MA

CATION

RAINE? CHECK

Yep, we've got Naomi backfor another peak

BOSER

Miss Kent's back – with a little something extra!



BEST OF BRITISH

MAYFAIR

Vol.48 No.10



Brookellput ateqpeein yourtrousers!



Emmais having aball—and your reinvited



BMW's electric i3! Dani Daniels! Toppermost Tech!

MF Vol.48 No.10

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EDITOR'S LETTER

nlike most people, I suspect, who dread going back to work after their summer holiday, here at Mayfair we can't wait! I mean sure, it's fun to dick around on the beach or go to restaurants in foreign climes, but when all's said and done we'd rather be at work surrounded by all our gorgeous naked ladies! And looking at this month's array, you can't really blame us, can you? Who needs airport queues, insect repellent and gyppy tummy when you can have this lot instead?!

Matt Berry | Editor

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Chelsea P59







MF Letters

MANTENTRMale

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

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com

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

HE PAINT HEAVY...

Dear Mayfair,

If I've ever done anything more stupid in my entire life than leaving my gorgeous young wife at home for the day with Toby, then I'm not sure what. As I left the house that morning it was with a sense of foreboding, but what could I do? Your brother turns up on your doorstep without warning, saying he needs to stay a couple of days and would it be OK?

He'd met Helen only twice before, once at our wedding where, unbelievably, he tried to chat her up, and once at a family party when he'd (almost) charmed the pants off her.

So off I went, briefcase in hand, leaving my beautiful, slim, gorgeous wife to whatever schemes my womanizing sibling had dreamt up to get inside her knickers.

All day long at the office I imagined his hands on her soft, naked breasts, his

MY EYES FLICKED UP AND DOWN HER STUNNING BODY, LINGERING ON HER BREASTS.

fingers touching and probing between her smooth legs and caressing her cute little pussy. Not only did I end up beside myself with jealousy, I gave myself a raging hard-on that rarely subsided over the eight hour day.

As I made my way home, my mind still full of images of her sweet naked body being made love to by my dirty minded brother, I hoped against hope that she had managed to resist his advances. He can be a real clever charmer when he wants to be and I somehow thought I knew that he'd have got somewhere with her, despite her being as loyal as they come.

When I arrived home, Helen seemed a little edgy and also rather flushed. I feared the worst but said nothing. As we sat down with Toby to watch the evening news, he slipped his hand around Helen's shoulder and said what a great day they'd had together.



SPUNKY GIBBONS

Dear Mayfair,

Loving the way you're keeping the magazine all British these days – especially as it meant we get to see lovelies like Holly Gibbons posing a lot more rudely than we'd ever see in the newspapers! She's got to be my favourite British girl on the scene at the moment, and those pictures of her showing of her beautifully shaven pussy are out of this world! What I wouldn't give to be able to crawl in between those black hold-ups of hers and give it a proper tonguing.

Incidentally, it was great to see the legendary Adele Stephens in the same issue (48.10) and be able to compare her wonderful boobs with Holly's. I'm not sure whose I actually prefer, but I'm having a great time trying to make up my mind! Paul, Northants.

I started to protest but thought better of it – he only had his arm around her

shoulders for pity's sake. Instead, I asked what they'd done that was so great.

"Oh, Toby has a new business," said Helen, becoming more flushed with every word she spoke, "He's in the body art and piercings game..." My heart sank. I let Toby continue the story.

"Yeah, I've been trying out some of my new lines with Helen. What a delicious little body she has, you lucky bastard!"

There was a moment's silence. I tried to speak but couldn't. My mouth went dry at the thought of Toby having seen Helen naked and I felt my cock beginning to stiffen yet again. I finally managed to mutter, "You didn't – I mean, I hope you two haven't er, you know..."

Toby laughed. "Are you asking if we've fucked? Of course not! Not that I didn't want to. Those fantastic breasts – couldn't keep my hands off them!" Helen blushed heavily and stared at the floor.

"And what lovely nipples! I must admit, I've never spent longer on a piercing in my life, I could hardly keep my hands still the whole time." My mind was reeling, images of



Dear Mavfair.

Thanks for giving us another eyeful of the ultra-cute Sophie Star in your latest issue. There's something about her that reminds me of a starlet of the early movie era – Jean Harlow or Mae West, perhaps? I'm not sure what it is, but give her a platinum hairdo and I reckon she'd be a dead ringer. Either way, any chance of seeing her in a film or two (although I'd prefer it if it wasn't the silent, black and white variety!).

Keep up the good work!

Jeff, Barnstaple. Hmm, you've got a point about Sophie having a touch of the screen goddess about her. Not sure if she's up for film work yet, but at least we've got her stills to keep us going! – The Ed.

Toby visually devouring my lovely Helen, touching and groping her perfect breasts, holding and piercing her nipple. It was too much, without thinking I demanded to see what work he'd done.

Toby, never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, took this as permission and ushered Helen to her feet. Stepping over to her, he began unbuttoning her dress in a slow, sensuous way that only I should be allowed to do. He slipped the garment from her shoulders and let it fall to the ground, leaving Helen completely naked. More naked than I had ever seen her as amongst whatever else they had been doing that day, they'd shaved off her pubic hair.

I gazed in mounting lust at her silky smoothness, now sporting a small, colourful butterfly just above that cute tempting gash that I know so well.

My eyes flicked up and down her stunning body, lingering on her breasts, so firm and pert, and on her erect nipples, the left one of which now had a gold stud through it's sensitive pink flesh. I was unable to speak as Toby stepped forward and began running his hands brazenly over her naked breasts, telling ME how lovely she felt and how the skin texture of her nipples was amongst the most wonderfully sensual he had ever touched! He gave her gold stud a couple of little turns and she groaned with pleasure.

I found myself incapable of dragging my eyes away and could only watch in excruciating lust as Toby let his fingertips wander over her flat tummy and down onto her soft, raised mound, making some show of inspecting his artwork before dropping all pretence and slipping the tip of a finger between Helen's lips and gently caressing her.

I watched as he slipped a finger inside her, adding another and pushing them deep inside my wife's vagina. Helen looked at me directly for the first time and mumbled an apology. Toby laughed and told me that she'd been resisting him doing this all day and that I ought to be very proud of her.

Helen pushed forward onto his outstretched fingers as he spoke, wanting him deeper, needing penetration and release after a full day's sexual teasing.

She was now moaning with pleasure.

Toby winked at me and said, "It's about time I fucked her, don't you think?"

He led her to the dining room table, bent her naked body over it, took out his huge throbbing cock and thrust it between her spread lips, deep into her beautiful pussy.

I stood staring, totally turnedon, slightly jealous and utterly bewildered. How had he managed to engineer the situation round to him fucking my wife doggy style over my dining room table? He was really giving her one, really hammering his hard cock into her willing cunt, roaring with lust and groping her tits relentlessly with his big hands.

Helen was screaming with delight, demanding he fuck her harder still, go deeper and deeper, faster and faster.

Suddenly they both cried out in climax, gasping heavily and slumping over the table.

Without a word. Toby led Helen towards the spare bedroom, Helen glancing at me with an apologetic little smile as they went. Toby led her in and locked the door. I followed and stared aghast at the closed door. My first thought was to kick it down, but then I realised that the reason I hadn't stopped them was because I wanted this. I was more turned-on than I can ever remember being, and suddenly, the thought of Toby

fucking my gorgeous wife all night long was the most erotic scenario imaginable. I settled down for the evening and listened to their moans and sighs, Helen shrieking with orgasm after orgasm as Toby made love to her, the headboard slamming into my wall.

My brother even gave me a running commentary on what they were doing: "I've got three fingers up her pussy, she's so wet!" and all it did was up my own lust.

"Mate, have you ever had her in the arse?" he called out. "Her ring's so greasy because her pussy's so wet, I'm gonna give it a little lick, see if I can stick me finger up there!"

"Fucking hell, her arse is so fucking tight!"

"HELEN WAS SCREAMING WITH DELIGHT, DEMANDING THAT HE FUCK HER HARDER STILL..."

This went on all night, my brother had the staying power of a lion. Just when I'd think it was all over and I was going to get my wife back, they'd start up again, Toby calling out to see if I was still awake. I lay there, my hard-on in my fist, wanking like a mad man until the sun came up and my wife sheepishly came back to bed. Toby stayed for two more nights after that, and he took every opportunity he could to fuck my gorgeous little wife while he was with is.

Martin, Lancaster.

ETHAN PORK

Dear Mayfair,

I'm a 24-year-old black guy, and I've been dying to tell someone about an experience I had recently, which is why I'm writing to you. I've liked the idea of swinging since I read a letter from a very liberated couple that you printed in Mayfair. But being single really limits what I can

Continued on page 28









Never let it be said we don't listen to our readers! There's been a fair old clamour about Welsh lovely Emma Green – and no sooner has she appeared in the magazine than the call for her to reappear is soon under way again. Well, we're not too sure if you really can have too much of a good thing, but for the sake of decency we waited for a few issues before getting her back again – after all, surely a monthly appearance would be too much, wouldn't it?

"Not as far as I'm concerned!" beamed the girl herself. "I love being in *Mayfair*, and would happily appear in every single issue! And I know a lot of my fans feel the same way, too!"

Hmm, maybe you're right, Emma – and let's be honest, we'd happily dedicate a day out of every to gazing at your wondrous naked bod! Erm, perhaps we could come to some sort of private arrangement...?















A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBNIEWS

Stallone Tweets Nasty At "Greedy" Willis

Bruce Willis was reportedly ditched from *The Expendables 3* because he wanted to be paid \$1 million a day and wouldn't budge on his price.

The *Die Hard* star was offered \$3 million for four days work in Bulgaria, but demanded \$4 million instead, according to *The Hollywood Reporter*.

His former Planet Hollywood business partner and sometime friend Sylvester Stallone raised eyebrows when he posted a message on Twitter announcing Harrison Ford would be replacing Willis in the third installment of the action franchise.

He tweeted: "WILLIS OUT... HARRISON FORD IN !!!! GREAT NEWS !!!!! Been waiting years for this!!!!"

