ESCORT

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND VOL.3 NO.9
75p
FRANCE 35 FRANCS
SWITZERLAND 7.50 FRANCS
ITALY 5500 LIRE

NEVER SAY DAI

THE GIRLS OF CARDIFF



WHAM

FEELS ON WHEELS - SEX IN CARAVANS



BAM

SMUT FROM THE PAST - AUNTIE'S NAUGHTY HOLIDAY SNAPS



SPLAM

RUDE WIVES, NAUGHTY GIRLFRIENDS, & AUNTIE JAYNE

HOT STUFF!

CERTIFIED BY THE INCREDIBLY FANTASTICALLY RUDE MAGAZINE GUILD OF GREAT BRITAIN





ESCORT




The height
of rude


behavior
on rooftops

ESCORT

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND VOL.3 NO.9



Beverley, page 42



Mandy, page 22



Pauline, page 47



Jackie, page 74

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

Say Cor Lummie Squire That's A Nice Handful You Have There to Diane, our September cover girl. Or whatever it is you usually manage to blurt out when confronted by such worldly beauty. Diane's a stripper from South Shields, Tyne & Wear, and it was lucky I discovered her wandering about in the corridor downstairs looking for someone to take pictures of her. So when I'd got Wilson and the editro out of the pub they decided to shoot some in the accountant's office but even though they piled his desk and his chairs (not to mention the fridge) up against the door, he managed to come crashing through the wall. It was apparently something to do with Diane posing with the petty cash box he didn't like. So instead they went up on the roof and did it. Well, afterwards Diane and I had a chat and she told me she was 42-24-34 while she was changing and the editro shouted through the keyhole to ask what her ambition was and Diane said it was to be 48-24-34. Well I wish you could all meet her because she's one of the terrificest ladies I have ever met. The editro thinks so too but being a man I think he has different reasons which I won't go into here on account of getting thrown off the bookstalls and that. Well being a stripper she quite enjoyed all those workmen staring at her and shouting rude encouragements at her from all the surrounding building sites. "Gosh, Julia," she said afterwards, "I quite enjoyed it but aren't some men rude?" I laughed. "I know Diane," I said, "and thank heavens some of them are." Then we went and poured a bucket of cold water over the editro and that calmed him down I can tell you. – *Julia Jones, Secretary to the Editro.*

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE (Tel: 01-734 9191) and printed by Hunterprint Plc, Radlett, Colour origination by IBA Graphics Ltd., Chiswick, London. Typeset by Gee Graphics Ltd., London. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions namely that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold or hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 70p and it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a multilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publications or advertising literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk and while every care is taken neither Paul Raymond Ltd, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage Paid at New York Post Office, N.Y. Distributed by Conde Nast & National Magazine Distributors Limited (COMAG), West Drayton, Middlesex. September 1983.
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MEET THE STAFF

Well, the things a girl has to do around here. It seems that even the grown up world (like the press and serious people) are beginning to be interested in *Escort* and even certain people now admit they've actually heard of it, vaguely from someone else.

Well last month someone phoned up from one of the trade press magazines and asked the editor to write them a little piece about what *Escort* actually was as they'd heard of it. So the editor asked me to write it and as I thought you'd like to know a little about how things work up here, here it is.

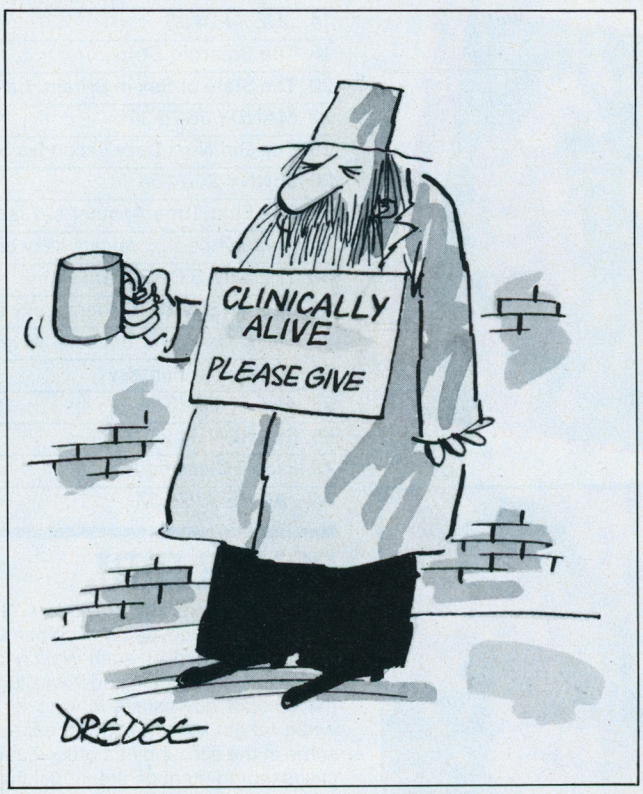
"The only truly insane glamour magazine on the market, *Escort* is produced by a bunch of frustrated schoolboys suffering from everything from the Mid-Career Crisis to the change of life and one or two who are still grappling with the problems of puberty.

"Originally designed as the world's first disposable men's monthly (keep the posters and use the rest to insulate the loft), and an outstanding compendium of bare bums, heaving breasts, tight knickers, rude drawings and lavatory humour, *Escort* has in fact sold quite a few copies here and there, so much so that people now tend to keep it – usually in their garden sheds where the neighbours won't see it or in plastic bin liners stashed in the cavity wall.

"In fact the average reader now actually spends more time per capita, per annum per magazine trying to decipher the appalling spelling mistakes of the Edtitor's silken thighed secretary who writes most of it on the last Friday of the month, than actually trying to squeeze his toothpaste from the bottom of the tube every morning.

"Now halfway through its third year, *Escort* has been so successul in those socially meaningful segments of the market not directly covered by *Country Life*, that not only is it the 99th highest selling men's magazine in Snetterton Mudflaps *(Gruntfuttock and Gonad, Little-Known Publishing Disasters of the 20th Century, Pile & Moaner, 18gns)* but publisher Mr. Boss Raymond (one of the twelve nicest men in Britain) no longer locks himself in his office shaking with apprehension as the first copy of each issue is pushed under the door and has bought himself a new paperweight on the proceeds."

Well the Editor laughed so much he had to take two days off and they didn't print it anyway but I thought you'd like to see how my writting is improving and my spelling mistakes and I may write a great novel yet. You'll see. I think it sums everything up quite nicely don't you? Well, you would if you had to work here. – *Julia Jones, Secretary to the Editor.*



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 _____
_____
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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.

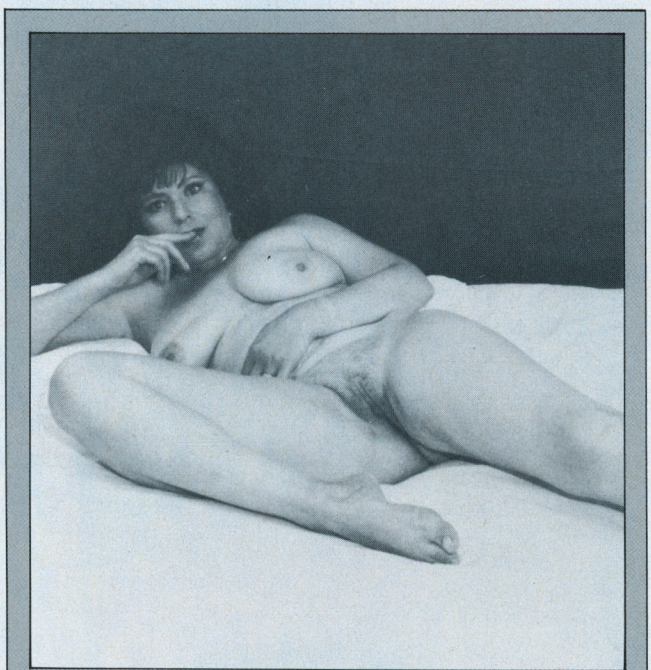
Pride of W. Sussex

Do please get in touch with the gorgeous Mrs. K.H. of W. Sussex to see if she will let you have some more photos and/or letters. She appeared quite often, as did her letters in your early editions, and several of us down here in sleepy Sussex formed a K.H. Wankers club and still talk about her and our hopes to see her appear again, as besides our pricks being proud, we were too, to have a W. Sussex woman in our favourite mag. Perhaps if you print this letter and she reads it, maybe she'll write again with some more pictures. There's an awful lot of spunk just waiting to be tossed-off for her down here if only she knew. – *Les and the lads (full name and address withheld by request), Sussex.*

See, lads – you only have to ask. We hope this pic of the popular Mrs. K.H. will keep you going, Or Do We Mean Coming, for a bit longer – ed.

It does!

Having noticed on the inner cover of your latest issue of the headline "Tortoise Hurling Does It Matter?" I seized upon the magazine with glee, as this is a subject closer to my heart than all that other business you fill your publication with. Imagine my disappointment on finding nothing in your pages on Tortoise Hurling! Frankly, I think you should be prosecuted under the trades Description Act, as I spent 70p for nothing. If you wish to avoid this, I suggest you rectify your omission pretty bloody quick and send me a free copy of the magazine in which Tortoise Hurling is eventually covered. If you really want to endear yourself to me and several other people, you might care to include coverage of those other minority sports which the back twenty seven pages of the S*N choose to ignore. I am thinking particularly of those activities in which those of us who can't afford to go galloping all over the countryside persecuting foxes or stags can still obtain satisfaction for their blood lust, such as gerbil lobbing, mole groping, and budgie bashing. The latter sport is my own particular speciality, and you might care to know how it is played. First, an innocent budgie is obtained. (Actually, if doesn't have to be particularly innocent – a guilty budgie is just as good). The contestants, who might number as many as three or four, line up together, their lumps of four by two held firmly in their right hands, their bound and gagged budgies in their left. The starter utters the imortal words 'Gentlemen, prepare to bash', and the contestants get ready. On the word 'Go!' the budgies are thrown into the air and struck firmly with the four by two, which can be of any length but which must not be so long that it smashes the skull of the competitor next to you. The winner is the person who has bashed his budgie furtherest. Unfortuantely, we have encountered some bending of the rules in this sport. Far be it from me to cast doubts, but I fail to see how the record holder Harry Grimes managed to bash his budgie three miles unless he deliberately tied very loose knots around his bird's wings. Anyway, that sounds a bit like sour grapes, so I won't go on about it. He'll get his comeuppance when we nobble his next entry with a load of All Bran the night before the competition. Hopefully when he throws it into the air it will shit all over his face. I hope for your sake I don't spend another 70p in vain. *Yours, Grott, No Fixed Abode.*



Pride of W.Sussex: 'Our pricks are proud . . .!

Oh dear I do loathe it when readers are cross, and it's strange that whenever there is an irate reader on the phone everyone else says they are Not In and I have to take the call. The editor just tossed this letter at me and said answer that will you Julia, and disappeared which is typical.

Anyway, Grott (I do hope your name is Grott, I mean in a way I wish it wasn't because it's an unfortunate sort of name to have, but I mean I hope I haven't misread your writing and your name is really Eliott or something), reading between the lines I expect you are a new reader and may not be used to our ways – and how I wish I wasn't. The thing is, it did not say on the cover of vol.3 no.7 "INSIDE: TORTOISE HURLING – WORLD EXCLUSIVE WITH PICTURES BY OUR ROVING REPORTER" or anything. It just said "TORTOISE HURLING DOES IT MATTER?" because the Editor simply wanted to know whether anybody thought it did. And as for the other "sports" you mention, nobody here had the slightest idea these were going on but if anybody is

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 Auntie Jayne,
Last week I finally let my boyfriend make love to me. I was a virgin, but as I love him very much and we have been going out together for five months, I gave in.

I wish now that we hadn't done it, I did not enjoy it and it was very painful. It took several attempts before his penis entered my vagina, during which he came before penetration, pumping his spunk all over my vulva and belly. When he was hard again, we tried once more. This time my maidenhead broke and his penis slid into my hole. It was very disappointing – I did not feel anything except soreness. I began to bleed, and got no satisfaction at all. We fucked for ten minutes or so before he came in me. I am on the pill, so I was not worried about it, but I felt nothing. The whole thing was a non-event.

We spent the night together and made love again, this time it went on for half an hour before he came. There was nothing in it for me this time either, though to give my boyfriend his due, he brought me off with his finger. The next day I felt dirty and defiled, and I bled almost all day.

Now, of course, my boyfriend will want to make love as often as we can, and I'm not sure I want to go through it all again. To me sex is messy and intercourse does nothing for me, whereas oral sex and frigging is great. Will I ever be able to enjoy intercourse? *Miss H. J., Sussex.*

I'm very sorry you had such a bad time. I don't know if it will help you to know that many women are disappointed by their first time – probably more than enjoy it. One difficulty is that our expectations are so high – we are led to believe that we will enjoy it, and that the orgasm will automatically occur. If it doesn't, it's not surprising that you feel you have been cheated, or that you are a failure, possibly both!

Being "good" at it, by which I mean being good at giving and gaining pleasure is a skill that can be learnt. You have to learn what your body enjoys, and what other bodies enjoy, but most of all you have to want to do it in the first place, and I don't mean that you have to want to lose your virginity, or give in to your boyfriend to show him how much you love him, or to stop him going on about it, or that you want to become "experienced". Your boyfriend probably doesn't know much more about it than you do (except, of course, that he enjoys it), but I promise you that he'd enjoy it a whole lot more if you did, so it's to his advantage to help you do that.

Try and put your first bad experience into perspective. It hurt, and not being a masochist, you didn't enjoy it. Hopefully, the next time won't hurt, especially if you play with each other more first, and if you can have an orgasm by whatever means suits you before he enters you, you might find the results a lot more encouraging, but give it time – it's worth it! Love, Jayne.

«I did not feel anything but soreness and got no satisfaction at all. The whole thing was a non-event»

Dear Jayne,
As a pensioner of 65 I have to watch the pennies, but I think *Escort* is well worth 75 pence a month.

I had good sex throughout my married life, but when I lost my wife four years ago, my right hand became my sole means of sexual relief. I also became a lot closer to my sister-in-law Letty, who is a widow of 57. About a year ago, I confessed to her that I really missed having a sexual relationship with a woman, and she agreed to let me into her bed for a cuddle, but nothing more. She said this would be relaxing for her, but she wouldn't let me have sex with her, and always kept her knickers on even when I was naked in bed. She didn't object to me fondling her breasts, and didn't seem to mind me pressing my penis against her thighs, or spurting all over them when I climaxed, which always happened on these fortnightly cuddles.

Recently I met a divorced lady in her early fifties called Irene, who seemed rather lonely, like me, but it wasn't till she allowed me to take her home that I discovered she lived almost opposite Letty. Irene allowed me to have full sex with her that night, and I was very much looking forward to seeing her again, but Letty found out in next to no time and I had a visit from my niece who told me a shocking tale about how Letty confronted Irene and the two women fought in the street. By the time the neighbours parted them, both women were apparently trying to pull each other's hair out.

I went to see Letty but she was very cool towards me. She blamed me for the whole thing and shut the door on me. I saw Irene in the pub soon after, and she pointed out a couple of bruises on her legs and spoke as if I were responsible for Letty's behaviour, and refused to let me explain everything.

I'm very sad that my relationship with Irene only lasted one night, and I also hate the thought of losing Letty's kind affection. I did think of writing individual explanations to both women, but I'm not really sure what I ought to say. If a woman would go as far as to fight with another woman over a man, how can she be so cool to him afterwards? *A.L., Manchester.*

«By the time the neighbours parted them, the two women were trying to pull each other's hair out . . .»

Oh dear – it never rains but it pours! I expect that, at the moment, it's the street-fight that is causing the ladies most pain and embarrassment. They are probably appalled at the way they behaved in public, in front of the neighbours too! Both must long to be able to forget all about it, including what led up to it. Since they live so close to each other, the incident must be continually brought back in all its shaming detail. It probably helps calm the horrors of each woman to be able to blame the other, and you, for the brawl.

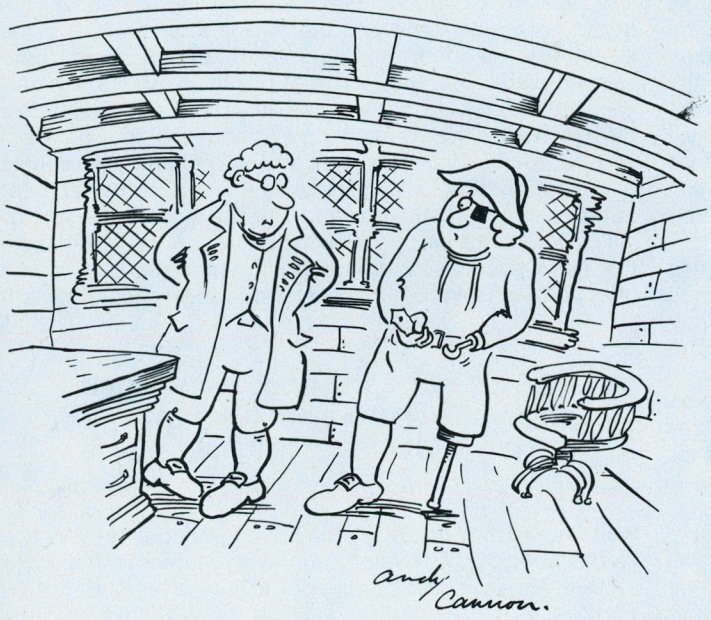
Perhaps it's best not to try explaining anything in writing just now, but you might try dropping a friendly note to your sister-in-law suggesting that you meet for a chat. If she agrees to, it's worth just listening, playing it by ear and trying to soothe her ruffled feelings rather than launching into explanations or protestations of your innocence as you don't know yet what she feels you did wrong originally. It's likely those fortnightly "cuddles" were more meaningful to her than they were to you. Try meeting Irene too. It's quite likely that both are still suffering from too strong a mixture of embarrassment and hurt pride to see you, but at least try.

On the plus side – you seem to be in fine health sexually, and if these two ladies felt so strongly about you, others will too. I'm sure you'll bear in mind that people don't necessarily become more sensible or less possessive as they get older! Love, Jayne.

Dear Gorgeous Auntie Jayne,
Could you please help me – my problem is I'm too submissive. My girlfriend is 24 and I'm 19. She won't let me have sex with her at all, but if she sees me getting worked up when I take her home and kiss her goodnight, she pulls up her skirt, pulls out my cock and starts to wank me. She pulls me close to her until I come off down her legs. She also thinks nothing of wanking me off in front of her girlfriends, and smacks my bare bottom in front of them when they come round for a chat – they think it's good fun. Can you give me some advice? *Your admirer, S.B., Bradford.*

The question really is: do you think it's good fun? Your girlfriend enjoys dominating you, and your docility allows her to express that side of her sexual nature. I don't know if she will always behave like this with every man she gets involved with – there are certainly many men around who would enjoy it very much. If you aren't one of them, and would really rather have a more equal relationship with a girl, I think you should find yourself another one; but, if you like it, lie back and revel! Love, Jayne.

