A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

MAYFAIR Vol.48 No.01





WEBB ACCESS

Krystal's ready for you to browse...

Welsh babe Emma Green's the perfect package!

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Check out Jade's furry assets!

PLUS:

Blingin' Wheels! Toppermost Scruff! Tanya Tate!



www.paulraymond.com UK £4.30 Vol.48 No.01





PASSION AND PRIVILEGE

It's a privilege to introduce this first edition of the new MAYFAIR magazine. From my earliest days of reading the now classic issues, I've had a passion for what MAYFAIR represents. A lifestyle of beauty, sexuality and aspiration. Maybe we can't all live it – that's the aspirational part. But many men can appreciate it.

And I don't forget that MAYFAIR has always had its fair share of women readers too. For everyone appreciates beauty.
When I bought MAYFAIR, my first priority was to enhance your experience. Bringing the megastars of British glamour to our pages. Adding to the page length and increasing the quality.
I was working behind the camera long before I stepped in front of it. Some of my then photosets appeared in issues a decade or so ago. Now I hope you enjoy my photographer's eye behind the lens focusing on another generation of tantalising beauties. I view myself as holding in trust for the readership, the ownership of MAYFAIR and our sister titles. It's a privilege to be in the owner's seat. And it's my continuing passion to bring you the best of beauty.

PAUL CHAPLIN

MF Vol.48 No.01



EDITOR'S LETTER

h, well where to start? You've already got the magazine in your hand, so you'll know full well that we've just supersized *Mayfair*, but there's more to it than that! From now on we're redoubling our efforts to bring you the hottest babes in UK glamour, with a couple of sizzling newbies in the shape of Naomi and Emma to give you an idea of exactly what it is we've got in store for 2013. Believe me, there isn't going to be one issue you'd want to miss this year!

Matt Berry | Editor

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Published by Paul Raymond Publications, a trading division of Blue Active Media Limited (PRP), 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU, England. Tel: 020 8873 4406. Printed in England by Garnett Dickinson, Brooksfield Way, Manvers, Wath-Upon-Dearne, Rotherham, S63 4DL. Custodian of records for PRP is Andy Thorp. Any records the publisher is required by law to maintain are located at 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU, England. Fiction: all characters are fictibious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of trade, except at the full retail cover price, and it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither PRP, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Newstrade distribution by Seymour Distribution Ltd., 2 East Poultry Avenue, London, EC1P 9PT. Tel: 020 74294000. Back numbers and subscription enquiries: Tomalins, PO Box 6846, Finchfield, Essex, CM7 4WG Tel: (01371) 811299.



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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, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

FOR WHAT SEEMED

LIKE AGES, MICHELLE

FINGERED MY

DRENCHED PUSSY.

GYM'LL FIX IT

Dear Mayfair,

I recently decided to join a local gym. I'm not an overweight girl, in fact I've been told by previous partners - both male and female - I have a really nice body, but I was feeling low and wanted to get fit to keep the winter blues at bay.

I booked an induction course and turned up on the day to be greeted by my personal trainer. Michelle, a short blonde girl with a fantastic little figure and a really cute smile. After a brief chat she started showing me how to use all the different types of exercise machines in the gym.

I didn't realise at first but she was being quite tactile with me. Every time she explained a new piece of equipment she would touch the area of my body that it

leaned forward and kissed Michelle.

She was initially taken aback by my advance, but she certainly wasn't scared off. We locked tongues and began a very passionate embrace. Her hands planted

themselves on me again and began to roam my body. I did the same and went straight for her small, firm mounds.

For a few minutes we continued to kiss and caress each other before she suggested: "We ought to go

somewhere a bit more private."

Michelle stood up and led me to a store room. It wasn't the most glamorous of places but it didn't really matter where we

rubbed my slit before plunging a couple of fingers into my wet hole.

For what seemed like ages, Michelle fingered my drenched pussy. She would vary the speed at which she frigged me,

sometimes rubbing gently on my clit, other times ramming a couple of fingers inside me as quick as she could.

Then Michelle positioned herself on the floor, legs wide open, and asked me if I would lick her

clit and her hole. How could I resist? My tongue lapped gently at her clit while my fingers explored her hole. I could see she still wanted more, so I eased another finger

WOWIE TOWIE!

Dear Mayfair, I simple had to put pen to paper to thank you for an absolutely belting Christmas present in the shape of the deliciously fresh-faced Jamie Jenkins! I've never actually watched *The Only Way Is Essex* before, but I'll definitely be tuning in next year, with my copy of *Mayfair* by my side, to check out her performance on the small screen. Any more near future? There are a couple of girls in *Corrie* I wouldn't mind getting the Mayfair treatment. Go on, you know you want to... Eddie, Eccleshall.



up her bum hole. That seemed to do the trick and my tongue could barely keep up with her writhing in ecstasy. With my fingers and tongue going

at it overtime it didn't take long for Michelle to come, which only made me even hornier. Then she grabbed my hair, pulled me up to her face and kissed me full on the lips so that she could taste herself.

was supposed to benefit. When I did realise her hands were spending a bit too much time on certain parts of my body I got ever so excited.

We moved on to other machines and each time the touches became more obvious. By this time I was feeling so excited I looked round to see if there was anybody else in view. There wasn't, so I

were. As soon as she closed the door we were plunged into darkness and left to our own devices.

Our kissing resumed only this time it was more frantic. Michelle's hand went straight down the front of my leggings and since I wasn't wearing any knickers she soon felt my damp snatch. I opened my legs slightly to allow her more movement. She gently

After letting Michelle have all the fun it was finally my turn. She ordered me to get on all fours with my legs slightly open. She stroked me all over for a while, and then began to focus on my already soaking pussy. She kneeled down behind me and pummelled her fingers in and out of me again. I was screaming with pleasure as she squeezed one finger up my bum.

4_www.paulraymond.com

Then she introduced her tongue and licked desperately at my pussy and arsehole. There was only so much of this I could take before my awash with climactic joy. I wriggled and bucked as every one of her tongue strokes sent me deeper into an orgasmic trance. I can honestly say I'd never quite experienced such an overwhelming climax.

Both spent, Michelle and I remained entwined on the floor. It took us some time to regain our breath and I was so knackered, my workout in the gym was cut short. It didn't matter though, because I knew I'd definitely be going back there again. Mary, Crewe.

JOBLESS FIGURES

Dear Mayfair,

Much as I enjoyed your latest issue (47.13) I couldn't help lamenting the fact that there was no On The Job set in the issue. This has been one of my favourite part or the magazine ever since you introduced it (who could forget stern Miss Tibby, or Krystal the traffic warden, to name but two of the highlights?). Please tell me you haven't dropped it altogether?

Warren, Ludlow.

Well Warren – and everyone else who's written in on the subject – we admit On The Job's gone for a bit of a burton for a couple of issues (perhaps we should have stuck Jamie in a silly hat and called her one of Santa's little helpers or something), but fear not – it's back with a bang next month, as you can see for yourself on page 133!

ARE YOU BEING SERVICED?

Dear Mayfair,

I've been working as a casual staff member at a large department store for over three months now, mainly over the run up to Christmas. It had been pretty dull, until I went out on a staff party and got off with Laura, one of the buyers for the menswear department. The only small hindrance to our affair is that we have to keep it a total secret, as she has a husband and, as she says, 'it wouldn't look good, in her position'.

Luckily in terms of our relationship,

I very rarely get posted to her department, but was sent there for the whole day, coincidentally when she was in the store for meetings. She barely spoke to me all morning, acknowledging my presence as little as she would do any temporary member of staff. Seeing her dressed up in her tight skirt, heels and jacket, strutting around and giving orders was making me as horny as hell. I was waiting for lunchtime, as I was sure that I would need to go and relieve myself!

The next thing I knew, the floor manager was saying that I needed to meet Ms. Collins up in the storeroom, as she was doing an inspection and I would need to answer a few questions. He looked very nervous and began to fire information at me about what to and what not to say, so I wouldn't utter the wrong thing and put my foot in it. I didn't listen to one word, as all I was thinking about was what was waiting for me.

Deborah was chatting to another member of staff, but when I



Dear *Mayfair*,

I don't know how many of your readers pay attention to who's photographed a particular set of pictures, but I've always liked to keep an eye on whose work you feature. On the strength of the last couple of issues, I'd like you to pass on my thanks to APD Nudes, who shot the wonderful pictures of Roxanna in 47.13, and to Holly Randall, for the exquisite set of photos of Conny. It's great to know there's still such craftsmanship in the business, and I trust these photographers will continue to wield their lenses for many years to come.

Ken, Southampton.

"Thank you Ms. Collins, I think I need to fuck you to say thank you, don't you?" She flashed me a wild, naughty smile, and reached under her skirt, hastily slipping her knickers off. We both heard the voices this time, but I recklessly turned her around, bent her over

"I MADE THE MOST OF GROPING HER, CUPPING AND SQUEEZING HER TITS AS SHE SNOGGED ME..."

and placed both hands on her perfect arse. Her beautiful pussy was revealed to me and, widening her stance, she slipped a finger inside herself, as I held my cock in anticipation.

