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Post Mayfair

Paul Raymond Publications 3rd Floor 207 Old Street London EC1V 9NR

Editor's letter

elcome to the magazine with more highlights than a 80s band reunion tour, with quality girls crammed in from first to last! There's probably not enough space here to give all the girls their due, but it'd be very remiss if we didn't fanfare Midlander Krystal's Mayfair debut, or welcome back Joa for one last nudie fling before getting a 'proper' job! And then there's Yurizan Beltran, nork-tastic Northerner Michelle B and Linda Lusardi's classic appearance to remind us of glamour girls gone by. Phew, I think I need a little lie down...

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Denisa P.70



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CONTACT US

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MAYFAIRMale

Just like the government, we're always keen to hear what you have to say about things – but unlike them, we might actually do something about it...

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COMIN' BACK AT YA!

Dear Mayfair,

As a brand new subscriber to *Mayfair* after being away for years, I thought I'd give you my views on the latest issue, vol 45 no 6. The cover is very nice. The coverline about Lovato doesn't make a lot of sense unless you know that's her name, though. Good cover shot, and it's titillating to flick between that and page 49 to see what she looks like naked, prominent pussy lips and all.

Contents spread is a bit tame. More pussy here, please!

Girls are generally lovely, especially Chelsea, Gianna, Hannah, Anna and Kat. One complaint though: apart from Gianna they all have virtually no pubes! What is it with models today? Please, please put more pubes in the mag, like the lovely Gianna's for instance.

Michaela is quite attractive but couldn't she have worn fewer clothes? I've seen Muslim women dressed more revealingly. Not so keen on Kelly, perhaps due to the combo of her smoking (how did you do this legally? Tut tut!) and the studs in her fanny.

Generally pleased at the proliferation of stockings and suspenders in the mag – keep it up. It'd be nice to see more sheer underwear.

Great to see Mayfair still has a spread on cars, even though I'll never read it. And my

"I was delighted to see she had a healthy muff which matched the auburn of her hair."

goodness, Fiona Cooper is still going strong! Overall it's a pretty good issue. My favourite images: Kat on page 59 and thrusting her pussy forward on p63; Anna's pussy and arsehole shot on p47; glorious Gianna on p23; Sasha on p31 and the Quest girl on p66 – beautiful pussy lips. And Sam Fox in a fishnet body stocking wasn't bad either!

Rob, Gloucester.

Thanks for the letter, Rob – and welcome back as a Mayfair reader! I figured that plenty of readers would have heard of Anna, so I took a chance on the coverline there, but of course it probably wouldn't have meant much at first to some folk. As for pubes – don't get us started on that one again! They're hard to find these days on girls who get their bits and pieces out, but of course we're always on the lookout! More pussy on the contents, though? We're not a red top, so we don't want people thinking they've seen everything by page 3! – The Ed.

EYE EYE!

Dear Mayfair,

Now I know this might sound silly, but we've just launched a website of erotica for the visually impaired, and I thought your readers might be interested (Here, are you trying to suggest Mayfair readers have to be visually impaired!? – The Ed.). It's called Debbie Does Downloads (www.debbiedoesdownloads.com) and features mp3 audio files of erotic stories. If any of your readers fancy checking it out, they can get a free download using the code MAY1.

Many thanks!

William, Brighton.

Well William, good luck with that venture. Obviously we're all for visually impaired folk getting their rocks off as well! – The Ed.

HIGHLAND FLING

Last summer I was staying at a big hotel

in Scotland with my family. It was my parents' anniversary and they were treating me and my brothers and their young families to a few days holiday. It was fun but after a couple of days I was anxious for a bit of time alone, away from the kids and all the noise. The hotel had a big spa area so I figured that'd be the perfect place to escape to for a few hours' relaxation. I knew they had a room with a sunbed and fancied a bit of that – I was in rainy old Scotland after all!

So after lunch I went into the spa/gym area to book myself in. I was greeted at the front desk by a completely gorgeous redhead who worked there – I'd actually seen her around the hotel previously and she'd made me instantly hard then. She must have

Continued on page 20

SWEET ART!



I love your magazine – I've been buying it ever since 1976. Over the years I've also been painting pictures of girls from my imagination – I especially like painting them showing their luscious butts. Please find enclosed a few examples so you can see what you think. Hope you enjoy them!

Ryan, Ontario.

Very impressive stuff, Ryan. Yep, you certainly seem to have got the knack for painting nicely rounded arses there! Perhaps you could get a grant from some local arts council and put on an exhibition...? – The Ed.























Twelve years on and an awesome 511 scenes later, Jada has established a reputation for being a girl who gives her all in every movie and who genuinely loves her work.

s the readers who keep asking us to feature more black girls are no doubt all too well aware, there's a serious lack of them working in the porn industry at present. However, this issue we've got a relative bounty of sexy ebony starlets, with Joa on page 38 and this spread of gorgeous American performer, Jada Fire. Okay, so it's still only a couple, but we really are trying...

Jada nearly didn't get into porn at all, and instead found herself seemingly stuck on the road to nowhere; working in a sequence of dead-end jobs for several well-known fast-food chains and not really caring about a career of any kind.

However, that all began to change when the everdrifting Jada fell into a gig talking horny blokes off for a phone-sex company, at the same time disproving the rumour that only fat ugly birds with nice voices work in that particular industry.

She enjoyed the naughty chatter and the thought of getting all those callers aroused, but she hungered for more. It then began to occur to Jada that with her big boobs and shapely rear she could be using more than just her voice and a sexy turn of phrase to bring pleasure and satisfaction, and she could earn a lot

more money for it into the bargain.

Jada contacted India, a popular black pornstar who knew plenty about what it took for a girl of colour to make it in the industry, and, believing that Jada had the necessary attributes, hooked her up for a scene with the legendary Puerto Rican cocksman, T.T. Boy.

It proved to be a baptism of fire for the fledgling performer, with T.T. Boy testing Jada's enthusiasm for hardcore and treating her to the rough stuff in a scene that she won't forget in a hurry. Indeed, Jada still jokes that she wants revenge on India for pitching her in at the deep-end with one of the most intense male 'talents' in the game.

But what doesn't kill you only makes you stronger, as the saying goes, and instead of scaring Jada off a career in the adult industry the experience only succeeded in leaving her with a passion for making gonzo movies featuring some seriously hard screwing.

Early films such as Sugarwalls 8, Fade 2 Black and Mr Marcus' Neighborhood 6 served to showcase her desire to mix it with some of the most demanding cocksmen in the business and now, twelve years on and an awesome 511 scenes later, Jada has firmly established a reputation for being a girl who gives her all in every movie and who genuinely loves her work.

Unsurprisingly, Jada has received plenty of accolades for her performances and, rather fittingly for a girl who loves taking it up the bum, in 2007 she won the AVN Award for Best Anal Sex Scene in the flick *Manhunters*.

However, a much more prestigious

prize came earlier this year when the
Los Angeles born booty queen was
honoured for her services to the industry
with induction into the X-Rated
Critics Organisation's Hall of Fame,
joining such luminaries as Jenna
Jameson, Jewel De'Nyle and

Kylie Ireland.

A great achievement and a proud moment for the 33 year-old, and right up there with the time in 2008 when Jada was asked to play Squirtwoman for the now legendary long-running Elegant Angel series.

"I'm the only black girl who

can squirt!" she is often heard to boast, and, indeed, Jada's performances across the four Squirtwoman films that she made have been described as featuring 'World Class Squirting' from the fountain-like ebony babe.

All in all, Jada is a sexy, up-for-it pornstar and a pleasure to watch in all of her movies, but she personally recommends that you check her out in her scenes with Manuel Ferrera or Erik Everhard – hot stuff!



















She told me where the sunbed room was and said she hoped I'd enjoy it "a lot". I thought I detected a saucy undercurrent to her words, because she obviously knew I was going in there to take all my clothes off – perhaps she knew I planned to have a wank too...?

Anyway, I went into the solarium room, which was right next to the reception, and began undressing. My cock grew bigger as I thought that just a few metres away was this beautiful, fuckable Scottish lass. When I'd taken everything off I started trying to get the sunbed to work. I flicked this switch and that switch and gave it a rattle but just couldn't get the lights to come on. A little frustrated, I knew the only thing for it was to go and tell my lovely receptionist lady. Wrapping a bath towel round my bottom half I stepped out of the room to see if she was there. She was, and asked me with a broad smile whether everything was okay. Feeling a little silly, I told her the problem and she straight away came in to have a look. I couldn't help but notice that she shut the door when she entered.

She bent down over the sunbed, giving me a fantastic view of her shapely arse, and fiddled about for a few moments until it started humming with power.

"There you go!" she grinned.

I told her that I felt a bit daft, but maybe it was a little glint in her eye that made me say what I said next: "I'm such a doofus I'm not sure what I do next. Do I just lie on there stark naked?!"

It was a corny thing to say and I half expected her to storm out but instead she smiled and said, "That'd be the idea!" and as she did so she put her hand on my towel and gently

TRUE BRIT!

Dear Mayfair,

Mayfair's become wonderfully imaginative of late – and in particular I appreciated the pictures of Anna, Chelsea and Sasha in the last issue! It's fantastic to see locally produced talent like this making it into the magazine.

I was also very taken with the idea of 'On The Job' – I look forward to seeing where you take this from now on. Hopefully there'll be plenty of uniforms to come!

Jack, Mansfield.

