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MAYFAIR

Vol.48 No.09



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MF Vol.48 No.09

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EDITOR'S LETTER

This month we'd like to dedicate the issue to our brand new future King. Prince Hasn't-Got-A-Name-Yet (as we go to print, at least) will, all things being equal, ascend to the throne in something like 60 to 70 years, when *Mayfair* will be in its 110th year, give or take. And we dare say he'll be tickled pink, when the time comes, to be presented with the first issue of *Mayfair* to be published after his birth, too, which is why we're featuring some of the nation's horniest babes! Feel free to enjoy them yourselves, meanwhile!

Matt Berry | Editor

CONTACT US

POST Mayfair, Paul Raymond Publications, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey KT12 3PU

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com

WEBSITE www.paulraymond.com

TWITTER @mayfairmag Editor | Matt Berry Art Director | Liz Davey Editorial Assistant | Rebecca Jenner Group Production Director | Andy Thorp Advertising Manager | Mark Hassell Owner | Paul Chaplin





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Sophie P59











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 PO

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

SOCKET TO ME!

Dear Mayfair,

I'm an electrician by trade, and my work takes me all over the place, although my customers are mainly small businesses and small jobs in people's homes. This particular day, I was returning to a customer's home to resolve a problem that had arisen on a repair we had previously done. When I arrived, I was greeted by Marie, an attractive lady in her mid forties, who, after a cuppa and a quick chat left me to get on with my work. The job involved wiring upstairs in a bedroom, and in order to access a certain plug socket, I needed to move a chest of drawers. As I slid the piece of furniture aside, I noticed a pair of black silky knickers had fallen down the back. Without thinking, I picked them up, put

them on the side and continued working. But as the thought of Marie wearing them flashed across my mind, I couldn't help but pick them back up, suddenly becoming very aroused. I'd never done anything like this before; I prided myself on being professional at all times. I felt a somewhat ashamed of myself and knew I should stop, but I couldn't help it and opened the top drawer of her dresser.

It was crammed full of different pairs of knickers; I couldn't see anything particularly slutty, it seemed her taste was more tasteful and elegant. I instantly clocked a top that matched the pair of knickers I had found – it was black, silky material with slim delicate shoulder straps – and clutching both that and the pants, I closed my eyes and nursed my solid erection. Hearing a noise, I quickly shoved the undies in my pocket then, pushed the chest drawers back into place before carrying on with my work. I was so turned on I could barely concentrate. It was as much the risk I'd taken stealing

HER VARNISHED NAILS SLID OVER HER SKIN AS SHE PUSHED TOGETHER HER BREASTS...

them as much as the items themselves. I couldn't wait to get home and pull the soft material of Marie's knickers over my rock-hard cock.



TRIPLE BIRD SCORE

Dear Mayfair,

I just wanted to say a big congratulations for featuring no fewer than three of my all time favourite UK models in your latest issue (48.08). I'd have bought the magazine for the opening set of

I'd have bought the magazine for the opening set of Jenny Laird alone – she's got such a naughty expression, and the most delectably inviting pussy in the business. What I wouldn't give to have a little nibble on that piercing of hers and then slip my tongue (not to mention my cock!) between her slippery pink labia! The picture on page 12 of her wonderful pussy in close-up detail was a masterstroke – and I've had many a stroke over it myself!

masterstroke – and I've had many a stroke over it myself! Then imagine my delight when the very next set of pictures was of the girl with the finest arse in the country, Jaye Rose! She's a complete contrast to Jenny, but the incredible thought of Jaye wiggling that burn of hers back towards my stiffy is one I just can't seem to get out of my head!

And then, to cap it all off, we get Megan Coxxx, back in *Mayfair* after far too long a wait! The spread of two pictures on pages 74-75 encapsulate just about everything that makes this stunner such a magnificent model and porn star!

Please keep up the good work – and don't keep us waiting so long before we get Megan back again! George. Pontefract.

George, Pontefract. Glad you found so much to keep you busy in the last issue, George! We'll have to see what we can do about Megan... – The Ed.



NON-SHAVER AVA

Dear *Mayfair*, When you went all British at the start of the year I thought that frankly you'd struggle to fill the magazine with girls who were up to *Mayfair*'s standards, but every issue you seem to unearth another new hottie or two, and you did it again this month with the stunning Ava! It was great to see a 23 year old newcomer sporting a bit of bush as well – Fawna a couple of months back and now Ava - could it be that the pube is making a comeback?! I do hope so! Colin, Leicester.

When I finished the work, I went down to see Marie in the kitchen. We made small talk as she made another cuppa and I leant over the sink to wash my hands, when, from the corner of my eye, I saw the black, satin fall from where I had hastily shoved them in my pocket, down onto her kitchen floor. They seemed to fall in slow motion, and as I lunged to grab them I noticed that Marie was a touch faster than I was and was already picking them up. I felt a wave of fear sweep over me, and panic rising in my stomach as brain cottoned onto the fact that the game was up. She began to hand them to me, then I actually saw the realisation they were hers creep in.

Marie stood staring at me and I at her - and I'm not sure who was blushing with more humiliation. I heard myself stuttering and blustering to come up with an excuse for having her underwear. Obviously there is no excuse for having your customer's smalls on your person, and I bowed my head, ready for the onslaught of a bollocking I was expecting. None came, however, and when I lifted my head again, I realised Marie had pulled her top off over her head, revealing her pert tits, and while I was watching, put the top I'd tried to nick on instead. I

opened my mouth to say something, but as she undid her jeans and pushed them and her knickers down, I was strangely lost for words. Pulling the black, satin bottoms over her dark pubic triangle, she stood there looking at me from across the room with a sly grin playing on her lips.

She walked towards me, and I admired the slim slender curves of her body and her pert breasts bouncing slightly, the black silk enhancing her erect nipples. As she reached me, she leant her body against mine and breathed sexily in my ear, "They look much better on me, sweetheart; wanna see?" I couldn't say a word - mainly because my breath had caught in my throat - but I nodded slightly, amazed at her reaction, and expecting her to throw me out at any moment. Taking hold of my hand she led me upstairs, telling me that we'd have to use the spare room because she didn't want her hubby finding out about what was about to happen.

As soon as we were both in the room, she turned into a different woman; lunging at me, snogging me passionately and rubbing against me, as she ripped my clothes off. Then without warning, she swept past me and lay down on the bed before drawling sexily, "I want you to wank off over my lingerie..." I'm sure my eyes did a comedy bulge, as my brain deciphered what she'd said. It took a minute, but as soon as it sunk in, I climbed

"AS SHE UNDID HER JEANS AND PUSHED THEM AND HER KNICKERS DOWN I WAS LOST FOR WORDS ... "

on the bed, knelt over her and started to pleasure myself, as I looked deep into Marie's eyes. She smiled seductively as I started to rub myself against the undies; the sensation I got from the silky material was really turning me on as my cock slipped over her gorgeous breast. I realised that it probably wouldn't be long before I climaxed, so I wanked myself harder and faster, as her perfectly varnished nails slid over her soft skin as she pushed together her breasts - with my dick squashed between her ample cleavage. The build-up was incredibly intense, and as the sensations burned up through my body, my stomach became tense and I started losing control. I wanked the full length of my shaft, and finally shorted as I blew my load. Hot streams of come spurted onto Marie's top again and again, as I milked my hard rod, soaking through her undies and running down onto the bed. As my pulse raced and I caught my breath, Marie silently rolled off the bed and slipped on a robe. I wasn't expecting any pillow talk, but I was a little taken aback when she then walked out of the room, saying, "Right, if you clear up, then that's it for today. I'll be in touch when the next job needs doing. Let yourself out!"

The following day at work, I got a call over the tannoy, telling me to go straight to the manager's office. I have to admit that I was shitting myself. I mean, nicking a customer's knickers is one thing, but to then go and wank over her as well, maybe I pushed my luck! Surprisingly, it was quite the opposite! For the first time ever, my boss seemed pleased with me, "Good job yesterday, Damian. The client phoned to praise your professionalism and work ethic. Well done! One thing, though she did happen to mention that you left a bit of a mess behind. Make sure you clean up after yourself next time, eh?" Damian, Bradford.

ALL FUR COAT AND WET KNICKERS

Dear Mayfair,

I've been a regular reader of your magazine for many years now - all the lovely girls you've featured over that time and the women doing dirty things in the readers' letters - so I thought it was high time I wrote in to share an experience. I'd been flirting a lot with a

Continued on page 28



Age: 21 Vital Stats: 32B-24-33 5'4" Photographer: BB Media -----Z



hinking it was time we featured a stunning British newbie to the top shelf? Well what are the chances of that - so were we! So we had a little rummage through the emails we've received over the last couple of months from girls who want to appear in the magazine and we unearthed this buried treasure - platinum blonde Charlotte! Well, we didn't hesitate before getting on the blower, and a few short days later we were in the presence of the girl herself.

It turned out Charlotte's been mulling over the idea of posing for gents' mags for a while ...

"Yes. I've got a rather respectable job which pays the bills, but I kept feeling there was a side of me that was being overlooked. I thought I was pretty enough to give modelling a go, and I finally decided to take the plunge!" We're certainly glad you did – and we can guarantee we won't be overlooking any part of you!





00000 0 000















A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBMEWS

This Time Woods May Have Robbed The Wrong Cradle

Notorious cradle-snatcher James Woods, often described as the most intellectually gifted man in motion pictures, is not showing much evidence of his IQ and may have bitten off more than he can chew with his latest surprisingly youthful girlfriend, Kristen Bauguess. (Woods is 66 and she is 20).

James, who is currently starring in *White* House Down with Jamie Foxx and Channing

Tatum, hooked up with Kristen following the demise of his seven-year romance with 26-yearold Ashley Madsen... whom he started dating when she was 19 and he was a sprightly 58. But Kristen comes with a great deal of baggage, not least her recent legal problems.

