

Contents

Editor | Matt Berry
Art Director | Liz Davey
Editorial Assistant | Rebecca Jenner
Group Production Director | Andy Thorp
Advertising Manager | Mark Hassell

Skye P6

EDITOR'S LETTER

ere were are on the cusp of moving from one season to the next. That's right, The Great British Bake Off has finished – somebody made some nice buns and won, in case you were wondering – and Masterchef: The Professionals is cranking up to take its place. It seems you really can't have too many bland cookery programmes on the telly, can you? Still, if you prefer a different variety of buns and baps, may I recommend this month's stunning selection of girls? They're all very succulent and superbly presented!

Matt Berry | Editor

CONTACT US

POST Mayfair, Paul Raymond Publications,

23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey KT12 3PU

E-MAIL

Mayfair@paulraymond.com

WEBSITE

www.paulraymond.com

TWITTER

@mayfairmag



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







REGULARS

Mayfair Male It's your chance to have your say. Please be nice, though...

In Other News 14. Always been scared of clowns? Turns out you were right to be!

Mayfair Presents... India Summer's always in season 16. round here...

24. 21st Century Toys Need a hand knocking out a selfie? No, not that sort!

40. Ms Fortune Once again, Penny jets her knickers in a twist.

Gentlemen... 41. Oh you've got to laugh, haven't you? What do you mean, 'no'?

42. **Mayfair Motors** Time to cast our eye over the new Alfa papa!

78. Quest All work and no play makes Jackie a dull girl...

82. Scene Including one of cinema history's most disastrous releases ever!

84. **Mayfair Movies** A selection of scruff flicks you might want to check out.

93. MF Classic Lucinda's a prime slice of posh totty from yesteryear!

98. The Intelligencer That's right, we've been trawling wackipedia again!











Male



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

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com

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

GAIL WARNING

Dear Mayfair,

I'm 36, and I'm a really horny guy - I don't know why, but I just can never get enough sex. I've always been the same, I thought I'd have grown out of it in my twenties, but I'm always on the hunt for some fanny, and even though I've got all the chat up lines and techniques down

> SHE LEANT OVER, **DEVOURING MY** PRICK, TAKING ME TO THE BACK OF HER THROAT.

pat - practice makes perfect after all - I find that I do better with the slightly older ladies. This is fine by me as not only are they more experienced, they are often up for more and are a lot less uptight, so they're much more fun!

I had a great experience last weekend that I thought you might be interested in. I was out at a club - you know, a standard 'grab-a-granny' night (although I've always thought that was a bit rude, as the late forties-fifties women that I pull there are hardly grannies!) and I got talking to a woman named Gail. She was nicely dressed and had a good figure for her age - she must've been around 50ish although I reckoned she'd had a couple of kids. She was just what I was looking for, though, and we were flirting outrageously with each other, so I suggested that we go back to mine for some fun. I was surprised when she said no as I thought we'd had a spark, but not as surprised as I was about to be! She was married, she told me, but that wasn't a problem as her husband liked to watch her get fucked by strangers. And she wanted me to go back to her place, instead, and shag her while her husband watched!

Although I'd heard about - and probably joked about - wife-watching, but it was never something I'd ever considered, so I was initially a little freaked out. However, once I'd (quickly) gotten my head around

the idea, I figured that it was still a fuck and I didn't have any other offers that night, so what the hell!

We left the club and went to her car as she was driving I assumed that she'd gone to the club with the sole purpose of picking up a bloke to provide her with an evening of entertainment. On the way to her place she unexpectedly pulled the car over and told me to get my cock out. I did as I was told and she leant over, devouring my prick down in one go. taking me to the back of her throat. She gave good head - she'd obviously had guite a bit of practice to get her technique that perfect. Soon I was coming, and it

was only when she cupped my balls and started sucking harder that I realised she meant to take my load in her mouth! And when I did jizz, she swallowed the lot! After she had finished gulping down my seed and wiping the remains from her lips with a tissue, she explained that she had wanted to suck me off beforehand so that I'd last longer when she got me home. The voice of experience, I presumed...

When we arrived at her house, I barely had time to exchange nods with her husband before Gail told me to ignore him. "You're here for me, not him!" she said. I almost felt sorry for the guy, but as I watched Gail's shapely arse disappear

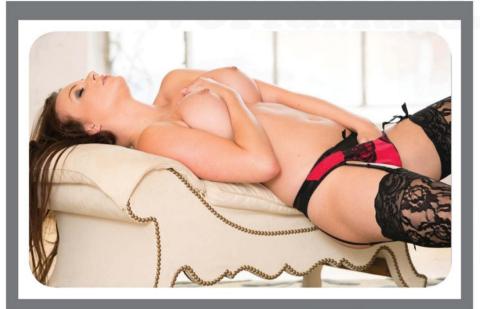


NAOMI FOR ME!

Dear Mayfair, I'm truly delighted that Naomi has come into our *Mayfair* lives by taking up modelling. I honestly can't get enough of her face, hair, figure – and, of course, that gorgeous bottom of hers! So far in volume 48 cracking photosets of her wearing the naughtiest lingerie and nylons on her pretty legs. Her bum in the bum shots you've printed are... well, I'm lost for words – even looking in the dictionary isn't any help!

In 48.04 the bottom picture on page 74 – well, just look at her, look at those 100% perfect cheeks! I want to get down on my hands and knees behind her and examine that fruit tattoo with a magnifying glass and after that I'd like to kiss her beautiful bottom all over, to use it as a pillow. When the time comes I'll be sending in lots of votes, because I want her to be girl of the year!

Yep, everyone's crazy about Naomi's bum, Geoff, and we certainly intend to see plenty more of it in the new year! –



PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Dear Mayfair,
I've been a fan of Penny Lee for quite a while now, so I was chuffed to bits to see she was going to be appearing in Mayfair. Come the big day I was not disappointed - this glorious English Rose looked every bit the Mayfair covergirl in 48.11, and the pictures in side perfectly captured her character and beauty! I especially loved the picture at the bottom of page 60, where's she's lying on her back, clearly in a reverie of self-delight as she fingers her shaven smoo inside her panties. Ooh, what I wouldn't give to swap places with her fingers for a while there and spend a bit of time slipping between her juiced-up love lips

Loves the rest of the issue too, by the way! Hannah Zebedee's a real star who's got a really naughty look about her that's just on the right side of slutty, while any issue that features Kelly McGregor is always welcome in my household! Keep it up at your end and I'll be sure to at my end!

upstairs my dick twitched and I forgot all about him as I followed my conquest up to the bedroom.

By the time I caught up. Gail was already getting out of her clothes and she told me to undress. Soon we were both naked, and my cock was immediately standing to attention again. She studied me for a moment, then said, "Well, I've tasted you don't you think it's time you tasted me?"

I didn't need telling twice; I was on her twat in a second, licking and exploring with my tongue. I love the taste of pussy, and reckon I'm pretty good at oral. I certainly didn't get any complaint from Gail, and soon her legs were shaking and I knew my tongue was doing the trick. I introduced her cunt to my fingers as well, and stuck three of them into her slick hole. That sent her over the edge, and as I screwed them in and out while simultaneously licking her clit, she came loudly, her whole body trembling as she screamed the house down!

Suddenly, Gail pushed me away and rolled over onto all fours. telling me to fuck her. She obviously wanted it doggy, and I wasn't going to argue. I shoved my cock into her, right up to the hilt in one thrust and began fucking away. I started at a steady pace and let her control how fast and how hard we shagged. It was pretty obvious that she wasn't shy, and soon I was doing her hard and fast. She'd been right to empty my balls on the way back from the club, I was lasting ages! In fact, we'd been going so long that I was tiring a little. Gail seemed to have plenty of energy, though, and made me lay on my back so she could straddle me.

She lowered her pussy down onto my flagpole dick, and bounced up and down on it, her arse cheeks slapping against my thighs. It was only now that she was on top I could see her husband on the landing through the open door, wanking himself stupid at the sight of his wife impaled on my dick!

Gail took full advantage of my cock, coming again before I was even close. It was better, though, because when I was

almost there, she lifted herself off me and used her own juices to give me a sloppy handjob until I sprayed my second load of the evening all over her pubes!

After we'd cleaned up, her husband called me a cab. Gail invited me back and gave me their number, so I figured they must've enjoyed themselves. In fact, as I was leaving the house, the last thing I saw was her husband kneeling between her legs ready to lick her spunk-covered twat!

It's a bit of a strange situation to find yourself in, but I think I will go back - after all, Gail's a great fuck and there's no danger of her old man catching us doing something we shouldn't be! CJ, Loughborough.

MASTER CHUFF

Dear Mayfair,

My girlfriend Gina has a habit of getting the horn in the kitchen that seems to always happen whenever I'm cooking - which isn't all that often, granted, although I'm starting to get into it a bit more now!

I'd have cooked more if I got home first. but since I worked till six, it was normally her who did all the cooking, except on the weekends when we never really ate the food I made anyway...

The story is always the same, but never boring for it. First, we decide what fantastic dish I am going to prepare, then I get all the ingredients out and make the kitchen ready, and then I'm off, chopping and stirring and trying my best, but every time all my efforts are thwarted by Gina's insatiable lust and horny, wandering hands. She always says she isn't going

to try anything on this time but after less than a few minutes her hands suddenly appear on my hips and she leans over my shoulder and begins to nuzzle my neck.

It's never long before those randy hands of hers find the button of my jeans and pop them open before pulling the fly down and hunting for my dick. And, as always, I'm unable to stop myself from getting a massive erection and downing tools.

"SOON HER LEGS WERE SHAKING AND I KNEW MY TONGUE WAS DOING THE TRICK..."

Sometimes we stumble off to the bedroom, tearing each other's clothes off and trying to kiss as we move through the flat, but Gina seemed to like it more if I strip her in the kitchen, sit her on the work surface, and fuck her right in the middle of all the food. I think she gets a real kick out of making a mess and getting covered in food while I fuck her brains out or eat out her shaven pussy.

And I love nothing more than to cover her huge, DD boobs in whatever gooey food is around. My favourite is double cream. The first time I tried it was accidental. I had put my hand out just to steady myself as she'd begun to really thrust her crotch against me. My fingers brushed against the open pot of cream and the idea popped into my head: pour some cream on her tits and lick it off. Except when I poured it, it ran out really fast and I covered her and me in cream.

This only turned her on even more and she reached down to rub the cream into her snatch, squealing her sexual delight and thrashing against me as she

Continued on page 28















ah - if it isn't another issue of the discerning gent's favourite top shelf periodical! And what better way to kick things off this dreary Autumn than with a spanking new set of a fresh-faced cutie making her Mayfair debut? Step forward, then, Miss Skye Bee! Yes, we know, it's a bit of an unusual name, but it did get us thinking about, er, how we'd like to have a taste of her honeypot...

"You don't muck about, do you?!" laughed the firm-bodies temptress. "I usually like to get to know a guy for a while before I let him go down on me!"

Well that's fair enough – we were only speculating rather than actually proposing, you know.

proposing, you know.

"Ah, well that's alright then. Anyway,
now we've had this little chat, I kind of
fell we've got to know each other pretty
well now..."

What, you mean...? You can't beat a bit of formality, can you?















IN OTHER MEWS

A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBNIEWS

New Body, Same Lame Personality

Desperately tedious and self-regarding US reality TV star Khloe Kardashian is reported to have developed what the Press are calling a "Revenge Body" in response to her ugly divorce from bald, fed-up husband Lamar Odom by shedding a stone and a half in four weeks and getting her nose seen to, turning her into something which looks more desirable than it did previously and maliciously underlining the fact that now Lamar ain't going' to be getting none of it.

This isn't really very interesting, but it made me think. I have been married several times and each one of my brides developed "revenge bodies". Mostly they did this by abandoning make-up, wearing unsightly house slippers or clogs when we went out and increasing their body mass and weight dramatically by bingeing

on everything from chocolate biscuits to lard sandwiches. In each case, they succeeded and vengeance was theirs.

Khloe Kardashian is also rumoured to have supplemented her revenge body by buying tight clothes to accentuate her new hourglass figure and running a brush through her hair, top and (if she has any) bottom.

"She looks great," one of her best-ever friends is reported to be telling anyone remotely motivated to listen. "The biggest difference in Khloe isn't the weight – it's her new confidence that makes her appear more beautiful than ever."

So has Khloe wreaked vengeance on Lamar? Apparently not. Revenge body or no, the poor tired sod just wants shot of her.



Children's Party Clowns Take Out Former Drug Lord

A former leader of the deadly Tijuana Cartel was shot to death by gunmen disguised as clowns while attending a children's party.

Francisco Rafael Arellano Felix, eldest of seven drugs cartel brothers, was terminated with extreme prejudice as he sat at a table licking an ice cream cone and watching someone make hilarious balloon animals in the course of an ankle-biters' shindig at a rented beach house in Los Cabos, Baja California, Mexico.

He toppled backwards as one of the clowns punched a slug into his chest and ploughed another into his bonce for good measure.

The 63-year-old was best known for controlling the drug trade in Tijuana in the 1990s alongside his equally violent siblings. But the arrests or deaths of many of the cartel's leaders stunted the power of the gang.



Francisco was arrested in 1993 in Tijuana, Baja California, and imprisoned at Federal Social Readaptation Center No. 1, a maximum security prison. In 2006, he was extradited to the United States pending charges on drug trafficking in a California federal district court. He was released from prison two years later and, doubtless amidst much guitar strumming and foot stamping, was deported back to Mexico.

According to police, "The killers' motivation for their choice of costume is under investigation" – though I and anyone else with half a brain would hazard a guess that in the context of a kids' party it might be "camouflage".

Meanwhile people on Twitter who are afraid of clowns are saying that the children's party clowns who staged the slaying are probably up there with the scariest clowns ever.

COMINGSOON

Hogwarts For Vampires, Remakes and Roman Rubbish

Coming, whether we're ready or not – and whether or not anyone is interested – is a slew of films which highlight Hollywood's increasingly staggering intellectual bankruptcy.

Fortunately, however, not every release promises to be something less suited for the screen than the carsey. Likely to be highly watchable is the Kevin Costner action thriller THREE DAYS TO KILL, in which the

oft-underestimated Kev plays an elite government assassin, who, after discovering he has a terminal



disease, decides to retire and use his remaining time to mend fences with the estranged wife and daughter he's kept at arm's length for their protection. Then his agency offers him an experimental, potentially life-saving drug in exchange for – go on, have a guess! That's right; one last mission...

Yet another remake – or as Tinseltown now calls the process of re-hashing perfectly good movies: "reimagining" – is due to hit multiplexes in mid-February, when a "new" ROBOCOP trundles onto the streets to dispense justice, baffled and lonely, whirring and swivelling his head before drawing his special gun and blowing wrong-doers, or anyone else who happens to be standing in front of him, away.

On the downside, hot off the Harry Potter bandwagon comes VAMPIRE ACADEMY, which will doubtless have millions of eager



cinema-goers
wondering where the
idea for a high school
for undead kids
sprang from, and the
conceptually pitiable
actioner POMPEII,
in which Vesuvius
erupts, and, "with the
glorious Roman city
crumbling around
him" an "invincible"
gladiator has to fight
his way out of the

arena and save his true love from wedlock to a corrupt Roman senator. It doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone involved that the whole reason Pompeii is so infamous is that Vesuvius erupted and... splosh, that's all she wrote. People were turned to statues mid-gesture and mid-stride: there wasn't any bloody time to wrestle effing lions, break out of arenas and charge into wedding chapels like Gloria Gaynor belting out "It shoulda been me."

