OUR TOP 5 SEXY FEMALE POLITICIANS. YES, THEY DO EXIST!

ONAL







Nhaddesoff thengelswell



PLUS: EURO 2012 PREVIEW! BLUE ANGEL! TOUR DE FRANCE!



RILL!

100%BABESI

CONTENTS

- 04 LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE
- 05 NINA
- **14** ROUGH GUIDE TO SPORT
- **16** SCRUFF JUSTICE
- 17 VICKI
- 24 GEORGINA & JANA
- 34 KIT BAG
- **35** CARLOTTA
- 42 OFF YOUR HEDONIST
- 44 JENNY
- 53 READER'S GIRLFRIEND
- 58 TALKIN' BLUE
- 62 POPSHOT CULTURE
- 70 THE GLOBE THEATRE
- 74 PEACHES
- 91 BLUE ANGEL
- 98 DOWN THE WIRE

EDITORIAL

t's ice cream weather as we put this issue to bed, where the pub, the park and cold beers beckon, and the local office girls wear the sort of skimpy dresses and blouses that drive us absolutely wild. But by the time this issue gets to you, it'll probably be another miserable, cold and wet summer that'll piss all over your BBQ plans. Which is why we've packed some extra sunshine into this issue in the shape of a bevy of red-hot babes. They'll warm your cockles... ...

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MAIL ABOUT FEMALES 🔉

LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,

I'd always thought that the best sex toy was a big, erect cock. I wasn't particularly turned on by the luminous penises I'd come across at those all-girl underwear parties and never considered using anything else to make myself cum except my boyfriend's dick. Until I started at college, that is.

My new boyfriend Simon is a couple of years above me and much more experienced. The other day he persuaded me to go to a sex shop with him. I felt a bit embarrassed at the sight of all these vibrators and cock rings. At the same time I have to admit that my pussy started to drip with pleasure, and by the time we got back to my room, our shiny vibrator and anal beads were forgotten in a frenzied shag, the thought of all the naughty things I'd seen triggering a climax tinged with a delicious dirtiness.

But our premature fucking left one problem: when to use our new toys. Simon had to rush off to a class and we agreed that he should return a few hours later. As you can imagine, I had a few problems concentrating on the rise and fall of the Roman Empire when all I could think about was what would be rising in my

ATACK OF THE BONES!

Dear Club,

As a regular *Club* reader for the best part of two decades I thought it was about time I sent in a few lines of appreciation of your excellent magazine. In these times of inferior mags publishing lists of sexy women I've come up with my top ten celebrity girls I'd love to see get naked in your pages. I doubt it'll ever happen but who knows...

- 1. Emily Atack (Inbetweeners)
- 2. Selena Gomez
- 3. Pippa Middleton
- 4. Sally Nugent (BBC Sports Reporter)
- 5. Katherine Jenkins
- 6. Laura Kuennsberg (ITN Business Reporter)
- 7. Susanna Reid (BBC Breakfast Reporter)
- 8. Holly Willoughby
- 9. Emma Watson
- 10. Jessica Ennis

John, Glasgow

We can't argue with that list John, some absolute crackers and a couple of curveballs as well. As for Emily Atack: Yes, we most definitely would... room in a few hours. Feeling my cunt aching, I decided to get ready for his return. I swapped my white bra and knickers for some see-thru black panties – the ones that reveal a little bit of muff and the crack of your arse when you bend over.

Lying down on the sofa, I spread my legs and switched the vibrator on. I had just started rubbing it over my nipples when someone knocked on the door. I tried to jump to my feet. Too late. The door opened and Rebecca, a fellow first year, walked in. The vibrator bounced to the floor, still humming, and I grabbed my towel, totally red-faced. But Rebecca stood there and, closing the door behind her, murmured, "Simon said I'd find you in here".

Before I had a chance to consider whether this was all a set-up, Becky was over my

side of the room pushing me backwards. I wasn't sure whether to cover my body in shame or get rid of her, but the thumping urgency from my pussy told me I wasn't going to do either of those things. Gradually letting my body relax, I allowed my friend to take control. Pulling my panties aside, Becky licked the rounded tip of the vibrator and pushed it against my clit, increasing its speed until it was pulsating hard against me. I was so turned on that the first waves of orgasm started to hit, but as soon as she sensed me losing control, she left my swollen clit alone and turned her attention to my cunt. She spread my thighs further apart, forcing the dildo into my fanny with sudden aggression. I was shocked to discover just how good it felt inside me.

Just when I thought I couldn't get any more



excited, Becky pulled off her shirt, letting her full breasts spill onto my face and teasing me by dangling a hard nipple near my mouth. Forgetting myself, I reached for her fanny, but she wriggled away and slipped off her skirt. Snatching the dildo from my pussy, she shoved it into her own, whispering, "I want some of that too, you know". It was so covered with my juices that it slid straight into her, and now it was my turn to watch as she started to writhe on its gloriously thick shaft.

But she wasn't going to leave me like that. After frigging herself off for a minute, she spread my vagina wide and penetrated me again with the dildo. My hot juice was running down between my buttocks, soaking my anus and the sofa beneath me. Before I even realised it she had grabbed the anal beads from the table and was gently pushing them inside



HORNER SHOP!

Dear Club,

There I was busy reading Club and doing my instant cock relief. I was caught wanking and another ten seconds or so I was ready to spurt my cum. A mid twenties attractive female says to me - don't you dare aim it in my direction. Where was I? I was in my newsagents picking out top shelf magazines in my long black rain coat. With all the rain we are getting lately down my way it's a good excuse to wear a long coat. Wonder if we will get a sizzling hot summer? I know Club is sizzling hot and isn't the modern woman of today so laid back? I like a dare to myself and this wasn't easy I can tell you. My cock has its own brain that takes me astray. But it's a little bit of what you fancy. I know it's shameful to get your cock out and play with it in the corner of the newsagents, but Club shouldn't print cock-hardening pictures, but it's all good, clean fun. I've put my thick stalk away for now, until the next issue. Graham, Cornwall

We're glad Club has that kind of effect on your Graham, but we'd advise you to keep your cock behind closed doors. It's all well and good if you get an understanding shop assistant, but you don't want to end up in chokey for choking your chicken!

my tight little arse. Helpless with desire and shame I couldn't do anything to stop her, and the new sensation was driving me forwards to an unbelievable climax. As I came she pulled the beads out of my anus, making me yelp even louder. Then she grabbed the vibrator from my snatch and forced it back into her own until we were both collapsed on the sofa together, our bodies convulsing together first in orgasm and then in stifled giggles of guilty pleasure. I needn't tell you that that's one first year exam I'll be happy to take again! Donna, Bristol ♠







e join Club debutant Nina in her pool, and that picture of her on the top right of page 11 might just be the most inviting thing we've seen this month. Of course, while the pic makes us want to leap onto her lilo cock first, we know from bitter experience that if we got it even slightly wrong, we'd tip it over and we'd be sinking to the depths with Nina. If there's one thing guaranteed to turn a girl off, it's filling her lungs with chlorinated water so she has to spend 10 minutes coughing it up at poolside and then retire to a dimly lit room because she's feeling sick. So maybe we'd best wait until she's finished her swim and towelled herself dry. And then we'll go at her cock first... 🕭

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A great summer of sport is almost upon us, and Matt Loxham is very excited. Top notch football, power-packed cycling and six for a fiver on Polish lager at the Co-op. Life is sweet..

