

Contents

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

Emma P6

EDITOR'S LETTER

s it summer yet? Due to the whole printing thing I'm writing this way back at the beginning of May when it's still decidedly chilly, but I dare say you're all gadding about in shorts and skimpy skirts by the time this issue hits the shelves? What's that I (faintly) hear you cry? No, it's still a bit parky?! Oh well, who cares, as long as we've got girls like these to cheers us up, who needs decent weather anyway? And anyway, there's always next year...

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/Twistys. 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.

© Blue Active Media Ltd., 2014.





REGULARS

Mayfair Male We get more feedback than Hendrix in his heyday!

14. In Other News Want to know how the execute people on North Korea?

21st Century Toys Lots of groovy new stuff to blow 24. your heard-earned on!

40. Ms Fortune Penny's got her own ideas about what constitutes a football strip...

41. Gentlemen... These gags are so old you wouldn't let your dad go out with them!

42. **Mayfair Motors** We cast our eye over the new Civic Type R prototype.

78. Quest Hot and bothered? You will be after reading these!

82. Scene People strumming guitars rather than clits for a bit...

84. **Mayfair Movies** There's only one word for it - Smut! And that's just the first film...

93. **MF Classic** Time to take a look through the time-travelling telescope of tottie!

The Intelligencer Why waste time on a university 98. education when there's this?











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.

CHICK CLIT

My flatmate's sister, Cheryl, is a real bookworm. She's always got her nose buried in a novel whenever she comes round, despite my best efforts to gain her attention. She's a pretty little thing and I've often found her creeping into my thoughts as I stroke my cock but I had no idea what she was thinking about when she started stroking her pussy in our living room.

Cheryl was staying over for the weekend

I PUSHED FORWARD SLOWLY, ALLOWING HER TIME TO ADJUST TO MY GIRTH...

as she and her sister were going to a concert. It was Saturday morning and Cheryl was curled up with another book in her favourite seat while I tried my best to ignore her bare legs as I ate my breakfast. However, when the sun started streaking in through the window, I noticed that the reflection in the TV gave a clear view of Cheryl's crotch and I could see the knuckles of her fingers working as she continued to read. There was absolutely no doubt what she was doing and my cock hardened as my gaze focused on the most interesting show I'd seen on TV in years. Cheryl was so engrossed that she didn't notice even when I looked at her directly, or when I started talking to her.

"Good book?" I asked more loudly. Cheryl looked up with sudden alarm and her hot, red flush blossomed when she clocked the expression on my face. She knew I'd caught her masturbating.

"I'm sorry," she said sheepishly. "It was a good bit."

"It certainly must have been," I said, deciding to take a gamble. "Look at the effect it had on me." I stood up, allowing Cheryl to see that my cock was tentpoling my tracksuit bottoms. Cheryl's mouth dropped open and I had a very filthy thought as to how I wanted to fill it. "So I was thinking that maybe with me being hard and you being wet, you should



YOU REALLY GOTY ME!

Dear Mayfair,

I just wanted to drop you an email to say how delighted I was with the results of your Girl of The Year vote this year. There have been years in the past when I haven't agreed at all with the results, but I have to say, Emma, Sophie and Natalia certainly deserve their crowns this year. And as for making Emma a regular girl in the magazine – well personally I can't wait!

Alec, via email.

perhaps put the book down and..." Cheryl's expression went hard

"You think I'd let you fuck me? Just like that?" My heart stopped. I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me. Uncomfortable seconds passed before she gave me a sly smile, letting me know that she was joking. "Why don't you show me your cock so I can make a proper, informed decision."

With a sigh of relief I dropped the front of my tracksuit and let my cock swing free. "And I suppose you want to see my pussy?" Cheryl purred the question and both my head and my cock nodded with enthusiastic responses. Cheryl swung herself round in the chair so that the cheeks of her bum were perched on the edge of the cushions. "I think you should know that I'm not wearing any knickers," she said, slowly opening her bare legs. My eyes were glued to the growing gap between her thighs. Was she really going to show me her pussy?

"Oh my God," I whispered. There was undisguised awe in my voice as Cheryl's perfect peach of a pussy came into full view and glistened in the sunlight. It was

really juicy and when I looked closely, I could see that her labia were swollen and puffy.

"As you said so eloquently, I'm wet and you're hard..." There was obvious sarcasm underlying her words but I chose to ignore it and took the invitation to move closer. I was in something of a daze as I knelt between her legs and lined the tip of my cock up with her entrance. When was she was going to stop me? Cheryl gasped as I lightly brushed the tip of my cock against her labia and teased it upwards over her clitoris. I could feel the hot sheen of lubricating pussy juice spreading along the underside of my cock. Cheryl might let me do that but I'd heard the sarcasm and knew that she would stop me when I lined up on her hole. "Push it in," Cheryl whispered hoarsely. "I need you to fuck me.'



BACK TO THE FOLD

Dear Mayfair,

Sad to say, I haven't bought your magazine for a couple of years now – I had a girlfriend who rather frowned on my magazine habit and I had to promise her not to get them. Sadly (for me, at least), we split just after Christmas, which has meant that I've been able to reacquaint myself with *Mayfair* again, and what a treat it's been! There seems to have appeared a whole new crop of stunning girls you feature, with the likes of Tommie Jo, Emma Green and Sophia Knight (to name examples from your last few issue) who really are stunning! What a treat it is, every four weeks, to head down to the shops knowing that there's be another bevy of beauties waiting for me! I've just started dating a new girl

recently, but thankfully she doesn't seem to care so much about my once again growing collection of *Mayfairs* – in fact now and again she likes to flick through them herself – so hopefully I won't have to miss out again any time soon!

Martin, Lampeter. Good to hear you're back with us, Martin! Sounds like you ex wasn't much cop anyway, if you as me! – The Ed.

intensity of her dirty words nearly made me come but I had an idea and shifted my position a little so that I could stroke her clitoris with my thumb as I continued to rock in and out of her tight pussy. Cheryl gasped happily and I felt her body clenching in time with my movements. After a couple of minutes, she smiled up at me with lust-filled eyes. "I love it this way," she said, taking a deep breath. Her eyes closed again and she quickly lost herself in the sensations of the slow-motion fucking and clitty-playing.

I tried to commit every detail to memory. The image of her half naked body underneath me, the feeling of the soft walls of her vagina gripping and pulsing around my shaft each time I slid my length back into her.

"Oh... oh yes... that's it," she whimpered. I could feel her

"CHERYL'S PERFECT PEACH OF A PUSSY CAME INTO FULL VIEW AND GLISTENED IN THE SUNLIGHT. IT WAS REALLY JUICY..."

With a gentle push, the head of my cock gained access to Cheryl's most intimate place. Her eyes closed and her mouth came open as her pussy flexed around my intruding cock. I stopped to savour the view but her legs wrapped around my waist and drew me deeper inside. I pushed forward slowly, allowing her time to adjust to my girth but Cheryl's hands gripped my waist and I could felt her nails press threateningly into my skin. "I told you to fuck me," Cheryl hissed. "This isn't a time for teasing." I pushed all the way into her, making Cheryl gasp as her tightness gripped every inch of my shaft. She was panting heavily and her body was making the same demands as her words. Her hips were rocking as her hands and legs pulled at me, every part of her trying to get me to speed up.

"Harder, oh please, harder!"

I ignored her pleas and continued my lazy assault, if only to keep from coming too soon. I could tell it was driving her crazy as her hips continued bucking and her legs squeezed around my waist. Cheryl gazed up at me with fire in her eyes and tried begging, "Please, I need you to make me come so badly." The

walls gripping me, trying to pull me deeper inside as she teetered on the brink of a major orgasm. "You're making me come!" Her body heaved suddenly and began to shake and spasm violently. I'd never seen a woman orgasm so powerfully. It tore at her body, making her cry out in absolute ecstasy as wave after wave of pure pleasure coursed through her.

I wanted to share the sensations and Cheryl was still panting heavily when I started to thrust into her with a little more intention. "You'll need to go slow now," she said, placing a restricting hand on my lower belly. "I'm always tender after a really good orgasm." Fortunately, the warm pulsing grip of her pussy and the knowledge that I'd given her a really good orgasm combined to create an irresistible sensitivity in my cock. "You can come inside me if you want," Cheryl added, seemingly unaware of the power of her words. They were like an instruction and I barely had to move before I was following the instruction to the letter, firing spurt after spurt into the depths of Cheryl's hot pussy.

I stayed inside Cheryl for as

Continued on page 28































IN OTHER MEWS

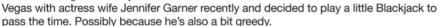
A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBNEWS

Affleck 'Counts His Cards' Close To His Chest

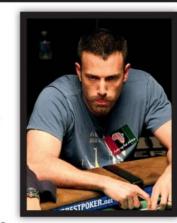
Oh no. Ben Affleck has been banned from a casino for life for 'card-counting'. That means he can't win any more money there. Dear heavens, this is terrible. I need to sit down for a moment.

Here's a story that does not compute. If you're Ben Affleck, for all that you're a bit on the wooden side, you surely don't need any more money. You've been making money hand over fist for 15 years and now you're going to be Batman, for pity's sake. Nevertheless, Batfleck – as he's now being dubbed by the Press – found himself in Las



It's been reported in the past that Affleck has won upwards of \$80,000 in a single game of Blackjack and he was a regular sight at international poker tournaments. But how does he do it? Card counting. Don't know what that is? Meh, some kind of mathematical-memory thing... but casinos don't like it.

Anyway, Batfleck has reportedly been banned for life from playing blackjack at the Hard Rock Casino in Vegas after he was approached by security personnel who suspected that Mr Square-Chin had been naughty and was counting cards. Affleck was then told that he could play any other game at the casino, just not blackjack. But that's all he wanted to play, suspiciously enough, and he left in the huff.



PECULIARNIEWS

North Korean Leader Orders His Uncle Gobbled To Death

More fun facts from happy-go-lucky nut-house state North Korea. North Korean leader Kim Jong Un has had his powerful uncle stripped naked, thrown into a very large cage, and eaten alive by a pack of 120 ravenous dogs. That's right.

Jang Song Thaek was literally thrown to the wowwows after being found guilty of "attempting to overthrow the state," North Korea's state-run news agency reported.

Hong Kong-based pro-Beijing newspaper Wen Wei Po (it doesn't half smell) reported that Jang – and his five

closest aides – were all thrown nude to 120 slobbering hunting hounds with great big pointy teeth. Worse: the dogs had been starved for five days.

Kim Jon Un and his brother Kim Jong Chol, who, like their equally loopy and evil father, the late and unlamented Kim Jong II, enjoy the status of demi-Gods within the secretive nuclear nightmare state, personally supervised the one-hour ordeal along with 300 other officials, according to *Wen Wei Po*. The newspaper added that Jang and other aides were "completely eaten up". Even so, at least 90 of the dogs would still have rumbling tummies afterwards because after all there were 120 of them and only five humans, some – like Jang Song Thaek – with very little meat on them to begin with.

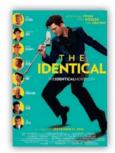
Jang was seen by many experts as a regent behind North Korea's Kim dynasty and a key connection between the hermit nation and its ally China. Now, not so much...

Jang was also accused of womanising (cries of "For shame!" here at *Mayfair*), gambling, corruption and taking drugs, and referred to as "despicable human scum".