On 8th June, Bauguess was arrested and charged with speeding, failure to register an automobile, switching license tags to misrepresent, possession of a controlled substance, and possession of marijuana. The arrest occurred in Chatham County, Georgia, and the upshot result so far is suspicion on two felonies and three misdemeanours.

She also has a number of aliases, including Kristen Reaves and Kris Turken – a circumstance which some thrill-seeking journalists find extremely suspicious: though none actually say why.

But never mind all that. The two are madly and a little too publicly in love, and have been smooching it up big-time on Twitter, which was not really meant for that sort of thing at all. We wish them all the best.

PECULIARNIEWS

Navy SEALs In High Heels

Soon after retiring from two decades as a Navy SEAL, in 2011, Chris Beck began living life as a woman He had earned a Bronze Star, a Purple Heart and spent time with the exclusive Seal Team 6. In short, he was a war hero. But after Beck retired, the 46-year-old man displayed a different kind of courage, shaved his legs, grew breasts and decided to live life openly as "Kristin".

Beck's "journey" is documented in his new book *Warrior Princess*. In the biography, Beck describes the struggles behind keeping his sexual identity a secret in a profession where transgender men and women are forbidden from serving. Some hold the ban is in place because the military considers transgender members "mentally ill".

In one excerpt, Beck describes how he had to disguise himself as an Afghan man to blend in with Taliban men who expressed a deep-seated hatred toward women.

Says Chris/Kristin: "It was weird that I could grow a beard and trick them into thinking I was one of them – and really I'm an Amazon woman in disguise as a US military guy in disguise as a Pashtun!" Well we all know how that feels, don't we?

Beck, who has been married twice and who has two sons, grew up on a farm, where he says he was drawn to feminine clothes and dollies, but was pushed into being extra-super-



masculine and aggressive by conservative parents. From there, one presumes, it was only a hop, skip and a jump to becoming a killing machine and sorting out the Taliban.

Beck now works for the Office of the Secretary of Defence in the Rapid Reaction Technology Office... as a woman. S/he's also on hormone therapy and planning to have sexual reassignment surgery. Which means the wedding tackle is coming off a.s.a.p.

OVA THE Society

COMINGSOON

Knife Work If You Can Get It

MACHETE KILLS, the second film in Sin City writer-director Robert Rodriguez's Machete trilogy finds Machete recruited by the US Government for a mission which would be impossible for any mortal man. Machete (Danny Trejo) must battle his way through

Mexico to hack up an insane cartel leader and an eccentric billionaire arms dealer. Along for the ride are - believe it or not - Mel Gibson -Jessica Alba. and Charlie Sheen as the US president. Less inspiring



is the prospect of a re-hash of the old Stephen King stinker CARRIE, with Sissy Spacek replaced by teenybopper *Kick Ass* starlet Chloë Grace Moretz. In this new "re-imagining", Carrie is once again a shy girl outcast by her peers who unleashes telekinetic terror after being humiliated at her senior prom.

Another remake looks more promising, though it's hard to imagine how the brilliant South Korean thriller OLDBOY could be improved upon, even with Josh **Brolin heading** the cast. Oldboy (yes, they kept the name) follows



the story of an advertising executive (Brolin) who is kidnapped and held for 20 years in solitary confinement. When he is inexplicably released, he embarks on an obsessive mission to discover who orchestrated his punishment. The trailer looks great, but I worry about the screenplay, since it's by the same dullard who scripted *I Am Legend* and *Thor.* It's also directed by... Spike Lee. Yes, that's what I thought.

The COUNSELOR (just the one 'L', thank you very much) is a thriller about a respected lawyer thinking he can dip a toe into the drug business and survive, and is billed as *No Country For Old Men* on steroids. Certainly it's got a great cast, including Brad Pitt, Michael Fassbender, Javier Bardem, John Leguizamo and Penelope Cruz and Cameron Diaz. This said, with the unreliable Ridley Scott at the helm, it could either be a classic or a slow-motion train-wreck. Frankly, we though *No Country For Old Men* was OK as it was, before the steroidal injection. We shall have to wait and see...

PRODUCTIMEWS

If you'd like to shut out the entire world once and for all because it's getting on your tits, suicide's probably the best option. But we're not the sorts to promote that sort of defeatism, so why not try simply blinding and deafening yourself to it temporarily instead – with the fabulous new HibermateTM.



want to get to sleep when you're travelling, or the next door neighbours are screwing so vigorously and banging that headboard against the wall so loudly that you can't nod off. What you need, (according to the advertisements, at least), is HibermateTM... use it as an innovative sleep mask with removable ear muffs and you can just drift away to dreamland.

HIBER

The cosy luxury eye mask is coupled with removable "ear muffs" with soft medical grade silicone featuring sound-reducing memory foam inserts. Be warned, though – they're not recommended for wearing when operating vehicles or heavy machinery. At least not by anyone who's got one iota of sense. Simply moving about may also be a problem.

Cut Off Your Senses And Smile

Another cracking product worth bringing to your attention – if only so you can sign a petition calling for a halt to such cruelty – is this appalling device which forcibly trains young women to smile (perpetually). Shaped like a smile, you pop it into your daughter's mouth and make her keep it there, day and night, like dental braces, while it "shapes" her face.

The slogan for this frankly scary product is "Instantly Make Your Daughter Beautiful". Using

Beautiful". Using this patented rubber insert you can "take a sad face and make it into a thing of wonder". She'll thank you for it when

she eventually becomes a Stepford wife – and even if the little ingrate doesn't feel



thrilled that she had her facial musculature tampered with, at least she'll look relatively cheery while she's berating you! Either way, that puts you in a win/win situation – something which should put a smile on your face as well!

BOOKNEWS CHARLIE HUSTON and THE JOE PITT SERIES

The Joe Pitt Casebooks form a series of supernatural noir thrillers written by American author Charlie Huston, whose other works include the Hank Thompson trilogy about a young man who finds himself having to kill bent cops and crims to prevent himself from being murdered, and eventually making off to Mexico with a huge amount of drug money, and several standalone novels including 2010's *Sleepless* and the summer 2013 thriller release *Skinner*.

Each of the five Joe Pitt books chronicles Pitt's life and struggles in the underground of New York's present day vampyre clans. At first Pitt is an unaffiliated vampyre, living in between the cracks by doing jobs for various clans in exchange for blood and freedom. However, as the series progresses, this shifts and Pitt's life evolves with each successive book.

In the Pitt casebooks, penned in the middle of the last decade and very far in almost every respect from the hackneyed vampire and zombie novels which have swamped the market since then, local vampyres have loosely organized themselves into tribes, each with undead hippie coalition. He runs errands for both, and, inevitably, falls foul of both as well.

There's also a depth and an originality to these books not seen in this type of fiction since Bram Stoker was scribbling about the Count, and each novel peels back more and more layers of the truly enormous back story Huston has provided for his unlikely, yet strangely believable, protagonist.

A religious element is also involved, and Pitt even has a living human girlfriend... who's HIV positive.



their own territory on Manhattan Island. Each jealously guards their own territory from other vampyres, as their continued existence is largely dependent on being able to feed on humans unnoticed – something which becomes increasingly difficult as their population increases.

There are many clans but Joe is usually caught between two – a corporatelike association and an equally menacing



MF Presents...

She made her Mayfair debut with a cover shoot last issue, and we were so taken with the pint-sized pornster that we wanted to find out all about her. Well, here are the results of our in-depth investigation...



T is been a while since a brand new British starlet has emerged that really got us going, but that was before we discovered 23-year-old Ava Dalush. The booby beauty has a penchant for all things filthy and despite only having shot 5 porn movies so far in her year-long career, the nubile newbie has caught the eye of industry bods, who are all clambering over themselves to work with her.

I DID A LOT OF PORN HOMEWORK... POSITIONS AND STUFF!

Hailing form the north but now living in London, Ava boasts mouth-watering, all-natural 30C-24-32 curves, on tiny 5'0" stature and slight frame, so it really is little wonder that she embarked on a career in the spotlight. Or two, perhaps, as, in our research for this piece, we found that our Ava has an alter ego in the shape of Av' A Word, a straight-talkin' yoof who interviews British musicians on Youtube. In fact, on her Twitter account, @Avadalush, she writes of herself, 'what I rep is sex & music, adult film



actress, model, presenter, social butterfly, trainer addict, house shuffler!' proving that there is definitely more to the homegrown honey than meets the eye. Much more, in fact, as she is also the proud owner of a French bulldog, whom she loves walking, regularly goes out clubbing and describes herself as a "big tomboy'. A big tomboy, however, that loves to dress in kinky 6" stiletto boots and animal-print lingerie, judging by her Amazon wishlist, for her fans. Yes, you too could buy the brunette goddess a Marc Jacobs watch, or a sexy Snow White costume!

The latest in a long line of girls who started their career with industry giants Harmony Films, as such, Ava has worked with two of the best directors Britain has to offer, from the off - Gazzman and Scarlet Revell - and has fucked some of the sexiest new starlets around, including Samantha Bentley, Melody Jordan and Valentina Nappi, so we were a touch surprised that she jumped straight in to doing boy-girl, instead of waiting a while, like so many of her contemporaries. She says, "I did a lot of porn homework ... Y'know, like positions, and stuff. Obviously I'm new, so it's not all second nature yet, so, yeah, I watched a lot of porn before I did boy-girl." And we're very glad she did; her threesome with two guys in this year's Harmony feature, The Initiation of Ava Dalush, is everything you'd expect from a seasoned pork sword-swallower twice her age; gagging, deepthroating and double-dicking for all she's worth. It's an impressive talent that can, within their first 12 months in the porn biz, land her own starring vehicle and comfortably outshine her (more experienced) co-stars in the 3 out of 5 scenes on offer. However, we wait with bated breath to see what will come next from Ava; girls who start out their career with Harmony have had a history of making harder and more extreme films for them within months - Samantha Bentley started out as a glamour girl, but

was pretty soon doing on-screen anal, DPs and creampies – so keep your fingers crossed, watch this space and we'll hopefully see Ava taking it up the wrong 'un in the near future!