Club's Rough Guide

Liege (Belgium) to Paris -June 30th to July 22nd



2165 miles of cycling in just over three weeks with only a couple of rest days thrown in to ease those aching legs?! No, I'm not talking about scouse unfunnyman John Bishop's latest madcap stunt for Sport Relief. This is the Tour De France, one of the most demanding and surprisingly absorbing sporting events on the calendar.

Recent British success in the race over the last few years has seen interest on these shores reach unprecedented levels, and with several of our best riders going for gold in the Olympic road races after they've tackled Le Tour, more fans than ever will be tuning in to see how some of our major medal hopefuls are shaping up.

No rider has done more for the popularity of the Tour De France in Blighty than the Isle of Man's Mark Cavendish, who in 2011 became the first British cyclist ever to take home the Maillot Jeune or Green Jersey, awarded to the best sprinter in the race. No wonder they call him the Manx Missile.

Cavendish's achievements have transformed road cycling from a fairly niche sport in the UK into something that many Brits actually give a shit about, recognised last year when he was rewarded for his exploits with the MBE and the BBC Sports Personality of the Year award.

The flipside is that much is now expected of the Manx Missile at this year's Tour and beyond. Pressure, patchy form – he came off his bike three times in a recent prep race – and a change of team – he now rides for Team Sky, and with a different set of riders to those who helped him perform so well last year – might make it difficult for him to emulate the achievements of 2011.

Indeed, the British spotlight looks likely to fall on Cavendish's new teammate Bradley Wiggins (if we can ignore the fact he was born in Belgium), a track-cycling multi Olympic medallist who is now focusing his attention on the road.

This year's Tour course is

perfectly suited to a fast and powerful a-to-b cyclist like Wiggins, featuring as it does fewer mountain stages and more flat runs and speedy time-trials. Barring tumbles and punctures, many believe that the Lancashire-based pedalsman is perfectly placed to become the first ever British winner of the race.

He's certainly in good form, Wiggins has already won the Paris-Nice Road Race and the Tour De Romandie this year, and a man who would be the hot favourite, Alberto Contador, is currently serving a two year drugs ban. Another fancied rider, 2010 winner Andy Schleck, is a mountain specialist who looks likely to be hampered by the lack of gruelling climbs in which he can wear down his rivals.

SHI

Only last year's winner and time-trial specialist Cadel Evans looks to stand between Wiggins and the much-coveted Jersey Le Yellow or Yellow Jersey, awarded to the overall winner. By all accounts the sneaky Aussie has been skipping competitions to train on sections of the Tour De France course, so there's no doubt that he's taking the defence of his title seriously. Can Wiggins scupper his best laid plans? Find out on June 30th.

END







nother major tournament and another major England bellyflop. Well, that's what many of the pundits are predicting, anyway. But it doesn't take an expert like 'dancing ladyman' Robbie Savage to suggest that England might not even reach the



knockout stages in Poland and Ukraine.

With the humiliating World Cup defeat against Germany still an all too painful memory, Fabio Capello's hotch potch squad of young, old and infirm managed to make a meal of a relatively straightfor-

ward qualifying campaign for Euro 2012. Yes, they easily topped their group, but looked decidedly ordinary and vulnerable against Wales, Switzerland and Montenegro.



New boss Roy Hodgson has definitely got a job on his hands, although at least his players shouldn't be hampered by the ridiculous levels of hype and expectation that cloud around England at every big tournament.

For his team to progress through a group that includes a steadily improving France, the always difficult to beat Sweden and tricky co-hosts Ukraine, Hodgson will have to make relatively inexperienced players such as Ashley Young and Gary Cahill perform at their very best whilst somehow extracting inspirational performances (at the same time, preferably) from that creaky old trio of international underachievers Frank Lampard, Steven Gerrard and John Terry. Hodgson will also have to manage without the suspended Wayne Rooney for the first two matches.

Good luck Roy! But hey, with our backs against the wall, some hungry young players, old heads, the Dunkirk spirit... blah, blah, bollocks... fancy another pint? With or without England, so long as the high-profile players aren't knackered after a long season for their club sides, Euro 2012 looks set to be a classic tournament for armchair fans.

Spain are gunning for their third big trophy in a row after winning Euro 2008 and beating Holland in a tempestuous 2010 World Cup. The Dutch, on the other hand,

are desperate to avenge the aforementioned World Cup defeat, and with a talented squad boasting the likes of Inter Milan



Hodgson's players shouldn't be hampered by ridiculous levels of hype and expectation this year"



midfielder Wesley Sneijder and Arsenal striker Robin Van Persie, they certainly have the firepower to do it. They'll also be trying to regain some footballing dignity after unsuccessfully trying to foul their way to victory in that same ill-disciplined final.

Germany will be hoping vanquished Bayern Munich stars like Bastian Schweinsteiger can put the disappointment behind them. If they can, the Germans will be a major threat at Euro 2012, particularly as they boast in Real Madrid's Mesut Ozil a man who has the potential to light up this tournament.

It's difficult to look past these three teams – ranked first, fourth and second in the world respectively – when it comes to saying who lifts the trophy on 1st July, but this competition has seen some surprise winners in the past. Remember Denmark in 1992? Greece in 2004? Who knows, without the media pressure England might spring a... blah, blah, bollocks. Fancy another pint? ♠

clūb 15

Now with added smell-o-vision...

AT THE SMOOVIES

BATINGS: * TWISTER ** TWIST & SHOUT *** OLIVER TWIST **** TWISTED ***** TWISTER LOLLIES

RUFF JUSTICE.





Twisted (Harmony)



Gasmasks, horses heads, skulls, strapons attached to the head, goggles. Yup, we're in Tanya Hyde's world, with a female cast that means wanking is not optional. French bum queen Liza Del Sierra wrangles two cocks and gets bummed for

her troubles. Michelle Moist shares a dick with Karlie Simon while interracial fans will treasure Paige Turnah's doinking by veteran stud Omar. At times the fetish gear threatens to swamp the action, but there's no denying the intensity of the sex here. ****



3. Lost Heaven: Magic Island Series (Private Gold)

MagikView seem to be churning out most of Private's 'features' these days, and they're picking up awards without, let's be honest, being all that special or innovative. But we're not complaining, because if they're keeping Carla Cox in work, what's not to like?



She's the pick of the girls here, giving up her cute arse and taking a decent facial, although

we've got a lot of time for the ever-filthy Aliz's threeway as well. The rest of the cast isn't at the same level, but if you're starved of Euro porn, there's fun to be had here. ***

ST HEAVEN:

Magic Island Serie

Magik View

Young Harlots Naughty Tutorials

I've got a couple of questions about this (mostly excellent) entry in the Young Harlots series. 1) Why is Shay Hendrix wearing an evepatch? Was she hit by flying cum? 2) Why didn't someone tell Linet Slag that that is not a good name for a porn star? These questions aside, it's as you were at the Young Harlots academy -



plenty of bumming, scads of lesbian stuff, Linet Slag overcoming that name to get a more than watchable buggering. Sex education at its finest. ****

.....



n intimate session with Club favourite Vicki wearing some suspenders started off in fairly staid fashion, mostly because we'd forgotten how wild this babe gets once her clothes are off. True to form, once naked, her fingers disappeared inside herself and we could barely take a legal photo. Obviously we still shot about 200 photos for, erm, archive use. Eventually Vicki calmed down enough to finish the shoot, and then got horny all over again. If there's a more perfect woman alive, please introduce us. 😓







VICKI

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etab ymond.com





T





t first glance, it looks like the 4 only thing missing from these photos is a polar bear or a bunch of penguins dicking around in the background. But then we realised it doesn't really matter who the hell owns this weird pool, because uber-fitties Georgia and Jana are busy fucking each other next to it. Sometimes we can't see the wood for the trees. Of course, wood is exactly what these two caused once we focused on the all important lesbian fuckfest unfolding before us. We're sure you'll be able to concentrate from the word go. Still, where did all the penguins get to? 🜲

E.