COMINGSOON

Coming to a multiplex somewhere near you, some time soon...

Oh dear. Let's kick off with *The Identical*, starring lots of people you've never heard of with appearances by Ashley Judd, Joe Pantoliano and Ray Liotta. Here's the "plot" – wait for it: identical twin brothers are separated at birth



during the (second last) Great Depression. Despite their very different upbringings in different families, the boys' shared passion for music causes their lives to unknowingly intersect. One of the boys becomes the most famous rock'n'roll legend in the world, Drexel Hemsley, while the other struggles to find balance between his love for music and trying to please his evangelist father (Liotta). So best book your cinema tickets now ... assuming you're still awake by the end of this paragraph.

A Walk Among the Tombstones. There's an awful lot of tripe out there (see above), so (hopefully) thank heavens for this Takentype high octane chase-the-bastardsdown-and-kill-them thriller starring the big thick Northern Irish brawler we all love to see thumping people, ex-boxer turned Hollywood superstar Liam Neeson. Yay.

(Very loosely, I'd say, having read them) "based on Lawrence Block's bestselling series of mystery novels", the film casts Big Knock 'Em Down Neeson as Matt Scudder, an ex-NYPD cop who now works as an unlicensed private investigator operating just outside the law. (In the books he's a recovering alcoholic married to a former prossie and does more staggering than walking.) When Scudder reluctantly agrees to help a heroin trafficker hunt down the men who kidnapped and then brutally murdered his wife, the PI learns that this is not the first time these men have committed this sort of twisted crime... nor will it be the last. Blurring the lines between right and wrong, Scudder races to track the deviants through the backstreets of New York City before they kill again.

Now prepare to have your brain turned entirely inside out. *The Equalizer*, portrayed



on the small screen through the awful 1980s by the late great Edward 'Three Woods' Woodward, has been given a Hollywood "reboot"... with Denzil Washington filling Woodward's role as the urbane former Britisheducated CIA spy Robert

McCall. Only in this thing, the rebooted McCall is a retired super commando who evens the odds after a girl is threatened by an army of ultra-violent Russian mobsters. Not the gentle ones, the real hard cases. Not to be missed, surely!

PRODUCTNIEWS

Newly-Invented Things You Didn't Know You Needed

A varied selection of inventions and innovations this month: some probably copyrighted by mental institution inmates rather than corporations, others quite possibly jolly good ideas.

The Asian Slurp Guard is one which should have you kicking yourself and pondering why you didn't think of wearing a big pink plastic thing round your head to keep your hair out of your soup. Well, it's too late now, because some oriental basketcase has beaten you

On the other hand, I think I quite fancy a pair of these magnificent denim trousers by Wearcom. Wearcom Jeans have a special transparent pocket on the right leg upper thigh for your smart phone, offering a convenient way of checking your texts or just









browsing the Internet.

On the alternative other hand, however, whoever thinks they can make money by selling The Portable Fish Tank, which allows you to transport your goldfish, in its bowl, "in style", is a fool.

And whatever maniac came up with The Baby Mop. a onesie outfit with mops attached to the front which enables crawling babies to wipe the kitchen floor as they struggle around is either sick... or just Chinese.

This said, whoever came up with the brilliant idea of Staircase Drawers, with every step containing a space-saving pull-out drawer, is a genius and I want to shake them by the hand or whatever appendage they have free at the time.

BOOKNIEWS

THOMAS BLACKTHORNE a.k.a. John Meaney's KNIFE duology



Former journalist turned novelist Jeffery Deaver is an internationally bestselling American mystery/crime writer from Illinois, who has won the CWA lan Fleming Steel Dagger and the Nero Award, seen two of his books turned into successful films (one of which, The Bone Collector, made in 1999, starred Denzil Washington as Lincoln Rhyme), and draws much of his inspiration from his limitless admiration for Sherlock

Holmes' Scottish creator Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

He is also famed for the twists in his novels and short stories, which are genuinely startling... Plus he recently wrote the new James Bond novel commissioned by Ian Fleming Publications, entitled Carte Blanche.

Deaver's most popular series - a workaholic, he has several, as well as anthologies of short stories and around a dozen stand-alone works - features his regular character Lincoln Rhyme. Rhyme is a former NYPD Homicide Detective who is now a Forensic Consultant with the

NYPD since he became a quadriplegic. He is partnered with Amelia Sachs, who acts as his eyes as she walks crime scenes.

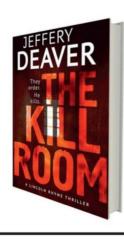
His new Lincoln Rhyme novel, The Skin Collector, in which Rhyme comes up against a new type of serial killer stalking the streets of New York – one more devious and disturbing than ever before, was published just last month.

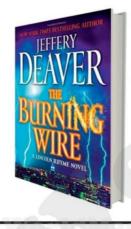
In fact, Deaver has been touring bookshops in Manchester, Leeds, York, Newton Mearns, Newcastle upon Tyne, Nottingham, Milton Keynes, and London to promote it, so if you live in any of these fine places I'm sorry but you've just missed him; he's only just gone back to America. No really, there was no way to warn you in time.

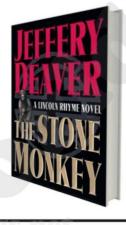
Rhyme first appeared in The Bone Collector, published in 1997. Since then, Deaver has been knocking out bestsellers featuring the character at an alarming rate: The Coffin Dancer (1998), The Empty Chair (2000), The Stone Monkey (2002), The Vanished Man (2003), The Twelfth Card (2005), The Cold Moon (2006), The Broken Window (2008), and The Burning Wire (2010). Last year Rhyme appeared yet again in The Kill Room.

His series featuring crime-busting heroine Kathryn Dance and the Twisted anthologies are also well worth checking out.













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!



















20_www.paulraymond.com













21st CENTURY TOYS

Prepare to part the beef curtains of time now, as JAMES SAINT takes us on another trip on the temporal fallopian tubes into the not-so-distant future of tech...

ummer's here, the World Cup is all set to kick off in Brazza (depending on when you read this, obviously) and yo momma fat, so clearly there's only one thing on all our minds: why has nobody ever created fish sausages? See, now I've said it, it seems to obvious, doesn't it? Yet, nobody, not Walls, not Captain Birdseye, not even that girl who used to be in Atomic Kitten but now runs Iceland have had it cross their minds that the one thing which is left to be turned into a succulent stumpy sausage affair is fish. I mean, for fuck's sa... what? That wasn't the one thing on your mind? Weirdo. Alright, moving on.

With the pavements doubtless set to sizzle as evil old Uncle Sun dares you to step outside without sun cream, you might be thinking that it's time to invest in some new summertime tech to see you through all four days of the British summer; and you'd be bloody right; which, presumably, is why you're actually reading this and haven't just skipped over it to maintain the erection momentum. So, without further Agadoo, procrastination and general pissing about over fish sausages from me, brace yourself as you slide, open-anused into the doohickey deluge...

Ah, fish fingers!

Momentum On-Ear

Sennheiser Samba

£170



It's World Cup time! And that means several things: the England squad will be home soon; blokes with no genetic or geo-political links to the country whatsoever will be walking the UK streets in Brazil shirts; and every tawdry product from drawing pins to Mars Bars and aftershave will be cashing in with World Cup Special Editions. So, once you're resigned to being mugged into paying extra for Rio de Janeiro razor blades, you may want to consider coughing up cash for one tenuous tie-in that's worth the cash – the Samba Momentum On-Ear headphones from Sennheiser.

A limited edition of the standard Momentum, the Samba (yes, I know) is different in that it comes in a vibrant blue, green and yellow finish, just like the flag of Brazil itself, and... hang on... no, that's it, just the paint job is different.

But then, already packing Senny's proprietary transducers, designed to deliver full stereo sound in ear-wanking detail, there's not much else they could really tinker with to make these any better. Which leaves us hanging on this question: given it's available in a range of normal colours (black's never a bad option), how much of a World Cup Willie are you?

> www.johnlewis.com

Braven BRV-X £199

Planning a pool party at yours this year? Don't have a pool so planning on taking a neighbouring family who do have one hostage while you host your unwitting guests with splashtastic fun, undercooked chicken, fancy drinks with names like 'An Uncomfortable Wank Against A Church' and, of course, top tunes? Wait, what? Your bound and terrified neighbours don't have a sound system that can be heard outside? What the fuck? Kill one as a warning to the others and quickly avail yourself of both an alibi and one of these: a Braven BRV-X.

Offering a Bluetooth wireless link to your smartphone-secreted sounds, the heavy duty Braven has been designed to battle the wetter of the elements, coming as it does with an IPX5 water resistance rating, and packs an omnidirectional bass radiator to really bring the boom, plus custom-made premium drivers to belt out your top tunes with all the ferocity of a freshly dumped chick drunkenly singing 'I Will Survive' on a karaoke.

Chuck in NFC (Near Field Communication) to save Bluetoothsucking smartphone battery life and even a USB that lets you charge said smartphone from the Braven's big battery, and the soundtrack to your own little 'Summer of Sam' is sorted!

The Braven has been designed to battle the wettest of the elements...

> www.braven.eu



Port Solar

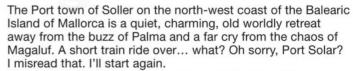
If the 20th Century was all about acquiring stuff, the 21st Century is clearly all about hanging onto it, regardless of how apathetic you've become or, indeed, how pisspoor your memory is. Certainly this seems to be the case if you take into account the increasingly popular ascent of digital aide-memoirs, such as the HipKey from The Fowdry.

A fob that pairs via Bluetooth to your iPhone

(if anybody is still using them), you can attach the fob to anything likely to go astray – keys, luggage, artificial limb, cheating spouse – and, as long as you keep phone or fob on your person, if should you move more than 50-metres away from the other an ear-piercing 90dB alarm will sound. It's that simple.

Also if you happen to be so ham-memoried that you misplace either fob or smartphone, one can be used to trigger the other's alarm, letting you aurally ascertain where it's gone absent-mindedly adrift. Unfortunately, though, it can do cock-all for the rest of your brain-related issues, so you might want to think of tattooing yourself with anything important. We're here to help!

> www.thefowdry.com



Need a bit of juice for your gadgets on the go and happen to have a big ball of burning hydrogen handy? Excellent, then simply whack this little wonder on your window using the attached suction cup and let the sun's rays fill the Port Solar's in-built 100mAh battery soak it all up ready for you to carry about in your pocket. Then, in a moment of gadget fuel-failure, whip it out again, hook it up via the USB and pump precious

power straight back into your previous packed-up thingamajig.
What's more, should you live in a perma-overcast shithole,

such as the UK, the
Port Solar can also be
charged itself using the
USB. And with handy
blue LEDs showing
how much juice is left
in its capacious techtesticles, you need
never run afoul of
empty iThings again.

> www.firebox.com

Kingston DataTraveler microDuo

from £4



Information is power, or so they say - a statement that immediately throws up two questions: 1) Who the dry fuck are 'they'? And, 2) What do you do if you crave power but have a flaccid brain that's incapable of retaining information. Well, in the case of the former the answer is probably a cartel of mysterious businessmen. For the latter, you just need

to go get yourself one of these memory stick marvels: the DataTraveler microDuo.