As my head nudged in between her

Continued on page 26

away quickly. She smiled and walked past all the rails of clothes towards the corner of the storeroom. where there is a ceilinghigh pile of boxes. Behind them there is a few hidden metres of space, and she pushed me into this, kissing me passionately against the concrete wall. My hands were on her tight arse in seconds, which was shifting around in her skirt as she ground against me. Expecting to stop soon, I made the most of groping her, cupping and squeezing her tits as she snogged me. However, she reciprocated by rubbing her hand against my dick that was, by now, dying to be freed from its confines.

arrived she ushered her

When she took it out, I flashed her a nervous look, to which she said, "Just try to be quiet." I had to bite down hard on my lip as she got on her knees and circled her tongue over my head, and pumped her hand at the base of my dick. Opening her mouth wide, she sunk her lips over my shaft, almost down to my balls, before dragging her lips back up to repeat this again. I could hear voices that were literally only a few paces away, talking about 'Ms. Collins', and how all the 'department are really afraid of her, as she's so uptight'. Looking back down, I saw the woman they were talking about with my prick against her tongue, her eyes closed as she tossed me off. I couldn't help feeling more turned on at the thought of them catching us, and seeing just how scary she really was! I pulled her on to her

feet, held her close and

whispered into her ear,

MAYFAIR 5











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TANYA TANYA TANYA

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Lots of cracking things have come out of Liverpool over the years, as inhabitants of that fair city don't mind telling you whenever they get the chance. But hey, it's time to roll over The Beatles, Phil Redmond and Ian Rush, because here comes a scouser who's ready to take on the world!





s it a bird? Well, yes, of course it is... It's self-confessed 'glamour Model, adult actress & superhero cosplayer blogger', Tanya Tate, in fact!

As a huge fan of comics and all things geeky, Ms. Tate stands out from the rest of the porn stars on the block – especially when squeezing her 34E-24-34 curves into a rubber superhero catsuit! With her long, blonde hair, piercing green eyes and beautiful face, the 5'6" Liverpudlian proves that MILFs can absolutely hold their own against their younger counterparts!

Nicknamed TNT, Tanya has made an explosive impact on the adult industry in her short career; her voracious sexual appetite for both sexes and on-screen intensity make her a firm favourite with both fans and industry folk alike. It's little wonder, then, that she's not only made a huge name for herself in Britain, but also on the other side of the pond, and now divides her time between here and Los Angeles. No matter where on the globe she is, though, she always finds time for her fans,

> HER VORACIOUS SEXUAL APPETITE FOR BOTH SEXES AND ON-SCREEN INTENSITY MAKE HER A FIRM FAVOURITE!

either at conventions (both adult and comic), on Twitter (@tanyatate) or on her comic/ cosplay blog (www.justalottatanya.com), which she updates practically daily - and as such, has a huge and enthusiastic fan-base. Back in 2008, Tanya was working 9-5 as an office administrator and, like so many of us, dreaming of doing something different with her life. After a male colleague showed her a porn flick, an idea was planted and began to gnaw away. Rather than jumping straight in, she did plenty of research and finally came to the decision that embarking on a XXX career was for her. The canny cougar sent some professionally taken photos to some of the UK's biggest porn companies directly, and, unsurprisingly, she was immediately snapped up. Tanya was quickly cast in her first porn scene, and, on her 30th birthday, the buxom beauty travelled to London to the shoot, where she played 'Sue', a bored housewife who gets rodgered senseless! She performed with all the enthusiasm and filth we've since come to expect from the mucky minx, and the rest, as they say, is history!

Now, two years and an impressive 135 movies later, she still enjoys her job: "I do try to give it my all in every scene. At the end of the day, if you're doing a job and you don't enjoy it, why are you still doing it? If you make

MF Presents...

a career out of sex you really should enjoy every minute of it!"

Bottle-blonde, amply endowed and with a penchant for dressing up, you'd be forgiven for thinking that Tanya is just another ditsy model, but this horny honey is one smart cookie. As well as handling aforementioned Twitter account and superhero blog, she also runs her own website (which includes uploading images, editing videos and the everyday maintenance and organizing of the site), maintains her own Youtube channel (TanyaTateTube), owns her own publicity company (www.StarFactoryPR.com) and has recently begun a career behind the camera. directing her own movies, of which she has released three so far. She confides, "Though I love performing, I've realized I love directing naughty movies just as much as being in them. I definitely want to direct more in the future." And, having seen her directorial releases, we're not surprised! Probably the most popular of these is Tanya Tate's Casting Couch, in which she invites members of the general public to come along and perform in a hardcore scene with the sexy MILF. The concept went down so well on the DVD that it's something she still continues to do on her website. Yes guys, it really could be you next! Just go to www.tanyatate.com for details! And if you're not one of the lucky few? Tanya laughs, "If they don't make it to the Tanya Tate Casting Couch, they can always get my Tanya Tate Fleshlight!"

So, now you know you can (possibly) fuck her, you should know, what turns her on – and off? She says, "I love to be touched in all the right places from my head to my toes. Arrogance turns me off and bad hygiene is just a complete no no." Natch.

The most infamous porn she has shot to date, however, has to be the 2010 Television X series *Tanya Tate's Sex Tour of Ireland*. We'll let her tell you about it in her own words: "I went around Ireland with a camera crew, met some of my fans for the first time and let them 'try out' to be a porn star. They were everyday guys who aren't in the porn industry. It received national attention for a scene I did with an Irish pro athlete, unbeknown to me [Gaelic Athletic Association player Greg Jacobs – The Ed]. And it became front-page news in both the UK and Ireland." Despite early denials, he later admitted that his appearance came following a dare from his friends. Some dare!

Being such a busy bee, Tanya doesn't get much spare time, but when she does finally drag herself away from her screen, what does the luscious laydee get up to? Apart from frequenting Comic Expos, she's a lifelong Liverpool FC fan, loves going to the theatre, amusement parks (she has annual passes to Disneyland and Universal Studios) and nightclubs, collecting superhero figurines, watching Disney movies (her fave is Mary Poppins), and also likes to keep fit. She tells us, "I spend time working out at the gym, after all I have to look good for my fans and for the camera." Oh, and did we mention she likes dressing up as superheroes?

Tanya's sexual tastes include interracial sex, creampies, watersports, facials, A2M and group sex. She says of the latter. "I have had group sex. As a matter of fact one was in a gangbang scene for my website and one of the guys was Greg Jacob [Yup, that lucky Gaelic Athletic Association player, again! - The Ed]. He was a kinky lad, that one." And she has worked with some of the biggest named studios around, including Bluebird, Harmony, Vivid, Evil Angel, Hustler and Wicked Pictures, amongst others. So it's no surprise that Tanya has become one of the most recognised and respected performers in the biz, having won - and been nominated - numerous awards, both here in Britain and in America. Even her directorial debut with Filly Films, Tanya Tate's The MILF Masseuse, was acknowledged with a nomination for a Best Older Woman/Younger Girl award. Not bad for a gal from Liverpool, eh?



Despite having achieved what every British starlet dreams of – making it big in the U.S. of A, Tanya never forgets where she came from. In fact, she went against the grain and chose a famous London venue for her recent 'feature dancing' (stripping to you) debut, rather than going for glitzy Las Vegas club. And if you were there in London on the 7th Dec, count yourself very, very lucky!

If you haven't had the pleasure of seeing this voluptuous vixen in action, you need to check out one of her movies sooner rather than later! We'd recommend Harmony Films' Wicked Ones. Bluebird's Your Hot Mom and Zero Tolerance's MILFs Makin' Money, all of which see her taking a face-andpussyfull. Hooray for Tanya Tate!

"IF YOU MAKE A CAREER OUT OF SEX, YOU REALLY SHOULD ENJOY EVERY MINUTE OF IT!"



R

Age: 24 Vital Stats: 34B-24-36 5'6" Photographer: Tammy Sands

















Very the can't quite remember what that song about the flower of Scotland is referring to (surely it's not a thistle, is it?) [No, it's the soldier's who fought at Bannockburn, you moron! – Ed.], but we reckon we've got a new flower from North of the border on our hands with the juicy Sophia Knight. There's lots of talk about Scotland pushing for independence from the rest of the UK, but looking at Sophia and her gorgeous curves, we reckon what we need is a much closer relationship – ideally conducted below the waist. Believe it or not, before she turned to modelling Sophia used to work in a fish factory, which represents something of a major career switch. Still, as she lay there in front of us with her lovely pussy on show, we couldn't help hoping she'd ask if we'd like to help her fillet...







21st CENTURY TOYS

Don't just stand there shivering with the January Blues! JAMES SAINT is back for 2013, here to warm all comers with the savage technological friction of his

winter-dried fact-cock...

- things were getting too 'hot' for me towards the end of the year, but thanks to the unique relationship I have with the new Police Commissioner for Essex, each year all my crimes become null and void at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Day! Even the really 'bad' ones.

Which leaves me fuck-loose and fancy free as we begin our fresh, brutal gadget fact-finding journey, combing the kitiverse to uncover a combination of ever smarter, must-have miracles of modern technology and, of course, a barrage of ultimately pointless shiny baubles that you really shouldn't waste your hard-earned on but, being a bloke, probably will.

