

RAZZLE

STILL
ONLY
60p

Volume 3 Number 8
PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND
Austria 60 AS
France 34 Francs
Switzerland 5.40 Francs

GIRLS WITH
BIG BOOBS

IN
THIGH
BOOTS
AND
LEATHER
PLUS
LOTS OF
NAKED
FEET

LIZA GETS
WET AGAIN



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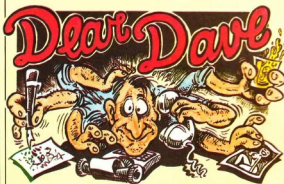
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Go dozy for Eva on page 16.

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Words Of Lust

"Dip your quill," you say. If I only could! I'm talking about Yvonne's *Readers' Wives' Confession* in Vol 3 No 2.

I get a huge hard-on reading it. The thought of her lying on the bed, pushing a vibrator against her clit, longing for cock, has me wanking like mad.

"What a miserable world we live in!" I think, as my cock comes to the boil. I'd give anything to have her hot, juicy cunt tube grasping and sucking off this boiling cock of mine.

If I could only get in touch with her, she'd soon be enjoying the feel of my seven-inch well-loaded cock filling her hot, young fuckhole.

Garry, N. Ireland

Grown up Games

Last year my wife's best friend, Wendy, who lives in Wales, came to stay with us for a weekend. It had been ages since

we'd seen her and we were looking forward to a great weekend. In fact it turned out a whole lot better than just "great".

Like Carol, Wendy is 26, tall, slim and with long hair. They've been friends since schooldays and get on better than sisters. I'd always fancied Wendy, but when she arrived for the weekend she looked so gorgeous, I was determined to get her out of her clothes.

We went out for a few drinks and a meal on the Friday. During the course of the conversation it turned out that during the last year, Wendy had got into nudism, and had done some modelling.

Over the dinner table she discreetly showed us some pics, and my prick promptly came to attention. She looked even better than I'd anticipated. The point is, her fanny was shaven, and before we left for home it

Come on - dip your quills and get down on it. Whether it's wanking in Watford, shagging in Sheffield or flashing in Fife... a few lines or a mini-epic - I want to know. And so do your fellow readers. Write to DEAR DAVE, RAZZLE MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE. And I'll even cough up ten quid if you send me a picture I can use.

was agreed that Wendy should remove Carol's public hair.

I broke all speed limits to get home. Once in, more wine was brought out and Wendy showed us some more photographs, a lot more daring than the ones she'd shown us in the restaurant.

Soon, I was detailed to find scissors, shaving cream and a razor. When I returned downstairs both Carol and Wendy were starkers.

We agreed I should take some polaroids of them and they took great delight in adopting sexy poses together. My prick was nearly bursting. I took a couple of "before" shots of Carol's cunt, and then Wendy began the delicate job of removing Carol's public hair.

Wendy suggested I strip off too. I needed no second prompting. Carol lay back on the sofa and spread her legs wide. Wendy knelt between them and

EYES GLUED ON PAULA

We really appreciated those fantastic pictures of Paula (*Readers' Wives*, Vol 3 No 3). As soon as I saw them, I had to wank.

Sue, my wife, took the magazine off me to see what all the fuss was about and immediately slipped a hand inside her knickers and started playing with herself. So I snatched it back and said: "I saw her first." To which Sue replied: "Let's wank over her together."

So we went up to the bedroom, stripped off nude, laid Paula in between us and wanked ourselves silly. Then Sue gasped: "She's fuck!"

I threw my leg over her, but she wanted it from behind. So I took her from behind while she was still playing with herself and staring at the pictures of Paula.

Then as I was about to come, I whipped it out and blurted spunk all over the page, and, as I did so, Sue came as well.

As you've probably guessed, Sue is bisexual, so we both fell in love with Paula. Of course we've got no hope of ever meeting her, so we can only hope Paula reads this letter and will send in some more photos of herself.

Fred and Sue, London





MORE TO COME...

This is a picture of me just before I got the best fucking of my life.

At the last office party, one of the younger girls brought her black husband along. As soon as I saw him, I got butterflies inside. I knew I wanted my first black prick as soon as possible.

At the end of the night, Marv, who is eighteen, offered me a lift home. I asked about his wife and he said she'd already gone home.

Well, to cut a long story short, he took me back to my house and I led him upstairs to my room. He stripped me and took this picture of me before dropping his trousers to produce the biggest prick I've ever seen. It hung between his legs like a length of hosepipe. It must have been 12 inches when soft.

If your readers like the photo and the story of the beginning of my fucking with Marv, I'll write and send some more photos later.

Alison, Kent

We're all agog. Make it quick! - Dave.

trimmed her hairs. Then she spread shaving cream round Carol's cunt and shaved every last one off. At the end, Carol's gaping cunt was really juicy.

Wendy moved aside so that I could kneel between Carol's legs and insert my penis into her cunt, and I experienced the best fuck I'd ever had, made particularly exciting by the presence of Wendy stroking me and whispering encouragement.

When I'd shot my load deep inside Carol, Wendy said she wanted her fanny shaving now - her hair had grown back since the photos were taken - and Carol and I moved to let Wendy spread out on the sofa.

Carol watched while I trimmed, then shaved Wendy's pubes. At the end of the 15 minutes it took to complete the job, my member was rampant again. Carol could tell I wanted to shaft Wendy, so she said: "Fuck her! Go on give her a good screw!"

Slowly I introduced my prick into Wendy's hot, juicy passage, and I pumped in and out until I climaxed with another ecstatic orgasm.

We rested for a while for some wine and a smoke. As we chatted, it became clear that this was not the first time Wendy and Carol had done this sort of thing with other blokes. As the wine flowed, the girls talked fondly of some of their previous sex games with the lucky fellas.

Since that weekend, Wendy has been to stay with us several

Continued on page 27



I've no desire to be a lady Prime Minister, but I'd love to be a Chief Whip for the back benchers!



WILDLIFE

Even editors of girly books need to get away for a break - occasionally, and Dave took off for a (well-earned - Dave) holiday in Africa. He packed his Olympus OM-1 and vowed he would only take snaps of the wildlife.

"I don't want to see another naked woman for at least a fortnight," he told assistant ed Juliette (funny man - Juliette). During the first week of his Safari he spotted, through his zoom lens, what appeared to be a zebra.

With some excitement he zoomed out to capture the whole animal and found to his 'horror' that the zebra was, in fact, a beautiful girl called Audrey from Haywards Heath.

He took a few more pics of her - and somehow never got round to photographing the wildebeest at all. Aaaah!





Nancy wafted into Dave's office looking every inch a princess — hat and gloves, matching shoes and handbag and a fur draped casually round her slinky shoulders. Altogether, the lady looked a million dollars.

"I wish to appear in Razzle. My vital statistics are 36-24-34. I'm sure you can accommodate me."

Anything to oblige a lady. So she was led by our trembling photographer to the studio.

Madam removed her apparel most gracefully and then proceeded to display her parts most wantonly, as any woman should if she wants to turn our readers on. And we think she manages that all right.



CLASSY BUT BRASSY





LIZA LANE ON THE JOB

Razzle's naughtiest nymphomaniac relates the continuing shocking details of her outrageous day-to-day doings just for you ...



