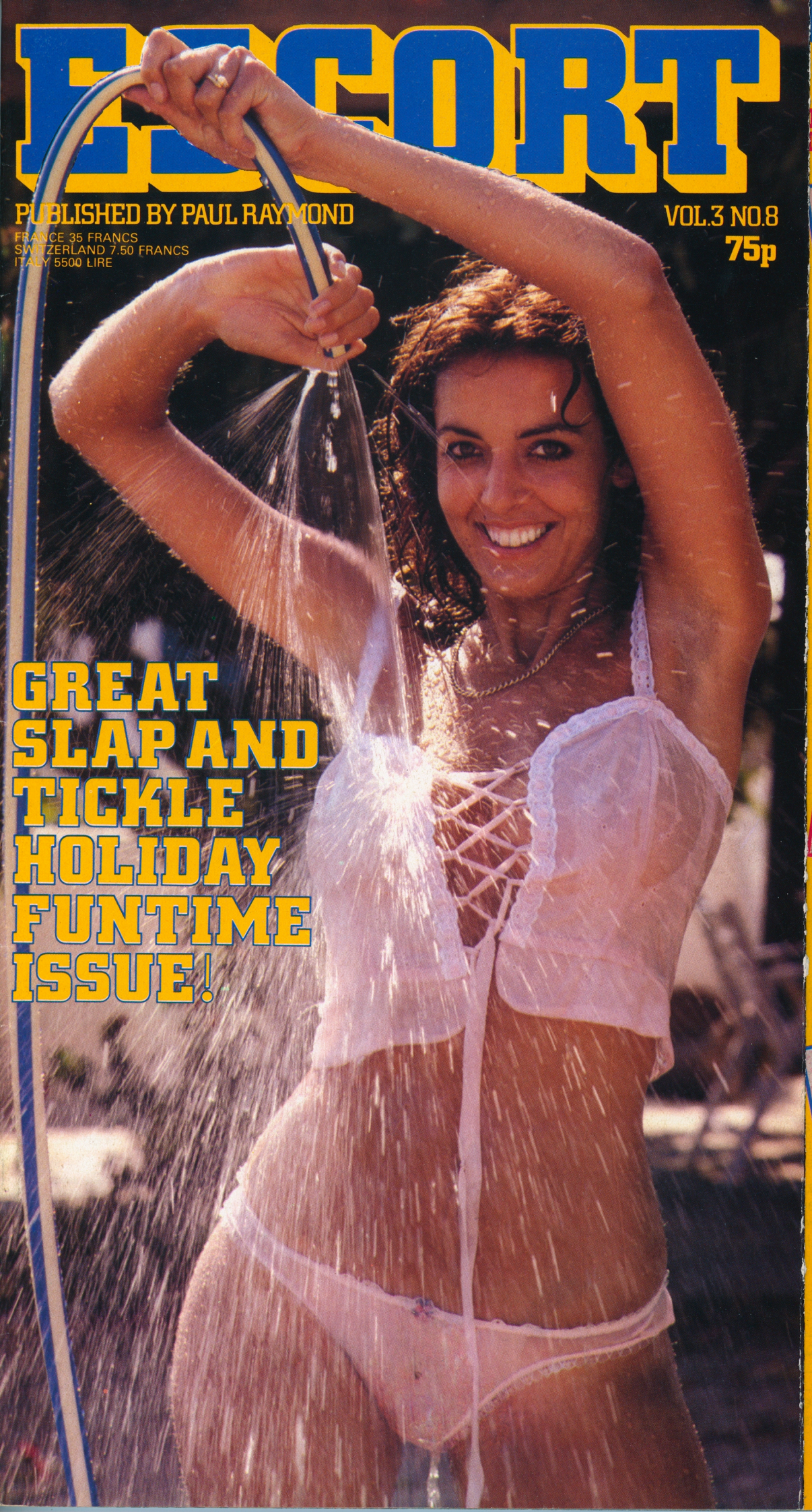
ESCORT

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOL.3 NO.8

75p

FRANCE 35 FRANCS
SWITZERLAND 7.50 FRANCS
ITALY 5500 LIRE



GREAT SLAP AND TICKLE HOLIDAY FUNTIME ISSUE!

ARRRRRRRRGH! CONTROVERSIAL CRUMPET

THE GIRLS OF NEWBURY



BUFF!
LOTS OF GIRLS GALLOPING ABOUT IN THE NUDE



STUFF!
GIRLS SQUIRMING ABOUT IN TENTS HAVING SEX



MUFF!
PLENTY MORE GIRLS' NAUGHTY PARTS JUST LIKE LAST MONTH








Go
Es
sag


ageous Karen,
cort's summer pin-up girl,
s "I love wetting myself."

ESCORT

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND VOL.3 NO.8



Show Us Yours, page 50



Harriet, page 66



Jackie, page 42



Polaroid Strip, page 18

Publisher: *Paul Raymond* Executive Editor: *Nevile Player* Art Director: *Susan Howe* Assistant Editor: *Diana Chandler* Picture Editor: *Alan Pride* Advertisement Director: *Tom Connor* Circulation Director: *Mike Stall* Legal Adviser: *Carl Snitcher*

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COVER GIRL

Gosh is it August already? With a bit of luck it may just be triffically hot and sunny as you read this on your favourite beach while pretty half naked girls with oily suntanned bodies and taut bare breasts roll all over your manly bodies in droves – better than having your manly bodies driven over in a Rolls though isn't it? Anyway, this is Karen from Bristol who was foolhardy enough to stand for being the centre poster girl in *Escort* vol. 1 no. 1 a long time ago in the dark ages before the sort of sex we have now hadn't really been invented properly and everyone was still worried about the effect of tight knickers on people's intelligence which no one bothers about now thank heavens. Not only that but they got her name wrong and called her Tamsin and exaggerated her measurements as usual as she tells me she's actually 38-22-36 not 40, for heavens sake – they're always trying to make girls out to be freaks up here. As we haven't seen Karen for nearly three years we didn't think you'd mind seeing her again. Since then of course she's been in every magazine under the sun (not to mention a few that might be described as under the weather, and even one or two that haven't been invented yet). Anyway here's Karen playing with a hosepipe in photographer Evans's backyard on one of the few sunny days we've had in the last five years and don't panic if you've seen them before because you might not have done. And that's not the only thing in this issue that doesn't make sense I can assure you. – *Julia Jones, Secretary to the Editor.*

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MUFF! PLENTY MORE GIRLS' NAUGHTY PARTS JUST LIKE LAST MONTH



As I expect you already suspect, the best part about having a magazine is all the perks you get. We were adding up the other day all the free goodies we'd had in the last three years. Well, we had a Yamaha motorcycle that wasn't insured for two weeks, a Canon AF35M Camera for six months which they keep writing and asking to have back and we keep writing back and saying we've lost it, a Paddy Hopkirk Explosafe Petrol Can (ours, all ours for ever and ever and ever) and something called the 35mm Handbook by Michael Langford (Ebury Press, £5.50) which tells you all the 'triffic things you need to know if you want to be a big smart professional photographer and have beautiful girls going weak with pleasure in front of you as you whip it out of your trouser pocket and rattle off a few exciting facts and figures. What else. Oh yes, two free rolls of Kodachrome K64 and an Avis map which was actually on someone else's wall until we pinched it. Oh yes, and half a dozen cans of custard pie foam and a second hand hockey stick. Not to mention the lovely kind reader who sent me perfume and some lovely stockings last Christmas and who I wanted to write back to with a big kiss but I lost his address, and a box of jelly babies I had once. Impressive isn't it?

Apart from all that, we've sort of got the wrong cover this month. It was supposed to be this girl with huge breasts stark naked but for a G-string and a rucksack with the straps hiding the rude bits in a wood, but the photographer was mistaken for a Peeping Tom by mistake and got chased out of the woods and we couldn't find the girl anywhere and from what I can gather she was chased half naked all the way to Basingstoke by a convention of half crazed scoutmasters who wanted to tie knots in her knickers and cook her (I think they wanted to cook her) and now Mr Snitcher's popped his head round the door to say not to mention anything because of some litigation involving some nuns and a Marmite sandwich.

I mean if I understood what was going on half the time I probably wouldn't work here at all. I don't know about you but I think this Marmite sandwich business is getting rather offensive. What an exciting life this is – *Julia Jones Secretary to the Editor, Escort Magazine.*



"I've always let my bollocks rule my brain. But then again, they're a lot bigger."

SHOW US YOURS – and tell us about her too!
Clip out this coupon and send it with your pictures to: Escort Magazine, Paul Raymond Publications, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.
I enclose _____ photographs of _____ who is my wife/girlfriend. Age ____ Measurements _____
Her/our favourite fantasy/most exciting sexual experience (delete which does not apply) was _____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
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_____
Name _____
Address _____
_____
_____

HAS LIFE GOT YOU BY THE SHORT AND CURLIES?

GRASP ESCORT'S HANDFUL OF PLEASURE AND SOOTHE AWAY YOUR INHIBITIONS.
SUBSCRIBE TO ESCORT, THE MAGAZINE WRITTEN, PHOTOGRAPHED AND MODELLED BY READERS, THEIR WIVES AND GIRLFRIENDS.
YOU GET 12 MONTHLY ISSUES FOR A MEASLY ELEVEN QUID.

I am keen to grasp a handful of pleasure each month. I am over 18 and can prove it by writing my name just here on the lines below.

To Escort Magazine, Magsub, Oakfield House, Perrymont Road, Haywards Heath, Sussex. Please send me the next twelve issues of Escort beginning with vol 3 no _____ I enclose _____ (£11 for each year's subscription)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____
_____
_____
SIGNATURE _____
(Please use capital letters and make cheques and postal orders payable to Escort.)

Britain's Sexiest Letters!

Reader's Letters

Dying to tell the world your wildest erotic moments? Tell us. Write to Escort Letters, Paul Raymond Publications, 2 Archer Street, London W1. Enclose a picture or drawing and we'll pay you a tenner if we print it.

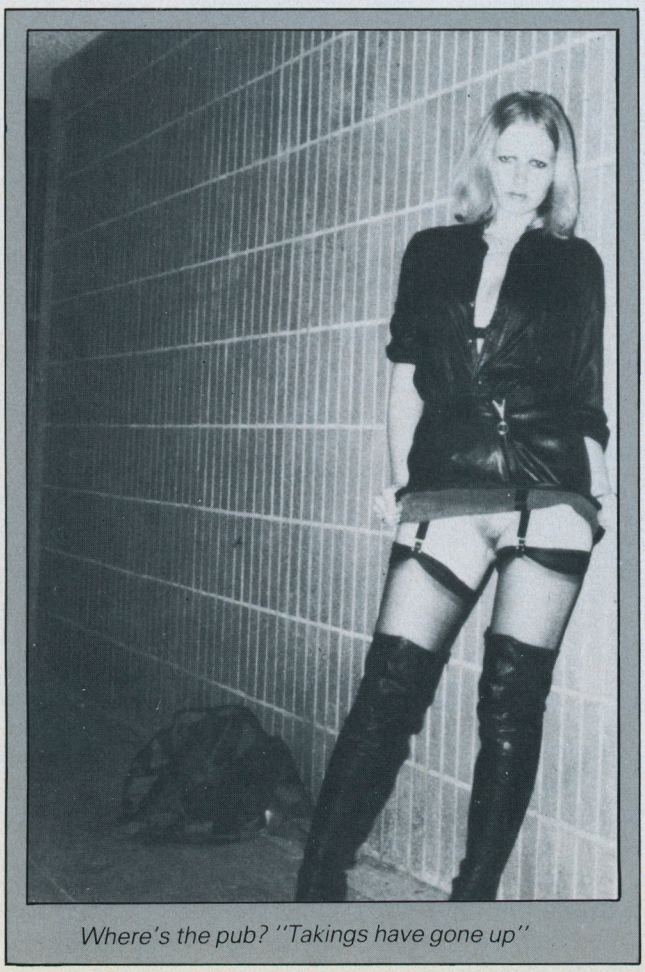
Where's the pub?

Your magazine is so sexy, I love it and I've never missed an issue. I'm married, 34 years old, two teenage kids and I work part time as a barmaid five nights a week. My fantasy is to appear in a centre spread but I just wouldn't have the courage. However it would be a great honour and turn-on if you could possibly print these enclosed snaps of me (without my name and address).

I know that they aren't naughty pictures but most guys seem to find them arousing and I'm sure some of your readers would like them. I dress in minis, hot pants, thigh boots, stockings and suspenders nearly all the time. A lot of women think I'm a tart but the men all love it at the pub where I work. The landord says that takings have gone up thirty percent.

Women, if they've got it should flaunt it. My husband has always loved me wearing micro minis and he is flattered by the amount of masculine attention that I receive and he certainly doesn't mind me having the occasional boyfriend. I'm 36-24-37 and I have posed for open-thighed nude pictures for my husband and for some guys from the pub and if you print these photos I promise that it will give me courage to send you some of the more intimate pictures I have in my collection. – *Mrs J. H. (name and address withheld by request), Bolton.*





Where's the pub? "Takings have gone up"

Driven to drink

I was introduced to *Escort* by a newsagent friend of mine.

One afternoon I went to get the local paper, when he told me of a sexy lady who had left him and his wife a number of autographed photos of herself. The lady in question being the wonderful Auntie Jayne on a promotions tour. From that day to this I have been an avid reader. I have just acquired some back copies and would like to write in praise of a number of women in these, and present issues. I hope that my comments and those of other readers will act as encouragement and a turn on to the ladies concerned.

In vol. 2 no. 10, the three small black and white pics of Mrs. D.M. from Northumberland had the desired effect. You have got a great pair of legs and a lovely bottom, Mrs. D.M. I am a man of 23 and have always found older women more attractive and so discovering your age to be 42 only enhances you to me. Please send in some more pics soon.

In vol. 2 no. 8 the lovely Liz of Hants had me watering at the mouth. What a great shot of her lying on the bed, showing a glimpse of black panty crutch. Your beautiful tits encased in a white bra. Your fantasy of dipping your tits into a man's glass of beer and having him lick it off has driven me to drink.

Finally in a later issue I wish to sing the praises of



Polaroid Strip lovely , Maureen F. of Herts (vol. 3 no. 4). What a sexy lady. Fantastic legs wrapped in black stockings, you are a lucky man Mr. F. – *L.L (full name and address withheld by request), Manchester.*

You're not the only one who's been driven to drink, L.L. Can you imagine the driving to drink you get working on the magazine. I mean obviously it's bad enough having to read it, but thinking it up is worse – Julia.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

Auntie Jayne Can Handle It



All of us have problems, tendencies or characteristics which can be difficult to discuss with people we know, even good friends or partners. Often it helps just to write about them to someone who can be both understanding and objective, and who you can trust to treat your letters in the strictest confidence. I will always try to be honest about what I think, and when possible, suggest other places that may be able to help. My only real qualifications for doing this are a lot of experience, some common sense, and a fair amount of unshockability. I'm sorry that I can't write to you personally and must limit my replies to these pages. Do write!

Dear Jayne,
I am 20, and soon to be married to a really wonderful guy. He is everything I have always dreamed of, as well as being fantastic in bed. I have not failed to have an orgasm when he fucks me, and sometimes I have two before he comes.

Now that's the problem – if there is a problem. When he comes he doesn't spurt at all, not inside my pussy or my mouth. All that happens is the sperm just oozes out of his slit. Even if we don't have a fuck for a few days and he should be all charged up, it's just the same.

I know you are not a doctor, Jayne, but have you come across this with any of your men? Jeff has an awfully big prick, but I can't see size having anything to do with it.

Jayne, if he can't shoot his semen up my womb, will I become pregnant? We would like to have a family some day and I wouldn't like that to be by artificial insemination.

Please don't be insulted, Jayne, but I hope my figure is as good as your is, when I am your age. I hope that reads correctly – it's meant to be a compliment. All my love, Jackie.

It is a compliment, Jackie, thank-you! I don't know if you saw this column last month (vol.3 no.7) in which I replied to a man who was worried because he didn't "spurt" either.

I had to say that only in the realm of fantasy (which, of course, is where most "men's" magazines are written) do all men have identically huge throbbing dongs which shoot out gallons of hot come. Real life is, fortunately, more richly varied.

I have yet to speak to a woman who has actually felt her insides being hosed down by the aforementioned gallons of hot stuff, or indeed who has felt the stuff itself "shooting" into her. What we do feel are the rythmic spasms of the penis which pump it out, but as there is only a teaspoonful or so of semen, and it's at the same temperature as the vagina, and the man at this point is generally thrust up as far as he can go, it makes no odds whether he would be able to shoot his semen 300 yards in the open – when he is jammed to the hilt inside a woman there simply wouldn't be room to use this talent! Which brings me to your other question. When a man has ejaculated into a woman, the sperm have been introduced into the vagina quite deep enough, whether they've been spurted or oozed. From there on they have to swim, which apparently they are capable of doing at the astonishing rate of between five to seven inches per hour.

I hope all this helps you to decide that there isn't a problem, and I wish you both every happiness. Love Jayne.

Dear Auntie Jayne,
There is no doubt that *Escort* is a really good 'read and look' – my own belief being that a publication which shows 'real people' (i.e. housewives rather than paid models apparently

«Only in the realm of fantasy do all men have huge throbbing dongs which shoot out gallons of come»

in the majority) can be much more exciting as it makes the reader believe that the situation shown could actually happen to him or her.

You are the sort of person to whom I feel able to write with ease, my main purpose being to suggest that many women would pose nude for their husbands if they were sure that their friends wouldn't find out their secret.

After a bit of a row with my wife some few years ago about her disinterest in sex, she agreed to pose for my polaroid camera – though making sure that her face was not recognisable (which I could understand). One shot showed her standing, completely naked, looking down as if she were examining her cunt, the lips of which she was holding apart with her fingers.

Later on, without her knowledge (and I can't blame her for being angry with me), I began a letter exchange with a couple down south, sending them some of the pictures which they found thrilling, as I did those they sent to me, one of them showing the wife sucking the husband's prick.