So, without further Gerard Depardieu, let's get stuck right in, shiny baubles deep, to our round-up of the aforementioned 'miracles' we've managed to amass in the Mayfair office this month. And it's a veritable smorgasbord of some of the fanciest finery available first thing in 2013, covering the cheap, the covert, the cancelling, the calling, the compact and the convenient. There's also many other C-words scattered throughout – see if you can find them all!

BenQG1 £279

It's a made up fact that over 37% of male photographers each year rupture a nut or tear their ballbag in the bid to get that perfect photo. Whether a majestic cityscape, proportioned portrait. or furtive photo of some careless female neighbour changing in her window, getting into the exact position to achieve the required



results in more teste-trauma than any other accident per annum. So, avoid all that aperture affected disorder with a twist turny solution from BenQ that instantly makes all other snappers crapper: the G1.

Packing 14-megapixels, the G1 features 4.6 optical zoom and a swivelling display that lets you hold it at all manner of awkward angles and still see the screen clearly, free from the fear of coinpurse calamities. A twisty turny solution from BenQ that instantly makes all other snappers crapper!

Add to the nad-saver an F1.8 bright lens that increases light transmission in low-light scenarios (hanging around outside your negligent neighbour's at night), a Handheld Night Shot mode to stop your shots from getting the shakes, and countless other arty functions to help wannabe Baileys express themselves in a manner that won't mess up said neighbour's windowsill too much, and what we have with the G1 is probably the cleverest compact available to both the amateur photographer and – as envisioned here – the creepy stalker alike!

> www.benq.com

C.VOX Coat £95



Here's the first of our winter warmers that take the appliance of science in a different direction; I don't know about you but when I step outside of the house these days to, say, pop to the shop or go to the park to shout at the ducks, thanks to the combined efforts of the Daily Mail and Crime Watch, I often wonder whether I should just save all the time and effort by simply flushing my phone to down the bog and then repeated stabbing myself. With muggings, shootings, male rapings and body peelings all on the rise in both the inner city slums and rural backwaters alike, you can never be too careful in who you let see you're carrying kit. Which is where this beauty covers you: the C.VOX.

Available from Debenhams, stick it on, plug your smartphone or MP3-player into the pocket-concealed lead and strut your stuff relatively safe in the knowledge nobody is about to knife you. Throughout the jacket run the headphones, rising up and concealed in the collar along with built-in speakers and microphone. Operated via subtle controls located in the fastening, you can listen to your music and take and hang up calls out on the mean streets of Britain without worrying about unduly advertising your expensive assets to aspiring alleyway assassins.

> www.debenhams.com

hi-Fun Hi-Call Bluetooth Gloves £50

No, not a practical joke, but actually a hugely practical idea for those who live in some of the least inhabitable, frozen wastelands in the world, like Britain in winter, these little hand heaters are exactly what they state in the name – gloves with in-built Bluetooth.



Yep, making you look like either an arctic-going Inspector Gadget or some twat constantly asking people to "call me", the Hi-Call left glove features basic controls, a speaker and a microphone that let you take calls in the cold without having to expose yourself to the extremes.

Featuring a working range of up to 10 metres from your phone, and USB charging that's good for 20 hours of chat, once you hear the ring or feel the vibration of your phone, hit the Answer button on your cuff and make the age-old sign and, blimey, you're having a chat and looking like a mental case at the same time.

Waterproof to work in the most inclement of conditions and to stop you potentially frizzing out your brain in front of all your ski chums or those you're struck out in the park sharing a bottle of White Lightning with, the hi-Fun of the company title may be overstating any emotional response by a country mile, but for those plagued by cold calls, they're handy as hell.

> www.firebox.com

Blackbox C20 Active Noise Cancelling Headphones

£100

"Cause you ride on time! Ride on time! Cause you ride on time, ri-ri-ri ride on time!" Ah, a bit of late 80s Italian House for you, what could be better on a chilly January day like this? A group very much with its finger on the throbbing pulse of the tunes of its time, led by sexy front lady, Katrin Quinol, whose own black box was very much a source of sexual speculation in my teenage fantasies. What? This is nothing to do with them? Oh, moving on then.

Noise cancelling headphones, for me at least, always win over the alternative, because without turning the volume up to ear-drum bursting levels, you'll always be able to hear the monotonous drone of mouth moving morons about you without the appliance of a bit more science. In this case it's fancy Noise Rejection circuitry from Phitek, a tech

that uses microphones to pick up the ambient audio and then creates 'anti-waves' to reverse the awfulness, effectively eliminating it and leaving you free to wallow in One Direction, or whatever crap Cowell has convinced you to buy this week.

Offering the ability to take and make hands-free phone calls too, superior sound quality and up to 50 hours of use from one AAA battery, the world never sounded so good.

> www.blackboxonline.com



Damson Twist £80

Okay, I admit it, Damson Twist sounds like either: a) a cocktail, b) a high jump technique, or c) a sexual act that probably involves one of those spinning seats with a hole in the middle and somebody lying beneath. However, remarkable, it's none of those things, but rather a natty new way to wring your music from out of your moby and wirelessly fling it across the room to a spank-arse speaker!

As cunning as Richie Cunningham, the Twist uses technology taken from the US Navy to turn the surface it sits on into a sort of speaker by resonating the sound waves from your tunes across it. The result is a far deeper bass and richer results than anyone would ever imagine from a device of these diminutive dimensions.

The perfect partner for any Bluetooth-packing player, simply pair with the Twist by – wait for it – twisting it and you're away into the arena of airborne audio, making it ideal for the outdoors, on the go gaming, or even boosting things in the boardroom.

With a 3.5mm jack available for non-Bluetoothed unearthed by Time Team and a rechargeable battery that's good for four hours of wireless or nine hours of wired playback, go set free your sounds; unless they're shit and I'm within earshot...

> www.damsonaudio.com



Prestigio MultiPad £99

Despite the most recent addition to Apple's line of overpriced iPads, the iPad mini, tablet PCs powered by other OS options seem to be getting cheaper by the day. Take the array offered running on Android for example – set to start outselling the former fruity favourite this year,



Android's open source operating system is rapidly becoming omnipresent on the most tempting of new tablets; tablets such as the 7-inch splendour of the Prestigio MultiPad.

The MultiPad PMP3370B, to give it its full name, is an ultralight, palm-fitting tablet that for less than £100 gives you a fully features tablet running on Android's 4.0 OS, powered by a 1GHz ARM Cortex A8 processor, featuring an 800x480 LCD TFT 16:9 ratio capacitive multi touch screen, 4GB of internal storage (upgradeable to 32GB thanks to a micro SD card slot), USB 2.0, Wi-Fi 802.11b/g/n, stereo speakers, microphone, web camera, G-sensor and a USB-host for the use of 3G dongles. Yeah, for 99 nicker.

In terms of looks and performance, the Prestigio is even better value for money than, say, building your own Megan Fox plastitude ho-bot. Or, indeed, anything with a half-eaten apple on it.

> www.prestigio.com

MF Letters

Continued from page 05

soft lips, she had to grip the boxes for balance, causing a slight noise. "Hello?" one of the girls inquired, but I couldn't stop and was slamming my dick harder and harder into her. She was breathing quickly, but quietly,

WIDENING HER STANCE, SHE SLIPPED A FINGER INSIDE HERSELF.

and it was almost as if I was testing her to see if she could keep quiet. It was so exciting and, caught up in the moment, I pushed the tip of my index finger into her bum. She flashed a look back at me that said, "You're going to get us into so much trouble," and for a moment I was worried, but then she followed it with a wicked smile that only encouraged me to not only carry on, but take it that little bit further.

My finger was now knuckle-deep in her arsehole, and her pussy was dripping wet, allowing me to get so deep that my balls

banged against her mound, which I played upon, making them slap with a satisfying noise. I could hear the footsteps of the members of staff stop at the other side of the boxes, and saw that Deborah had her blouse between her teeth to stop herself from screaming. Her pussy widened, and she began to climax, pushing her bum backwards and enveloping my whole length as she covered it with her juices. I wasn't far behind and unloaded my wad into her, leaning back against the wall as my thighs shuddered against the backs of hers, my finger still in her anus. Finally pulling out. I saw my spunk trickle from her crack, and in an image I'll remember to my dying day, the final stream of my jizz seeped out of my prick onto her bum cheeks.

We both stayed, frozen, in the same position until the voices became more distant. We had no idea whether they'd heard us, but I almost wanted them to have found us and seen their boss bent over and covered in my sticky, white load. I think their opinion of her would have been slightly different, to say the least. All they know is that she was nice to them all for the rest of the day, and they were all good to me, because I'd apparently 'given the right answers.' What an all-round, fucking great day that turned out to be, and definitely one of the horniest experiences of my life!

Pete, Dudley

TIB-UTE ACT 2

Dear Mayfair,

I'm thrilled you liked my poem in tribute to the ever-tempting Tibby – and delighted the lovely lady herself approved. I'm very honoured! I'm not sure what my missus would say about the bawdy poem, but next time I'll be trying for an A+!

Tibby makes for a lovely pin-up girl, and here's another tribute to her, in the form of a sketch – I hope she likes it too! A Painter, London.

Well, you're quite the Tibby fan, aren't you? A poem and now a portrait! We think you've captured the essence of her with this one, and we'll be sending the picture off to the lady herself now we've scanned it, so we're pretty sure your handiwork will be adorning one of her walls before too much longer – The Ed.