2013 has also seen the buxom sex kitten - which "loves getting destroyed and abused" shoot a huge 30-person spunkfest for Oray In Ibiza, from Private Films (to be released later this year). It's her second title for the masters of glossy, hardcore Europorn, the first being Private Specials 73: Fuck Me in my Jeans, showing that she started at the top, and she has no plans to lower her sights.

When asked, Ava says her big, brown eyes are her sexiest feature - and don't get us wrong, they are beautiful, but here at Mayfair, we're pretty keen on her tits and arse, too! Although we're not entirely sure what type of man she goes for, she did confide the most important detail to us, "It's not size [of a dick], it's the motion in the ocean," so start practicing



your techniques, guys! But surely a porn star of her quality is aloof, stuck-up and unapproachable? Not so. Ava reveals that she is actually very down-to-earth: "I'm a pretty sociable person and I love to flirt." Can this woman get any better?

Watching her in action, she's so confident that you may think that the tattooed lovely knows exactly what she wants sexually, especially when her obvious tastes include blow-jobs, threesomes, lesbian action and facials, but she may have a surprise or two for you: "I'm still developing as a person, sexually, so I'm trying new things; I kind of like the spanking fetish." She is, however, a big favourite with foot fetish fans; hardly surprising as her tiny, and perfectly formed, size 3 feet are always nicely kept, with toenails polished. Although she has also worked for websites catering for the smoking, nylons and denim fetishes, it obviously takes a bit of pain to get our Ava off!

"HER OBVIOUS TASTES INCLUDE BLOW-JOBS, THREESOMES, LESBIAN ACTION AND FACIALS..."



worlamags.net



Age: 23 Vital Stats: 32G-26-32 5'8" Photographer: BB Media

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MF











nd no sooner does one *Mayfair* newcomer put in an appearance than we've got another one lined up for you! Sophie Parker here hails from Brum and has been doing a spot of modelling for a while now – but luckily for us she chose our pages to go the full monty. Sophie, we're honoured!

"Well I should hope so too!" she giggles. "I don't take my clothes off and open my legs for just anybody, after all!"

We should hope not! We go for he more exclusive types here at *Mayfair*, which mean that they're a bit more choosy than some of the models out there. At least that's what we tell ourselves every time we fail to get to second base with any of them...

"Ah, poor you! Well, getting to second base shouldn't be a problem with me. First'll be the real issue..."







21st CENTURY TOYS

Starting to fret that now the year's passed into its third quarter we've probably seen all the decent tech those braniacs can throw at us for 2013? Well fear not - JAMES SAINT's just unearthed a whole load more of the stuff!

o, the seasons roll round remorselessly once more, and it'll soon be time to turn our thoughts from the scorch-athon of summer to autumn and the onset of the dying days of 2013. But, before we all lapse into some much needed Seasonal Affected Disorder, there's time for one last hurrah on the tech spending front before the sun disappears for good and you all start scrimping and saving for Eid, Samhaim, Diwali, Hanukkah, Christmas or, indeed, whatever the hell it is Scientologists have; and to that end I've been busy this month cobbling together a selection of gadget essentials* that you should not attempt to enter autumn without being armed with.

Of course, your definition of 'essentials' may vary wildly to mine, favouring things like food, water, shelter and air, rather than shiny baubles fit only for shallow human-magpies and grasping whores that are actually about as essential in the grand scheme of life as *Heat* magazine, Nick Clegg, the opinions of Liz 'Dropsy' Jones or the outcome of *The Voice*. However, I've gone to all this effort now, sat in a darkened room with a bottle of rum and a handgun, slaving over a hot keyboard, when I should be drinking gin by a swimming pool with an Amber Heard-lookalike doing pleasant things to my cock, so the least you can do is humour me and read this stuff. If nothing else, I can guarantee your soul will feel that little bit more enriched by the end*.

*Soul-enrichment not guaranteed.

Blue Microphones Nessie £99

Are you very fond of your own voice? A bit of an egomaniac with an ill-considered opinion on everything that starts "speaking as a parent" or "I'm not being racist, but..."? A musician of Lily Allen-esque stature who needs to reach their public? Are you Hitler? Well, you're in luck, because thanks to the world of computers and social media, now you can record whatever the merry fuck you wish and splash it across the internet like so much electronic jizz within mere moments and - more often than not - without a second thought. In fact, the only issue might be the recording process and getting it to a quality that borders on listenable. Well, not any more, mein Führer...

This is Nessie from Blue Microphones, a monster-shaped mic that plugs into any USB socket and adapts in real time, applying professional studio processing, combined with a built-in pop filter and internal shock-mount to produce expertly finished sound, without the need for additional mixing or editing, leaving your audible diatribe in the best possible shape for instant posting to MyFace and Twatter and you to sit back and await the terrible, world-shaking repercussions.

> www.bluemic.com

Editor's PICIX

You can record whatever the fuck you wish and splash it across the internet!



WOW Speaker £50



Midsummermay well be behind us now and the slow slide into the grave may have begun for the knackered old goat that is 2013, but let's face it, we're due an 'Indian Summer' this year (a late summer, that is, not one thick with poverty and the sexual assault of tourists), so if you're thinking about a final alfresco outing for you and your friends, then you'll want to make sure the last blast of the clement weather is well catered for on the sound front and as such we recommend this horn of plenty: the WOW Speaker.

Linking up to your smartphone via Bluetooth, the USB charged WOW can knock out your noise at up to 85decibels – far more than enough for the police to be called – and for up to four hours straight from a full charge, keeping ears full of scrumptious sound on an afternoon until after the sun goes down.

Made from a tough rubber too, the WOW can take a whack or two – something which may prove more important than you think dependent on whether a light sherry or three has been taken by your guests or, indeed, the eagerness of the aforementioned police officers despatched to break up your earsplintering soiree.

> www.firebox.com

Fitbit Flex £80

Summer might be over and you may indeed be already bracing yourself for the oncoming overindulgence of the festive season, however why let everything go to pot early doors when you could cling to a svelte physique all the way over Crimbo and make things easier on yourself come the New Year? See, I occasionally speak sense. So, assuming that's what you want to do, have a Pat Butchers at this, the Fitbit Flex. A splash-proof rubber wristband with an integrated accelerometer, the Flex links wirelessly with Androids and iPhones over Bluetooth and uses a free app to let you log the likes of your daily activity. steps taken, distance covered, food goals, calories burnt off, sleep patterns and stores it all away in an instantly accessible fitness diary to let you look back fondly over your transformation from filthy fat fuck to ocularly acceptable member of society.

In short, the Fitbit Flex is like having your own personal trainer strapped to your wrist, but without all the expense, abuse incurred and that age old problem of how to properly dispose of the body.

> www.firebox.com



Sol Republic Jax £35

There's an absolute clusterfuck of in-ear headphones available these days, from manufacturers famed and unheard of and with price tags running from around a tenner to an over the top £200 and, as usual, when it comes to quality you generally get exactly what you pay for; generally.

These are the Jax in-ears from a company called Sol Republic – a name that sounds more like a South American dictatorship than a tech firm – and despite weighing in at a reasonable rate deliver a punch well above their price point.

Featuring all-new i2 Sound Engines to really drive your tunes with deep bass, clear highs and creamy mids, the comfortable Jax fit snuggly into your aural canal to help cut out exterior sound, leaving you free to listen in peace as the phones eke out every nuance of your noise.

Available in two configurations: a three-button remotetoter for iPhones and a single-button universal control for Androids and – depending how backwards you are

- Windows Phone and BlackBerry, the Jax includes a tangle-free cable and the company's exclusive Ear Tips For Life program, replacing lost tips for free... for life. Now that's got to be music to your ears! Aha ha, ha, ha! Ah, fuck it.



> www.solrepublic.com



Cowon D20 £139

A handful of years ago the world was a very 'me too' kind of place, where if you were caught in public handling anything other than an iPod you'd be taken away by an angry iMob and lynched from the nearest Apple tree. Since then, though, the balance has shifted and with more people now preferring Android phones to iPhones, so things

are also shifting from the limitations of things 'i' to far more flexible alternatives; alternatives such as this fresh beauty from Cowon.

Whilst not the slickest looking option on the market, the D20 permits playback of all the major file formats, including MP3, WMA, FLAC, OGG and APE, and features some 48 Presets to let you fine-tune your sounds to suit your own audio palate. It also coms packing a 2.4-inch touch-screen for ease of navigation, SD, SDHC (up to 32GB), MMC and MMC-plus memory card support, meaning you'll never run out of space.

Finally, with a TV Out port to let you effortlessly fling video files from the D20 to your big screen and battery that good for – wait for it – 90 bloody hours, if you have a discerning ear for music and want to keep an eye on your money, why waste your hard-earned on anything less?

> www.advancedmp3players.co.uk



Whilst the kids who eventually find this magazine in a hedgerow will have no real memory, those of us of a more mature generation will remember the days when photography was something that involved cameras, film and negatives. God alone knows, some of you may even still have stores of negatives even now, stuffed away in envelopes in a drawer somewhere with no idea as to what to do with



them anymore or, indeed, how you'd even be able to do some kind of jiggery pokery to post them on Facebook. Well, I'm pleased to say that I can now officially solve that issue for you with this, the Smartphone Film Scanner from Lomography.