Oh yes, plenty of great uniforms in the pipeline, Jack, don't you worry! – The Ed.



tugged it off me so I was completely naked. "Oh, hello big boy," she grinned, seeing my cock, which had been thickening rapidly.

"Now lie down," she instructed, so I did exactly that. "Just lie back..." she whispered, as I felt her smooth hand on my now fully erect dick. She expertly wanked me for a minute

"I lay back in bliss as she licked my dick from top to bottom, and tickled my balls with her darting tongue."

or so until I felt her wet mouth engulfing my helmet. I lay back in bliss as she licked my dick from top to bottom and tickled my balls with her darting tongue.

Just when I thought things couldn't get any better, she stood up and said, "You know, I really fancy a good fucking." She kicked her high heels off and then unbuttoned her white shirt. Underneath she had a lacy white bra holding her huge alabaster tits, which seconds later she revealed in all their glory – I could barely take my eyes off her big, rosy nipples.

She then slid down her tight skirt followed by her small black panties, and I was delighted to see she had a healthy muff which matched the auburn of her hair. She climbed on top of the sunbed to straddle me, gnawing at my lips and neck with her lips while grinding her wet pussy on my thighs. I started playing with her perfectly shaped tits with my hands and sucking on her bullet-like nipples as they hung down towards my hungry mouth.

All the time she was using her hands on my cock and balls, feverishly probing them and almost making me come. After a few minutes, she gripped my hard dick and plunged it into her wet and willing cunt. Using her pussy muscles she fucked my dick as hard as it had ever been fucked, all the while groaning in ecstasy and whispering absolute filth to me.

Then she drew herself up and threw her head back – it was lucky the canopy was fully open – and writhed on my dick as if her life depended on it. She kept rubbing her prominent clit with her fingers as she did so, dripping her juices onto my groin and sometimes touching her fanny and putting her fingers straight in her mouth to taste herself.

I could tell that both of us were near climaxing but since she was such an expert I thought I'd let her finish us both of. She did this by putting her feet on the sunbed by the sides of my stomach and really grinding her cunt into my cock. I couldn't have been further inside her and my dick could feel the boiling hot embrace of her fleshy pussy walls.

In no time we both came together. Just before I shot my load, she whipped my dick out of her pussy and into her mouth. I shot jets of come both onto her lips and over her beautiful breasts, which she then wiped all over herself with a huge smile.

"Crikey, I'd better go and have a shower!" she exclaimed, hurriedly got dressed and disappeared out of the room, leaving me very sticky and very happy underneath the heat tubes. Neither of us had worn the safety goggles they advise you to, but I don't think we were that bothered.

Colin, Chester.

SHE'S THE BETH...T!

Dear Mayfair,

I just had to write in to sincerely congratulate you on the pictures of Beth you published in 45.05. To my eyes her beauty and general sexiness are beyond belief – please get her back in *Mayfair* many more times in the near future!

Words cannot express her sultry sexiness – I've got her spread from the magazine in front of me right now, and I can hardly take my eyes off her to write this letter!

Liam, Market Bosworth.

Thanks Liam. Yes, we were a bit surprised to see how long it had been since the wonderful Beth had been in the mag – we're huge fans, so we'll be doing our best to get her back again before long! – The Ed.











Amy

Ages: 25 Vital Stats: 33B-23-32 Photographer: Tania Stevenson















SUPER MAC!

McLaren have been doing the business in Formula One for ages now – but what's their long-awaited new road car like? Well, *Mayfair* finds out....

Words: Martin Bains Pictures: Mclarenautomotive.com

ace on Sunday, sell on Monday. For years, this is how car manufacturers have justified pouring millions into motorsport programmes. But McLaren did it the other way round, enjoying track success first, well before moving into road models. But ever since it unleashed the £600,000-plus, 231mph grand prix car for the road – the F1 in 1993 – we've been waiting for a successor. And now it's here, in the shape of the MP4-12C.

This car marks a new beginning for McLaren, as it's the first model in a new range of supercars gunning for Porsche, Ferrari, Lamborghini and co. The mid-engined two-seater is targeting rivals in the £125,000-£175,000 price bracket, and is new from the ground up, with no components pinched from other manufacturers' parts bins.

Its design reflects this purity. Bosses proudly claim every curve of the body is there for a good reason. The designers balanced maximising aerodynamic efficiency and downforce, so there's no need for crude spoilers. The nose sits really low to the ground – it can only do so as the radiators are positioned at the side of the engine, rather than the front – while the front end is dominated by large air intakes, xenon headlights and dramatic LED daytime running lamps.

The windscreen takes inspiration from the F1,

cutting deep into the bonnet. Further air inlets around the side feed cooling air to the radiators, and the scalloped shoulders help to direct flow to the airbrake.

Move round the back, and the designers have hidden the LED tail-lamps behind black horizontal bars. They're visible only when illuminated. This helps to ensure the dramatic look of the rear isn't interrupted. The aggressive diffuser maximises downforce, the exhaust pipes exit high up and out of the centre and the rear end is

left open to allow heat from the engine to escape efficiently. As in any supercar worth its salt, there's also a clear engine cover, which proudly displays the twinturbo V8.

Simply climbing aboard this car is a special experience. The single-hinged scissor doors – carried over from the F1 – provide a real sense of drama, and give easy access to the sensational cockpit. This has a gorgeous, symmetrical design, with a floating centre console rising up from between driver and passenger (who, incidentally, sit closer together

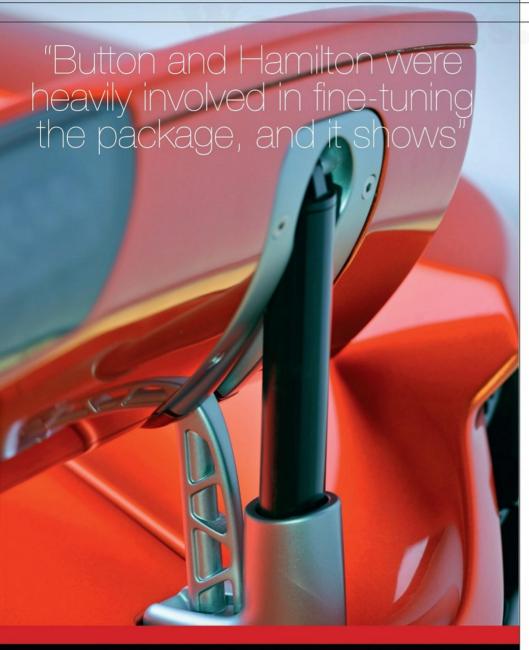
than normal) to free up room. In the middle of the dash is a smart seven-inch centre console touchscreen – in portrait mode for better space efficiency. The display controls the navigation and phone settings, as well as the high-end Meridian audio system.

More important to the enthusiasts who will end up buying the MP4-12C is the driving position. Visibility is excellent, with the low screen allowing drivers to see the end of the front wings, and find the apex of corners easily. Plus, the hugely supportive bucket seats offer a











wide range of adjustment. There are no buttons on the steering wheel – it's for steering only – although McLaren has taken cues from its F1 racers to provide an ergonomically perfect shape. Behind it is a rocker switch, similar to that in Jenson Button and Lewis Hamilton's Sunday drives – and this gives a clue to the extreme engineering within.

You pull the switch to the right to shift up and to the left to shift down. But it's much more sophisticated than that. A half-tug on the rocker activates the PreCog set-up, which effectively primes the seven-speed dual-clutch gearbox for a change of ratio. That means it's ready to act quickly when you pull the paddle all the way.

Lightning fast responses from the gearbox help to stir the best from the 3.8-litre twin-turbo V8. Positioned midships, this is a breathtaking piece of engineering. It's incredibly light, yet delivers the highest power output in this sector of the market, at 600bhp, as well as around 600Nm of torque.

These figures look even more impressive when you consider how light the car is. The 12C tips the scales at around 1,300kg, thanks to McLaren's extensive weight-saving programme. Central to this is the carbon composite tub that underpins the car. It's a one-piece construction – common in motor racing, but a first for production – weighs only 80kg, and yet provides impeccable strength, rigidity and durability. As a result, the newcomer is likely to send shockwaves through the industry with a sub-three-second 0-60mph time. Yet at the same time, it promises a level of efficiency never before seen in a supercar.

Driver appeal is everything in this market, and the firm has tapped into the testing expertise of its two most high-profile employees to ensure the 12C delivers. Button and Hamilton were heavily involved in fine-tuning the package, and it shows. The combination of the carbon MonoCell chassis and the Proactive Chassis Control system guarantees a unique balance of ride and handling, as well as sensational grip and traction. The latter incorporates adaptive dampers and a roll control system, so the suspension adjusts itself to the road conditions and the way the car is being driven. In addition, McLaren has adopted its Brake Steer system, which brakes the inside rear wheel to prevent understeer in corners.

The result of all this will be a level of precision and agility that is rarely seen in any production model. McLaren wants its new car to stand out, and provide a completely different driving experience – and owners are guaranteed to get a good taste of the engineering genius within the company.

So the MP4-12C is a triumph, and puts UK motor manufacturing right back on the map. The race is now on for McLaren's rivals to respond – if they can.

SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE: 3.8-litre V8 twin-turbo

TORQUE: 600Nm POWER: 600bhp

0-60MPH: 2.9 seconds (est) TOP SPEED: 200mph-plus (est)

PRICE: £150,000

CONTACT: www.mclarenautomotive.com







Ages: 27 Vital Stats: 34B-24-34 **Photographer:** Lobo Press

In case you hadn't noticed, there's another World Cup getting under way about now, which means loads of telly devoted to the thrilling contests between the likes of New thrilling contests between the likes of New Zealand and Slovakia or North Korea and the Ivory Coast! Still, it's not all bad, because as well giving optimistic English folk something to talk about other than the new government, it's meant that we can dress one of our favourite cuties, Lucky, up in some footy clobber and then follow her into the showers! Don't know whether we'll end up scoring or not, mind – although we've probably got just as much of a chance as Emile Heskey...

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The shape of things to come

From glamour girls and movie stars to Page three pin-ups and Lads' Mag lovelies – over the years Mayfair has featured them all. Matt Loxham takes a look back at some of the people and the events that have helped make the magazine what it is today.

THIS MONTH: Paul Raymond Takes Over



Anthony Quinn, or Paul Raymond to his punters, first began to capitalise on man's fascination with the naked female form in 1951 with his show. The Festival of Nudes, which featured women posing topless yet completely still in order to comply with the Lord Chamberlain's theatrical licensing law that nudes

weren't allowed to move onstage

Indeed, Raymond spent most of the 50s coming up with ever-creative ways to push the boundaries whilst not incurring the wrath of the censor, and The Festival of Nudes was followed by Moving Nudes in 1957, which cleverly skirted around the Lord Chamberlain's law this time by featuring naked women on platforms controlled by a pulley system.

However, Raymond's success story really began when he opened the Raymond Revue Bar in London's Soho in 1958. Exempt from censorship as it was a private membership club, it was the first British venue to feature live, nude striptease shows and became an instant success; a destination for people from all walks of life to glug champagne and watch beautiful women get naked and cavort around on stage.

Although the Revue Bar attracted many wealthy businessmen and celebrities of the time, the club was far from exclusive and accessible to the regular man-on-the-street. Anyone could become a lifetime member for the princely sum of one guinea, backing up Raymond's claim to be merely a showman who wanted to give the people what they wanted - and want it they did.

This mass appeal was the key to the Revue Bar's success, and the club had made Raymond an estimated half-a-million pounds by the mid-60s, a sum that provided him with the foundation on which to begin building his magazine empire.

Raymond launched King in 1964, a so-called 'Gentleman's' publication in the same vein as Mayfair and Playboy in that the content combined tasteful nudity with lifestyle articles and mainstream writing. But King was both expensive and difficult to put together and the magazine flopped terribly, closing after just two issues, although it was later picked up by Fisk

Publishing and incorporated into Mayfair.

Seemingly chastened by this failure, Raymond moved back into stage productions - the area where he'd achieved most of his success thus far. In the late-60s he bought the Whitehall Theatre and put on saucy and highly successful farces such as Pyjama Tops, What, No Pyjamas and Yes, We Have No Pviamas.

However, the lure of the 'Gentlemen's Magazine' was too powerful for Raymond, and in 1971 he purchased the then ailing Men Only and gave it a much-needed shot in the arm, relaunching it along the same lines as King and featuring girls from the Revue Bar. But unlike King, Men Only became an enormous success, and by the following year had a circulation of around 400,000 readers.

Throughout the 70s, Raymond's empire grew and grew. He founded Club International and put on more shows - including the big-budget spectacular Royalty Follies, in which a dolphin was trained to remove a model's bikini.

By the late-80s the Paul Raymond portfolio was still thriving, and had grown to include Razzle, Escort and MensWorld. Mayfair was to be the final piece of the jigsaw.

Unlike Men Only, Mayfair had been an incredibly successful and genre-defining magazine ever since it was founded by Brian Fisk in 1965, and the simple fact was that Fisk Publishing had no reason to want to part with a title that had always performed so well.

When Mary, who took over the company in 1969 after her husband died in a tragic car accident, finally agreed to sell Mayfair to Robert

Maxwell in 1982, long standing Editor Kenneth Bound intervened with a successful management buyout, keeping together the Fisk/Bound connection that had been in place from the magazine's inception.

Indeed, Kenneth Bound continued to run the magazine successfully along tried and tested lines until January 1990, when he brought 24 years as Editor to a close by agreeing to sell the magazine to Paul Raymond Publications.

The last Bound/Fisk Mayfair was Vol. 26 Issue 1, and at that time the circulation was still around the



CLAIRE

300,000 mark.

Raymond quickly installed Stephen Bleach at the helm and immediately changed the tone of the magazine. The covers were more colourful and in-vour-face, and the images of the girls more explicit. The writing that accompanied each model began to focus more on their sex lives rather than niceties such as what they did for a living, and Mavfair also started publishing girl/girl spreads.

In a crowded market - admittedly mostly crowded by Paul Raymond Publications -

Raymond's belief was that the magazine had to move with the times and respond to a perceived need for more revealing pictures and racier editorial than had been the case under Kenneth Bound's leadership.

During the early 90s he took what had been the 'Gentleman's Magazine' genre and gave it a firm nudge up onto the edgier and more explicit top-shelf, in the process doing what many referred to as producing legitimised porn.

Raymond, on the other hand, saw himself as simply supplying a demand, and there was certainly a huge demand for Mayfair.

Next Month: Changing Times

...and covers became

ruder and more vibrant,

focusing on curvy models.

Have you a favourite girl from yesteryear that you'd like to see featured again in Mayfair? Send your model memories and musings to: Mayfair. 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR or email us at: mayfair@paulraymond.com













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Six of the best... But

When word reached him of the England World Cup song performed by Ken Dodd's Dad's Dog's Dead, TRISTRAM SMITH pondered his fave band names. Here they are!

Names

1 • Relatively Clean Rivers



Sadly for fans of great band names, RCR only ever released one album, 1975's eponymous Relatively Clean Rivers (well, when

you've got a name that good, it'd be a shame to only use it once). The album was the brainchild of Phil Pearlman, a man clearly obsessed with names, later changing his own to Philip Gadahn. But for all his skill at nomenclature, we can't help feeling that popular music didn't really miss out much by RCR's rapid demise; the album's full of country-tinged West Coast psych-lite – the sort of thing that was starting to sound a bit passé back in 1969. Still, a great name's a great name, and the utter banality and non-bandness of this one puts it right up there with the best of them!

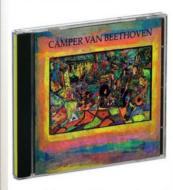
2 • Butthole Surfers



There are all sorts of bands out there with deliberately shocking names involving various parts of the anatomy, but

the Butthole Surfers stand out, with their choice of name being both ridiculous, vaguely obscene but also genuinely funny! They also take the prize for longevity, having formed back in 1981 and continuing – albeit with line-up variations – pretty well uninterrupted to the present. The name, meanwhile, which has caused them some problems over the years, with various media refusing to use it, was half accidental – 'Butthole Surfers' was the name of one of their songs, but the announcer at one of their early gigs got his wires crossed when introducing them, and they decided to stick with it. Good thinking!

3 • Camper Van Beethoven



What a slice of lucky happenstance that Van can follow Camper and also precede Beethoven, and what a perfect choice of name for

a band that combines such multiple influences. Formed in California back in 1983, CVB brought together members of various garage bands and melded them into unit that wore its influences squarely on its sleeve, with songs inflected with ska, punk, folk, country and psychedelia featuring on their albums. CVB didn't confine their knack for naming just to the band, though – notable tracks have included 'The Day That Lassie Went To The Moon' and take 'The Skinheads Bowling', while their first album was the splendid 'Telephone Free Landslide Victory'.

4• The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band



You want a band's name to give you some idea of what they're about, and The Bonzos nailed that flat with their blending of Bonzo

the Dog, a pretty obscure (in the UK, at least) cartoon mutt from the trad jazz era and their Dada – mutated nicely into the canine Doo-Dah – approach to art.

Viv Stanshall and pals thought nothing of creating giant *papier mache* masks and bizarre costumes to augment their frequently shambolic stageshows, but despite the utter weirdness of their performances, you can't help thinking that anyone who turned up at one of their gigs was suitably forewarned about what was in store. Brit eccentricity at its finest!

5. Throbbing Gristle



Here's a name that conjures up all sorts of unpleasant images, and given the industrial, avant garde nature of their output, it's a near perfect

moniker. What TG weren't about was churning out catchy tunes that were likely to sooth and becalm an audience – they wanted to shake things up and really give them something to think about, with all sorts of violent imagery being projected behind the band just to ram the point home. Having initially split in 1981 after 6 years of stirring things up, TG reformed again after a fashion in 2004, although word has it now that frontman Genesis P-Orrige (who knows a great name when he sees one) has retired from touring to concentrate on studio work and writing.

6. Ned's Atomic Dustbin



Anyone out there of an age to remember Grebo – that strange hybrid of musical styles that kept us Brits jumping

around (especially in the Midlands region) until Grunge and, gulp, Britpop came along and more or less took over? Well, foremost amongst Grebo purveyors were the Neds, owners of quite possibly the greatest band name in the history of rock.

Sadly they didn't actually come up with the phrase themselves – pinching it from the title of episode of the classic radio comedy The Goon Show, which had been first broadcast way back in 1958. Still, rock and roll is all about appropriating different things, isn't it? – and if you're going to nab a name for your band, you could do a lot worse than taking it from comic genius Spike Milligan.