Since then, through contact magazines, I have visited new friends, and it is wonderful to see how many women love to have their pictures taken while naked or wearing revealing clothes, or performing with their husbands, or even with other men while their husbands take the pictures.

I can assure you that if there is such a thing in sex, women can generally outdo men in trying to be "obscene" – no doubt there are many reasons why women generally have become less inhibited about sex, such as the greater freedom which they have fought for and achieved, and the "pill", etc.

Anyway to you and the rest of the staff, I'll close with the deep desire to keep up the good work, for there is nothing like sex for making the dear old world go round. *Love, Frank.*

«Many more women would pose nude for their husbands if they were sure their friends wouldn't find out»

I did find your letter a touch contradictory – no doubt it is getting easier for women to be honest about their sexuality, but there's still a bit of a double standard about. A man who gets a lot of varied sexual action will be known to his friends as a bit of a lad, whereas a woman that behaves in the same way would probably be dismissed as a slag or a slut. Certainly it takes a lot of trust to pose for sexy photos, even if the photographer is your husband or boyfriend – a woman would have to believe that he wouldn't use the pictures in a way she mightn't like – as you say yourself. I think that showing them to other people without the model's consent is a very sneaky trick, and you deserve a sound spanking for doing it. Jayne.

Dear Auntie Jayne,
My wife and I are a young married couple with a very active sex life – we have never considered ourselves as exhibitionists until recently.

One evening while fucking my wife and talking dirty to her, I don't know what made me say it, but I told her I wanted her to suck my cock while we were stood in front of the bedroom window, curtains open and the light on.

The following night I was feeling very horny and asked my wife if she would like to try what I had suggested.

At first she was dubious and worried that someone would see us, as our bedroom windows are very low; but after a little coaxing she came round to the idea of trying it.

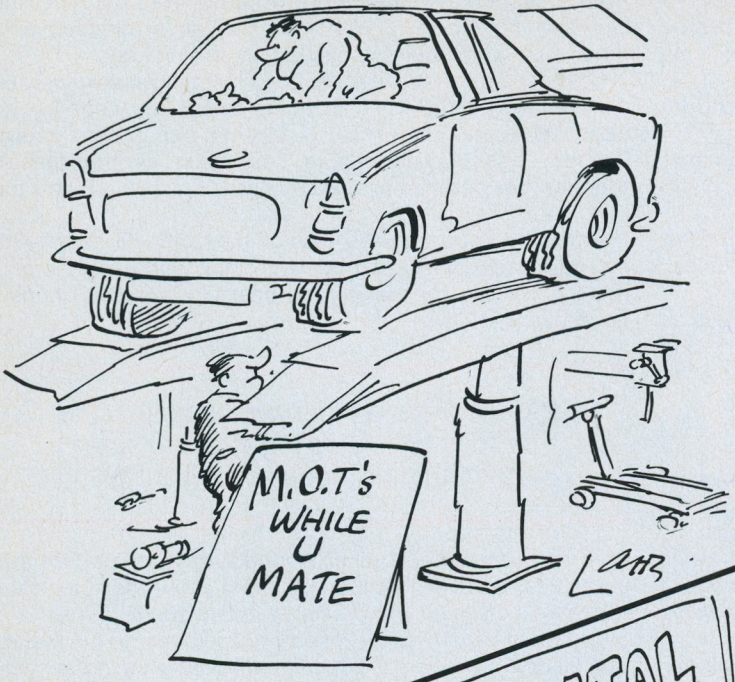
I opened the curtains and switched on the light, then stripped off and stood in front of the window – my wife who was only wearing bra and panties took hold of my cock and began to lick and suck my cock.

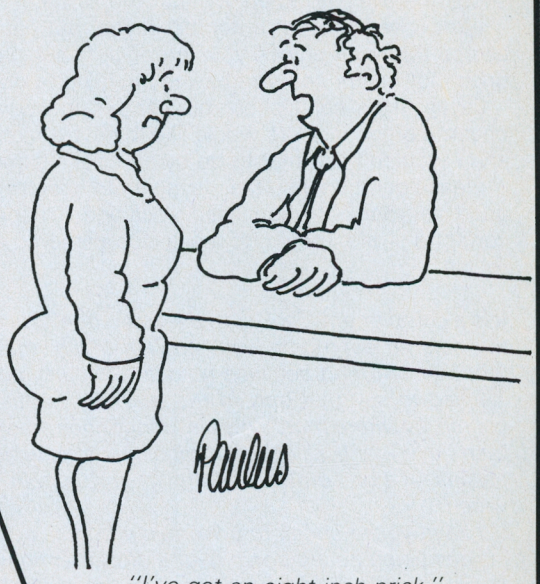
Can we be prosecuted if we are reported to the police, and have you ever gone through an exhibitionist stage? *Steve, Yorkshire.*

If appearing nude in Escort every month is exhibitionist, I suppose I'm continually going through an exibitionist stage – I alway have great fun posing for the pictures anyway.

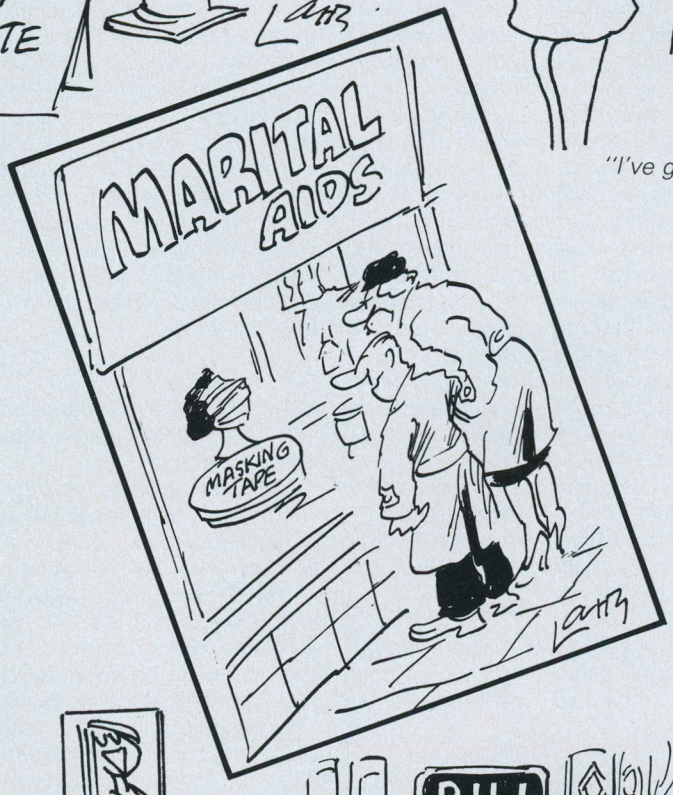
Yes, you and your wife could certainly be charged with indecent exposure, or behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace – no doubt you would be prosecuted if you were reported. The point is, I think, that whatever consenting adults do in private ought to be their own business, but once it isn't private it becomes other people's business too. There are plenty of people who would love to watch you and your wife, and if you both feel that being watched makes your love-making so much more exciting, you could find some of them through contact magazines or Escort's Classified pages; but many people would find the sight upsetting or offensive, and I can't see that there's ever an excuse for our particular sexual thrills to be achieved at the expense of other people. Love Jayne.

ONLY WHEN I LARF





"I've got an eight inch prick."





"I'd love to, but it would mean paying you, and I don't want to get that emotionally involved!"



Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Salty Sandra

My wife loves showing off her lovely long legs and thighs, undoubtedly her best assets other than her honey-pot.

Sorry about the bath-water, but Sandra says its due to some bath salts!

Before getting to my front door, I saw the plumber leaving with damp hair and until I saw her in the bath I didn't expect her to have anything other than bath salts in with her. She loves the three H's – Hard, Hot and Huge, so she's hard to refuse. I might write you another letter about that particular experience. Sandra says that it would be a thrill for her to be used as she may prompt the odd erection or two. – *R.P. (full name and address withheld by request), Sutton, Surrey.*

Older ladies

I admire the photographs in your magazine, they are so good to look at. You have given us a good picture story, namely *The First Time* on page 36 (I refer to vol. 3 no. 3), is it possible to print the climax in pictures instead of leaving it to the imagination? I am sure it would be more enjoyable to see as well as read about it, also other affairs as well. It is a great pleasure to see the ladies in their various poses but it would be a pleasure to see them with males in the nude as well and enjoying the moment of fulfillment, also give us ladies a little older displaying themselves enjoying a good erection as it enters them. I am sure the thrill of seeing this would give more real pleasure than the thrill of imagining it. Ladies in their late 30's early 40's please, also to see the self-same ladies having been deprived of intercourse for some time giving themselves up entirely to their feelings. It would be interesting to see what they get up to when they need to make up for this lack in their lives. – *P. S. (full name and address withheld), Lincolnshire.*

Dear P. S., the whole point about leaving it to your imagination is because it's almost better than the real thing. The editor says it's like wet dreams actually, because you always meet a better class of people. I'm not sure what that means but you're right about the editorial cock-up. The second part was supposed to appear in the next issue but I was taking a day off and everyone else forgot and so the next bit won't appear until next month, probably. I hope you don't do yourself an injury waiting – although if you do I'm sure we'd like to hear about it.- Julia Jones.

Frills

I am writing another letter to your magazine in the hope that it will be printed so that my favourite fetish can be brought to the notice of your many readers.

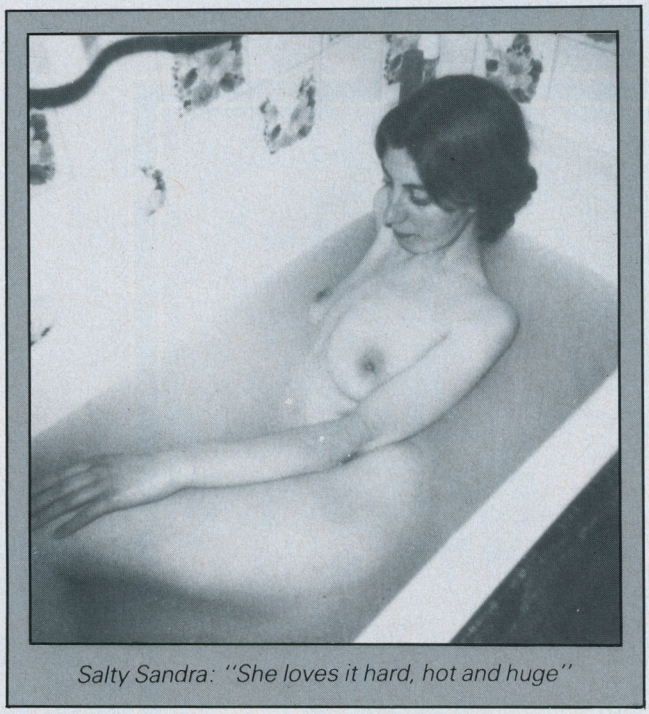
First of all let me say that I think that *Escort* magazine is one of the horniest and best on the market today. Your readers' wives seem to be so sexy and as for Auntie Jayne well, I've come buckets fantasising and thinking about her. She is absolutely gorgeous.

My particular fetish is being tossed off into a lady's silk hanky. My wife is aware of my fetish and does it for me quite regularly. I would love to see one of your readers' wives or models dressed in a frilly see-thru white or cream silk blouse, coloured French knickers, black stockings, suspender belt and high heeled shoes. This is quite a regular sight in your superb mag but as an added interest, I would like to see a lacy hanky tucked under a gold bracelet or watch with the lacy end of the hanky lying across the back of a manicured hand whose nails are long and have been painted red.

I have been off work for some time now with a broken ankle and your mag, coupled with the number of lacy hankies and frilly silk panties and blouses etc., which my wife has bought has helped me to pass the time when she has been at work.

Verona vol. 2 no. 1 and Gina and Chrissie page 54, vol. 2 no. 7 are undoubtedly my favourite, especially Verona – in the magazines so far. They are simply gorgeous and I can assure you (and them) that I have soiled a few lacy hankies whilst coming through fantasising over them and what they could do for me.

Please print my letter so that maybe one of your readers' wives or models could make my fantasy come true. – *P. W. (full name and address withheld by request), Hull.*



Salty Sandra: "She loves it hard, hot and huge"

In for it

I have never written to a magazine like yours before, but as I have just been reading your excellent number for February, I think it is about time I wrote to say thanks. I discovered *Escort* about a year ago, and my immediate feeling was, "Why haven't I seen this before. How much have I missed?" Well, I think it the best on the market, so please keep the good work up.

I don't seem to have had some of the marvellous experiences with the ladies that some of your other readers seem to have, but I enjoy life, and have a girl when the opportunity comes along, and feeling sexy since that first wank at about the age of thirteen.

I expect most of your readers feel as I do, and only wish for the opportunity of meeting up with, and spending a night with a sweet girl like Debbie or Toni in vol.2 no.9 or the girls from Wimborne Minster, vol.3 no.5 and many others like Julie vol.2 no.6 etc. They are all lovely.

All the best then and my love to Auntie Jayne, and for goodness sake please don't print my name or I shall be "in for it". – *F. W. (full name and address withheld), Kent.*

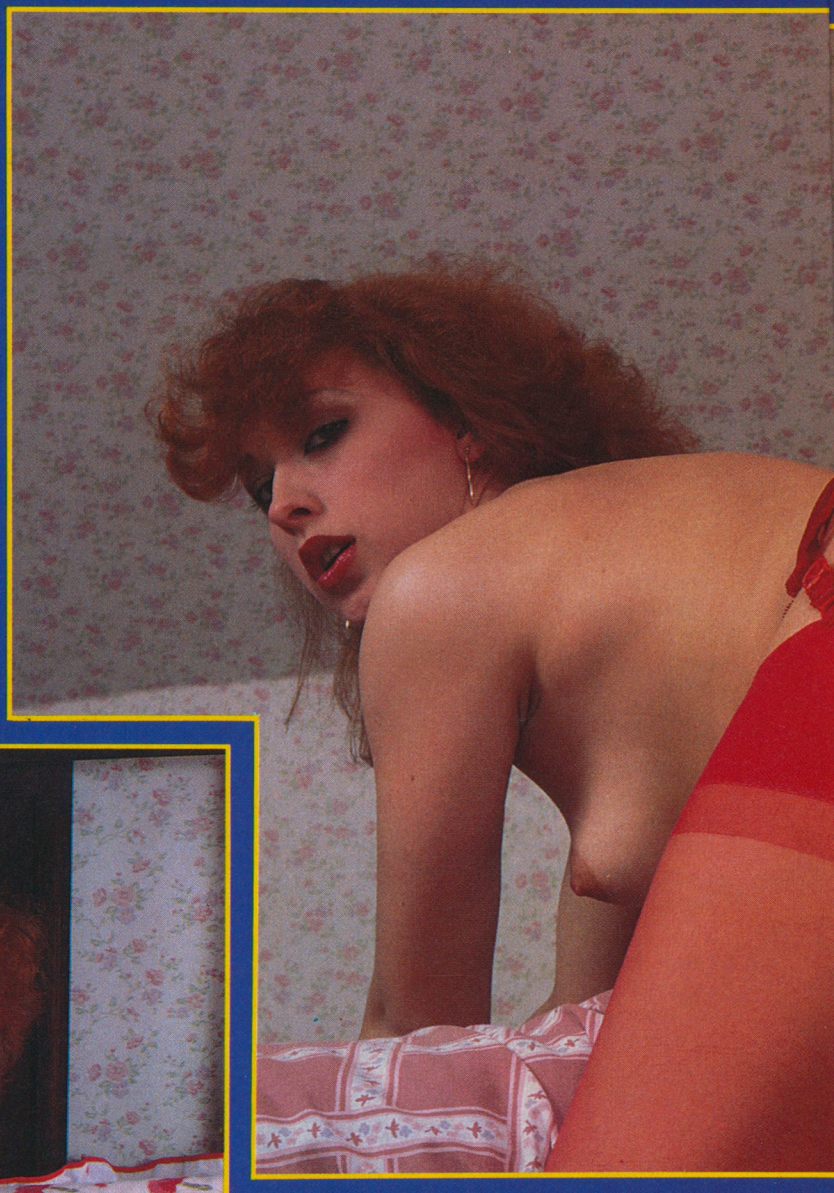
Quite frankly, F. W., we're not at all sure some of our readers have quite had the marvellous experiences with the ladies that you don't think you've not seemed to have not had either. Erm. What I think is it's much better writing naughty rude letters to Escort than going out and getting girls into trouble and then waking up with such a hangover you can't remember whether you got them into trouble or not until they phone you up and your wife gets to the phone first. I mean girls can be jolly indiscreet sometimes. Anyway you don't get a hangover from doing it to yourself either do you? Well, I don't and it's better than watching television all night. – Julia.

Dear Julia

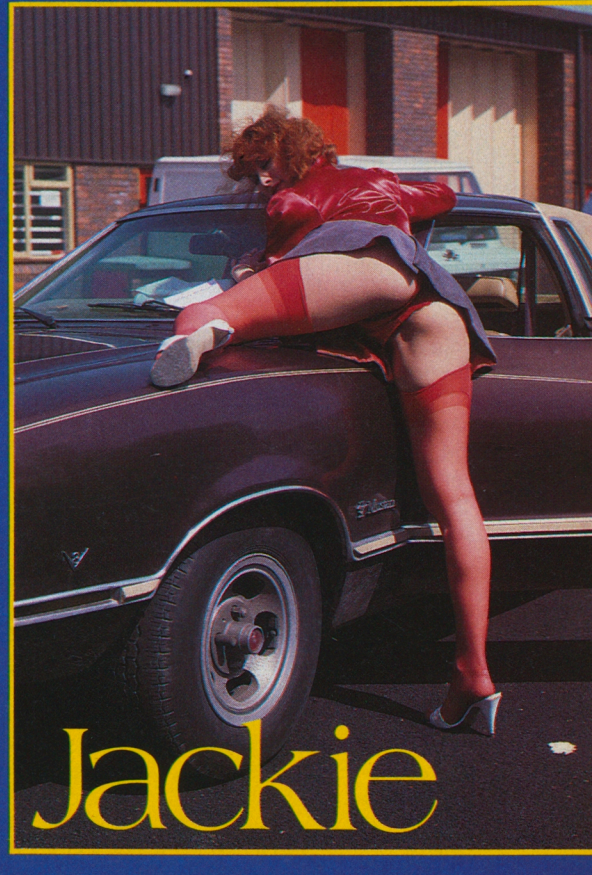
I'm sure you're a very understanding young lady and know a great deal of the foibles of the male sex when it comes to matters of erotic stimulation. As you can see from the enclosed drawings my particular weakness is for girls' bottoms – a subject which Karen, the Weymouth Beauty Queen and yourself are evidently quite familiar with, I'm happy to see.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16









Jackie







Jackie, 20, 35-24-36, Hertfordshire.
This is Jackie's bedroom; well the parts that aren't Photographer Wilson's clapped out old Mustang. Jackie wrote and said she'd love to appear in a glossy men's magazine so we despatched Wilson to the ruder parts of Herts and put Jackie's pictures in *Escort* instead.



Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

I'm afraid the last issue (vol.3 no.6) was rather short of callipygean splendour, though the rear view of Marie with her panties drawn tight into her cleft was delightful (she has lovely breasts and a very pretty face too).

I was also taken by Julie, another beautiful girl with an adorable bottom – perhaps you could persuade her to pose again, giving us a really intimate peek at her luscious arse – it's so kissable, so spankable, so lickable, so utterly sexy (and I'm sure yours is too). – *R.W. (full name and address withheld by request), London SW16.*

What a cheek and how rude to want to lick girls' bottoms. What do you think this is, R. W., some sort of sex magazine. I think you're the one who needs his bottom spanking. I bet you'd love it too. – Julia Jones.

understatement. Gasps of horror were mingled with groans of disbelief that such an opinion should be held about the best men's magazine in the country. But, as you say, such is the artistic temperament. What with *Men Only, Club International, Club USA* and now *Razzle*, the ed is probably become quite pachydermatous about poor little *Escort*. I think it falls neatly between the insipidy of such maga as M*****r and Pent***** and the gynecological displays of the Wh******** Par* L*** variety. Long may it live.

Last Saturday I was browsing around the local Smiths when I happened upon some rather smart magazine binders in simulated brown leather with gold-leaf double line motif on the spine. I bought two at a cost of £2.80 each, which isn't bad as the size is just right for *Escort*. You may like to keep this in mind in case you get further requests for binders from your readers. – *L.M., (name and address withheld by request), Basingstoke.*

Dear L.M., thank you for your letter. It's just that the editor thought that if you took the posters out you could use the rest of the magazine to insulate your loft or something. That's why we said it was the first disposable magazine. Also I don't think I will really pose again as Mr Raymond likes to have someone on the staff of Escort to be a bit serious and grown up about his publication and if I start posing nude again he might be a little cross, not to mention the problems I would have with my mother. – Love, Julia Jones.

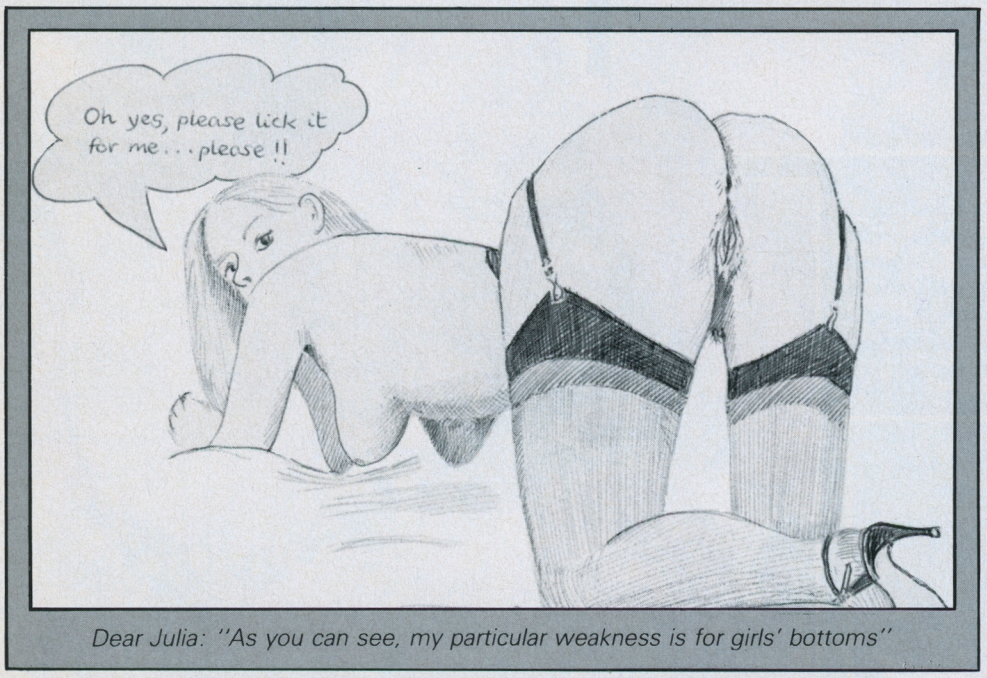
Dear Auntie Jayne,
When the editor first gave notice that you were proposing to arrange and star in a photographic session open to readers, I desperately fought off the temptation. It was not easy but, finally, I uncovered the photo of the mother-in-law that I keep buried under a pile of heavy brass weights in the potting shed and subsided into temporary impotence and apathy.

However, enthusiasm is resurrected by the further invitation in this month's editorial and, this time, mother-in-law can stay buried under the brass.

Therefore I shall be grateful if you will send me details of the forthcoming photographic orgy that you are proposing to hold. A reply paid envelope is enclosed.

From the editor's latest comments, it seems that photographers participating in the event may have a chance of publication of suitable photographs in the magazine. If there are any awards I shall be satisfied with the booby prize. – *W. B., (name and address withheld by request), Suffolk.*





Dear Julia: "As you can see, my particular weakness is for girls' bottoms"

Dear Julia Jones
Many thanks for your informative letter. I still think that you are in a 'class of your own' – if those shots were really of you (for all I know the editor of *Escort* may be trying to pull a fast one). By the way, when are you going to pose again?

To say that I was shocked to hear about *Escort* being 'disposable' is an

June's dream
I have never written to any mag before but I always read them so I thought that I would write and tell you of a fantasy which I would really like to happen but I just can't find a girl so if there are any girls reading this and would like to try it and if *Escort* would forward any letters to me, then I would love to hear from you.

Well to get to my fantasy to start with I'll call myself June. I'm 22 years old and I was at a party where I met Cindy. I was chatting away to her about sex when she told me she was bisexual and asked if I was too, to which I replied "Yes, although I've only tried it once, enjoyed it but would like to have my boyfriend join in." Cindy told me that she would love to come back home with me. I was delighted as she was very attractive looking with lovely long blond hair. That evening she was wearing a very short dress and I could tell that she was bra-less as I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

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2. Do you consider yourself:

- ☐ Shy
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- ☐ Outdoor type
- ☐ Creative
- ☐ Practical
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3. Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

- ☐ Pop music
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- ☐ Folk music
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- ☐ Cinema
- ☐ Good food
- ☐ Politics
- ☐ Classical music
- ☐ Art/Literature
- ☐ 'Live' theatre
- ☐ Science or technology
- ☐ Creative writing/painting
- ☐ Poetry
- ☐ Philosophy/Psychology/Sociology
- ☐ History/Archaeology
- ☐ Conversation

Your Sex ___ put M or F **Your Height** ___ ft. ___ ins

Your Age ___ yrs **Age you would like to meet** ___ MIN ___ MAX

Christian Name _____

Surname _____

Address _____

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Nationality _____ **Religion** _____

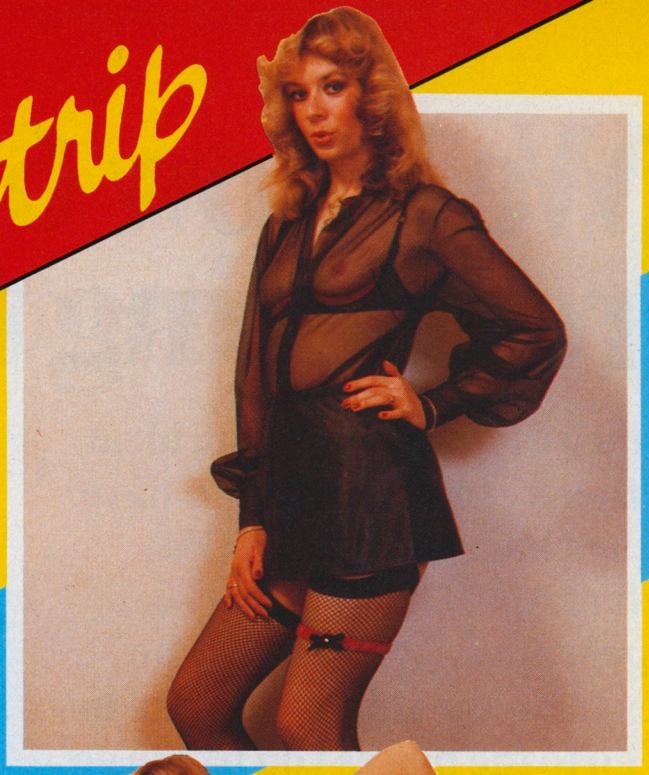
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The Polaroid Strip

Say hi to Charlotte from Blackpool. Her loving hubby, C.B., tells us she loves being photographed in public flashing her knickers or even nude. "We always end up making love in the car as we can't wait to get home." But none of C.B.'s pictures of his 34-24-34 wife taken outdoors ever come out. First it was forgetting to put the film in, then C.B. forgot to take the lens cap off, then it was the shakes, then a bull and on another occasion a hiking club. In the end poor ole C.B., was forced to take these pictures in the bedroom.





















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Camp Crumpet

By Our-Man-With-Both-Feet-In-A-Large-Buzzing Cowpat.

The light in the small ridge tent is a pale green glow, the air is warm and sticky, and a dark-haired youth is sprawled on the sleeping bag.

His jeans and pants are pulled down to his training shoes and a slim, crop-haired blonde is kneeling over his waist. Her tee-shirt is pushed up under her arms and a small, hard-nippled breast peeps out from under a displaced bra cup. As the youth strokes it, the blonde grips the base of a thick, fleshy erection, lowering her head over its broad, stretched tip and sucking at it fiercely.

The youth gasps and a female voice calls from outside: 'Tracey! You in there?'

Instantly the tent flap is jerked aside and a plumper, prettier brunette ducks inside. 'God, it's miles from that village –' she starts then stops as she sees the couple. Then she grins, and gives a sigh. 'No, Trace, I told you – God, you'll pull it off if if you go at it that hard.'

She moves to the sleeping bag and elbows the blonde aside, while the youth gazes at her in astonishment.

'Can't trust my sister to do anything right,' the brunette grins. 'Now watch, Trace –'

And, bending, she takes hold of the youth's engorged shaft, wets her lips and gently draws the tip of her tongue the length of its veiny, knobbled underside . . .

The traditional image of the dedicated camper, striding across the landscape with haversack and hiking boots, fighting off insects in a cramped, draughty tent and cooking a lonely meal over a campfire has taken a bashing of late. Few of today's campers rely on their own two feet to reach a camp site, tents can be large, luxurious and warm, and cooking equipment as elaborate as anything in a modern kitchen. But the attractions of a camping holiday are the same as ever – cheapness, abundant fresh air and freedom. And that can include sexual freedom too.

It's a point 28-year-old Neil, a Manchester-born computer software salesman, is happy to confirm.

'Three or four years ago I used to be mad keen on the outdoor life – I did Outward Bound courses, orienteering, a hell of a lot of hiking and camping, mostly in Wales and the Peaks. Now I'm married with a kiddy I haven't the energy!

'But one of the erotic highlights of my life was a camping trip I went on with a mate, all around the Welsh borders. We planned to do a week's hard walking then a more leisurely week camping, mainly on quiet private sites or farmland. One of the farms we camped on belonged to a right sod. A fellow in his late forties, surly and argumentative. We only agreed to stay there because we'd had a particularly fierce hike the day we arrived. He wanted money for using the field, money to use the tap in his yard and he charged us a fortune for eggs and milk. The only reason I stayed there longer than a single night was his wife.

'She was in her mid to late twenties, I'd say, and as sullen as he was. She wasn't pretty, either, but she had a very strong face and she was unbelievably sexy. I've known very, very few women like her – she was practically rancid with sex.

'It wasn't just me fancying someone like mad, either. I remember my mate saying to me after the first time we saw her, "Bloody hell, you wouldn't need a gaz stove with her around. I'd give her a wide berth, Neil. That one's a nutcracker." I'm a bit more cautious now, but then I was well into nutcrackers. I went up on my own for some eggs and milk just before lunch the next day. Old monkey features was still out and she gave me a cup of tea in the kitchen. I can't remember a word we said, I don't remember her even smiling once, but sitting there alone with her was an electric feeling, like the calm before a bloody great storm. I'd never known anything like it. Then we heard the old sod driving up for his





lunch and I decided to push off and the last thing she said to me was that it was quieter first thing in the morning if I wanted to pick up my eggs and milk about then.

'I was up there like a shot just after eight thirty, in time to see hubby disappearing over the hill in his tractor. She was even more sullen than usual, if anything, and I was beginning to think I'd been fantasising. But then she asked me to help her make tea.

'I was standing right next to her – she was almost my height and I swear I could smell a musky, sexy smell on her – and we both reached for something on a high shelf. I apologised for getting in her way and suddenly it was the big embrace – her tongue in my mouth, pushing her tits and her crutch into me. I thought a bomb had gone off in my balls. And there was no messing about. She was very, very feminine but there was absolutely no doubt about what she wanted and when. While I was just getting my hands on her tits through her sweater, she was unbuckling my cords. I didn't even have time to get the things past my knees before she'd hoisted her skirt, we were down on the kitchen rug and I was up her. It was a sensational fuck. She was so hot and wet I thought she'd scald my cock. She came very quickly, very spectacularly before I'd even got into my stroke, which was just as well in the circumstances. I've never been able to hold back for very long on a first fuck. But she had enough nouse to draw her little finger down my bum crack and when she did that I fountained inside her

'After that, I was up there every morning. Apparently, in the afternoon, hubby tended to potter around the yard. But we'd never move out of the kitchen – she said she could keep an eye on the yard entrance from there. The morning after the first screw she seemed almost shy, though it didn't stop her unzipping me and going down on my cock, beautifully, but I got the distinct impression she wanted a bit of the same. So I did it, and I was right. It was the only thing she seemed self-conscious about. She had one of those droopy-lipped pussies, very deep, pronounced folds with a great mass of thick, crinkly fuzz, like a beard.

'She was plainly ultra-sensitive down there – having her tits fondled was a very poor second. And she loved being eaten, so I spent half my time there with my tongue up her crack.

'But when that hurdle was over things started to get dangerous. It was fair enough screwing in the kitchen for safety but not when she insisted we both stripped off completely. I was

The searing truth behind the astonishingly obvious things that go on in tents on holiday camp sites late at night when you're lying there on a damp ground sheet considering who the lucky swine is giving the two little blonde Swedish nymphets a seeing to in the next tent...

fucking her naked on the kitchen table, then with her bending over it. Finally, after she'd sucked me stiff again, she wanted to stand up on this low chest, one leg on a chair, legs apart while I stood under her and ate her pussy. And this was about six feet away from an open window. I was having kittens while she was having orgasms. Then, when she couldn't take any more, she got me to sit on the chair and she put her legs on either side of mine, facing me and sank down onto my cock. I put my hands on her round bum cheeks, and licked and sucked at her tits while I fucked her – though she did more of the actual fucking at that point. I'd just shot the last of my come when a Landrover came through the yard gate.

'I've never dressed so quickly in my life and literally crawled out the back door. It turned out to be a neighbour, but it was obvious to me half the thrill my ladyfriend was getting was the thought that she would be discovered – if she didn't actually count on it as some kind of revenge on hubby. I don't know. I kept a low profile the next day and when I got back to our tent my mate told me monkey features had told us to push off, and he'd had a shotgun with him. That was enough for me. I'd love to go back and find out if the woman is still bestowing her favours on virile young campers. I'd hate to think of a nutcracker like that going to waste! through lack of opportunity!'

Katrina, a 24-year-old sales demonstrator from the Stockport area, had her camping baptism in more congenial circumstances – in the middle of a crowded camping exhibition.

'I was working at a show in London, demonstrating camping accessories – mainly to do with cooking – and we were on a stand with three big tents set up – the most luxurious sort with double walls and two or three separate compartments inside. The job was fine – the only problem was a man I worked with. I still call him my Wolfman.

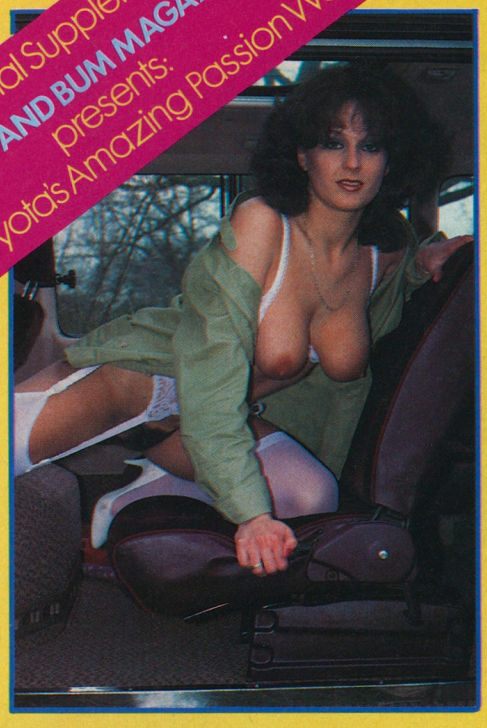
'Stephen was very attractive in the way I like – Latin sort of looks, dark tash, nice neat bum, obviously quite a good body. But he was the sort of man who'd have your knickers off within five minutes of being alone with him. That's OK if you want him to, but what I resented is that it made very little difference whether you wanted to or not because he expected to get away with it – he expected you to be dazzled.