Hi, lads! As usual I've been up to all my mischievous tricks again this month. Ooh, it's so much fun being naughty and outrageous like I am — you get so much more satisfaction out of life. And when the summer is here, I'm even more in the mood for getting around and doing my thing.

This month, an old friend of mine called Les 'phoned me up. He came into quite a bit of money recently and he's set himself up running a health farm in Cornwall. As he'd only just opened the place, he told me he needed some famous faces to go along to attract the public.

Of course, he said I could have the full works for free. Also, I knew Les fancied me so I knew the 'full works' probably included him fucking me, but, as you know, I'm always game for a good energetic session and I immediately agreed to go down there.

When I arrived, I thought I looked very fit already in my cute little shorts, red high heels and bikini top — which just held my luscious firm boobs in.

Les came out to welcome me personally and was very pleased to see me. In fact, he was so pleased to see me that his big prick was straining at his trousers the minute he set eyes on me.

The first thing he said to me was that his was a respectable health farm, not a nudist colony, so I was to try and behave and restrain myself from my naughty antics. Otherwise the older guests might have a coronary and that wouldn't give his health farm a very good reputation!

About To Pop Out

Suddenly remembering his fetish for my titties, I knew just the thing to take his mind off his worries. I let both my tits fall out of my bikini top, showing off my sexy erected nipples. His eyes nearly popped out of his head and his rampant cock looked like it was going to pop out of his trousers any minute.

Les put both his hands on my tits to cover them up in case anyone was looking. My pussy instantly got excited with his big hands squeezing my fleshy boobs, and now I really needed a big, hard cock to satisfy me. I suggested to Les he show me round the grounds first so I could get acquainted with my new surroundings.

My plan was to drag him into the first clump of bushes we came across and get him to fuck me good and proper. As soon as we came to a suitable location, I pulled him out of sight and got his big cock out of his trousers.

"You naughty girl, Liza!" he groaned as I knelt in front of him



and pressed his boobies round his throbbing cock. I giggled wickedly and stuck my long, wet tongue out to lick his purple, bulging knob end while he worked his cock up and down ecstatically.

My fanny was really juiced up for a good, hard fucking now, but Les was too engrossed heaving up and down with his cock squashed between my breasts. After pumping away hard for a few minutes, his hot come exploded out of him on to my chest and face. I tried to lick as much of it as possible and rubbed the leftovers into my skin.

I think Les had been respectable too long as even after such a short session, he was completely knackered after shooting his load. He just about had enough energy left to show me to my room and then he had to go and recuperate in his office.

Not being in the mood to relax myself I decided I might as well go and get stuck into some of this health treatment I was here for.

I'd noticed on my way in that there was this lovely, hunky geezer called Simon in charge of doing the massages. He didn't seem to be very busy at that particular moment, so I thought I'd go and occupy a bit of his time.

Much to Simon's astonishment and delight, I didn't bother to go into the little changing cubicle to get undressed. I just very sensuously stripped out of my little outfit quite openly in front of him. That got me feeling very randy. Then I lay on the massage couch on my back, with my legs apart for

him to see my luscious, horny fanny.

After rubbing some lovely scented oil into the palms of his hands, he began to smear it into my skin. Ooh, he was delicious! My vagina tingled and got wetter than ever. This treatment was really working me up for a good screw.

To give Simon the idea of what I wanted, I slid a couple of fingers

into my sopping wet cunt and squelched them slowly in and out, while looking at him as seductively as I could.

He was definitely getting turned on by my erotic display. I thought the way his cock was poking at his tracksuit bottoms he could probably do with a bit of massage himself. And who better to rub his aching muscle than me, with some lovely, gooey cream from my gooey vaginal!

Steamy Sauna

I opened my legs wide and invited him to fuck me on the massage bed. But he said he had a much better idea.

He stripped off, revealing a gorgeous, muscled body. Then he took me by the hand and, both naked, we walked into the sauna. I'd heard of steamy fucks, but this was ridiculous! Mind you, it was incredible how horny I felt as I started getting really hot. I begged Simon to push his cock into me and fuck me good and hard.

The benches were too hot to lie on, so I bent over with my legs apart and my bum in the air. Between my legs, I saw Simon approaching me through the steam with his lovely, big cock leading the way.

His prick felt good and hot as it slid into me up to the hilt. He began to pump hard, making me groan. With the heat of the sauna and the violent fucking pace, I nearly lost consciousness, but it was a mind-blowing fuck. I climaxed so many times I lost count. Yes, I can definitely say that was



one of the hottest fucks I've ever had.

Simon led me to a nice, foaming, bubbly Jacuzzi afterwards to cool me down. I was well and truly shagged out, or so I thought. While I sat in the Jacuzzi wobbling away, the hard spurts of water somehow got directed to my fanny and I had another lovely, lingering orgasm. It's funny how nearly everything manages to make me come, isn't it?

I eventually left Les' health farm with a definite flush in my cheeks, and feeling well contented with my randy fitness course.

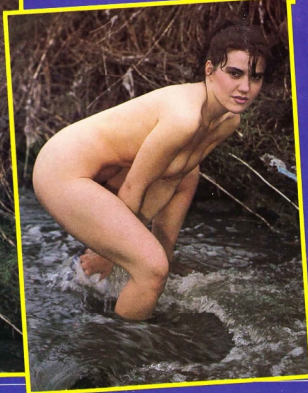
As I had to pass through Devon on my way back to London, I decided to pay Molly and Fred (remember - I told you all about them in Vol 3 No 1) a visit to see for myself how they were getting on with their new-found randy sex life. Apparently, things were getting very promiscuous on their little farm nowadays - and all thanks to naughty Liza.

They were both very pleased to see me again and couldn't stop telling me about all the sexy things they'd been getting up to since the last time I saw them. I was very pleased to hear all their news, as nothing pleases me more than hearing about people doing what really turns them on - apart from doing what really turns *me* on, of course.

Naughty Adventure

After a lovely lunch, they asked me excitedly if I would like to go with them on a naughty little adventure they'd got planned for that afternoon. Naturally I said yes, but when I asked them what it was, they wouldn't tell me. Very mysterious about it, they were. Still - I like a surprise!

Molly and I both changed into the shortest see-through shirt dresses with little shorts but no underwear underneath. Molly looked delicious with her boobies bouncing around under the thin



material. We topped off our outfits with tarty make-up and went to get Fred. He thought we looked a pair of real ravers.

The three of us trundled off down the lane until we came to a little river with lots of men sitting stock still on stools, holding their long rods in their hands. Unfortunately they were only fishing rods, but I thought it would have been better if they were all lined up holding their ramrods between their legs.

They were all concentrating too hard waiting for something to bite to notice Molly and me wiggling along behind them with hardly any clothes on. A little bit further on, we stopped and Fred said: "Here we are, girls," and got his camera out.

Molly immediately jumped into the water and started splashing about, and I followed her. The

fast-running water reminded me of the Jacuzzi at the health farm and I started feeling very randy. Molly was obviously getting in the mood as well, as she had peeled off her clingy, wet shirt dress and shorts and was feeling up her naked body while Fred snapped the action from dry land. Molly whispered something to me. I couldn't believe my ears. She wanted us both to go and jump on Fred and have our wicked way with him. By now I really needed a rampant cock, so I thought it was a great idea.