Even though the pics of, say, your childhood, your teen years and, yes, your early innovative days in the Bukkake photo press may have yellowed and faded, those negatives will still retain eye-info as sharp as the day it was taken, so simply stick your Apple or Android phone in the top and run your negatives through the Lomo, letting the built-in light-box bring new illumination as the images magically appear on your smartphone, ready to be shared online or printed afresh. Compatible with all 35mm fare, the scanner even comes with some nifty software that lets you edit, create slide shows, movies and animations, and generally spruce up your ancient snaps, dragging them out of the Dark Ages and slapping them straight into the 21st century.

> www.firebox.com

MAYFAIR 25

MF Feature







worldMa



Age: 20 Vital Stats: 32DD-22-32 5'4" Photographer: Paul Chaplin

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Dear Readers,

What are the chances that two of the most magnificently-mammed models in the country happen to be called Gemma? Pretty slim, I'd guess, but it's true nonetheless! Gemma Massey is a very familiar name (and body) to *Mayfair* readers, but this here is Gemma Hiles, the Preston-born lovely who can silence a room just by walking into it, and even leave hardened professions like the folk at *Mayfair* gawping in wonder as she unveils her spectacular boobs! Sadly, despite the evidence of these pictures,

Gemma wasn't quite as good as she might appear in one respect... her golf's terrible!

PAUL CHAPLIN









Continued from page 05

girl at work, a curvy 32-year-old blonde called Julie, and we often sent saucy text messages to each other for a laugh. One night while I was at home she sent me a text saying that she was feeling frustrated, and that she was gently rubbing her fingers up and down her wet pussy. I was a bit taken aback at first, but I sent her one back saying that now I was frustrated, and that I was stroking my rock hard cock. Since it was her fault, I told her she should sort it out. Then she said that she would be round in ten minutes to offer me some relief.

She knew where I lived but to be honest I thought she was joking. Yes, we'd been flirting a good bit at work, but there hadn't been anything more than that and I kind of imagined this was just more hi-jinx. Still, I was definitely feeling horny now,



LUCKY STOOL...

Dear Mayfair,

Just a quick email to say thanks for printing those wonderful pictures of the lovely Jodie Piper! I first came across her (literally) online a while ago, and wondered if/when she might make it into my favourite magazine. Well, now she has – and in some style! What a wonderful natural figure she's got – absolutely perfect in my book! Keep up the good work, Pete, Derby. and was just beginning to enjoy a good hard wank, when there was a knock at the door. I covered myself up and answered it. There stood Julie in fur coat and stilettos. She looked desperate for a fuck and so, realising that she'd been earnest, I pulled her inside, pushed her up against figured!), so I pulled out, knelt above her tits and told her to wank me off on her face.

I pinched one of her nipples gently while she wanked my cock and rubbed it between her soft, plump tits. I reached behind me and smeared her juices onto



the wall and kissed her, her tongue licking the inside of my mouth. Underneath her coat she was wearing a mini dress and stockings, and as she rubbed my cock through my trousers, I put my hand up her skirt and felt her wet pubic hair and warm moist pussy. I started rubbing it and she groaned that we should go to bed.

In the bedroom she took off her coat

WHAT A GEM!

Dear Mayfair,

Wow, wow wow – the pictures of Gemma in 48.07 nearly blew my mind and my balls off! What a rude girl she is, and what a set of tits! She really knows how to pose for a picture, and I simply couldn't take my eyes off her bald pussy! It was nice to see a girl smiling in a lot of the shots – she actually looked like she was having a great time (Of course she was! – Ed.).

In the first week of that issue coming out I bought three copies, just so I could see all her shots at once and spent most of the time wanking myself silly! More, please! Nick, Surrey. Cheers Nick. We received quite

Cheers Nick. We received quite a few letters about the Gemma set, it seems opinion was more or less evenly split. Obviously tattoos don't do it for everybody, ad there's no getting away from Gemma's these days, but we guess one man's meat is another man's poison. At least we know quite a few men's meat saw some action thanks to the Gemma set! – The Ed.

her arse. Then I stuck my thumb in her pussy, and gently slid my finger into her tight wet arsehole. She loved it and I began to gently squeeze and rub deep inside her.

I told her I was about to come on her pretty face and she opened her mouth wide. Julie couldn't catch all of my sticky mess though, and a lot of it splashed into

"AS SHE RUBBED MY COCK THROUGH MY TROUSERS I PUT MY HAND UP HER SKIRT..."

and lay back on the bed, her fingers sliding in and out of her snatch while I tore my clothes off. Then I knelt over her and slowly fed my hot hard cock into her warm pussy. I held her ankles up high by my shoulders so that I could piston straight into her.

After a short while, I pushed her ankles even further so that they were now by her ears and I could fuck her hard and deep. All the while she kept telling me to fuck her harder. I didn't want to just come inside her though (better safe than sorry, I her hair and onto her face, neck and tits. Then she came really hard on my fingers, and I pulled them slowly out and she licked them clean.

It was a fantastic fuck and I'm pleased to say we've had many more since! Nobody at work knows about it yet, and we're rather enjoying all the subterfuge involved in keeping it that way for now. She's even managed to hide under my desk and give me a blow-job without anybody noticing! Martin, Woking.



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WorldMags

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electable Danni Maye's one of those girls who impresses us more and more every time we see her. Well, perhaps the word 'impresses' isn't quite what we mean – something like 'gives us the raging horn' would be nearer the mark! It's funny how it goes – some models blow your mind the first time you see them and then start to lose their appeal, while others can take their time to sneak up on you until suddenly, one day – boom, you realise you've got a real cracker on your hands. Well Danni's one of the latter, and the good thing is that if she continues to follow the same trajectory, then in anther year or two... well, your guess is as good as ours! Still, in the meantime, it's hard to see this set of her could be bettered!



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GENTRUEMEN, 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.

For three years, a young American attorney has been taking his holidays at this country inn, and ,the last time he'd finally managed to get into the innkeeper's daughter's knickers. He can't wait to see her again, so he drags his suitcase up the front stairs of the inn, then stops short in shock a few feet from the reception desk. Behind the desk sits his lover with an infant on her lap!

"Helen," he cries, "Is the child mine? Yes? Then why didn't you write when you found out you were pregnant? (This joke is obviously from the days before the Internet and possibly even pre-dates telephones, telegrams and morse code). He drops his suitcase and runs to the desk. "I would have rushed up here, we could have been married, and the baby would have my name!"

"Well, shucks" says the innkeeper's daughter, "when my folks found out about my condition, we sat up all night talking. In the end we decided it would be better to have a bastard in the family than a lawyer."

Ralph and Edna are both patients in a secure mental facility. One day while they're walking past the hospital swimming pool, Ralph suddenly tosses himself, gibbering, into the deep end. He sinks to the bottom of the pool and just lies there face-down. Though she is a hopeless swimmer, Edna promptly jumps in, makes her way to the bottom and drags Ralph up and out of the pool.

When the Head Nurse finds out about Edna's heroic act she immediately orders her to be discharged from the hospital, as she now considers her to be mentally stable at long last. another patient, I have concluded that your act displays soundness of minded. The bad news is that Ralph, the patient whose life you so valiantly saved has hung himself by his bathrobe belt in one of the bathrooms and died... I am so sorry, Edna."

Edna laughs. "He didn't hang himself, silly! I just strung him up so his clothes would dry. So when is my family coming to collect me?"

 $\Lambda \Lambda$

A guy walks into a bar with a perfectlyformed man just shy of a foot in height perched on his shoulder with an air of entitlement. The guy takes a seat at the bar, and orders a rum and Coke for himself and his smirking miniature companion.

The little man knocks his rum back then leaps down and runs along the bartop kicking everyone else's drinks onto the floor and insulting each patron in turn in a shrill, self-important voice.

The bartender leans close and asks the guy: "What's the matter with your chum?"

The guy shakes his head miserably, apologises, and orders a round of drinks for everyone. But no sooner has the tiny man drained his glass than he leaps down off the guy's shoulder again and runs along the bar as before, booting everyone's drinks into their laps and effing and blinding at them.

The barman leans in again. "Look," he says to the guy, you seem like a nice bloke, but I honestly can't keep having your mate upsetting the clientele. What's the story with him anyway?"

"Well, it's like this," the guy explains. One

An newly married man is sufficiently incautious to sunbathe in the nude for hours in his back garden and ends up badly burning his knob, so he calls his doctor, who advises him to ease the pain by submerging his shaft in a bowl of cold milk. He's still doing this when his young blonde wife returns home.

"O.M.G.!" she squeals. "I had a sneaky feeling you were refilling that thing when I was out!"

So she goes to tell Edna the news she said, "Edna, I have good news and bad news. The good news is you're being released. Since you were able to rationally respond to a crisis by jumping in and saving the life of night last week I got roaring drunk, and on the way home to the wife I discovered a magic lamp floating down the gutter. I picked it up and rubbed it and a genie appeared, promising to grant me my one and only heart's desire. So I wished for a 10-inch prick, and there he is on the bar-top..."



A young bloke starts a new job working in a sex shop. One day his boss tells him he's going out for a while, and asks him to look after the business.

So the guy is there by himself for a little while then a young lady comes in and asks, with some little embarrassment: "How much for the white dildo on the shelf here?"

The lad checks the prices. "Thirty-five pounds," he replies. She buys it, he wraps it and she leaves.

A short time afterwards another young woman enters the sex shop and nods at a black dildo on the counter. "What price is that one?" "That's £35," says the lad.

"I'll take it," she says, flirting a little, "a black one would be kind of naughty."

About an hour later a young blonde woman comes in and asks. "How much are your



"Geraldine! Do you recall inviting the Pilkintons over for a bridge evening...?"

bog-standard dildos?"

"Well," says the young guy, "you can see them right here. £35 for the white, and the same for the black."

"Good enough," she says, "but I don't suppose you've anything... bigger?" Then something catches her eye. "Just a mo, " she says. "How much is that tartan one on the shelf?"