Despite spelling 'traveller' incorrectly, this clever little wotnot comes with capacities running from 8- to 64GB and features both a standard USB connector and a microUSB, making it compatible with both computer and smartphone alike, meaning you can tote all you powergiving information around in your trouser pocket, whipping it out to consult it instantly via any gadget with a screen.

Compatible with the later Windows, Mac and Linux operating systems, soon you could have the most powerful trousers in your postcode.

> www.kingston.com/en

Prestigio MultiPhone 5500 DUO

£129

Want a smatphone, but don't want to spunk a colossal chunk of cash on something that does loads of smartshit you don't need? Want to be able to phone and text people, check email, search online, listen to your music and play games that may or may not involve crushing candy? Are you not bothered about fingerprint scanners, dual screens and other such nonscrap? Then you need the cheap and cheerful MultiPhone 5500 DUO from Prestigio! Probably.

Costin just under £130 quid all-in and contract and SIM free, the DUO packs a reasonably pacey 1.2GHz dual-core processor, features a 5-inch screen, runs on Android 4.2 Jelly Bean, comes with 4GB of internal memory (expandable to 32GB via microSD), a 5-megapixel rear camera and a 0.3-megapixel effort on the front, GPS, Bluetooth 3.0, and all the usual Wi-Fi and wotnot bells and whistles. In other words: pretty much everything you need; and then some...

A Dual SIM model, DUO owners can work across two networks simultaneously, keeping costs down and assisting those having an affair. Plus, as an extra incentive for those who are easily led, the DUO also comes no fewer than four interchangeable colour covers, letting owners further display their overly vibrant gameshow host-esque individuality when out and about. That's right, "Individuality".

> www.maplin.co.uk





AWARDS 2014



Being held on Monday 24th November at Spearmint Rhino, 161 Tottenham Court Rd, London W1T 7NN

Mayfair Cover Girl of the Year















Club Int. Cover Girl of the Year

undertheduvet









Escort Cover Girl of the Year











Adult Film of the Year

Porn on TV just got smart















5 **Paul Raymond** Girl of the Year

MDELMORE MEDICAL











6 **Newcomer of** the Year

FAXI TAXI













For a chance to win a pair of tickets to the Paul **Raymond Awards Ceremony** where you get to mingle with your favourite adult stars, celebrities and special guests! **TEXT/SMS** us your vote.

To vote, text your nominee code to:

Alternatively you can cast your vote via email: awards@paulraymond.com



MILF of the Year

TELEVISION

TELEVISION













8

Wife / Girlfriend of the Year









Lesley, Staffs WGLESLEY





9

10

Adult Product of the Year











Forno TV





MPMARC



Nexus Revo 2 APNEXUS

Female Performer of the Year



Lexi Lowe	FPLEXI	Jasmine James	FPJAMES
Jasmine Jae	FPJAE	Ava Dalush	FPAVA
Emma Leigh	FPEMMA	Sam Bentley	FPSAM
Lucia Love	FPLUCIA	Jess West	FPJESS

12 **Male Performer** of the Year

SPONSORED BY

SPEARMINT RHINO

Kane Turner MPKANE Ryan Ryder MPRYAN Pascal White IMPPASCAL Luke Hotrod MPLUKE Demetri XXX EMPDEMETRI Danny D MPDANNY

TOGDAVE

Fake Taxi Driver IMPFAKE Marc Rose

Paulraymond.xxx **Fan Favourite** of the Year



An award given in recognition of outstanding service to the adult industry as chosen by Paul **Raymond Publications**

Lifetime Achievement

Suit Yourself Suits

13 Photographer of the Year

SPONSORED BY



Ian Thomson TOGIAN **Scott Ward** TOGSCOTT **Holly Randall** TOGHOLLY Darren McCormack TOGDARREN

Dave Lefant

The highest rated model on www.paulraymond.xxx



Continued from page 05

long as my fading cock could manage. "Was that better than your book?" I asked.

"Definitely," Cheryl replied, pulling the curtains of her hair back to reveal a naughty sparkle in her eyes. "And I think we've got time for another chapter before my sister gets back."

Garry, Lancaster.

A FRIEND IN BEAD...

If any of your readers want to know how to really impress their other halves in the bedroom, may I suggest anal beads? I recently bought some for my girlfriend and since we've been using them we've had some of the best sex ever.

Ginnie's always been the adventurous type and she's certainly taught me a thing or two in the bedroom but I was quite surprised when she told me she had never used any type of sex toy. I couldn't believe that someone as dirty as her didn't own a vibrator but she swore she hadn't, insisting that her own fingers (or someone else's!) were always at hand to do the job.

As a surprise I ordered her some anal beads off a website that sold sex toys and when they arrived a few days later I couldn't wait to try them out.

Ginnie and I were getting down to it as usual and then when I started doing her doggy style I thought it was the ideal opportunity to stuff the beads up her arse.

You should have heard the noises she made as I pushed the beads into her tight poop hole.

"Ooh! Ah!" she whimpered as each plastic bead disappeared into her back



RETRO-SEXUAL

Dear *Mayfair*,

Wow – I've just seen the set of Keisha in your latest issue (49.05) and it's taken me right back to the old days! Is it me, or is there a slight soft focus on the set that gives it a bit of a retro look? Either way, her curvy body, luxuriant hair and neatly trimmed bush all remind me of *Mayfairs* of yesteryear. The only difference (and it was a good one in my book!) was the picture at the top of page 76 where she's kind of plumping her pussy mound together – absolutely stunning, and one of the horniest pictures I've ever seen in a top shelf magazine!

Please pass my congratulations to the model herself and the photographer for such a stunning set of pictures!

Ken, Worthing.

passage.

"How does that feel?" I asked when the beads were fully inserted with just the end poking out for me to grip.

"They sort of tickle," she replied as I started to tug lightly at them so that her

arsehole would be stimulated. My cock was still pumping her juicy snatch at a steady momentum and other than the occasional finger, I had never pleasured her in both holes at the same time.

I could tell when Charlotte was close to coming and knew this was the time to really thrill her. As her body froze with orgasmic joy I waited for her climactic wail to begin then with one firm pull I yanked the string of beads from her bum. It was



COVER VERSIONS

Dear Mayfair,

What a belter issue 49.05 was! I've had a (very!) careful look through, and I reckon every single girl in it had the potential to be on the cover! Sophia Knight (anytime!) would have done with the picture on page 7, Jasmine's on page 17 (or bottom of page 20), Natalia's on page 34 (with some drawn on knickers, say!), Lacey on page 60 and Keisha on page 72. Have you ever thought of putting a collector's issue out, with a selection of different covers? Some magazines have done it in the past, to great effect. This would have been a great issue to try it on, I reckon! Dave, Hounslow.

Hmm, yes, they were a comely selection alright! As for putting out an issue with multiple covers, it's a nice idea, although our printing costs would rocket. One to think about, though... – The Ed.

MY COCK WAS STILL PUMPING HER JUICY SNATCH AT A STEADY MOMENTUM...

like starting up an engine as Charlotte's warble turned into one almighty scream, after which she could not thank me enough.

The beads are a regular addition to our sex play and guaranteed to make my girl come.

So guys, heed my advice and invest in some beads. Your partner will be eternally grateful for the experience.

Mike, Clacton.





ast time we got together with Dani here she was sharing a rather intimate clinch with Lexi Lowe, but this time we've got her all to ourselves!

"Yep, it looks like I'll have to keep myself entertained during this shoot, rather than have Lexi's wonderful bod to snuggle up to!" Dani agreed, somewhat mournfully, we couldn't help noticing.

Hmm, sadly none of the *Mayfair* staffers on hand have bodies anything like as luscious as Lexi's, so we couldn't help thinking a straight substitution might not be quite good enough as far as Dani was concerned, although it'd certainly be good enough for us! And besides, we don't imagine many of you would want to see a set that featured Dani alongside one of our scrawny frames, so we kept things strictly professional and confided ourselves to the occasional murmur of approval as Dani set about bringing herself off right in front of our eyes. And some people have the nerve to say we've got the best job in the world!







WorldMags.net



















BIG Western Cock LIVE HIVE LEZZERS 121





36"

36°

36[°]

























ADULT DATING
IS THE EASIEST
WAY FOR SEX
HOOK-UPS

DATING



OVER A MILLION MEMBERS THOUSANDS ONLINE RIGHT NOW MEET REAL PEOPLE FOR HOT SEX





@PAULRAYMONDMAG



/PAULRAYMONDPUBLICATIONS



/USER/PAULRAYMONDMAGS

FIND YOUR PERFECT MATCH AT

www.MayfairDating.com







GENTLIEMS That Reminds Me

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

A half-dressed fireman is kneeling, shagging the arse of a grimy man who's wearing nothing but a smoke-blackened pyjama jacket in a burning building, both men choking on the smoke, when the The Fire Chief bursts into the room, axe in hand, breathing from his oxygen apparatus and roars at the firefighter: "What are you doing? Give this man mouth-to-mouth!"

The fireman says: "How do you think this shit got started?"



An eccentric billionaire wants a mural painted on his library wall, so he summons a famous artist to his home. Describing what he wants, the billionaire tells the artist: "I am a history buff and I would like your interpretation of the last thing that went through Custer's mind before he died. I am going out of town

replies the artist, rather smugly.

"No! I did not ask for a mural of pornographic filth! I asked for an interpretation of Custer's last thoughts."

"And there you have it," says the artist. "I call it: 'Holy Cow, Look At All These Fucking Indians'."



Two Men are out fishing when one decides to have a smoke. He asks the other guy if he has a lighter. "Yes I do," his friend replies and hands the other bloke a 10 inch long BiC lighter.

Surprised, the smoker asks: "Where did you get this?"

The guy replies "Oh, I have a personal genie."

The smoker asks, "Can I make a wish?" "Sure," says the other bloke. "Just make

sure that you speak clearly because he is a little hard of hearing."

"OK," says the smoker. And, as he rubs the lamp a genie appears and asks the man what he wants. The smoker says: "I want a million bucks!"

The genie nods and returns to his bottle and – kazam! - 10 seconds later a million ducks fly overhead.

The desperately disappointed smoker remarks to his friend: "Your genie really can't hear, can he?"

His friend says: "I know. Do you really think I asked for a 10 inch BiC?"



A man comes home just in time to find his wife in bed with another man. So he drags the stranger down the stairs to the garage and fixes the guy's cock in the bench vice. He removes the handle.

Then he picks up a hacksaw.

The stranger, terrified, screams: "STOP! STOP! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO... TO... CUT IT OFF, ARE YOU?!"

The husband has a gleam in his eye. "Nope," he says. "You are. I'm going to set the garage on fire."



On their first night together, a newlywed couple go to change. The new bride prances out of the bathroom showered and wearing a beautiful robe.

The proud husband says, "My love, we're

married now, you can open your robe."
The beautiful young woman opens her robe, and he is astonished. "Oh, oh," he exclaims, "My God, you are so beautiful – please let me take your picture!"

She smiles and he takes her picture, then he heads into the bathroom to shower. He comes out wearing his robe and his new bride asks, "Why are you wearing a robe?"

So the groom opens his robe and she exclaims, "Oh, OH, OH MY! Let me take a photo!" He beams and asks why, and she answers: "So I can have it enlarged."



A man walks into a public toilet and begins using one of the urinals. Looking absently to his left he sees a very short man who is also standing peeing. Suddenly, the little man looks up at the taller man, and the taller man is completely embarrassed about staring at the smaller man's penis.