Stallone was calling out Willis for his reaction to contract negotiations. When Willis was refused the \$4 million he decided to walk.

Sly launched a thinly-veiled attack on Willis, posting: "GREEDY AND LAZY A SURE FORMULA FOR CAREER FAILURE."

Stallone is expected to be joined by Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jason Statham, Jet Li, Dolph Lundgren, Mickey Rourke, Jackie Chan and Kellan Lutz for the film, which is reported to feature a younger group of mercenaries who clash with an older group before coming together to save the day and, well, generally blowing everything up.

Production begins in the next few weeks.

An insider commented to *The Hollywood Reporter*: "I think Willis was pretty surprised he was replaced in 72 hours by Harrison Ford. A better actor, a much nicer person."

PECULIARNIEWS

The Men Who Stick Things Down Their Trousers

A gent from Potsdam, New York, found himself in the clink following his arrest for public lewdness at a grocery store in the neighbouring town of Massena. State police arrested 41-year-old John Allison after the accused rubbed a packaged stick of pepperoni on his exposed penis inside the Hannaford store at the St Lawrence Plaza. He then put the food back on the shelf.

According to police, a Hannaford loss prevention security officer was watching Allison on video surveillance and captured the incident on tape.

In addition to public lewdness, Allison was charged with fourth-degree criminal mischief because, the meat having been rubbed on someone's knob, the store is now unable to sell the pepperoni.

Allison was arraigned and ordered held in the St Lawrence County jail in lieu of \$1,000 cash bail or a \$2,000 bond.

More peculiar still, there must have been a public todger-rubbing epidemic of sorts in the area, since around the same time another man was arrested in Malone, New York – a mere



25 miles away (basically next door in America) – for doing something terrifyingly similar.

Ronald Rock, aged 31, was arrested in Malone after surveillance video convinced police that he was the man at a Sears store who told a female stranger that he loved her shoes and wanted to buy a pair for his mother. Rock asked if she would take one off s he could take a closer look.

She complied. Rock then stuffed the shoe down the front of his trousers and proceeded to "masturbate vigorously". Well who wouldn't?

COMINGSOON

Hobbit Forming...

Oh the pseudo-humanity! Not long *now until The* Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug hits cinemas nationwide. I would say "from Land's End to John O'Groats" but there's damn all in the way of cinemas up the far north of Scotland, where staring daggers

through the window of your bothy at strangers substitutes for the cinematic experience... thrillers, drama, romance and even porno.

The second filmic installment of JRR Tolkien's world famous bestseller *The Hobbit* is again helmed by Lord Of The Rings



director Peter Jackson and sees Martin Freeman's Bilbo Baggins accompanying thirteen dwarves on an epic quest to reclaim the lost Dwarf Kingdom of Erebor. Sir Ian McKellen returns as Gandalf, and Richard Armitage of *Spooks* fame appears as Thorin Oakenshield, while Cate Blanchett, Orlando Bloom, Christopher Lee and Hugo Weaving all continue to pretend they're really elves and wizards.

George Clooney co-writes, directs and stars in *The Monument Men*, alongside –perhaps

inevitably -Matt Damon, Bill Murray, Cate Blanchett (sans pointy ears) and John Goodman. The film is based on the true story of the unlikely World War II platoon assigned to rescue artistic masterpieces from the



Nazis, with the art trapped behind enemy lines, and the German army under orders to destroy everything as the Reich falls. DAmn those philistines! Yet seven museum directors, curators, and art historians – "the Monuments Men" as they were apparently called – rose to the occasion. Comparisons to *Private's Progress* are believed to be fairly thin on the ground.

Finally, almost certain to be insulting the memory of Danny Kaye, Ben Stiller is poised to warp and murder James Thurber's classic creation in his remake of *The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty*, the tale of a day-dreamer who escapes his anonymous life by disappearing into a world of fantasies filled with heroism, romance and action. Then again, it'll probably be a box office smash and rake in trillions...

PRODUCTNIEWS

No More Risking 'The Bum Towel'

Friends: do you ever go to the bathroom for a shower, a shit and a shave? I know I do – and not just my own bathroom, either. And when it comes to towelling your face do you ever worry that you might be using "The Bum Towel"... which is to say, the towel – or the end of a towel – that you dried your arse with the day previously? Or even that somebody else toweled their jacksie with?

Again, I know I do. I worry about such things incessantly. But no longer! A new product called the True Clean Towel solves the age-old problem of trying to remember which end of the towel you used for your posterior last time.

Yes sirree Bob! The True Clean Towel has the outline of a man on it (albeit a knobless one) and the ends are clearly (and accurately) marked "BOTTOM" and "TOP". This allows you to reuse your towels for several days, saving money, water, and – best of all – effort – on laundry... And just imagine the peace of mind you'll have from knowing for certain which end you can use for your face and which for your arse. The simple ideas are so often the best, don't you find?

Frankly it's a miracle. The manufacturers also stress that it's also a quality towel in its own right, made of 100% Jacquard Double Spun Cotton, measuring 5 ft x $2^{1/2}$ ft, with the design woven into the fabric for maximum softness and durability. And her's the good bit – you can get one over on your guest by using it the wrong way round! Just think – the poor sods will be rubbing your bum effluvia all round their mushes and they won't have a scoobie!



SERGEI LUKYANENKO and The Watch Series

It's possible you might know this series thanks to the two spectacular Russian dark fantasy movies *Night Watch* and *Day Watch* helmed by *Wanted* director Timur Bekmambetov.

BOOKNIEWS

The series of five books which inspired the films are, however, even more interesting.

Forty-five-year-old Sergei Vasilievich Lukyanenko is a science fiction and dark fantasy author who writes in his native Russian. Born in Karatau, Kazakhstan (then a part of the Soviet Union), to a Russian-Ukrainian father and a Tatar mother, he's one of the most popular contemporary Russian

sci-fi writers. His works often feature intense action-packed plots, interwoven with the moral dilemma of retaining one's humanity while still being strong.

The 2004 hit film *Night Watch*, based on the first book in the series, was regarded as "the first Russian blockbuster." The movie *Day*

Watch was released in Russia in 2006, and worldwide a year later. Until recently, relatively few of Lukyanenko's works were released outside of Russia, partly because Western publishers were uneasy about the state of modern Russian copyright laws. However, the success of the movies changed the situation. *Night Watch*, translated by Andrew Bromfield, was published in English in 2006, *Day Watch* in 2007, *Twilight Watch* later that year, and *Last Watch* in 2009. The series has since been completed with the English translation of *New Watch*.

The novels revolve around confrontations between two opposing supernatural groups known as "Others". The Night Watch is an organization run by the Light Others dedicated to policing the actions of the Dark Others; The Day Watch is its opposite number, curtailing the activities of the Light Others.

The main protagonist is Anton, a man who discovers he is a Light Other, but makes some very questionable choices which set great battles of Good versus Evil in motion. And Good doesn't always triumph. Nor are some of the Light Others as dedicated to good works as their ancient nature ought to dictate...



When a gorgeous 21 year old wants to make it to the top of the porno ladder, what is there to stop her? Why nothing, really, as the über-lovely Dani Daniels has found out! This is how she did it...

> I n January, 2011, at the age of 21, a blue-eyed, all-American girl called Dani Daniels made the brave decision to appear in adult movies. Unsurprisingly, up until that point, the curvaceous brunette



had been working as a glamour and artistic model; jobs like the one she had previously - working in a medical office - long behind her. It was a decision that was proved correct when, a few months later in July of the same year, the 34D-24-36 beauty was selected as online giants Twistys' Treat Girl of the Month, propelling her to the top of the porn tree. Since then, the all natural stunner has appeared in over 140 titles, has been recognised by the XXX industry with nominations and awards, been a Penthouse Pet of the Month and has made her mark as a successful porn director... One can safely assume that the 5'7" minx knows exactly what she's doing, and she does it (very) well.

Despite only performing in lesbian movies at the beginning of her career and gaining a huge fanbase in doing so, Dani eventually realised that she wanted to be taking cock on screen, too. Not one to do anything

THE MINX KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT SHE'S DOING, AND SHE DOES IT (VERY) WELL.

low-key, the first four sex scenes with men that she shot were in the film *Dani Daniels: Dare*, for massive US company, Elegant Angel – a flick that, ironically, saw her win a 2013 AVN Award for Best Girl/ Girl Sex Scene (with Sinn Sage). Highlysexed, since diving in the porn world she has developed diverse sexual preferences and as such, has worked a lot for certain niche genres like busty, smoking and foot fetish (predominantly for kink.com), as well as the usual tits 'n' arse, facials, squirting, cum-swapping and creampie scenes. When asked the lady herself admits, "Creampies

are my favourite"! In fact, the only usual porn-staple that Dani hasn't performed so far is anal – something she's unlikely to do in her immediate future.

Born on the 23rd September 1989, an only child, Dani was popular at school as she showed a particular talent and love of sport. In fact, the fit chick partook in volleyball, softball, track and field, football [American], soccer [football], golf and tennis, which goes a long way to explain her still-exquisitely toned body. A body that caught the eve and imagination of industry experts as soon as they saw it, and before she knew it she was shooting for the likes of Wicked Pictures, Brazzers, Digital Playaround, Girlfriends Films and Vivid regularly. So comfortable was her role in the porn biz, it only took Ms. Daniels a few months to wonder what things were like on the other side of the camera - and it wasn't long before she found herself in the director's chair. As well as working on video clips for websites, she has directed two titles to date (which she also starred in herself), released by

Filly Films, the same distribution company responsible for Tanya Tate's directorial successes. So she must be in it for the long haul, no? Well, Dani admits that she sees herself doing porn for "as long as it's fun". We guess that'll be a yes, then!

We know what you're all asking; what

in the world before she dies. In fact, she describes herself as such on her Twitter page – 'Pornstar, Artist, Lover, Traveler, Foodie, Scotch and Cigar Snob'. We do



love a bit of honesty in our super-hot babes!

