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Fawna P6

EDITOR'S LETTER

as the worst month of the year. Shit weather, Christmas long gone and summer still a long way off. But here at Mayfair we think differently. You see the month only has four weeks, which means that we actually get an entire month's pay for doing an issue, rather than for doing an issue and a bit the rest of the year round. And to celebrate, we thought we'd cram some extremely cute babes into this month's mag! Share the love, that's the motto round here, after all!

Matt Berry | Editor

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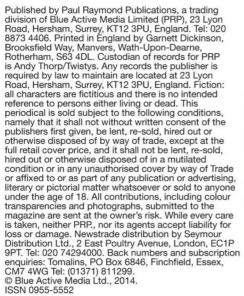
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REGULARS

Mayfair Male You don't even have to pay for a stamp these days, you know!

14. In Other News A round-up of this month's trawl through the world of stuff.

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MAYPAIRMale



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.

COLLEGE DAZE

Dear Mayfair,

Way back when I was at university I was known as The Librarian. This was on account of my massive stash of porno mags and videos. When I lived in the halls of residence other male students would come to my room to borrow my wares (for

a small fee). This was long before the web was around so as you can imagine I used to make a roaring trade.

One day I was 'admiring' some of my own collection in my room. I had four of five mags spread out in front of me on my favourite pages and was knelt before this display cock in hand. Flitting from spread to spread I was happily knocking one out when my door crept open and there

CHARLOTTE GROANED WITH THIS INTRUSION AS I PUSHED IT A LITTLE DEEPER...





A YEAR TO REMEMBER

Dear Mayfair

I know I'm a bit slow off the mark, but first of all Happy New Year to everyone there who helps to make my favourite magazine the pride of the top shelf! I hope 2014 turns out to be another great year, and that we're treated to loads more lovely ladies along the way!

I've just got my hands on 49.01, and I have to say it's looking promising – the gorgeous Emma

I've just got my hands on 49.01, and I have to say it's looking promising – the gorgeous Emma Green looks stunning (again!) in her set of pictures, and already I suspect she's got to be in pole position when it comes to deciding your 2013 Girl Of The Year. That said, I can't help thinking that if Chloe Toy had appeared in the magazine in 2013 she'd be in with a cracking chance as well – what a beauty! Please let's see plenty more of her in the year to come! Alan, Cheltenham.

stood Charlotte.

"Oh, shit!" I panicked, trying to pull my trousers up to conceal my dong while also moving the magazines before me out of sight. But it was no good, Charlotte had already had an eyeful and I would now have to pay the price of embarrassment.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she chirped nonchalantly, "I didn't realise you were busy. I can come back if you want."

I didn't really know what to say but rather than get rid of her, I thought I better get her to promise to tell anyone first.

"No, it's OK. What do you want?"

"Well, actually I'd come to borrow one of those," she replied pointing coyly at one of the mags.

I was puzzled, but then she started to explain. She too was a virgin and didn't know much about sex. She was too embarrassed to ask any of her female friends about it, but not bothered about borrowing an 'instructional pamphlet' from myself. I was gob smacked.

For the next ten minutes we sat there going through my collection until she said, "why don't you show me?"

With this prompt I took
Charlotte in my arms and we
began to kiss. There was a lack
of passion in what we were
doing but I knew this would
soon grow. We started to take
off each other's clothes and
after some excessive fumbling,
there we were – both stark
naked. Charlotte's body wasn't

up to the standard of your models' but all the right parts were there and I happily buried my face in between her ample breasts.

After licking each of her nipples for some time I was too eager to claim the real prize so I ran my hand down between her legs. After some careful probing I found her hole and slid a

Charlotte groaned with this intrusion and I pushed it a little deeper, before sliding it in and out. She continued to whimper accordingly and then I felt her hand wrap around the shaft of my already stiff cock.

I positioned myself between her open legs and with a bit of guidance from her I eased my knob against her wet hole. Knowing I was lined up correctly I applied a bit of pressure and felt my stiff dick sink slowly inside her. It felt fantastic!

Our breathing became heavier as I slowly rocked against her,

affirmative and that marked the start of my sexual career. Although I did still supply the lesser fortunate of my student chums with reading material! Neil, Crewe.

DOUBLE DUTCH

Dear Mayfair,

Last year, I went to Amsterdam on my first holiday abroad, and had an almost-unbelievable experience that I must share with your readers!

My mate Paul and I went out there for a week, deciding that as well as frequenting cafes or pubs, we'd see some of the tourist attractions, too - the Sex Museum, the Van Gogh Museum and the red light district being just a few. The night we went drinking

in the red light district, checking out all the sexy babes trying to attract our attention from their windows, we were randomly handed an interesting looking flyer.

Pissing ourselves laughing as we realised it was for a sex club, we bragged about what we'd do if we were to go, about the women that would throw themselves at us. Our wild claims escalating, we egged each other on until we were daring each other to actually go. I think we were shitting ourselves, but, as is usual with Paul and I. neither of us wanted to lose face in front of the other so macho facades materialised. Plus, I knew we'd have a laugh and a story to share with the lads, so, after a few more drinks, we headed to the address printed on the flver.

Arriving at the venue and paying our entrance fee, an attractive girl explained the rules

of the club: only invited sexual contact was permitted; only safe sex was allowed; stop if you're asked to stop - they were all

common sense, really, and we readily agreed. "SHE BOBBED HER HEAD DOWN AND STARTED LICKING ALONG THE LENGTH

Things inside were not what we expected. Outside, the place just looked like a health spa, but behind the ordinary-looking reception area, people dressed in barely-there underwear, kinky outfits or nothing at all milled around, and I realised there were people actually fucking - as

Continued on page 28



ROSE TINTED

Dear Mayfair,

Being one of those "misty-eyed gentlemen of a certain age", I want to say how much I always enjoy your 'Classic' girl feature. All those gorgeous girls from the 80s and 90s who inspired one's randy youth now have a warm nostalgic glow about them and remind us that while time moves on and fashions come and go etc. feminine charm and true beauty remain timeless

I loved your regular girls back in the early 90s like Melanie Granger, Bridgette Barclay, Tracey James, Laura Anthony, and basked in the bliss they brought to my care-free

student days!
I wish all the ladies who have appeared in your pages over the years loads of luck, love and happiness, and hope that they're always proud of the beauty and joy that is their gift to the world! Bryon, London. Well said, Bryon – we couldn't have put it better ourselves!

OF MY PRICK..."

feeling her wetness coating my prick. When I could tell she was used to me being inside her I began to pump slightly harder. A satisfied smile crossed her face; I knew she was enjoying her first time as much as I was.

After a while I felt cocky enough to ask her to go on top. She complied and we both changed positions. When she started to sway back and forth I honestly thought she had fucked someone before because it drove me wild.

It didn't take long for Charlotte's movements to get a reaction from me and before I knew it my body jolted with pleasure and I felt a stream of spunk gush from my knob inside her pussy. She kept riding me while the last strands of cum seeped from my cock and realising I was spent she climbed off and lay beside me on the bed.

"Wow, that was great," she whispered in my ear. "Can we do

After giving it several seconds thought I answered with the















WorldMags.net







IN OTHER MEWS

A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBNEWS

Bachelor Star Begs Forgiveness For Calling Gays Perverts

Juan Pablo Galavis, current star of the long-running US reality show *The Bachelor*, in which hordes of gold-diggers battle for the hand of a super-rich hunk in marriage, has been obliged to issue a grovelling apology for remarks he made regarding the possibility of a gay Bachelor starring in the series in the future.

When asked if the network should ever centre a season around a homosexual single man, the Season 18 hunt star committed the

cardinal sin of saying what he actually thought: "No... that would not be a good example for viewers." He added that gay people are "more pervert in a sense" and the show would be "too strong" if they were involved.

Under pressure from the pro-gay lobbies and the like, Juan Pablo subsequently composed a lengthy Facebook post trying to explain away his remarks as being the result of a poor grasp of English.

"I want to apologise. The comment was taken out of context. If you listen to the entire interview, there's nothing but respect for gay people and their families.

"I have many gay friends... The word pervert was not what I meant to say and I am very sorry. Everyone knows English is my second language and sometimes I use the wrong words."

Executives at ABC, terrified of garnering any bad publicity, condemned Juan Pablo's comments as "careless, thoughtless and insensitive."



Drinking and Smoking During Pregnancy Makes For Dumb Gay Babies

Smoking and drinking during pregnancy could make your baby not only gay but stupid, if the claims of a leading neuroscientist are to be believed.

Yes. you heard me the first time. A controversial study has found that a pregnant woman's lifestyle can influence their child's IQ and/or sexuality.

Dr Dick Swaab – professor of Neurobiology at Amsterdam University – claims that drinking, taking drugs or living in an area with high pollution levels have an impact on the development of foetuses and can affect children later in life.

Taking synthetic hormones and smoking while pregnant can increase the chances of girls becoming lesbian or bisexual, while drinking and drug-taking may lower a child's IQ, Dr Swaab suggests.



And the more older brothers a boy has, the more it is thought to increase his chance of being gay. The study claims this could be because the mother's immune system develops stronger responses to male hormones with each son that is born.

Said the good doctor: "Pre-birth exposure to both nicotine and amphetamines increases the chance of lesbian daughters.

"Pregnant women suffering from stress are also more likely to have homosexual children of both genders because their raised level of the stress hormone cortisol affects the production of foetal sex hormones.

"And in pregnant women who drink a lot, cells that were meant to migrate across the foetal brain can end up leaving the [developing child's] brain altogether." So there you go.

COMINGSOON

Tom Snooze, Clint Driftwood, and More

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



The epic action of FDGF OF

TOMORROW unfolds in a near future in which an alien race is attacking the Earth in an unrelenting assault, unbeatable by any military unit in the world.