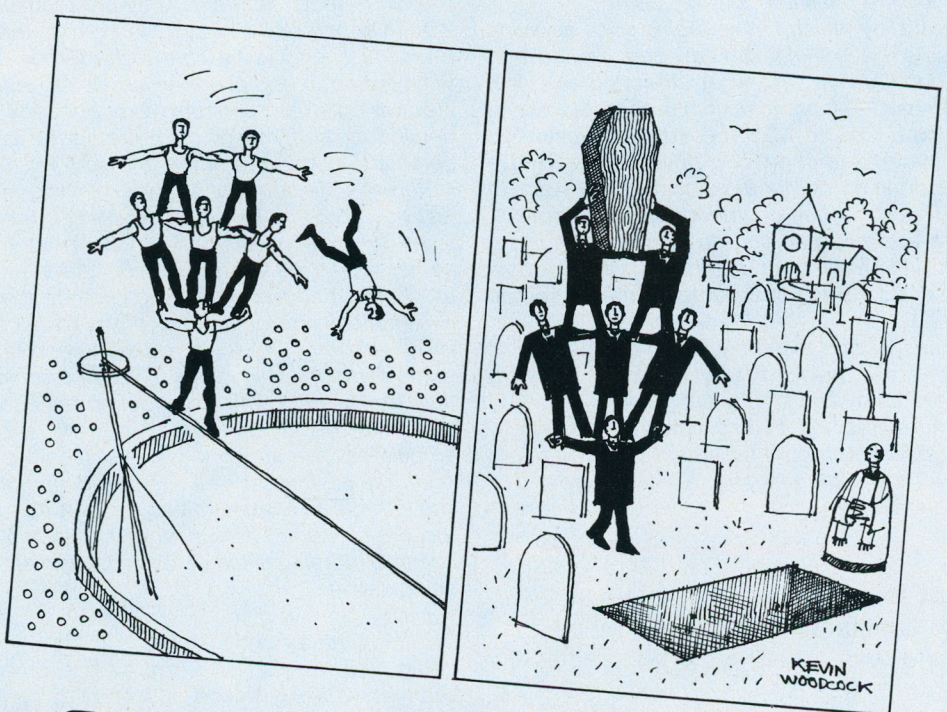
ONLY WHEN I LARF

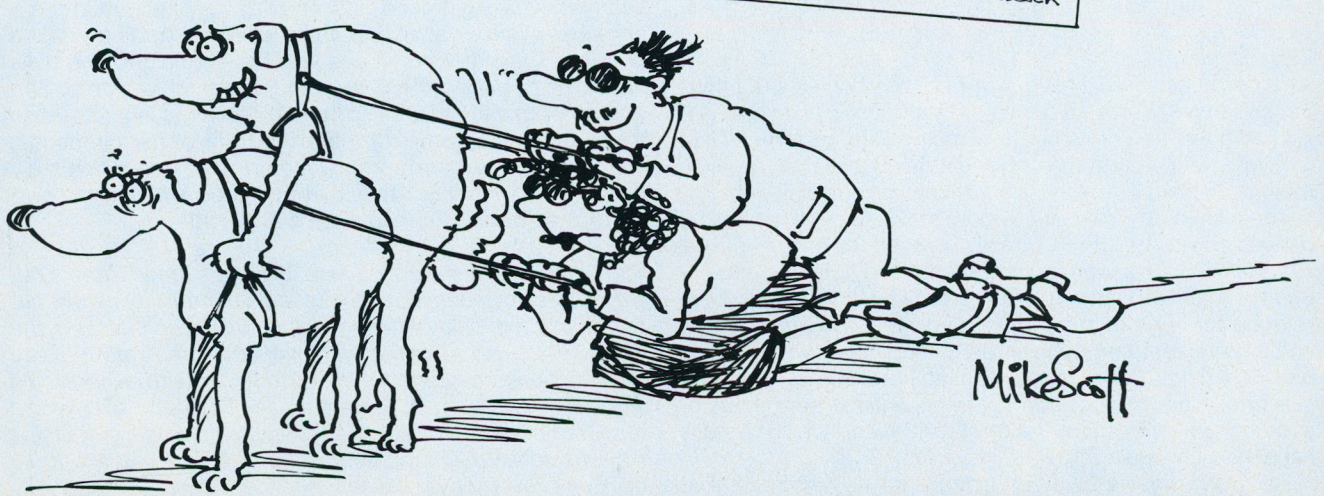


"– not piles exactly, Cap'n, but you must stop scratching your bum with your hook . . ."



"Is that your last request – a good fart?"





Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

interested in my opinion, I think it is jolly cruel. Julia Jones, Secretary to the Editor.

A Warning

This lady is Fiona who is secretary and P.A. to my younger brother, Andy. I enclose on his behalf 3 shots of Fiona taken outside Andy's luxury flat in Horsham. Andy and Fiona, who both work for an engineering firm were celebrating a new Saudi contract to supply a new plant. After a very liquid lunch, Fiona and Andy returned to the flat for a "brandy" and Fiona, – 5'7" 38"-25"-38", 22 years of age, decided that it was time for celebration photos. Photo no.1 was just a raised skirt against the neighbour's Jag – but photo no.2 was an exhibition of rare cheek! This was followed by, and I quote randy Andy . . . "A spanking good ride." *P.H. (full name and address withheld), N. Yorkshire.*

I am for ever warning girls about the perils of strong drink and this is just the sort of thing I mean. You agree to go to a man's house for "brandy", then you get randy, then you get Andy, then you wake up with an awful headache. Julia Jones, Secretary to the Editor.

Only natural

I should like through the medium of your columns to express my sincere and grateful thanks to you and the beautiful ladies who feature in your magazine displaying their beautiful bodies. There are many beautiful things in nature and many beautiful things are also created by artists or craftsmen, but to my mind nothing can exceed the beauty of a lovely naked female.

If it was not for your magazine and others, I would never be able to see these beautiful ladies and I would therefore be deprived of much pleasure.

As a nudist I have never been able to understand why the majority of people in this country seem to find a naked body to be rude or in any way objectionable and similarly I cannot see why anyone should be shy or embarrassed to appear in the nude themselves. I consider that on our beaches it should be left entirely to an individual whether or not he or she wears a swim suit or not, it should be regarded as a human right. I am sure that if this was permitted, it would very soon be accepted as the 'norm' and no eyebrows would be raised.

It has been my experience on beaches abroad that anyone coming across a beach of nudists and seeing how innocent it all is, after only a moment's hesitation they too join in and soon wonder why on earth they have never done it before. After all, there are only two sexes in the world admittedly with an infinite number of variations on a theme, but what harm is there in it?

To get back to the original subject of my letter, may I once again thank all you ladies with beautiful bodies who are willing to be photgraphed in the nude and do not selfishly hide your beauty. *J.H. (full name and address withheld by request), Lancs.*



celebrating a new Saudi contract to supply a new plant. After a very liquid lunch, Fiona and Andy returned to the flat for a "brandy" and Fiona, – 5'7" 38"-25"-38", 22 years of

Shower's yours

Having recently purchased my first copy of *Escort*, may I take this opportunity to congratulate you?

The issue in question is vol.3 no.5. I was particularly interested in the sexual fantasy of Mrs. B.C. of Nottingham, a very sexy 36-year-old married woman who dreams of showering with and teasing a young man of 19.

Does Mrs. B.C. know how eager myself, or my young friends are to participate in making her dream become a reality?

No doubt, this lady would delight in stripping me naked and persuading me to join her in the shower, true she may pleasure in soaping me with her titties and coaxing my inexperienced winkle to a soapy erection. I would shoot my sperm prematurely, perhaps reaching her titties and maybe her face as well.

However, has Mrs. B.C considered that she may be satisfied with this Mrs. C.B. teasing, yet young men retain their erections, lust after climax and my stalk would still be aroused and throbbing in acclaim of her mature nakedness?

Therefore despite her husband being only in the next room, I would simply force her down into the the shower bowl, command her to kneel on all fours and manoeuvre myself behind her. Proudly, I would present my erection underneath her backside and with a further thrust penetrate her vagina.

I think there would be little resistance as I shafted her under the spray of the shower.

Unfortunately, being young and not having the experience to retain my sperm, and excited beyond relief at the feeling of this nude woman beneath me, I would pump my seed deep into her sex-craved womb.

Perhaps she would delight at my lust and climaxing with squeals of fulfillment, she would accept my offer of sperm.

Would Mrs. B.C. plead with her husband not to beat me and throw me out for taking advantage of his lovely wife? I trust that they would both let me sleep within their marriage bed for the night.

After her husband and myself have removed her showercap and lovingly

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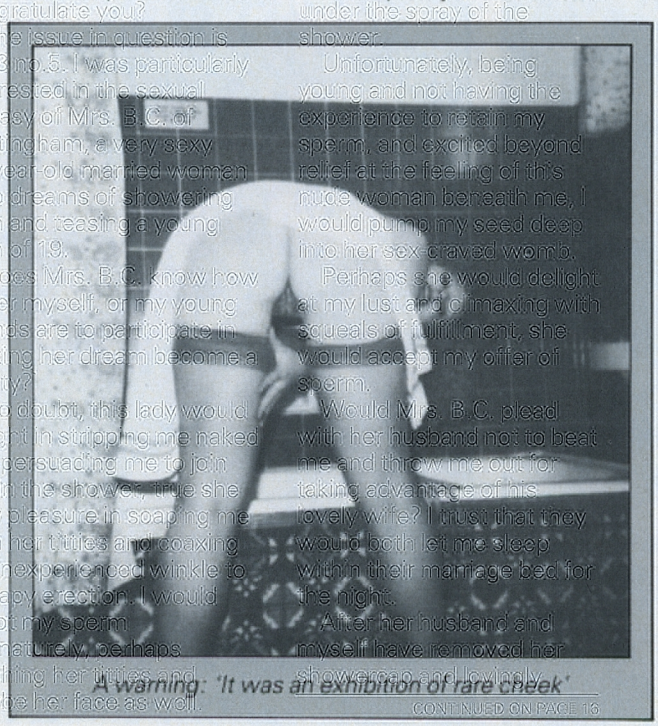
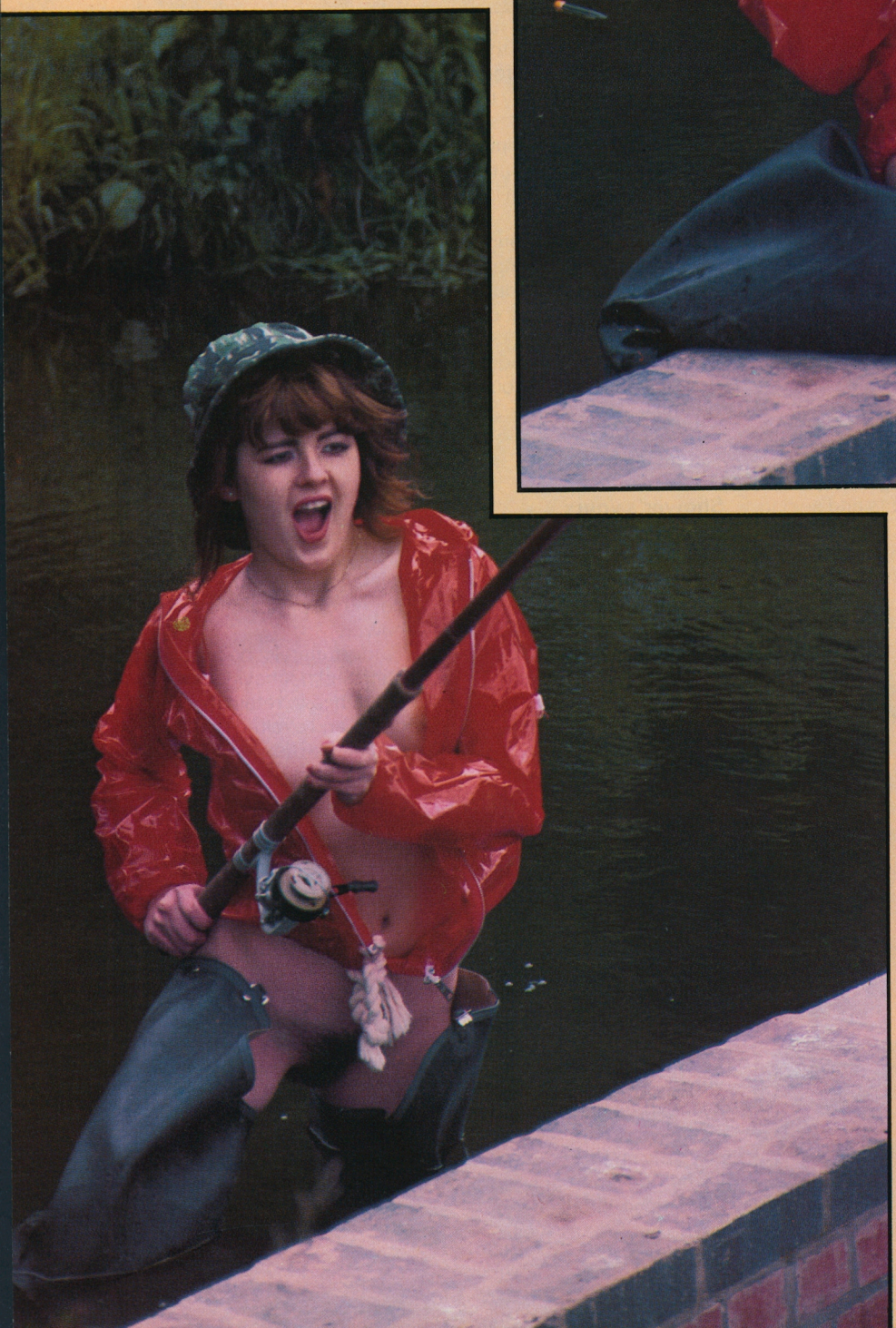


A warning: 'It was an exhibition of rare cheek'



Sue, 34-24-36, 21, Birmingham. Here's a few curves for you anglers. Sue's never modelled or fished before, but tells us she's always had a soft spot for big wellies.









SUE

Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

dried her with a towel, we would probably take her to bed keeping her tightly between our bodies and taking turns to have further intercourse and just generally sucking, caressing and biting this fantastic lady.

Trusting that you will publish my letter and that Mrs. B.C. derives great pleasure in reading my correspondence. Perhaps then she will realise that she and ladies like her are very much in demand for young studs like myself. *C.P. (full name and address withheld by request), Peterborough.*

Amatuer Joyce

Having read the letter "Dentist's Cheer" from D.B. of Retford, (Escort vol.3 no.5), I felt I had to write to you myself in respect of the comments made on Joyce P. of Doncaster.

It is indeed true what D.B. of Retford says about Joyce – she really is a sexy, friendly lady who does have the ability to make you squirm behind your camera.

I am fortunate to have known Joyce a considerable length of time, and to have been able to photograph her on many occasions, and each time, she has made me feel at ease.

I have the highest regard for Joyce and would recommend her to any photographer – amateur or professional. How about sending your photographer Wilson to shoot a pictorial on Joyce and feature it in *Escort?*

I have enclosed two prints of Joyce which I hope you will use which were taken at our first ever session. *J.H. (full name and address withheld by request), Sheffield.*

Joyce seems to have her hands full with you lot, J.H. – Dunno why you want Wilson to muscle in and spoil her amateur status.

Anyway, apart from that, so much material has been submitted on or by her that we're soon going to be able to launch a fantastic BEST OF JOYCE P. ESCORT SPECIAL – ed.

Sex after marriage

I should first like to congratulate the staff of *Escort* on producing such a fine magazine.

Both my husband and I thought that a letter from a woman with regard to our experience may be helpful in saving another couple's marriage.

Several months ago our marriage nearly failed, and I am sad to say it was mostly my fault as I had always considered our sex life to be satisfactory. My husband was not exactly sex-starved, although he wanted more. Once or twice a week kept me contented other than the occasional wank about once a month when I felt bored and would then read one of your magazines.

Over the years my husband has bought me a nice selection of expensive underwear, including cami-knickers and silk stockings.

Several times my husband has also enquired if I ever fantasised or masturbated to which I answered, no. Basically my problem was my attitude to sex. Men quite normally like to make love to attractive and attractively dressed women and at times to be tempted by provocative movements, talk or whatever; also to make love when the need arises and to assert his dominance and the lady's receptiveness by allowing him to undress her partitially or completely.

I am afraid that I had behaved contradictory to all of these points and as much as he loved me, I was slowly killing his sex drive towards me and ultimately his love.

I always rebutted his advances with pathetic excuses unless we were in bed. Then I always removed my make-up and put in rollers and walked around in a floor length practical dressing gown. He very rarely saw me naked, let alone, except on very rare occasions, wear any of the seductive underwear. I always wanted sex on my back. I was never the instigator or temptress and I never had the courage to tell my husband of my fantasies or of wanting to masturbate while watching him come off all over my breasts as I climax.

However, after watching a film recently on television *In Praise of Older Women* and having a few drinks, I plucked up enough courage to confess my fantasies (in the dark) and my husband told me a few I had not known before.

Our lives and our sex lives are now great, I have never been so relaxed, and frequently wear more attractive underwear and have abandoned tights all-together. I love tempting him by showing him a bit of stocking top and telling him to wait until bedtime (I usually want to give in before then). Everything has now changed for the better. I still prefer sex on my back but now the light is on and I can get my husband to come twice in one glorious session almost guaranteeing a tremendous climax for me with him still urgently fucking me.

I love him fucking my breasts and also sucking me off. Last night I finally admitted to my husband a long dark secret. When I had just left school at 16, I had a lesbian affair with a close friend of mine. It was not true lesbianism it was just a way to rid ourselves of sexual frustration. We would occasionally satisfy each other sexually by pretending to each other to be a boy. My husband was very roused on hearing this and he soundly "punished" me by giving me a very sound fucking.

So come on ladies, bare your minds as well as your bodies to your husbands and he likewise will reward you with his secrets, it's all very revealing. They say that about 1 to 5 women have had a lesbian experience and most men are turned on by this idea. Also nearly 1 in 4 marriages end in divorce and a major factor being sexual problems leading to extra-marital affairs etc. The more you put in the more you get out!

We also discuss, in a mild

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37



Amateur Joyce: 'She really is a sexy, friendly lady'

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The Polaroid Strip

Quite a few W. Yorks. beauty spots are contained within the 36-26-36 of 20-year-old Sharon, who Showed Us Hers in vol. 2 no. 8, then Did It again for Photographer Wilson in vol. 2 no. 10. These polaroids were taken by her *personal* photographer, boyfriend J.T., the lucky sod. Writes Sharon: "The best thing about *my* photographer is that he *isn't* under oath not to screw his model – we never manage to finish a photo session without stopping for a bit." Don't even try, is our advice. Who else could look so gorgeous in a bin bag?





















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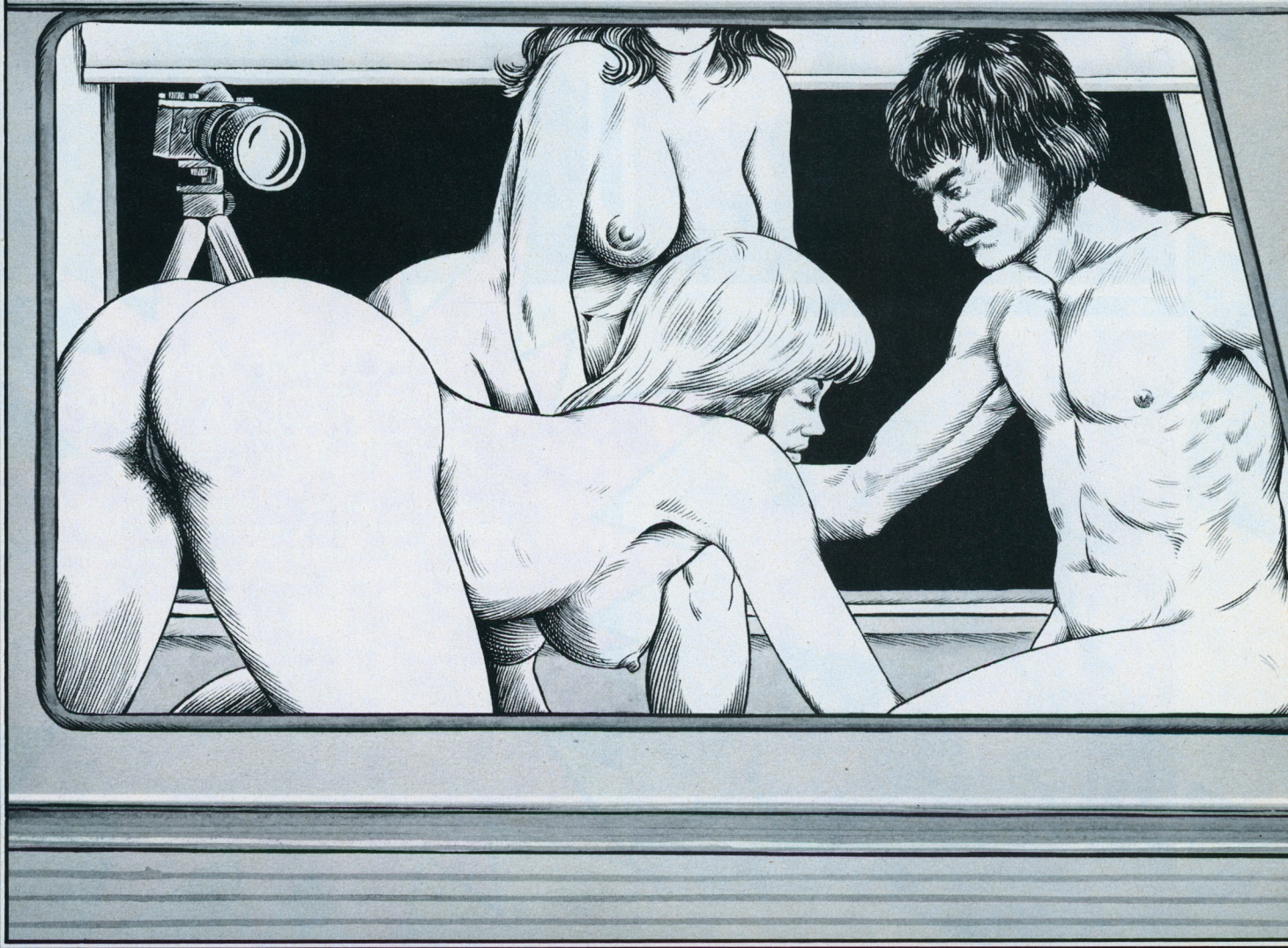
Caravan on

Caravans – whether fully motorised, immobile luxury homes or simply run-down family retreats kept in some obliging farmer's seaside field – occupy a unique position in the British way of life. Cheaper than a hotel or rented holiday home, more comfortable than a tent – though just as mobile – and private enough for the most intimate kind of activity. Activity, as in the case of Bob, now in his late twenties and a draughtsman in the Southampton area, like seduction by an older woman.