Suddenly the boy becomes a real salesman. "Well, that's a very special dildo, hand-made in the Scottish highlands. I'm afraid that one would set you back two hundred quid."

The woman considers then decides. "I'll take it," she says coyly. "I've never had a tartan one before. Or one that lovely and thick."

When the guy's boss returns he asks how the youngster got on while he was away.

The young guy says. "Pretty good... Sold one white dildo, a black one, and got two hundred nicker for your thermos flask."



A car named after a Japanese cartoon studio? Sounds pretty silly to us - but it looks the nuts!

aserati has some big expansion plans, as it looks to increase annual sales from less than 10,000 at present to 50,000-plus in the next few years. To this end, it's already revealed a new version of its luxurious Quattroporte saloon – but more crucial to meeting the target is the new Ghibli executive car, which aims to hit the BMW 5 Series right where it hurts.

The Ghibli is the first car of this size ever to be made by Maserati, and traditional fans of the Trident brand will no doubt be weeping into their espressos at the threat to Maser's exclusivity. But the Ghibli is crucial to the brand's survival, as bosses have high hopes for sales success in China, where buyers can't get enough of premium saloons.

That's not to say the Ghibli isn't an important car in the UK, though – and the fact it features Maserati's first-ever diesel engine could be enough to persuade many company buyers out of their default German brand choices. The 3.0-litre V6 turbodiesel TRADITIONAL FANS WILL BE WEEPING INTO THEIR ESPRESSOS AT THE THREAT TO MASER'S EXCLUSIVITY...

And the engine still provides plenty of the character for which the brand is renowned. The Maserati Active Sound system comprises two sound actuators, installed near the twin exhausts, to turn up the aural appeal. Hit the Sport button on the dash, and this noise is transformed into an even more throaty roar.

The diesel delivers on its promise, too;

storming performance on tap from the 3.0-litre twin-turbo V6 petrol versions: the 325bhp model covers 0-62mph in 5.6 seconds, the 404bhp Ghibli S takes five seconds flat and the four-wheel-drive Ghibli S Q4 cuts the sprint time to 4.8 seconds.

The diesel is guaranteed to be the best seller on these shores, although whichever Ghibli you go for, you're getting more character from the styling inside and out. This new Maserati is almost a facsimile of its larger Quattroporte brother – the main difference being the shorter wheelbase – and will really stand out in any company car park.

That gorgeous radiator grille is unmistakably Maserati, while eye-catching LEDs define the shape of the headlights. The three holes behind the front wheelarch and the curves towards the rear are also carried over from the Quattroporte, and give the new car a classy, distinctive appearance. This is a model for those who like to be different.

Different also describes the interior – it's like nothing else in this market. The Jaguar XF was once the only executive car to stand out from the likes of the 5 Series and Audi





isn't quite as efficient as the latest BMW, Audi and Mercedes engines – it promises fuel economy of around 48mpg and CO2 emissions of 158g/km – but it makes this the cleanest Maserati by a long chalk. smooth mid-range surge and slick

changes from the eight-speed automatic gearbox help to propel the Ghibli from 0-62mph in 6.3 seconds and on to a 155mph top speed.

Of course, this being a Maserati, there's

A6 by combining luxury with individual style, but the Ghibli makes even the Jag look mainstream and ordinary inside. Only the best-quality materials are used, with the grain of the wonderful soft leather clear to see and the stitching perfectly detailed. So you get a taste of the sumptuous, special



feel Quattroporte owners experience when they slide behind the wheel. The seats are beautifully sculpted to provide the perfect balance of sportiness and comfort, and a lovely analogue Maserati clock continues the traditional feel.

Yet tech fans will love the 8.4-inch touchscreen that dominates the centre console – this provides easy access to a raft of interior functions and settings, and works really well. Settings for the driver aids, meanwhile, are controlled by pleasingly damped switchgear mounted on the high-set transmission tunnel. And if the sound of the engine isn't music enough to your ears, you can specify a highend 15-speaker Bowers & Wilkins premium sound system, complete with a 1,280-Watt amplifier.

Just as crucial to a Maserati as a luxurious interior is a great driving experience, and all versions of the Ghibli score in this respect. The 5 Series sets a high benchmark in this class, but Maserati comes close to matching it, especially if you add the optional SkyHook adaptive dampers. These provide continual damping variation to suit the road surface or driving conditions, and maximise comfort and agility.

But even without them, the double wishbone front suspension has its aluminium arms placed higher up, to enhance the handling, while the five-arm multilink rear suspension is perfectly judged to balance comfort and sportiness. The servo-assisted hydraulic steering also offers a pleasing amount of feedback – you get none of the artificial feel some of these systems suffer when cornering at speed, and always know exactly what the front wheels are doing. This behind-the-wheel fun rounds out a hugely capable package. The Ghibli is classy inside and out, and will tempt plenty of buyers who dare to be different – even though it's pricier than a 5 Series, it's well worth the extra, and that's great news for Maserati's sales targets.



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CONTACT	www.maserati.co.uk













Beautiful Holly Gibbons made her *Mayfair* debut back in 48.02, and yet here we are in issue 9 and we've only just got round to featuring her again. Still, better late than never (as the Ed says whenever he decides to roll into the office), and her she is!

It turns out it's been a busy few months for Holly since our paths last crossed, though – she's only gone and bought herself a new flat!

"That's right. I was sharing with a friend, but things weren't really working out. She was a bit on the prudish side, and let's just say there were a few things I did that used to upset her."

What sort of things?

"Oh well mostly it was walking around in the nude when it was hot."

Christ, that's got to be the stupidest reason to lose a flatmate ever!



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Age: 21 Vital Stats: 2C-24-33 5'5" Photographer: BB Media





S ophie Star was a massive hit with everyone when we featured her a few issues back – not only was the postbag bulging with letters in praise of her wonderful form, but even the staff here seemed to have fallen for a her a bit as well. She was such a charmer – eager to please and obliging, and even if you haven't had the pleasure of sharing a room with her while she disrobes, we reckon you can probably tell that just from looking at her face.

Essex girls used to have a bit of a reputation, didn't they? But, as with all stereotypes it was a bit silly – girls from Essex are really no better than girls from anywhere else. Except for Sophie, that is, who's better in just about every way!

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MF

hen you stumble upon an unpublished set of a legend like Adele Stephens in the archives you're faced with two options; lament the fact that it never saw the light of day... or publish it. Well, once the Ed had taken a long hard look at these pictures there was only ever one thing he was going to do – but luckily we caught him trying to sneak them home for his personal collection and we persuaded him that the *Mayfair* readers deserved a look as well! After all, Adele was more or less the perfect *Mayfair* package, and who wouldn't welcome the opportunity to feast their eyes on those wondrous boobs and that delectably pussy one more time? And besides, the Ed's already got loads of pictures of Adele in his private collection, even if most of them are looking a bit well thumbed these days...

















MEST.

Shakespeare might have called them 'country matters' but there's a good bit of shagging going on in the smoke as well, it seems...

y girlfriends and I like to meet up every weekend for a night on the town. It usually starts out with a nice meal somewhere smart where we can see and be seen be seen by as many other young professionals as possible. By now we

Name: JENNI Age: 25 From: LEEDS	pretty much know everyone but now and
	again

there is someone new on the scene in the bars or clubs.

Like my friends I put a lot of effort into my

looks. Though I say so myself I have been blessed with a pretty face but the rest is down to hard work at the gym and regular visits to the hairdressers and beauty parlour. I like to work hard and play hard so when I am between boyfriends I make a special effort to

pull a suitable stud on the weekends. However was not expecting to pull the super stud I did last weekend when I was out with the girls.

We all met up as usual at the restaurant, dressed to lure and wafting perfume as we moved through the room in our highest heels and shortest skirts. It is always a competition to see who can flash the most skin without looking cheap and I guess I won that weekend as before we were there too long I was getting the most male attention.

We were just getting to the desert and coffee when the waiter brought me a brandy and pointed to a tall, handsome man sitting alone across the room. I raised my glass and smiled. I don't particularly like brandy, but I was

interested in him and I slipped my card out of my bag, wrote the name of the club we were

going to on the back and asked the waiter to take it to my admirer.

We moved on the club and after a while I forgot brandy man and began dancing with the girls. It is a good way to get attention. Men love to see girls dancing together and even the vaguest suggestions that we may be lesbian gets them hot. I had danced with two possible conquests by the time brandy man turned up and pushed through the crowd straight to me.

I felt flattered and very aroused by his confidence, and soon I was like putty in his arms. His name was Dave and he was over 6ft tall and well built. I felt all jittery when I found out he was from Texas; he had such a sexy voice. When he pressed his hard chest against my boobs and I felt his hard-on poke against my tummy my pussy

became damp and my

Later I let the girls know we were off and they smiled their approval, both happy and jealous that I had pulled such a handsome guy. He had a service flat as he was in town for a few months on business and it was

legs went wobbly.

luxurious and well suited to entertaining. He opened a bottle of champagne and we went to the master bedroom and began to undress one another. My dress was just a scrap of silk and easily disposed of, leaving me in a tiny lace bra and panty set and some hold up stockings. He asked me to leave the stockings on as he loved the feel of the silk against his skin so I obliged.

I GRASPED HIS MAGNIFICENT COCK IN MY HAND. WANKING IT GENTLY...

His suit soon lay folded across a chair along with his white shirt and socks. I had a bit of a tug to remove his boxers as his hard-on was so rigid. However it was worth the effort, it was massive, thick and hard. My pussy throbbed as I took it in my hand and when I cupped his balls I almost came on the spot with excitement.

I stroked his magnificent weapon as he played with my breasts. He knew all the places to touch and soon I was gasping with lust as he tweaked and twiddled my nipples almost making me squeal as he dipped his fingers into my pussy and began thrusting in and out of my dripping pussy.