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21st Century To

Ever wondered what it was like to be a drainpipe with gallons of hot fluid rushing into you? Well now's your chance - JAMES SAINT is here and his fact stopcock is fit to burst...

ust like women, gadgets come in all different shapes and sizes. Some are cheap, some are expensive, some will require updates, add-ons and accessories that will bleed you utterly dry. Some will grow old and tired and need to be replaced with a shiny new model, some will just become so annoying with their constant lack of responsiveness that you'll eventually have no option but to switch them off permanently, drag them into the garden late at night and bury the fucking things under the damp earth. The gadgets, that is.

But, just like women, we men can't live without them and we'd go to any lengths to get our hands on the most desirable ones, like some kind of obsession that's impossible to resist. Although, that said, I think handing some turtle-neck wearing American twunt hundreds and hundreds of pound for a glorified Etch-a-Sketch might be a bit over the top...

Pebble Portable Charger

Price: £50 www.firebox.com

Got an iPhone? Love the fact it does all kinds of stuff you wouldn't really expect - or want - a phone to do quite well? Hate the fact that, if you do some of that stuff, the battery is deader quicker than an Israeli stripper at a Palestinian party in next to no time? Well, it's a common problem, pal - music, movies and Interweb surfing suck the life out an iPhone guicker than a whore on a tight schedule - and if you've nowhere to plug it in, you're buggered. Until now.

Charged via USB, the Pebble has a 5000mA battery that can hold enough power for up to four full iPhone recharges (it actually works with most other mobile gadgets, too) quickly and easily while on the go and even turns itself off when your phone is full in order that it retain the rest of its power reserve... which it can do for up to two long years, by which time your shiny new iPhone will be looking like some lumbering Beetamax dodo!

Quite possibly the smartest iPhone accessory yet, which is saying something... or is it?



VERTU

Vertu New Ascent

Price: from €4200 www.vertu.com

A quick delve now into the world of the absolute bonkers. Yep, there are indeed people out there that would shell out over £4K for a mobile phone... but they probably shouldn't be allowed to. Or have access to any funds of their own, full stop. Expect legislation on the matter some time before Christmas.

This is the New Ascent from Vertu, a mobile phone for the man who really does already have everything. Twice. Made from aerospace grade aluminium, Titanium and leather (that's right - leather!), it comes with a quad-band, 3G and GSM network coverage, features Assisted GPS preloaded with 190 world maps, comes with 32GB of internal memory, tilt sensor, flashlight, specifically written and recorded ringtones, oh AND Vertu Select - a global concierge system, all at the press of a button!

So there you go, borderline indestructible, packed with tech and with your own slave available 24/7 - it's bonkers but, sure as bunk-up with Cheryl Cole, I'd have one if it was going begging.

Teac SR-LUXi

Price: £100 www.teac.co.uk



If, like me, you have difficulty waking up in the morning, unless a stunning blonde's shaking you awake by the cock, of course, it may be all down to your method of arousal. If it's a klaxon alarm clock that you punch off before rolling over, then you have your culprit. No, what you need is something as a)

sexy looking and b) clever as this: the Teac SL-LUXi.

An iPhone dock-cum-lamp-cum-bedside clock, not only can you wake up to FM radio (no DAB, oddly) or your own top tunes courtesy of your iPod. And not just that, but thanks to independent speaker chambers with bass reflex ports, it's quality audio, too!

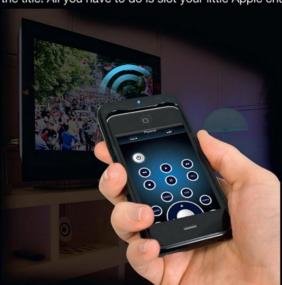
So, an audio system, alarm system and bedside lamp all in one slinky package? It's not a patch on the saucy blonde I mentioned earlier, but at least where you sleep will be drier...

Universal iPhone Remote

Price: £40 www.firebox.com

Simple and yet ingenious, I often get mightily fucked off when I have to trawl through the massive number of remote controls on top of my coffee table just to eventually track down the one I need and find the batteries dead. Well, no more, fucker!

This is the Universal iPhone Remote and... wait, fuck me, it's all in the title! All you have to do is slot your little Apple chum into this and.



once trained (it takes about three seconds to learn the commands of each button) you can chuck out all the other remote acne and control all infrared driven AV kit using nowt but your chuffing iPhone. Top notch iThinking there.

There's also the excellent opportunity to drive mates mental when visiting their gaffs, which is probably worth the entry price alone!

CyFy Wireless Sports Speaker

Price: £100 www.iwoot.com

Exercise is dull. There, I said it. Especially exercising on a bike, out in the massive dullness of nature with nothing to look at but tedious trees and fields and nothing to listen to but the irritating twitter of birds. However, thanks to the CyFy, it no longer has to be this way! A Bluetooth-enabled, handlebarmounted stereo speaker system with a

your iPod/iPhone/other brand MP3-player, means you can listen to all your top tunes, actually changing track and volume on the CvFv itself.

What's more, you can synch with up to four CyFy speakers, thereby effectively transforming your bicycle into a pimped-out surround sound exertainment machine; particularly if the bike you're riding is a Chopper...



Sony NEX-5

Price: from £550 www.sony.co.uk

Hmm, HD DSLR photography and video from a camera body small enough to secrete in a jacket pocket? That can't be right, can it? What would tourists do to attract the attention of muggers? Well, apart from keep shouting stuff in funny foreign accents?

Well, like it or not, the NEX-5 is just that - an ingenious DSLR with a 14.2-megapixel APS HD CMOS sensor that's capable of shooting video in 1080i HD, is fully responsive and flexible, records stereo sound, and has a whole range of optional lenses available to help you shoot like a pro, but with a body smaller than a lot of compacts.

Nikon and Canon snobs will probably hate it, but then they've probably already spunked absolute thousands on a breezeblock with a telescope stuck on the front, so allow them their bitterness.

















You can't beat the dirty thrill that comes from a one night stand, can you? We've found three girls who certainly have no regrets after their nights of passion...

Name: Luisa Age: 22 From: London

I am young and free to make my own choices. Unlike many of my friends who crave a relationship,

I prefer to think of men as playthings rather than partners. I did attempt to have a boyfriend once, but I felt smothered, and it wasn't long before I blew him off. While some people wonder why I don't have a boyfriend, I am happiest this way.

For instance, the other night I was at a dinner party. The guests were the usual bothersome bunch I had known forever. Apart from the ugly, dull, or just plain stupid blokes, I'd already tried most of the guys out, and one or two of the ladies as well.

I was sitting at the table after dinner when I noticed Keith and his wife Barbara having a spat at the far end of the table.

I'd never troubled myself to make a play for Keith, since he and Barb were a disgustingly clingy couple. However, tonight they were being downright bitchy to each another and things were getting nastier by the second. I smiled to myself, thinking that the evening might not be a total loss when, without even thanking her hosts, the silly cow flounced out of the dining room and left in tears, slamming the hall door. I almost rubbed my hands together in anticipation,

because Keith has a great body and it was virgin territory for me.

The upset encouraged the rest of the party to break up fairly early, and as Keith was picking up his overcoat and apologising to everyone, I stepped over and asked if he needed a lift home. As Barbara had taken the

car, he was left without much choice and gratefully accepted my invite.

As we drove I teased him, asking if he was sleeping in the dog house that night. He winced at the remark, shrugging, and then before he could respond I reached over and squeezing his thigh, asked him if he would prefer some cool sheets and hot sex. He looked me over, and suddenly he laughed harshly, saying: "Why in hell not?"

I spun a U-turn on the road and drove directly to my place. I could see he was impressed by the simple minimalist elegance of my apartment, and I guessed that Barb was one of those fussy wives who like overstuffed chairs and floral prints. Taking a bottle of champers from the fridge I directed Keith to where the glasses were and headed straight for the bedroom.

It looked for a moment like he might back out, so I quickly stripped down to my Victoria's Secrets frillies, and, tugging at his tie, reminded him that this was a one-off and not an affair. With my hands reaching for his belt-buckle he gave in easily, and before long we were on the bed, wriggling and squirming naked among the sheets.

I had no intention of settling for a quick shag that night so I begun by going down on him. His shaft was long and thick, with a deliciously large head, making it understandable why Barb was always hanging off him. He also knew what to do with his hands, and as his fingers played a symphony on my sensitive nipples, my pussy ached, dribbling juice as I curled my tongue around his bell-end like I was licking an ice-cream cone.

He groaned as I went to work on him, teasing the little pee-slit on his helmet as it leaked his pre-come onto my tongue. The taste made me quiver with expectation, and I began to suck on his cock, gently feeding it deeper and deeper until it was almost hitting off the back of my throat. Keith gasped as he took a bunch of my hair in one hand while teasing my pussy with the other. Up and down I bobbed my head, taking his full length inside my mouth until I heard him moan, and I stopped right away, afraid he might shoot before I had any proper satisfaction.

Sitting up, I looked at him coolly and ran my

"Up and down I bobbed my head, talking his full length inside my mouth..."

long nails down his chest, scraping his nipples as I went, delighted when I saw the flash of almost-angry frustration in his eyes. A few seconds later his big erect cock shunted inside me with one thrust, pushing my labia aside as he began working off the stress that had obviously been building since he and Barb had arrived at the dinner party.

He pounded my willing cunt, fucking me mercilessly until I was screaming and raking his back with my nails. My orgasm came long and hard, exploding inside my pussy as Keith tweaked my throbbing nipples harder, protracting my climax.

I was well fucked, but still determined to make the most of this unexpected occasion, so immediately afterwards I twisted round and began to lick his balls, teasing them until they felt ready to blow. Then I rummaged in my bedside locker and found some lube.