Even worse, word has it there isn't even going to be a Frankie Howerd/Lurcio character in it.

PRODUCTNIEWS

Simulate Childbirth Agony - And Pee!

Want to know what it feels like to give birth to a baby. I know I do. That's why this month I'm turning the spotlight on Childbirth Simulators. That's right. And there are just so many to choose from.

The MamaNatalie® Birthing Simulator kit is a good buy. It comes with a fake sprog, placenta and umbilical cord, plus some weird blood concentrate along with gallons of fluids.

But if I were you, which I'm not, but one day I might be, I'd plump for the Nasco Advanced Childbirth

Simulator. Retailing at around £500, it features a life-size pelvic cavity, an ultra-soft vulval insert and all sorts for realistic delivery technique.

Plus this just in: forceps can be used during simulation. It comes with two foetal

babies and placentas, spare

vulval inserts and umbilical cords and a carrying handle.

Go on, get one, you nutter.

And when you're done simulating births, why not distress

those with whom you share your home by making them think that someone keeps breaking into the house and pishing in your toilet bowl without flushing.

Pee Purk is a fiendishly clever new product which comes

Pee Puck is a fiendishly clever new product which comes in the form of something closely resembling public urinal cakes. By placing a cake of Pee Puck in the toilet cistern you can ensure that no matter how hard and frantically that your bewildered and increasingly miserable and frightened loved ones yank the flush the water will keep turning yellow. What's more, the effect lasts for days.

Recommended for the totally mindless.





BOOKNIEWS

ZOE SHARP and THE CHARLIE FOX THRILLERS

One of Britain's most brilliant lights in crime thrillers, Zoë Sharp, recently released her first stand-alone novel, *The Blood Whisperer*, featuring as the female lead a London police specialist whose uncanny abilities to coax evidence from the most unpromising of crime scenes once earned her the nickname "The Blood Whisperer". After spending six years in jail for a murder she doesn't remember committing, she's branded a killer a second time, and finds herself dodging police, Russian thugs and a local gangster. It's fortunate that she's added a whole new skill set to her repertoire while in prison...

Zoë made her name in the course of the past 12 years with a series of ten novels featuring an ex-special forces heroine who has often been described as a female version of Lee Child's Jack Reacher – her protagonist, Charlotte "Charlie" Fox, and her writing being admired by all the big guns of the crime thriller world including Jeffrey Deaver, Harlan Coben and Lee Child himself.

A first-class shooter selected for Special Forces training who was tossed out of the army in disgrace, Charlie drifts through a variety of jobs in the early novels, including that of self-defence tutor, before a chance meeting with Sean Meyer, her old army training instructor, introduces her to the world of professional close protection... a career path perfectly suited to someone with her lethal abilities. Despite



the doubts of her family – or her own occasional misgivings – Charlie embraces her new life, even moving to the States to join a prestigious NYC close-protection agency.

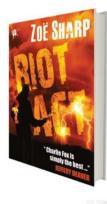
Yet life is never simple for Charlie – either professionally or in her turbulent relationship with Sean. She is continually faced with danger from all sides: trouble connected to the clients she's sworn to protect with her life, and trouble at a much more personal level.

Zoë wrote her first novel when she was 15, and created the no-bullshit Charlie Fox after receiving deaththreat letters while working as a

photojournalist. Her works have been optioned by Twentieth Century Fox TV and nominated for the Edgar, Anthony, Barry, Benjamin Franklin, and Macavity Awards in the United States, as well as the CWA Short Story Dagger.

Check out Zoë Sharp on Amazon or at www.ZoeSharp.com.





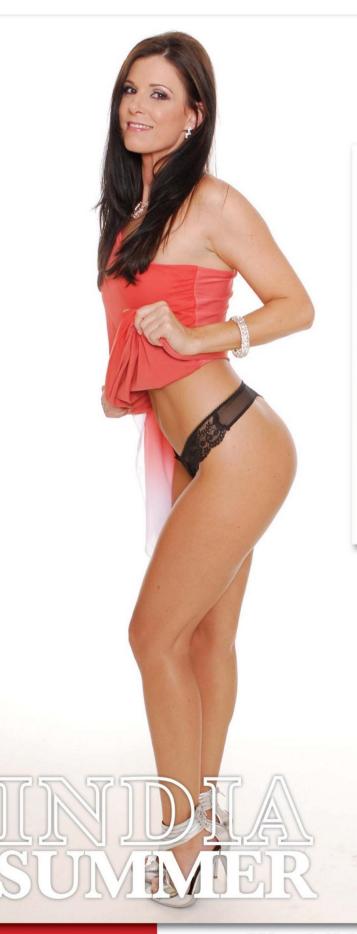








In an industry that often hoovers up fresh-faced 18-year-olds, it's always nice when someone who's mature enough to know their own mind takes the plunge - and India Summer certainly knows her own mind!



ike her moniker, India Summer's leap into the porn industry was somewhat unusual. The brunette babe wasn't a stripper or model in her former life, but she instead worked crunching numbers on a daily basis in the financial world, having previously earned a BA, with an idea of teaching. Something her tight 34B-24-34 figure would surely have been wasted on!



But that's not the most unusual thing about the hottie – for, instead of being a wetbehind-the-ears 18-year-old, India shot her first fuck-flick a mere days before her 30th birthday!

Born in Iowa, USA, it was in her last year at college when India met an older guy that would introduce her to the swinging

I HAVE SEVERAL GIRLFRIENDS AND BOYFRIENDS, AND AM ALSO VERY HAPPILY MARRIED.

lifestyle and influence her entire future, both professionally and personally. She says, "My experimentation came from a very safe, trusting and respectful place. I was in the 'lifestyle', for several years and it was from those experiences that I had an interest in performing sexually. I truly love sex and the experience of sex. It dawned on me that I

could experience great sex, meet a lot of people, perform (I'm a born exhibitionist) and get paid for it, too. To me, that sounded

"Something I've come to appreciate and be grateful for during my career is [my fans'] feedback and encouragement. I've learned

"I LOVE GIVING HEAD AND DRIVING WOMEN, OR MEN, OUT OF THEIR MINDS!"



like the perfect career." And so she decided to take a leap of faith, move to Porn Valley and start fucking on film!

Her first foray into XXX was a scene shot for Naughty America back in 2005, and the next few years saw the mucky MILF performing creampies, anal, facials and DPs, and working for most of the hottest adult studios, including Wicked, Vivid, Evil Angel, Adam & Eve and Hustler, as well as European faves Private, Harmony and Bluebird Films. But perhaps she is mostwell known for her contract with Girlfriends Films, which saw her give up sucking dick and become a lesbian-only performer for a few years, during which time her most memorable roles were made.

In fact, it would seem that her career choice is very well suited, for India is one lady who knows and is completely comfortable with her sexuality. She is not just bi-sexual, but... "fully polyamourus. I have several girlfriends and boyfriends, and am also very happily married." So, it's quite surprising to learn that despite having crushes on girls growing up, it was only at the age of 24 that she had her first lesbian experience, showing that you really are never too old!

With six awards and over 440 titles to her name, Ms. Summer has proven herself to be an enthusiastic, popular and earnest star, winning herself legions of fans the world over, so it's refreshing to find that she is grateful to those that got her there. She is a regular face at fan-signings and expos, and has previously said that she'd date a fan, so we weren't surprised when she passed on this message to them:

a lot from the people who have taken the time to share their sincere thoughts with me. Thanks for your love and support. May your sex be merry!"

Fans wanting to hook up with the 5'5" sexpot should be aware, though, that as well as being naturally submissive and



loving group sex (the most number of guys she's been with being five), she has some high standards to maintain, listing kindness, intelligence, humour, beards and good hygiene as turn-ons and ego, boisterous people, negative attitudes, extreme jealousy and willful ignorance as turn-offs... Oh, and dick size really does count, FY!!

Now, in her 8th year in the sex biz, there's not a lot more for India to do - or is there? Having had small roles in American cult shows Sons Of Anarchy and Dexter, she may well have her eye on more of a mainstream career, but she says there is still one thing she'd like to do on film before retirement, namely a roman orgy! Being long-followers of her career, we weren't surprised to learn what she enjoys most on film: "I truly love that act of oral sex. I love giving head and driving women, or men, out of their minds! I have been told that I give the best hand-jobs and should teach a class on the subject! I also think I have quite a talent for poppin', slappin' hot

With such an open and honest attitude to sex, you'd be forgiven for thinking that India is either a strung-out L.A. pro or a California dippy hippy, but she's surprisingly normal and down-to-earth. In her spare time, she enjoys reading, swimming, baking, snuggle with her kittycats, hanging out at the beach, hiking and watching Japanese Hen-tai, of all things! The self-confessed petrol-head also confides, "I am a car slut. I love me some trucks and sports cars."

So, there you have it – an in-depth profile of everyone's favourite sometimes-lesbian! And as for that moniker? She chose it from her favourite Doors song, Indian Summer, of course!

Keep up with India at @MsIndiaSummer.









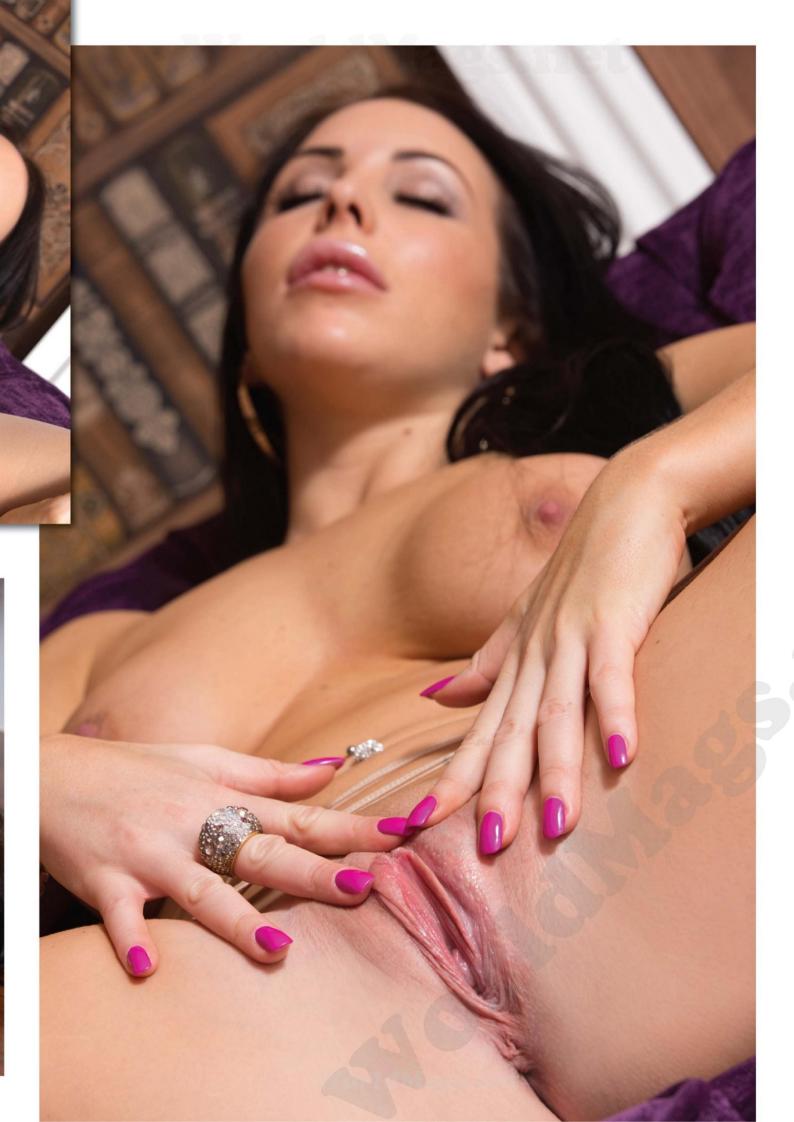








24_www.paulraymond.com





21st CENTURY TOYS

Feeling the festive spirit starting to blossom in your bosom? Then prepare to complete the picture as JAMES SAINT's hot white snow splutters down to spread fact on your face...

ep, it's that time of the year again when children the world over start to look forward to a visitation from a mysterious bedroom-interloper with a beard and a bulging sack that under any other circumstances would be Operation Yewtree's Most Wanted – it's Christmas (Not yet it ain't! Still, never too soon to start planning your pressies, I guess – The Ed.)! And, like all other publications both paper and put online at this time of year, we taken the opportunity this issue to head down the well-trodden but utterly ungritted path of Gift Guide Cliché.

So let your chesticles roast gently on the fire as I, James Saint Nicholas, take you by the pubes and drag you through the sky on a Snowman-esque flight of wonderment and pain, soaring high over the powder-covered plains of glittering gadgets below, swooping dramatically down as I tug on your thatch to bring you closer to the digital delights scattered beneath this intro in the metaphorical winter wonderland of word-wank I'm lying before you now.

Alright, enough of that, Christmas – not unlike many of our readers who've yet to make it this deeply into the issue – is definitely coming, so I need to shit off to Aldi now and stock up on a winter's worth of cheap whiskey and monkey nuts. See you next issue when the theme will be... erm, gadgets, I quess.

The Snap Remote

£5

Back in "the day" doing a selfie was more about handbased onanistic indulgence rather than smartphonecentric narcissistic face nabbing, but these days it seems that everyone is snapping badly composed photos of themselves and instantly uploading them to social media sites just for the sake of it; and, what's worse, very few of are even wanking in them. And whilst it may all seem a bit faddy, this practice has now been endorsed by receiving its very own aide-de-camp in the form of an app, physical phone support and wireless trigger, all in one box, with the sole raison d'etre of helping hapless selfie takers get more creative than mere mirror shots.



These days everyone is snapping badly composed pictures of themselves...

Available for the latest iPhones, iPad and Androids, simply download the app, set up your smart-thing so it's pointing towards you, click the trigger at your convenience to operate either front or rear camera (as ably demonstrated by the aging Goth lady here) and – flash, bang, wallop – what a picture, what a photograph (one for our older readers there)! No more fingers covering the lens no more shaky.

the lens, no more shaky looking snaps, and no more predictable pics popping up everywhere making it the perfect pressie for pouting pricks everywhere!

> www.prezzybox.com





LG G2 around £470 SIM-free



Do you like to hark back to the days before smartphones? Back when we were lumbered with fuck-useless dumbphones or, worse still, 'special class' phones that could do little more than - ugh! - make and take calls? Shittingly awful times when you couldn't take a photo of your cock and IM it to some Doris in one go, play Candy Crush at work or browse social sites on the go before starting a squabble in public or posting about how outraged/offended you are by absolutely anything? Well, thankfully those days are long gone, something we're cheerfully reminded off now with LG's latest and greatest addition to the omniphone pantheon,

Already feted as the 'moon on a stick' of this month's smartphones, here we have a super-slim, 5.2-inch Full HD IPS display toting talkbar with a whopping 13-megapixel camera, processing in the metaphorical but more than capable hands of a Qualcomm Snapdragon 800 processor, 2GB of RAM (expandable to 32GB via card), A-GPS, Bluetooth 4.0, Near Field Communication, Wi-Fi 802.11a/b/g/n, 24bit x 192kHz Hi-Fiquality sound, and USB connectivity, all of which makes the stealthily launched latest iPhone look a bit poo in comparison.

