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#### LEG SHOW MAY 2011 . JANA KRENOVA SPECIAL





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COVER PHOTO

4 FOOT NOTES JANA KRENOVA INTERVIEW

8 LEG FORUM

14 JANA KRENOVA COLLECTION: PART ONE

34 CLASSIC FICTION THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

37 LIFESTYLES DAWNAMATRIX 46 JANA KRENOVA COLLECTION: PART TWO

96 CLASSIC FICTION THE PLAYFUL BABYSITTER

100 NATASHA'S NIGHT WORLD ANGELINA BALLERINA

**104 THE SOLEMAN FILES** 

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Jessica Michaels



#### **This Bespectacled Czech Is A True LEG SHOW Classic**

#### LEG SHOW: LEG SHOW readers are curious about the woman who takes such sexy photos. What was your upbringing like?

JANA: My father was a photographer. He shot the liberation of Pilsen by the U.S. Army in May, 1945, for which he was later jailed by the Communists. The Soviets wanted the people to believe that it was only them who defeated the Germans in my country. This was just the beginning of the conflict my family had with the authorities. I was not allowed to go to the university and I did not have any good chances to get a decent job unless I joined the Communist party, so I decided to leave.

#### LS: How did you get started photographing for LEG SHOW?

JANA: I started shooting nudes for German Penthouse in the few years I spent in Zurich, Switzerland. When I came back to New York City, I looked for new venues. I met Dian Hanson, and she was the first to give me real encouragement. She was my guru, still is. From the very first day we started working together, I was taking notes. And I have not missed one. She made it clear that this goes beyond any photographic skills. She was very scientific about it. I loved the challenge. A new world opened for me and I was getting more and more immersed in it.

#### LS: Some of the models' poses look downright uncomfortable – but very sexy! How do you pose your models?

JANA: Some of the poses that you see, if the model has to hold it for five minutes, it's not very comfortable. Don't forget, I'm also trying to produce a smile. But this is the price of modeling. For aesthetics, sometimes I have to get the camera and the light a certain way, and again the model has to be agile and patient. I usually tell my girls how to move, which leg they should extend, or how they should position their foot. If they don't get it, I stand up and put them into the proper position. I shoot from a low angle much of the time, so one of the reasons I'm staying in shape is that I do so much squatting

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Comments can be sent directly to me: Jessica Michaels, 669 Montrose Ave., S. Plainfield, NJ 07080 or by email: JessicaLegShow@yahoo.com



down to photograph the girls. Now, some of the girls are really talented and they can pose on their own. They deliver. They just love the camera and naturally put the right poses down – straight back, tiptoes, and so on.

#### LS: You've been photographing beautiful women for LEG SHOW since the 1990s. Have you noticed any differences in the models over the years?

JANA: When I started out, the girls' feet were smaller. I was buying size five, six, and seven. Now I buy shoes that are size seven, eight, and nine. Sometimes even size ten. The girls are getting taller too. For instance, when you visit the old castles the beds are smaller. Better nutrition, maybe. And speaking of heels, not too many models are used to wearing high heel shoes. Some of my girls have never seen stockings or have worn pantyhose - ever! I have had to help a few models put them on. That's the other difference between then and now, not just my models, but all women - they are losing that feminine touch. They are all dressed as men, with sneakers, jeans, boots, and baseball caps. They don't want to or they don't know how to be women. Or they try too hard to follow fashion, wearing crazy clunky shoes that are not feminine. Or they wear blue nail polish on their toes. In Czech Republic the current fashion is the reverse French manicure, where the tips are dark and the lower nails are white. They think they look hot, but it looks like they've been digging in the dirt. I tell my girls not to mistake what's in style for what is sexy. Stick to the simple things, like pumps, something elegant and classic.

through in their pictures. However, if I had to choose one, I would want to photograph Tina Turner. She's got those legs and that smile and that beauty that comes from within. It's her personality and her personal life – all those things together make her special.

#### LS: Do men you date have any preconceptions about you because of what you do?

JANA: Yes, they always want to know if I am attracted to women and if I am turned on while I am shooting. It's always a big disappointment when I have to explain that I am really heterosexual. Also, when I shoot there is no time for personal intimacy. There is too much going on. I'm not saying that I don't like to watch the female body naked – 1 do! I like to make pictures of feminine beauty, but when it comes to getting excited during the shoot, I have to think of one hundred things at the same time - lighting, poses, outfits, stockings and the fit of the clothes. I can't get excited like that. But a couple of girls that I shot, they really liked me so much after the shoot that they didn't want to leave. They wanted to have drinks and dinner. There is a fine line, however: did they really like me, physically and sexually as a person, or was it my role as photographer? Some girls do get very attached.

#### LS: If you could photograph any celebrity, who would it be?

JANA: I don't care much for celebrities. Someone like Angelina Jolie is too skinny. I don't give a shit about what is fashionable or famous – there are so many beautiful girls who have "it" who are unknown, but their beauty comes LS: You've been shooting for LEG SHOW for almost 15 years. What impact has it had on you personally? JANA: A lot of readers have kept in touch with me for all that time. I receive about 15 pairs of shoes from readers each year. They all know my shoe size and they have never sent me a pair I couldn't wear or didn't like. And you know I'm difficult and choosy. It works because they stick with the classics, like stilettos. No thick platform or thick straps, no strip club shoes. They know I like shoes that are classy and glamorous.

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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, 669 Montrose Avenue, South Plainfield, NJ 07080 or by email: jessicalegshow@yahoo.com

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#### **User's Manual**

ear Goddess Jessica: Your latest issue is yet another masterpiece filled with tantalizing superior females who all vie for our cum loads. My favorite LEG SHOW "type," is a woman with a gor-

geous face, raven black hair and lean legs that are both strong and very shapely, encased in sexy stockings and beautiful high heels. I totally lust after all your models, but especially women of that description. Here's how I use each and every issue. Naturally my first cum load is always dedicated in your honor, Your Highness. I then proceed to give each lady (and sometimes a guy) a large messy cum load throughout the month. I would love for one of your models to crush my cock and balls with her beautiful high heels and I'd love to lick out all of her boyfriend's cum from her glorious pussy. I am usually totally naked when I masturbate to your models. I slowly begin to hump my bed and in no time at all I am spewing a nice messy cum load in some LEG SHOW model's honor.

I cannot tell you enough about how I worship females. I am so inferior to them! I have been a loyal reader for 21 years now and LEG SHOW has molded



me into an obedient humble servant, panty boy and foot boy. It also excites me greatly just thinking about being a dominant female's very own bitch. Just to name a few things LEG SHOW has trained and edu-

cated me in that I never did before... I now regularly shave my legs; I now wear pantyhose from time to time; I now wear panties from time to time and they feel great. I also now enjoy the taste of cum, a taste I've acquired from cleaning up my own messes. I now enjoy viewing naked men and dream of having sex with them; in short I am now bisexual. All this transformation is the result of reading LEG SHOW magazine for 21 years... and Goddess Jessica, THANK YOU!

Getting back to how I use each and every issue... I first turn to Foot Notes and devour each and every word. To show you proper respect I strip naked and get down on my knees, and place the magazine on the bed so I'm free to play with my cock and balls. In the latest issue we were treated to a great view of your pantyhose encased legs. Ooooh they're so shapely! And your precious nylon encased feet which I adore. Your long beautiful arms and pretty red nails had me really working my cock. Your beautiful long brown hair had me even more excited. I then began looking at your thighs



and crotch area and I couldn't take it any longer. Thick gobs of cum began to exit my cockhead as I stroked myself off yelling out, "Jessica! Oh, Jessica! Oh, Goddess!" I had gathered my entire cum load in a shot glass. Upon further reading I was soon hard once again and stroking to your models, but within the hour I was so very hot and horny that I turned back to your photo, got on my knees, took the shot glass, tilted my head back, opened my mouth and emptied the shot glass onto my hungry tongue. I savored my cum and swallowed. Thank you for all the hot fun. In conclusion I just want to mention the photos of myself that I have enclosed only for the amusement of you and your staff of superior women (please do not publish them). In them you can see what an inferior fool I am as I kneel naked straining to get a sniff at some yummy panties that I have hung up just out of my reach. Have a good laugh at my expense.