"You can rub it onto your cock and take me up the behind," I offered. He grinned back, shaking his head in disbelief, but he lubed his shaft up. Daubing a palmful on my ring, I turned and presented him with my arse. Keith was not shy when it came to it, yet he was considerate enough to work his way inside me slowly. My pussy was still twitching from the tremendous fucking I'd just had, so I was relaxed and was able to take him in.

It was a wonderful fuck, really down and dirty, and I rocked my hips as he slid in and out, building up a rhythm. As he blasted his wad inside me he thanked me for giving him the best fuck of his life.

Delighted to have obliged, I rolled away from him and fell asleep... It'd been fabulous, but, to be honest, I still hoped he'd be gone before I woke up!





Name: Jane Age: 27 From: Bolton

First off, let me just say that I am not the kind of girl who sleeps with every man she meets. In fact, before this night I'd had three steady boyfriends that I'd gone to bed with along with a few innocence tinged teenage fumblings, and that was it. But having been single for almost a year, and being a mature 27-year-old, I was no longer such a prissy young thing.

My girlfriends had long teased me about my lack of sexual experience – they were all experts at meeting and mating and couldn't understand my more Victorian attitude, but all I could say in my defence was that as how I had been brought up. Then again, there comes a time in everyone's life when the need to rebel becomes too much and in my case rebellion meant forgetting all about those romantic guy meets girl notions and opening myself up to the more animalistic girl fucks guy then never sees him again.

That said, I didn't go out on that Saturday night looking for casual sex. I didn't even go out looking for a man. It was just a normal Saturday night out with the girls – a few drinks, a bit of dance and then home. My friends were out for the regular Saturday night too, which for them meant finding some guy to go home with. But they had long grown used to my primness and didn't try to fix me up with anyone. They were expecting me to leave early, but this night was to be full of surprises.

We usually started in a local bar because it gave us the chance to catch up before hitting the clubs, where the music was always so loud that any conversation had to be held at full volume. It was hear that my night began and ended.

I noticed John as he walked in and stepped up to the bar. He was older than me, somewhere in his late 30s, and well turned out in a smart but casual suit, wine red shirt and no tie. When he smiled his eyes lit up and I was taken with his warm, welcoming face. So much so that I



stopped listening to my friends' chat until Emma nudged me back into the loop. To this day I do not know why I did it, but I excused myself from my friends and went straight up to John. I had no idea what I was going to say but my libido took over and propelled me towards him.

Taking a seat on a stool next to him and facing the bar, the first words that came out of my mouth were simple. "I like your suit," I said.

John turned to face me, smiling when his eyes met mine. "Thank you very much, miss..?"

"Allen," I said.

"Miss Allen. Can I buy you a drink?"

Now I wasn't so innocent that I didn't know how loaded a question like that was, and usually when a strange man offers to buy me a drink I turn them down, immediately thinking all this guy wants is to get into my knickers. But this time, though I did think exactly that, I also though I'd like him to get in there, and I accepted swiftly. I glanced back at my friends as John and I chinked glasses to see them all watching me, their mouths agape. John's friends left us at the bar to find a table and the two of us stood chatting like we were old friends, laughing and listening to each other intently. He

"He eased a hand between my legs, finding my wet vagina and toying with it."

was very charming, asking me questions and encouraging me to do most of the talking. I can't actually remember what we talked about because I spent most of the time in his company there imagining him naked. Let me tell you, that picture in my mind was a real distraction! All the time we were talking it seemed we both knew where it was leading.

"Would you like another drink?" asked John when I had finished my wine. "Or would you prefer to go somewhere a little more... intimate?"

The hand he placed on my knee made it clear exactly what that meant, and you have to understand that under normal circumstances this would have seen me flee, but normal circumstances were not in operation that night.

"Let's go somewhere where we can be alone together," I said, looking up at him through thick mascarad lashes. We walked back to John's house, which was a few streets away, John with his arm around my waist. As we walked, John's hand slid slowly down my body until it came to rest on my behind, squeezing my buttocks gently. About halfway there, we stopped and kissed. It started as a gentle coming together of our lips but his touches had turned me on greatly and it ended with John's erection pressing urgently into my waist as my tongue delved inside his mouth. I think if he had tried to, I would of let him have sex with me right there in the street – a few months without sex can do funny things to you, huh?

Once we reached his home, the bright lights of the living room made me feel suddenly nervous, and as John handed me a glass of white wine and left the room I began to feel a little unsure of what I was doing there. John returned as I stared out of the window, wondering whether I should just leave now and forget all about it. He came up behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist, kissing and nuzzling my neck. I could feel his hard on, thick against my bum cheeks, and all my nerves left me. I wanted him so much.

He turned me round and took my drink from me, placing it delicately on a shelf. Then he kissed me, his hands pulling me close to him then kneading my buttocks, pulling them open. "Let's go upstairs," he whispered in my ear, and taking me by the hand, he led the way.

In his bedroom we stood and kissed, John unzipping my dress and sliding the straps from my shoulders. It was one of those tight, figure-hugging affairs and I had no bra on because of it. In one moment I was naked in front of him but for a pair of red silk panties.

"God, you're beautiful," he said as he shrugged off his jacket and began to unbutton his shirt. Once he was topless he pulled me to him again and kissed me hard, his hand toying with my breast, rolling my nipple between finger and thumb, causing it to stiffen and jut out dramatically. I could feel my juices oozing from my pussy.

I fumbled for his cock, squeezing it from outside his trousers, then unzipped his fly. Before I could reach inside, John undid the button and allowed them to fall to the floor. He watched as I slipped a hand inside his pants and took hold of his thick length. At that point I wanted him inside me desperately and was ready to take of my knickers, fall back on the bed and have him fuck me crazy. But John had other ideas.

He turned me round again and kissed my neck. his hands groping my breasts and running down my stomach until the thumbs had hooked inside my panties. He pulled them down my thighs and then eased a hand between my legs, finding my wet vagina and toying with it. He rubbed gently over my clitoris, causing me to gasp and buck against him. "Bend over," his whispered over my shoulder. I did as I was told, putting my hands out on the bed to steady myself as John squatted behind me and took my knickers off completely. I opened my legs willingly as he began to kiss his way up my thighs, his tongue growing ever closer to my moist hole. As much as I was enjoying it, it wasn't all that comfortable and I pitched forward onto the bed, my knees on the edge, my bum up high in the air, legs as wide as I could get them. John slipped his tongue inside my hole, his lower lip brushing against my clit, and I couldn't stop myself vocalising my pleasure.

Jut as soon as it started, it stopped as John stood up and took off the remainder of his

clothes. Then I felt the thing I had been craving - John's solid cock probing my pussy. Kneeling behind me, he pushed himself up inside me and began to fuck me nice and slow. I don't think I have ever wanted to cum more than I did at that moment. I wanted him to fuck me harder and harder until I was flooding with juice, but I got the impression from his gentleness that John was after something a little more romantic.

"Fuck me harder!" I cried, fearing that he was going to go all slushy on me and want to do it in the normal missionary position.

"Alright," he said, "if that's what you want. But turn over, let me see your face."

He probably thought that I was a nice girl and didn't do that sort of thing, but at that moment in time I was nothing like a nice girl. He pulled out of me, waiting for me to get on the bed proper, but I had other ideas. I stood up and went over to a

low chest of drawers.

Bending over it, holding onto the corner for support. I told John that I wanted him to fuck me hard and fast and forget about any romantic notions. To make sure he got the point, I reached

"John grabbed me by my hips and began to slam his cock deep inside me."

over my shoulder with one hand and fingered myself, holding my pussy open for him.

"Put that fat cock of yours in here," I said. That was it, there was no more Mr nice guy. John grabbed me by my hips and began to slam his cock deep inside me. My orgasm rocked through me and the words that spilt from my lips were not mine, but my sex crazed alter ego, long suppressed.

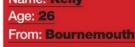
"I'm gonna come!" John yelled, still hammering away at my tight, wet slot.

"Come on me!" I said through panted breath. I'd never felt sperm on my skin before, believe it or not, and as John's hot seed splashed over my buttocks and up my back, I reached down and fiddled with my clit, bringing a second orgasm to the boil.

The sweat was pouring of my body and the room smelled strongly of sex. I had sperm over my back, buttocks and thighs, but instead of staying and cleaning myself up, I put my clothes back on, kissed the naked man resting on the bed in front of me, cupped his balls for a second, and then said goodbye.

Since then, I haven't had another one nighter, but I know that when I want it, I can get it easily enough...

Name: Kelly



As much as I enjoy having sex I had always vowed never to have a one night stand. I was never short of boyfriends, whether our relationship be a few months or in one case almost four years so rarely went without sex.

Then I experienced a drought. I don't know why although I was spending far too much time working and not enough time playing. So much so, that my desire for sex soon took its tool on my personal morals.

It was a Saturday evening and I was going out with a few girlie friends. Because I'd been spending so much time - including weekends - at work I had hardly seen Sam and Chantelle and we were due a well-deserved catch-up.

We were in our second bar and after polishing off a bottle of wine with the other two girls I was already feeling tipsy. Sam was off chatting to some bloke she knew from work and Chantelle had gone to the bar to get another round in when I was approached by Craig.

We made small talk and the flirting between Craig and myself got more intense until he asked me if I would like to go back to his. I insisted I would come back for just a chat and a few drinks and there'd be no funny business, which Craig assured me was OK. And to be fair to him he did adhere to such rules when we made ourselves comfortable in his front room.

