

BLAZING FOXHOLES

EROS
COMIX

Number 3

\$2.95 (S1.95 Can)

Adults Only



FEATURING "THE PERCY PATROL"

VERY FIRST

THE PERCY PATROL

THEY LAID THEMSELVES DOWN
FOR KING AND COUNTRY --
SGT. EVA DESTRUCTION AND HER
GALLANT PLATOON --
DIANA PARING, VICKY CUMMING AND
SHELLEY 'RIPPER' SKIRTZOFF

OF THEM, CHURCHILL SAID
'THEY WILL GO DOWN IN THE ANNALS
OF THIS WAR ...'
-- AND THEY WERE HAPPY TO GO DOWN.
THEY WERE ...

WHEN DUTY CALLED...
..THEY CAME.



22.50 HRS.
THE SKY OVER
ENGLAND IS
ABLAZE WITH
THE FLAMES OF
WAR, THE SMELL
OF BURNING
RUBBER, JOHNNIES
GOING DOWN IN
FLAMES...
A GERMAN ME 109,
BACK FROM
FLYING COVER
FOR A BOMBING
RAID ON LONDON'S
DOCKLANDS, IS
DAMAGED AND
ABOUT TO GO
DOWN...



«TIME TO ABANDON
THIS CRATE I THINK»



«GOODBYE
OLD GIRL»

23.05 HRS.
PERCY PATROL H.Q.

ATTENTION MEN!
ENEMY FIGHTER DOWN IN
THIS AREA.
PILOT BELIEVED TO HAVE
BAILED OUT.

SERGEANT -
I NEED YOUR
CHAPS TO BRING
HIM IN.

WILL DO, SIR!

THERE GOES
OUR R. AND R.









THE PERCY PATROL

IN SPY HOUSE

05.30 HRS.
COLONEL'S OFFICE.

WHAT WE HAVE HERE SERGEANT ARE THE
FACES OF MOLLY MINGE, ENTERTAINER--
AND LABIA VON FLAPP, GERMAN SPY.
WE BELIEVE THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME.
MISS MINGE IS PERFORMING FOR THE
19TH BOIL-LANCERS TONIGHT--
I'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU AND YOUR
MEN TO BE IN THE SHOW--

THAT NIGHT -
IN FRONT OF C COMPANY
OF THE 19TH BOIL-LANCERS--



I NEED A
MAN TO
SATISFY MEE--
NOT JUST
ANY JOE--

BUT A BOY
FROM
COMPANY
CEE-E...

ANYTIME
DARLIN'!

WE LOVE
YOU MOLLY!

RIGHTY-O,
SIR!

AND
SERGEANT
YES, SIR?

YOU WILL BE ABLE
TO ASCERTAIN
WHETHER IT'S VON
FLAPP BY A VERY
WELL-CONCEALED
SWASTIKA TATTOO.

WHOOO!

WHY, THANKYOU
BOYS!

THANKYEW, THANKYEW, LADS.
THAT'S YOUR OWN MOLLY MINGE--
AND NOW, LET'S
HAVE A BIG HAND
FOR VICKY
AND DIANAHAH!

C'MON,
GIRLS
C'MON!

I SAY-I SAY--
WHERE DOES ADOLF
KEEP HIS ARMIES?

I DON'T KNOW--
WHERE DOES ADOLF
KEEP HIS ARMIES?

RIGHT--YOU'RE ON
GIRLS - DO ANYTHING
TO KEEP THESE BOYS
ENTERTAINED WHILE
SKIRTZOFF AND I
GET BACK-STAGE FOR
A PROPER LOOK AT
'MISS MINGE'!

UP HIS
SLEEVEES--!
BOOM BOOM!









GENTLEMEN - I'M SORRY TO HAVE INTERRUPTED YOUR ENJOYMENT OF TONIGHT'S SHOW -- BUT I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING OUR OWN NATIONAL SECURITY, TO WIT:

...THIS LITTLE SLAG'S GOT A SWASTIKA TATTOOED ON HER SLIMEY CUNT!

MOLLY MINGE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE GERMAN SPY LABIA VON FLAPP!