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GEORGIA & JANA

club 33 www.paulraymond.com

SHINY STUFF

The bleeding edge of the bleedin' expensive...

[6]



Lumigon T2 www.lumigon.com

Fancy a snazzy looking smartphone that can also control your air conditioner? No, us neither, but that's one of the many features the achingly cool Lumigon T2 boasts. The black and steel design is sleek and screams 'expensive', the 8MP camera is more than decent, and it runs Android 4.0, which is cutting edge despite its strange name: Ice Cream Sandwich. They should have called it the Ice Cream Wafer for we Brits. The fact it also doubles as a universal remote – so you can control your TV, Blu-ray, media streamer and, yes, your air conditioner, just adds to its lustre.

Pros: Good features, slick, Android 4.0. **Cons:** Not cheap.

Apple iPad 3 www.apple.com

You might well have heard rumour of this bit of kit – it was probably the lead story on the news the day it was released. And is it worth it? Let's give it a qualified yes. It's a great purchase if you're new to iPads, with a brilliant new 'Retina' display, the same slick interface, a doddle to use, fantastic apps galore (we're watching England play the West Indies on Sky Go as we type) and so on. But it's not a great leap forward from the iPad 1, never mind the iPad 2, so if you're on a budget, upgrading is far from essential.

Pros: Display is breathtaking, a wealth of features. **Cons:** 64GB storage is limiting, still no Flash.



Canon G1 X

GIX

£699

We've spoken recently in these pages of the fact that, while cameraphones have come a long way, they're still no substitute for the real thing. The Canon G1 X puts every cameraphone ever to shame, which it should at just shy of £700. So is it a compact or a pro camera? Well, it combines the best of both, with a big old sensor and the Digic 5 processor ensuring incredibly detailed shots and constantly impressive results. It's light enough to be truly portable and a doddle to use. Nice to see Canon pandering to those who take their photos seriously.

•

N ZOOM LENS AL

15.1-60.4mm 1:2.8

Canon

Pros: Great specs at this pricepoint. **Cons:** Will require a few add-ons, so the price can rise. ♠

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This we can imagine.

"Trust me, it's out of control. Girls who make films where they're taking two cocks in the ass at the same time don't have many inhibitions when they're drunk up in a club. We're like a sexy wrecking ball going through L.A.!"

Yes, and we want an invite... 秦




















REVIEWS

OFFYOUR HEDONIST Go on, make your shelves groan...

RATINGS: * CHOD ** PLOD *** COD **** THE SQUAD ***** BOD







The Squad (Momentum, DVD £6.00)

Soldiers in bunkers being killed by mysterious forces has been done before, while in many ways *The Thing* is the template for this movie: People under stress beset by something they can't see and name, far from home and safety, turning on each other in the process. That's not to say that *The Squad* is purely derivative, far from it. It's a well-acted, well-shot and well-paced psychological thriller/chiller on its own terms as well. First time director Jaime Osorio Marquez drops his crew of



Colombian soldiers in a remote base strewn with the corpses of their brothers-in-arms. The walls are covered in blood and strange symbols and there's a woman, still alive, buried behind a wall. What could have been just a survival horror a la *Dog Soldiers* does more with its material, leaving the beleaguered soldiers questioning who is on their side and who isn't, trust breaking down in a tense, crowded and sweaty atmosphere. It's hardly groundbreaking, but it's thoroughly professional and Marquez displays real promise.

An American Werewolf in London

(Universal, Blu-ray £9.99)

There is some grumbling on terribly po-faced audio visual forums about the picture quality on this Blu-ray release. All you need to know is that director John Landis thought a film of this genre shouldn't be too glossy, so added a little fuzz and noise. Worry not,



it's still superior to the DVD, it's still an amazing movie, and the extras are a delight, especially the full-length documentary and commentary. A well-priced Blu-ray of a classic movie, in a steelbox (courtesy of a *Play.com* exclusive) – what's not to like. Especially when the freeze frames of Jenny Agutter in a nurse's uniform and in the shower are so much clearer than ever before... *******

Casino

(Universal, Blu-ray £9.99)

The Steelbook this has been released in looks lovely on the shelf. The film has aged superbly, what once seemed like an inferior cousin to *Goodfellas* now seeming like a companion piece. De Niro. Pesci and Stone are



a brilliant triumvirate of leads. So why can no one be bothered to give us any decent extras.? This Universal 100th anniversary rerelease has exactly the same scant features as the previous release, which seems like a bit of a gip. So if you don't already have it, it's a good transfer of a slightly bloated but ultimately compelling and somewhat mad movie. If you do have it, you might want to vote with your wallet about the lack of anything new to see here. ******





Iron Sky (Revolver Entertainment, Blu-ray £11.99, DVD £8.97)

Notorious for one of the best trailers in years, *Iron Sky* isn't the disappointment many sniffy critics have painted it as. Okay, it doesn't quite deliver on the tagline: 'In 1945, the Nazis retreated to the moon. Now they're coming back', but it has a decent crack at it. The budget effects stand up well, there's an arch



knowingness to the script, and moments – the re-editing of Chaplin's The Great Dictator, for example – of genuine genius. ***

Chinatown

(Paramount Home Ent., Blu-ray £10.00)

Making its long-awaited debut on Blu-ray, *Chinatown* has lost none of its verve or power in the 38 years since its release, and it boasts two stellar, nuanced performances from Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway. But you still shouldn't buy it. No, there's a region free US

disc of this with extras and documentaries galore. This UK one has nothing, not even a decent menu. It's perhaps the most perfunctory Blu-ray release of a major classic yet. Nice one, Paramount.

The Muppets

(Disney, Blu-Ray £15.97, DVD £10.97)

The reboot of the once mighty Muppets franchise could have gone either way, but thanks to director James Bobin and a lively, committed cast, it's a treat from start to finish. Jason Segel is the emotional centre, with Amy Adams a likeable female foil and Chris



ninatown

Cooper a routine baddie. But add in the Muppets themselves and a bunch of fantastic songs and you'll have a grin wider than Rowlf's mouth from start to finish.

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three

(20th Century Fox, Blu-ray £7.00)

You could buy yourself a copy of the inferior remake of this 1974 gem. You could also stick your face in a wasp's nest. But a bargain £7 (don't expect much in the way of extras) grabs you the original and best, with Walter Matthau and Robert Shaw at the peak of their powers in what is the greatest heist film ever made. The transfer is fine



and dandy, and the soundtrack still sets the pulses racing, even in the lethargic *Club* offices. ********



Bring Up The Bodies Hilary Mantel (Fourth Estate, £20.00)

Wolf Hall, Hilary Mantel's masterpiece of historical fiction was always going to spawn sequels, leaving us as it did in the midst of Thomas Cromwell's stellar rise to power from humble origins. Here, Cromwell sees Anne Boleyn fail to bear the children that Henry VIII ripped the country and church apart for, and the king fall in love with Jane Seymour. Cromwell's machinations are the engine of the plot, but it's the richness of



the characterisation that propels this wonderful page turner of a book along. Cromwell remains our hero in a time of villains at court, even if we know what lies in wait for him, Boleyn, Jane Seymour and King Henry. Roll on part 3.