Okay, in these days of rampant poverty, £470 may seem a bit steep to spend on a God-baby-birthday present for someone, but if you picked up this magazine in the mistaken belief that it would be full of information on hedge funds, hotel reviews and the best of the Royal Arcade, you can probably afford it.

> www.lg.com

BACtrack Breathalyser £1!

It used to be in the golden olden days that Christmas was a time of the year when the TV channels upped the ante and offered us a veritable banquet of viewing, such as movie premieres and never-before-aired specials to keep us all entertained over the whole mas of Christ. These days, however, it's just the same old drivel, spewed out of the screen with nothing but contempt – if the schedulers could gob in our faces, they would. So given that I've now seen the *Lord of the Rings* arseacheathon enough times, the *Star Wars* prequels are more offensive than any amount of foreign flag-burning and if I see *Delboy* fall through the fucking bar in yet another Jimmy Carr-hosted 'Top 100...' rehashes I will literally kick in my own eyes, so what are my options? Well, there's Apple TV, buying a massively expensive Smart TV, or this...

Plug the Roku 3 into your TV, link up with your Wi-Fi and suddenly gain access on your non-Smart TV to over 450 channels of entertainment, streamed in Full HD 1080p from your router to your screen in the blink of an eye, or plug in stuff stored on USB stick or microSD card and watch it appear, as if by magic, before your incredulous eyes, and even play games using the bundled motion controller – it's a box of digital delights for your drunken eyes covering Crimbo and beyond!

> www.mediastreamingmarket.com



Monster DNA Headphones

£170



Not attracting enough attention out in the street despite the fact that you constant talk selfies of yourself while blaring out music and openly masturbating? Then relax, Hose, because we have just the thing: the new DNA eardefenders from Monster.

Amongst the best sounding and most cunningly engineered cans around, DNA are the discerning choice of DJs and what have we the world over, and now they come in a colour scheme so lurid that not only

will people see you coming from miles away, up close you will cause car accidents and actual deaths!

So, the ideal Jesusday present for yourself if you feel you're not quite getting the attention programmes like X Factor make you think you deserve, or you're feeling generous this festive-tide and can't abide the idea of having to hear someone's smartphone music via the Bluetune-pop, then get some DNA, they are truly sick. Or might make you sick. One or the other.

> www.monsterproducts.com



As we all know, Christmas is the time to get utterly wankered both day and night by way of celebration of the birth of our Little Lord Fauntleroy, but with the law being a bit iffy on combining

drunkenness and driving, this little gift that keeps on giving might be just the thing to save you and/or any alcoholic acquaintances from points/penalties and having to take penis in prison: the BACtrack.

Connecting to an app on your iPhone, simply blow – not vomit – into the BACtrack and get an instant, professional reading of your Blood Alcohol Content (BAC) along with a description of your current level of piss-artistry covering all bases from 'slight intoxication' to, one presumes, 'you've shat your back'.

Should you want you can store your results to review your drinking patterns over time and even take photos and shit to sit alongside them and share via the app on the likes of Facebook, leading to only one reasonably question: why the dry fuck would you ever want to do that? Alcoholics are supposed to be anonymous; let's keep it that way.

> www.firebox.com

Divoom Bluetune-pop £30

Another month, another portable speaker option to help those whose tunes are trapped on their phones annoy all and sundry around them with their pisspoor pop selection. But as this the season and shit, this month it's better to give than to receive; especially if it's a kicking for disturbing someone's peace with dubstep. So, what would make an ideal, affordable audio gift for the music-looking gimp in your life? Why, the Bluetune-pop

from Divoom, of course! Hence why it says so at the top.

Novel-looking and highly pocketable, this wireless peace-ender hooks up over Bluetooth, features an audio-enhancing Class-D digital amplifier and is capable of pumping out 4W of silent night-nullifying noise with 360-degree sound backed up by a



'pop-up' expandable bass system.

The built-in battery is good for eight hours on a full charge and for those who aren't blessed with Bluetooth, firstly, do you know what century this is? And, secondly, the Bluetune-pop will also obligingly connect using an old school 3.5mm jack.

> www.divoom.com



Continued from page 05

came louder than I had ever heard.

When she had fallen still, I slowly pulled my dick from her pussy and watched as the cream that had pooled between us coated my cock and her snatch. It looked so inviting that I couldn't resist getting down there and having a taste of her cream-soaked cunny. But I had to fight Sam's hands to it because she was intent on rubbing her clit and fingering her own juicy hole.

I wasn't going to stop her as she rarely masturbated in front of me so I thought I'd forfeit coming to enjoy this sight and try to remember every single minute of it. But when Sam came out of her reverie and noticed me standing there, my cock dripping double cream as I slowly stroked its length to the sight of her frigging, she slipped off the work surface and told me it was my turn.

I jumped up and sat down, my dick jutting out in front of me, and Sam reached for the cream and poured copious amounts over my stomach, cock and balls. The feeling of the cold cream on my hot balls was electrifying and I found myself holding Sam's head as she hungrily sucked on my cock, cleaning my shaft of cream.

"Suck my balls," I pleaded and she did, pulling on my cock. When I came, my spunk erupted down my shaft, pouring over her knuckles and face and into her waiting mouth. Well, she had to have something for dinner that night!

Grant, Staines.

INTERIOR DESIGNS

Dear Mayfair,

I'm a painter and decorator by trade and I recently had a very nice perk on the job. I was doing the outside of this house for a couple. They were mid-thirties and although they both worked, Tina, the missus of the house, had taken the week off while I was there. She was quite nice in a 'yeah, I would if she offered it to me' kind of way but I wouldn't have gone out of my way to fuck her. But then it turned out I didn't need to.

I'd spent a whole afternoon up and down a ladder putting a coat on all the guttering round the roof. It was hard work but I didn't mind because it was a nice day. Anyway, there I was coming down the ladder when I slipped. I was quite near the bottom but I fell awkwardly onto my knee, grazing it on the path below. It didn't hurt much but it was bleeding so I limped to the back door and called out for Tina.

Seeing my injury she ushered me into the lounge and told me to sit on the sofa while she went to get something for my cut. I took advantage of the welcome break and made myself comfy while she rummaged around a first aid box. When she found a suitable dressing she got ready to apply it to my knee.

It was bandaged up in a couple of seconds but her hands remained clutching

my leg. Then they started to move up my thigh and under my shorts. I was amazed, especially when one hand made its way into my pants.

Sensing what was coming, my knob sprung to attention and she calmly gripped

Tina peeled off my boxer shorts and as I looked down with great anticipation the tip of her tongue made contact with my ball bag. From there it travelled up the length of my rod, before making a few laps of my helmet and then I watched, and felt, with

"I COULDN'T RESIST GETTING DOWN AND HAVING A TASTE OF HER CREAM-SOAKED CUNNY."



PROPER CHARLEY

Dear Mayfair,

As far as I'm concerned sets like the one you features of Charlie Atwell this month is precisely the reason I – and so many other people – buy *Mayfair* month in and month out. A wonderfully busty Brit with a sultry look in her eye and the curves to keep a man happy for months on end! She really did look the works with those incredible boobs, while the suspenders and stockings were the finishing touch to make this a classic slice of *Mayfair* glamour! In a word, stunning! If you keep this quality up, I reckon you'll sail past your half century in 2015 and things'll look set fair for a century!

Cheers Neil – Charley's certainly the real deal. Not sure if people will still be buying magazines in another 50-odd years – they'll probably just have the imaged beamed straight into their heads or something by then... The Ed.

it. I looked down at her in total shock but she just seemed so nonchalant about it. Oh well! great pleasure as it disappeared inside her mouth.

I let my hand roam down the front of Tina's knickers. My fingertips slid swiftly over her near smooth mound before locating the opening. I probed with my middle finger between her lips before detecting moisture. From that point my digits sunk deep.

I had to free my hand from Tina's succulent hole as she let go of my cock with her mouth and positioned herself over me. There was little I could do as she held my firm cock upright and I watched in awe as my knob slid easily inside her. When she had taken my length to the hilt she began a subtle rocking movement and with each downward thrust my cock was treated to a fantastic work-out.

For the next 15 minutes Tina rode me until I couldn't hold it any longer. And believe me I tried. The moment was just so exhilarating I had to burst. My body tightened as a stream of come shot from my cock and decorated the insides of Tina's pussy. Although I was spent she kept riding me until she was finished too.

Finally exhausted, she climbed off me and let me take the rest of the afternoon off because of my knee. Naturally I did as she said, but I'm

a good worker and managed to struggle in the next day! Alan, Bolton.



harlotte here burst into the Mayfair firmament a few issues back in a rather eyecatching pink set, and we were so taken with her we were pretty keen to get her back – which we've now done! So how has appearing in *Mayfair* impacted on the blonde beauty herself?
"I live in a pretty small village, so

not many people are aware, really - I've told a few close friends, but at the moment it hasn't made a huge difference, to be honest."

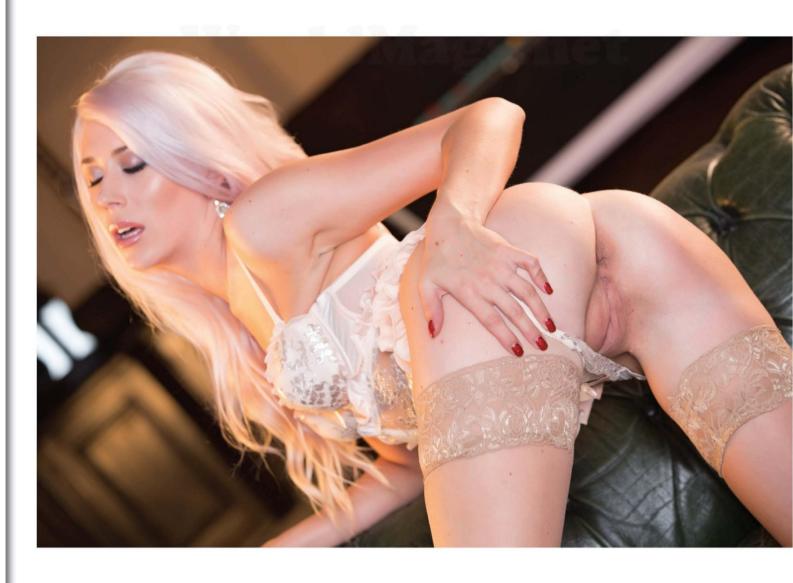
Oh, and there was us thinking on, and there was us thinking you'd be off jetsetting around the world by now! Still, perhaps being whisked off your feet by some international playboy type isn't what you're after anyway..."

"Maybe not, but now you mention it I wouldn't mind giving it a go!"

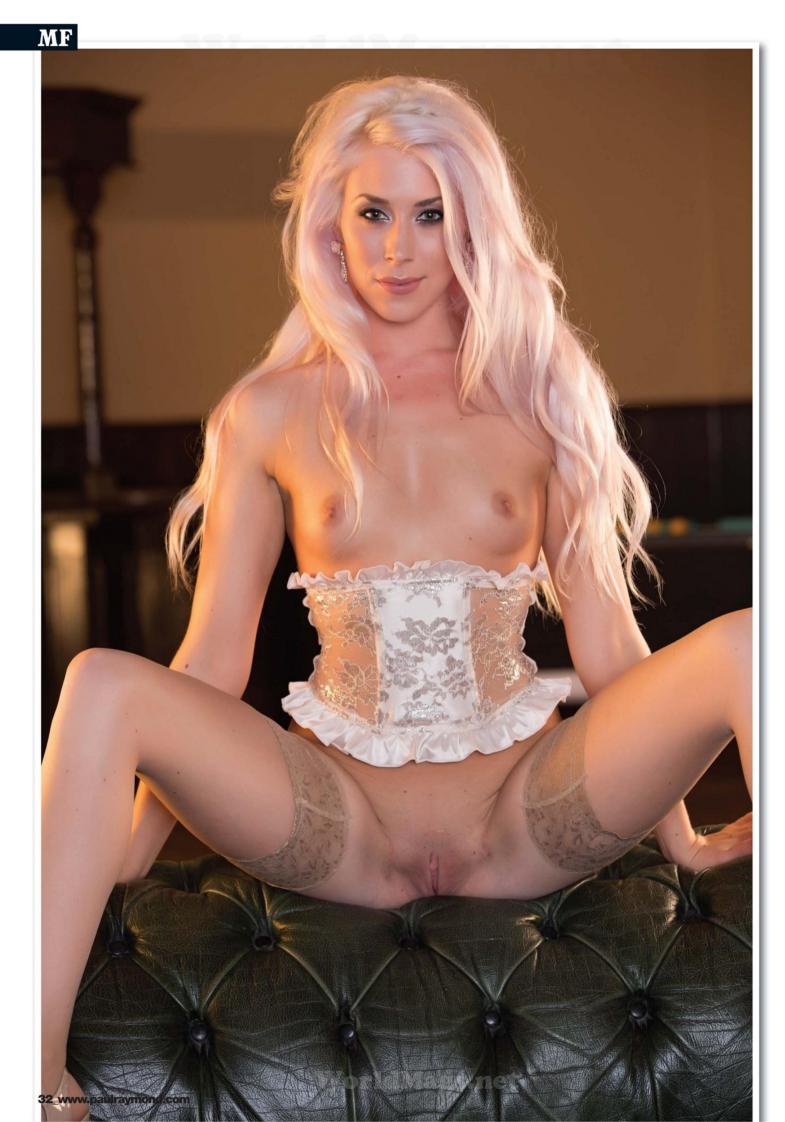
it I wouldn't mind giving it a go!"























Buy 2 and you can have 2 FREE



POST YOUR ORDER TO ;FIONA COOPER, PO BOX 16, HALIFAX, WEST YORKS, HX1 1EU or email it to FIONA@FIONA-COOPER.COM or fax it to 01422 373355 Dear Fiona, Please send me the following titles from this advert 1 title £10. 2 titles £20 plus 2 free. All further titles £5 each. le, 5 for £25, 6 for £30, etc **ALEXIS 737 LEAH 1113 EMMANUELLE 1589 FINULA 1467 EMMA 761 JOA 1125 SHELLY 1511 PETAL 1611 KATIE 982 EWELINA 1161 MANDY 1528 ANNA 1664 JANA 995 KAYLA 1274 SHERRY 1567 TRISH 1682 REBEKAH 1047 JEMMA 1454** VANESSA 1569 **CATE 1082 ELOUISE 1587 JANE 1463** I wish to pay by my Visa / Mastercard / Switch / Delta M13 V2 My Credit / Debit Card number is: THREE DIGIT SECURITY CODE (FROM THE BACK OF YOUR CARD) SWITCH CUSTOMERS ONLY Valid FromThe Expiry Date isIssue No. isSignature...... Note: All credit card orders will be charged at the UK (sterling) equivalent prices!