We splashed through the water and rushed straight at Fred. We got him down on the ground and started pulling his clothes off.

I sat with my wet fanny on Fred's face as Molly pulled off his pants to reveal his enormous hard-on and big, hairy balls. While she



Letters to Liza

Dear Liza

You're everything that a man could ever want. You were made for sex. I only wish I was one of those lucky blokes who gets to put his hard knob inside you. I bet you've never seen a flaccid one, come to that.

You are the queen of my fantasies. What I imagine is walking into a room full of desirable young girls, with you in charge of the lot of them.

Although all the other girls would be randy and begging me to fuck them, my prong only erects violently at the sight of you lying back with your legs splayed, revealing your succulent pussy and playing lazily with your pert nipples.

My hard knob leads me to you

like a magnet and you can plainly see I'm dying to fuck you. But you refuse, telling me I can't until I've proved I can make the grade, and to do that I have to fuck every other girl in the room first.

You watch with interest as my knob drills in and out of all the other girls and makes them come one after the other. But I'm not satisfied to shoot my load into any girl is firmly implanted inside your gorgeous fanny.

Impressed and excited by my performance, you get up on all fours, open your pussy lips and beg me to fuck you.

At last my knob enters you and you groan with satisfaction as I begin to move in and out. You buck so my knob is moving faster

in and out of your fanny. The tightness of your pussy is making it hard to hold back, but I restrain myself until I hear you gasping and moaning your orgasm.

At that moment, my knob explodes and my boiling load squirts deep inside you, and I collapse exhausted.

Richard, Crewe
Quite honestly, Richard, if your cock would be as hard as all that I wouldn't wait until you'd fucked a whole room full of girls before I got hold of it. But that's a very horny fantasy you've got there and I'm not surprised you'd be exhausted after all that!

Dear Liza,

I love your sexy, ravishing body, and I'm glad you're glad to be a nymphomaniac. You are indeed a woman of experience, but I was wondering if you have ever been fucked by an Asian on your naughty adventures.

If not, I would love to be the

first Asian to fuck you. I dream of my coffee-coloured six inches making its way up your juicy pussy, feeling your fanny juice rubbing on to my prick.

I must admit I have never yet screwed a white girl, so it would be a first for both of us - that is if you are game. The only experience I have had with a white girl was about six months ago. Her name was Helen.

What happened was, that we went to the local park, and while we were sitting in my car, she asked me if I had ever been sucked before. I said no and added: "Why? Do you want to suck me?" She said: "Maybe."

We got out and sat in the back seat. After a few minutes of kissing and caressing, I placed my hand on her pussy and she was wet. I could feel it though the pink panties she was wearing. I slowly undid her skirt and pushed it down.

She placed her hands around

wanked his cock, I felt Fred's tongue lapping up my hot pussy juices.

Being very turned on by the sight of Fred's big cock getting harder, Molly and I started diddling our clits to make our juices flow faster. I had a beautiful climax with Fred's tongue deep in my fanny and Molly soon followed suit, still rubbing frantically up and down on Fred's stiff tool.

By this time, Fred was so worked up he couldn't control himself any longer and he squirted big, warm spurts of spunk all over his belly. With our eager tongues, Molly and I licked up every last drop.

After that sexy little episode, I had to start thinking about getting my train back to London. I thanked Molly and Fred for having me for the day and giving me such a lovely time, and set off on my way.

I wanted to have some glamorous photos taken for my portfolio, so I answered an ad in a camera magazine which seemed to offer the services I was interested in. The studio was in a very posh, high-class area of town and when I got there I thought it was very classy-looking.

The photographer gave me a drink and told me to get myself ready while he went and prepared his cameras. Everything seemed to be very proper and professional, so I felt fine.

At first I was so into posing and looking good, I didn't notice his plonker was hanging out of his trousers. Unusual for me, I know, but for once I had my mind on other things.

As he fiddled with his camera equipment, his other equipment was growing very stiff indeed. I wondered to myself what he was going to do with it. Every time the camera flashed, his cock twitched and when it was long enough, he rubbed it against his tripod. I don't know why I always meet these weirdos. It was funny really, but he didn't seem to be a bit interested in my body.

As the photo session drew to a close, he took pictures faster and faster and got more and more excited. Finally, with the last picture, he shot his load all over the place. It's a funny way of getting job satisfaction if you ask me, but each to his own!

Anyway, chaps, that's all from me again for another month. Don't forget to grab a pen and a piece of paper and let me know all about your amusing, sexy stories and fantasies. See you soon.

Love Liza



Letters to Liza

my neck and forced me down to lick her pussy. I kissed her cunt through her panties, and then slowly I slid them down to her ankles.

She whispered: "Finger me." No sooner had she said this than I had my fingers up her juicy, warm cunt. My fingers slid in and out of her cunt for quite a while. By now she was almost screaming with joy. She came in a climax soon afterwards.

The smell in the car was so exciting my prick was throbbing like mad. I quickly undid my flies and took my trousers and pants down, revealing my pride and joy, standing like a rocket ready for action.

"Let me fuck you like mad," I said to Helen, but she said she was scared because there were too many people around. "Well suck me then!" I almost demanded.

She went down and started

sucking it almost as if it was a lollipop. Her tongue warmly salivated my swollen knob. She was moving up and down my knob like a professional. I spunked in her mouth, my cream pouring out of the sides.

She then rubbed my prick until I had another climax. She kissed me for a while afterwards. I had never tasted spunk before she kissed me like that. The mixture of her saliva and my spunk was astonishing.

So, Liza, remember, if you ever want an Asian prick up your cunt, call me. I'm young, free and single and all I ever do is wank over you.

Kuldip, Nottingham
Cor, Kuldip. What a horny fella you are! I've never fucked an Asian in Nottingham, but if I do, I promise you'll be the first. Although I can't promise you'll be the last!

Dear Liza,

My girlfriend was once away for two long weeks. Each day of her absence I wanked myself, and then the thought occurred to me to save all my spunk for her by pointing my prick into the neck of a small jar each time I came.

The evening she returned, it was not long before we were both naked on the bed and heavily

engaged in foreplay. It was then I told her what I had for her.

I had placed the jar near a heater to make it warm, and when I gave it to her she looked amazed and said she'd never seen so much spunk before.

I poured some on to her tits, rubbing it all over them and making her nipples really hard and erect. Her response was to pour some over my erect prick, rubbing it all over and making it so slippery that she could move her tightly squeezed hand up and down it.

Then I placed her on her back and got her to lift her knees to her chin so that her slit was facing upwards.

I fingered and sucked her until she was really wet. Then I got her to put the first two fingers of each hand into her cunt and open it as wide as possible, while I emptied the jar of warm spunk into her. It made her groan.

I got on top of her and quickly slid my prick into her cunt. As I moved in and out of her she felt unimaginably wet. We were both desperate to come, so it wasn't many seconds before she was shaking and I was delivering even more spunk into her cunt.

When we had recovered, she

turned me over on to my back and she sat astride me, rubbing her dripping cunt effortlessly against my wet prick. I could feel spunk running out of her cunt all over my prick and balls, and in a short time I was really hard again.

She held my prick upright and, squeezing it between thumb and forefinger, she pulled the skin downwards, making my end really swollen. She put the entrance of her cunt on to it and I watched my prick disappear into her as she slowly lowered herself down on it.