> Servant Paul Albany, New York

8 LEG SHOW

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#### **Toe The Line**

our recent article about pedicure reminded me of the time I had to paint my girlfriend Iris' toenails in order to have a chance at her jerking me off with her feet. Iris handed me the polish and told me to take off my pants but to leave my boxers on. I did, and then sat down. She laid on her back on the floor in front of me. She extended her bare right foot and I started on her big toe. Then she placed her left bare foot bottoms right on my balls. As I went to the next toe I was rock hard; so she firmly started to go up my hard-on with her left foot, then came back down.

As I finished the second toe and went to the third Iris picked up the pace. But the time I got to her little toe she was literally jacking me off with her free foot. Finally I finished her right foot and she switched feet. Before I started to paint her left toenails she looked at me sternly, placed her right foot-bottom on my hard-on and said, "You better not mess up or you'll pay dearly for it." As I began to paint she continued, "Personally I don't think you can do this without messing up." Then she laughed at me contemptuously. "Oh my god, your dick is leaking all over the place!"

She was giving me a slow foot job as I worked. She would go faster after a toe was done. She'd use the ball of her foot to press down on my dick and push it up. When she got to the head, she would use the heel of her foot and press down right on my balls; a rocking-chair effect. I couldn't hold on much longer and she could sense it. She yelled at me to keep painting, and I tried. But I messed up; and clutched onto her bare foot and shot all over my chest all the way up to my neck.

Iris used her free foot to crush my balls and my cock, milking all the ooze out of me; then BLAM, she used the same foot to kick me right in the balls. I gasped and groaned in excruciating pain but she left her bare heel right there. I tried to free myself but she snarled at me, "Don't you even dare touch it. Just take it. That's your punishment for messing up so badly."

Not only that, but the whole time she was giggling at me and telling me things like, I was such a good foot servant she couldn't believe that I was so desperate and pathetic that I would do anything just for the pleasure of worshipping her feet. Finally I finished and she took the damned thing out of my mouth as she sneered, "Okay now, turn around so I can tie your hands behind your back."

He used an extension cord and told me it was the only way she would allow me to do whatever I wanted to her bare feet. Sitting down with her legs crossed and extended, she told me to place worshipful kisses on her bare feet but to be careful not to mess up her freshly painted toenails in any way. I got down on my knees, hands tied behind my back, my butt touching my heels. I lunged forward and kissed the top of her foot tenderly. It was very hard to kiss her feet that way, but I enjoyed her giggling at my pathetic predicament. Being all hunched over and pressed down like that was putting extreme pressure on my cock and balls, especially because I was squirming as I slobbered and kissed and licked her gorgeous naked feet. It didn't take me very long. Soon I groaned and sobbed and shot an enormous cum load all over my naked legs and belly. Iris laughed even harder at that. Then she untied my hands and made me lick up the mess that had dribbled onto the floor ... and then scurry into the bathroom to clean the mess I had made on myself.

> Bill M. Los Angeles, California

#### Suck du Soleil

i, I'm writing to tell readers about a real life experience I had several years ago. I met an older woman at an after hours type place in the Nashville area where folks go to eat and sober up. Beth was a gorgeous, tall woman with long wavy naturally red hair, a great hourglass figure,

She got up after awhile and asked me if the pain was gone yet. It wasn't, but I told her, "Just a little."

That seemed to satisfy her... or more likely she wasn't all that interested in my pain in the first place.

"Do you want to lick the dirt off the bottoms of my feet?" she asked.

I said, "Yes! Yes, yes, yes!"

"Good," she said. "I'll give you a second chance."

She ordered me to go and clean myself up while she wiped the excess polish off her toenails. When I returned from the bathroom she said, "This time it'll be different. You'll be on the floor on your hands and knees, And I'll be sitting down. You did a pretty good job on this foot but you'll have to do a much better job on the other one."

Then she stuck the cap end of the nail polish in my mouth. She sat down and crossed her leg that needed retouching. "Now with that cap in your mouth, dip the brush end in the bottle and apply it to my toes carefully."

I got down on my knees and elbows. I aimed the brush in my mouth to the tiny hole in the bottle, wiped it carefully then applied the polish to her index toe. With her legs crossed I had to put just the right amount of pressure onto each toe.

and big long legs. We became instantly attracted to each other. That first night we had sex; and then again the night after that. I wanted to be honest and up front with Beth about the fact that I'm a transvestite, so before we became any further involved I told her. She was actually perfectly okay with it, and we eventually started living together. Beth allowed me to wear her clothes because they fit me so well, but she made me buy my own shoes because she said I was stretching out her pumps. She showed me how to apply make-up and we had a lot of fun drinking and having kinky sex. We did it all, from bondage to golden showers. Beth was my girlfriend, my mistress and my best friend. She was a hardworking professional woman. I became such a titty baby for her that I stayed at home and cooked and cleaned while she worked two jobs. During the day she was a warehouse manager and at night she was a bartender. Some nights she was also a blackjack dealer at private parties.

Beth knew I was a TV and all that, but I had one secret I hadn't told her about, and that was the fact that I could suck my own dick. In a way I felt like I was cheating on her with myself. While she was at work I was at home playing dressup, sniffing and wearing her dirty pantyhose to get myself aroused. I would prolong my orgasms by wearing a cock ring.

I used her hair clips to torture my balls. I would have hours and hours of fun prancing around the apartment wearing her clothes. I would watch myself in the mirrors while I spanked my ass with a paddle. I loved laying on the floor in front of mirrors watching myself as I tormented my cock and balls with hot wax. Then eventually I would watch myself as I was sucking my own dick.

But as I mentioned before I felt as though I was cheating on Beth by doing this without her knowledge. So I decided one night that I would let her find out for herself by allowing myself to get caught. I got shaved and put on my make-up and earrings. I put on a pair of her dirty pantyhose but I cut the crotch out so I could put my cock and balls through the hole. Beth was due home from work within the hour so I began doing some stretch exercises to get warmed up. The phone rang. It was Beth calling to ask me if I needed cigarettes. I knew she was at the store just down the street and would be home any minute, so I got myself in position on the livingroom floor where she'd get a good view the minute she opened the front door.

I began sucking myself to a good thick and long erection. My heart started pounding as I heard her com-

ing up the steps to the apartment. I sucked myself harder and faster as I heard her jiggle the keys in the door. Suddenly the door flies open, my eyes are looking upward to catch the expression on her face, when I realize she's not alone. Beth had invited Candy, a waitress from the bar, over to have drinks. So there I was, rolled over on my back curled up like a pretzel with my cock in my mouth. They stood in the doorway with the door wide open looking down at me with their jaws dropped. Even the lady who lived next door saw everything, as she happened to be walking by. She looked right at me, turned her head, then turned her head back as though she didn't believe her own eyes. I should have stopped I guess, but I just couldn't. I was too close to having a huge load of cum hit the back of my throat. I just kept on sucking and slurping as my cock let loose about eight or ten big squirts and I swallowed every drop. Then I got up and ran into the bedroom to hide.



for drinks?"

"Sure, why not?" Candy replied while giggling. "Tell your boyfriend to come out of the closet and join us."

They both laughed.

A few minutes later Beth came in and she was pissed off.

"What the fuck are you doing embarrassing me like this?" she said. "I had to bribe the lady next door so she wouldn't say anything to the other neighbors or the manager!"