'Her first name was June – she was of average height, dark hair, what I call soft features without being incredibly attractive, but nice – a nice figure too. I thought she was in her thirties when I first saw her. In fact she was forty. She lived on a large



Yes men, when the Feels on Wheels brigade hits the bank holiday roads, it's not just the temperature of the motorists stuck behind them that are quick to rise.

up the Campsite

caravan site in Dorset where my family used to rent a caravan at least once a year. I only went down once after my fourteenth birthday, when I was 20 – my last "family" holiday, just before some exams I was doing. The idea was I'd stay on a few days after my parents had gone home to do some hard revision. My mother knew June and I got to know her doing all sorts of odd repair jobs for her. Her husband was supposed to be working away but everyone seemed to believe he'd pushed off.

After my parents had gone. I had a couple of days to myself and started going on long, seaside walks. One afternoon I overdid the distance and fell arse over tit when I tried to climb an old cliff path. Then on the way back there was a rainstorm. I was only wearing a shirt and jeans. I was sopping by the time I got back to the site. Then I found I'd dropped the caravan key. Night was falling, the storm was getting worse and the only person I knew well on the site was June. So I knocked on her door.

'She was very brisk and kind, gave me a whisky and insisted on rushing out to the camp shop, which stayed open late, because she didn't have enough food for two. I felt terrible about that but she wouldn't have any argument. I was to get all my wet clothes off, wrap myself in towels and get warm. And she'd gone. So I pulled all the curtains, stripped off and started looking for some big towels. There weren't that many cupboards but all I could find were hand towels. So after five minutes or so I gave it a rest – I knew I had a good half hour before June got back, the shop was on the far side of the site. At that age a glimpse of cleavage would give me a cock like a gear stick and wandering around starkers in what obviously became the bedroom of a reasonably attractive woman pretty soon had the same effect. I didn't intend to do anything about it. In fact as soon as I was up I was afraid I wouldn't soften up again before she got back. What I hadn't counted on, of course, was that she'd borrow some food off a friend a couple of rows away.

'I didn't even hear her come in. The first I knew was the click of the door shutting, and there was June, arms full of tins, gaping at me. I was standing, bollock naked, cock at full mast, looking at what looked like a holiday snap of June in a bikini, resting on a side surface. I didn't even have a hand towel within reach! You have nightmares about situations like that, where you think you'll crawl under the nearest bed or clap your hands over your cock. But I was just paralysed – it was like being dunked in an ice shower.

'She looked, but to my amazement she hardly batted an eyelid. She just put down her shopping and said, "I see you didn't find the bath towels, then." Then I started as she came towards me, reached past and pulled out a drawer under a

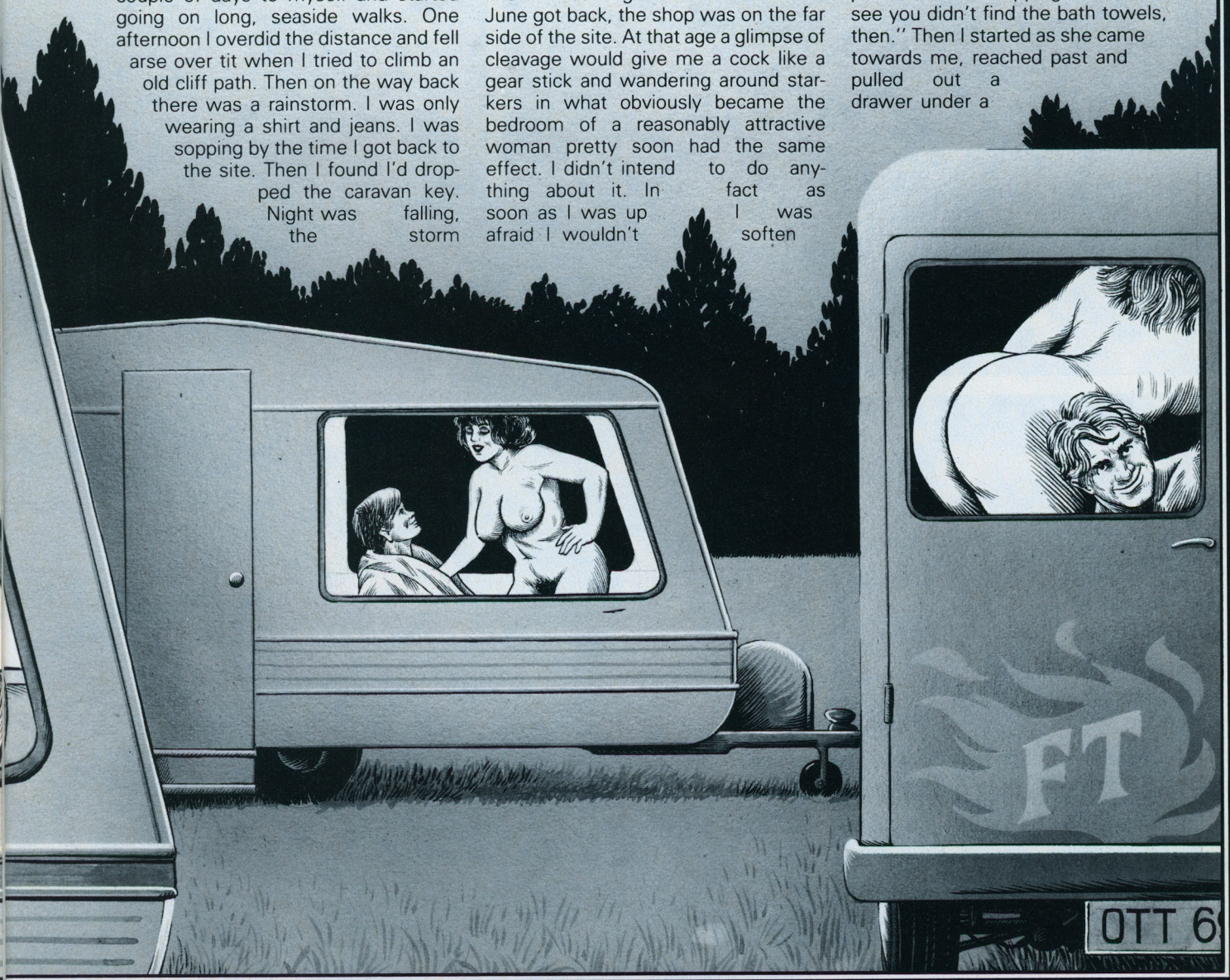


Illustration by Russell Barnett



MANDY

Mandy, 36-25-36, 19, London. Mandy admits that she's particularly keen on servicemen, and since she's the mascot of the 492nd Fighter Group, US Air Force, seems some servicemen are keen on her too.













CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Caravan on up the Campsite

side bench. I started to apologise, but she cut in, "Look, love, you can wander round how you like, it doesn't bother me. I *am* a married woman, you know. But you'll be a damn sight warmer in these." She handed me up two big towels and I flung them round myself. Then she went back to the kitchen end and smiled for the first time. "Don't look so worried," she said. "You got nothing to be ashamed of there."

'I didn't know what to make of that – I was literally red all over with embarrassment. But June was so incredibly normal she brought me down to earth, and my cock down too. I helped her get the meal ready, set up the table, opened some wine she found. By the time we were eating I'd almost forgotten I was sitting there with just towels on. It turned into a really good evening.

'She decided I'd no choice but to stay and fetch a locksmith in the morning and she made up a bed in the kitchen/diner end. Then I got into bed, she pulled the partition across her bedroom end and I lay in the dark listening to her undress. Things were more tense then – at least for me. We'd got on really well and I kept wondering if I ought to do anything about it. But she was a mature woman, a friend of my mother! Et cetera, et cetera. I just lay there, nursing another hard-on.

'Then after half an hour or so I heard her get up and the partition slipped open. I saw her ease past in very dim light from a lamp outside. She was in a kind of gauzy, thigh-length nightie thing – I got a glimpse of very shapely bare legs. She poured herself some water from the sink then she turned and there was obviously enough light for her to see my eyes open. "Oh I didn't mean to wake you, love. Must be all that wine making me thirsty." I told her I'd been awake and she offered me a glass too. I said yes and she brought it over."

'When I look back I honestly don't know if I took that as a come-on or not, but I reached up my arm with the vague idea of patting her back, reassuringly I suppose. But in the dark the first thing I touched was the side of her tit, feeling very full through her nightie and with a nipple as stiff as a bullet. She gave a shuddery sigh and I froze. But she turned and sat on the edge of my bed. I couldn't even see her face clearly. "Bob," she said very quietly after a minute," when I found you earlier you were looking at a picture of me in my bikini. Was that what made you like you were?" My head was buzzing by now, I couldn't even think straight. I said I thought she looked very attractive.

'I felt her move on the bed, then the sheet lifted and I nearly shot through the roof when I felt her hand on my thigh. I felt it move over to my lap and then jumped as a finger tip reached the base of my root, which was close to bursting by now. She sighed again. "Would you have done anything," she whispered, "if I hadn't come back. To yourself, I mean?" I hissed, quite truthfully, that I probably would. Then her hand moved away again, which was a huge disappointment, until she said,



«I was standing bollock naked, cock at half mast, looking at a snap of her»

"You're a silly billy, aren't you, when you can have the real thing. I thought you were going to jump on me when I saw you like that. Here, help me off with this nightie."

'And, unbelievably, it was all happening. I was pulling the thing over her head, feeling the soft weight of her tits against my fingers, the warm curve of her silky thighs, the rasp of her pussy hair, smelling her rich, musky perfume. She giggled as I ran my hands over her naked body in the darkness, then her hand found my cock again, drew it down into the damp warmth of her pussy as she straddled me. And I was sliding into her satiny soft cleft, having the breath sucked out of me, then my come as I spunked into her after about three strokes. I made up for that later!

'I can't say I did much revision for the rest of that week, but I learned a hell of a lot. If every caravan holiday was like that I think I'd live in one permanently!'

May, now 34 and living with her boyfriend and his two children in council accommodation in the Liverpool area, did live permanently in a caravan park, for nearly three years, and carries away memories at least as erotic. She even has a photo album to remind her, though most of the photographs are too explicit to be published in this country.

May grins as she shows a colour photograph of herself kneeling over a muscular, bearded man lying on his back on the carpeted floor of a caravan. She is wearing only dark, self-supporting stockings and the man is naked and erect, the tip of his cock visibly penetrating her wide-spread pussy. Behind her a younger man with a moustache, also naked, is pushing a large, thickly veined erection into the same orifice with some success.

'Two for the price of one!' May laughs. 'I thought I was going to die with that one. But when they both went off together . . .! I had so much bloody sex in that place. I wish I'd charged for it.

'The fellow on his back is my ex-husband, Malcolm – typical position for him, the lazy sod. The one with the big personality is Gordon.

'My randy little Malcolm and his chum Les got it all started. They were camera freaks. I thought it was just a harmless hobby, something to keep them out the boozer. Les and Gordon were already on the site when we got a caravan just after we got married. We were waiting for a council house. I was 27 – 28 – then, Malcolm was 33, though he'd been divorced. I had all these good intentions – the ideal little wife. I'd lived with four other blokes before and I'd always had friends on the side, but all that was going to stop.

Malcolm mentioned in passing that Les's wife Irene was helping them out. I knew her reasonably well – a pretty girl, Indian-looking. Then one day I found some of the pictures Malcolm and Les had been taking. They were of Irene and they weren't the sort you'd show to the vicar. Topless or nude would have been hairy in my book but this was under the counter stuff – open legs, fingers up, you name it. There was no way two fellows were getting pictures like this without a lot more going on as well. So I had it out with my faithful little hubby. I'll give Malcolm one thing – he was a rotten liar. He was soon telling me Les and Irene had quite a little scene going. Irene was fucking Gordon – who I'd spoken to a few times and really fancied – and Les had taken pictures of them at it. He'd even invited Malcolm along once. I told him, "You're not just a wanker like him. You've bloody had her too, haven't you?" Oh no, he said. All he'd done was strip off with her and mess about a bit. So I made him show me the pictures. He had them hidden in the car boot. I suppose you could call being sucked off by a naked woman "messing about" but I was bloody annoyed.

'That was the end of my dutiful wife bit. There were a couple of pictures of Gordon too and he had one of the nicest male bodies I'd ever seen, quite apart from his obvious attraction. So I knew where to go next, and I had no qualms about treading on Irene's toes – you don't have it off with the love of your life in front of your husband.

'I got talking to Gordon, casually to start with, but giving him a good idea I liked his company. I could tell he wasn't upset by the idea. Then one afternoon I asked him round to look at a leaky tap – plumbing was his trade. I was doing pub work in the evenings so I was home all day. I offered him a beer when he'd finished and I told him I was one of his greatest fans. He didn't know what I was on about. "You know," I said, "your photographic work. I think you've got a real flair for it." He still thought I was joking, so I brought out one of Les's photos of him bollock naked with a real corker of a stand on. I love being dead cheeky. I said, "You've got a very impressive result there, but I reckon you could improve on it – with the right sort of encouragement . . ."

'We were on the carpet in two minutes flat. I was half an hour late for work, nearly lost my job and went around bow-legged for a day afterwards! He was a bloody marvel. We must have done it half a dozen ways. We screwed front ways, back ways, standing, sitting, leaning over the sink unit – I had cream out of him three times, more than I'd ever had out of Malcolm even in the early days. And the incredible thing was how quickly he got hard again.

'Meanwhile Malcolm and I had patched things up a bit so I hinted to him I'd only really been upset at what he'd done because he hadn't asked me to join in. We agreed I'd be there for their next photograph party.

«I ran my hands over her naked body in the darkness, then her hand found my cock»

'We fixed up a dinner with Les and Irene at their caravan which was the biggest and Gordon turned up. You could tell the fellows were just bursting to get started – I've never seen plates vanish so fast when Les suggested we got ready for a little photo-session.



'Les was taking the pictures but he didn't get much because Irene and I were clowning around too much. Then, when we'd both got our knickers off, we demanded Gordon join in. That's when it got a bit heavier. We were both all over him – he must have thought it was his lucky day! First it was just kisses and cuddles then Irene started stroking his cock. Next minute she was sucking him off and by all the attention he was giving her pussy it was obvious who was going to get the top of the cream. So I was naughty and tongued a bit too, and he splashed all over Irene's face. Les and Malcolm thought that was fantastic. Then Les wanted Malcolm to have a go with me.

«I was a bit naughty and tongued a bit too, and he splashed all over her face»

'It's odd but I was really surprised he did. I don't mind what I show but Malcolm had never been one to wander around starkers. He stripped off and we got down on the carpet. And it was awful. Embarrassing – and it takes a lot to embarrass me. He put on a show, a big act. He was burbling away, "Oh May, you're so gorgeous – your tits are so fantastic – let me kiss your nipples – let me touch your pussy – let me!" I was squirming away, willing him to shoot his load. I really felt like an idiot. I only did it with him in front of the others once more while we were there. I just didn't want to.

'With Gordon it wasn't like that at all. He was passionate alright, but it was always a laugh, which was all I wanted. Luckily he came back in with us that night so four of us were writhing about on the floor, laughing our heads off. I managed to get him on top of me and catch hold of his cock and pull it in, and we were fucking before Malcolm or Irene knew what was up. He made me come too – very loudly! Anyway it's all over now. I still think about Gordon – he's in the Gulf now. It was worth getting a reputation as the caravan park pushover – which I did! – for the good times we had in our tin box!

Two Birmingham born 25-year-olds – Trevor and Fergus – a garage mechanic and car salesman, respectively, became caravan casanovas in a much more systematic way. 'We both sold our cars, got hold of a secondhand Dormobile very cheaply and customised it,' Fergus explains. 'We put in extra springing, widened the wheel arches for extra wide tyres, padded the inside with dark red satin material I got from a relative and turned most of the floor space into one big soft bed. We had a mate of Trev's who did custom paint jobs to spray the body with the initials "F T". All the women we picked up wanted to know what it stood for. We used to tell them it meant "Fuck Truck"

'We picked up two American girls once who took one look in the back and started romping around in there on their own. The next thing we knew they were into some kind of Lesbian number, so Ferg and I took turns driving while the other nipped in the back and helped them out. We screwed them solid from Reading to Exeter and by the time we dropped them off I felt as if my cock had been through a mangle. Sometimes I'm really depressed we still haven't got it to nip off in, but we've both got regular ladies now and one of the first requirements was "get rid of that bloody passion wagon, or else!"●

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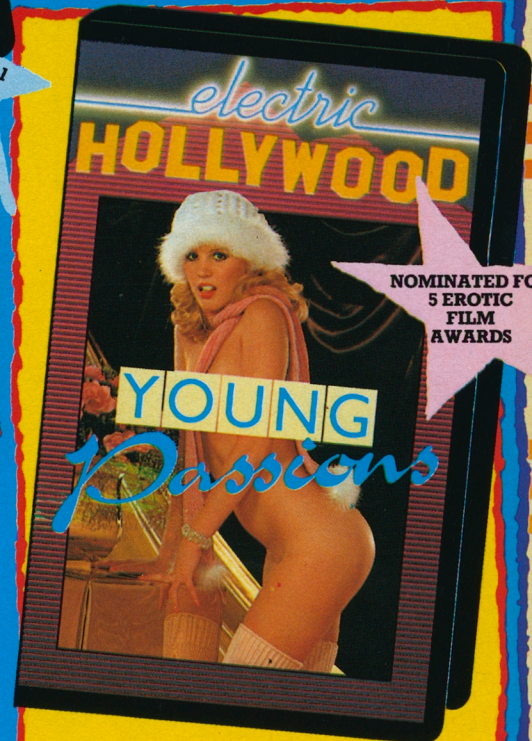

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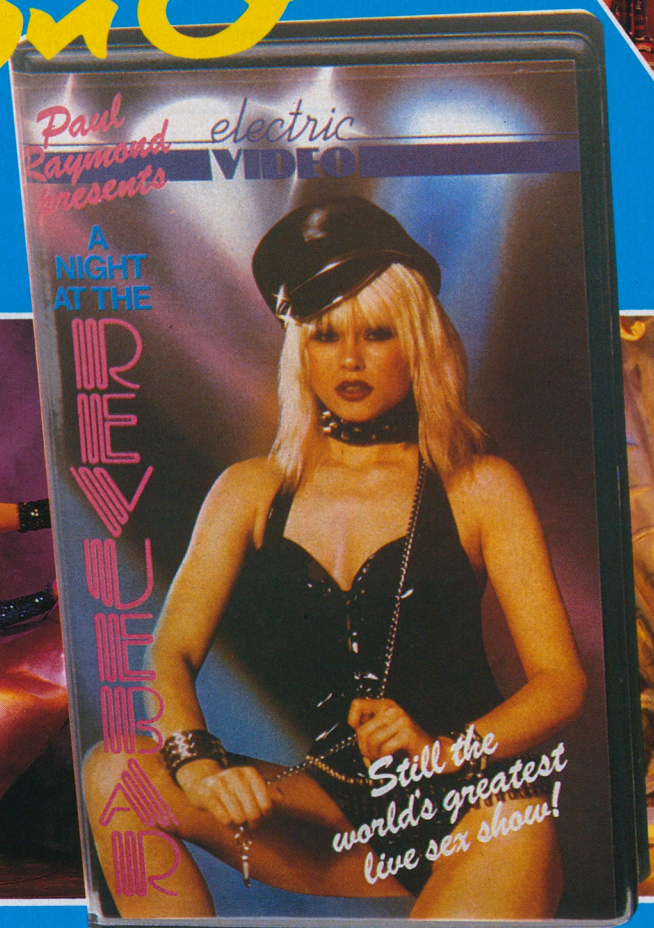

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The Peephole Show

Who could resist the facination of peeping into a lady's bedroom? Not randy old Chandler McDonald, that's for sure

I got the idea when Alf from the paint shop started telling us about the woman in the house opposite him who stripped off every night without pulling the curtains. He was waxing a bit poetic about it, so I went one better and told the lads about the girl in the bedsit next to mine.