Openly bisexual, Dani has admitted to being dominant with women, but submissive with men, winning her fans across the globe – including us, here at *Mayfair*! And who can blame us? So do we actually stand a chance? It would appear Damn, now we know she's trying to tell us something! In which case, surely she has some tips for us to pull other girls, then? "Hot girls hate game. Just be nice... And



funny!" No pressure there, then, eh?

What more could you possibly want know about the delectable sex siren that is Ms. Dani Daniels? We racked our brains and came up with the following 'interesting' facts. And her contact details. See how kind we are?

"DANI HAS ADMITTED TO BEING DOMINANT WITH WOMEN, BUT SUBMISSIVE WITH MEN..."



does this foxy lady do when she's not working? And the answer is, all sorts! A big fan of art – specifically Dali and Picasso, amongst others – and an artist herself, you'll often find her in an art museum or gallery; she enjoys taking her dog, Darwin for walks (and yes, she is an atheist!); she enjoys good food and scotch; she plays golf; she's a big lover of fine cigars and loves to travel, apparently intending to visit every country not, as when asked if she would ever date a fan, she simply quipped, "I'm a fantasy, not a reality", which is definitely one of the most brutally honest, and yet unoffensive, No's we've heard, but she continued, "I'm friendly. If we're at a bar I'll have a beer with them." She wasn't overly forthcoming when we asked her what she looks for in a man and woman, either: "I go for personality over looks. And I like girls that like girls!"

Dani has two tattoos - a small heart on the lower part of her stomach and some script on her right shoulder blade. Her favourite colour is turquoise. She has size 6 feet (UK: 39 EU). She has no intention of getting a boob job hooray! She doesn't like to watch her own movies. It is mainly women that recognise her when out and about. Dani has a separate email address for all her fan correspondence - it is DaniDanielsFanMail@ vahoo.com - so feel free to proclaim your love for her there. She was nominated the for Best All-Girl Group Sex Scene (with Chanel Preston & Gracie Glam) for Tomb Raider XXX: An

Exquisite Films Parody. And won the 2013 AVN Best All Girl Release Award for *Dani Daniels: Dani*. Her favourite position? We'll leave her to tell you that: "[It] depends – on the sex, on the dick, on the person..." Makes a change from the usual "Doggy"!

To see more of Dani, visit danidanielsvip. com, missdanidaniels.tumblr.com and twitter.com/missdanidaniels.



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18_www.paulraymond.com



H mm, an all natural British babe boasting a spectacular pair of 30Fs? Go on then, we don't mind if we do! Brooke Little (a fitting name with respect to her height, if nothing else) also goes by the name of Brooke or Brookie G and hails from the rather posh county of Surrey – but instead of getting involved in typically Surrey activities like gymkhanas, she's very benevolently decided that a career showing off her lovely body is for her – so how did she make up her mind?

"Ha, well when I was about 14 these boobs started to sprout, and all the guys in the class went crazy about them. I guess I enjoyed the power that gave me over them, and it's a power I've enjoyed wielding over men ever since. And besides, it's not much fun riding a pony with knockers like these!" Fair point(s)!



IdMags.net

(P)





WorldMags.net







Welcome back to the tech, fact-felchers! It's JAMES SAINT o'clock and has he got one doozy of a round up for you this month?! Seriously, we don't know, we haven't read it...

while we're stuck indoors.

To that very end I've been as busy as a killer bee covering his murderous tracks this month, fiddling with and fingering the metaphorical mimsy of all the latest gadgets to emerge from the mechanical minge of Mama Tech – and there's been a lot, the old slag! So sit back now, put thoughts of naked ladies aside for a second and rub your eyes against this little lot. Not too closely though, some of them have sharp edges and I don't want you bleeding all over my pages and blaming me...

Monster Diesel Noise Division



Medion LIFETAB E10310 £167

As the technological trend-spotter that you undoubtedly are, you're probably well aware that Apple recently announced a nosedive in profits when it came to the iPad side of business. But whilst you're unlikely to find CEO Tim Cook down the dole office any time soon, the blame for this fall-out of favour can be squarely aimed at all thing of this ilk: the Android tablet.

Surging in popularity due to their cheap as silicon chip pricing and far greater flexibility than all things limited by a lowercase 'i', one of the latest and greatest options to flaunt the open source OS is the LIFETAB from Medion. Some pleasing 10.1-inches of high definition multi-touch tablet portable power, the LIFETAB features a might ARM Cortex A9 dual-core processor (1.6GHz) for speeds rivalling an amphetamine-fuelled Usain Bolt, 16GB of internal memory (expandable to 64GB via memory card), 1GB of DDR3 RAM, builtin Bluetooth, Wi-Fi, loudspeaker,



One of the latest and greatest options to flaunt the open source OS...



and a 0.3-megapixel front camera with microphone and a 2-megapixel snapper round the back.

Throw in countless connection options, an orientation sensor, and a battery life good for 6-hours on a full charge, not to mention a price tag that undercuts the iPad 2 equivalent by \pounds 162 and the iPad Mini by \pounds 102 and it's a no-brainer; which, coincidentally, is how we refer to those slavishly devoted to Apple.

> www.medion.co.uk

We've warned you countless times about the inherent dangers of wearing cans in public – you look like a prize Craig David twat. Regardless of this, people still seem remorselessly intent on wearing Cyberman ears when out and about, and so, if you happen to be one of them, you'll be delighted to learn that Monster have releases a new model in conjunction with fashion label Diesel, Noise Division VEKTR.

On-ear and finished in Military Green (be careful you don't drop them in the grass during a game of cricket/military battle), the high-end VEKTRs not only standout from the crowd in a very stabattracting way, they also deliver some of the finest audio performance you're ever likely to find on your head.

Coming complete with sophisticated in-line controls, now you can command complete control over your pocketed smartphone, whilst a built-in mic also lets you take and control calls without the need for any of that fiddly hand/pocket interaction, meaning that while you may well get stabbed by some whey-faced goon for your snazzy VEKTRs, at elast there's an excellent chance they won't hang around to finish you off for your phone.

> www.monsterproducts.com

Innergie PocketCell Duo 🔪 £99

Power – we all crave it; and now, just like crooked dictator Robert Mugabe, you can buy it too! Yes, why run the risk of letting your gadgety goodness run out of juice when you're miles from the nearest source of tappable electricity when you can merely slip this battery boosting beauty in your pocket and repower your, say, smartphone to max up to four times over? Why it's a non-brainer!

With a whopping 6800amH capacity and an interchangeable adapter, the Innergie can not only refuel all of your portable tech on the go, as the name might have given away, it can also do it to two at a time.

Weighing a mere 4.7oz, the Innergie may be yet another thing to have to carry around, but the bonus benefits of its backup properties make the extra lugging effort worth the while, and costing a penny less than a ton it's not going to break the bank either, unless you're very poor. In which case how can you afford so many gadgets? What, have you stolen them or something?!

> www.yinnergie.com





GameStick £80

Games consoles are very pricey these days. Take the new PlayStation 4 or Xbox One for example, each of them costs a million pounds; and that's without any controllers, games, fuses for the plug or actual life compensation. But then, if you want to play

games without having to squint at a handheld screen while mashing virtual buttons with your man-thumbs, that's the price you have to pay, so get tugging on your cash-cock. Unless, of course, you say a cheery "Fuck you!" to the grasping hands of Microsoft and Sony and spend a fraction of your hard-earned on this instead: the GameStick.

Android OS-powered, the GameStick is simply a combination of a USB computer stick and a controller, the former slotting into your TV and the latter sending commands to it. Once inserted your idiotbox instantly becomes a games centre, giving you big-screen access to any and all games apps available from Google Play; simple as that.

There are currently around 600,000 apps on Google Play, the majority of which are games costing anything from free to up to the £5 mark, so not only will you save hundreds on the price of a console, you'll also do considerably better on the actual games too, so if you are resigned to spending what remains of your life locked alone in your house, drinking ropey red wine from the bottle and working your way through a make-believe world, at least now it'll cost you a good bit less.

> www.superm.com

olloclip telephoto lens £100

After rubbishing Apple's overexpensive oeuvre, now we turn to an accessory that only applies to fruit-only fancies, in the shapely form of a gadget for getting better photos from your iPhone.

As any fool knows, regardless of your editing apps, pics snapped with camera phones are rarely that great due to massive limitations on zoom; but now that can be overcome, turning anyone into a pocketpaparrazi thanks to the genius of this telephoto and circular



polarising lens. Made from multi-element-coated precision ground glass and aluminium, the olloclip can slide on and of an iPhone 4S or 5 instantly, opening up an extra, er, 2x of fixed magnification to smartphone snappers, making for quality close-ups, a new dimension of detail to your digital snaps and a depth of field previously unavailable to play with.

Slightly on the pricey side at a penny shy of $\pounds 100$, perhaps, but if you're the kind of person whose cameraphone is your only source of soul-stealing, then it's a $\pounds 100$ well spent. Probably. On the other hand, perhaps buying a camera might be worth thinking about?

> www.olloclip.com

Geneva Sound System Model XS 6219

Fancy a bit of clamshell action? Of course you do, you bivalve mollusc molester, you! Well, how do fancy a waterproof clamshell that comes in red, white or black finishes, is Bluetooth-enabled and which can deliver 2.1 set-up stereo hi-fi sound by sucking it out of your phone, MP3-player or laptop, ramping it up using the internal digital and analogue amplifiers, and then pumping it out into your eager ears via two 1-inch tweeters and one 2¼-inch subwoofer to deliver room filling sound for you to rock out with your cock out?

Each speaker comes individually powered and chambered to guarantee sonorous quality, there's a line-in for things that don't possess Bluetooth, like radiograms, Cornflake packets and, erm, the 1950s, the rechargeable battery is good for over five hours playback, and there are even built-in FM, DAB and DAB+ tuners just in case you've forgotten to bring your own digital music holder or, indeed, you've realised that your own taste in music is chartiened.

music is abortionate and it would be far better if a paid professional like David 'Old Man' Jensen played the tunes for you.

An LED display, alarm clock and touch-sensitive controls complete the clam package, resulting in the best thing to keep by your bed since sliced sex-bread.