The Aphrodisiac Encyclopaedia

Mark Douglas Hill (Square Peg, £8.99)

Many are the foodstuffs that people have imbued with aphrodisiac qualities – and Mark Douglas Hill barely misses any of them out in this cookbook-cum-rough guide to stuff we stuff inside ourselves before stuffing someone else.

So as well as the usual – oysters, champagne, chocolate – we also get roast iguana, wasabi, pufferfish and quince jelly. The prose tends towards the corny, but Q.

THE APHRODISIAC ENCYCLOPAEDIA

A Compendium of Culinary Come-Ons

MARK DOUGLAS HILL

the recipes are actually surprisingly interesting and varied. But do they work? Our view is that if you've got to roast an iguana to get some, you're trying too hard.

How to be Kinkier: More Adventures in Adult Playtime

Morpheous (Green Candy Press \$25.00)

Rather than the bland fare we usually get from books telling as about the kinky lifestyle, this is from an author steeped in the world. So rather than say, 'hey, how about trying fisting', this actually comes with a step-by-step guide. There's plenty of insider info about the 'community', dungeons, candles, toys, advanced bondage techniques, negotiation and lots more besides. It's non-patronising,

doesn't assume you're over-familiar with buzzwords and argot and is illustrated plentifully. It's almost enough to get us to abandon our vanilla sex lives. Almost.











e don't reckon Club girl of the year winner Jenny Laird got that chair in the DFS half-price sale, but to each their own. To be honest, even the shabbiest sofa found in a skip and reeking of Rothmans can be lifted to the ethereal when you plonk Jenny on it. She's got the perfect bum/fanny/boobs combo and she knows it. Seriously, you can keep your Mona Lisa, just give us a big old photo of Jenny's arse and its inviting, hypnotic hole. Oh, and if you want to write to her before her release, we'll forward on any letters. Just don't put any files in them... &











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RADBS GREEN

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club In ternational, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

(or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoet and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Ayva AGE: 21 FAVE SEX: Getting head. WHAT'S SHE LIKE? A dirty down under dame with a bright future.

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?

The mags in Australia are quite tacky compared to *Club*, and I wanted to be in something with a bit of class.

YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE. NOW, TELL US YOU'RE CONSIDERING A CAREER IN MODELLING.

If this shoot goes over well, I definitely will. It was a real thrill stripping off for the camera. I got a bit wet, as you can tell.

YEP, WE NOTICED THAT. WE GOT A BIT WET TOO.

Ha ha! Seriously though, I hope the *Club* readers have a big wank over my pictures. The thought of that is a huge turn-on.

WE'RE SURE THAT THEY DON'T NEED TELLING.

Nope, but just in case: Wank over my pictures you pommy bastards! 秦









HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP Photographer, Get Your Kit Off And Make £250!



READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME:	
ADDRESS:	
PHONE NO.	
AGE:	
BRA SIZE:	
HAIR COLOUR	ł
HAVE YOU EV	ER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE?
F SO, WHICH	ONE?
WHAT DO YOU	U LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB?
PLEASE	TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST
C	d to: Olub Deedewel Oldfelende
	nd to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, ernational, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street,
	London EC1V 9NR
P	lease enclose a recent photograph
	of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.
	Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to:
	clubint@naulraymond.com

CARNAL CONFESSIONS





VIDEO VENUS

I'm only 18, but I know about your magazine because of my older brother. At the moment I'm doing my A levels and all the blokes at college are really boring. I also work part-time in a travel agent, with Jan.

Jan is 24, blonde, slim with big tits and really long legs. Sometimes at work we have a 'dare' day - to see which one of us can show the most tit, or, by leaving our long skirts unbuttoned, give a flash of fanny to an unsuspecting male customer! Last Saturday lunchtime Jan and I were talking about our dares and I told her about how dull the guys at college are. Jan told me about how she felt in her first job. Apparently, all the trainee men were so shy that they never even went to the pub on a Friday after work. So Jan used to go out with the managers and they were much more open, a much better laugh.

While she was working there Jan met her boyfriend, Jim, and when I asked about his bedroom performance, Jan gave a knowing smile of satisfaction. At the end of the day Jan suggested that I should join her and Jim at their place that night for a drink and something to eat. I didn't have anything planned, so I agreed. When I got home after work I changed into something very sexy – crop top, no bra for my little 34B boobs, mini skirt and no knickers, leaving my shaven pussy naked and vulnerable.

I got a taxi to Jan and Jim's and when the car pulled up outside their house I asked the young driver if he had change for a £20 note. He complained and I told him to look in his mirror. I had spread my legs, wriggled my skirt up and was stroking my moist mound. I slipped a finger into my saturated hole and slowly frigged until I heard the driver groan as he came. I then jumped out to join Jan and Jim – leaving him with his sticky wad!

I rang the bell. Presumably Jan had seen me through the spy hole, because she opened the door naked! Her lovely tits stood firm and her pink-lipped and black-haired cunt looked delicious. I obviously hadn't been invited to eat quiche and drink wine! As she forcefully kissed me, the door shut

58

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behind me and Jim's hands were straight on my jacket and my skirt buckle. He hauled my crop top over my jiggling tits.

Jan kept pushing against me as she forced her tongue down my throat. Jim's hands lowered me to the floor and Jan spread my thighs. I could sense Jim moving in. Jan stopped kissing me and I raised my head to look between my parted thighs. Jim, naked, was wielding an immensely thick cock. He was circumcised, exaggerating his bulbous bell-end. I was glad I was wet when he stuck his full length right up my pussy! "How does that feel in your little cunt then?" Jan whispered in my ear. Jim knew how to hold back from cumming too quickly, as he reamed my tight young cunt, pulling out to the tip then pushing it right in to the hilt. Their hands were all over me, Jim's on my tits, pulling and tweaking my pert, pink little





club



nipples. As she started kissing me again, Jan laid down beside me, putting her hand under my bum, tickling my arsehole and flicking my clit with her other hand, while Jim fucked me even harder.

Laying on their hall floor, I came three times before Jim eventually shot his load up my pulsing pussy. Jan helped me get my trembling body up off the floor and they both led me to their bedroom. A porno was playing on the TV in the corner of the room and Jan took my hand and guided it down to her dark-pubed cunt. She was sopping! I slowly eased my fingers into her and she gave me a very sexy smile.

I knew how to play inside a cunny and I soon had Jan purring and squeezing her gorgeous tits. As my fingers teased and pushed inside her, I looked over to the TV screen, where a young flat-chested blonde girl was taking an enormous pink dildo up her creamy crack. She was holding her juicy lips apart and lying back in ecstasy as the dildo, strapped to the waist of a bigger-breasted girl, pumped her.

My fingers were playing more and more games with Jan's hot hole and when I introduced a fourth finger up her, she was finally fingered to a screaming orgasm. "You hot little cow," she said to me as we sat on the edge of the bed, watching the lezzie video get harder. Jim came and sat next to



Staring at me from between my legs was a massive 14 inch strap-on dildo"

me and I looked at his limp cock, which still seemed bigger than any dick I'd ever seen before.

Jim encouraged the girl with the dildo on the video to fuck the younger girl faster and I suddenly felt hands exploring me again. My tits were being flicked and squeezed, my inner thigh stroked and my taut young belly caressed. Their hands then moved over the spiky down of my shaven cunt, round to my bum and secret hole.

My breathing became faster, as the petals of my cunt were being fondled and fingered. My legs automatically spread wider as my nipples were sucked, kissed and bitten and my pert arse rose off the bed as several fingers slid their way into me.

