was looking at.

She spun her chair around to face me and deliberately brushed her left foot against my leg, making the flip-flop come off her foot and land gently on the floor. "I'm so sorry Danielle," I said, and was bending down to retrieve her flip-flop before I could even think. "No, John, it was my fault," she said. "But while you are down there could you look at my foot for me? It's a little sore. I think it's these new flip-flops I bought this weekend. They're rubbing between my toes."

I couldn't believe my luck. I knew she was playing with me but there was nothing I could do about it. As I held her dainty flip-flop in my hand I blurted out, "Yes, I love -- I mean I like -- your flip-flops, Dani. I was just admiring them."

"I know, I saw you," she replied with a wink.

I carefully took that little soft smooth tanned left foot of hers between my trembling hands. "Yes, Dani, you have a little red mark just between your beautiful toes. Would you like me to kiss it and make it better?" I asked. I couldn't believe I'd said that aloud. "Just a plaster will do for now, John, we'll wait until the rest of the office has gone home," she teased, and as she said so she bit her bottom lip so sexily.

As I got off my knees and went to fetch a plaster from the first aid box, Danielle couldn't fail to notice my throbbing hard-on which was now making my trousers bulge. When I came back I carefully put the plaster on her foot very

slowly, trying to savor every second. "Thanks, John. I guess I'll just have to go barefoot for the rest of the day," she said. Then she lifted her foot from my hands and placed her big toe right on top of my throbbing helmet and stroked it a little. I thought I was going to cum there and then!

"You're the first guy to tell me that I have beautiful toes. That's a nice compliment," she said. "I take it that you like women's feet, John?" I blushed and said, "Guiltily as charged. I'm sorry if I embarrassed you, Dani."

"It's not me who's blushing, big boy," she said as she wiggled her toes against my balls. It was an indescribable feeling. "I just hope my foot gets better by the end of the day, or else I don't know how I will get home if I can only wear one flip-flop!" She lifted her right foot up and slapped the insole of the flip-flop against the sole of her foot, inches from my face.

"I think I may have a solution, Dani," I said. "Just give me a moment." I had suddenly remembered that I had bought a pair of cute pink slippers the other day and had left them in the car. They were the latest addition to my slipper collection.

Before I knew it I had been to the car and back clutching a shoebox containing a pair of soft, flat pink open toed fuzzy slippers. They were backless and had a little pink bow on top of the front part of the slipper just above the toe. I knew they would match the color of Danielle's toenails perfectly. They looked really soft and comfy.

I went into her office, and checking that everyone else was busy, I said, "Maybe you could wear these, Dani, to protect your feet from that cold, hard wooden floor." She smiled and said, "Why thanks, John, you are so kind to me. I'll see you later." She took the box from me. I wanted to watch Danielle open the shoebox and try those sexy slippers on, but I was far too aroused. The sight of her gorgeous tanned toes peeking through the open toes of the soft fuzzy slippers would be too much and I couldn't go around the office with a big spunk stain on the front of my trousers, so I left the room.

That afternoon was the slowest one ever. I could hardly do a stroke of work thinking about Danielle seducing me with her nimble feet. I happened to be standing outside her office, talking to a colleague. I could see the delectable Dani sitting at her desk, and to my delight she had the slippers on! She lifted her right foot up, mouthed the words "thank you" and blew me a kiss! Then she dangled the slipper from her dainty toes a little, smiled and returned to work. She was such a tease!

Eventually at 5:30 pm, my three colleagues had all gone. With only me and Dani left in the office, I sat in my chair nervous as a kitten in anticipation. I could hear her get up from her seat and heard her footsteps softly shuffling towards the main door. I was disappointed, thinking she was leaving, until I heard her lock the door from the inside and begin to come up to my office at the end of the corridor.

As I looked towards the door I could see Dani standing there. She had somehow removed her skirt and bra, so that all she wore was a tight pink cardigan, the two buttons straining to contain her amazing breasts. She had a little pair of white lacy panties that barely covered her bush, those smooth, tanned, shapely legs and on her feet of course, those slippers. As I had thought, the slippers were a bit on the big side -- her heels had plenty of room at the back, and the pink bows on the slippers above her toes were irresistible.

"I'd just like to thank you for your kindness today, John," she said and she sat down in my leather chair. She seductively crossed her legs and ran her hands down her leg towards her feet. She slapped the slipper against her foot and





said, "These slippers are so comfy -- they're just what I need for wearing around the office." As I stared at them she playfully wiggled her toes.

I stood in front of her, my aching cock dying to be unleashed. "Let me help you with that, John," she said. She undid my belt and pulled down my trousers and then my boxers. My hard cock sprang free, and Dani licked her lips before planting a kiss right on my pink cock head, which was ready to explode.

For the second time that day I knelt down in front of Dani. I lifted her foot up and gently eased the slipper from her right foot. "I'm glad you like the slippers, Dani. I wasn't sure how you would react," I said. "I have to confess I've been obsessed with your feet ever since I first saw them. Would you mind if I just kissed them a little?"

"I'd love you to, John," she said, to my everlasting delight. "I have to confess I've never met a man with a foot fetish before. My toes have never been in a man's mouth --

although I have wondered sometimes what it would feel like."

"Let me oblige you, Dani," I said. And with that I brought her young, sweet toes towards my hungry mouth and gently eased her big toe between my lips and gently sucked. After a couple of minutes of sucking and licking I could see it was having the desired effect. Dani began to moan. She threw her head back and began easing further into the chair. A damp patch was also appearing on the front of those skimpy panties.

She took her toe out of my mouth and began to rub the soft sole of her foot all over my face. The underside of her toes were wonderfully soft and fragrant. My stubble brushing against her sensitive skin made her giggle with delight, until, desperate to taste her toes again, I began to suck on her big toe some more. Then I took toe number two, three and four until all five were against my lips.

"Your hot breath on my toes feels fantastic, John," she said. "Please don't stop." Then she began to move her panties to one side and rub her swollen pussy lips with her fingers. I licked and explored between each of those cute toes with my tongue, her foot still feeling quite warm with having been in those pink furry slippers for most of the day.

I had actually forgotten that she was still wearing the other slipper until she began to caress my balls and the underside of my erection with the soft, furry part of her slipper. That sensation felt incredible and I knew I would cum quite soon. Then I felt the head of my cock slide between the sole of her foot and the soft slipper, and Dani began to rock her slipper-clad foot back and forth, massaging my aching cock. Just then I looked down as the rocking motion had caused the loose slipper to fall to the floor.

Dani took her foot out of my mouth again, and with all ten toes she began stroking my rock hard six inches. Within 30 seconds I had cum all over her toes, my spunk dripping onto the floor. Dani came too, her knickers soaking wet with her cum. Also, her face was flushed with a combination of passion and embarrassment.

She smiled at me and told me what a great time she'd had. Then she realized that she was late for her bus and quickly cleaned herself up and got dressed to go. I said, "How will you be able to get home with your sore foot, Dani? If you keep your slippers on I can give you a ride home. Let me fetch your flip-flops and your bag."

Dani ended up staying the night with me and we had more incredible foot sex, topped off with straightforward sex. It was the most memorable day (and night!) of my life. We are now an item and she keeps me satisfied in my obsession with slippers (and occasionally other footwear). Dani wears slippers and other backless shoes at every opportunity, knowing that I have an almost permanent erection. Who needs Viagra???

J.D.
Glasgow, United Kingdom



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Shoe Size 5.5

KATE

My Sister's Foot Freak Fiance



photos by R.B. Kano





To me there's nothing more thrilling than getting away with something I'm not supposed to. My sister is engaged to a businessman (I'll call him Rich), and even though I'm happy for them, I can't resist teasing the hell out of the guy.

Last night he took us both to dinner, and naturally I looked my best -- skimpy red and white sundress, smooth waxed legs, toenails polished to perfection. I should mention that my feet are very small -- size 5.5 -- and Rich couldn't stop staring at them. When my sister left the table I turned to him and asked, "Does my sister know that you're turned on by women's feet?" She came back before he could answer, but the shocked and embarrassed look on his face said it all.



Then, as we were eating, I "accidentally" dropped my fork. "Oops, can you get that for me, Rich?" When he went under the table I flexed my leg so that one of my strappy red high heels happened to brush against his face. I'm aware of how tempting my feet look in them, so perfect and miniature, and I knew that he was fighting the urge to grab one and kiss it. I could feel his hot breath on my tiny toes as he lingered longer than necessary. My pussy juices began to flow, not just from the feeling, but because I was getting away with something so naughty.

We all got a little tipsy and I had to sleep over their house. My sister went to bed, leaving me and Rich in the parlor. The poor guy was so nervous to be alone with me, but too horny to leave me. What a dilemma! I pretended to have a problem unbuckling my ankle strap as he pretended to watch television. Trying to control his hard-on, he shifted uncomfortably in his roliner, sneaking glances at my feet the whole time.



Finally I said, "Rich, can you help me with these?" He dropped to his knees and as he reached for my high heel, I playfully pulled it away. "Only a slave would get on his knees like that," I said. He attempted to stammer a response, but I shut him up by placing the sole of my shoe right over his mouth. "No, stay down there," I said, spreading my legs slightly apart. It was just enough to let him see the moist outline of my cunt through my red panties. "Now that we both know what kind of freak you are," I said. "you'd better hope that my sister never finds out."



Rich agreed that the best way to keep his secret safe was for him to do whatever I say. I could have seduced him right then, or forced him to eat my pussy or suck my little toes. But I didn't even push him for a foot massage -- unless you count me thrumming my bare toes on his cock and ball sack until he nearly cried from the torment. It's the knowledge that he's my sister's fiance and he's under my complete control -- that's what gets me off. I probably won't even fuck him, at least not until after marriage. I'm old-fashioned that way. ☹







Send your prints or slides to:
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Sasha



Cee-Cee

I need someone to suck my toes and spank my ass! Want to stroke your cock on my black nylons? What would you do with my pussy scented panties or pantyhose? I have sexy explicit photos available and special request pics! Just name your kink and I'll fulfill your fantasy!