She remained in an upright position, moving herself up and down on my prick for ages. Then she quickened her movement and brought us to what, by this time, was a much needed climax.

As we both came she pushed down really hard on my prick and I could feel the lips of her cunt pressed against me.

Afterwards she walked round the flat naked because she said it was sensational to feel the rest of the spunk run out of her cunt.

John, Hull
Cor, yummy - what a delicious coming home present. I must say I've only ever tasted fresh spunk straight from the pump, but I'm sure it tastes just as good out of a bottle. Must try it one day!

SADIE SORTS IT OUT

Dear Sadie

I KNOW IT'S a daft question, but, just out of interest, is spunk fattening? My boyfriend's spunk is so creamy I'm sure it must be, especially in the amounts I swallow! I'm 19.

Loretta, Barnstable

Dear Loretta,
There's only one way that semen can be fattening, and that's if you get pregnant, and I advise you to steer clear of that at your age.

Luckily, taken orally, semen isn't fattening at all, so you've no need to worry about losing your figure that way. Even if it was, you use up enough energy during a good sex session to burn off those extra calories anyway!

AFTER 15 YEARS of terrible marriage my wife and I got divorced and went our separate ways. Soon afterwards I was lucky enough to meet a lovely and sexy lady whom I both liked and fancied.

After a few dates we ended up in bed together. To my horror I found I just couldn't get an erection with her, although I'd wanked almost non-stop alone thinking about making love to her.

This has happened a couple of times now and I'm very worried she'll go off me and get offended that I can't get it up for her.

Please give me some advice, Sadie. I don't want to lose this wonderful woman.

Jim, Shropshire

Dear Jim,

You say your marriage was a disaster, and, in my opinion, it's probably the after effects of your relationship with your ex-wife which is marring your present one. Often our subconscious reactions to past situations can affect our present lives - even though we're not aware of it - and cause worry and difficulties.

However, your new woman sounds warm and loving, and from what you've said, is willing to keep trying even if things don't go right at first. And your inability to get an erection should only be a temporary state of affairs. Don't forget you were with one woman for 15 years, and however bad your relationship with her was, it takes a bit of getting used to someone new.

But don't worry. Your new lady doesn't sound the sort who's just after a stud. Take it easy. You don't have to prove anything. All the rest will follow if you go at your own pace.

ONE DAY WHEN we were in bed I asked my girlfriend what she does when she's feeling randy when I'm not with her. She told me that if she's alone she masturbates herself to orgasm, and also that she does it



quite a lot.

The thought really turned me on and I asked her to do it for me. She refused and said masturbating is something you should only do on your own.

My cock aches at the thought of her bringing herself off. How can I convince her to do it for me?

Ian, Wiltshire

Dear Ian,

If there was a known formula for getting people to do what we wanted them to do, I wish I knew it! But - and it's probably just as well - there is no foolproof way to make people fall in with our desires.

This is one you're going to have to sort out with your girlfriend. I will say though that self-masturbation doesn't have to be done when one is alone. Quite the contrary. And, as you're beginning to be aware, it can be a stimulating addition to sex when either or both partners do it in each other's presence.

To get your own way in this instance you're just going to have to exert your masculine charm and persuasion. It's the only way, I'm afraid, but I'm sure you'll manage it. Where there's a will, there's a way and all that!

Your girlfriend's reluctance to masturbate herself in front of you is probably only coyness anyway, rather than a real aversion, which will easily be overcome when her confidence is bolstered by your loving words.

AN OLD FRIEND of my wife's came to stay with us recently. Now, I never liked her and I wasn't

looking forward to her visit, and when she arrived I didn't feel any happier to see her.

But while she was with us my cock got aching stiff every time I looked at her and I dreamed about fucking the arse off the bitch and enjoying it. I even woke up one night and found that I'd come in my sleep.

I didn't fuck her. I love my wife and I don't even like the other one. I don't know what my wife sees in her. She's awful, so why did she make me feel so horny? It's very confusing.

Morgan, Bournemouth

Dear Morgan,

I can imagine it was very confusing for you to find yourself feeling like that. Maybe you don't like this other woman precisely because she does have this effect on you, and your real love for your wife makes you feel resentful whenever you see this other woman.

If it's a matter of chemistry between you and this other woman there's nothing much you can do about your feelings except wait for them to go away.

As far as actions are concerned I think you did the right thing. You really love your wife and have a much more meaningful thing going with her and you've proved it by not giving in to merely physical impulses.

Don't forget, this woman isn't staying with you all the time, so try not to think about her when she's not there. If she's out of your mind you won't dwell on those sexual urges you have for her and with time hopefully they'll disappear.

★ Star Qualities

Hitting it off with the ideal partner has a lot to do with your stars, says SORAYA MOON. If you're wondering about your chances with Miss X, Mrs Y or Mr Z, just send Soraya as many details as possible about the two of you and she will give you her opinion...

I'M AN Aquarian man, born on February 7, 1946. A few years ago I had an affair with a Virgo lady. She is the same age as me, but is married to a Capricorn man. Their marriage is dull and boring, but when she found herself pregnant from our affair, she decided to stay with her marriage. I accepted this, and we are still good friends, but seeing her now, I cannot help wondering if she made the right decision.

Stewart, Yeovil

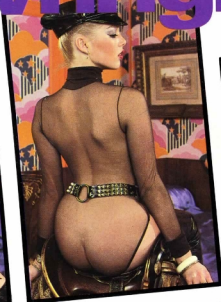
NO DOUBT the pros and cons of life with you were carefully weighed up. Virgo does not go in for superficial relationships and you would not have been cast aside without careful forethought - not to mention not being taken on without careful foreplay.

As to her marriage, Virgo-Capricorn partners make good friends, can understand one another and can offer mutual consolation through life's ups and downs. But, sexually, they do not find each other exciting. They make a poor combination as lovers.

Aquarius has a very different outlook on sex from Virgo. Her domesticity, her possible clinging tendencies, her earthy solidity, her possible fastidiousness could well have overwhelmed you once the fire of initial romance had cooled. And what is more, your 'group spirit' outlook could have made you appear cold and unaffectionate. She would have been very unhappy.

Sexual alienation might have grown all too quickly between you. Dine out on the good memories, but do not hanker after unreal possibilities.

Downright D



A girl has got to have a certain amount of class to carry off the downright dirty, sleazy seductress bit. Christine's got oodles of it, from the tips of her high heels to the tips of her beautiful, big (38-inch) boobs. And – wow! – does she know how to flaunt it to make a fella feel horny!

But why does busty blonde Christine feel the need to gild the lily with such openly bawdy costumes? Surely her body alone is enough to set any man's desires ablaze?

"It just adds a bit of extra titillation, that's all. Nothing wrong with a bit of extra titillation, is there?" said Christine, swinging one thigh-booted leg nonchalantly over the other.

Who can disagree?



irty



Little Titters



You've got your nose stuck again, haven't you?



Would you mind flushing the toilet ... it's full of ashes



Yeah, I'll give you a tip - take your dick out of my wife's ear!



Isn't it about time he was bloody well hibernating?



If you're not enjoying it, just say so!



Could you call back later?



I'm afraid the counsellor's out, too. But if it was me I'd give him a swift kick in the balls!