She walked out of the bathroom and slammed the door behind her. I could hear her apologizing to Candy, telling her she had nothing to do with this. "My boyfriend's a total pervert but I love him," she said. "Do you still want to stay

"Are you sure?" Beth said; then she yelled out loud to me, "Hey, come out and meet Candy. And cover yourself up... put a dress on!"

They both laughed again. I came out wearing Beth's nightgown.

"There you are. Apologize to my friend for your vulgarity." "I'm sorry about all that," I mumbled.

"It's all good," Candy said.

"He's just a pathetic panty sniffing cocksucker. Aren't you?" Beth said.

"Yes," I replied.

"Yes what?"

"Yes ma'am," I said.

"Crawl your ass over here and rub our feet. We're tired. NOW!"

"Okay," I replied.

To sum it all up, I had to fetch beer for them all night; but it was worth it, because Beth allowed me to show Candy what a good ass and pussy licker I am. Every time I saw the lady next door after that, she gave me a disgusted look. Maybe she just needed her ass and pussy licked too.

> J.B. Goodlettsville, Tennessee



ere a role-playing game my girlfriend Gladys and I love to get into. My doorbell rings. A drop dead gorgeous business woman dressed to kill and with beautiful but stern features is standing at my door. Gladys is a middle school teacher and tends to dress neatly but casually; so she's almost unrecognizable in her current stern power-get-up: black leather briefcase, black blazer, white satin blouse, short black skirt, control top pantyhose, black high heels with cream colored soles. Her cleavage is fantastic. She barges into my house and sits down on my livingroom couch, crossing her legs impatiently. She looks so menacing and angry that I can't look at her without needing to crawl over, slip off her shoe and lick, sniff, kiss and grovel at her feet. My cock begins moving around in my underwear. I slide my nose and my tongue up her nylon covered legs and she begins getting aroused. She spreads her legs, revealing pantyhose and her white panty covered pussy with cotton crotch panel. She's getting wet inside her panties and as I move my nose closer to her pussy I can detect her scent and now my cock is rock hard. My nose finally reaches her crotch. It smells heavenly. I start lapping her still-covered pussy; she's moaning. I pull down my pants and underwear to free my painfully crect cock. She slips off her pantyhose and panties; lays down on the floor, legs spread. She grabs me by the hair painfully with both her fists and crushes my face against her pussy. I suck her pussylips taking them deep into my mouth, then lash her clit with my tongue. Finally she screams out in a violent orgasm. When she's finished I slowly slide my stiff cock into her well-lubricated pussy and fuck her hard till I fill her to overflowing with hot cream.

> S.S. Florence, Kentucky



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#### **Take One From The Team**

ive years ago I got divorced and moved from St. Paul, Minnesota down to the Miami area where I work as a manager in a convenience store. As a young guy (37), I have been having a ball down here. It seems like everyone in South Florida is from someplace else, and that in itself tends to make them less inhibited - the women especially. I have had at least a dozen no-strings relationships in recent years. Beyond that, on a few occasions I have gone to Trapeze, the famous swingers club on their "single men welcome" nights, and really enjoyed myself every time. I tend to get lucky with Trapeze swinger couples looking for some extra male attention to their females, firstly because I know enough always to be a total gentleman about the whole thing, and also because while my cock isn't enormous, at ten inches it's not exactly tiny, and in the swing community word gets around.

I had only gone swing clubbing solo... until I started dating Anna, a hot-looking blonde I met at a Borders. Anna's 27, has a pretty face with cute, pixyish features and short blonde hair. Best of all she has one of those old-time Hollywood bombshell bodies: beautiful boobs, wide hips, long, strong, shapely legs with great calves and muscular thighs, and (my personal favorite) a beautiful big firm butt, Alexis Texas-style. Anna works as a dental tech and she's very sweet and quiet. We hit it off right from the start. The sex was great, because despite how sweet and quiet she is, in bed Anna's totally uninhibited. She loves anal sex, for example, which as I am sure LEG SHOW readers are aware is rare among women outside of porn videos. What's even more fun is, I happen to have a bit of a foot fetish, and Anna's totally in sync with it. She loves masturbating herself while I lick and suck on her feet, and she gives the greatest foot job of any woman I have ever been with.

We share lots of the same interests outside of bed, too; including even life's little pleasures, like Italian food. In fact we were in an Italian restaurant one Thursday night recently, when Anna said the words that launched our relationship into overdrive. I forget who brought up the subject, but we were talking about swing clubs — just in a general sort of way. Anna said she had never been to one. I told her I had been a few times. I described what Trapeze was like and the kind of things that went on there. Anna listened carefully, asking for more and more dirty details, especially about the club's back rooms where all the orgy action is.

Finally she said kind of quietly and matter of factly, "Hmmm. I think I'd like a man to take me to a club like that and blindfold me and help me suck a whole lot of strangers' cocks while he fucked my pussy."

I nearly fell off my chair. Anna said it all as casually as if she was saying she'd like her burger medium-rare with a side of fries. I cleared my throat and said just as casually, "Would you like those strangers' cocks in your ass and your pussy, too?"

"Well sure," she replied, "if the man who escorted me there made sure everybody used condoms."

Amazing. At first I didn't know exactly how I felt about Anna saying such filthy things, or how I felt about fucking my girl while she was having fun with other guys' cocks. But I decided to listen to my cock. It knew exactly how it felt about the idea. Suddenly I had a Louisville Slugger throbbing under the table, practically thumping the tabletop and rattling the silverware. The thought of sweet, sexy Anna acting like a dirty slut, having all the cock she wanted while I served her desires and helped her to do it, was a turn-on! Well, it happened to be a single-men-welcome night at Trapeze that night. So I figured, why not? I checked my watch and said, "Club opens in half an hour. Want to go?"

Anna just smiled and nodded her head.

We were there in ten minutes flat. A few drinks at the bar; a whispered comment to Jenn and Jose, a hot couple in their early 30s who I'd had fun with in the past, and soon I had Anna in the Trapeze locker, stripped down to nothing but a towel, her high heels ... and a makeshift blindfold made out of Jenn's blue silk scarf! We led Anna into the back room area, escorting her carefully like she was a princess and we were her royal servants. I undid her towel right at the door and had her walk slowly through the crowded lounge towards the "group room" naked. I walked her slowly because she was blindfolded of course, but also because I wanted all the guys hanging out there to see exactly what she had to offer. And I signaled a few of them to follow us to the group room. Once we were there Anna laid back on a mattress and gave her audience a public demonstration of her oral abilities, using my cock. Jose's dick got next dibs in her mouth while I fucked her pussy on my knees, and Jenn licked her clit and generally kept things nice and slippery down below.

mouth was still full of Jose's dick, but she immediately started jerking the guy off, aiming his stiff cock at her tits. Anna gives world class hand-jobs, and she had the stranger splattering her chest in a matter of minutes. Jennifer asked me to get her a towel. I did so and wiped up the guy's splooge.

Then Jose laid down, I helped Anna climb on top of him cowgirl style, had Jennifer roll a rubber on her man's member and let him stick it in Anna's pussy. Meanwhile I went up Anna's ass (it was freaky feeling Jose's dick through the walls of her rectum) and I waved two guys to come over, one to have his dick sucked, while Anna jerked the other guy with her left hand.

That left Anna's right hand free to diddle her clit while cocks slithered in and out of her mouth, cunt and ass. She started coming really loudly; the guy in her mouth groaned and shot his wad right down her throat. The dude she was jacking off spunked on her face. And I pumped scum deep into her rectum. Anna's whole body went limp when she finished coming, but as my cock slipped out of her anus, Jose clutched her ass cheeks and fucked her until he came in her snatch.

When Jose was finished, Anna dropped onto her side, exhausted. I pulled off her scum-soaked blindfold, and she blinked like a baby bird in the light, looking around at all the grinning men she'd just satisfied. When she saw me, she smiled, pushed herself up and gave me a great big hug and kiss. Anna smelled and tasted kind of... spermy, but I didn't mind. She was so pink-cheeked and happy. We left soon after, and all the way back to her place Anna was thanking me and going on about how she'd never done anything remotely like that, and what an amazing experience it was. I showered, Anna took a long bath while we shared some chilled chardonnay. Then we fucked until dawn.