Lt. Col. Bill Cage (sigh, Tom Cruise) is an officer who has never seen a day of combat when he is unceremoniously dropped into what amounts to a suicide mission. Killed within minutes, Cage now finds himself inexplicably thrown into a time loop — forcing him to live out the same brutal combat over and over, fighting and dying again and again.

But with each battle, Cage becomes able to engage the adversaries with increasing skill, alongside Special Forces warrior Rita Vrataski (Emily Blunt). And, as Cage and Vrataski take the fight to the aliens, each repeated encounter gets them one step closer to victory. The flick is based on the acclaimed novel All You Need is Kill by Hiroshi Sakurazaka, which I'd better hurry up and read before Cruise wrecks it for me. (Remember Jack Reacher, Lee Child fans...)

The next chapter of horror thriller The Purge, THE PURGE 2, sees the return of writer-director James DeMonaco.

The original – starring Ethan Hawke and Lena Headey – was a massive hit. The flick was made for about \$3 million, and astonished Hollywood by scaring up \$89.3 million worldwide. The Purge is set in a society where once a year there's a 12-hour period when all crime is condoned. The sequel sees a group who get stuck in the middle of the Purge having to get from point A to point B. Frank Grillo takes over from Ethan Hawke as the male lead.

JERSEY BOYS is the latest in Clint Eastwood's increasingly bizarre repertoire of projects, being a big screen version of the



Tony Awardwinning musical telling the story of the four young men from the wrong side of the tracks in New Jersey who came

together to form uninspired '60s pop group The Four Seasons. Goodness only knows what Eastwood is thinking anymore.

Oh, and of course there's another Transformers flick being peddled to us this coming June: TRANSFORMERS: AGE OF EXTINCTION. That should sell a few toys.

PRODUCTNIEWS

Cheese And Onion Choccy Bars and The Boat Dress

Irish snack company Tayto has scored a highly unlikely hit with its cheese and onion-flavoured chocolate bar.

The firm has already sold out of the limited edition run of 100,000 bars it produced in Ireland following requests on social networking sites. The bars feature pieces of Tayto cheese and onion crisps covered in chocolate.

Meanwhile thousands of Irish Australians have also been trying to get hold of 24 of the bars, which have somehow managed to find their way Down Under.

And while the response to the oddly-flavoured chocolate bar has certainly been mixed among those wo have actually tasted them, the demand for the 24 shipped to Australia remains high.

Taste Ireland chief executive Eamon Eastwood, who imports Irish treats for homesick Irish Aussies, decided to raffle the 24 bars off in a Facebook campaign.

He told the



paper: 'I couldn't believe the reaction, it went off the Richter scale – with almost half a million impressions.

"It's an unusual taste - crunchy chocolate with a lingering taste of cheese and onion." Sounds lovely to us - but why did

nobody think of it sooner?!

Another equally bizarre new product is The Boat Dress. Say the manufacturers: "Ever take a walk along the beach and think how nice it would be if you just sailed away? Then you realise you don't have a boat and can't even go in for a swim because you are wearing an impractical dress for the beach?"

I've thought that many a time, I must admit. But I would never have conceived of wearing a dress which blows up into an inflatable raft from the waist down...

Someone conceived of it, though, because now it's being manufactured. We hope it doesn't sink without trace!



BOOKNIEWS

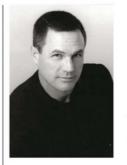
ROBERT CRAIS and the Joe Pike series

Born in Independence, Louisiana, near Baton Rouge, future international bestseller Robert Crais attended Louisiana State University, where he studied mechanical engineering for a time before turning to writing.

After a stint writing for television Crais decided to abandon scriptwriting and become a novelist, creating his signature character, Los Angeles detective Elvis Cole, for *The Monkey's Raincoat*, which won the 1988 Anthony Award for Best First Novel, and has since been named one of the 100 Favourite Mysteries of the Century by the Independent Mystery Booksellers Association.

Crais's usual protagonist and first-person narrator is private detective Elvis Cole, an ex-Ranger. Cole's silent partner in his detective agency is Joe Pike, a former Marine and ex-cop. But with the publication of *The Watchman* (2007), *The First Rule* (2010) and *The Sentry* (2011) Crais switched horses and made Joe Pike the central character – to great public acclaim.

Pike had evolved over the two decades since his first appearance in *The Monkey's Uncle*. At first the stone-faced Pike was almost one-dimensional, listing his occupation as "mercenary" carrying weapons in guitar cases, and characterised mostly by a trademark scowl, the



red arrow tattoos on his deltoids and the dark glasses he wore even at night. However, Pike had long since emerged as a complicated man, scarred in childhood, decorated in war, and intent upon hiding his pain before Crais granted him his first "solo" outing.

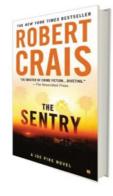
In *The Watchman*, to honor a debt, Pike agrees to protect a spoiled young debutante who's become the target of an army of professional killers. The enemy is shadowy, violent and relentless — but the fierce, intensely focused Pike turns them into mince. In all three books, Joe still says almost

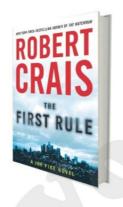
nothing. In a flashback in *The Watchman*, he introduces himself to his colleagues in Rampart Division:

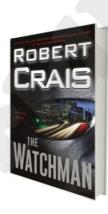
"My name is Pike. I pulled two combat tours in the Marines. I want to protect and serve."

When pressed for more he grunts: "I served in Force Recon, hunter/killer teams, and priority target missions. I like to read."

Chances are, you'll enjoy reading about Pike...









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21st CENTURY TOYS

Forget the frost of February and feel the throbbing tech-tool of JAMES SAINT as he rears up and prepares to thrust it into your mind-minge...

e get many letters from readers here at Mayfair, asking us many different - and sometimes quite difficult! - questions. But one seems to keep cropping up more than any other and, to address that here today, it's none of your fucking business. Alright, yes we had an argument, yes things got broken - as that nosy bitch from next door told the police - but she really did just storm out of the house. And, no I have no idea where she went afterwards. Or how her mutilated body ended up in propped under a log at the bottom of that pond. Now can we just move on? I know I have. With her sister.

Anyway, tech. Here before you is spread a smorgasbord of smart stuff, ready for you to spunk your hard-earned on. The cream of the unnecessary crop, hand-picked and polished before being plating up with a garnish of gratuitous bad language and a side salad of cynicism just to help you swallow the lot down.

So go on in and get your fill, I'm off to destroy some evidence. Wait, I mean "employ some eminence" or some bollocks. Good job this is not in print...

Griffin Moto TC Rally

In a time of prolonged austerity where even the heads of ideologically conflicting political parties have to live together in one house so that they can afford the rent, there's no sense in wasting a single penny on frivolous frippery. So don't; waste a shitload more on an utterly

pointless but brilliantly fun remote control car instead!

Working in conjunction with any and all of the latest iThings, the Moto TC Rally lets you use Bluetooth (of course!) to manoeuvre it from your phone or pad thing, making full use of its impact sensors and fully independent, shockabsorbing suspension plus power rearwheel drive to race like the ruddy devil.

A stupid, pointless way to piss your money away, undoubtedly. But...

Now, here's where it gets clever. Remember when I mentioned impact sensors mere seconds ago? That's so you can race against mates and compare your skills and even inflict damage on your mate's TC motor, such as reducing their speed or flipping their steering wheel, to make it harder for them to drive, the bastards!

A stupid, pointless way to piss your money away, undoubtedly. But given that beyond your front door lies a world of knife-wielding teen hoodies blasting "music" out of 60W mobile speakers (see next item) and fucks so clumsy that they need reinforced phones (hang on in there), you might just well stay in and play with nonsense



> www.griffintechnology.com

like this.

Urban Revolt Fiesta Speaker

€200



Despite being named after both daily news from Syria and a rather naff Ford car, the Urban Revolt Fiesta Speaker is to be found neither whooping and firing a gun in the air when a BBC news crew drives past or acting as the focal point of a dogging site in Thetford Forest, but rather wirelessly pumping out the awful tunes to gangs of teenagers everywhere.

A wireless wheelie speaker capable of a painful 60W of power, the Fiesta can hook up to any Bluetooth-enabled phone or tablet (a wired connection is also available) and lets said roaming mob of spotty faced stabby types instantly annoy the general public with their music, probably while shuffling through the park with their arses hanging out of

Featuring bass, treble and mid-tone controls, a rechargeable battery good (if that's the word) for 60 hours, a retractable handle and, God help us, a microphone for inflicting karaoke, and the Fiesta is the ideal/worse idea ever not just for the disenchanted youth, but also birthdays, BBQs, weddings, bar mitzvahs, house warmings and maverick funerals.

> www.urbanrevolt.com

Finally. One of Dr Evil's biggest disappointments upon his return to Earth in the original Austin Powers movie was his Number 2's inability to deliver sharks with laser beams on their heads. But then of course, the bad Dr was relying on old fashioned evil organisations to do his bidding when, today, he could have just gone to that home of online gubbins, Firebox.

Yep, a plastic shark laser pointer, the movie tie-in may have come a bit late considering the first in an increasingly unfunny series of one-joke films appeared



in 1997, but regardless, for those who still do Dr Evil impersonations in pubs and fans of pointing/ sharks/lasers alike this splendid bit of objet tat has been rendered into existence.

Featuring a safe-asit-gets Class 1 laser, imagine the fun you can have toying with the mind of your cat or whipping it out to point at graphs on

a wall during boardroom meetings and having colleagues over an age all shout "It's a shark with a frickin laser beam on its frickin head!" Fun indeed...

