MAYFAIR

Vol.48 No.02

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN!

Natasha Anastasia's stepping it up!



ITASY RIDIER

Holly Gibbons is bound to float your boat!

PLUS:

Paige Turnah! Naughty tales! Top techno tips!

LIFE IS BEACHY!

Tommie Jo's shore looking good!

E AREL

Fancy a sip with Jenny Laird?



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Editor | Matt Berry
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Features Editor | Olly Wragg
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Group Production Director | Andy Thorp
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EDITOR'S LETTER

ell here we are with the unenviable task of trying to follow up last month's bumper issue crammed full of British totty with... another bumper issue crammed full of British totty! Now when I say unenviable, I suppose there must be a few folk out there who'd envy us our job of getting the hottest girls in the land to peel off for us, but hey – what the hell do they know about anything? It's a nightmare, I tell you, a waking nightmare! Ahem, anyway...

Matt Berry | Editor

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REGULARS

Mayfair Male How do we know what you're thinking unless you drop us a line?

Mayfair Presents... Paige Turnah – she's got a funny 16. name, and a cracking arse!

21st Century Toys Need to replenish your stocks of 28. toy helicopters? Then read on!

38. Paul Presents... It's Kelly McGregor, the babe formerly known as Hannah!

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60. Quest We like to party party... and then we like to screw!

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84. Scene Let's travel back in time - or at least watch some older and newer flicks.

86. **Mayfair Movies** Need to work on those hairy palms? Well perhaps these'll help!

130. The Intelligencer Come and gather round the fact totem pole!









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

I CARESSED MY TITS

SLOWLY AND THEN

RAN MY HANDS

DOWN MY BODY...

FLAT-MATING GAME

Dear Mayfair,

After I finished university I moved to London for work. I couldn't afford to rent my own place so I looked for a room to rent. The first place I went to see was owned by James, who was a really good looking guy for his age (nearly twice mine I guessed). From the way he looked at me I was sure he was as attracted to me as I was to him. James explained that his girlfriend had moved out so he needed some extra income.

When he had finished showing me around he asked me if I was interested and I said definitely. I blurted that if he'll have me then I'd take it. Had I been too impulsive?

Did my hormones make the decision or my brains? Walking home I re-assured myself: whilst I hoped that something would happen between us, if it didn't then at least I would be sharing a house with a hunky

bit of eye candy that I could fantasize about.

I got exactly that. Once I moved in, so I could get to work on time, we agreed that I would get in the shower straight after him, so I hovered outside the bathroom to get a good look at

his toned body wrapped only in a towel. And almost every night I fantasized about fucking him. I barely needed my vibrator to reach orgasm.

When I came home from work I would change into outfits designed to catch his eye - low cut tops revealing an eyeful of

my ample cleavage, high heels to accentuate my long shapely legs and skirts that were just short enough to ride up and just show the tops of my stockings. I could sense the build up of sexual tension between us

and I wanted to take it to breaking point.

One Saturday night James knocked on my door and said he was opening a bottle of wine and would I like to join him. I quickly touched up my make-up and undid a button on my shirt before coming down. We chatted and had a couple of glasses in the living room. He asked why I was staying at home on a Saturday night and not going out, and I said I hadn't made many friends in the area yet. He then commented that it was surprising that an attractive girl like me didn't have a boyfriend. His blatant flirting emboldened me and I answered that actually I preferred older men. He smiled and said that maybe he could help with that. He put a hand on my leg and was soon running it up my thigh to my stocking tops. Then our lips locked and soon we were all over each other. He unbuttoned my shirt, expertly released the clasp on my bra and gently pushed my legs apart so he could stroke my pussy through my damp knickers while teasing my nipples with his tongue. I unbuttoned his flies and stroked his cock though his boxer shorts. I was delighted to find that it was rock hard and even bigger than in my fantasies.

Then I decided to slow things down a bit and give him a treat. I wanted him to enjoy the sight of my young body. So I got up from the sofa and shed my skirt so I was wearing just my skimpy white panties and stockings. I caressed my tits slowly then ran my hands down my body to the curves at the top of my thighs. James removed his boxers and started slowly wanking, his eyes fierce with lust. The sight of this spurred me on. I slipped a hand inside my knickers and started running my fingers over my pussy lips.

James suddenly stood up, walked over

QUALITY ISSUES

Dear Mayfair,

Well, where do I start? I've long been hoping to see more British models appearing in my favourite top shelf magazine, and this month you've certainly pulled out all the stops! What an absolute belter 48.01 was – I don't even know where to start in featured. I guess I ought to begin with the new faces like covergirl Emma and cute little Naomi, but on top of that it was great to see such favourites as Krystal and Danielle Maye returning to your pages. On top of that, the new size (and without the customary price increase) and better paper quality marked the issue out as a real highlight in the history of Mayfair. Is it a one-off, or can we expect this sort of quality from now on? Either way, many thanks for brightening my January!

Colin, Canterbury.
Is it a one-off, Colin? Well just take a look at the magazine you've got in your hands now and I think you can answer that one yourself! And many thanks to



everyone else who's written in about the new look 48.01; it's always nice to be told whenever we do something right! -

to me and pressed his muscular body against mine. His hands reached round to fondle my bum. It felt so good to finally have him naked in my arms, his straining cock pressed against my belly. Then he broke away and pulled my knickers down. Holding my hip with one hand, with the other he pushed a finger inside my silky pussy and probed me expertly, making me gasp.

I wanted to show him that despite the difference in our ages I had enough sexual skills to make him as turned on as I was. I lowered myself to my knees and licked his cock all the way up from the base, then with one hand gently gripping the bottom of his shaft I slid my lips up and down over the tip of his cock before going deeper, taking as much of him into my mouth as I possibly could.

When I sensed he was on the brink of coming I stopped sucking, looked up at him and asked if he wanted to come in my cock out and rest it on my arse cheeks.

Once I had recovered James once again took control and told me sit on the sofa. He gripped my legs by the knees and

"HE STRADDLED MY CHEST, LEANED FORWARD AND PRESSED HIS COCK INTO MY CLEAVAGE."

spread them wide apart. Then he lowered his face to my pussy and started to explore my clit and my hole with his tongue. Up to now I had only had oral from lads the same age as me and the difference of having a much more experienced man

> While I got my breath back he used my pussy juices to lubricate his swollen shaft. I loved the sight of him wanking off over my splayed body. Then he told me to lie on the rug on the floor. He straddled my chest, leaned forwards and pressed his cock into my cleavage. I realised what he wanted and squeezed my breasts around his dick so it was engulfed by my soft tit flesh. His shaft was well lubricated with my pussy juices and slid easily up and down as he pumped harder and harder. I hadn't been tit fucked before and loved the dirtiness of it, especially when he shouted out "Fuck I love your tits, I fucking love fucking your tits". Occasionally I released my hands so I could suck a good mouthful of his cock, and then lick its tip, so that I keep it slippery.

> Eventually he moaned and his cock exploded, firing streams of hot jizz over my tits and on my face, which dripped down to my tits. I scooped it all up and rubbed it over my nipples.

> Since then every morning James and I manage to fit in a quickie before I leave the house, which gives me lots of naughty thoughts to help me through the boring days at work, and then we pick up where we left off in the evening!

was astonishing - it was the best I had ever had. James seemed to intuitively sense what turned me on the most from the way my body responded. The combination of two fingers working quickly in and out of my pussy while his tongue gently teased my clit brought me to another shuddering orgasm.

Karen, Camden.

BIRD WATCHING

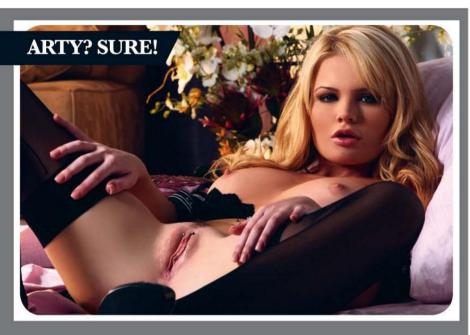
Dear Mayfair,

I thought my days of sexual adventure were over at my age (I'm 58 with a wife a grown up kids), but that changed a bit a few weeks ago. I'm writing to you as I'm bursting to tell someone!

It all started a couple of months ago when I was walking my dog in the park. I always took him late at night so it was quiet and walked the same route every time, but one evening

in particular I heard some moaning noises coming from some bushes. Amused, I put it down to a courting couple and continued on my way. The same thing happened again a few days later - I heard some giggling and murmuring coming from the same bushes - and again the night after that. I remember thinking to myself on the fourth night, 'the filthy buggers, they're at it again!' but I can't say I thought anymore than that; I certainly wasn't intrigued or excited by it.

About a week later, I was reading an article in the local paper about how a number of people had been arrested for doing something called 'dogging' in a nearby Continued on page 44



Dear Mayfair,

Congratulations on what is a great magazine. Nude photography throws up some fascinating issues for me – for example, the use of cosmetic surgery to achieve an ideal of female beauty. There is plenty of debate as to whether this is a good or bad thing and, regardless, where did this ideal come from in the first place? You have featured several 'surgically enhanced' models in your pages, but wouldn't it be a better idea to celebrate and promote natural beauty? After all, surely there are endless ways for a woman to be sexy without resorting to expensive and potentially dangerous procedures? Also, after seeing your nod of approval to the latest New Erotic Photography book in 47.13, I couldn't help wondering if Mayfair would consider featuring something similarly artistic and

mysterious as a contrast to the regular 'come-to-bed' photo shoots. The set featuring Alexis Ford in 47.11 is a great example with its dark atmosphere and use of light and shade. The line between 'art' and 'pornography' is blurred and leaves room for photography to combine the two.

Just some thoughts - other than that, keep up the good work!

Thanks for your thoughts, Daniel - as you might have seen in our last issue, we're definitely interested in blurring the line between erotica and porn a bit more, and we hope you liked the results! As for the enhanced versus unenhanced debate, it's always a tricky one. We try to celebrate female beauty in all its forms here at Mayfair, and firmly believe pages... - The Ed.

mouth or fuck me. He didn't answer. Instead he almost threw me across the room towards the sofa. He got behind me and grabbed me by the hips. I realised he wanted to fuck me from behind so I thrust my arse back at him, stretched my arms across the sofa and tilted my head back. The tip of his cock found my pussy lips and then he thrust his prick into my wet twat right up to the hilt. Soon he was pounding away I was moaning and panting like an animal. I hadn't had sex in months and my pent up frustration was finally being released. It was so much better than playing with my sex toys! Soon I had a huge orgasm which made my whole body shake. My pussy was spasming so much James had to pull his













n case any of you were wondering how on God's Earth Tommie Jo didn't make it into the British babelicious issue that was 48.01, here's your answer – we decided to keep the busty beauty up our sleeve for 48.02! After all, spare a thought for your poor hearts; we asked our staff doctor if including TJ along with last month's bevy of babes was a responsible thing to do. Naturally he asked to look at the pictures in question – in the privacy of his own office if you want to know – before shouting his verdict through the door; probably not, but it would take him a good week or so to make up his mind for certain. Well, by that time the last issue was already put to bed – as indeed was our medico, once he finally staggered out of his consulting room with this set of pictures clasped in his sweaty fist.