GOLDEN YEAR

Dear Mayfair,



I don't want to sound like a toady (Feel free! - Ed.), but I have to say, 2012 was another classic year in the history of the top shelf's finest magazine! With cuties like Natasha Anastasia, Tommie Jo, Yurizan, Gemma Massey, Nine Leigh and so many more, it's certainly put a spring in my step (not to mention a massive tent in my trousers) every time a new issues come out! And then, a deliciously

> teasing set featuring Jamie Jenkins to see out the year in style perfection! I can't wait to see what you've got in store for us in 2013! Martin, Lancaster. Glad you liked last year, Martin - and as you've probably already realised, what we've got in store for you this you is something pretty special! More of vour favourite babes, of course, plus loads more new ones in our new, supersized Mayfair!

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Which her super leggy stature, long golden locks, fulsome boobs and delicious naughty bits, Danielle Maye's go to be one of our toppermost babes of the last year or two. so when we decided to go all British this issue she was always going to be near the top of our out list! Apart from anything else, there's something unique about the way she stands there, bold as brass, with her legs spread almost daring you not to get a raging bonk on as soon as you look at her. So far we've tried five or six times, and we've failed the test spectacularly on every occasion. And to be honest, we reckon it'll be about another 30 years before we're ever in danger of coming close to passing...












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MF Feature



This can be a proper solution of the way (well, December's issue, anyway) before we sit back and take a proper look at the year that's passed. And what a year it was, with the mag crammed full once again of some seriously trouser-tenting talent each and every month. But who did you like the best? Which babes really blew your whistle and which ones could barely manage to pluck a tune on your banjo string? Well, now's your chance to let us know, because it's time for our girl of the year vote! Simply pick your three top babes from the year (and you don't have to chose from our selection here – they're merely suggestions!) and send us your answers, and you could win a yea's subscription to everyone's favourite top shelf tome. That's us, in case you were wondering!









THE YEAR			
Girl 1:	Girl 2:	Girl 3:	
 Fmail:		••••••	

Please ensure that all votes are sent to Mayfair Girl of the Year, Paul Raymond Publications, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU (or email mayfair@paulraymond.com) by February 15th 2013. The winner will be notified by post or email (if provided).









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ontinuing with out titillating tour of the British Isles, it's off to visit Shropshire lass Natalia next – always a welcome enough excuse to head off into the sticks! On reflection, once we'd hooked up with her and got a chance to check out her delicious bod all over again, we couldn't help thinking we've featured her in *Mayfair* quite enough over the last couple of years, so perhaps 2013 could be the year in which she finally gets the sort of exposure she so clearly deserves. And talking about exposure, that's quite a pic of her we've put in this page, isn't it? Nothing but a pair of suspenders and high heels and Natalia's unencumbered loveliness – I knew there was a reason why we like working on *Mayfair* so much!







MF Motors

BLING!

What do you do when a Porsche isn't high grade enough for you? You give it an Artemis makeover, of course!

Porsche Cayenne not muscular enough for you? Then you'll be wanting one of these. The new Eterniti Artemis is loosely based on the big SUV, but features even more aggressive bodywork, a highly tuned V8 engine and an ultra-sumptuous interior – and carries a price tag of around £210,000. Plus, the lucky few who can afford one (mainly in China) will be supporting the economy here, because beyond the clinical German mechanicals and underpinnings, this is a very British product. It's been penned by a team of British designers and will be built here, and the company has the sole intention of giving

super-rich customers exactly what they want but can't find elsewhere, right down to the finest bespoke detail. Eterniti claims the Artemis is the world's first super-SUV – and it certainly looks very different to anything else.



te finest Eterniti mis is the ber-SUV – looks very thing else. The car is more than two metres ECOCKPIT AND YOU CAN SEE WHERE YOUR MONEY HAS BEEN SPENT...

CLIMB INTO THE

two metres wide, and its aggressive bodywork is crafted almost entirely from lightweight carbon composite. It makes an instant visual impression – way are instant of the start although it's user in the start although it's

you can just about pick out the basic shape of a Cayenne underneath, but the huge mesh grille, with its chrome surround, piercing headlights and bulging bonnet provide the Artemis with even greater road presence. The purposeful flanks add to this impression, as do the carbon fibre wing mirrors and massive 23-inch alloy wheels, while at the rear is a blah etc. It's all finished by hand, and you can see the attention lavished on the car in neat touches like the backlit details on the front wings and the chevron effect in the full-width, high-mounted rear brake light confirm that the Artemis is something very special indeed.

Climb up into the cockpit and you can see where your money has been spent. It's stunning to look at and feels beautifully finished. Where the Cayenne combines sporting design with clinical Porsche efficiency – and can feel a bit soulless as

a result – Eterniti has managed to achieve the feel of an exclusive gentleman's club inside the Artemis. The rising centre console and huge handgrips are instantly recognisable from the Cayenne, but you won't have seen leather, wood and lambswool carpets combine to such glorious effect before. Of course, you'd expect it at this

price, but the new car even shows the latest Range Rover how to do it.

The premium-grade leather is sourced from the finest tanneries in Britain and Italy, and although it's tanned in the traditional, manual way, it's then put through a hi-tech quality control system, using computer scanners. The leather is then hand-stitched and the veneer hand-finished to create this gorgeous feel and smell. It all looks very special, and can be fully customised, with a choice of 16





standard leather colours and myriad options for the stitching and embossing. That's on top of the 15 exterior paintjobs available – although Eterniti will let you decide exactly which colour through its bespoke options package.

Whichever you choose, comfort is guaranteed by the 18-way memory function for the driving position. An HD touchscreen gives you full control over the communication management package, with features like 3D sat-nav and an incredible 14-speaker, 585-watt sound system. But if you'd prefer to be driven than drive, passengers in the rear are just as well looked after. There are two individual seats in the back, again with heating and cooling functions, as well as individual climate control zones, flip-out tablets for Internet on the go and even a champagne chiller, plus storage for two crystal glasses.

Refinement is impressive wherever you're sitting in this car, although those purposeful looks are not for nothing – the Artemis doesn't take much provocation to turn into a hooligan. Porsche's 4.8-litre twin-turbo V8 has been tuned to the max by Eterniti. It called on expert engineering knowledge from the likes of Jaguar XJ220 man Alistair MacQueen, and the result is a stonking 600bhp and 750Nm of torque. This is delivered to all four wheels through an eight-speed automatic gearbox, and translates into a 0-62mph sprint time of 4.5 seconds and a 180mph top speed.

Ex-Formula One star Johnny Herbert was hired as test driver to ensure this performance went hand-in-hand with handling agility, and he's delivered. The air-suspension not only provides a selflevelling feature and different ride height settings, it can be set to suit the driver's mood, with a choice of Normal, Comfort and Sport modes. Herbert played a big role in ensuring there was a tangible step between the three, and Sport gives razor-sharp responses to match the precision and fast reactions of the steering. There are even motors built into the anti-roll bars to ensure the Artemis remains flat and predictable in bends at speeds at which no SUV should.

But then that's the key to Eterniti's first production model. We're used to crossovers being a mixture of nasty supermini and cheap 4x4, yet the Artemis treads the lines between the luxury SUV, limousine and supercar classes. And it manages to pull off all three roles handsomely. Let's toast another (German) British motoring success story that the Chinese will lap up.



"THOSE PURPOSEFUL LOOKS ARE NOT FOR NOTHING - THE ARTEMIS DOESN'T TAKE MUCH PROVOCATION TO TURN INTO A HOOLIGAN."



SPECIFICATIONS

ETERNITI ARTEMIS

PRICE	£210,000	
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MAYFAIR SEARCH for a STAR2013

here's plenty of hard work involved in putting each issue of Mayfair together, but for all the reviews, letters, features and stuff that need to be written or checked, the whole thing would be a waste of time if it weren't for the stunning girls we manage to get into the magazine each and every issue! Well naturally we're always on the look-out for the next stunning babe or three to feature in the magazine, and we thought it was high time we let you have a little bit of input into the whole thing. So hey - if you're a girl, or are going out with a girl - who reckons they might be the sort of thing we're looking for, why not send us a couple of snaps (bikini or lingerie, ideally) - or email them to mayfair@paulraymond.com - along with your details, and we'll see if we can't get you along for a shoot! For the hottest girls we get sent details of there's an invitation to come along to our studios and feature in your very own professional shoot for the magazine, along with a stonking £500 prize - and if we like you enough, we'll be wanting to get you back as well! Go on, what have you got to loose?



MAYFAIR SEARCH for a STAR2013

Please ensure that all entries are sent to Mayfai's Search For A Star 2013, Paul Raymond Publications, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU (or email mayfair@paulraymond.com). Girls who tickle out fancy will be notified by post or email!

Name:
Address:
Postcode:
Email:
Tel:
Age:
(Must be aged 18 or over)

I confirm that the pictures I enclose are of the person whose details are given above (please sign):



Honestly, you wait ages for one Danielle to come (especially with my technique between the sheets) and then two turn up in one issue! We've already plenty of attention on super leggy Danielle Maye, so let's pause for a while to reflect on the charms of Danielle (Almost Certainly Will)...