Anyone ever tell you that you have a real tight box, Marylou?

On The Spot



Our photographer spotted Eva grooving the night away dressed like this at one of London's hottest night spots ("Cor, you should have seen the way she moved her hips!" he commented later).

But for purely professional reasons, he approached the sexy young thing and asked her back to his place for an on-the-spot photo session.

Apparently, she was dying to be discovered, so instead of giving him a smack in the chops, she almost wet herself with glee and went along willingly.

As she did her thing for the camera, she was very eager to tell all her details, just in case anyone "really big" happened to see her. Charming!

"I'm 21, my vital statistics are 36B-24-34 – in inches of course – I was brought up in London and I like to spend all my time having fun."

Well, is there anyone "really big" out there who'd like to have fun with Eva?







It's amazing the amount of crap we take from those who think what to do. But ADAM BREWER turns the tables and sends back a big raspberry with our compliments...

NEW JOURNALISM

The only way of making real money in Fleet Street these days has nothing to do with journalism at all.

You just screw, or say you've screwed, someone famous and tell the whole story.

The more respectable offshoot is telling all about the famous person you are or were married to.

The formula is simple. If you're still married you tell a few saucy stories and say how you know the star is faithful.

If divorced, you comment on the size of his cock, how often he could get it up and his rubber fetish.

It's pretty tawdry stuff really. But made worse by the people the shit sheets rate as famous. Des O' Conner for one. There's his ex-missus going on about him. Yawn, yawn. And Terry Wogan! Along with those tedious non-stars from soap operas.

It's all so prim and tame. Give me a good old sizzling reader's confession in Razzle any day.

They may not be any more accurate than the stuff in the shit sheets, but at least they name no names and do no harm.

BORING THE BLIND

About the only consolation for the blind has long been the knowledge that they don't have to read the *Sunday People*.

Now that's been taken away from them too. The awful rag is putting itself on tape.

Don't know what they do for the sexy pictures. Lots of whistles and 'I could give her one' choruses from assembled hacks, perhaps.

Apparently not. They only do the news... now how do they get that to last for 90 minutes, I wonder. Or even ten?

DEAD FUNNY

I read in the *Mail on Sunday* that most of the canned laughter heard on feeble TV chat shows was recorded over 30 years ago.

Most of the people laughing are already dead.

This explains why most of the gags are years out of date. The writers are playing to their audience.

No wonder T.V. comedy bores you stiff.

EVIL RUMOURS

So Proctor and Gamble, makers of miracle whiteners, have had to withdraw their trade mark. Because some clown started the rumour that the moon and stars symbol was a satanist motif.

Apparently there is another rumour that Marlboro, the fag makers, are linked to the Klu-Klux Klan because if you read the packet standing on your head, it's supposed to include the Klan's symbol. People are even saying that tarantulas have been found in Marks and Sparks Yucca plants.

I think it's disgusting the depths some people will go to ruin another business.

Interestingly enough though, I hear that the names of some men's magazines contain diabolical symbolism. *Riafiam*, for example, is said to be the name of an early Etruscan demon God, worshipped with revolting enthusiasm during the annual festival of boredom.

Atseif; now there's a name to conjur with. Certainly sounds as though it should be a satanic handle.

You will note that the magazines containing these names also contain a page 6 and a page 66. Triple six is, supposedly the devil's sign.

STORY OF THE MONTH

My favourite newspaper story recently appeared in the *London Standard*. Mainly because I didn't have to read it. And when you have to read all the shit sheets that's a great relief.

This marvellous story concerned Paul 'Soft Porn King', Raymond. The *Standard* sent a little-known girl reporter to the *Raymond Revuebar*.

Nuff said. No one who knows newspapers need read any further, because you can invest in a lot of nine to four that you know precisely what she's going to write!

I mean, little-known journalists have to make their name. They have to be feministically O.K. (female journalists being what they think they are). They have to reflect the *Standard's* views on Paul Raymond. Which are, roughly, that he should be locked up for being so successful and thoroughly ashamed of himself.

So why read the rubbish, when I can make it up? Like this: she went, it was not so much shocking - 'I mean I'm not in the slightest bit embarrass-

sed by such things, and they don't worry me at all, but darling it was so boring. And I felt sorry for the girls forced to earn their living in this humiliating way. And I just had to leave after the first couple of acts..."

No, I didn't read the piece.

really. But I don't expect to be printing abject apologies to the phonies on the *Standard* next ish.

However as I'm quite sure the Editor of that Kitty Litter rag reads me avidly, a piece of advice. Next time, send some-

one who is well known enough and confident enough of his reputation to report what he thinks. Rather than what he thinks he ought to think. Like it or hate it, you'd have a story.

Only then I suppose I'd have to read it.

SUNDAY LIAR



'Circulation War' is the phrase that they use in Fleet Street. It seems to mean that a paper can publish any damn bunch of lies so long as it will wean people away from the other rags.

They just don't check their shit any more, by the look of it. The time to sell a story to these rags is just before press day. Late Friday night or, if it's a good juicy lie, Saturday lunchtime.

Tell 'em that the other lot have wind of it and you're in with a chance.

I have to take you back a few weeks for the classic example. Remember that girl who had it off with Wham! starlet Andrew Ridgely?

In *The Sunday Person* (readership due to fall to a single figure if they don't get a story soon) this lovely little scrubber said Andy couldn't get it up.

"He was so drunk, he couldn't even raise a smile," she is reported to have told her landlord.

But the *News of the World* have the real story. He screwed her rotten, she told the *NoW*. He's a great lover.

"I spent six hours with him in bed and I might have got a couple of hours sleep, no more."

All this with pictures of the lady smiling broadly. And you can't blame her. Large cheques are on offer for this kind of shit.

Somebody isn't being completely honest with us over this one, it would seem.



Heard any good jokes lately? Send them to Chestnut Corner, Razzle, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE, and we'll send you £2 for each gag published.

★Confucious he say: "Man who has hole in pocket feels cocky all day!"

Dick, Co. Durham

★A bloke walks into a pub and there are two guys out cold on the floor. He says: "I'll have the same as they had." So the barman hits him over the head with a baseball bat.

★New Australian foreplay: "Brace yourself Sheila."

★A teenager went home one day with two black eyes, a broken nose and a busted arm. His father was rather concerned when his son told him that Mr Goldstein down the road beat him up, so he went to see him. Mr Goldstein answered the door and asked him in, and then began to explain: "I came in from the other room to find your son kissing my daughter and fondling her breasts. I didn't say anything because I did that sort of thing at their age. Five minutes later I found your son screwing the arse off my daughter and again I thought to myself that I used to do that sort of thing at their age and I went and had a cup of tea. But, when I came back I saw your son wiping his cock on my new curtains that cost me £10.45 a yard....!"

★A lady had a craving for oranges and she decide to go to the doctor's. When she walked into reception, she was told to wait in the room at the end of the corridor, but she went into the wrong room. Although she didn't know it, the other three women in there were prostitutes. When the doctor came in he asked them why they did it. The first two said it was for the money, and the third said it was for the sensation. When he asked the lady who had a craving for oranges she said she enjoyed pulling back the skin and sucking out the juices.