JIMMINEY CRICKET!

BLIMEY-LOOK!

SHE MAY HAVE PICKED UP VITAL INFORMATION FROM ANY OF YOU -- SO YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO BE QUESTIONED!

AND SO - OUR GALLANT GALS DEAL OUT, (STRICTLY FOR THE SAKE OF BRITISH SECURITY, YOU UNDERSTAND) THEIR OWN SPECIAL BRAND OF INTERROGATION ...

I WONDER IF SHE'S GOT THE UNION JACK ON HER'S?

..NO. I SAID NOTHING ABOUT THE SIZE OF OUR WEAPONRY.

NOW YOU'RE REALLY STRETCHING THINGS OH! OOOH! OH-OH! AOOH!

..DID YOU SAY ANYTHING?

MY LIPS ARE SEALED - MMPHH!

AND MINE ARE WELL JAMMED!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, LUV?

I COULD SAY SOMETHING, BIG BOY!

HEY! I'M MEANT TO BE ASKING THE QUESTIONS!

ME NEXT!

NO, ME!

I GAVE LOADS OF SECRETS AWAY - HONEST!

NEXT
SEX FROLICS

SEXY FROLICS WITH YOUR VERY OWN PERCY PATROL



WHILST WAITING AT THE RAILWAY STATION FOR THEIR TRAIN, THE GIRLS OF THE PERCY PATROL DISCUSS HOW THEY WILL SPEND THEIR TIME ON LEAVE...

"OH, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF HOUSEWORK TO GET ON WITH" SAYS PRIVATE CUMMING "LET'S SEE, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF COOKING AND FUCKING FOR A START!"

"OH YOU ARE A ONE," CHORTLE THE GIRLS.



JUST THEN, THE TRAIN ARRIVES, BRINGING SUCH A GUST OF WIND THAT GENTLEMEN LOSE THEIR HATS, AND OUR GIRLS LOSE THEIR MODESTY.

"CRICKEY!" SHOUTS ONE CHEEKY CHAP,

"I CAN SEE ALL OF NEXT WEEKS WASHING!"

"I HOPE THEY ENJOY THE SHOW" SAYS PVT. SKIRTZOFF.



AS THE GIRLS BOARD THE TRAIN, THERE'S MORE UPROAR AS POOR PRIVATE CUMMING CATCHES HER SKIRT ON THE HANDLE OF THE DOOR. WITH AN ALMIGHTY RIP THE GARMENT COMES FREE.

OUR FRISKY PRIVATE IS LEFT RED-FACED, BUT SHE CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO GO OUT IN STYLE.

AIN'T THAT RIGHT, CHAPS!



AS ONE THE GIRLS LEAN OUT OF THEIR CARRIAGE WINDOW TO WAVE A FOND CHEERIO. BUT THE BUMPING OF THE TRAIN LOOSENS THEIR BRA STRAPS, AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE? FOUR PAIRS OF JIGGLING JUGS, BOUNCING DOWN THE LINE. WHAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES AND A TONIC FOR THE TROOPS!

A RANDY CONDUCTOR --



AS THE TRAIN SETS OFF, THE GUARD ENTERS THE GIRLS COMPARTMENT. "TICKETS PLEASE" HE SHOUTS. THEN, TAKING A LOOK AT THE WELL-ROUNDED RUMPS AND SMOOTH CREAMY THIGHS, HE BLINKS AND SQUINTS, AND CAN HARDLY TRUST HIS OWN TWO EYES. "COR!" HE MURMURS.

-- HE CERTAINLY FUCKED 'ER!



QUICK AS YOU LIKE, HE'S GOT IT OUT IN A FLASH. SEEING HIS COCK REARING BEHIND HER, OUR SARGE PUSHES HER REAR END TOWARD HIM. HER KNICKERS ARE DOWN IN A JIFFY AS HE TAKES AIM AND STARTS TO FUCK HER. HE'S A RANDY OLD DEVIL. WHAT A SLY OLD BUGGER!