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY

Country

Paid by (please tick one box) Cheque 🔲 Postal Order 🔲 Cash (registered mail) 🖵 Credit Card 🖵

Fiona Cooper, PO Box 16, Halifax, West Yorks, HX1 1EU, England.



www.paulraymond.com

And it's not just Men Only - you get all the girls that have been in Mayfair, Escort, Club, Razzle an Mensworld as well at paulraymond.com - For only £14.99 per month!





GENTLEMIEN, That Reminds Me

Well this is the best we could muster, but if you think you can do any better, email us your efforts at: mayfair@paulraymond.com or send them to: Mayfair, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

A man enters a restaurant and heads for the only free table. As he sits down, he knocks the spoon off the table with his elbow. A nearby waiter reaches into his uniform's breast pocket, pulls out a clean spoon, and sets it on the table. The diner was impressed. "Do all the waiters here carry spoons in their pockets?"

The waiter replies: "Why yes. Ever since an efficiency expert visited our restaurant and determined that 17.8% of our diners knock the spoon off the table. By carrying a clean spoon with us, we save trips to the kitchen."

Later, as he was paying the waiter, the diner comments: "Don't mean to pry, but do you know you have a string hanging from your flies?"

The waiter replies, "Yes, we all do. The same efficiency expert determined we spend too much time washing our hands after using the men's room. Consequently, the other end of that string is tied to my penis. When I need to go, I simply pull the string, urinate, then immediately return to work. Having never touched myself, there's no necessity to wash my hands. Saves a lot of time."

"Wait a minute," says the diner. "How do you get your penis back inside your pants?"

"Well, sir," he says, "I can't speak for my co-workers, but I use the spoon."

One night a teenage girl brought her new boyfriend home to meet her parents, and they were appalled by his appearance – leather jacket, motorcycle boots, tattoos and pierced nose.

Later, the parents pulled their daughter aside and confessed their concern.

"Dear," said the mother diplomatically, "he doesn't seem very nice."

"Oh please, Mum," replied the daughter. "If he wasn't nice, why would he be doing 500 hours of community service?"

A priest is driving down a country lane, weaving around a bit, when he gets pulled over by a policeman. The cop smells alcohol on the priest's breath and then sees an empty bottle on the floor of the car. "Father, have you been drinking?" he asks.

"Just water," says the priest.

The cop says, "Then why do I smell wine?"

The priest looks at the bottle and says, "Good Lord! He's done it again!"



A man walks into a restaurant with an ostrich behind him. The waitress asks them for their orders.

The man says, "A hamburger, fries and a coke," and turns to the ostrich, "What's yours?"

"I'll have the same," says the ostrich. A short time later the waitress returns with the order. "That will be £9.40 please." The man reaches into his pocket and pulls out the exact change for payment.

The next day, the man and the ostrich come again and the man says, "A hamburger, fries and a coke."
The ostrich says, "I'll have the same."
Again the man reaches into his pocket and pays with exact change.

This becomes routine until the two enter again. "The usual?" asks the waitress.

"No, this is Friday night, so I will have a steak, baked potato and a salad," says the man.

"Same," says the ostrich.
Shortly the waitress brings the order and says, "That will be \$32.62."
Once again the man pulls the exact change out of his pocket and places it on

The waitress cannot hold back her curiosity any longer. "Excuse me, sir. How do you manage to always come up with the exact change in your pocket every time?"

the table.

"Well," says the man, "several years ago I was cleaning the attic and found an old lamp. When I rubbed it, a Genie appeared and offered me two wishes. My first wish was that if I ever had to pay for anything, I would just put my hand in my pocket and the right amount of money would always be there."

"That's brilliant!" says the waitress.

"Most people would ask for a million dollars or something, but you'll always be for as long as you live!"

"That's right. Whether it's a pint of milk or a Rolls Royce, the exact money is always there," says the man.

The waitress asks, "So what's with the ostrich?"

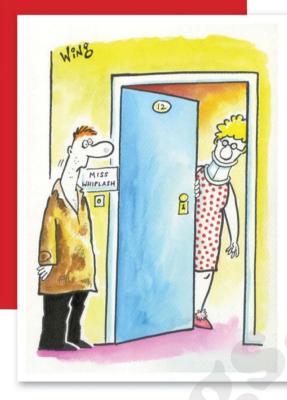
The man sighs, pauses and answers, "My second wish was for a chick with a big arse and long legs who agrees with everything I say..."



A bloke meets this girl in a bar and asks, "May I buy you a drink?". Looking back unimpressed at the guy, she replies, "OK, but it won't do you any good."

He invites her up to his apartment and she laughs as though this is funny, "OK," she says, "but it won't do you any good."

When they reach his apartment the bloke starts to gush and falls down on one knee.



"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever met!" he tells the girl. "I want you for my wife."

The girl's expression changes. "Oh, that's different. Send her in."



A young man excitedly tells his mother he's fallen in love and is going to get married.

He says, "Just for fun, Mum, I'm going to bring over three women tomorrow and you try to guess which one I'm going to marry."

Next day he brings three beautiful young ladies into the house, seats them on the couch and everyone chats for a while.

Sonny-boy then says: "OK, Mum. Guess which one I'm going to marry!"

She immediately replies, "The red-head in the middle."

Stunned, her son exclaims: "That's amazing, Mum! How did you know?!" "I don't like her," she says.



4C INTO

What's this - a sporty little number that forgot to add a gearstick? So what, it still looks like being a winner!

t's fair to say that Alfa had lost the plot. The brand has produced some stunning cars over the years – from the Duetto Spider that starred in seminal 1967 movie *The Graduate* to modern beauties like the GTV and 8C Competizione. But in 2012, the range comprised two models: the MiTo and Giulietta. A supermini and a family car. No cool coupés like the Spider or stunning saloons like the 156. Nothing to stir the emotions like Alfas of old. The future looked bleak for this famous company.

At least, it did. But now, there's a ray of hope in a car that promises to recapture the style, sex appeal and driving fun for which Alfa is famous. A car that can take the fight to the brilliant Porsche Cayman. So is a saviour really born in the all-new 4C?

there can be no criticism of the perfect proportions – the car is under four metres long and nearly two and a half metres wide – while the classic telephone dial alloy wheels fill the arches to add to the sense of aggression.

Of course, as it's such a low, menacinglooking car, getting in is a bit of a challenge. But loosen up with some yoga, and even the lankiest, chubbiest drivers should be able to contort themselves in. And they'll be glad they did, as the cockpit continues the sense of purpose. Exposed carbon fibre

hints at the 4C's performance potential, while the flat-bottomed steering wheel gearbox is key to the involvement all great drivers' cars deliver? Alfa clearly thinks not, as the 4C is offered only with the twin-clutch TCT automatic, controlled by paddles behind the steering wheel. This is partly because

THE EXHAUST IS
SPECIALLY TUNED
TO MAKE THE
HAIRS ON THE
BACK OF YOUR
NECK STAND UP

the car is relaunching the brand in the US market, where nobody drives stick. It's also partly down to the obsession engineers have had with saving weight throughout the development process – an obsession that has delivered great results on the road.

Under the skin, the 4C uses a super-



If success is judged on looks alone, the answer has to be yes. The 4C makes a striking first impression with its purposeful low, wide stance, and the classic Alfa nose works beautifully. It's flanked by headlights that have caused a lot of controversy: they look like a bit of a cheap afterthought. But

and digital instrument screen

give a race car feel. Everything is clearly about the driver, with the centre console angled towards you, and it's a minimalist design, stripped back to the essentials in the pursuit of fun.

OK, so some buyers will be sad to see there's no gearlever. Surely a manual

stiff carbon fibre monocoque, which tips the scales at a ridiculous 65kg. A hi-tech sheet moulding compound is used for the bodywork, while the glass in the windscreen and windows is 15 per cent thinner than usual to reduce the weight even further. The result of all this is that the 4C tips the scales at an anorexic 895kg.

But fire the engine - a 1.75-litre turbo



sourced from the Giulietta, but weighing 22kg less than usual thanks to an aluminium block – and the new car has a full fat, high-performance soundtrack. The exhaust is specially tuned to make the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. The four-cylinder sends 237bhp and 350Nm of torque to the rear wheels, and guarantees scintillating performance. The sprint from 0-62mph flies by in less than five seconds, and the 4C will hit 160mph. Plus, while purists will bemoan the lack of a manual box, the TCT set-up provides super-fast, super-slick shifts.

Just as thrilling as the performance is this car's cornering agility. The weight has been beautifully distributed 40:60 front to rear, and the combination of double wishbone front and MacPherson strut rear suspension is chosen with handling fun in mind.

But the biggest news for keen drivers is that this Alfa has no power assistance for the steering. This means city centre manoeuvring can become a bit of a sweaty affair in the heat of summer, but it pays dividends on the right road. It's precise and responsive, while engineers have tuned the rack to provide as much feedback as possible, so owners will know exactly what's going on beneath them. The composite bucket seats are designed to transmit as much feel up through the driver's backside, too, so you really can sense how much grip and traction there is to play with, rather than relying on electronics to decide it for you.

Safety nets like stability control are still there, but they're nowhere near as intrusive as on some rivals. So it's like winding back the

clock to an age before the PlayStation generation. The 4C is a real back to basics sports car thriller, and the overflowing order book suggests it'll take Alfa Romeo back where it belongs.



"NO POWER ASSISTANCE FOR THE STEERING... MEANS CITY CENTRE MANOEUVRING CAN BECOME A BIT OF A SWEATY AFFAIR."



SPECIFICATIONS

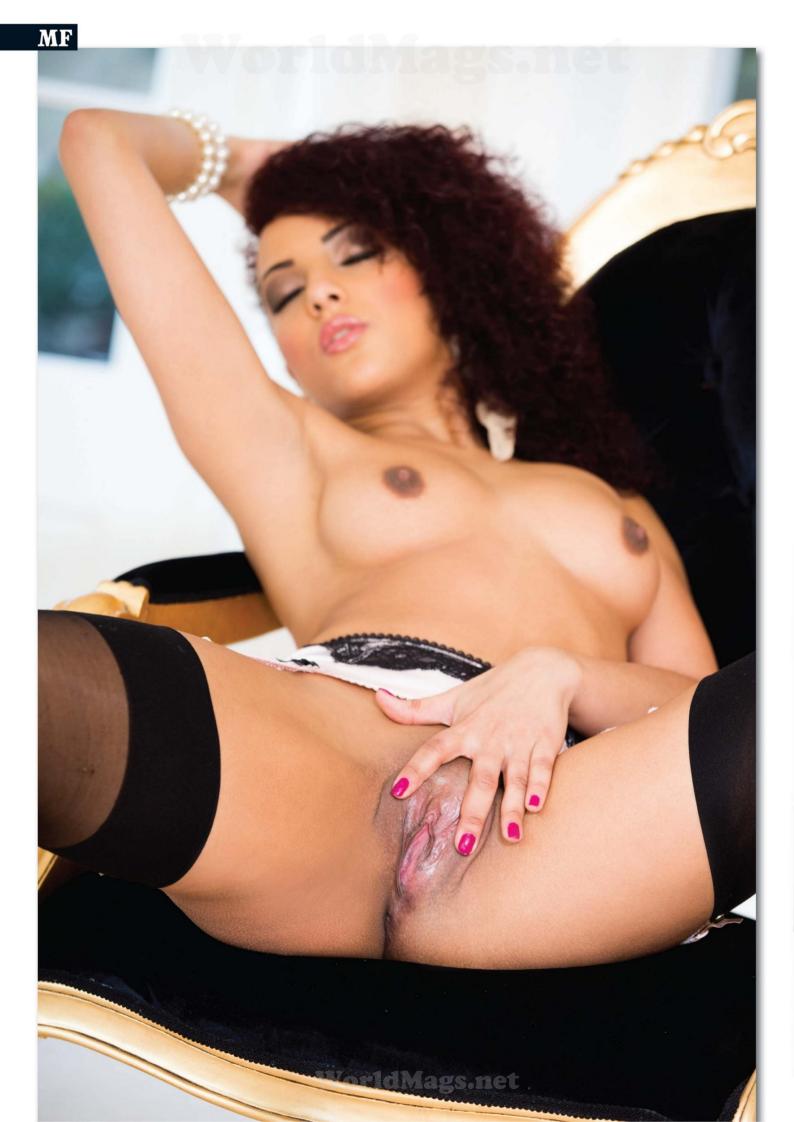
ALFA ROMEO 4C		
PRICE	£45,000 (est)	
ENGINE	1.75-litre 4cyl turbo	
POWER/TORQUE	237bhp/350Nm	
0-60MPH	4.5 seconds	
TOP SPEED	160mph	
ON SALE	Now	









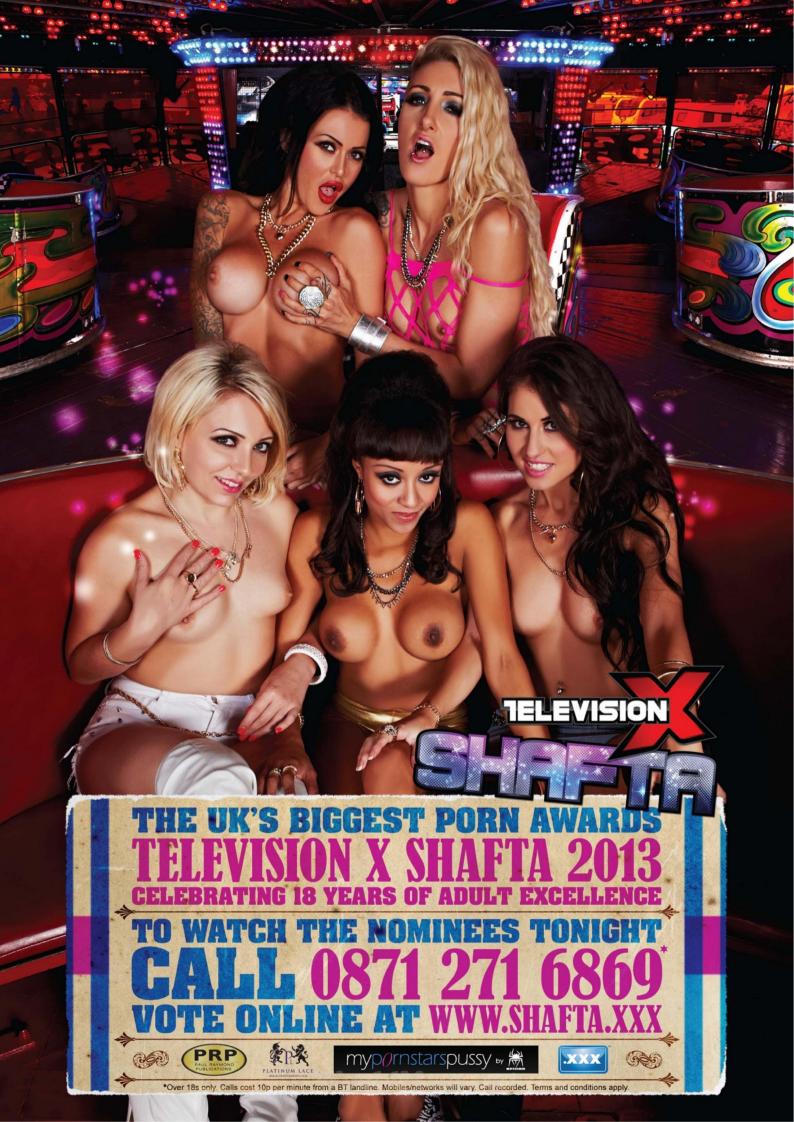














YOU WILL OBEY MISTRESS VICTORIA EXPERT DOMINATION 0909 854 2997





playing with her pussy while she talked to me - I nearly shot my load straight away!'
Neil, 35, London

TRIED & TESTED BY MEN LIKE YOU

& SWIEJETT

I'll do

anything you want!