We have been back to Trapeze maybe a half-dozen times over the past three months, doing pretty much the same scene, always with Anna blindfolded, always with me in the role of her guide and servant, directing the traffic into her tunnels. But when the blindfold comes off Anna also likes watching me with other women; so we do have slightly more "normal" fun with other couples too. In between these gangbangs and group fucks, in other words most of the time, Anna and I have strictly one-on-one fun in bed. That's very hot too. So I guess the best way to describe our relationship is, monogamous with benefits. Lots and lots of benefits.

The guys who had followed us to the group room stood at the door watching. I nodded to one of them. When he scurried over I took Anna's hand and put it on his cock. Her Michael B. Tamarac, Florida

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14 LEG SHOW



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26 LEG SHOW

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LEG SHOW 27



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### Store Mags.com

Fiction by Mario Koslowski · Illustration by Kovik

#### Frong/ Ege.com

On any other day, Jeremy Hancock would have been perfectly happy flipping through the pages of one of the glossy porn mags he kept hidden under his mattress to inspire his nightly ritual. But this was no ordinary day. Suddenly, the women in the magazine were second rate. He had countless new fantasies to explore, his imagination was running rampant, exploding in a thousand directions at once. It was as if his dreary life had suddenly changed forever, all because of one brief glimpse of Amanda Moore.

But oh, what a glimpse! He was coming out of his apartment just as she passed by his door. She wore one of those short, girly summer dresses that only certain specially formed women could wear without looking foolish. Her shoulders were bare, tiny and fragile. Her jet black hair, pulled tightly back into a stern ponytail, was stark next to her pale, smooth skin. She turned to glance back at him, and he was paralyzed, pinned to the ground by her deep green eyes. Somehow he managed to pry himself away from her hypnotic gaze long enough to peek at her perky upturned breasts, that pushed hard against the thin fabric of her dress, announcing her sharp nipples.

If it had ended there, if Jeremy had torn himself away and walked off in the other direction, he might have escaped developing a total obsession for this incredible woman. But as fate would have it, as he turned his eyes down (partly out of fear and partly out of shame) they trained not onto the bare tope walls but directly onto her exposed calves. He followed those long, milky streams upwards as they gradually widened, emptying into an absolutely magnificent ocean of ass. It was a miracle. It was a living example of geometric perfection. Her cheeks were firm and round. They rolled out from the curve of her back, proud and pertinent.

It truly was a heavenly sphere, and Jeremy felt compelled to say a quiet prayer to himself at that moment. He gave thanks for this wondrous woman, and further gave thanks for the fact that he would be seeing plenty of that stunning ass-she was moving in next-door. Jeremy worked his cock as he imagined Amanda, bending over a table on the other side of his apartment. As she slowly lifted up the back of her flimsy dress, all of Jeremy's initial calculations and various hypotheses were confirmed. It was total perfection! It was an artistic masterpiece, framed in a tight black thong. Its texture was so smooth and pale and Jeremy imagined that it had been carefully lathered and scrubbed by a small army of eager minions since the day Amanda was born. How else could something so remarkably full and bursting with life come into existence, if not through patient nurturing and care? He resolved to worship this fleshy bulb. He resolved to pray to it nightly and nurture it himself, if only to prolong its existence. Jeremy followed the back of the thong with his eyes until it disappeared between her greedy cheeks. She buckled one knee forward, causing her buttocks to flex momentarily, and it seemed for a moment as if her ass would devour the garment. The impressive glutes shuddered slightly as they returned to their normal position.

Suddenly Jeremy realized that she was staring back at him, with a kind of wry smile planted on her face.

"You are a dirty, dirty boy. Are you staring at my big, bare ass? I think you are," she said in a soft, stern voice. "Guys go wild for my ass, and I just love it. I love to see them groveling around on the floor at my mercy."

It was then Jeremy awoke to the pathetic captive he had become. Down on his knees, groaning, pumping his cock like a frenzied monkey. He felt like an amoeba next to the most highly evolved being in the universe. He felt so insignificant, so small, so utterly decrepit.

"Would you like to take a closer look?" she cooed, letting a sharp giggle escape her delicate lips.

She bit her lower lip and closed her eyes, first rolling her hips gently to and fro, then nudging her ass higher into the air, beckoning him closer. Jeremy felt as if he were trapped in a tractor beam radiating outward from her ass. He shuffled forward in time to her swaying hips. Suddenly, about two feet from her bulging rump, he caught a faint whiff of her deliciously pungent aroma. He became so delirious with desire, he thought he would lose consciousness.

She seemed to sense this, and reached back to spread her cheeks so that Jeremy could get a closer look. He desperately tried to focus his blurry gaze. He saw clearly enough to notice that her thong did not quite cover her puckered asshole. He could see the edges of the rust brown bud and it drove him wild.

"More?" she asked, her eyes suddenly open expectantly, as if she half expected him to say no.

"Yes ... please?" Jeremy could barely get the words off his lips. In the end it sounded a little like he was begging.

This seemed to please Amanda, who mercifully reached back with one hand to pull the thong out of the way, revealing her carefully trimmed pussy and her dirty brown penny. Jeremy didn't know where to look, he was so overcome with lust. He jerked his cock like a maniac, glancing first at her tight velvet box, then to her sweet little rosebud. But it was clear where Amanda wanted him to focus his gaze. Closing her eyes again, a naughty little laugh escaped her lips. "Peekaboo, I see you!" As she said this Jeremy watched with complete reverence as her asshole contracted and expanded several times. For a moment it seemed as if this omnipotent ass was alive, with a mind of it's own. The mere thought of this was more than Jeremy could handle, and he promptly offered tribute, shooting a glob of thick white cum so far into the air that it landed halfway across the room. Jeremy collapsed on the floor of his empty room and simply lay there for some time, unwilling or unable to return to reality. Eventually, he was forced to rise by a repeated knocking at his door. Scrambling slowly to his feet he pulled himself together, wiping his hand on the back of his pants. He looked through the peephole and couldn't believe his eyes. It was her! He instantly became wracked with nerves. What could she want with him? A cup of sugar? Would she know he was jerking off? He began frantically wiping his cum-stained hand on the couch. There was no time to change, he simply pulled up his pants and tried to ignore the moist stickiness of the cum trapped against his skin. Taking a deep breath to compose himself, he opened the door.

They stared at each other for a moment. Jeremy was dumbstruck.

"Hi. My name is Amanda, I'm your new next-door neighbour," she said, extending her hand. He pumped her fist reluctantly. It must still be a little damp, he thought. Would she know?

"I'm Jeremy," he said. "Nice to meet you."

"Well, Jeremy, I just wanted to introduce myself, I guess we'll be seeing a lot of each other. Listen, I'd also like to take a quick look at how you set up your apartment. It's the same layout as mine, and I'm trying to get some ideas."

"Sure, no problem," Jeremy said, watching her intently as she looked around the room. He could feel his cock beginning to harden again at the sight of her long, full body. He tried to think of something to distract himself.

"Wow, you've really done a good job of setting this up. You know, I have hardly any furniture. I hardly even have any clothes. My last place burned to the ground a few days ago and I've been wearing this same outfit for two weeks! I must be the dirtiest girl in this city." As she said this she cast him a naughty little glance, and winked at him.

"You know, I don't need much," she said. "But the one thing I could use is a chair. I'm getting so tired of sitting on the floor. It hurts my back. Oh and a bed. I'm getting so sick of that sleeping bag. You know I have to do stretches all day?" As she said this she jutted her perky little breasts forward and her arse out behind her so that Jeremy had the perfect side view of her delectable figure.