And the best thing about it? The price. No, not one million dollars... but 13 quid. Now go away!

> www.firebox.com



Do you like to listen to shit in your sleep? Do you have a partner who snores like a hippo with terminal bronchitis? Do you like to look at the person you're having sex with, but not hear them? Then SleepPhones are the otherwise-unlikely thing for you!

A soft fleece headband that slips over your ears with built in earphones and an eight hour rechargeable battery, the SleepPhones come cable-free to help you avoid strangling yourself to The Stranglers and link to your smartphone's music source via the miracle of Bluetooth.

Comfortable enough to drift off to the land of Nod in, what better way to be lulled into the arms of Prince Valium or, indeed, learn a foreign language, like Scouse, or be cured of your sickening compulsions by some snake-oil selling, hoodwinking psycho-babble talker's audio tape? Probably many, but none that can be done whilst drunk and/or unconscious.

> www.firebox.com

Arcam miniBlink

Whilst the unstoppable rise of digital music has undoubtedly made the task of toting thousands of tunes around and accessing them at the drop of an electronic hat slightly easier than it was with vinyl, there's always a drawback' and in the case of digital music it's the fact it sounds shit; which is why those people need this: the miniBlink.



Created by the audio

experts at Arcam, this pocket-sized tech-pebble is a portable DAC (Digital-to-Analogue Converter) that plugs into any Hi-Fi system, connects to your phone or tablet using aptX Bluetooth and lets you stream music directly through it, enhancing the quality immeasurably, cleaning, de-jittering and generally upgrading it to CD quality.

Launched at the Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas back in January, if you like the convenience of smart-thing-stored sounds but miss the good old days of music that was actually listenable, Arcam have invented the answer.

> www.arcam.co.uk

Cat B100

Price dependent on contract

Because ham-fisted, butterfingered bumblecunts need to communicate too, Cat keeps creating smartphones that are harder than Chuck Norris's Viagra-pumped cock. The latest addition to their range, the B100, was wheeled out at January's CES tech-fest in Vegas and despite looking like the Bride of Frankenstein's vibrator, is the smart-solution to Androidpowered antics when out and about arsing around on building sites, scaling skyscrapers as some ill-advised protest, potholing with sweaty dynamite, or committing suicide off Beachy Head, as not only does it deliver all the touchscreen functionality of a top notch smartphone, it does so in temperatures from -25 to 55°C, whilst being water- and dust-proof and surviving being dropped up to 1.8-metres (Beachy Head's no higher than that is it, subs? Please check).



Featuring a noise cancelling microphone, call clarity is made clearer, cutting out the howling winds at the top of Mount Everest, and as it can be operated whilst wearing gloves, you can use it up there without watching your fingers freeze and drop off to boot!

Sound like the kind of smartphone your lifestyle requires? Of course not.

> www.catphones.com

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Oh My Darling, Valentine!

Ah, it's that time of year when online sextoy retailers' thoughts turn to romance and there's a chance yours might as well - so here's Mayfair's round-up of the best things to get you other half to make sure February 14th goes with a bang this year!

LOVEHONEY FABRIC ROSE PETALS

Lovehoney.co.uk £5.99

bunch of roses, does it? But assuming we've got beyond that stage and are now straying into 'I want to take you to bed and screw you all night' territory, then



Let's face it, girls love that sort of about waking up

LOVEHONEY CHOCOLATE BODY PAINT

Lovehoney.co.uk £4.00

And while we're on the subject of stuff girls like, you have to go a long way to beat chocolate. Of course you could play things safe and just get her a box of Milk Tray, but then she might take it as an invitation to sit in front of the telly all evening munching choccies

dreadful soaps. Get her this, though - and you've got her exactly where you want her,

NAUGHTY KNOT SEXY BODY BOW

Lovehoney.co.uk £13.99

buying for this one. If it's a bloke buying it for his missus, well that might just feel a wee bit presumptuous. On the other hand, if it's a lady buying

who's going to argue?! Basically this skimpy outfit from Lovehoney's body by wrapping it up in a great big fella, I could think of a lot worse gifts!



UBERKINKY WAX PLAY CANDLE PACK

Uberkinky.co.uk £12.99

Valentine's Day really wouldn't be Valentine's Day without a candlelit dinner for two, would it? Or at the very least a microwaved TV dinner in front of Love, Actually. But of course candles aren't just for romantic eating - there's also power cuts and hot wax on each other's tremulous bodies. That this set, so if you've ever wanted to know what it's like having hot wax dribbling down your old



LOVEHONEY SEXUAL HAPPINESS PACK

Lovehoney.co.uk £35

Just imagine – you can buy sexual happiness hereabouts! OK, so Lovehoney are rather assuming you've got someone with Day spread, that's not an unreasonable



including a mini-vibe for her, a stroker for him, and a cock-ring. Actually, with this little lot in the bedside cabinet, you need never go anywhere near each other ever again!

CRYSTAL DELIGHTS

Uberkinky.co.uk From £59.99

Let's face it, there are few sex toys out something a plumber might use, frankly, but those folks over at Uberkinky have decided it's time to give them a bit of a bling makeover. These hand-crafted glass offerings come in a variety of designs, and as well as plugging butts, also offer the



opportunity to see what your beloved would look like if liked the tiger and the bunny versions but it probably depends on the quality of the butt

69 KAMA SUTRA HEART CHALLENGE

Lovehoney.co.uk £11.99

The trouble with shagging, we've always thought, is that there just aren't enough few tucked away in the Kama Sutra, but who

wants to stop to do a spot of reading mid-bunk-up? This crafty box dispenses with the need for that different positions to try in there, and all you have to do is pluck them out



with a set of tweezers. OK, so rolling them up and putting them back in the box at the end is a bit of a ball-ache, but hey - where's your ruddy sense of romance!

LELO HULA REMOTE CONTROL ROTATING PLEASURE BEADS

Lovehoney.co.uk £118

OK but, we've been a bit cheapskate up till now, but we all know that if really want to impress a lady, you need to spend a her eyes roll at the same time, then you'd better spend it on a rather swish sex toy! This one's a nifty updating of the good old love-egg – something she can pop inside and get turned-on by when there's nobody

else around. you can drive your woman delirious and change channel at (almost) the exact same time!





Continued from page 05

couples and in groups, their bodies so entwined it was difficult to tell where one ended and the next began. I tried not to gawk, but the whole scene was causing my cock to tent-pole and me to start sweating, literally.

After taking a quick look around, we headed to the bar for a drink. It occurred to me that only people arriving at the club were fully clothed, and as we'd been there for a little while now, we, too, should get naked. Stripping off, I felt really selfconscious, and glancing at Paul I realised he did too, so we decided to go and see the pool area, figuring that if all else failed, we could at least have a swim and a sauna!

We interrupted two older couples getting it on together on loungers by the pool, but they didn't seem to mind our presence. In fact, they seemed to actively encourage us watching their foreplay, which I found incredibly horny.

They were all Dutch, the women both in their 40s and quite fit for their age, with neatly shaven pussies. They all seemed very nice, with one of the men slapping me on the shoulder every so often throughout. They only spoke a little English and, as we could not speak Dutch, we had to rely on using a sort of sign language to communicate - but it was soon obvious we were being invited to fuck the wives!

I hesitated for a split-second, but despite being older than any I'd been with before, the blonde (and prettier) woman offering her shaven haven to me was definitely worth a fuck, so I swiftly made a beeline for her. She gripped my cock in her hand, and smiling broadly at me, she bobbed her head down and started licking along the length of my prick, teasing her tongue around my helmet.

I saw the brunette beckon to Paul, but he hung back, not ready to get involved yet. Well, it was his loss. She shrugged and turned her attention to me. After snogging me for a few minutes, she slid herself under me, so she could lick and suck my balls. I couldn't quite believe that both women were paying all their attention to me; it was the stuff my (wet) dreams were made of!

I savoured the blissful servicing I was getting, but the girls had other ideas. Pulling away and telling me to wait, the blonde lay back on the floor and her friend got on all fours over her, pussy facing pussy. They were speaking in Dutch and laughing as the one on the bottom bent her knees and arched her cunt upwards,

I was trembling with excitement as I knelt behind the stacked up snatches and rolled a condom onto my erect length, realising that I may never have another opportunity like this. I glanced over at the husbands and Paul, who were watching and wanking at the show.

With renewed vigour, I slowly fed my dick into the brunette's fanny. She moaned as I entered her, and I thrust in and out a few times before pulling out of her pussy and sliding into the blonde's. A few pumps, then I switched again. This was great - I felt like a porn star!

As I plugged both Dutch honeys' holes they began snogging and frigging each other's clits, making me fuck them faster. Soon I had a great rhythm going - ten thrusts in each before

changing. However, the brunette looked over her shoulder and ordered in English, "Harder!" so I rammed in as hard as I could. I switched, pounding the blonde's pussy just as powerfully. It seemed to suit

SAB'S FAB LAB!

Dear Mayfair,
What a treat to see the wondrous Sabrina Maree back in Mayfair again.
Not only is she one of the sexiest women on the planet, but she's also the proud owner of the most magnificent pair of labia majora I've ever come across! That picture of her on page 76 was the hottest thing I've seen in ages – talk about a girl that has everything! What I wouldn't give to swap places with that little pearl thong for a few hours...

She's quite the package, isn't she? - The Ed.



"AS I PLUGGED BOTH DUTCH HONEYS' HOLES THEY BEGAN SNOGGING AND FRIGGING..."

so it was touching the brunette's. It was obvious what was expected of me, and I couldn't believe my luck!

the girls because as I pulled out of the brunette's fanny she came. And she was a squirter! My cock was covered in a spurt

of cunt cream, something I'd never seen in real life before!