'I had the full treatment very early on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Illustrating by Trevor Holder

Special Supplement
ROAD AND BUM MAGAZINE
presents:
Mr Toyota's Amazing Passion Wagon















JENI

Jeni H., 21, 37-24-36, Brum. "We know plenty about the lovely Jeni H. already," we hear you muttering, "so what about this 'triffic set of wheels?" Ahha, well this is the Toyota Space Cruiser, £7,500 worth of mobile knocking shoppery, a 'triffic luxury van that drives like an estate car but is much more fun. It makes a 'triffic mobile studio for naughty wildlife pics and the seats fold down into into one enormous kingsize bed. It also has electric windows, stereo and all the trimmings. "Coo," said Jeni, "I could lie around in this way all day." You see the possibilities?



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Camp Crumpet

– a nice, but boozy dinner on the first day – another "swift drink" when we finished which turned into a cosy dinner for two at this fantastic Italian place which just happened to be around the corner. If I hadn't been staying with this ex-boyfriend, it would have been a quick drive back to Steve's place and we'd have been in bed five minutes later. Because he did play the part well – he could be great fun, very witty, and he was straight onto a sexual level from the very beginning. To give you some idea, within two minutes of meeting him – and I'm not exaggerating the time – he had me admitting I have extremely sensitive nipples – so sensitive I have to wear a bra all the time, even though I'm fairly small-chested – because I get turned on if I don't! And, believe me, that isn't a good idea when you're showing a crowd of people how to cook on a lightweight camping stove.

Then I chatted to a really nice girl I'd worked with a couple of times in Manchester and got on well with. She told me she'd had a fling with him too – only for three or four days at a trade show up north, but even then he'd found time to have it off with one of the other demonstrators.

' "But if you're only after a good thrash," she said, "I thoroughly recommend him, especially if you're into big cocks." I thought I'd misheard that. "Seriously, have a look next time you see him," she said. "He's built like an elephant. I didn't believe it when I first saw him ready for it. I tell you, I had quite a problem getting used to my fiancé again after I'd had Steve up me a few times."

'But Stephen really ruined his own chances by not giving me a rest. He was always on about another dinner, or lunch, or finding some excuse for a quiet chat. It just made it easier for me to show disinterest. I was even teasing him about the boyfriend I was staying with. We'd known each other for years, just as friends. But Stephen wanted to know where I was sleeping at my friend's flat. I had my own bedroom but I told him that naturally we were sharing the only bed. He couldn't believe nothing ever happened between us. "It never does," I said, "unless Brian – my friend – can't see his girlfriend and gets really pent up. Then we might have a cuddle and perhaps a little screw, but it's the least I can do when I'm staying rent-free."

'But he didn't give up – right until the last day. And I suppose feeling a bit sorry for him at least made me vulnerable. Everything gets a bit slack at the end of a show – you're all tired, most of the business is over. You generally end up with a round of parties at various stands, which is what we did. Then Stephen realised our stand was unattended and asked me to go back there with him, which he was entitled to do. Only I was fairly far gone and when he asked me to fetch some leaflets we kept inside one of the tents on the stand I was useless – blundering about inside, giggling. God knows how long I was in there. He followed me in eventually, quite angry because the customer who'd wanted the leaflets had pushed off. I was sitting on an airbed in one of the sleeping compartments. He flopped down onto it next to me. "I don't know, Katy," he said. "I wish you'd tell me what it is you don't like about me, because I've really fancied you ever since we met and I thought we were getting along fine." "I think you're lovely, Stephen," I told him, "but that doesn't mean I have to go to bed with you."

'I thought that would start him up all over again – I was feeling quite naughty after all the booze and being away from my boyfriend for a fortnight. But he went all glum, like a kid whose sweets have been taken away. I thought he was joking for a minute, then it became obvious he wasn't, I'd really dented his ego. And I started to feel sorry for him, which was fatal, of course. "Alright, Stevie," I said. "Consolation prize. One final cuddle."

'He cheered up and we went into a clinch. Well, a clinch when you're almost flat on your back isn't the easiest thing in the world to get out of. One minute it's a cuddle, the next we're French kissing, his hand is inside my jacket and we're falling back on the airbed. "Hey, hey!" I said, coming up for air. "Let me get my jacket off, you're going to ruin it." So he gawped at me while I took it off. "What about your blouse?" he said. "You're joking," I said. "There's about two thousand people on the other side of this canvas." "Just let me see those nipples, Katy," he said. "I've been dreaming about them for a fortnight." It was like giving a treat to a little boy! "I'm not going to take my blouse off," I told him, but I gave him a big smile and started to unbutton my blouse very slowly, and pull it out of my skirt. Then I unclipped my bra at the front and gradually let the cups fall down. I only wished I had more to show him, but his eyes went like saucers. I looked down. At least my nipples were up and they're a good three quarters of an inch at full stretch – my boyfriend had measured them. "Oh Katy," Stephen whispered, and suddenly he was all over me.

'We slipped back onto the airbed and he was holding my breasts, licking and sucking and tweaking the nipples. And that was all I needed. Good resolutions out the window. My breath went away, I had that sinking feeling in my tummy, I knew my pants would be awash. Then I felt Stephen against me, a stiff lump in his flies. So I squeezed my hand down between us. I know a good thick worsted can hide a multitude of sins but it felt like a cannon, the thickness of all my fingers. That was the first shock. The second was that it wasn't the tip of it, as I'd first thought – it was still sticking down his trousers, and as I felt further down it went on and on and on.



«She was so hot and wet I thought she'd scald my cock. She came very quickly»

«I put my hands on her round bum cheeks and licked and sucked her tits»

'He started wriggling then and lifted his head off my boobs. "You'll get plenty of that when we get back to my place tonight, Katy," he grinned. But I wasn't having any of that. I'd spent a fortnight surprising him and I didn't see why I should stop now. "Show me," I said. "Show it to me now." His face dropped like a stone. "You don't mean

you've gone off me?" I said, and I reached up under my skirt and took hold of my tights.

'I wish I could have taken a picture of his face. "You mean here? Now? Christ, there are *people* out there!" Then he laughed. "Jesus, Katy," he said, "I always knew you were a little wildcat – hang on a minute."

«My nipples were up and they're a good three quarters of an inch»

'He turned and tied the compartment flap across and immediately started tearing at his trousers. I took my tights off slowly to give myself time to see him and just loosened my knickers under my skirt: I didn't see why I should make it that easy for him.

'Then he kicked off his shoes and jerked down his Y-fronts and turned back to me, grinning. And there it was poking up between his legs. And it was a monster. I thought it would be long and thin, but it was almost tapering, like a fleshy, hairy spike with this great red bulb of a knob on the end. I don't know what my expression was but it obviously pleased Stephen.

'And he lunged at me. I don't know if the suddenness of that just surprised me, but I babbled something about crumpling my skirt, which I didn't particularly want to ruin. "Kneel down," he snapped, "on your hands and knees – it's better."

'Then his thighs nudged against my bare bum and he leaned forward and began fingering me – one hand touching my nipples, the other stroking my pussy, parting it, brushing my clit. It was gorgeous. "Oh Katy," he was murmuring, "what an incredible arse, what a sweet little cunt –" Normally I prefer my partners to be a bit less graphic, but at that point I really wasn't that fussed, especially when I felt the fat tip of his cock hard against my pussy lips. I thought for a second it was his fist, then it found my opening and pushed. God, it stretched me. My poor little pussy took the bashing of its life.

' "Easy –" I was gasping! "Don't yet – let me come first – please –" At the same time trying to concentrate on my climax, while I was being jerked around on the end of this massive cock like a rag doll. "I can't –" Steve's going "– oh that cunt – feels so good – so sweet – I've got to fuck it – I've got to fuck –"

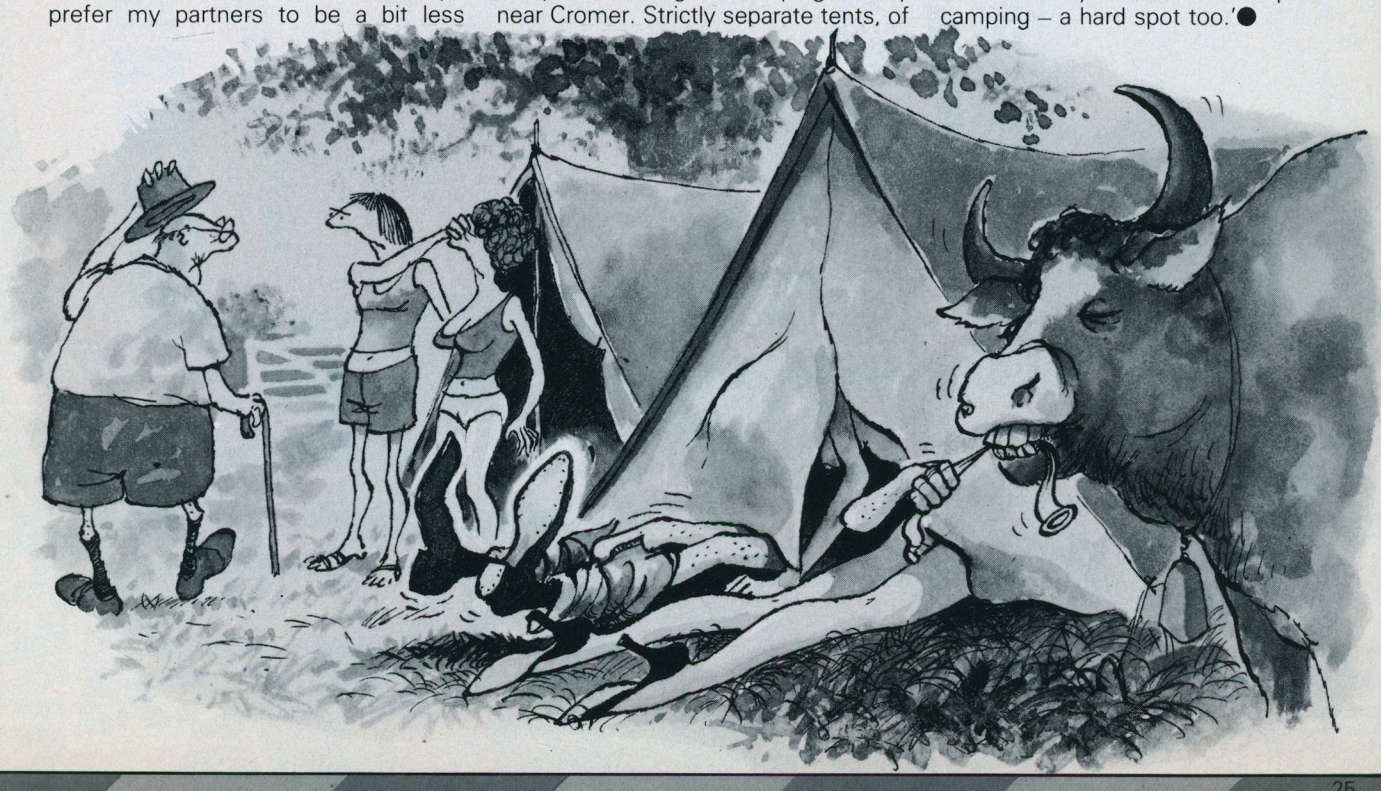
'And he thrust really deep – enough to take my breath away – and I felt him let go. That happens to me very rarely because my feeling is quite vague inside. But one of my numero uno fantasies is what I call my sperm hose, being screwed by a kind of inexhaustible cock that goes on pumping and pumping sperm into me until I fill up and it overflows all over my body and still keeps pumping. And when I felt the pressure of Steve's spurt it was like that coming true – literally! I had the sort of climax that flattens you instantly. I couldn't believe it. Ever since then I've looked very favourably on tents. I'd leap back into one at a moment's notice, if only for nostalgia's sake – but I think it would have to be put up in my bedroom. I'm really not an outdoor girl at heart!'

But hardier times were not without their thrills. Frank is 48 and runs a small engineering firm in the West Midlands.

'Back in the fifties, when I was a teenager, the only way I knew of getting a girl alone, all night, without pauperising myself was a camping holiday. The biggest coup of my teenage years was persuading four sets of parents that my best friend and I could take his fiancée and her best friend away on a fortnight's camping holiday near Cromer. Strictly separate tents, of course, except the plan was we'd pair off as couples as soon as the tents were up. No way! The best friend clung to the fiancée like a leech. My mate wasn't overjoyed but prepared to put up with it. I had one miserable week, then two girls, sisters, pitched their tent next door – we were on a big, organised site. They both worked in a sweet factory. Talk about sweets for the sweet – they were crackers! The night they arrived they invited us over and had a conversation about cocksucking. This was startling stuff to an 18-year-old virgin lad, believe me! I'm sure my unenthusiastic "partner" didn't know what they were talking about but they were instantly dubbed "tarts" by the girls, who didn't want to know them any more.

'The next day I met one of the neighbours – a little blonde – in a local grocers, and walked her back to the site through a wood. Even though I really fancied her sister, who was a busty brunette, it seemed I was onto a good thing. I tried to hold her hand and ended up snogging. Ten minutes later she was demonstrating cocksucking in their tent when the brunette walked in and immediately starting showing sis what she was doing wrong! The result was an awful lot of come over the canvas wall. And it was only because the Durex I'd kept in my wallet for two years fell apart when I tried to put it on that I didn't get my very first screw. They were both very advanced girls for the time but they weren't stupid. I haven't been in a tent since – but I'll always have a soft spot for camping – a hard spot too.'●

«He leaned forward and began fingering me – one hand touching my nipples»



12 OUR DIRTY DOZEN





"LAY HER AGAIN SAM!"

Our classic Bogart Boy/Girl is the ultimate Private Dick orgy and the action is steamy and conclusive.





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When a chauffeur and an Heiress take a trip into the desert with a horny female photographer whaddya get? Nothing but red HOT SEX! It's threeway raunch and most of the canyons are wet and pink.



CELEBRITY NUDE

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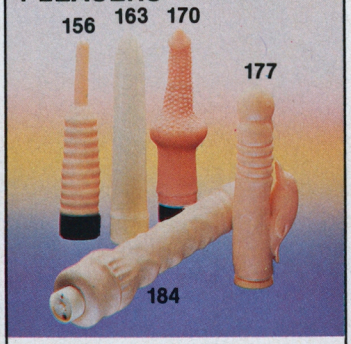


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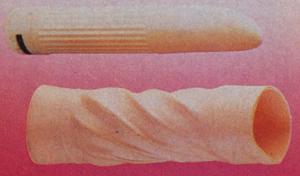
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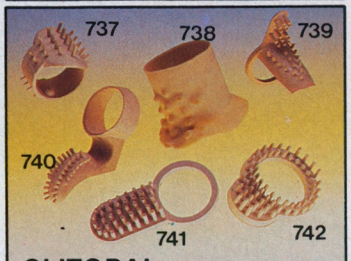
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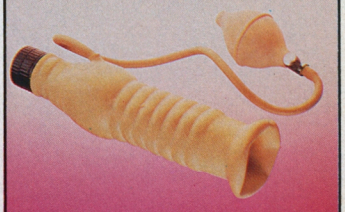
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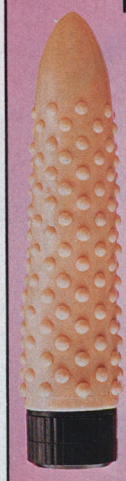


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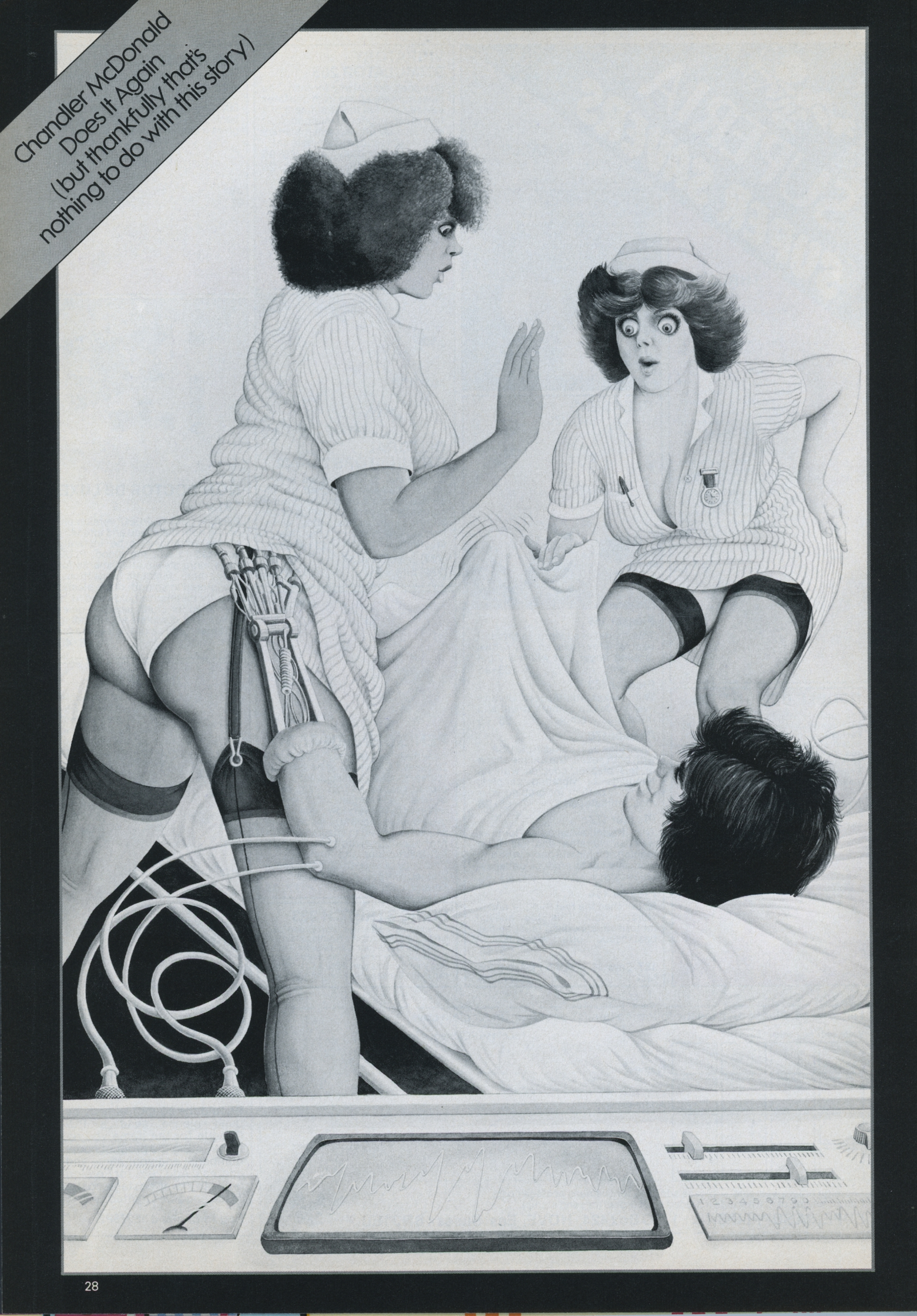
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Chandler McDonald
Does It Again
(but thankfully that's
nothing to do with this story)

Yes folks, it's another slice of fascinating fiction that has the real ring of quibbling evasion and trumped-up falsehood about it.