> www.genevalab.com



MF Feature





Dear Readers,

This month I'm delighted to bring you these pictures that I took of the delightful Tye Thornton a year or so ago. Tye was really good fun to work with (and I'm not just talking about in that way – although as it happens in that way as well!). Sadly for us she decided to take a break from modelling so she could concentrate on her studies, but with a bit of luck she'll be back in front of the camera before long, though, and in the meantime here she is in all her glory!

PAUL CHAPLIN











Worldlags.net



Continued from page 05

do, as a lot of swinger-type stuff is for couples only, or occasionally for single females. That doesn't mean to say I'm not getting any sex, mind, as there are plenty of unattached ladies out there who are looking for no-strings fun, and quite a few not-so-single ladies too, I might add! I know it's morally questionable, but it's these not-so-single types that I like best. Usually slightly older, they get dressed up to go out on the town without



OF ACADEMIC INTEREST...

Dear Mayfair,

I spotted an interesting looking establishment when I was on holiday in Spain this summer – given that they even use your typeface, can I assume it's a finishing school for all the gorgeous magazine? If so, please let me know if they ever need a caretaker or something my rates would be very reasonable!

Ha – good spot, Graham! If you want a job as caretaker at a finishing school for Mayfair models, there's already a very long list, I'm afraid... – The Ed.

their other halves and a lot of them have just one thing in mind - to get fucked by a stranger's cock, and then return home to their partner. Whether they tell their husbands, or whatever, I don't know - or care - but I like to imagine that a fair few of them get their spunk-filled fannies fucked again when they get home!

And being out alone on the pull is where being a young black guy comes in handy - those babes always seem want to try me out for size, and of course I can deliver! Obviously, I don't get lucky every time I go out on the pull, but my average ain't too bad, really - especially as I usually frequent the same haunts. However, last time I went out I decided to try a new-ish club a few miles away, which had been recommended to me by some mates, and it turned into one of the horniest nights of my life.

When I arrived at the club, it wasn't the wall-to-wall young, hot totty that I'd heard about from mates, but far from being disappointed, I was pleased. Unlike most men my age, I preferred those that

were there a little less desperate for the attention of every bloke in the room! I scanned the club; there were lots of groups of young single lads and lots of groups of birds - and guite a few of the

go, allowing my jizz to fire its way up my dick and fill her fanny with my sticky spunk!

We rearranged our clothes and went our separate ways. But I was left wondering

"HER EYES GAVE AWAY JUST HOW DESPERATE SHE WAS TO GET MY TOOL INSIDE HER ... "

girl groups were of 30s married types, which is the best type of group for pulling! Plus, the younger lads probably weren't going to go for too many of the older ladies, so that meant I was pretty much gonna have the pick of the field. As I said, perfect pickings!

Anyway, after about an hour I decided to hit on a babe in her 30s, who'd obviously left her other half at home. She was pretty fit, with nice big tits and a dirty laugh, so I knew she'd be up for some fun. She had on a tight crop top, and a very short skirt, so I could already see plenty of what I would be getting later. We chatted for a bit and it went really well. In fact, it was she that asked me if I wanted to "go and have a fuck"! It was hardly the dilemma of the decade, so we sneaked into the club's ladies' toilets, and locked ourselves in a cubicle.

Snogging each other's face off, I pushed up her top to release those big tits. They were hot - a bit wobbly with large nipples, just how I like them. I thumbed her nips as she undid my trousers and got my already-hard cock out. Her eyes gave away just how desperate she was to get my tool inside her - and of course, being a gentleman, I obliged!

I pushed up her tiny skirt and pulled her G-string aside to reveal a horny shaven haven. Her cunt lips were already soaked with her juices so I wasted no time and began to feed my dick into her snatch. I think the full length she got was a bit of a shock for her, but she was loving it nonetheless. It's a great fucking position, a babe with her back to the cubicle wall of the club bogs, one boot on the floor, the other resting on the toilet seat, and me between her legs giving her one!

I rammed into her hard and fast. She pushed down to meet my every thrust, bobbing up and down on my cock, her tits bouncing energetically! Each thrust was almost the full length of my cock, in and out, and she was getting that dreamy, I'm-about-to-come look in her eyes. She was breathing heavily, and going for it - I just hoped she could control herself and wouldn't scream out!

She was on the edge like that for a while and, I have to admit, it was getting hard for me to hold on to my mess. But then, she finally started to come! She kind of collapsed into me, so I was supporting her weight, as her pussy tightened around my dick, squeezing it tight. It took about a minute for her to finish her orgasm, all the while me still pounding her shaven hole. I'd discharged my responsibilities, so now it was time to discharge myself. I finally let if she went home and pleaded ignorance to her fella, or if she got him to fuck her spunk-filled snatch! Ethan, London.



DELIGHTFUL DANNI

Dear *Mayfair*, I couldn't agree more – Danielle Maye has got to be the most stunning model you've got on your books - and that's saying something! She's looked better and better every time I've seen her, and that latest photospread of her in your last issue is an absolute blinder! Long, golden locks, fabulous fulsome boobs, a wonderfully curvy arse, the kind of pussy most guys could only dream about fucking... all topped off by stunning face. What's not to like? No wonder she did so well in your Girl of the Year poll last year – on the strength of these pictures I reckon she's a shoe-in already for the title again this year!



s.net













ow is it our imagination, or is Naomi here looking a wee bit more buff than she was last time she was in? "I don't know about 'buff!'!" she giggled, "but yes, I like to keep myself in shape, so I guess there's a chance I'm looking a bit more toned, say."

Hmm, so you're a bit of a gym-bunny, eh? We've long been wondering what we might be able to find to entice the Ed to get along to the gym once in a while, and now it looks like we've found it!

"Oh, no, I don't really go to the gym, I'm afraid. I've got a personal trainer who takes care of my needs – and when I say all of my needs, I mean ALL of them!"

Ah well, back to the boozer for the Ed!



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GENTILIEMIEN, 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.

Eleven women are clinging precariously to a wildly swinging rope suspended from a crumbling outcrop on Mount Everest. Ten are blonde; the other's a brunette.

As a group they decide that one of the party should let go. If that didn't happen the rope would break and everyone would perish.

A parrot accidentally swallows a Viagra tablet.

His outraged and embarrassed owner sticks him in the freezer for a few minutes to cool off.

But when he opens the freezer, he finds the parrot sweating.

"How come you're sweating?" he asks it.

The parrot replies: "Do you know how hard it is to open the legs of a frozen chicken?"

For an agonizing few moments no one volunteers. And all the time the rope is fraying with their combined weight.

Finally the brunette, who is on dangling on the very end of the rope, gives a truly touching speech proclaiming that she will gladly sacrifice herself if it will save the lives of her friends.

At this, all the blondes squeal in relief and applaud...

A married woman is having an affair. Whenever her lover comes over, she puts her nine-year-old son in the wardrobe.

A/I

One day the woman hears a car in the driveway and puts her lover in the wardrobe as well. Inside the wardrobe, the little boy says quietly, "It's dark in here, isn't it?"

"Yes it is," the man whispers.

"You want to buy a football?" the little boy asks. "No thanks," the man replies.

"I think you do want to buy a football," the little extortionist continues.

"OK, OK. How much?" the man responds after considering the position he is in.

"Twenty-five quid," says the little boy.

"TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS?!" the man repeats incredulously... but, considering his position, he rummages in his pocket and forks out the money.

The following week, the lover is visiting the woman again when she hears a car in the driveway and, again, places her lover in the wardrobe with her little boy.

"It's dark in here, isn't it?" the boy starts off. "Yes it is," replies the man, gritting his teeth. "Wanna buy my football kit?" the little boy asks. "Damn you. OK then. How much?"

"Two hundred pounds," the boy replies and the transaction is duly completed.

The next weekend, the boy's father says: "Hey, son. Go get your ball and kit on and

we'll go to the park and have a kickabout." "I can't. I sold them."

"How much did you get for them?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five quid," the little boy says.

"What?! That's thievery!" cries his father, "I'm taking you to the church right now. You must confess your sin and ask for forgiveness."

At the church, the little boy goes into the confessional, draws the curtain, sits down, and when the priest enters and seats himself, says: "It's dark in here, isn't it?"

"Don't you start that shit in here," says the priest.

A man is horrifically constipated, so eventually he goes to the doctor. The doctor examines him and explains, "I'm going to give you some suppositories.

"I'll insert one now," he says, "and give you another one for later this evening."

About 11 that night, the man asks has his wife to insert the suppository. She agrees reluctantly, puts one hand on his shoulder and pushes the suppository into his ring. As she does so, her husband shrieks "Aahhhhh!" Then he starts crying uncontrollably and she just can't comfort him.

"Oh! What's wrong? Did I hurt you?" she asks.

"No," wails the man. "I just realised the doctor had BOTH his hands on my shoulders!"

Three blondes walk into a pub, go up to the bar and sit down. The barman comes over and asks what he can get them. So they order their drinks and start clapping their hands together above their heads, punching the air delightedly and yelling "49, yeah! 49, yeah! 49!"

This goes on for about 20 minutes and then they order more drinks. The barman comes

over and as he serves them he says, "Look, it may not be any of my business but ever since you three came in I noticed you clapping your hands together and chanting something about "49"... Why?"

One of the blondes says "We're celebrating!" The bartender says he's confused. On of the other blondes explains. "We put a puzzle together in 49 days!"

The barman scratches his head. "What so great about putting a puzzle together in 49 days?"

The third blonde looks at him like he's an idiot and says: "Duh... on the box it said '2 to 4 years'."



Two women friends go on a girls night out. Both are very faithful and loving wives, but they come to grief with the Bacardi Breezers. Incredibly drunk and staggering home, they need to pee so they stop off in the cemetery.

Neither of them has anything to wipe with so she thinks she will take off her panties and use them. Her friend, however, is wearing a rather expensive pair and doesn't want to ruin them.

Fortunately she finds herself squatting by a fresh-looking grave that has a wreath with a ribbon lying on it, so she drunkenly proceeds to wipe with that. After the girls have both finished, they continue on their wobbly way home.