"Get out," said Charlie.

"Pull the other one, it's got bells on," said Bob.

"A tenner says he's lying," said Alf, which is exactly what I hoped he would say. Alf spends more time in the Bookmaker's than the paint shop.

"You're on," I told him. "Anybody else want to put his money where his mouth is?"

Fifty quid! At that rate. . . .seven nights a week. . . . .yes, I ought to be able to pay my overdraft off with my winnings from the lads at the factory! If I could keep it going long enough, I might even be able to get myself some new wheels. It was a big factory.

I don't know who drilled those holes in the partition. I found them when I moved the wardrobe. Maybe the bloke who had that dump before me preferred to watch instead of getting in on the action, because young Alice was what you might call a bit on the passionate side, and she definitely had trouble saying 'no'. I'd been in there a few times myself. I'd also watched the action a few times, standing on a kitchen chair.

My punters arrived on the dot at the appointed time, and the six of us sat around for a while, enjoying my bonus, which was free beer. Canned, true, but free beer always tastes better than the stuff you pay for.

"I don't think she's going to turn up," said Alf, peeping through one of the holes for the umpteenth time.

"'Course she is," I assured him. A door slammed, and everything went quiet.

"Who's first?" Alf was, of course.

> «She's got her hand inside her panties . . . and . . . yes she's taking them right off»

There were two holes, but only one chair. I'd have to do something about that.

"Bloody 'ell!" Alf gasped. There was a struggle to get him off the chair, which he won with his size twelve hobnails.

"Come on, what's she doing?" Alf turned a pair of bulging eyeballs in our direction, and his voice shook.

"He was right, she's been shopping. She's washing a cucumber!"

"Probably going to make a sandwich," muttered Charlie. "It's just your dirty mind, mate!"

"I'm not the only one," said Alf, "or I'd be here on my own, wouldn't I?"

"I'm only here to collect my winnings. . . . ." Charlie started to say.

> «I liberated her breasts and got to work on them with my teeth»

"You aren't going to have any," Alf whispered. Bob caught him by surprise and replaced him on the chair.

"What's she doing?" someone asked. Bob gulped.

"She's sitting in front of the dressing table, looking at herself in the mirror. . . .Blimey! She's got her tits out!"

"Where's the cucumber?" Alf asked.

"On the dressing table!"

"Funny place for a cucumber. . . . ."

"Ohmigawd, she's wearing stockings!"

"Half a minute, Bob."

"Wait . . . . she's . . . . ."

"Time's up. Don't worry she'll be at it for half an hour at least."

"Are you sure?"

"Course I'm sure. Anyway, you've seen enough to settle the bet, haven't you?" I was beginning to realise that they would be quite willing to pay for the sort of show Alice put on, bet or no bet. Yes, why not? Maybe I could even sell tickets . . . . . .

"What's happening?" asked Ernie.

"She's got her skirt up . . .and she's . . . . she's . . . ."

"What? What?"

"She's got her hand inside her panties . . . . and . . . . yes, she's taking them right off!"

"Time's up, Charlie!"

"Has she done anything with that cucumber yet?" I asked, out of curiousity.

"No, she's just leaning back with her feet up on the dressing table . . . . no . . . . she's opened her eyes . . . . she's picked it up . . . . she's . . . . going over to the bed!"

"Time's up!"

Absolute silence fell. At least now the blokes in the queue had something to occupy them while they waited. The bedsprings started squeaking, and we could faintly hear Alice going into top gear.

"The sodding bed's round the wrong way!" True, but you could still see quite a lot. The sounds became more frantic, and I reduced the standing on the chair time to one minute. Nobody called for the shop steward. There was a tapping on the partition as Alice's bedhead knocked against it.

"Any second now," I said. "Your turn, Alf!"

The tapping grew louder and faster,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Illustration by Russell Coulson



Jenny





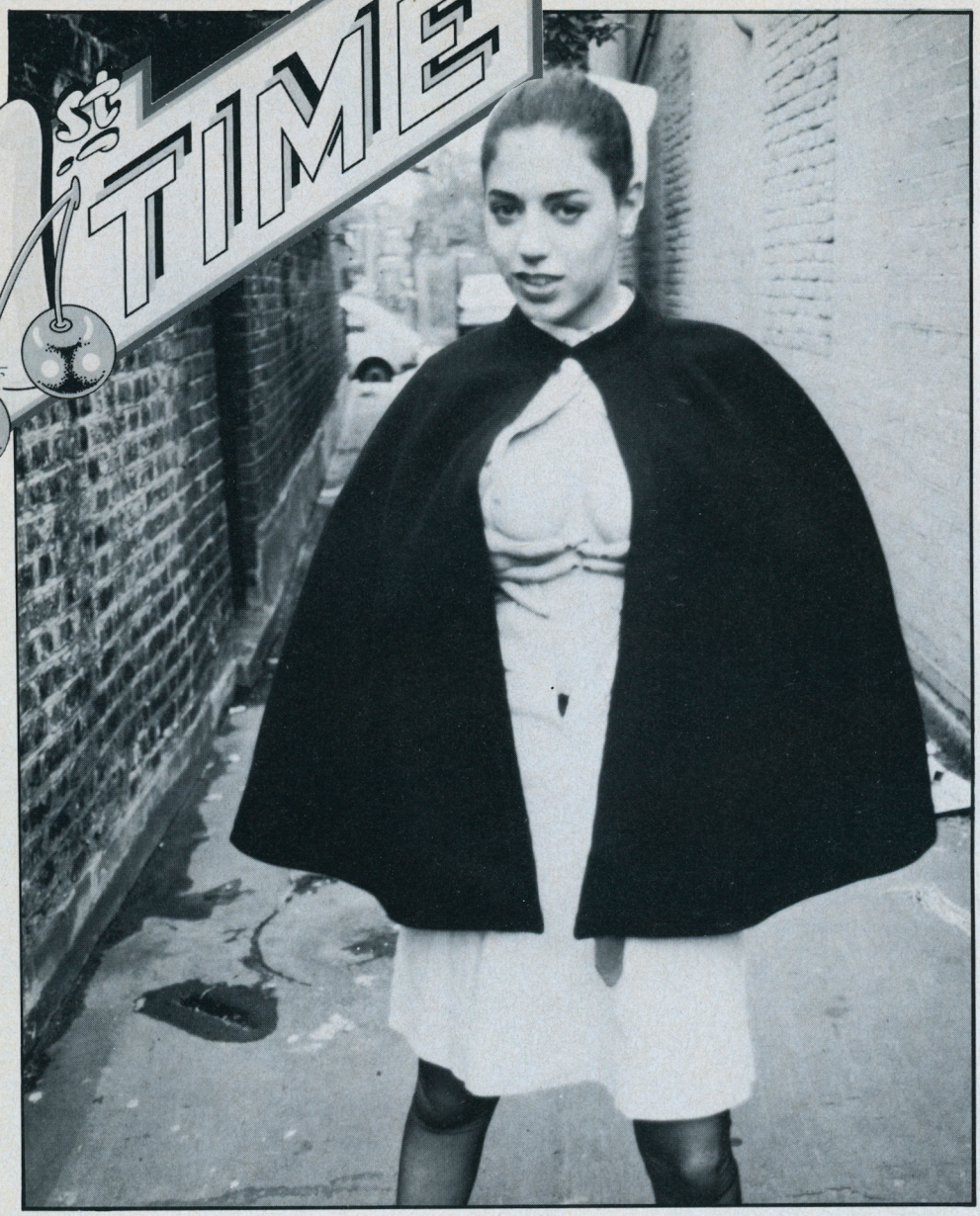


Jenny, 34-24-36, ?, Ipswich.
R.F. of Ipswich wrote in to *Escort* in raptures about his wife – her personality, her face, her figure, her hair – especially her pubic hair, which R. told us was too good to miss. "I've never seen any like it anywhere," he said. "It's gorgeously thick and soft. I just sink my nose into it and I'm a happy man." We asked Jenny to say a few words, but she refused even to tell us her age. "I've seen his letter and my pictures," she said, "and we've revealed enough. What if I got recognised?"





THE St TIME



Now you might think that part time work in hospitals doesn't provide much opportunity for sex but, thankfully, you'd be very wrong. For I lost my virginity doing just that and I've managed to slip into more than my fair share of those small furry animals that live between ladies' legs since, all thanks to our glorious National Health Service. Long may they reign!

I received my initiation at the hands of a lanky, large breasted nurse who in her time, or so rumour had it, had warmly accommodated every spare prick in the place, patient or otherwise. But, her lack of discrimination notwithstanding, this blessed lady lowered her scanty little knickers and led me in my innocence to a discovery for which I shall remain humbly and eternally grateful; the fuck. Or more correctly, The Good Fuck . . . . . but I digress.

For years my cock had urgently craved attention, to whit, one or more of those juicy, yawning orifices the magazines and my fantasies were so full of. I became a frenetic wanker, my nights spent curled up in the spaces between the sperm-spattered remains of the centrefolds that littered my room, my days spent as the nursing assistant with the bags under his eyes at the local psychiatric hospital. Until one day . . .

> «I was thirty seconds into a luxurious chew at a rubbery nipple»

It was halfway through my tea break and I was in the process of making my usual desultory trip around the hospital grounds to kill time when I chanced upon the aforementioned lass sportingly braced against the wall with her thin legs wrapped firmly round the spotty, heaving arse of the hospital's latest acquisition, who was busily engaged in giving her an intravaginal protein injection. Purely from a clinical point of view his technique was an education, and probably constitutes the finest audio-visual anatomy lesson I've ever had, inside or outside a classroom. Ah, but I was young, horny and heedless then, and who the hell wants to watch some other bugger enjoying himself anyway?

I stepped out of the shadows looking suitably official. The effect was instantaneous. Whipping out a rapidly wilting prick the poor sod staggered off in the direction of the Male Admission Unit with his trousers round his ankles and his tail between his legs, literally and metaphorically speaking. I turned back to the girl, grinning cheekily, as she gave a final hoist to her knickers and smoothed down her skirt.

'Room for one more?'

'Fuck off!' She pushed a pale tit roughly into the cup of her bra. Four hands at least, or should I say handfulls? I opened the top button of my fly and moved forward.

> «She slid down my chest for an intimate chat with my dick . . .»

'You're a nurse . . .?' She looked vaguely surprised.

I shrugged and opened the second button. Suddenly she ran a hand between my legs, her long fingers curling around my balls. 'Do you wanna fuck me?'

'No,' I lied smoothly. Time for the third button.

She glanced down at the head of my cock peering cautiously out at the world over the edge of my underpants. 'Fuckin' liar!'

I slipped a hand up her skirt. It was cold around that corner of the hospital. 'Whatever you say, love. You've got five minutes. Teabreak's almost over.' Her eyes widened as my middle finger slid between her cunt lips. Guess what was for dessert? She opened her blouse and unsnapped her bra without a word. Tits like that always were a conversation stopper, primarily because I never talk with my mouth full. Neither, apparently, did she. I was thirty seconds into a luxurious chew on a long, rubbery nipple, when there was a polite tap on the back of my head. I straightened up, erect and unsuspecting. She slipped her skinny arms around my neck and made an artful check on the roof of my mouth with what felt like a ten inch wedge of foam rubber before she slid down the front of my chest for an intimate chat with the head of my dick.

Definitely one of those deeper, more meaningful encounters. I stood with legs akimbo, a hand fastened on either side of her head, watching my balls bounce off her chin and visualising the headlines if

we were caught. Much more of this and I'd be whitewashing her tonsils. Was this to be my first job as an interior decorator? Not quite. This cock was not for coming. Not yet at any rate. I still had two and a half minutes to go and her furry cunt was calling.

Bang on cue she broke off with a final slurp and stood, licking her lips appreciatively. I took the soft weight of a breast in each hand and squeezed until the hard, pink teats popped through the gaps between my fingers. 'Get your arse against that wall.'

The wall was tailor made for screwing, with a low ridge running around the bottom half of the building that was just about arse-wide. Just about her arse wide that is, which left me free handed and stiff dicked somewhere in the vicinity of her thighs. Seconds later I was nuzzling at her quim door until I felt her split open and pull me into the warmth like a second mouth.

I fucked her greedily, her bumcheeks slapping against the wall as I crammed into her, my nose end dancing a crazy kind of waltz with her jiggling tits. Talk about shades of Come Dancing. Pun intended.

Fifteen seconds to go and she dug her heels into my backside with a shout as I made a delivery I'd waited nineteen years to make and then fell back half expecting her to have drowned. But, no chance. This girl could swim! Teabreak was well and truely broken as she gamely straddled my legs and treated me to a mouth to gland washdown before drying me briskly between the globes of her tits, and

«Her bum slapped against the wall as I crammed into her»

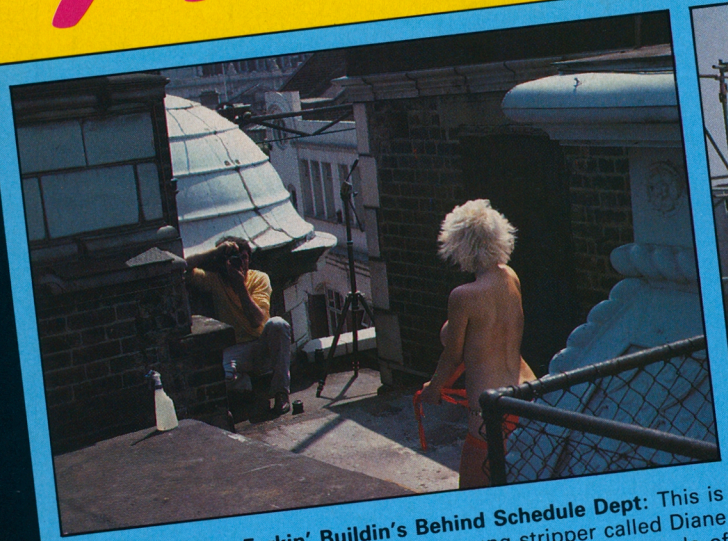
that was after she straightened my tie! Funny how it's the little things you always remember . . . .

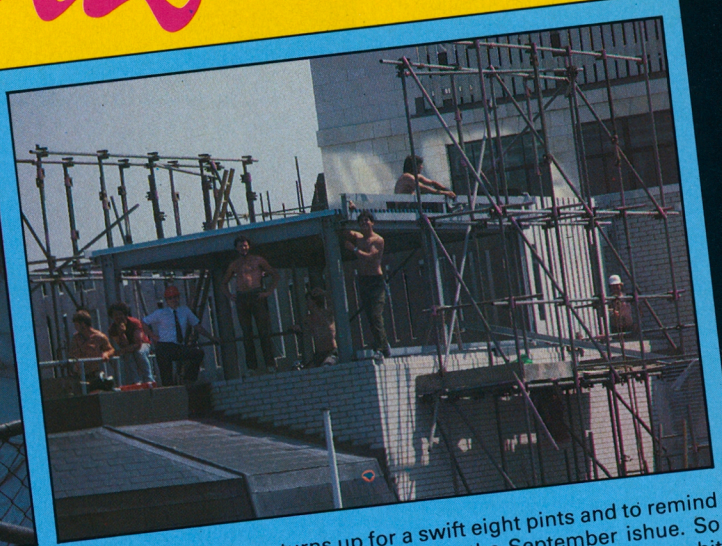
And so to conclude, gentlemen, I feel we must ask ourselves if we would continue to enjoy this kind of treatment after privatisation. Let my first time be a lesson to us all! *G.H. (full name and address withheld), York.*●



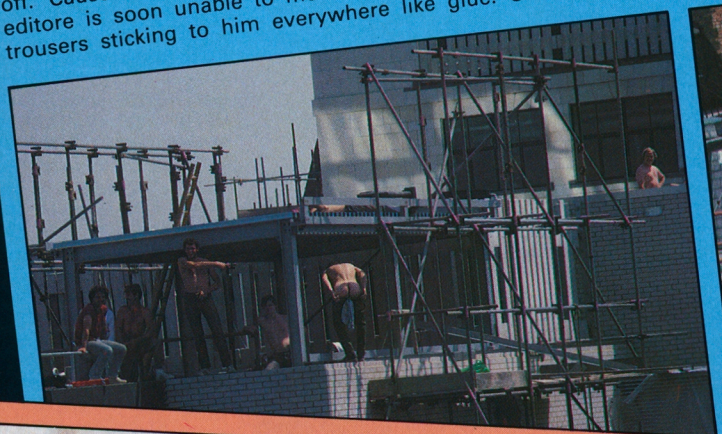
Photo-illustration by B. Wilson

Meanwhile...





No Wonder This Ferkin' Buildin's Behind Schedule Dept: This is what happens when some gorgeous young stripper called Diane Lee fancies the idea of coming down to London for a couple of days to see a bit of this that and the other and then thinking the editore of *Escort* bein' a very soft touch she might get him to pay for her train fare by wanderin' into the office and takin' her clothe off. 'Cause it bein' very hot and humid in London as usual, the editore is soon unable to move very much on account of his trousers sticking to him everywhere like glue. On top of that Photographer Wilson turns up for a swift eight pints and to remind the editore of the the lack of cover for the September ishue. So they take Diane up on the helipad atop Raymond Towers for a bit of nookie but she wants to be photographed instead. Next thing work stops on all the major building sights for a half mile radius and even some of the builders want to get in on the act, and shout encouraging remarks and even the man in the red 'at quite enjoyed it. Ah well, just another nerve rackin' day in the life of simple townies at Raymond Towers.









Please Mister Can I Show My Tits in Your Magazine Dept: Well men here's Joyce P. of Doncaster one more time whose classified ad in our columns has been causing much trouser straining activity amongst more impressionable readers who have been diving into their cars and heading north to Doncaster (except for those living further north who've been driving south) for exciting photo sessions at her place. Writes Joyce, "I have had a fantastic response from the ad, and I've been busy stripping off for lots of photos over the last few months. I've enclosed a selection of sexy slides for you to print. This really helps if the photographers can see my lovely sexy body and they know what to expect." Well men, let's hope your imaginations are in working order 'cause we wouldn't know what to expect, bein' innocent of that sort of thing. Joyce's ad is under Models in this issue and begins: "Sexy blonde with firm . . ." Coo!