HE'S SHAGGING LIKE THE CLAPPERS AS THE TRAIN RATTLES ON. SARGE IS THRUSTING HER CUNT BACKWARDS, FEELING HIS BALLS SLAP ON HER THIGHS. SHE FEELS HERSELF COMING AND LETS OUT A MOAN, WHILE THE REST OF THE SQUAD LINE UP FOR A TASTE OF THAT KNOB.



AFTER SHOOTING HIS LOAD FOUR TIMES OVER, HE QUICKLY WITHDRAWS - LEAVING EXHAUSTED. "THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE CHECKED TICKETS THAT WAY." HE GRINS. "BRINGS A WHOLE NEW MEANING TO COUPLING ON A TRAIN!"

THE SOLDIER IS ALONE --

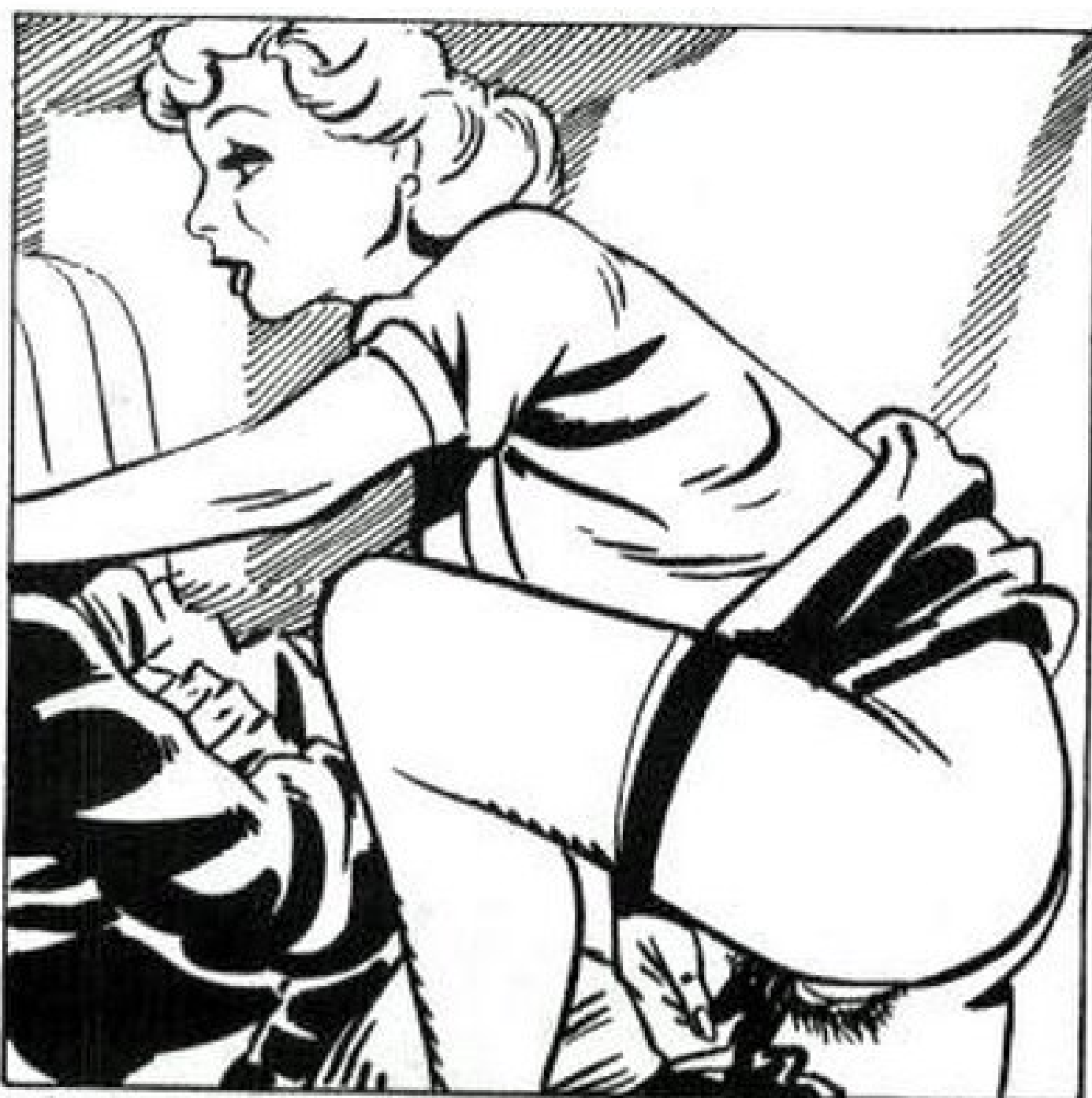


AS THEY GLANCE ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COMPARTMENT, THE GIRLS SPY A YOUNG SOLDIER WHO HAS SLEPT THROUGH IT ALL. THE BULGE IN HIS TROUSERS TELLS THEM HE'S HAVING PLEASANT DREAMS. SO, NOT SATISFIED WITH SO BRIEF A SHAG, THE GIRLS DECIDE TO ENTER THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE.

- THE GIRLS EYE HIS BONE.



PRIVATE CUMMING LICKS HER LIPS AS A HAND STRAYS TO HER STICKY CROTCH. A BIT OF YOUNG COCK IS WHAT THEY NEED NOW. "YES, WE'D BETTER HAVE HIM" SAYS SARGE. "HE MIGHT BE KILLED IN ACTION BEFORE HE HAS CHANCE TO USE IT - THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE - WE MUST HELP THIS POOR YOUNG CHAP."



