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MF Vol.49 No.07

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EDITOR'S LETTER

iven that it's been going for a couple of weeks now, either a) England have been dumped ignominiously out of the World Cup or b) they're still hanging on in there somehow. Either way, either English fans will need some consolation, or else non-English fans will need some cheering up - and what better way to do it than with another bevy of Mayfair lovelies getting their bits and pieces out in another cracking issue? Stick that in your eye, Sepp Blatter!

Matt Berry | Editor

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Lexi P6







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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.

GET IN THE HOLE!

I'd never really thought that going out for an innocent game of golf could become at all raunchy, until something happened to me the other week that totally changed my view. Although I've never written (or emailed!) in to a magazine before, this experience was so horny I thought I'd share it with your readers!

I've recently been going to a course local to me, with a few mates, to improve

THE SMELL OF HER PERFUME AND THOSE BOOBS WERE MAKING MY COCK STIR.

our game. However, we enjoy the social aspect of golf as much as the playing itself and on this particular Friday they'd left me drinking in the clubhouse. By early evening I was a bit worse for wear and was thinking about calling it a night and getting a cab home, when a woman asked if she could sit at my table. She was about 40ish, with long, dark hair tied in a ponytail and dressed in an elegant trouser suit. As she joined me, I got a faint whiff of her scent.

"It's about time this place got some new blood," she smiled and leant towards me so I couldn't fail to notice the cleavage beneath her partially unbuttoned silk blouse. Her tits were large and full, pushed together by a lacy white bra, the top of which was also visible as she thrust her chest forwards in a clear come on.

She wasn't someone I'd normally look at twice but the smell of her perfume and those heaving boobs were making my cock stir beneath the table. I didn't think I had shown any signs of my impending hard-on, but I can't have been as subtle with my arousal as I had thought.

"I'm so fucking bored," she whispered and placed her hand directly on my stiffening dick, causing my jaw to drop open, lie I was catching flies. "Fancy a fuck?" Stunned, I meekly followed her as she picked up her drink and wandered



RED BARMY

Dear Mayfair,

I've always had a thing about redheads, so naturally I was blown away by the pictures of Bree in your latest issue (49.06). I gather from your blurb that she hasn't always been a redhead, but I reckon she's definitely stumbled on the look that suits her best. With that fair skin, auburn hair and wonderfully subtle pink nipples she looks like the dream woman to me (well, right up there with occasional *Mayfair* model Camilla at least)! An absolutely stunning set – and she's even wearing skin-toned stockings as well, which always adds a touch of class I my book. Please lets see more of Bree – and any other saucy redheads you can track down – in *Mayfair* soon! Gerry, Hants.

A PINCH OF SCRUFF

Dear Mayfair,

I had to laugh at your comment on page 99 of the latest issue about us being over 18. I guess we all are, but I certainly wasn't when I first developed a taste for your magazines. I was 13 when I started pinching top shelf magazines from the local newsagent - if my mum had ever found out she would have sent me home and made me brush my teeth for

a fortnight! I know that being young and stealing mags was wrong, but how else was I supposed to get them at that time? There was no way I could have convinced the newsagent that I was

over 18, and I didn't have convinced the newsagent that I was over 18, and I didn't have any older brothers (or sisters!) who could buy them for me. Anyway, I'm well over 18 now, and still loving your magazines after all these years. Apologies for having stolen some many years ago, but I've been a loyal (and paying) customer ever since!

customer ever since! Graham, Cornwall. Well Graham, we're glad to hear you've been a loyal customer for many a year now, but there's no way we can let you off all that tea-leafing when you were a nipper! We reckon you ought to go to the poor newsagent and give them 50 bob straight away, and send us the same, you villain, or we'll set the rozzers onto you! – The Ed.

casually outside.

It was dark by now, but she took my hand and led me across one of the greens to a hut full of maintenance equipment, obviously knowing her way around the place well. Seizing the moment, I put my arms around her waist and began to kiss her passionately on her full, red mouth, my hands instantly cupping her bum cheeks through her trousers.

"Hold on just a minute," she said pulling away, removing her jacket carefully and spreading a blanket onto the floor. "Now come here." She knelt on the blanket, unzipped my trousers and pulled out my prick. I was still unable to speak, not quite believing my luck and not wanting to break the spell.

"Oh, very nice," she smiled and began to suck on my tool expertly, while unbuttoning her blouse. Almost desperate to see her huge orbs in all their glory, I slipped the bra straps from her shoulders and cupped a wonderfully fat breast in each hand, tweaking the nipples until they were as hard as bullets. I lifted them against my balls and pumped into her mouth while she gripped my arse in order to pull my knob even deeper down her throat.

and out of her as fast as I could, my balls slapping against her arse with each stroke as I buried my face in her heaving bosom, sucking and licking her mounds for all I was worth.

Yeeesss!" She velled, and her whole body seemed to tense around my dick as she climaxed, her nails digging into my back as lust took over.

"I want you to come in my mouth!" she panted as her orgasm slowly subsided. I didn't need telling twice and yanked my rock hard prick from her soaking hole and stuffed it between her waiting lips. Her tongue lapped frantically around my shaft as she squeezed my balls and, after only a few thrusts, I sprayed jets of my hot, thick spunk over her face and into her mouth, as she licked and gulped it down.

She had cleaned up all of the splattered cream from her chin and cheeks and was already half dressed by the time I had recovered enough to open my eyes. She didn't say a word but retied the band around her ponytail, slipped on her jacket and disappeared again into the night. Charming, I thought, but wasn't offended - after all, I'd gotten a great, and completely unexpected, fuck out of it!

I found out later she was the wife of some rich old guy who was a member of the golf club; I wasn't the first bit of rough she'd taken a fancy to and I doubt I'd be the last. I don't mind being one in a long line at all - it sure gave a new meaning to playing a round! Rav, Belfast.

TANIA DIG IT?

I saw the set of Lacey in Mayfair 47.05 and she was the dead ringer of a girl I once (and only once) knobbed back when I was still in college: Tania.

She had managed to get herself a reputation in the first week of us all moving into the halls of residence by sucking off one particularly loose-lipped bloke on the roof the very day she moved in, and consequently all us lads thought we'd try it on with her whenever the chance arrived.

My own opportunity arose quite unexpectedly. One evening, I was hanging out with a couple of girls who also roomed on my floor when Tania walked in - seemed she was a mate of these two. Anyway, five minutes later, after we'd been introduced, the two girls whose room we were in said they were off out clubbing for the night so me and Tania had two options, go out with them or bugger off. I had no money and was just thinking how unlucky I was that I didn't have the cash to go out and cop off with Tania when she also announced she was skint and perhaps we should relocate to my room instead!

Well, you can see how this turned out, it was probably all of

"SHE KNELT ON THE BLANKET, UNZIPPED MY TROUSERS AND PULLED OUT MY COCK. I WAS UNABLE TO SPEAK, NOT BELIEVING MY LUCK ... "

"Right, its time we screwed," she suddenly announced through a mouthful of dick. Unbuttoning her trouser suit, she hung it carefully on a hook and removed her tiny white knickers before lying before me, legs akimbo on the blanket.

She may have been getting on a bit but she obviously worked out to keep herself in shape, and with her long tanned legs and completely waxed pussy, she certainly looked pretty sexy to me. I knelt between her thighs and, bending down, began to lick her fanny lips, tickling her clit with a finger while stroking her tits with my spare hand. I was just getting stuck in, when she pushed my head up with one perfectly manicured hand.

"I said shag me!" she commanded and dragged me impatiently on top of her. I wasn't in a position to argue, my face pressed against those massive quivering boobs as she guided my cock into her moist twat, raising her crotch for easier access.

