

MAYFAIR Contents

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Post Mayfair

Paul Raymond Publications

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Editor's Letter

ell that's it for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and while we wouldn't want to knock her, we can't help thinking that most people who manage to stay alive for 60 years after their fathers have died don't tend to get that sort of attention. Still, now that everyone's bought their bunting I suggest you keep it somewhere safe, because we're only 2 and a half years away from celebrating Mayfair's Golden Jubilee! Not sure how we'll be marking it yet, but my guess is that there'll some really tasty naked ladies involved. Rather like these, in fact...

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The Intelligencer

Not a single phone was hacked to get this info, you know!

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MAYFAIR Male



Dirty minded? Good then you sound like just our type! Why not drop us a line and tell us what's been ringing your bell – or otherwise – in *Mayfair?*

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com

POST Mayfair, 3rd Floor, 2070ld Street, London, EC1V 9NR

JAN SCHEMING

Dear Mayfair.

I know it's wrong to say, but ever since I first met her I've always had a thing for my colleague's wife, Janine. I first met her a few years ago at a work do and instantly fancied her, but the thing is, I was pretty sure she felt the same about me. We rarely saw each other – just at the yearly charity drive and again at the Christmas party –

but when we did, the chemistry between us was electric. So much so, I was wary of being near her when her hubby, Tom, was nearby in case he cottoned on to our obvious flirtations. She is a tall brunette with a curvy figure and really pretty face – the sort of face you just want to come all over.

Then, one Friday evening, I was driving home through town and saw Janine's unmistakable legs and glorious arse walking along the side of the road ahead of me. I pulled up, feeling like some kind of pervy

kerb-crawler, but luckily she instantly recognised me and accepted my offer of a lift home. Even better, when we pulled up outside her place, she asked me in, saying that Tom had gone away for a conference weekend and she didn't fancy going in to an empty home. Of course I accepted readily enough, feeling a slight twinge of guilt as I followed her into the house, knowing full well what was in store.

A bottle of red wine and a bit of flirting later, she asked me why I was still single. I replied that I obviously wasn't that great a catch, as I was still one of the proverbial

Now my pants were feeling way too tight, so she unzipped me while I rubbed her crotch through her silky knickers...

'fish in the sea'. She laughed and before I knew what was happening, she threw her leg over my lap, straddling me for a snog. I was a bit shocked by her forwardness, but even more so when she said I couldn't drive home now as I'd been drinking and they didn't have a spare bed.

Despite the guilt twinges, which I admit were still there, I pushed my tongue in Janine's mouth and explored, as my hands squeezed the small mounds of her breasts through her top, squeezing them and rubbing her hardening nipples with my thumbs. I felt her reach back and unclip her bra, so, taking that as a green light, I slid my hands underneath the flimsy material and fondled them some more, pinching her bullet-like nips and making her yelp.

She was panting as I sucked her delicate nipples, grinding her jeans-clad crotch against me. They were too tight for me to get my hands inside them, so she stood up and peeled them off – a sight that got my hard-on twitching instantly. Now my pants were feeling way too tight, so she unzipped me while I rubbed her crotch through her silky knickers.

The gusset was soon soaking, so off they came and I was surprised when she handed them to me to sniff. I'd guess a girl like Janine wouldn't go too long without cock if she didn't want to – with her husband or not

HAIR WE GO AGAIN

Dear Mayfair,

I've been enjoying the top shelf
– and Mayfair in particular – for
about 18 years and, well the
magazine goes from strength to
strength, with the latest issue
being no exception! Vol47 06
was a classic – Chelsea was oh
so sexy; the double page spread
on p22-23 was stunning, but it
was newcomer Amber Jayne who
really caught my eye!

Now I've been buying Mayfair
(and, I have to admit, other
magazines) since I was 18 and
have seen a number of changes
down through the years, one
being that woman now shave
their pussies bald. Now I still
enjoy this look but seeing Amber
– especially the shots of her on
pages 32 and 35 – reminded me
of the look of the girls back in the
nineties and I have to say seeing a
patch of pubic hair nicely trimmed
is definitely best. What do other
readers think?

Oh, and the sooner you can get Amber Jayne back the better...
I'm getting down on bended knee here! Anyway yours is a great mag that I will keep on buying forever.
Any chance of printing this its my first email to you wonderful people? Pleeeease!

Jon, North Devon.

Thanks for the lovely words, Jon!

We're glad you were so taken with Amber Jayne; you certainly won't the only one, and we'll definitely be doing our best to get her and her pubes back in Mayfair before long. As for pubes in general, you've only gone and re-kicked off the longest running debate we've ever had! – The Ed.



- but she smelled juicy and kept telling me she was desperate for a fucking.

Her first view of my prick was nothing to be ashamed of, either. It was dribbling with pre-come, which she licked up, shutting her eyes as she savoured the taste. Then she closed her mouth around the head of it, tonguing my tip to suck it from the source. She had the most fantastic full lips, and they felt so soft but firm around my shaft.

She wasn't going to suck me all the way,

it was going all the way. I think Janine could sense this and hung on for dear life as I humped away at her, her fingers raking my back and heels pumping away up against my arse. I fucked in deep as I could, and felt her muscles tighten, squeezing my prick even harder. Then my balls felt like they were swelling to double their size, before I spunked my load up her snatch.

I leant back a bit, still inside her, fingering her clit until she unmistakably climaxed -

DON'T BEAT ABOUT THE BUSH

Dear Mayfair,

I'm an Australian who's been living over here in Britain for the last four years and first of all I've got to say the women in Mayfair are far better than ones I used to see in magazines back home. So well done for that - at least you Brits are doing one

> thing better than us! I thought you might like to hear about a recent experience I had, so if you're sitting comfortably, here it is...

I met up with my friend Belinda one Friday night after work. She was having drinks with her work colleagues as a kind of going away party because she was soon to return home to Australia. I was actually feeling slightly jealous, as I hadn't been home for over two years at the time. We were having a good time, and despite the fact that they'd started drinking a couple of hours before I arrived, I soon caught up. I was mainly

talking to Belinda as I didn't really know any of her work friends, but after a while she went to the toilet and on her return got sidetracked by another friend, so I started talking to this attractive blonde sitting the other side of me. Amy, her name was and she turned out to be a good few years older than me and a manager, although in a different department to my friend Belinda.

I was getting along great with Amy, and to be honest we were both pretty pissed. Whether it was my accent or the beer, I don't know, but I couldn't believe what I said next.

"How about we get out of here?" I asked, chancing my arm in a way I'd never dream of doing when entirely sober.

"Where to?" Amy replied.

"What about my place?" I said, confidently.

"That sounds good."

I couldn't believe it. I had only been talking to her for about fifteen minutes and she wanted to come back to my place.

All the way home in the cab she was rubbing my now throbbing cock and telling me what she was going to do to me and how she wanted me to come all over her tits. I'd really struck lucky with this babe!

We finally got back to my place and I

A CLASS APART

Dear Mayfair,

Hats off to another fantastic of what has to be the finest magazine on the top shelf! 47.06 was crammed full of so many treats that I don't really know where to start, so I'll go with the order the girls appeared in the magazine itself. Brittany's what I'd call the classic Mayfair shape - lovely bog boobs, a trim waist and a nice curvy bum. I loved the picture of her on page 9 where she's peeking over her shoulder at us! Chelsea, of course, is one of the loveliest British models of recent times, so her return to the magazine was indeed somewhat overdue! Amber Jayne blew me away - British, blonde, curvy and sporting a proper bush - who could ask for more than that?! And still there's more to come, with the super gorgeous Gemma Massey, the wondrously arsed Katie and cheeky Caprice doing her naughtiest nurse impression - surely there's enough there to keep any man happy, at least until the next issue comes along! Can't wait to see Natasha Anastasia again, either... Colin, Burnley.

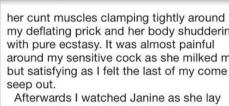
though. Just as I started to feel the pleasure really build, she pulled back and straddled me again. Her cunt was running a river as she guided my hand to it with hers. I stroked her outer labia with my fingers, then plunged them right inside. As she started wanking me, I fingered her furiously, but

despite all the moans and dirty comments, I knew it would take more to satisfy her. I wasn't wrong - she was shifting about on top of me, now playing my helmet up against her clit. I pulled my fingers out, wiping them against her tits, then she sank

her cunt muscles clamping tightly around my deflating prick and her body shuddering with pure ecstasy. It was almost painful around my sensitive cock as she milked me, but satisfying as I felt the last of my come

there playing with her spunk-drenched hole, looking like a right slut, and it wasn't long before we were both ready to go again. However, this time I wanted to shunt her from behind, to feel my crotch bang up against her big, firm arse, which I most





I kept watching as Janine fingered herself and smeared more of her own juices over her boobs...

down on my cock, forcing out her juices to wet my bollocks.

She rode me until I was close to the edge again, then gave me a break to get back in control as she lay back on the couch and spread her legs. I just kept watching as Janine fingered herself and smeared more of her own juices over her boobs and belly, before dipping back into her pussy again.

I couldn't hold off for long, and my mouth was soon back on her sticky tits and as my cock slid back up her cunt, I knew this time certainly did!

We're not having an affair - she made it clear she wanted a bit of fun, not anything heavy - but we meet up regularly for a fuck. In fact, every time Tom's working away she beckons me over, though I'm not complaining! I do feel a bit guilty about Tom, but if he was looking after her needs and keeping her sexually satisfied she wouldn't come to me - I'm just helping out a colleague!

Greg, Eastbourne.























Starr's hunger for carnal experience meant that she and the adult industry would make perfect bedfellows – opportunity just had to knock...

successful pornstar who used to be a professional concert oboist?! Surely it's too good to be true! I mean, think of the innuendo opportunities this highly unlikely scenario provides. A girl who has gone from blowing wood to sucking cock; from playing the oboe to playing the pink oboe; from performing aurally to performing orally... what a gift!