The next day, the husband of one of the women is concerned that his wife is still in bed hung over, so he phones the other woman's husband and tells him: "These girls nights out have got to stop!



"No, you aren't the fairest in the land. However, if you take off that bra I'll lie a little!

I'm starting to suspect the worst. My wife came home last night with her panties in her coat pocket!

"That's nothing," growled the other husband, "Mine rolled into bed at 3am with a card stuck in the crack of her arse that read: 'From all of us at the Fire Station. We'll never forget you.'"



Reckon i3s are a trio of reggae singers? Well think again, 'cos here comes BMW's spiffy new electric car...

E lectric cars just got posh. While the likes of the Nissan Leaf have proven popular, they don't have much badge appeal once the hi-tech, battery-powered novelty wears off. But BMW is set to shake up the market with the first premium electric car – and the new i3 will start at around £25,000 when it goes on sale later this year.

BMW is heralding it as an electric car without compromise. The i3 was designed from the start to run on battery power, and uses carbon fibre-reinforced plastic in its bodyshell and lightweight aluminium in its chassis to keep weight to a minimum. This helps to counteract the added bulk of the batteries, and allows the car to deliver the That doesn't mean much to anyone yet, but apparently it equates to around 400mpg from a diesel engine.

Of course, you can't simply stop and fill this car up once the lithium-ion battery pack has run out of juice. Plug it into a conventional household socket, and you'll have to wait eight to 10 hours to get the batteries back up to full capacity. But BMW doesn't intend owners to do that – it's teamed up with Schneider Electric to produce the i Wallbox fast charger, which they can get installed at their home (with the help of a 75 per cent Government subsidy) for just £315. The i Wallbox can take the car from zero to 80 per cent power in just three hours. The company both BMW and Nissan would argue that the average daily commute is a 25-mile round trip, so drivers don't really need any more than this.

We'll be the judge of that, but the one of the key differences between the i3 and the Leaf is that those who do need to travel further have the option of a range-extending petrol engine, which acts as a generator to charge the batteries on the move. This is a 650cc four-cylinder two-stroke motorbike engine, mounted above the rear axle next to the electric motor. It delivers 34bhp, and the extra weight increases the 0-62mph time to 7.9 seconds. The engine also adds

> THE SUSPENSION COMPONENTS COMBINE LIGHTWEIGHT AND STIFFNESS TO BRILLIANT EFFECT.



fun driving experience for which BMW is rightly famed.

Providing the power is a synchronous electric motor, which delivers 170bhp and, crucially, 250Nm of torque from zero revs. That means electrifying performance, with 0-62mph in 7.3 seconds and a 93mph top speed. Even more impressive are BMW's efficiency claims: the company says the motor consumes only 0.21kW/h per mile. also anticipates significant growth in

the provision of roadside charging points in the UK – and wherever you plug in, you can watch and control what's going on from your smartphone using the clever BMW i app.

With the batteries at full capacity, the i3 promises a range of between 80 and 100 miles. That's on a par with Nissan's claims for the Leaf, although the Leaf rarely gets close to that, so it'll be interesting to see how the i3 performs in the real world. But just over £3,000 to the price, plus increases the car's CO2 output from 0g/km to 13g/ km. But all this is a small price to pay to get a range of 180 miles from the combination of the batteries and a full tank of fuel – plus the peace of mind that you'll never be left stranded at the roadside, looking like a fool with your batteries flat.

Crucially, whether you go for the full electric or hybrid i3, all the power is sent to the rear wheels in BMW's traditional style. This makes for an entertaining driving experience,



even in the confines of the city. The i3 has a tiny 9.86-metre turning circle and the super-responsive electric power-steering demands just two and a half turns from lock to lock. Plus, as soon as you lift off the throttle, the electric motor switches to regeneration mode, feeding kinetic energy back into the battery as you coast.

Under the skin, the suspension components combine light weight and stiffness to brilliant effect, keeping unsprung weight to a minimum to ensure a smooth and refined ride. And BMW has fitted its full suite of chassis and suspension technology – all the clever stuff you find as standard on the 3 Series and 5 Series – to ensure drivers end every journey with a smile on their face.

But passengers will enjoy the ride just as much in the i3's cool interior. As there's no need for a central transmission tunnel, the car has a real sense of space, and this is enhanced by the minimalist cockpit design. BMW offers a choice of specs – it calls them 'worlds', and they range from Atelier and Loft to Lodge and Suite. But the main thing about the cabin is that black trim seems to have been ditched wherever possible, to create a light, airy feel. Brilliant sound absorption ensures a quiet ride, while tech fans have a host of toys to play with.

So this premium electric vehicle could be the car to finally bring battery power into the mainstream. It's certain to sell, as the purchase price isn't the only tempting deal. BMW is also offering a great-value leasing package, starting at £369 per month. Do the sums, and whether you're a private driver or business user, they'll

start to add up. And with a hybrid i8 supercar on the horizon, using similar technology, the 'i's have it for BMW.



"THIS PREMIUM ELECTRIC VEHICLE COULD BE THE CAR TO FINALLY BRING BATTERY POWER INTO THE MAINSTREAM."



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	34bhp range-extender
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TOP SPEED	93mph/93mph
CONTACT	www.bmw.co.uk





10

Age: 22 Vital Stats: 32DD-24-32 5'7" Photographer: BB Media

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It's been rather a long time since we last saw the über-cute Holly Kent in our pages – in fact we don't think we've seen her since she appeared as the 'beauty' half of a rather badly named TV documentary called *Beauty and the Beast*. So what's she been up to since then – apart from growing herself a rather eye-pleasing pubic thatch especially for those of our readers with more traditional tastes in that area...?

"Oh, you like the pubes, do you?" she giggled. "I didn't have any for ages, but then I thought I'd give them a try and, well, they sort of grew on me – if you know what I mean!"

Yep, we get the idea – and it does our hearts good to see them! There's nothing like a bit of lady-garden to get our readers hot under the collar – especially when it's framed by such a stunner!



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Id housewives used to say 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness' back in the days before people realised that a few bacteria here and there were actually good for you, so the principle probably doesn't stand any more, does it? Still, for all that we thought we'd died and gone to heaven when the lovely Chelsea French invited us into her bathroom to witness a bit of her pre-bathing routine! It turns out that (rather like many of us, I suspect) it involves disrobing and having a bit of a sly wank. Well, this probably wasn't the sort of thing those old housewives had in mind, but we'll take it over a bottle of Dettol and a bar of coal tar soap any day of the week!











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WUITHINIG STILLT













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ccording to the letters we've received, Louise here tented a good few trousers when she made her *Mayfair* debut earlier in the year, so during the recent hot spell (*It's called 'Summer' – The Ed.*) we thought we'd lure her back for another shoot. The original plan was to shoot outside, but what with that big yellow thing in the sky that seems to have put in a long overdue appearance this year, and the fact that Louise was looking as horny as a rhino poacher's rucksack, we decided it might be better if we headed to the pool to cool off a bit instead. Well, you know what it's like with swimming pools – it's usually a bit of a shock when you first get in, but then you get used to it and everything's fine; well what with Louise doing her utmost to crank things up to 11 we swear we soon spotted steam rising from the surface. Mind you, there was a lot more than steam rising as she rubbed herself off for our delight...















QUIEST...

University's all about getting a good all-round education, isn't it? And these girls have certainly learnt a thing or two...

I'm a first-year student at university and although I've had a number of boyfriends over the years, I have recently realised that I fancy women. Or rather, one woman. I have a female lecturer at Uni who is simply beautiful, and is one of the main reasons that



most people chose the politics module of our sociology degree – me included. I often find

myself daydreaming about her; she's in her early thirties, with long, glossy black hair and always wears scandalously tight pencil skirts that look sprayed on to her round, firm bum, spike heels and usually a white blouse, unbuttoned just enough to reveal a hint of her full cleavage. I know this is for the benefit of the guys in our lectures, but I can't help but lust after her myself. She's renowned for being particularly flirtatious with everyone she comes into contact with – male or female, tutor or student – so when she held my gaze for a second or two longer than necessary, or

flashed me a smile that made my knees go weak, and was meant to do so, I put it down to her nature rather than her being interested in me. I never thought I had a realistic chance with her, but she became the focus of my wildest girl-crush fantasies for a couple of terms.

Then one morning, after a hard night's drinking, I sat holding my head in her class. I never miss her lectures, even with the worst hangover, because just watching her is a tonic. And this particular morning she was looking radiant. Sitting there, I attempted to take in what she was saying while holding my head and imagining her nude.

She was sitting on the edge of her desk swinging her legs as she reeled off a list of figures. Then, as she rose to go to the blackboard, I caught a glimpse of her scarlet knickers. I smiled; entranced by the all too brief spectacle, and for an instant we made eye contact. Blushing hotly, I realised that she could see only too plainly that I was getting more than a little turned on, shifting in my seat. Luckily for my nerves, she grinned at me before turning to the blackboard and continuing with the lecture, ignoring me for the rest of the time she taught.

As I rose to leave at the end of class, I froze to hear her call my name and ask me to stay back afterwards for a chat. It was the last lecture of the day, and I was supposed to meeting some mates in the student union bar straight afterwards, but all my plans disappeared from my mind as I turned to face the object of so many of my daydreams and desires. I was even more surprised when she locked the door and pulled the internal blinds down. "There's nothing worse than people gawping like this is a goldfish bowl," she said in way of explanation, as she bent over to get some paperwork from the bottom drawer of a filing cabinet. Feeling impossibly awkward, I perched on the edge of one of the desks. I couldn't help but notice how beautifully round her bum looked in her tight skirt and was busy staring at it, when she turned round and caught me. "It's usually the men who do that," she said. "Do you like what you see?" I nodded nervously, completely unsure of myself now, as she walked over, put her hands on my shoulders, bent down and kissed me. I melted. Before I could



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protest – or do anything, for that matter – she kissed me again, more passionately this time, and pushed me gently back onto the desk. The moment I felt her tongue push into my mouth I was hers to do with what she wanted. Our hands explored each other's bodies desperately, hers wandering up my top and groping my tits through my bra. I responded in like, finally feeling up the massive mammaries that I'd coveted for so long. Feeling brave, I let my hand wander down to cup that peachy arse, gasping as hers crept down inside my jeans and into my knickers, feeling down towards my moistening pussyhole.