This set the blonde off, and her muscles squeezed around my cock as she orgasmed. My nuts tightened as my climax welled, and just as I was about to come, the brunette whipped my condom off, allowing my spunk to spray freely over both ladies. They then proceeded to lick my jism off each other, and off my cock. I have to say, it's the horniest thing I've ever seen! Paul then finally got involved with the two Dutch slappers, but that's his story to tell.

I'll remember my first trip abroad forever, but we're now planning my second! Steve, Bideford.



















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GENTLIEMSEN, 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.

When Wild West settlers Ma and Pa first arrive on their new homestead Pa installs a bell on the front porch and tells Ma: "If trouble comes while I'm out in the field a-ploughin' then you just ring that bell and I'll come runnin'."

The next day Pa hears the bell and takes off for home. When he arrives Ma says: "Them boys of ours are givin' me a hard

to ring that bell unless something serious was goin' on. If this happens again I'm goin' to whap you with a board."

The next day Pa hears the bell again - and grabbing up a board heads for home. When he arrives Ma is clinging to the porch rail with a five Indian arrows in her back, the house is in flames and the kids are all lying dead in the front yard with

their throats cut.

Pa spits, wipes his mouth on his sleeve, slaps his knee and says:

"Now that's more like it!"



A guy in a bar sees an old friend at a table, drinking by himself. Approaching the friend, he tells him bluntly: "Jeez! You look terrible! What's the problem?"

"My mother died in June, and left me £10,000." says the friend.

"Gee, that's tough," the guy replies. "I had no idea."

"Then in July," the friend continues, "My father died, leaving me £50,000."

Very concerned, the guy says, "I'm so sorry for your loss. Two parents gone in two months. No wonder you're depressed."

The friend continues, "And last month my aunt died, and left me $\mathfrak{L}15,000$."

"Three close family members lost in three months?! I just don't know what to say," stammers the guy.

"Then this month," continues the friend miserably, "Nothing! Not a fucking penny!"





time about doin' the chores and little Sammy done stuck the butter knife in the molasses without lickin' the blade clean first."

Pa says, "You mean I just run all the way in from the fields for this?! Hellfire, woman, next time it had better be important!"

The next day Pa hears the bell and takes off for home again. When he arrives his wife is in tears standing over a broken clothes line. "Pa," she says, "some damn fool came ridin' through here on a mule and run right through the clothes line and ruined the washin'."

Pa is furious. He yells: "Ma, I told you not

A bloke walks into the local Job Centre, marches straight up to the counter and tells the assistant. "You know, I just HATE being on the dole. I really wish you people would quit paying lip service to the unemployed and find me a job. Even sweeping up shit. I don't care. I want a job!"

The man behind the counter says:
"In that case your timing is excellent.
We just got a job opening from a very wealthy old man who wants a chauffeur and bodyguard for his nymphomaniac daughter. You'll have to drive her around in his Mercedes, but he'll supply all of your clothes.

"Because of the long hours, meals will be provided. You'll be expected to escort her on her overseas holiday trips. You will have to satisfy her sexual urges. You'll have a two-bedroom apartment above the garage. Oh, and the starting salary is... let's see... yes, £200,000 a year".

The bloke says: "You're bullshitting me, pal!"
To which the guy behind the counter
replies: "Yeah, well... you started it."



A young guy is hitchhiking through one of the southern states when a farmer driving an old pickup truck stops to give him a lift. As they ride along, they get to talking about the local moonshine whiskey. The young man says he doesn't drink all that much and that moonshine would probably be too strong for his system.

"Nonsense!" says the farmer. "You gotta try some." He fishes around behind him with one hand and finally produces a small jug. "Here," he says, handing the jar to the young guy. "Take a drink!"

"Oh, no thanks," says the young fella. "I really don't think I care for any."

"No, I insist," says the farmer rather coldly. "Have some."

"No, thanks, really," says the young guy. The farmer isn't going to take no for an answer. He stops the pickup by the roadside and grabs his shotgun from the rack in back. He points the gun at the young guy and roars, "I said: take a drink!"

"Okay! Okay!" cries the young man. He takes a few swallows before he realises how powerful the stuff is. His throat muscles tighten, his eyes water, and he starts choking.

"So, what do you think of it?" asks the farmer. "Good, ain't it?"

"Yeah," gasps the young guy, "I guess so." Then the farmer hands the young man the shotgun and grins. "Here! Now, you hold the gun on me and make me take a drink!"



At a primary school, the class assignment in Composition is to write about something unusual that has happened during the previous week. A youngster got up to read his. "My daddy fell into the well at our place last Friday afternoon - "he begins.

A drunk staggers into a church and sits down in a confessional ... but says nothing. The bewildered priest coughs to attract his attention, but still the man remains silent. Finally the priest knocks on the wall three times in an attempt to get the man to begin his confession.

The drunk responds: "No use you knockin', mate. There's no paper in this one either."

"Good heavens," shrieks the teacher. "Is he all right now?"

"He must be," says the little kid. "He stopped yelling for help yesterday."

COUPÉ'S YER MONEY...

And if you've got any sense, you makes Jaguar's spiffing new F-Type your choice!

he Jaguar F-Type is one of the most beautiful cars on sale at the moment, and it has the performance and soundtrack to match, as we revealed back in 47.12. But the company has just turned

> THE R COUPÉ SERVES UP SIMPLY BREATHTAKING PERFORMANCE, WITH 0-60MPH IN FOUR SECONDS.

the style and drama up another notch by introducing a sensational new F-Type Coupé to join the soft-top.

Jaguar says it's the most performance focused and dynamically capable car it's ever produced – which is some claim from the brand that brought us the legendary E-Type. And as with the F-Type Convertible, the Coupé has some styling cues in common with the iconic sixties sports car. But to go on about the E-Type again is to miss the point, because this Jaguar is all about the future. It's packed with technology, benefits from cutting-edge construction and delivers

a cocktail of performance and fun that's up there with the very best cars of the 21st century.

That's especially true in the new range-topping F-Type, badged R Coupé. This features a 5.0-litre supercharged V8 with 542bhp - eclipsing the 488bhp of the top-spec V8S Convertible - and provides a whole new level of fun. The engine drives the rear wheels through an eightspeed close-ratio QuickShift automatic transmission, offering owners sequential manual control using the central SportShift lever or the steering wheelmounted paddles.

Whether you leave the box to its own devices or change gear yourself, the R Coupé serves up simply breathtaking performance, with 0-60mph in four seconds on the nose. It also promises a 186mph top speed, although this

engine has so much to give that the R would probably pass the magic 200mph mark if the electronic limiter was removed. And it always sounds absolutely fantastic – as in the Convertible, the exhaust pushes the boundaries of noise regulations to deliver a throaty, spine-tingling note.

The R Coupé is available with carbon ceramic brakes as an option. This set-up provides ferocious stopping power, with bright yellow six-piston front and four-piston rear calipers gripping 398mm diameter front and 380mm diameter rear discs. These discs are made of a matrix of carbon fibre and ceramic, and are amazingly resistant to fade – so you can rely on them to scrub off speed super efficiently corner after corner around a race track, for example.

Trouble is, you'll probably be too busy enjoying the Coupé's sensational handling





to notice. Jaguar has incorporated the latest version of its Electronic Active Differential on the new car. This juggles the torque between the rear wheels, and works hand-in-hand with the new Torque Vectoring system, which determines when the entry speed into a corner may induce understeer, and automatically applies precise amounts of braking force to the inside wheels to counteract it. The net result is awe-inspiring agility on the limit – although the Adaptive Dynamics dampers and Configurable Dynamic Mode allow drivers to tone the car down a bit if they're not in the mood.

Not that you need to splurge £85,000 to enjoy driving the F-Type Coupé. Jaguar also offers regular V6 and V6S models, with 3.0-litre engines delivering 335bhp and 375bhp respectively. These obviously don't provide the same immense performance as the V8 R Coupé, with 0-60mph in 5.1 and 4.8 seconds and top speeds of 161mph and 171mph. But they still sound pretty good, and are as light and stiff as the R, as they benefit from the same extensive use of aluminium in their construction. In fact, Jaguar says the Coupé is the most torsionally rigid production car it's ever built, rated at 33,000Nm/degree. That guarantees impeccable body control and predictable



cornering, no matter which engine is providing the power.

At the heart of the construction is a super-strong, hydro-formed aluminium alloy beam that runs from the A-pillar to the D-pillar, and attached to this are vast single-piece aluminium pressings that make up the sides of the body. This not only guarantees amazing strength, but also means there are no untidy creases or joins, for an ultraclean design.

For the roof, buyers can choose between aluminium or glass panels – the latter have no effect on structural rigidity, but certainly add to the drama – while further back, a rear spoiler is hidden in the tailgate shut line, and pops up when the car hits 70mph to reduce lift. Slim LED tail-lamps wrap around the wings to emphasise the F-Type's width, and the composite tailgate can be specified with electric operation. Either way, it lifts to reveal a 407-litre luggage bay – enough for two sets of golf clubs.

Ahead of the A-pillars, the Coupé looks virtually identical to the F-Type Convertible, with its long bonnet and powerful nose. And the interior provides the same sense of drama as the open-top model, mixing driver-focused design with premium materials. The R Coupé stands out with inflatable side bolsters on its premium leather sports seats and R logos on the headrests, plus more hide trim on the armrests and door inserts, as well as the instrument display

and centre console. And to hammer home the top-spec car's high-performance intentions, there's a flat-bottomed steering wheel.