She's practically 6 feet tall, has stupendous curves and possesses an incredible sexual appetite that's seen her catapulted to the top of the porno firmament in the space of two years. Is there anything not to like about homegrown hottie Paige Turnah? Not much, as we find out...



ntelligent, sarcastically quick-witted, well-spoken and eloquent (*But enough about me! – The Ed.*), 24-year-old Paige Turnah is not what you'd usually expect from a porn star. She may only have been in the porn world since late 2010, but the British babe may already be a familiar face to the missus – even if she's not partial to a bit of blue – because back in 2011, the sultry stunner was chosen to appear on ITV's This Morning for a live debate with ex-adult performer Teresa Scott about the porn industry. Paige handled herself beautifully and articulately, defending pornography and

I LIKE HARD ANAL. I LIKE TO SEE GIRLS GETTING FUCKED REALLY HARD IN THE ARSE!

describing how positive her experience of the jizz biz had been so far. Anyone watching the show was left in little doubt that this girl knows exactly what she's doing and just how much she loves her job – and we were all left applauding.

Considering her classic pin-up girl looks, allnatural 36E-27-38 curves and hazel coloured doe-eyes, you'd be forgiven for thinking that Ms. Turnah is all sweetness and light, but in truth she has one of the filthiest potty mouths we've heard in some time, which is really saying something! Her energetic and enthusiastic on-screen performances, as well as her peachy bum, have caught the attention of big-name studios on both sides of the Atlantic, making her one of Britain's most exciting new girls to watch. And

despite only having made 23 flicks so far, she has already discovered what she likes and doesn't like sexually. Luckily for us, there's not much on the dislike list, but her like list grows ever longer - facials, threesomes, lesbian and interracial trysts, fetish... even fisting and watersports are all in Paige's repertoire, and in April last year she added anal to the mix, for US pornmeisters Brazzers. One thing she hasn't done on-screen yet is double-penetration, although she has admitted in an interview to having tried it in her private life. That said, she says she doesn't count it out in the future, but don't hold your breath, dear readers! And what about watching porn at home, what turns this goddess on? "I like hard anal. I like [to see] girls getting fucked really hard in the arse.' Oh what a coincidence, Paige, us too! It should come as no surprise to learn

that she has already worked for such big

MF Presents...

names as Playboy, Viv Thomas, Brazzers, Twistys, Relish and New Sensations in her short career; Paige Turnah is the perfect porn package that directors and fans alike can't help but be seduced by. She may be quite the sex kitten now, but only a couple of years ago she was living an average life; working as an airline flight supervisor (not an air hostess, as is frequently reported); modelling occasionally; the idea of fucking for a living a mere pipe-dream. She says, "I did that for 3 years and I travelled the world. but I got to that point where I didn't enjoy it anymore and I was starting to not like myself, so I left. And I always wanted to do this [porn] but never thought I'd get the chance to." A lucky coincidence, then, that while earning a bit of cash doing part-time modelling, she was booked for a photographic fetish shoot with Harmony Film's porn aficionado, director Tanya Hyde. Paige mentioned her XXX ambitions and was instantly cast in Hyde's next production.

Between shooting her first movie in 2010 and it being released the following year, work came flooding in for Paige, and she began shooting for numerous UK-based production companies, webcams and cable adult channels, such as Television X, Babestation and Sexstation TV. All this, along with her hard-working ethic and fun personality added up to her becoming popular with fans, filmmakers and talent alike, and, unsurprisingly towards the end

of 2011 she was acknowledged by the adult industry, winning the UKAP Award for Female Performer of the Year. Hardly a surprise, really, as she easily steals any scene she's in. Ironically, it was the day after winning this award that Paige embarked on the biggest stage in her career as she flew to America for the first time to work for giants Brazzers and Reality Kings – two shoots which catapulted our homegrown honey up into the dizzy heights of fame (well, in porn terms, anyway!).

Standing at an impressive 5'11" without heels, the gorgeous glamazonian has 36" legs – legs that we'd really like to climb... And we'd have to, to get anywhere near her! So, would Paige consider dating a shorter guy? She laughs, "Sorry, no. Guys have to be taller than me... I'm 5'11". But with my addiction to wearing killer stilettos I'm around 6'3"! I wouldn't date a much shorter guy, even if he had a huge dick." Damn, that's all of us out then. OK, so what's she like as a partner?

She admits, "I like to cook, I like to clean, I like to fuck a lot, but I'm very difficult to be with. I'm not very emotional; I'm very closed off." She's starting to sounds more and more like our perfect woman, here at the *Mayfair* offices! This busty brunette truly was made for the XXX biz; watching her being spitroasted then pronged by two huge, black cocks at once, for internet site Blacks On Blondes, was the stuff dreams are made of. Well, our dreams, anyway! When asked about that super-sexy scene, all she had to say was,



"Considering I'm a big girl, I've got a very tight pussy!" So now you know. And we knew that she would get more recognition as time went on, and we were right; she won the 2012 Shafta Award for Best New Starlet, the 2012 UKAP Award for Female Performer of the Year again for the second year running and (at the time of going to press) had been nominated for Best Foreign Female at the 2013 AVN Awards.

It's no lie that Paige came into the industry prepared; it was something she had wanted to do for a very long time and she obviously had a game plan. While working alongside all the different directors, producers and fellow porn stars on set, she shot a lot of scenes for her own website, www.paigeturnah.com, which she launched in June of last year with great success. She updates it regularly with videos and hardcore photo sets, and is a regular on Twitter (@Paige_turnah) and her webcam show (Adultwork.com), keeping her

growing fanbase around the world in touch with her and very happy. If you haven't seen any of this vamp's work yet and don't know what the fuss is all about, then you should check her site out, or, if you're more interested in her movies, may we suggest Tanya Hyde's Psycho Sex by Harmony Films or Slurpy Throatsluts from Evil Angel, both of which see Paige at her filthy best. Oh, and we also like the latter's title!

So what more could you possibly need to know about this voluptuous vixen? Well, her favourite swear word is 'cunt', she has a fetish for fully-fashioned nylon stockings and (as well as a dragon and kanji on her

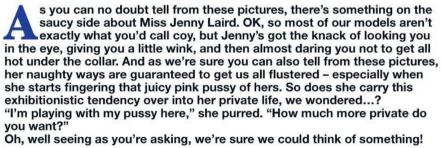
back and lettering down her right ribcage with a small butterfly), giving a glimpse of that wicked sense of humour, she has the words 'lucky you' tattooed just above her pubic hair line, which we think is genius. Genuine, funny, intelligent, cheeky and fun to be around, could she be any more desirable? We see a very busy and successful future for Ms. Paige Turnah – just watch this space!



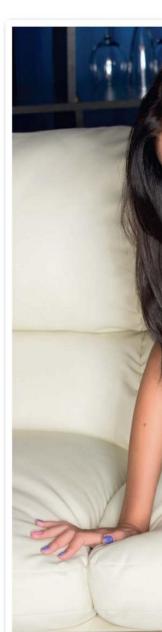
"I LIKE TO FUCK A LOT, BUT I'M VERY DIFFICULT































21st CENTURY TOYS

Time now to stop whatever it is you're doing and slip your metaphorical hand deep into the warming tech-muff of JAMES SAINT. There now, doesn't that feel nice?

rushing through 2013 faster than Katie Price in a cock factory. Naturally, leading the way in this temporal charge is our good old friend 'technology' – the cold, emotionless omnipresence that, regardless, is more reliable and less likely to stab you in the back than any human friend. And with that firmly in mind, I've gone in a different direction for this month's column by using words to describe the things you can see in the accompanying photos, things of a gadgety bent. "How is that a different direction?" you may ask. Well, ask away, because this is a magazine and I can't hear you.

So let's not have you wasting any more time babbling away at an inanimate object like the local mental case at the bus station and, instead, dive straight into this month's fine selection of gadget goodness.

And on a final thought: Amber Heard; up the arse...

Tini-copter £30

"Hold me closer, Tini-copter!" - as Sir Elton of Songs About Dead Blondes so famously sang, inspiring in absolutely no way whatsoever this miniature aerial marvel. Behold; the only way a tiny chopper will ever impress a lady, the remote control allows you control of speed, height and direction within a 10 metre range thanks to its 3.5 channel infrared transmitter system, freeing you to flyby and 'buzz' all members of your household, be they human or animal.

The Tini-copter itself is rechargeable and a full battery makes for a flight duration of around five to six minutes (it's a tini-battery too!), whilst the controls require six of your finest AAA batteries. So, if you've ever imagined yourself as Stringfellow Hawke from seminal 80s copter series, Airwolf, or T.C. from seminal 80s copter-featuring Hawaiian detective series, Magnum P.I., or even Cody Allen from seminal 80s copter-chasebased Californian detective series Riptide, then your dreams are extremely unlikely to become reality... but you can at least have a bit of fun.

> www.50fifty-gifts.com





i-box Twist £70



We've seen many takes on the portable speaker over the years in this timeless and unlikely to be cancelled any time soon column [Dream on! – Ed.], but the difference between those and this is quite simply: I was so impressed with the review model, I used my own hard-stolen money to buy one. With this year marking the beginning of my quest to become the Modern Day Noah by knobbing two of every nationality of woman in the world, I realised I'd need something to keep me entertained during those times when I can't walk due to having too keep my cock in ice, and this is perfect.

Lightweight, good looking, rechargeable and packing stereo speakers for 2x 2W output, the Twist links to your blower via Bluetooth, controlling tracks and volume from both your phone and the simple circle of buttons on the top and, also another added selling point in terms of my globe-trotting gonorrhoea gathering, there's even a built-in noise cancelling microphone that lets you use the Twist as a speakerphone and, by extension, allows my mates to hear me hard at work. Twist on that!

> www.iboxstyle.com



But what, I hear you moan nasally, I haven't got £70 to spend on your splendid Twist thing, but still want my music freed from the confines of my phone or tablet in a quality manner? To which I say: get a better job and clear your nose out immediately. Or, seeing as there aren't any jobs these days thanks to the cutbacks that have seen us all pitched out of work in an effort to save the economy, how about you have a Pat Butchers at the mini-marvel that is the Music Angel Friendz.