Who's Supposed To Be Laying This Road Mate Dept: No wonder the highways of Britain are in such a state what with nubile young ladies ripping their clothes off the minute they sniff a bit of freshly laid tar. So macs off men, to Evelyn Manning of Edinburgh whose desire is to compete in the forthcoming British Shovel Leaning Championships. Reader, Douglas M. of East Lothian took the pics but doesn't say where. Meanwhile let's hope this wonderful new craze for flashing where it's least expected really gets out of hand and lots more readers send in snaps like this to be rewarded by large bundles of cash. . . not that we wish to encourage it mind you.



Auntie Jayne Packs Them In Dept: First pics from our first photo seminar with Auntie Jayne, Linzi and Toni reveal large amounts of camera shake, thumbprints on the lens and extraordinary scenes of a robust and possibly sexually interesting nature. L.V. of London N22 took enough pictures to fill a magazine or two including at least three or four that were printable. Those still interested in rock climbing, basket weaving and netball practice can still change their minds and write to Auntie Jayne, c/o Raymond Towers for details of the next one.









Great Steaming Cardiff Issue Knickers Threat: We got the knickers from a reader in Cardiff and we got Diana on the roof (see next story above or below or wherever on the spread the art director's put it this time) so Diana thought she's wear them to prove she's not above wearing someone else's knickers, not like some girls. Mind you the guy in Cardiff who'd been wearing them before he sent them certainly has strange taste in underwear. We've sent them back and he may find they taste even better.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

The Peephole Show

and stopped suddenly. There was a distant, long drawn out sigh like the wind in the trees. You could have heard a pin drop in my bedsit.

"What's she doing now, Alf?"

"Washing the bleedin' cucumber again," groaned Alf, climbing down. Bob took a look for himself and confirmed that the show was over. At least, it was over for one night. I collected my winnings.

"Couldn't you get her to turn the bed round before tomorrow night?" Alf suggested.

"No. But I could probably go in there myself and get her into a better position – if the price was right." The price was right.

"Hello there," I smiled at Alice the following evening. "Just popped in to say hello. Been playing netball?"

"Squash," she corrected. "Look, I'm just . . . . . "

She didn't know quite what to say. Well, she couldn't tell me she wanted me to leave so that she could yank up that little pleated skirt and play with herself, could she?

"You look a bit flustered," I told her. "Anything I can do to help?" She licked her lips, her face more flushed as she considered me.

"Well . . . . "

She moved close and started heaving against me. I almost forgot myself for a minute. Business before pleasure. I got her onto the bed, making sure she was the right way round. When Alice was in the mood – which seemed to be all the time – she didn't let a little thing like plimsolls on the pillow put her off. I only hoped Alf would keep things under control next door. Luckily, I'd thought of putting a clock where they could all see it so they wouldn't have to rely on somebody's watch.

"Mmmmmm," cooed Alice as I liberated her breasts and got to work on them with my teeth.

"Oooooo," moaned Alice when I worked up her little skirt and delved into her sporty white knickers.

"Oh!" screamed Alice when I slipped a couple of fingers in. There was a crash from next door as I worked her pants down with my free hand, and she clamped up so hard she almost broke my thumb.

"What was that?" she whispered.

"My cat," I told her.

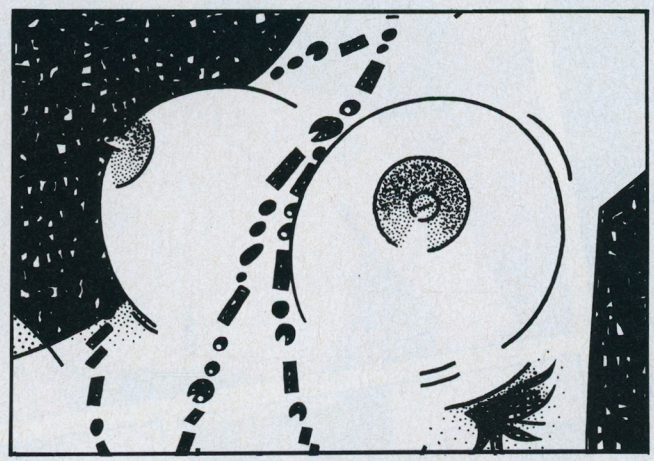
"Oh," she said again, relaxing and letting me part her legs as far as they would go. I knew she was well on the way, because I hated cats and I'd once told her I'd never let one near me. Besides, the landlord wouldn't have pets in the house. It didn't seem to matter to Alice.

"What about you?" she gasped, swivelling her pelvis against my hand and groping for me. I took my hand away from her and undid my zip. After that I didn't do very much. She had one hand between her own legs and the other stopping me choking her with what she had in her mouth. I was first past the winning post by a good length.

"Didn't you even save me a beer?" I complained to the audience when I went back to my own room. "After all the work I've done!"

"On the money you're taking, you can buy your own," said Alf. "I was thinking . . . . . Ernie reckons he could rig up a little electronic gadget for you to take in there so we could hear what was happening on the radio. . . ."

"Bug her, you mean?"



"Bugger?" slurred Charlie. "Did I miss something?"

"Shut up, Pissarse," snarled Alf, turning to me. "Well?"

"It'll cost you . . . . . "

After six weeks, I was nicely in the black in the bank, looking around at cars, and cursing that things had got out of hand before I had enough for a TR7. One night when I had eleven blokes looking like sardines queueing up for the tin, Alice heard us. Serves me right, I suppose. I should never have allowed them to start drinking so early, and they might not have cheered when the bedhead started rattling. For a moment I thought we'd been sussed, because the rattle stopped prematurely, but after a few moments' hesitation Alice carried on as normal – if what she was doing with a hairbrush could be described as 'normal'. For whatever reason, her libido seemed to take a nosedive after that. When she spoke to me in a friendly way in the hall I was pretty relieved and I assumed that it was the wrong time of the month for her little games, but even after a week she still didn't go back to her wicked ways and I lost two bets on the trot, which was bad news. So packed it in.

One night I was lying back on my bed savouring a little drop of what I fancied when there was a knock on the door and Alice walked in.

"Haven't seen you for a while," she purred. "and I wanted to know what you thought of this." She opened her dressing gown.

"Well . . . . um . . . . phew!" I observed.

"Thought you'd like it," she said, sitting down next to me. "Of course, it isn't real leather. Feel."

I did. I also felt the texture of her black stockings and the skin above them. Alice undid one of the numerous zips and a boob popped out. She put it away and showed me what happened when she undid some of the other zips, including, eventually, mine. "You don't mind me taking over, do you?" she asked, as she peeled off my briefs.

"I can live with it," I told her, lying there in all my glory while she ministered to me. If I'd been on a leash I'd have been straining at it, I can tell you.

"Oh!" she said suddenly, as though she'd just remembered something. "I left the kettle on . . . . be back in a minute."

She wasn't back in a minute. It seemed to be taking her an awfully long time to switch the kettle off, and in my condition . . . . . At last she returned.

"Who's been a naughty boy, then?" she pouted, flicking at a slightly limp you-know-what. "Still, we can do something about that, can't we?" We could. Or rather, she could. And did.

"That's better," she smiled, climbing on to me at last and settling down with a sigh. A few minutes wriggling and she asked me to pretend to come, because she liked it. I gave her a pretty good imitation, if I do say myself. A little while later she asked me to do it again, and I did. The third time I wasn't pretending.

"Sod it," she pouted, realising that I'd come.

"Sorry," I said. "I couldn't hold it back any longer . . . . . "

"You'll just have to try again," she snorted, bouncing up and down on me. I've told the girls you can make it six times in one night, and there's forty quid at stake . . . . ●"

Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

way, your fantasy stories. We have both found we are turned on by lesbian stories so can we have a few more to read in bed. The better stories we usually read twice!! Anyway, if you work to save something dear to you, you may be at the beginning of a new and exciting relationship even though you've been married for a long time. – *Marjorie (full name and address withheld by request), Farnham.*

Hunting pussy

It was a lovely sunny day in June, and the wife and I spent the day in Clacton. Round about 12.30 we were sitting in a lovely garden near the pier enjoying our lunch and sunshine when a young lady, aged about 25, I guess, came and sat in the corner near us. I saw she sat with her legs apart and I saw well up her skirt, far up her thighs. She noticed me looking and to my delight she sat on the grass, knees up and opened her legs wider so I could see her tiny orange panties. I told my wife who dared me to take a photo of the view. So I loaded my camera and walked within 10 feet of the lady, she pretended not to see me so I took my first shot. The view up her open legs to the tight panties was fantastic and so I aimed a second shot. Meanwhile, she pretended to be asleep but I had noticed that she had opened her legs even wider. There were black hairs sprouting from either side of her knickers, from the damp crotch I could tell she was more than awake. Then the whole thing got rather spoiled by the arrival of others who obviously unwittingly disturbed any idea of fun that had entered her head because she soon got up and walked away.

The wife and I got pretty worked up though and we spent the rest of the day in hot pursuit of pussy. – *B.F.G. (full name and address withheld by request), Wix.*

Thanks for the pussy picture you sent in, B.G. You don't mention whose it is, and as it hasn't got tiny orange panties on – it can't be the girl from the park. Still – publish and be damned, eh? – ed.

Large is lovely

Both my husband and myself found the letter from J.L. in vol. 3 no. 6 very interesting, as I am also a "Big Wife".

My husband has tried to wrestle with me many times but he finds it hard to gain the upper hand, as just like J.L.'s wife, I am heavier than my husband, After reading that J.L.'s wife has 25½" thighs, my husband got the tape measure and what do you know, he discovered that my upper thighs measure exactly 25" and while he was at it he took the rest of my measurements as well, which are: Bust 44", waist 34", hips 43", knee 16", calf 15½", ankle 9", upper arm 14½" wrist 7". So as you can see, I am a well built woman of generous proportions that please my husband, who, just like J.L., believes there are too many skinny girls appearing in your otherwise excellent magazine and let's face it, there are several magazines on the market sporting dozens of girls with narrow waists and slim hips together with matchstick legs and it makes me think that if a girl's hips are just a fraction wider than 36" she is not eligible to be photographed. Perhaps it is time a size discrimination act was passed to ensure better representation of bigger girls in magazines, so readers like my husband, J.L. and countless others, I'm sure, will have something bigger to smile about instead of the never ending dreary line up of would-be Miss World contestants who diet in their thousands hoping to join the peastick brigade for the chance of getting the attention of girlie magazine photographers. No, I'm not jealous, my husband likes me the way I am, plenty to get hold of, up as well as below and he always says, "Big is beautiful and to be large is lovely", I'll settle for that.

I'm fairly dominant by nature and my husband likes me to be the boss. I have blonde hair and my husband tells me I look superb in a low cut dress as I have the boobs to match Diana Dors. When short skirts were fashionable, I was quite daring and I used to show plenty of thigh which pleased my husband no end as I've always had plenty to show.

Sex is still as good as ever. We believe in variation to keep a good thing going but as we both love oral sex we often spend an hour or more in a 69 position with my husband's face between my large thighs, stretching his tongue around the inside of my very sensual pussy while I lie and suck at his tool. I think I have perfected the art of giving my husband oral sex and I can sometimes make him "come" 2 or 3 times in this position.

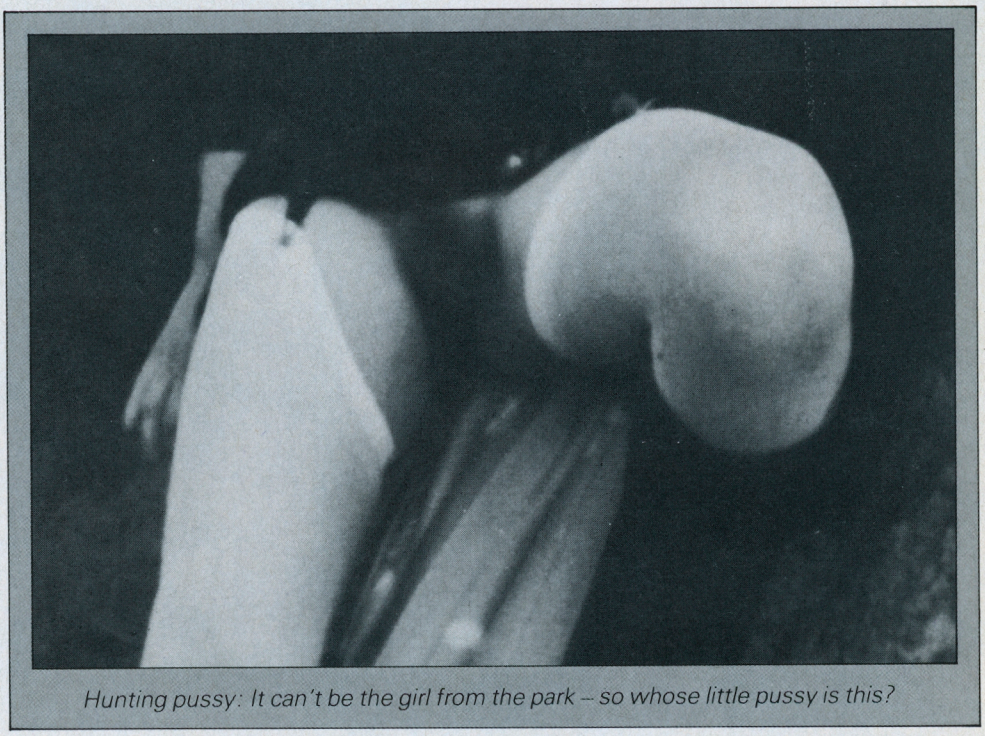
For other wives who would like to try my method, while their men are working on their clits, just press your lips together around the penis at the point where the foreskin begins at the base of the tip, as this is the most sensitive area, and use the tip of your tongue on the ip of the penis itself. My husband will have an explosive climax in my mouth and when his tool starts to sag, I'll bring it back to life again using the same method to rebuild his erection. After the third rebuild I'll more often than not already have enjoyed a few orgasms of my own from my husband's tongue and I'll be ready for a good and proper fucking in the normal way so that we can both have a final fling together. *Mrs. P. J. (full name and address withheld by request), Cheshire.*

And girls! – you don't have to be married to do it – ed.

Dressing up

First of all may I say I am a regular reader of *Escort* and I would like to congratulate you on a superb mag. I find your readers' letters very

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



Hunting pussy: It can't be the girl from the park – so whose little pussy is this?

Pauline, Elizabeth, Dianne, Beverley and Julie

The Girls of Cardiff















Wears me out this writing – dunno how Shakespear manages it. Praps he'd rather stick to photography too. This is nurse Julie, 21, 33-23-35 – nice chewy nipples.











Dianne's a waitress – chatted her up over tea and chips (I like chips), then took her 34-24-36 back to her place. She's 18 – which is old enough.





Dianne


SEPTEMBER
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October Escort out today!


ESCORT'S
SEPTEMBER
POSTER









Met Bev in a bar (I like bars), drinking a pint, so I had one too (well three and a half). 19, 36-24-36, loves *rugger* . . . I think.







Elizabeth is 34-24 . . . something, can't read me writing. She's 26, a barmaid (I like barmaids), and keen on tailors . . . sailors?







Elizabeth







Pauline



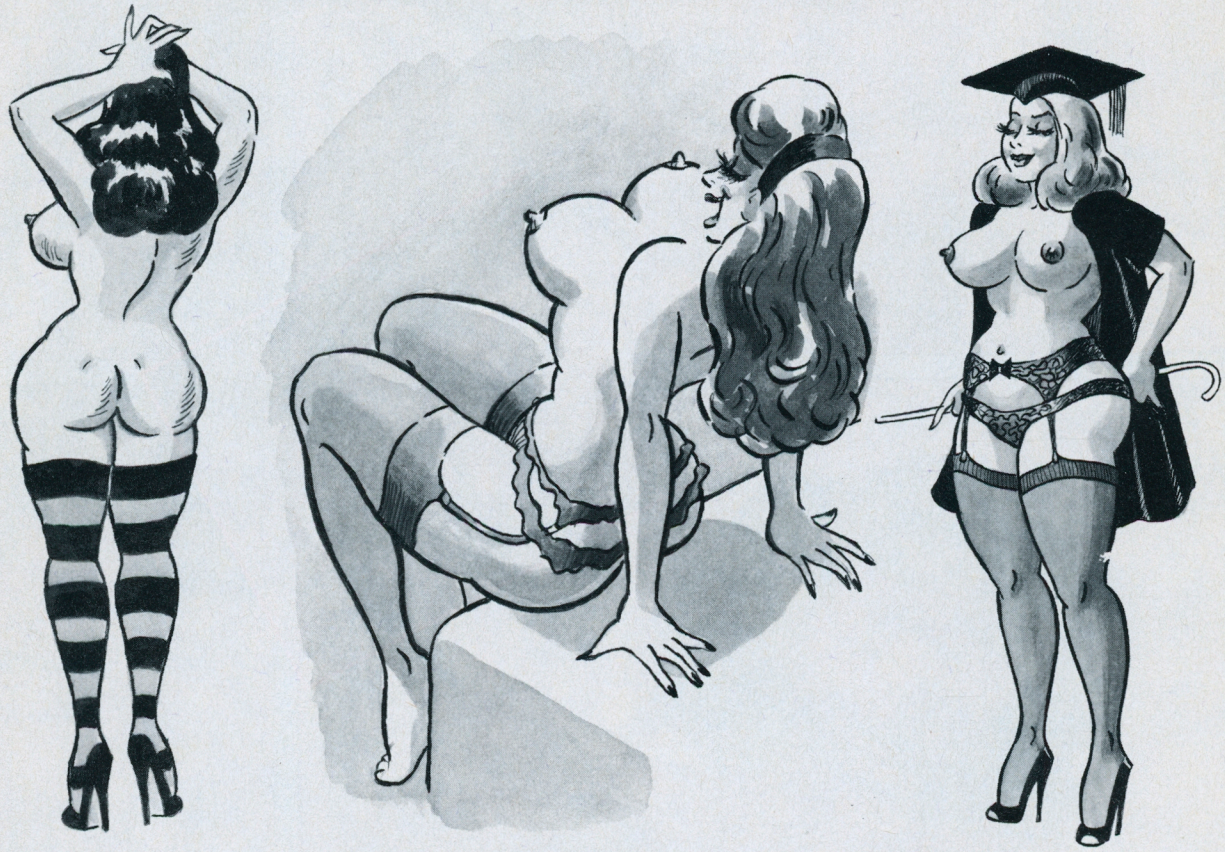


48-36-46 – yeah! And the more the merrier, I always say. Pauline is 27, works in a shoe shop and likes lots of cuddling.