R.R., Bexhill

**Dave'll
Fix It**



Since all this aerobics and exercising took off, the main subject of my wanking fantasies has been girls bending and stretching in leotards and leg warmers. It really gets me stiff. Could you fix it for me to see one or more girls working out in this outfit? I've got a boner in anticipation.

Daniel, Watford
Micky is the ideal girl to ask for a warm-up session. And all you other chaps, don't forget, if there's anything that makes you hot, just drop a line to: DAVE'LL FIX IT, RAZZLE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE, and I'll try to organize something a bit special for you too.

STRETCHING IT





THE KITCHEN



"I went into modelling to get away from all this!" Edwina shrieked when she saw what we had laid on for her. "I hope you're not expecting me to do anything domestic for real, because I can tell you it's not my scene!"

Well, of course we wouldn't ever even suggest that a young lady should even think about doing something she didn't want to do, although the formica surfaces could have done with a bit of a going over with a damp cloth.

We assured her that we only wanted to see her doing a bit of what she does best. So without another word of protest Edwina, as we'd hoped, did get down to some real work in the kitchen and enjoyed it immensely, as we're sure you're bound to.

CAN BE FUN





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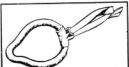
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Dear Dave

Continued from page 3

times, and we've been down to see her. We have a ball of a time. And it all started with a shaven fanny.

But whether girls have hairy or hairless pubes doesn't matter in the long run – just as long as they keep showing us their lovely cunts.

David and Carol, Bradford

It's a Bargain

During my last Christmas leave, I went to stay with my sis, Julie – she's a nurse – and the brother-in-law – he's a copper – in London, because I was having trouble with the wife. She didn't want me going home, so Julie sent me an invite for Christmas.

Julie works different shifts, and, after the New Year, she had to do a week of nights at the hospital, so me and the brother-in-law went out on the razzle to the West End.

The idea was to get pissed, so we went on a pub crawl. I was

chatting up everything in a skirt and lusting after every female arse that went by.

We met these two young black girls in Soho, good lookers and dressed to kill. In short, whores. We chatted them up but it turned out they weren't actually on the game. What they were doing was pulling the punters and sending them off to an address where a couple of older tarts were working.

It wasn't far away so we walked there. It was a back court overlooking a car park.

It was up a flight of stairs and two pimps were hanging around outside. Inside, the place wasn't all that clean, and there were two grinning little Japs sitting on the couch watching telly. Then in walked a third Jap looking pleased with himself and the three of them left, giving us little bows as they slid through the door. Randy little buggers. They looked like respectable business types.

We picked up a porno mag from the table, but a tart walked in then, wearing what she must have thought was a sexy, red see-through nightie and big, red

SANDBAGS by Tony Ellis



gloss earrings. The girl was bloody huge. I say 'girl' but she was around 30 and smiling like royalty. She sat cross-legged on the couch.

I thought the couch would have given way under that weight – it looked a bit rickety. What those poor Japs must have gone through clasped between those fucking big, black thighs! Like hams, they were. She had a huge arse to match and titbits like melons.

I went into her room first. It was like your average whore's room, all pink nylon and overpowering perfume. The floorboards were creaking and an electric fire made the place like a furnace.

She said for a tenner it would have to be a quickie – trousers off only. I still had my tenner in my hand and persuaded her it was going to be a full strip or not at all.

She got on the bed and boy, did it sag under that weight. I stripped off except for my socks. Carol had opened her nightie and her legs as well.

She lay back and I pushed her thighs apart to see more of her West Indian mince. I was a bit disappointed, as I like hairy ones and hers was clean shaven. With her being so big-built, her mince was hidden in a big fold of fanny fat. It looked like her fanny went on for about a foot-and-a-half but it was just the way it was hidden.

I was at half cock and she reached out and pulled on it like it was a bloody church bell rope.

She had a johnny at hand and rolled it on me as I knelt between those big thighs. I tried to get her to let me have it bareback, but whores never do.

The johnny in place, she stuffed it in her twat and I fell forwards. I'm a big guy, six feet four inches tall and 15 stone, but that little Jap before me must have had his head between those knockers. No wonder he looked half-conscious when he came out.

My hands were busy lifting her arse up so I could get it right in. She didn't like that one bit and wriggled about, but I had to get those thighs apart to sink it to its hilt. For a big girl she had a hellish tight cunt. It really gripped.

I've had prossies in all corners of the world, so I know all their tricks to try and get you off quick. But I'm a long stayer and no way was this big girl going to squeeze me off. I was out to get my money's worth.

She fiddled with my arse, pulled my bollocks, pretended to have a climax, heaved her arse off the bed and even talked dirty. I just kept heaving at it at an even beat, enjoying every thrust.

I could tell the bitch was getting fed up by the way she breathed and the questions she asked. I just stayed silent and fucked away. When my bollocks started to twitch and I was near to coming my load, I stopped and used it as a ploy. I told the whore I could only do this

Continued on page 35



REVERSE THE TREND

I know a lot of your readers think there's nothing like a nice sexy arse encased in tights, but here's a photo of the wife in stockings and suspenders. I hope they find her arse as nice as the asses encased in tights in Razzle.

Steve, N. Yorkshire

Well, I certainly do! – Dave.

**MEET
THE
WIFE**

Undressed 1

Dressed or undressed, Ronnie is one hell of a ravishing lady. Her favourite pastimes are winding her adoring hubby up to the point of no return and going all the way. As for her doting hubby, he says: "I wouldn't have her any other way." Quite right, too!



o Kill



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We'll pay £50 for each set of 10 to 20 pix of your favourite lady. Even if you ain't got a camera but think she deserves a spread in Razzle, just send a snap or Polaroid to the editor and if he fancies her, too, he'll send his own roving cameraman to take the pics for you. And you'll still get the £50. How's that for Razzle value?

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Dear Dave

Continued from page 27

doggy-style. That way I could have another good fuck and play with those huge tits as well.

She rolled over and raised her enormous arse. I pushed the nylon nightie over her hips and head and that gave me a great idea. She couldn't see what I was doing in that position so I whipped off the johnny and pushed it into her tight minge raw. I felt bloody beautiful. I know I was taking a risk, but fucking with a johnny on is bloody ridiculous.

She couldn't feel I didn't have it on and it was great for me. I could feel with my knob end how really hot and wet she was in there. I always feel harder and stiffer and even bigger when I fuck in the raw. Sheaths are hopeless.

When I felt the hot stuff rising I withdrew carefully and spunked off all over her wide black arse. She felt the splash of the sperm and looked round but I wiped it off as I pulled her nightie back down.

Carol looked distinctly shagged out good and proper – in a word, relieved. I handed over the tenner. The cheapest fuck in Soho. My dad's Scottish but I handed over a fiver as a tip as well. She didn't even say thanks.

Dave, Darlington

Pantie Power

Reading and looking at the pictures of *On The Inside* (Vol 3 No 3), a lot of memories came flooding back.

About two years ago, I was in a city centre clothing store and decided to try and squeeze my ample, but well-preserved, 40C-27-39 figure into a clingy blouse and pencil skirt.

I took the articles into a changing room and pulled the curtain across. It wasn't until I was clad only in bra, pants, suspender belt and stockings that I noticed I'd left a slight gap in the curtains through which a chap, presumably waiting for his wife, was peeping.

Instead of feeling embarrassed, after my initial shock I felt turned on and decided to give

this guy a treat.