An uncomfortable-pocket-sized dynamic delight, despite measuring just 75 x 50 x 52mm, the Friendz is a stereo speaker than links to any audio device via a 3.5mm jack and then pumps out an astounding 6W (2x 3W) of sound. And it's decent sound too – hard to believe as it might be given the diminutive dimensions; even at full volume.

Featuring a rechargeable battery good for 120 hours of playback on a single charge, if more power is required, just buy more and daisy chain them together to create a wall of sound even Phil Spectre couldn't shoot through!

> www.mobilefun.co.uk

In these hectic 24/7 days of the 21st Century, do you long for simpler times? Times when 70s TV and radio personalities weren't being accused of being horrendous cock-monsters on a daily basis; times when it was possible to pass a whole day without feeling the need to let someone know what your present 'status' was, and when reviews didn't always begin with questions? Well, get the cock use to it, loser – this IS the 21st Century and this is how it rocks, so suck it up!

However, while I loathe your weakness, I can offer a little respite in the shape of 8-Bitty. Taking you on a good harking right back to the early days of video gaming, the open interface portable controller can link wirelessly over Bluetooth with your 'i' or Android flavoured phones and tablets and instantly allow you total gaming control over hundreds of arcade and emulator apps.

Including full eight button control, comprising four facebuttons, select, start, two shoulder-buttons and a D-Pad for directional movement, the pocket-based play system not



only takes two AA batteries (also old school), it also takes you back in time to an era free from the stresses and strains of modern life; you pathetic pissant.

>www.firebox.com

BenQ LM100 £150

Underwater adventurer? Photoobsessed mountain climber? Clumsy fucker? Then have we got the camera for you! This is the LM100 compact digital snapper from



BenQ and it's designed directly for those both those who live a life of high octane thrills and ham-fisted fuckabouts alike.

When it comes to getting wet – steady, missus – the LM100 can perform for up to two hours at depths of up to five metres which, unless you're Jacques Cousteau, you'll need no more; and he's dead, so even he's not anymore. Shockproof too, butter-fingered bollocks can mishandle the camera from a height of up to 1.5 metres without the thing distributing its inners all over the floor.

But it's not just harder than a concrete Rottweiler, the LM100 also allows a fair degree of digital creativity, with optical options such as Colour Accent Mode to let you enhance one colour and desaturate the rest into black and white, Lomo Mode for cool retro effects, Web Auction Mode for creating one colossal collage pic, and Panorama Mode which should be obvious.

Available in Blue, Red and Orange, don't go on any adventure or continue to try to document your Frank Spencer of a life without one.

> www.benq.com

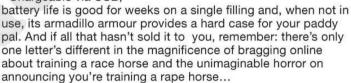
ZAGGfolio for iPad 3 £98

Yes, yes, yes, we all know the iPad (like any tablet PC) comes with its own built in virtual keyboard, thus negating the need for an actual keyboard, therefore being classified as a tablet. But wait. Unless what you're writing is utterly worthless to everyone else, such as a blog or the next Katie Price 'novel', and it really doesn't matter how badly spelt, punctuated or edited your word-wank is, virtual keyboards are no match for their non-

virtual counterparts. Fact. Which is exactly why this exists: to stop you putting the lowercase 'i' in 'idiot' every time you type.

Hooking up via Bluetooth, and hewn from carbon fibre, you simply have to pop your overpriced Apple into the ZAGGFolio's hinge (in portrait or landscape) and you're away, knocking out finely finger crafted creations and not just moronically stabbing feckless fingers at a screen that just doesn't care, or even move.

Chargeable via USB,



> www.firebox.com

















34_www.paulraymond.com

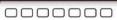






















DACIA... THE DAY!

Anything interesting come out of Romania lately? Well yes it has, as our man behind the wheel finds out...

eople love to reminisce about the fashion and music of the 1980s. But they don't look back so fondly at the cars. Think beyond Bodie and Doyle's Ford Capris and Arthur Daley's Jaguar XJ, and there were some ghastly things on our roads - many of them British-built. Thankfully, the Trabant never made it beyond the Iron Curtain, but Lada and Skoda did, bringing misery to thousands of motorists who thought they were buying something exotic.

To a lesser extent, Romania was also represented on our driveways back then, with the godawful Dacia 1300. Fortunately, not many people remember it, so while VW

40 www.paulraymond.com

has had to invest millions in marketing to change the perception of Skoda, Renault needn't do the same now it's reinvented Dacia (pronounced 'Datcha' by those in the know) in the UK as a budget brand. And besides, most drivers will be distracted by the 1980s-style price... as the Dacia Sandero supermini is Britain's cheapest new car, starting from just £5,995.

YOU DON'T GET THE HIGH-OUALITY FEEL OF THE LATEST RENAULT, BUT EVERYTHING IS SOLID ENOUGH...

It doesn't look especially cheap. The wide, attractive grille and large Dacia badge are shared with the company's other models - the Duster SUV and chunky Sandero Stepway crossover - and the overall dimensions are very similar to a Ford Fiesta, with nothing offensive about the shape. Buyers choosing the sub-£6k entry-level Access model can have any colour as long as it's white, with black bumpers, but higherspec Sanderos are offered in a range of paint shades and with a body-coloured finish to the bumpers. The steel wheels can be replaced with 15-inch alloys for £425 extra, too.

Inside, there's enough room to smuggle a hated communist dictator and his wife out of the country before they're shot, and the five-door-only body makes access to this roomy interior easy. The boot has more space than a Renault Clio, with its 320-litre capacity expanding to a maximum of 1,200 litres when the rear seats are folded. You

don't get the high-quality feel of the latest Renault supermini - some of the plastics are a bit on the cheapy side - but everything is solid enough given the low price. And while a





but it's no East European deathtrap.

Buyers going for the cheapest model will have to make do without air-con and electric windows, while even essentials like a stereo are dealer-fit options, But the higher-spec Ambiance and Lauréate models come with a decent amount of kit, plus great-value extras: a seven-inch touchscreen display with sat-nav is only £250.

When you're paying such a tiny amount of money for a new car, you don't expect it to drive well. But Dacia has borrowed mechanicals and expertise from Renault to deliver a surprisingly capable package. The entry-level Sandero is fitted with a 1.2-litre petrol engine that provides 75bhp and 107Nm of torque. Performance is a bit gutless, with 0-62mph in 14.5 seconds and a 97mph top speed, plus the car's green credentials are nothing to write home about, with 47.9mpg economy and 137g/km CO2 emissions. But for the price, it's not half bad. And if you're willing to spend a bit more, Dacia offers the choice of a nippy 90bhp, 900cc turbo petrol model, which is 3.4 seconds faster from 0-62mph, or a 90bhp 1.5-litre dCi diesel that promises a whopping 74.3mpg and 99g/km (for free road tax). Both engines are sourced from the latest Clio, so should prove strong and reliable, while prices start at £7,395 and £8,395 respectively in Ambiance spec, and rise to £8,795 and £9,795 in top Lauréate spec.

Whichever Sandero you plump for, a safe, predictable driving experience is guaranteed. In a straight line, the car is smooth and composed, and rides relatively comfortably. Even on motorways, road and engine noise isn't too much of an issue – only in the 1.2, which needs to be revved quite hard to make decent progress.



The Dacia's budget status shines through in corners, with poor body control, while the steering could be sharper and more precise. But once again, you have to remember the price – and bear in mind that most people at this end of the new car market couldn't care less about how their car handles. If it's cheap to buy and run, plus safe, spacious and reasonably comfortable, that's all that really matters. And you have to say that the revolutionary Dacia Sandero ticks every one of those boxes. There's nothing decadent about it, so it's perfect for the current economic climate, and is sure to be a hit.

"IF IT'S CHEAP TO BUY AND RUN, PLUS SAFE, SPACIOUS AND REASONABLY COMFORTABLE, THAT'S ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS."



SPECIFICATIONS

DACIA SANDERO 1.2 ACCESS

PRICE	From £5,995				
ENGINE	1.2-litre 4cyl, 74bhp				
0-62MPH	14.1 seconds				
TOP SPEED	97mph				
CONTACT www.dacia.co.uk					



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Continued from page 05

beauty spot. I couldn't help but wonder if that's what was going on in the park recently. The idea of some slut getting a good seeing-to in the open air was such a thrill, I decided to have a closer peek next time I heard anything. Not that I was considering joining in, you understand - the only thing on my mind was getting an eyeful of some action!

Over the next few weeks I looked forward to walking the dog like never before! Whenever I heard moans and giggles I'd get as close as I could without being heard myself, and managed to catch the occasional flash of tit or arse through the bushes. Although I never saw any more than that, I'd still go home with a solid hard-on and bone the wife. She even asked what was wrong with me one night, as she hadn't been so satisfied for years!

Then, one night, as my dog and I followed our usual route I noticed a bloke waiting off to the side of the path, very close to the 'erection section' of the park, as I'd nicknamed it. Although slightly miffed that I wouldn't get my semi-regular aural and peep show, I casually went to walk straight by. As I neared him, though, he nodded at me and said, "Alright? Time for your nightly watch and wank?" I was gobsmacked and reddened instantly. I thought he was going to knock my block off for spying, so was surprised when he chortled and continued, "Hey, relax, it's OK! Glad you've been enjoying the show! The thing is, we've all had a bit of a chat and wondered if you fancied having a go yourself as you're obviously so interested?" I couldn't believe it! Okay, I was getting off on ogling their dogging fun, but joining in? My head was in a whirl - could I? Should I? What about my wife? I had never had any sort of wild sex and here was an adventure being handed to me on a plate. My stomach was churning with nerves, but I felt something inside me snap and, swallowing my nagging doubts, I told the guy to lead on.

MUFF-TY CLUB

Love the latest issue - one or two of the sets were a bit on the soft side for my tastes, but given that there were so many babes in there, I don't think it'd be fair to complain about that too much - and besides, what I've really written in to say is thank you for printing those wonderful picture of Jade Samantha and her deliciously inviting muff! I realise they're hard to come be in the modelling world these days, but there's just something about a proper set of pubes that takes me back to my younger days of thumbing through your magazine, and it always brings its own special thrill! Let's have some more pubes soon, please! Derek, Grantham Well Derek, you're not wrong - they are hard to come by these days, but we'll definitely keep our eyes open! – The Ed.



blokes so close up was even better than porno! My cock was throbbing in my pants; I desperately wanted her to be sucking me instead. I was surprised that any feelings of guilt or doubt were now overshadowed by my intense desire for this hussy.