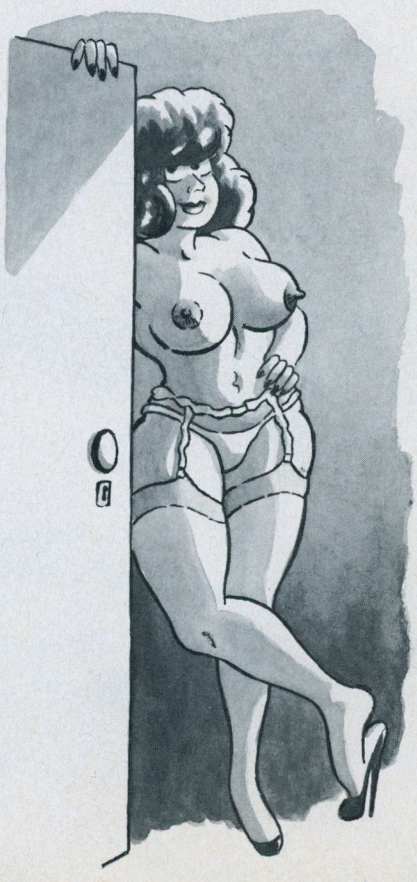


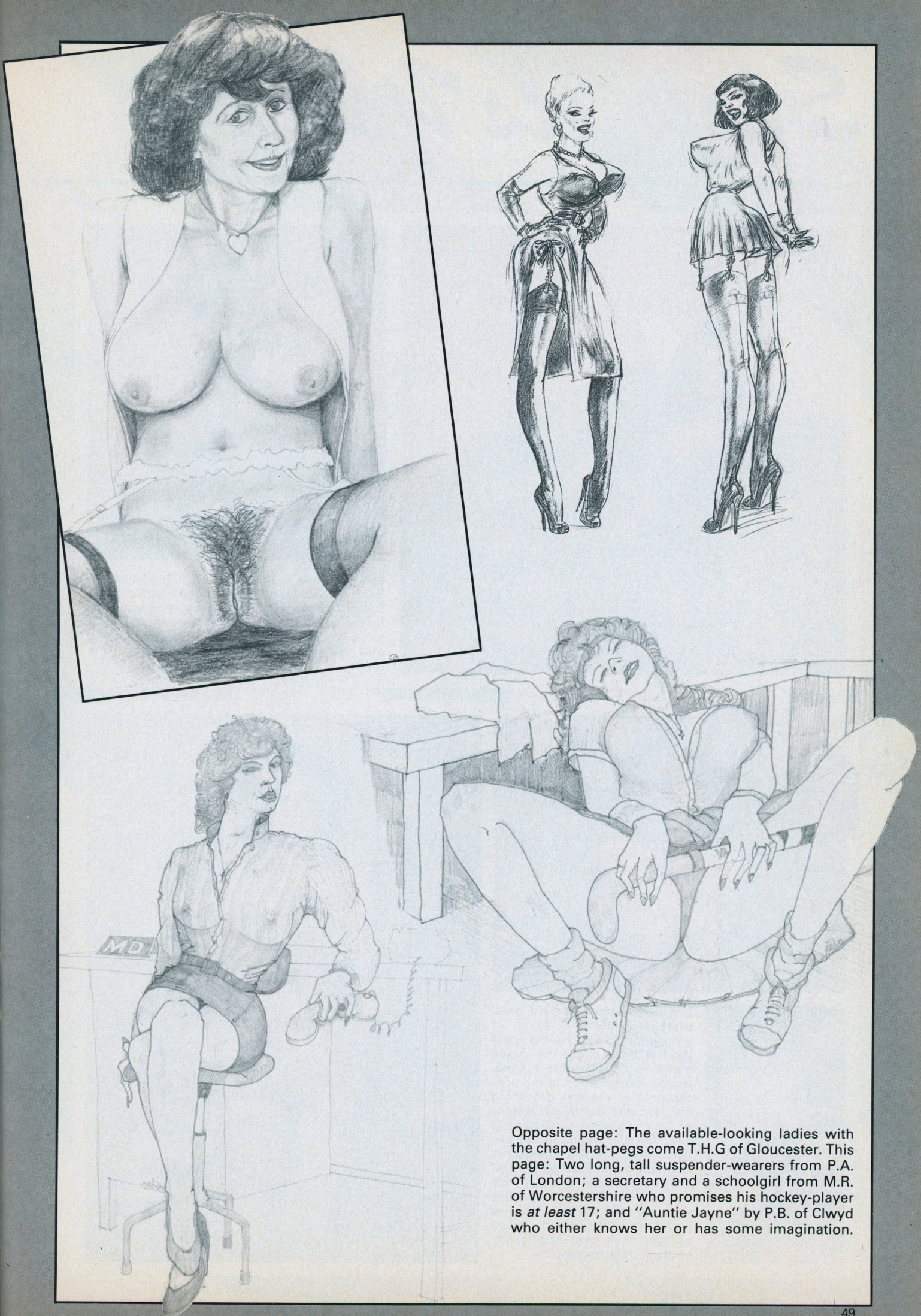
Reader Erotica

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









Opposite page: The available-looking ladies with the chapel hat-pegs come T.H.G of Gloucester. This page: Two long, tall suspender-wearers from P.A. of London; a secretary and a schoolgirl from M.R. of Worcestershire who promises his hockey-player is *at least* 17; and "Auntie Jayne" by P.B. of Clwyd who either knows her or has some imagination.

Show Us Yours

ENTRY COUPON ON PAGE 8

ROLL OUT THE BARREL





This is Trenna of Humberside (20 and 34-24-36). Her husband John writes: "She is turned on by British motorcycles, and loves playing the slave (to me, of course). She brews her own beer, and loves having parties." Brews her own beer! If only she'd be a little more generous about the slavery, she'd be our kind of woman.

SUMMER'S EVE





Eve is thirty-four years old, measures 36-27-36, and resides in swinging Brighton. Having spent the last three and a half hours trying to decipher Eve's handwriting, we've come to the conclusion that she was describing her favourite sexual experience while it was actually happening, and "Gyrating round in the soft candlelight with a handsome German tourist kissing me passionately, firmly grasping my hips with his hands and my lips with his mouth." OK, Eve, we understand that no-one could produce their best copperplate under such circumstances.



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.



YOU WHO SUE?







Julia Jones, Secretary to the Editor, has never had what you could call a filing system *as such*. What she has is A Heap, and all we can assume is that things at the bottom of it were sent in before things at the top. It's no surprise, therefore, that the stuff that went with these snaps is Lost, and all we know is that this raving cracker is called Sue, the pictures were sent by A.J. of Esher, and that we've written begging to do a pictorial. Lovely firm round ones though, aren't they?

HERE COMES THE BRIDE





We've already seen a little of Dawn in vol.3 no.2 (she's 25 and 36-25-36), but Dave of Chester says: "Since then we've got married and we thought maybe your readers would like to see a wedding photograph that *isn't* in the wedding album." Looking forward to hearing from you after the birth of the first baby, Dave and Dawn – Where's our bit of cake then?

CLEARING OUT THE FILES DEPT.

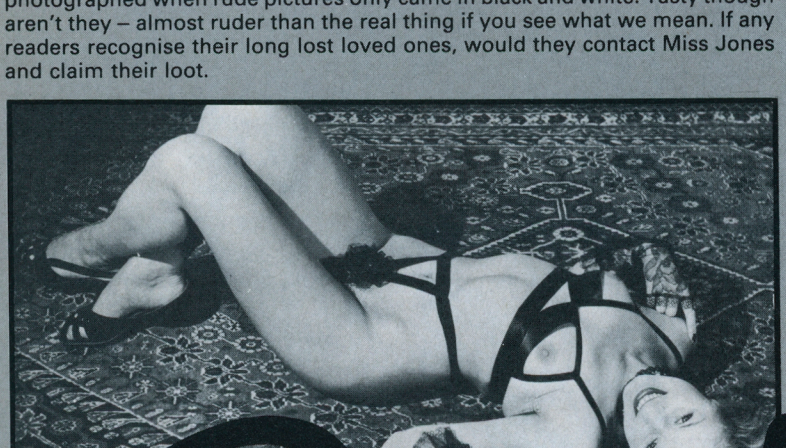






Well what a collection of stuff Miss Jones has been building up in her cardboard boxes since she started organising the filing system. In fact we've so many loose photographs that have become detached from their owner's letters, we could start a regular feature called Missing Wives.

So here's a bunch of black and white pictures of brave ladies who were photographed when rude pictures only came in black and white. Tasty though aren't they – almost ruder than the real thing if you see what we mean. If any readers recognise their long lost loved ones, would they contact Miss Jones and claim their loot.



Smut bror





Well, well, well, is nothing new? These four lovely creatu turned up in the attic of Liverpool reader, Bert F. while he was there among the creepy crawlies polishing (so he claims) ballcock, and checking his swivel joint. Sounds an interesting s of character doesn't he. Bionic even. Found them in an Victorian potty along with some extremely naughty stuff we ca print even in black and white.

Well Bert F. hasn't a clue who or what or why or even when. reckon they must have been the first ever *Girls of . . .* Dig t crazy underwear. reminds us of the time when you could spr your wrist just trying to get your hand down the front of y loved one's panties. Does anyone recognise themselves?

Nice to know girls have always been naughty. Bet all teenagers thought sex didn't start until you thought it up, eh







n the Past









STOCKING REVELATIONS!

Show Us Yours

LONG-DISTANCE











C.M. from Aberdeen sent us these pics, and he tells us they are of his girlfriend Annelise who loves dirty phone calls, "Luckily there is a phone box within sight of our flat. This allows me to phone her from it, and watch her as she stands at our bedroom window and touches her body to my command." Most interesting, C.M., but the young lady looks very like the Ann we know who lives in London, and was our covergirl on vol.2 no.6. She does appear to have lost a bit of weight – probably through dashing up to Aberdeen to answer the phone. Keep fantasising, C.M., Auntie Jayne says it's good for you.

COME ON EILEEN



And we're sure Bill does as often as possible. His wife Eileen is 48 years old, and a grandmother, and Bill asks us not to reveal their surname or address as their neighbours are a bit stuffy. If you suspect they might recognise Eileen from reading *Escort*, they can't be all that stuffy can they, Bill?





FLOOR SHOW





This is Mrs. A.S. of Lincoln, who loves rolling her 34-28-36 all over the living room carpet. If we were Mr. S., we'd be right down there with her – fortunately, though, Mr. S. had the restraint to take a few snaps first. It seems she didn't believe we'd print these, so we hope he had the foresight to bet we would, and can now demand payment in kind.

THIS WAY UP



David from Southampton aplogises for sending only one picture of his girlfriend Niki, he writes that there were more but it's a long story. We 'spect if they were anything like this one that they got all sticky with use, possibly even juice, but we thought we'd print this anyway 'cos it's a nice one. . . not a bad photograph either.

Fantasy plays an important part in our development, so in this column we print fantasies submitted by readers' wives and girlfriends, collated by *Escort's* team of researchers.

My Sexual

The tall, red-headed woman in her mid-thirties leaves the kitchen with a tray bearing three cups of tea and a plate of biscuits. She moves down the hallway of a large suburban house and pauses outside a door marked 'consulting room.' From inside comes the sound of harsh feminine breathing. 'Oh – that's beautiful –!' a girl's voice gasps. 'Oh – my God – oh – don't stop – please – oh – oh! Jack –!'

The redhead knocks twice loudly and calls out, 'Jack – your four o'clock tea!' There's a pause, then a man's voice replies breathlessly, 'OK, love!' The redhead nudges open the door. A large, white sheeted double bed occupies most of the room. A slim, elfin-faced girl in her early twenties is sprawled across the middle of it, her dark hair fanned across the pillow. She is nude, her pale body petite and well-shaped, only her breasts – large and loose and stiff-nippled, are out of proportion.

A grey-haired man in his forties kneels between her wide spread legs, his face buried in her skimpy triangle of pubic hair. He, too, is naked. As the redhead enters, he looks up, red-faced, his lips smeared with the girl's juices.

'Darling,' he gasps, 'we did it! It's the second week Lorraine's had a clitoral climax. Isn't that fantastic?' Grinning, still breathing heavily, the naked girl props herself up on the pillow. 'Didn't I tell you, Lorraine?' the redhead smiles, setting down her tray. 'Our Jack's never had a failure yet. He's a born therapist.' Her smile broadens. 'Mind you, it's not often he's referred a pretty little twenty-two-year-old. If I didn't know better, Lorraine, I'd say my husband fancied you something rotten.'

'Come on, love –' the man chides. 'This is strictly professional, as you well know.' He turns to the girl. 'We've been going so well today I don't think there's any reason why we shouldn't try for full penetration and intercourse. What do you think, Lorraine?'

The girl's eyes widen. 'That would be incredible,' she laughs. 'I've never felt so good. I could go on coming and coming –'

'I don't think anyone'll be calling our Lorraine frigid again after today,' the man smiles. He shrugs. 'Well, we both seem to be ready.'

'*You* certainly are, love,' the redhead grins, nodding at the stubby, purple-capped erection rising between the man's legs. 'I shall be very jealous now if you let yourself go inside Lorraine. And Lorraine will tell me if you don't.' The girl laughs self-consciously. The redhead goes to pick up the tray again but the man catches her arm. 'No, don't go, love. You might be able to help. You don't mind if my wife stays, do you, Lorraine?' The girl looks unsure. 'It'll help to reduce your self-consciousness, apart from anything else,' the man adds. 'Well,' the girl says, 'if Mrs Rogers doesn't mind –'

> «She gasps as he slides forward inch by inch, until their pubic hair meshes»

The man moves up the bed next to her. He begins to caress her gently, moving down her shoulders into her cleavage. 'Some nice soft strokes to relax you,' he murmurs. 'Close your eyes –' In a moment the girl is breathing quite steadily again.

She trembles as the man's fingers slide into her pubic hair. 'Is that nice?' he asks. 'Oh yes –' she shudders. 'Good,' he murmurs. 'You're nice and warm and slippery –' She pants violently as he brushes the tip of her clitoris. 'I think you're ready, Lorraine,' the man says. 'Now I'm going to slip my penis into you, very slowly, and I want you to relax and concentrate on feeling it. OK?'

He moves between the girl's legs, levering them slightly apart, reaches down and brings the tip of his erection against her vaginal lips. She gasps out loud as he slides forward, inch by swollen inch into her warm pussy, until their pubic hair meshes.

The man swallows. 'You've taken it, Lorraine. No, don't open your eyes. Now I'm going to move, but try to stay relaxed as long as you can. Alright?'

The girl nods, trembling. The man turns quickly to the redhead, beckoning her over. 'Darling,' he whispers, 'she's got incredibly sensitive nipples and they're going to need full attention. Could you lick them and stroke her breasts while I hump her? Please – just until she comes –'

With a knowing look the redhead kneels beside the bed and reaches over the girl. The girl's breath catches as the woman scoops her soft breasts, dipping her head to brush each nipple with the tip of her tongue. Nodding, the man eases back his cock and thrusts forward again. He starts to fuck with an easy, steady rhythm. In a moment the girl's mouth falls open. She begins to breathe in shuddering gasps, tossing her naked body from side to side as the man's thrusts speed up, almost tearing her breasts from

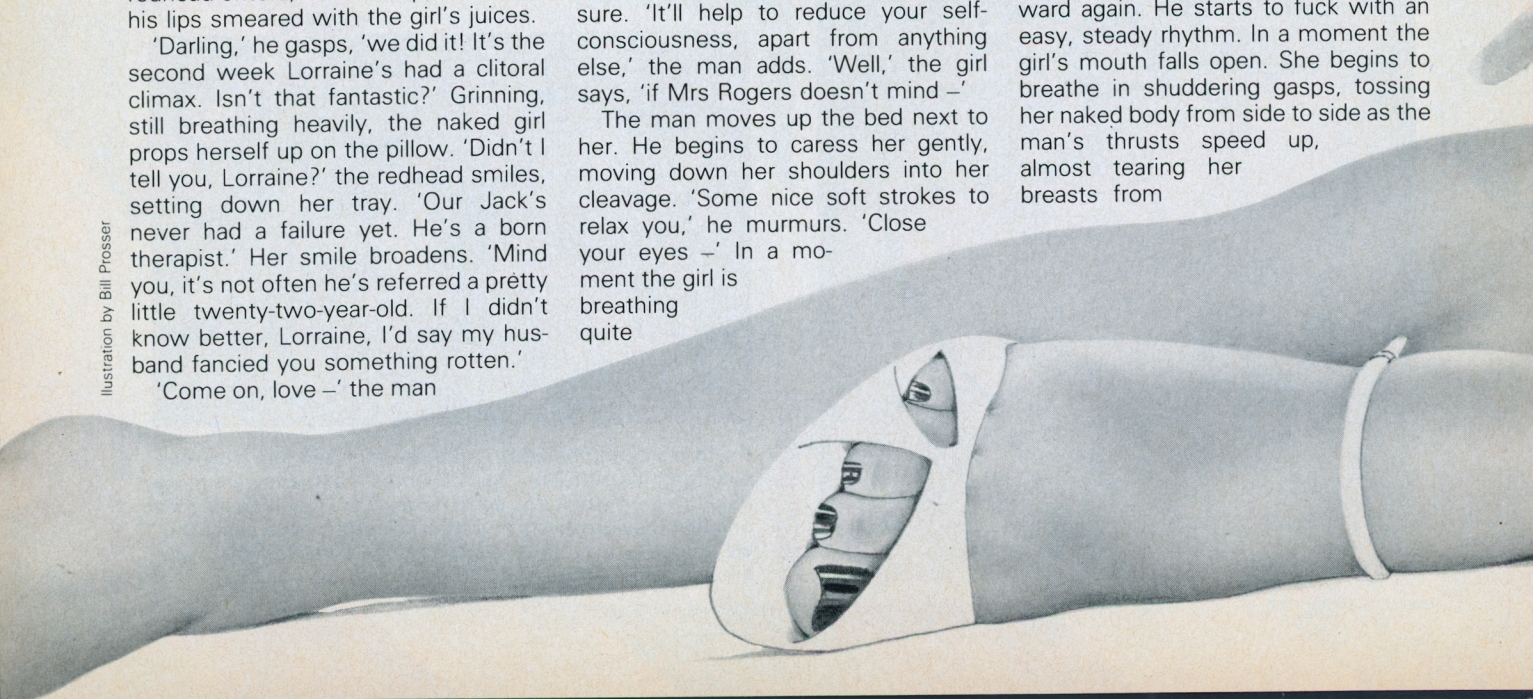


Illustration by Bill Prosser

Fantasy



the red-head's grasp. 'Oh Jack – oh – I can feel it – oh – it's happening – oh – do it in me – finish me – properly – please! – now!'

With a groan the man shudders suddenly, buried deep in the girl, his face reddening as he spends himself. With a final gasp the girl goes rigid, letting her breath out slowly as she sinks into unconsciousness. The red-head glances at her panting husband.

'Naughty, naughty . . .' she chides.

'The rudest situation I could think of,' is how Mrs L. G., a 36-year-old ex-divorcee from the Hastings area, describes the above fantasy. 'I recently re-married and my husband was also a divorcee. I'm not a jealous person but I'm very curious about my husband's sex life with his former wife. When I first met him he told me they were only compatible in bed but he wouldn't tell me any more. Our sex life is marvellous but I'd still love to know what I am up against!

'My husband does work in the medical profession but not doing anything like the things I've described. I don't think touching the girl in the story means I'm lesbian, either, because the most exciting part for me is seeing my hubby with the girl.'

Sexual teasing – prolonging the preliminaries, so pushing an erotic situation to its limit to produce a reaction – is a powerful turn-on for many women. One is 29-year-old Louise who is married and lives in the Bolton area.

'I used to be a really dreadful prick-tease when I was younger. I was always getting roughed up by boyfriends or got them into fights. It was terrible. If I knew I could walk



ANGEL

Angel, 34-22-36, 18, Kew. We know all you men out there are shouting: "Gis a go – gis a go!" and it's not surprising that you're so devilish keen to try out this sporty little number. One of the few perks of this job is that you can get hold of an item like this to fool around on. Hang on, d'you mean the gel? Oh, well – that's Angel. She just turned up at the office, you know, and asked why we didn't do her, and we couldn't think of a good reason. She likes men in (and out of) leather; and studs – both the metal and the male sort she says.













CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

My Sexual Fantasy

over a boyfriend, I always would. Luckily my husband won't stand for any nonsense like that. I couldn't have married him if he had. But all my fantasies have always been about pushing it, seeing how much I could get away with.

'One of my best is my "naughty tart" fantasy. I used to have a friend who worked in a massage parlour where she was doing everything, short of having it off. What amazed me, though, was that she was married and she insisted her husband didn't mind. I couldn't believe it! Either she was lying or her husband didn't really know what went on. So, of course, in my fantasy I'm a masseuse and my Brian's a bit worried about it. He doesn't like the idea of me being alone with these strange men all day, especially as some of the girls are topless. Actually they're all topless but I haven't told him that!

'I insist we need the money I earn and in the end I persuade him to come down to the parlour with me one day. That way he'll know these men are just customers to me and it makes no difference to our relationship. I make this arrangement with one of my regular customers who's very easy going and a bit of an exhibitionist. And a bit reluctantly Brian comes down with me.

'As soon as we arrive he gets his first shock. I look in the book and tell him Archie – the customer – has booked a full nude massage. That shakes poor old Brian. "All it means is I take my knickers as well as my top off," I tell him," "but I wear tights so no one can get at me. It's just a stupid extra to get the customers to pay more."