0



854

2974





HORNY HOUSEWIVES 100'S OF HORNY HOUSEWIVES WAITING TO TALK DIRTY TO YOU LIVE FROM HOME 0909 934 0951







${ t LIVE}$ PHONE

24 hour service Bored Housewives, College Girls, Dom Bitches + More Call now for a live 1-2-1

0909 854 2957

















SEXY LOCAL WOMEN

LOOKING FOR MEN. ALL AGES/AREAS

YOU <u>WILL</u> PULL! IT'S HOT! FAST, DISCREET, JUST MESSAGE & MEET. WWW.99KISSES.CO.UK

DO YOU HAVE SPARE TIME TO MEET LOCAL WOMEN FOR NO-FEES ADULT FUN? TEXT SAMMY ANYTIME 07786 206072



We have lady members seeking FUN

IN THIS AREA!

JOIN FREE TODAY!

08444 484013

18+



Promo. material will be sent 09 COST £1.53/min CREAM HELP: 0844209996



Alison: 39 Nurse Blonde 38DD looking for sexy times with single guys, no string only fun MAILBOX: 09097 967820

Jo 33 AIR HOSTESS very dirty, just looking for guys to satisfy my sexual appetite! ANYTHING GOES MAILBOX: 09097 967084

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

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

MAILBOX: 09097 967086

RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SEND PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL 09 COST £1.53/min CREAM HELPDESK 08442099965

TEXT MESSAGES from women wanting discreet ADULT FUN!

for full details.
Discretion assured!

DIVORCED FEMALE

Seeks genuine broadminded males for mutual fun NO FEES either way

07937 941 804

STUDENT₁₈₊ Looking for NO FEES fun Anything Goes Tel 07008028056

RECEIVE FREE TEXT MESSAGES FROM FEMALES SEEKING ADULT FUN & DATING TEL 0843-290-3723 Service provided by PBC Box654 HX19HT Other service maybe promoted of SME Service maybe promoted























48770





09











141









SHAVE SILKY SMOOTH 0909 860 0014 **HAND JOB** 0909 860 0015

SEX SOUNDS 0909 860 0019 **CREAM ON MY** 0909 860 0020

FOR 0026

909860002



ACTUAL SOUNDS!

SEX ADVICE LINES 1-2-1

AN*L SEX 0909 860 0028 **FEMALE MASTURBATION** 0909 860 0029 ORAL SEX (WOMEN) 0909 860 0030

0909 860 0031 **HOW TO TREAT** (8+) A VIRGIN 0909 860 0032 **SEXUAL** DOMINATION

SIZE IS IT IMPORTANT? 0909 860 0076 **LESBIAN** POSITIONS 0909 860 0077 **TV/TS ADVICE** 0909 860 0078

LIVE

FUCK ME while my husbands at work! STRANGERS make my PUSSY so WET 09098600081

UNLOAD ON GRANNY!! 36p she's GAGGING for COCK! WANK OFF NOW

ww.35p-cheap-phone-sex.com

CORE POR EXTREME H

FROM ONLY £8 PER DVD!

Sack Lunch



f the thought of delight fully innocent 18 year old girls licking your balls makes your manhood stiffen then just imagine how strong your orgasm will be whilst watching this superb oral sex sack lunch DVD!

DVD CODE: LS196

Teens Taking Huge Black C**K



You will be in seventh heaven perving over & ogling gorgeous 18 & 19 year old blonde sweeties as they take it hard & deep in every hole from hugely well hung black guys old enough to be their fathers. Awesome

DVD CODE: LS197

Girls Fist Girls



Hot babes in their early 20s who love to lubricate & explore one another's pussies & anuses in the deepest most intimate way possible. If you fantasise about seeing incredibly kinky lesbian sex acts then you really should order now!

DVD CODE: LS198

Gangbang Granny in School Uniform

PICTURE TOO STRONG FOR PUBLICATION 18+

made your manhood twitch. Watching a sexy 66 year old granny in tartan school skirt & white blouse chomping on c**k whilst being taken vaginally and anally certainly made mine do more than twitch. Enjoy!

Has reading the title just

DVD CODE: LS199

Paradise Under A Huge Bottom



Guys would you like to be smothered by a strict. cruel leather clad Mistress in her early 50s who harshly dominates you with her huge, white wobbly bottom. Well now's your chance to sample a taste of face sitting heaven.

DVD CODE: LS200

Hairy Cherry Girls



main star of this DVD. when auditioning to earn £500 losing her virginity on camera was too shy to take her dress or her little white panties off. After a few vodkas she relaxed & a fantastic hairy pussy/girl losing her cherry film is what we created! Awesome!

DVD CODE: LS20

Mature Lesbian Squirters



This epic lesbian DVD shows really sexy ladies in their late 50s & very early 60s who simply delight in pleasuring each other vaginally & anally. babes are so skilled with their fingers & tongues that they make making another woman squirt seem both easy & natural. DVD CODE: LS202

Cheap Asian Prostitutes



South East Asia has long provided Western sex tourists with the cheapest snatch on earth. The sexy girls in this DVD are all aged between 18 and 23 & work in short time bars having sex with an average of 3 - 14 foreign guys every day. For approx. a tenner a throw! DVD CODE: LS203

Bisexual Party Night



If you are looking for something different & kinky then you may well get off on seeing men & women going at it hammer & tongs. That means men with women, men with men. Women with women - basically anything goes, super a** orgies! DVD CODE: LS204

My Sister 1st Black Chopper



This DVD is excellent but to legalities cannot describe it in this newspaper. Order today!

Clinic Of Perversity



A fabulous fetish DVD set in a clinic with a real Fem Dom theme. If you are interested in male milking, intimate inspections & one or two topics that are far too strong to be mentioned in this publication then order it & enjoy.

DVD CODE: LS206

Tranny Schoolgirls



Do you fancy trannies? Does it turn you on to masturbate watching 18 year old t-girls on film or to have one of our de-lightful babes tease you to the point you were ready to have sex with her? Let your dreams come alive. Our teenage girls' are here to please DVD CODE: 1 S207

Outdoor A** | Creampie Teens



Fancy masturbating to hot sticky man goo oozing & seeping its way out of 18 year old girl's anuses? Then look no further. Teasing teeners at it in outdoor settings!

DVD CODE: LS20

Lesbian Brides



See hot real life lesbians having sex whilst wear their wedding ing dresses & expensive lingerie. They tongue kiss, masturbate & have full on lessie sex especially for YOU! Supreme hard core material.

DVD CODE: LS205

DVD CODE: LS209

Dwarf Orgies



One of the strongest, most outrageous gang sex films ever made. Male & female midgets in no holds barred orgies with fully grown folk. This is awesome. Order

DVD CODE: LS210



This is a real gem. Horny plack ladies in their early 60s getting screwed hard & deep by rampant black guys. These dusky grannies take it hard in each hole & achieve loud, earth shattering granny orgasms!

DVD CODE: LS211

2 DVDs 2 DVDs for only

£12.50 per DVD-

4 DVDs 4 DVDs for only

£11.25 per DVD-

6 DVDs 6 DVDs for only

-£10 per DVD-

8 DVDs 8 DVDs for only

-£9.38 per DVD-

10 DVDs 10 DVDs for only

-£9 per DVD-

15 DVDs 15 DVDs for only

£8 per DVD-

AND NOT AVAILABLE FROM UK SEX SHOPS. THEY ARE THE HARDEST PORN DVDs YOU WILL EVER FIND WHICH IS WHY WE ARE BASED ABROAD.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE HOWEVER ALL DVDs ARE DESPATCHED FAST FROM WITHIN THE UK BY OUR UK AGENTS. YOU WILL NEVER HAVE SEEN PORNOGRAPHY SO STRONG -GUARANTEED - OR YOUR MONEY

YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO LOSE AND EVERYTHING TO GAIN SO PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW

For a FREE catalogue of the worlds strongest porn DVDs at super low prices send your name and address to the address on the order form

Email us at: Lacremecat@gmail.com or call with or text your name and address to: 0034 680 182 874



DON'T MISS OUT - ORDER NOW!		
I enclose £ + £5 P&P Totalling £ for DVDs. CUT OUT & RETU	JRN	
Please rush me:LS196LS197LS198LS199LS200LS201LS202LS203LS204LS205LS206LS207LS208LS209LS210LS211		
I am paying by QCASH please send me a voucher for 10 POUNDS OFF my next purchase		
Don't send me a 10 POUNDS OFF voucher I am paying by Q POSTAL ORDER Q CHEQUE		
Postal Orders / Cheques should be payable to La Creme, Please leave postal orders uncrossed		
Name I AM OVER 18 (Sign)		

Address Postcode

PLEASE SEND TO: La Creme, Office M222, Avenida de Mijas 14, Edificio Alegria,

1 Local, Fuengirola, 29640, (Malaga), Spain		
IT COSTS 88P TO SEND YO	UR ENVELOPE TO SPAIN.	
ALL DVDS ARE POSTED DISC		
OUR AGENTS FROM WITHIN T	HE UK.	

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

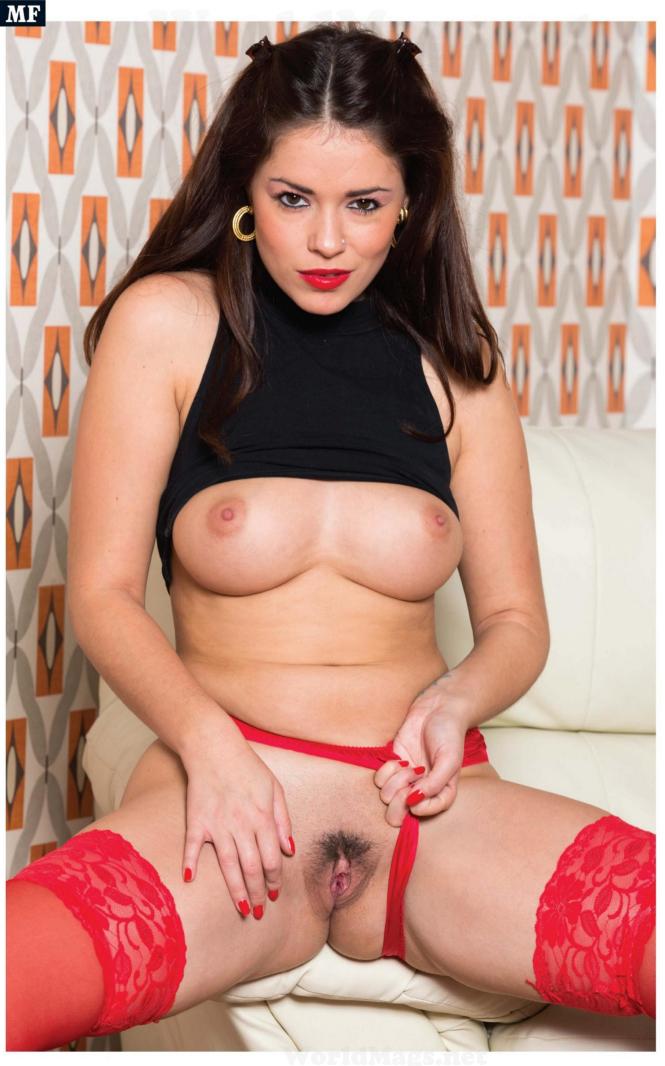
PR

AD 38a -

18 D

WorldMags.net





































































































(0)\text{\text{\$}}\text{\text{\$}}\text{\text{\$}}(5)\text{\text{\$}}







MISTRESS WANTS TO

RIDE ON YOUR FACE











































WET AND

READY





0982 505 1457















BEST LOCAL FUCKS IN TOWN TEXT 'SEX' TO 69469 FOR FILTHY SLUTS















BORED AT HOME **AVAILABLE NOW FOR**







BLONDE SLUT

WANTS YOUR COCK IN HER



Sniff Damp Knickers 0909 860 9477 The filthiest fetish ever! Strap on Mistress **Lady Boys Special!**



















Calls Recorded and cost 61p per minute plus network extras. 18+. We may send figromo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to got out. LLS9 Ltd. CCL: 0844 381 7725.

BLACK BASES 0909 534 9880













































3 year old cutie Jade Samantha's perfectly proportioned for fun – nicely round in all the right places without anything too bony poking out that you might do yourself a mischief on! After all, to misquote an old Polish proverb, men aren't dogs – they're not interested in bones!

Jade herself, as it turns out, is of a rather similar opinion. "Call me old fashioned," she laughs, "but as far as I'm concerned there really is nothing better than a hunky guy with big strong arms and a nice six pack. I can't think of anything I like knocking my head against better!"

Knocking your head against? Oh, ah, right! So you prefer a bit of brawn over brains, do you? Well just you check these muscles out, then!

"Ha-ha! Well I guess a sense of humour's quite attractive as well!"







76_www.paulraymond.com







QUEST...

Well, you've got to do what you can to help the working day pass, haven't you? Seems like these girls have got the right idea!

knew there was something going on between my new boss and Lindsey, one of the office juniors, before I'd even been shown to my new desk. It was the way James looked at her body and the way Lindsey

Name: ALISON
Age: 22
From: ABERDEEN

primped her hair and checked that a little bit of her cleavage was on show for him. Lindsey

and I weren't so different in appearance, yet James's gaze slid blindly from my body as he showed me around the place. Not that I wanted him to notice me as I needed my new job more than I needed a new man. However, even knowing what I knew, I hadn't expected to catch them actually having sex at work. James's office had a thick carpet and I'd

little sigh. There was James on his leather sofa with Lindsey on her knees between his legs. From the bobbing movement of her head, it was clear that she was giving him a blow-job. And from the sounds that James was making, she was making a good job of it. I straightened and was just about to back out of the room when my boss's eves suddenly opened. I froze, as if I was the one that had been caught doing something that I shouldn't. He didn't jump up or yell, or any of the other reactions that I had been expecting. Instead, he just sat there while Lindsey sucked his cock. Something alerted Lindsey to my presence and she turned her head. I smiled wryly as she did a double take. There was no question that I'd been there for some time; that I had been watching as she gave James a blow-job. She twisted further and grabbed at her neck as it gave an uncomfortable

sounding crack. "Oooh, I didn't think anyone else was here."

"Neither did I, but then I heard..." My explanation died on a small gasp of surprise as Lindsey shifted and I got an eyeful of her breasts and James's cock. It was so unexpected. They were both wearing the same work outfits but a few undone buttons made it looked like the scene from a porno film.