Now she started to concentrate on one of the men, and the rest of them gathered round for a closer look. She bobbed up and down on his cock until he warned her that he was going to come. Taking his cock from her mouth, she wanked him for the few last strokes until he plastered her face with his milky jizz.

I freed my dick from the confines of my trousers. The feeling was almost electric when her warm, wet tongue first made contact with my helmet, making me jump. She smiled before sliding her lips all the way down my shaft, until I felt my member hit the back of her throat - all while her tongue rippled around my cock. She bobbed her head up and down; her lips pulled tight around my length like a pussy, grabbing my arse cheeks and pulling me forward, encouraging me to fuck her face. I obliged, thrusting in and out of her mouth, hard and fast. She used her teeth to catch the edge of my helmet every now and then, a trick I'd never experienced before, and... Wow! Unsurprisingly, I soon felt my ballsack begin to tighten and I knew I was ready to shoot my load.

Obviously the woman knew her stuff because she immediately grabbed my balls and gave them a gentle tug, pulling back from my cock at the same time. She timed it perfectly, my sticky cream catching her square in the face and making her gasp.

As she grabbed her discarded knickers again to wipe her face and moved on to her next cock I muttered thanks, but I'm not sure she heard me. I know it sounds awful, but I didn't wait to see what happened next. I rearranged my clothes, grabbed the dog and left. I felt a bit dazed by what had just happened and had to pinch myself a few times on the way home! Since then I've been walking the dog by a different route, I suppose because I feel guilty - and there's no way I could ever confess to the wife! I don't know if I'll go back, but it was the dirtiest, horniest thing I've ever done!

Justin, Southampton.

"SHE BOBBED HER HEAD UP AND DOWN; HER LIPS PULLED TIGHT AROUND MY LENGTH..."

I tied the dog's lead to a nearby bench and followed the guy into the bushes. What met my eyes on the other side almost made me spunk in my pants, instantly! A good looking woman, about 40, kneeling on a rug with her skirt bunched up around her waist and her knickers discarded to one side of her. Seven blokes were standing around her in a circle, and there were a couple more keeping watch, including the guy who had approached me. Apart from the lookouts, all the men had their cocks out ready, wanking themselves off while waiting for the woman to come to them, which she did, in turn. I strained my neck to get a better view, just in time to see her take two fresh dicks in her hands and feeding them greedily into her mouth, sucking and licking away like there was no tomorrow. Seeing this bird noshing off two

She wiped the mess from her face with her knickers - classic chick! - before moving onto the next guy. She deepthroated him, almost gagging each time, making my prick throb even more. This was just too horny a sight! After a few minutes, she stopped sucking and, aiming his cock at her still-clothed tits, milked his prick hard. A moment later he came over her top, leaving it wet with a creamy pool in her cleavage.

I was standing there, agog, my brain trying to process the fact that yes, this really was happening, when she turned to me. I noticed that streaks of spunk spattered her hair as she looked over at me. "Your turn," she said, nodding at my trouser-tent. "Well go on then, get it out!"

I hesitated, but then the thought 'fuck it!' ran through my mind. Joining the circle,





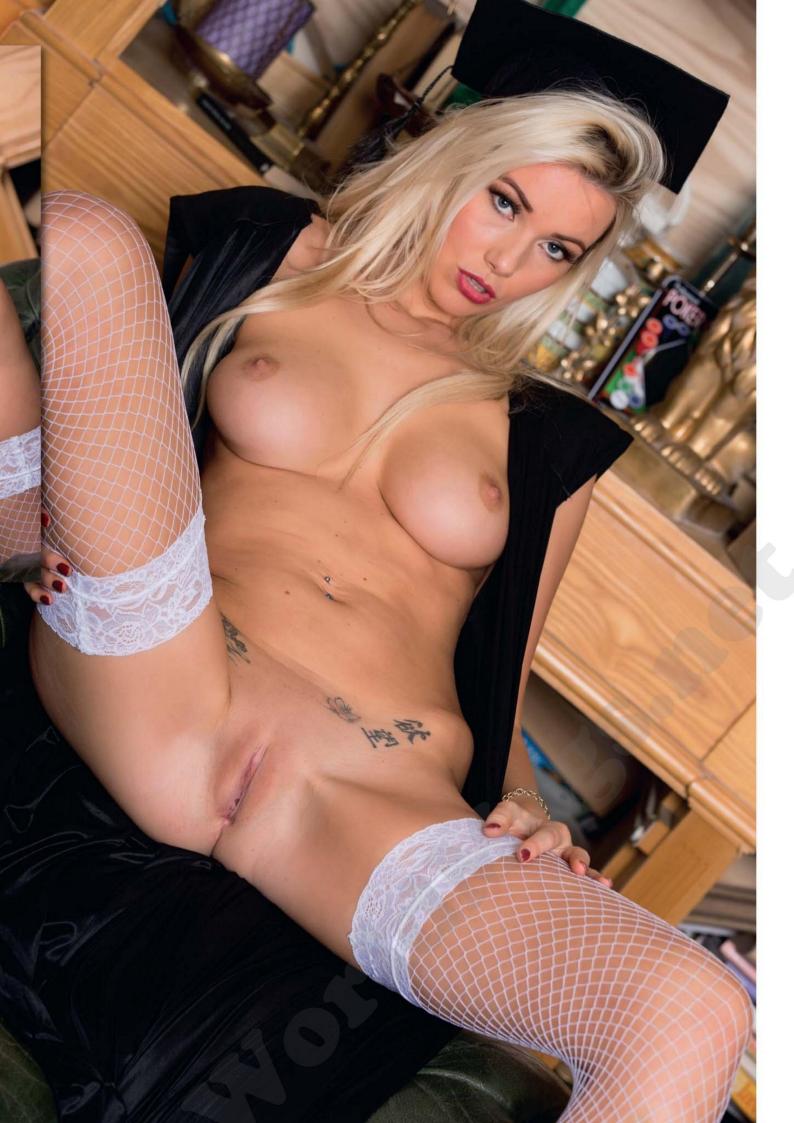
yes, we know that a few of you got a bit antsy when On The Job went for a Burton last issues, but worry not - here we are again, knocking at delicious Mayfair newbie Hannah Zebedee's ivory tower and begging for admission! And while we were busy shooting her in her mortar board and gown, the girl let slip that she is indeed taking a degree course at the moment, so these pix aren't quite so fanciful of some of our other OTJ sets have been in the past. Hmm, could you imagine turning up for a lecture and having Hannah here stroll out in front of you to deliver it? University attendance rates would rocket although we're not sure any of her students would actually learn anything they didn't already know...



















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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:	 	
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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):

QUEST...

There's nothing better than a good old knees-up, is there? - especially when it's combined with a good old-fashioned knee-trembler as well!

he last party I attended was a lot of fun but as usual my boyfriend Nick was drinking hard. It was just another thing to add to the list of reasons for dumping him and when he passed out around midnight I just

Name: AMANDA Age: 23 From: DURHAM midnight I just shrugged and decided to enjoy the rest of the night. It was a pretty posh event, and,

while I knew hardly anyone, there were lots of men to dance with. Nick's friend Tom was the one who had invited us and it was the first time I had met him. I liked what I saw and felt instantly attracted to him. And no wonder: he was hot, well built, well dressed... and sober!

Noticing Nick sleeping in an armchair, Tom strolled over, pulled me into his arms and started dancing with me. I had been hoping he would notice me and moved willingly into his embrace and soon we were dancing really close, our bodies rubbing against one another in all the right places.

For the rest of the night he kept me close and when the rest of the guests left, Tom took control of the situation by easing Nick's shoes off, flipping a blanket over him and leading me towards his bedroom. I did not object; it seemed the most natural thing in the world, especially as I was feeling horny.

Tom's room was fantastic. His bed was enormous and I felt elated that I was actually going to get laid and not by my drunken fool of a boyfriend. Tom showed no sign of guilt at all about stealing his mate's girl, and I smilingly undressed for him, tantalising him as I rolled my stockings slowly down each of my shapely legs and allowed them to drop onto the carpet.

Tom watched me eagerly, fondling his

cock through the fine cloth of his expensive trousers as I continued to undress for him. He ripped off his shirt, popping a button in his haste to get naked, while I slid my little black dress sensually down my shoulders and shimmied out of it. All that was left was my tiny black lace bra and panties. They were a set and the fragile silk and lace felt decadent against my

skin. I retained these for Tom to remove when the time was right.

His naked body looked magnificent and when he threw back the covers I eagerly slid onto the bed and held out my hand to touch him. Tom slid onto the bed beside me and began kissing me all over. His cock was slightly larger than Nick's and I felt like it was my birthday when I saw how rigid it was.

With extreme pleasure I went down on it, first

WHEN HE CIRCLED
MY CLIT WITH
HIS THUMB MY
PUSSY CONVULSED

IN WAVES OF

PLEASURE...

licking around the head to lap up the pre-come oozing from his Jap's-eye. I closed my eyes in appreciation as I tasted him and my head bobbed and my cheeks hollowed as I sucked hard on his beautiful rod. Tickling the rim of his cock-head I sucked him to the best of my ability until he begged me to stop before he came, whereupon with a sigh of contentment I allowed his cock to slide from between my willing lips.

Still breathing heavily Tom rolled me onto my back, straddling me as he sucked my nipples through the thin lace cups of my bra. His tongue seemed to ignite every nerve ending

in my body, every inch of which sizzled with desire as he teased my nipples until they were erect and throbbing. I arched my back as my pussy ached for attention, trying to push it as close to his cock as possible. Tom's cock responded by pressing against the thin lace barrier of my panties but as yet he made no attempt to remove them.

I wriggled in under him, half crazed with the need to feel his cock inside me, but Tom made me wait until he was ready. Sliding down my body, he spread my legs, gently stroking the sensitive skin of my inner thighs, while licking and kissing his way towards my throbbing slit. Then he began nibbling and sucking at my pussy through the gusset of my panties -driving me almost insane with excitement.

My hips bucked as I tried to create enough

friction to come, but Tom held me back by easing off every time I came close. I was mewling with frustration by the time he finally tugged the juice-soaked gusset aside and gently eased one, then another finger inside me. My pussy clenched tightly around his digits and when he lightly circled my clit with his thumb my pussy convulsed in waves of pleasure and my orgasm exploded in wild spasms of delight.

As waves of pleasure throbbed through my cunt I reached for his hard appendage, stroking it with admiration and need. Our lips met and we kissed, out tongues entwining as our bodies thrilled with passion. His already erect member seemed to grow even larger as my fist tightened around the shaft and in his excitement he ripped the gusset apart, and, rearing up over me on his powerful arms he pushed his cock hard between my soaking wet labia.