I could go on like this for several pages, and in many ways I'd like to, but frankly the story of a talented and intelligent individual like Bobbi deserves better treatment than just a cavalcade of lazy puns – although I might throw the odd one in for good measure.

When Starr graduated from San Jose University in her home state of California with a degree in music and began work for the institution as a music teacher and librarian, on paper a future career in hardcore looked a pretty unlikely prospect.

However, beneath the respectable surface lay a particularly active libido and a serious appetite for sex with both men and women. The tuneful temptress confesses to having something of a passion for carnal adventure even back then, and to using the various rooms, freight lift and even the concert hall of the university for extra-curricular activity with both students and staff. Her own office, she's proud to state, 'undoubtedly had the highest concentration of bodily fluids soaked into the walls, floor and furniture'.

When she wasn't teaching or, er, librarianing, Starr was travelling the world playing her oboe in various orchestras at concerts and festivals across the globe. Quite the glamorous lifestyle, but sadly it wasn't the kind of glamour that Bobbi really craved.

You see, while her switch from musical maestro to porn performer might seem a little unlikely on the surface, Starr's hunger for carnal experience meant that she and the adult industry would make for natural bedfellows – opportunity just had to knock sooner or later.

As luck would have it, a pianist boyfriend of Bobbi's happened to have also featured in a handful of sex scenes for a fetish website, and he suggested that she give it a go.

To provide encouragement, he bought her a Belladonna movie, *Belladonna's Fucking Girls Again*, for her birthday. Not every girl's idea of the perfect pressie, but Starr was instantly sold. Infatuated with Belladonna and seeing a surefire route to exploring her sexuality for a living, the raven-haired romper sent some images of herself to the aforementioned fetish

MAYFAIR Presents...

BOBBI STARR

website. They liked what they saw and the rest is history – the oboe was replaced with oh-oh!

Although she set out in the industry making bondage and fetish flicks, as her popularity grew she branched out from niche material and into the mainstream. Big production companies such as Digital Playground began to cast her in feature releases alongside super-starlets such as Jana Cova and Sophia Santi.

In 2008, something of a breakthrough year, Starr realised her ambition of performing with Belladonna in *Belladonna's Odd Jobs 4*, and the Cyberspace Adult Video Reviews Awards (CAVR) named Bobbi their 'Starlet of the Year'.

2009 saw Starr get to work with another of her idols, the Italian Stallion Rocco Siffredi, in his big comeback flick *Rocco Ravishes LA*. She was named the CAVR Starlet of the Year again and also picked up the X-Critics gong for Superslut of the Year. There were AVN nominations, most notably in the prestigious Female Performer of the Year category. Not only was Bobbi getting to live out her lustfuelled fantasies, but she was also managing to make a success out of it, too.

However, this hornblowing hottie isn't content with mere fame and fortune. Starr is also keen to challenge the general perception of your average pornstar and is far from happy with the dumb come-slut stereotype or the notion that female performers are victims who need to be rescued from what is often seen as a male-dominated industry.

Bobbi is always quick to stress that she loves very varied sex, and many girls get into the business for that very reason. In response to people who say porn is degrading to women, Starr states that she's always in control and can always say no to a scene if she isn't happy with the theme and content.

The proactive porner writes for several Internet blogs and pens a column 'Adventures in Pornyland' for a top-shelf magazine in the US, sharing her opinions on anything from obscenity laws, the use of condoms and STD testing in the industry and the illegal downloading of adult movies to providing witty insight into the day-to-day life of a busy performer. She loves her job, although it's not always as exciting as you might imagine.

In addition to still playing the oboe for fun (alas, she's vowed never to do it in a mucky movie), Bobbi boasts a diverse array of interests ranging from reading and opera to romcoms and heavy metal music, not to mention an ability to 'derive pleasure from almost any sexual experience I find myself involved in'. A self-confessed nerd, Starr enjoys playing video games such as Zork: Grand Inquisitor – whatever that's about – but yet would also love to be gangbanged by the legendary rock band Slayer.

Impossible to pigeon-hole and all the more refreshing for it, this sexy and outspoken Californian cracker is a genuinely interesting individual who is well worth checking out even when she's not cavorting around for the camera, and happily it seems that at 28 years of age Bobbi's still got plenty more to deliver on all fronts.

A four gong haul at this year's AVN Awards,

including Best Female Performer, confirmed her status as one of the most popular girls in the business; a girl at the peak of her powers.

As performer, her latest project is a journey back into the realms of BDSM for Adam and Eve's *The Truth About O*, and as director Bobbi wants to shoot more sensual movies aimed at lesbians and couples alongside those where she gets to enjoy some really hard fucking, such as the recommended *Shut Up and Fuck* with Nacho Vidal.

Expect lots more blogging, with Bobbi continuing in her quest to re-educate the world with regards to how female porners should be perceived. More power to her, and here at *Mayfair*, she's definitely one Starr we'll be gazing at with great interest...

















21ST CENTURY TOYS

Please put your penis down and pay attention! It's JAMES SAINT's turn now, here to dazzle with another load of tech titbits and hot gadget goodness, all forcibly fired from the inflated fact-cock and splashing into your face...

elcome, you join us here on this beautiful summer's day as, naturally, Olympics fever grips all and sundry at Castle Mayfair; two have already died and no cure appears to be in sight. Yes, whether you're an athletics enthusiast with a patriotic streak wider than a back street slapper's flaps or a mean-spirited flabby fuck that would rather the money spent hosting the Games was spent on raising your army of benefit-gulping children while you lounge around getting tattoos and drinking Stella, the Olympics are on their way and in tribute we at the home of the hard-on have been hosting our own mini-Olympics. Opening with the lighting of the Olympic fag, we've endured the stamina-testing Shagathon, plied our way through the STD relay, survived the wife-facing Long Jump and, predictably, ended on the office temp Pole Vault - it's been a fine series of sexual sport that Seb's effort will struggle to rival.

Also rather tenuously, I've indulged in my very own Olympic Gadgets, pitting gizmo against gizmo to find the shiny trinket that either most sums up the spirit of the Games or seems devised solely to enhance your experience and enjoyment of this smorgasbord of sport. I did say 'tenuously', didn't I?

Fitbit Ultra

Price: £80 www.firebox.com

Left feeling flabby and physically fucked by the sight of the trim, trained bodies parading around mockingly on your TV screen as you ogle the Olympics? It's understandable. Well, if you think a bit of exercise could be called for but lack a) the drive and b) the cash to hire a personal trainer to give you that drive, check out this little health helper: the nattily named Fitbit.

Preload it with your personal details, clip it to your belt and let the in-built accelerometer measure your movement for the whole day, the number of steps you've taken, stairs you've attempted, calories burnt and miles you've covered. If it thinks you've been idle for too long, it'll spur you on by flashing up messages such as 'vamos', 'start moving', 'come on' and 'get it in gear, you monstrous fat fuck'. I may have made that last one up.

You can upload all your info to an online account and track your progress as you transform from hideously bloated, corpulent near-corpse caterpillar into a temple/body aping Adonis butterfly. Or, at least, into someone that can get out a chair without having a chest-clutching wheezing fit. Baby steps, yeah?







iHome iP4 Boombox

Price: £200

www.firebox.com

Retro! Yep, for those of you who remember those awful years of cassette tapes and the noise pollution of piss-poor pop music blaring out everywhere comes the new iP4 Boombox from shameless Apple advocates iHome. Simply slip your iPod/Phone into the central slot where casettes used to go and entertain/annoy all and sundry with the awesome power of stereo 4-inch carbon composite woofers and 1-inch dome tweeters – not to mention a 5 band graphic equaliser LCD display complete with, ahem, 'old skool' sliders.



With an aux-in for other audio sources, battery or mains powering, a built-in FM radio (that's right, buddy built-in!) and a magnetic remote control for operation from the comfort of your sun lounger, what better sonorous solution could you possibly require to get any Olympics themed garden party right into the swing of things? Remember: I did say 'tenuous' ...

LG Optimus 4X HD

Price: dependent on contract www.lg-one.com



OK, the obvious question here is why did they not call it the Optimus Prime? It even runs the Android OS, for fuck's sake! Oh well, missed opportunities aside, what we have here is

the latest (and therefore greatest) device to roll out of the South Korean electronics giant's smartphone factory. And quite the bit of kit it is too, packing an NVIDIA Tegra 3 processor, Android 4.0 OS, an 8-megapixel rear camera, a high resolution 4.7-inch True HD IPS display and a battery that'll keep your finger on the digital pulse long after the iPhone has turned up its toes.

Thanks to multiple connection options, you can hook the Optimus up to your TV at home with the greatest of ease to view video, images and internet on the big screen which, of course, means you can enjoy links to all the online Olympics content in glorious HD.

Faster than Usain Bolt and more flexible than a Chinese gymnast who's been told her village, along with all its inhabitants, will be flooded by a dam if she doesn't win gold, it might not transform into a talking truck that saves the Earth every now and again, but the LG kicks all other smart-comers to the kerb and stamps on their teeth.

LG 50PA4500 Plasma TV

Price: £447 www.asda.com

Fancy watching the ladies' beach volleyball over at Horse Guards in high definition big screen heaven this summer? Of course

you do!



Well, check out this monstrous eye-pleaser from LG. Fifty solid inches of HD-ready plasma TV with super-slim design, a 600Hz refresh rate to free you from the misery of motion blur, there's built-in Freeview HD for those not willing to give that nice Mr Murdoch any of their hard-earned, award-winning energy efficiency to save both cash and the planet, and all the connectors you need to have those lovely young ladies bouncing and sweating in your living room in next to no time.

But the real killer deal-maker here is the price: on offer for £447 from the home of arse-patting, ASDA, some £182 cheaper than grocery pushing rival than the road, Tesco, this is the biggest bargain of the year and very probably the closest you'll ever get to those beautiful bikini-clad ball-thumping beach types without the police getting involved.