I was just as surprised when she suddenly pulled away from me and began unbuttoning her blouse, revealing an expensive scarlet bra. "Take off your clothes," she whispered, hurriedly. As I obeyed, peeling off my jeans and unclipping my bra, she reached back into the filing cabinet drawer and pulled out a small, black vibrator. I was dumbstruck, but more turned on than I had ever been in my life – especially when she handed me the sex

> I SUCKED HER NIPPLES AS SHE RAMMED THE VIBRATOR INSIDE MY JUICY SNATCH.

toy and urged, "Play with it on yourself... And watch me..."

Watch her I did, as she bent over and slid her skirt down sexily, revealing a scarlet G-string wedged firmly between her two tanned buttocks. I leant forward and felt her bum, but she turned and put my

hand on her warm crotch, which I caressed, softly. "Play with yourself," she urged again. I suddenly became aware of the dildo in my hand, and aimed it towards my throbbing clit. Slipping off her bra, she swung her enormous boobs towards my face and ordered me to suck them, in the same tone she used when giving out homework. I did as I was told, greedily sucking one of them into my mouth, flicking the nipple with my tongue, as the vibe sent shockwaves through my clit. "Let me take over with the vibrator." She whispered and moved my hand. I groped her tits and sucked her nipples one by one into my mouth as she rammed the vibrator inside my juicy snatch.

After a while, she again pulled away, this time slipping off her G-string, to reveal a neat triangle of brown hair. "I'm going to sit on your face," she informed me, "I want you to use your tongue on me, and let me watch you wank yourself as you're licking me."

This was everything I'd fantasised about and more, and as she positioned herself above my head until her pubic hair tickled my nose,



upset she called him over to help her shed her clothing.

Tom hurried to her side to help pull her jeans and socks off and from there he busied himself relieving her of her panties. As Lilly and I played with one another's nipples Tom's hands roamed our arses and he pushed his face between our bodies and began kissing first my pussy and then Lilly's.

We sank to the floor in a tangle of limbs, each of us trying to kiss and lick one another wherever we could. I reached for some bedclothes so we would not have to lie on the cold floor and we made them into a nest on the ground so we could all fit together. As Lilly needed some emotional consolation Tom and I laid her on her back and made her the centre of our amorous attentions.

She mewed like a kitten as I gently pulled and tweaked her nipples and Tom spread her legs. I watched as he gently stroked her pussy lips with his finger, and then he held it up to my lips. Sucking on his fingers I lubricated them so they slid easily between her pale pink pussy lips when he returned to frigging her.

"I WATCHED AS HE GENTLY STROKED HER PUSSY LIPS WITH HIS FINGER, AND THEN HE HELD IT UP TO MY LIPS..."

I let my fingers wander down to my own sopping twat. I pushed my tongue tentatively inside her slit, tasting her musky secretions, and enjoying the juices that were dripping down my chin.

Soon I was completely absorbed in my real-life fantasy, and I could feel my own orgasm building. When I'd finished trembling and jerking around beneath her, she told me to carry on licking her until she came too. It didn't take long. Curiously, ever since then, we've often found ourselves alone in her classroom after hours. I don't know if I'll pass this module, but I'm having a great time trying!

am a second year student and I love my life at art college. It's not only the freedom or the number of new friends I have made, but the whole change of lifestyle. I no longer sit around and wait for things to happen but grab the moment and help make my sexual desires become reality.

As most of my friends are open-minded it is not very hard to find someone to play with, and as long as it does not interfere with my studies I am ready, willing and able to give almost everything a try.

To this end my flatmate Lillian and I have often crept into one another's beds, not only for a little fun but for comfort when things go wrong. I don't see myself as lesbian, but



I am open to experiment and often enjoy the feel of a soft female body curled up against my own.

It was one such evening when I tried my first threesome, I was in my room entertaining my latest squeeze, Tom, when Lillian came back. I was a bit annoyed when I heard her key in the door, as Lilly had promised to stay out late with her boyfriend to allow Tom and I some privacy.

My initial annoyance died when I realised that Lilly was crying, and leaving Tom to cover himself up I slipped into a T-shirt and went to see what had happened. Lillian was sobbing about getting a mean call from her boyfriend who was very drunk and had met someone else. I hugged her to console her, and this led to our kissing.

Tom, who was still in my bed, sat up and ogled us. For some inexplicable reason this turned me on, and it seemed to have the same effect on Lilly. Her hands pushed up under my T-shirt and she began palming my tits, her tongue pushing inside my mouth. I could not help but respond, and, intensely aware that Tom was watching, I began undressing her.

Removing her top, I undid her delicate lace bra, freeing her pert little tits. Lilly has beautiful pale pink nipples, and the instant I began licking them she moaned and pulled down the zipper on her jeans.

By this time Tom was stroking off under the sheets, and when Lilly noticed, she wriggled in my arms. Fortunately, they knew each other well and by now we were all so sexually charged that instead of getting



Excited beyond belief, I took his hard cock in my hand and began to wank him. Meantime Lilly sobbed with pleasure as Tom pushed his face between her thighs and commenced to eat her pussy.

I felt his cock stiffen in my fist as she grabbed his hair and began to grind her pussy hard against his mouth, and then he pulled his head back slightly and flicked his tongue across her clit, making her cry out as she came hard. I looked on, thrilled, as Lilly's pink slit convulsed and contracted, her back arching. Giving Tom's cock a squeeze I let him know that I was okay with sharing him and he kissed me in return. Lilly smiled up at me and pulled me down into her arms, kissing me



again as she whispered a thank you. For an instant I was totally wrapped up in her beauty and I wriggled out of her embrace and began attacking her pussy. I pulled her pretty labia apart and began licking her slit until I was totally engrossed in trying to make her come again.

Meanwhile Tom moved behind me, and positioning me on my elbows and knees he began licking my pussy too. He tongued me as I tongued Lilly and the sensations almost made my pussy drip with need.

bass was throbbing from the living room, the
kitchen was crammed full of people making
'cocktails' with whatever they could find in
whatever

Name: KAREN

From: OLDHAM

Age: 24

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huge bonfire

in the back garden and people had even spilled out onto the street out the front.



round the fire in the garden. We were in the kitchen by then, sharing the few cigarettes we had left with these two guys. I don't actually remember their names, but lets call them Pete and Ollie.

The trouble is, by that time of the morning, everything was a little hazy, I can't really remember what they looked like. Ollie, or whatever his name was, could have been ten feet tall with a hairy neck and cheeks for all I know – Janine seemed to like him, though. Pete, well, I can remember a couple of details about him – I should do!

At that time of the morning it's pretty obvious to everyone involved what's going to happen, it's just a matter of time is all. So when I said I was going to look for a place to sleep for the night no one batted an eyelid when I took Pete with me. As luck would have it, we found a bedroom with nobody in it and dived right in.

I lay down on the bed enjoying the bliss of a mattress after the whole night on heels and the attentions of my man. He was running his hands slowly up the back of my calves, softly caressing my skin. His fingers traced rivers up my thighs, easing my dress up until he had drawn my hem up and over my bum.

I felt the bed dip as he kneeled between my feet, and then he took a cheek in each hand and his fingers followed the line of my G-string down into the crease of my bum where they brushed lightly over my pussy, searching for my clit. As his hands spread my cheeks apart I opened my legs, wanting more.

Pete's breath was warm against my flesh as I sensed his mouth so close to my mound.

"AS HIS HANDS SPREAD MY CHEEKS APART I OPENED MY LEGS, WANTING MORE..."



It was the kind of party you didn't want to leave and so me and Janine didn't. We were still there at 4am. The party had cooled a little but music was still coming from the front room and there were still people huddled His nose pressed into my pussy and he rubbed his face against me. I wanted him badly then. I raised my hips off the bed slightly, hoping he might take the hint, and I felt his fingers curl around my thong and pull

I was begging Tom to fuck me as I worked on Lilly's slit and as he moved to oblige me I fingered Lilly's clit, making her pussy contract and spasm. Eagerly Tom pressed his cock against my wet cunt and as I began to tongue-fuck Lilly, Tom began shunting me from behind.

We were all three of us so horny that we just went right for it and began humping like rabbits. Tom fucked me hard and fast, driving my face into Lilly's wet snatch as he rammed his big cock deep inside me.

It was so satisfying being pumped so hard and I enjoyed each thrust until I felt him slow down and ready himself for the big one. I hissed at him to fill me with his come and as he did so as I nipped Lilly's clit just hard enough to make her climax. The three of us came in near-unison, groaning as we released all the pent-up sexual tension.

ike many youngsters, I suspect, going to Uni meant the first time I'd lived away from my parents. I was 19 at the time and had just moved into the halls of residence. The temptation to go mad was overpowering, but it actually took a few weeks before me and my roommate Janine really let our hair down after being invited to a house party thrown by some people we'd met who were in their second year.

It was one of those nights, a great party with loads of people who you instantly get on with – the place was heaving by midnight, the it out from my crack until my pussy was exposed. But he didn't touch me. For what seemed like ages he lay there between my legs, directing his breath up and down my cunt. He was so close that more than once I could have sworn I felt his tongue lightly flicker across my slit and I flinched at each imagined touch. And when he finally did touch me, deftly tonguing my cunny, parting my lips, I flinched so hard I bucked my bumhole right into his nose!

I just couldn't lie there and take it any more, he was teasing my cunt, gently dragging his tongue across its folds and kissing my slit when I wanted him inside me, and he hadn't even found my clit yet. I rose up from the bed on all fours, my knees spread wide apart, silently urging him on. Thankfully, he took the hint and I moaned out loud as his fingers dug into the flesh of my bum and his tongue darted between my lips to taste my sticky dew.

When his hands left my backside, I heard him shifting around behind me and then looked down to see the top of his head rising between my knees as he positioned himself directly under my cookie. Without waiting for him to tease me any more, I sat down on his face and raised myself up into a kneeling position. Now I was in control.