Jaguar audio partner Meridian provides a choice of 10-speaker

Jaguar audio partner Meridian provides a choice of 10-speaker 380-watt or 12-speaker 770-watt sound systems, too, although the engine should be all the aural stimulation you need, whether you



"A REAR SPOILER IS HIDDEN IN THE TAILGATE SHUT LINE, AND POPS UP WHEN THE CAR HITS 70MPH TO REDUCE LIFT."



have the V6 or the V8 rumbling away ahead of you. This is one of the loudest, most intoxicating drivers' cars you could hope to climb aboard, and a fine alternative to supercoupe buyers who don't want to follow the Porsche herd.

SPECIFICATIONS

JAGUAR F-TYPE R COUPÉ		
PRICE	285,000	
ENGINES	5.0-litre V8, 542bhp	
TOP SPEED	186mph (limited)	
0-62MPH	4.0 seconds	
CONTACT	www.jaguar.com	

















eople have been banging on for years about how 40's now the new 30, but in that case, does that mean 30's the new 20? We reckon it should do, if the beautifully put together Angela Sommers here is anything to go by! There's really no sign of anything going remotely pear-shaped here, is there, and yet a generation or two ago 30 was considered a bit over the hill! "I think it's all about your state of mind," Angela explained when we

remarked on just how youthful she looked. "Personally I don't feel any older now than I did when I was 16. I like to keep myself in shape and eat healthily, and perhaps more and more people are doing that these days. A couple of generations ago everybody smoked and sunbathed too much, and that took its toll..."

Hmm, so lay off the fags and the sunbed and you too can have a body like Angela's! Damn, if only it really were that easy!



















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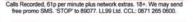


















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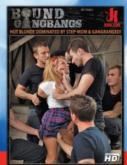
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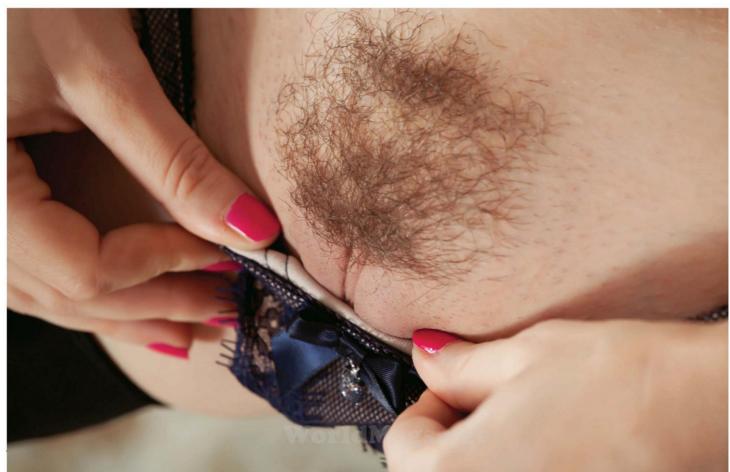












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orkshire-born Sophia's sporting something that's bound to appeal to a certain proportion of our readers, and we're not just talking about lingerie. So what's with the pubes?

"Well, they're natural, aren't they?" she asks, and we can't really argue with that! After all, if you look at the evolutionary clock of top shelf magazines, pubes featured extremely prominently until, oh, something like half past six in the evening on December 31st. That's assuming dinosaurs died out around the time of the August Bank Holiday, btw...

"Exactly. I don't know any guy who'd prefer me to be clean shaven. Sometimes I do shave just to see what it's like, but there's something irresistible about sliding a hand into the top of my panties and coming into contact with my pubes..."

We don't doubt it for a second!











QUEST...

They say travel broadens the mind, but sometimes it's a lot more than that that gets stretched before the journey's done and dusted...

t was a long flight and I was feeling a little disappointed that my boyfriend had begged out at the last moment. He said he had family commitments that could not

Name: JEN Age: 24

From: MANCHESTER

wait, and that he would fly out later in the week. I

was not really worried about spending time alone in Chicago. It was the boredom of the long flight that pissed me off.

However I sucked it up and got on with it. What else could I do? My ticket was already paid for and I had arranged the time off from work. I would just have to think of something to while away the long hours in the air. I was so miffed at Jake's selfish behaviour that I decided to upgrade my outward flight to first class, and planned on trying to flirt my way into becoming a member of "the mile high club".

as much cleavage as possible without looking vulgar, so I was fairly sure I would ensnare a guy who would find me alluring enough to want a free shag.

Once we were up in the air and the captain had taken the seat belt sign, the cabin crew began wandering down the plane offering us drinks, blankets and pillows. Once I saw Nick who was on duty in first class I was smitten: his boyish good looks and muscular body were all I required to make my fantasy a reality. I waited until he and his co-worker Jean had settled the passengers and had moved into the galley area before leaving my seat and following them through, pretending to be searching for the toilets.

I noticed Jean wink at Nick as I entered the galley, and was grateful to her for leaving us alone while she wheeled the drinks trolley down the isle. Nick asked how he could help me but it was only a show, as he did not resist when I put my arms around his neck and gave him a long sensual kiss while my hands surreptitiously rubbed the bulge forming in the

me forcefully against the wall and started to kiss me like a man possessed, holding my head between his hands and vigorously exploring my mouth with his tongue.

I felt his hand move up my legs and under my skirt. His other was now on the back of my head forcing our kiss. I lifted up my leg onto the toilet bowl and his hand reached around, and, slipping into my wet knickers, rubbed against my pussy, making me moan the instant his thumb found my clit. I gasped as I felt a finger enter me, and bit my lip to shush my cries as his other hand popped open my shirt buttons and un-hooked my bra, letting it fall to the floor.

Nick took one of my nipples in his mouth, tease-biting, licking and sucking it while kneading and squeezing the other one. He

I GASPED AS I FELT A FINGER ENTER ME, AND BIT MY LIP TO SHUSH MY CRIES...

then dropped to his knees, and, hitching up my skirt, moved my gusset to one side and began eating my pussy. The feeling of his tongue dipping in and out of my cunt was so fabulous that when he began sucking on my engorged clit I closed my eyes and allowed myself to give into the lustful sensations.

He started frigging me while still sucking on my clit and I held onto his head, breathing slowly and deeply as my clit began throbbing

and aching. I was losing control and dangerously close to the edge, but I needed to feel his cock inside me before I could let myself climax. Pulling him back up I kissed him roughly, smiling to myself with satisfaction as I tasted my pussy juice all over his face.

Nick looked me in my eyes, and then without a word he just spun me around, pulled my panties down to my knees and thrust his cock inside my tight pussy. I let out a little yelp as I felt his hard cock, as rigid as an iron, fill my tight hole completely. He bit me on my neck and shoulder and thrust his cock deep inside me. I felt the intensity of each thrust as Nick shunted his cock in and out and could not help squealing loudly with pleasure as he continued to ram it home faster and faster.

My pussy felt like it was about to explode as he rubbed my clit and fucked harder and even more energetically. All of a sudden I began to come as I felt his sperm gush forth

inside me like a dam bursting. Wave after wave of pleasure had me shuddering from head to toe. The excitement was almost too much. I was shaking all over, and to keep myself quiet I bit down on the bunched-up fabric of my blouse.

As Nick's cock slowly became flaccid I felt it slip out of me, and with a satisfied grunt he



As the plane hurtled down the runway, I looked around at my fellow passengers, hoping to see someone I could entice into joining me in my daring venture.

I had taken great pains to dress sexily, and I am a confident good looking woman, with DD tits and, so I'm told, a pair of very shapely legs. I was wearing a short skirt and showing

front of his uniform trousers.

I hissed, "Follow me to the toilet in a minute", then I swung back through the curtains which divided the galley from the toilet cubicles and went inside. After a few seconds I heard a little tap on the door and in he came, shutting and locking the door. Immediately, we were all over each other in a frenzy of passion. He pushed



felt his knee gently brush against mine, and my heart dropped to the pit of my stomach, turning into a slight throbbing in my clit as he did it again, a few seconds later. Once was an accident, I thought to myself, but twice? I opened my eyes to catch him glancing at me, a gentle smirk playing across his face. I looked out of the window, seemingly uninterested, but at the same time let my leg casually drop to the side, so it came into contact with his. He pushed back, causing my pussy to juice up, and leaving me in no doubt that we were now engaged in some sort of silent flirtation, and I once again grinned at him, almost daring him to make the first move.

I wondered what the hell I was doing, but as I felt his hand find its way under my thick coat and gently touch my knee before running its way up my bare leg, my breath snagged in my throat and all thoughts of my husband went out of my head. I was still holding my breath when his hand slid under my skirt and his little finger began rubbing my clit through my knickers. We locked eyes as his talented digits managed to sneak into the side of my gusset, and, as they made contact I felt my lungs express all the air, and I made a small gasping sound. My mystery man immediately pulled his hand back, and quietly shushed me, looking around to see if the few people in the carriage had twigged. They seemingly hadn't, but as I noticed a wedding band on the guy's hand, I figured it might be best for both of us if no one noticed our small dalliance.

Winking at me and gathering his newspaper and briefcase up, he stood up and extended his hand to me, motioning for me to follow suit. Feeling incredibly horny, I did so without thinking, and followed him as he made his way into the train toilet. Maybe not the most romantic place on earth, but by this point I didn't care one bit! All I could think about was ripping this stranger's trousers open and getting to his cock!

As soon as I shut the door behind me and threw my bag and coat aside, he was on me, kissing me passionately, groping at my boobs

"I PUSHED HIS BOXERS DOWN TO REVEAL THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, THICK COCK I THINK I'VE EVER SEEN!"

pulled up my panties, sorted out his uniform, and, giving me a friendly slap on the arse, opened the door and departed.