THE CORPORAL GOES FIRST - RAISING HER SKIRT AS SHE SQUATS OVER HIM. THE SOLDIER IS FLAT OUT AND DOESN'T EVEN STIR AS SHE TUGS AT HIS PANTS. THE YOUNG SQUADDIE SEEMS TO SMILE IN HIS SLEEP AS CORPORAL DARING LOWERS HERSELF ONTO HIS WAITING SHAFT.



LEARNING FORWARD SHE BEGINS TO MOVE WITH MOTION OF THE TRAIN. IN RESPONSE THE SOLDIER PISTONS HIS HIPS, THRUSTING DEEPLY INTO HER. "HE MUST THINK IT'S PART OF HIS DREAM," SHE SAYS, AS HE STIFFENS AND EMPTIES HIS SPUNK INTO A LIVING WET DREAM.

AFTER ALL THAT --



IT'S SUCH AN EXCITING SHOW. THE REST OF THE GIRLS ARE JUST ITCHING FOR A GO. "PERMISSION TO TAKE HIM NEXT." PRIVATE SKIRTZOFF PLEADS. "PRIVATE-YOUR NOT ON DUTY NOW- NO NEED TO GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES. JUST GIVE HIM A JOB OR CLIMB ON HIS KNOB. DO WHATEVER YOU PLEASE."

- HE'S MARRIED -- THE TWAT!



ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE GIRLS TAKE THEIR TURNS. AS THE YOUNG SOLDIER SLEEPS SOUNDLY ON. AGAIN HE IS SPENT BUT STILL REMAINS HARD. PRIVATE CUMMING IS NEXT AS SHE BOUNCES ON TOP - HE'S SHOOTING SO MUCH, SHE WONDERS IF HE'LL EVER STOP.