I sank my fingers into his hair and held on tight, grinding my pussy into his face, using his nose like the tip of a dildo against my clit as his tongue plunged into my hole. His hands returned to my butt and he pulled my cheeks apart, his fingers closing in on my ring.

I rode his face for an eternity. In my drunken state I had no interest in Pete's desires, my only concern was for my own orgasm and I didn't let him up until I had gone as far as I could with just his tongue inside me. When I climbed off his face and lay back on

the bed, my legs wide open, my pussy gaping and desperate for some dick, Pete said, "Not like that," his face drenched in my juices. "Get back on your

hands and knees so I can see your sweet little arsehole while I fuck that juicy little pussy of yours."

His dirty talking only served to make me hotter, and I got back on my hands and knees to wait for his cock. He had kept all of his clothes on so far so I had no idea what his body was like, nor what kind of a dick he possessed, but when he penetrated me it was clear what kind of dick he had – a huge one! I felt him slide all the way inside me and keep on going and going, further than any prick had penetrated me before. I began to panic that he was so big he'd never stop but I finally felt his balls slap against my labia and then I braced myself, holding onto the headboard as Pete began to thrust hungrily into me. His hands were all over my arse, clenching my cheeks tightly or rubbing my own juice into my ring, which only served to make me hotter.

If I thought his tongue just wasn't enough for me, his dick made me forget that in a moment. He was so big and I was so blown away by how deep he was inside me that he had me coming before he'd even built up a speed. I didn't care who heard us, it was such an incredible feeling to be so full of cock that when I came I shouted out all kinds of things – things I don't want to repeat here. The kind of things you say in the heat of the moment but regret the next morning, know what I mean?

"Now," he said as I collapsed onto the bed, face first, Pete's thick shaft still imbedded in me, "let me see that filthy mouth of yours."

I rolled over, eager to see the size of the dick that had just blown my mind, and was amazed at the length and thickness of him. It was a truly staggering sight. "Let's see how much of me you can get in



there," he smiled and stood beside the bed, expectantly. I was a little frightened of it but excited as well – how much of his massive cock

NEXT MONTH

 WONDER LUST
 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 could I suck on? In the end, try as I might, I could only fit half of it in, but that didn't matter because he didn't have any trouble filling my mouth with his come! In the morning he was nowhere to be seen and neither was his monster cock. Still, my university career had well and truly begun.



MF Reviews

Scene from MAYFAIR

Well look what's beamed onto our reviews desk this month! Still, there's plenty more knocking around than just the latest mega-budget Star Trek enterprise, with silent dwarfs, vampires and geronticide all getting a look-in...



STAR TREK: INTO DARKNESS

here can't be many more franchises that have undergone the whole 'rebooting' thing than Star Trek, can there? Readers of a certain age will forever have William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy and co in mind when they think of The USS Enterprise, while for others Patrick Stewart is the Kirk for them. Well, back in 2009, following all sorts of Deep Space 9 and various other spin offs, the brand got another reboot for the big screen, with Chris Pine taking on the role of Kirk (and, let's be honest, tipping his cap fairly squarely to Shatner's original incarnation as he did so). Other cast members were pretty true to the original as well, with Zachary Quinto putting in a actually original about turn as Spock unnervingly true to the original... and practically everyone else giving it up to the good old TV series as well. Unsurprisingly, the flick was a bit of a hit, and so (even more) unsurprisingly, a sequel was always on the cards...

Rather like the second ever Trek motion picture, Into Darkness features a thoroughly daunting baddie,

this time with our very own Benedict Cumberbatch in the role. No, he's not called Khan this time, but the plot's definitely something of a retread. Dumped in an inhospitable planet by



Kirk and co? Check. Possessed of incredibly self will and determined on revenge? Check. Frankly, there's very little that's actually original about this movie, but that's not to say it isn't a thoroughly enjoyable romp for all that. The cast get their teeth into the roles (not least Simon Pegg as a comedic take on good old Scottie), and the special effects are more than enough to carry you through from start to end. Throw in a few references to the old Trek (even tribbles) and there's something for everyone.

There's little that's

this movie, but...

The Ed

BLANCANIEVES

on't panic and take a trip to the Doc's to get your ears syringed - this is a silent film. Honestly, vou wait donkey's years for the talkie era's grip on the cinemahouses to loosen, and then a clutch of nontalkers come long in the space of a couple of years!



Other silent films of recent years such as Aki Kautismaki's Juda and the Oscarwinning The Artist have firmly placed the eloquence of the soundless, black and white age back into the contemporary cinematic sphere and the second feature from director Pablo Berger, Blancanieves, is a worthy addition to the select group.

Set in Seville between the years 1910-1929, the film meshes the familiar tales of correlating the tale of Snow White and Carmen. We are introduced to Carmen (Macarena Garcia) the daughter of a famous bullfighter, now an invalid and widower, who remarries the villainous Encarna. We all know how this bit goes, and ves there are dwarfs.

Berger re-captures an old tale and tells it to us anew, with an extraordinary evocative beauty and timeless nature that should have you captivated. And if you don't find yourself completely enthralled, you can always stick the radio on while you're watching it!



BYZANTIUM

There seems to be a continuous relationship in the British film industry with the downcast, end of the line English seaside town, with its peeling paint jobs and fire blackened piers. It's in this greying, bleak vision of what looks like Hastings, though the town has no name in the film, that sets the premiss for the inter-locking trail of ages where the two century old vampires Clara (Gemma Arterton) and daughter Eleanor's (Saoirse Ronan) saga continues.

The performances given by Arterton and Ronan create a balance between their characters, helping to sculpt a film that has more grit than a *Twilight* fan could handle, with the occasional Lynch-esque scene perfectly shot by cinematographer Sean Bobbitt. Definitely one that will suck you in.



PASSION



ast month we reviewed Brian De Palma's erotic thriller Dressed to Kill. It was a pretty respectable flick for a rather frowned-upon genre, and guess what – he's still cranking them out! This one, which hit the big screens (somewhere, we presume) last year, stars Rachel McAdams and Noomi Rapace in the roles of a boss and her protégé whose relationship quickly veers into subversive realms. Lesbian sex is just the start (but then it's a pretty good start, if you ask us) and all sorts of dastardly doings ensue! If you want a late night flick to engage both your mind and – now and then – your old chap, this should do the trick! And to win one of 3 copies, just tell us the name of the character Noomi played in the Girl With The Dragon Tattoo and send your answers to Mayfair's Noomi Comp the usual address (or email mayfair@paulraymond.com) by October 4th 2013.

BERNIE

Adly for readers of a certain age, this film turned out not to be a biopic of the great Bernie Clifton, Ostrich-riding mainstay of *Crackerjack* for so many years. No, rather it's a rather black comedy vehicle for Jack rather Black, in which the frequently rather annoying one plays Bernie Tiede, a seemingly good-natured sort who becomes the companion of Shirley MacLaine's grumpy widow Marjorie Nujent. However, she proves to much for the put-upon Bernie and he, well, does her in. Based on a true story, it's actually a very watchable little film, and Black really gets his teeth into the role of Bernie. Then again, it'll probably be on telly soon enough...



SIMON KILLER

EIRK(

SIMON KILLER

here have been a good few flicks about innocent American's coming unstuck in Europe in recent years (*Hostel* and its sequels, no to mention *The Human Centipede*), but this film from 2012, written and directed by Antonio Campos, actually casts the American in Europe as the rotter! Brady Corbet plays Simon, a brainy US graduate who winds up in Paris and who, well, gets drawn into the seamier side of the old world, hooking up with prossie Victoria (Mati Diop) and, well, doesn't the film's title give you a clue? *Dexter* in Paris, but a good bit nastier. If it's an unsettling flick you're after, you could do a lot worse than this impressive offering. MF Reviews

MAYFAIR Movies

Goodness knows how the producers of all this grumble come up with ideas for their flicks! You'd have thought they'd have resorted to some right lame plots by now, wouldn't you? Well, as it turns out...



CAST: BiBi Jones, Christy Mack, Bonnie Rotten, Lilly Banks.

wrong turn goes right for best-friends-forever Bibi Jones and Lilly Banks. After their bitchy frenemy gives them a false "shortcut" to their first high school reunion, the duo end up stranded in an outlaw bar in them that hills where they receive a heapin' helpin' of hospitality from a gang of slack-jawed horndog hillwillies. That's right – what we basically have here is a porno version of *Wacky Races*!

Poor Bibi and Lilly! Fortunately, being oinked by mounting-men in such a crummy criminal



establishment is, it turns out, everything the girls have ever jointly dreamed of. (See my monograph on 'Joint Dreams', to be published 2014 by Flying Swine Publications.)

And yet it is the wonderfully stagenamed Bonnie Rotten, in her black leather top, shorty skirt and fishnets, who manages to steal the film in the course of her tryst with shady tattoo artist Carlo Carrera, who takes her outside behind the bar, bends her over a crate, kicks her legs apart and sees how much of his pelvis he can wedge inside her before she needs surgery and pins in both hips.

When he pulls out, a visibly distraught Carlo seems unable to believe that he is still spurting – on the crate, her arse and down her legs. He finally stops but you can see he genuinely got a fright and realises that he narrowly dodged a bullet.

Who needs satnav when you can have japes like this by just taking the wrong route once in a while?

Fortunately being oinked by mountingmen is everything the girls have dreamed of!



HORNY ROLLER SKATING TEENS

CAST: Polly Sunshine, Amber Daiguiri, Kloe, Jalace, Lili Lamour, Regina Presley.

eminiscent in concept of Viz comic's classic one-off strip cartoon 'Nude Skateboarding Nun', with roller skating barely legals, the whole DVD is basically just knobbing on castors.

If you like your sex partners exceptionally mobile and able to run errands swiftly at rush hour on crowded pavements, then this is the sex show for you. It appears to have been filmed somewhere in the former Eastern Bloc,

perhaps even Russia itself, though an effort is made to stumble through some sordid English dialogue.

It's also nice to see some new performers. One can grow rather tired of Dan Leno, Harry Lauder and Houdini.