I grasped his magnificent cock in my hand, wanking it gently, as I came to terms with



the width and length of it. Timidly I knelt and began to lick the top as if it were an ice cream cone. Slowly I slid it between my lips and began sucking it and as I began to bob my head up and down he moaned softly.

He did not allow me to continue for long, however. He raised me to my feet and tossed me on the bed. For a moment he just looked at me, enjoying the view, then he moved my legs apart. Gently running his hands up my stocking-clad leg he bent and kissed the soft area at the stocking top and began to tongue my pussy. I gasped, raising my legs and



was really merry and loud by the time he was ready to start, which was perfect. I knew he'd go down a storm, judging from the explicit language that was being used throughout, and true enough, he appeared on stage to a roar! While all the girls were watching the show, I took the opportunity to get ready for the last part of the evening, getting all the presents we'd bought her out ready. Within half an hour of his act beginning, Jeff had my auntie eating a banana out of his black studded thong, which was completely out of character for her – I had to stop what I was doing and get the hilarity on camera! Jeff was great; when he finally gave the girls 'the full Monty' after a lot of teasing, they went mental. Even I stopped in my tracks – he was certainly built for what he did!

The biggest problem of the evening for me, was keeping the girls in check! There were 20 of them and, even though Jeff wasn't fazed by a bit of squealing, when he took off his thong one of them rushed the stage and got a bit vicious with her acrylic nails, I had to step in and save him from losing an appendage! He winked and grinned gratefully at me and I felt myself blush. I wasn't sure if I was blushing because a naked man winked at me, or if I actually fancied said naked man...

Towards the end of the night, after the show and some posing for photos, I took him through to the staffroom out the back to sort out his fee. He asked for a beer, only to hand it to me saying I hadn't stopped all night and looked like I needed a drink. I chugged it back in one and, feeling brave because of the many cocktails, said I could do with a cuddle, too – and he instantly pulled me to him in a bear hug.

Next thing I knew, I was snogging his face off. Tacky, maybe, and I was sure that I wasn't the first, or last, client he'd come on to but I didn't care. I was half pissed, single and really fucking horny! As we kissed, I felt Jeff press his body into mine – as well as his enormous

"WITH MY LEGS HELD HIGH AND WIDE, DAVE BEGAN FUCKING MY HOT PUSSY. IT WAS TRYING TO GRIP HIS THRUSTING ROD AS HE POKED ME..."

wrapping them around his shoulders as his tongue pushed between the throbbing pink folds of my labia. His tongue lapped along my slit, flicking my clit before his lips closed over it and he began sucking on my tingling nub. I closed my eyes and my back arched as my pussy began to spasm, and just when I was about to come he pulled back and holding my ankles high in the air he pushed his cockhead against my pussy and pushed inside me.

With my legs held high and wide Dave began fucking my hot pussy. It was trying to grip his thrusting rod as he poked me hard and fast, each plunging thrust rasping against my tingling labia and making my pussy tingle and spasm. My hips bounced on in rhythm with his thrusts and I grasped the sheets in both fist as my back arched and my pussy clenched around his monster cock.

He took his time coming, fucking me until I was almost crazed before letting his jism fly deep inside my well-fucked pussy.

hen my auntie asked me to be her matron of honour, I was really pleased. I knew that, because she'd hired a proper wedding planner for the actual day, my list of duties would be light; all I really had to do was throw her hen party. I hired the upstairs of a bar I knew for the evening, and all the girls chipped in for a stripper.

A friend of mine recommended the guy I got, Jeff, to me, as he was slightly older than usual; my auntie wouldn't have been able to enjoy the show if the stripper was too young! He reassured me when I called

him that he wasn't some 18-year-old muscleboy, and sounded very experienced. When he arrived at the bar, I was glad to see that he was probably knocking on



40 and had a bit of a twinkle in his eye – just my auntie's type! He was really professional, turning up early and discreetly, and disappearing into his staffroom-cum-dressing room, before coming out and getting on with the job.

We'd already been out to dinner and had cocktails, so everyone



boner! I snaked my hand down and rubbed the outline of his tool through his jeans. Hungrily, we tore at each other's clothes, our hands exploring everywhere as we passionately kissed, me tugging at the zip on his jeans, desperate to get my hands on his prick, and before I knew it I was half-naked. Jeff pulled his top off and pulled me up onto his hips, my legs hooking round his back as he carried me to the table.

MF Letters

We could have shagged there and then but we both wanted to savour some foreplay first. Standing in front of me, Jeff pulled his jeans below his bum, to give me access. Freeing his meaty dick, I wanked away at it before bending forwards and slapping it up against my tongue, before sucking on it hard. Running my tongue around the rim of his helmet, I felt him shudder, which encouraged me to go at it full on, sucking, wanking and licking away until he was emptying his balls down my throat.

"You're so good!" he murmured, and so was he, I decided, as he bent down and began licking and slurping at my pussy slowly till I was streaming wet and he was hardening again. Standing up once more, I wrapped my legs around his back again, but this time with his stiff prick slipping inside me, his bulbous bell-end popping inside me with a satisfying noise. He sucked on my nipple and I felt a matching spark of electricity shoot through my clit, causing my breath to catch in my throat. As we snogged, I thought he seemed a bit detached - and then I realised that he was watching our reflection in the mirror on the wall opposite, above the sink. When I called him out on it, he simply remarked, "Your arse looks so fucking horny all spread up against me, I couldn't help it!"

I told him I wanted to watch us fuck too, so he lifted me up, my legs wrapped around him and his dick still inside me, and carried me across the room to the sink unit. Resting me down with my bum on the draining board, he realised I still couldn't see our reflection, so he withdrew from me and, dropping my legs to the floor, he turned me around and had me bend over with my hands braced on it.

He had a bit of a play with my arse, fingering my slit and crack and rubbing his stubbly face up against my soft, chubby cheeks. But then, without warning, he rammed his cock back in me and started humping. He was a good bit taller than me so when he thrust in, it lifted me up on tiptoe, stretching every muscle so I really felt him deep inside me. And while his body was pretty horny, seeing his face, as he got closer to coming was a massive turn on. He gave me a few grins and winks, but when Jeff screwed his eyes up and groaned as he unleashed his spunk inside me, it hit my buttons and I felt myself climaxing, too.

It was one of my best-ever fucks – when I really needed one, too, so while I knew it wasn't going to lead to anything, I was grateful. In fact, it gave me the boot up the arse I needed to go out and have a bit more fun. Starting with a sexy male guest at my auntie's wedding reception...

aving split up with my boyfriend about two months ago, this summer found me at a bit of a low ebb. Feeling frustrated and bored, I finally agreed, after years of badgering, to go to a fetish club

with my kinkiest friend, Lizzie. She'd been into Name: EMMA Age: 26 From: SHEFFIELD rubber and PVC and dressing up for as long as I had known her and was always on at me to go out with her one night. "With your body, you could have them all kneeling at your feet," she'd say, eyeing me up from top to bottom. But I wasn't really into it, I was probably a bit scared to tell the truth, and had always said it just wasn't for me. Then, when I got dumped



I must have seen it as the perfect opportunity for revenge: go to a sex club and fuck the first guy I met.

Lizzie was more than happy to help me choose a costume from her extensive collection and we had a great girlie night round hers with a couple of bottles of wine, a wardrobe full of kinky clobber and a book full of man-hating put downs. By the end of the night, we were sprawled out on the bed together in just our underwear, kissing and touching each other. I would have screwed her then, she was so sexy and appealing and I knew she'd always had a thing for me, but it was Lizzie who stopped it, saying she didn't want to take advantage of me so soon after I'd split up with my ex.

The next night arrived so quickly that it felt like I hadn't even been out of bed long before I was back in Lizzie's bedroom putting on my cozzie and slapping on the make-up. We'd decided on a black PVC bodice with this flared PVC skirt that flared so much you could clearly see my black rubber knickers. I added a pair of my own thigh length boots and Lizzie pulled my hair through a rubber headpiece that encased my head but left my face uncovered. I looked every bit the Miss Whiplash!

By the time Lizzie had got into her white fishnet bodysuit and done her hair, I was quite tipsy and raring to go. We wrapped up in long coats, jumped into a cab and headed for the club. The doorman took one look at us and let us in.

There was only one final addition to our costumes and we were ready. After leaving our coats in the cloakroom, Lizzie handed me a little riding crop and put on this severe white mask that hid her eyes and made her look very strict. "Are you ready to make the worms crawl on their bellies?" she asked, and I was...

"So," Lizzie asked as we entered the main room. "See anyone you fancy?"

The place was incredible! There were girls with their boobs out, guys on leads crawling

"I BEGAN TO RIDE HIS FACE, TREATING HIM CRUELLY, NOT LETTING HIM BREATH MUCH..."



around on all fours wearing nothing but rubber pants, being lead round the room by towering women in their underwear with heels longer than my arm! In the middle of the room there was a woman on her knees sucking any cock that was offered to her while next to her there was a resist it? I clambered off his face and sank my cunt down onto his dick, taking him all the way in, and then I rode his prick hard and fast, warning him not to come inside me.

"Yes, mistress" he replied. I liked that name. Suddenly, an idea

sprang into my mind. I wanted to humiliate

this man and

I knew that's

he wanted

finished with

as well. "When I've

probably what

guy being whipped and slapped by a variety of women with whips, bats and riding crops like mine.

"Don't be frightened," said Lizzie, taking me by the hand. "Remember, in here, women run the show, nothing happens that you don't want to. You can just watch if you like, or we can leave right now. Or... we can get in there, find ourselves a slave and use him till he's spent!"