The girl on the video was still being vigorously shagged with the strap-on. But a

young guy, hung like a bull, had joined them and was fucking her face as well. Jan told me to look at Jim. I turned to see Jim's cock rearing up as it started to grow again. "Guess what you're going to get?" Jan said, taking her fingers out of me and walking over to her dresser. Jim took my right hand and placed it on his cock. As I gently played with it, I could feel it thickening and pulsing. With my fingers still stroking his dome, Jim said to me: "Keep stroking me, but lie back on the bed, spread your legs and hold open your cunt lips." I obeyed. Then I saw it! Staring at me from between my legs, with my snatch open, was a massive 14 inch strap-on dildo attached to Jan's crotch. I was trembling at what this monstrous thing might do to me, but felt a desperate urge to take it all.

Jim was directing events. "Slide down to

club

59



Lewis couldn't hide his delight that I'd completely shaved my cunt"

the end of the bed, knees right up to your chest, legs wide open and pull your pussy open with your fingers." I followed his instructions and there was an audible squelch as I opened the entrance to my gushing lovebox. "Now, Jan, fuck her."

I felt the cold tip of the dildo against my tender petals. Jan slowly penetrated me with this latex weapon, spreading me and fucking me deeper than I ever had been before. I was screaming with pleasure as I came again and again. Filled with most of those 14 inches, I was also having the first multiple orgasm of



60

my life! So when Jim stuck his cock in my mouth, I eagerly sucked and licked him until he shot his spunk down my throat.

The strap-on was slowly removed from my exhausted hole and they both treated me to a shower and massage in their huge bathroom. Lucky Jim and Jan. Lucky me, too – I got the fucking of my young life! *Susie, Southampton*

LAPPING IT UP!

My boyfriend Lewis recently went away with his mates for a stag weekend in Amsterdam. I knew they'd get up to all sorts of mischief while they were in Holland but, to be honest, I didn't really mind – as long as he didn't sleep with any prostitutes! We have an open relationship, we don't like to keep tabs on each other, and I quite like the idea that he gets turned on by other women but always comes home to me. When he returned from the weekend he was full of stories about the strip bars and lap-dancing clubs they had visited and, unlike his mates' girlfriends, I actually wanted to know more about it.

Lewis told me about one club in particular where you could pay the strippers for a private lap-dance. He'd gone into a separate room where the girl had slowly peeled off her clothes and tantalised him to the point of distraction by wiggling her cute bum in his face – but not allowing him to touch her. Lewis said the fact that he had to keep his hands to himself just made him even more horny and as soon as he'd left the room he'd run



to the loos to wank himself off.

For days I fantasised about what he'd told me. I loved the idea of being able to tease a man with my body until he couldn't bear it any longer and had to fire his load. Eventually I decided I had to try it and during my day off from work I went shopping for some sexy gear. I changed into my new outfit and waited for Lewis to come home from the office. He's always horny as hell when he's finished a hard day at work and I knew he'd be raring to go when he saw me dressed in my tight black leather dress.

He was sitting on the sofa reading the paper when I turned on the hi-fi with the remote control from the doorway. When the music suddenly started he swung round in his seat and was surprised to see me dressed up like a tart. "Shit, Karen, you look fucking great," he murmured, scanning my curvy leather-clad body. "You ain't seen nothin' yet," I answered, already getting into the role. I snatched the newspaper from his grasp and ordered him to keep his hands where I could see them.

"Don't even think about touching me or yourself." Slowly, I started moving to the music and began dancing around the room, every now and then coming closer so he could feast his eyes on my body. I crossed the room and as I gently swayed my body, I began unzipping the back of my dress.

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Lewis waited with bated breath, eager for me to drop my clothes. Like a professional, I held his attention, slowly easing off one shoulder, then the other. When the dress eventually fell to the floor, I spotted Lewis' stiff prick twitch to an erection in his trousers as he hungrily eyed my sexy underwear. I'd chosen black lacy stockings, suspenders, G-string and bra, and they made me feel deliciously sluttish. I moved closer to Lewis until I was dancing slowly between his open legs. I was so close to him that he could have licked my ripe tits but he remembered my rule not to touch - although it looked like he wouldn't be able to resist the temptation.

Looking him straight in the eye, I reached behind me to unhook my bra. But I didn't treat him to the sight of my big boobs straight away. I turned my back on him, lifting the straps up and down a few times while wiggling my arse in his face before eventually tossing the bra to one side. When I turned around to face him again I covered my chest with my hands. Lewis' eyes begged me to reveal my tits - which he absolutely loves and I uncovered my flesh finger by finger.

He shuffled around in his seat, his cock aching to be milked, but there was still more to come. I pushed him back into the sofa and swayed gently, allowing my heavy boobs to swing so close to his mouth that I could feel



his hot breath on them. Then I stepped away from him and again turned around to give him an eyeful of my peachy arse. I bent over so he could see the string of my knickers disappearing up the crack of my bum and I felt the thin strip of material grow wet with my pussy juices. Inch by inch, I eased the panties down until they were around my ankles, then kicked them aside.

When I turned around, Lewis couldn't hide his delight that I'd completely shaved my cunt. I could only imagine how desperate he'd be to shoot his cream because he'd been begging me for ages to shave my neat pubic triangle so it was totally bald. I opened my legs wide to give him an eyeful of my

plump pink pussy lips and even slipped a finger inside to show him how wet I was. I moved back between his legs and he whimpered with desperation as I gyrated in front of his eyes.

I think he could actually smell my sweet cunt as I bent over to show him both my tight holes and he breathed in deeply, savouring my scent. Then, just as he reached out to grope my buM, I left the room telling him his time was up. But as I'd hoped he didn't let me get away with that, chasing me into the hall and dragging me to the floor, desperate to fuck me senseless. And that's just what he did!

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Karen, Leicester 🕭





Where we look back at the mucky strumpets who quit the cock...

Michelle Wild



B orn Katalin Vad in 1980, titted Hungarian Michelle Wild shot to fame 21 years later when she appeared in her first porno for Euro smut merchants Private, which was called *Sex Opera*. Consumers of adult entertainment (i.e. you and me and most other blokes) fell for her charms immediately, and Michelle (whose original surname Vad literally means 'wild' in Hungarian, translation-fans!) went on to appear in the region of 70

pornos, both in Europe (almost exclusively for Private) and a little bit in the US (she's worth checking out in *Crack Her Jack 1* and *Animal Trainer 5*, both of which are a lot less arsty-fartsy than her work with Private). The mid-2000s saw Michelle win awards for being filmed with men's penises inside her cunt, bum and mouth, and she had a column in *FHM*, co-hosted a radio talk-show (where she met her future husband, annoyingly) and played a nurse in a Hungarian daily soap opera. However, we're unlikely to see Michelle's lovely bod on film again, as the aforementioned hubby only went and had a kid with her, causing Michelle to give up bongo films for good. Well, we have one word for that, and it's "Booooooooooo!"

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Cameron Diaz

Oh, Cameron, what's going on? We don't read women's mags (honest) but not a month goes by without your oncebeautiful face appearing on the cover of *Grazia* or similar with a headline along the lines of 'LOOK AT CAMERON'S PUFFY/WEIRD NEW FACE' and, for once, we're inclined to agree. A natural beauty who made our hearts (and balls)



go all a-flutter when she first paraded onto our screens in 1994's *The Mask*, Cam achieved worldwide über-fame as the titular gal in *There's Something About Mary* a few years later. She was the stuff of (very wet) dreams and retains all the features that we loved her for then even now, but there's been some work done, hasn't there? One minute she's puffy and shiny, the next she looks a bit haggard. She's not even 40 but something tells us she's either sluicing her face full of Botox or



she's having work done, cos the carefree smile and eyes of old are, well, just not that carefree-looking any more. Oh, and it would help if she stopped appearing in shit films. Sort it out, Diaz.