"Harder, you fucking wanker! Come on, screw me!" She squealed as I thrust as hard as I could into her eager cunt, surprised at the language coming from her well-spoken mouth. "Suck my tits! Bang it up me!" I did as I was told and rammed in 60 seconds before we were both stark naked and pawing each other's bodies. Tania's reputation was clearly well deserved she was really filthy, and was soon down on her knees gobbling my cock like her life depended on it! However, before I's got close to coming she had other ideas, and it wasn't long before she was on her hands and knees on my tiny bed, pulling her arse cheeks wide apart and telling me to eat out her arsehole!

Her pussy was soaking wet and her labia peeled apart, exposing her hole. I knelt behind her and ran my tongue over her cunny, enjoying the taste of her pussy. Then I rubbed her juices up over her ring and watched amazed as her bumhole spasmed at my touch.

Eating out her arse was easily the horniest thing I had ever done in my life at that point (which isn't saying that much, to be honest), I didn't even think girls were into that kind of thing, but by the time I had two fingers up her butt and another two in her gash I had changed my beliefs on what women did and didn't do in the sack - so much for the better!

I hoped, but couldn't believe,

Continued on page 28











t 5' 10" and with curves in all the right places, you definitely notice Lexi when she sashays into the room - especially if she's wearing high heels, a fetching scarlet set of undies and nothing much else. Conversation tends to go a bit quiet for a while as everyone (and there were quite a few of us there for this shoot, perhaps understandably) tried not to look too bedazzled by her. Luckily the girl herself broke the rather awkward silence by flipping a boob out of her bra, giving us a big wink and saying "Alright guys?"

After that the ice was well and truly broken, although to be honest nobody in the room was more relaxed than Lexi herself as she larked about on the groovy 60's chair we'd tracked down before settling down to the serious business of giving us an eyeful of all her wonderful assets. Hmm, no wonder she's got so many admirers!











MF







A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBMEWS

Paltrow Pleads: 'Don't Be Mean To Water Or You'll Hurt Its Feelings'

Gwyneth Paltrow is justly famed as one of the least intelligent A-listers in movies – a circumstance which might be explained by the fact that both of her parents were high rollers in the industry and she didn't exactly become a superstar on merit – and her frequent and increasingly dopey pronouncements are usually good for a giggle in the industry's papers.

Given that Paltrow recently compared negative Internet

comments to war trauma and PTSD, she may have actually outdone herself with her latest comments. The insipid actress, currently cast as Tony Stark's girlfriend "Pepper" Potts in the Iron Man series, announced in one of her recent online newsletters in which, like other privileged dummies before her, she dispenses unsolicited advice to bog-ordinary people on topics she doesn't know about and presses her weird beliefs that water has feelings and that if mean things are said about it, water's feelings will be hurt.

"Negativity changes the structure of water... the molecules behave differently depending on the words or music being expressed around it."

Gwyneth, whose serious fan base is visibly shrinking, goes on to cite studies performed by Japanese scientist Masuru Emoto (a nutjob "scientist" whose experiments have been discredited by thousands of real ones) as evidence of her claim.

Gwyneth, who is separated from fabulously wealthy pop star Chris Martin of the band Coldplay, has gone on record stating that "The British are much more intelligent and civilised than the Americans." Which from her sounds like a back-handed compliment to both.

PECULIARNIEWS

NRA Blasts People Who Carry Rifles To The Shops

A gun rights advocacy group in Texas has been drawing fire, so to speak, from a highly unlikely source; to wit, the National Rifle Association (NRA).

Open Carry Texas, an organisation "dedicated to the safe and legal carry of firearms openly in the State of Texas", has been criticised for its members' policy of openly toting long guns in public, taking their rifles and assault weapons into shops and restaurants.

Under Texas laws, many of which appear to have been imported from an alternate reality, gun owners can carry long weapons in public, but the carrying of handguns is prohibited. Open Carry's director of marketing Pliny Gale says its goal is to "educate the public, law enforcement and state legislators on what open carry looks like", with the aim of passing

enforcement and state legislators on what open carry looks like", with the aim of passing state laws on the open carry of handguns.

Pictures posted on the group's website show members with rifles slung over their shoulders as they go about their daily business, including shopping and sitting down for a spot of dinner.

Mr Gale said: "We're trying to show that there are tons of people who own guns and the vast majority are law-abiding citizens."

But the NRA blasted the group's methods as "weird" and "scary", which is pretty rich coming from them, and the "actions of an attention-hungry few".

The powerful gun lobby group said: "It's certainly not a practical way to go normally about your business while being prepared to defend yourself.

"Using guns merely to draw attention to yourself in public defies common sense. And that's certainly not the NRA way." No siree!

COMINGSOON

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

Coming up, whether or not anyone is interested – is yet another slew of films, most of which highlight Hollywood's increasingly staggering and blatant inspirational bankruptcy and lack of quality control. Based on the Bible's



Book of Revelations and published in 32 different languages, the series of novels co-authored by Jerry B Jenkins and Tim LaHaye, on the first of which this film draws, has sold more than 65 million copies, making LEFT BEHIND one of the best-selling fiction series of all time... so there will be plenty of people wanting to see this movie version – even if it is helmed by Nicholas Cage. Nicholas Cage plays Nicholas Cage (as always) speaking the lines of an airline pilot

named Rayford Steele. Steele is piloting a commercial jet just hours after the Rapture when millions of people around the globe mysteriously vanish (Jesus has taken them up to Heaven). Thirty thousand feet over the Atlantic, Rayford is faced with a damaged plane, terrified passengers, and a desperate desire to get back to his family, which Cage will probably handle by adopting his "earnest expression" and saying something like "I have this really desperate desire to get back to my family."

Jeremy Renner, Rosemarie DeWitt, Andy Garcia and Ray Liotta headline in KILL THE MESSENGER – a dramatic thriller based on the chilling true story of Pulitzer Prizewinning journalist Gary Webb who stumbles onto a story which leads to the shady origins



of the men who started the crack epidemic on the nation's streets... and further alleges that the CIA was aware of major dealers who were smuggling cocaine into the US and using the profits to arm rebels fighting in Nicaragua. Blithely ignoring threats

from drug kingpins and CIA operatives to mind his own business, Webb keeps digging... an investigation which draws the kind of attention that threatens not just his career, but his family and his life!

THE INTERVIEW reunites *Pineapple Express* stars James Franco and Seth Rogen in a comedy which sees Franco as king of the celebrity interview. The brain behind Franco's success is his best friend, Seth Rogen. However, when Seth scores the chance of a lifetime by securing an interview for Franco with Kim Jong-Un, the ruthless dictator of nasty nuclear North Korea, the CIA asks them to assassinate Kim while they're at it. They accept the mission, becoming two of the least qualified men ever to interview – or assassinate one of the most dangerous (not to mention badly tonsured) men on Earth.



PRODUCTNEWS The Computerised Anti-Snoring Pillow



A German scientist with the unlikely Teutonic name of Daryoush Bazargani has invented a computerised pillow which automatically adjusts the position of the sleeper's head to minimise snoring.

"The pillow is attached to a computer, which is the size of a book, rests on a bedside table, and analyses snoring noises", says Herr Bazargani, who is far too young to have been involved in World War II, and is almost certainly nothing like Dr Strangelove. "The computer then reduces or enlarges air compartments within the pillow to facilitate nasal airflow... which of course will minimise snoring as the user shifts during sleep."

He has apparently talked to several US firms about manufacturing the pillow, though probably not in the Peter Sellers style voice...

Hands-Free Self-lifting Toilet Seat: Never Get Scolded About It By The Missus Again!

A company called, rather cleverly, "Bottoms Up LLC" claims to have ushered in the dawning of a new age in the battle of the sexes with its hands-free toilet seat.

This wondrous contraption is essentially a toilet set with a motor which lifts the lid up and down without your ever having to touch it... though this could be a Bad Thing if it were to lower itself while you were standing in front of it pissing like a soused king.