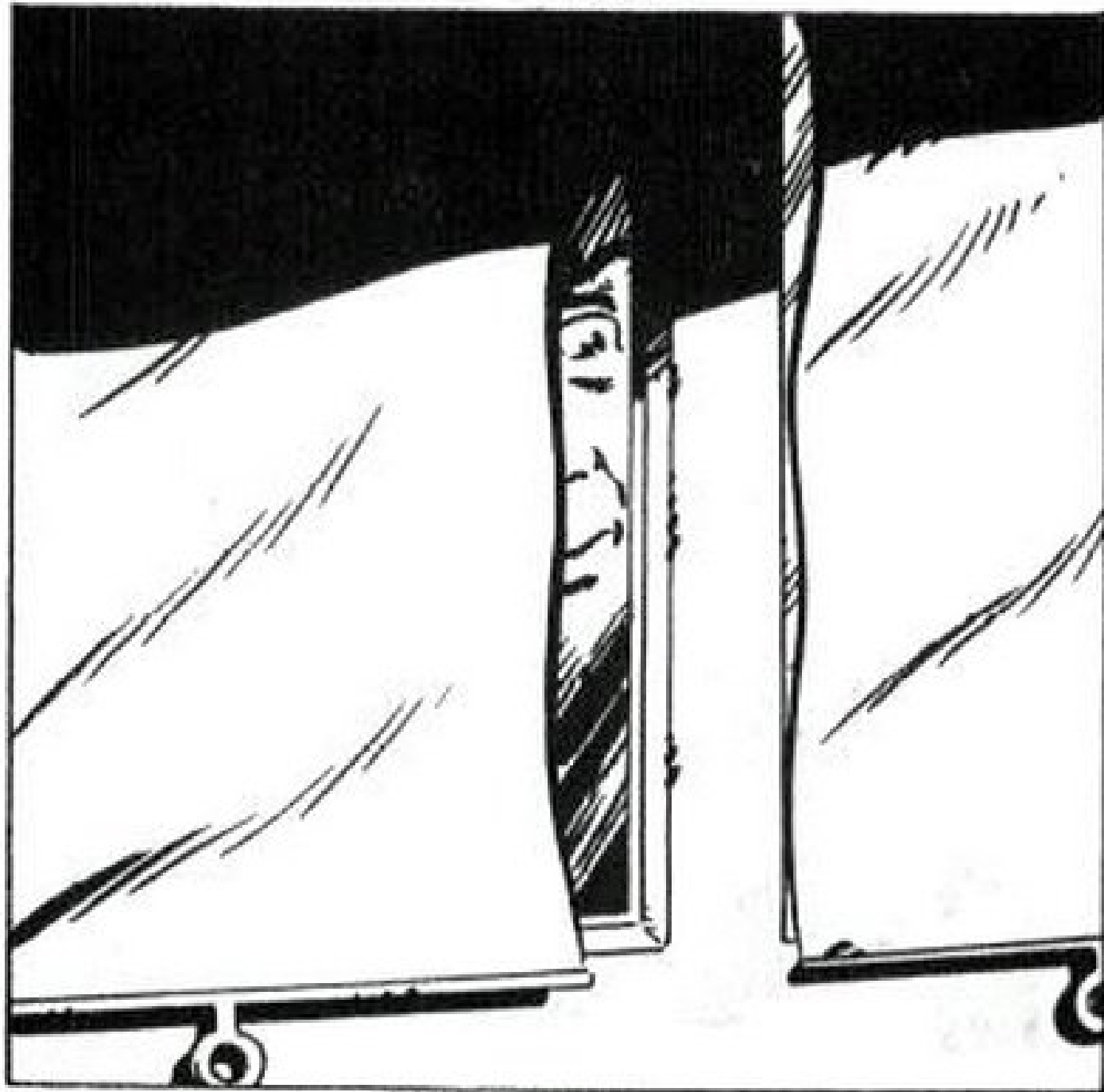


AT LAST THE GIRLS ARE ALL FINISHED AND THEY POLITELY RE-ARRANGE THE SOLDIER'S WILTED WEAPON AND RE-BUTTON HIS TROUSERS. AS SARGE LAYS BACK SHE CONGRATULATES HER MEN ON A JOB WELL DONE IN THE SERVICE OF KING AND COUNTRY.



THEN, THE TRAIN COMES TO A HALT, IT'S THE SOLDIER'S STOP. TIPPING HIS CAP HE SAYS "OH WELL - HOME TO THE WIFE AND KIDS." "ALL THAT FOR NOTHING." THE SERGEANT THINKS - "BUT THEN AGAIN, NOT REALLY" AS THE GIRLS EXCHANGE SMILES HE WALKS DOWN THE AISLE. NEVER HAS HE FELT SO CHEERY.

SOMEONE'S BEEN LOOKING -



BUT WHILST THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON - THERE'S BEEN SOMEONE WATCHING THROUGH A GAP IN THE SHUTTERS. WHOEVER HE IS, HE CERTAINLY LOOKS A MIGHT SHIFTY. HE WEARS A LEERING SMILE, AS HIS EYE TWINKLES WITH MENACE.