ME AND MY UNIVERSAL JOINT (part two)

Once upon a time (vol.1 no.4), you thrilled to the tale of how Our Hero survived an industrial accident to wake up and find he had become The Man With The Bionic Dong! Well, here's more of the stuff.

"We've decided to let you out," the Big Cheese told me. "You will still be bound by the Official Secrets Act, of course. . . "

"You mean me and my bionic dong are going to be let loose on an unsuspecting world?" I asked.

"I wish you weren't so obsessed with your sexual equipment. That's only a small part of our achievement. . . "

"I wouldn't call ten and three quarter inches a small achievement," I said.

"As I told you, we had trouble fitting everything in. . . "

"If I ever have the luck to find a woman who doesn't mind going to bed with an android – I'm going to have trouble fitting everything in myself," I pointed out.

"That's as may be. But you had a terrible accident. A bit of gratitude wouldn't go amiss!"

"Gratitude? Ha! I've got a metal arm, two metal legs, a twin carburettor heart, and a definitely dubious dong."

"It is *not* dubious! We've sorted out the teething problems very nicely. . . "

"Talking about teething problems, you're quite certain my dong won't come unscrewed again? If you think that nurse had a traumatic experience, how do you think I felt when I saw her on the other side of the room with my John Thomas jammed in her mouth?"

" No, it won't happen again. You've now got a one inch long three eigths Whitworth thread into your universal joint. That will help you control it . . ."

"Oh, goody. That means I can screw in a coachbolt so I can look normal when my dong comes in for its five thousand mile service!"

"That won't be necessary. We'll be giving you a spare, just in case. . . As a matter of fact, it *is* in a case."

"What sort of case? The kind they carry violins around in?"

"You're not far off the mark, as it happens. It's a nice leatherette job. with your initials on the front. We've gone over the budget, so it isn't a specially made one. . . "

"Come on, come on, don't keep me in suspense. . . "

"It's a clarinet case, and if I get any more of your lip I'll recommend further psychiatric treatment before you leave,

> «I've got a metal arm, twin carburettor heart, and a definitely dubious dong»

and if you don't sign an agreement to return at six month intervals, you can't go at all," he said sweetly, raising two of the fingers he claimed had performed the surgical miracle of the century in a final friendly gesture as he walked out.

In at the deep end, that's me. A couple of days at home to get used to the idea of freedom, and then a visit to the beach to see whether I could pass as human. The first problem I came up against was swimming trunks. My underpants were specially made, and it hadn't occurred to me that I now had to rely on my own resources. I solved the problem without having to crawl back to Frankenstein. Simple. Bermuda shorts! I examined myself in the mirror. I didn't look bad. Not bad at all.

Nobody gave me a second glance on the beach. I was a bit disappointed, to tell the truth. I'd half expected a few autograph hunters at least. It was a nice hot day, and after a dip I strolled up to the beach bar for a beer. That was something else I wasn't too happy about. Two pints was my absolute limit. I wasn't sure whether my microchips would go haywire on more or whether they didn't want me to be breathalysed. I must be the only bloke in the world who needs a driving licence to walk on his own two feet. Except that they're *not* my own feet. Well they belong to me, but they're not my own, if you see what I mean. I wasn't allowed to smoke at all. Apart from gumming up my works, normal people don't blow smoke out through their belly buttons, and it might attract attention.

I stared morosely into my beer, hardly noticing the bikini clad girl who sat down at the table on the terrace. She coughed, and I looked up at her. Very nice. Too nice for a robot to try his luck. . .

"Excuse me," she said, leaning towards me, "I hope you don't mind me mentioning this, but. . . " she looked over her shoulder. I think I blushed. I might have turned blue instead of red, because I hadn't actually asked what colour my multigrade was. I had good reason to change colour, though, whatever it was. My Bermuda shorts had ridden up and my bionic dong was showing. I'd forgotten about the permanent erection. But it wasn't that. She was looking at my face. I crossed my legs, just in case, and the damned thing slipped out further and almost knocked the table over. I hastily

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Illustration by Russell Barnett







KELLY

Kelly, 18, 35-24-36, Coventry. We can definitely assure you that Kelly is as innocent as she looks. She's only just left school for a start. "I don't know very much about men at all, yet," she whispers, "but knowing me, I guess I'll soon find out. In fact I'm looking forward to it –".





THE 1st TIME



The first time I learned my wife was having it off with another bloke was when a woman I'd never seen before came up to me in the street.

She was under forty and not bad looking if you like them slim, small and dark.

"You want to watch that slut of a wife of yours," she began threateningly. "She's dropping her knickers for a man she works with. . . "

"How would you know that?" I demanded.

"Because the fool she's got riding her every chance they get is my son, that's why," she flung at me. "Your wife ought to know better, enticing a young lad. She must be my age at least. Tell her to lay off."

"Can you prove they're having an affair?" I asked.

"Is that what you call it, an *affair*," she said with contempt. "Doing dirty filthy disgusting things is more like it. Things he would never know about if she didn't lead him on. Caught them at it in my own house the other night, in my living room, bold as brass on my fireside rung,

the pair of them stark naked and her with his you-know-what in her mouth, tormenting him until he was writhing about. Then she squatted up over him. I saw them through the window before I burst in and put a stop to it. They still meet several times a week even now. Can't you keep her satisfied yourself? Are you a queer?"

I promised the woman I'd kick my wife's arse till her nose bled for screwing with her son, although I had no intention of resorting to violence. The woman's son was a lucky sod, I though, shagging himself silly with a fine big mature woman like my horny Barbara. But the woman seemed incensed her son was getting his nuts and I suspected maternal jealousy. I could well imagine what the big-breasted and buxom Babs could teach that mother's boy! To calm her anger I agreed to help her if the chance came to catch them at it.

About two evenings later when my wife was supposedly visiting her sister the telephone rang. The widow said her son had gone out too and had taken the French letters she knew he kept hidden under his mattress. She arrived at my door within minutes, driving a new Escort so she wasn't short of a bob or two. Soon we were cruising the country lanes on what is known locally as Lovers' Hill, looking for my wife's car. There were plenty of parked vehicles with couples inside but not the pair we sought. Beside an old gate in long grass we drove past a boy and girl getting out of a mini, clutching each other and kissing, ready to fuck in a bit more space, I reckoned. The

«She was tormenting him until he was writhing about»

widow must have thought so too for soon after she drove back and parked nearby as if we were a courting couple ourselves. It was obvious she fancied a bit of titillation by watching the randy pair doing it. Sure enough we saw the young man's bare arse rise and fall among the high grass as he screwed his girlfriend.

The look in the widow's eyes was really something, pure lustful pleasure as a fuck went on not many yards away. So help me too, the thought that somewhere that same evening my wife,

«I could well imagine what busty Babs could teach that boy . . .»

well-built and in the prime of life was doing the same made my own cock twitch and rise in my trousers. I unzipped and it sprang out, stiff and throbbing I'm glad to say. I saw the widow glance down and see it and give a shriek. Imagine my delight a moment later when, having recovered somewhat, she hungrily took my prick in her warm wet mouth and sucked away until I was jerking and moaning under a lovely amateurish deep-throat that finally made me jet a full load of hot sperm against her tonsils.

When I'd recovered she was glaring at me and called me all the dirty filthy male chauvinist pigs that had ever ruined a woman, making her for the first time do that disgusting cock-sucking



abnormality. Feeling a proper lout I sat silent while she drove me to her home. I was about to leave when she said she wished me to go in with her, "in case your sluttish wife is there. . ." Together we entered a cosy lounge without a speck of dust on hundreds of glass ornaments, tribute to a very houseproud lady. There before the stone fireplace was the deep and fluffy pure white lambswool rug on which her boy and my wife had fucked. As if reading my thought she said, "I'm burning that rug! I can't look at it without picturing them."

Me too, I thought. I slipped my arm around her and told her she was lovely and I wanted her body. I covered her mouth with my own, my hand cupping her firm round left tit. I went inside her blouse and she let me fondle them and pinch her nipples, her tongue thrusting into my mouth. When our lips parted she was pressing her cunt mound against my bulging prick, her arms around my neck holding me close.

«The look in the widow's eyes was pure lustful pleasure»

"On the white rug," she said, making it sound like an order, the kind I like. My trembling fingers began to unbutton her blouse and pull it off while she sought to unbuckle my belt to drop my trousers. We both realised we were merely getting in each other's way and then stood apart, throwing off our clothes and devouring the nakedness uncovered. She had a neat little cunt, a mere slit with a fine down of hair. She stood with legs apart and I dropped to my knees and began to tongue it, to her delight from the shivers that shook her body. It's a lovely tight one, I complimented her, tight as a mouse's ear.

I was by then exciting her clitoris with my forefinger and she was getting more aroused. "Don't hurt me," she warned. "You lie back on the rug. I can lower myself on you. . ."

Doing as I was asked, I was on my back with my prick in the air as she squatted over me. Sure enough her cunt was a mere pink slit and to aid penetration I spat on my palm and rubbed my upper shaft well with the saliva. She thrust down, directing my prick as she sat over it. I felt the knob half-bury itself as she stopped and gasped. She then see-sawed and inch by inch it slipped up. Tight it was as I felt my shaft enclosed and touching the side walls of her cunt. Then she gave a sigh of deep pleasure and her inner muscles unflexed and relaxed. I lifted my buttocks and she pushed down and my prick buried in her to the hilt, her lips touching my balls.

"I wish there were more of it," she said wickedly. "I don't know why your wife wants a boy's prick up her when this is

«"On the white rug!" she said, making it sound like an order»

available every night.

"Variety," I assured her, "and what's the harm in that? I'm enjoying this lovely fuck with you because of it. . ."

At that moment she was easing herself up and down over my prick, using the balls of her feet to raise herself a few tantalising inches to piston herself on my shaft. When we came off in a jarring orgasm I swear there was steam coming from our bodies as we rolled apart on the white rug. It has been the venue for many a good fuck since that first time, and no doubt my wife and my lover's son have had many a good ride on it since then also. It's an ideal arrangement for all of us. – *A.B., Coventry.*●

Meanwhile...







Brrrr Don't Give Us All That Stuff About It Being Summer Out There Dept: Please Mr. Raymond can we have some more money so we can go jetting off to the med and take hot sweaty pictures of glistening thighs and thrusting pink breasts against humid purple sunsets instead of all our models dying of pneumonia and stuff in the freezing English cold? Well, you just try taking girl sets in the UK in March and April so you can get them into summer issues in the fog and mist and hail and snow and sleet and shit and hailstones the size of King Kong's bollocks.

Luckily young Julie here quite likes it (according to her fella who took the snaps), but we guarantee if you were in that particular stream with Julie, you'd wonder where your wedding tackle had disappeared to. Her boyfriend reckoned by the time he got out his were about the size of rabbit droppings. Didn't stop the randy bugger though, did it?



I'll Do Something Desperate If I Don't See Maria's Tits in Colour Dept: Being rational *Escort* readers, most of you can handle Maria's tits without going over the top (in fact given half a chance and an Awayday to Dewsbury, some of you would be queueing up to handle them). Remember Maria? She was our exciting black and white spread in vol. 2 no. 3. However raving reader, George Tripwire of Kettering can't get her out of his mind and then suddenly another half-demented reader sends us these pictures of a girl looking surprisingly like Maria who he claims he met in the Basingstoke Saunerette and Massage Mart (Round the back of Safeways, knock twice and ask for Big Eddie). Well, you know us, any excuse to print big ones. . .

Bow Wow A Bloody Wow Dept: Woof, woof, honk parp, twitter twitter tweet. Well here's a dog who knows a nice length of bonio when she sees it. In fact, it's the gorgeous Miss Monsoon up to her naughty tricks again. Stand back for further development (is there room?)



A Continuing Commentary on the world of *Escort*: the only magazine in Britain that spells Corset.

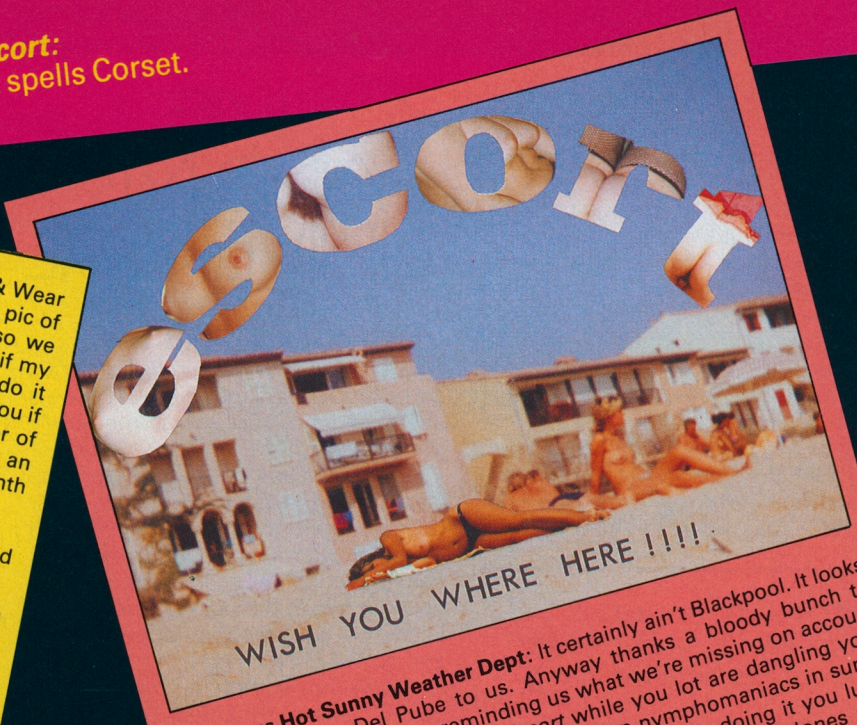
Look I Can Do It Too: This is Diane from Tyne & Wear and she definitely can do it and when we saw a pic of her we were too tired to go up and see her so we brought her down to London instead. "Perhaps if my tongue was a little longer," she said, "I could do it better." Never mind Diane one of us will do it for you if you like, we said pantingly, three deep at the door of the editor's new office (he got it because we sold an extra five copies last month more than the month before).

"Geddoudofit," she said, "I'll do it myself."

So then we took some pictures of her doing it and we might show you next month. Harhar.







Gorgeous Hot Sunny Weather Dept: It certainly ain't Blackpool. It looks more like Costa Del Pube to us. Anyway thanks a bloody bunch to reader D.N. of Totnes for reminding us what we're missing on account of we're stuck with producing *Escort* while you lot are dangling your big dongs into lovely topless young foreign nymphomaniacs in sunny climes. Coo, slip them a length for us while you're doing it you lucky buggers. And don't forget the holiday snaps for Miss Jones who reminds you to be careful exposing your delicate bits to the sun.



Goodbye To Custard Pie And All That Dept: You'll be relieved to hear that after almost none of you sent in printable pictures of custard pie fights in your own front living rooms (after one or two nasty accinerdents with the goldfish), one of our more philosophical photographers, Des Cartes, has stumbled ("I was pissed") on something much more exciting. Admits Des, "These three models all turned up at the same time by mistake on account of I was still using my 1981 Diary and I was at a loss. So like it says in your instruction manual for situations like this I nipped out and had a quick seven pints to steady my nerves and when I got back they were wrecking me bedroom. So between visits to the lav, here's some slightly out of focus pics. Can I have some money for them please? If there are more assignments like this, I need my insurance increased."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

ME AND MY UNIVERSAL JOINT

readjusted my position to hide it.

"Are you all right?" she asked. "I'm sorry to embarrass you, but I was only going to ask you where you got those scars. I know it's nosey, but you must have been in an awful accident."

"I was," I confirmed. "Three laps to go at Le Mans, and I was in the lead. A tyre burst, and. . . well I'd rather not talk about it." (You didn't expect me to tell her I'd fallen into a potato mashing machine, did you?)

"Oh. . . I'm sorry. . . " she said, putting her hand on my arm – the real one. "Have you given up driving now?" I nodded. That was true. Apart from the fact that I could walk almost as fast as most cars, the accident had interrupted my driving lessons. I'd had three.

> «I crossed my legs and it slipped out further, nearly knocking the table over»

"I expect you miss the glamour of it all, don't you?" she smiled. "All those girls and Champagne."