"Hey, are you trying say I'm easy or something?" the naughty North Eastern babe scowls. "I'll have you know I haven't actually had sex with a bloke for well over a month now, thank you very much!"

very much!" Hmm, well in that case we take it back. Erm, hang on, what about girls? "Oh yes, I've been having a bit of a

"Oh yes, I've been having a bit of a fling with my boss at work. I love the taste of pussy in the morning!" Well that's more like it!





















Hmm, something there's nothing better than a dirty bunk up behind the other half's back, as this month's ladies happily demonstrate...

grew-up listening to the neighbour's headboard clattering against my bedroom wall - regular as clockwork on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I could hear her gasps and groans for long minutes before the gentle banging started-up and then they'd journey together towards a joint climax. I didn't

Name:	DEBBIE
Age:	21
From:	BUDE

know what I was hearing when I was younger. Then I thought it was disgusting when I did.

But as my own sexual adventures started to blossom, I ignored it, letting them have their fun - or occasionally if I was already horny, I used to touch myself whilst listening to them. Later still, I imagined lying there being pounded by a real cock, rather than my new vibrator - which was too noisy to have on when anyone else was in the house. I found myself naturally following their rhythm and giggled into my pillow at the thought of the three of us all orgasming together. My

best climaxes were when I fantasized about joining them on their side of the wall. adding my pussy and mouth to the mix.

I knew something had changed when Tuesdays and Thursdays became ominously quiet, leaving me to buzz away by myself. Sure enough, separation soon followed. I offered my sympathy when I ran into David and he surprised me by being quite happy, having parted on good terms after a long and happy marriage.

"She'll be back," he told me, "she's just off to sow some wild oats I expect." I flushed at the idea that he was happy for his wife to do that.

"And you're OK: with her doing that, I mean?" I asked, genuinely shocked. "Oh yes. I can't complain. She's let me

spread quite a few of my own you know. I'm going to miss Tuesdays and Thursdays mind," he said, studying my face for a reaction. I knew exactly what he was talking about but managed to keep my face neutral. "That reminds me," he continued, "I've got two tickets for the ballet, if you'd care to join me."

He told me the details next Thursday night. This time I couldn't help myself; I flushed again. I knew what happened on Thursday nights. Did that mean he was expecting me to ... sleep with him? Well, David was a perfect gentleman; he ordered and paid for the taxi and a meal. Without me

realising, it had turned into a date. And I was loving every minute of it as I was treated like a lady - as well as paying bills, he opened doors for me, took my coat, listened to me and didn't once look down my bountiful

I FELT HIS RIGID COCK BRUSH AGAINST MY SKIN AND HELPED GUIDE IT INTO MY ACHING HOLE.

cleavage - even when he thought I wasn't watching. And he never even glanced at another girl during the entire evening.

In the taxi home, I realised that I didn't want the night to end. There was an unmistakable hunger, a mounting tension inside me. I was horny. I thought about the sound of the headboard banging rhythmically and formed a picture of David pounding me. Would he do me in missionary or would he prefer to do me from behind so that he could look at my bum. Perhaps he'd actually want to stick his thing in my bum. Oh fuck. Would I let him do that to me? Would I let him bugger me in their marital bed? My moistened pussy started to tingle in anticipation. I needed to stop thinking like this... or do something about it. Unfortunately, I had no idea how to initiate sex with my neighbour. How does a girl let a guy twice her age know that she's interested in him

sexually? Guys my age wouldn't date me unless they wanted to have sex with me. It was their goal. When they asked if I would go out with them, they were telling me that they wanted to have sex with me and were prepared to put in some leg-work to achieve that end. Had it been the same with David? Had he

asked me out with the aim of dragging me to his bed, a sexual substitute for his wife this Thursday night? I certainly hoped that was the case.

The moment of truth came as we exited

the taxi. Would he invite me in? For "coffee" maybe? I dawdled, clutching my bag, not heading home or towards David's. Would I be playing alone with my vibrator or going to David's to play with his cock? He dismissed the taxi and then turned to me. "So Emily, would you like to come in with me or go home and play with your vibrator?" I was so shocked that I wanted to say 'pardon'. But the words had been clear, I could see them hanging in my stunned brain like a school banner. He took my hand in his and smiled at me. "Thin walls," he explained, nodding-up towards our adjacent windows. I was having a mental meltdown. With a surge of adrenaline the realisation struck me: if I could hear them, of course they'd be able to hear me! Why had I never thought of that before? Whenever my family was out and I'd used my vibrator... and I had made no attempts to keep myself quiet. He must have heard me make myself come dozens and dozens of times over the years. Hot colour burned my cheeks and I was grateful for the protection of the semi-darkness.

I was rooted to the spot for several seconds but made no attempt to resist when he pulled me towards his front door. It was a





weeks. Exhausting, and also frustrating because it left no time for me to spend any quality, relaxing time with my other half, let alone get down to any hanky-panky together!

As much as I enjoyed the actual work, towards the end of it I was totally jet-lagged, sick of hotel rooms – and so horny, I was climbing the walls! I'd be lying awake at night because my body clock was shot to hell, wishing that my hubby were there to fuck me ragged, if only so I could get a decent night's sleep. I knew an orgasm or two would help sort me out, but what I could do with my own hand wasn't nearly enough. I figured all I could do was grit my teeth, count down the days until it was all over and I had some time off, then enjoy having my husband screwing me back to normality! The thought of cheating on him to relieve my frustration had never crossed my mind. Well, it hadn't until that point, anyway...

On the way to NZ, we had a stopover in Hong Kong. It was only meant to be two hours, but they found a problem with the plane so the airline put everyone up in a hotel overnight. I was too jet-lagged to sleep – yet again – so I headed to the hotel bar. And that's where I met Andy and Luke, two other guests at the hotel.

"DAVID'S MOUTH FOUND MY PUSSY AND MY BODY ARCHED UP IN ECSTASY AND REALITY SNAPPED BACK INTO SHARP FOCUS."

blur, but I knew it was what I wanted as we ended-up in his bedroom and I let him strip my clothes off. Suddenly I was lying naked on the bed and he was kissing my body. I couldn't help smiling as I looked-up and saw the headboard. There was a mark on the wall behind it. "This is my fantasy made real," I thought dreamily. David's mouth found my pussy and my body arched up in ecstasy and reality snapped back into sharp focus. It felt familiar, despite it technically being my first time in this bed with him. He wanted to make me come... and I wanted to let him. All my shock slipped away as pleasure built, fighting its way through to connect to my earlier arousal. Waves of ecstasy erupted from my clitoris in a mini-orgasm and then again seconds later before the real thing swept through me in a huge surge of satisfying relief. I loved the way that he kept tonguing my sex, intensifying every sensation until I was spent.

Then he was on top of me, mounting me. I felt his rigid cock brush against my skin and helped guide it into my aching hole. I was being fucked with that familiar rhythm, building steadily from a gentle rocking. I stifled a giggle as the headboard slapped against the wall for the first time, then more regularly. But it felt sensational; my body was anticipating what was coming as I'd followed this rhythm with my vibrator so many times that something inside seemed tuned to that sexual frequency. When combined with the novelty of shagging a married, older man who'd heard me playing with myself, I found that I was soon gasping with the first sparkles of another orgasm. I knew exactly when he was going to come and managed to hold-off until he spurted inside me. My own shattering pleasure swept over me as David strained and then collapsed on top of me.

After I'd made myself respectable, David saw me to my door. There was no kiss good-night, no pretence that this had been the start of something – it had just been sex. I kind of liked that... but thinking about it, it didn't have to be one-off sex. "So," I said pausing on the threshold, "are you free on Tuesday? Perhaps I could... you know... pop round?"

"I'd like that very much," David said politely. Thrilled, I shut the door behind me and wondered whether I'd be able to wait until Tuesday. Perhaps I could persuade him to start a Sunday morning club.

y job involves organising conferences for international trade groups – it's a dream come true because I get to travel loads, although it does mean I'm away from home, and my

husband, a lot. One week I'll be home in London, the next in Chicago, and so on. Mostly that's brilliant, but it can get a bit full on at times and it is quite difficult to maintain a relationship on Skype!

Name: JULIET Age: 29 From: BARNET

Take the project I did towards the

end of last year. I was coordinating a big show in Wellington, which meant flying between New Zealand and the UK four times in just six





I was drinking alone, but had noticed them sat at the other end, laughing raucously, but chose to ignore them. It wasn't until they asked me to settle a bet (yeah, that

old chestnut) that I even acknowledged them, but as soon as I had, they kind of won me over with their personalities – and a couple of drinks! They were both quite handsome, in that young businessman kind of way, and very, very charming. After a few drinks, I found myself succumbing to that charm and flirting outrageously with the pair of them. It can't have been

more than a couple of hours before Andy suggested that the three of us go back to his room for fun. I don't know what got into me that night because although I dragged my feet a bit, I didn't mention that I was married and I certainly didn't need a huge amount of persuasion to follow them back to Tom's hotel room – it seemed like a really good idea in my drunken head.

All the way up in the lift I felt this dull throb in my pussy, and we weren't in the room five minutes before they had me down to my underwear.

I felt so free, like I could be the biggest slut and ask them to do really filthy things to me, kneeling down and pulling my knickers to one side to give my pussy a licking.