Rockin' them roller skates and upstaging the other girls is ultra long-



haired Regina Presley, who finds herself diplomatically accosted by two young guys, one mumbling in Russian, who bring her back to their apartment and shag her till her the wheels on her skates jam. Other highlights include one of these same blokes watching a girl-on-girl session involving skating slappers Lili Lamour and Jalace before clambering aboard each in turn and doing things to their rumps that one doesn't discuss at the dinner table, and pigtailed roller-girl Polly Sunshine who likewise gets it where her surname don't.



WANDERLUST

CAST: Lyla Storm, Brandy Aniston, Bailey Blue, Dani Daniels, Rilynn Rae, Christy Mack.



t last: a "couples" porn feature film you can watch with the wife ... in a pig's eye. When will they realise that selling their viewers this "oh you can cuddle up with her indoors and watch folk being ridden till they snivel and buggered till they faint" line of bull-crap just gets well-meaning British blokes brained with rolling pins.

Why not call it what it is - "a domestic incident waiting to happen flick" - and dispense with the tired old "couples movie" pitch. This said, while providing the usual visual fare for the edification of the male undercarriage, the film makes a rare attempt at supplying depth of storyline as well. In fact there's

quite a little darkness and even tragedy in it. No, come on, stop snorting, I'm being serious.

An abusive and womanising father, a badboy boyfriend, and her hopeless dream of escaping it all drive slutty young nubile Rilynn Rae to go it alone and have far more sex in a couple of hours than most of us get in several lifetimes. And that's just counting those of us who believe in reincarnation.

Highlights include the scene where the badboy and Rilynn break into a neighbour's house and Rilynn suddenly finds her knickers round her neck, and the one where up-and-coming super-starlots Christy Mack and Bailey Blue get sprayed with sperm in a warehouse by two blokes for no reason other than that, being porn studs, they can ejaculate great showers of the stuff at will.

Viv Thomas PASSION

CAST: Zafira, Sophie Links, Samantha Bentley, Nicole Smith, Cipriana.

hen five fabulously attractive lesbian couples decide to roll up their frocks and fall upon one another, you just know that some serious carpet is going to get gnawed. Lesbians are a

bit like mice that way; at least I've always thought so.

Nicole Smith makes a ploughwoman's lunch out of Paige Turnah's snatch before turning her attentions to AVN award winner Samantha Bentley's celebrity slot. Sapphic beauties Cindy Hope and Cipriana do the mouse/carpet thing without leaving any droppings, and the screen threatens to melt when the luscious Zafira tucks into the delectable Sophie Links's loins.

Of course, it's not all fish-knife and fork stuff. This is a Viv Thomas DVD and there is any amount of snogging and pillow talk (whispering to each other in bed - a practice not to be confused with imaginary pillows you can buy online or somewhere which will engage you in intimate conversation when you fluff them).



There's also some very tasteful face-sitting, with several beauties opting to plant their cracks on their same-sex partner's tongues and hoping for the best. I am happy to report that none of them are disappointed. Though if anyone was smothered and died during the filming of this film, I suspect Viv would have cut and be keeping it quiet about it.

Top notch lesbiage from the VLT studio - and if you feel a knob's missing from the mix, then why not add your own?



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Photographed by Joanie Allum

m

If you're the dark and brooding type, and fancy a dynamite affair in a Yorkshire swamp in the rain, we may have found your soulmate.

Perhaps Kim should explain. Well she would, if she could stop giggling through that gorgeous mane of blonde hair. "Since my centrespread in *Mayfair*, offers of work have been rolling in," the 36-24-36 beauty reveals, "and if I wanted to I could be booked up as a model for the next twelve months. But I need a break before I throw myself in to it.

"While I've been holidaying, I've been rereading my favourite book of all, *Wuthering Heights*, and it reminded me of what my busy



life is missing at the moment — a bit of passion! I'm looking for the sort that burns for years — just like Catherine has in the book. I'm going to have the time of my life with my very own Heathcliff — when I find him that is!"

All men with bushy eyebrows watch out!







Kim was a bit of a popular name 22 odd years ago, wasn't it? – Basinger and Wilde spring to mind – and they both had barnets a bit like this, if rather dim memory serves ustright. Still, it's Kim's downstairs hairdo that marks this out as a classic early 90s set. We can but hope she found her Heathcliff and enjoyed a bit of gothic action on the moors – and that things turned out better for her than for the book's main characters.









MF Intelligencer



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

well without - in one handy digest!

CELEBRITY MUSICAL CHUFFS



SEX DEGREES OF HARRISON FORD

The public know him only as Indiana Jones, but dig deep and do the research and you will find that Indiana is actually only a character portrayed

by Illinois-born thespian Harrison Ford (not to be confused with the 1920s silent film actor of the same name). This is because Harrison is one of Hollywood's most private actors.

However, if you do your homework, you will find that Harrison also pretends to be other people than Indiana Jones. He was the bloke who played Hans Solo in the original *Star Wars* trilogy, John Book in *Witness*, Rick Deckard in *Blade Runner*, somebody or other in *Presumed Innocent*, Dr Kimble in The Fugitive, action figure President Whatsit in *Air Force One*, Captain Birdseye or whoever the Soviet submarine commander in *K19: The Widowmaker*, and sundry other lead individuals in many more engineblock busters.

Ford has two sons with his first wife, Mary Marquardt, whom he married in 1964 and divorced in1979, as well as a boy and a girl with his second wife, screenwriter Melissa Mathison... who wrote the script for *E.T.* She is also really super-tight with the Dalai Lama, whom she became chummy with while scripting the 1990 movie *Kundun*.

Ford married Melissa in 1983 when he was publicly going by the name "Indy Jones", but in 2004 the couple announced they were divorcing after 21 years. This may or may not have had something to do with Ford starting to date Ally McBeal (a matchstick woman actress whose real name is actually Calista Flockhart), whom he met at the Golden Globes.

The now-71-year-old star, who aims to return as "Indy" for a fifth time in the near future, married Ally a.k.a. Calista on June 15, 2010, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where Ford was filming *Cowboys & Aliens*.

In this **MONTH**

In 1869: Indian political and spiritual leader Mohandas (Mahatma) Gandhi is born in Porbandar, India. He will go on to wander about in nappies,

achieving global fame for his devout lifestyle (which, intriguingly, includes no medical treatment for his wife, but plenty for himself) and non-violent resistance which will end British rule in India. He will be assassinated by a religious fanatic in the garden of his home in New Delhi in 1948, and decades later Richard Attenburgh will spot a chance to make a very long, fawning biopic starring Ben Kingsley.



In 1975: Emperor Hirohito makes his firstever visit to the White House in Washington DC, where unelected President Gerald R. Ford and his wife Betty (she of Betty Ford Clinic fame) treat the warmongering old bucktoothed butcher – whom Bob Hope once memorably described on radio as "that horse's neck in Tokyo" – to a slap-up dinner. This will be a thrilling development and something all Pacific War veterans can enjoy watching on TV from their hovels and wheelchairs.

In 1993: Russian tank-soldiers loyal to a stumbling-tipsy President Boris Yeltsin shell the Russian White House, crushing a hard-line Communist rebellion. Yeltsin will subsequently fire

Vice-president Alexander Rutskoi and jail other opposition leaders. This done, he will settle down to the serious business of drinking.

Etiquette for the **BEWILDERED**

"Illegal Gymigrant" is a thrilling new term coined by today's youngsters to describe an individual who does one of the following: (i) convinces gym managers that he or she is going to "test out the gym" prior to signing up for an official payable membership, then legs it; (ii) sneaks into a gym for a workout without paying; (iii) just plain refuses to pay for their gym membership and has to be wrestled from the premises by the burly blokes who've been lifting weights and munching steroids for donkeys' years. Apparently Nigel Farage doesn't like them much, but then who does?

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



UDICROUS MOVIES

Some movies and movie franchises are just so preposterous that it's a wonder most people don't start leaving the cinema after the first five minutes, or else attack the screen with baseball bats and machetes... My goodness. have we been spoiled for choice with ridiculous movie



plots recently, or what? Here are three particularly appalling ones:

TEETH (2007)

The "story" concerns a girl who suffers from "vagina dentata", i.e. teeth in her vagina, and chronicles her sex life as her fanny chews off horny blokes' knobs. That's it.

BIRDEMIC: SHOCK AND TERROR (2010)

Blame the bird flu scare – and the sorry-ass producers... A couple fall in love and have sex, only to wake up the next morning to find their isolated town is under attack from eagles and vultures which spit acid that erupts into flames when it strikes the ground. An ex-Marine, a scientist and an inevitable hippie all join forces to try and stop this plague of super-horror-birds, but despite a decent body count and hundreds of gallons of fiery bird-spit, they never really figure it

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Home to the palace to die!" Tsar Alexander II of Russia The (final) command he snarled after his maimed body with one leg hanging off was discovered by his guards under a seat in his carriage following a bombing assassination attempt by anarchists.

to migrate and with high winds and flooding, they all get sucked up into a big tornado which dumps them on the streets of Los Angeles! The sharks are falling all over the city and biting folk in half and it falls to the staff of a diner to stop them. Armed with chainsaws, guns, and bombs from nowhere, they venture outside to battle the "sharknado". It's tough to determine which part of this plot is the most preposterous: that most of the world's sharks are sucked up into a tornado, that they fall out of the sky into La-La-Land, that only catering staff can halt them, or that they need to be dispatched with the swipe of a chainsaw – most fish out of water don't require that sort of coup de grace.

 out. That's probably because there can be no rational explanation for such birdbrained bollocks.

SHARKNADO (2013)

They're right to peddle this guff as a "disaster movie", but worse, they're already planning a sequel. When a huge storm gathers, sharks begin

Coming Next Month

Jamie

The whole Mayfair British Babe juggernaut rumbles on next month, and what a splendid batch of beauties we've got in store as well! For fans of Jamie Jenkins (and you know who you are, you naughty people) we've got the girl herself back, putting more on show than ever before, while we're also delighted to be able to present Sussex babe Penny Lee making her top shelf debut! And that's just the start of it...





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