Cee-Cee

P.O. Box 32042, Mesa, AZ 85275
or email: cee-cee@cox.net



Sasha



Sasha



Cee-Cee



Sasha

I'm a hot LEG SHOW
fetish queen from Poland
and would love to hear
from horny leg men from
around the world.

Sasha

Anna Zywocka, 30-882
Krakow, Poland



Cee-Cee



Miss D



Miss D



Miss D



Shelby & Dream



Shelby & Dream



Miss D



Shelby & Dream

My husband and I enjoyed seeing my pictures in your magazine. I have enclosed more photos for all the great LEG SHOW readers. Please contact me for used thongs.

Miss D,
P.O. Box 5123,
West Pittston, PA 18645

I hope all the LEG SHOW readers enjoy these photos as much as we enjoyed taking them! Contact us with a S.A.S.E. if you want to see more.
Shelby & Dream,
P.O. Box 2154, Kilgore, TX 75662
or our website: shelbystage.com

B.L.



Please publish this letter and my photos in my favorite magazine's Home Photos section so that all your loyal readers can see what a dirty leg mistress I am! Hot cum dripping down my legs and feet is forever my destiny. LEG SHOW fans please write to me and tell me about your destiny. Does it include me? Send a S.A.S.E. and letter to:

R.L.,
1020 N. Wilcox Ave. #410,
Hollywood, CA 90028

B.L.



B.L.

Ms. Azurite



Hi! My name is Azurite and I love to show you my hot, sexy long legs in LEG SHOW magazine! If you like to join my fan club then enclose 4 stamps and your address to get my information.

Ms Azurite,
SPQ, P.O. Box 6548/LS,
Gulfport, MS
39507-8548

Ms. Azurite



Home Photos Model Release

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Classic
LEG SHOW
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ 1999

SLUTTY SIMONE

JUST WON'T QUIT

When Simone, our centerfold from August 1999, discovered that she was going to be featured in the magazine again, she called me right away. How she got my home number, I'll never know. But she's a resourceful one, that Simone. I couldn't ask her the question that was on my mind: "Do you still look hot?" That would be rude. So I asked her the second most obvious thing.

Yes, I still smoke. I don't care what anybody says — it does make you cool. I tried to quit a few times, but it's just too much a part of who I am. Smoking is for bad girls, the kind who snap their gum and get into fistfights. The kind who start out on a date fully dressed, stockings perfect, pretty dress, but even as they're making themselves look ladylike, they know they're going to end the night in the back seat of a

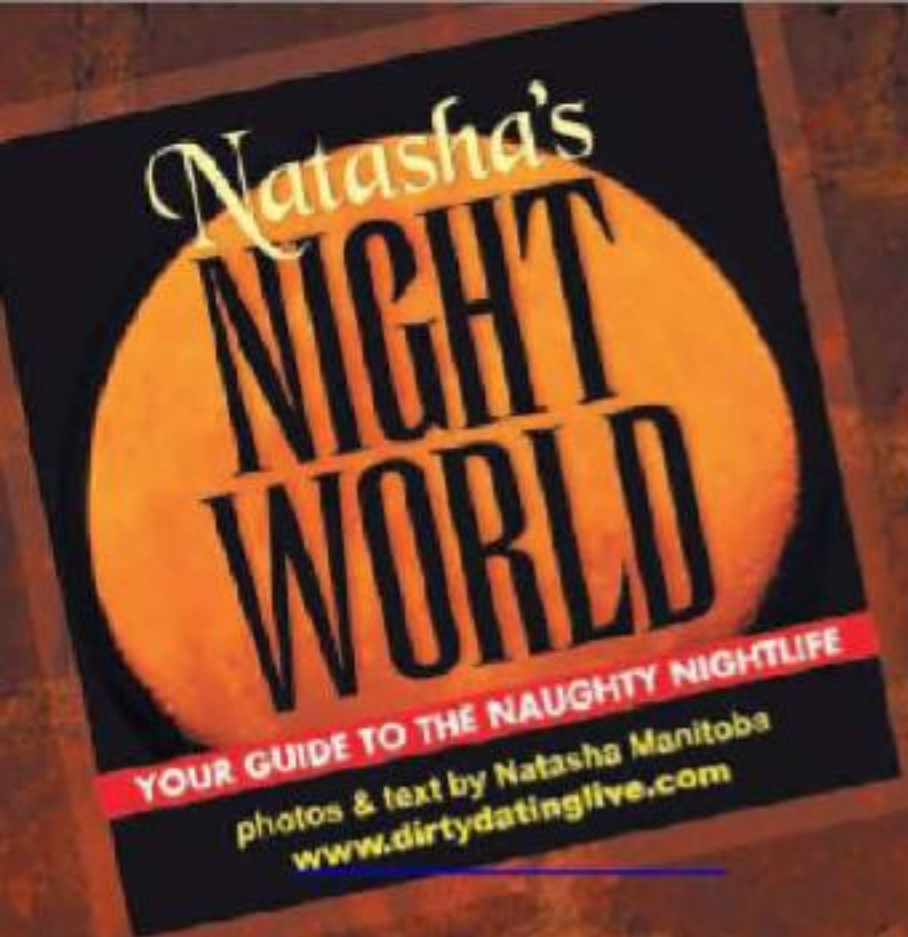


big car with their high heels braced against the ceiling as they hump some guy whose last name they don't know. That's the kind of girl who smokes, and that's the kind of girl I am. When I was younger, right before I moved out of my parents' house, my mother used to wonder why the knees of my nylons were always dirty and ripped. To shut her up, I told her the truth. "Ma," I said, "I just love blowing guys in dirty alleyways behind seedy bars."

And speaking of blowjobs, I used to fuck this guy who actually came when I blew cigarette smoke onto his hard cock. I would go back and forth between dragging on my cigarette and sucking on his dick. Then, just as he was about to cum, I'd pull his cock with one hand while I French-inhaled. I'd look up at him with my most seductive look and blow a big plume onto his cock and balls. That would be enough to put him over the edge, and he'd spurt his cum into my face and hair.







Meating and Greeting

NATASHA EXPLORES EXXOTICA NY, AN EROTIC EXPO THAT LOOKS LIKE A TYPICAL TRADESHOW TILL THE TOPS COME OFF AND THE BOOTY-SHAKING BEGINS.



CONVENTIONAL WISDOM

I blush to admit this, but not all my adult worklife has been concerned with covering the near edges of the outer limits; over the years I've occasionally had to lower my journalistic standards and take on "straight" assignments too. In that capacity I've covered countless conventions all across this country. Most are dull as dishwater and would be totally fudging unbearable were they not held in sin cities such as Vegas, Atlantic City or Miami.

Well, since location is all-important, one might expect that an expo taking place in a one-horse town like Edison, New Jersey would be especially challenged in the sizzle department. And one would be right... except if that expo were EXXOTICA NY, a tawdry trade show devoted to XXX videos, freaky fuck toys and adult accessories, all presented by a bevy of porn performers, strippers and other assorted sex workers.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

ExxoticaNY offered three full days of funky flash and glitter... but in truth the quality of its erotic entertainments varied wildly. On the plus side, there were cool demonstration bouts by the girls of the Pillow Fight League; and I was charmed by a wonderfully warped dude who spent three days plaster casting strippers' asses. My personal favorite performance was a dick-sucking demo by CezarCapone.com's up-and-coming starlet Morgan Dayne. The "dick" the dear girl demo-deep-throated was merely a dildo, since minimal rules of decorum were still in effect at the show. But there was nothing artificial about Morgan's blowjob abilities; she has some serious skills.



Exxotica is open to the public twice yearly in Miami and New York: www.exxoticaexpo.com. To view dirty filthy hardcore clips I shot before, during and after the show, visit my naughtiest-ever video site, dirtydatinglive.com.





However the biggest weed-out moment came in the next round, and to describe it I'll just say this: it takes a real man to suck a dick... even if that dick is merely a strap-on being worn by a lovely young lady. There was only one man standing... kneeling, actually... after the dick-sucking segment. To reach the penultimate lapdance level he next needed to bury his face in a bowl of ice-water while taking zaps from an electric dog collar. And did he? Of course. What real man would refuse a little drowning and electrocution for pussy?

To win the bonus prize, the multi-girl-lapdance-plus-porn-for-life, starlet Joanna Angel sweetly stated that all the lad needed to do was take five punches in the face from her, "just a little four foot eleven, ninety-seven pound girl." Unfortunately sweet, petite Joanna packed a mean wallop. She raised a mouse on the poor boy's eye with her very first shot, delivered four more of her finest... but then made the boo-boo all better with a multiple lapdance from her crew of cuties. ★



Unfortunately Howard Stern's writer/producer Benjy Bronk was also in attendance, and at one point some moron made the mistake of handing him a microphone. Benjy seized the opportunity to rant about the evils of pornography, informing everyone present they would burn in hell. Security guards gave Bronk the boot... allowing the rest of the assembled guests to continue their descent to damnation in peace.

LAST GLANS STANDING

The most unsettling live performance was "Strip For Pain," featuring a crew of sexy sweeties from BurningAngel.com. Volunteer guys came up and underwent a series of humiliating and painful acts, and as their reward for doing so the gals peeled off item after item of apparel. The dude who endured all would win a nearly naked lapdance and possibly the bonus boner-prize... a multi-girl lapdance and "pornography for life" (actually some DVDs and a subscription to the BurningAngel website).

Although the game's concept was simple, it revealed a basic truth about human males: Guys will put up with a lot of punishment for pussy. In Round One, contestants had to strip to their jockeys and snort a few lines of powdered wasabi mustard. No problem. Next they received whippings from the women and dressed themselves in bras and panties. All took their beatings like men... but a few balked at dressing in ladies' underwear.

Dear Jane...