Philips AE2012 DAB+

Price: £50

www.philips.com

Didn't manage to get actual tickets to the Olympics? No, neither did anyone else in the country who's not a major foreign corporation of corrupt sports executive, so don't take it personally. However, helping you listen in on the action while reclining in the garden in our traditionally scorching summer sun is this little gem from Philips: the AE2012.

Capable of pumping DAB, FM and DAB+ channels directly to your lugholes, whether mains or 2x AA battery powered, not only will the Philips let you listen in on the events as they happen, it also does it dressed in that most patriotic of livery, the Union Flag. Yes, even though it's been design and built by the crazy shexshy Dutch, even they know that Britain is best. Adding to this already bulging Daly Thompson of a package,



the AE2012 also features a large backlit display for ease of operation even in low light and 20 presets to save you from the horror of knob twiddling with sun-cream (or whatever else you like to squirt over yourself) sticky fingers.

Midland Sportek Bluetooth Headphones

Price: £50

www.nevadaradio.co.uk

Has the buzz about the Olympics inspired you to take to pounding the streets in a fit of fitness? Well, I can't say I understand that mentality, it's like watching the F1 and then driving like a nutcase or seeing a film about Jack the Ripper and going out slitting hookers up a treat, but regardless, if you are so impressionable, make sure you pound away with some top tunes in your ears to drive you on – the theme to Rocky, Highway to the Dangerzone and the Floral Dance, for example. And if you're going to going to do that, you may as well do it wirelessly...

Here to ply you with music and more as you ruin your knees is the Midland Sportek – Bluetooth powered, behind the neck stereo headphones that feature hands-free mobile phone communication at the push of a button and comfortable, lightweight, in-ear sound buds to ensure you don't miss a beat as your heart races, the sweat runs down your brow, and that bloke in the Transit mows you down because he was busy reading *The Sun* and not looking where he was going – and you couldn't hear him coming, of course! Still, you can be lulled to eternal sleep in that ditch by all your favourite tunes! Still, swings, roundabouts and all that, eh?



couldn't get her out of her clothes fast enough. Whilst I was taking off her skirt, she took my rock hard dick and shoved it all the way in her mouth. She licked my cock all over and I felt an overwhelming urge to spurt in her mouth, but she clearly had other ideas. The foreplay soon stopped and we got down to the real business. She got down on all fours and invited me to enter her from behind. She was a petite woman, and had a nice tight cunt, even though she was in her 30s. I fucked her slowly at first, but drove into her harder and harder as her groans got louder until before long I was slamming into her with all my strength.

Given what an easy pickup she'd been, I thought it wouldn't do any harm if I explored a little bit, so after I'd given it a thick coating of saliva I started to push my middle finger into her tight arse, all the while continuing to plunder her lovely pussy. I was pleased, but not

altogether surprised when this made her groan even louder and push back harder onto my cock. But not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, I started to concentrate on this and was soon pumping her with my finger – then two fingers – even harder.

I was already lubricated from being inside her wet pussy, so finally emboldened by her apparent enthusiasm for back door action, I eased my cock out of her slippery snatch

After giving it a coating of saliva I started to push my middle finger into her arse, all the while continuing to plunder her pussy...

and carefully pushed it into her tight back entrance. She murmured her approval, and as she adjusted to the presence of my girth, I began pumping her arse real hard. Amy was soon in absolute ecstasy from this and I could not hold it any longer. I pulled out of from between her cheeks and she turned over onto her back. Her pert little tits were so inviting. But I was on edge by now and was only thinking about one thing. I fulfilled her request from the cab and came all over her tits as she convulsed and moaned from her own orgasm.

I had never been with anyone ten years older than me before, but I discovered from that pleasant experience that older women know exactly what they want when it comes to sex; they want to be dirty!

Jason, London.



"... SHE'S CERTAINLY WORKING HARD TO GET THE SWELLING DOWN..."

SPAIN AND PLEASURE

Dear Mayfair, Having had a couple of Spanish girlfriends in my time, I was interested to read about Rebeca Linares in your last issue. I've always found it strange that girls who've been brought up relatively strictly (compared to most girls in this country, at least) in a very Catholic country can turn out to be quite so wanton when it comes to sex, but from personal experience I can tell you they definitely are and Rebeca seems to bear out this theory as well.

When I was with my first Spanish girlfriend, a girl called Ines who came from Granada, I was always baffled when we were with her family – Ines acted like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth when she was around them, and yet she was the most amazing cock-sucker I've ever been with, and it wasn't just butter that melted in her mouth night after night – it was me!

One time we were actually at her parents' house and she sneakily followed me into the bathroom. I wasn't too sure about that, but she had the horn and even the

presence of her rather old fashioned parents just a few yards away didn't stop her going down on me and sucking me off in record time. I'm sure we must have both looked a bit flustered when we returned to the table, but nobody said anything so I guess we got away with it...

The other girl, Pilar, was just as bad (or should I say 'good'?). She had the most fantastic pair of boobs, and I'll never forget the amazing tit-wanks she used to give me – often using a splash or two of olive oil to lube up her lovely full orbs.

I've got an English girlfriend now, and she's pretty dirty as well, so I've got no complaints, but I can't help remembering the wonderfully dirty things I got up to with my ladies from Spain. Now we've had the article about Rebeca in *Mayfair*, is there any chance we could have another photoshoot of Lorena, the beautiful Spanish babe who appeared in the magazine a

year or two back?

Chris, Manchester.

Hmm, Lorena eh? There's a thought. We'll see what we can do! The Ed.



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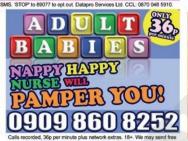












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SHAKE THAT TUSH!

A thundering new supercar's on its way, folks – and from a marque we'd never even heard of before...

Words: Martin Bains Pictures: AV PR

f you're in the market for a V8-engined supercar, you expect to be lining the pockets of a German or Italian manufacturer. But a couple of hundred miles across the Adriatic from Ferrari's Modena home is another growing hotbed of high-octane performance.

Slovenia is already home to the Akrapovic exhausts that make even the rattiest old motorbike sound lary, as well as the Rotobox carbon fibre components beloved of Moto GP and World Superbike teams. It also has some of Europe's most challenging and scenic mountain passes. But the Balkan nation has really been put on the speed junkie's map

"The T500's road presence is enhanced by a ground-hugging race stance..."

by the newest name in limited-production supercars: Tushek. The company, based in Ljubljana, was the surprise package at the recent Top Marques event in Monte Carlo, with its Renovatio T500 proving one of the stars of the show.

This race-bred, scissor-doored stunner looked at home on Monaco's harbour wall, with the masts of billionaires' yachts and the famous twists and turns of the grand prix street circuit as a backdrop. The T500 pursues a focus on low weight as closely as a Formula One racer. Tushek says it's one of the lightest V8-engined cars in the world.

with extensive use of carbon and carbon composites in the bodyshell ensuring it tips the scales at only 1,090kg. The bonnet, wing mirrors and that huge rear spoiler are all made of carbon fibre to leave you in no doubt about this lightweight approach, while the T500's immense road presence is further enhanced by

a ground-hugging race car stance and huge 19-inch aluminium-forged wheels, which wear low-profile semi-slick Continental tyres.

Open one of the electro-hydraulic scissor doors and the track focus continues, with a carbon-covered dashboard and an Alcantara-trimmed, flat-bottomed steering wheel. All the instruments give away the car's performance potential, although this is no stripped-out toy designed only for track use. Tushek has fitted luxuries like a high-end Alpine stereo, sat-nav, air-con a parking camera and heated seats. There's even a USB connection for your MP3 player and Bluetooth connectivity for your phone, while buyers can add a set of bespoke luggage designed to fit perfectly in the tiny boot and on the narrow rear bench.

The leather and Alcantara sports seats grip driver and passenger in just the right places, but the best thing about the interior is the sound that fills it when you fire the engine. The 4.2-litre V8, mounted behind the cockpit, is borrowed from the Audi RS4 – a version of this unit also powers Audi's storming R8 supercar – and it stirs into life with a menacing bark. Each prod of the throttle is











even more satisfying when you take off the T500's removable hard-top in the sunshine. Find a tunnel – or better still, a twisty Alpine road with a series of galleries – and you won't be able to resist the fruity soundtrack as you

change down through the six-speed manual gearbox.

This car isn't all mouth and no trousers, though. The direct-injection engine gives the hefty RS4 a frightening turn of pace, but in a package weighing just over a tonne like the T500, it provides mind-blowing performance. It delivers 450bhp and 480Nm of torque to the rear wheels, and takes the Tushek from 0-62mph in less than four seconds, from 0-124mph in 11.5 seconds and all the way to a 193mph top speed.

Tapping into this potential will be fun on the right road, but on a race circuit it will be simply sensational – and buyers get five track days a year, fully supported by Tushek, as part of the package. They won't be fighting for space on the straights, either, as the company is strictly limiting production to

around 30 cars. The two displayed in Monaco have already found homes, while orders have started trickling in since the event.

The privileged few who get the keys to a T500 are guaranteed a thrilling driving experience. The suspension is a conventional double wishbone set-up, with different settings to adjust ride comfort, but Eibach springs add another motorsport edge to ensure razor-sharp body control on the right road. Those massive tyres promise sensational grip and traction, and also play a key role in bringing the car to a halt in an instant – although the standard carbon ceramic brakes are largely responsible for the claimed 60-0mph stopping distance of 29 metres. That's shorter than a Bugatti Veyron can manage.

So this relatively small player is threatening some of the giants of the supercar world. And Tushek has big plans to develop another, even more extreme model. Each of the 30 T500s weighs in at nearly a quarter of a million, and they're guaranteed to sell out, so the company will have made a decent start. And the car is so good, the investors are sure to be circling...