Come and follow me on Twitter: @popshotculture I want to share my nasty little world with you...

NEWS OF THE SCREWS YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

ALAIN DE BOTTOM

Swiss intellectual and philosopher Alain de Botton has gone on record saying he wants to gather porn creators together to identify a "new pornography" which is more socially acceptable and "fit for thoughtful, good human beings." The clever-clogs



writer had a good old bash at the current state of affairs, before revealing his intentions to create a website devoted to this new higher level of erotica. "The real problem with current pornography is that it's so far removed from all the other concerns which a reasonably sensible, moral, kind and ambitious person might have," he waffled. We're all for seeing what he comes up with, but let's hope he doesn't ask to star in it, eh?

KILLER PORNO

Ex porn performers Amanda Logue and Jason Andrews are facing life in jail after pleading guilty to murder. Logue – who acted in porn films under the name Sunny Dae – pleaded guilty to second degree murder for her role in helping Andrews bludgeon to death a tattoo shop owner in 2010, during a

botched robbery after a sex party that Logue was performing at. Andrews himself narrowly missed getting the death penalty, purely by pleading guilty, and was found out pretty quickly due to his using the deceased guy's credit card the day after the killing. And who said porn stars are dummies? Tsk.



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THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

Kiara Diane was born in Washington 25 years ago, and began getting noticed in the porn industry back in 2010, when she got a couple of AVN Award nominations. She is lithe, angular and has cat-like eyes. If you saw her in the street, you would no doubt have to run to a secret hiding place and do a little masturbate. However, one quick squizz at her Twitter timeline and you'd be thinking, "Whoaa! She might be pretty but she is a teensy-weensy bit feisty for my sensitive tastes." And you'd be right. Kiara swings from posting alluring photos of herself on porn shoots (she does a lot of girl/girl but has done stuff with blokes too) to moaning about haters (a lot) to unloading about her feelings (awww), but often all within the same hour. Which means she's probably batshit. Oh, and she's got a boyf. Sigh. Here are a few of her recent missives...



"Been scribbling
some names out of
my book of life
recently Some
people look good
walking in, but
better when they
walk away."

"Turning 25 is a
motivational age
for me. I ^o ve had
my fun 8 am still
going 2 have
it, but now its
time to PURSUE
w/ nothing but
determination"
fund that the feet is a set of the set of the set of the





"No more Miss
nice girl who
puts everyone
first. Its time
2 cut off sum
peopleScontinue
this path of
ours.They aint
walking the line
like us."

Follow Kiara at *www.twitter.com/kiara_diane* but don't criticise her cos she will block you faster than a fat man blocks someone standing in the way of cakes.



Which parliamentary pussycats get our vote?

5: Louise Mensch

She writes trashy chick-lit under a pseudonym and made her name gently questioning the Murdochs in the phone-hacking scandal. Bit of a humourless Tory but we wouldn't kick her out of bed (if for any reason she got into it).

4: Yulia Tymoshenko

One-time Prime Minister of the Ukraine, Yulia is currently in prison for abuse of office charges. We can only hope it's one of those sexy prisons for ladies where they lez off in the showers.

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3: Ruby Dhalla

Canadian liberal MP Dhalla was the first Sikh woman to serve in the Canadian House of Commons. Whatevs. She's got a nice rack and a lovely smile, that's what matters.

2: Sarah Palin

There was a terrifying while there when it looked like this God-pestering, gun-toting hottie might get an important political role in the US. Thankfully we're safe from that now, but you still would, wouldn't ya? Well, would ya?

1: Mara Carfagna

Up until last year this former model was Minister for Equal Opportunity in Berlusconi's Italian parliament. Wonder why he hired her...?

PRICKIPEDIA

Smells that (apparently) increase blood flow to the penis: lavender, liquorice, chocolate, doughnuts, pumpkin pie (yeah, lavender REALLY gets my boner buzzing)

Testicles can increase in size by 50% when a man is aroused (so it's not just your willy that gets a chub-on)

Axillism is the act of using of the armpit for sex (people are fucking weird, aren't they? I mean, they had to give it a proper name and everything!)

Oculolintus is the act of licking a partner's eyeball (oh fer chrissakes...) ♣



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09096 408409 HUSBANDS MOUTH ACHED AS SHE FORCED HIM TO SUCK OFF HIS MATE 09096 408410 AB - MADE TO WEAR PLASTIC PANTS & NAPPY TO MAKE HER HAPPY 09096 408411 AB - NANNY KNOWS WHO YOU ARE SOON YOUR KIDNAPPED IN HER CAR 09096 408412 AB'S BULLYING BABYSITTER MADE HIM KISS HER A**E 09096 408413 HIS BESTFRIENDS MUM 18+

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THE



All the world's a stage, and sometimes famous ladies get their norks out on it...

ou can imagine the conversations many reluctant actresses have with directors and producers when there's a tricky nude scene in the script for the film they've signed on for. 'Can we lose that?' 'I'll do side boob only.' 'Can we do it in shadow?' We sense that's different with Eva Green, however. She probably says, "You only want me to get my tits out? I can flop my flange out as well if you like?"

You may know Miss Green best from *Casino Royale*, where she vamped it up as Vesper Lynd. But if you want to see what she's packing, check out arthouse flick *The Dreamers*, where she spends large parts of the film bathing with her gisp out. Or *Camelot*, or *Cracks*, or the recent *Perfect Sense*. Yep, old Greeny loves being nude, and we love watching her being nude. And her great acting as well, obvs.









Perfect Sense















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TALES FROM THE REAR!





CRAMMING CLAIRE!

Like most women, I suspect, I've come home to catch my husband in mid-wank a few times during our marriage. When we were first married, he used to get really embarrassed about it, and I'd come home to find him desperately trying to turn off the porno DVD and pull up his trousers at the same time, his poor cock still hard and expectant as he did so. But over the years he's come to realise that I really don't mind, and these days I'll sometimes get home and shout upstairs to ask him what he's doing, only to have him



shout back down, "Having a wank!" Usually when he does this I come up and join him, sometimes helping him out with a handjob or a blowjob, and sometimes if he's got a good DVD on, treating myself to a quick one off the wrist alongside him (which he loves funny how men love watching girls watching porn and wanking, but they all do). Anyway, the other week the boot was on the other foot when he came home early and caught me out, only I wasn't just giving myself a quick treat - it was something far worse than that, or better!

I'd been getting friendly with a new girl at work called Claire over the past few weeks nothing special, I didn't think, just a new mate. We'd been out together a few times and had a laugh, so after a night with some other friends at the pub I invited Claire back to mine for a coffee, knowing that my husband John was working late and wouldn't be back for ages. Claire and I sat on the sofa and started to flick around the channels looking for something worth watching, but it was all rubbish. "We could always put on one on

John's dirty films," I laughed. "Go on then," said Claire, "I haven't watched a mucky film for ages, and it's got to be better than this crap." I went over to the cupboard where John keeps his porn stash, picked the first film from the top of the stack just glancing at the cover, and popped it into the DVD player.

I knew from the cover that it was a Viv Thomas film, which I was pleased about, because I knew that they are guite 'tasteful'. But as the film started, to my intense embarrassment I realised that it was an all-lesbian film, featuring 'Sexy Jo' (my namesake) with a variety of other Viv Thomas favourites like Sandy, Stella, Vera, and Eve. So I'd only gone and invited a girl back to my house, then put a lesbian film on for her to watch with me!