I didn't want to go, but I wasn't sure what I did want so we went to the bar and had a drink. Lizzie seemed to know just about

everyone there and she introduced me to loads of different people, all of whom were really nice and not at

all what I expected them to be when I first set eyes on them. I had a few more drinks and was on the good side of drunk when I finally plucked up the courage to explore the place properly. Lizzie asked me if I wanted her to accompany me but I said I would rather go alone, if I was going to do anything I didn't want anyone holding my

hand for me. The first room I looked into was too much for me, all I saw was a heaving mass of bodies, but in the next room, something caught my eye. It was empty save for a man who had been strapped to a bed and blindfolded. I walked in and let the door slam behind me.

"Hello?" said the prone man. "Is anybody there?"

"I walked over to him and whispered, "Shut up," into his ear. Then I climbed onto the bed and stood over him, my feet either side of his face, and removed my knickers. Then I squatted over his face, my arsehole brushing against his nose, my pussy right on top of his mouth. Instantly, his tongue darted out and slipped between my folds. I began to ride his face, treating him cruelly, not letting him get much air, forcing him to eat me out. In front of me, I watched as his dick sprang into life, growing until it was a good 8 inches in length. How could I of my pussy juice around my ring and then eased his thick meat up inside me. He moaned with pleasure and I began talking to him as I rode his dick: "Come on, slave, shoot your jizz up my tight little arse! I know you can't wait to drink down your nasty little semen." He came quickly, like it was all too much for him, and I quickly climbed off him and squatted over his face, squeezing his spunk all over his face. It felt great treating a man so badly like this and I wanted to come again so I knelt on his chest and told him to tell me how much of a slime ball he was. As

tied up!

NEXT MONTH

•COLLEGE DAZE• 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 THERE'S £50 FOR THE LETTERS WE USE! ight little arse! I know you can't n." He came quickly, like it limbed off him and squatted er his face. It felt great treating come again so I knelt on his of a slime ball he was. As he spoke I rubbed some of his come onto my clit and frigged myself off. When I was just about ready to come, I straddled his face again and told him to stick his tongue as far up my cunt as he could get it while I ground my clit into his nose. And that's how I left him, covered in spunk and all





your cock, you're going to come inside my arse then you're going to drink it all out of me and swallow the lot, aren't you, slave?" I said. My idea turned me on so much that I started to play with my clit and I had one of the best orgasms I've ever had. Climbing off of his dick, I rubbed some

MF Reviews

Editor's

Scene from MAYFAIR

Hold on to your hats folks, it's the biggest DVD release of the year! OK, possibly not, but it is the only DVD release of the year to feature a tiny cameo from our very own Editor! Just make sure you don't blink though...



ere we go – the DVD/Blu-ray release of this year's film all about the life of our late Proprietor, Paul Raymond himself. Of course we'd like to think that all our readers got along to the cinema to see it on the big screen, but assuming you didn't (shame on you!) at least you'll be able to watch the film in the comfort of your own home.

Steve Coogan takes on the role of PR, and does it well. Apparently the film (directed by frequent Coogan collaborator Michael Winterbottom) was Coogan's idea in the first place, and you can sort of tell. He really gets his teeth into the part, combining Raymond's business acumen and eye for the main chance with a sly humour that's pretty well inevitable from Coogan.

The film follows PR from end-of-pier entertainer (shot in black and white to capture that postwar feeling of a drab nation in need of a bit of colour) through to his crowning as the richest man in Britain, a meteoric rise which was, despite the prominence given to the famed revue bar, based largely on the

success of PR's publishing empire once he'd bought and revamped *Men Only* in 1971. Sadly the tale wasn't without tragedy, and Imogen Poots shines as PR's daughter Debbie,



whose untimely death impacted so much on her father. With Tamsin Egerton as Fiona Richmond and Anna Friel as wife Jean, plus an all-star cast in minor roles, the film stands as a fitting portrait of a remarkable man and a funny and affecting look back at a bygone era. And we've got three copies to give away, too! Just tell us the name of Coogan's Norfolk-based comedy character and send your answers to Mayfair's PR Comp, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU, or email mayfair@paulraymond.com by August 23rd.

The films stands as

a fitting portrait of a

remarkable man.

The Ed

NUNSPLOITATION TITLES

hat's there not to like about the genre of films that became known as Nunsploitation?! Let's face it, for just about as long as the cloistered life's been in existence the rest of the world's liked to



think that frisky young nuns are getting up to all sorts of naughtiness when Mother Superior's not looking, so when the Italians started making nudey films in the 60s and 70s, the nuns were always going to get a look in! The Nun and The Devil stars Anne Heywood (a former Miss Great Britain, no less) as just such a saucy young nun who's determined to make it to the top of her order using all the means at her disposal. There's all sorts of nookie, not to mention nun-torture along the way before things get resolved to just about everyone's dissatisfaction - except the prurient viewer, that is! And it's all based on a true story, allegedly. Story Of A Cloistered Nun, meanwhile, mixes up a similar blend of nudey thrills, humiliation, how's-your-forgive-me-father and death to come up with an equally memorable movie. Lo-fi but fun, these movies have been dusted off and remastered by Argent films and (oh dear) you might just find them habit-forming.



THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES

011 saw the release of Drive, in which Ryan Gosling played a stunt driver who gets mixed up in all sorts of nasty criminal capers, and bagged a goodly amount of critical response. Now we've got The Place beyond The Pines, which stars Ryan Gosling as a motorcycle stuntman who gets mixed up in some criminal capers... and has also bagged a load of critical praise! To be fair, while on paper the two films might sound a bit samey, there are plenty of differences, with this one ditching the glassy styling of Drive and offering up a touching tale in which Gosling's Luke turns to crime in order to bag some loot to provide for his newborn son (not to mention Eva Mendes as the baby's mother). With a couple of plot lurches it's on the long side, but has the ambition and scope - and performances - to get away with it.





RUN

W ou can't help wondering whether when casting directors sit down and look at a new drama, the first question they ask themselves is, 'Right, who's Olivia Colman going to play?' It seems hardly a drama or comedy arrives on out tellies without a starring role for one of the nation's fave actresses, following star turns in *Broadchurch*, *Peep Show, Rev, Twenty Twelve* and *The Accused*, not to mention a big screen outing in *Tyrannosaur*. So she straddles the miserablist/funny divide nicely, and she's solidly back in the former with this drama, which has only just aired on Channel 4, in which she plays the single mother of a teenage lad who goes off the rails in spectacular style. Gripping and tense, this is nearly three hours of top (if glum) TV, with Colman leading a strong cast with typical aplomb. No more Bev/Kevs for her, methinks!

DRESSED TO KILL

alking of genres, there aren't too many genres that are looked down on more than erotic thrillers, are there? Then again, whilst late night channels used to be clogged with rather ropey Shannon Tweed flicks (the films were ropey, I mean – not the ever delectable Ms Tweed) here's an erotic thriller directed by none other than Brian De Palma and starring Michael Caine, Angie Dickenson and Nancy Allen. Dickenson plays a bored housewife who, after therapy session with shrink Michael Caine hits the town (New York, of course) for a zipless fuck to break the monotony. The night doesn't pan out for her too well, though, and things soon turn into a murder investigation. A classy and unsettling movie – and more than a little sexy and violent, too.







DARK SKIES

e're suckers for a good chiller here at *Mayfair* – especially the one that sits under the Editor's desk and keeps his cans of gin and tonic cold. And just like gin and tonic, this new flick from the team that brought us *Sinister* and *Insidious* relies on a very tried and tested formula... It stars Keri Russell and Josh Hamilton as the suburban couple who are minding their own business and bringing up their kids but, well, that'd be a really dull film, wouldn't it? It's not long before they're being pestered by a nasty paranormal force that leaves them battling with every sinew to save their young family from a thoroughly horrible fate. Effective enough, if not exactly groundbreaking... MF Reviews

MAYFAIR Movies

Venice - it's famous for lots of things like Gondolas, masque balls and blinds, and now it's added another string to its bow, as the location for the latest Young Harlots jizzfest! Plenty of grand canals there, then...



CAST: Emma Leigh, Lucy Heart, Samantha Bentley, Coco Del Mer, Mira, Henessy.

es sirree bob: the Young Harlots series continues with a bevvy of the hardcore schoolgirls (who are definitely all certifiably over 18 – every one of them! – or someone is going to jail) getting seductive and soggy between the legs in Venice, the famed, romantic Italian city where everything including the buildings winds up sitting in a chill pool of liquid.

This time out the young harlots are attending the Venetian Academy, but there's not too much studying being done on account of the girls seem to lack any appreciation for the



incredible academic opportunity they are being accorded – why they hardly look at a Canaletto, or even slurp on a Cornetto! Besides, who cares about the history of art or eating rather disappointing icecreams when you're horny, nubile and would rather be slurping on a creamy cock or three?

On the downside I did sometimes feel that the young ladies' promiscuity was a little on the gratuitous side, even for harlots. Back in my day you could not have convinced the most degraded creature walking the streets of Whitechapel to perform some of these acts, but nowadays they've all got their iPhones and Pokémon cards and it's like I'm living in a world I don't recognise.

This said, call me an aging pervert but I'd really like to get inside Samantha Bentley's knickers. With her. Hell, I'm sure the elastic would stretch.

I'd also enjoy wearing Lucy Heart's thong. What else can I say? Typical YH filth – with lots of full on anal to keep the girls busy – shot in a slightly more exotic location than usual. Surely that's good enough, eh?

They hardly look at a Canaletto, or even slurp on a Cornetto!



Digital Playground

BRIDESMAIDS

CAST: Jesse Jane, Kayden Kross, Stova, Vicki Chase, Brooklyn Lee, Alyssa Branch.

ith only a couple of exceptions, Digital Playground rolls out all its contract girls for this mighty fine feature film. The bridesmaids of the Kayden Kross and Stoya, who star as jealous chums of slutty Alyssa Branch, who is finally closing her legs and getting married.