'What I don't tell him is that the tights are practically transparent. But Brian accepts it grudgingly. I take him down to my cubicle and he sits on a chair in the corner while I fetch Archie from the showers. That's Brian's second surprise. I come in, joking with Archie, naked but for my tights and sandals and Archie with just a towel round his waist. He's in his forties but a very attractive man, a great broad chest, flat tummy. I can see Brian wasn't expecting such a hunk but I introduce them anyway. "I think it's very commendable of you, Brian, to come down here," says Archie. "A lot of husbands get the wrong idea. They don't realise how silly it is getting uptight. Louise is fabulous at her job. And the sexiest masseuse in the place, aren't you, love?" He grins and slaps me lightly on the bottom.

«She begins to breathe in shuddering gasps, tossing her body from side to side»

'Brian still looks uneasy, but Archie lies face down on the massage table and I pull his towel away and begin to massage him, rubbing in lots of smooth, silky oil. I start at his shoulders, work down his back, do his legs and feet. Then I go back to his bare bum, running my fingers lightly up and down his crack and down the insides of his hairy thighs. He shudders at that.



"Mmm," he sighs. "Your missus has a fabulous touch, Brian. You should be proud of her." Brian doesn't say a word. Then it's time for Archie to turn over. And of course he's got a hard-on.

'It's a great, red, swollen thing, not quite fully stiff yet, but already the size of Brian's at full stretch! That does get him riled. He hisses at me and we have this whispered conversation. He won't have me touching a fellow in that state. I tell him not to be silly. It's just something that happens occasionally, he'll embarrass me if he makes a fuss. Then Archie breaks in, and explains that it's his own fault, he's hyper-sensitive.

'Brian's not happy but eventually he quietens down and I go on with the massage. I do the same as I did on the back, only this time I lean further over Archie so that my bare breasts brush his chest. I apologise, of course, but Archie winks at me and grins when he knows Brian can't see. Then I lean down his body to massage his legs and the side of my breast nudges his erection. It's like a monstrous great truncheon now, sticking up past his navel. Archie's a bit flushed too. And when I start to massage the tops of his thighs, either side of his tight, hairy balls, he shudders and suddenly beckons me down so he can whisper in my ear.

'I can feel Brian's eyes boring into me, so I go over and say quietly, "This is a bit embarrassing, love. Archie's got a bit uptight. The thing is, he wants me to help him out. Only with my hand. It's medicinal, really." That does make him explode! We start a great row, he wants to take me home. Then Archie chimes in, saying he doesn't want to upset anyone but a nurse did it for him in hospital and didn't think anything of it. It takes ages but I begin to sense we've won. Soon I'm suggesting Brian just steps outside because it won't take a minute, but he won't. He sits there, smouldering. And I know I've got away with it!

'Archie grins at me slyly as I lean over him and start to massage round and round his glorious cock. I've never seen anything so superb before. My nipples are so stiff they're aching and I know Brian must see. But all I can think of is that *thing* in front of me. Then I touch it and

Archie shivers. I run my finger up a thick, swollen vein and stop just short of the tip. Then two fingers, then three, gently massaging its burning, rock hard length. I can feel Archie's whole body trembling, see the sweat on his forehead. I grip him tightly now and start to wank him. He gasps and his hand comes up and cups one of my breasts. I want to turn my head and see if Brian has noticed, but Archie's fingers start to squeeze and stroke my nipple. It feels gorgeous; I don't want him to stop.

'Then his other hand reaches up, pulling me further down. I know what he wants but I hesitate for Brian's benefit. "Now that's a bit naughty, Archie," I pause for Brian to say something but he doesn't. "Well, since you're having trouble the other way, just a taste – "I say and dip my head over Archie's cock, wetting my lips. Then I quickly slide them right over the top, easing the great throbbing shaft into the back of my throat and bob my head up and down two or three times, giving him little flicks with my tongue. As his cock jumps, I straighten. "Jesus!" he whispers and lies back gasping. Then suddenly he snatches at my arm again and pulls me down to hiss in my ear: "For God's sake, Louise, don't let's piss about. I want to fuck you. Can't you send lover boy out for ten minutes?"

'This is the crunch, of course, because I want to screw too and he knows it. "I can't," I whisper, "he's my husband." "Well, let him watch," snaps Archie, "if that's what turns him on –" "It's not that," I say. "He trusts me – not to. I can't let him down." "Jesus!" Archie hisses. "Look, Louise, I'll double your normal fee, but if I'm not in that juicy little pussy of yours in two minutes flat I'll have to look for another parlour next time."

'So there's my big randy dilemma. Brian has been straining to hear, but he's too proud to move closer, so I go over. I tell him the difficulty Archie's having in letting go and how responsible I feel. But we've had an idea that might help. "It's just putting the tip of it in me," I say.

'Brian's face drops like a stone. Absolute horror. It's *everything* he's suspected. "Louise –" he whispers.

«His cock is at bursting point, and I feel my pussy twitch in anticipation»

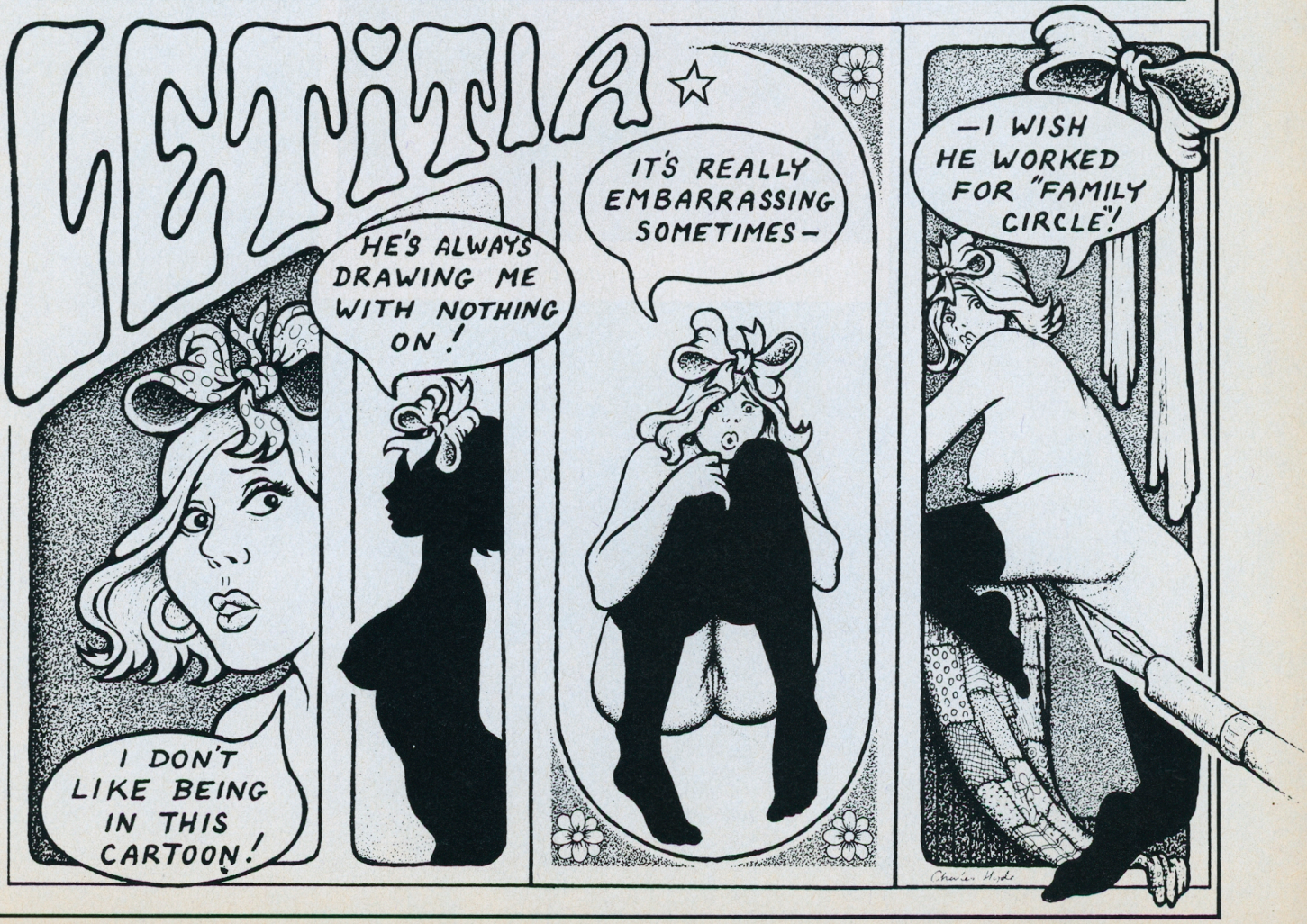
"It's only to help out a client, love," I interrupt. "It's not as if I'm just having it off with him. But Archie's always been good to me and I can't leave him like that. If it really upsets you why don't you go and have a coffee in reception? We'll only be a couple of minutes."

'He stares at me in disbelief as I move back towards the table and start to peel off my tights. "Seriously, love," I say, "I don't want to embarrass you." I can see he's seething, but he won't act. I'm naked now and I look down at Archie. I can see the desire in his eyes. His cock is at bursting point, and I feel my pussy twitch in anticipation.

' "Archie's just a friend," I say, and climb up onto the table. I straddle Archie's hairy legs and pull myself onto his thighs so that his massive shaft is standing up against my pussy mound. He's panting now and his hand reaches up to stroke my bare breast. My heart is thundering. I swallow and lift up, take hold of Archie's shaft and bring it into my moistened pussy lips. "Really, darling," I say, "it doesn't mean a thing –" And then I gasp as Archie thrusts suddenly upwards, sinking his great weapon almost balls-deep in my pussy. The sensation is sweet agony – I want to protest but I can hardly keep my head up. My whole body feels violated, throbbing. Then I hear Archie hissing: ". . . Cunt . . . sweet, sweet cunt . . . Jesus, I've missed it, Louise . . . You know, Brian . . . your missus has the . . . sweetest little cunt in this entire parlour . . . nobody fucks like she does . . . she really knows how to take my cream . . . watch how she takes it now . . . here it comes . . ."

'And I cry out as he jerks inside me and I have the most amazing climax.

'Isn't that awful? Of course, that's the fullest run. Other times Brian just slaps my bum and throws me out when I get too naughty or, even better, gets excited and just has me on the floor whether I like it or not – and I do!'●



Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

exciting but cannot recall many people writing on the subject of transvestism.

My wife Sarah and I both find it a fascinating subject. Sarah loves to dress me up in her sexiest clothing and the love-making that follows is absolutely fantastic.

I would like to tell your readers of our latest fetish. It involves me dressing up and going to work. My body is completely hairless and regularly shaved and therefore I can feel the silkiness of all her garments. Recently Sarah has been dressing me up in a black suspender belt, black stockings and a black G-string which I then wear to work. I am allowed to wear socks over the stockings, but still have to be careful not to cross my legs.

Working near to each other, by lunch time Sarah is desperate to be screwed, she says just thinking of me nearly brings her to orgasm.

Apart from wearing this lot to work, I always have to dress up at home. Our favourite costume is a red suspender belt, black stockings, G-string and black ½ cup bra, padded to look very realistic, I then put on a mini skirt and see through blouse and a pair of high heels that are at least 4" high.

For a whole day or even a weekend I remain like this apart from the times Sarah cannot control herself and begs me to screw her.

As you can see, we really enjoy this fetish and are making plans to take to the outdoors, hopefully in the near future.

This is my first ever letter, but hope you can print it, as a few freinds also know and expect to see this letter, also have any of your readers any comments on this? *T.W.(full name and address withheld by request), Kent.*

Who's who?

All credit to whoever was responsible for marshalling the cheeky girs of Weymouth and getting them to display their wonderful assets so imaginatively.

One complaint however about the minisucle script. It left me puzzled as to the girls' identities – I couldn't put names to faces – or to any other parts of their anatomies.

Why is this so important to me? Well, delighted as I was by all five, I was well and truly smitten by *one* – the lovely little blonde in white stockings and the undies.

At my age, being frustrated is probably an inescapable fact of life, but I should at least like to know the name of the young lady who has torpedoed me while I was cruising quietly in middle-aged waters.

Also, I should dearly love to know how I can lay my hot (but reverent) hands on some photos of her – as an antidote to the harsher realities of hard work and falling hair.

I hope that you will sympathize with my modest ambition, and help me to achieve it. Can you? – will you – please? *W.F. (full name and address withheld by request), London.*

I am sorry, W.F., I looked at the written bits for The Girls of Weymouth and I absolutely agree with you. What usually happens is that Photographer Wilson turns up at the office with his slides, and I sit him down with some paper and a pencil and he empties his pockets of cigarette packets and parking tickets which is where he keeps his records of the girls he has been doing, and I make him write it out properly. He tries to escape quite often, and I have to be stern with him, and he chews the pencil down to an absolute twig, but we manage to come up with something fairly sensible. If I take my eye off him though, he and the editor do what they call "just popping out for a swift half", which is a jolly odd description of a three-and-a-half hour binge I always think, and then they come back giggling and breathing on everybody. If I try to get him to write anything in this state all I get is pictures of boy scouts on bicycles seen from above, or sometimes girl scouts not on bicycles seen from below, and sometimes he just keeps losing the pencil, and I do suspect that those Weymouth bits were written After Lunch in which case we were lucky to get anything at all. This is not much of a comfort I know but if you are frustrated just think how I feel. Next time I see Mr. Wilson I will try to find out which girl was who but it will be uphill work. Love, Julia Jones, Secretary to the Editor.



Who's who?: 'I was smitten by this little blonde'

Two up

My name is Janet and I am 37 years old, 5' 9" and measure 38"-25"-36" and would like to relate an experience which happened to me three weeks ago.

I have a dear old couple both in their 70's who live next door to us and their 18-year-old grandson Alan, along with his friend Gary, were staying with the couple for a two-week holiday. The boys were from Australia and what good looking lads they were too. Both of them were blonde and slightly shorter than me. Dear old Edna was as pleased as punch to see them and could not wait to introduce them to me and how glad I am that she did.

When my husband and I were sitting in the front room talking to them, I noticed the lads eyeing me up and down and could see that Gary had a definite hard-on. As I had a shortish dress on and always wear stockings (husband's orders) they both had a good glimpse of my stocking tops as well as an eyeful of crutch from time to time. Well, after a few days of pondering on how I could get the two of them to give me a good shagging, Edna answered my problem by asking me if I could show them some of the local sights as she and Tom were not really up to it.

So on the Wednesday morning after hubby had gone off to work, I put on my yellow mini-dress, tan stockings and white suspender belt, yellow shoes to match and just a little tight pair of white panties making sure to brush my thick black hairs out of the sides so they had something good to look at. Then after putting on my full-length coat (I did not want to shock Edna), took them out for a drive in the car, Edna, Tom and Gary in the back and Alan sitting next to me as we drove around.

I had unbuttoned my coat and Alan had a first class view of my stocking tops and hairy crutch each time I changed gear as my dress slightly slid up my leg. Once we were on Dartford Heath I stopped the car and said I could hear a noise from the exhaust at the back of the car and asked Alan if he would take a look at it with me. As he bent down to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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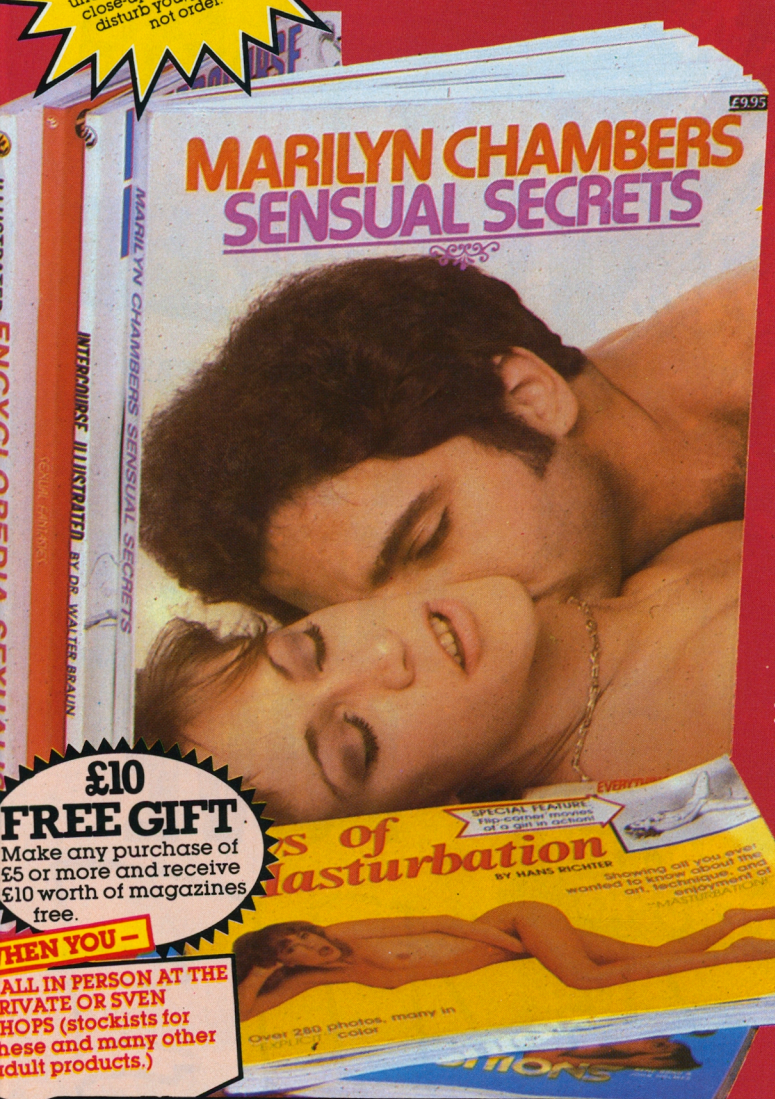

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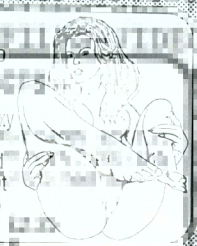

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Sharon

Sharon, 34-24-36, Dunstable. This 21-year-old redhead was Miss Houghton Regis, then she almost became Miss Dunstable, (the competition must've been stiff-making), so don't complain we never show you anyone famousin *Escort*.







Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

inspect the exhaust, I stood right by him and his eyes were just glued on my legs and crutch not knowing what to do. I said to him that he could touch without being afraid of being bitten. Well, his hands shot straight up to my panties and pulling them down slightly, had one hand furiously rubbing and fingering my hot cunt and the other hand squeezing my bum with a finger inserted in my hole and madly kissing my thighs and legs. Well, this happened for about 30 seconds only, as we did not want to raise suspicion but it left him in no doubt what I wanted.

I could hardly drive home with the excitement that incident had generated. As we pulled up outside the houses Tom and Edna went in and naturally, I invited Alan and Gary in for a coffee. Bearing in mind that Gary didn't know what had taken place half an hour earlier, you should have seen his face as we entered my house and Alan and I started to kiss lustfully.

Alan pulled my panties down and started to rub my cunt lips while we were still standing in the passage way. "Well, don't just stand there, Gary," I said, "help Alan". Alan moved round to my back while I and Gary kissed and groped. He did not know what to grab first. He was squeezing my big tits, rubbing my cunt and Alan knelt down behind me, pulled my cheeks apart and started tonguing me. This made me come right away. As I was rubbing and tossing Gary's stiff cock he could not hold out and shot his spunk over me and watched in delight as I rubbed the spunk into my bush matting the hairs. Alan had his cock out and got me to kneel down and suck him off. He too could not cope as I took his cock right in so his balls were bouncing on my lips as he fucked his cock in and out of my mouth and shot his spunk down my throat. Well the two of them undressed, I took off my dress and we spent a leisurely 20 minutes on the couch while they both tongued my cunt in turn and sucked and kissed my tits and nipples. Then after me sucking both cocks until they were nice and stiff, they took it in turn to fuck me. I sat back in the armchair with my legs dangling over the arms while Gary gave me a hard fuck and Alan stood next to my head so I could continue sucking his cock while he played with my tits and then when Gary was about to shoot his spunk all over my tits, I then knelt on all fours while Alan fucked me from behind and then withdrew shooting spunk over my bumcheeks and back.