"So, now that you're here, would you like a little taste?" Lindsey's hand was holding up my boss's cock. I looked at it properly for the first time and it stirred up a maelstrom of responses. On one level. I was horrified and shocked at what I'd discovered but on another level, there was a hard, shiny cock waiting to be sucked. By the time I recalled that I was trying to avoid getting involved in any of this, it was too late. My mouth had opened and my tongue had run over my slightly parted lips. Both Lindsey and James saw my unconscious reaction - they knew that I wanted to do

it. "Come on then," Lindsey said softly and she pulled me down to my knees. A shiver of desire slid through me as I found myself surrounded by naked breasts and a spitcovered cock. Just seconds ago I had been on my way to drop-off a print-out before going home. Now my hand was reaching out and slipping around the root of my boss's cock.

It was hot and hard and James groaned his approval as I stroked my hand up and down its length. I dragged my gaze from James's cock up to his face and watched his expression change as I squeezed my hand harder as I stroked. His brow furrowed and his eyelids closed part way as he let out another



groan. "Suck it," Lindsey said sharply, and I simply followed her instruction. I lowered my mouth over every part of the shiny purple helmet and looked into James's eyes as I closed my mouth and sucked. James gasped, a noise which made my body hum with delight. I was sucking my boss's cock, giving him sexual pleasure. So focused was I on the cock in my mouth and the responses of its

I LOOKED INTO JAMES'S EYES AS I CLOSED MY MOUTH AND SUCKED...

owner, that I was hardly aware of Lindsey's hand moving up under my skirt until it started rubbing the material of my knickers.

I grunted loudly as Lindsey rubbed my crotch. It felt wonderful and I wanted her fingers to find a way inside my underwear as that would have felt even better. She was close to making me come; the thumb pressing and rubbing my clitoris was providing perfect stimulation. I grunted again, this time in protest as Lindsey's hand abandoned my



made it to his desk before I heard a contented

pussy. It left a sucking need between my legs and my fingers shot down as replacements. However, before I had chance to touch myself, it became clear what Lindsey was doing as my skirt was pushed up and my knickers were pulled down. I was bare and fully exposed. I felt not just fingers and thumb, but hot breath and then lips and tongue back there. The pleasure became all-consuming. My boss's cock was as deep as I dared to take it, while Lindsey's tongue was dancing lightly across the flesh between my legs.

Something changed and she became hungrier. I felt her nose crush against my arsehole as the tip of her tongue probed between my labia and then penetrated me. I extracted James's cock so that I could

received which led into a kiss.

I could feel the movement of Lindsey's body as she rode James's mouth and matched the rhythm of my hips to hers. James let out a muffled cry of delight and we both giggled. I became aware of just how amazing it was to be doing this and Lindsey seemed to pick up on my mood. She answered my silent request by pressing her open mouth back against mine. Our tongues wriggled against each other as we groped one another's breasts like horny boys copping their first feel on the back row of the cinema. Lindsey moaned and then tipped her head back. Her eyes squeezed shut and her face scrunched up as she concentrated on the sensations building inside her. I increased the





"I FELT HER NOSE CRUSH AGAINST MY ARSEHOLE AS THE TIP OF HER TONGUE PROBED BETWEEN MY LABIA AND THEN PENETRATED ME."

breathe. This was too much. I needed to come even though I didn't want to. I wanted to extend the wonderful pleasure that Lindsey was giving me. But in the end, she was too much for me. I couldn't hold back, no matter what I did, and the crushing pressure of an enormous orgasm swept over me.

The orgasm was great, one of the best of my life but it made my need worse. As I stroked James's erection, my body demanded to feel it inside me. I didn't care that it was my boss's cock; I just wanted to be filled. After wriggling out of my knickers, I straddled James's lap and fed his cock into me. I saw the shock on his face and the panicked look across at Lindsey, as if asking for her permission. I looked over at her as well but my body was already rising and falling as I rode her lover. Lindsey gave a resigned shrug but rather than look annoyed, she simply stripped her clothes off and joined us on the sofa. I watched as she carefully lowered her pussy onto James's mouth. He did something to her which made her spine arch and forced a huge grin onto her face. I found myself wondering if what James was doing to Lindsey felt as good as what she had done to me.

"Hello," she said, obviously trying to draw my attention back up from where I'd been daydreaming between her legs.

"Hi," I said, feeling ridiculously shy. Was James Lindsey's boyfriend? How did she feel about me fucking him without asking first? I imagined how I would feel if a girl did that to a boyfriend of mine. As if sensing my worry, Lindsey took my hands and placed them on her body - on her tits to be precise. I watched my hands as they squeezed her firm flesh. There was an odd echo of the sensation in my own breasts as I rolled my thumbs across her nipples. Her nipples went hard. When my nipples did that, it felt wonderful if someone gently pinched and stretched them. Lindsey arched the same way as she had when James licked her. We shared a glorious moment of pleasure given and

pace and depth of my thrusts, driving James's cock fully inside me, urging my own pleasure to consume me again.

We orgasmed in a synchronised gasping, grunting heap of rutting bodies. My urgent pace made James's cock jump and jerk, and my greedy pussy took every drop of his spunk and rewarded me with my second tremendous climax. There was no way for me to keep quiet as I came but every noise I made was drowned out by Lindsey's shrieks as she rode James's face. By the time I'd recovered enough to look, Lindsey was glowing with sexual contentment. "Something tells me that you're going to fit in well round here," James said, peering up from between Lindsey's legs – and you know what, I had a feeling that he was right!

was very excited about my new job as a dental hygienist at a dental practice in the town where I had grown up. I'd had a couple of positions since qualifying, but now I had a chance to move back to my home town and I was happy to be back among my friends and, especially, my family.

The dental practice was run by the owner, John, an extremely attractive bearded man in his early thirties. The dental nurses were all friendly, and my first few days went by in a bit of a whirl as I got into a routine.

Name: DEBBIE Age: 26

From: SHREWSBURY

By the first Friday evening I was tired out. We'd had a very long day with John sending me more than the usual number of patients for emergency cleans. All the dental nurses had gone home by the time I had seen my last patient, so it was left to me to bring the tray of



dental instruments into the autoclave room to sterilise them.

I was concentrating on the workings of the autoclave, trying to work out how to use it, when John came into the room. He told me that he thought everyone had gone home and was just going round to see everything was put away and then lock up for the weekend. We got into conversation and before long it became personal. I was surprised by how openly he admitted he thought I was "gorgeous" and in turn I allowed myself to tell him how attracted I found him.

We were soon locked in a ferocious embrace and I was fumbling to help him undress, while John, in his turn, was almost ripping my clothing off. I was pleased to see he was well endowed lost no time in dropping to my knees and showing my appreciation of his stupendous schlong. As I sucked on his cock, licking his engorged helmet, John stroked my head and verbally encouraged me, praising my skills.

My pussy throbbed with excitement and anticipation as I worked on his stiffy, taking time out only to lick his big balls, which I jiggled playfully in my palm. I had been giving him the full treatment, taking his cock as deep as I dared without gagging when I heard him gasp and he pulled back, begging me not to touch him. Alarmed I backed off thinking he felt compromised, but when I looked up he was smiling, and assured me that his only concern had been premature ejaculation!

other hand wanked John's cock... though I was acutely aware I had to be careful in case he erupted.

At last, my nipples throbbing and erect, John pushed me gently onto my back, making me shiver as my skin made contact



"WITH MY LEGS IN THIS POSITION MY PUSSY WAS AT HIS COMMAND..."



Giggling, I allowed him to help me to my feet, and he wrapped his arms around me and kissed me fiercely and deeply, his tongue pushing inside my mouth. At the same time he walked me backward until my arse bumped against a table. I wriggled my way up on it and John began to lick and suck each of my nipples in turn, pulling and twiddling the other so neither felt neglected. My pussy began to ache for attention so I began rubbing my clit with a finger while my

with the chill stainless steel surface. My whole body was tingling with need as he took my ankles, and, pulling my legs up, hooked them over his shoulders. With my legs in this position my pussy was at his command, and with a grin he pulled my fanny lips apart and leant down to eat my pussy.

He tongued my labia, licking up my juice with practiced ease and teasing my clit with the tip of his tongue at each pass. I was wriggling on the table top begging for release as he taunted me with his tongue. Finally relenting, he pinched my clit, sending me over the edge, and I came off with a squeal, writhing with pleasure on the cold surface.

Now, more than anything, I wanted his big cock. I did not have to beg him for this favour as John had already worked out our next amorous position, and, helping me back to my feet, he turned me around, facing the table, and bent me over it.

Once again the chilly table-top amplified my arousal as my nipples pressed against the cold surface. Unintentionally I wriggled my arse-cheeks provocatively as my nipples hardened, sending messages of lust directly to my throbbing cunt. Almost wailing, I spread my legs further in invitation. John stroked my buttocks appreciatively, and then, parting my arse-cheeks, began licking my crack.

His tongue moved between my legs, up and down my slit, making my knees weak as my arousal peaked, but then to my absolute surprise he moved his tongue upward towards my anal rose and began circling it with gentle strokes of his tongue. As he teased me, his fingers crept to my clit and began teasing that too, until my juices were at full flow and my pussy was twitching with desire.

Eager for his cock I pushed my arse back towards John, begging him to fuck me. He chuckled at my plea, and promised to fulfil my request soon. To my surprise he continued to play with my bum-hole, pushing his tongue inside and licking around my pink ring until it was soaked with his saliva. Then he began fingering it while continuing to play gently with my clitoris.

Standing close, he held my hips steady in his hands and slid his cock inside my pussy. As he filled me with his throbbing cock, my pussy clenched around it, gripping it hard and quivering as he slid it in and out. The friction of his cock sent me spinning towards my second orgasm and my arse pushed back to meet his thrusts, slamming into him harder each time until he grunted and I felt my pussy fill with his semen.

work for the advertising department of a lifestyle magazine, flogging ad space over the phone. Or I try to, anyway. I hate to admit it, but I'm pretty shit at my job – although it's not for the lack of trying. And, because I'm so useless, my boss has it in for me – something that definitely doesn't help my morale or sales-patter. She doesn't bother attempting to hide her disdain, either, announcing my lack of sales to the entire team and loudly reprimanding me over the slightest of mistakes on a daily basis.

So, it was no real surprise when I was told

Name: KELLIE Age: 23

From: CLAPHAM

that I'd be expected to work late one Friday night, to finish some paperwork I hadn't gotten

around to. It almost felt like I was back at school and had been given a detention! As soon as everyone else had buggered off home (or, more likely, down the pub), I texted my boyfriend, Stuart, to let him know I'd be late home and he replied offering to come and pick me up when I was finished. Although I said I'd be at least another hour, he turned up within 30 minutes and, as I was nowhere near done, I invited him up to the office and told him to amuse himself as I wouldn't be long.

Parking himself at a colleague's desk, Stuart killed time checking his email and looking at some porn sites, occasionally reading a choice quote to me. Despite telling him I had to concentrate on what I was doing, he continued and his aural titillation soon had the gusset of my tiny thong dampening. After a while of this, I gave up and, slamming my folder shut theatrically, I suggested to him that we go home and fuck each other's brains out.

Stuart had other ideas, however. "Why move," he said, casually, "when we have everything we need right here?" He sauntered over to my desk and pulled my chair out – with me in it – before kissing me on the lips and then kneeling between my legs, and caressing my breasts with both hands. Rubbing my nipples with each of his thumbs, he smiled as they began to visibly harden, then, unbuttoning my blouse, he popped my tits out of my bra. He started to suck them gently, and every so often grazed them with his teeth, making me gasp with delight.

Moving away from my boobs, he turned his attention to my skirt, pushing it up to my hips so he could get to my sticky knickers. Hooking them aside with a finger, he breathed gently on my pussy before planting little kisses on my inner thigh. I ran my hands through his hair and pulled him to me gently, encouraging him to continue. I got my wish, as I felt him give me one long lick from my hole to my clit before tracing delicate circles around my sex bud with his tongue. He hit my sweet spot and I actually yelped, it felt so fucking good. I grabbed his hair hard this time and ground my snatch onto his face, covering him with my juices and forcing him to tongue-fuck my fanny.





I felt myself start to tremble as an orgasm hit and waves of pleasure washed through my body, making my knees feel weak.

Then he pulled away. I was about to object when he laid a finger on my lips. Next thing I knew, he'd lifted me up and was carrying me through to the photocopier room, the crafty sod. Holding my skirt up, he sat me on top of the machine, my hot pussy on the cold glass,

HE BREATHED GENTLY ON MY PUSSY BEFORE PLANTING LITTLE KISSES ON MY INNER THIGH.

saying he wanted a really close-up picture of us screwing. Out came his big, hard cock, all purple at the tip, and I simply couldn't wait to get it inside me. I wriggled out of my knickers and hooked my high-heels against the door and wall, splaying my pussy wide for him.

He took hold of a leg in each hand and leant me back against the noticeboard on the wall, teasing the entrance to my soaking slit with his cock. My swollen clit was throbbing so much that it made my frothing snatch ache to be fucked. Suddenly he plunged in, penetrating me with one strong thrust right up to his balls. It took my breath away for a moment; I felt full of him, like his helmet was going to poke up into my throat any second.

I contracted my pussy muscles as he withdrew. This elicited a groan, then he started pumping in and out, slowly at first, but then faster and faster, causing me to grunt in time. His fat prick rubbed against my clit every time he thrust forward, and I could feel another climax beginning to build. My hair was getting all caught up in the papers pinned to the board behind me and I knew I must've looked like a really sleazy bitch. Stuart slammed into me again and again, harder and harder, until I could feel his cock twitching inside me, and I knew he was about to shoot his load. He looked deep into my eyes as his helmet throbbed and he started to come, spurting his thick, hot spunk inside me. My cunt spasmed in response, massaging his dick with the contractions of my orgasm, milking him for every last drop of jism he had.

It was at exactly that moment that my thrashing about set off the

NEXT MONTH

· A WINTER'S TAIL •

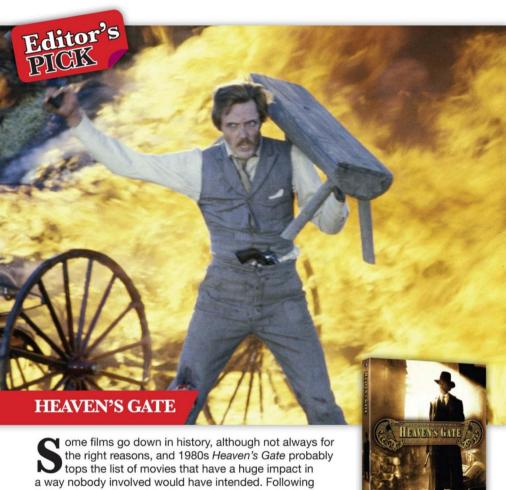
Got a confession? Then send it along to Quest, Mayfair, PRP, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU or email it to mayfair@paulraymond.com

THERE'S £50 FOR THE LETTERS WE USE!

photocopier, and flashes of light appeared from around my buttocks, making us both jump, then giggle in unison. Stuart keeps a photocopy of our moment of lust in his office drawer, just to perk him up if he gets the mid-afternoon blues, or misses me. And it always makes me smile when I go to make a photocopy!