SPECIFICATIONS

TUSHEK RENOVATIO T500 PRICE: From £230,000 (est) ENGINE: 4.2-litre V8, 443bhp 0-62mph: 3.7 seconds 0-124mph: 11.5 seconds TOP SPEED: 193mph

CONTACT: www.tushek.com



















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LISTEN IN AS I FUCK MY BOSS OVER HIS DESK: he had no idea I was taping him! 09097 968 387

LISTEN AS I FINGER MY TIGHT WET CUNT OVER THE PHONE hear the squelches as I cum 09097 968 388

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09097 968 460 my wet pussy

30 SECOND WANK! 1'll make you cum loads in 30 secs 09097 968 384





















































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09096 408408 PISSED ON

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

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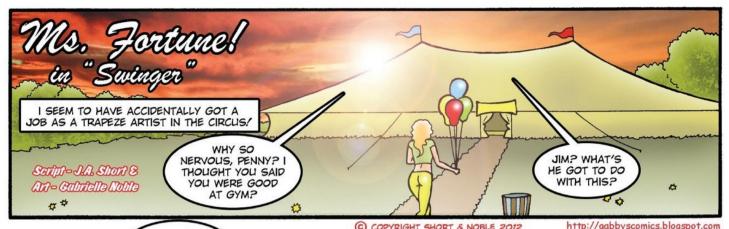
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MAYFAIR Movies

That's it – it's official! *Hector's House* is now the only TV programme left that hasn't inspired a porno parody. Can't be long now, though...

Mothers And Daughters

Digital Playground



Cast: Jesse Jane, Lisa Ann, Kayden Kross, Diamond Foxx.

Digital Playground shunts another big kinky production out of the porn sheds onto the tracks, our subject matter being mothers fucking their

daughters' boyfriends, and their daughters returning the favour.

Dyanna Lauren, Diamond Foxxx, and Lisa Ann play the mums, so there's bigtime MILF appeal and if that isn't enough to make a tentpole in your raincoat all the performers amplify the deviance with some filthy chat.

Dyanna, in particular, has kept her body in shape and would be immediately recognisable as a woman almost anywhere. Manuel Ferrara is the plucky recipient of her feral cougar charms.

Danny Mountain jumps Lisa Ann only to find she is almost too much for him when his knob slips out suddenly and nearly snaps off.

The daughters are an equally degenerate shower. Jesse Jane and Riley Steele barely manage to disentangle their limbs following a grunty threesome with Evan Stone, while Kayden Kross falls prey to Tommy Gunn.

Terrific stuff if you're comfortable with mothers and daughters competing for cock. Just not your mum and your sister though, eh? ★★★☆

Brand New Faces 35

BNF 35, Curry Edition

Cast: Jesel Owens, Kristin Summers, Riley Reid (II), Selena Marie.

Yet another in the series which offers punters a refund if the eye-candy ain't "fresh meat".

See, what Vivid does, and they cheerfully admit

this, is to "go out, find girls with faces never seen on video, and shoot them".

Shoot them. You heard. Some (my guess is for "some" read "the survivors") will go on to become stars. For the rest, all I know is that Vivid buys an awful lot of bin-bags and shovels.

There are five "new faces" on here. If they were double-tapped in the heads afterwards we'll never know if they don't re-emerge as porn celebrities, but they all look chirpy enough as they suck, fuck and buck.

Selena Marie is a bit of a heifer, but hats off (perhaps by some lonely secret graveside later) to her for turning up, and to Jerry for his endeavours to get to grips with something not much smaller than a house. Next, he grabs brunette Riley by the mane and rides her like Shergar to an unknown fate.

I liked Riley best, because she has a large voluptuous arse. I hope we see her again, and I'm betting we might, since a rump that size would be tricky to cover with earth.

Who'll be a star? And who will soon be featured on a milk carton? ★★★☆☆

Co-Workers Gone Bad

Wicked



Cast: Jamie Summers, India Summer, Kaylani Lei, Mische Brooks.

Billed as a comedy sex film for couples (yes, that's correct, you're supposed to sit through this beside Her With The Rolling Pin), Co-Workers Gone Bad is,

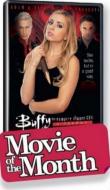
nevertheless a great watch when the wife's gone to bed...

As secretary at the front desk of Wicked, Inc., porn star Kaylani sees everything that happens in the office (or would if she sat there. I've met the nice lady who's really in that chair and she showed me pictures of her grandkids.) These are Kaylani's real-life play-pretend stories – sex scenes she has actually imagined witnessing from a desk she doesn't really sit behind at Wicked's HQ. Much of what goes on ain't pretty with "staff" being ridden up and down the corridors.

Bossman Danny Mountain bends his (apologies to Benny Hill, though he ought really be apologising to us) personal arseistant, Mischa Brooks, over his desk and gives her what they call "a proper sorting" down the old Queen Vic.

Gorgeous exec India Summer corners lowly mail-boy Rocco Reed, who tries to look like the most exciting thing he's ever tried is playing pass the parcel, and kicks off her panties... ★★★☆☆

Buffy The Vampire Slayer XXX: A Parody Adam & Ev



Cast: Lexi Belle, Jessie Andrews, Britney Amber, Chanel Preston.

Most of us watched Buffy to see if the titular heroine would ever take her panties off, so this film can hardly be viewed as "cheapening a classic TV cult action drama series".

The DVD features the characters as they were

in the early and middle seasons, which is to say before Willow started munching rug, so alas there's no lesbo tryst with Buffers: bad news for the diehard anoraks.

The special effects are top shelf but who gives a toss about that? The sex is blinding hot so wear goggles and it's clear that a lot of pole dancers have turned out every last banknote in their knickers to fund such a lavish production.

Even old Tom Byron, whom I last saw "hoo-rawing" as he knobbed a girl outdoors on a junkyard potty in *Trailer Trash Whores* (though admittedly I've been in cryogenic suspension for 15 years) dons cape and fangs and turns up as Giles.

The plot? Willow (Jessie Andrews) performs a spell and Buffy (Lexi Belle) dreams that vampire Angel (Rocco Reed) has, ironically, returned to impale her with his own little stake of love. Phwoar what a reaming, and the longawaited spectacle of someone who looks vaguely like Buffy the Vampire Slayer with semen splashed across her chops and dripping from her chin will have fans of the original series standing up in their seat and clapping assuming they're not already stuck to it. ★★★★☆

















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A**L SEX - I Love taking it up the A**e! The feel of a hard throbbing cock stretching my hole turns me on more than anything else. Call Me! 0909 860 7954

BLACK BABES - Genuine Ebony Babes with Big Butts Gagging for some Hard Cock! My Hungry Black Pussy needs feeding NOW! 0909 860 7604

FAT CUNT - Big Fat Bird with loose bucket hole needs your cock in her gaping cavern. 0909 860 7902

AT MY SWEATY CUNT FLAPS

I've been running all day and not showered! I need you to clean my stinky Pussy with your Filthy Boy!

0909 860 7848

HOUSEWIFE NEEDS YOU!

Bored of stuffing objects up her dripping wet fanny she needs you to make things even more filthy! This Bitch is really Perverted!

0909 860 7636

Domination

Obey my command mistress wants to ride on your face!

I'm Stinging Pink! Hear me squeal with pleasure! I Love it 0909 860 7641

0909 860 7854

SPANKING - Spank me 'till

GRANNY NEEDS SHAGGING SLOPPY OLD TWAT 0909 860 7832 JUST LEGAL¹⁸ Horny Little Minx right up for it! Fucking and Sucking! She Loves it

0909 860 7833

BIG BOOBS

Cum on my Huge Tits! 0909 860

7878

KNICKER LOVERS - Sniff my Stinky Panties soaked in Cunny Juice 0909 860 7838 OUTDOOR SEX - Quickly! Suck my Cunt! People are Watching us! 0909 860 7970

DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES - Fuck my A**e and Rub my Clit!

0909 860 7609

PUREFILTH

I want to be covered from head to Toe in YOUR CUM!

0909 860 7605

CREAMED CUNT

Sloppy Cunt used

and abused and

filled with Spunk!

Disgusting Clunge

dripping with Slop!

0909 860 7810

ASIAN BABES - Lick my Moist Cunt Flaps and Squeeze my Nipples! 0909 860 7907

SLOPPY SLUTTY SLAGS

BLOW JOB IN THE PARK Hot Slut

Cunt Fucking Ramming her hard down the Back Alley! 0909 860 7940

BANGKOK **LADY BOY SURPRISE**

Suck that Cock through the cubicle wall! When you're done come round this side and find out what I really am!

0909 860 7916

0909 860 7801 Experienced Slut - Matured and ripe! They've tried everything 0909 860 7618

Adult Babies - Let Nanny change your Nappy, Goo Goo Ga Ga!

0909 860 7696

0909 860 7925

Juicy Fresh Pussy

In desperate need of

some hard Cock!

These cute honev's

need lessons in

sucking and Fucking.

Stretch their tight

Holes. All of Them!

STICKY KNICKERS

My knickers have been stuffed right up my sticky pussy and are ready for you to suck dry. If you clean them I'll let you fuck me!

0909 860 7613

Whatever your Fetish this Filthy Bitch will make your Fantasy come true! Kinky as Fuck and dressed in latex and high heels!

ALL FETISHES CATERED FOR!! 0909 860 7952

loves sucking throbbing cock and swallowing your Jizz! 0909 860 7945

LEATHER RUBBER KINK FEST Dressed for you, Feel the cold rubber on your skin. 0909 860 6501

HARDCORE SLUT BITCH! Extreme

Tarty Old Granny - Stretched out A**ehole, Loose worn out old cunt

Strict Mistress - Obey your mistress if you know what's good for you!

just legal HAIRY ARSED

FOOT FETISH FUCK

I'll wank you off good with my sexy high heels. Cum all over my nylon stockings and I'll lick it all off! I love the taste of cum and I need feeding!

0909 860 7634

POSH NOSH

SMOTHER

Bury your Face

deep inside my

Moist Clunge!