Advice for Boys Who Need It Bad

Jane of X-traordinary Talk! first appeared in the May '96 issue and was an instant hit. Her mature beauty, warmth, intelligence and sweet, nurturing style of dominance won her many fans—as well as a husband. Yes, Jane married a LEG SHOW reader, and with his enthusiastic support has expanded her business of teasing talk tapes into a wonderful website and live phone teasing. Since Jane not only lives the fetish lifestyle but maintains a healthy, loving fetish-based relationship, we figured who better to answer your questions on integrating your fetishes with your relationships. You can contact Jane through her website with your questions, or write her c/o LEG SHOW, 225 Broadway, Suite 2601, N.Y., N.Y. 10007.

He Wants to Work for Strap-on Jane

Dear Jane,

I have been surfing and I came across this website which really made me feel dirty. And so wet. It's StraponJane.com. One of the free pics made me want to just get fucked by the woman in the photo, wearing a lefty strap-on.

I am a straight guy but I like to get involved – both give and receive – with strap-ons. I've been with strap-on ladies, transies, and lesbians. These crazy queer types really interest me and give me the urge to fuck like hell.

If you are Strap-on Jane, please reply 'cause I desperately want to be part of your crew. I am a great thinker and I can help give you some ideas that will really be mind-blowing and crowd-pleasing, so do reply,

Your Ass-Licking No. 1 Fan

Dear Ass-Licker,

I want to clarify one point in your letter, doll: transies, lesbians, and women who play with strap-on dildos, are no more "crazy queer types" than any of the rest of humanity, love, including you.

I am not Strap-on Jane of www.StraponJane.com but, like you, I think she is very, very hot. You can e-mail this strict and sexy Brit at jane@straponjane.com and if you want to be involved with her crew and are willing to go to the UK to do so, I encourage you to write her and make a pitch. Suggestion: leave out any mention of crazy queer types.

You say you're a great thinker and have some mind-blowing ideas for her. Well, if she's interested in hiring you, I bet she has a few mind-blowing ideas for you, too, sweetheart.

Jane

"I Am Kinky, Hear Me Roar"

Dear Jane,

I wanted to give you an update on how things are going with my therapist. We've chatted about a lot of things, including how my lingerie obsessions probably stem from having a very stern mother who constantly humiliated me verbally and with her actions. I'm beginning to think wearing lingerie is a reaction to that.

At 35, I've had limited sexual experience and through therapy I realize I've been associating ejaculations for so long with lingerie that it is truly becoming normal for me.

I'm glad to know some people – like you and like my therapist – believe there is no "normal." (If there is a normal I'm definitely

ly not there.) My love for lingerie is so strong, and the more feminine the better. I also find myself becoming more interested in wearing women's clothing generally, especially satin and charmeuse items.

To me it's really erotic to wear a skirt and pull it up to see my panties before I jerk off. I'm hoping to be okay with all this — someday.

I just want to be at the point where I can say to anyone and certainly to any woman, "Yes I'm wearing women's panties and stockings. I love it and I don't care if you think it is weird."

That's all, Jane. I just wanted you to know my progress. Thanks for telling it like it is.

Big Fan in Little Panties

Dear Big and Little,

Looking inside can lead to self-knowledge. Self-knowledge can be a step toward self-acceptance. Self-acceptance is essential to self-confidence. Analyzing our belly button and learning why we do things also helps us find some inner peace.

It appears this complicated and wonderful process is happening in your therapy as you discover connections between long-ago childhood occurrences and today's longings. I congratulate you; I know the work involved in traveling this road is very difficult.

However,

Personal insights and self-confidence needn't and shouldn't manifest in pronouncements to others. Confidence is not pounding one's chest with one's newfound okay-ness; confidence is quiet.

Be honest. We all actually do care very much what other people think. Even with therapy on a daily basis, you'll never feel okay about people finding you "weird." It's human nature to want acceptance from others and feel that we belong.

Not wanting to be considered "weird" is not inconsistent with feeling you're "normal," by the way. There is no "normal" ...



each one of us human beings has our own take on sexual. Being kinky – as you delightfully are – is part of many people's sexual repertoire, mine included. We are "normal" because there is no "normal" in sexuality.

We don't advertise our sexual proclivities not because we're ashamed or feel we're abnormal, love, but because we're discreet. Just as panties is your thing, another's is oral sex or anal sex or masturbating five times a day or watching 'older-woman' porn or or or or ...

Your growing self-confidence will bring you to a place where you know without doubt that you're a desirable partner and that there's nothing in the world wrong with you or what you like to do with a pair of panties.

When the time comes to share yourself with a woman you've come to know well and trust, you'll have no need to lay it out with a defensive, "If you don't like it then shove it" attitude.

Rather, you'll disclose your playful sexual side gradually and with quiet confidence. Self-confidence is enormously powerful, sweetheart. And to a woman it's an aphrodisiac.

Jane

A Critique of Orgasm

Dear Jane,

I just turned 40 and I'm noticing I cum less than I used to. I don't mean amount (although that, too, is less, I think) – I mean frequency. I could have shot my wad four times a day 15 years ago; now it's maybe once if I'm lucky.

Will it just keep going down (so to speak)? I wonder if when I'm 60 sex will be over for me.

Not Enough

Dear Not,

You're not the only one for whom sex is all about the orgasm. In fact, in our prurient society, sex isn't sex unless there's a man's orgasm involved.

Orgasm has become a man's badge of sexual viability: Men hope and pray they can maintain their erection so they can orgasm. Men aren't adequate lovers if they don't give their partner an orgasm. Men masturbate so they can orgasm. Men have failed sexually if they don't orgasm. Men watch porn for the "money shot" (okay, and a bit of pussy, too). Sex is a race to the finish line, the orgasm being first prize. We sexologists talk about men "achieving" orgasm like he just got promoted at work.

So much fuss over the orgasm!

And there shouldn't be. Not that I'm against them; some of my best friends have 'em.

But to measure sexual fulfillment by the final 8 seconds is misguided, even pitiful. To celebrate these 8 seconds, as Great Britain does, with a National Orgasm Day each July 31 is frankly silly.

Too many of you guys are so focused on your orgasm that you forget to enjoy all the great stuff that happens leading up to it. Too bad for you that you judge the success of yourselves as sexual beings by those 8 seconds.

One of the finest lovers I ever had played a seduction of me that lasted years. He knew the moment he saw me that he'd have me. But he didn't go for the kill straight away.

Instead, he waited. He dangled mixed messages that confused and delighted me.

The day it finally happened, we made love for hours. If I ever in my life was ravished, it was that sunny mid-day.

When our sex ended, amidst damp sheets and a sweating run, I realized he hadn't had an orgasm.

I'd never known a man not to punctuate the end of sex with an orgasm. But this man didn't care a bit about that. He was happy. I was happy. In my memory of the men I've been with, this is one of the sexiest men on earth; he knows it and that makes him all the more appealing. He relishes in his sexuality – and not because he can orgasm "x" number of times a day.

We talked about it months later. I asked him about the no-orgasm sex we'd had. He said he could have an orgasm anytime just by touching himself. He defined sex, he said, in a far larger way.

Orgasms were cheap, he said, easily had. A dime a dozen. What is special, he said, was that which is hard-won, the long dance beforehand, the "win," and the sweaty pleasures exchanged on a sunny afternoon.

Oh, and by the way, the man was 60.

Jane

ANNOUNCEMENT: Please write me describing your almost-being-caught or being-caught experiences when masturbating with or in women's lingerie. I will share (anonymously, of course) some of your tales here in my column. Write me at jane@time.tv.

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 e-mailing 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.



BOTTOM FEEDER

A Personal Odyssey into the Land of the Lotus-Foot Eaters

by Joseph Friscia

I am an avid worn slipper fetishist and I continually search out extreme and exotic and bizarre encounters.

Not just any old slippers will satisfy me.

I was recently granted the privilege of handling, caressing and sniffing the tiny slippers worn—very well worn—by Chinese women with bound feet.

I did this at the Shoe Room of a certain museum in New York City.

They've got over 2,000 pairs of slippers and shoes from every period in history and you have to make a special appointment to view and sketch the pairs of your choice—and desire. No cameras—because hot lights and flashes bleach old fabric colors like the sun.

I had to wear fine white cotton gloves when I handled the slippers so dirt and oil from my fingers wouldn't rub off—

—they brought me the nearly century-old slippers on a tray on a spotless white cloth. Kind of like they were holy, or young things that were alive.

They stank.

Both pairs stank and were heavily stained inside—stained and stinking like an unclean woman's panties long ago rolled in a ball and thrown in the corner of a dark and damp cellar after she'd fucked her husband's best friend. An air of forbidden "dirtiness" hung about them.

I wanted to take my clothes off and know and "read" them as I have deciphered other slippers foul with neglect—like a blind man reading obscure Braille with the blood-stiffened tips of his tongue and penis, releasing a runaway train in the head of scary and fugitive images:

But the presence of a supervisory attendant—a slender woman in her twenties with short brown hair, well-shined oxfords and eyes like a friendly owl's served as a deterrent.

And so I began to draw—frequently poking my nose inside the slippers under the pretext of "getting a closer look."

Why did I choose bound-foot slippers?

Horror.

My own cultivated taste for the aftermath of horror that chills and makes me feel guilty and excites me all at the same time.

Allow me to explain.

We have to go back a long time—the years just after the Second World War, in Brooklyn where I was born and raised:

I was a delivery boy in a neighborhood drug store (I was 18. Okay! Okay! I was a socially-retarded 18!)

An old-fashioned drug store with fat jars of colored water in the window and even fatter old men using the place as a hang-out, chewing stubby cigar stumps deader than their dicks and leering at every woman who walked in and out.

"Gash"—that was their favorite word for vagina.

"Gash"—like it was something done with a knife. Like it was a stinky open hole, a real dangerous deep one.

So deep, they said in ugly whispers:

"It don't matter how big you are or how hard you push—you never reach the bottom!"

And it could crack shut—like it had a nasty mind and a heart and lungs of its own. Snap down like those traps that break a rat in the middle because he was too dumb to resist the odor of rotten cheese:

And I was very small and very afraid of pain—

—and I was a sucker for rotten odors:

I didn't know what "gash" looked like but I delighted in sticking my own rummy unwashed toes in my mouth and masturbating and fantasizing...

...fantasizing about Wanda, a woman who lived on the same block.