"Oh, and there's this one," said Amanda, bending forward and arching her back with her legs straight and slightly apart. This time she turned to face away from him so that he had a perfect view of her ass. His heart palpitated. He wanted to help her - she needed his help! He was getting flustered. He had a full hard-on now, and it was clearly visible in his pants. He barely understood the words that he was saying. "Why don't you borrow my furniture until you get some of your own?" said Jeremy. "Really? No, I couldn't do that. What are you going to do?" she said, turning to face him. "It's no problem, honestly. I'm used to sleeping on the floor. I mean, I used to do a lot of camping. And I hardly ever sit, I usually just come home from work and crash." "Well," she said, looking down at the obvious bulge in Jeremy's crotch. "I guess it's OK. I'm sure that it won't last that long anyway. But you should probably clean your floor before you sleep on it - it looks like you spilled something over there," she said, pointing to the place where Jeremy had only moments ago shot his big load. She giggled as she brushed her way past him to the door. Jeremy was about to make up some lame story about spilling some yogurt when he heard her call back to him.

#### LEG SHOW 35

The dobr's not Locked." ( . 1 ]

The door clicked behind her. Jeremy stood in almost the exact spot where he had before she came in. He was blushing, staring with shame at his puddle of cum, with a hard-on in his pants. What had just happened? Was he really giving his furniture and his bed to this woman? But all that innuendo—was it possible that he could be sleeping in the bed beside her before long? Had he blown it with the jerk-off session? He suddenly realized the possibility that she may have heard him. The walls in the building are thin, paper thin. But had he really made that much noise?

Suddenly Jeremy flashed back to Amanda's parting words. Come over anytime! He started to panic. Was it too soon? Jeremy managed to calm himself down. A few hours passed, but he still couldn't shake the thought of gently drawing back the curtain that draped over Amanda's plump, proud ass.

"I must see that ass again," he thought. "God!"

He walked down the hall to her unit. He remembered that Amanda had said the door was unlocked. He gingerly pushed the door open. No sound. He took a few steps in and peered into the apartment.

There really wasn't any furniture to speak of, just a few items of clothing on the floor. Jeremy's eyes trained onto a pair of red cotton panties. He picked them up. The words "Total Slut" were written on the front. Jeremy chuckled to himself. He noticed the panties were recently worn and Amanda's feminine secretions were visible. A glorious scent wafted up into Jeremy's face. His cock twitched. He reached down into his pants and rubbed his cock. Imagining his nose wedged up into Amanda's pussy and ass, he pushed the panties into his face and took a deep breath.

"Enjoying yourself?" Jeremy opened his eyes and wheeled around. Amanda was standing behind him. Jeremy dropped the panties and pulled his hand out of his pants. "I ... uh ... I'm sorry, I was just ... uh," Jeremy stammered. "Duh, uh, uh," Amanda said with her eyes crossed, mocking his idiotic reply. "You little fucking pervert. Sniffing my panties and jerking off? You must really like that smell, eh?" bending. He pulled down his pants as he was told. His cock was rigid. A bead of pre-cum was dribbling out of his pee-hole. He looked at Amanda, who was laughing.

"Oh my," she said with a giggle. "It's thick." She took a few steps closer and wrapped her hands around it. "Doesn't seem right that such a nice thick cock should be attached to a pathetic little twerp like you, Jeremy. I was sure you had a tiny little cock."

Amanda reached under and grabbed Jeremy's balls and pulled him to the ground. He looked up. She appeared gigantic to him. As she laughed, the undersides of her full breasts bounced. She slowly pulled up the sides of her little dress, revealing the tops of her silky thighs.

"You like that piggy?" she cooed.

Jeremy could barely control himself. He reached down to jerk his aching cock. He nodded yes and he shuffled towards her pussy, on his knees. Amanda pulled her dress up a few more inches. No panties. Jeremy just about fainted. He could see a perfect little strip of fur.

"Oh yes, piggy wants to sniff," Amanda said, with pouty lips. "Maybe you'd like a better view?" she said, turning around to reveal her naked, jiggling ass. Spreading her legs and bending over, she looked back at Jeremy with her big green eyes.

"Help yourself, you greedy little boy," she said.

Jeremy shuddered as he nudged the hem of her skirt up higher with the bridge of his nose to reveal Amanda's monumental rump. He started to sniff and lick at her firm cheeks, gently pushing his nose and tongue further in towards her odorous treasure.

"That's a good boy," Amanda said, grabbing the back of his head and pushing it into her sumptuous cheeks. "You get right in there and do your dirty work."

Amanda moaned as Jeremy's tongue darted furtively into her folds, searching for her omniscient eye. He could feel her flexing her cheeks, gently beckoning him in further. Suddenly she took her hand off the back of Jeremy's head and placed a hand on each side of her butt, spreading it suddenly to reveal her ass and pussy. Jeremy steadied himself on the floor with his free hand and stared up at what seemed to him the most heavenly sight. Her asshole was winking inches from his face, ever so gently, and Jeremy tried desperately to decipher its message. Her pussy, flecked with soft brown hairs, was a tidy, appetizing clam. Amanda's upside-down head stared mischievously back at Jeremy through her long parted legs. Her mouth slightly open, her eyes mockingly crossed and her tongue perched purposefully on her top teeth, Heather emitted a high-pitched squeal of a laugh. "Look Jeremy, it's talking to you!" Amanda continued to squeal in mocking laughter as Jeremy's gaze trained back onto her asshole, which was flexing more rapidly now. Jeremy grunted as he jerked hard on his cock, frantically bringing himself to climax. Jeremy heard the asshole speak (it was clearly Amanda's pleading, girlish voice). "Please, please fuck me Jeremy ... I need to be fucked by a nice thick, hard cock, I really, really do! It feels so good to get

fucked, and it makes me feel so dirty ... "

This was all too much for Jeremy. He arched his back and in an uncontrollable, robotic motion pointed his cock skyward, sending out a geyser of hot curn. It landed mostly on Amanda's thighs and calves. A great deal of it landed on the floor, too.

Amanda's expression changed suddenly. She looked like one very disappointed girl. She let her head hang momentarily before letting out a short growl of discontent. "Fuck," she said. "You are pathetic." She stood up straight and lowered her skirt. Grabbing a towel off the floor she started huffily wiping the cum off her legs. "Look at the mess you've made! All over my legs and all over the floor! Get the fuck out of my apartment, NOW!" she said.

"I ... I'm sorry," Jeremy stammered, "I didn't mean to do that, I just couldn't control myself." He walked back towards the door with Amanda stomping behind him. He barely had his cock back in his pants by the time she pushed him gently out the door.

He caught a glimpse of Mrs. Carter, the elderly lady down the hall, entering her apartment. A disapproving look flashed over her face as she disappeared inside.

"I can't BELIÉVE you just did that, ARG!" said Amanda.

"Please, please don't yell," Jeremy said. "Listen, take whatever you want from my apartment, it's all yours, I swear".

Amanda's response startled Jeremy, and suddenly he began to realize that the mess he had created was greater than the few shots of cum on Amanda's legs.

"Well ... alright. I'll send someone over tomorrow morning. How does 10 o'clock sound?"

Before Jeremy could answer, Amanda had shut the door in his face.

Jeremy did not sleep much that night. He tried to think of ways to talk himself out of the predicament he was in. He could simply refuse. But this woman was unpredictable-her reaction had really spooked him. He couldn't afford any more trouble in the building. The manager was already keen to evict him for a string of late night bashes that were mostly at the urging of a few of his more insistent male friends. Jeremy stood dumbfounded the next day as Amanda's 'friend', a young, buff Italian-looking male, carried virtually all of his furniture away. That humiliation was nothing compared to what Jeremy later experienced, curled up on his floor. Through those paper-thin walls he could hear Amanda's panting and groaning. Jeremy played gently with his limp cock and dreamed of what might have been as he listened to the frenzy of activity next door. "Please," he heard Amanda beg, "pretty please ... fuck my ass ... please?" There was a noticeable pause before Amanda groaned out: "Oh my God! Oh, oh yes! Yes oh yes that feels so good ... mmmm ... " Jeremy fell asleep, cock in hand, to the rhythmic beating of the headboard of his very own confiscated bed.