0909 860 7985

Listen to my Posh cut glass accent or keep me quiet by fucking my throat like a tight, warm, moist Pussy

0909 860 7867

SLAG ON SLUT

Filthy lesbians with Insatiable appetites for sex using toys on their moist holes 'n' squirting with pleasure in each others faces! They need you to help!

0909 860 7648

YOUNG WIVES

My hubbies cock

Cock is Like. I'm

so horny for it!

0909 860 7847

0909 860 1906

CRUSTY OLD CUNT

TRANNY!

Is that a Schlong

beneath her Thong

or is she just really

pleased to See Me!

80+ Granny needs her Twat pleasured. Fuck through the crust or lick it off as she squeals with pleasure and begs you not to stop!

0909 860 7668

0909 860 7602

SCREW THE BABY SITTER I'm only 18 but love sucking and fucking! I'll fuck myself on the Sofa as you get off!

0909 860 7959

Submissives is too small! Call I'll do anything you me and show me ask me to! Use me! what a REAL Man's

These horny little Asian Sluts love to please their men! I love to be tied up Face Fuck their tiny and fucked hard from mouths and deep behind unable to down their throats! move as you ram me! 0909 860 7927

0909 860 7800

Black Bitch

Bury your face in my massive Tits! Tweak Horny Ebony Babes desperate for some my nipples and suck fresh meat! These them 'till they go hard. Black bitches will take If you like you can it in every orifice! spunk all over them! Fuck them Hard! 0909 860 7627 0909 860 7850

Cock Slurper Filthy Old Wife I'll suck and slurp all

I'm Old and really filthy. Call me to see over your cock spitting just how dirty I am! Hubbies away and I need some spunk up load all over my face! my Filthy Dirt Box! 0909 860 7979

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JUST LEGAL CUNT 18+- Stretch my Tight Young Holes with your Huge Cock! I love the feel of my moist cunt being stretched out! I'm waiting! 0909 860 6792

ORIENTAL CUNT- Exotic Cunts are hungry for western cock They love you to pound their Cunts 0909 860 7645 Hard and Fast

GRANNIES CUNT - I may be Old but I'm fucking filthy! Ram my pussy hard and fill me to the Brim with your Hot Load! 0909 860 7689

POSH CUNT - I may be very posh but behind closed doors I'm a filthy little cunt with a hunge 0909 860 7631 For Fucking!

HAIRY CUNT - Spunk up my Hairy Cunt, Lick it out clean and let my Hairy cunt tickle your Nose! 0909 860 7869

CLEAN SHAVEN CUNT - Fuck my freshly shaven cunt. Slip in and release your load inside me I'm such a filthy bitch 0909 860 7950

Dominatrix Pain and Pleasure Cum inside my Dark Chamber if you dare! 0909 860 7934

Obey me and worship my beauty. I will punish you if you are not a satisfactory slave. Only Serious Slaves need ring. I don't suffer fools gladly! You are a worthless maggot and you are here to serve me and obey my orders to the letter! Call me instantly!

Hardcore Slut- I love a good Hard Fuck! Hear me Shriek as you Pound my Pussy Sore and I squirt my fanny juices all over your Hard Throbbing Cock! 0909 860 6534

Filthy Lesbian Fucking Listen to me and my girlfriend pleasure each other! We've got toys but love to suck each others cunts too. Why not Join Us! 0909 860 7968

NAUGHTY BOY! - If you're a Naughty boy I will punish you! If you're a good boy for mistress I might let you taste my Precious Cunt but only if you're good! 0909 860 6709

Big Fake Tits - I got my Tits done recently and want to show them off! I feel so horny now I've got them. Give me a call and spunk all over them! 0909 860 7633

Saggy Old Grannies Cunt - Cream your Load all over my saggy old cunt and cover it with cum! 0909 860 7929

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Exotic Asians

Huge Boobs

on it and making it

slippy and slimey

till you shoot your

0909 860 7664

Granny Fanny I'm not your average

Gran. I can't get enough of young hard cock so please call me, I'll do anything to please you!

0909 860 7647

Voyuerism Watch me finger fuck my moist Twat and ram my huge 12" Dildo right up my A**e I get so horny just Knowing you're there!

0909 860 7660

Smoking

I love smoking and sucking cock while I take deep drags and let the smoke flow all over your hard dick! Smoking specialist!

0909 860 7651

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Humiliated, forced to watch wife get screwed 0909

Bound for masters cruel pleasures
The feel of rubber, lick my boots
12" Dildo forced into my tight wet hole
Submit to me, for my twisted desires
Please sir fuck me hard, fuck me, fuck me .0909 534 22 28 .0909 534 22 29 .0909 534 22 30 .0909 534 22 31

Fill my mouth

Hancuffed and forced to submit

Hungry for cock, fucked in every hole

Master teaches strict lessons

Do as I say you worthless worm 0909 ...0909 534 22 ...0909 534 22 ...0909 534 22 534 22 36









Quest

You can't beat a spot of voyeurism once in a while, can you? Especially if it leads to some frantic fucking action afterwards!

Name: Katie

Age: **22**

From: Abersoch

While I was at Uni and up until I moved in with my boyfriend, I shared a flat with two girls, Tanya and Den. We got on brilliantly from the off, sharing the same sense of humour and I liked that, although they were party animals, they respected the fact I enjoyed a quiet life.

Every Friday after my last lecture I'd go to the gym, but one particular week I was so knackered I really couldn't be bothered, so decided to head straight home. The flat was dark and quiet when I entered and I was a little relieved – I wanted to get on with some coursework in peace and was glad not to have to make small talk with the girls. I made myself a bite to eat and carried that, along with a glass of wine, into my room.

An hour or so later, I heard Tanya and Den come crashing through the front door – pissed out of their heads, by the sounds of it. I sighed, hoping they'd decide to leave me alone as I wasn't in the mood that night. I listened as they banged around in the kitchen, giggling all the while, then as they headed to the living room and turned some music on. It wasn't loud enough to disturb me and, like I said, I was quite happy to be left to my own devices, so I settled back down to get my essay finished.

It must have been half an hour, or so later, when I heard a cry. At first I couldn't figure out what it was; I could make out a whimpering and groaning, almost like someone was in pain. I got up and opened my door a bit, listening intently. It wasn't until I heard giggling that I realised just what was going on... They were getting off with each other! I was shocked

sure that I avoided the creaky floorboard just outside my room.

As I peeked through the slim crack of the partly ajar lounge door, I felt my mouth go dry and my stomach do a little somersault – my flatmates were sprawled across the sofa, snogging each other's faces off! Tanya's top was open, her left boob pulled out of her bra

"I felt my pussy tingle and I couldn't help but slide a hand down the front of my PJ bottoms to massage my clit."

 although I had fantasised more than once about getting it on with another woman, I had never had the opportunity. I had never even seen two women kiss each other in the flesh!
 I crept out into the hallway, making extra cup, while Den rolled the stiff nipple between her fingers, causing Tan to moan gently and grind her hips hornily. Den responded by sliding her hand up Tan's skirt and slipping her fingers inside, out of my view. I felt my pussy begin to tingle and I couldn't help but slide my hand down the front of my PJ bottoms to massage my clit.

Den moved down Tan's body, leaving a trail of little kisses and licks as she headed between her legs. Tanya lay back, spreading her legs to allow Den access. I got the distinct impression that this wasn't the first time they'd done this...

—As Den lapped at Tan's fanny, all I could hear was a really sexy slurping noise and Tanya's

"Den's pussy was neatly trimmed, so her pubes teased my slit..."

moaning. Leaning against the doorframe I began to play with myself, rubbing away at my nub, feeling my juices begin to well inside me. I must have gotten a bit carried away because I let out an involuntary groan – and immediately alerted my flatmates to the fact I was spying on them.

They both jumped up and the swung door open - I was expecting them to mad, but they instead surprised me by inviting me to join them. It must have been obvious that I didn't know what to say to such a proposition, as Den handed me a glass of fizz and told me to sit down and chill out. I did as I was told and Tanya sat next to me, running her hand up and down my arm, before leaning in to kiss me. It felt so soft I couldn't help but respond and, as I kissed her back, she pushed her tongue in my mouth and grabbed my tits, massaging them before pinching my nipples. I couldn't believe how amazing it felt; it was so different from being with a man and I felt my fanny throb as I thought how naughty I was being! I let myself go with the flow as Den pulled my PJs off and knelt in front of me, pushing my legs apart. Breathing in deeply as she reached my juicy pussy, Den remarked, "Damn, I love to break in a lezzer-virgin!" and plunged her tongue deep inside me, making me gasp. Soon, she was lapping away, only pausing to give Tanya a snog, so she could taste me too, and to occasionally say, "Your cunt tastes so good!"

Tanya went to work on my boobs, sucking and gently biting them, giving me more pleasure from my tits than I ever thought possible! Then, and I have no idea where it came from, Den produced a pink dildo and started to play with it on my clit, before slowly plunging it inside my tight pussyhole. I yelped as she fucked away, enjoying the squelching sounds as she ploughed it in and out of me.

I'm not leaving out any details because I don't want to include them, it just all went by in a blur. If I didn't have Tanya's blonde head buried in between my thighs, then Den's dark one was banging away. Or there were fingers churning up my hole, or someone had grabbed yet another dildo they hadn't tried on me yet.

I soon had to tell them I needed a break, for now at least, so we all had a drink and then they got stuck into each other. Of course, my eyes were glued to them as they entwined their legs and ground their cunts against each other's thighs. After a while I surprised myself as I realised I was desperate to join in again.

With my newly-found confidence, I moved in behind Tanya. She had smaller tits than Den but they fitted my hands perfectly! I cupped them exploringly, then she turned around to kiss me and I had a little suck on them too. Meanwhile, Den was sat, legs wide open, giving her snatch a good, hard seeing-to with another sex toy - I had never seen anything like it in my life! She saw me glancing over and ordered me to sit down with her, so we were cunt-to-cunt on the fluffy rug. Den's pussy was neatly trimmed, so her pubes stimulated and teased my slit as we mashed pussies. I could feel her juices flowing into me when she came, which didn't take long at all. It was so horny seeing her climax and feeling her juices running down my slit and bumcrack.