"Sorry," says the taller man. "I'm not gay or anything, but you have the longest penis I've ever seen, especially on a man so small!"

"Well," says the much shorter man. "That's because I'm a leprechaun! All leprechauns have penises this size!"

The taller man says: "Incredible! I'd give anything if mine were that long."

"Well now," says the little man, "what with me being a leprechaun and all, I can grant you your wish! Sure, all you need to do is let me take you into that cubicle over there and knob you up the arse and I'll make sure that your wish will come true!"

"Gosh," says the man, "I don't know about that... But a dick that long. Ah the hell with it! OK!"

Soon, the Leprechan is in the cubicle behind the taller man, banging away at his rear. "Say now," says the leprechaun, "How old are you, son?"

Finding it difficult to turn, what with the leprechaun shagging his arse so ferociously, the tall man grunts over his shoulder, "Uh... Uh... Thirty-two..."

"Imagine that! " cries the little man. "Thirtytwo and still believes in leprechauns!"



A construction worker on the fifth floor of a building needs a handsaw. He spots another worker on the ground floor and yells down to him, but the second man can't hear him. So the worker on the fifth floor tries sign language.

He points to his eye, meaning "I", points to his knee meaning "need", then moved his hand back and forth in a sawing motion. The man on the ground floor nods, pulls down his jeans and boxers, whips out his chopper and starts masturbating.

The worker on the fifth floor is so horrified and angered that he runs all the way down to the ground floor and demands: "What the fuck is your problem?!" I signalled that I needed a hand saw!".

The other bloke says: "I know that! I was just trying to tell you 'I'm coming!"



on business for a month and when I return I expect to see it completed."

Upon his return, the billionaire makes straight for his library to examine the finished work. To his surprise, he finds a huge mural of a cow wearing a halo, surrounded on all sides by hundreds of Indian braves and squaws, all shagging.

Furious, he calls the artist to his home. "What in tarnation is this?" screams the billionaire.

"Why that's exactly what you asked for,"

CIVIC PRIDE!

The Honda Civic Type R's one of those car's that got the pulse racing for nigh on ten years now, but is the new version up to scratch? Looks like it!

creaming engines, thrilling handling and impeccable reliability have combined to make the Honda Civic Type R one of the most desirable hot hatches over the years. It's helped that Honda has always limited sales volumes to protect values – this means that while there seems to be a Ford Focus ST, Renaultsport Mégane or VW Golf GTI on every street corner, the Civic Type R remains a rare beast. And a new one, therefore, attracts a lot of attention.

Not that the latest high-performance Civic is quite ready for showrooms yet – we'll have to wait until 2015 to get behind the wheel. But Honda gave us a teasing glimpse of what to expect at the Geneva Motor Show earlier this year with a stunning concept car.

HONDA HAS
COMBINED THE
TURBOCHARGING
WITH ITS FAMOUS
VTEC VARIABLE
VALVE TIMING...

The big news is that this latest hot Civic will feature turbo power. This is a major departure for Honda in Europe, where turbocharging hasn't graced the brand's production cars for a number of years. But Hondas sold in other regions have long been benefiting from a turbo boost, as have the company's racing cars.

And crucially, the competition Civic that dominated the World Touring Car Championship on its debut in the series in 2013 featured a turbocharged engine. This will heavily influence the high-performance

petrol engine will use its turbo boost to deliver "at least 280PS" – so no less than 276bhp in old money. That will put the Type R back in contention with the likes of the 217bhp Golf GTI and 247bhp Ford Focus ST. And it'll delight a generation of car fans who've been crying over their PlayStation handsets as they've watched Honda fall behind in the power stakes.

If the company delivers on these figures, it should serve up a 0-62mph sprint time of around six seconds, as well as a 140mph-plus top speed. All accompanied by a thrilling engine note, as Honda has combined the turbocharging with its famous VTEC



production flagship when it hits showrooms next year.

Honda isn't giving away too much mechanical detail, but it has confirmed that the 2.0-litre direct-injection four-cylinder variable valve timing, which thrives on revs, almost encouraging you to push the engine towards its screaming red line. Yet at the same time, bosses are promising that the car will comply with strict Euro 6 emissions regulations.

The WTCC car won't just make its mark under the bonnet of the new Type R; competition thinking is set to shape the entire project. The design team describes the newcomer as a "racing car for the road", rather than a high-performance version of a road car. And if Honda carries over to production the styling of the show star, fans can expect the most extreme model ever.

That huge rear wing leaves the biggest impression, but the whole design process has been focused on adding downforce, optimising airflow, reducing drag and providing cooling to the engine and brakes. So the bits you don't see quite so clearly are just as important – like the neat shape of the front spoiler, which adds downforce, and the way the cut-outs in the front bumper control the flow of air around the front tyres.

Neat details accentuate these looks. A red stripe running along the front spoiler highlights the low, wide stance of the new car, while striking LEDs in the headlamps and





separate daytime running lights add to the menace in the front end. Honda has also used hi-tech lighting to enhance the purposeful looks at the rear – LEDs are integrated into the double tail spoiler, and work with the dramatic tail-lamps to leave other drivers in no doubt that they're following something special. Plus, huge 20-inch alloys hint at the immense grip and traction this car will provide.

The handling is guaranteed to be fun, with Honda having already been testing prototypes at the hallowed northern loop of Germany's Nürburgring race track. Engineers are even talking up the car's chances of setting a new Nordschleife lap record for a front-wheel-drive production car – although with Renault turning up the heat on its Mégane RS after the new SEAT Leon Cupra (see last issue) posted a new benchmark time of seven minutes 58.4 seconds back in March, this might be a fight Honda doesn't want to get involved in.

Still, you won't have to go all the way to the Eifel mountains to see the new hot Civic in action. It's being developed here in Britain, at Honda's Swindon factory – so if you camp alongside some of the best driving roads in Wiltshire in the next few months, you could get an early glimpse of how fast the latest Type R is, as well as just how good it sounds.



"IF HONDA CARRIES OVER TO PRODUCTION THE STYLING OF THE SHOW STAR, FANS CAN EXPECT THE MOST EXTREME MODEL EVER."



SPECIFICATIONS

HONDA CIVIC TYPE R		
PRICE	£27,000 (est)	
ENGINE	2.0-litre 4cyl turbo	
POWER	280bhp (est)	
TOP SPEED	146mph (est)	
0-62MPH	PH 6.1 seconds (est)	
CONTACT	www.honda.co.uk	



44_www.paulraymond.com

































MINUTE





































YOU WILL OBEY MISTRESS VICTORIA

EXPERT DOMINATION 0909 854 2997





'Rachel told me how she liked 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













SLOPPY USED PUSSY on 1 hard sex!



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









Girls, Dom Bitches + More 0909 854 2957











NEW ADULT CONTACT CLUB We have lady members

We have lady members seeking FUN

IN THIS AREA!

JOIN FREE TODAY!

08444 482852

18+

FILTHY SLAG HARDCORE SLUT NEEDS F*CKING!

09097 968 460

RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SEND PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL 0909 COST 36PPM + NETWORK EXTRAS 18+ BILL PAYERS PRC ROX654 HX19HT HELPDESK 0844555889

GENUINE HOME MADE XXX

AMATEUR PORN 2Hour Unrestricted DVD NOTHING CUT!

SEND 6x 1st Class Stamps to: Cream. BOX 4032 LONDON WC1N 3XX 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

FREE

TEXT MESSAGES from women wanting discreet **ADULT FUN!** Call **08444 482866**

for full details. Discretion assured!

DIVORCED FEMALE

Seeks genuine broadminded males for mutual fun NO FEES either way

07937 941 804

STUDENT 18- 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 via SMS to opt out call 0844 556 5889





meet up & FUCK!



Promo. material will be sent 09 COST £1.53/min CREAM HELP: 08442099965

Provider A2B Telecom, help 08700460138 Calls cost £1.53/ min + ntwrk extras 18+ only. Calls recorded & may show on bill.

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



































141



minute plus network extras. 18+. We may send free to 89077 to opt out. LL99 Ltd. CCL: 0844 381 7725.







NURSE ANGELA 0909 860 0013 **SHAVE SILKY** SMOOTH 0909 860 0014 **HAND JOB** 0909 860 0015

•) VIRGIN 0909 860 0023 **HORNY HOUSEWIFE** 0909 860 0024 LICK YOUR MISTRESS 0909 860 0025

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** ®+) A VIRGIN 0909 860 0032 **SEXUAL** DOMINATION 0909 860 0075

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 0909 860 0081

36p

she's GAGGING for COCK! WANK OFF NOW

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

HARDCORE PORN DVDs

FROM ONLY £7.50 PER DVD!



Asian College Girls

Description

Are you into Oriental pussy! Do you fantasise about having rampant sex with teenagers from Japan, Thailand, The Philippines or Singapore - if you do you will love this hardcore, superbly well-made Asian sex foot-



Mums in Uniform CODF: RM026

Description

These highly sexed Mums are all dressed up especially for you. Whether you pre-WPCs, Nurses, French Maids or sexy waitresses they are all ready & willing to fuck you.



Old Dicks Fucking Chicks

Description

A DVD packed to bursting with scenes showing old guys f**king the living daylights out of 18 & 19 year old girls. If you want to see guys in their 60s boning teenagers in every hole then order now!



Amateur Housewives CODE: RM045

Description

Would you secretly like to shag your mates wife? Are you into ordinary but somewhat sexy women in their 30s & 40s? Sounds like you are into amateur housewives. Watch these women have sex on camera for the first time.



Big Tit Hotties

Description

This superb DVD features 6 scenes of habes in their 20s with huge tits having hard sex & sucking cock Our favourite scene though is of 2 huge breasted Oriental babes having a 3sum with an extremely lucky well ung white guy.



Banging Hard at 50 CODE: RM027

Description

They say experience cums with age & never has that been truer than on this awesome sex DVD. mature ladies are literally gagging for cock & very ea ger to please



Lads Fuck Mature Sluts

Description

Want to see women in their late 40s & early 50s f**king, sucking & being licked out by 18 year old boys. These women are gagging for teen c**k & by heck do they get it - deep & hard!



Elegant Lady Smoking CODE: RM050

Description

Watching an elegant lady smoking a cigarette can be a real turn on. Would you like to have your cock sucked & smoke rings blown onto your balls? This really is a wonderfully erotic fetish so treat yourself today!



Filthy Housewives

Description

Every woman on this DVD is married but each & every one of them is making strong porn without hubby knowing because they want extra sex with well hung studs. Proper dirty bitches!



Lusty Grannies CODE: RM029

Description

The grannies in this hard-core sex DVD are a right set of nymphomaniacs. They love sucking cock & getting shafted vaginally and annally. These horny old gals stop at nothing to get their kicks. Awesome



Teens Fucking Grandads CODE: RM035

Description

This DVD proves you are never too old! Watch wrinkly geezers in their 60s get sucked dry by nubile, innocent looking 18 year old girls. This really is a rare & much sought after genre of porn. Order now!