There are, however, other such self-lifting seats on the

market, including one which is craftily designed to use the shifting weight of one's arse to lift and lower the seat. Erm, although if your jacksie's already planted on the seat, presumably you'd want it to stay down, wouldn't you? Let's hope they're not expending too many brain cells on this.



BOOKNEWS CHRISTOPHER GALT and BIBLICAL



Christopher Galt is a new name in fiction, but this is not his first novel. Galt is the secret (oops what a giveaway) pseudonym for acclaimed Scottish author Craig Russell, whose mystery novels (translated into 23 languages) have garnered many prestigious awards, including the CWA Dagger

in the Library. In 2007 he was nominated for the CWA Duncan Lawrie Golden Dagger as well as the SNCF Prix Polar in France, and earlier this year he was nominated for the CWA Ellis Peters Historical Dagger. That's a lot of Daggers.

With *Biblical* and his alter-ego Mr Galt, Russell – author of the Jan Fabel and Lennox series of thrillers, set in Hamburg and in 1950s Glasgow respectively – demonstrates his ability to write brilliantly in an entirely different genre, synthesising hard science fiction, neuro-science, psychiatry, philosophy. and history to produce an apocalyptic thriller which rockets round the planet before exploding in a fashion that you'll never see coming.

The novel's main protagonist, Boston psychiatrist John MacBeth, finds himself part of a taskforce investigating a pandemic of increasingly involving visions of the past, mass suicides, and the slogan he sees appearing everywhere: "We are becoming". All around the globe, people are seeing ghosts, events from the past which play out in the present.

To start with, these visions are unremarkable: things misplaced in time and caught out of the corner of the eye; glimpses of long-dead family or friends. But, as time goes on, the visions become more sustained, more vivid, more widespread, echoing the past, then becoming more than visions and far more terrifying.

As the visions become truly apocalyptic, some turn to religion, others to science. Natural laws are bent until many no longer seem to apply. And behind it all lurks the presence of a semi-mythical, mystical author, John Astor, whom no-one has ever seen.

Reviewers have made comparisons with Michael Crichton and Margaret Atwood, but neither quite match Christopher Galt's accomplished and utterly absorbing writing style, nor the sheer wealth of ideas which informs this book, which, though entirely original, is more reminiscent conceptually of Philip K Dick at his creative best. Which really is saying something.

It's one book you'll never forget.

And look out for Galt's next novel, TESTAMENT, due for release this October.



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ell I'll go to the foot of our stairs! Wouldn't you, if that's where the stunning Nicole Aniston was, peeling off and playing with her neatly trimmed spadger? Nicole's been wowing fans on both

sides of the Atlantic with her gorgeous face, curvy bod and the occasional film appearance that only seems to have increased her allure, so we thought it was only fair we gave her a call and asked if she fancied being in Mayfair. And as you can see for yourselves, she did! "Of course I'd want to appear in

Mayfair!" she tells us, "It's one of the UK's legendary titles. I just hope that all your readers think I'm the right sort of girl to appear in it..." Oh, we don't think you need to worry

about that, love!



















21st CENTURY TOYS

Time to touch your toes and pray to your gods, JAMES SAINT is here, his gonads groaning with hot gadget fact, and he's got his eye on your info-upload hole...

ey, how's your year going so far? Yeah? Yeah? Wow. No, seriously, shut it – it was an empty pleasantry meant as a way for me to introduce talking about myself. I learned that trick off women. To which end, blimey, what a month I've had since I last violated your mind with talk of things future! The techosphere – as nobody that doesn't want a kick in the nuts calls it – has heated up to the point that it's hotter than a Helen Flanagan heatwave on the sun (and if you don't know who she is, Google her and thank me later) and I've been to that many gadget expos and launches that I've not been sober since June, and my wife had me declared legally dead and now lives with a man called Wolfgang in Bavaria, but it's been worth it all. How? Well, it has allowed me to tinker with all the top toys you see splayed across the pages in front of you, not unlike the legs of the ladies seen on previous pages.

From top new tech for keeping sound to yourself or sharing it with willing or unwilling others to syncing stuff on the go, and spreading your shit songs around to shaving your pubic thatch on public transport, it's all here!

So head on in and report back to me next month when not only will I have more spunk-trinkets, I'll also have been arrested by the authorities for what I'll describe as a "daringly fatal escapade within rural Germany"...

Nine Audio VEGA £60

Whilst I personally never tire of rolling my eyes, pointing and spitting at spunktrumpets who think it's perfectly acceptable to wear Craig David-aping headphones as they walk down the street or sit on the train like some



early abandoned Cyberman self-fister, I do realise there is a need for them. More comfortable on long plane journeys and pretty much essential if you want to enjoy music at home properly, free from your nagging wife and crying kids, cans can improve audio quality thanks to acoustically optimised earcups, noise-isolating earpads and 40mm drive units; if the headphones in question actually have such aural pleasers packed in, of course... which these do!

Slick-looking and sick-in-a-good-way sounding, Nine Audio's VEGA deliver enhanced bass response alongside a mids and highs more beautifully balanced than a supermodel funambulist. What's more, they weigh in at just £60, which is a pittance for such performance.

Throw in inline universal controls for your smartphone and this is one set of cans that'll leave you on Cloud Nine... Nine, you see? Oh fuck off then!

> www.nineaudio.co.uk

Pretty much essential if you want to enjoy music at home properly...



Divoom Voombox Travel £50



Like being alfresco with all your young, handsome mates and beautiful female friends, dancing and laughing in the summer sun while soundtracked as though you were all party to some uplifting Coca-Cola advert? Well, good for you – you and your type sicken me; me and the rest of the bloated, tired, friendless population of the planet, so just cock off with your Coke because we don't do 'sun' around here.

And as you go why not take the Voombox Travel with you? A nifty little Bluetooth speaker wotnot that offers a more than reasonable 4W of power a rechargeable battery that's good for six-hours of playback, Bluetooth 4.0 with A2DP for enhanced audio via a better connection, and it's splash-resistant too, which will come in handy if you and your entourage of beautiful people dance too close to me and my circle of sociopaths and one of us vomits over you. You have been warned.

> www.divoom.com

Bluelounge Kii £20

They say that ultimate power corrupts absolutely, but I don't know who 'they' are and I fail to see how it's applicable to this: the Kii charger from Bluelounge, so 'they' can do one.

A cool and convenient way to ensure your arsenal of power-gobbling gadgets stay juiced up when there's no access to mains, from its place on your keyring, you simple remove the double-ended (steady) dongle thing, stick the USB end into the likes of a laptop or something with an equally capacious battery and ram the other end into your smartphone - boom! - not only will your phone pull power, the Kii also allows the two devices to seamlessly sync. Your work here is done.

Available with all manner of connector ends to fit any Android or Apple smartphone or tablet, finally there's a viable solution to stop hapless digital swans getting tangled up in discarded charging cables.

> www.bluelounge.com



Archos ArcBook US \$170 (around £100)

Archos are always trying to dish out stuff on the cheap. By which I don't mean the gear is anything less than top notch, but that it costs a lot less than comparative overpriced kit. Take this for example, a 10.1-inch netbook with both touchscreen and keyboard/trackpad, Android 4.2 Jelly Bean operating system, pre-installed Office Suite Pro 6 for Word, Excel, PowerPoint and PDFs, plus full access to all of Google Play, letting you define your internet browser, email system and calendar and contact options. Sounds good, doesn't it?

What's more it comes with 8GB of internal memory (expandable via SD card to 64GB, or using the USB 2.0 port) and 15GB of free Google Drive cloud storage, so you never have to worry running out of space.

Driven by a Dual Core ARM Cortex A9 processor clocking 1.2GHz, the ArcBook is sprightly too, and with a battery good for a staggering nine-hours, never has something so cool and useful cost so little.