I stayed put for a moment, and then, slightly dizzy, headed back to my seat with a big smile on my face.

y daily commute into London city centre is as tedious as the next person's. I like living out of town, but it takes me over an hour to get into work every day, which I find horrendous. Luckily, living so far out means that the train is half empty when I get on in the mornings, so I always get a seat.

My journeys were lightened, however, by an encounter I had with a complete stranger one day last November. It was a cold morning and, as usual, I had my big winter coat draped over my lap as a blanket, to keep me warm as I tried to doze for a while. It must have been only 5 minutes into my journey when I felt someone sit down next to me, despite there being numerous empty seats around us in the almostempty carriage – something I admit is a pet hate of mine. I glanced

over at them, namely to give them a bit of a glare, but was surprised to see a particularly handsome guy sat there, throwing me off guard somewhat. He smiled at me, and I couldn't help but notice

Name: GINA Age: 28 From: WOKING

his grey-blue eyes twinkle as my scowl faded and was replaced by a slight grin of my own, in spite of myself.

Shifting over in my seat so I wasn't encroaching on his space, I closed my eyes again and wondered why my heart was beating so fast. I couldn't help but think about this sexy, suited man sitting only a few inches away from me, and what I could do to him if we were in different circumstances. I'm a married woman, but as my sex life is practically nonexistent, I do have a tendency to fantasise quite a lot! As I drifted away with my imagination working overtime, I suddenly



and clawing at my skirt. I had never felt so wanton! Unzipping his suit trousers, I dropped them to the floor and pushed his boxers down to reveal the most beautiful, thick cock I think I've ever seen! I wanted it in my mouth so badly I took the initiative, got to my knees and sucked it straight into my mouth. I felt his hands on the back of my head, encouraging me to go for it so I did – gobbling his length to the back of my throat and gagging on it in the process. Groaning, he held my head more forcefully, now, willing me to continue, which I did, faster than before. Suddenly, he pushed me away and held the end of his dick, wincing. I thought I'd hurt him for a second, but then realised he had nearly shot his load!

Composing himself, he took my hand and helped me to my feet

– before grabbing my arse and lifting me onto the washbasin, nudging
his way between my legs, so he could get to my dripping pussy. I
opened my legs and wrapped them around his back, allowing him free

MF Letters

access and as he pushed his way inside me, I moaned, the pleasure washing over me. We both knew he wouldn't last too long – nor did I particularly want him to – so he hammered away at me for a few minutes, until I felt my stomach turn and my cunt throb so badly I knew I was close to climaxing. I clung on to his back as my body trembled and my orgasm made my toes curl, and as my vaginal muscles contracted around his prick, he pushed once more, so deeply inside me and I felt him come.

I've not seen my handsome stranger again since, but I've often fantasised about our wordless tryst on my commute since then, and wondered what would happen if we bumped into each other again.

'm the kind of girl who likes to keep a man on his toes. Sometimes I make him wait; sometimes I jump on him when he's least expecting it. I'd been dating lan for nearly two months during which time I had kept all my naughty thoughts to myself. Ian

thought he was dating a prim and proper girl from suburbia; a girl he

Name: SARAH

Age: 23

From: PINNER

had happily taken to a restaurant to meet his parents. That was the night I'd chosen



"HE COULD BARELY MOVE AS I ALLOWED HIS COCK TO BUMP THE BACK OF MY MOUTH..."



to reveal a little of my hidden nature. Having dragged him into an empty reception room, I gave him my absolute best blow-job. Ian had worn a stunned expression as I nattered with his parents and a disappointed one when I excused myself and phoned for a taxi – making a point of going home alone.

After that night, lan recognised the twinkle in

my eye for what it was. He'd seen that there was a dirty, dangerous side to me; a girl who had sex in public places and sucked cock like a pro. I wanked him off whenever he wanted but I rationed the blow-jobs and playfully refused full sex. He was absolutely gagging to fuck me and even the way a pair of innocent jeans clung to the curve of my backside was

enough to make him hard. I gave him a glimpse of 'the goods' as he called them, which made things harder for him, apparently. Nice girls don't wear split-crotch panties and it drove lan to distraction to know that I wore them, even under the shortest of my skirts, as my every movement became an opportunity to see my pussy.

It was while we were out for a drive that I decided the time had come to fuck lan. During such a long journey my thoughts had inevitably turned to sex. By refusing lan full sex, I had also denied myself. It hadn't been a conscious decision to start playing with myself - I'd just parted my legs and slid my fingers through the gap in my knickers and on into my pussy, only this time I needed something more satisfying than fingers. "Is there somewhere we can we pull over?" lan was going to make a comment but there was no need when he saw what my hand was doing between my legs. The deceleration was explosive as lan took a tight turn-off onto a very minor road. He loves his BMW and spends hours washing and waxing it but his expression was stony and determined as branches whipped both sides of the car and stones pinged off the precious paintwork. I waited for the violent expletives which always followed those sounds but none came. lan didn't even seem to notice.

"I think this is about as good as it'll get," he said, drawing to a halt on some gravel in front of a field. I'm not an outdoorsy type and I looked out of the window doubtfully.

"I'm not going into a field in these shoes."

"I wasn't planning on taking you into the field."

"Oh? Where were you planning on taking me?" I asked huskily. Ian pulled a lever which allowed him to shoot the driver's seat right back.

"You're joking?" Ian shook his head as he undid his fly. Of course, he didn't know I was intending to fuck him. His cock leapt out and I wanted it. I wanted it in my hand, and in my mouth but most of all I wanted it in my pussy. Suddenly, I didn't care that I was in a car in the middle of the countryside. Leaning across the centre console, I wrapped my hand around lan's cock and stroked it, even as I claimed it with my mouth. I liked

that Ian was trapped – he could barely move as I allowed his cock to bump the back of my mouth and tickle my tonsils. His hands stroked my hair as I pulled back up so I could use my tongue and lips on his most sensitive flesh. Ian's cock was as hard as I was hot and wet. A blow-job would have been good but full sex, if that was even possible, would be

fast, furious and mind blowing. I kicked my heels into the footwell and set about straddling the centre console.

lan was ready with a complaint as I stopped licking and nibbling the tip of his cock but then froze as he realised what I was about to attempt. Never has my slender frame been more convenient than when I eased myself in the direction of my boyfriend. Then the gear stick prodded up right against my pussy. In fact, as I eased my way

HE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AWARE OF WHAT I WAS DOING AS I STROKED HIS COCK WITH PURPOSEFUL STROKES.

further over towards lan, it was pressing right against my opening. The naughtiest of naughty thoughts popped into my head. As I continued kissing lan, I pressed down experimentally. I knew from one of lan's enthusiastic monologues that the gear stick was genuine leather with chrome trim. What lan didn't know was that it was inside me. The chrome was excitingly cold and slippery while the shape and size couldn't have been more perfect if it had been designed as a sex toy. I giggled briefly as I continued to kiss my boyfriend even as I fucked his beloved car. I gasped as the fattest part of the handle pressed against the front wall of my vagina. "Uh, God!" The words came out as a husky rasp as the physical pleasure of having something inside my pussy combined with the psychological naughtiness of what I was doing. As another desperate whimper escaped, I distracted lan by stroking his cock and kissing him deeper and harder than I ever had before, although I was concentrating entirely on the strange sensations in my pussy.

"I don't think there's room," Ian whispered. We were both panting heavily. Rolling my hips, I pushed down harder and groaned as the





stretching eased its way even further inside me.

"Fuuuck!" I sighed.

"Are you OK?" lan asked.

"Just getting a bit of cramp," I moaned, pushing down even deeper onto the column. The fingers of my right hand explored the point where the gear lever was penetrating my body. I groaned again. My labia had closed around the slender neck of the gear stick, which meant the whole thing was buried inside me. It really was inside me. The only things I'd previously had in my pussy were fingers, cocks and sex toys; things that were supposed to be in there. Riding my boyfriend's gear stick had to be the dirtiest thing I had ever done, especially since he didn't know I was doing it. My hips rose and fell. Every movement satisfied me in ways that shocked me. The shape and dual textures were exciting; they were something new for my pussy to explore as I fucked myself. It had been a long time since I'd been fucked. "Mmmm," I sighed loudly, as I imagined orgasming with the gear stick buried deep within my pussy. What would it feel like? A warm fuzzy haze clouded my mind. I was going to do it.

I pulled lan's head forward and buried my face into the nape of his neck. He really didn't seem to be aware of what I was doing as I stroked his cock with hard, purposeful strokes. Would lan be horrified if he knew what I was doing to his precious car? Or jealous? Or disgusted? I hesitated. Could I really get away with it? My pussy tightened, demanding that I continue. Surely lan would notice what I was doing? I drew away from him, only to find that his eyes were closed as he concentrated on his own pleasure. I glanced down and felt a smile grow on my face. Seeing a gear stick poking out of my pussy was enough to make me do it, even if it ended my relationship with Ian. I rode that stick like it was the most amazing cock I'd ever felt. In some ways it was even better than a cock as the friction was totally of this world. My pussy tightened and tensed as a surge of sexual pressure ran along its length and flowered into the most ferocious climax. My buttocks were pressed fully against the console as I gripped it with my thighs, twisting and turning to rub the stick against every sensitive surface of spasming pussy.

"I'm going to come," Ian wailed, and he looked disappointed as I reached for a wad of tissues. The tissues weren't for him – rather than milk his cock into the tissues, I used them to wipe the gear stick as I took Ian's spunk into my mouth and swallowed. "Oh, God," Ian

NEXT MONTH

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groaned. "That was fucking amazing." I made a point of wiping my pussy with the tissues as I settled back into my seat. "I can't wait to fuck that little pussy of yours." I smiled coyly as lan put the car into gear and pulled away. Thanks to that gear lever, lan was going to have to wait a little longer.