Wanda was a refugee from Eastern Europe. She was kind of sacred and defiled all the same time—I mean she looked like the illegitimate sister of Jesus Christ.

Only somehow God decided he couldn't afford two children—

—so Wanda never got to Heaven and had to hang on a cross for three years instead of three hours, until the War ended and a bunch of G.I.'s took her off the thing figuring they could get blow-jobs.

How I wanted Wanda!

She had big strong teeth the same faint yellow as the nails of my toes—except one of her dog-teeth was stainless steel, the left one I remember, and would gleam like a wicked wet razor when she smiled—which wasn't often.

And her neck was long and slender, like her fingers—long and slender but very strong. And when I put my toes in my mouth I would make believe they were her toes:

Even though I'd never seen them and even though she didn't seem to notice—or care—that I existed.

One special day I had to deliver a package to Wanda. Sanitary napkins:

"Hey, kid!" sniggered the oldest and dirtiest of the dirty old men, a janitor, "tell that Wanda twat you keep eye-fucking not to flush them rags down her toilet—clogs everything and then I gotta reach down and yunk it out! Make sure you deliver that message or next time it happens I'll make you eat it for lunch!"



And they all guffawed and lost their cigars and I walked away red-faced and feeling angry and stupid...

...and wondering what it would taste like.

Wanda didn't look good when she let me in from the catty smelling hallway. She had circles under her glazed blue eyes and hadn't washed in days and had a real strange tormented expression on her face—real strange, like she'd been staring at her family album after someone had broken into her place and snipped and rearranged the photos in a real dirty filthy way.

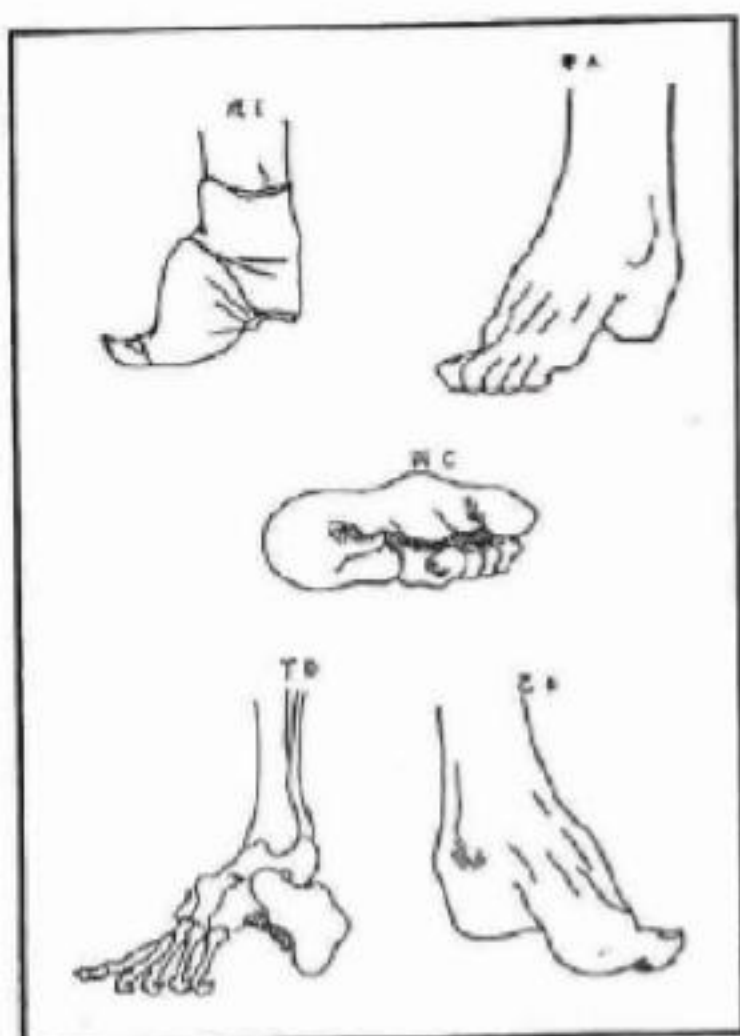
But that didn't make any sense—Wanda didn't have a family. She was barefoot.

Wonderfully, beautifully, neglectfully, stinkily barefoot!

Her toes were even longer and more slender than I'd fantasized—with broad nails and pale yellow of natural ivory, but faintly, almost menacingly, curved and jagged and black at the very edges—

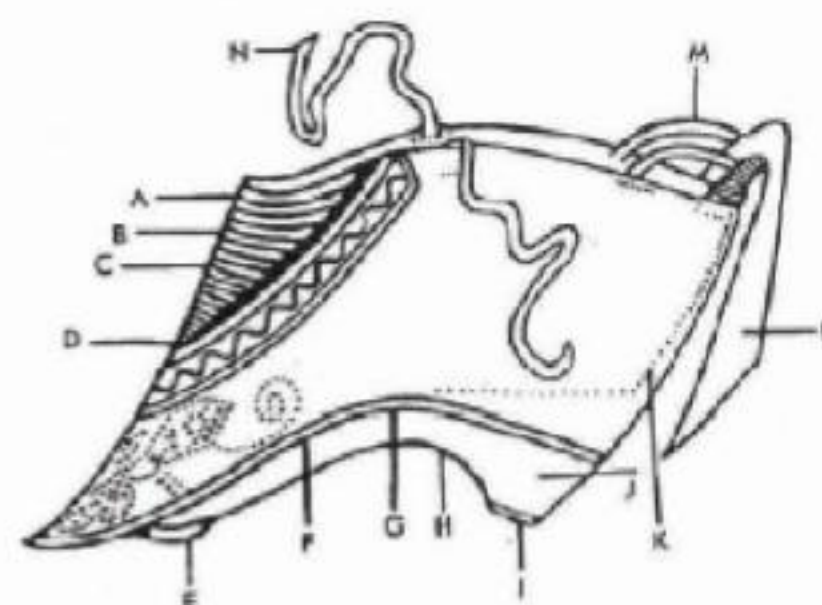
—and her gritty soles were thick-skinned and the rich brown of

The Footbinding Process



STAGES OF THE FOOTBINDING PROCESS

Early months, all toes; but the big one bent under the material. B. and C. Process complete, with toes entirely bent under the material. D. Resultant change in bone configuration. (Based on a specimen kept by the Heterod Foot Society in Taipei, Taiwan, in 1903.) The foot which has changed is here tightly bound by a strip of cloth.



DETAILED DRAWING OF A TINY SHOE, NORTHERN STYLE, POPULAR IN THE EARLY 1920'S

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| A. Tongue (also called Moon Gate). | H. Center of the sole. |
| B. Ladder rung. | I. Rear sole support. |
| C. Bound foot surface, also called aperture surface. | J. Perfume storage. |
| D. Aperture point. | K. Inner high back. |
| E. Front sole support. | L. Heel lift. |
| F. Border strip. | M. Heel lift reinforcement. |
| G. Middle part. | N. Shoe fastener. |

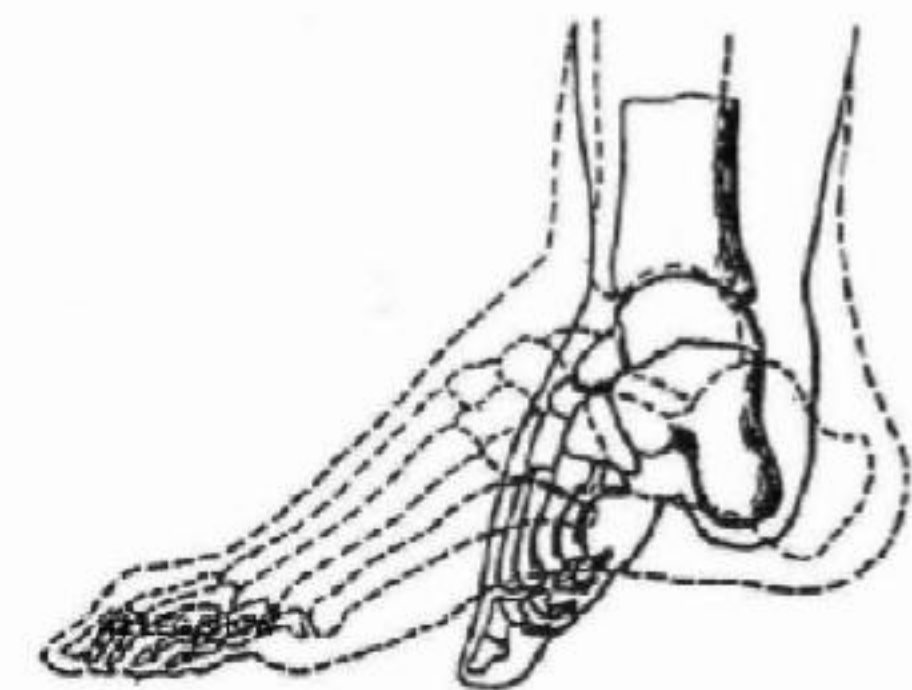


—and I realized that out of fear I was still clutching one of my socks—
—and I let it drop like a security blanket I would never need again and I came in a frenzy without once touching my rigid swollen cock.
I thought of that day long ago as I held and sketched the tiny, special Chinese slippers—barely three and a half inches long; so fine and delicate stained linen on the inside, vivid silk on the out.
It's a very special thing to hold the aftermath of another human being's hell in the palm of your hand; to view the strange and almost alien tea-brown imprint of a foot twisted by prolonged binding in youth into a permanent cross between a small penis and a French braid.
And at the side of one slipper, just where the perspiration stains ended, I noticed a series of numbers meticulously penned in black ink:
"That's a serial number," the girl with the friendly owl eyes softly explained, never guessing that I'd handleless cum in my pants, mistaking a half-suppressed gasp for a hiccup and offering to get me a glass of water, "That's how the museum keeps track of its acquisitions."
And I thought of the numbers tattooed on the inside of Wanda's right forearm.

Photographs of antique lotus shoes and slippers courtesy of Linda Wrigglesworth, a London antique dealer specializing in Chinese costume and textiles. These exquisite shoes, symbolic both of highly-developed aesthetic sensibility and supreme cruelty, can be purchased by private collectors.