Pretty soon the conversation turned to when we had last had sex. I made out that it was more recent than it really was and I think Craig did the same. He joked that his flatmate had enough porn to keep them both content for a lifetime.

When he mentioned porn my ears pricked up. I'd always been curious about the stuff but exboyfriends had always kept it hidden from me.

"Would you like to watch some?" Craig offered. I told him I would.

"Don't worry, I won't show you the really sick stuff. Besides I don't know where my flatmate

The DVD he put on was American and featured a couple of well-built, middle-aged guys chatting up girls on a beach and then taking them back to their hotel rooms for sex.





All the girls were young, busty and beautiful – and really dirty. They let the blokes fuck them up the arse and then come in their mouths. I thought that was disgusting and not something I'd ever dream of doing – especially with someone I'd only just met.

"Do you like it?" Craig asked as we watched one lucky bloke getting sucked off by two girls at once.

I nodded, then saw that Craig must have been enjoying it because there was a massive bulge in his trousers. He saw me looking at it and then asked if I wanted to see it.

I didn't think it would hurt just to see his cock so I let him get it out and my jaw dropped as his thick

veiny cock stood erect. His helmet was bulbous and glistening.

After about a minute of gawping at Craig's cock he cheekily said: "Well, go on then, it's not going to suck itself."

With that he said he was only joking and proceeded to stuff his stiffy back inside his trousers. The sight of seeing this impressive cock disappear brought out an urge in me I have never felt and I shouted "NO!"

I reached over and grabbed his cock before he could put it away and unsurprisingly Craig put up no resistance. Leaning over I went to work on it straightaway with my tongue.

I licked around his balls, up his shaft and then circled the tip of his bell-end. Craig ran his fingers through my hair as I orally pleasured his cock.

Because it was so big when I tried to get it all in my mouth I almost gagged as his knob pressed against the back of my throat. It amazed me to think how the girls on he DVD that was still playing in the background could manage to fit so much cock in their mouths without doing the same. But then I guessed practice makes perfect.

Craig seemed to be enjoying me sucking him off as he gave constant vocal encouragement, making sure I knew when I was hitting the right spot. It seemed the back of his helmet was the most sensitive part as every time my tongue passed it Craig would let out a massive 'oh, yeah!'

As I continued to give him a blow-job Craig ran his hands over my back until he got to my thong. Then I felt his hand slip underneath it and curl round to my pussy.

The next thing I felt was two of his fingers rubbing my pussy lips, which hadn't taken long to moisten. Actually, if I'm being honest they were quite wet already, something that happened quite a lot when



I was turned on.

He found my clit and began rubbing, much to my delight. It was like hitting a secret switch because after a few minutes I was desperate to feel his cock inside me.

I took his cock out of my mouth and turned on to my back, then I peeled off my skirt and thong and spread my legs. I'd been so busy lately I'd neglected to trim my bush but that didn't put him off burying his face in my pussy.

He was an expert with his tongue and within minutes I was coming. I hadn't had an orgasm for months and I was swept away by the climactic wave that surged through my body.

I bet Craig couldn't believe his luck when my pussy trickled with juices. Hot sticky juices that I then got to taste when he pulled away from my snatch and kissed me. It was crazy, I had sucked his cock and he had licked me out but only now were we having our first kiss.

As we snogged I could feel Craig's stiffy pressing against me. It was so wet down there that he managed to slip the whole thing up my pussy without either of us using our hands to guide it in.

I could feel every inch of his cock as it slid in and out of my pussy. I wrapped my legs tightly around Craig to enhance the sensation for both of us but I reckon it was me who felt it most. His cock was going so deep I gasped with each thrust.

I couldn't believe it when I came a second time. This rarely happened yet a guy I had only known for a few hours was making me feel like I had never felt before. Of course, it might have also been down to the fact that I hadn't been laid for ages.

After I recovered from my second mind-blowing orgasm, Craig turned me onto all fours and began fucking me doggy style. In this position his massive cock managed to reach new parts not to mention

make a bigger impact with the improved thrust he had.

Craig playfully slapped my arse cheeks as he pounded away, and the rhythm was only interrupted when I felt a finger prod my bumhole.

Just a few hours ago I was determined that I'd never have a one night stand and I certainly wasn't going to let a stranger anywhere near my back passage – but Craig had already made me cum twice in god knows how many months and besides, I was really enjoying myself.

Realising that I was showing no resistance, Craig buried his finger deep up my arse. The feeling of both holes being poked was sensational, especially when they both went as deep as they could go.

I don't think I could have lasted much longer, but thankfully Craig was on the verge of shooting. Rather than come inside me, he pulled out his cock, turned me round and told me to open mouth. Then he stood over me tugging on his cock until a huge shower of hot sticky spunk splattered my face.

Hardly any of it went in my mouth, my hair and forehead taking the brunt of the come-soaking. As I looked over at the TV screen I saw one of the porn stars with a faceful of the white stuff and imagined I must have looked the same.

Taking my cue from the girl on screen I scooped what spunk I could off my face and into my mouth, licking my fingers to show how much I enjoyed Craig's seed before swallowing the whole lot.

We fucked several more times that night and when the morning came I was quite sad to leave. Eventually when Craig's hard-on reappeared for the umpteenth time I had to go, my pussy couldn't have taken any more.

But it didn't matter at the time, as I knew I could probably go back for more with this well-hung stud. Unfortunately that wasn't the case as I later found out he had started seeing someone. So technically that made our night of wild sex a one night stand.

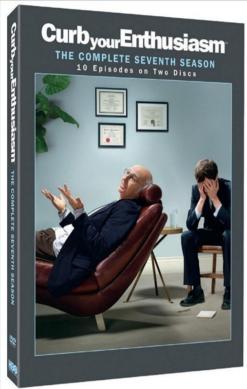
Next Month: 'Foreign Bodies'.
Got a tale to tell? Then send it along to Quest, Mayfair, PRP, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR — or email it to mayfair@paulraymond.com. There's £50 for the letters we use!



Scene from Mayfair

Something for just about everyone this month, with a compendium of gin, giggles, gore, gangsters and grit...

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM 7



Is this the funniest TV programme ever? Well, Larry David's post-Seinfeld project, in which he stars as a warped version of himself, lounging around LA and generally upsetting just about everyone he comes into contact with has certainly garnered plenty of praise from those in the know, and as far as we're concerned it's pretty well all justified. The improvised performances allow the actors to really bounce off each other, cranking up the outrage and the laughs as they go, and the ensemble cast's spot on, with Larry joined by Cheryl Hines as



long-suffering wife Cheryl, Jeff Garlin as his unscrupulous manager Jeff and, following on from series six, the fantastic J.B. Smoove Larry's lingering houseguest Leon Black.

Series seven revolves around Larry's plans to film a Seinfeld reunion – all designed so he can woo back Cheryl, but of course things never go smoothly, and all sorts of misunderstandings and mishaps getting in the way.

With roles for all the *Seinfeld* regulars this series, fans of David's work will be spoilt for choice when it comes to picking their favourite episode, although the one that revolves around a muffin top takes some beating. If you missed

out on all Larry's misdemeanors when they were buried away on Freeview channels, the good news is we've got 3 copies

of this 2-disc set to give away. Just tell us which Seinfeld character was 'based on' Larry, and send your answers to Mayfair's Curb Comp, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email mayfair@paulraymond.com) to reach us no later than July 9th.

BOOZY CODGERS!



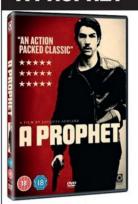
Head out onto the high streets of many a town up and down the land and you can't help thinking that we live in an age where drinking usually means a combination of swilling alcopops and lager until a suitable insensible state of mind has been reached. But of course there's a lot of reactionary scaremongering in all this – folk have been getting plastered and losing the plot on a Saturday night ever since grog was invented... but still, it's nice to imagine a time when drinking was a bit more civilized and, well cultured.

This book, penned by American bar room veteran Robert Schnakenberg, effectively conjures up such an

era with its loving portrayal of the kind of booze our forefathers used to tuck away. Packed full of recipes, history and boozy reminiscences, it's a call to arms for todays drinkers to dig back in time and try out the drinks that have faded from sight – drinks like Old-Fashioneds (clearly favoured by old codgers even back in the day!), Rusty Nails and Monte Carlos.

It seems that being an Old Man entitles you to more than mere grumpiness, and with over 60 cocktails listed for us to work our way through (including the Grumpy Old Man, funnily enough), we're rather looking forward to getting there!

A PROPHET



If you like your gangster films but are getting tired of all those mafia clichés, here's a flick that came like a breath of fresh air when it hit the big screens - albeit the kind of foetid 'fresh' air you might expect to find in the clink.

Tahar Ramin stars as young hoodlum Malik, who finds himself in the slammer after committing one petty crime too many. The joint's more or less run by the Corsican crew, headed by Niels Arestrup's fading Cesar, and at first it's simply a battle to survive for Malik. Still, a strange

but haunting turn of events puts him under Cesar's protection, from which point the only way is up! Fabulous performances and a tight script bagged this film a Bafta and the Cannes Grand Prix. Now's the chance to judge for yourself...



EDGE OF DARKNESS



Name ring a bell? Well so it should, because this new thriller is based on the muchadmired 1985 BBC series of the same name.