Scene from MAYFAIR

Thank God they Invented DVDs and Blu-rays, eh? With all the films and TV series that get released these days, if we still watched stuff on video we'd all have to build an extension just to keep them all in!



as it did quite a bit of the spirit of the time with its roller-coaster look at the misery of drug-dependency and featuring (as it turned out) a cavalcade of young Scottish talent on screen. Since then there have been a few other adaptations, but none of them has really had anything like the same impact, A cracking look at (Welsh's and here's another one along that didn't quite set the box office alight. Then again, it's a big ask for an 18-rated film to be a smash these days, and it's probably not quite what the makers were after anyway....

James McAvoy takes the lead as a bent copper Bruce Robertson (one of the various interpretations of the title's meaning) who's assigned to investigate a violent murder, but

he's got plenty of other priorities on his mind as well - career advancement (mostly by fucking over his colleagues) and getting his wife back being two of the highest. Not only



is Robertson thoroughly sociopathic, he's also bipolar and in the grip of a whopping drug habit... never a great combination. Inevitably, things all start to unravel for him big style over a particularly loopy Christmas period.

version of) the seedy

underbelly of policing...

The Ed

Top support from Jim Broadbent, Jamie Bell and Eddie Marsan make this a cracking look at (Irvine's version of) the seedy underbelly of policing, and while it may not have set the big screen alight, it'll certainly do the job for 100 minutes or so on your telly!

IL BIDONE

ureka Entertainment appears to be on a Federico Fellini splurge (no harm in that) and are currently gracing us with the release on Blu-ray of the 1955 Italian flop II Bidone (The Swindler) one of Fellini's lesserknown films. Made



in between Fellini's career greats La Strada and Nights of Cabiria, Il Bidone was seen as something of a blip on the director's career monitor, revealing his experimentation with Neo-realism, crafting stories out of realistic situations and creating poetical depictions of loneness, guilt and struggle, which are projected in the most poignant ways.

Il Bidone's anti-hero is Augusto, a fat, middle-aged con-artist, who's spent his life praying on peoples ignorance and ambition with his little gang of compadres... but then experiences something of an epiphany upon meeting his daughter in the street. His revulsion and disgust at how neglectful he has been leads him to resolve that his next con will be his last. Well, we all know things never work quite that easily in the movies!

A film that is a delight and at times ironically comic, a re-release long overdue. And let's face it - a B&W Fellini always looks damn good on the shelf!



ROMEO AND JULIET

the classroom in years to come...

mm, the title rings a bell... hang on... oh yes, this is clearly some sort of live action homage to Elton John's timeless Gnomeo & Juliet (surely a film that nobody would ever thought to have made had it not been for the easy pun of the title). Ahem, anyway, this is a brand new re-telling of Shakespeare's classic tale of young love doomed, with suitably pretty youngsters Douglas Booth and Haillee Steinfeld taking on the title roles. It's a bit of a lavish production, as you might expect with Downton Abbey's Julien Fellowes responsible for the adaptation. Still, it's not all drawing room snootiness, and with a cast that includes Damian Lewis and Paul Giamatti it's easy enough on the eye. You can imagine it being popular in





THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG

ur Gallic chums gave us a bit of a turn in 1964 when

they dished up Jacques Demy's radiantly colourful musical Les Parapluies de Cherbourg; up till then us Brits thought they only produced brooding stories of forsaken love played out in black and white. Not any more! The Umbrellas of Cherbourg's cosy romantic contrivance is oddly captivating with its glut of sentimentality and a plot that draws to the corniest ending I've seen for sometime. It runs in the usual way – boy meets girl, girls mother thinks boy is beneath her and discourages marriage and so on. Still, it holds a surprisingly potent note as the two young lovers' paths twist and turn with the performances by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo providing substance and interplay even if their singing doesn't. A cinematic oddity that ought to be seen at least once...

THE BRIDGE SEASON 2

ell, last month we featured *The Tunnel*, the Anglo-French re-make of the original Swewdish/Danish collaboration, and no sooner have we got that out of the way than we're back to the originals for a second outing. You'd be surprised just how many crimes can be committed half way along the Øresund Bridge! This time it's a nasty outbreak of eco-terrorism featuring a crashed ship carrying some plague-infected unfortunates that results in a reunion between Malmo's Aspergerish Saga and poor Martin from Denmark – still a bit dazed from the harrowing first season – to see if they can nab the perps. Quality stuff, and an odd cop/odd cop pairing to rival the best of 'em!



The REST of Railing Colorium Person of Railing CAN YOR REP II GIP SUP & HICLE

CAN YOU KEEP IT UP FOR A WEEK?

quick glance at that sleeve tells you exactly what's in store here – it's one of those British Sex Comedies that kept so many jobbing actors and actresses in work during the 70s and kept so many audiences frustrated by just how little actual 'nookie' there really was. Ahem, anyway, now that a safe amount of time has passed, these flicks have been leant a certain charm for their representation of period details and attitudes, and this one's certainly no worse than many of its contemporaries. Jeremy Bullock plays the (usually) Robin Askwith role, and he has to hold down a job for a week if he's to persuade his girlfriend he's marrying material. Cue double entendres and bits of flashed flesh! Phwoar!



MAYFAIR Movies

Cops and knobbers - it's on of those classic topics that'll never go away! Still, there's a lot more out this month that'll appeal to cleanly types, body-swappers and celestial lesbo types alike! So that's everyone, right?





CAST: Chanel Preston, Helly Mae Hellfire, Anikka Albrite, Teal Conrad.

Police detective Chanel Preston and her partner Tommy Gunn tackle robberies, homicides, and other peoples' genitalia while investigating a criminal conspiracy at the local beach.

But first, before she even goes to work to face the robberies, homicide and genitalia, Chanel is obliged to satisfy her significant other James Deen in their kitchen. Stripping her off, James batters her big bare arse with a heavy wooden spoon, then buries his face in her crotch from behind – which is a neat trick that up until now I imagined only owls could do. One frenzied face-fucking and a vaginal pounding later, Chanel is out the door and ready to take down not just her knickers but also the bad guys. Clearly she'd prefer to do both.

Suspects and crims hump away merrily throughout the movie, but in the end the intense erotic chemistry which has been building between Chanel and her cop colleague Tommy

boils over like a big titanium pot of super-heated spunk and, the nasty business of a beach mystery solved to everyone's more-thansatisfaction, they retire to a bedroom, with Chanel moaning hot but pointless stuff like "Fuck me" when that's exactly what he's doing already and Tommy raving on about how he's going to come off and then splashing onto her buttocks to prove to the punters that he wasn't just all talk about ejaculating.

Beats Cagney And Lacey, any day of the week.

Chanel is ready to take down not just her knickers but also the bad guys...



FUCK ME IN THE SHOWER

CAST: Alejandra, GG. Summer, Cristina Bella, Julie Silver, Liliana Tiger, Magdalena, Stacy Silver, Vanessa Gold, Zoe.

ust in case anyone is frightened by the title: this is NOT the notorious *Fuck Me In The Shower* flick shot entirely on location in Wormwood Scrubs and for the filming of which two former screws are presently doing (and stirring) porridge themselves, but a glossy heterosexual offering from a reputable videographic knocking shop with offices in Stockholm and Barcelona.



The DVD is a compilation of seven shower scenes from the Private archives: mostly leggy European blondes having a good old scrub and being interrupted in their endeavours to get clean by men badly in need of shag. The compilation features many interesting types of shower as well, and may also be of interest to those of you thinking or refitting your bathroom.



Play-pretend architect Julie Silver abandons work on her architectural drawings and her sketch dissolves into her own fantasy shower area where her boyfriend takes her hard up the exhaust pipe with her head jammed between the taps. By the time they are finished, they need another shower... which suggests to me that Julie might have done better to have spent a few minutes grunting on the imaginary pan before diving under the hallucinatory spray to have imaginary anal with her beau.

Ideal for both masturbatory and interior decorating purposes.



CAST: Christie Stevens, Dani Daniels, Maddy O'Reilly, Stormy Daniels.



ollowing a nasty domestic on their anniversary, porn stars Michael and Stormy both wish aloud that the other could understand what they have to endure in the course of a day.

Some fairy or genie (or maybe it's even God!) hears them, because when they awake next morning they find they've switched bodies!

Now straight away I can foresee a few problems that any straight gent might see with this plotline. The idea of a bloke suddenly finding himself with a fanny getting done up the arse is conceptually disturbing, I'll grant you. But what you have to remember is that it is only a film and it's actually really Stormy pretending to

be Michael the whole time. No matter how it looks and how pitiable Michael's protests are, the only person really being duffed up the bunger is the real Stormy, who is just doing something porn performers refer to as "saying shit", which is Pornolandese for "acting".

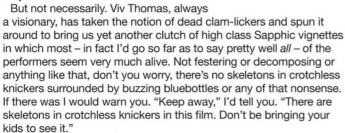
Besides, it's not all bad news for Michael. The men in the film all have to wear condoms, and while trapped in Stormy's body he finds himself set upon by his own gorgeous female boss, Dani Daniels, who turns out to be a carpet-chewer. Plus he gets to feel his "own" tits as well as hers, which has got to be an additional thrill. I don't know because I've never switched bodies, but it makes sense that it would be.

Viv Thomas

LESBIAN HEAVEN

CAST: Tess, Eve Angel, Nicole Smith, Tracy Lindsay, Taylor Shay, Lorena Garcia.

always thought Lesbian Heaven was where well-behaved (and, of course) God-fearing rug-munchers went when they died.