- WHILE THEY WERE FUCKING.



ONE GIRL TURNS AND THE FACE DRAWS BACK. "SARGE." SHE SAYS "THERE WAS A FACE AT THE DOOR WITH A HORRIBLE BEADY EYE." "CAREFUL." SAYS SARGE. "IT MIGHT BE A SPY." "I'LL SEE WHO IT IS" SAYS PRIVATE CUMMING WAVING A FIST. "AND IF IT'S A LOUSY NAZI, I'LL GIVE HIM THIS!"



SHE FLINGS THE DOOR OPEN, BUT THE CORRIDOR IS DEBERTED. "STRANGE," SAYS THE PRIVATE "I'M SURE HE WAS OUT HERE - ANYHOW, WE'D BEST BE ON GUARD, IN CASE HE RETURNS." BUT JUST AS SHE IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE DOOR SHE CATCHES SIGHT OF HIM FURTHER DOWN THE TRAIN...



YES! IT'S THE BEADY-EYED STRANGER, COMING OUT OF A COMPARTMENT A WAY DOWN THE TRAIN. AS HE WALKS AWAY, SNEAKILY, PRIVATE CUMMING YELLS "HEY YOU!" WILL OUR GIRLS CATCH HIM? TURN TO PART TWO!



AS THE TRAIN REACHES ANOTHER STOP, THE FURTIVE STRANGER DISEMBARKS. HE GLANCES AROUND EVEN MORE MENACINGLY BEFORE LEAPING ONTO THE PLATFORM.

"THERE HE GOES," SHOUTS SARGE TO HER MEN, "DON'T LET THE CRAFTY BLIGHTER GET AWAY." IN RESPONSE, THE MEN JUMP TO IT.



THE GIRLS PILE OUT OF THE TRAIN AND RACE ALONG THE PLATFORM IN HOT PURSUIT. (INSERT CLASSIC 'CHASE' MUSIC)