> www.archos.com



Blue Microphones Spark Digital £200







If there's something there's not enough of online, it's people who love the sound of their own voice so much that they seek to share said love with the rest of ear-owning society via a never-ending series of podcasts. That and god-awful wannabe singer-songwriters keen to bare their whiney souls through the gift of their bed-wetting music. So, to help create more of these much endangered ego-types, Blue has introduced the Spark Digital - the "first true studio microphone for iPad, iPhone and Mac/PC", which is just great.

Capable of recording directly onto the aforementioned apparatus at a professional level, the Spark Digital features a studio-grade condenser capsule and dual sonic modes -Focus On and Focus Off - which work to better capture either more powerful or focused feels.

Complete with a shock-proof desk stand, finally anyone can get their inane, idiotic opinions/mindless musical musings heard by a faceless online audience in high-end audio.

> www.bluemic.com

USB iShaver £15

The ultimate gadget for the hirsute chap or the hairy lady in his life (or yours, come to think of it), this cunning little idea may look like a bit like an iPhone, but that's only to help add to the sense of absolute surprise, closely followed by abject disgust, people around you on the Tube will feel when you suddenly start - not crushing candy or flinging angry birds but shaving you face with it!

Yup, this is an ultra-portable electric shaver thing that charges using USB. The iShave features ultra-thin net foil with floating blades and even comes with a cleaning brush included, which really will utterly appal everyone around you as you start flicking your ex-stubble round the train carriage/office mid-shave, but at least your chin will be smooth as an otter when those rightly outraged knuckles start to land on your nicely groomed noggin!

> www.prezzybox.com





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Continued from page 05

that I was going to get to fuck her arse (although looking back it seemed pretty obvious that once I had a couple of fingers up there my dick was sure to follow). Anyway, once I'd got her nice and relaxed I thought I'd try my luck and pulled my fingers from her slippery holes and positioned my helmet right up against her ring, rubbing my cock up against her with my hand, pointing it down so I could get her cunt juice on its tip and then rubbing it round and round her anus.

Eventually, after me teasing her like this for a while, she pushed back against me and my dick eased into her bum. I grabbed hold of her hips as she reached down to frig her clit and we thrashed against each other with abandon until. moments after I had entered her, Tania came, begging me to come right inside her arse

And so I did, flooding her anus with jizz, my hips jerking frantically for what felt like minutes before I was finally done. Pure heaven!

I never screwed her again - and never fucked her pussy at all! - but I had one hell of a good bunk up with Tania, and those pictures of Lacey brought those happy memories flooding back! Toby, Barking.

BED BATH BONANZA

I just wanted to write in to share my ultimate fantasy with you. In it I'm hospitalized after a bad accident [Phwoarrr! - Ed.] has injured both my arms. As a consequence I have been unable to wank, or even touch my cock, for far too long! Naturally I feel I'm in danger of exploding with sexual frustration, until one morning a lovely young nurse called Chloe comes into my room to give me a bed bath. Initially she is very nervous as she starts washing me, and is obviously getting anxious as she

CHLOE STANDS UP, HITCHES UP HER **UNIFORM AND** EASES OFF HER COTTON PANTIES...

moves towards my genitals. Finally her hands are trembling as she pulls down my pyjama bottoms to reveal my massive meaty member.

She tries to remain professional as she gently handles it, massaging in the warm soapy suds with a cloth. Finally, though, she cannot stifle a gasp as she draws back my foreskin and gives me the most unimaginably pleasurable sensations as she starts to rub around my tender, purple

bell-end.

Then, of course, the inevitable happens and my cock starts to swell in her hands. Just as I think she is about to run from the room in embarrassment. though, her expression changes from one of nervousness to one of pure lust and. dropping to her knees, she can no longer resist taking the whole of my todger right to the back of her throat. I have to suppress my moans as for several minutes I'm mesmerized by her amazing fellatio technique, but then, just as I think things can't possibly get any better, Chloe stands up, hitches up her nurse's uniform and eases off her white cotton panties, revealing her perfectly smooth and hairless pussy.

Then comes another beautiful surprise; climbing onto my bed, she open her thighs and parks her hot, soaking wet labial flower right over my mouth! I lick and suck away for all I am worth while she moans and grinds her hips down harder onto my eager face.

Finally, of course, she eases herself off my face and moves down my body before slowly impaling herself on my throbbing cock. It's divine to feel my meaty tool completely enveloped within her warm, tight pussy, and before long she's riding me like a bucking bronco. Just as I think I

can't hold out any more she slides off me and, kneeling in front of my twitching knob, begs me to come all over her face. She looks so sweet and innocent as my cock explodes, showering hot, creamy jizz all over her tongue, mouth and chest.

Finally the horny girl wipes it all up with her fingers and greedily feeds it into her wanton mouth before straightening up her



HOLLY GOOD SHOW

Dear Mayfair, I was delighted when the wonderful Holly Gibbons first appeared in your magazine last year, so of course I was chuffed to see you'd got her back for 49.06 – but I was even more thrilled when I finally got my hands on the issue in question to see that she was definitely showing off a bit more of that perfectly formed pussy of hers! I've been avidly studying the set of pictures of her for nearly a week or so now (on and off, admittedly!) and the pictures of her on pages 48 and 39 are two of the finest pictures I've ever see appear in your esteemed organ. More Holly soon, please, and more of that delicious little pussy of hers! Martin, Staines.

> uniform. Then, businesslike as before, she cleans me up as well and, remembering her other nursing duties, leaves as if nothing had happened! James, London.

> Hmm, well good luck with that, James. All you need to do is judge the accident right in the first place and you're on your way! - The Ed.



Nina's looking rather lovely these days, isn't she? The reason, we found out, is that she's been a bit of a gym bunny of late, keeping herself in shape with all sorts of sweat-inducing exercises down at the local health centre. But is that really necessary, we wonder...?

"Hmm, probably not – I don't have to worry about my weight or anything. It's just that there's this really hot personal trainer who works there, and when I'm not at the gym, all I can do is fantasize about going!"

So have you been getting up to anything naughty with this instructor?

"No! He's got a girlfriend so I'm in a bit of a fix. I don't know whether to try and lure him away from her, or just play it cool."

Sadly we're not in any position to advise – but if you want someone to take your mind of him for a bit...



Diamond in the dist.

















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GENTRIEMIEN, 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 very dangerous looking group of hairy bikers are riding along when they see a girl about to jump to her death off a bridge, so they slow down and pull in to the kerb alongside.

Their leader, a big burly man with a beard down to his waist, a pot belly and a hunting knife in his belt, clambers slowly off of his bike and asks her: "Hey there! What the hell are you doin'?"

"I'm going to commit suicide," says the jumper.

While the head biker is as mean as they come, he isn't entirely insensitive where the fair sex is concerned – neither does he want to miss an opportunity, so he asks: "Well, Missie, before you jump, why don't you give me a big goodbye kiss?"

She does, and it is a long, deep, lingering kiss with plenty of tongue. After she's finished, the hairy bike gang leader reels back and growls: "Whoa! Well, wow! That was the best kiss I ever done had! Well shit-fire, young lady! That's a real talent you're wasting, jumpin' to your doom. You could be famous for kissin' like that! I don't suppose you're that good at giving blowjobs as well, are ya?"

Within minutes the jumper has settled that matter as well.

"Wow!" grins the truly satisfied biker. Tell me, why the hell are you committing suicide, anyways?"

"My parents don't like me dressing up as a girl..."

A young woman has been taking golf lessons and has just started playing a round of golf with two friends when she suffers a bee sting. The pain is so intense that she decides to let her friends carry on and return to the clubhouse for medical assistance.

The club's golf pro sees her heading back and says, "That was quick! What's wrong?"

"I was stung by a bee!" she says.

"Where?" he asks.