Hardcore Indian Girls CODE: RM058

Description

It can be nigh on impossible to find really high quality hardcore sex DVDs starring Indian girls but this is exactly what you are looking for. Stunning Indian babes who take it hard & deep in all three wet & moist love



MILF Uniforms CODE: RM018

Description

Saucy MILFs with big natural titties dress up in sexy uniforms before engaging in mind blowing hardcore sex acts. See them penetrated deep in the ass, mouth & pussy whilst dressed to



Grannies Fucking Teen Girls

CODE: RM031

Description

Incredible lesbian action featuring elderly grandmothers seducing 18 & 19 year old college girls. If you want to see 69ers, licking & fingering as well as one two unmentionable sex acts then order right NOW!



POV Squirters

Description

The film is made using cam era angles which makes it feel like the girl is actually in your house with you. Go on play with her, f**k her & watch her masturbate until she squirts her pussy juice all over you!



Tijuana Pussy CODE: RM060

Description

Never had the ultimate thrill seeing amazingly hot Mexican girls starring in hardcore porn footage? You don't know what you have been missing. These dusky Latina cuties will do anything to please you.

2 DVDs Just £12.50 Each Just £11.25 Each

Just £10 Each

8 DVDs Just £9.38 Each

10 DVDs Just £9 Each

16 DVDs Just £7.50 Each

FREE GLOSSY CATALOGUE

All orders come with our FREE glossy catalogue. However if you just want the FREE catalogue:

Text your Name, Address & Postcode to

07860 021 032

or Email your Name, Address & Postcode to

30freefilms@gmail.com

or Send your Name, Address & Postcode to

REVISTA MARKETING, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London, WC1N 3AX

Custon	ner information
Deliver To: (Please fill in a	II information in block capitals)
Name:	Postcode:
Address:	

Payment Method: CASH CHEQUE [POSTAL ORDER

SIGNATURE (By Signing you confirm you are at least 18 years of age)

Please make cheques/postal orders payable to Revista Marketing

Order Information Please Tick:

RM008 RM009 RM017 RM026 RM027 RM029

RM033 RM034 RM045 RM050

Send your order to: REVISTA MARKETING

27 Old Gloucester Street

WC1N 3AX **IMPORTANT**

LONDON

If sending cash please use "Royal Mail Special Delivery"

RM058 RM060 QUANTITY SUBTOTAL Secure P&P £5.00 TOTAL

RM018

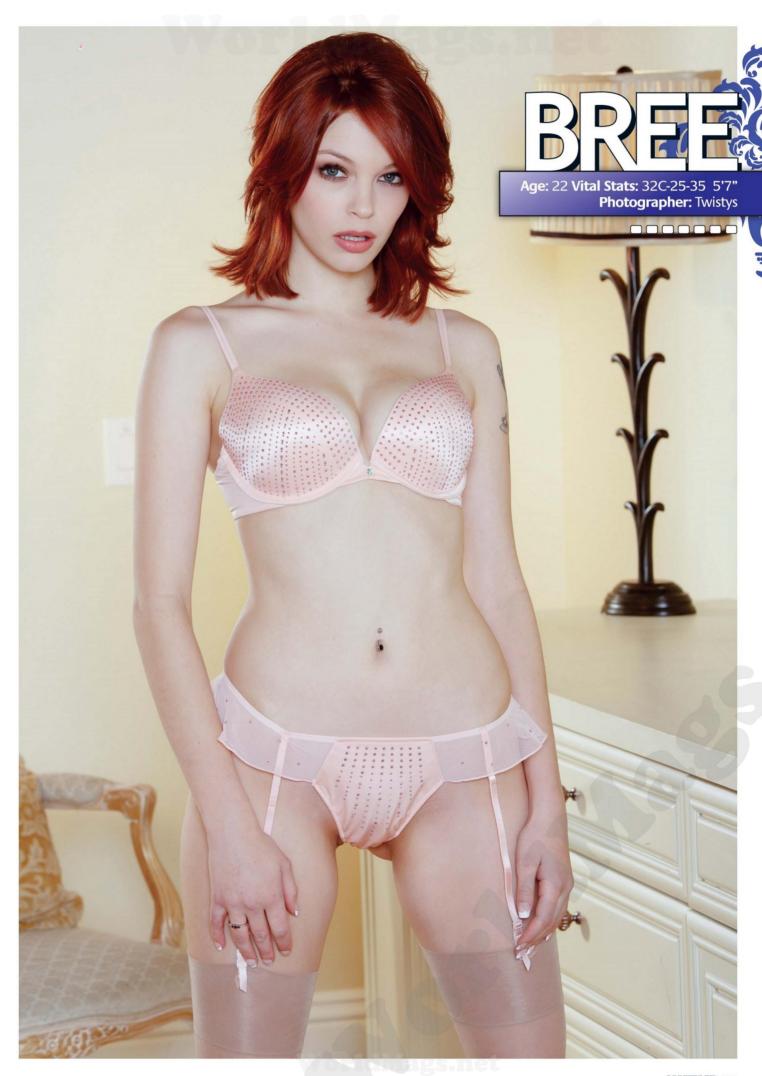
RM031

RM039

RM035

IMPORTANT Please seal your envelope with sellotape

WorldMags.net











































































































E121 HOT CHAT S NETWORK EXTRAS 0909 860















COCK HUNGRY

MOUTH



(O)

























WET AND

ADS





CUNTS















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

















BLONDE SLUT

WANTS YOUR COCK IN HER







XXX FILTH LIVE The filthiest fetish ever! Strap on Mistress GET YOUR COCK OUT & CALL Wet 'n' Wild!

Lady Boys Special!

Sniff Damp Knickers 0909 860 9477





















Calls Recorded and cost 61p per minute plus network extras. 18+. We may send fingromo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. LL99 Ltd. CCL: 0844 381 7725.

















www.livel2lchat.com PHONE 5 EXERGIP



























74_www.paulraymond.com









QUEST...

There's nothing worse than not being able to get to sleep on a hot night, is there? So why not forget about sleep and get shagging instead, like these three?

I usually sleep at the front of the house but I'd forgotten to close my curtains and the afternoon sun had turned my bedroom into a blast furnace. That was why I heard the splash as someone jumped into my pool. Having a swimming pool in my back garden wasn't something I would have chosen but it came with the house and I hadn't got round to filling it in. The pool guy had called round not knowing that the house had changed hands and I'd thought what the hell, since the

Name: JANET Age: 33 From: WOKING hot spell looked likely to last, it would be worth making use of it. I hadn't expected other people to be making use of it. I peeped out of the window, ready to call the police but saw two heads, one of whom I recognised. Pulling the chords of my dressing gown tightly around my waist, I stormed downstairs.

"What the hell are you doing?" I asked, feeling genuinely outraged. It wasn't until after I'd asked the question that I realised exactly what they were doing. Abigail was bobbing in the water between the legs of a man as he sat on the side with his cock standing up hard. He slid into the water, driving Abigail under the surface in doing so. She came up coughing and spluttering. "Jesus, are you OK?" I asked, hurrying around to grab a hold of Abi. She had a horrible barking cough and her eyes were

streaming.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's just that it was so hot!"

"So you and your friend decided to take a dip?" I looked across at the guy bobbing at a discreet distance. He wasn't being discreet about what he was looking at. I'd been in a hurry when I'd left my bedroom and I'd been sleeping naked. As I crouched down at the edge of the pool with him in it, he had a perfect view of my pussy. He realised that I'd caught him looking and had the good sense to turn his attention elsewhere. My anger returned. "I think it's time you fucked off," I snarled in his direction. He gave Abi a pleading look but recognised from her expression that the game was up.

"i'll see you tomorrow," she said, effectively dismissing him. I watched as he pulled himself out of the water and couldn't help but make a sarcastic remark after seeing his much-deflated tackle.

"Must be pretty chilly in there," I said. Abi giggled, earning us



both a sour expression. "Friend of yours?" I asked, nodding in the direction of the departing figure.

My side gate slammed. "Maybe not now," she said, not sounding in the least remorseful. "You're not going to tell my parents about what you saw me doing?"

"Why would I? But you really should ask me first."

"I should ask you if I want to give a man a blow-job?" Abi asked cheekily.

"If you want to do it in my pool, yes."

"What about if I want to lick a woman's pussy?" There was no doubt as to what Abi was alluding to since she'd let her gaze drop down between my legs. Before I had chance to find a suitable response, Abi had pushed herself out into the middle of the pool. She was on her back with her glistening tits poking up out of the water. "Why don't you join me?" she called. Although I consider myself to be straight, I have had one MFF threesome where I got to play with another woman's body. It wasn't the worst experience of my life and I always promised myself that I'd give the lesbian thing another go if an opportunity presented itself. Having a naked 19-year-old



inviting me to join her for a midnight dip was definitely an opportunity.

Abi glided back across the pool and was there to greet me as I lowered myself into the water. "I've always had a thing about older women," she said, as we bobbed face-to-face. At 28, I didn't see myself as 'an older woman' but let the comment slide.





"Have you ever done anything about it?"

"No, but I like the idea of it."

"Have you ever licked another woman's pussy?"

"No. Have you?" I nodded.

"Did you like it?" I suddenly felt like a lecturer at the front of a class with an eager student sitting in front of me ready to write down every word I uttered.

her hand against the back of my head. Abi relayed instructions about how hard she wanted it and how fast, although I probably would have been able to work it out from the way her hips were dancing. It had never occurred to me to tell her what to do and I found myself wondering what it might have felt like if I had. I slipped my hand down between my legs and teased my clitoris to another fiery climax just before Abi came with a squeal of sexual delight. "I'm so glad you had your window open tonight," Abi said, having slid back into the water.

"You know, my bedroom's probably cooled down now."

"I can think of a way we could heat it up again," Abi replied, taking the bait. I really couldn't blame the weather for making me all hot and

sticky when I went back to bed.

t was an unusually warm, sticky summer night and Ryan and I had been to a party where we were drinking and dancing until late. Ryan is usually like a stallion when we come home from a night out, but he had been drinking hard that night, so when he flopped into bed and fell asleep immediately, I sighed, and, snuggling up to him, fingered myself to a much-needed orgasm and fell asleep too.

Some time later I awoke to the most delicious throbbing in my nipples, and found my pussy grinding hard against Ryan's fingers as they worked their magic inside my dripping slit. Feeling me awaken, Ryan rolled me round to face him and kissed me, slowly, softly,

Age: 25
From: STROUD

Name: JESSIE

and deeply, his fingers still working my pussy.

My body was tingling all over as his lips and teeth nibbled at my ear and along my neck, and I pressed myself against his hard frame as my legs parted and my hot juices flowed from my aching pussy.

I was hot and sticky in spite of the open window and somehow this

"I FELT THE TIP OF HER TONGUE WIGGLE DOWN MY SLIT AND FORCE ITS WAY INTO THE OPENING OF MY VAGINA..."

"It was pretty cool," I stammered. Abi looked at me, obviously hungry for more information.

"Did you make her come? I'd love to make a woman come." My pussy pulsed as Abi squashed her breasts against mine. All thoughts of modesty and proper behaviour disappeared as she kissed me. Our mouths opened and our tongues played enthusiastically, auditioning to be allowed to lick where our fingers were exploring, for my fingers were touching between Abi's legs and hers were rubbing between mine. "I want to lick your pussy," Abi gasped breathlessly. I hitched myself out of the pool and sat on the cold titles with my legs spread. It was too dark to see details but I gasped with surprise as the mouth which had been kissing me with such unbridled enthusiasm set to work on my pussy.