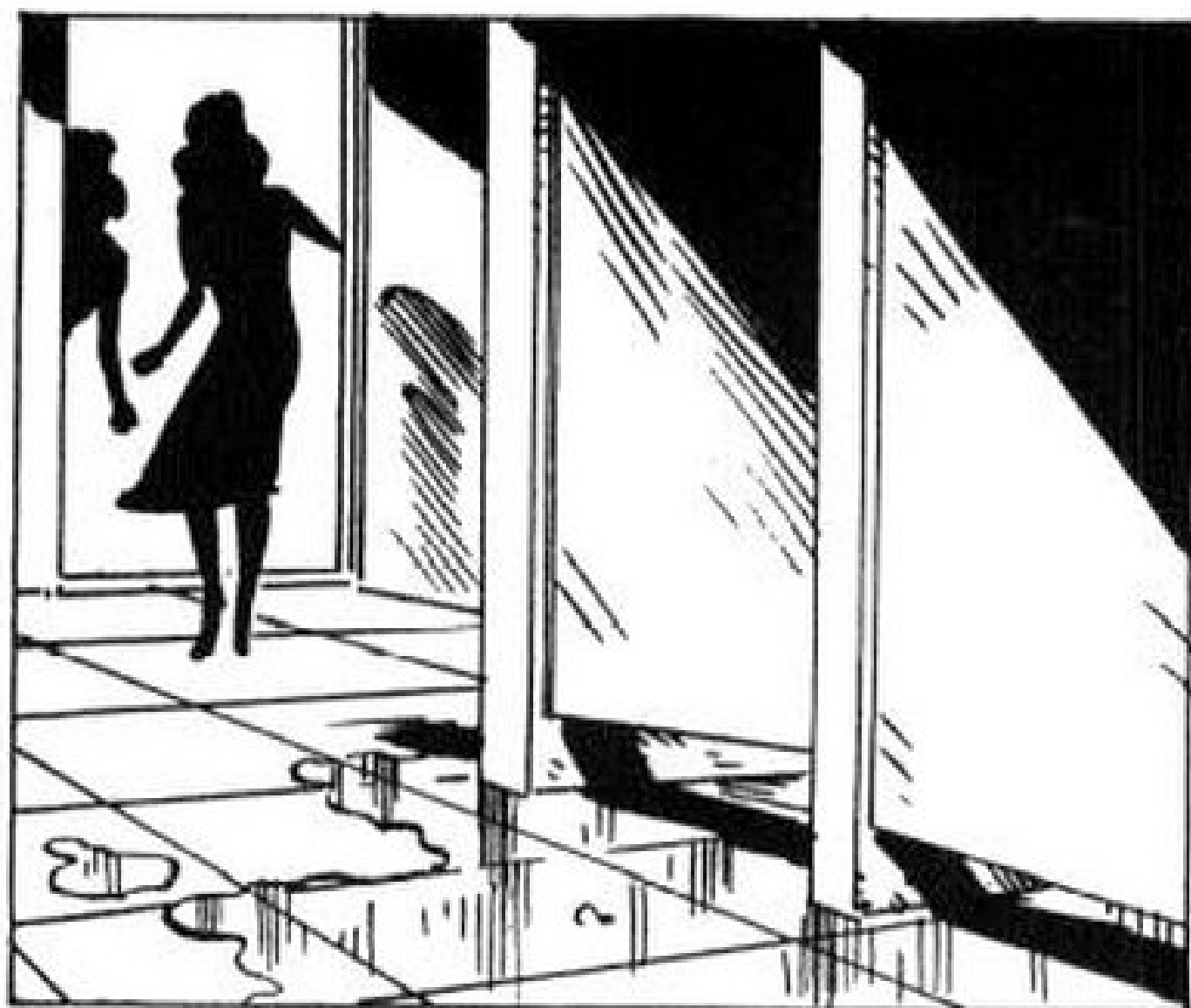
"I BET HE'S A NAZI AGENT SENT TO SPY ON US." PRIVATE CUMMING, STILL IN HER UNDERWEAR, SHOUTS TO BE HEARD ABOVE THE ORCHESTRA.



"LOOK, HE MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED IN HERE," SAYS SARGE, POINTING TO THE DOOR OF THE GENTLEMEN'S TOILET.

"IT'S THE GENTS," SAY THE GIRLS, "IT WOULDN'T BE PROPER TO BE SEEN IN THERE!"

"THERE'S A WAR ON," SAYS SARGE "THE PERCY PATROL GO WHERE MANY FEAR TO TREAD!"



"AND I CAN SEE WHY MANY FEAR TO TREAD IN HERE," SAYS PRIVATE SKIRTZOFF AS THEY ENTER THE URINAL "THE FLOOR IS AWASH!" JUST THEN A CUBICLE DOOR SLAMS AND THERE IS THE SOUND OF A MAN UNDOING HIS TROUSERS.

"HE'S IN THAT ONE," WHISPERS SARGE.

PEERING ABOUT --



"SHALL WE GO IN AFTER HIM?" SAY THE GIRLS.

"NO." SAYS SARGE "WE'D BETTER TRY AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO BEFORE WE GO RUSHING INTO ANYTHING."

SUDDENLY THERE COMES THE SOUND OF HEAVY BREATHING FROM WITHIN THE CUBICLE. PRIVATE CUMMING ATTEMPTS TO PEEK INSIDE.

- HE'S GOT IT OUT!



BUT HE'S HUNG HIS COAT OVER THE HOLE IN THE DOOR. SO THE GIRLS DECIDE ANOTHER COURSE OF ACTION.

STEALTHILY THEY OPEN THE DOOR TO THE ADJOINING CUBICLE, CUMMING GOES FIRST. SARGE BECKONS THEM TO FOLLOW, AS THE HEAVY BREATHING BECOMES LOUDER.



PRIVATE CUMMING HAS VOLUNTEERED TO GO OVER THE TOP AND RECONNOITRE THE SITUATION. WITH A HEAVE, THE GIRLS GIVE HER A BUNK - BUT THE WALL IS SLIPPERY. IT'S COVERED IN SPUNK!