Tom's cock was bobbing around in front of my face and given my jetlagged, fuckstarved state of mind there

HE KEPT TONGUING UP MY CRACK TO RIM MY BUMHOLE AS HIS FINGERS REAMED

Seth still licking me, but from behind – he kept tonguing up my crack to rim my bumhole, as his fingers reamed my pussy. As he did, he started

wanking himself with his wet hand, rubbing the head of his prick up and down my slit. It made my legs quiver with anticipation. "Just fuck me," I moaned, using my hand on Tom's cock as I let it slip from my mouth. Moving my hand back to my mouth, I sucked on his bell-end before I went back to sucking him, moaning as I took him to the back of my throat, as I felt Seth slam his prick into my cunt from behind.

I figured we'd stick to that arrangement for a while at least, but Tom was moaning so loudly that Seth decided he wanted a crack at fucking my mouth, too. I didn't disappoint him, slurping all of my fanny cream off his

more times - I suspect to take the edge off so they didn't climax too guickly. I was surprised when Tom asked if I would be up for trying a DP. I'd seen it done in porno films and I just wasn't sure if I would actually be able to. These lads were both well hung, and I find it hard enough to take a cock in my arse at times, let alone a big one in each hole! They looked disappointed when they realised it wasn't going to happen and I didn't want to disappoint them, so I made up for it by giving them a hand-finish, one in each palm, and pointing them at my waiting, open mouth. Seth was first to come, giving me a hot, sticky facial. As I licked up Seth's goo, Tom let rip and sprayed more on my face as well as covering my ample, rounded tits. They made a mess of me and I rubbed it in - wanting to look as much of the dirty slut as possible.

I didn't get any sleep again that night, but I didn't care – the buzz I got from being fucked so hard saw me through. I haven't confessed to my husband about my filthy fling and I don't intend to – let what happened in Hong Kong stay there!

y brother John and I have always been close, and when he married Ellie I was delighted because while they were going out together, and especially during their engagement, she and I had become very good friends. I used to visit them ever few days as they did not move

very far away from home, and once the honeymoon period was over I even

began spending the odd weekend with them. John

Name: KELLY Age: 25 From: SLOUGH

was

working long hours to pay for their lovely new house, and as both Ellie and John wanted kids, Ellie supported him by never grumping about the late hours he came home. I liked to keep Ellie company, especially on those long Friday nights, and sometimes we'd reminisce about all the Friday night revelry we had indulged in before she and John were married.

I have always been bisexual and as Ellie is such a beauty I was attracted to her from the start. She has such beautiful pale colouring, creamy white skin, and beautiful blonde hair, which curls softly at the nape of her neck as though inviting your touch towards her beautiful full breasts. The rest of her would make anyone's mouth water too, as she has an hourglass figure with a slim waist, curvy hips and long extremely shapely legs.

At first our friendship was the same as it had always been, purely platonic. But over time, as John worked longer and longer hours we became closer, and eventually we both found that we were attracted to one another. It started with a few little hugs which lasted a fraction longer than was normal, and then small touches, when our fingers lingered



MY PUSSY...

"I SUCKED ON HIS BELL-END BEFORE I WENT BACK TO SUCKING HIM, MOANING AS I TOOK HIM TO THE BACK OF MY THROAT."

and it wouldn't matter – we'd never have to face each other again after tonight, and nobody would ever know, especially my husband.

I admit I had great fun stripping them off too, moving back and forth, but Seth got in first,

shaft as I gave it a going over. And Tom took over in behind me – I'd felt him straining to hold steady as I sucked him, and now he was banging me hard and fast, grunting with every thrust.

They switched with each other a couple



that little extra moment longer on one another's skin, until the day came when we found ourselves looking into one another's eyes and neither of us could deny our feelings for each other any longer.

Our early lovemaking was slow and timid, as we were shy of revealing just how deeply our emotions ran and perhaps a little guilty, as we both loved John. However, I have learned that there is no turning back the clock with what we took to calling, halfjokingly, "crimes of passion", and we became

more and more daring.

One night when I arrived for the weekend, I heard Ellie upstairs in their bathroom as I let myself in.

Moving quietly up to the head of the stairwell I watched her through the open doorway.

She was naked and had just begun to run a bath. My pussy tingled with growing pleasure as her hand slowly moved up her body, running around her large breasts, before gently pinching her erect nipples. One hand remained, caressing her voluptuous tits as the other traced a path downwards towards her perfectly trimmed mound. As Ellie's fingers reached between the blonde curls to her slit I saw her stomach muscles contract, as her slender fingers felt their way towards her clit and began to circle it.

I began to undress in the doorway, intent on joining her, and as I did so the noise must have alerted her and she smiled at me, and waiting until I had stripped she came into my arms. We moved into the bedroom and she lay back on the bedclothes allowing me to get into position between her smooth thighs. I parted her pretty pink labia and began fingering her clit, watching with pleasure as it became erect. Licking the rigid little peak, I slid two fingers inside her wet hole and began slowly moving them in and out.

Ellie moaned and grasped fistfuls of the bed quilt as her pussy contracted while my fingers slid in and out faster and faster. I turned my fingers inside her and curling my index finger began massaging her pussy and searching for her G-spot. Finding her secret little furrow I continued with a light tapping motion until I could feel her come approach, and as it exploded I was rewarded by a small squirt of her love fluid across my wrist. Her orgasm was long and loud, and I waited, watching her involuntary contractions with a mixture of excitement and love until they subsided.

Quickly I moved off the bed and located our double-ended dildo – a very well-kept secret from John! Stepping into the straps I lubed one end of the dildo and slowly inserted it into my pussy, which tingled and contracted as the dildo stretched my lips delightfully, causing me to

instinctively gave the dildo a few short tugs to bring myself off there and then. However, I held back, and, running the end of the dildo across Ellie's juice soaked labia, I gently inserted it.

Now we both began rocking our hips, gently sliding the dildo deeper inside one another with each movement, and

when I felt it was far enough inside Ellie I began to thrust. With each movement the dildo moved back and forth inside my pussy, stirring my juices. I started to rub and tease my clit continuously as I moved the dildo in and out of us, bringing us both within a hair's breadth of climax,

With my free hand I reached down, and, covering my fingers in my juices, I moved one towards Ellie's tight little anus. She giggled and moaned, and taking this as permission to proceed I eased it inside her little ring. With one extra thrust of the dildo I pushed it further inside and began moving my finger gently in and out of her rear entrance.

Ellie seemed to purr with delight as I stimulated both her holes, and as I began thrusting faster and harder with the double ended dildo I

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WITH EACH MOVEMENT

THE DILDO SLID BACK AND

FORTH INSIDE MY PUSSY.

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tipped us both over the edge and we orgasmed almost ferociously, holding each another tightly for nearly a minute. But just as Ellie started to come down from her orgasm, I tickled inside her bumhole suddenly and unexpectedly with my fingertip, triggering another massive orgasm for her.

Afterwards we cuddled awhile, lost in each other's smiles...















e've certainly rummaged out a goodly selection of treats for you this issue, and to crown them all off, allow us to present Miss Emma Green! She is, true to form, another product of these fair isles, hailing from the valleys of Wales, and given her all natural curves she's also the proud owner of a few inviting looking valleys of her own! Hmm, all in all we can't think of a better reason to shell out on the M4 toll bridge and head off down to South Wales - the Doctor Who studios and the Barry Island Gavin and Stacy tour might be reasonable enough attractions in their own right, but we reckon they're more than eclipsed by Emma, the new star attraction of the region!














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, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

A female barrister known for her for callousness towards witnesses in the courtroom awakes after a life-or-death operation to find herself in a hospital room "Mr Jones?" the doctor asks.

"Yes, what's happened? How is my wife?" The doctor sits next to him and says. "It's not good news. Your wife's accident resulted in two fractures of her spine."

"Oh my God," says Mr Jones, "what's the prognosis?"

Dr Smith says "Well, Mr Jones, her vital signs are stable. However, her spine is inoperable. She'll have no motor skills or capability. This means you will have to feed her."

Mr Jones begins to sob. "And you'll have to turn her in her bed every two hours to guard against the onset of pneumonia."

Mr Jones begins to wail. "Then, of course," the doctor continues, "you'll have to put her in a nappy as she'll have no control over her bladder and of course these nappies must be changed at least five times a day."

Mr Jones begins to shake as he sobs. The doctor sighs. "And you'll have to clean up her faeces on a regular basis as she'll have no control over her sphincter. Her bowel will engorge quite often I'm afraid. Of course you must clean her immediately to avoid accumulation of the putrid effluent she'll be emitting regularly."

Now Mr Jones is convulsing, crying uncontrollably and beginning to slither off the bench into a blubbering heap on the waiting room floor.

Just then Dr Smith reaches out his hand and pats Mr Jones on the shoulder. "Hey, I'm just fucking with you; she's dead."

A madam opens the front door of a brothel frequented by the wealthy to find a frail and very elderly gentleman on the step.

"Can I help you?" she asks.

"I want Natalie," the old bloke replies. "Sir, Natalie is one of our most expensive ladies, perhaps someone else..."