I shrugged. Most of the girls I'd worked with could sling a sack of spuds fifty yards on a bad day, and the only time I'd ever lashed out on a glass of the real McCoy for one of them she bollocked me for buying her a cider. I was getting on like a house on fire with this one though. Bikinis had got even briefer since I'd been in hospital, and she'd been swimming herself, and the breeze was doing something to her damp nipples. At least, that's what I thought it was. She kept crossing and uncrossing her legs while we talked as though she was uncomfortable, and I began to think that after all she might have caught a glimpse of my equipment. She had. She leaned across again, her boobs squashing against the table top and each other. A nipple peeped over the edge of the black material.

"Is it real?" she whispered excitedly. *That* was a loaded question if ever I heard one!

"If you're talking about what I think you're talking about, there's only one way to find out, isn't there!" I replied nonchalantly. My insides were churning. Well, they would. They were a lot closer to being a foodmixer than most people's.

"I'm not interested for myself, you understand. . . " Of course not. "It's my flatmate. She's a big girl, and she's never found a man who could satisfy her. . . "

"What shape is she? I don't bestow my favours willy-nilly, you know."

"I don't think 'willy' is the right word for what you've got," she giggled. She was right there. There were several words for it, and I couldn't pronounce most of them. "I'm a better judge of men than women, but she's very attractive, as a matter of fact. Her figure is similar to mine, except that it's sort of. . . well, bigger all round. She's about six inches taller than me. Well? Are you coming?"

Another loaded question. I stood up instead of answering it. Half an hour later we were at her flat. She'd been telling the truth about her flat mate. A tall, powerful woman with all her naughty bits in the right places put her hands on her hips and looked me up and down.

"Looks like something the cat dragged in," she commented.

"Don't be too hasty, Sonia. It would have to be a very big cat, if you see what I mean."

"Oh?" The light of interest shone in her eyes. "You reckon you can handle me, little man?'

"I'm not sure you could handle *me*," I told her. That was a challenge she couldn't resist, as well I knew. Unexpectedly, her hand went to my crutch, and her eyes nearly popped out. A few moments later other bits of her were popping out.



"Aren't you going to undress? she gasped as I arranged her on the carpet. I wasn't. Not completely. I didn't want her to get too close a look at what she was in for.

"Oh!" she said. "OH!"

"Is that all you can say?" I asked, digging my metal toes into the carpet and giving her another couple of inches. "Plenty more where that came from," I grinned, and proved it.

Eventually she said something other than 'oh'. "No more! For God's sake, no more! And don't move – you're splitting me in two!"

It looked as though I was going to have to learn new techniques. I lifted her up a bit so that she rested on my bionic thighs as I knelt between hers. Not many blokes could do that. Not many blokes have a universal joint. Then I experimented with a twitch. Well, it was meant to be a twitch. Sonia screamed again as she was lifted off the floor. I let her down again.

"I think you'd better come and hold her down," I told her friend, who had taken her own clothes off and was sitting on the sofa watching with one hand clamped between her teeth and the other clamped between her legs. She staggered across to oblige, kneeling at my victim's head and pinning her wrists to the floor. This time when I twitched Sonia sort of bent upwards in the middle, and she started wailing and biting the other girl's thighs. Yes, I thought so. Instinct. Well, I could change all that, couldn't I. I prepared to give her another burst.

> «I experimented with a twitch. Sonia screamed as she was lifted off the floor»

"Say when," I told her, adjusting my volume control to 'normal'.

'WHEN! WHENWHENWHEN-WHENWHEN!" came the muffled order. I let her have it. My universal joint was put to its most severe test as she thrashed around, and if I hadn't used my mechanical arm to help the other girl hold her down she might have done herself a damage.

"Out! Out! Pull it out!" Sonia screamed. No chance. Another hour, maybe. I'd teach her to call me 'something the cat dragged in'.

Actually I felt sorry for her after only twenty minutes, and I let her go. Except that she couldn't go anywhere. We carried her to the bathroom and gave her a nice hot soothing bath, then we carried her to bed.

Mind you, credit where it's due. Before she fell asleep she asked me to stay the night, and I did. The only thing was, when I woke up in the morning I had the distinct impression that something was missing. It was the girls. They were gone. Something else was missing too. They'd taken my Bionic Dong with them. That wasn't funny. If they wanted it to play with they could have got something much cheaper in the local naughty shop. I was going to need my spare sooner than I thought, and I didn't relish telling the Big Cheese about it. But I had to. I really needed another spare.

The phone nearly melted in my ear, and I found myself speaking to somebody a bit more macho than a surgeon. He seemed to think Sonia and her friend were Russian agents.

"That's all right, then," I sighed with relief. "At least the Argies haven't got it!"

The phone went dead. Some people can't take a joke.●

Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

could see her erect nipples.

When we got home, Davy who hadn't noticed us arrive, was watching a blue movie he had gotten a loan of. When we entered the living room he jumped up to turn it off, but Cindy assured him that it hadn't disturbed her at all. . . to the contrary.

So we sat down on the sofa and Davy sat on the chair. I could tell that he suspected we were up to something. Cindy began to tease my nipples through my blouse (I don't wear a bra) then she started to kiss me on the lips while she was groping my tits which I was loving.

Cindy stood up, lifted her dress to take it off and told me to take mine off which I did. Then both of us naked, lay on the floor. We began to suck and lick each other's tits then Cindy turned round and getting on top of me in the 69 position started to lick me and I her. Her pussy was lovely with hardly any hairs on it and with them being light coloured you'd think that she had none. Well, there we were, giving each other a good tonguing then I put a finger into her pussy. I heard her moaning turn into deeper groans, she was on the verge of coming. So I put another finger in and started to frig real fast, then I heard her cry out "Oooooh, I'm coming, I'm coming" then her love-juices poured out all over my lips and chin. Then while Cindy was still licking my clit, I called Davy over and he kneeled down behind Cindy and I took his cock and placed it between Cindy's pussy lips and he started to fuck in and out real slow. Every time he pulled out of Cindy until just his knob was in her I was licking his cock then Cindy asked him to fuck her hard and fast.

Davy grabbed Cindy by the waist and started to fuck her hard and while he was doing this I went back to licking her clit. She moaned and groaned and cried out, "Fill my cunt, yes, do it to me!" She came soon after. Dave pulled out of her and started to wank himself so I put my tongue on the tip of his prick then I started to lick it all over then mouth it until he started to come, shooting his spunk all over my face and Cindy's bum. Then when he had finished I took his cock back into my mouth and cleaned it for him.

Well, I wish that it was more than a fantasy so if there are any ladies out there who get turned on by the idea, perhaps you could write to *Escort* and maybe they'll be kind enough to send your letters to me so I can make it come true. – *June (full name and address withheld by request), Belfast.*



June's dream: "Are any ladies turned on by my fantasy?"

Jane lost

As a regular reader of your great magazine, I especially like the lovely ladies in *Show Us Yours*, these guys are very lucky to have ladies who will pose in the most delightful of positions for the titillation of chaps like myself. Also interesting to read of their fantasies, like . . . "To be fucked on a bus" and there was one lady who wanted to listen in on her husband fucking a plump lady, etc.

I am an old stallion, verging sixty but I can still get eight inches up for my wife, but my memories of Jane, a lovely widow with whom I had a sexual affair lasting 10 years still come to mind.

We first fucked at 2.00 one afternoon in a sectioned off part of a big showroom. Jane worked at the same firm and I got to know her casually when I worked in her department. I was invited by her to a bon voyage drink session one lunch time before she was due to fly to Canada that day to visit family. Anyway, there I was standing around having a drink when suddenly Jane flung her arms around my neck and we kissed passionately and in that showroom corner, in the darkness behind a stack of huge hardboard advertisements, we fucked. I found out from her that mine was the first penis she had taken in the 11 years since she had been a widow and that I was only the second man in her life.

After 19 years, I had broken my marriage vow but a sexual relationship started, the like of which I had only ever fantasised about. I had the original sexy, blonde widow. We fucked when and where we had the chance. Jane never refused. We fucked when we left work to go for our buses home. Sometimes I'd "work over" and go to Jane's house and have fantastic sessions in her bed/bathroom.

We once fucked in the ladies loo at 7.00 one evening in a city centre pub. I followed Jane in and I sat on the pan. Jane sat astride me and we made it there. We have fucked in a cellar at work, the flat roof, ladies loo Saturday mornings when there were only a few people at work, no place was sacred to us.

In the privacy of Jane's home she was everything that my wife, Shirley was not. She'd stroke, kiss and love my 8 inches as we lay in bed, and to be sucked off by her was mind blowing! But her quim was so fresh, smooth and hairless and beautifully tight. Jane told me that after a session she felt marvellous sensations for a long time afterwards.

I have lost Jane now that she lives abroad but she will have many memories of when she, from the age of 45 until she was 55, was having more sex than either of her married daughters. I yearn for another lady like her but I shall not be so lucky. – *Bob R. (full name and address withheld by request), Leeds.*

What might have been. . .

I like everything about *Escort*. Your pictorial pages feature the best naked young ladies in any magazine. *The First Time* with its varied subjects is my favourite reading, especially the wartime reminiscences. That rings true and brings back memories.

My best friend's father was in the army and often when I called at their house, his mum, a nice looking woman of about forty, would be feeding her baby. She would unbutton and bring out an ivory white swollen breast from her dress, first one and then the other, then the child would suck hard on her thimble like nipples until gorged.

Many evenings we played cards to while away the time and I always hoped the baby would awake and cry to be nursed. When it did she brought it to the table and continued the game while the kid sucked contentedly on each nipple in turn. The mother was full of milk, her lovely twin breasts distended twice normal size and leaking warm fluid. What wouldn't I have given to be allowed to nestle to them and suck her milk dry.

Of course I fantasised doing that while she played with my prick. I also dreamed of being in bed with her gloriously naked, having those big pointed breasts dripping over my face while she squatted over me, her dark hair-covered cunt impaled on my rod, sliding up and down while

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Jackie, Sharon, Lorraine, Moira and Tracey

The Girls of Newbury

ODDS-ON FAVOURITES—IT'S NUDEBURY!





Lorraine







Well Newbury is a pretty small place and I can't tell you too much about the girls because they'll get into trouble. But this one is Lorraine S. who is obviously not much older than 19 and a lovely 36-24-36. Course I chatted her up in a pub as usual.










Moira







Moira R's the same 'cept she's 24 and works as a secretary somewhere posh and is very into kinky undies and big chaps and gee-gees like most of the girls. She's also 34-23-35 and fit, but likes her althletics indoors where there's something soft to fall on.

ESCORT'S AUGUST POSTER



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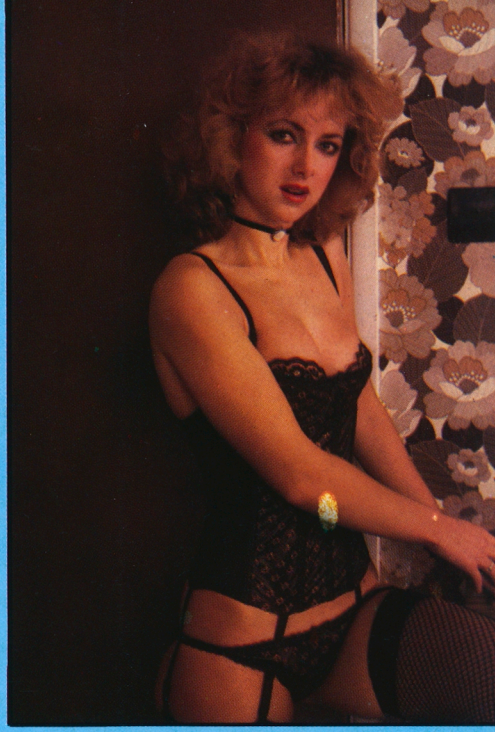
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Jackie

Jackie T is 21, measures 35-23-36 and is a telephonist unless I've got my notes crossed again. I met her in this office and she was very keen to do it. So was I but we ended up taking pictures instead, which is the story of my life. She just likes men, she said. S'all true.







Sharon

Well Sharon being all soft and cuddly, you wouldn't think she works in the local ironmongers but she does. Pop in and see. She's 21, measures 36-24-36 and is into ironmongerers.













Well as you can see Tracy would rather have a first class horse between her legs than a second class man. She's 23 and measures 38-24-35 and says it's something to do with fresh country air and stuff.





Reader Erotica

Do your fantasies fit into pictures better than words? Draw us whatever turns you on and send it to Reader Erotica, Escort, 2 Archer Street, W1. We'll pay you for those we can print

The strip carton is by T.H.G of Somerset; R.W. of Chard pencilled the girls.







D.W.R of Hartlepool supplied the pencil-and-ink ladies; while this space-age sex-strip is by the great Wazoo.



Show Us Yours

ENTRY COUPON ON PAGE 8

TOWERING INFERNO







This 28-year-old, 34-24-35 inch person is Liz from Cleveland, and her husband Chris says they fantasise about "Making love at the top of Blackpool Tower, pretending that all those twinkling lights were eyes looking up at us – all *Escort* readers, of course!" Well, of course, Chris, but why have you got a copy of Fiesta on your bed? We had no *idea Escort* was impossible to obtain in your part of the world, you poor deprived people. We must have a quiet word with our Circulation Department. Any other readers ladies caught clutching pale imitations of the real McCoy will be spanked.

BANANA SPLIT



The lady with the lucky banana is 26-year-old Linda, wife of Mr. M. of Birmingham, who writes that, when not keeping in practice with phallic fruit, "Linda enjoys wife-swapping parties, and feeling a man's hard-on against her while dancing."



A Tenner a Snap!

Yes folks, it's true, show us yours and we'll show you a crisp crinkly tenner for every pic we use.

ANYONE FOR TENNIS!







Here's Sue, aged 22, and measuring 34-24-34, evidently ready for a ball game of some sort. K.H. of London writes that they prefer making love outdoors and "Going back to nature," but we have to say that in some of the photos he sent us, Sue's tennis raquet was being used in a few unnatual ways that you won't see at Wimbledon – even in these permissive times.





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Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

we both cried out in ecstasy.

It would be a good story to say this happened, but although I called on her most evenings until I was called up into the army, I never had the courage to make an advance.

This shows how wrong one can be! Over twenty years later, on holiday from where I now live, I met the lady on a night out and admitted that as a sixteen year old I had been badly smitten by her lovely bare breasts. I told her my secret ambition had been to make love to her, in bed and naked.

She laughed and patted my hand, "You should have let me know", she said. "Don't think I wouldn't have let you. Don't forget, I'd been without my husband for over two years. You could have been on a good thing!" – *Tom R. (full name and address withheld by request), Rugby.*

Boo

Cheers for Boo! And I hope she had a rewarding and satisfying birthday too.

Congratulations for the set of pictures in vol. 3 no. 4, taken in a Devon wood. They were refreshing, natural, tantalising, horny and inviting. Every girl should have the same treatment on her birthday.

I am sure you would receive no complaints from Devonians, where Boo apparently lives, if they came across your lucky photographer taking such delightful photographs – and probably more he daren't use! Such delights to be displayed in the countryside and such playful exercises to be practised. I would gladly play truant from whatever I was doing to push her swing and join her in getting up to no good.

I too live in Devon and would love to contact her. She is so refreshingly natural she might be the girl I smile at from up the road, but then I'm sure it would be difficult to recognize her displaying all those lovely assets of hers.

The enjoyable exercises on the swing are similar to a wonderful fantasy I have of various positions of naked ladies at a circus performing on the high wire, swinging across the Big Top with all assets displayed, enjoying the fun of flying from the trapeze. Viewed from below – or anywhere else for that matter – they would make a wonderful set of pictures for *Escort*. In my fantasy I become a clown and climb up after them with mounting excitement, chase them across the ropes and wires, finally coming to grips in mid-air and fucking them with great enjoyment and domination as we swing to and fro with nothing on while the crowds below cheer and shout their approval!

I don't expect Boo to go to those lengths but I would love to meet her in the Devon woods or in a secluded place I know on Dartmoor. We'd both get a lovely all-over tan and explore new exercises.

I enjoy these natural, fun-making, out-of doors photographs better than the posed ones draped across the kitchen table. Can we please have more? And more of the wife of R.H.P. of Surrey with her hanging tits and curvacious arse draped across the sand. Your label was quite right, a horny sight indeed. – J.C., *(name and address withheld by request), Devon.*

Praises

I must congratulate you all. I have seen this month's issue of *Escort* and there is only one adequate masculine reaction to the cover fold that does justice to it and that is, "wow!" What a sight, enough to make one's eyes pop out.

Not one, not two, not even three but five pairs of mouth watering bosoms; what a cornucopia of delight to feast one's gaze upon. Absolutely bloody magnificent! Five beautiful specimens of womanhood revealing their luscious curves so naturally, and happily. Each pair of gorgeous tits without fault, but with enough difference to enhance their collective glory. Starting with the lovely Linzi, and ending up with the statuesque Auntie Jayne and her kissable

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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Show Us Yours

WOMEN OF THE DUNES







M.R. from South Glamorgan sends us these arty photos of his 29-year-old wife Lauren. He says her measurements are 36-24-36 – and he should know. She evidently enjoys posing for rude-ish pictures in fairly public places, but her favourite fantasy is to be waiting in the rugby club bath after a game.







Mr. O from West Midlands writes: "I hope your readers enjoy looking at my lovely big wife. She is dominant, and we have lots of lovely photos of her dressed in rubber. Our most memorable time was when my wife Kathy brought home a lesbian girl called Pat, and tied her to the bed with legs wide open, got her all sexy, then strapped on her rubber dildo to use on Pat, who loved every minute of it." Kathy is 42, and 49-32-48.





BIG AND BEAUTIFUL

HIGH HAT







What fine pins Marilyn has. She's the wife of D.H. of Lancashire (36-26-36... not him – her), and her most exciting doodah was "Joining the *Five Mile High Club* in a well known airline's Tristar." Never mind the brand of airplane – where did she put all that leg?