Abi was born to lick pussy. I felt the tip of her tongue wiggle down my slit and force its way into the opening of my vagina. As her tongue probed, her thumb rubbed the top of my pussy, sending a stream of pleasure running up my spine. She didn't do anything more complicated but there was no need as I simply tried to keep still as my neighbour pleasured my pussy. Abi kept to the exact same rhythm and what had started out as delicious stimulation became torturous teasing as I got closer and closer to my climax. Her mouth took me right to the edge five times before she gave me the pleasure that I craved. The orgasm was so unexpectedly perfect that I didn't know what to say as I dropped my trembling body back into the water.

"My turn," she said, plonking her bum into the wetness I'd left behind. To be honest, I really didn't feel the same lust that I feel when I see a man's cock get hard for me but Abi had made me feel all kinds of wonderful and I desperately wanted to return the favour. I pressed my mouth right over her labia and sucked. I got the surprise of my life – Abi's pussy tasted delicious. Against the harsh chemical flavour of the swimming pool's water, there was a softer, sweeter nectar. I found my mouth tracing down in the exact same manner as Abi's mouth had done when she had started licking me. Had she had the same thoughts about my pussy? Abi shuddered as I stuck my tongue as far as I could manage into her vagina. "Oh God!" she moaned, pressing





"GRASPING HIS SILKY SMOOTH ROD IN ONE HAND, I TICKLED HIS BALLS WITH THE OTHER."

just added to the feeling of total abandon I was feeling. Ryan had my body on fire as he nibbled my ear, blowing gently in it, and making my pussy quiver with excitement and my buttocks contract.

Ryan's lips followed his hands to my tits, caressing each in turn. His mouth was so soft, and his tongue wickedly flicked one nipple as his fingers rolled and tugged the other. sending tingles flying right to my pussy. His hard hot body pressed against mine, and our skin, which was slick with sweat from the hot night made me feel almost animalistic in my need.

Pressing his body against mine, I could feel how hard his erection was as his mouth and tongue worked down from my breasts, nibbling on my stomach and teasing my belly button, as his hands slowly opened my thighs further, his head steadily nuzzling its way between them.

As his tongue touched my clit my pussy exploded into an orgasm, sending waves of pleasure rushing over me... and he didn't stop there! His fingers teased and twiddled at my nips while his tongue flicked at my clit,

pushing me over the edge yet again. I felt steaming hot and ultra sexy as I reached for his cock, grasping his silky smooth rod in one hand while I tickled his large balls with the other. Knowing his body so well, I was very familiar with what would please him and I stroked his shaft while fondling his ball-sac, feeling him growing fully erect as I worked my fingers over his sensitive shaft.

Gently I kissed the helmet, using my tongue to tease his pee-hole and licking around the edges as I enjoyed my favourite kind of lollipop. Savouring the feel of it and enjoying the slight salty taste from his sweat, I inhaled the sexy smell of maleness as I devoured him with my mouth, scraping my teeth very gently up and down his shaft.

We became entangled in the bed sheets as we played orally with one another, and, giggling at the fun of it all, I lifted my head and pulled the sheets free, but Ryan dragged me back in under him and continued sucking and teasing my clit.

I became more adventurous, and repositioning us in a sixty-nine I explored some new sensations with my tongue and teeth. Nibbling up and down Ryan's shaft I probed and teased until I found a new spot at the base of his cock, a spot which sent him almost reeling through the roof as I gently licked and prodded it with my tongue. As he moaned loudly, trying hard to hold himself back from shooting his load, I held my breath, hoping that I hadn't gone too far.

I waited until he had more control before sucking his rod back inside my mouth, holding his cock at the root while I massaged his balls very carefully. Gently, I swirled my tongue around his mushroomed crown, my tongue running around the edge, teasing his deep red

helmet. Tasting his pre-come, my pussy clenched as Ryan worked his tongue deeper inside my slit making my pussy pulse and contract with the medley of sensations and tastes.

I could feel him tensing up as I continued sucking him harder into my mouth, his hips thrusting up to meet my lips as my head bobbed. It was the first time I had let Ryan fuck my mouth properly - up until then I had sucked him but never let him actually pump his cock into my mouth. I was surprised at how much I liked it, it was so sexy, and as I sucked his big cock I felt my own orgasm building deep inside my pussy. My pleasure grew as Ryan's knobhead touched the back of my throat, the whole feeling of wanton abandon making me feel so excited that I wanted even more.

As he pumped in and out of my mouth, I let my teeth drag gently

against his shaft, then I changed tack so that he could only feel my tongue and lips. I knew he could hold back no longer so I began bobbing my head faster, sucking hard as I tilted my head back so I could take him as deep as I dared.

With a feeling of triumph I felt him explode in my mouth, come dribbling from the corners of my lips and running along my jaw and down my neck. I swallowed the salty, sticky juices, then took my time licking him clean.

He sighed, thanking me over and over, and kissing me hard on the lips before moving back down between my legs to begin licking me out in earnest. Soon my head was absolutely reeling as he found my G-spot with the tip of his tongue and a powerful orgasm rocked my whole body.

love going out clubbing. I do it every weekend and, call me a slapper if you like, I never come home without a bit of male company. Well, usually I bring them home, but last month I had the steamiest encounter I've ever had at a club.

I had gone out with a couple of female friends, but as usual, we'd all gotten way too pissed and lost each other. Not that I was worried – it happened every Saturday and I knew that they'd have either copped off with someone or headed home.

I was dancing away in the middle of the packed dance-floor – lost in the music, as they say – when I spotted a really hot guy a few feet away from me. He had scruffy blonde

hair and a goatee, tattoos and some seriously piercing

Name: GEMMA Age: 22

From: NOTTINGHAM

blue peepers. We made eye contact and he grinned, which is kind of a green light for me, so I danced my way over to him. He wasn't shy, putting his hands on my waist as



we started to grind, first facing each other, but after a while he spun me round so my back was to him and pulled my body to his, tightly.

As our hips ground against each other in time to the music, I felt him begin to get a hard on. Getting a bit hot under the collar myself, I moved his hands over my body, first round my toned bum, then up to my ample, braless tits, which he squeezed through my flimsy top. He was fully hard by now and wanted me to know it, pushing his solid dick into the small of my back as he kissed my neck, his long hair tickling my ear. I was almost unaware of anything except what he was doing to me – and how turned on I was feeling.

Suddenly he stopped and, grabbing hold of my hand, led me to a darker corner of the club before puling me down into one of the sofas. Snogging my face off, his hands instantly went to my boobs, which had obviously left an impression on him, cupping them roughly and pinching my nipples through the material. I groaned, my fanny growing ever wetter, and pushed his head down slightly towards them. He

SUCKING AND LICKING HIS TOOL, I TASTED HIS PRE-COME AND KNEW I WAS HAVING THE DESIRED EFFECT.



was on the same wavelength and, pulling my top down sufficiently, he took my nipple and half of my tit into his warm mouth. I gasped as he sucked and nibbled my nips at the same time, sending tingles through my body and making me squirm. I reached down to the bulge in his jeans, getting even more excited as I rubbed it and realised just how big it was! Damn, I was desperate to feel it in my pussy!

I swiftly undid his jeans and slipped my hand inside until I made contact with his smooth cock. Breathing heavily as I gently pulled it out enough to be able to wank it, he paused sucking my tits and shoved his tongue back in my mouth, kissing me hungrily as I worked my hand up and down his big prick. I was half lying on top of him now, as we sprawled in the darkened area, and I didn't have to wriggle down too far to be able to take his meat in my mouth. I love a good blowjob – there's nothing like being in control of someone's pleasure, and sucking dick is the ultimate. Men are like putty in my hands once I have my lips around their manhood!

Sucking and licking his tool, I tasted his salty pre-come and knew I was having the desired effect. I felt his hands hold my head still tightly and he thrust rhythmically into my open gob, fucking my face like a proper slut. I was so turned on my pussy was now throbbing and I decided it was my turn. Leaving his dick alone, I wriggled back up his body; dry humping his leg as I went. He got the message and I felt his hand snake between my legs from behind, rubbing my slit and bum through my trousers. Why had I worn trousers, for fuck's sake?



Then, as we kissed, he undid my zip and his hand disappeared inside, making contact with my juicy cunt and causing me to let out a low moan. He smiled and I felt a finger slip inside my sopping hole... It felt so amazing, my hips began to involuntarily buck against his hand, the pleasure so intense that I shivered and closed my eyes; relishing this finger fucking I was getting from a complete stranger.

I had never imagined I'd ever get fucked on a sofa in a packed nightclub, but that's what happened next! Apparently overcome with lust, he pulled my trousers and pants down to my knees, turning me round and onto my side so he could enter me from behind. Risky? Yes. But unbelievably exciting? You betcha! I groaned as I felt his bulbous helmet bob against my slit, trying to find my hole. I parted my thighs slightly and reached down, guiding him in. As soon as he found it he slowly nudged himself inside me, causing us both to let out a moan of desire and pleasure. He pushed further, his length filling me so completely that I could feel him in my stomach – he was huge!

I was so horny that I forgot where I was and I started bucking in time to his thrusts, my whimpering getting louder and louder until he whispered, "Ssh!" in my ear, bringing back to reality. Biting my tongue, I moved my torso forward slightly and pushed my arse back as hard as I could, taking him right up to the hilt. That hit the spot! I climaxed as quietly as I could, every muscle in my body tensing and releasing as the ecstasy hit me. I knew he wouldn't last long with my pussy tightening around him more – and I was right. He grabbed my hips and

NEXT MONTH

SECRET DESIRES
 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!

pummelled into me hard, my tits bouncing around, and as he took one last big thrust and grunted, I knew he'd blown his muck

He pulled out and quickly did up his jeans, and I quickly did the same. When we'd sorted ourselves out, we had one last snog and went our separate ways – me to the ladies to clean my juicy fanny up!



Scene from MAYPATTR

A bit of something for music lovers this issue - assuming you're a sandal-wearing folkie, a bourbon-soaked C&W fan or a kaftan wearing hippie. Other than that it's war and bootmaking, so take your pick!



than and Joel Cohen have been ploughing their own idiosyncratic furrow through the world of movies for years now, with such outstanding works as Fargo, No Country For Old Men and The Big Lebowski standing as testament to their particular flair. And let's face it, giving the lead character of your film a name like Llewyn, which is likely to baffle viewers in three quarters of the world, hints at their deliberately off kilter view of the world...

Oscar Isaac takes the title role in a film that's set in a single, chilly week in 1961. He's a folk singer on the New York scene, rather in the Bob Dylan mold but while Dylan would, of course, go on to build a massive and influential career, Llewyn Davis is finding things a bit more of a struggle.

First off, his long-time partner in folk has just topped himself, and Llewyn is struggling to find a new direction. He's cut an album (titled *Inside Llewyn Davis*), but it's not exactly setting the charts on fire. As is often be the case with Cohen movies, Davis is a man on the edge, and a series of events serve to tip him right over. He's a prickly character anyway, and a combination of hecklers, a pregnant girlfriend (Britain's own Carey Mulligan), druggie musos

Davis is a man on the edge, and a series of events serve to tip him right over...

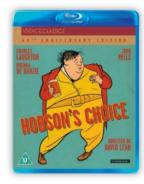
LLEWYN DAVIS

The Ed

(Cohen regular John Goodman) and an escaped pet cat all conspire against him... Isaac's on top form as Davis (loosely based on the folkie Dave Van Ronk), and while the film's pretty downbeat it contains plenty of quirky touches to make you laugh. Definitely one to check out!