Not that Claire seemed to mind one bit. She had picked up the remote, and was fast-forwarding through all the boring talky bits to get on to the sex, just like John does. It was typical Viv Thomas stuff - lots of slow shots of girls kissing deeply, then long close-ups of them licking each others' pussy and arse, with a bit of anal



fingering thrown in for good measure. The girls were all gorgeous - perfectly made-up and wearing sexy lingerie - and the orgasms looked pretty real. Either that, or they were very good actresses, but it's hard to fake that flush all over the top of your boobs that we girls get when we cum.

Watching a scene with Jo and Stella, Claire said, "It's good to see girls with smaller boobs like mine in these films. They've normally all got massive fake tits in pornos." I had to agree that both Jo and Stella were not overly well-endowed in the boob-department, but what they had looked lovely and ripe, and I said to Claire, "They look just fine to me." To which Claire thoroughly surprised me by saying, "Do you really think so? I think that they are too small," whilst slipping off the should straps of her dress and lowering it to her waist, revealing a pair of undoubtedly rather small but certainly very pert breasts, quite unrestrained by any bra.

"You're lucky," I said, "You don't even have to bother with a bra. If I went out like that with my tits I'd get arrested for indecent exposure!" Claire laughed, and said, "You're not that big are you? Give us a look." At which she reached over and started to unbutton my blouse for me. I let her finish, feeling a bit strange to have another girl start to undress me, but also a bit turned-on by it especially as Claire's little boobs were now that much closer to me, whilst at the same time Viv Thomas was treating us to a particularly long and slow close-up of Jo working her tongue around Stella's lovely

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smooth twat, whilst Stella was fingering her own arsehole and clearly working herself up towards a huge orgasm.

Claire finished unbuttoning me, and I slipped my blouse off, thankful that I had chosen to wear one of my sexiest bras in turquoise blue lace. "I see what you mean," said Claire, "You have got quite a pair. They don't look that big with your clothes on." I laughed, and thinking to myself 'in for a penny in for a pound', I said, "Watch this then" before reaching behind to unhook my bra, letting it slip off me and then leaning back on the sofa to reveal my 34DD's in all their glory. "Wow," said Claire, "Can I touch them?" Given that she had already reached forward and put one

hand under each boob, and was now cupping them to feel their weight, I wasn't sure whether I needed to say yes, so instead I said, "OK, so long as you'll let me suck on your nipples." Claire let my tits go and said, "Of course - I'd like that," before kneeling up on the sofa and pushing her chest forwards towards my face. I opened my mouth to take a nipple in, but her boobs were so small I couldn't resist opening wider and taking almost an entire breast into my mouth and sucking on it. This must have been OK, because I heard Claire let out a long sigh of pleasure, just before the sound of Stella cumming over Jo's face drowned out everything for a few moments.

I was transfixed at the sight of my husband's cock stretching another girl's arse"

Claire gently leaned back to pull her little boob out of my mouth, then bent down and replaced it with her tongue, kissing me deeply and passionately – we would have made Viv Thomas proud. As she did so, she trailed her hand up under my skirt, caressing my inner thigh and edging towards my crotch. She slipped her hand under the waist band of my panties she reached down and started to gently yet firmly caress my clitoris with the pads of two fingers, whilst at the same time returning her attention to treating me to one of the sexiest kisses I'd ever enjoyed in my life, her lips pressed against mine and her tongue dancing around inside my mouth.

This was all incredibly horny for me, and even though I now had my eyes closed, I could still hear the girls in the background getting each other off with their lips and fingers. Claire's own fingers were working magic on my clit, which I could feel had become engorged and swollen to her touch, and I could start to feel the tell-tale butterflies in my tummy that always warn me that I'm getting close to cumming. Claire reached her free hand across and firmly squeezed my breast, which was the final tipping point for me, and with our lips still locked together in a passionate kiss I experienced a powerful orgasm under her touch. Claire knew just what a girl needed, and as I rode my orgasm she continued to rotate her fingers around my clit for just a few more seconds to keep me going, before moving them away just at the moment post-orgasm when the clit is so sensitive it almost hurts to have it touched.

Claire leaned back away from me, a huge grin on her face. "Seems like you're pretty easy to get off," she said, "I'm just the same." Clearly she was right, but my mind had moved to other things, and I just replied, "I want to taste you - now." It seemed like Claire didn't need telling twice, as she stood up from the sofa and let her dress fall to the floor. I must confess that I was a little shocked to see that not only had she not worn a bra on our night out - guite acceptable given the size of her boobs - but that she had also gone without any panties, and was now standing in front of me with her dress around her ankles and not a stitch on underneath it. She stepped out of her dress and lay back on the sofa, one foot on the floor and the other hooked over the back of the seat, so that her bald pussy was completely exposed to me.





It seemed like Claire was not as used as I was to taking cock up the arse"

She reached down and gently separated her lips for me, completing her total exposure to my gaze, and inviting me onwards. I positioned myself to comfortably allow me access, then dipped my head forwards and took my first taste of her, allowing my tongue to roam freely around her sex, and then push its way as deep as it could inside her. This is where we were when John arrived home three hours earlier than expected.

So there I was, my tongue stuck up another girl's cunt, and my husband staring down at me. I don't know which of us got the biggest shock – me, John, or Claire – but Claire certainly seemed to regain her composure first. "Hello," she said, "You must be John. Me and Jo have just been having some fun, so why don't you come round here, and I'll look after you whilst Jo looks after me." For a few moments John seemed too stunned to move, and just stood staring at me between Claire's legs, looking back up at him with her pussyjuice glistening wet around my mouth. But then I guess the man in him took over, and realising what was on offer he quickly walked round to where Claire was, and allowed her to reach up and unbutton his trousers, pushing them and his pants down to his knees, and taking his still flaccid but rapidly hardening cock in her hand and guide it towards her mouth. John continued to stare at me as Claire started to work her lips on his dick, and she obviously knew what she was doing, as it went from semi-hard to fully erect in about 3 seconds in her mouth.

For my part, I guess that I should have been deeply shocked to see another girl sucking my husband's cock, but instead I found it highly arousing to watch. I knew how it felt when I sucked John off, so in my brain I could feel what Claire was feeling, but I was seeing it from an angle that of course I never normally get to watch. Anyway, for whatever reason it looked incredibly sexy to me, but mindful of the job in hand, I dipped my head back down to Claire's cunt and started to work away with my tongue again, this time focussing around her clit, but keeping my eyes fixed on the blow-job that my husband was enjoying from the girl whose pussy I was tasting.

John also kept his eyes fixed on what I was doing, so from time-totime I lifted my head up to him so he could see Claire's sticky juice around my lips and chin, which I knew would turn him on big time. It must have done, because Claire had only been sucking him for a minute or two when I recognised the sudden increase in his breathing rate that always happens just before he's about to shoot his load. I watched transfixed as his whole frame shuddered several times, and I knew that he would be filling Claire's mouth with his cum. She seemed more than able to cope with it - she kept him in her mouth as he spunked, and when she finally let him slip from between her lips, his satisfied cock was wilting.

Claire reached down and took my face in her hands, lifting me up towards her. She bent her face to mine and kissed me full on the lips. I was expecting to taste a bit of John's jizz on her lips, but not the big mouthful of spunk that she delivered – she'd obviously not swallowed, but saved it for me instead. Pushing her back on the sofa, I

76 club



positioned myself above her, then opened my mouth and let John's cum drip out over her face. She tried to catch it in her own mouth, but most of it fell on to her cheeks, so I bent down and licked it off her, before pressing my lips firmly to hers, and pushing a load of the jizz back in to her mouth with my tongue, mixing it with her own cunt-flavour from my lips. As I pulled away, a trail of sticky semen formed between our lips, before snapping and falling against her chin.