Scene from MAYFAIR

Need something new to keep the DVD playing whirring as the nights draw in? Well in that case, here's our monthly suggestions - guaranteed to get you chuckling, gasping, blushing and trembling for hours!



ome films go down in history, although not always for the right reasons, and 1980s *Heaven's Gate* probably tops the list of movies that have a huge impact in a way nobody involved would have intended. Following 1978's Oscar winning *The Deerhunter*, Director Michael Cimino was probably the hottest property in Hollywood, so it must have seemed like a good idea for United Artists to give him plenty of leeway as he helmed this film – a mythical look at a fictional dispute in the old west.

Unfortunately, Cimino's vision seemed to grow as filming progressed, and the whole production was beset with problems that resulted in the film going something like four times over its (already steep) original budget. The attention to detail was overly meticulous, there were countless reshoots and some ludicrously grandiose schemes that must have made some feel that Cimino was deliberately blowing every

cent he could get his hands on. And the

result? Well, the film was almost inevitably going to struggle to recoup its budget, but after some pretty brutal cutting and some savage reviews it turned into a giant flop! United Artists never really recovered.

It looks absolutely

sumptuous - especially

on blu-ray

The Ed

Since then the film's received a fair bit of reappraisal, and perhaps inevitably many have now proclaimed it a masterpiece. It's been restored to its 219 minute running time, and there's no getting away from the fact that it looks absolutely sumptuous – especially on Blu-ray. With a cast that includes Christopher Walken, Kris Kristofferson, Jeff Bridges and Isabelle Huppert, the class shines through, so at long last Cimino's name has been picked up out of the mud. A massive movie that definitely merits a watch!



here have been plenty of one-hit-wonders over the years – singers or bands who've briefly made it into the higher echelons of the charts but who failed to follow it up, but Aylesbury's John Otway's never been prepared to accept his place in their ranks. Having



had a bit of a hit back 1977 with 'Really Free', a loopy bit of punk fun, he blew it. Signed by a major label - with a whopping advance - he followed up with a sweeping orchestral ballad and never really recovered. Still, he's nothing if not a trier, and has put out record after record ever since whilst concentrating on the lunacy of his live shows to keep his loyal band of fans happy. Back in 2002 these fans decided to engineer another 'hit' for his 50th birthday, and they pulled it off, with 'Bunsen Burner' making it all the way to the top 10. And now it's time for the movie! Basically a talking heads documentary interspersed with live footage (think Beware of Mr Baker but without all the swearing), this is a in-depth look at at a minor national treasure, with contributions from former producers, bandmates (including erstwhile collaborator Wild Willy Barrett), Bob Harris and, of course, Otway himself. The man comes across as almost deliberately self-scuppering, but there's no denying his infectious enthusiasm for being a pop star, and his live shows are something to behold! The film's currently showing around the nation (often with Q&As with its hero), so check it out at www. otwaythemovie.com.





BETTY BLUE

Tean-Jacques Beineix's *Betty Blue* assaulted our 80's selves with its Art House romp scenes that the French do so well, attracting and enthralling a generation of blushing teenage lads.

Its lead character, the lissome and libertarian Betty, enraptures her handyman lover Zorg as the Mona Lisa situated above looks on. These two characters guide you on through the twists and turns of their relationship as Betty spirals out of reason with the crockery taking a bashing, which provides a sharp contrast with Zorg's longing for artistic fulfilment.

With bonus material and a the chance to see the fantastic Beatrice Dalle pin sharp with the film's arrival on Blu-ray, you don't need an excuse to find your former boyhood self, just pop on the DVD and let those cheeks go rosy red all over again!





81/2

e like to think of ourselves as free thinkers here at *Mayfair*, so when the world and his wife likes to proclaim a movie an undisputed classic our instinct is to judge for ourselves and be a bit extra critical in the bargain. Federico Fellini's 1963 offering 8 1/2 has certainly bee hailed as a classic a good few times over the years, and there's no denying the fact it's a bit out of the ordinary. Regular Fellini collaborator Marcello Mastrianni stars as a film director who hits a dry spell after a big hit – and what follows is a bonkers cavalcade of movie hangerson, dream sequences and romantic complications involving his wife and mistress. To what extent it's autobiographical is probably a bit moot, but all things considered it's a pretty breathtaking piece of filmmaking that should have lovers of European arthouse in raptures.

CALL GIRL

veryone's watched something Swedish in the last year or two, haven't they? After Wallander came along we had the Millennium Trilogy films and all sorts of other Skandi-stuff. But it's not all washed out murder enquiries – here's a film that casts an eye back to the Sweden of the late 70s, where the sexual revolution has been playing out for a while and not all's well...

Sofia Karemyr plays Iris, a call girl who's struggling to get on and who finds herself entangled in a nasty political scandal (which is, apparently, roughly based on real events). What follows is an effective thriller, and the film captures well the style and feel of the era. Why not give it a try, ja?



THE WIGHES DAI MINARE PLANT MIN

THE WITCHES

s you might just have guessed from the pictures, this isn't the kids' film based on the Roald Dahl book – rather it's a prime slice of Hammer Horror fun that dates from 1966. No less an actress than Hollywood legend Joan Fontaine stars as a missionary in Africa who gets too close to some sinister witch doctor practices for comfort and goes a bit round the twist. Once back in Blighty and working at a small school she's still haunted by what she's seen, and soon starts to suspect that things aren't quite what they seem even in her rural retreat. A decent enough offering from the legendary studio, although it's not quite the sum of its parts.



MAYFAIR Movies

Oh dear, it looks like our regular reviewer has somehow managed to get his shaky hands on another batch of the latest scruff. Poor fellow can hardly walk any more, but he doesn't let that stop him...





CAST: Kaylani Lei, Bonnie Rotten, Kenda Lust, Madison Ivy, Rilynn Rae.

B umbling hell-hop Kyle Stone runs a once-regal, now-shabby hotel, and the promiscuous behaviour which goes on between couples within its walls are his dark, smutty secret. The guests include dominatrix Madison Ivy, happy hooker Bonnie Rotten, a snooty couple attempting to slum it, porn stars (conveniently) shooting scenes, and Kaylani Lei as an Asian masseuse with a talent for producing even happier endings than you'll get in a Disney film... at least those in which the bastards don't kill off Bambi's mother. Highlights of a flick so hot in places that my shaft got the equivalent of rope burns, what

Highlights of a flick so hot in places that my shaft got the equivalent of rope burns, what with all the tugging and my cries of "heave ho! – one more pull, my brave boys!", include the harrowing scene in which a terrified Mick Blue finds himself manacled to a bed and menaced by gyrating dominatrix Madison's mouth and nether blow-holes. Please don't hurt him, I begged silently. Even though that was what he was there for.

I'll tell you who else surpassed themselves: Erik Everhard and Bonnie Rotten. These two

attack each other with such gusto their antics eventually start to get a bit unnerving – especially when Bonnie removes a lollipop ring from her finger, pokes it up her jacksie, then pulls it out and sucks it. My lunch almost came up with that stunt. And I hadn't even eaten it yet.

This said, the lollipop ring horror seems to trip Erik's trigger like nobody's business and his genitals explode in her physiogamy, leaving her features glazed in his jizz. Now all that's left to do is to fire her face in the kiln, leave it dry for two days and it's ready to take home.

My shaft got the equivalent of rope burns, what with all the tugging...



GINA LOVES PEACHES

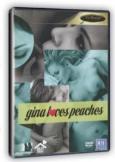
CAST: Gina B, Peaches.

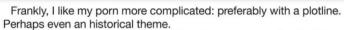
ot to be confused with the mainstream flicks Desperate Dan Loves Cow Pies or Gollum Loves The Precious, this is a passionate slice of slot-on-slot from porn flick perfectionist Viv Thomas, who I am beginning to suspect is illegally "collecting" the best bits of beautiful girls from all over Europe and sewing them together seamlessly in a castle on some Transylvanian promontory.

In this offering two supernaturally perfect girls (knocked together from the most stunning

body-parts of reanimated Hungarian tottie Viv could muster from the specimen jars in his laboratory) snog, wrestle and buck on a selection of couches and beds, and in bath-tubs. One is brunette, the other blonde. Both have outstanding vaginas and transcendent tits.

The problem is this: essentially what we have here are the same two girls groping each other, albeit in five different locations, for about two solid hours.





It's a pity Caxton didn't invent motion photography instead of the printing press. The sort of thing I would like to see is an orgy-themed snuff starring big-name doomed Tudor subjects such as Wolsey, Cromwell, and Cranmer getting torn into Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard and Mary Stuart, with everyone decapitated in the finish. This would be followed by "a nice bit of clean-up" (e.g. heading blocks wiped off and heads neatly impaled on spikes and squared away on London Bridge). Ahem, anyway...



CAST: Jesse Jane, Karlie Montana, Kayden Kross, Selena Rose, BiBi Jones, Brett Rossi.



nfinitely more sexually arousing than other recent examples of the "keeping it in the family" porn flick genre (such as My Brother's Late Uncle, My Grand Nephew's Second Cousin Twice Removed, My Victorian Ancestor's Wicked Guardian, and the numbingly dull My Wife's Spouse), My Sister's Husband is a solid release, rating at least a firm 3 on the Bristol stool scale.

The gorgeous Brett Rossi, who until now has confined her onscreen activities to carpet chewing, finally goes camel-toe to oboe with what passes for a member of the opposite sex and allows a salivating porn bloke up her woo-woo, while the spanktabulous

Jesse Jane takes a room in a beach house and shows what she can do with knobsman Richie Colquhoun and an award-winning vagina.

Oddly, the plot doesn't seem to have anything to do with anyone's husband, though that may be due to the fact that whoever wrote the script plainly did so on the back of a condom.

Resplendent on a curved blue sofa, sapphic sploshers Karlie Montana and Kayden Kross do what gay people do when they're not getting first dibs on adoptions or reproducing through surrogacy, while a weary-happy Selena Rose returns to the beach house from the seaside only to receive a faceful of piping hot semen from boyfriend Tommy Gunn's whistling scrotal jizz-kettles.

Private

HIGH CLASS PUSSY

CAST: Bella, Adrianne, Barra Brass, Nathaly Cherie, Ferrara Gomez, Samantha Jolie.

reat to see top-of-the-bill performer George Uhl's cock again. Woops, sorry, scratch that – that line was intended for a different magazine. Also nice to review a title which celebrates the more noble vaginas, rather than your usual plebeian low grade cunts.

The movie opens with a line of limos drawing up at some red carpet event, from which a great deal of serious skirt emerges, posing and smiling for the paparazzi shutterbugs before sashaying indoors to flirt with sad but hopeful blokes and empty cocktails down their swanlike necks.

One of the cameramen is the same George Uhl whose wanger I accidentally applauded earlier, but only, as I said, because I forgot which magazine I was writing for. Suddenly George finds his camera has been snatched by a brunette bunny in heels and black silk stockings. Oh bollocks, he thinks, that cost twelve hundred knicker at Dixons. She leads him into another room, makes him say cheese





and toy with his knob for the birdy before she finally squats and does the oral vacuum-cleaner attachment thing. George eventually rolls over, cradling something between his legs which resembles a burst pan-fried sausage.

Yes, friends, Uhl has had a taste of the rich stuff. Quality quim. Aye, and there's lots more champion chuff where that came from! Indeed, my only complaint is that the DVD extras section somewhat lowers the tone by featuring a trailer for *Anal Carnival Freaks*.









OAP SEX



















UNLOAD EVERYTIME YOU'LL LOVE IT







0982 505 1460







Call now



30 SEC WANK I'LL MAKE

> YOU CUM LOADS IN SECS















































0909 860 9647🥮





TICKLE BALLS

COME AND STRETCH IT FOR HER O909 860 9664 MOBILES 69878

Shortest intros ever • Shortest intros ever • Shortest intros e

36P Phonesex - No Gimmicks - Live Girls 36P All calls just 36p per minute plus network extras



networ

36































of Phone Sex

















MAYFAIR Classifieds

ESCORTS

EXECUTIVE ESCORTS

Sexy Friendly Ladies and Playmates

Very Discreet Service

7493

Relaxing massage available London • Heathrow • Gatwick 24 hours credit cards accepted

ANA ESCORTS TERNATIONAL

CHARMING FRIENDLY GIRLS

Sensual Massage Available

020 7629 9880

LONDON - HEATHROW **GATWICK - CREDIT CARDS**





CARINA gorgeous Brazilian. Amazing erotic tantric massage. Home/ Hotel visits 0207 580 1033

DOMINA mature beautiful elegant lady offers special services. Fantasy / Fetish / Domination. Home / Hotel visits. 24 Hours.

0207 636 1125

MASSAGE

SCANDINAVIAN BLONDE

sexy beauty returns from Arizona 07736 361150 or 020 7730 1961 Sloane Street. www.danishbritta.co.uk

FABULOUS UNHURRIED MATURE - massage in discreet luxury. Call Janey Mon - Fri 12-7pm 020 7323 3060

SEX LINES









PLEASURE DOME - Call Inga. Blonde, hot No recordings, No Restrictions. An uncensored and totally private phone affair. All fantasies catered for. cenies to Grannies (18 -70) call from their own homes. Book a Call Now!!

'No credit Card No problem' to live girls on 0909 967 1483

CONTACTS



SEX CONTACTS

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

MAII BOX No 09097 968 104 Joanne Blonde 32DD - Midlands

very dirty loves All ways!
MAILBOX No: 09097 968 100

Alison Curvy & very sexy. Looking for men to give sexy times. I'd love to dress up for you. 09097 968 102 MAILBOX No:

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

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

RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SEND PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL. COSTE1.50M



SEX LINES



MISTRESS CARL **HOT LIVE** DISCIPLINE

0908 141 1073





Cals Recorded. 46o per minute plus network extras. 18+. We may send free promo



ESCORTS WANTED

START EARNING TODAY

TOP AGENCY REQUIRES MALES & FEMALES TO ESCORT OUR **WEALTHY CLIENTS**

HIGH EARNINGS **FOR THE RIGHT PEOPLE**

CALL

0283 1511558

www.melodybloom.com





WET & JUICY PHONE SEX

18+ TEENS
FINGERING
THEIR, TIGHT WET
SLITS, WHILE YOU
WANK OFF!

O983 O5O 7283

18+. Calls recorded. Calls cost 36p per min plus netwo





Calls cost 36p per minute + network extras. Calls recorded Mobile users may receive free promotional messages. 18 pply. Livel ines Ltd PO6538 NN2 7VN. Help 0844871449.



Calls cost 36p per minute + network extras. Calls recorded Mobile users may receive free promotional messages. 18



BEY NOW BO I WANT YOU WIND TO THE WANT YOU BEGGING ME FOR MERCY MAGGOTI CALL ME NOW!

Calls cost 36p per minute + network extras. Calls record Mobile users may receive free promotional messages. 11 only, LiveLines Ltd PO6538 NN2 7YN. Help 0844871449













Calls Recorded, 36p per minute plus network extras 18+. We may send free promo SMS, 'STOP' to 89077, Datagray Sensice Ltd. CCL: 0870 046 5910













Calls cost 36p per minute + network extras. Calls recorded Mobile users may receive free promotional messages. 18only. LiveLines Ltd PO6538 NN2 7YN. Help 08448714497



Calls Recorded, 48p per minuute plus network extras, 18+. We may send free promo SMS, Send STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd., CCL: 0870 046 5910





charges. SP:Candywall. Helpdesk 0844 999 4499.