For information visit:

www.LindaWrigglesworth.com



Last night's wild love play loosened the latex reek;
On waking, layer upon layer are tightly released.
As she binds, fuzzy silk entangles her slender fingers.
She sprinkles perfume, exalting greater fragrance.



lactating nipples and engraved with criss-crosses of dirt-filled cracks and fissures like the mindless graffiti of an especially vicious vandal.

How I wanted her! this wonderful, strong, razor-mouthed woman so full of damage and pain!

And how I feared her! Feared to touch her for fear of suffocating in her bigness—in the terrible raging storm of her inner torment!

I wanted to have her and be safe and warm at the same time—

—like a slimy, weak bottomfeeder inhaling and savoring the mercilessly intimate personal filth of a dim-lit ocean floor while peering upward and enjoying the real and thrilling and exciting sight of crashing waves and thunderbolts and shattered vessels and broken lives too distant to endanger me.

Her bathroom door was ajar.

Her worn carpet slippers were on the small window sill. She was airing them out.

"Wanda," I nervously asked, the words catching in my throat, "is it okay if I use your bathroom?"

"Of course," she gently and absentmindedly replied as she went to her purse to pay for the delivery.

I fixed the latch on the bathroom door and I knew—

—I knew I had crossed a line I would never—NEVER—cross back over again.

And at the time I didn't even know what the word "fetishist" meant.

And I ripped off my sneakers and my nasty socks and jeans and I buried my nose and my open-mouthed face in the rank, sun-warmed, moist and powerful insides of her slipper—



Jolene

MY SIGNATURE SEX MOVE

Shoe Size 6.5



I guess you could say I'm your typical American woman. I love muscle cars, loud music, and shopping. Most of all, though, I love fucking — maybe a little too much. My ex-boyfriend used to complain that I was too aggressive in bed. He said that guys like it when girls let them do all the work. I told him that I'm not a girl, I'm a woman, and any real man with some balls would love to go to bed with me.

But why not let you be the judge?

When I want to fuck a guy, the first thing I do is lay him down on his back and pull down his pants. I tell him I don't want to hear any talking — no compliments, no dirty words,



photos by Mario Pettrino



nothing. In case he doesn't get my meaning, I kick off my panties and stuff them into his mouth -- wet spot first. Funny, but by this time, his cock is so hard it looks like it hurts him. I mount him quickly and cum two times while I am astride his cock. Then I clench down on his dick with my vise-like pussy and pump him up and down until his cock is about to explode. What most people don't understand is that the more sex you have, the tighter your pussy gets. It's a muscle and it needs a good workout.

Right before the cum shoots out, I take one hand and grab his cock firmly by the base. Then I simultaneously clamp my pussy on his dick as I lift myself off it. This is my signature sex move. It strips the cum from his balls and sends it shooting up into the air with tremendous force. The guy's whole body spasms and it's like he doesn't even know what hit him.

Come to think of it, I guess I am pretty aggressive in bed. If it's too much for you, forget it. But if you're man enough to take it, then come on over.







BLONDE BEAUTY

FICTION BY LANDON DIXON • ART BY KOVIK

Sylvia entered the bedroom dressed in a pair of tight-fitting jeans, work boots, and a plain white t-shirt. Her short, dark hair was slicked back and tucked in behind her ears, strapped-on cock outrageously bulging the front of her jeans.

"What's takin' so long?" she demanded, in a voice three octaves and four states below normal. "Damn women always takin' so long to make themselves pretty."

Glen was seated at his wife's make-up table, his back to her, his long, blonde hair fanned out across his shoulders. He turned his head and looked at Sylvia, and his big, blue eyes were just a little frightened under the black eyeliner and blue eye shadow. She smiled, admiring the well-applied blush and perfectly-applied crimson lipstick, her husband tarted up like the innocent young slut he'd always wanted to be.

He slid off the stool and fully faced Sylvia, dressed in a short, black leather skirt and sleeveless, white satin blouse, black silk stockings hooked up to a black garter belt covering, caressing his shaven legs, four-inch black leather silver-spiked heels strapped to his feet. "I'm-I'm ready," he gulped, his voice gone all high and squeaky, girlish. He twirled a strand of blonde hair around his finger and gazed down at the carpet, legs shaking in the sensuous, silken wrappers, tottering on the stilettoed platforms; cock rock-hard in the pair of white satin panties he was wearing under the leather mini-skirt.

Sylvia hooked her thumbs into her belt and ogled Glen from the tip of his brushed blonde head to the darker, reinforced stocking toes sticking out of his high-polish heels. Really giving the dolled-up dude the lascivious, masculine once-over. He clasped his scarlet-tipped fingers together over his tight skirt, over the rigid outline of his throbbing erection, and shyly looked

up and asked, "You like?" all peaches and cream.

Sylvia grunted, pussy gluing to the leather platform of her dildo harness with moisture, flexible dong almost popping her zipper.

They'd discussed it for weeks, ever since Sylvia had come home early one day and caught Glen dressed up in her sexy red party dress and scarlet silk stockings and crimson platform heels, a lacy black bra and panties lurking underneath the womanly attire. He'd been standing in front of the full-length mirror, feeling himself up, rubbing his big, hard cock through the delicate garments as he stared at his feminized reflection.

And now, as they stared at one another in their gender-bending get-ups, their only thoughts were: why had we wasted all that time talking, instead of doing?

Sylvia strolled over to her husband, reaching out and touching his bare shoulder with a trimmed fingertip, rubbing circles in the smooth, bronze skin. He nervously giggled, batting his lengthened eyelashes and licking his glossy lips, swishing his stockinged lower limbs together, the sweet sound filling her ears, the sweet, smooth feel filling his cock.

She trailed the tips of her digits down his arm, onto his manicured hands, his skimpy skirt. Onto the raging hard-on that the lady-wrap and panties could in no way, shape, or form fully contain. He yelped and spun away from her, gripped the edge of the make-up table, his slender body trembling, tingling all over with the wicked strangeness of it all.

"You ain't gettin' away from me that easy," Sylvia growled, stroking the cutie's silky hair, gazing at the taut, mounded buns straining the seams of the shorty skirt.

She grabbed the made-up babe, clasping his hot body tightly against

her burning body, her pussy surging with liquid heat, the rigged-up cock pressing into the plush flesh of Glen's bum. She gripped his bra-padded breasts and squeezed, kissing his neck, nuzzling his hair, inhaling his sweet perfume. "You want it bad as I do, don't you, baby?" she hissed in his ear, quickly replacing words with tongue.

He arched his back against her in a feminine gesture, shivering with delight at the warm, wet touch of her probing tongue in his hoop-ringed ear. Pre-cum leaked out of the tip of his straining prick and stained his panties, sheathed legs sighing together in excitement. And when she bit into the heated skin of his neck, he cried, "Yes!" and grabbed onto her head.

The perverted pair had engaged in some mild kinkery in the course of their year-old marriage – some fairly well-hidden exhibitionism, a little tentative spanking (both ends), a few brief bursts of phone sex – but never anything this premeditatedly wild. The sheer crazy naughtiness of it all made their heads spin, manly Sylvia excitedly licking at her he-woman's bobbing Adam's apple.

Moaning, Glen pushed his butt harder into Sylvia's cock, against her brimming pussy. Then he spun around in her arms and faced her, offering himself fully to her – willingly, needfully. And she kissed the brazen vixen full-on his pouty, painted lips, sending the both of them sailing, singing with sexual electricity.

Sylvia roughly clasped the sugar and spice doll in her arms and savaged his pretty mouth, his cock grinding against her cock, tits pressing into her tits. Glen could hardly catch his breath, his pretty face flushing with heat like his body. And when Sylvia drove her tongue into his mouth and just about down his throat, real-man-style, he choked – with lust – taking it and loving it.

They swirled their slippery, silvery tongues together, hot, panting breath flooding each other's faces. Sylvia clawed Glen's skirt up and over his bum, grabbing handfuls of thick ass flesh and lacy stocking top and frilly panty bottom, and squeezing. He moaned into her mouth, clutching at her hair and vibrating with joy as 'the man' worked his shimmering butt cheeks.

Then he slipped out of Sylvia's arms and went down onto his knees on the carpet. He tore her oversized belt buckle open and her fly down, pulled that hard cock out of her jeans. Gripping the pink, vein-ribbed shaft, he anxiously looked up at his wife and squeaked, "I'm-I'm going to suck you."

She grunted approval, and he took her mushroomed hood into his mouth. She groaned, feeling it right down to her buzzing pussy, her husband's thick, red lips tugging on her cockhead, his hot little hand stroking up and down her shaft. She dug her fingers into his golden hair and rode his bobbing head, urging him to go deeper, suck harder.

He gazed up at her with sparkling blue eyes and inhaled as much cock as he could – inexperienced, but eager to learn, to please. His eyes went watery, face red, as Sylvia pumped her hips, fucking his mouth quick and hard, her pussy smoldering with the wet-hot friction.

He gripped her clenching buttocks and hung on, his lips and throat stretching to accommodate the pistoning cock, drool spilling out of the corners of his obscenely O-shaped mouth and splashing down onto his bra-swollen blouse. He slid a hand up and under Sylvia's t-shirt, squeezing a tingling breast, tweaking a stiffened nipple.

She almost came right in his mouth. Before jerking her hips back, her cock out of his gaping maw. "I'm gonna fuck you, bitch!" she rasped.

They hadn't discussed just how far they were going to take things. But there was no room for discussion now. Not in the stifling sexual heat of that ultra-erotic moment.

Sylvia pulled Glen to his feet and dug under his skirt, yanked his panties down. He staggered backwards and fell onto the bed. And she quickly ripped the cum-spotted panties away from his ankles, then gripped his spike-heels and pushed his stockinged stems apart. His cock stood out huge and rigid above his biked-up skirt, on

top of his sexy garter belt, twitching with overexcitement.