I removed my bra and started fondling my breasts until my nipples were erect. By this time, my juices were beginning to flow and my pussy ached for action.

I sensually removed my



I decided to give the guy a treat.

pants. Then I placed the dressing room chair strategically so that, when I sat on it and drew my legs apart, my miff was staring him in the face. I then proceeded to finger myself until I was really soaking wet, and then I rubbed my juices around my breasts. I completed my little scenario by licking my fingers clean.

I used my pants to dry myself, after which I placed them in a polythene bag.

I dressed and calmly walked out of the dressing room, winked at my voyeur and placed the plastic bag plus sopping wet pants in his hand and went out of the shop.

I'd got about 20 yards up the street when he caught up with me and said thanks for frightening him to death and could he have my 'phone number quickly so he could get back to the shop before his wife noticed him missing.

I complied with this, but after not having heard from him for two years do you think he

pull of pantie power is on the wane?

Terri, Leeds

Dirty Tricks

Full marks for Vol 3 No 2, which has got to be one of the horniest issues you've done. My wife Rita and I haven't stopped looking through it since we bought it. In fact, we've bought two copies so we can look at Liza Lane's mucky antics all at one glance and not miss one of the dirty girl's filthy tricks. Rita has cut them to bed for a good three-hour sex session.

We also take dustbin liners to cover the bed and, having raided the larder, our bedroom looks more like a grocer's shop – tins of rice pudding, tapioca, black treacle, eggs and our favourite – cold custard.

I then strip off and Rita puts on her sexy gear – four-inch, black, patent high heels; black seamed nylons; pink, satin, nylon belt; slip; French knickers and bra.

By then my cock is hard, so we both lie on the bed with Liza's pictures on one side and our mucky ingredients on the other. She plays with and licks my knob and I grope her wet fanny and tits.

Then she asks me what I'd like to do to Liza in her goopy

state. As I tell her I'd like to rub my knob all over Liza's sticky body, Rita reaches over to the tin of black treacle, opens it and pours it out over my big prick, letting it ooze slowly down my long, thick shaft till it covers all my cock and balls.

Then I stick three fingers into the tin and scoop out a good handful, slapping it over her tits and face, and another large handful for her cunt and bum. As we carry on talking dirty about Liza, we finger each other's bodies.

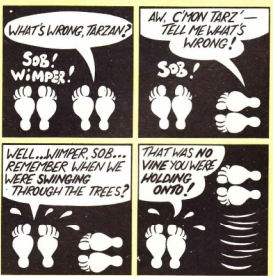
Next comes the tapioca pudding, all cold and sticky. Rita says it reminds her of cold spunk. That's followed by some raw eggs, the rice pudding and finally the cold custard.

We are now thoroughly horned up, and we writhe together on the polythene covered in mountains of goo. We lick and fuck like animals, coming eventually to a beautiful climax. But I pull out just as I spurt my wads of sperm. It splashes over Rita's body in thick, stringy blobs. She mixes it in with the rivers of muck on her belly and then picks it up with her fingers and we eat it between us till her belly is clean.

It's all filthy fun – but lovely – and Rita looks lovely in her pretty undies and black stockings, all bespoiled with muck.

Mick and Rita, London

FOOTNOTES by Tony Neat



Don't Miss Your Chance



"I don't see the point in messing around once I've got my eye on a bloke myself. A bloke either wants it or he doesn't, right? I just lay it on the line. If he's my cup of tea, it's there if he wants it. If he doesn't - too bad. I'm not going to waste my time waiting for him to change his mind. With me, it's either come and get it now or you've missed your chance!"

Well, of course, it's heartwarming to know a girl's got things so well worked out, but surely she can't be so fast that a chap doesn't even get a chance to find out her name?

"Tracie. 34-26-34. How about it then, gorgeous?"





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Lyndsey

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"HE GETS HORNY WHEN HE SEES ME DRESSED LIKE A TART..."

Recently my husband and I decided to spice up our sex life for real instead of just talking about doing it. We both knew that what really turned us both on was the thought of getting another man to fuck me in addition to Pat.

I knew that two cocks ramming me from all angles could make me come much stronger than just one. Pat was very keen to try it out and he got huge erections just thinking about another man's cock fucking me, as long as he was still my favourite man of course.

Since we didn't dare ask anyone we knew to oblige us, we decided to find someone suitable through a contact magazine. The one we chose was a bloke called Steve who claimed to be well hung, 30 and willing to entertain, as he put it, married couples. We got in touch with him and arranged an evening for him to come round.

The evening he was due to arrive Pat and I had everything ready for a really horny session. I was dressed up in a sexy outfit consisting of a black mini skirt and T-shirt with no bra underneath so my nipples really stuck out. I also had on fishnet stockings with black suspenders and high heeled shoes, but I didn't put any knickers on.

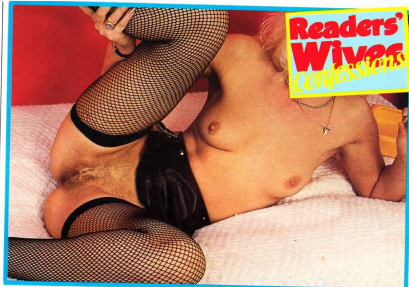
Threesome

Pat gets really horny when he sees me dressed like a tart. When I was ready Pat said he wanted to fuck me and showed me how hard his prick was, but I told him I wanted him to save up all his spunk for our threesome. He'd get plenty of opportunities to fill my mouth and cunt with his spunk later on.

When the doorbell went Pat went to answer the door. Steve had arrived. My cunt was already moist and throbbing at the thought of what would be happening to me tonight.

Pat invited him into the lounge and introduced us. Steve sat on the settee. I went and sat close next to him and we chatted while Pat poured us all a drink to loosen us up. After he'd given us our drinks he went and sat in the chair opposite.

As we talked I let my legs fall open giving Pat a good eyeful of my bare, hairy wet cunt. At the same time I started to fondle Steve's big bulge through his trousers. He hadn't been lying when he said he had a big one judging by the thickness of the



shaft I was feeling up.

Pat was looking very excited as he watched me slowly undo Steve's flies and get his huge cock out, and Steve by this time had put his hand inside my T-shirt and started fondling my tits.

My cunt was getting more juiced up by the minute as this man whom I'd never met before fondled me and I made his cock rise proud and hard in my hands while my husband looked on.

I leaned over and took Steve's cock in my mouth and sucked his knob so that Pat could see everything that was going on. As I worked on his prick with my mouth, Steve pushed his fingers in my sopping cunt and worked them in and out.

Pat stood up and took his clothes off. He approached us with his camera and his prick was beautiful and bone hard. He took a close-up shot of Steve's thick prick filling my mouth and then a couple of shots of Steve holding my cunt wide open. I got more turned on as they manoeuvred my body all over the place to get at me better.

Then I had Pat, who'd taken off my T-shirt, sucking my tits at one end and Steve at the other spreading my legs and giving my cunt a good tongue. I was in ecstasy and I had a strong orgasm deep in my cunt with Steve's tongue flicking at my clit.

After my first orgasm I felt

hornier than ever and I was desperate for both cocks to do their work on me. I took my shirt off, leaving me now in just stockings and suspenders, and spread my legs again for Pat to take a couple of photos of my tongue-fucked cunt and tits covered in the love bites he'd given me.