Directed by recent Bond Director Martin Campbell (who also, as it happens, directed the original TV series), it stars Mel Gibson in the role originally played by Bob Peck, and the action's shifted from England to America, but apart from that the plot's a pretty straight re-run, with Gibson on the hunt for the killer of his activist daughter, although with the mini-series being squashed down to a film there's obviously been need for a fair bit of trimming along the way.

Also thrown in for good measure is

professional 'ard man Ray Winstone as a CIA bod also searching for justice. The film's a polished re-take which, assuming the originals not too fresh in your memory, presses all the right buttons. Nervy and effective stuff.



MUTANTS



Two French language films reviewed in one issue? Good grief - is Mayfair mutating into Cannes or something? Then again, Mutants certainly isn't typical festival fodder, given that it's basically a blood-spattered zombie fest! Unlike a lot of the zombie flicks we've seen that like to start off nice and sleepy and let the tension mount, it's pretty apparent that something's wrong right from the off from which point director David Morlet just keeps cranking things up higher and higher - like a roller-coaster but without that boring straight bit at the beginning just to get you moving!

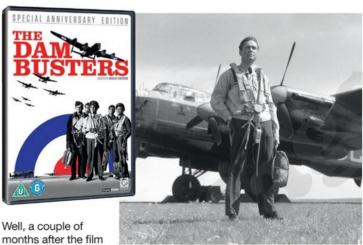
Suitably horrified performances from

lead pair Hélène De Fougerolles and Francis Renaud keep you hooked as the carnage unfolds, so if you enjoyed 28 Days Later and the rest, best put this one on your list as soon as...





THE DAM BUSTERS



features in our 6 of

the best war films, and what do you know - they go and give it a special edition re-release! Everyone should know the story well enough; Michael Redgrave's boffiny Barnes Wallis sets his whopping brain to working out how to blow up dams and coming up with the idea of a bouncing bomb, and then Richard Todd's plucky Guy Gibson leading the nerveless 617 Squadron on their near suicidal mission to deliver the bombs. And yes, we all know that the raid didn't really do much to swing the war in our favour, but it did help British morale during the dark days of 1943.

The film, made in 1955, made the most of the ingenious and heroic side of the mission, and this release has been remastered to give it a pristine new sheen. As well as the flick itself this release also features a documentary about the raids, with interviews with the surviving crew members. For fans of war movies it's probably a must have, and on the odd chance that you haven't seen it... well what are you waiting for?!

















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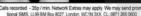
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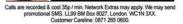








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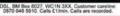






















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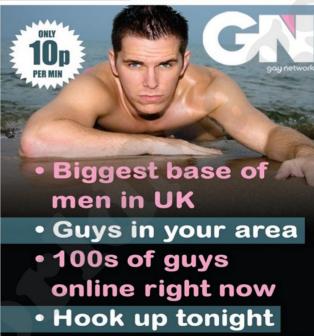
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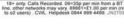


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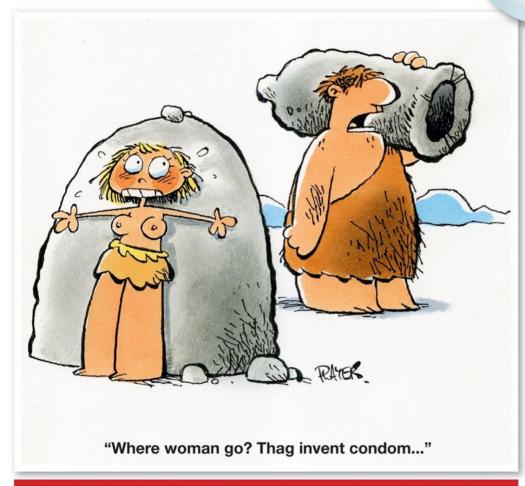






Gentlemen, That Reminds Me

Well this is the best we could muster, but if you think you can do any better, email us your efforts at: mayfair@paulraymond.com or send them to: Mayfair, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR.



What is the hardest thing about roller-blading? Telling your dad you're gay.

A young man calls directory enquiries. "Hello operator. I would like the telephone number for Mary Jones in Phoenix, Arizona.

"There are multiple listings for Mary Jones in Phoenix," the operator replies. "Do you have a street name?"

The young man hesitates, and then says, "Well, most people call me Ice Man."

A Catholic teenager goes to confession, and after confessing to an affair with a girl he's told by the priest that he can't be forgiven unless he reveals who the girl is.

"I promised not to tell!" the teenager says.

"Was it Mary Patricia, the butcher's daughter?" the priest asks.

"No, and I said I wouldn't tell."

"Was it Mary Elizabeth, the printer's daughter?'

"No, and I still won't tell!"

"Was it Mary Francis, the baker's daughter?" "No," says the boy.

"Well, son," says the priest. "I have no choice but to excommunicate you for six months."

Outside, the boy's friends ask what

happened. "Well," he says, "I got six months, but three good leads."

An Englishman, a Scotsman, and an Irishman walk into a pub together and each buy a pint of Guinness. Just as they are about to enjoy their creamy beverages, a fly lands in each of their pints and gets stuck in the frothy head.

The Englishman pushes his beer away in

disgust.

The Scotsman fishes the fly out and continues drinking as if nothing happened.

The Irishman also picks the fly out of his drink, but then holds it out over the beer and yells: "Spit it out, you little bastard!"

> One day after striking gold in Alaska, a miner comes down from the mountains

and walks into a saloon in the nearest town.

"I'm lookin' for the meanest, toughest, roughest hooker in the Yukon," he says to the bartender.

"We got her," replies the bartender. "She's upstairs in the second room on the right."

The miner hands the bartender a gold nugget to pay for the hooker and two beers. He grabs the bottles, stomps up the stairs, kicks open the door and yells: "I'm looking for the meanest, roughest, toughest hooker in the Yukon."

The woman inside the room looks at the miner and says, "Well, you found her." Then she strips, bends over and grabs her ankles.

"How do you know I want that position?" asks the miner.

"I don't," replies the hooker. "I just thought you might like to open those beers first."

A bloke calls a law office and says, "I want to talk to my lawyer."

The receptionist replies, "I'm afraid he died last week."

The next day he phones again and asks the same question.

The receptionist replies, "I told you yesterday, he died last week."

The next day the guy calls again and asks to speak to his lawyer. By this time the receptionist is getting a little annoyed and says, "I keep telling you, your lawyer died last week. Why do you

The guy says, "Because I just love hearing it."

A man walks up to a woman and asks, "Would you sleep with me for £1,000,000?"

She quickly replies, "Yes."

So then he asks, "Would you sleep with me

Astounded by the question she says, "Of course not. What kind of woman do you think I am?"

He says, "Well we've already determined that. Now I'm just working on the price."

A guy dies and is sent to Hell. Satan meets him, shows him doors to three rooms, and says he must choose one to spend eternity in.

In the first room, people are standing in shit up to their necks. The guy says, "No, let me see the next room."

In the second room, people are standing with shit up to their noses. The bloke says no again.

Finally, Satan opens the door to the third room. People are standing with shit up to their knees, drinking coffee and eating Danish pastries. The guy says, "I pick this room."

Satan says OK and starts to leave, and the guy wades in and starts pouring some coffee.

On the way out Satan yells, "Okay, coffee break's over. Everyone back on your heads!"



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Mayfair Movies

We've got more grumble flicks lying around the office than we can shake a stick at. Doesn't stop us trying every now and then, though...

Stripper

Vivid



Cast: Monique Alexander, Darryl Hanah, Jaelyn Fox, Shawna Lenee, Stephanie Swiff

Though initially misled and disappointed by this title – supposing *Stripper* to be another paint-themed feature film in the vein of Stephen

King's *Thinner* – I'm bound to say I was much more impressed when I actually started watching it. It's a porn flick, which is why it's featured here, and very good too, with peerless pornster Monique Alexander in the frankly implausible role of a woman whose husband has lost all sexual interest in her.

Vowing to remedy the situation, she performs any number of lewd acts with no real point to them, given that they're supposed to be part of a plan to woo hubby back into the sack.

This said, the sex scenes are scorching. Monique removes her clothing while doing a dance, gets to grips with the beautiful Stephanie Swift for some labial loving, diddles her clit for the camera and purrs, and even takes it up the bahookie from Greg Stirling!

Darryl Hanah also shines as a computer sex worker who stimulates Monique to orgasm online before settling down to a spot of hardcore anal with her onscreen spouse. And Shawna Lenee is very convincing in the role of a cheap stripper who swings off her pole and straight onto Nick Manning's. ***

Tru: A XXX Parody

New Sensations



Cast: Ashlynn Brooke, Gracie Glam, Lana Violet, Lindy Lane, Misty Stone, Shay Sights, Vanessa Naughty.

Ah, a parody of *True Blood*, the TV drama glorifying the largest known species of caped parasite: the vampire!

Porn harlot Ashlynn Brooke wrote the script herself, and it shows, but the sex is top hole, and, on occasion, my shaft shifted shape, so I vote we forgive her.

On the downside, the flick is excessively gory at times. I mean, call me old-fashioned, but the spectacle of Johnny Castle being fondly fellated by Vanessa Naughty only to find himself, a few seconds later, screaming and pumping blood from the stump where she has bitten off his knob... Well, let's face it: I'm sure we can all of us think of a few more arousing visual images.