I gasped. My pussy gripped around his thick member, convulsing and spasming as tingles of pleasure pulsed to my nipples. My whole body was on fire with sexual electricity and I bucked my hips, meeting each of Tom's thrusts with equal enthusiasm. He continued his





his hands between my legs, cupping my pussy firmly, in typical John style. "Ah!" he whispered in my ear. "It's no-knickers night, eh?"

The evening went by with a bang and before long everyone was pretty hammered. The venue had an all-night licence, so there was no time limit on the revellers' fun. At about 3am, I nipped out the back to have a cheeky cigarette when John caught up with me. "I've been looking for you everywhere!" he grinned, "X has requested your company in the VIP room, so get your pretty arse in there pronto!" And with that, he tapped me on my PVC-clad behind.

I couldn't believe my luck! I'd bumped into this guy randomly before and fancied him like mad. I did as I was told and headed towards the private room at the back of the dark club, slicking on some fresh lipstick as I went. Knocking softly as I opened the door, I was surprised to find X alone and waiting for me. Somehow, I thought he'd have an entourage around him at all times. He smiled and patted the seat next to him on the huge sofa he was sitting on. As I sat, the door opened and John walked in, grinning inanely. I was handed a glass of vintage champagne, which I took as my cue to give both men a little private show.

Pulling my dress zip down enough to reveal my ample boobs, I slowly poured the champers over my tits. The bubbles danced around my stiff nipples like a thousand little wet tongues, all working together to get me

"I PUSHED HIM BACK ONTO THE SOFA, UNZIPPING MY DRESS TO REVEAL MY FIT BODY AND NEATLY-TRIMMED BUSH."

assault on my pussy even more vigorously, sending waves of pleasure through my whole body until I was thoroughly fucked. I was trying to catch my breath when he paused for a second, then slammed back inside me hard and fast, fucking me again even more furiously than before.

As my pussy began to spasm again I felt his cock jerk hard inside me and then he shot his massive load deep inside me, basting my pussy with his come as he jetted the last of it into my trembling slot.

ast autumn I was made redundant from my job in the City. I'd spent three years working as PA to a high-powered – and high maintenance – company CEO, and had seen it all. Late nights in the office full of tarts and Colombian marching powder were a weekly, if not daily, occurrence, but I loved their 'work hard, party hard' ethic. I was devastated when they let me go; that kind of money and lifestyle usually only comes once in a working lifetime.

After quite a few weeks of sulking and spending my redundancy payout, an old friend got in touch, offering me a job. He owned an events company and needed an experienced party girl to help organise and manage all manner of private parties and events – and had thought

Name: KIMBERLY

From: BARNET

Age: 25

of me. John and I had partied (and fucked) hard together for years, so we both knew I'd be perfect for the role. I was thankful and relieved to say the least, as I'm pretty sure a 'normal' 9-5 job would have destroyed me!

My first soiree - and introduction to

the company – was a New Year's Eve party for a well-known TV celebrity. (I can't reveal his name obviously, as I'd ruin his five minutes of marital bliss, so for the sake of this letter, I'll call him X.) It was to be a lavish affair, with sexy hostesses, indoor fireworks and numerous weird and wonderful performers including fire-eaters, stilt-walkers and trapeze artists hanging from the ceiling. My responsibilities included keeping an eye on the bar staff and hostesses on the night, mainly to make sure the champers – and anything else – kept flowing. My overall aim was to keep everything under control and out of the New Year's papers!

X had requested that all staff wear PVC, so John asked me to go buy some sexy outfits – hotpants for the guys and French maid costumes for the girls. Grabbing his American Express card, I headed to a sex shop and picked up the garments he'd asked for, as well as a horny black PVC mini-dress with a full-length zip on the front, and some killer heels, for yours truly.

A VPL was not an option that night, so as I got ready I made the decision to leave the underwear behind. I always feel so naughty when I go commando! Piling my long hair on my head, I knew I looked hot – and I felt horny as hell. Something John did nothing to help when I met him at the venue a little later; as I embraced him the cheeky sod slipped



wet and horny. I rubbed the booze in before sucking it off my fingers, sexily. It obviously did the trick as X leapt forward and took my tit in his mouth, sucking away for all he was worth. As amazing as that felt, I wanted to be in control so pushed him back onto the sofa, unzipping my dress to reveal my fit body and neatly-trimmed bush.

Keeping my heels on, but otherwise totally naked, I knelt down and told the boys to unzip and unleash their cocks. They didn't hang about, and within seconds I had two gorgeous pricks in front of me, just ready for the taking. Wrapping a hand around each length, I wanked them off, taking turns to suck and lick them into a rock-hard frenzy. I soon had



pre-come dripping off my chin as I slurped and gobbled on their delicious dicks, both men now moaning, eyes closed, as they relished my oral talents.

Suddenly, John moved me around, so I was now sat on his lap, my legs spread wide apart. Not missing a beat, I continued to suck on my celebrity cock as John plunged his fingers roughly inside my soaked slit, knowing exactly how to hit my G-spot and make me climax quickly. Being the good-time girl that I am I knew I'd be coming again a few more times that night, so happily let loose and within a few minutes I sprayed my juices all over John's lap. "Fucking hell!" laughed X, "What was that?" I grinned at him. "Never seen a squirter?" I asked. Seeing him shake his head, I continued, "Then why don't you come and experience it for yourself?"

He wasted no time and kicking his trousers off, he took John's place near my dripping pussy. But instead of inserting his fingers as I'd expected, I felt the head of his perfectly formed prick nudge the entrance of my snatch before pushing all the way in, right up to the hilt. I let out a moan, the pleasure in my full



"I FELT THE HEAD OF HIS PERFECTLY FORMED PRICK NUDGE AT THE ENTRANCE OF MY SNATCH BEFORE PUSHING ALL THE WAY IN..."



fanny almost too much to bear and I knew my next orgasm was only a short time away.

Drowning in my juices, his cock easily slipped in and out of my hole. He started off far too gently, so I began to shag him hard until he picked up the slamming rhythm, too. As X banged away at me I tried to suck John's dick, but the fucking I was getting made it really difficult to concentrate – especially when I looked at the TV star above me, groaning with lust. It was too much for me and I came hard; my orgasm washing over me in huge waves, a low wail emanating from me as pussy juice gushed from my cunt like a geyser.

My climax subsided but he continued to pummel into me, his fingers digging into my hips and I could tell he was close to coming. I grabbed John's cock and deep-throated him, wanting to feel both men's spunk in me at the same time – and I wasn't disappointed. Hot liquid filled my mouth as John shot his load violently and the sight of come trickling out over my lips set off X, who then emptied his balls deep inside me, filling my pussy up. He pumped away as I came again, spraying thick, fast and all over him. He held himself in me until his last shuddering pump of jizz had spilled out of him.

Catching our breath back on the sofa, I looked down at my come-stained body. Our sweaty, sticky bodies seemed to merge into one – we had made one hell of a mess!

"Won't people be wondering where you are, you naughty boy?" I teased X. He grinned as he gingerly trying to clean himself up, then got dressed and left, kissing me goodbye and thanking me for "a wild time".

The party was a huge success and I had a fantastic night. I'm really looking forward to my next event – I reckon this new job is going to suit me just fine!

I'd wondered why Jamie was so keen for me to accompany him to this particular party – he'd contacted work for me and arranged to swap my shift so I could go with him. It had made me curious but he'd been evasive when it came to describing why it was so special, although he insisted that it was going to be brilliant. I knew he was hiding something and I was proved right – what he had neglected to tell me was that it was going to be an underwear party.

"It's just like being in your bikini on the beach," he protested, when I let my feelings be known.

"I'm not surrounded by all your mates when I'm on the beach," I pointed-out. I'm a very private person and the idea of all Jamie's mates perving over me wasn't something to relish. However, by the time Saturday came round, Jamie had won me over – partly by buying me a very expensive underwear set which he thought made me look hot. After a lot of preparation, I had to agree that I looked sexy and I was satisfied that all my bits were covered when I examined myself in the mirror.

It was weird going out to the taxi with just a flasher-mac covering my undies. I was paranoid about how I got in the car and how I was sitting – I didn't want the driver to know that I was practically naked. Only as I was

on the way to Jamie's did I have a sudden doubt as to whether Jamie might have been pulling a fast one - what would I do if he came out fully clothed? I needn't have worried - as he jogged down the drive wearing one of his Dad's overcoats he gave me a quick flash as if to confirm he

was wearing only a pair of boxers.

"Come on then, give us a peek!" I carefully pulled the top of the coat open to reveal the cups of my 34-Bs. Jamie slipped his hand inside my coat and groped me.

Name: TRICIA Age: 28

From: BEDFORD

"Get off," I hissed, trying to fight him

off as he slipped his thumb inside the cup and started stroking my nipple. I couldn't stop him without drawing attention to what he was doing, so I just put up with it... which only encouraged him and he quickly re-arranged his clothing to hide the fact that he'd pressed my hand around his erection. The driver seemed oblivious and despite my anxiety, I started stroking Jamie's cock. By the time we arrived at the party, we were both extremely horny. We couldn't stop touching each other as we waited at the front door. It was a house party, but what a house - an enormous double-fronted new build. Apparently it was the fantasy home of a famous architect and it had something of the fairytale about it. After a long wait, we were let in by Steph, a girl who dated a lad I liked when we were at school. She was a rival back then, but she greeted me like a long-lost best friend.

"Come in, come in," she enthused. "Let me take your coats." Steph was wearing a tiny yellow bra and panty set and as she turned round, Jamie and I both stared at her bare bum - it was a thong and a proper 'cheese-grater' at that. Steph's costume made me feel positively overdressed but I still blushed when she brazenly looked me up-and-down. I had to dig Jamie's ribs with my elbow to get him to close his mouth. She was all kinds of gorgeous.

It was a great party in an amazing house. Of course everyone took the chance to look at the bodies on display... but so long as you stayed away from the hot-tub, that's all that happened - people looked. The hot-tub was a different matter altogether. It was clear from the sounds leaking into the house that all sorts of debauchery was going on out there. Jamie gave me the eyes, pleading to go and have a look. I was just as curious, and eventually I let him pull me outside.

The first thing that stood-out were the tits. Every girl in view had removed her bra. There were tits in every direction you looked; big, small, saggy, pert - I'd never seen so many in one place before. And there in the pool were Steph's tits, bubbles lapping around them as she leaned back unconcernedly with a glass in her hand. I couldn't stop looking at them - and her, and neither could most of the guys. She caught me looking and pulled herself out of the water in a movement which would've been run in slow-motion on TV. The water cascaded down her body and everyone watched intently as she approached me.