"No," he says, "it must be Natalie." Just then Natalie appears and announces to the old man that she charges £1,000 a night. Without blinking, the geriatric reaches into his pocket and bungs her ten £100 notes (*What is this, Scotland? – Ed.*). The two go up to her boudoir for several hours, then the old man totters down the stairs, politely says goodnight to everyone, and leaves.

The following evening he appears again, once more demanding to see Natalie. Natalie remarks that no-one has ever done her two nights in a row and warns him that there are no discounts... the price is still a thousand quid a visit. Again the old man takes out the money, the two go up to her room and a few hours later, wobbly and almost bow-legged, he carefully descends the stairs, tips his hat to all and leaves.

When he shows up for the third consecutive night, barely able to shuffle, the madam and Natalie can't believe it. But again he hands Natalie the money and up to the room they go, with the madam helping the old gent by an elbow.

At the end of four hours of sucking, fucking and wanking the ancient bloke, Natalie can hold her come-basted tongue no longer. "No-one has ever used my services three nights in a row. Where are you from?"

The old man yawns and croaks: "I'm from Nottingham."

"Really?" replies Natalie. "I have family up there."

"Yes, I know," says the old man. "Your father died recently, and I'm your sister's solicitor. She instructed me to give you the £3,000 he bequeathed you."

Three women walking down the street are stopped by a man conducting a survey. He asks: "Ladies, would you mind telling me how you know if you've had a good night out?"

The first bint replies: "I come home, get into bed and if I lay there and tingle all over, I know that I had a good night."

The second one thinks a moment, then responds, "I come home, have a shower and a

An American tour bus slows slightly as it drives by the Mustang Ranch, near Sparks in northern Nevada and the guide comments into her microphone: "We are now passing the largest house of prostitution in the Unites States."

At which juncture a British bloke's voice suddenly wails from somewhere near the back of the bus: "WHY?!"

glass of wine, get into bed, and if I feel myself begin to relax into sleep, well then I know it was a good night."

"And you, Miss?" the man with the clipboard asks the third female.

She rolls her eyes, spits out her gum and says boredly: "I know it was a good night if when I get home I rip off me knickers, throw them against the kitchen wall and they stick."

SIDS SHOP SHOP SHOP SHOP SHOP SHOP

"I don't know what you're grumbling about lady - it *is* in a plain wrapper!"

with the blinds drawn.

"Why are all the blinds down?" she snaps at her doctor.

"Well," the surgeon responds diplomatically, "They're fighting a huge fire across the street, and not wishing to frighten you, we didn't want you to wake up and jump to the conclusion that the surgery was unsuccessful."

Mr Jones gets a call from the hospital. They tell him his wife's been in a terrible car wreck. He rushes to the hospital, runs into the A & E and says his wife's been in an accident. They tell him Dr Smith is handling the case. They page the surgeon. He comes out to the waiting room to see a terribly upset Mr. Jones.







ny mag that claimed to contain the cream of the UK glamour babe crop wouldn't be complete without the occasional flash of the ever-naughty Nina and her juicy noo-noo! Last time we shot her she was risking excommunication by dressing up (and then down) as a nun, so has she had any troublesome feedback from the cloistered community in the wake of that?

"No, I haven't had any angry nuns or monks chasing me around shaking their fists!" she giggles, "but then I don't suppose *Mayfair* is the most widely read publication in those sorts of circles anyway, is it?"

Possibly not. Although if they do read it, we bet it's not their fists they're shaking...



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MF Reviews

Scene from MAYFAIR

What sort of DVD or book gets released just after Christmas? Well, this sort of thing, as it turns out - although one or two of them were available as pressies. Not that that's much use to you now, is it?



d Lord, is it really only a couple of years since the first series of Forbrydelsen (that's The Killing to you and me) hit the screen? Maybe it's the steady pace or the gloomy look of the his Danish murder series that makes time seem to drag, but it really does seem to have been around for ever, doesn't it?

In case it's all passed you by, and you've missed all those sill stories about woolly jumpers being the hot new look, Sofie Gråbøl (that took a lot longer to type than I'd anticipated, I can tell you) stars as Sarah Lund, the sweater wearing homicide cop with the Copenhagen Police Department. Here's the hook, though - she's about to up sticks and emigrate to the sunny uplands of



Sweden with her fella. but what do you know, a particularly tricky murder case flops onto her desk on her last day on the job. Now most of us would be dreaming of

Lund's packed her woollies and done with the whole thing... perhaps. The Ed

KILLING

kicking our heels up in Sweden (which always looks so much chirpier, as fans of Wallander will know), but Lund's a stayer, and spends a good 20 hours getting to the bottom of the case. That was series one, in any case, and it spawned a slightly disappointing American clone for those subtitle dodgers among us. Perhaps wisely the producers decided that 20 episodes was a bit of a stretch for series 2, and cranked it down to 10 episodes, and the same with the third series, which has just aired on BBC4. It's quality stuff, and now it's all over - Lund's packed her woollies and done with the whole thing (perhaps don't want to give away the ending here!) Series 3's out on DVD, but you can also pick up all 3 series in one handy boxset!

BOWIE ALBUM BY ALBUM

here can't have been many performers who had such a visual flair as David Bowie - so a picture heavy book of him is always going to be more interesting to dip into than one of, sav, Ry Cooder. Still, for all his changes in style and dramatic



looks over the decades, when all's said and done, Bowie's reputation stands or falls on the music he'd produced - and taken as a whole, you've got to say his reputation is looking pretty secure!

This book, published by Carlton for £25.00, takes a look at each of his albums, from 1969's Space Oddity all the way through to 2005's Reality, and set each one in its context, with extracts from contemporary reviews and comments from collaborators such as Brian Eno and Tony Visconti. There's no new input from Bowie himself, seemingly, but then he's always liked to stay a bit aloof, and with plenty of beautifully reproduced pictures (including some that have never been seen before) to augment the text, there's plenty here for Bowie fans to get their teeth into. Makes you want to listen to the albums (well, the good ones) all over again which is never a bad thing.



HOLY MOTORS

ere at Mayfair we're not averse to sitting through the odd film that's a bit on the weird side, so when this one plopped onto the desk we were happy enough to give it an airing. Well, what a bonkers flick it is, to be sure! Written and directed by Leos Carax, who in yesteryears put his name to suck highly regarded films as Les Amants du Pont-Neuf and Boy Meets Girl, but who in recent years has ben pretty quiet, it follows the passage of a fellow called Oscar who progresses round Paris to a series of assignations of one sort or another. But the thing is, Oscar is transformed with each appointment, which on the one hand makes the film a bit tricky to follow, but on the other gives Carax the opportunity to indulge in some truly dazzling filmmaking. It's got everything you could want - including Kylie Minogue!





AMERICAN MARY

Provide the set of the

BREAKING GLASS

A nyone remember 1980? The nation was still trying to get its head around Maggie Thatcher's brandy of New Toryism, while at the same time the punk ethos that had emerged in the late 70s had still to die out. This flick very much reflects the era, and stars Hazel O'Connor as a young muso who's keen to make it but of course she soon gets mixed up with all sorts of complications that lead her to question her chosen path. It's a sharpeyed look at the music business and how it corrupts and destroys the idealism of those who strive to get into it, but, perhaps more importantly, it's a reminder of how Britain looked and felt at the dawn of the Thatcher era. Loads of extras, too, in this issue...





THE COLDITZ STORY

h, this is the type of thing a whole generation of British males grew up on (apart from *Mayfair*, that is!). We don't suppose anyone else in the world has heard of Colditz – even in Germany. We like to bang on abut it here, though, largely due to TV series and films like this, which hit the big screen way back in 1955. It's got a cracking cast as far as UK film buffs are concerned, with John Mills (almost inevitably) being joined by the likes of Bryan Forbes, Lionel Jeffries and, perhaps more surprisingly, lan Carmichael! It's a sturdy day of plucky POWs, and this new re-issue's got plenty of extras to pique your interest as well. Definitely one for a rainy Sunday afternoon...

MF Reviews

MAYFAIR Movies

There's something to be said for watching bongo movies all day long. Apart from anything else, it keeps you out of trouble - and keeps you in shape as well! Well, it keeps your right forearm in shape, anyway...





CAST: Abigaile Johnson, Bill Bailey, Brooklyn Lee, Erik Everhard, Jesse Jane, Manuel Ferrara, Pressley Carter.



Three ropey-looking birds in discoloured old thrift shop knickers frig themselves with toothbrushes... No, hang on, that was what I was watching online before these DVDs arrived in the mail for review. I do beg your pardon.

This DVD arrested my interest immediotely, being as how I too was educatered, at home, by a private tutor also. In a mansion arctually. This said, however, I do not think I remember him ever encouraging me to "do him" on the table in the library.

I mention this because these poor young lads are being seduced by "ex-pornstar turned private tutor" Jesse Jane, who craves a proper old duffing every couple of minutes or so, and consequently precious little academic work is being done. Indeed, several times in the course of this ardmittedly arousing wrist-wrencher, I contemplated corntacting the lads' parents and informing them their sons and hairs would receive a more intellectally valuable education in the purblic sector.