"Between the first and second hole." she sputters, pushing past, almost completely doubled up. The club golf pro nods sagely and calls after her: "Your stance is far too wide."

A woman places an ad in the local newspaper. It reads: "Looking for a man with three qualifications: 1) won't beat me up, 2)

won't run away from me, and 3) is great in bed."

Two days later her doorbell rings. "Hi," says her visitor. "I'm Tim. I have no arms so I won't beat you, and no legs so I won't run away."

М

"What makes you think you're great in bed?" the woman retorts.

Tim replies: "I rang the doorbell, didn't I?"

An investigative journalist travels to Afghanistan to study the culture and is shocked to discover women obliged to walk ten paces behind their men.

She asks her guide why this is so and he explains, "Because they are considered of lesser status."

Outraged, the journalist returns home and writes a damning article about the treatment of women there.

A year later she goes back to Afghanistan covering violence in the region and is astonished to see all the women walking ten paces ahead of their men. She turns to her guide and asks: "How is this possible. What has changed?"

The guide answers: "Land mines."

A mother is in the kitchen making dinner for her family when her daughter walks in.

"Mummy, where do babies come from?" Oh no... The mother thinks for a few

seconds and says, "Well pet, Mommy and Daddy fall in love and get married. Then one night they go into their bedroom, they kiss and they hug and have sex."

The daughter looks puzzled so the mother continues.

"That means the daddy puts his penis in the mommy's vagina. That's how you get a baby, sweetheart."

The child seems to comprehend. "I see," she says haltingly. "But the other night when I had that nightmare and came into your room you had daddy's penis in your mouth. What do you get when you do that?"

"Jewellery, my love. Jewellery."

Three guys go to a ski lodge, and there aren't enough rooms, so they have to share

a bed. In the middle of the night, the guy on the right wakes up and says: "Bloody heck! I had this really wild, vivid dream of getting a hand job!"

The guy on the left wakes up, and, amazingly, he's had the same dream.

Then the guy in the middle wakes up and says: "No wet dreams for me: I dreamed I was skiing!"

A young Mexican woman springs into the

kitchen of her parental home, happily telling her mother how she earned \$20 by climbing a tree for some male American tourists.

Her mother cries: "Oh fool of a girl – these gringos... they just wanted to see your panties!"

The daughter replies: "I knew this, Mamma! But I was smart: I took them off first."

Mickey Mouse is in the middle of a nasty divorce from Minnie Mouse.



" The giant's coming ! The giant's coming !"

Mickey appeals to the judge about the case.

"I'm sorry Mickey, but I can't divorce you and give you the bulk of your fortune as you ask merely on the grounds that Minnie is hopelessly insane," rules the judge.

Mickey replies, "I didn't say she was hopelessly insane! I said she's fucking Goofy!"

An exasperated man boards a plane with six kids in tow. After they get settled in their seats, an elderly woman sitting across the aisle leans over to him and, smiling, asks indulgently: "Are all of these children yours?"

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"No," he responds with a sigh. "I work for a condom company. These are customer complaints."



MINI IHA-IHA!

OK, so the MINI Superleggera Vision is only a concept car for the time being, but what a fun-looking concept it is! Let's hope they get on the roads soon...

ot all MINIs have to look like MINIs. Since its reinvention by BMW in the early noughties, the British brand has filled all sorts of niches in the new car market. It's just launched an updated version of its big-selling three-door hatchback, which will soon be joined by an all-new five-door, while the soon-to-be-refreshed Convertible, Clubman 'estate' and Countryman SUV have added to the success story – all with similar styling themes. But now, MINI is flexing its design muscle beyond the familiar, having revealed a stunning new two-seater roadster.

The wraps came off the MINI Superleggera Vision at the Concorso d'Eleganza Villa d'Este at Lake Como, Italy, in May, and it instantly evoked memories of classic British

> IT'S CLEAR THAT MINI HAS BEEN UNABLE TO RESIST TONGUE-IN-CHEEK DESIGN FEATURES...

sports cars from the sixties. MINI joined forces with legendary Italian coachbuilder Touring Superleggera to produce the car, hence the name, and claims it "interprets a British roadster under the influence of Italian style and handcraftsmanship".

Yet while it's a one-off concept, the Superleggera Vision hints at a new direction

for the brand. Although the latest hatch's look will be carried over to the rest of the existing family, rumours abound that the slow-selling MINI Roadster and Coupé are facing the axe. They could be replaced by a its decades of coachbuilding expertise to handcraft a beautiful shape from large sections of aluminium, which leaves barely any panel gaps. The result is an clean, elegant and luxurious look that the company claims simply couldn't be achieved with machines, and it's only enhanced by the gorgeous Como Blue paintwork. The highlight, according to the Italian designers, is the 'Touring' line that runs down the waist of the car in profile. But they're equally proud of the extravagant fin at the rear; this has attracted almost as much interest as the wacky LED tail-lights, with their Union Jack design.



production version of this car, which would allow MINI to take the fight to the imminent new Mazda MX-5.

The long wheelbase, stretched bonnet and short overhangs are classic sports car features, and adding to the promise of driving fun are the curving wheelarches, with the wheels placed wide in the body, and the fact that the passenger cell is set quite a way back.

This is more than just a reshaped MINI, however. Touring Superleggera has used

It's clear that MINI has been unable to resist signature, tongue-in-cheek design features like this – which are sure to have had the Italians choking on their espressos. Still, MINI was paying, and at least the bonnet stripes haven't simply been peeled off a Cooper S and stuck on to the Superleggera Vision; they're three-dimensionally embossed, and run into aluminium accents to look like a carefully conceived part of the overall design.

Meanwhile, the circular headlights, with their ring of LEDs, are instantly recognisable from the latest hatchback, as is the hexagonal grille. And these touches integrate neatly with the rest of the design, combining with the flat carbon fibre front splitter, plus the carbon fibre-reinforced plastic sills and rear diffuser, to round out the Superleggera Vision's sporting intent.

The mix of Italian cool and British quirkiness continues inside, and it works quite well. The interior has been designed to "celebrate the tradition and the essence of classic coachwork construction", with the most striking feature the large sheet of aluminium on the dashboard. It's been left just as the car's body would look without a paint finish. Designers have even resisted the temptation to spray on some of the Como paint – this is pure, untreated aluminium, to show the level of skill involved in handcrafting such large pieces of metal.

Peeking out of the centre is a minimalist display, housing an intuitive touchscreen display and an analogue clock. There are



also separate controls for the front-mounted camera, which lets you take shots of your favourite drives. The simple three-spoke steering wheel is trimmed in black leather, as are the sporty bucket seats, which should grip driver and passenger tight.

You'll want to be sitting comfortably, as the production version of the Superleggera Vision is sure to deliver neck-snapping performance and thrilling handling. MINI isn't giving too much away for now, but the show car featured an all-electric drivetrain – probably closely related to the set-up already trialled in the MINI E. However, if the company presses ahead and uses this car to replace the Roadster and Coupé in the range, the UKL1 front-wheel-drive platform under the skin is equally well set up for conventional petrol and diesel power – the new MINI hatch uses three and four-cylinder turbo engines – plus a hybrid.

And no matter what's under the bonnet, this new sports car will give the likes of the MX-5 a fright. The reborn MINI might have the designer of the original, Sir Alec Issigonis, spinning in his grave, but it's an unbridled success and great news for UK jobs; the Superleggera Vision looks certain to have the same effect, and finally restore Britain to the top of the roadster market.



"THE PRODUCTION VERSION OF THE SUPERLEGGERA VISION IS SURE TO DELIVER NECK-SNAPPING PERFORMANCE AND THRILLING HANDLING."



MF

ne of the (admittedly many) highlights of volume 48 was the debut in the pages of *Mayfair* of stunning UK hottie Naomi Raine, and after a good old bit of badgering we've finally managed to lure her back to the fold for a rather overdue appearance in volume 49! And eagle-eyed readers might just noticed that she seems to have blossomed in one particular area...