She shouldered his silk-draped limbs and gripped her saliva-slick dong, hellbent for hole. "Yeah, fuck me with your big, hard cock!" he screamed, desperate to be taken like a woman by her man. As someone else cried out in a completely different tone of voice, "Hello! Is anybody home?"

Sylvia's parents, at the unlocked front door. Popping in for yet another unannounced visit with 'the newly-weds'.

Glen had just enough sense left to barrel-roll off the bed and dive-slam the bedroom door shut. Before dear old Mom and Dad witnessed their he-man daughter butt-fuck their she'd up son-in-law. Right before they all dropped dead of a massive group heart attack.

Sylvia strummed the steering wheel, checked the dashboard clock for the hundredth time in the past half-hour. The close call with her parents had only heightened the young couple's passion for getting dolled and duded up; for fully consummating their cross-dressing kink. So, they'd decided to take it on the road, away from prying parental eyes and out into the public eye. Cranking up the kink-o-meter a few more notches.

That's why Sylvia was parked outside Glen's office building, while he was inside changing into something other than business-appropriate attire. She was already clothed for the occasion in an expensive men's suit – rented for the evening along with the big, shiny Mercedes she was anxiously idling inside of.

They'd planned it all out this time, the preparation and anticipation almost half the fun. Sylvia was the Gordon Gekko businessman out for some sleazy good times; Glen the pretty baby desperate to earn some cold, hard cash.

Sylvia's saucer-sized sports watch buzzed midnight, and Glen tottered out of the darkened two-storey office building located in the deserted industrial park right on cue, high heels click-clacking uncertainly on the concrete. He wobbled out under a light standard that illuminated just a little of the vacant parking lot, and all of him – a breathtaking little girl lost.

His long, blonde hair (normally bound up tight in a manly ponytail) was now loosely-braided into twin feminine pigtails, secured at their ends with pink ribbons. His feet were but-

toned up into pink, spike-heeled ankle boots, his smooth legs sheathed in shiny white stockings. A slash of a bubblegum-pink latex skirt that looked like it'd come from a spray can wrapped around his bubble-butt, while up top he was wearing a ruffled, white, stretched-out tube-top that bared more tanned bellybutton and stomach than a Britney Spears video.

The warm night breeze swirled over Glen's overexposed, tarted-up body, tantalizingly caressing his nylon-wrapped gams and licking up in between his legs at his cotton-pantied cock. He'd already stoked himself beyond his wildest, pervy dreams by the dressing up that had taken place inside: sliding the soft, slick stockings onto his legs, the girlish white panties over his cock, the spicy-smelling slut boots onto his feet. Applying the womanly warpaint in the corporate wash-room. And now, to be so out in the open with his fetish like this made the man shiver and shake despite the warmth – with fear and desire.

Sylvia licked her lips and stroked the erection in her Armani, staring at her husband the teenage whore through the windshield. She keyed the Mercedes to life and shifted into gear, mind racing with pick-up lines, heart beating so hard her cock pulsed right along with her pussy.

But just as she started rolling, someone else suddenly emerged from the shadows of the building and approached Glen from behind. "Hey there, little girl!" the white-haired, three-piece-suited businessman shined.

Glen glanced back at the man. Then dove his head down and twisted a pigtail up to shield the side of his face.

"Hey now, sweet thing, no need to be shy," the guy wheezed, giving Glen's strumpetified body the wobbly once-over. "Just whar's a nice girl like you doing out so late, anyway?"

Sylvia's wingtip bounced on the brake, unsure what to do. She was only about fifty feet away and could clearly see the drunk put his big, ugly hand on Glen's bare, buff shoulder; could clearly see Glen flinch, but not pull away. The little trollop.

"M-maybe you and me can have some fun together, huh?" the man exhaled, rubbing Glen's shoulder, bringing him into his arm.

Glen hung his head and toed the sidewalk and shrugged, teasing his glaring wife in the rumbling car. She

put pedal-to-the-metal and rubber to the road, roaring up to the pair. "Hey, asshole! Get your grubby hands off my daughter!" she bellowed through the open window and cloud of white smoke.

The dirty old businessman shot his hands up into the air like he'd been caught in the corporate cookie jar. "I-I was just trying to find out ... if-if she was lost," he babbled, backing away.

Glen jumped into the car, and Sylvia peeled away from the curb. He grabbed her arm, laughing. "That was my boss! Quick, turn around and park in the middle of the lot, under a light, and we'll put on a real show for the old buzzard."

It was a dangerous thing to do. So they enthusiastically did it. Sylvia spun the steering wheel and sped under a light standard, about a hundred feet away from Glen's still-stunned boss standing on the sidewalk.

And the man's jaw dropped, almost shattered on the concrete, when Glen hastily unzipped his wife and pulled her huge cock out into the open, started enthusiastically blowing the woman-in-drag. His bobbing pigtails and her projected grunts and groans left no room for doubt to the shocked voyeur as to just what was supposed to be going on in the revving Benz.

He gaped at the pair, until the sucking slut-girl started spluttering, gulping, as her "father" faked a spectacular hip-bucking, shoulder-shuddering orgasm. They drove off into the night, Glen licking the corners of his mouth with satisfaction, his boss clinging to a light pole for support.

Barreling down the empty industrial roadway, Sylvia slung an arm around her husband's shoulder, her cock wagging wet and pink like a Saint Bernard's tongue. Glen scooted in close to his wife, crossing his stockinged legs, his thighs over his cock, feeling warm and safe and immensely aroused. He placed a silver-ringed hand on Sylvia's pinstriped leg and rubbed, eyes glued to that big, bad cock of hers.

They skidded to a stop in a dimly-lit city park a couple of miles down the road, in a residential area. The green space was little more than a patch of grass and a few trees and a couple of picnic tables, houses backing onto the property. Perfect for what the nasty couple had in mind.

Sylvia dragged Glen out of the car

and pushed him up against a picnic table, urgently mashing her mouth into his. She fed greedily on the cupcake's pink-glossed lips, breathing deep of his bubblegum-scented breath. He squirmed around in her arms and wrenched his head from side-to-side, like she was going too fast for his teenaged character. But her character wasn't to be deterred, finding his gasping mouth every time, plastering her rough lips against his wet lips, running her heavy hands all over his hottie body.

She pulled him down onto the cool grass, into the 69 position, tough guy on the bottom, tart on top. She tore his adorable pink-piped panties aside and excitedly licked at his shaven butt crack, like a man licks a woman's slit, teasingly tasting his balls every now and then. As he shoved her pants down and eagerly sucked on her upthrust cock, bit into the preformed balls, pressing the pussy-mounted dildo hard into her smoldering cunt. All out in the open in that moonlit public park.

It was wickedly, painfully erotic, Glen shivering with each and every delicious stroke of Sylvia's wet, rough tongue over his puckered balls and crack, mewling from around her veiny cock like a teen queen getting her cunny licked for the very first time. He clamped down on her balls and deep-throated her cock – practice making perfect – the pressure on the woman's clit almost causing her to burst. She clawed his trembling cheeks even wider apart and jammed her tongue into his asshole, his cock vibrating against her chin and chest, the tension soaring to unbearable levels.

"Fuck me!" Glen squealed.

They scrambled to their feet, Sylvia positioning the bitch-in-heat up against one of the picnic tables, his back to her this time, slender body bent like a flower, vanilla-iced legs spread, bubblegum wrapper skirt pushed up over bronzed bottom. She greased her cock with the packet of lube she'd brought along, then yanked Glen's panties to one side and oiled his crack. He gasped, snow-white legs quivering on their shaky pink platforms, sparkly fingernails digging into the wooden slats of the picnic table.

"Here it comes, baby!" she hissed, shoving her cockhead up against his tiny, virgin opening.

Glen whimpered, spasmed, as Sylvia ruthlessly popped his anal cher-

ry and plunged inside of him. A strange, heavy, full-up feeling flooded his senses, his stocking-clad legs quivering uncontrollably, panty-strangled cock straining to the shooting point. Sylvia grabbed onto his pigtails and jerked him upright, her thighs banging against his butt cheeks, cock buried to the balls in his bum.

"Ohmigod, yes!" Glen wailed, ass brimming, body and brain burning.

He desperately twisted his head around, and Sylvia covered his gaping mouth with her mouth, flailing his tongue with her tongue. Surging with raw power and pleasure, she mauled his mounded chest and pounded his stretched-out bung, savagely fucking the wanton slut. The sharp crack of her flying thighs against his rippling cheeks split the still of the night in two, like she was splitting her husband in two, the pair's frenzied breathing and movements rapidly crescendoing to the boiling point.

Sylvia shuddered with one gushing orgasm after another, the wet-hot friction of the dildo platform rubbing against her clit as she frantically pumped Glen's ass pushing her screaming over the edge. Coming like a woman as she fucked her man.

As Glen shot up onto his tiptoes in his ankle boots, his girly-clad body jerking with his own ecstasy on the end of Sylvia's wildly plunging cock. He came hands and pussy-free, his numbed prick spurting his panties full of semen. The crushing sexual pressure – of getting butt-fucked in a public place in the middle of the night dressed up as a woman – just too much to contain.

All the way home, the deflowered darling excitedly proposed more sexy cross-dressing scenarios. Like a dirty dancing bump and grind on the floor of a trendy nightclub dressed up in a slutty mini-dress and stockings and heels; or a covert coupling in a lingerie store changeroom (with himself clad in the lacy, silky seductionwear, of course); or a darkened alley bust by a lean, mean cop looking for payoff in something other than dollars from the sultry 'pretty woman' in the thigh-high leather boots and spandex shorty-shorts.

Sylvia simply told the blonde beauty, "Maybe". As she well knew, women can get a little too demanding, if you're not careful.

Roland Carré
**Flirty
French
Maids**

A series of French gallery photographs in the '20s and '30s. Roland Carré had a secret side—getting his models to pose for explicit nude photos. This private edition was recently discovered and can be seen only in Lulu Show.