'No credit Card No problem'
Talk to live girls on 0909 967 1483



 Calls recorded. Calls cost 36p per min plus netwo charges. SP:Candywall. Helpdesk 0844 999 4499.



DSL BM Box 8027, WC1N 3XX. Customer Careline 1870 046 5910. Calls £1.02/min. Calls are recorded



18+. Helpdesk 0844 944 0002. Standard network charges apply. Women: Network charges only. Send STOP to 88199 to stop. You may be sent free mktg msgs for similar services. Text NO INFO to 88199 to opt out. IP: X-On.



18+. Helpdesk 0844 944 0002. "Standard network charges apply. Women: Network charges only. Send STOP to 69866 to stop. You may be sent free midtg mags for similar services." Text MOT INFO to 69896 to not ut I IP: X-DO.



CHAT OR DATE

100 WOMEN
CHAT

WOMEN: 0800 075 3629 MEN: 0871 550 3071 GAY: 0871 550 3479

FREE!*

18+. Helpdesk 0844 944 0844. 0871 = 10p per min *0800 = Free from a BT Landline. Network Extras Apply. Live calls recorded. SP: 4D.

Something for the weekend?











>>

www.live121chat.com































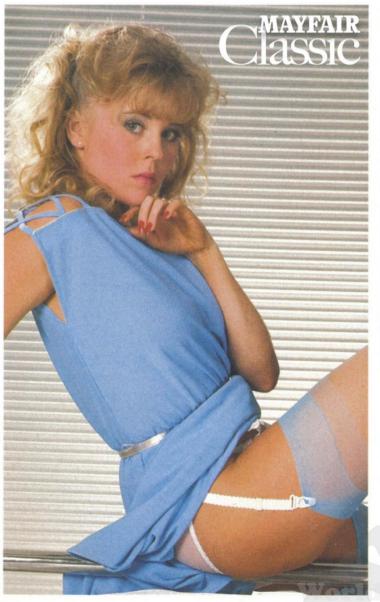
WorldMags.net

Lucinda

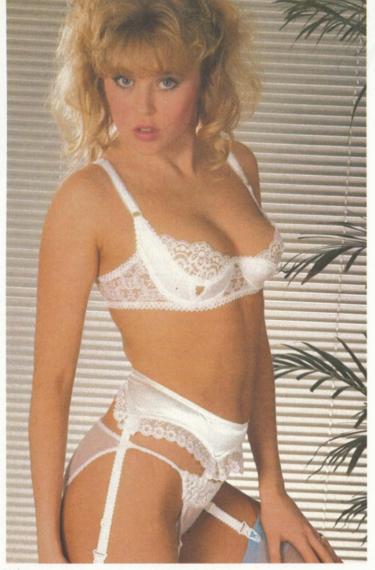
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

If you happen to be walking down Windsor High Street, and decide to cross the road to take a closer look at the historic castle, then take care. Lucinda Anderson doesn't take kindly to pedestrians who meander across the road. Suddenly you'll hear a blast of *Colonel Bogey*, roar, and a streak of pale blue will pass before your eyes. And that may be all you see of the racy 18-year-old and her XR3. 'I do drive rather quickly,' admitted Lucinda, 'but I'm careful. I haven't hit any-

thing — or anyone — yet. Mind you, I might have scared a few. And sometimes I swear I've seen the windows of the Royal bedrooms being shut as I go past.' But not all Lucinda's behaviour is outrageous, even if some of her dresses show rather more of her 34-23-34 figure than some of the older residents might consider decent. She can, in fact, be spotted quite often in the Great Park on her horse, looking perfectly demure in her full riding regalia.



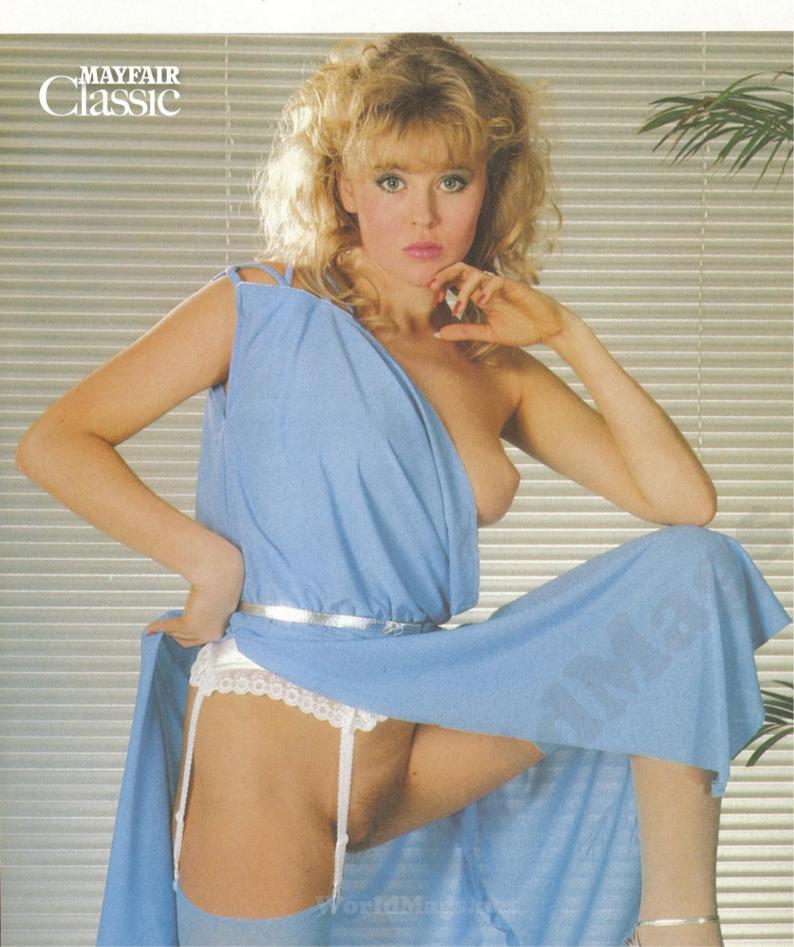








'I'm a completely different person when I'm on Susie,' she said patting the grey mare. 'I find riding so relaxing, especially now I have given up competitions.' Lucinda used to be the star of the junior cross country. 'Not because I won,' she laughed, 'but because three years out of four I was pitched into the water jump, and had to finish the course soaked through.









Classic

MAYFAIR 97

Now though Lucinda is used to rather more than one horsepower, and if you don't spot her Escort on the street, chances are it's parked outside the *Bells of Ousley* pub in Old Windsor. Both the car and the horse were presents from her father, a successful stockbroker. Will Lucinda ever take to financial wheeling and dealing? 'Not me,' she said. 'I have enough trouble working out my petrol bills.'

MANTEN Intelligencer

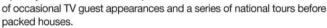
POINTLESS BUT CLASSIFIED: Bringing you all the trivia you could manage very

well without - in one handy digest!

CELEBRITY MUSICAL CHUFFS

SEX DEGREES OF STEVE MARTIN

Waco, Texas-born actor, comedian, musician, author, playwright and producer Stephen Glenn "Steve" Martin made his name in the 1970s as a purveyor of absurdist stand-up in the course



From 1977 to 1981 Steve was romantically involved with actress and singer BERNADETTE PETERS, who co-starred in his first film and (arguably his masterpiece) *The Jerk* (1979). She also starred alongside him in the American movie version of Dennis Potter's *Pennies From Heaven* a couple of years later.

After the break-up, Bernadette returned to the theatre, where she became a well-known Broadway star as well as continuing to act in films and TV, where she has been nominated for three Emmys and three Golden Globes, winning once.

After shooting *All Of Me* with Lily Tomlin and British actress VICTORIA TENNANT (who plays a villainous "bed-bunny" in the comedy), Steve married the blonde bombshell on 20th November 1986. They divorced in 1994. Victoria, now 63, was born in London, the daughter of Irina Baronova, a Russian prima ballerina and Cecil Tennant, a producer and talent agent for MCA. Her godfather was Sir Laurence Olivier – or "Larry", as I always called him.

After the divorce Martin began diversifying, writing humorous books and screenplays and striking out as a highly talented banjo player.

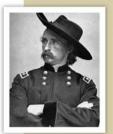
In July, 2007, after three years together, Martin married former *New Yorker* magazine staff writer ANNE STRINGFIELD... and last December, aged 67, Steve became a first-time father. Good for him.

In this MONTH

In 1839: George Armstrong Custer is born in New Rumley, Harrison County, Ohio. In 1861 he will graduate from West Point Military Academy

at the very bottom of his class. In June, 1876, now a General, he will lead over 200 doomed soldiers from the US 7th Cavalry into what Andy McNab would undoubtedly describe as "one gigantic gang-fuck" at] Little Bighorn.

In 1877: At his laboratory in West Orange, New Jersey, Thomas Edison recites the verse "Mary had a Little"



Lamb..." while demonstrating his newly invented phonograph which utilises a revolving cylinder wrapped in tinfoil to record sounds. Tragically, further developments in this technology will eventually be employed to record songs by the likes of Air Supply, Justin Timberlake and Mumford & Sons.

In 1933: The Prohibition Amendment to the U.S. Constitution is repealed.
For nearly 14 years it had outlawed

the manufacture, transportation, and sale of booze, inadvertently spawning a culture of organised crime, and inspiring the hit HBO series *Boardwalk Empire*.

In 1990: Britain connects to mainland Europe for the first time since the Ice Age when engineers digging under the English Channel link up the two halves... little considering that when Chunnel opened in 1994 it was going to make it much easier for the French to visit us.

Etiquette for the BEWILDERED

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

Following on in the spirit of a Mexican standoff, a bathroom stalemate is when two people are in a public toilet and neither wants to be the first to drop

the kids in the pool or make farting sounds. Consequently, both persons sit silently in their respective cubicles as they wait for the other to start shitting, give up and leave, or for some noisy distraction to disguise the noise of their own defecation.

Bathroom Stalemates often cause something called Concentration marks. These are the red impressions you get on your thighs after being obliged to rest your elbows on them.



BS IS FOR "BATHROOM STALEMATE"

LUDICROUS **MOVIES**

Some movies and movie franchises are just so preposterous that it's a wonder most people don't start leaving the cinema after 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:



FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Immediately before shooting herself in the

head during a broadcast...

"And now, in keeping with Channel 40's policy of always bringing you the latest in

blood and guts, in living

colour, you're about to see another first... an attempted suicide."

Christine Chubbock, Channel 40 TV

journalist/presenter

PACIFIC RIM (2013)

Pacific Rim is a science fiction movie co-written and wholly directed by Guillermo del Toro, who should be ashamed of himself on both counts...

The film is (ridiculously) set only about six years from now, when Earth is fighting off the Kaijus –

colossal monsters spewing blue electricity which have emerged from an interdimensional portal on the floor of the Pacific.

What's especially ludicrous about this time frame is that in order to combat the monsters, humanity has created

"the Jaegers" – monolithic humanoid

machines, each controlled by two pilots whose minds need to be joined by "a neural bridge". Others may scoff, but I've no doubt we'd be able to knock out 500-ft high battling robots in just a couple of years if we had to, and of course mind-melding technology is right around the corner.

The plotline follows Jaeger pilots involved in a last-ditch effort to defeat the mountainous marine-based Kaijus by thumping them into submission with humanity's great robot fists.

On the flick's release, Del Toro

maintained he envisioned Pacific Rim as "an earnest, colourful adventure story, with action that would satisfy an adult audience" – but what we wound up with is Transformers vs. Godzilla in a glorified bath-tub, a half-baked story and a script you can smell from outside the cinema.

His cinematographer also seems to be suffering from delirium tremens, plus half the time you don't know if you're looking at a robot or a monster due to the incredibly bad action editing.



MAYFAIR

Vol.48 No.13

On Sale 13th Dec



Dani Maye

13 – it might be unlucky for some (Jesus springs to mind, for starters), but here at *Mayfair* issue 13 represents the final issue of the year and we like to see things out in style! So we're puling our all the stops to make sure your 2013 ends with a bang rather than a whimper! Don't believe us? Well just as a teaser we've got Dani Maye giving it her *Don't tell The Bride* routine (don't tell her we'll be gazing at her lovely snizz, presumably), while the delectable Holly Gibbons joins us to remind us what we've been missing out on since our paths last crossed. So if you want to get yourself a Christmas present to cherish, *Mayfair* 48.13 looks like the perfect choce!

Coming Next Month



CHEAP W*NK LINES

CALL NOW & SHOOT YOUR LOAD

0982 505 1600 - DIRTY PHONE SEX

0982 505 1601 - FILTHY GRANNIES F*CK ROUGH

0982 505 1602 - QUICKIE RELIEF W*NK

0982 505 1603 - GREEDY YOUNG TEEN 18+ SEX

0982 505 1604 - SQUEEZE INSIDE MY TIGHT C*NT

0982 505 1605 - 30 SECOND W*NKS

0982 505 1606 - GRANNY BUCKET C*NT

0982 505 1609 - 50+ GAGGING FOR SEX

0982 505 1610 - QUICKIE W*NK

0982 505 1607 - HEAR ME CLIMAX

0982 505 1608 - FRESH YOUNG TEENS 18+ NEED FECKING

QUICKIE SEX RELIEF LINE 0909 466 5777

CHEAPEST W*NK EVER! SPEEDY W*NKS 0982 505 1499



0909 864 0217 - GRANNY LICKS YOUR RIM WHILE YOU W*NK 0909 864 0254 - VIRGINS 18+ NEED THEIR CHERRYS POPPED THE HARD WAY 0909 864 0264 - MILF F*CKING ON THE CHEAP - UNLOAD 0909 864 0657 - COLLEGE BABES 18+ CRAVE A HARD POUNDING 0909 864 0672 - 40+ DIVORCED UP FOR SEX IN YOUR AREA XXX 0909 864 0683 - DUMB ARSE SLUTS WILL TAKE IT ALL 0982 505 1490 - GRANNY F*CKING HEAVEN - ENJOY AN OLD C*NT 0982 505 1494 - LET ME HEAR YOU W*NK WHILE I FINGER MY C*NT 0909 864 0687 - GENUINE VIRGINS 18+ WANT OLDER GUYS FOR 1ST F*CK 0909 864 0694 - BACKDOOR SLUTS TAKE IT DEEP & HARD IN THE B*M 0909 864 0767 - FRIEND FRIGGED WHILE COLLEGE TUTOR F*CKED ME 18+ 0909 864 1013 - LESBIAN STRAP-ON A*SE F*CKIN'! THEY LOVE TO TASTE 0909 864 1023 - SHE KNEELS DOWN & OPENS WIDE TO GET POKED 0982 505 1498 - OLDER LADIES KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HARD C*CK 0909 864 1471 - SHE SITS ON CHAIR LEG FOR SEX RELIEF 0909 864 1474 - BIG TITTED SLUTS PHONE SEX 0909 864 1475 - ASIAN LADIES - TIGHT & FIRM 1490 - MEGA DIRT CHEAP SEX

W*NK OFF WITH OUR HORNY GIRLS TXT SEX TO 69469