The plot centres on Jesse and Kayden's increasingly extreme rivalry to become Alyssa's No.1 best-ever friend before the wedding, and

consequently her maid of honour. In the course of this high-concept plot, Stoya loses a complicated but puerile bet to Jesse which results in the former eating a hamburger laced with spunk but I really don't want to talk about it, only to warn you in case your stomach is not made of cast iron. She also does some other unwholesome stuff, parts of it involving her arse - while wearing the very dress Alyssa is to be married in - but which is probably more likely to upset your moral



sensibilities than your digestion.

There really is lots of great sex, if you like that sort of thing, then the feuding bridesmaids get arrested and chucked in the slammer for ripping up each other's dresses for the big day, ensuring that the colour they're wearing for Alyssa's wedding is Department of Corrections orange.



8 HANDJOB HUSTLERS

CAST: Polly Sunshine, Ivana Sugar, Madlin Moon, Lili Lamour, Bibi Noel, Fina, Jessika Swan, Sophie Lynx.



ontrary to the rumours I've been spreading, all proceeds from the sale of this DVD do not go to the registered UK charity Hand Relief, which provides sploshers for the homeless untugged, and of which I am principle patron.

There may be eight hand-job hustlers here but they don't go around in a gang or anything. Mangling someone's shaft is for these girls a deeply personal, intimate and intensely private act. That's why they tend to do it indoors with only the one handshandy lady, the lucky victim, and the camera crew and the director and all

the people who (in all probability) keep coming to the door while they're filming and asking if they're shooting a porno.

One guy gets milked so thoroughly that I swear his balls shrivelled up and I'm not a doctor but I sensed something was wrong because they never expanded again... though I know I shouldn't really have been looking. The girl who did for him was a real looker, and of course it was she - and not the bloke with the shrivelled testes - who held very nearly all my interest. (Seriously I wouldn't have noticed his balls except they were thrust in my face as it were.)

Wicked

I WAS A MAIL ORDER BRIDE

CAST: Tori Black, Missy Stone, Asa Akira, Lea Lexis, Ava Adams, Brooklyn Lee.

onely pork swordsmen attempt to get wives from the Internet in this sex.

Ah, this type of storyline takes me back. It used to be that you could just right-click on any female from the Eastern Bloc and download them straight into your bedroom from the main Yahoo search page, but sadly that process is incompatible with operating systems more recent than Windows 98. I blame Bill Gates.

Ryan McLane lands petite Hispanic

chickadee Veronica Rodriguez and they hit it off immediately, with Veronica squeaking and rolling about with her face plastered in jizz and sperm on her shoulders and knockers, while Manuel Ferrara finds his curvy French import, Ava



Addams, so much to his taste that he immediately rides her in every position there is, with the exception of upside down with her legs tied tight in a bow and the bloke's knob lodged in her nostril.

Tori Black is a sultry Russian ball-buster whom Kris Slater has incautiously approached on the web. She puts on a striptease for him, and then starts frigging. I think it's the first time I've seen a stud cringe as he comes.



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GIRL NEXT DOOR



Being the neighbour of Joanne Beresford from Peterborough has some disadvantages as reader CT told us. But Joanne's habit of sunbathing in the nude more than makes up for her love of loud rock music and garden parties that are very different from the sort the Queen invites dignitaries to. "I suppose I'm not the ideal girl to have next door," said the 20-year-old. "In the summer I hold the

Photographs by Kate Ferris





most riotous barbecues where anything goes. I can't tell you some of things that go on in the bushes. It's a good job we don't have a neighbourhood watch scheme!"

By day, Joanne's 36-24-35 figure can be seen in a smart business suit as she travels around visiting the sales reps in different parts of the country working for her distribution company. "I get to meet an awful lot of goodlooking guys with lots of chat," she said with a smile, "so I'm always very wary of men like that. The sort of guy I like is the more the quirky Richard Dreyfuss type, only younger. My garden parties are full of them — and the women are pretty amazing too. I'll have to invite the guy who suggested I modelled for *Mayfair* and give him a big kiss to say thank you."



Even 22 years ago, when this set of saucy Joanne first appeared, Richard Dreyfuss seems an unlikely type for a girl to go for, doesn't he? Still, who knows, maybe the blurb was telling the truth. If so, we wonder how Joanne's garden parties have evolved over the years – and whether it's still the same long-suffering neighbours who are having to put up with them. If you've got any info, we'd be delighted to know!

Contrast or 1

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CELEBRITY MUSICAL CHUFFS



SEX DEGREES OF SHARON STONE

There's no denying that Sharon Stone has been around the block, but lest, as many folks do, judging from her career-defining beaver-shot in

Basic Instinct, we put her down as a total slapper, let it be noted that when Stone saw her fanny onscreen she went ballistic and slapped the crap out of dirty Dutch director Paul Verhoeven.

To be fair to Verhoeven, he had given the former model her first major film break as Big Arnie's fake wife in 1990's *Total Recall* – and to coincide with the film's release she had posed naked for *Playboy* so people had already seen her wares. But the celebrated glimpse of *Basic Instinct* fanny made her a household name. Very much like Ajax, Vim, or Jif. I mean Cif.

She married television producer MICHAEL GREENBERG in 1984 on the set of *The Vegas Strip War*, a TV film he produced and she starred in. The couple separated three years later, and their divorce was finalized in 1990. In 1993, Stone met BILL MacDONALD on the set of the film *Sliver*, which he co-produced. MacDonald left his wife Naomi Baca for Stone, but they separated one year later in 1994. And, while working on the *The Quick and the Dead* a few months later, Shazza met and became engaged to second assistant director BOB WAGNER. After they separated, Stone reportedly returned the engagement ring via FedEx.

A couple of years later, Stone married PHIL BRONSTEIN, executive editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*, but he filed for divorce in 2003.

In 2011, Stone denied that she was ever married to GEORGE HOWE ENGLUND, despite internet rumours, and in January 2013, concerned about their huge age difference, announced she had split with her toyboy MARTIN MICA... this from a vamp, now 55, who just five years ago was reported to be dating 24-year-old CHASE DREYFOUS. Good on her!

In this MONTH

In this slaughter 120 emigrants at Mountain Meadows, Utah. In cahoots with Paiute Indians who'd already attacked the

wagon train, the Mormons persuading them the Paiutes would let them go if they surrendered their weapons and went forward under Mormon escort. As soon as the emigrants were unarmed the Mormons killed the men, while the Paiutes butchered the women.

In 1921: Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle, a hugely influential silent-film era performer at the height of his fame, is arrested for the rape and murder of aspiring actress Virginia Rappe. Much later, after three trials (two mistrials and a not guilty verdict with an apology), Arbuckle was a free man, but his films were boycotted due to

adverse publicity and his stellar career destroyed.

Throughout his ordeal he was supported by his protégé, Buster Keaton, with whom Fatty began making short comedies in 1917.

In 1959: The Soviet rocket Luna 2 crashes slap bang into the moon's surface. From Washington, a rather muted

congratulation is sent to Soviet scientists. Simultaneously, the US warns the Russians that sending their flag to the moon gives them no territorial rights there... which kind of makes you wonder why the Americans bothered planting the Stars and Stripes first thing after they clambered out of the lunar module in 1969. Not that anyone's uprooted it yet.

Etiquette for the **BEWILDERED**

An interpretive dunce is a person with two left feet and no talent whatever for dancing. Despite this the culprit will try to choreograph their ungainly movements to the lyrics of the song being played (frequently with a delay as they can't remember the lyrics).

Worse, the Interpretive Dunce will often find their movements even further impeded by performing their ridiculous gyrations and poses on a densely crowded dance floor. These days such a crowded or tight situation – in a night club or a subway train carriage – is described by those in the know as everyone being "nuts to butts".

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



I IS FOR "INTERPRETIVE DUNCE"

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...



LADY IN THE WATER (2008)

Philadelphia apartment building superintendent Cleveland Heep discovers a young woman in the swimming pool of his apartment complex. Gradually, he and his neighbours learn that she is a water nymph whose life is in danger from a vicious, wolf-like, mystical creature

called a "scrunt" (yes, really!) that tries to keep her from returning to her watery "blue world". He works with his tenants to protect this feckless watery bint from the monster while Story completes her mission to find a specific writer whose book will improve humanity's future.

To this end she quizzes every resident, trying to find out if they're writing anything so incredible and important that will inspire a future President to

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



greatly change the world for the better (as has been prophesised in Nymphland, or Nymphomania as one supposes it is more properly called). Guess who the great writer turns out to be... that's right: M Night bleedin' Shyamalan. The only happy note is that Shyamalan will be assassinated due to the controversial nature of his ideas.

It gets worse. To return safely to the bottom of the apartment complex pool, Story, who is about as useless as a sea monkey, will now need the help of a Symbolist, a Guardian, a Guild, and a Healer. Story believes Heep is Guardian. Heep asks Farber, a film critic, to help him figure out the others' identities. Being a film critic, Farber gets it wrong and dies screaming, while Story is mortally wounded by the, er, Scrunt.

Then a tenant named Dury suddenly realises his son Joey is the Symbolist. Interpreting the information on cereal boxes, Joey deduces the true Guild is composed of seven sisters, that two new men must be present, and that the Healer is Heep.

Critic Michael Medved called *Lady in the Water* "a cinematic disaster, a work of nearly unparalleled arrogance and vapidity". And he was right.

Coming Next Month



Emma

Holly

Hmm, it's always hard to resist Emma Green when she offers to take her clothes off for you. Very hard indeed. That's probably why we haven't managed to resist her yet! So, next month she's back, getting saucier than ever, and she's joined by, amongst others, none other than Holly Kent – someone we've been trying to lure back to *Mayfair* for ages! And she's sporting pubes, folks, in case you're interested...

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