LEANING FORWARD FOR A BETTER VIEW, SHE ALMOST FALLS IN DISBELIEF. "HE GOT SOMETHING IN HIS GRASP" SHE GASPS AT THE MAN ON THE SEAT. "CRIPES - OH BLIMEY - HE'S BEATING HIS MEAT!"

SLIPPERY WALLS --



SUDDENLY SHE SLIPS, TUMBLING OVER THE PARTITION.
 "QUICKLY - CATCH HER!" SHOUTS SARGE,
 BUT ALREADY IT'S TOO LATE.
 IT'S PRETTY HARD TO GET A GRIP,
 ON A WALL COVERED IN EJACULATE!

-ONTO HIS BALLS!



SHE LANDS WITH A PLOP IN THE LAP OF THE MYSTERIOUS MASTURBATOR.
 WITH HIS POLE POINTING STIFFLY IN THE AIR,
 THE MAN LOOKS SHOCKED AND TRIES TO RISE.
 BUT CUMMING CLAMPS HIM WITH HER THIGHS.



SHE SHUNTS HER HIPS UP AND ONTO HIS WAITING WEAPON, FEELING HIS GLANS SMOOTHLY STRETCH HER LIPS.
 THE MAN STILL LOOKS SURPRISED, AS OUR INTREPID PRIVATE LETS OUT A LOUD MOAN AND IMPALES HERSELF ON HIS THROBBING BONE.



WITH A LUNGE HE GRABS HER ARSE, FORCING HIS LENGTH EVEN FURTHER INTO HER SOAKING CUNT. WITH STRONG HANDS CLUTCHING HER CHEEKS HE BEGINS TO BOUNCE THE POUTING PRIVATE ON HIS LAP. HE CERTAINLY IS A NAUGHTY CHAP.

STARTING TO COME --



AS THE PAIR CHANGE TO A DIFFERENT POSITION SOMEWHERE ON THE FLOOR, THE REST OF THE SQUAD WASTE NO TIME IN BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR. SARGE IS FIRST TO FACE THEM AND SHOUTS OUT HER DEMAND.

BUT IS HE A HUN-?



"I'VE REASON TO BELIEVE YOU'RE A SPY," SHE SAYS "I'D LIKE YOU TO COME WITH US!" "I'D LOVE TO MY DEARS." SAYS THE GRINNING MAN, "BUT I'M COMING WITH THIS GIRL FIRST."



"IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT," SARGE SAYS "YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE TO ME AS WELL." AND SO, DROPPING HER KNICKERS AND RAISING HER SKIRT - SHE TAKES OVER FROM PRIVATE CUMMING. SINKING SLOWLY ONTO THE MAN'S COCK, SHE BEGINS TO MOVE.



SUDDENLY HE STIFFENS, RELEASING A STIFLED GROAN - AND A HOT FLOOD OF SPERM INTO THE SERGEANT'S OOZING LOVE TUNNEL. SARGE TOO REACHES HER OWN CLIMAX, HER LEGS SHAKING AS THE OTHERS LOOK ON.

OH FUCK! NO MORE TIME --

- RUN OUT OF RHYME!



AT LAST THE 'SPY' IS PULLED TO HIS FEET. SARGE ASKS "WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S YOUR GAME -- SPYING ON US AND RACING FROM THE TRAIN?"

"AH," SAYS THE MAN, SHOWING HIS CARD "I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN --"

"I WAS IN NEED OF A TOILET, AFTER SUCH A LONG RIDE, I LOOKED IN EACH COMPARTMENT, BUT COULD FIND NOTHING INSIDE ..."

"SO I WALKED UP AND DOWN, TIL I CAME TO WHERE YOU SAT."

"I DEEMED IT QUICK" SAYS HE, REPLACING HIS HAT "TO HEAD FOR THE PLATFORM AND EASE MY DICK."

"IT TOOK ME AWHILE" HE SAYS WITH A SMILE "TO FIND A PLACE OUT HERE."

"BUT DON'T BE ALARMED, I'M TOTALLY UNARMED, I'M THE MINISTER FOR WAR, MY DEAR."