Amanda sauntered up to Jeremy, her heels clacking on the floor.

"I bet you'd like a whiff of the real thing, wouldn't you, you dirty fucking pig."

Jeremy couldn't believe what was happening. He'd just been caught sniffing this beautiful woman's panties. She was right. He was a total pervert. But her directness caught him off guard. Was she offering to let him sniff her pussy?

"I ... um ...," he choked.

"God you're pathetic," Amanda said. "I want to see your cock. If you're going to go rubbing yourself in my house I want to see that cock," Amanda said.

Jeremy stood, incredulous. This strange, beautiful woman was insulting him, but it was turning him on. He could feel his knees

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# RUBBER THE RIGHT WAY

If latex ever rolls out of the rubber fetish underworld and bounces into the fashion mainstream it will owe a deep bow of gratitude to the efforts of a brilliant young designer. DAWN MOSTOW (30) dates her love of latex to the nights she spent attending fetish parties while an art student in South Florida. Her love deepened during her years as a teacher in Japan, where she added a study of kimonos and other traditional Japanese costuming to her design arsenal. And it blossomed after she returned to the U.S. for graduate art studies in New York. Dawn finished in the running twice for the New York Rubber Ball's Miss Rubber World competition ... finally winning first place on her third try for the prize. Now she's pursuing a second post-grad design degree at Harvard — and launching her own all-latex fashion line. Her company Dawnamatrix Designs (www.dawnamatrix.com) offers latex lovers a wide range of clothing, costumes and accessories... from kimonos, catsuits, colonial and steampunk attire to second-skin-sexy Asian inspired dresses, as well as thongs and jewelry. From the simply sensuous to the openly erotic and alt-sexy, the entire collection stays true to the latex she loves. We reached Dawn recently in her Boston studio.

photos by Dastardly Dave - www.dastardlydave.com



Let's start with the basics. Why latex? Cotton or wool or rayon aren't inherently sexy materials, but somehow latex seems to be. How has it gotten so fetish-friendly? What are our first encounters with latex? Generally speaking, it's something medical or sexual. Latex is in control and it penetrates. Latex accentuates the body and conceals it at the same time. It allows us to lower our inhibitions. Fetishists see it as a second skin that frees them to live out their fantasies.

#### What do YOU love about it?

It's such an incredibly versatile material. Intricate appliques... dragons, phoenixes, vines... are a distinctive element of my designs. Sometimes my appliques are a meter long and wrap around the entire piece. I love using yards and yards of latex to get a particularly dramatic look. Of course, designing something revealing for some tight and shiny fun is great too.

### Which came first, your interest in fetish or your interest in latex?

It was fetish first. The original Dawnamatrix concept started in the late 1990s, when I attended Fetish Factory parties in South Florida and developed a sort of fetish superhero persona. I was majoring in Computer Animation at the time and wanted to merge the animation aesthetic with fashion design.



That led to designing anime cosplay and costumes for trade shows like San Diego Comic Con and Anime Expo around 2002-3. After living in Japan for three years I felt my vision for original clothing design had reached maturity. I decided I wanted to establish a latex clothing company based on principles of high art. I moved to New York after Japan, got a Masters degree from Pratt Institute and refined my skills working on theatrical costume design for opera. The Miss Rubber World pageant in New York was a catalyst for the Dawnamatrix Designs label. The first line debuted at Montreal Fetish Weekend 2009 with a stage performance by latex kimono clad dancers.

#### Let's hear your Miss Rubber World adventures.

I tried out for Miss Rubber World three years in a row. My entries were always Japanese inspired, with big inflatable torpedo tits, geisha style makeup and traditional Japanese split toed socks... in latex of course. Each year I moved up: Second Runner Up, then First Runner Up, and finally won the title of Miss Rubber World 2010. It was a long latexclad journey. The release of the Dawnamatrix brand came just three months before winning the title, so it was a grand thing to happen for publicity.





#### Tell us about your years in Japan. Is Japan a more fetishfriendly society?

From 2003-06 I was very much in the Tokyo scene. I was a monthly regular in the Harajuku fashion magazine Kera, and cosplay magazines Layers and Cosmode. The fetish parties I attended in Japan were small but wonderful and friendly. My favorite experience was attending the Rubber Restaurant, a gourmet Italian restaurant open after hours to latex fetishists. We all had the chance to get zipped up in a vacuum bed and be trapped inside a giant balloon.... But even though I loved Japan and part of my heart will always want to live there again, there's no place like home. I think it's more fun to be a guest there, anyway.

LEG SHOW 39

### Store Magazon

When we think latex fetish costuming we think nurses, French maids.... You don't use those clichés, but you do experiment with latex versions of classical costumes. How do you see the connection between uniforms/costumes and latex? I think historical reference is an unlimited resource. I've had suggestions to explore Victorian dress, British naval uniforms, African warriors.... Uniform design is a major influence on fetish clothing, so it's interesting to reexamine the meaning of "uniform." For example, I recently experimented with traditional Mexican culture... latex Aztec warrior costumes complete with luchadore [Mexican professional wrestling, ed.] animal hoods.







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#### Do you imagine your latex designs ever leaving the fetish world and entering the "purely" mainstream? A latex wedding dress for example?

I love designing showpieces, but on the other hand I want to make my designs accessible and affordable for everyone. Most sales are to fetishists, but my connection to academia gives my work credibility for art collectors too. Recently I had a high fashion runway show during Boston Fashion Week... earlier in the year an exhibition of latex kimonos in the Massachusetts State House of Representatives. Talk about a blending of worlds. I'm continually inspired by the Japanese fashion scene and I hope to exhibit the latex kimonos in Tokyo next year. By the way, a latex wedding dress is completely feasible in a non-ironic context. If the design and appeal is there... what we have is a beautiful dress that happens to be made of the best stuff on earth.













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Jana Krenova

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## THE PLAYFUL BABYSITTER

#### by Gray Fisher • art by Mike Zagorski

Richard Landon always looked forward to his Saturday night "dates" with his wife. Sure, the dinner and movie routine was just that – routine – but they were always a nice respite from dealing with their two rambunctious kids. He looked forward to adult conversation, and he even enjoyed the sex when they got home, even though that, too, had become routine after 12 years of marriage.

But there was another reason he anticipated Saturday nights with great enthusiasm, and it was the most important reason of all. That was the night he got to see Amber, their regular babysitter.

"She's great, and very pretty too," his wife had said after interviewing Amber soon after they'd moved to the neighborhood, before he'd met her. A week later, he discovered his wife was right. She was very cute, in a girl-about-to-bloom kind of way. The high school senior, a few weeks shy of her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, had straight blond hair that she usually wore in a high ponytail. Thin lips, expectant green eyes and slightly upward-pointing nose gave her the appearance of someone ready to meet the world and shape it to fit her needs. But he had another first impression: she seemed very...clean.

Yes, he'd definitely classify her as pretty, but he was nonetheless indifferent toward her early on. She was a service provider, who allowed him a night out with his wife once in awhile. The fact she hadn't yet received her driver's license, and he had to drive her home at the end of the evening, was more of an inconvenience than anything else early on. heels, stockings, the occasional boot – the usual fetish objects – but before that night he never considered how sexy a pair of dirty moccasins could be. He took his wife out as planned, but couldn't get the thought of those shoes and peds out of his mind. When he drove Amber the two miles home, he noticed how nice they looked on her.

In ensuing weeks, Richard would make sure no one was around, then steal a few whiffs of those moccasins before heading out. The very faint foot odor was overwhelmed by the smell of leather, but the effect was to make him want more.