From the moment she came in, every eye in the restaurant has been focused on the woman at the corner table. Tall, sleek-limbed, statuesque, she is as sexy as she is beautiful. A long, jet black gown clings to her figure as tightly as a glove, moulding the flare of generous hips, a pinched waist, the astonishing jut of heavy, almost over-large breasts. Rich auburn hair, cut in helmet style, brushes her shoulders. Her dark eyes sparkle as she chats to her companion, a short, thick-set man in his forties.

'My God,' murmurs a young man, sitting half a dozen tables away. 'I wouldn't mind some of that. . . '

'Forget it, chum,' replies the older man sitting opposite him. 'She's way out of your league. And stop ogling her or you'll get us chucked out.'

'What's the fellow with her got that I haven't?' the young man asks.

'Probably about a million in the bank,' grunts his companion. 'Come on – at least you'll have someone nice to dream about tonight.'

Abruptly the woman rises to leave. As she casts a swift, brilliant glance about the room, her eye catches the young man's spellbound look. Then she's gone.

'Did you see that?' the young man cries.

'Eat your pudding,' the older man snaps,' then let's have a nightcap in the bar. The missus is expecting me in an hour.'

'How old do you reckon she was?' the young man asks as they sip shorts at the bar counter.

'Twenty eight, twenty nine – she'll look good into her thirties.'

'Jesus – ' The young man shakes his head, wonderingly. 'Can you imagine fucking a woman like

My

that just once in your life?'

He pauses as someone touches his elbow. Turning, he sees with surprise the woman's male companion.

'Look, I'm sorry to interrupt,' he says, 'but could I have a private word?

Puzzled, the young man frowns at the

Sexual Fantasy

older man, who shrugs. 'I was going to have a leak anyway,' he says and goes.

The woman's companion moves closer. 'I couldn't help noticing you looking at my wife,' he says.

'Oh now wait,' the young man cuts in. 'I didn't mean to give any offence – '

The other man shakes his head. 'You misunderstand me. My wife's a very attractive woman. She attracts a lot of admiring stares. I don't mind that at all. In fact we have an arrangement – '

'What arrangement?' the young man frowns.

The other man smiles. 'My wife has sudden fancies which I like to indulge. She'd just like to say hello to you.'

The young man's eyes widen. Then he laughs.

'Well, why isn't she with you then?'

'She'd prefer to talk outside. Listen – if you'd prefer me just to go away, I understand. I know how absurd this must sound – '

'No – ' The young man raises his hand. I'll come – '

They step out into the dim light of a large car park. A Rolls Royce is parked at the far edge, away from the other cars. The woman's companion nods to it. Uncertainly the young man approaches it. As he draws near he sees the woman sitting in the back seat. She is watching him, smiling, wrapped in a thick white fur.

The young man shrugs in disbelief. The car's rear window is down. As he reaches it he opens his mouth to speak and the woman throws open her fur.

Underneath she is naked. A narrow black suspender belt crosses the creamy flatness of her stomach. Her black stockinged legs are opened wide. By the soft glow of nearby streetlamps the young man sees the dark, bushy triangle in between. His eyes lift to the swelling fullness of large, perfect, stiff-nippled breasts. Her bare flesh is a pale ivory in the dimness.

'Bloody hell – ' the young man whispers.

'She's been so keen to meet you,' her husband says behind him. 'Why don't you get inside? She wants to know you so much I doubt if you'll need to say a word.'

The young man hesitates a moment, but he cannot tear his eyes away from the woman inside. Suddenly he yanks open the door and slides in. The woman laughs softly, leaning back and positioning him between her legs. Her hands reach for his trouser belt and zip. Swiftly, expertly, she draws down his trousers and pants in one. He gasps as her cool fingers circle the shaft of his already rampant cock.

'Oh darling,' she coos softly, 'it's even nicer than we thought. Kneel down. There'll just be room. 'Trembling the young man slips to his knees between her legs. The woman's fingers draw his cock forward pressing the bloated knob against swollen sex lips. He shudders violently. 'That's nice,' the woman purrs. 'Nice and eager. Robbie's been licking me a good ten minutes – I thought I'd die waiting for you. Now you won't come too quickly will you? Lean forward – that's it – '

As the young man rises, his chest cushioning against her warm breasts, the woman slides forward to the seat edge, urging the tip of his cock into the moist furnace of her pussy. With a grunt, he embeds himself, balls-deep while the woman gasps suddenly, lifting her stockinged legs to trap him. As they begin to hump, she breathes explosively: 'Oh Robbie – it's gorgeous – so big – so deep! – oh! – It's the best present you've ever given me – it really – oh God – he's breaking me – he's going to come! Oh God! – I can feel him – oh! – oh! – I'm com – I'm – !'

And she squeals at the young man's final, grunting thrust, the fierce gush of his warm come, deep within her. . .

Being a 'thousand-pound-a-night girl, one of those incredibly gorgeous call girls who only go with oil sheikhs and billionaires' is the supreme fantasy of 28-year-old Danielle who comes from Swansea. 'I think it's the idea of looking so perfect and glamorous, almost film star-like, that all the men want you but think, "Oh no, she'd never look at me." While underneath you'd really go with any of them – if they could afford you. Having my husband as a pimp is a kinky touch I like – his biggest treat would be letting me have some dishy man I took an instant fancy to, only the man wouldn't have to pay. It would be my present to him – my gorgeous body! And my husband would watch us at it, of course. He's keen on that part too!'

> «Robbie's been licking me for ten minutes – I thought I'd die waiting for you»

An unhappy relationship prompted a fantasy from Isobel who is 30 and lives in the Dover area. 'Before I got married I lived for three years with a man I was besotted with. We broke up mainly because of sex. I wouldn't call myself sex-obsessed but I get very frustrated if I am not satisfied. Even though I was deeply involved with my boyfriend emotionally I found it very hard to make him understand that I needed quite a bit of foreplay. When we made love it was usually over in five minutes and I used to wait until he was asleep before trying to satisfy myself. Towards the end it got to the point where I would lie next to him, openly playing with myself while he read a book until I felt ready to screw.

'As a result I used to masturbate a great deal, often when my boyfriend was not there, and I used to imagine all sorts of sexy situations to get me going. One that always seemed to work was a kind of extension of reality. I'd be alone in our flat one afternoon when I'd start to feel sexy. I'd take all my clothes off and stretch out naked on the sofa. Then I'd start to stroke myself and imagine a lover was doing all the things my boyfriend didn't do. If I felt especially good I could make it last literally for hours, reaching such a level of excitement that the slightest pressure on my clitoris could bring me off again, so that I'd end up exhausted.

'That actually happened several times. My fantasy was that right in the middle I'd be interrupted by someone at the door. It would be someone like an insurance salesman I'd asked to call and forgotten about. I'd throw on a dressing gown and ask him in. But, to my horror, while he sat opposite me explaining his policies, I'd find I'd get more not less excited. Soon my feelings would be so intense I'd know I have to touch myself or die. My hand would slip down between my crossed legs, into my dressing gown and I would start to stroke my clit.

'All the time I'd be nodding and pretending to listen to what the salesman said but I wouldn't hear a word. I'd even think what a clever girl I was getting away with being so naughty.

'Then I'd notice that the salesman was having problems concentrating, and his legs were crossed very tightly. I'd look down and suddenly realise my dressing gown had fallen open and I

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Illustrations by Piers Sanford







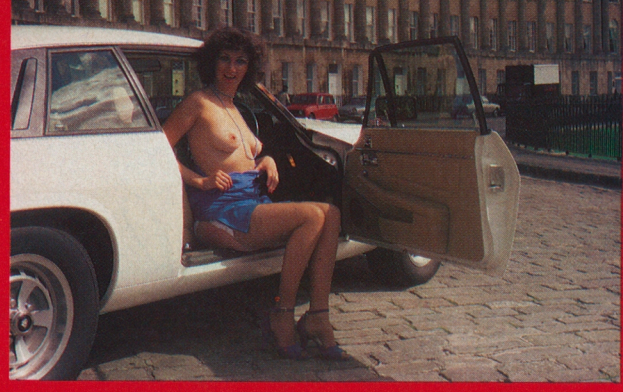




Julie

Julie, 20, 35-24-36, Bath. Dunno why we've called her Julie, 'cos her real name's Annie and here she is steppin' out of some lucky *Escort* reader's XJS in Royal Crescent, Bath (the guy must be up to somethin' if he can afford an XJS – please, Mr Raymond can we have one? (100 Easy Ways To Get Fired (PR Pubs £5)). Annie is sort of sec to this Leek photographer guy. He knows how to choose 'em don't he? Took her out for lunch and she did all this.

Easy with an XJS innit Phil?







CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

My Sexual Fantasy

was showing an enormous amount of cleavage, with one nipple completely uncovered. Even worse the material had slipped open over my legs and my fur was exposed and the top of my crack with my finger pressed into it.

'My feelings would be a mixture of horrible embarrassment and incredible excitement – like an icy dagger plunging into me – and the excitement would win! I'd be so far gone I'd just think, "What the hell, why should I pretend?" And I'd go on stroking myself, but more openly now, watching the man's face, apparently very cool and self-possessed. The dressing gown would slowly fall even further open until both my breasts were uncovered and I would uncross my legs so that he could see the whole of my slit and my finger working in and out of it.

' "Well," I'd smile, "I know it's an incredible cheek to ask a complete stranger but I'd count it an enormous favour if you'd fuck me."

'He wouldn't be able to get his trousers and pants down quick enough! He'd scramble across the carpet at me, tearing out the most massive erection I'd ever seen. And I'd just lie back and spread my legs wide and he'd slide his cock straight into me and give me the hardest, most glorious humping I've had in years before shooting his come and bringing me off beautifully.'

Sexual humiliation, in a variety of forms provides a powerful turn-on for 27-year-old Michelle from the Norwich area.

'I fantasise a great deal when I make love with my husband I love the *idea* of being forced to have sex when I don't want it, of just being taken by some overpowering male who just *does* me, regardless of how I feel. One of the games we play is when I imagine I'm tied down to the bed, spreadeagled on my back and my husband is a kidnapper who I loathe. But he taunts me and teases me and fondles my breasts and strokes my pussy so that I can't help getting turned on. Then when I'm almost crying out with the humiliation of it because he's made me want it in spite of myself he just climbs on top of me and screws me.

'Sometimes I think I'm keener on the fantasy than my husband. He always joins in enthusiastically but for three years I've been trying to persuade him to really tie me to the bed, and he always refuses to try it!

> «I reach such a level of excitement that the slightest pressure can bring me off»

> «My hand would slip down between my crossed legs and I'd start to stroke my clit»

'Other times when he's not home (he works away for four or five days every month) or when we make love for a long time, I have much more intricate fantasies, which he doesn't know about.

'At the moment my favourite is where I imagine there's a kind of Godfather figure in our village. He's very threatening and mysterious – a gangster, really – and he wants something on my husband. So he decides to get at him through me and has me kidnapped (I'm always getting kidnapped!) I'm taken to a room where there's a large, old fashioned brass bed with a camera on a stand at the end of it. There's a man standing next to it in denims, quite ordinary-looking but there are four or five other men in dressing gowns with masks hiding their eyes. The Godfather is there too – without a mask – and he takes me aside and tells me I have to have sex with each of the men so that the cameraman can take pictures of me and the Godfather can keep them to blackmail my husband.

'Then he orders me to strip. I want some privacy but he says I must undress in front of everyone. They all stare at me as I fumble with the buttons of my dress and to keep them from seeing how nervous I am I say I'll do it in front of the cameraman if I have to but everyone else can wait outside. The Godfather just shakes his head. "No," he says, "you'll strip in front of us and you'll do it in front of us." There's no argument. I'm shaking like a leaf when I finally unclip my bra and then slip out of my knickers. I've never felt so naked and exposed before. Then the Godfather nods to the masked men and they move round me in a circle and one by one they let their dressing gowns drop.

'They're all naked underneath and their eyes rake me, staring at my breasts and between my legs so fiercely I can't help blushing scarlet. I start to wonder who they are, if I know them, but I can't help noticing how thick and bloated their penises are getting – bigger every moment. One of them starts to masturbate openly as he gazes at my breasts. I say to the Godfather who just stands in the corner, "Can't you get him to stop that? He says quietly, "Your body excites him." "Well, it's disgusting, "I snap. "I'm a married woman, I don't want to watch that – "

'Then I gasp. At a signal from him they move in. Suddenly their bodies are pressing against me - hands are cupping my breasts, fondling my bottom, pressing against my pussy mound – so many I can't stop them. Their cocks, all stiff now, are pushing hot and upright, against my hips and tummy. Then I feel the length of one sliding up between my cheeks, squeezing into my bottom crack. They're pulling me backwards towards the bed, flinging me onto it so hard it almost knocks the breath out of my body. Four of them take an arm or a leg, spreading me out across the mattress with my limbs wide apart. I lay there, panting, as the fifth one bends down and slowly begins to stroke my breasts. Then he bends lower and this enormous tongue snakes out and licks in slow circles round each of my nipples. I want to scream but I feel my nipples pucker and stand up. He starts to suck them, pulling each one gently with his lips and fondling my breast as he does it. I hate him because I love having my breasts stroked and he's making me like it in spite of myself.

> «On one of the games we play, I imagine I'm tied to the bed, spreadeagled on my back . . .»

'Then he moves his tongue down into my belly button and my heart starts to thunder because I know what he'll do next. My whole body goes tense as he traces a line over my tummy and into the first fuzzy curls of my pubic hair. "Please," I whisper. "Just don't touch me – there – "

'But as I say it I glimpse the tongue lash out and it licks the length of my pussy crack and I jerk like a scalded cat. Then as I gasp for breath I feel that old, familiar liquid feeling between my legs and I know I'm getting damp, I know my pussy lips are swelling and glistening with my juices – my body is betraying me!

'The man's head goes down and he

starts to lick me, teasing the edges of my crack, right from my bottom upward, higher and higher.

'I try to fight it but each lick is like a tiny electric shock. I can't concentrate, my head is spinning. Then I see the Godfather standing over me, looking down between my legs. "Please," I gasp, "Make him stop – I'll do anything – don't let him make me – make me feel – "I cry out as his tongue just flicks my clitoris. My head is stinging.

' "But Mrs Jones," the Godfather says, "we don't want to rape you. We want you to feel good so that you'll beg these men to have you, and the camera will record it. You see, we want you to come. We want you to come until you can't come any more. Relax for my friend, Mrs Jones. Let him make you come. I know you want to – "

'And another spasm hits me. I feel that awful cramped feeling in my tummy and little sparks start to jump through me that are building and building into the one big flash of my climax. If he doesn't stop licking my clit I won't be able to stop it – and then, just as I teeter on the edge, he does.

I blink. I can't think any more.

'The masked man is standing over me next to the Godfather. He is grinning at me and masturbating and his penis is extraordinary.

' "There, Mrs Jones," says the Godfather, "look at his huge penis. Do you honestly mean to tell me you don't want him to put it in you and move it in and out, to spurt in you?."

'The man touches my lips with his tip then slides into me more and more, deeper and deeper – I can feel him in my throat – until the throbbing spreads through my whole body, through my head, my womb and I feel him shudder and come deep inside me, I can feel his sperm gushing down my throat..

'Then, feeling his giant rod pressed into me, I come, and my climax sweeps me away . . .●



Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

mature body. What a surfboard full of breath taking, female dreams.

And to add to the above, their gorgeous bottoms too! With Auntie Jayne sitting so proudly at the far end of the board, showing her tempting body for all to see and admire. I thought the display of beautiful bottoms of the Swanage girls were the last word in that area of female temptation, but you have excelled yourselves with this one. With that gorgeous display of female curves, not even a saint has a chance, looks like the devil wins hands down.

This fold goes up on my bedroom wall, and to blazes with what Aunt Matilda thinks.

My compliments to everyone concerned; the photography is excellent, the poses superb and the girls, well there are times when no words are suitable to express one's feelings, they are simply gorgeous. Their looks, their curves are faultless.

Having sung your praises, may I ask if you are aware that, gentlemen, you have got yourselves a problem. When you have achieved the ultimate, with what do you follow it? – *A regular reader (name and address withheld by request) Luton.*

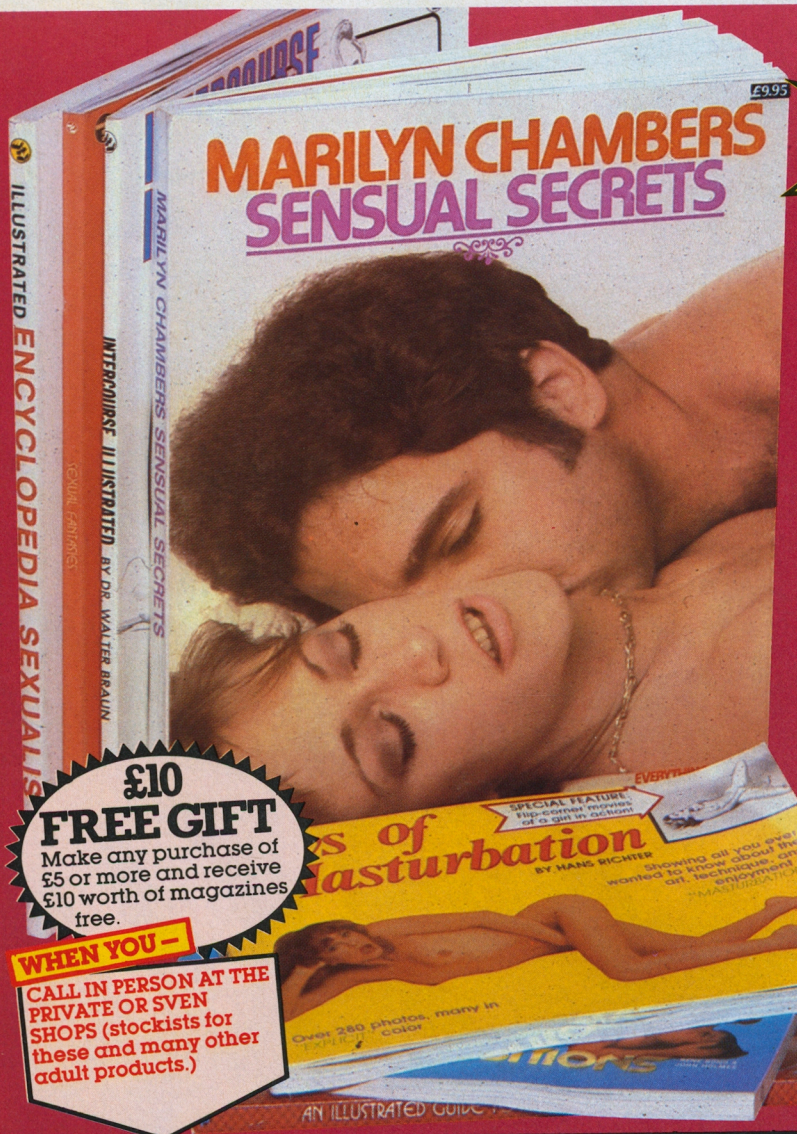
All right A.R., fine, great, super, now simmer down. This is exactly the sort of letter which makes all the other readers moan and groan and carry on about the editor wasting valuable letter space. Still A.R., I think you're very sweet to mention it. You just keep enjoying what you enjoy and write as many letters as you like. – Julia Jones.