"No bras," she said, smiling wickedly. "Here allow me." Steph handed her glass to Jamie and moved around me to unclasp my bra. I wanted to stop her but was too shocked and too excited. I was going to be topless in front of everyone: they were going to see my tits. She did it teasingly, undoing the clasp and then used her hands to hide my flesh even after the material had fallen away. As if to heighten my embarrassment, she called for everyone to watch as she pressed in behind me, holding my breasts in her hands. "A countdown," Steph announced, "from 10..." The gathered crowd started counting down.

"Your tits feel amazing!" The words were whispered into my ear, a message just for me. "I don't want to let them go." I could feel her hands squeezing, just as Jamie had done on the way to the party. It was dangerous and exciting, especially given some of the comments that were being called out. I moved my hands down and gripped both cheeks of Steph's burn as I rubbed my back against her body. I felt her gasp against my neck. "You're making me horny." My stomach churned and as the countdown reached zero, I brought my hands up over Steph's and squeezed.

"Me too," I whispered, and pulled her hands up above my head. The gathered crowd egged me on and I did a pirouette and kissed Steph. She kissed me back and I was suddenly so horny that I thought I would burst. Fingers rubbed my pussy through my knickers and I reciprocated, except Steph's knickers were so skimpy that my fingers were touching bare flesh. With no effort at all, I eased my fingers inside her. My knickers were pulled down from behind - meaning I was performing a naked lesbian show. Although as Jamie's cock sank into my pussy, it wasn't strictly lesbian.

As Steph broke away from the kiss I looked round at the people sucking and fucking all around us. Pairs, threesomes, moresomes everyone who had stayed had followed our lead. I'd been the catalyst which had turned the party into an orgy. And as I looked back at Steph, I realised what I wanted - I wanted to see Jamie fuck her. She may have stolen my schoolgirl crush, but I wanted to share my boyfriend with her.

"Lick me, please." I saw the hunger in Steph's eyes as I lay back on the decking and she moved down between my legs. Jamie looked confused and disappointed. "Why don't you fuck her?" It felt good to make such a naughty suggestion to my boyfriend. He quickly moved in behind Steph as she wriggled into position.

My pussy was a molten pit of excitement as I watched the shockwaves from my boyfriend's eager thrusts pass through Steph's



body. She eased two fingers inside me and pressed her lips and tongue over and into my wetness. I orgasmed the instant her tongue touched my clitoris. It was a raspingly sharp pleasure which had me crying-out into the night. But she just kept going and I enjoyed the feelings as they started to rise again. I closed my eyes and imagined her tasting my juices, savouring them, swallowing them. My body shook as a second

NEXT MONTH

 BACK TO NATURE Got a confession? Then send it

along to Quest, Mayfair, PRP, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU or email it to mayfair@paulraymond.com

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orgasm overwhelmed me and as I lay back, Steph and Jamie fucked themselves to a climax.

"Perhaps we could take this party inside?" Steph suggested hopefully. I was in control here but I could see the hungry looks on both of their faces.

"Party for three?" I smiled. "Why not?"





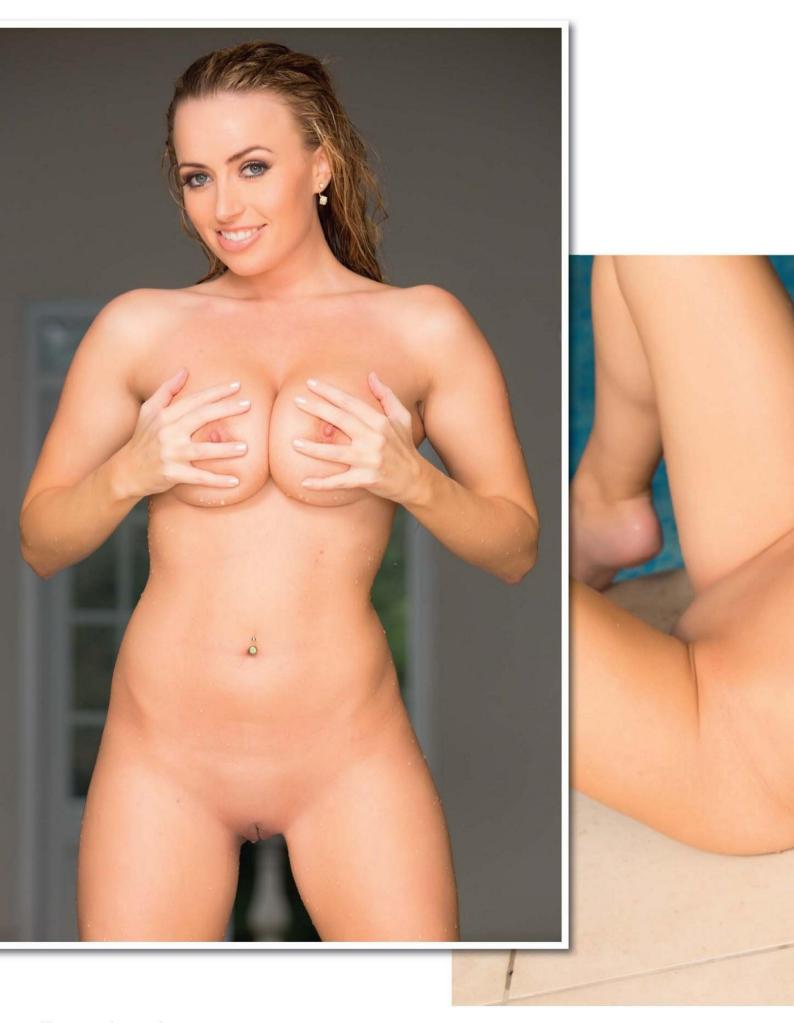


o and behold, if it isn't another sizzling Mayfair debutante – this time in the wondrous shape of Eastbourne lovely Holly Gibbons! We'd always imagined Eastbourne was jammed full of old folk who like nothing more than shuffling round the shops in sensible slacks before heading home for a cuppa and some crazy Countdown action, but if they've got girls like Holly knocking about, then clearly we were wrong!

"No, you're pretty well right!" Holly admitted. "Sure, there are some hot girls down there, but we don't tend to go out in Eastbourne too often – the pace is a bit on the slow side!" Hmm, well thanks to these pix, at least it's not just the old folk of Eastbourne who'll be enjoying a good shuffle...



















GENTLIEMS 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 guy walks up to the counter in a big city chemists and asks for a quantity of cyanide. The pharmacist inquires what he wants it for.

The bloke says: "It's to kill my wife." "I'm sorry Sir," the pharmacist replies stiffly, "but if that's your intention I can't sell you cyanide."

elephant looks at the line of charlie, hangs his head in shame, then shrugs his shoulders and clumps off at speed through the wood with the giraffe and the little rabbit.

rabbit cries. "Hey, Bear, you shouldn't do that, think of your health! You'd be so much better off running in the woods!"

squints at his syringe, then at his heated spoon. Finally he runs off at full tilt with the giraffe and the elephant.

they come across a swigging his way through a case of

rabbit scampers up to the Tiger and says, "Hey Tiger, you really shouldn't do that. Think of your..." But before he can finish the sentence the half-plastered tiger starts punching the crap out of the little rabbit.

The giraffe grabs the tiger and pulls him off the little rabbit. "What the hell are you

The tiger gets in one more punch and snarls: "That little fucker really pisses me off; he always makes me run around the bloody woods when he's on ecstasy."



A nurse in a psychiatric institution walks into a room and sees a patient acting as though he's driving a car.

Mickey says: "Driving from London to Aberdeen!"

and asks, "How are we doing?" Mickey says, "Exhausted. I just got into Aberdeen."

it's so much better for you, and it's fun!" The

Shortly they happen on a grizzly bear about to shoot himself up with heroin. The little

The bear little rabbit, the

Eventually Bengal tiger Scotch. The little

doing, man?"

She asks him: "Mickey, what are you doing?"

The next day she enters Mickey's room

Her next stop is the room across the hall, where she finds the patient lying naked on his bed wanking frantically. Shocked, she demands: "Bob, what are you doing?!" Bob says breathlessly, "I'm knobbing Mickey's wife while he's up in Aberdeen!"



A little girl walks into the living room and asks her mother: "Mummy, may I take the dog for a walk around the block?"

"No, I don't think so. Fifi is in heat," replies her mom.

"What does that mean?" asks the kid. Embarrassed, and not wanting to get into a biological discussion with her young daughter, her mother says: "Why don't you go ask your daddy? He's in the garage."

The little girl goes to the garage. "Daddy, may I take Fifi for a walk around the block? I asked Mummy, but she said Fifi was in heat, and that I had to come talk to you."

Not wanting to have the necessary biological discussion either, the father says: "Bring Fifi over here." He takes a rag, soaks it with petrol, and scrubs Fifi's arse with it. "Okay," he tells his little girl. "Now you can take her for a walk - but keep her on the leash and only go around the block once."

The little girl leaves, but when she returns a short while later the dog isn't with her.

"Where's Fifi?!" her father demands, agitated and annoyed.

She should be here in a minute," the little girl tells him brightly. "She ran out of gas about halfway round the block and another dog is pushing her home."



A truck driver goes into a whorehouse and hands the Madam five hundred quid. He says: "I want your ugliest woman and a cold baked beans sandwich."

The Madam smiles and takes the dosh, "For this kind of money, you could have one of my hottest girls and lots of extras."

The truck driver says, "I'm not horny -I'm homesick."

A bloke goes to see his doctor, complaining that he can't get

The doctor says: "Hmm. You'll need to have some work done to bring back your sex drive. I can do it in a series of operations over 30 days costing f_{i} 7,000 – or I can do it in one operation right away... but that option would cost £15,000. Why don't you go home and discuss it with your wife?"

The next day the bloke returns looking fucking miserable. The doctor asks: "Well? What did you decide?"

He says: "We're going to have the kitchen done."



line of coke. The little rabbit squeaks: "Oh, Elephant! - you really oughtn't to do that! You should come running with us in the woods -

The guy opens his wallet and produces a

The pharmacist looks at the photo of the

nastiest, most unattractive woman he has

sorry sir, I'll just fetch your cyanide. I didn't

A little rabbit is running happily at great speed

through the woods when he comes across a

He slows, hops up to the giraffe and says,

"Hey, Giraffe. You shouldn't do that! Think

of your health! You should be running in the woods instead!" The giraffe looks at the little

rabbit, looks at the spliff, sighs, shrugs his

off through the woods with the little rabbit. After a while the giraffe and the little rabbit

come across an elephant about to do a

shoulders, tosses the joint aways and gallops

ever seen, blushes and stammers: "I'm

realise you had a prescription."

photo of his wife.

giraffe rolling a joint.







hat with us being the classiest magazine on the top shelf and all, it's only fitting that we've got a special place in our hearts for the super classy Jasmine! She's rather well-spoken, for starters, and when we asked about it she 'fessed up she went to a private all-girls' school for seven years. Well that got us thinking, of course, about larky nights in the dorm, pillow fights and the like... so did any of that actually ever go on?