"Ha, yes, the boobs you mean?" she grins, cupping them and giving them a little jiggle for our benefit. "I always thought they were a bit too small, so I've had an upgrade. I hope you like them!"

Well, they look great, but perhaps if we had a little feel we could say for sure...?



Age: 24 Vital Stats: 32D-25-36 5'7" Photographer: BB Media

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ell ever since we announced that Welsh lovely Emma green was going to be making regular appearances in *Mayfair*, we've been inundated with letters, emails and even tweets about what a hottie she is and how much you lot enjoy looking at naughty pictures of her. In fact we started to get a bit suspicious and wonder if it wasn't Emma herself, setting up loads of different accounts and doing it herself...

"No! What a terrible thing to suggest!" she laughed when we put this accusation to her during this shoot. "I admit, I like to encourage my fans on twitter, but none of them are actually from me!"

Oh, alright, we believe you. And besides, if the truth be told we rather like seeing naughty pictures of you as well! So without any further ado, let's get on with enjoying looking at these rather splendid naughty pictures of Emma, which we shot the other day in a rather splendid pad...

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MF







t takes a bold model to adopt the name Aria, made famous by the one and only Aria Giovanni, but Aria Amor here's gone for it and we reckon she's a worthy bearer of the name!

"That's very kind of you to say so!" she gushes. "Of course I'm a huge fan of Aria Giovanni, which is why I chose the name, but I don't think anybody would be in danger of confusing us. Apart from anything else, I've got rather small boobs, whereas the other Aria..."

Yes, we're all too aware of what the other Aria's boobs are like! Hmm, so now the world's got to get used to the idea of a pertly-boobed Aria, eh? Well we don't know for sure, but we reckon there's a good chance they'll manage – here at *Mayfair* we've already fallen hook, line and sinker for your charms! So here's to a double Aria world from now on!

















QUIEST...

Some things are best kept under your hat, although luckily these ladies are more than happy to share their misdemeanours with you lot!

B eth moved into my shared student accommodation after getting chucked out of her last digs – well, at least she was honest about it! She said her ex-flatmates got fed up of her bringing different blokes home all the time. Well, being a bit of a selfconfessed slapper myself, it didn't bother me one bit; screw those prudes, I told her, let's have some fun! At the time, I meant with the blokes we picked up but, as it happens, we've also been having a bit of fun together since

Name:	CHLOE	
Age:	19	
From:	NOTTINGHAM	

the first night she moved in. Once she'd dumped that it was just the two of us. We had a good laugh, got bought loads of drinks (by flirting outrageously, which turned into a series of dares!) and got pretty hammered, but when I saw her snogging the face off some random bloke, I realised that I was actually knackered, and needed my bed. So, after saying goodnight, I left her to it. When I got up in the night for a glass of water, I heard, what could only be described

all her stuff in her room, we both headed

down the local pub to officially welcome her

to the building. My other flatmates had gone

home for the weekend, but it didn't matter

as fucking noises, coming from the living room. The door was open a crack and I couldn't resist sneaking a peek. I thought I'd see Beth going at it with her conquest, but instead she was alone on the sofa, naked except for the slutty high heels she'd worn out that evening,



see Beth going at it with her conquest, but instead she was alone on the sofa, naked except for the slutty high heels she'd worn out that evening, poking her own pussy with a little sex toy. She was watching one of my porn DVDs with the mute button on, but she was making more than enough noise to compensate! I'm not sure what prompted me to enter the room – it was simply one of those spontaneous decisions you make in life – but I'm so glad I did!

When I walked in, Beth visibly jumped, but didn't stop teasing her twat with the toy - not even when I sat on the floor near her. It turned out that the bloke had been a twat-teaser, too - he'd got as far as sticking his hands in her knickers when they'd gone out for a ciggie, but when she asked him home with her he'd bottled it, saying he had a girlfriend. She didn't seem at all annoyed - you win some, you lose some - but she was obviously frigging herself out of sexual frustration.

I'd never seen a toy like she was using before – she said she'd bought it on a trip to the States and pulled it out for me to take a closer look. It was still wet with her fuck-juices – they were virtually steaming off it! – and I felt like I could get drunk on the smell of her snatch.

"Mind if I try it?" I asked. She nodded and I sucked it clean



before slipping it in my own pussyhole, which was already moistening nicely from watching her. I controlled it for a couple of thrusts then she took over, and kissed me on the mouth. I felt heady, and seriously turned-on!

"My old flatmates got fed up of me bringing blokes back," she murmured, "but I think finding out I'm bi completely freaked them out!" I just kissed her even harder, exploring her mouth with my tongue, enjoying the softness of her full lips. I was almost disappointed when she broke free from my kiss, but only very momentarily, as she sucked on my tits a little, before licking her way further down my body, planting butterfly kisses until she reached my neatly trimmed bush. Sucking on my clit, she found my hole with

> I KISSED HER EVEN HARDER, EXPLORING HER MOUTH WITH MY TONGUE...

her little dildo and began to thrust it in and out, causing me to thrash around like crazy underneath her – but she never missed a beat. I thought she'd make me come in that position, but Beth stopped fucking me as suddenly as she'd started, telling me to turn over so she could give my pussy a reaming from behind. Her tongue didn't stop its work,



licking up and down my crack, her long blonde hair swishing against my arse-cheeks and lower back.

Suddenly, she flipped a switch on the toy and the most powerful vibration I've ever felt juddered through me. When she pressed it to my clit, I barely felt her slide two fingers into my fanny to wet them, and then slip them inside my arsehole. A second after that, I was coming so hard, I had to put my own hand over my mouth so as not to scream the place down!

I'm not sure where it materialised from, but Beth then handed me a small, pink vibrator, which looked particularly expensive. I spread her knees as wide as they'd go, and then pushed the toy into her juicy snatch. She was already so turned on but as I gave her clitoris a rub it weekly shop. While putting items into my trolley, I realised that the only thing I actually needed wasn't for sale. However, just because sex wasn't for sale didn't mean it wasn't on offer. When I spotted a guy giving me the eye, I gave him much more than he could have hoped for. "Can I give you a blow-job?" I asked.

"Here?" he asked, quickly looking round. The way he instantly accepted my offer had me wet within seconds. Even if nothing actually happened between us, the fact that I had made the offer to suck a random cock was going to make my next orgasm an explosive one.

"Not here exactly but somewhere," I said, looking round for a suitable spot. "We could nip into the toilets?" my handsome stranger suggested, obviously

keen to take advantage of my offer.

"We could," I agreed. The toilets seemed like a safe option. "I'm Steve by the way." I didn't tell Steve my name, emphasising that this was going to be a one-off arrangement. We parked our trolleys against a pillar and then headed in different directions so as not to draw attention to ourselves.

"Ladies or Gents?" I asked, as we rendezvoused outside the toilet doors.

"I might get arrested if I'm found in the Ladies," Steve said.

"Gents it is," I said, pushing open the door, ready to offer a quick apology if there was someone using the facilities. I had a flash back from when I'd been fucked in another Gents, my pussy being pumped from behind as I hooked a knee up onto the counter by the wash

"TWO OF MY FINGERS WERE ALREADY BURIED DEEP INSIDE MY SLIPPERY HOLE BEFORE STEVE MANAGED TO DRAG HIS COCK OUT."

swelled up under my touch, making her groan just that bit louder. And the slightest touch of my tongue to her swollen nub made her go crazy! As she began to climax, she humped against my face and the vibrator, a completely new experience for me, but one I was instantly hooked on! As her sex-juices flowed into my mouth and down my chin and I lapped them all up, savouring the musky taste, I wondered how it was that I'd never been with a girl before, but knew I loved every second of it and this wouldn't be the last time I sucked Beth's tasty twat!