HOBSON'S CHOICE

he remastering and releasing on Blu-ray of vintage classics goes on apace, with this fondly remembered film from the great David Lean getting the treatment this month.



Based on a play (and you can sort of tell - it's a bit stagey, but none the worse for that), the films stars the wonderful Charles Laughton as Henry Hobson, a domineering bootmaker in Victorian Salford. He runs the business with an iron grip, his three daughters (spot a young Prunella Scales as the youngest) all working for him without pay. Naturally all three girls are eager to wed and get away from their boozy, overbearing dad, but while two are allowed to go, Hobson hangs on to the oldest, Maggie (Brenda De Banzie), who's too valuable to him in running the business. Cue John Mills as the timid Willie Mossop, a downtrodden bootmaker also in Hobson's employ, upon whom Maggie sets her sights...

It's a very funny comedy and a wonderful period piece from the golden age of British cinema, with Laughton, Mills and De Banzie all keeping things fizzing along nicely, and this restored version looks fantastic, and boasts interviews with Prunella Scales and screenwriter Norman Spencer.



NASHVILLE

lim fans will doubtless know about director Robert Altman, but this film, which hails from 1975, probably won't be so familiar - at least to British viewers. Like Llewyn Davis, the action takes place over a week, as the Director's eye follows a rich cast of characters through the Country and Western capital. With a cast that includes Keith Carradine, Ned Beatty. Geraldine Chaplin and Jeff Goldblum, it's a series of interlinked vignettes that paint a vivid picture of a particular time and place. There's a bit of a plot arc, involving the organisation of a concert (at a replica of the Parthenon, strangely), but really this is a funny, life-affirming look at a unique city.





GENERATION WAR

here) from a German POV. Yes, there was Das Boot and Heimat (sort of), so this mini-series from Germany which comprises three 90-minute episodes, is fairly new territory – for us and for German audiences as well (they tend not to make programmes about the war that much, for rather understandable reasons). It focuses on five young friends who, in 1940, seem to think everything's going swimmingly (even the Jewish one doesn't seem to worried), but as they get drawn into the war effort in various ways the scales soon fall from their eyes. An interesting, well-acted and beautifully realised series that certainly puts a different slant on things as we watch the leads' ideals and moral compasses broken and stamped on by the realities of a truly horrific war.

GRAND OLE OPRY

CREAM FAREWELL CONCERT

If you're going to form a 'supergroup', it's a bit cheeky calling yourself 'Cream' isn't it? Then again, with a guitarist who'd been acclaimed as God (possibly before Hendrix turned up, mind) in Eric Clapton, a powerful singer and bassist in Jack Bruce and a drumming legend like Ginger Baker on the skins, the band wasn't short on talent. They only lasted a couple of years before the inevitable personality clashes became too much to bear, but in that time they cranked out some memorable albums and then this, their valedictory concert held at the Albert Hall in 1968. It's been cleaned up and remastered, with tracks like 'Sunshine of Your Love' and 'Crossroads' sounding better than ever before. Definitely one for musos of a certain age...



CRIMSON FIELD

THE CRIMSON FIELD

hat with 1914 being a hundred years ago, the Beeb's been cranking up the WWI material of late. Well, that's only to be expected, but while there's been plenty of documentary type stuff, they've also gone in for a spot of drama as well, most notably this. Imagine MASH, but with mostly rather prim, white starched nurses instead of heavy drinking and cynical Hawkeye Pierce types and you'll get the set-up; and although while there's a good bit of grime and gore to remind you that there's a war going on, you can't help feeling this is a bit too much of a well-mannered costume drama at heart. With the nurses (including Hermione Norris and Oona Chaplin) to the fore, this is probably WWI for girls, which can't be a massive audience, can it?



MAYFAIR Movies

It's not much fun trawling through all the bongo that comes out every month trying to pick out the blue riband titles that are worthy of inclusion in Mayfair, you know! That's why we get someone else to do it for us...





Smut fields an A-list

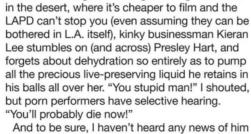
cast, all of whom go at

it like the clappers!

CAST: Tiffany Tyler, Jordan Ash, Keiran Lee, Missy Martinez, Brandy Aniston, Presley Hart, Leya Falcon, Tyler Nixon, Natalia Starr.

was hoping this month (The Mysterious) "They" would allow me to review the highly anticipated Anal Confusion, a title that should really exist to explain the sheer number of hardcore arsing videos out there but doesn't... But alas, it was not to be. The Gimp is disappointed too (what? - is it possible that I have not made mention of poor Renfield before?). You should only see the teardrops dribbling from the one unzipped eye-hole I occasionally allow him in his little leather mask. Remind me to cane and half-strangle him later to rally his spirits.

Instead "They", the Powers That Be, have given me Smut – a DVD packed with (it says "filthy" on the box) erotic desires being fulfilled: six titillating tales to tug the todger to. Lost



terror and adrenaline results in the most fabulous sex the pair have ever had; just thank goodness one's a female. Though, this said, war's a hellish business and nobody should forget it.

of whom go at it like the clappers.

Recommended for those who like to watch pornos from time to time.

LAPD can't stop you (even assuming they can be



since I watched this film, several days ago now... Two soldiers are pinned down in battle when

Long stories short: Smut fields an A-list cast, all

ST VALENTINE'S COLLEGE SLUTS

CAST: Violette, Lucy Li, Ferrera Gomez, Barra Brass, Alexis Crystal, Linda Sweet

at my age as one's memory begins to dim

to be reminded of one's glorious college
days at St Valentine's, an august institution
where I spent three happy years before being
sectioned into another one where I was
furnished with a straightjacket and bow tie.

Girls – "young ladies" we called them back in the twenties – were just as up for a bit of How's

One's Pater in my day as they are in this excellent modern stag film. Indeed, I entertained a different blushing beauty in my rooms every night(!), though none ever tarried, I think now possibly because I kept taking my cock out to stir the consommé during the soup course.

Like these St Valentine college girls of the present day, flappers such as Lucy Li would dispense hand jobs to other overgrown schoolboys in the classroom, and her antics would inspire other young fellows



 very like Marco Gonzales here (though in my day we didn't accept Mexican porn studs) to go somewhere to beat off... only to notice two young ladies pleasuring each other on the stairs. One thing always led to another – as here – and the errant disciples of Sappho would get horribly sodomised and left for the buzzards.

By gad that place stiffened a chap up.



CAST: Bridgette B., Chanel Preston, Skin Diamond, Asphyxia Noir.



ames Deen is a private investigator hired by tycoon Nick Manning to find someone named simply "R Morris" inside 24 hours. James ultimately seeks out the ervices of Asphyxia Noir, a so-called "white witch". And, believe it or not, there turns out to be a fairly cock-gripping storyline, one which keeps you guessing as to what is really going on, apart from the obvious, naturally, with lots of people being properly plumbed and duffed up the wrong end of their U-bend.

Highlights include the tycoon falling upon his eerily subservient lover Skin Diamond in his shower suite, and investigator Deen knobbing his information-gatherer Chanel Preston in a cheap hotel room, literally spunking up her fee.

Deen's acquaintance Ryan Driller also shines (though I did not much care for the look of his penis) in the course of shagging a prostitute, and there's a cracker of a scene where Deen sneaks into the white witch's domicile, only to find Asphyxia waiting for him in lacey white lingerie, red thigh-high stockings, and white kinky boots. The usual white witch wardrobe, in other words.

Less tasty but laudably hygienic is the sequence where Deen ferociously buggers the tycoon's weirdo submissive Skin Diamond over a bog pan. No blokes in Hazmat suits with cans of Ajax, buckets, mops and shovels to be called in if anything "goes wrong" in this flick. Just a yank of the flush and it's sorted. [Steepling fingers] ... Excellent.

Viv Thomas

WAVES OF DESIRE

CAST: Tess, Nicole Smith, Tracy Lindsay, Taylor Shay.

t's summer (and let's pretend it's not ruddy well lashing down rain outside). Four gorgeous girls are enjoying that

most elusive of celestial phenomenon for we British stay-at-homes: "the Sun". Perhaps, like me, you have seen images of this peculiar shining orb on the Internet.

In any case, phwoarrr, blimey, and look at the arse on that.

For, encouraged by the warmth of this fanciful "sun" article, which is apparently located in the heavens, moving westwards in the course of each day, these lovely females languidly rotate partners, with naughty blonde Taylor bobbing her head between brunette Nicole's legs and Tess and Lindsay abandoning their picnic to worship each other's knockers, which is not very C of E if you ask me, and possibly tantamount to idolatry.

You'd think pussy-grinding, like knife-grinding, or gear-grinding, would be a very brutal thing and hurt, and, over time, wear down the pelvis, but Tess and Lindsay don't seem to care. They then play





the squeezebox with one another's sun-bronzed mounds until one of them wails and shudders; but it turns out she's only climaxing, so I had to tell the emergency services operator that sorry, it was a false alarm, which was tempting Fate because I immediately suffered convulsions in my boxers and the phone and box of tissues soon fell to the carpet and I followed them.

Next day the cleaning lady found me dead.























30 SEC WANK

YOU CUM LOADS IN SECS





BEST WANK **EVER**

UNLOAD EVERYTIME
YOU'LL LOVE IT

"GRAB YOUR COCK

& WANK - LISTEN

TO ME SLIDE MY





OUNG

& FULL OF CUM





























www.35p-cheap-phone-sex.com PHONES EXECUTED





















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



All calls just 36p per minute plus network extras









UNLOAD



















TAL ONLINE FI













HO







WAITING TO

MAYFAIR Classifieds

ESCORTS

Sexy Friendly Ladies and Playmates

Very Discreet Service

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







SEX LINES











CONTACTS



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



SEX CONTACTS

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

MAILBOX 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. MAILBOX No: 09097 968 102

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



SEX LINES



Calls recorded, Calls cost 36p per min plus networ
 SP-Candywall, Helpdesk 0844 999 4499











WOMEN CALL FREE*



MASSAGE

SCANDINAVIAN BLONDE

- Call Inga. Blonde, hot sexy beauty returns from Arizona 07736 361150 or 020 7730 1961 Sloane Street www.danishbritta.co.uk

SEX LINES









COCK HUNGRY SLUTS GIVE FULL SEX RELIEF 0908 277 0328











Calls Recorded, 46p per minute plus network extras. 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send STOP to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. OCL: 0870 046 5910.