Marcelle

1963

Roland Carré understood that sometimes the most extraordinary models could be found in the most everyday circumstances. Marcelle was the owner of the building where he kept his first studio. "I confess I had an enormous crush on her -- she reminded me of one of my older sister's friends. The kind who would tease me outrageously, then laugh when my arousal became evident. One day Marcelle came by to collect the rent, dressed more provocatively than usual. I sensed my opportunity, and invited her in for some wine. Our session unfolded over the course of a magical afternoon. When she leaned forward and displayed her sex to me, it was like finding a treasure that had been hidden in plain sight. If not for the photographs, I might think that it had happened in a dream. Marcelle continued to flirt with me, but we never spoke of our encounter again."





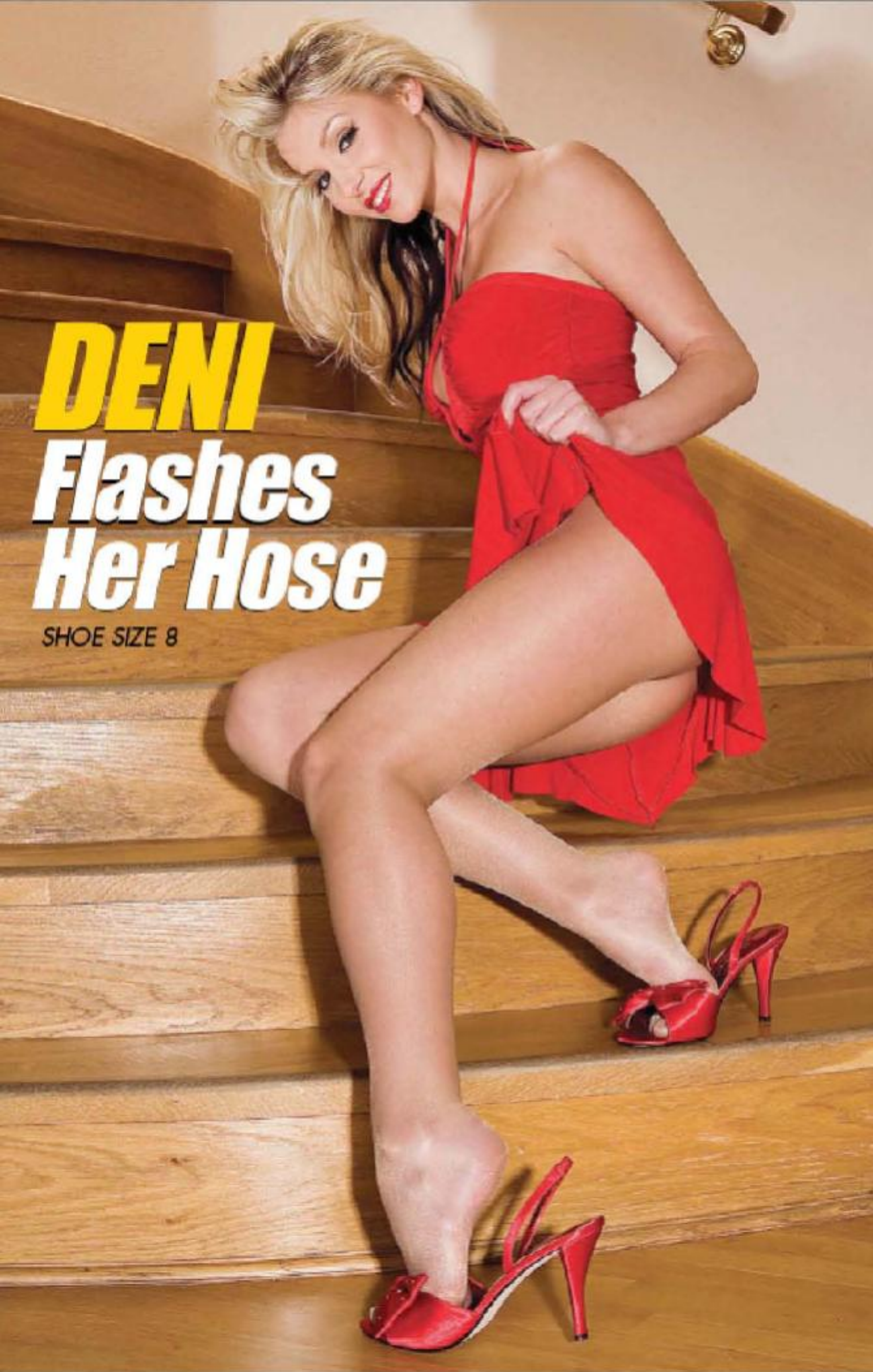
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DENI **Flashes** **Her Hose**

SHOE SIZE 8



photos by Jana Krenova
www.janakrenova.com



I used to worry that all my best nylon teasing days were back when I was in college. But recently I took a class to become a realtor, and I discovered that the more things change, the more they stay the same.

I was sitting in a fairly interesting class called "How To Close The Deal" when I noticed this older man sitting across from me. He had his head in his arms on the desk, as though he was resting, but he was really stealing looks at my legs through his armpit. It felt good to be stared at by such a handsome gentleman, but it really cracked me up that this sophisticated man was sneaking peeks just like a blushing schoolboy! I was glad to be wearing my shiny sheer to waist pantyhose and a sexy pair of crimson peep-toe pumps. To reward him for his efforts, I nonchalantly re-crossed my strong thighs. I knew that this

move would cause my already-short skirt to rise even higher. I could hear his breathing grow heavier as he slunk down into his "resting" posture a little bit more. Now I had him right where I wanted -- completely captivated by my magnificent legs, and totally at the mercy of my teasing.

To raise the stakes (among other things) I pushed off the ankle strap of my left shoe with the toe of my right. Then I began a slow, deliberate dangle. I started off by languidly slapping my left shoe against the sole of my foot -- slap! slap! slap! -- letting it get as loud as it could without disrupting the class. From my peripheral vision I could see his eyes practically pop out of his head.

Unlike my younger school days, I am in full possession of my powers. I know just how to manipulate men by manipulating my arched, pantyhosed feet, showing off my round calves and full thighs, and making them dream dirty dreams about the pussy paradise that awaits them just above the hemline. My ultimate satisfaction came when the bell rang and my school friend had to walk out of the classroom with his suit jacket slung over his books to hide his hard-on.

Now I've got my realtor's license and I'm showing my first house today. I'm sorry I didn't pay more attention in class, but I have the definite feeling that with this outfit -- and these pantyhose -- I'm not going to have any problem closing the deal.





FEBRUARY 2009

LEG SHOW



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I was touring through Portugal one summer when I met this guy from New Zealand, Grant. He was handsome, well-hung and rich, and we spent a week humping our way from Lisbon to Lagos. There was only one problem -- I couldn't stand him. Unfortunately, I didn't realize what an arrogant ass he was until months later, after I had taken a 25 hour flight to Auckland. Once I was in the Kiwi's clutches, I discovered that he thought the rape scene in *Thelma & Louise* was sexy and that he liked to brag that he never read books. I also found out that he had an aversion to pussy hair when, still jet-lagged from my flight, he threw me into a cold outdoor shower and sheared me like a prize sheep.

photos by Viv Thomas
www.vivthomas.com



Once my pussy was acceptably bald, he wanted to stick me with that huge cock. But the moment he put his hands on me, my skin began to crawl. My entire body recoiled – it felt like I was being violated, and not in a good way. Now, I'm not the kind of girl who'll accept a plane ticket and then not fuck you, so I had to dig deep and find a way to enjoy his cock while ignoring his personality.

I realized that him touching me felt gross, but me touching him felt empowering. So I made it my sworn mission to sexually exhaust my big-dicked, cunt-hair-hating stud. Every time he turned around, I demanded sex from him. We went camping, and in the 80 kilometers between his house and the campground, I made him stop the car three times to service me. I would only fuck him if I was on top, and whenever he tried to touch me, I'd slap his hands away.

Grant, God bless him, hung in like a champ. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't fuck that arrogant, self-satisfied smirk off his face. Worse, after a few days of playing the nympho, I found myself becoming more and more insatiable – and sore. My pussy was so swollen and pink, I had to switch from riding his cock to fucking his tongue. I ground my bald, aching pussy against his face, over and over, but somehow I'd created an itch that could never be scratched.

I spent the entire flight home with an ice pack pressed against my tender, out-fucked fuck-hole. My time with Grant taught me a valuable lesson: not only do I not have to like a guy to like fucking him, but sometimes a little spite makes the sex even sweeter.





Frank De Blase

www.frankdeblase.com

LIFESTYLES

Yes, these are people who live the fetish, tease, and dominant lifestyle. 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, write to me, Jessica Michaels, at 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, New York, NY 10007 with photos and details. When sending photos for print please fill out and include the model release form on page 25.

Frank De Blase is an East Coast-based musician and photographer. This unrepentant "sneaky little bastard" talks about the allure of the forbidden, the perils of pantyhose, and the importance of mixing some tease with the oleaze.

Who are you and what do you do?

My name is Frank De Blase and I am a musician, pulp-fiction novelist, good kisser, hot rod enthusiast, burlesque booster, tattoo collector, sub-culture contrarian, and last but not least a photographer of beautiful women.

How did you get started photographing beautiful women?

I guess it was just a matter of time before I started shooting beautiful women. Hell, I'd been a fan all my life. And after clingin' a guitar around the globe for the last 20 years, it was time for a change. But whatever I've set out to do has always had to burn cool from the inside out, and photography is no different. It's always had to be direct, immediate and relentless — all things I've found in the classic type voluptuaries I've captured so far and the beauties and cuties I still seek.

Before they can purchase "real" nudie pix, boys sometimes spend time with the Sears catalog or Victoria's Secret. Did you have any special visual aids when you were younger?

I was a sneaky little bastard. When we were about 10 years old, a neighborhood pal and I found his dad's girlie magazine stash under his workbench. It took my breath away. I would cut out my favorites and keep them in my wallet. His dad got wise eventually so I graduated to stealing copies of *Playboy* and *Hustler* from the barbershop.



How did you discover that you like women's feet?