Beth and I are both very much bi – we've each had more than our fair share of cock since that night, but every so often we will share each other's bed. Not that our flatmates know, of course – our lezzie fun is something we keep to ourselves. We don't want them thinking we're going to jump on them, but equally, we don't want them joining in, either! basins. I squeezed my breasts as I remembered watching them bounce with every thrust in the mirror. It had felt so good. "Steve," I asked softly. "If I asked you to fuck me, would you?" I was already pulling up my skirt and my knickers were on display by the time he answered.

"Sweet Jesus!" he gasped, as I jumped up onto the counter and opened my legs for him. My knickers were so skimpy that Steve could clearly see my pussy even before I pulled them to one side.

"So, are you going to fuck me?" Two of my fingers were already buried deep inside my slippery hole before Steve managed to drag his cock out. I was so turned by the sight of a hard cock that I very

I 'm really not a bad girl but 18 months into my first proper lesbian relationship I found myself obsessing about cock. The only time I had felt anything like the hunger I had for a portion of man meat was when I went off to university and experimented with being a vegetarian. I managed six months but ended my meat-free run in a spectacular Friday-night feast of burgers, kebabs and steak. Catherine did her best with a variety of sex toys but what I wanted was the real thing. I wanted a torrent

of real spunk to fill my mouth when I gave a decent blowjob and I craved the physical heat that only a real cock could give my pussy.



Something broke inside me as I was doing the







"I RUBBED MY SLIPPERY CLITORIS IN SEARCH OF THE MOST POWERFUL ORGASM I COULD FIND."

nearly came just from looking at it. My body remembered what it felt like to have a cock inside it and a phantom of that pleasure made my pussy flex as Steve stepped forward.

"Are you sure you want me to..." Steve asked, pausing. He was close enough that I could reach his cock, so I simply grabbed hold of it and pulled it into me.

"Argh!" I screeched, as hot flesh stretched my pussy open for the first time in nearly two years and a wave of pure sexual pleasure washed through me.

"You're incredible," Steve groaned. "Very beautiful and sexy."

"Just shut up and fuck me," I demanded. "Make me orgasm before someone else comes in." That got Steve's attention. Where he had been going slowly and cautiously, everything became urgent and quick. It was hard to tell whether his motivation was to make me orgasm or get the sex over with as quickly as possible. His cock thrust right up into my pussy and he actually lifted my bum off the counter. "Oh God, yes!" I cried, clinging to him. I was cheating on my girlfriend but although I felt guilty and disgusting, those emotions only seemed to provide further reward for what I was doing. Steve stopped, and then groaned. "Oh no," I sighed, as he started spunking inside me. After 18 months of waiting, Steve hadn't managed to last much more than 18 seconds. Just when I had finally got what I was so desperate for, Steve had taken it away from me.

"That was amazing," Steve told me. He was right if only in terms of how disappointing it had been.

"I'll just stay and clean up," I said, as Steve zipped up and made a show of waiting for me. If he'd managed to wait for another 30 seconds when he'd been fucking me, I would have been much, much happier. I'd cheated and had all the guilt that went with that, yet I hadn't got what I needed. "It'd be better if we didn't leave together," I said dismissively.

"Oh yes, right," Steve said, giving me a knowing wink. I was still cleaning myself with a wad of toilet paper when the outer door opened.

"Still in here?" the guy said.

"Looks like it," I said, bitterly.

"Want to see a proper cock?" I wasn't sure what this guy had seen or heard but it was obvious that he knew what I'd been up to in the Gents. I shrugged, trying to look nonchalant but my insides were churning with renewed excitement. Two different cocks? The guy pulled at his jeans and exposed a lovely thick penis. "Bigger than your husband?" he asked. My stomach knotted. I had no idea why he thought

Steve was my husband. Had Steve been wearing a wedding ring? I hadn't stopped to look.

"Yes," I said, concentrating on the size of the cock waving in front of me. "Want to see what it feels like?"

"Yes," I whispered. I really did. From the guy's expression it was obvious that the he was expecting me to touch it with my hand or maybe my mouth

rather than hop back up onto the counter and spread my legs. However, he recovered quickly and had his prick touching the entrance to my hole before I had chance to think too hard about what I was doing. He eased it inside me with slow deliberation and when his prick was fully inside, I felt genuinely full.

"Feel better than your husband?"

"Oh God, yes!" I murmured.

"You dirty slut." A strangled moan escaped my lips. That's exactly what I was. How could I be described as anything else when I had taken two different cocks in less than 10 minutes?

"A dirty fucking slut," I agreed, pushing my fingers down to caress my clit. The hit of sexual pleasure I got from touching my burning button was better than anything I could remember. Rather than risk another inadequate performance, I simply masturbated while this new guy fucked me. It was wonderfully wanton and selfish but I rubbed my slippery clitoris in search of the most powerful orgasm I could find, all the time being pounded by my new lover. My muscles started to cramp in preparation. "I'm going to come," I hissed, letting out a long deep moan as I teetered on the edge of the desperately-needed orgasm. "I want you to come inside me." The guy's face became a picture of lust and he pistoned a few urgent strokes deep into me before joining me in ecstasy. Our spasming bodies entwined. Complete strangers we might have been but we were sharing the most intimate of moments.

"I suppose you should be getting back to your husband?"

"Who?" I asked, genuinely puzzled. The guy roared with laughter, thinking I was making a joke of some sort.

"You're wonderful."

"Thanks." I actually felt wonderful. The broken something inside of me which had driven me to hunt out a cock had gone quiet. It was still lurking somewhere but for now it was satisfied and I could go back to my lovely lesbian life. If and when my desire for cock returned, I knew a safe way to satisfy it.

.....

y name is Lisa and I have been married for just over a year. I am a tall brunette with an athletic build and as I have had a fair amount of suitors before Jack put a ring on my finger I guess you could say I am fairly attractive. My husband Jack and I have a great relationship, and from the first time I met him I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him.

However, I had not met his brother Joe until the day of our wedding, where he was Jack's best man. I can still remember the shock I got



when I saw him standing beside my husband. I thought he was the most mysterious and exciting man I had ever met. Joe is taller than Jack, and has the same charisma as the classic movie stars.



When we returned from our honeymoon, Joe dropped by a few times and I could not help but to feel inexplicably drawn to him. I felt I sparkled in his company, and somehow he made me feel sexy and important. Once we were married, Jack had slowly fallen back into his old bachelor ways - going out more with the lads and taking me slightly more for granted.

At first I felt a little angry, but when Joe bought an apartment nearby and asked me to help him with the interior, I forgot about it and put all my efforts into being close to Joe. As the days went by I became even more attracted to him and when my husband's brother finally made his

ROLLING ME ONTO MY BACK, HE SAT ASTRIDE ME WITH HIS BIG PRICK POKING AGAINST MY MOUND...



move on me it felt like the most natural thing ever.

I was helping finish the paint work in his livingroom when he came up behind me and kissed me on the neck. As I turned to him he took the wet paint brush from my hand, and, putting it aside, pulled me into his arms. My body tingled all over as our lips met and my pussy throbbed with excitement as he bit gently on my lower lip before kissing me passionately.

I have to confess that not for one second did I think of Jack as I pressed my body against his brother and my thighs parted automatically as I felt the hard bulge in the front of his jeans pressing into me. We pulled at one another's clothes in a frenzy of lust and rolled to the floor in a tangle in our impatience to get at one another.

When I finally got my hands on his cock I was pleased and impressed by its length and girth. It was everything I had imagined it to be, and over the past months I had spent a lot of time fantasising about it. Joe's hands roamed freely over my body, sparking tingles of pleasure, especially when he began playing with my pussy.