Tanya must have been feeling a bit left out because, without saying a word, she came over and drunkenly shoved Den out the way. Kneeling down in her place, she bent her head towards my pussy, her stiffened tongue fucking my hole and catching her teeth on my clit, making me squeal with pleasure. Over her head, I saw Den reappear with a strap-on and knelt behind Tan. I knew the very moment she penetrated her, as Tanya's head was pushed hard into my fanny, her tongue disappearing so deeply it almost touching my g-spot. It was all too much for me and as I felt an orgasm build-up inside me, I circled my clit with my fingers in

"She bent her head towards my pussy, her stiffened tongue fucked my hole."

time with Tan's tongue, making my pleasure all the more intense. As I screamed with ecstasy, Den pummelled Tan's cunt with her strap-on, until we all collapsed in a sweaty heap.

My flatmates taught me so much and I came so hard and so many times all through the weekend, that by the Sunday evening my legs went all wobbly whenever I walked! I even had to slap a sex ban on my poor bloke

until I moved into his place the next weekend! Lucky for me, watching him get hot and sweaty humping my heavy stuff from the hire van gave me an appetite for his dick, although I often fantasise about my first lesbian tryst and am very tempted to go back and repeat the experience!

Name: Helena Age: 31 From: Nottingham

My husband Gary and I have been married for over four years and our sex life was getting a bit dull. It was not that he couldn't perform, but the old spark was just not there. Then I noticed that he liked to be told what to do to excite me and suddenly a whole new world opened up for us and our sex life began to sparkle instead of fizzling out.

After that we went from strength to strength, with me taking total control of proceedings. Our bedtime

activities were just that, and in our normal life we remained equals. This allowed us to talk about it, and after many hours we finally came up with an idea which would satisfy us both and boost our sex life to new heights.

We agreed to bring another person into the bedroom, but not to join the two of us. Gary didn't want to feel like he had to compete, but he liked the idea of watching me with another man so much that he suggested that he would watch from the wardrobe while I made love to another man in our bed.

My boss Ron had fancied me for ages and in the few months since I had joined the company had made several overtures about sleeping with him. I enjoyed flirting with him, but so far I had not taken it any further as I loved Gary and did not want to cheat on him. All in all he seemed to be the perfect choice for our sexual experiment and after talking it through with Gary I got the ball rolling.

I arranged for Ron to drop me home one Friday night. He had been pestering me about having a drink with him after work for ages and this Friday I agreed. We had a quick one at a local bar, where I told him Gary was out for the evening and suggested he come back to the house for coffee.

Ron caught on quick. He knew what having a coffee meant, and as soon as was decently possible, drove me straight home. Once inside the door he grew a little wary, and asked if I was certain Gary wouldn't return. I reassured him and took him straight up to the bedroom, where I preformed a sexy strip tease to get him in the mood. Of course I made sure that Gary would get a good view of the performance in the hope that it would get him in the mood too.

Ron undid his flies and wanked as he watched me wriggling sexily out of my clothes. I let them drop to the carpet as I ran my fingers over the contours of my body, teasing my nipples and fingering my slit in a sultry manner. I then lay on the bed, gently frigging my pussy as I watched him strip off, and was pleased to see that he had not been lying about his size. He was indeed very well endowed, with a large thick erect penis. I made sure to compliment him on it, just to give Gary an extra thrill as he watched from his hiding place in the wardrobe.

Then the action began. Ron got onto the bed, and, spreading my legs wide, nudged his head between my thighs and began eating my pussy. I lay back enjoying this new feeling. Gary rarely gives me satisfactory oral sex and I made sure to mention this too. I could just imagine Gary watching and listening, and I





smiled, knowing how much these words would be turning him on. Meanwhile Ron ate me out like my pussy was going to be his last meal. His tongue pushed hard inside me then slid out to bat and suck on my clit. Within minutes I was coming hard into his mouth, and he licked me, sucking up all my love juices and leaving me breathless and weak at the knees.

Once Ron had a taste of pussy he was unstoppable, and he half-knelt, wanking his thick cock close to my face. I began licking it, and sucked it into my mouth, gagging as he

"He moaned with pleasure and, grasping my hips, pressed his cock against my pussy and pushed it in."

shoved it hard against the back of my throat. This was OK though, I love sucking cock, especially ones as big as Ron's and I got into a steady rhythm, slurping on his thick meat until he pulled out violently as he was worried he would come too quickly.

Randy though he was, Ron was still sufficiently gentlemanly to ask me which position I wanted to be fucked in. Thinking of Gary watching from the wardrobe I chose doggy, as I knew this would give him the best



view. I got onto my hands and knees and reaching back stroked Ron's thick member. He moaned with pleasure, and, grasping my hips, pressed his cock against my pussy and pushed it in. I was so lubricated from excitement that it slid in the whole way, and I felt his balls slap against my thighs as he rammed it home. I

wriggled back on his beautiful thick shaft, my pussy muscles gripping it tightly as he began to ream me.

I knew that Gary was watching and somehow this made the whole performance better. The harder Ron shafted me the more I cried out, screaming with pleasure for Gary's sake as much as for my own. Ron was in his element, and really gave my pussy a proper sorting.

Harder and faster he fucked me, making me come repeatedly as his stonking great cock transported me from one orgasm to the next. I was in heaven, enjoying myself with each vigorous shunt. For a moment I thought I heard Gary moan, and I screamed even louder to cover the noise. My whole pussy was

throbbing as Ron came inside me, filling my pulsing cunt with his hot sperm and making me come again and again, until at last we both toppled apart and lay breathless on the bed.

When Ron finally left Gary emerged from his hiding place sporting an impressive (for him!) stiffy, which he wasted no time in shoving up my well-used hole. What followed was probably the quickest fucking I've ever had – not that I was complaining!

Name: Shelly Age: 25 From: Bristol

When I split from my boyfriend a few months ago, I ended-up moving into a grimy little house-share on the other side of town. It wasn't pleasant but I was desperate to get away and it was cheap. The house really only had two bedrooms but the landlord had converted the through-lounge into another tiny bedroom – which was just big enough for me and my stuff. One major reason that I took it was because I would be sharing with two guys – with guys, if you have an argument, you just buy them some beer and everything is good again. I really didn't want the hassles of living with girls.

It wasn't until after I'd moved in that I foundout about some of the quirky things that went on. One being that the only shower in the place was off the kitchen, and the guys said that it was best not to shower with the door shut as the condensation caused mould to grow. "No problem," I thought to myself. "I'll just stick to having baths upstairs." However, the guys didn't stick to having baths and I'd been exposed to views of both their hairy arses as I made my breakfast during the first week I was there. The mirror in the bathroom meant I could see everything from the kitchen.

I tried not to take any notice but it became difficult when my first guest came over to stay. Judith is one of my most sensible friends and had been my rock during the break-up, so it



was something of a shock for her to come back to the living room all giddy and girly. She'd slopped a good portion of our coffees over the table before she had chance to put them down. Ignoring the spillage, she picked-up a magazine and started fanning herself with it. "Oh my God!" she said, with a wild look on her face. "I just saw one of your flatmates," she paused for effect. "Naked!" She was almost shaking with excitement. I reached-out to have a sip of what was left of my drink. Perhaps disappointed by my response, she added, "Quel Hunk!"

"Which one was it?" I asked.

"I don't know. The one with the big cock!" I spluttered slightly at this. I had never really looked; I'd only caught glimpses of general flesh. Judith had spent the time it took the kettle to boil watching whilst one of my housemates had thoroughly washed himself. She'd seen details.

I was intrigued. The next morning when I heard the shower come on, I jumped out of bed, wrapped myself in my dressing gown and went to have a look. The shower cubicle was shrouded in steam but I could just make-out the pinkness of the body moving within. But then the mist parted and I saw it hanging down - a lovely thick cock. I was frozen to the spot by my excited shock. I could feel my body responding to my first sight of cock in months. I wanted it; I wanted to touch it; wanted it inside me. Pent-up frustration suddenly boiled to the surface and melted my inhibitions away. Almost without thinking, my legs parted slightly and my hand slipped inside my dressing gown. I let-out a little gasp of delight as my fingers slid down the slippery groove of my pussy. It was aching and I couldn't help but sooth that ache by gently rubbing. That felt so good that I rubbed harder and faster. I was out of control, Dave was finishing his shower - I was moments away from my orgasm, wanking frenetically, rubbing my clit harder and faster. But it was too late, he was going to catch me; all he needed obvious effect on Dave and I pulled apart the front of his own bulging dressing gown and grabbed his lovely big prick. It was absolutely rock hard, although it seemed to swell even more as I gave it a couple of quick strokes. It was right in my face and I wanted to lick it,

"I pulled apart the front of his bulging dressing gown and grabbed his prick."

take it into my mouth and give him a blow-job but Dave pulled me up so that we were face to face with our dressing gowns shrouding our naked bodies as they pushed together. He was going to fuck me. were being stoked higher and higher by Dave's hard shafting and he took me to an explosive peak of pleasure. It was sharp, almost painfully so at first, but a thrilling satisfaction spread from my pussy and soothing ribbons of ecstasy took me down to a state of calm relaxation. Dave pulled-out and he sprayed his spunk up my belly and over my thighs. There was a lot of it and the slimy mess created a physical barrier between the two of us.

"I'd better jump in the shower," I giggled. "See you upstairs?" Dave asked; an invitation to carry-on our fun in the comfort of his bedroom.