I was feeling horny as hell and I begged them to use their hard pricks on me. I was longing to feel the sensation of one cock in my mouth and another ramming into my cunt at the same time. I wanted to be filled with hard meat and spunk.

Stuffed

I got on all fours on the floor and thrust my cunt and bum towards Steve. I told him to shove his lovely prick in me and fuck the arse off me.

Pat told me I was a dirty whore and grabbed my hair, holding my head up, and stuffed my mouth full with his hard prick so I couldn't speak. Meanwhile Steve was stretching my cunt walls wide with his enormous shaft. I squirmed when I felt it all inside me filling me right up to my womb.

Steve's cock felt so good inside me, fucking me with hard regular thrusts. I knew Pat was watching Steve's cock going in and out of me and it was making his prick grow thicker inside my mouth.

I felt his spunk rising in his shaft. I sucked him harder and lifted my

hand to squeeze it out of his balls. I ground my hips on Steve's prick and groaned just to let Pat know how much I was enjoying that big prick ramming my wet cunt.

Pat shot his load down my throat and withdrew his cock once he was dried up. He quickly picked up his camera again and took more photographs of me and Steve fucking each other silly.

Steve wouldn't shoot his load into me until I'd come at least twice, which I managed to do without too much effort because Pat was encouraging me calling me a dirty slut and a tart while he took the pictures.

Eventually Steve let his seed gush into me, banging his body against my behind like a demented animal. It was the best fuck I've ever had and I told Pat so. He insisted on taking photos of my swollen cunt with come dripping out of it. Then he licked it all out of me and his cock grew hard again.

I felt like a really dirty woman as I guided Pat into my cunt and wanked Steve's prick up again. I was soon being fucked by two hard pricks again, one in my cunt and one in my mouth. I've never had so much spunk inside me in one night.

I was really shagged out by the time Steve left. But I won't be satisfied until I've had a lot more different pricks round to fuck me while Pat's there to see me in action.

Julie, Loughborough

"I'D SPOKEN DIRTY TO THE BLOKE ON THE PHONE..."

Im a housewife who spends most of my day at home. Every day recently at about the same time I used to get a dirty phone call.

At first the bloke used to say he'd seen me out doing my shopping and thought I was very sexy. I don't get upset by things like that - I'm not the nervous type - so usually I used to just put the phone down and have a laugh. I didn't tell my husband about it as he gets very uptight about anything like that.

This went on and on, and he said more or less the same things over and over again. One day the phone rang and I knew it was going to be him. I was feeling a bit daft that day I reckon, but I decided to play him along and see what his reaction was. Maybe it would get rid of him.

Turned On

I picked up the phone and heard his breathing on the other end. I said: "Hello?" and he launched into his usual spiel. "I've seen you out doing your shopping. You really turn me on. I'd love to fuck you."

I said: "Would you? How big is your prick? Do you think it's big enough to satisfy my big fanny?"

I really wanted to laugh when I heard myself saying that, but I kept myself in control. I think my answer took him by surprise. There was a bit of a pause. Then he said: "I've got a big prick. I'd love to put my big prick inside you and fuck you. I bet you've got a hot cunt."

"I have got a hot cunt," I said, "but it has to be warmed up first. If you want to fuck me you have to warm my cunt up first and get me nice and wet. How do you think you're going to get me wet?"

I felt my cheeks burning. I couldn't believe it was me talking like this. Although I know some women use filthy language to turn their husbands and boyfriends on,



or what have you, I've never been able to do it to my husband, not even in the dark. And talking to this fella on the phone it was as if my husband didn't exist.

I heard the fella breathing heavier down the phone. He must have thought this was a bit of all right.

"I've got my big prick out," he said. "Do you like big pricks? I bet you get fucked by your husband's prick every night."

By now I felt my pussy was getting wet in spite of myself. I sat down on the floor next to the telephone. I lifted my skirt up around my waist and, opening my legs, I squeezed the insides of my thighs with my free hand. It was peculiar how his excitement was arousing me.

I said: "He fucks me all the time. He loves to get his fat cock in me. He

can't always make me come. I have to frig myself in front of him to make myself come." His breathing was getting more raspy, so I added playfully: "Are you wanking your cock? Is it getting big and hard?"

He said: "My cock's so hard. Oh, I want to shove it in your big wet fanny. Touch your fanny now and make yourself come. I want to hear you groan when your love juices come out."

I put my fingers inside my knickers. I was already hot and slimy. I moistened my fingers against my pussy lips and started to work on my love button.

"I've got my fingers in my fanny now," I said. "Oh, I'm so wet. I want your big cock to fuck my big hole." My cunt really was aching for a cock up it now. I'd never felt so turned on as this before, not even

with my husband. I was finger fucking myself and gasping down the phone.

"Ooh, your cock's making me so horny. Rub it. Make it harder for me. My fingers in my pussy are making me feel so good. I want to fuck. Come on, wank your cock. I want to hear you draining your balls. Make your spunk shoot everywhere. I'm putting the phone against my pussy now so you can smell it and hear it."

On The Brink

I didn't put the phone to my fanny but kept listening to his reaction. I was masturbating myself listening to his breath coming faster down the receiver. I kept bringing myself to the brink over and over again but not letting myself come.

He was obviously wanking himself off fast now and almost ready to shoot his load. So after a little silence while I listened to him jerking off imagining he was smelling my cunt, I said: "Come on, let your spunk out. Come! Come everywhere. You know you want to come."

He started groaning. "I'm coming. Ooh, aah! I'm coming in your cunt!" he gasped.

Once he'd presumably shot his load I hung up on him and sat there, legs spread wide and my hand down my knickers frigging myself off. I could really let go now. I'd just made a bloke come over the phone, and my cunt was hot. I kept frigging myself until I had an intense climax with all sorts of dirty thoughts going through my head.

When my husband got home I was on heat and I wanted his cock inside me as soon as he got in the house. I practically dragged him upstairs to the bedroom.

Funnily enough I couldn't talk to him, but all the same I was randy enough to turn him on so much that he gave me a really good shuffling. I came with my husband's cock inside me remembering the way I'd spoken dirty to the bloke on the phone. He hasn't called again since then. Odd that.

Wynn, Staffs.

DIRTY MAC By Tony Neat



Our confessions are genuine letters from lady readers, slightly edited to protect the innocent (or not-so-innocent). So, girls, don't leave all the crouching to the men. We know what you get up to. We want to hear about it - and so do our randy readers...

RAZZLE SMOOTHIES

This is the part where the parts are as naked as the day they were born, featured especially for those of you with a bit of a liking for girls in all their shaven glory.

Doing a lovely variation of showing a bit of leg is Glenda. "But it's not my legs they'll be looking at, is it?" she chuckled. "Although I shaved them and all!"



P.S.

WET T-SHIRTS are the order of the day in next month's action-packed issue, together with a very sexy strip by a lady from Bath (the town, not the tub). We have a taste of the Orient with sultry Suki and Helga will be doing it with mirrors. You will love the reader's wife frolicking in the forest - and all you devotees of our lovely Pen Pal will be pleased to know that Dionne is still hankering after your body as she spreads herself across a couple of pages. Sadie has a few answers to those sexual problems of yours and Dave will be fixing things for another lucky reader.



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