Flash fanny: 'My wife just couldn't control herself'



Well over the remaining week, both boys got the chance to fuck me twice a day. All three of us even crept out in the middle of the night to my garden shed for a fuck. Them in their pants and me in a short nightie, sucking one while the other fucked me from behind. Then they would change places and we would fuck and suck until they both emptied their spunk into me one way or another. All I can say is that I am looking forward to their next visit. *Janet (full name and address withheld by request), Kent.*

Flash fanny

My wife and I thought we had better send you a few more "cut downs". After the last lot we sent you my wife just couldn't control herself, she said it turned her on so much to think of having her 'photo in your magazine she would just have to send you some more shots.

She does apologise for not showing her face, but she thinks the rest of her should please your readers. We took these photos after a night at our local disco, where my wife was the main attraction, giving plenty of flashes of her stocking tops and her tits.

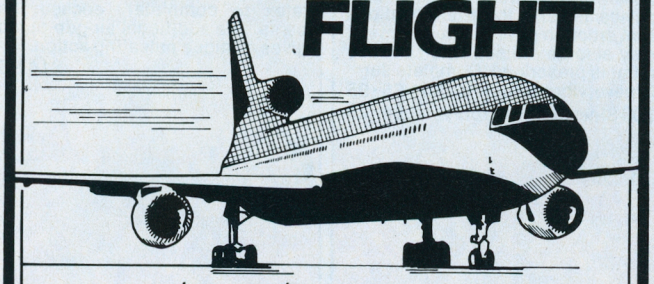
One lucky chap got a flash of her fanny, after she had removed her knickers in the toilet, he was staring at my wife, who was showing plenty of leg at the time, I asked him if he had a good view so my wife gave him a legs-open flash of her fanny, he quickly disappeared (silly fool, he could have fucked her), I suppose he must 've gone for a wank. We really do hope that you print these photos. Keep up the good work, it's an excellent magazine. *D.E.G. (full name and address withheld by request), Harrogate.*

Up-stares

I'd like to describe an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

AFTER YOUR FLIGHT



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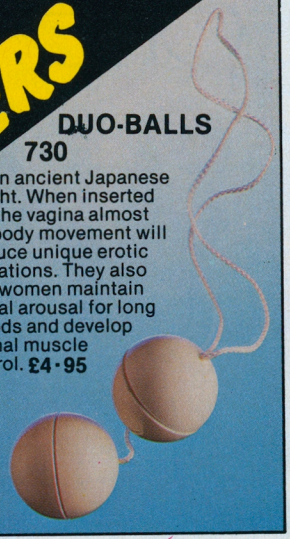

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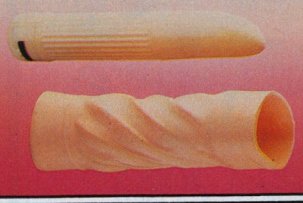

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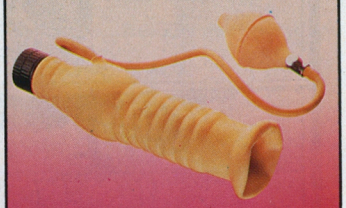

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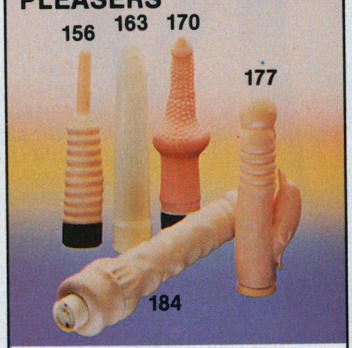

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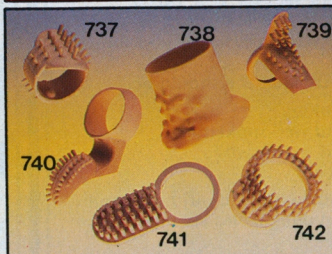

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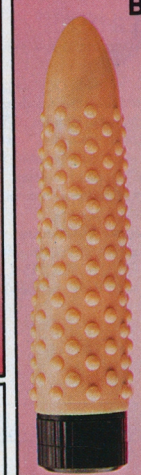

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Reader's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

incident which would bulge the trousers of a saint whilst prompting masturbatory gymnastics nationwide.

It was about ten years ago, in the glorious days of the mini-skirt when prick stimulating knickers, stretching invitingly across luscious bottoms, were constantly displayed in public and life seemed one endless wank. I lived on the ground floor of a small block of flats where the lift was always broken.

In the flat above mine lived two big-breasted girls who liked to wear the most micro of mini-skirts. Susan was fairly tall, well-built with shoulder length blonde hair and possessing enormous mazoomahs that would've stopped a train! Alison was big too, but shorter, dark-haired and blessed with tits of more than ample proportions.

One day they asked me to help them lift a heavy trunk up the stairs to their flat. They were wearing skirts which hardly covered their delicious backsides. Susan more than filled a navy blue schoolgirl type of skirt which just about covered the tops of her thighs. Alison was in a red micro mini-skirt which had me gasping in anticipation because the white edges of her knickers were already visible. My shaft was like a poker straight away as the sight of their nylon clad thighs produced waves of lust through my aching cock.

Getting a trunk up stairs is always difficult, especially when your donger's growing by the second and resembles a prize cucumber The struggle could have gone on for ever as far as I was concerned because of the delights of the now expanding knickerama spread invitingly before my burning eyeballs. The girls went up first and as they bent and stretched they revealed everything, their skirts seemed to be up to their armpits as I feasted my popping eyes onto their delicious white knickers. I was also treated to the sight of the tops of their tight waistbands and the creamy flesh beyond, such was their effort in stretching. My tool felt like an extra leg as it grew into an enormous rod. The girls knew what they were doing as they occasionally slid backwards and pushed their knickered backsides onto my arms. Oh, the feel of that cloth!

We got the trunk into their flat and I was offered a drink for my efforts, although my reward, like my giant wanking stick, was already immeasurable. I tried to calm down as I sat opposite Susan while Alison fixed the drinks. Without warning Susan said, "Have you enjoyed looking up our skirts then, you randy sod?" I managed to stammer out that it was impossible not to and apologised for any embarrassment it may have caused. Susan laughed and said "It turns us on, Peter, why do you think we wear these? I love to see the cocks expand as we parade our underwear." She then stretched over the arms of the chair and reached into a magazine rack. Her skirt rode right up her beautiful beam end displaying those mind blowing pure white knickers again. My prick nearly exploded and I was beginning to wonder how much more I could take before I'd be masturbating in front of them or begging them to suck me off before I had a coronary. Turning back and moving over to the sofa, Susan said quietly, "I want you to fuck me rigid, I want to impale myself on your iron rod of flesh. My knickers turn cocks into monsters, look again sex sod!" She sprawled on the sofa and threw her skirt over her waist and started to rub her mountainous tits through her blouse as she writhed and pouted, licking her lips and chewing her hair.

Alison came in with the drinks, and I noticed that she had undone all the buttons on her blouse. She then offered me a drink and "accidentally" spilt it into my lap, soaking my trousers. They both rushed forward and started to wipe my trousers and then it all happened in one huge outlet of unbridled lust. They rubbed my throbbing shaft through the cloth and felt me all over. We all slid to the floor with my face buried in thighs, tits and white knickers. I licked and chewed everything in sight, rubbing my head and prick across the cloth of their knickers as we all groaned and gasped uncontrollably. My trousers were soon undone and my giant rod sprang out like a huge iron railing. Alison was down on it like an animal licking it before shoving it into her mouth like some giant toffee apple!



Flash fanny: 'It turned her on to be in your magazine'

Susan was astride my chest unfastening her blouse. Her tits were like the Himalayas, filling the room as she squeezed them out of her white bra cups. The nipples were monumental and fully erect as she pressed her breasts together. Forcing them into fantastic shapes of cock blowing magnificence, she started to press them into my face. Then she stood over me and pulled her navy skirt high above her waist, gyrating her hips and fingering her cunt. "Bet you've got a fucking eyeful now", she said as she rubbed her white cotton knickered cunt faster and faster till the juice ran down her thigh under her tights. Her nipples now looked like door knobs as they strained against the tops of her bra cups.

By this time Alison was almost eating my pulsating prick and I was about to shoot the lot. I erupted in a shivering fit of sexual vibration as my spunk shot into her throat and down her skirt as she jerked the last out of me. She rubbed my oozing cock across her bra and began to lick me to hardness again. Susan was now rolling about on the thick carpet hysterically masturbating on the deep pile as my rod grew massive again. "Shove it up now," yelled Susan, "before I rip it off and ram it up myself." She gasped. Her knickers were off and she rolled onto me, grabbing my shaft and ramming it into her gaping juicy hole. She thudded her cunt up and down so fast before letting out a scream of ecstacy as she came. I shot my load again. "Now me," moaned Alison. "Fuck me till I explode, drown me in your spunk". Within minutes I was pumping into Alison with Susan on my back rubbing her gorgeous tits up and down my whole body. (I'm coming again just writing this).

I staggered back to my flat after further sexploitation. I only have to see a mini-skirt nowadays and my prick expands automatically, rigidly intoxicated by the thought of thighs and knickers and the memory of Susan and Alison. *Mr. P. B. (full name and address withheld by request), Bradford.*●

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JACKIE

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13— SERVICES

BLONDE, bisexual temptress, 23, would love tomake your fantasies reality. Telephone: 0530-62538.

GLASGOW: gorgeous, young, stockings and suspenders lady seeks gentlemen for sexy fun. "Flashing" photosets available. £5.00 per set. Box 130071.

16— PHOTO-PROCESSING

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CLASSIFIED APPLICATION COUPON ON PAGE 31

56— PERSONAL

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.

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

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.

I WOULD like to exchange experiences with BI girls to find out why my BI girlfriend developed into a pure lesbian. Box 561143.

GIRLS wanted by handsome young photographer. Don't be shy, ladies. No experience necessary. Take the plunge. Glasgow area. No fees. Box 561144.

SCOTLAND: Couple seek similar for swaps. Wife AC/DC. Also couples for threesomes. Nude photos essential. Box 561145.

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

BI lady needed to introduce educated lady to Berkshire BI-life. Box 561147.

WHAT is a G-Bang? Attractive lady seeks education from well spoken group. Berkshire/London. Box 561148.

ATTRACTIVE, happily married lady, thirties, seeks discreet, long term, male guest. Any age, if reasonably virile. Country house. Lovely room 45 minutes Paddington. No fees. box 561149.

BI female to teach wife, 22; BI male to teach husband, 24. Manchester. Box 561150.

NON profesional girl 18-25? Have you a daddy or teacher hang-up? And would you like to live out that secret fantasy in reality, without fear, due to 100% discretion both ways? Then you should write to good hearted, generous gentleman, who would provide you with love and attention, together with picture. Box 561133.

BELFAST: N.I., business man, 33, has a lot to offer, seeks lady for fun and loving relationship. Photo/phone appreciated. Discretion assured. Box 561151.

BRISTOL: inexperienced, tall, slim, male, 21, wishes to meet female/s for sexy fun and tuition. Your place only. Box 561152.

HORNY bachelor seeks unattached, sexy girlfriend. Merseyside/Lancs. Box 561153.

MALE seeks film work in Brazil or Africa. Box 561154.

ATTRACTIVE male, w/e, looking for two attractive females for sexy fun, or couples. Photos please. East Anglia. Box 561156.

GLASGOW: bisexual male, 22, seeks couples, all tastes welcome. Box 561155.

HOUSEWIVES: be massaged in the comfort of your own home by attractive, w/e male, 30 yrs. No fees. Discretion assured. Photos please. East Anglia Box 561157.

MALE, single, wants sexy, female pen pals. Box 561158.

ATTRACTIVE, couple, 32/33, seeks singles/couples for sexy fun, photo appreciated. Box 561159.

MALE, 19, seeks exciting, fun lovers. Experience unimportant. Will travel. Photo/phone. Box 561160.

BIRMINHAM: inexperienced, caring male, 36, own home, seeks young lady for mutual enjoyment. Box 561161.

ATTRACTIVE, sex mad male, 19, seeks couples and bi-females for fun. Also interested in voyeurism. London area. Straight females also welcome. Box 561162.

WANTED: sexy/tarty looking female to show herself off on pillion of big Japanese motorbike; occasional rides with young, Welsh lad. Age doesn't matter. Box 561163.

TALL male, 29, wishes to meet sexy, 40 plus, woman. Box 561164.

MALE; 50, seeks lonely housewives for sexy fun. Your place. Sussex/Surrey. BNox 561165.

GLASGOW: male, (29), seeks attractive female/couples for sexy fun. Your place. No fees. Box 561166.

ATTRACTIVE couple, educated, seek males to please blonde, highly sexed wife. Like to entertain weekends only. Box 561167.

MALE, 25, seeks female for discreet relationship. Own house, London/Surrey. Box 561168.

WANTED: bedroom for weekends in return for anything (legal) you desire. Dorset. Box 561169.

BUSINESSMAN, 40, own flat, would like to meet lady for sexy fun. Travel paid. Lancaster. Box 561170.

GENEROUS, Sussex farmer, 41, watches female couples. Accommodation free. Box 561171.

RANDY, single guy, wants randy girls to correspond. Box 561172.

MALE, 19, seeks sexy females, 18-45, Cambs/Herts, and surrounding ares. Box 561173.

HOUSEWIFE, 39 yrs., 40-28-36, seeks single male for threesomes/photo/phone. Box 561174.

ATTRACTIVE couple, 31/31, into exhibitionism/voyeurism, seek similar, photos with reply, please. South/anywhere. Box 561175.

MALE, 26, seeks women, 25-45, for tuition, single or housewife, any nationality. Can accommodate. Photo, if possible. Southampton area. Box 561176.

DISCREET male, 44, will visit ladies, 40-65, mutual pleasure. No fees. N. Ireland/Eire. Box 561177.

GENTLEMAN, 45, seeks ladies/couples for sexy fun. My place only. Lancaster. Box 561178.

ATTRACTIVE, blonde couple, 32f/35m, sensuous, seek similar couple for intimate, erotic evening, absolute discretion. Write with photo for quick reply. Hampshire. Box 561178.

ATTRACTIVE couple 20's, seek similar for photo swaps. Box 561180.

GENUINE first ad. Attractive male, 30, w.e. vasectomised, into D.I.Y., voyeur, exb., would like to meet married couple or two ladies, 20-45, for lasting friendship. Absolute discretion assured. Draped/undraped photo/phone no. please, returned with mine. A.L.A. wouldn't mind trying ac/dc. Grimsby/Lincoln/Humberside area. Can travel. Box 561181.

COUPLE, clean, M30/f28, seek clean, bi-female, any age. No fees. Will accommodate. Discretion assured. photo/phone, please. Lancs. Box 561182.

RAMPANT male, 34, goodlooking, great body, passionately desires seductive girl. Manchester/anywhere. box 561183.

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Coming Next Month



Well, you wouldn't believe it but I've discovered something about Mr Photographer Welshpool that I might even tell the *News of The World* about as it's quite interesting. What he likes doing is getting girls in his garden shed and making them take their clothes off. Now I've no objection to him making girls take their clothes off for the usual reasons like posing for naughty pictures but some men actually like girls taking their clothes off so they can do other things like moving towards them with their tongues panting out and their fingers sort of making cupping and twitching shapes in the air. Luckily this is Sue in Photographer Welshpool's garden shed and she found some flower pots to cover her modesty with. About two minutes later apparently Mr Welshpool found something as well – that Sue is a black belt in karate. So now on top of everything else I've got to send him a bunch of flowers and a little note hoping he will get better soon. And what we've also got in the next issue are all those pretend school girls on the bus that you quite liked last time we showed you pictures of them, which was a 'triffic hoot except it was raining when we took them so the editor didn't want to ruin your summer hols with dark grainy pictures of monsoon type conditions and has been hanging onto them, he says, for that reason. We've also got the usual pictures of girls without too many clothes spoiling the view, and that's it for now because I've been back in London for two weeks and I want to go on holiday again, but I can't and I can see all those workmen on the roof hoping the editro is going to photograph a nekkid lady on the roof again but he isn't so excuse me while I get my bikini. I hate disappointing anyone, especially if the hotel opposite is charging extra for the view. – *Luv Julia Jones.*

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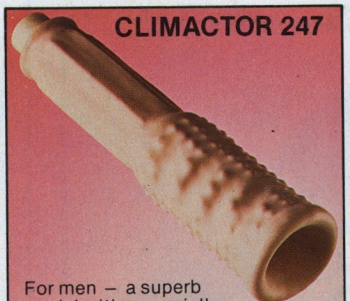

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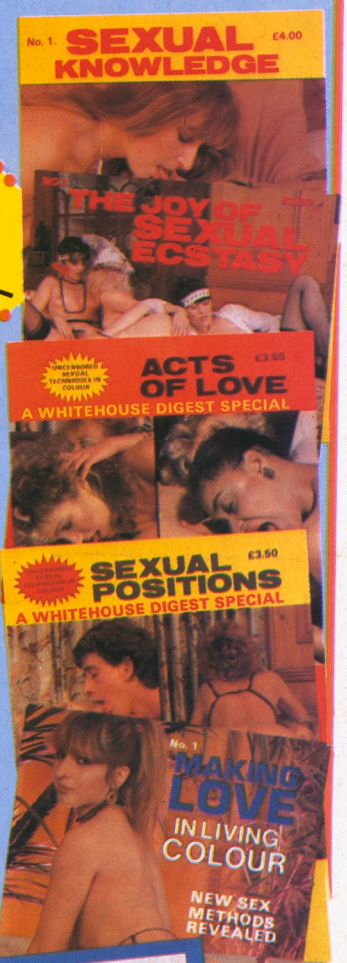

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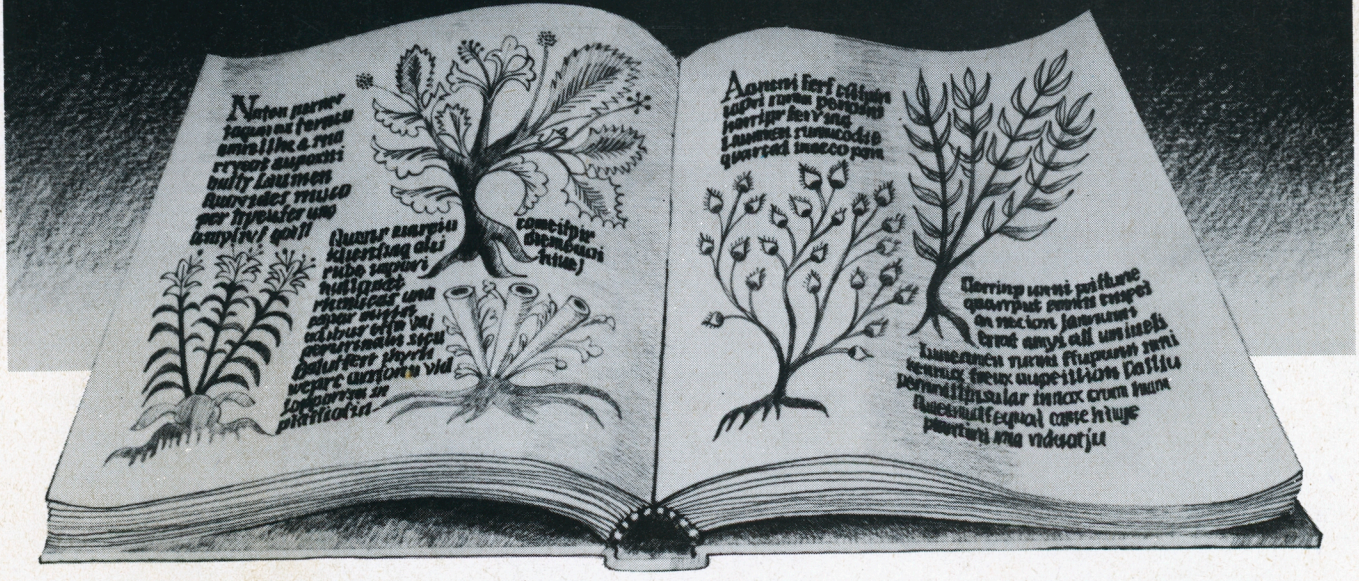

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