As it turns out, some of the pupils admit to Jesse and other private tutors (some of whom are also "former porn stars" trying to give back) that they – the "boys" are ex-porn stars too. Alarse and alack, these revelatory confessions from the pretend-youngsters rather spoil the elaborate tapestry of illusion director and performers are essaying to weave, and seem somewhat unnecessary. All In all, an exciting and erminently rentable little flick! Private lessons from Jessie Jane and her ilk? Where do I sign up?! The Ed



BROOKLYN LEE: NYMPHOMANIAC

CAST: Brooklyn Lee, Danny D, Dirty Dog, George Uhl, Jess West, Linet Slag.

mateurish online PR references to "shooting" AVN's reigning Best New Starlet, Brooklyn Lee, for Nymphomaniac, and press releases billing this DVD as "an erotic journey into Brooklyn's head", had prepared me for a sexually-charged gunshot execution and cranial penetration plotline... but no. Most misleading.

Brooklyn is what we East Londoners used to call "a right bird", oozing eroticism at the beginning

of each encounter, and other substances towards the end. She appears in three out of five nifty scenes, the best of the trio being the one where saucy Ruth Medina and our very own Samantha Bentley are served up to her like filleted kippers to sate her insatiable desires. Both girls pitch up in lingerie and masquerade masks, but it ain't like they're Batman and Robin or nothing and having a secret identity don't stop them getting groped, titty-tugged, finger-buggered and their mounds chewed



like kehahs

The misfortunately named Linet Slag should also be up for a gong in the Honours List for her courage in wrangling more than one cock for almost three minutes before she finally loses control of them and they slide into every aperture like something in a sci-fi horror and her eyes go glassy, but I'm fairly sure she's still alive when the scene fades out. Definitely worth a squiz, if you ask me.



CAST: Alex Gonz, Alexis Texas, Amy Brooke, Ash Hollywood, Barry Scott, Brian Street Team, Brooklyn Lee.



dam & Eve contract starlets Teagan Presley and Alexis Texas, and compact harlots Brooklyn Lee, Eva Angelina and Lexi Belle team up with vet more serious guim and some very hard honchos to bring anyone sporting a stiffy a wank on the wild side.

For those of you of a gentle disposition who may be offended by coarse stuff like loads of arse-to-mouth and bags of gapes, I should warn the shrinking violets out there that this movie does feature some "anal action" and instances of "double penetration". But, moving along...

I myself prefer to dwell on the four girl lesbian

party or the scene in which naughty Sophie Dee dances around an empty house with her tits out in fishnets and high heels, occasionally pausing to feel herself up and show us her arse. Then - of course - tragedy strikes! Buttock-hardened cocksmith Marcus London and his crew, Alex Gonz and Mark Wood, sidle in, grab her and abuse her in an increasingly frantic manner which reminded me uncomfortably of three terriers playing tug o' war with the cat's smelly blanket.

A great DVD with plenty for everyone, even people who never get to see it. Well done, Adam & Eve, though you could have handled things better in The Garden Of Eden.

Wicked

IMMORTAL LOVE

CAST: Alektra Blue, Brendon Miller, Britney Young, Chanel Preston, Chris Slater.

nce again, porn star turned porn star in a canvas director's chair Stormy Daniels has been up all night with her coloured crayons screenwriting an exciting adult feature film.

This one boasts a pig's breakfasty plotline

about a young woman who falls in love with a vampire after he saves her from an arse-fondling outside a nightclub... A "vamporn", if you will (forget it, sunshine, I've already filed for copyright.)

Given that so very few films, TV series or novels ever feature vampires - or zombies or werewolves, come to that; whatever happened to those? - Stormy's story is a breath of fresh air. Throw in a skip-load of blokes knobbing some terrific talent and what we have here is a fascinating and exciting experimental mix as winsome young females are simultaneously drained of blood and lady juices.

The heroic vampire is portrayed by Xander Corvus (which must be a wet dream for him considering he took his stage name from a character





in the Kate Beckinsale Underworld films and probably creeps around offset with fake canines in anyway.) It must gall him, then, that his equally-undead nemesis Alektra Blue steals the flick with a wheeliebinful of outrageous sex acts even vampires wouldn't attempt... and they can stand upside-down on ceilings and everything!

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, we couldn't put together such a special edition of the mag ell, without featuring one genuinely old school fur pie, could we? So here you go, a wonderfully furry nadger courtesy of Leicestershire lovely Jade Samantha! Mmm, just looking at it conjures up spreads from yesteryear featuring all sorts of crazy hairdos, funny glasses and daft paraphernalia like leg warmers. Thankfully, for this set we've decided to keep it simple – lacy lingerie, suspenders, and a lovely looking girl sharing her bits and pieces with you lucky readers! Just for the record, we've got a blinding set of Jade ripping open her tights, which we'll be featuring in a few month's time, but we're sure these pix will keep you going till then!

























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RELIEF

<u>AUA</u>

H R



Age: 26 Vital Stats: 30FF-24-32 5'6" Photographer: Adam Turner

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e haven't seen too much of Krystal in the last year or so (not that it's possible to see too much of her, mind!). It's not for want of trying on our behalf, of course, but the girl herself decided to take a little break from modelling in order to get on with some studying she wanted to do, but when we told her we were doing a bumper all British issue and begged her to come back for a shoot she couldn't resist our pleas! And isn't she looking cracking? - easily worth all the grovelling and begging. Now all we have to do is make sure she gets the taste for the whole thing again and doesn't abandon us for long in future. Maybe if we kept the Ed away from the shoot that might help...?















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teat.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN

Favourite Music: Some seventies funk is cool – check out Sly and the Family Stone if you know what's good for you. Barry White's the best music in the world to put on while you're having sex.

Worst Habit: Shouting! Everyone says I've got a very loud voice, but it's usually only because I'm excited. When I'm in bed with a man, I like to let him know if I'm having a good time. I must admit the neighbours have complained more than once, but that's because they were probably jealous that I was getting a good seeing-to and they weren't!

Longest Time Without Sex: I once went out with this guy who reckoned he was a bit handy in the sack. He was alright, but not a total stud. We had a bet to see who'd be the first to ask for a fuck. It went on for three weeks before he cracked and begged me for a shag. I told him to forget it – anyone who can resist me that long must be barmy!







Best Holiday: I went to California with a girlfriend last year. It was absolutely amazing. The weather was gorgeous, there was so much to do and all the American guys really got off on my English accent.

Favourite Pub: There's a great little place just outside Otley that I often sneak out to on the bus. The only drawback is that it's very out of the way. That's when you see who's a gentleman and who's just trying it on – if they offer you the taxi fare home, it means they're alright, so I invite them back with me!

Most Erotic Experience: There are some real hunks who train at the leisure centre where I work. It's strictly against the rules to get up to anything on the premises, but once I just couldn't help myself. This particular guy noticed me looking at him through the gym window, and started chatting after his workout. I offered to take him on a tour of the centre's other facilities. The only place not being used was the sauna, so we stripped off, got in and got down to some serious screwing. I know a steam bath is supposed to help you lose weight, but by the time we'd finished, I felt as if I'd lost about two stone!





S weet Jesus – no wonder Team GB have had so many successes in the pool over the last few years, if Melissa here really was a swimming instructor in Leeds 17 years ago! We bet those young swimmers were queuing round the block to get into her classes, although perhaps practicing the backstroke might have proven a bit of a problem, with a whole line of periscopes poking their way above the surface as their owners splashed their way from one end of the pool to the other. We wonder if she's still at it...?



MF Intelligencer

MAYFAIR Intelligencer

POINTLESS BUT CLASSIFIED: Bringing you all the trivia you could manage very

well without - in one handy digest!

EBR **MUSICAL CHUFFS**

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In 1905: Russia was thumped by the seemingly silly little island cluster of Japan, and the Russo-Japanese War ended with the Czar swearing like a docker as his generals surrendered to the Japanese after the Battle of Port Arthur. The Ruskies agreed to evacuate Manchuria and recognise Japan's interests in Korea so that Japan could start invading places.

Etiquette for the **BEWILDERED**

A marvellous new term describing the Internet equivalent of buyer's remorse, wherein one comes to regret having impulsively clicked on a link of passing interest after they realise they have gone off on a tangent and wasted hours browsing a bunch of dull articles, blogs and sites (obscene or otherwise), chatting aimlessly with strangers or staring at stupid photos of cats - time which they would not have squandered had they resisted the impulse to "check out" the link.

Any attempt to catch up with one's original purpose at speed may result in a panicky flurry of keystrokes - the new term for which is "typerventilating".



An A-Z of things you really, really need to know. No



LUDICROUS MOVIES

Some movies and movie franchises are just so preposterous that it's a wonder most people don't start leaving the cinema after five minutes, or else physically attacking the screen. Many are so unutterably dreadful that they don't even occasion nervous laughter. Such a film is...



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MAYFAIR Vol.48 No.02 On Sale Jan 25th

There we go – we're off and running with the new volume, and we've crammed our first issue full of British babes. So what are we going to do with issue 2? Well, how about cramming it full of even more British babes, including some sizzling newcummers to the top shelf like Professor Hannah – not to mention firm (but also nice and wobbly) MF faves like Tommie Jo? Yes, that sounds like a plan – so why don't you join us for the second instalment of what's going down as something of a classic – Mayfair Volume 48?

Hannah



Coming Next Month

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