0871 908 9747







M/F. MUST BE 18YRS OR OVER. EMAIL YOUR DETAILS TO: dremanvits@yahoo.com OR call 07800759305











0908 141 1073



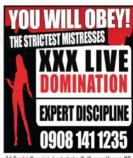




18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0870 046 5910







Cals Recorded, 46p per minute plus network extras. 18+. We may send free promo SMS Send 'STOP' to 69077 to opt out. Datapro Senices Ltd. CCL: 0670 045 5910.









ive 121 chat

























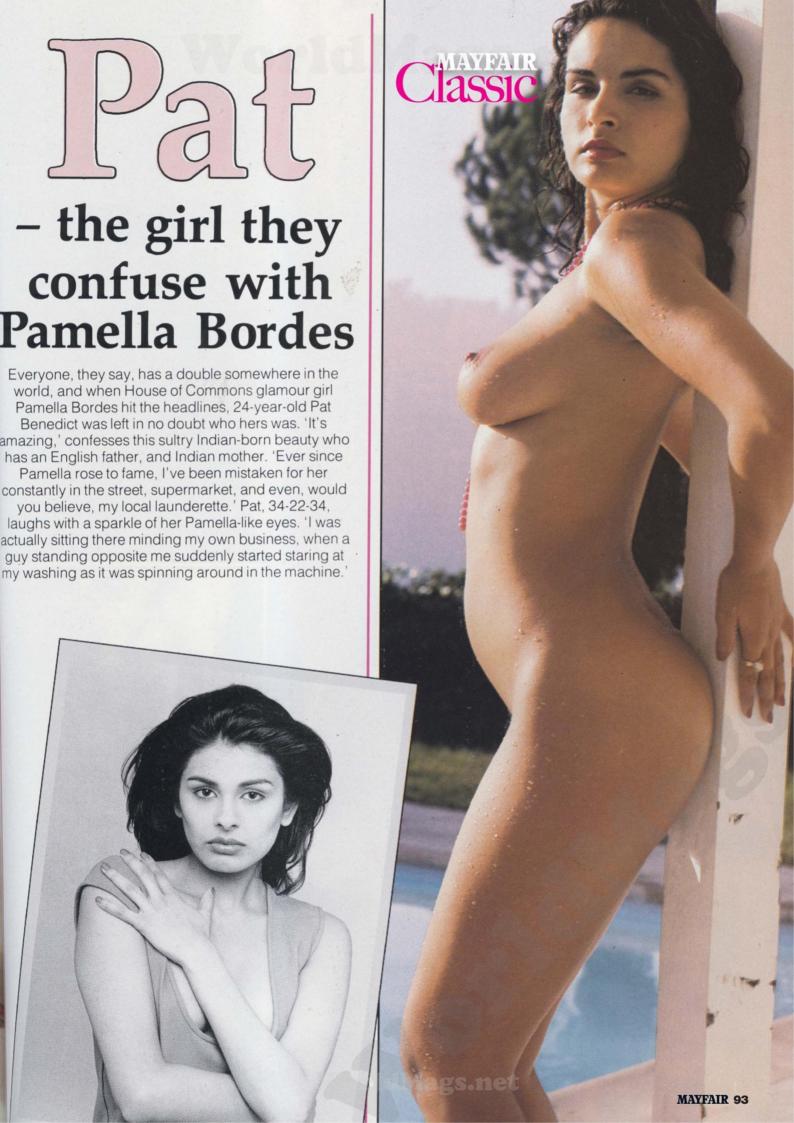




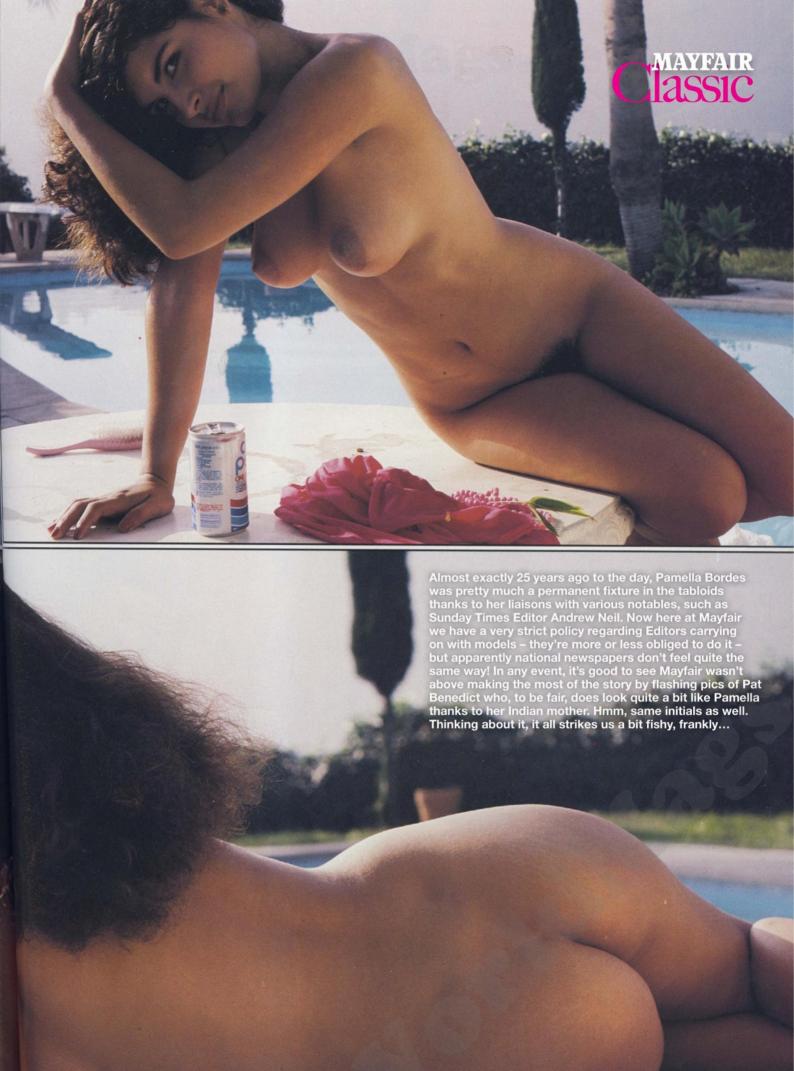












MAYFAIR 95



Like Pamella, Pat has quite an exotic lifestyle herself. Living in London, she works as a PA for a large design consultancy, and frequently travels abroad on company business to a variety of European countries.

'Only last week I was in Paris, but I still think I've got a bit to do before I match Pamella's jet-setting jaunts. You never know, on one trip I might meet a prince or a national newspaper editor. I'd even settle for a famous politician.'

In the meantime, Pat is quite content to continue letting Pamella grab the headlines. 'With my Indian features I get enough attention as it is. As long as I am left in peace at my local launderette, I'm a happy woman.'



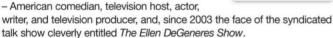
Intelligencer

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

well without - in one handy digest!

SEX DEGREES OF ELLEN DEGENERES

This month in this spot we'll be talking about more chuffs than usual, given that our subject is exalted 56-vear-old lesbian Ellen Lee DeGeneres



Miss DeGeneres has starred in two television sitcoms with equally catchy titles: Ellen from 1994 to 1998, and The Ellen Show from 2001 to 2002. During the fourth season of Ellen, she came out publicly as lesbian on The Oprah Winfrey Show. Shortly afterwards, her character, "Ellen" also came out, and the series went on to explore aspects of various LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender - not to be confused with Lettuce, Grits, Bacon and Tomato) issues.

ANNE HECHE began dating bigtime and very publicly with DeGeneres in 1997. They broke up in August 2000, whereupon Heche wandered out into the desert wearing only a bra and shorts and knocked on the door of a stranger's ranch house and told him she was "God, and am going to take everyone back to heaven in a spaceship".

Leaving Heche in the wreckage, from 2001 to 2004 DeGeneres was involved with actress/director/photographer ALEXANDRA HEDISON, who, earlier this year married superstar Silence Of The Lambs actress JODIE FOSTER. Since 2004, DeGeneres has been in a relationship with PORTIA DE ROSSI (out of Ally McBeal). They married in 2008 and de Rossi legally changed her name to Portia Lee James DeGeneres.

HOWEVER, Ellen and Portia have reportedly been having marriage problems for months now, leading to speculation that Portia may soon file for divorce unless they have a baby. Umm...

In this In 1215: My 21st great grandfather, the fabulously wicked King John I of England, usurper of my great uncle Richard the

Lionheart's crown and historical pantomime villain, is coerced by his barons into setting his seal to Magna Carta, the first charter of British liberties, guaranteeing basic rights to all men... just so long as they are barons.

In 1740: Marquis de Sade (died 1814 and not before time) is born in Paris. He will grow up to be a military leader, a governor-general, and an author, whose acts of extreme cruelty and violence result in the term "sadism" - to wit: obtaining gratification from inflicting pain on another.



In 1783: French brothers Joseph and Jacques Montgolfier accidentally let go of a hot-air balloon whilst squabbling over a stick of candy floss, resulting in the first sustained flight in history when their 33-foot-diameter globe aerostatique ascends 6,000 feet over Annonay, France. In September, they will repeat the incident for King Louis XVI, with a sheep, rooster and a duck attempting to steer the balloon from its wobbly passenger basket.

In 1808: Confederate president Jefferson Davis is born in Todd County, Kentucky. After the Southern states formed the Confederacy in 1861, he hopes to be named commander of the Confederate military forces but is instead given the rubbish job of President, serving until 1865 when things finally go tits up for the Rebels.

Etiquette for the BEWILDERED

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

An "archivist", so I'm told, is a new term for an attractive younger woman who has sexual relations with rich and powerful older men and records all

their sexy conversations illegally... then uses the recordings as blackmail fodder for monetary gain. Being elderly and fantastically wealthy myself, I often have tasty young bints recording our phone sex for such fiendish purposes. That's why my side of the "conversation" is meticulously confined to groans and heavy breathing.

These youngsters have a streak of ambition, I'll give them that much. But no more!



A IS FOR "ARCHIVIST"

JDICROUS 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...

Let's run through the absolute worst insults to the intelligence...



THE BIG SLEEP (1946)

Howard Hawks' bewildering adaptation of Raymond Chandler's gumshoe novel is not really any one person's fault. At one point in the shoot, director Hawks and all four screenwriters realised that they weren't certain about a key plot point:

whether the chauffeur's death was a murder or suicide. So they sent a wire to Chandler; the novelist replied that he wasn't certain either.

MALPERTUIS (1971)

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"No, you certainly

can't."

President John F Kennedy

...in response to Texas

Governor John Connelly's wife

Nellie, a fellow passenger in

the motorcade death car, who

remarked to him, "Well, you

certainly cannot say that the

people of Dallas haven't given

you a nice welcome,

Mr President."

Belgian fantasy/horror movie concerns a labyrinth inside a mansion where characters from Greek mythology are trapped by a bed-ridden and obese

Orson Welles. Orson is obliged to

talk bewildering shite at intervals and the film ends, none too soon, with a close-up shot going deeper and deeper into some other bloke's eye. (I've seen it: it's rubbish.)

REMO WILLIAMS: THE ADVENTURE BEGINS' (1985)

Unfortunately, the adventure began and ended with this film featuring unlikely action hero Fred Ward, whose fast-moving character "Remo" is named after a bed pan.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE (1986) Based on the lame Stephen King short story Trucks, this nonsense, which sees Emilio Estevez trying to

fight off a lot full of malevolent 18wheelers which had "come alive" was the great author's first and only attempt at directing a film. In a 2002 interview, King had the grace to remark that he was "coked out of his mind" during the entire production.

OVER THE TOP (1987)

A truck driver tries to win his son's affection by winning an arm wrestling championship. The film's preposterous plot is only matched in absurdity by the actors who take the subject of arm-wrestling very, very seriously.





NOW & SHOOT YOUR

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 F*CKING

HEAPEST W*NK EVER! EEDY 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

provided by LiveLines UK Ltd SMS cost £1.50 each to receive + standard network charges