As I stepped from the shower and pulled a towel around my glistening body, I caught a flash of movement in the mirror. From the gentle music drifting down from Dave's room, I knew that it was Nathan in the kitchen. I



I was so excited to be doing this – to realise what had been a fantasy just moments before. My pussy was wet, desperate to be filled as I spread my legs. Dave shifted himself between them and then pressed his cock inside my

"My hips angled back and swallowed his cock even more deeply on the next stroke."

and crumpled my body, leaving me gasping in ecstasy. I sagged down to the bench by the kitchen table, not knowing whether he'd seen me or not and waited for my body to recover.

to do was look in the mirror and he'd have a

full view of me frigging myself. But rather than

fill me with dread, this turned me on. I wanted

him to catch me. The spasms overtook me

"Rough night?" Dave asked brightly, as he wandered into the kitchen.

"Something like that," I mumbled. He made us a coffee and drank his while leaning on the counter.

"You might want to cover-up a bit before Nathan comes down." I looked down to find that my dressing gown was tied around my waist but the top and bottom had splayed open. My tits and pussy had been on full display the whole time! I hadn't done it on purpose but my indecent exposure had had an

sodden hole in one slow movement. We both gasped with delight. My ex had been begging me to take him back and there was an added thrill from the feeling that I was doing wrong by him in taking Dave's cock inside my body so willingly. I was more than willing; my hips angled back and swallowed his cock even more deeply on the next stroke. Again and again I pushed back against him. My pussy was hungry and I wanted it fast and hard from the cock that I had been spying on.

It was obvious that Dave had taken full advantage of my clothing malfunction as he was just as excited as I was. We were so hot for each other that it wasn't going to last long. But I didn't need it to. The fires in my body

wondered how much he had seen. I offered him a hearty, "Good morning," as I padded past, then waited long enough for Nathan to start the shower before naughtily rushing back in to recover my dressing gown. Nathan turned in surprise.

"Sorry Nathan, I'll leave you to your..." I paused to look down at the sizeable erection he was failing to cover with both hands and gave him a big smile. As I headed up to Dave's bedroom, I found myself thinking about the effect my naked body had had on both guys. There was lots of potential naughtiness here and it was all thanks to Judith's report – I told you she'd been good at helping me get over my break-up!

Next Month: 'Bummer Holiday'.
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Scene from MAYFAIR

Some rather subdued hues dominate this issue – with a couple of outand-out black and whites, along with some rather muted Scandinavian cop action, snowy desolation and iron skies. Sigh...

THE ARTIST







Unless you've been napping in a sensory deprivation chamber for the last umpteen months you can't have missed all the hype that surrounded the release of The Artist. which bagged loads of Oscars and BAFTAs and things at this year's awards ceremonies. Of course the main talking point was that it's a silent film - the first such to win a Best Picture Oscar since 1927, but it also broke a lot of boundaries with plenty of other retro touches - it's in black and white, of course, and it's shot in 4:3 ratio (and the last flick in that ration to win Best Picture was in 1957). Oh, and it was the first ever French film to win the Best Picture gong as well! All in all, then, definitely something a bit different...

Set in the 20s, it stars Jean Dujardin as George Valentin, the dashing hero of countless silent Hollywood movies alongside his wife Doris (Penelope Ann Miller) and dog. Well, we all know our movie history the talkies were coming and all too soon Valentin's star wanes as his movies begin to look like old hat in the light of the all singing, dancing and wise cracking movies emerging - not least the ones starring Peppy Miller (Bérénice Bejo), a young starlet who guickly works her way up the billing after getting her first foot on the ladder thanks to Valentin.

Well, the plot's pretty predictable, really, but the verve of the production and the vintage look is irresistible. Yes, it probably got more awards than is strictly necessary, but then film judges are bound to love a film that's clearly as love with the movies as this one.

And we've got 5 Blu-rays to give away! Just tell us who starred in the first proper 'talkie' and send your answers to Mayfair's Artist Comp, PRP, 3rd Floor 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR or email mayfair@ paulraymond.com by July 13th 2012.

WALLANDER



Subtitled cop shows are two-a-penny these days, but Wallander was the trailblazer that first convinced us Brits that policemen who spoke unfamiliar languages could be every bit as worthwhile as, erm - Christ, I can't even think of any British police shows since The Bill! Whitechapel, say?

Hangdog Rolf Lassgard plays the titular Kurt Wallander, dubbed on the DVD case as 'the Swedish Morse' - although given the thoroughly downbeat air that pervades each storyline, 'the Swedish Morose' might have been be a better choice.

To be honest, aside from a vague resemblance to Ken Barlow, Wallander is our kind of copper - he's a bit of a drinker who doesn't look after himself too well. What he does do well, though, is collar those nasty Nordic villains, and this nifty little boxset from Arrow Films features all 4 storylines that have been made so far, packed onto 3 DVDs (there's no Blu-ray version, for some reason - perhaps drab Swedish scenery looks bad enough without a HD makeover). Classy stuff, frankly, and well worth a peep.



CARNAGE



Set in New York but actually filmed in Paris (Director Roman Polanski's not allowed into America, you see), this is a very theatrical four-hander based on a French play, and stars Jodie Foster and John C. Reilly, and Kate Winslett and Christopher Waltz as a pair of married couples who've met up to try and resolve a bit of playground argie bargie that lead to the Winslett/Waltz son smacking the Foster/Reilly son in the face with a stick and breaking some of his teeth. It's a pretty flimsy premise, but the way the two couples circle each other with passive/aggressive anger simmering below the surface before bubbling up into active/aggressive anger is very funny and likeable.



IRON SKY



Nazis on the Moon – it's the sort of thing you'd expect to see on a classic *Sunday Sport* cover and have a little chuckle over, but Finnish Director Timo Vuorensola clearly reckoned there was a bit more potential in the idea and has turned it into a full on movie. Let's face it, it's hard to resist the notion of a daft sci-fi caper that revolves around a Nazi colony established on the dark side of the Moon as the end of WWII loomed getting into gear for a full on invasion of Earth, which is triggered when a couple of astronauts stumble across their huge, swastika-shaped base.

It's all thoroughly bonkers and over the top, but if you can bring yourself to suspend disbelief quite this high, you'll find plenty to snigger at!



THE GREY



Not, as we all supposed at first, a documentary about the Ed's hair, this is the gritty and often suspenseful tale of a gang of oil workers who find themselves stuck in the extremely chilly arse end of Alaska following a plane crash.

Liam Neeson, in gruff action mode, plays John Ottway (some sort of sly reference to the legendary John Otway, singer of classics like (Cor Baby That's) Really Free and others, perhaps? Probably not), a wolf slayer whose had enough of it all, frankly, and whose life only really finds a purpose when he's called upon to keep his colleagues alive. Plenty of tense man versus wolf action follows, which is always nice.



FREUD



Sigmund Freud's box office again thanks to the recent *A Dangerous Method*, so what better opportunity to re-release this curio from 1962?

Montgomery Clift plays Freud, and by all accounts the actor was, at the time at least, probably more bonkers than all of Freud's patients rolled into one, resulting is a mesmerising and thoroughly unique piece of cinema. The portrayal of Freud's technique as he attempts to cure a young Suzannah York's neuroses is by all accounts pretty accurate, and with Director John Huston at the helm there are plenty of sure touches that mark this one out as something of a classic.





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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.



Julie would have kept her dildo secret from her husband. But the batteries were too strong.

This nun is going to Chicago. She's at the airport sitting waiting for her flight to be announced when she notices a weighing machine of the sort that also tells your fortune. She's bored so she goes over to the machine and pops in her nickel and the card comes out. To her amazement it reads: "You weigh 128lbs. You're a nun and you're planning to travel to Chicago, Illinois."

Stunned, she sits back down and thinks about it. She tries to tell herself that the weighing machine cards probably all read the same but that seems impossible so she decides to have another go.

She puts her nickel into the machine again and another card comes out. "You weigh 128lbs," it says. "You're a nun. You're en route to Chicago and you're going to play the violin in the next couple minutes."

The nun thinks this is marvellous but also utterly crazy. Why, she thinks, I haven't so much as picked up a fiddle since I was a child. But when she sits back down, there's a cowboy in the next seat with a guitar on his knee and a violin case by his leg and she can't resist asking his permission if she might see if she can still knock a tune out of a fiddle. He's

delighted. The nun plays beautifully and they both tap their feet.

Well, by now things are just getting plain weird. The nun approaches the machine with trepidation, wondering what the fuck's going on. She pops in the nickel, the card comes out and this time it reads: "You weigh 128lbs. You're a nun travelling to Chicago and you're about to break wind so hard be careful you don't crack the station windows." She thinks: Well this time I know it's wrong. I've never broken wind in public in my life. And right as

she's thinking this she trips stepping off the scales, falls on her arse and lets go the most tremendous ripper of a fart – so loud and aggressive that everyone stares at her.

She says to herself: "This is truly unbelievable. I've got to try it again."

This time the card comes out of the machine and it says: "You weigh 128lbs. You're a nun bound for Chicago and you are about to have sex with multiple partners."

Well this time she just laughs. "Me?! A nun? Sex?! Never!" Just then an electrical storm breaks overhead, all the lights go out and in the panic that ensues she finds herself pushed into the Gents restroom by panicking crowds – she bumps into a man at the urinals with his cock out and likes the feel of his shaft. One thing leads to another, and the next thing she knows her knickers are around her ankles. Then she's doing it with another two invisible guys in the darkness.

Staggering from the toilet as the lights come back on, she thinks: This is altogether otherworldly. I've got to try that machine again: if only just to know what else is going to happen before I leave this airport.

So she goes over to the machine, puts her nickel in and the card comes out of it and it says: "You weigh 128lbs. You have fiddled, farted, fucked around and missed your flight to Chicago."

A woman and a man are involved in a headon car smash. Both their vehicles are totally demolished, but amazingly neither driver is injured.

After they crawl from the wreckage, the woman says to the guy: "Wow, look at our cars! But, incredibly, we're entirely unhurt. I have hardly a hair out of place. This must be a sign from God that we should meet and fall in love, and live together for the rest of our days."