I turned my head and took John's flaccid cock into my mouth. I sucked hard on it, whilst wanking his shaft up and down with one hand and firmly caressing his balls with the other. Below me, Claire was kneading her little tits with her hands, whilst telling John in no uncertain terms that his wife was the best pussy-licker she'd ever had the pleasure of. Not surprisingly, it didn't take much of this for John to get fully hard again, and I knew exactly what I wanted next.

Freeing John's now rigid cock from my mouth, I turned back to Claire and - pausing just to give her just one more spunky kiss - I positioned her on all fours on the sofa, her arse in the air. Grabbing John's cock, I pulled him toward her, and steered his shaft into her cunt, made sopping-wet by the licking that I had given it. As John started to fuck Claire from behind, I dipped my head down and let my tongue trail around her cute little bumhole. If I'd thought that watching my husband being sucked by another girl was sexy, watching him fuck her was even more so, and with every thrust he made into her I felt a little wave of pleasure, like it was me that he was fucking instead of her. But I wanted even more, and leaving them to it for just a moment I nipped to the bathroom and

got a tube of lube from the cabinet.

Returning to where my husband and – well, I guess I'd have to call her my girlfriend – were fucking, I squeezed a dollop of lube over Claire's arsehole, and started to work it in with first one, then two, and finally – when she was stretched enough – three fingers. Then I took John's cock in my hand and steered it out of Claire's cunt, repositioning the tip of it at the entrance to her arse.

With the fingering that I'd given her, I was expecting John to slide in easily, but it seemed like Claire was not as used as I was to taking cock up the arse, and John was so engorged that even as I pushed him forward, Claire's anus failed to yield, and he could get no more than the very tip of his cock up her bum. But I was determined to watch my husband fuck another girl up the arse, so I reached round and started to play with Claire's clit, a trick that I'd learned on myself when I first started letting John bugger me. Sure enough, as Claire's attention was drawn to the pleasurable feelings that I was giving her around her clit, so her tight sphincter relaxed, and John's cock started to inch its way in.

I watched transfixed at the sight of my husband's cock stretching another girl's arsehole wide open. I don't why, but I found it intensely horny to watch, and found myself wanting to do something dirtier than I ever thought that I would. So I gently pushed John back so that his cock slipped out of Claire's arse, then took it straight into my mouth and sucked greedily on it. Claire's arse was gaping open sexily, so as I let John's cock out of my mouth and re-positioned it, he slid straight back in with no problem. I let him thrust a few more times, then repeated the process of removing his cock from Claire's arse, giving it a quick suck, then sliding it back in through her gaping hole again. I did this a couple of times, and not

surprisingly the third time that I let John push back in to Claire's arse, he only managed a couple of thrusts before I heard him grunt and saw the base of his cock twitching violently as he shot his load up Claire's bum. I left him embedded in her arse, and moved round to share one more deep and loving kiss with her to thank her for what she had given us... Jo, Coventry

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?

Send your bum banter to: Peaches, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR or you can e-mail them to us at Clubint@paulraymond.com. There's £50 for every letter we print, don't worry, we'l change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

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adly, we don't live in a part of the world where we can have such fripperies as an outdoor bath and shower combo. No, we have to make do with a rag tied to a stick when it comes to al fresco ablutions. But lucky old Blue Angel hails from sunnier climes, and loves nothing better than splashing the Matey in her bath and then cleaning her bits prior to inspection. And on inspection, we have to say she's done a good job. But then, if you had a bum as amazing as Blue Angel's, you'd make sure it was in tip top condition at all times, just in case *Viz*'s Bottom Inspectors popped round to run the rule over her chuff. It could happen... ♠















BLUE ANGEL







OUNTRE VIRE

SHOOTING YOURSELF IN THE FOOT!

Genius Joy Lounders had the bright idea of faking a home invasion at her place in Tennessee recently. It's unclear as to why she'd go to the bother, but the 48-year-old from Jefferson realised that police might not believe her story, and decided to make it more realistic. How? By shooting herself twice. She used a .38 caliber handgun and shot herself in the shoulder and leg. She told police a white male had entered her house and shot her, but

the police could find no evidence to back up her claim. She later confessed, and it emerged that Lounders had been due to start a prison term for driving under the influence. We honestly don't know where to start.



TIGHT ARSE!

There's a reason that doctors spend years training before they're allowed to practice on patients. It's so that they know what the fuck they'll be

doing, and so that flids like Randy Swopes of Waukegan, Illinois don't feel tempted to treat their son's anal fistula at home. Swopes' son, a Crohn's disease sufferer. developed a fistula on his buttock and, rather than contact a medical professional, Swopes decided to sort the problem out himself by sewing his son's arse shut with a needle and thread. You could applaud such DIY can-do spirit if it wasn't for the fact that the fistula became infected and Swopes' son was hospitalised for a month. What an arse.



Also for use on split biffin's bridges.

FACEFUCKS!

Facebook has provided many opportunities for stupid criminals to get themselves caught. From people posting pics of themselves committing crimes to those inciting people to riot, people's favourite waste of time is where crime and the internet often intersect. But two robbers in Calima, Colombia, are our number one Facebook cretins. They decided to rob an internet café at gunpoint, and then sped off on a motorcycle. One problem:

They'd used the internet at the café before turning it over, and one of them had forgotten to log out from his Facebook account. The police later arrested him. Guess they won't be buying any Facebook shares then...

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MUM OF THE YEAR!

An unnamed 35-year-old woman in Duchesne County, Utah, has been arrested for helping her daughter overcome difficulties with technology. How? The 13-year-old daughter was having trouble sending nude pictures of herself to her 30-year-old boyfriend (who'd sent her the phone with a request for some nude snaps), and mum was more than happy to come to the rescue, taking three nude photos with the phone and sending them on. Someone is going to prison.

9:41 AM

Here are some

pics of my

daughter's

clump. LOL

ni cingular 🗢

ISSUE 41.08

ON SALE

JULY 13TH 2012

EX



It'll be alright on Sophia Knight!



Tess & Vic' enjoy a lick!



Lindsey Lee wants you to put her out!

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	009 864 0657 - 1 MIN QUICKEST CHEAPEST MOST EXTREME W*NK 009 864 0672 - 40+ DIVORCED UP FOR SEX IN YOUR AREA XXX
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HER TIRED	909 864 0694 - BACKDOOR SLUTS TAKE IT DEEP & HARD IN THE B*M 909 864 0767 - FRIEND FRIGGED WHILE COLLEGE TUTOR F*CKED ME
	909 864 1013 - LESBIAN STRAP-ON A*SE F*CKIN'! THEY LOVE TO TASTE 909 864 1023 - SHE KNEELS DOWN & OPENS WIDE TO GET POKED
WHO	982 505 1498 - OLDER LADIES KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HARD
	909 864 1471 - SHE SITS ON CHAIR LEG FOR SEX RELIEF 909 864 1474 - WIFE WATCHES HUBBY F*CK INNOCENT GIRLS 18+
	909 864 1475 - GRANNY'S CROTCH IS SPREAD OPEN BOLD & WEI
<u> </u>	909 864 1490 - LET ME BE YOUR OWN BLONDE BIMBO BITCH FOR HARDDCORE DIRTY F*CKIN
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