The plot is simple: after misfortunate cocksmith Shane Diesel is found with his heart missing, everyone is gagging to hunt down vampire Sookie (Vanessa). Perfectly understandable, especially once you've seen her with her skimpies round her ankles. But Sookie's a hard vamp to find, and there's skiploads of hardcore sex, both straight and lesbian, to be waded through by the rest of the cast, led by investigators James Deen and Misty Stone, before the mercilessly horny Ms Naughty is finally cornered.

Goths and the like will fucking love it. ★★★★☆

Mad Love



Cast: Kaylani Lei, Asa Akira, Jayden Jaymes, Jessica Drake, Raquel Devine, Tee Reel.

A confusingly directed but undoubtedly erotic feature showcasing the talents of Wicked contract girl Kaylani Lei – though why she's in bridal

gear on the cover is moot, since nowhere in the film does she sport any such outfit.

The flick switches back and forward between a bunch of loaded blokes at a stag night and a bevy of chicks at a hen party, with flashbacks aplenty to show what some of our lads and lasses have been doing that they shouldn't.

Jayden James and her big bouncing bristols turns in a triumphant performance as the stag night stripper Tommy Gunn chases round the room and humps, while the girls at the hen party gather to watch a video showing a very talkative Raquel Devine suck and screw cocksman Tee Reel when he pitches up on her doorstep as a – wait for it! – pizza deliveryman.

Rocco Reed has more fun than anyone, shagging Kaylani, then swivelling his perpetually pumping pelvis in pigtailed Asa Akira's direction. "Oh no," she squeals in that cute way female Asians do in films before they're either a) fucked, b) beheaded with a katana or c) shot.

Directorially, a pig's breakfast. Sexwise: a superb smorgasbord of the erotic, with something for everyone. Except prudes ****

Bad Girls Digital Playground



Cast: Jesse Jane, Jenna Haze, Madison Scott, Riley Steele, Jenaveve Jolie,

Less experienced pornographers might have entitled this series *Good Girls*, but Digital Playground know their onions, and cleverly decided to call it something more likely to

give punters a stiffy. As in the first two Bad Girls movies, there are any number of rum goings-on which could easily be misconstrued as immoral if we weren't such men of the world.

Jesse Jane and Madison Scott get banged senseless in a hostelry by bar manager Ben English while they engage in lewd Sapphic acts. It's a fabulous spectacle but the dirty talk gets out of hand altogether, with Ben and the girls roaring the odds about "fucking big cocks" and "tight frickin' pussies". Our local vicar popped his

head round the door unexpectedly halfway through the scene and the coroner said afterwards that what really upset him was the language. I noticed, however, that he didn't actually shove off again until Ben had fired sloppy salvos into both girls' mouths.

Beer barrel wrangler David Perry does things to the gorgeous Jenna Haze that really only a lady's husband ought, forcing her into more positions than a doll could stand without the limbs snapping off.

After his threeway at the bar, Ben English comes home to find Jenaveve Jolie draped across his bedroom in a slinky red dress. "What the hell's this?" he wants to know. Turns out he found some panties in Jenaveve's car but they smell of someone else's twat... whereupon Jenaveve proclaims huskily that she's as fond of snatch as Ben is. Ben loses his mind (in a very positive sense), and Jenaveve gets it hard in cowgirl, reverse cowgirl and the rest.

Other highlights include Evan Stone pumping Jesse Jane so ferociously you'd think he was trying to hospitalise her, and bar-fly Danny Mountain tricking a sloshed Riley Steele into sucking him off. Well who hasn't done that?







LYNDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

WorldMags.net

Classic

Linda (or Lynda, as she as clearly know as back in 1977) Lusardi has one of the names who magazine and newspaper readers of a certain age are never likely to forget – and her body was pretty memorable too! As recently as 2005 she was voted the Best Page 3 Girl Ever, so we thought it was high time we revisited the early days of her career to see just what it was that set her on the road to stardom. Ahem, not too hard to spot, is it? No wonder she won her episode of *Celebrity Come Dine With Me* a couple of years back – we certainly can't think of many people we'd rather spend an evening with!













Intelligencer The

'Tis a strange world we live in, to be sure, although to be honest it's probably not as strange as these factlets might suggest...



Blue Peter's 1960s exciting Space Age predictions had proven correct?

The short answer is that we would all be living in a social and scientific utopia that not one of us would recognise. Sadly early presenters Valerie Singleton, Christopher Trace and John Noakes were just talking out of their holes when

they claimed that by 1980 or so British scientists would have:

Created synthetic cows "that can graze on the moon"; "pills that will allow us all to go without sleep, meaning that we can all add around eight full hours of activity to each day which would normally have been spent sleeping", and "tablets that will allow people to live healthily to at least 120 years of age and still - incredibly be riding in bicycle races."

In 1967, Peter Purves joined the show and soon made the astonishing claim that we would all soon be travelling not just to the Moon, but to Mars - and perhaps even Jupiter. Five years later, Lesley Judd was to tell us all about how robots would soon be washing everybody's dishes and running errands on castors.

Even if one lowers one's sights, it would still be a very different and a better world if any of the allegedly fabulous space rockets, robots and so forth the presenters showed kids how to make out of egg cartons, toilet roll holders, washing-up liquid bottles and sticky-back paper had ever been worth a toss. But they weren't.

Sadly, even Blue Peter's super-exciting project to bury a "time capsule" full of 1960s knick-knacks and rubbish to be unearthed and opened in 2000 "so that

people in the far future can see how we live today" proved to be a total bust, when the presenters dug it up on the appointed date only to find that the inside was waterlogged and the contents had rotted away.



ISPIRAC



Many claim that the King never really "left the building", but staged his own supposed death and either entered the Witness Protection Program or else made arrangements of his own for the construction of a new identity.

Theorists point to the fact that Presley

was helping the Drug Enforcement Agency (he even showed his honorary DEA badge to the crowd at one 70s gig) and suggest the once swivel-hipped crooner had been targeted by at least one criminal organisation as a result of this. Consequently, his best bet if he wanted to stay alive was to appear to be pushing up daisies. Other conspiracy buffs cite rumours that Elvis was going mad due to the fact that his celebrity stopped him leaving the house. It is known, for example, that he employed doubles, and that he often left Graceland secreted in the trunk of a bodyguard's car.

Additionally, many of the mourners who attended his funeral have stated that the body in the open casket was not Elvis at all, but a waxwork. It was also too thin. Elvis supposedly weighed 250lbs at death according to police reports. The next day he weighted 80lbs less, at a svelte 170lbs. It is also noted by most conspiracy theorists that the wax dummy was placed under the sod in an indecently swift time - less than 24 hours - following his alleged death on the toilet pan.



ETIQUETTE FOR THE BEWILDERED

Struggling to get to grips with life in the 21st Century? Fear not - we've got all the answers in our A-Z of etiquette dilemmas. M is for Muppet...



"You muppet!" Watch any gangster film set in London and you'll be sure to hear at least one person referred to as "a fucking muppet" or "bleedin' muppets".

The term is most usually used to described the dim-witted and/or foolish, directly evoking, as it does, the late Jim Henson's famous furry puppets, who were supported by wires in their wrists and necks and whose eyes spun when puppeteer Frank Oz moved their heads too quickly.

In short, "muppets" may have started life in Sesame Street teaching American children to count and learn the alphabet, but the name is now used to describe anyone in the East End holding a shotgun and looking absolutely baffled by their surroundings and what the governor is saying to them.

Goofs, accidents and cockups are as much a part of the half-assed world of Hollywood as poor storylines and bad acting, with the most

awful oversights in logic and continuity gliding past inattentive film editors and arrogant directors onto the big silver screen.

TERMINATOR 2: JUDGEMENT DAY

In the beginning, when Big Arnie appears from his time warp in the buff and approaches the road house, he scans the cars and the motor bikes. As he does so, we see his brain read-outs detailing all the information on what he is looking at: only he mostly gets it wrong, e.g. a Ford Crown Victoria registers as a Plymouth Sedan.

And in the course of the bar fight which follows, when Arnie throws the biker on the stove, a number of small devices can be seen attached to the biker's backside, all shooting little jets of steam to make it look as though the biker's rump is getting fried.

When Arnie plucks young John Connor (Edward Furlong) from his moped and places him on his bike, a fat stunt driver can be spotted driving the truck behind them as John is hefted in the air, rather than the slender T-1000 (Robert Patrick).

The T-1000 gives chase in this truck and the top of the vehicle gets ripped off along with the windscreen. However, only seconds later, the windscreen has appeared again, enabling the T-1000 to knock it out again. The truck crashes off the bridge into the dry canal, buckling all its wheels. But it's the T-1000's lucky day, since immediately upon landing the truck is replaced by

a new one... with spanking new wheels!

When he targets John's mother Sarah (Linda Hamilton) at the mental facility where she is incarcerated, the T-1000 does another clever thing by running past the terrified hospital director twice without having changed direction.

Later, when the increasingly scary Robert Patrick is driving the police motorcycle up a flight of steps the tyres miraculously change from ordinary street tyres to off-road, trail-bike tyres.

And when Sarah and co are destroying the laboratory at Skynet, Linda Hamilton observes that if they wreck the whole place "the CPR" will also be totalled. (Perhaps she means "the CPU".)







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Coming Next Month

We're ever on the prowl for fresh new hotties to feature in the magazine, and we reckon we've found a belter in delicious 19 year old Camilla! She may look lovely in those pink panties, but we can tell you – once she's out of them she's sensational! Brandy, meanwhile, looks set to become one of our new favourite tipples, and Stella's 'On the Job' – marking the 70th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain in her own unique way!