Flattered, because she's a real looker, the man replies. "I agree with you completely!"

"This whole incident must be a sign from God!" the woman continues. "And look at this: here's another miracle. My car is totalled but this bottle of wine in the back seat didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and toast our good fortune."

She hands the bottle to the guy, who opens it and drinks half the bottle - then hands it back to the woman.

The woman takes the bottle, screws the cap back on, and hands it back.

The man asks: "Aren't you having any?"
The woman replies, "Not right now. I think
I'll just wait for the police..."

A man is driving down an icy coastal road in Nova Scotia in the dead of winter and his car breaks down. So he phones the nearest repair service and a repair man eventually drives out to him from Halifax. The repair man lifts the bonnet and roots around while the motorist stamps his feet to keep warm. After a while the repair man looks up from the engine and says: "Looks like you've blown a seal."

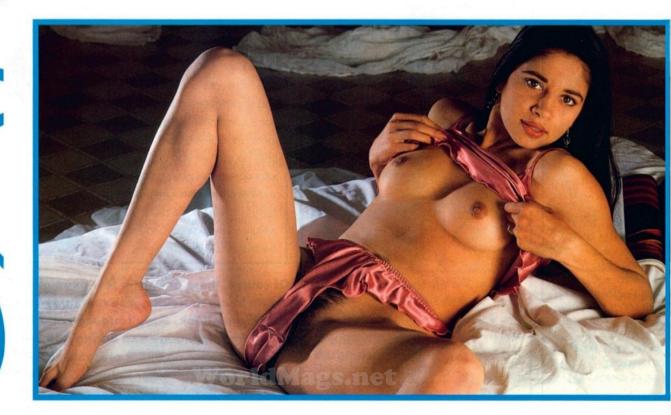
"No sir," says the motorist. "That's just frost on my moustache."

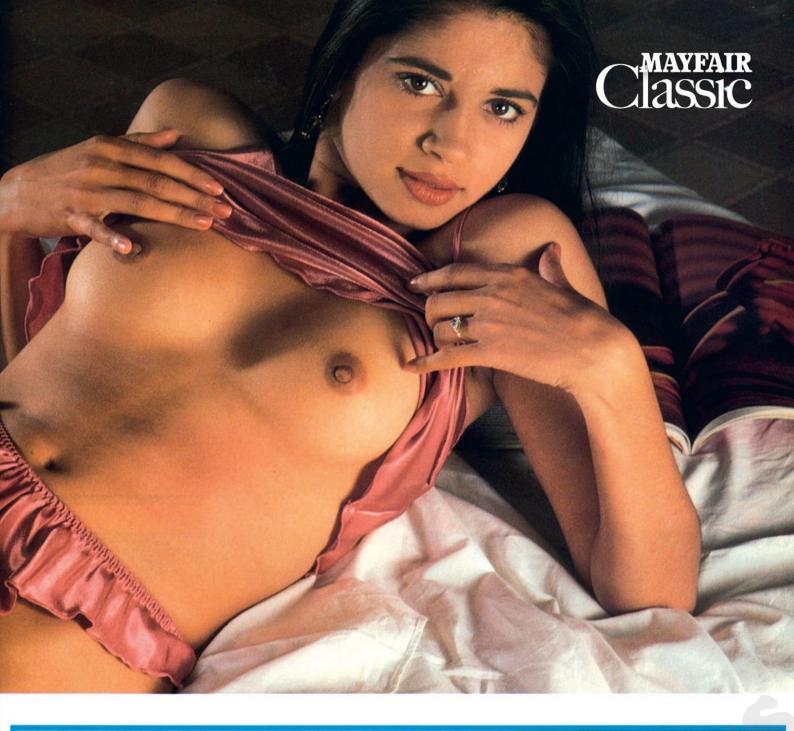


PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

sari now, eh? 🚳

guy once, but after half an hour he fell asleep! Now he'll find out what he missed!" Who's

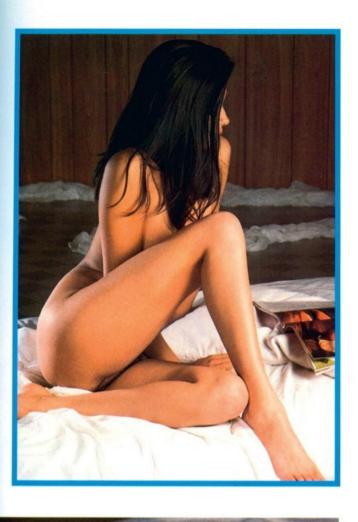


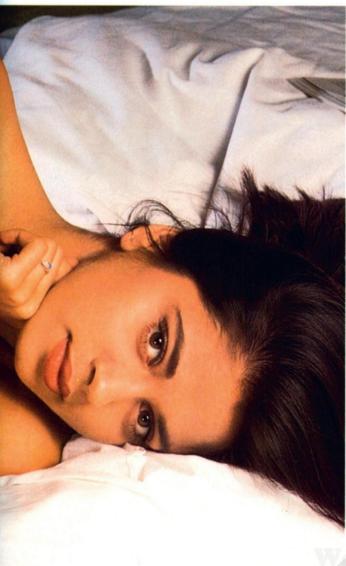


















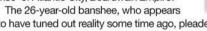
MAYFAIR Intelligencer

Pointless but Classified: Bringing you all the trivia you could manage very well without – in one handy digest!

Mayairs

Naughty Step

Stamping her little feet and attempting to swipe passers-by with broken bottles from her place on our Naughty Step this issue is the somewhat ridiculous Paz de La Huerta, better known as Steve Buscemi's character Nucky's girlfriend Lucy Danziger in the award-winning HBO series charting the 'rise' of Atlantic City, Boardwalk Empire.



to have tuned out reality some time ago, pleaded guilty to attacking a MTV reality personality at a hotel bar on the grounds that she (Paz) was a proper famous person and the victim (Samantha Swetra, a model and former MTV's The City reality star) was basically just crap.

The court complaint stated that de la Huerta squared up to Swetra in New York's Standard Hotel bar on 20th March, 2011, punched Samantha in the face and threw a glass that cut her leg.

De la Huerta informed police at the scene that she herself was "a real actress," while Swetra was a "fake" one and "a publicity seeker". Her lawyer, perversely, said Paz was "asking people not to rush to judgment."

In court, she admitted to five misdemeanours, including attempted assault, fourth-degree criminal possession of a weapon, harassment and two counts of third-degree assault. Paz got off lightly, with one day of community service, 10 to 12 weeks of alcohol treatment, and a warning to steer clear of Swetra.

Her real punishment came earlier this year when HBO asked an astonished de la Huerta not to bother returning for BE's third season...

WEIRD... BUT TRUE?

For the past 35 years ordinary people in Britain and portions of the Southwestern US have been complaining about a maddening humming sound that simply

won't go away. And researchers have been unable to pinpoint its source. Even more mysterious and eerie: everyone can hear the low-pitched hum, and those who can say that it seems artificial in nature... and claim that it is driving them insane.

It is commonly referred to as the Taos Hum due to the fact that in Taos, New Mexico the hum was so acute that in 1993 the town petitioned



Congress to investigate and help them find the source of the noise.

An investigation did subsequently take place, but sadly no conclusive causes were discovered – though one prevailing theory holds that the hum is created by a military communications system used to contact submarines.

Most hearers say the noise

begins abruptly, never abates, interferes with sleep and is more noticeable inside a house or car than outside. Some describe it as sounding like a diesel engine idling in the distance.

Since it has proven undetectable by microphones or VLF antennae, its source and nature is still a mystery. An eerie unsolved one... though the Taos investigators learned the sound was not limited to their area but was, in fact, heard in places all around the globe.

ETIQUETTE FOR THE REWILDERED

An A-Z of things you really, really need to know. No honestly... C is for "Chairdrobe"

We've always done it – at least I have – but now there's a word for it. The art of piling clothes on a chair to be used in place of a closet or dresser, resulting in a new item of furniture, to wit: "a chairdrobe".

For the truly messy e.g. alcoholics and university students, or if there's no chair available to sling your togs over, you can always use the "floordrobe" – another great concept we didn't used to have a word for until the Internet allowed huge numbers of

people to converse on the subject and invent a new term.



FOLLIES

Bloopers, accidents and hopeless cock-ups are as much a part of the halfarsed 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.

SHUTTER ISLAND (2010)

In the very first scene, where Teddy and his new sidekick Chuck meet, they are standing on the bow of a ship travelling at full speed – the Captain being desperate to return to the mainland before the storm hits – yet their hair and jacket lapels don't even flutter. Even at a slower pace, there would be some movement as they passed across the water.



As if to further emphasise the impossibility of this scene, Teddy sparks up a cigarette and holds it in his mouth. Whereupon it instantly vanishes and reappears between his fingers.

When Teddy and Chuck land on Shutter Island, up rolls the warden's jeep to meet them. It's 1954 but the front wheels of this remarkable vehicle sport highly distinctive locking hubs not introduced until the 1970s.

In Ben Kingsley's office Teddy takes an aspirin with one hand and a glass of water with the other. These items instantaneously disappear into thin air, so why he says "Thanks" is a bit of a mystery.

During Teddy's interrogation of Bridget Kearns, she takes Teddy's notebook and writes something on a left-hand page. Yet, when he shows the notebook to Chuck, all her writing is on a right-hand page. Two trained investigators and neither notices this strange anomaly...

Later, Teddy and Chuck are exploring the island, looking for their fugitive. Walking through the graveyard they take shelter in a building to shelter from a cloudburst. When they are taking off their rain coats, Teddy throws his, but Chuck's just magically vanishes. Teddy doesn't notice: after all, he himself has a freckle or bruise next to his band-aid which disappears and reappears all the time.

When a half-drowned Teddy swims towards the lighthouse and clambers from the sea, his clothes are soaked. Only seconds later, when he is running up the stairs, they are bone dry again!





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