"Yes, of course it did!" she laughed, "we were

"Yes, of course it did!" she laughed, "we were always getting up to hi-jinx like that! But as for anything else naughtier, I really couldn't comment..."

OK, in that case we'll just have to use our imagination, then!











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Scene from MAYFAIR

Hmm, we'd always though that they only released pretty crappy flicks straight after Christmas, but it looks like this year a few studios have decided to buck the trend. Just as well for us, really...



LOOPER

hat is it about time travelling movies that means they never really make any sense? Arnie being sent back to protect John Connor – who would never even have been born if he hadn't already been sent back to try and kill his mum? It's all total and utter nonsense, isn't it? And yet we can't help returning to the whole theme time and again, like we're in some sort of perpetual loop. Oh, hang on – do you see what I did there?!

This flick is definitely at the brainier end of the time-travelling spectrum, which is not to say it isn't a full-velocity actioner as well. Time travel has, towards the end of this century, finally been discovered, but because it's such a total head-fuck it's promptly

outlawed. Still, not everyone keeps within the letter of the law, do they, and so it's the crims who really take to the whole thing, using

A cracking movie
that bristles with
that bristles with
intelligence and
daring moves.
The Ed

time travel to dispose of enemies by sending their victims back into the past to be clipped by a 'looper' – a hitman who takes on these jobs from the future and is paid, rather craftily, with bars of silver strapped to their victims. All well and good for the loopers, except one day they're obliged to kill their older selves as a way of closing the loop...

Enter Bruce Willis, a looper who's reached the end of his usefulness and is sent back to be killed by his younger self (Joseph Gordon-Levit)... but Brucie's just too hard to take it lying down! So there you have it – the perfect set-up for a crackling movie that bristles with intelligence and daring moves. Throw in Emily Blunt and this is a whole lotta film that's easily worth two hours of anyone's time.



s fans of Quentin Tarantino will be all too aware, the classic spaghetti western character of Django is being disinterred about now for his new release Django Unchained.



Well, it's a pretty safe bet the film will feature some fast-paced dialogue and some stylish set pieces, but another characteristic of Tarantino flicks is that they send us all back to the archives to take a peek at their forerunners. Inglorious Basterds referenced (rather blatantly) a movie with the same name (but spelt correctly), while Kill Bill, Reservoir Dogs and Pulp Fiction have all worn their references squarely on their sleeves. This time round, of course, it's Sergio Corbucci's original (and hugely stylish)1966 Django that's coming in for a bit of a revival. And what do you know, the film's only gone and been released on DVD and Blu-ray by Argent Films! It's a memorable flick - very violent (banned here until 1993, in fact!) and cynical, but with a great score and all the spaghetti tropes we know and love. And as well as that, Arrow Video are releasing the previously unavailable sequel, Django, Prepare a Coffin on DVD. All in all, that's plenty of Django to be going on with!





LAWLESS

racketeer leanings!

ans of Boardwalk Empire have been sating their thirst for the illicit liquor of prohibition gangsterism for a couple of years now, but if they still haven't quite wetted their whistle yet, here's another slice of Great Depression era underworld action to keep them going. And how's this for a bit of pedigree? – the screenplay was written by none other than Nick Cave, while the cast includes Gary Oldman, Guy Pierce, Tom Hardy and Shia LaBeouf. Whereas Boardwalk's set in the burgeoning urban environment of Atlantic City, Lawless is a far more rural affair – the action revolves around a moonshine still in Virginia. There's plenty of your double crossing and gangsterish scheming, and the film looks good as well – deffo worth a shufty for those with

neir thirst

CANGSTERS BROTHES HERCE

LAVILESS

Reprose with



FEAR AND DESIRE

tanley Kubrick's one of those directors who didn't muck about churning them out – each film took years of pre-production, and it shows, with flicks like 2001, The Shining and Barry Lyndon all still very highly regarded – but of course no director starts out like that. Even Kubrick had to make a name for himself in the first place, which is what makes this release from Eureka such an interesting proposition. Fear and Desire is his very first feature film, dating back to 1953. Sure enough, Kubrick's photographer's eye (he'd been a snapper prior to turning to directing) shines through in this tale of war between two unidentified countries. For lovers of film history, this release offers a rare chance to see the birthing of a legend.

THE SWEENEY

his British offering from last year was bound with a certain portion of the home audience – let's face it, you can hardly mention *The Sweeney* to most 40-something blokes without them going all misty-eyed and chuckling to themselves about fondly remembered lines such as 'Put your trousers on you're nicked!' and the like. Sure enough, the line gets a dusting off here, with perennial cockney hardman Ray Winstone stepping into John Thaw's shoes as the Guv'nor, while Plan B and general polymath Ben Drew tries out Dennis Waterman's slip-ons for size as his sidekick. It's an effective actioner, too, although aside from the names it's not that Sweeney-ish...



PRINCIPAL PRINCI

SAMSARA

ell we're not going to give away the plot with this one, because there isn't one. What we have here is something of a follow up to *Baraka* and *Chronos* – so if you've seen either of those films, you'll know what we mean. Basically the film's an extended meditation on just how fantastic and, erm, spiritual the world is. Yes, quite, it's a bit New Age-y (except, of course, that Hinduism, Buddhism and all the other influences are definitely Old Age-y), but what really makes the film shine – especially on Blu-ray, if you're that way inclined - is the breathtaking cinematography which takes us on a tour of the world and its magnificent sights. Definitely one to sit back and allow to wash over you...



MAYFAIR Movies

Time and tide wait for no man - and neither does the pile of scruff that builds up on our desk every month! But when it comes down to it time and tide can go stuff themselves - we're watching the porn...





CAST: Ash Hollywood, Brett Rossi, Kendra Lust, Kris Slater, Lia Lor, Marcus London, Ryan McClane, Seth Gamble.



hen Marcus London abandons his family to shack up with his secretary (Ash Hollywood), his daughter (Lia Lor) and wife (Kendra Lust) are as distraught and shocked as their acting abilities allow them to be. Soon, however, dad's betrayal begins to have a strange knock-on effect on Lia and Kendra. Lia becomes an extremely successful lesbian slapper, while her mother submerges her sorrows in the company of toy boys.

Selfish Marcus can also be seen getting his oats by the nosebag, with Ash squirming around on his naked lap as though she has a really itchy arse.

Meanwhile his daughter wrestles her equally blonde Sapphic roommate, Brett Rossi, in Lia's college dorm, their fingers and tongues working the kind of erotic magic that only two girls, or a girl and a eunuch, or a girl and a tranny, or a girl and a bloke who's caught his knob in something and brought the severed organ to the hospital packed in ice that little bit too late to reattach can possibly conjure.

As for Kendra, she develops into the ultimate cougar, seducing and bedding helpless young men – they are the real victims here – then kicking them out of bed after the facial and continuing to do everyday ordinary MILF stuff like washing dirty knickers and hold-up stockings, putting on the tea and doing the ironing.

Kendra develops into the ultimate cougar, seducing and bedding helpless young men...



ADAM & EVE'S GUIDE TO THE KAMA SUTRA

CAST: April O'Neil, Isis Taylor, Lea Lexis, Misty Stone, Shazia Sahari.

busty blonde "therapist" talks a succession of would-be fuckers through "25 legendary positions" from *The Kama Sutra*, a dirty book written in India before the advent of men's magazines. Considering that the instructional stuff with people riding each other is a bit on the short side at 73 minutes, it would have been nice if the DVD included an interview with the author, one Mr Vatsyayana, but at least it ships with his book featuring ancient and sinister illustrations.

Though surprisingly erotic for an allegedly educational look at how many unlikely ways you can do people if you have the energy and are not subject to gravity, the feature neglects to mention or explain the proper names of the positions. For example, what we call "doggy" is actually "The Congress Of The Cow". I know my Sanskrit. Indeed, all "sex positions" are more traditionally called "congresses".





Hence the "soixante-neuf" or "69" is more properly called The Congress Of The Crow, and the political sitdown at which the victorious Coalition nations carved up Europe after Napoleon's defeat as The Congress Of Vienna.

My only real complaint, having read the book, is that this whole flick should have been not just instructional but intense, bizarre and horrifically filthy.



CAST: Jesse Jane, Riley Steele, Charley Chase, Keiran Lee, Jynx Maze, Nacho Vidal, Tommy Gunn.



igital Playground contract blondes Jesse Jane and Riley Steele return as gorgeous, bad-ass bounty hunters, guns on hips and backed up by Keiran Lee as they hunt down drug thug Nacho Vidal.

If you're not familiar with the cocksmith playing the two top quality sploshers' quarry, be grateful. Brick shithouse Nacho is 21st Century pornography's Bluto, swinging girls round his head by an ankle, slapping them off the floor and walls cartoon-style and choking them as he shags their apertures to rags. He even makes Bluto-esque grunts and "hmm" noises while so engaged. And yet, he's very precise

in some respects. I once saw him write his name in sperm on a birthday cake, albeit in rather shaky block capitals. Then force the three girls he'd just cartoon-screwed to devour it.

When Jesse and Riley burst in, jugs first, he has just head-poked (presumably pretend) druggie Charley Chase, dragged her around by her hair and tossed what's left of her aside. Bellowing, he escapes, leaving our two bounty hunters with plenty of downtime to fuck colleagues, beg for facials and that sort of thing.

Nacho is finally betrayed mid-hump by the bint on the end of his fearsome donkey dong and led away in plasticuffs, all shouty and growly.

Private

THE LUST BOAT

CAST: Aliz, Donna Bell, Angel Summers, Anthony Rossi, Choky Ice.

s a youngster I remember watching
The Love Boat on TV each week and
wishing fervently there was something
else on the other channel. This DVD is a
parody of that abominable series, shot aboard
cruise ship The Pacific Princess, where
passengers and crew members fell not – as La

passengers and crew members fell not – as I always hoped – over the side into the jaws of sharks, but for each other.

The Lust Boat cast impresses with its unwillingness to bandy cheap puns about "seamen" and "the poop" while shagging each other aft over tit and not watching where the ship's going.

Chief culprit for not watching where the ship's going is Captain Anthony Rossi, who spends his time shafting his blonde assistant Donna Bell on the deck – each in their white nautical uniforms. It's a scorching scene and the crystal clear water sliding by as they knob adds a little extra magic... though I should have been just as content to watch three sailors perform a number from On The Town with mops





and buckets in the background.