I was 10 years old (right about the same time I was stealing girlie mags) and was riding in the back of my dad's station wagon with the girl that lived next door. She used to baby-sit my younger sister. She was wearing purple shorts with a matching top and was barefoot. I couldn't stop staring at her feet. It was my first boner and the first time a girl busted me for staring. It's 30 years later and nothing has changed. I almost always include a model's feet when composing a shot. I'm not as concerned with big boobs or long legs or round backsides as I am with beauty starting from the floor up; the gal's gotta have cute feet... and red toenail polish.

Your photos have a wonderful vintage feel. What is it about that style that makes the women so sexy?

The sensuality and subtlety in classic pinup photography is infinitely more powerful than cheaper endeavors that clutter magazine racks and coffee tables everywhere. Nudity — implied or actual — just seems a little more illicit coming from the good ol' days. It was more transgressive, suggestive, salacious, bodacious, and frankly just really cool. Genuine gorgeousity tempered with a tease is undeniable in all its 35mm knockout appeal. I think the number one thrill is that classic era's forbidden nature, its taboo allure. It's like you're getting away

with something. You're seeing something you're not supposed to; people giving in to lust despite the social stink-eye of the time. Yesterday tries hard to project this wholesome, puritanical image when in fact there have always been freaks. And whether it's a charade or not, I still love a little tease with my sleaze.

How do you find your models?

Through several modeling sites or referrals from other models. A lot of girls from the rockabilly scene already have the look and attitude but I'll also approach girls that don't if I see potential -- a femme fatale lurking beneath that sweatshirt and jeans, a buxom beauty just waiting to bust out. I'm fortunate at this point; through my website and published work models are now approaching me. My calendar's full.

Have you ever met a woman that you just had to photograph? If so, how do you approach her without scaring her off?

Every day. I always conduct myself as a professional and not as a hard-on with a camera. If you work your pitch right when approaching amateur women -- "please" and "thank you" -- they're usually quite flattered and willing. I have a few well-intentioned friends that approach women and give them my card or tell them about my website. Sometimes this can backfire but generally I prefer shooting amateur beauties or undiscovered talent. There are a lot of models -- especially in the pinup category -- that have been shot to death.





How do women react when they find out about your photography?

I'm happily married. My wife runs the business end of things and loves what I do. She is very supportive. The reaction now is more from men wishing they were me.

There's a real sense of playfulness in your photos. As a photographer, is there anything that you do to make your models feel comfortable?

My sets are very comfortable and fun. The model gets whatever she wants. I have a nonstop sense of humor and besides, retro-inspired pinup photography is always fun, in that the scenarios can be kind of goofy. And though I shoot a lot of 35mm, I always kick off digitally so when a model sees the first few shots and how well the session is going, she relaxes and it's a breeze from there.

Do you prefer women to wear stockings and garter belt or pantyhose? Why?

Garter belts obscure the derriere, though they're a good accessory if I'm shooting a boudoir striptease series. Pantyhose swell at the ankle when the model farts. So I gotta say I like thigh highs that stay up on their own until it's time to roll 'em down...

Describe the ultimate tease outfit – and the ultimate woman wearing it.

See the above answer and add some open-toed heels and I'm a happy guy. As far as the ultimate woman, I know better than to try and limit myself to just one type. But if I did, I would have to say a 5'8" curvaceous, Australian blonde with cute feet – in this case wearing a see-through nightie and a pair of marabou mules.



There's a section of your photo gallery titled "Battlin' Buxotics". What was your inspiration for this?

Irving Klaw definitely. I like photos that tell a story or convey movement. What better way than a couple buxotics pulling hair, spanking each other, and grappling on the floor while the viewer chews his nails waiting for something to pop out?

How did you get started with your website?

My wife fired up my first website as a basic tool, really: a vehicle to get my stuff out there. But I think my photos, especially the vintage style prints, should be experienced in person and held.

What can readers expect to find on your website?

Drool-worthy dames that'll make a bishop kick out a stained glass window.



Pauline Presents
Somewhere In New York

Milena

Pauline's Office Assistant
from Buffalo

I was hesitant to bring Milena back for more pictures because the enthusiastic and cum-powered response to her last appearance in LEG SHOW intimidated even me. Why would this be a concern to me? Well, here is the way I see it. Horny men with a full-on load in their pants will sometimes do just about anything to get to my lair of nylon, silk, spike heels, pink panties and old fashioned girdles. (Actually, one room in my home office is decorated very much in this manner - that tickle you feel on your forehead when you enter my lair are nylon stockings hanging from old fashioned shower rods, not cobwebs!). Another concern is for the well-being for shy sweet Milena. If twitchy-donged men see her shopping for pantyhose or sheer panties (we see you perverts eyeing us in the lingerie department - giggle) or maybe view her stretching out at the gym with her tights nearly bursting and ready to expose her smooth cunt, how can she be safe from your cum-lust?? And how can I trust you not to follow her to MY place and peek through my curtain sheers at girls comforting girls, girls helping girls with stockings and girdles and - oh my - getting woozy here! By the way, Milena agreed with me that workout tights should be as filmy sheer as panties so she could see every guy in the gym pop a big boner. What fun!

Milena is a sexy sexy "party girl," don't you think? She has selected another nice cheek-cupping pair from her collection of nearly 100 (I have seen them all). She has mostly full-bottomed ones and many with sheer crotches. I liked that she agreed to pose in these very sheer girlish yellow ones. I hope you all will take note of the sexy "cunty" area cross-seam that frames her intimacy very cutely and draws your attention down there. (Stop staring! You might blow a big messy one all over yourself!) I think they look very nice with her shiny lace-top stockings. Milena said that garter belt straps dig in to her fanny cheeks and leave indentations. I guess this is because her cheeks stick out so much and are so firm like plump melons, eh? Guys, don't you think it is sexy that, even though she wears stockings, Milena can wear miniskirts because her stockings go wayyyyyy up to her cheeks? I think you do. And you know what else I think? I think your cocks get spit-

ting hard for girls like this because when she sits down or when you follow her up the stairs at the mall, her smooth girly cunt presses and strains against her panties to peek out at you, as if Milena is saying "Hi, Mister, do you like my beaver? Will you kiss it if I bend over at the top of the stairs? I won't tell anyone. I promise." Then when you kiss her panties and stocking tops she yells "Masher! Police! This man is face-fucking my asshole! Look! He has a hard-on, too!" You pigs. Face-fucking her right in public! Oh dear, oh me oh my. Naughty naughty. Don't believe her cries for help. Girls LOVE that sort of thing. Believe me (wink). Not that I have any experience being "face-fucked" (ahem).

I know you guys adore girls in mini skirts and stockings because, who knows, if



her panties shifted while she walked or shifted as she shifted in her seat, her shy cunt might even be totally exposed! I think, as I said last time, that Milena has freakishly perfect doll-like legs and rear end. Really take a close look and you will agree, I am certain. What fabulous pine! And do not forget to notice her size 5 feet, too. So many men look for the unattainable "perfect" girl that meets unrealistic "specifications" or dimensions, and a girl that is so "unreal" is actually working in my office! I think I might have to talk her into posing in pantyhose to make her look even more unreal for those of you who are extra perverted (smile). Milena was extra playful for these pictures we took. I think she learned from your letters and from dating since then, how much men like tiny shrimp stockinged feet. Half the time she teased ME with her arches and balls of her feet and cute nylon heels. I suspect that some men or boys she dated kissed her "balls" with HIS balls!



I know Milena is not totally corrupted by your leg lust, guys. She sweetly blushes still when giving me cute peeks of her precious cunny. She really loved crossing her legs and pointing her toes and being shy with her lace-tops. No doubt she teases dates this way and achieves some thigh-to-thigh friction "where it counts." Kind of like you boys back in high school when you popped rods for your young pretty teacher and rhythmically squeezed your thighs together. I guess Milena is like a horny high school student, yes? Except SHE is the one with the gorgeous freaky legs and sheer panties!

I did not get to mention how she is still teasing my delivery man and accountant with her little piggies and curvy feet. Maybe next time. Suffice to say that both men give me very prompt service at a good price and make house calls at a drop of a hat. Hmmm...I wonder why my accountant always asks if Milena will be there to assist? Bet he blows big ones in his car when he leaves!

Milena did ask me to thank you all for liking her last pictures and she hopes you think she is sexy enough again. So eager to please, that one.

End



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The Dedicated Voyeur



Let me tell you about something in my life that has caused all sorts of excitement. This girl moved in next door to me last month with a much older Frenchman. I didn't know if it was her father, her boyfriend or her butler, but it didn't matter because people in this building mind their own business. At all crazy hours I would hear her through the walls, giggling with one of her many lovers. The giggling would turn to moans, squeals, screams and sometimes slaps. Also, the headboard of her bed would pound against the wall until I thought it would break right through the plaster!

I try to keep my thoughts pure, but somehow I always found myself in my bedroom when she was making noises in hers. I'd hear her shout things like, 'Fuck me harder, you big Dutch stud!' My hand would travel into my panties and I would begin stroking my clit. Or sometimes my pussy would be so wet and sensitive that I couldn't touch it directly. I would rub it through the cotton crotch and match the neighbor girl stroke for stroke. I became so familiar with her moans and sighs that I could actually time my cum to hers. It got so that the sound of her





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high heels on the stairwell made my knees weak with desire, and the times I would see her in the hall I would blush uncontrollably. It didn't help matters that she flirted with me outrageously. It made me wonder if she was aware of our intimacy -- if she was as much of an exhibitionist as I was her dedicated voyeur.

One day I heard a knock at my front door, and there she was in the flesh, magnificent with her glossy black hair and her sheer silky dress. She apologized for being a bad neighbor and having company at all hours. "Dooop down, though, I'm very lonely," she sighed. What could I say? I brushed a lock of hair away from her face and told her that I would be her friend. She responded by planting a big wet kiss right on my mouth. I was shocked and felt the instinct to pull away. But another, more daring part of me told me that I should kiss her back. After all, when would a chance like this ever come around again?

I invited her in, and as you can see, we got a little crazy. I hardly ever hear the sounds of her lovemaking through the wall anymore. That's because nowadays, when she's getting fucked by some big-dicked foreigner, I'm usually right there with her.





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