About a month after he first saw the peds, knowingly or not, she upped the ante.

She'd arrived on schedule. As they were getting ready to leave, he saw her crouch down to look at something his daughter had drawn, and caught his breath at the sight that greeted his eyes. Peeking out of her pants was a purple thong. His wife elsewhere in the house, he let his eyes linger. Now this was unexpected, especially given that Amber had always seemed very conservative. She had no visible tattoos, no piercings other than her ears. *Yet she wore a thong to a babysitting appointment*.

He drove her home at the end of the night, as usual. They made small talk about the kids, the movie they'd seen, then she thanked him for the ride. He glommed another look at the thong as she maneuvered out of the car. He came very intensely when he made love to his wife later.

Then, some good fortune.

His wife had a rare evening business engagement, so Amber was watching the kids already when Richard arrived home from work. He walked in the house, saw the moccasins, and heard Amber and the kids in a heated air hockey tournament in the basement. The clackety-clack of the puck reassured him he'd be undisturbed for awhile - no one had even heard him come in – so he picked up the worn shoes and examined them carefully. The dark toe imprints, the souls. He noted a small wad of dried gum on the soul of one, and was tempted to remove it simply because he felt she shouldn't be walking around in such soiled shoes. But he refrained. Instead, he inhaled deeply of the insides. He stuck out his tongue and *tasted* those imprints. Getting more and more aroused, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his semihard cock, then began rubbing it inside one of the moccasins. A small drop of pre-cum mingled with the moisture left by his tongue. He dared not go further. She'd be leaving soon, but he doubted she'd notice anything. Was she barefoot tonight, he wondered?

Several weeks went by and Richard took note of everything Amber wore, and began noticing her pert breasts, usually accentuated by a tight-fitting T-shirt or sweater of some kind. As the weather began to get warmer, she'd show up wearing flip-flops, her nicely manicured toes on proud display. And she frequently wore the thong panties.

At the end of their drives home, he began giving her monetary tips of \$5 or so, even though his wife had already paid her. "For being so reliable," or "for coming on such short notice," he'd say. She always politely smiled and thanked him.

He wondered whether she was making the connection between the thong underwear and the tips. Whether she even gave conscious thought to *why* he was paying her extra, and doing so covertly. He even wondered if, when talking to friends in school that week, she told them about the "secret" gratuities from the odd, probably horny, but pleasant 40-year-old guy she sat for.

In Richard's mind, he was rewarding her for the after-image that stayed with him for the week. He thought of it as some kind of unspoken, prostitution-light relationship, in which only one party was aware of what was happening. In any case, he was happy to contribute the extra cash toward her clothing, makeup, savings for a car...whatever.

About six weeks after her 18th birthday, a date which Richard had marked on his mental calendar, he drove her home as usual. She was wearing the moccasins. He noted how nice she smelled - a clean, earthy scent - and decided it was time to lay it all on the line. As he handed her a \$5 bill he said, almost jokingly, "I'll - I'll give you another \$10 for your moccasins." He could hardly believe he actually said it, and his voice cracked as he did. "Excuse me?" was her response. Did he detect a tinge of anger? Richard cleared his throat. "I'll give you an extra ten bucks for those ratty moccasins. You can use it toward a new pair." Amber made a face, considering the offer. "I like these shoes ... they're the most comfortable ones I own. Besides, what do you want a pair of my old mocca.....Oh." Realization washed over her face, along with a smile. She giggled, then: "I do really like these. But I'll tell you what, Mr. Landon, For \$20, I'll let you kiss my feet. How's that sound?" She arched her eyebrow, then smirked. "And for an extra \$10, I won't even tell Mrs. Landon." Had he just heard what he thought he did? His cock rose up unbidden in his slacks. Conflicting thoughts ran through his head. This girl was more mercenary

But then his thoughts changed. Sharply.

If pressed, Richard would probably say that it happened the night she wore tight fitting cotton pants, the words "Spoil Me" emblazoned on her derriere. It was the first time he'd noticed her back end. He even stammered something about the billboard he saw there, before saying something about not being in the habit of staring at girls' rear ends. His wife was present at the time, and they had a friendly chuckle. Good recovery.

Then, the following week, he came downstairs soon after she'd been dropped off for her evening gig and he saw her leather moccasins sitting neatly in the foyer. Looking closer, he could see toe imprints in the well-worn shoes. He greeted her in the kitchen, and his eyes were drawn to her feet. She was wearing sheer black peds, translucent enough to see very nicely shaped toes. She had on dark pink toenail polish.

Richard had always had "a thing" for feet, which had intensified over the past few years. He was usually drawn to high As it turned out, she was wearing ankle socks, so his indiscretion would go unnoticed.

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than he ever thought, and far more savvy. Was she actually *blackmailing* him with her counter-offer?

He didn't respond for more than 30 seconds, except for a gulp. "How about it?" she prodded. "You know it's what you really want to do."

Wow, it didn't take her long to get inside his head, Richard thought.

"Um...yeah...OK," he stammered as he reached for his wallet, pulling out a twenty and a ten. His hand was shaking as he gave the bills to her.

"Not in front of the house. Drive to the duckpond," Amber instructed. When they arrived in the desolate parking area, she maneuvered so her back was against the passenger door. Slowly, she lifted her right foot out of the leather shoe and brought it in front of his face. Her toenails glistened in the moonlight, and Richard detected a slight hint of perfume. It was all he could do to keep from swooning.

"Enjoy," she said, giggling.

He found that he had to lean forward to reach her toes, and he figured that was by design. It would've been nothing for Amber to bring her foot three inches closer; she apparently wanted to see him strain for the privilege.

And a privilege it was. He planted a servile kiss on her big toe, then the ball of her foot. His head spun with the reality of doing something he'd been thinking about for weeks. Without asking her permission, he began to lick.

"Ooh, Dickie, that feels good," Amber said imperiously. "Get between my toes, too." His ears stung at the sudden informality, but he could hardly tell her it was "Mr. Landon" or even "Richard" while his dignity was going to shreds before his taunting seductress' eyes. All he could do was spear his tongue between her toes.

His cock was nearly bursting his pants. The slight salty taste, combined with the mild perfume and light leather scent, manifested themselves physically below his belt. He involuntarily groaned, and she slid her first two toes into his mouth. He acceptcd them cagerly. "Mmmm....just like that," Amber cooed. Richard slurped at her toes lasciviously, hardly noticing her left foot moving toward his crotch. He sucked in his breath the moment it came to rest on his hardness. Her delicate heel began to slide up and down. His head swam. what's that sound?"

A conspiratorial giggle. "You know that guy that I sit for? The guy I said is always looking at me? Right now, he's licking and sucking my toes."

A new wave of shame coursed through Richard's veins. His head throbbed, and he had no doubt his face was beet red. But at the same time, his cock throbbed, and Amber seemed to detect it under her other foot. She smirked again, in the way one uses exaggerated facial expressions to communicate with someone in the room while engaging in a phone conversation.

"Get out of here!" said the disembodied voice. "Stop putting me on."

"No, really, he is. And guess what – he's enjoying himself. He can't hide it – if you get my meaning. Hee hee."

"Bullshit. Just get over here."

"Really!" Then she paused, sexily biting her lower lip. "Wait a second, I'll prove it."

With a giggle, she held up the cell phone at arm's length. No, she wouldn't, Richard thought. She would.

"Say 'toe cheese," Amber sang. Then a flash as she used her cell phone camera to photograph him. The scene absorbed by its lens, then instantly transmitted via cellular tower to the cell phone in the manicured hand of her best friend Lauren, and no doubt those belonging to other girlfriends in the course of the week, was this:

A forty-year-old man (though both girls might debate whether he was a man at all), three girl toes stuffed into his mouth, his face a deep shade of red, his eyes helplessly locked on the smirk of his 18-yearold tormentress, and a very large – and very obvious bulge in his groin area.