Oh, Carol!

I consider myself very fortunate to have an attractive wife like Carol. She is quite petite with a shapely 34-23-35 figure and has long chestnut hair. Her only fault can be her stubborness which in fact led to the recent experience about which I am writing.

Chris, an old friend, had dropped by and whilst we were talking Carol had gone shopping. We had a few beers and began looking through some back issues of your magazine. In fact we became so engrossed that we did not notice Carol returning.

When my wife came into the lounge and saw what we were doing she began to tease us. Chris responded immediately and a heated discussion ensued which ended by Chris saying that Carol was wrong to comment about something she would not do herself. Carol retorted that she was



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quite prepared to be photographed nude so Chris asked her to prove it. Carol immediately said she would and that we should give her half an hour to get ready.

Within twenty minutes Chris had collected his camera and returned with several packs of Polaroid film. A further 15 minutes went by before Carol appeared but it was certainly worth the wait.

She was wearing black high heeled shoes and black stockings with a pale blue blouse, grey skirt and her old school tie.

Chris and I started clicking immediately as Carol went through some simple poses. I was just starting to think that nothing was going to happen when Carol sat on the floor and hitching up her skirt, she pulled her black panties to the side revealing her pussy. We took several shots like that before she slipped them off completely.

From then on she kept her legs wide apart letting us see as much of her cunt as we wanted and I could tell by her expression that the whole thing had turned her on.

I suggested that Chris go over and join her and Carol made no objection as his hands roamed over her breasts, fondling them through the material of her blouse. Reaching round, Carol quickly unzipped Chris's trousers and pulled out his erect cock and began gently wanking him.

Chris responded by pushing Carol into a kneeling position, then pulling up her skirt he slowly entered her. With his cock full inside my wife's cunt, his hands began feeling for her breasts. He quickly removed her tie and unfastened her blouse so that he could fondle her bare tits.

By this time Carol was making little whimpering sounds as Chris began to rythmically thrust his prick into her. His movements became faster until with one long shuddering thrust he emptied his seed into my wife.

While all this had been going on, I had been clicking away and now as Chris withdrew his cock I took my turn. Rolling Carol gently onto her back I parted her legs and slipped my cock into her. Carol responded eagerly pushing her hips up to match my thrusts and we both climaxed together.

Chris, however, was not finished yet and as I moved away from my wife he pulled her towards him pushing her head down towards his cock. She knew immediately what he wanted and parting her lips, took his semi erect cock into her mouth.

I watched in fascination as Carol sucked eagerly at Chris's prick, taking it into her mouth then gently sliding it out. As Carol's mouth worked on him

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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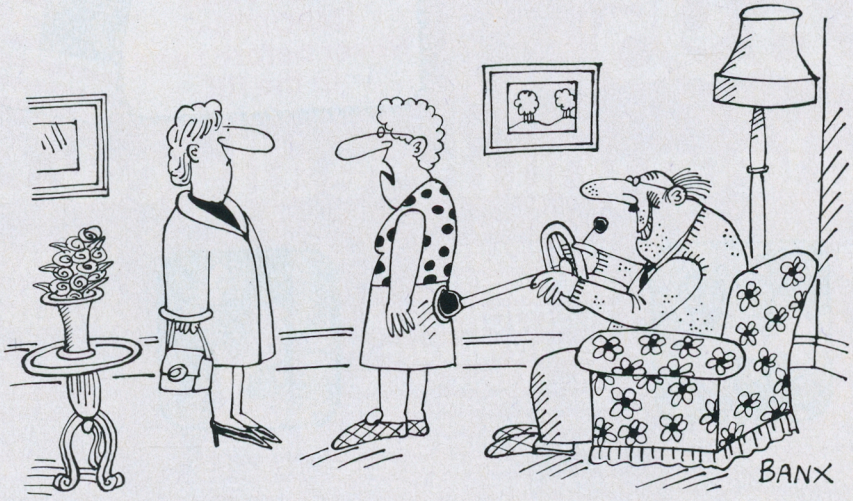


"Yes, I remember you now, Mary Biggins. You were always sucking your thumb!"



"I must say, Dolly, you haven't changed a bit!"

"The doctors say he lives in a fantasy world."





"Mole on the left breast? No – I'm afraid I still can't remember you, my dear!"



"I can remember when it used to be a shilling to see your knickers, Violet!"

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HARRIET

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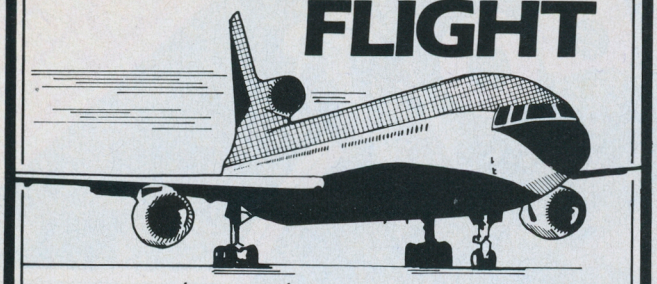
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Pull a piece of string *comfortably tight* under testicles and over penis encircling the organs where they join your body. Mark where string meets and measure carefully.

Write measurement here: .....
Tick model required

Energising Ring (standard) £19.00 ☐
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comfortably shaped, ease muscular tension and female frigidity.

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Quiet, smooth, strong action:
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LARKHILL LABORATORIES DEPT SFJ
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The title speaks for itself, beautiful, blond Seka cannot get enough. Features include:
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Features Patricks pulsing pulverisor and the girls who can take him—just. Plus sequences from the film 'Sweet, Sexy, Savage' where the quick shooters do just that and the bar girls eagerly await the indian raids.

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Uncensored male sexual activity

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SVEN PRODUCTS 228 GREEN ST, LONDON E7

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Assorted colours and lubricated
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Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

Chris's cock slowly hardened and his hips began to push. At this point my wife sat up and turned round to straddle Chris. Taking his cock in her hand she slowly lowered herself onto it as he reached up to fondle her tits.

I sat riveted, watching my wife as she fucked my best friend and I almost came with them as their heaving bodies came to climax again.

After Chris had left, Carol and I discussed what had happened and we both agreed how much we had enjoyed it. So much so that we are planning another venture. – *Mr C.T. (full name and address withheld by request) London WI.*

Every which way

Since I first wrote to you my husband, Paul has now found a job nearer to home. I showed him the letter when you first printed it, he got very excited about it and wasted no time in getting my knickers off and giving me a good fucking.

Over the next few months Paul and I indulged in several sexy sessions with Steve and Val, in almost every variation two couples can get up to.

However, I am writing to you about our most recent exploit. The four of us decided we would try to live out each other's fantasies. It was my turn last week, and I briefed the other three on what I would like from them, so they could make the necessary plans.

I was to be left alone in the house and I dressed in some old clothes.

I poured myself a Bacardi while I waited, I drank two or three before the door bell rang, when I opened it there was no-one there. As I returned to the lounge I was grabbed from behind, they took hold of an arm each and lead me to the centre of the room, there one them, Paul I think, held both my arms behind my back while Steve blindfolded me. Suddenly, I felt my blouse being ripped open then pulled down onto my arms so that I couldn't move them. My bra was then unclipped and my breasts fell free. One of the boys began fondling and licking them while the other unzipped my skirt and pulled it to the floor. I felt something cold against my legs sliding under my panties, first one side then the other was cut and what was left was pulled away.

I was stood naked and blindfolded, as I heard Paul and Steve removing their clothes. They took my blouse off my arms and lay me on the floor, as they lowered me I felt their erect pricks brush against my skin.

My hands were tied together above my head then tied to something secure. I could feel that my nipples were erect and my pussy was getting wet, I wondered what would happen next, when taking hold of my feet and raising them my legs were spread wide and a tongue began to probe my cunt. Paul, I think, knelt astride my head and forced his cock into my mouth, I sucked on it eagerly. Steve who was licking my pussy turned his attention to my tits, squeezing the nipples between his finger and thumb. With my legs still spread wide, Steve entered my cunt with his prick plunging in right up to his balls, I was so wet, he fucked me hard and fast before pulling out his cock and spunking all over me. Then Paul got his prick out of my mouth and into my cunt, he too fucked me quickly before spunking all over me.

I don't know if you can print the next part, but this is what happened. The boys then turned me onto my front and resting on my elbows and forearms, my bum was lifted up so that I had to kneel, my head was turned to one side so I could take Steve's cock into my mouth. I sucked on it while Paul caressed my bum cheeks. He pulled my cheeks apart as he forced his prick. . . *(you're right, we can't print it – ed).* . . I pulled my head away from Steve's cock and spoke for the first time, "Quick, stick it. . ." *(nor this bit).* . . rolling onto my. . . *(whew).* . . with Paul still up. . . *(sorry).* . . Steve managed to get it in. *(oops, naughty).* . . Steve pulled out first and again spunked over me, then Paul took his out and rolling me onto my back. . . *(blimey).* . . until he shot over my tits.

Now I was covered in spunk, I felt them tying my legs so they were spread wide, and with my hands tied I was helpless. I heard them leave the room and go upstairs.

After a while, I heard the front door bell ring then the door was opened. Someone approached me and took off my blindfold. It was Val. "Oh, my my" she said, "you are in a fix". She knelt down and ran a finger up my leg to my pussy and slid it in briefly before moving her hand onto my breast. She then stood up and undressed. She got down beside me and while kissing my tits she gently slid three fingers into my cunt, still frigging me, she positioned herself over me and lowered her cunt onto my tongue. I climaxed yet again under her close attentions. She then got off me and went to get Paul and Steve to untie me. While Paul helped me in the bath to get cleaned up, Steve fucked Val in the next room. With my fantasy fulfilled I was too tired for another fucking so I masturbated Paul while we watched the other two fuck. – *Mrs. L. C. (full name and address withheld) Lancashire.*●





Oh Carol!: "From then on she kept her legs wide apart

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YOUR COUNTRYWIDE PLEASURE GUIDE

2— BOOKS/ MAGAZINES

BOOBS! Breaking collection, mags, photos, films, videos featuring, gigantic breasted girls. list available. Box 020047.

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3— CLOTHING

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10— MASSAGE

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Helen











Helen, 24, 39-23-35, Bournemouth. As you can imagine, Photographer Mildew had his hands full with Helen (despite the fact we don't encourage that sort of thing). Helen wins our "Biggest Breasts on the South Coast 1983 Award" and an all expenses paid trip to the Editor's office for two weeks.

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ATTRACTIVE, school leaver has worn, unwashed navy blue knickers for disposal. Send £5.00. box 130067.



YOUNG housewife will write sexy letters to kind gents. Box 130068.

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NATIONWIDE Investigations: Missing persons traced. Confidential. Write: D.P.I., 10 Clairmont Gaidens, Glasgow. 24 hour telephone: (0475) 23035.

56— PERSONAL

CUSTARD loving male, 21, seeks ladies, all ages, for slapstick sessions. Have your messy fantasies fulfilled. A.L.A. please be frank. Lancs/anywhere. Box 561083.

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INEXPERIENCED, young male, 23, seeks lady for tuition. Can accommodate. South Cumbria. Box 561113.

MALE, 26, seeks huge breasted lady for sexy fun. Older women preferred photo or phone number appreciated. Midlands. Box 561114.

GLASGOW: male, 34, single, genuine, wealthy, good physique, seeks relationship with well built female. All letters answered. Box 561116.

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TWO West End directors, early 30's, require ladies, 20-50, for after hours fun. Photo essential Box 561137.

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COUPLE, both 25, seeks couples/singles for polaroids and fun. Discrtion assured and expected. Photos/phone appreciated. Hants/Dorset. A.L.A. Box 561142.

SHY, virgin, male, 21, seeks affectionate lady, 19/45, for tuition. Photo appreciated. North Wales/Chester. Box 561121.

BUSINESSMAN, 45, from Istanbul, poor knowledge of English, spending one week per month in London, seeks cultured, good looking, girl, 20/30, for long friendship and language practice. Photo requested. Box 561122.

GLASGOW: male, 48, tall, smart, seeks ladies for sexy fun. photo please. Box 561123.

SOUTH COAST: Flat owner, 28, single, seeks girlfriend, 18+, photo please. Box 561124.

DISCREET male, 31, seeks sensual, willing ladies for mutual enjoyment. photo please. Scotland/any area. Box 561125.

BIRMINGHAM: Male, 19, seeks sexy ladies, aged 16 to 50. My place. photo/phone appreciated. Box 561126.

MALE, 28, seeks couples or singles for intimate experiences. London area. A.L.A. Photo please. Box 561127.

COUPLE, 30's seek singles/couples, photo/phone, discretion assured. Oxon/Northants area. Box 561128.

BRIGHTON/South East: male, 22, seeks ladies for mutual fun. Box 561129.

COUPLE seek young male to assist husband massage busty wife. Can accommodate. Photo/phone number appreciated. Bedfordshire. Box 561130.

MALE, 50, seeks coloured female, 45, for 'O' levels, first advert, not experienced. My place. Box 561131.

GLASGOW: attractive, single male, 30, would like to meet sexy female for fun and friendship. Photo please. Box 561132.

MALE, 50, seeks female, any nationality. Beckenham 'O' lover. My place. Box 561134.

MALE, 19, virgin seeks female. 20/45, for instruction/plesure. Aberdeen area. Box 561135.

SOMERSET: Fun loving housewife wants playmates for watersports and other games. S.A.E. Box 561136.

DORSET: Farmer, young, huge endownment, AC/DC/TV interests seeks couples for exciting, sexy fun. Photos appreciated. Box 561138.

N. IRELAND: young, Craigavon man seeks mature lady for sexy fun,. in exchange for mutual benefits. Box 561140.

MATURE male seeks females, 16-70, to correspond with. Everything goes. Photos/phone no. Fullest discretion assured. Any area. Box 561141.

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KIND male, 23 seeks very big-busted female for very sexy fun. Midlands district. Box 561146.

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Coming Next Month



Well, it's finally happened as I've been telling Mr Boss Raymond it would. For a start Photographer Wilson is lost in Cardiff somewhere with his Mustange wreckage parked underneath some 30 ton truck which apparently belongs to the husband of one of the girls of Cardiff he was photographing for next month's issue who turned up unexpectedly. Still, the editor says it's better than being hurled out of the bedroom window naked inside a refrigerator whatever that means. Anyway, he can't find any more girls in Cardiff and he keeps phoning from the only callbox in the town that's working sounding tired and emotional, probably to do with it being in a bar called Horizontal Henry's or something and could we send more money please.

I've taken my little typewriter up onto the roof of Raymond Towers and I'm writing this in the sun with my top off and just my bikini bottoms on and with a towel handy in case anyone comes up the fire escape unespectedly. I can also see several people halfway up the back of the Regent Palace Hotel with binoculars – in fact there's more of them every minute. I wonder what they're staring at. It seems to be in this direction. I wish I could see what's so interesting. I think I'll stand up and see if I can see. Oops one of them fell off. Anyway I'll give my breasts another five minutes then turn on my tummy as there doesn't appear to be anything in the next issue at all. Actually I got into trouble last week for emptying the beer out of the Paddy Hopkirk Explosafe Petrol Can and filling it with Bacardi and coke instead. It does taste delicious and you can suck it through the nozzle, until it trickles over your tummy.

I hope no one can see me, it must look awfully rude. – *Julia Jones, Secretary to the Editor.*

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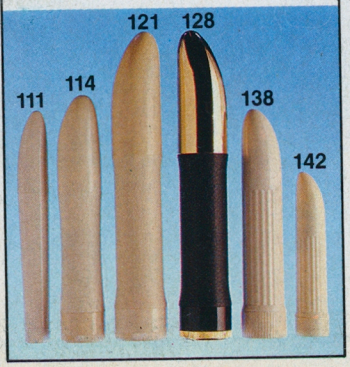
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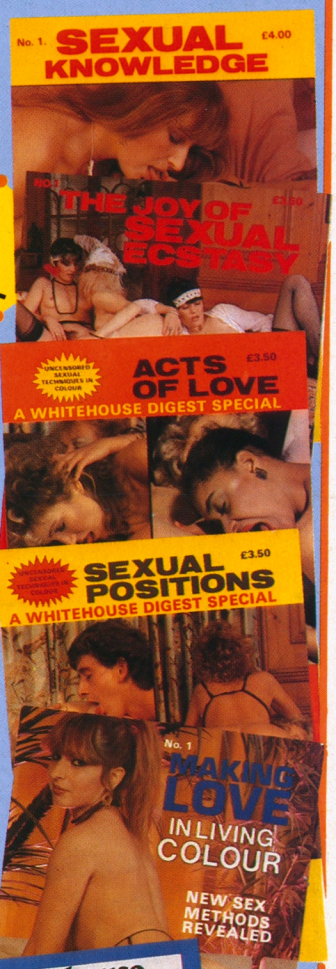
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