Highlights include almost everything, with tasty women being ridden like Aquaman astride his giant seahorse and a steamy foursome among the ship's engines, which actually run on Bunker Fuel Oil, so I'm guessing the steam had to be coming from the women's fannies.

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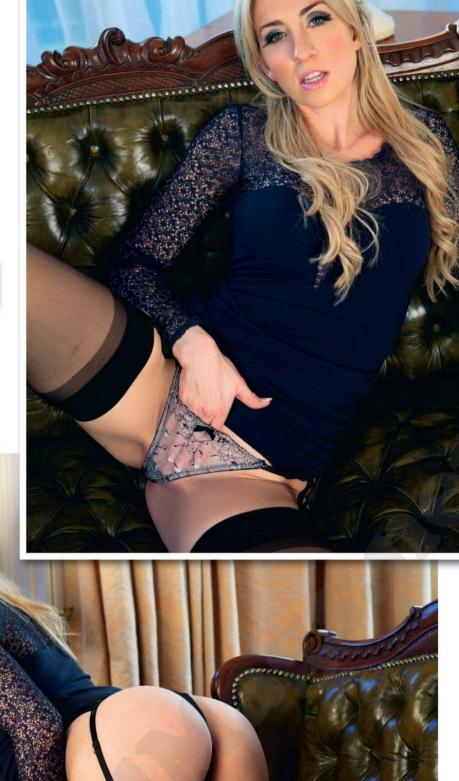






Age: 27 **Vital Stats:** 34D-25-35 5'6" **Photographer:** APD Nudes

000000















hy what's this we've got up our sleeve? Here we are, practically 100 pages into the mag and we're unveiling another *Mayfair* debutante? Well yes, that's exactly what we're doing – so allow us to introduce the warm and welcoming charms of Miss Perri Doran – a Nottingham babe who's delighted to be getting her mimsy out for the nation's favourite higher shelf periodical!

favourite higher shelf periodical!
"I certainly am!" she gushed. I've been thinking about trying my hand at modelling for a couple of years now, but it's a big step for a girl, showing her bits off in a magazine... then I heard *Mayfair* might be interested and, well, here I am!"

And we're certainly glad you are here – seven empty pages wouldn't have been anywhere near as stimulating!













TV's wife left him at the brothel 09097 967 007

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Sam Petite 5' 2" 30DD new to this but keen to meet up for fun & maybe more. MAILBOX: 09097 967081

Jessica: 18 Student looking for rich older guy to help me though Uni. All offers considered! I'm not shy!

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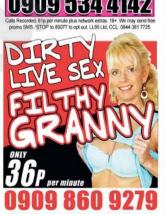








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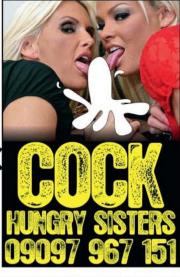














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mm, Emma Green last issue, and now the splendidly nubile Stacey Saren – there's certainly something to be said for Welsh babes, isn't there? Perhaps there's something in the water there or something; if there is, we reckon everyone ought to write to the government and demand that they put it in the water everywhere else as well!

Ahem, anyway, along with so many other British babes so far in 2013, this is Stacey's *Mayfair* debut, and wasn't she made up about it? When she turned up for this shoot she was grinning from ear to ear – in face it was hard to get a decent sexy pose out of her at first. Lucky the Ed's got a secret technique that always wipes the smile off a pretty girl's face...

















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Kimberly Single mum-doesn't get enough! I'm looking for No Strings SEX only!

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Joanne Blonde 32DD - Midlands very dirty loves All ways! MAILBOX No: 09097 968 100

Alison Curvy & very sexy. Looking for men to give sexy times. I'd love to dress up for you. 00007 068 102 MAILBOX No:

Sam Petite size 6 - very sexual loves to please! Anything Goes! MAILBOX No: 09097 968 106

Kelly Student, wants extra fun! MAILBOX No: 09097 968 108

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Erica, Britain's sauciest secretary, is looking for an interesting position! But bosses better beware. The 40 inch yummy Brummy is a bit of a handful. Her idea of a short hand job will leave you with a sticky mess on the desk, and when she offered to get her last employer's plonker out to "make him more comfy" he gave her the sack – and we don't mean his bollocks! "Being cheeky has always landed me in trouble," giggles the enormous-knockered 19-year-old. "As soon as things get hard, I always open my mouth and put a foot right in it – or eight inches if that's all he's got!" See what we mean?







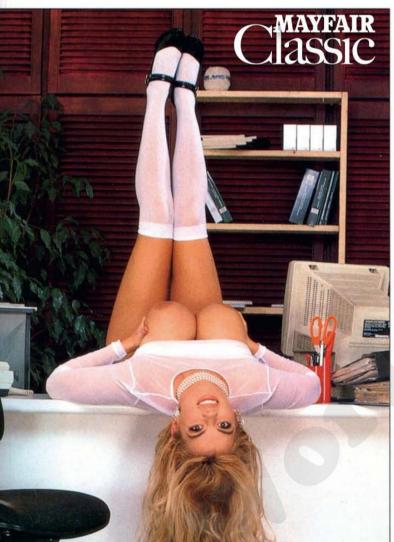






















Intelligencer

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

well without - in one handy digest!

MUSICAL CHUFFS

SEX DEGREES OF TOM CRUISE

Currently without a lady in his life - that we know of - following his divorce from sometime Dawson Creek actress and Hollywood bitparter KATIE HOLMES, little Tom (now aged

50) enjoyed two years with "evil nanny" Hand That Rocks The Cradle star REBECCA DE MORNAY from 1983 to 1985.

Vintage singer/actress CHER, some 16 years Tom's senior, says she dated him in 1985, shortly before releasing her own fragrance, Uninhibited. (No-one is speculating on a name if she released one now.) Cher's claim is very likely true, since "The Cruiser" married actress MIMI ROGERS, seven years his senior, in 1987; he was 24 and she was 31.

The marriage lasted two years and the couple went their separate ways in 1990. Following their divorce he took to wife NICOLE KIDMAN, whom he met on the set of Days Of Thunder. During Cruise's marriage to Nicole the couple endured public speculation about their sex life and rumours that Cruise was secretly gay, and Cruise, perhaps understandably, sued everyone in sight. In February 2001 Cruise filed for divorce from Nicole, who married New Zealand born US country music star KEITH URBAN in 2006.

Since 2000, Tom's name had been linked for some time with PENELOPE CRUZ. They called it a day in 2004 and Penelope went on to marry No Country For Old Men and Skyfall superstar baddie JAVIER BARDEM in 2010. Meantime, Cruise stepped out for a short while with British-Iranian actress NAZANIN BONIADI before taking up with KATIE HOLMES damaging his career by proclaiming his love for her by jumping up and down on Oprah Winfrey's couch shouting about how fabulous she was. They had a child, Suri, and divorced: which is where we came in...

In 1709: Shipwrecked Scottish sailor Alexander Selkirk was rescued from the island of Juan Fernandez, 500 miles off the coast of Chile by the pirate

Woodes Rogers. The young seaman had been marooned there, alone, and surviving entirely by his wits and ingenuity, for almost five years. When Selkirk finally returned to Britain in 1711, Rogers' account made Selkirk a celebrity. Eight years later, Daniel Defoe published

Robinson Crusoe, and jazzed it up a bit with fictional savages and an unusually accommodating slave.

In 1929: Seven Chicago mobsters were lined up against a garage wall and machine-gunned as part of the prohibition era conflict between the North Side Irish gang led by Bugs Moran and the South Side Italian gang led by Al Capone. Forever dubbed 'The St Valentine's Day Massacre', the murders were allegedly planned by the Capone mob in retaliation for an attempt to murder Capone's chum Machinegun McGurn, who had enough to contend with,

> what with parents who'd give their son the name Machinegun.

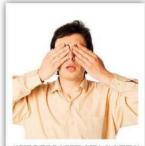
In 1964: The Beatles arrived at Idlewild airport in New York to a gigantic reception and widespread female hysteria. None of the Fab Four could believe they had succeeded in exporting rock'n'roll to its birthplace - especially with a single hit record... As a dazed George Harrison remarked to the others: "They've got everything over here. What do they want us for?'

Etiquette for the BEWILDERED

'Stoplight stagger" describes the way most of us stagger our cars at red traffic lights so that our window isn't lined up directly with the car next to ours, thus avoiding awkward eye contact.

This type of social shyness reaches its apogee in the dire experience people have in public or office toilets which has been termed "brinksmanshit". This is the scenario when two people enter adjacent cubicles at the same time, and, separated by only a thin wall which reaches neither ceiling nor floor, each deliberately delays moving his or her bowels so as not to be the one to break the awkward and intense silence with a series of grunts, oaths, plops and odours.

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



"STOPLIGHT STAGGER" AND "BRINKSMANSHIT"

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...



BATTLEFIELD EARTH

Released in May, 2000, pet project of its star, John Travolta, and based on a novel by Scientology founder L Ron Hubbard. Battlefield Earth was a major commercial flop and critical disaster. It is truly bloody preposterous and abysmal and notorious as being one of the worst films ever made.

Gobsmacked reviewers unanimously panned the movie, criticising Travolta's acting as "hammy", and bewailing

an incredibly shitty, mental script peppered with gaping plot holes. Audiences ridiculed the flick's early screenings and stayed away from the film after its opening weekend.

Directed by Roger Christian and starring John Travolta, Barry Pepper, and Forest Whitaker, the film depicts an Earth that has been under the rule of a brutal race of giant humanoid aliens called the Psychlos for 1,000 years and chronicles the mad-arse rebellion led by enterprising Earth lad Jonnie.

Travolta portrays Terl, the Psychlo security chief on Earth, who has been condemned to remain here as punishment for a vague incident involving "the Senator's daughter".

He devises a stupid plan to buy his way off the planet by making a fortune using human slaves to mine gold in radioactive areas and selects Jonnie as his "foreman" for the project, giving him a Psychlo education with a rapid-learning machine, slaves and a flying shuttle. He orders him to go out and find gold.

Instead, Jonnie gets the gold for Terl from Fort Knox, and, taking over an abandoned underground US military base housing millennium-old working aircraft, weapons, fuel, and nuclear weapons. Training the slaves for a week, he fights back, eventually teleporting an atomic bomb to the Psychlos' planet and blowing up their atmosphere.



"I should never have switched from Scotch to Martinis.

Humphrey Bogart Screen and Radio Actor Died January 14, 1957





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74 - BIG TITTED SLUTS PHONE SEX

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