His shame welled up, but she felt his cock grow under her now-wiggling toes. This only encouraged her more. No longer could Richard deny that he was loving this.

"Eeoow!" came the voice on the cell phone. "He is such a loser! Why would he want to suck your toes? They stink!" She giggled. "He doesn't care. Probably the stinkier the better, as far as he's concerned." More laughter. "Oh, how sweet is that! Hey, Mr. Toe Sucker, or whatever the fuck your name is – leave my friend Amber's feet alone!"

Richard's cock swelled even more upon hearing Lauren address him. His head was swimming...and he felt like he was outside of himself. But his tongue continued swirling around Amber's big toe, and he let out a moan.

"Uugghhhh," mimicked Lauren, disdain dripping from her voice. "Listen, loser, we just made plans for tonight, so do whatever it is you perverts do and finish up." Richard could practically hear the sneer in the teen's voice.

Amber picked up on the cue. "Come on, Dickie," she cooed, the ball of her foot sliding up and down his bulge. "Shoot for the babysitter."

He groaned again. The thought of cumming in his pants, while being heard on the cell phone no less, was absolutely mortifying. It would be hard to hide the stain from his wife. Yet there was little he could do to prevent it. The toes in his mouth and on his cock coaxed him on; the smirk on Amber's face hypnotized him.

"It's okay ... " she whispered soothingly.

Richard's body seized, and he had to release Amber's toes from his mouth to avoid biting down on them. He fumbled for his fly, vainly trying to release his penis before staining his pants, but Amber's foot held firm, impeding his efforts. He could only grunt in helpless rapture.

"Ohmigod! Lauren, he's cumming in his pants! My foot's all wet. You should see this!" She looked straight at him, sucking in her cheeks and arching one brow in a strange mix of admonition and approval.

"Quick, take a picture!"

"Smile, Dickey." The cell phone flashed.

His shame was complete as he heard Lauren's voice calling him a loser. Amber's foot kept massaging his rod, summoning all the cum he had. "Ooh, poor baby messed his pants," Amber cooed. "Might be a problem with wifey." His wife! Richard's mind raced as he thought about how he could hide the growing stain. Maybe she'll have the bedroom light off by the time he returns ... "Oh my gosh, this picture is hilarious," said Lauren, "Look at his face! This definitely goes on my MySpace page tomor-IOW." Richard was too exhausted, too humiliated to respond. How could he even look at Amber in the face again, let alone drive her home after a night out. "When...when do you get your driver's license?" he plaintively mumbled. "Hey Dickie, news flash - she got her license eight months ago!" came the voice on the cell phone. His ears rang with sexy, girlish laughter.

Suddenly, inexplicably, he heard the music of Coldplay. What the —? It took a moment to realize it was Amber's cell phone.

"Hi, Lauren," she said, flipping it open. "What's up? We getting together?"

Richard realized she had the phone on speaker. He paused, but Amber snapped her finger and pointed down at her foot. He continued his joyous sucking, if a bit more self conscious.

"Yeah. I just finished babysitting. What do you want to do?"

"We could rent a movie, or - hey,

"What?"

"He paid me to do this. Apparently, he likes girl feet."

Richard's shame now bordered on physical illness. Yet he couldn't bring himself to stop sucking Amber's lovely toes despite the intense humiliation. Even if he did have any pangs of dignity, the heavenly movement of her other foot beneath his belt assured his compliance.

He felt an ejaculation coming – his crotch was already damp with pre-cum – but he feared that it would happen while she was on the phone. No! He couldn't allow that. Even now, even with this goddess taking control of him, there were limits.

Laughter came from the phone. "Gawd! You sure can pick 'em, Amber." A pause. "Hey, am I on walkie-talkie?"

Amber chuckled. "Yeah, he can hear everything."

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#### HE LEADS THE LIFE YOU'D LOVE

LEG SHOW's loyal male readers are more keenly aware than most men of a certain simple truth, namely that women are the superior gender, and that men are happier and healthier when they slither into their natural role of slavish servitude to their emotional and biological betters. But make no mistake: What is true of males in general and of LEG SHOW readers in particular is by no means true of all persons of the penile persuasion. There do exist in this world men who by virtue of raw talent, passionate persistence and plain dumb luck lead lives of erotic excitement on a level LEG SHOW readers might dare to dream about but seldom can hope to achieve. MICHAEL DIAMOND is such a man. After years of formal training in the arts, Diamond decided to devote his photographic and videographic skills to the subjects he most adored. Today, he is master of several alternative erotic websites, shooting exclusive content for them all. Consider a kink ... foot worship, latex love, lingerie, legs, female-ordered masturbation, girl-girl, sex-toy

## डांगरलाग्रेड.डगा

#### THINK KINK

Michael lives and labors in a beautifully restored Victorian townhouse on a quiet Philadelphia street. Multi-talented Angelina works with him, doing web design and maintenance, and he in turn has shot the content for her sizzling hot mini-site "Naughty Little Angelina" www.clips4sale.com/studio/35921 which features videos of her lezzing it up with a voluptuous older gal, then getting a much needed corporal correction for her bawdy behavior courtesy of, you guessed it, Michael. His free flagship site ErosArtist.com is a sort of Grand Sinful Station, linking to titles devoted to specialized tastes such as JerkOffInstructions.com ("Where the girls teach the boys how to beat their meat"), FootFetishByErosArts ("foot worship, crush, pedal pumping, shoe fetish, voyeurism, stockings, pantyhose



sex... and it's likely Diamond has some original jerk-off gems awaiting your pleasure. He loves his work.... But what better way to tell this fortunate fellow's full story than through his relationship to a wonderful woman?

#### **TOUCHED BY AN ANGELINA**

I first met and photographed beautiful, talented ANGELINA at Philadelphia's premiere alt-sex gathering, the Libertine Ball. Angelina has the lusciously lean, shapely body of a classical ballerina and the flexibility of a contortionist, coupled with a delicious exhibitionistic streak and a thirst for erotic adventure. On the night of the Libertine Ball, one minute she was doing nearly naked balletic extensions for my camera... and the next she invited me into the nightclub's BDSM area where she introduced me to Michael for the first time... and let me observe him bending her over and giving her perfectly formed buttocks the bountiful bottom-warming spanky-spank she'd decided they required. Not only did Angelina allow me to witness her public "punishment," she also kindly agreed to let me shoot her under more controlled conditions. And Michael kindly offered the use of his studio for our session.









## Storen Erieron



One sports fad that baffles and delights me is the recent craze for "barefoot running." Based on the examples of the Tarahumara marathon runners of Mexico, running barefoot is said to be easier on the feet and better for the body in general. I have no opinion on such matters. But I love that on running paths all around the world I now see the filthy naked feet of sweating, straining, magnificently muscled young women as they lope along barefoot in their sweetly stinky sports bras and soaked shorts. That brings me to Stacy, whom I encountered in San Diego's Rohr Park. The park's jogging trail was crowded, but Stacy's naked feet stood out like bright stars in a black sky as she trotted towards me. Barefoot runners learn to land on the balls of their feet. That was a plus, making Stacy's thick calves and muscular thighs flex all the more fetchingly. I noted the moist "camel toe" in her running briefs, the big breasts in her sports bra and her long blonde hair tied back tightly. Then this magnificent creature flew past, her sassily swaying ponytail, flexing buttocks and pungent odor adding to the impression of a prancing thoroughbred. The soles of





her feet were filthy... I had to have her! I followed behind and caught up as she strode along for her cool-down. Copies of LEG SHOW explained my intentions. Fortunately, Stacy was proud of her body and uninhibited about sharing its best features with the world. Back in my hotel suite I wish she hadn't insisted on showering before allowing me to begin our session. But once I'd finished the camera shooting she allowed me to "shoot" a sticky tribute to her sweet feet that required her to shower for a second time.



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