Instead we have another six luscious Euro babes dropping the big moist furry hammer on each other in a variety of scenarios. In the best of them, Lorena and Tess are cleaning out the pool when they





start larking around and splashing each other. I felt like giving them a slap because they've been given a job to do but instead there they are pratting about like they haven't a care in the world, until they start snogging each other's bristols and engaged in a spot of sub-aquatic fingering fun.

Also worthy of mention is the scene where Taylor Shay visits Eve Angel for a massage wearing a thong and gets her cleft flossed. Good times.







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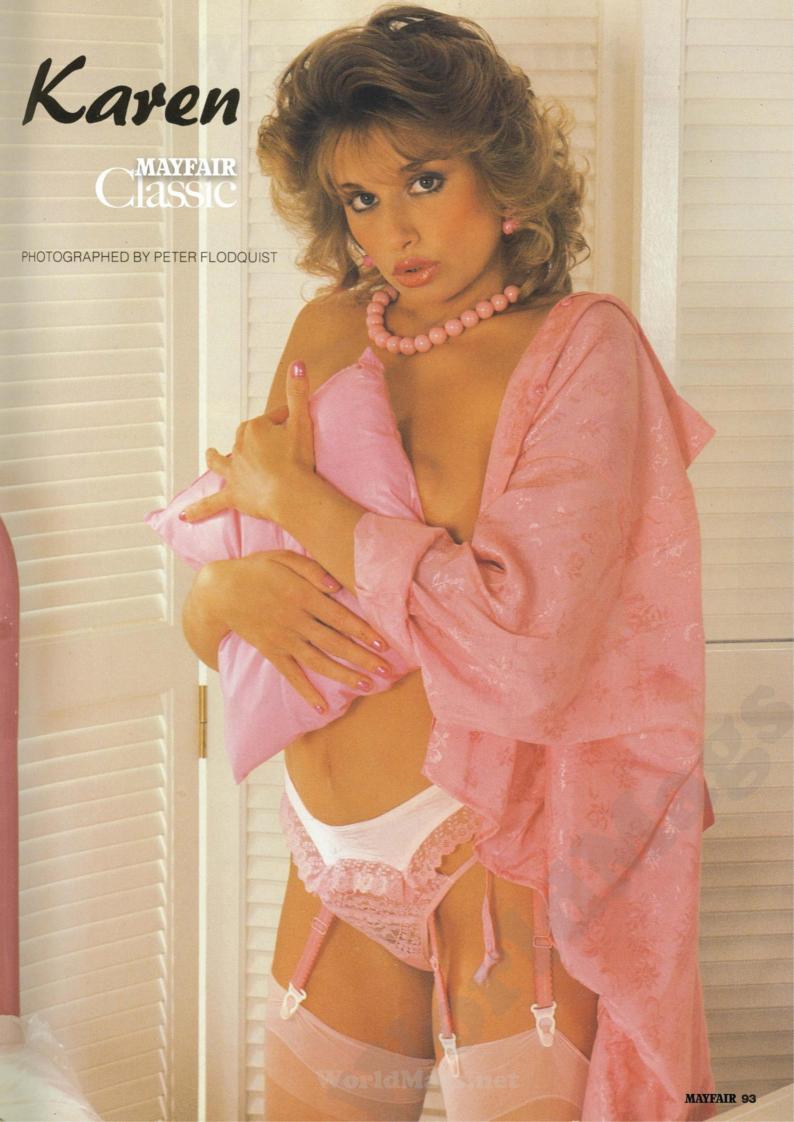














Judging from all your letters, if we had a competition to find the *Mayfair* model with the sexiest mouth then Karen Thornton would win it hands down. Since the sexy 21-year-old graced our centre pages back in Vol 19 No 9, we have received a steady stream of requests for a return appearance. And most of the letters mention her mouth. Reader B C of Norwich spoke for many of you when he said, 'She has the most kissable lips I have ever seen, so full and inviting. In fact she is one of the most sensuous looking girls I've seen in ten years of buying *Mayfair*.' After glowing testimonials like this, we simply had to bring Karen back for you.









Karen had been modelling only eight months when we first featured her, but her stunning looks and 34-23-33 figure have made her very successful. A former secretary for a furnishing firm, Karen has appeared wearing sexy underwear in the Silver Rose lingerie catalogue, and her modelling has taken her abroad from Cannes to Australia. Karen, who now lives in Beddington, near Croydon, was





sent 'down-under' to promote British videos on the Australian market. She toured the country being interviewed on radio and TV chat shows like *The Burt Newton Show*. As well as modelling, Karen delivers stripagrams. Once she had to pretend to be applying for a job as the managing director's assistant. When she suddenly started to strip off he was so taken with Karen he offered her the job.



Intelligencer

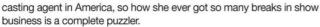
POINTLESS BUT CLASSIFIED: Bringing you all the trivia you could manage very

well without - in one handy digest!

MUSICAL CHUFFS

SEX DEGREES OF GWYNETH PALTROW

Actress, singer (who knew?) and food book writer Gwyneth Kate Paltrow was born in 1972, the daughter of St Elsewhere producer Bruce Paltrow and Blythe Danner, the most influential



At the age of 24, Paltrow became engaged to actor BRAD PITT, with whom she went steady from 1994 to 1997. The engagement was called off, according to Paltrow, because she was not ready for marriage, and she later felt responsible for hurting Pitt since she was "such a mess" during that time in her life.

She soon flung herself into an on-off three-year relationship with actor/ director BEN AFFLECK which lasted from 1997 to late 2000. Affleck went on to become obsessed with actress/singer JENNIFER LOPEZ.

In October 2002, Paltrow met CHRIS MARTIN of the British rock group Coldplay backstage. They married in December 2003 and now have two children together: Apple and Moses. Never the sharpest pencil in the box, Paltrow explained Apple's very unusual first name on Oprah, saying: "It sounded so sweet and it conjured such a lovely picture for me - you know, apples are so sweet and they're wholesome and it's biblical - and I just thought it sounded so lovely and ... clean! And I just thought, 'Perfect!'.' She explained her son's first name came from a song titled Moses, which Martin wrote for her before their wedding, and not the bloke who parted the Red Sea with his rod, even though her children are being brought up in the Jewish faith.

Paltrow cut down on work somewhat after becoming a mother, so all's well that ends well, eh?

In 1473: Nicolaus Copernicus is born in Torun, Poland. Considered the founder of modern astronomy, he will eventually theorise that the sun,

not the Earth, is the centre of the solar system.

In 1809: Abraham Lincoln (assassinated in 1865) was born in Hardin County, Kentucky. After relocating to Illinois to practice law and being elected 16th President of the United States he will lead the northern part of a divided nation through the Civil War, free the slaves, compose the Gettysburg Address, and establish Thanksgiving. He will also become notable for bearing an uncanny resemblance to Daniel Day Lewis, and, apparently, hunting down and killing vampires. FAMOUS LAST WORDS

In 1848: The Communist Manifesto pamphlet is published



by two young socialists, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It advocates the abolition of all private property and a system in which workers own all means of production, land, factories and machinery. Later, when the pamphlet falls into the hands of Russian malcontents Lenin and Trotsky, the two lads' interesting and original ideas will cause ructions.

In 1990: In South Africa, Nelson Mandela, aged 71, is released from prison

after serving 27 years of a life sentence on charges of attempting to overthrow the apartheid government. In April 1994, he will be elected president in the first all-race elections. Somewhat uniquely for an African ruler, he then steps down after only one term of office.

Etiquette for the BEWILDERED

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

Ear Boner is a delightful new description for situations where your dog hears or smells something and its ears go up and stiffen. If you hear a noise too and are

frightened, a relative or friend may try to get you to maintain your calm by exhorting you to "Shit no bricks".

In some cases the thing your dog has heard and smelled might be the accidental handiwork of the person trying to reassure you, or the work of a third party: an explosion of wind from the bowels so unspeakably rank that it can best be described with the new term sewage fart.



E IS FOR "EAR BONER"

UDICROUS **MOVIES**

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

> My goodness, have we been spoiled for choice with ridiculous movie plots recently, or what? Here are three particularly appalling ones:



THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT (2004)

Based on the theory (first popularised in a short story by Ray Bradbury in which tourists can time-travel back to the past but must not touch anything or step off of a floating platform) that something as seemingly inconsequential as accidentally standing on a butterfly can change the course of history...

Ashton Kutcher suffers childhood traumas and figures out he can travel in time from reading his old

journals. So he goes back to fix things and save his childhood sweetheart (Amy Smart). Depending on the changes he makes, he comes back in totally different situations (prisoner, amputee, frat boy and so forth). Ultimately he realises that time travel is what caused his childhood blackouts and his time travelling cause brain damage. So he scares away his one true love so they never knew each other, and destroys his journals.

MAC AND ME (1988)

"Channel 5 is all shit,

isn't it? Christ, the crap

Adam Faith

British teen idol, singer, TV

and film actor

they put on there.

A "Mysterious Alien Creature" (MAC) made of crap quality rubber escapes from NASA to make friends with a wheelchair-bound boy. The two chums spend

> the movie hunting for MAC's family and blatantly advertising Coca-Cola, Skittles, Sears and, most of all, McDonald's. The highlight of the movie is a long dance routine outside a McDonald's, with McDonald's mascot clown Ronald McDonald starring as himself. Fuck's sake.

OLD DOGS (2013)

Robin Williams has to take care of kids he didn't know he had when

his ex-wife goes to prison for environmental activist activities. The kids have to stay with John Travolta since Williams' building doesn't allow children, and his chums are supposed to close a business deal in Tokyo. The kids switch their prescription drugs and lark about. So the guys drop the Tokyo deal to go to the kid's birthday at the zoo and wind up trapped in the gorilla enclosure. And Robin Williams steals a jet-pack and flies to the party.

Sorry... run that past me again? No, on second thoughts please don't bother.





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