I began stroking his shaft, enjoying the way it grew in my fist as I caressed his balls. Joe's fingers meanwhile rubbed gently at the pink folds of my labia, moistening my swollen petals as my pussy-juice seeped from its depths. I felt so aroused that I ached to taste him, and I slid my lips around his bulbous helmet and began sucking deeply while he continued frigging me.

My head bobbed slowly on his lovely cock, and I enjoyed the taste of his pre-come as I teased his manhood to full erection. Then Joe began circling my clit with his thumb and my pussy started to contract around his fingers, making me gasp with pleasure, which in turn allowed him to push his swollen shaft almost to the back of my throat.

I tilted my head back so I would not gag on Joe's plunging cock, and at the same moment I felt my legs begin to tremble as my pussy went



into spasm and I started to come. Joe withdrew his cock so I could enjoy the moment and he held me to him while I climaxed, gazing into my eyes so he could see the pleasure he had given me.

Rolling me onto my back, he sat astride me with his big prick poking upright against my shaven mound. I stroked it a couple of times before guiding it between my thighs and trying to wriggle my way onto it. Joe smiled, and, taking his cock in his hand, ran it up and down my wet slit until I was literally begging him to fuck me.

We were both laughing, enjoying the sheer pleasure of the moment, as Joe spread my legs wider and pushed his cock inside my throbbing pussy. I tightened my buttocks and thrust my hips upward to meet him as he thrust his cock further inside my hot, wet cunt. With my pussy muscles clenching around his firm shaft I arched my back, gripping tightly as he began shunting his cock in and out of my pussy.

The friction from his cock sawing in and out of my pussy felt delicious and on a whim I wrapped my legs around his back crossing my ankles so he could fuck me as hard as he liked. The floor was hard under me but I couldn't have cared less. My pussy was full of Joe's big cock and I was enjoying every thrust. As he began riding me harder and my orgasm approached, my nails raked his back and my breath came in gasps.

His cock thrust extra-deep now, pushing me further and further into ecstasy as thrills of intense pleasure rippled through my whole being. My body seemed to stiffen as Joe pulled his cock back to

NEXT MONTH

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my entrance, paused there for a moment then shunted back inside with force. My pussy muscles gripped him tightly, contracting around his plunging pole, until with one final thrust he filled me with his hot seed.

Gasping for breath, we fell apart, lying beside each other happily while we slowly regained our strength. MF Reviews

Scene from MayDavir

One of the most talked-about TV series of recent times gets the full DVD treatment this month, and there are plenty of other releases to tickle the fancy. And one in which Nick Frost does some dancing...

APLETE FIRST AND SECOND SEASONS

NUSE

Robin Wright's particularly

chilling as his Lady

Macbeth-style wife.

The Ed



HOUSE OF CARDS

eaders of a certain age will probably remember the original British series of this, which aired on the Beeb back in the early 90s, in which Ian Richardson starred in a career-defining role as Francis Urguhart. a sociopathic Chief Whip who's determined to make his way up the greasy pole all the way to the top, and woe betide anyone who's standing in his way. It was a classy piece of telly, based on a novel by former Tory big wig Michael Dobbs. And unless you've been out of the country - or more likely off the planet - this last year or two, you can't have failed to have heard about the American remake that's been airing exclusively on Netflix. Well now, for those of us who don't subscribe, the first two seasons are available on DVD and Blu-ray...

This time round it's the fantastic Kevin Spacey who takes the lead role of Francis (Underwood this time, Urquhart obviously being too much of an Olde English sort of surname), and this time he's a fast-thinking Southern Democrat who's holding hopes of being promoted from the position of whip to Secretary of State but finds himself being passed over. From there on, and over the course of two thirteen episode seasons, he wreaks his revenge on the President who stitched him up.

Spacey's on top form, talking directly to camera much as Richardson did, and the supporting cast's pin-sharp as well, with Robin Wright particularly chilling as his Lady Macbeth-style wife. Intelligent TV for grown-ups, so don't let the unfamiliar Congress/ Senate setting put you off...

IF...

ny film that bags the Palme d'Or at Cannes is worth checking out, and is more or less guaranteed classic status once a few years have passed, but Palme d'Or or not, this film from legendary



director Lindsay Anderson would have been hailed as a classic soon enough anyway. It's a stinging indictment (and, moreover, satire) of a pretty well bygone era of public-school barbarism (well, bygone except for about three quarters of the current cabinet), and stars the fantastic Malcolm McDowell in what amounted to his breakthrough role.

McDowell plays Mick Travis, a lower 6th Former who'd getting mightily pissed off with the way power is exercised in the school, with upper 6th prefects and staff lording it over the other years. After plenty of provocation Travis and a couple of classmates decide enough is enough, and launch a full-scale revolution against the powers that be. Of course it's really a miniaturized portrait of British society in general, and left-leaning Anderson pulls out plenty of stops along the way.

This remastered reissue from Eureka features plenty of commentaries, interviews and related features and is a toppermost release!



HAROLD AND MAUDE

enerally speaking a movie likes to turn a profit pretty soon after its release, but this slow burner from director Hal Ashby had to wait over a decade after it's 1971 release date before it finally scraped into the black, thanks to word of mouth and the cult status it slowly acquired...

Bud Cort plays Harold, a mordant and morbid young man who likes to attend funerals. When he runs into 79-year-old Maude (Ruth Gordon) a highly unlikely romance starts to blossom, much to the horror of Harold's mum. A film that's touching and funny, this re-release is the perfect opportunity to give it a try.



CUBAN FURY

<image>

en Goodman would be unlikely to reach for a trademark score of SEVEN or more for this Nick Frost vehicle. Unfortunately the pedigree cast of *Cuban Fury* weren't able to save this juddering double decker bus as it clumsily rolls through the plot never quite coming together. There are some wonderfully comic moments provided by Nick Frost's deadpan timing as 30-something Bruce who, with more than a little middle aged spread, prepares to fire up his Cuban heels once more in the pursuit of Julia (Rashida Jones), his new boss. Kayvan Novak's character Bejan steals the screen as an outrageously camp dancer with a flat Fanta fetish, closely followed by Olivia Coleman who plays Bruce's brassy, cocktail shaking sister Sam. Unfortunately the comedy never really finds its feet, but would probably do for a rainy night in with the missus.

HER

Rans of *The Big Bang Theory* may remember the episode in which geeky Raj discovers Siri the softly spoken voice of his iPhone operating system and his quickly sprung infatuation with her. And it's a similar set-up with this Spike Jonze offering...

Theodore Twombly (Joaquin Phoenix) a loner (with a dodgy 'tache), finds his life entirely changed when his computer installs a new operating system. Enter artificial intelligence, fronted by the lustrous and husky tones of Samantha (Scarlett Johansson). Their relationship blossoms via a smartphone and earpiece, leading to a surrealist sensory cyber-sex experience, which has to be seen to be believed. A touching performance from Phoenix and one of Jonze's most significant films to date.





NEW WORLDS

Remember *The Devil's Whore*? It was a cracking little series that aired on Channel 4 a couple of years back set during the time of the Restoration. True, it was always going to attract a few viewers with a title like that, but it's didn't disappoint. Well this series, which follows on pretty closely chronologically from that one, is from the same production company and has a (understandably) rather similar look. Still, the Merry Monarch gets a bit of a poor press here, with the state under Charles II getting all heavy handed and torture-y instead of just larking around with Nell Gwynn, while settlers in the New World are doing their best not to starve or get killed by the natives. It's an eye-pleasing series, but lacks a bit of the dramatic edge of its forebear...

MF Reviews

MAYFAIR Movies

Hi-Ho, it's off to the smutface we go for another round-up of the filthiest flicks to hit the shelves these last few weeks. If these don't float your boat, then quite frankly it's time to think about calling it a day...



CAST: Jessica Drake, Riley Steele, Katie St. Ives, Ash Hollywood.

hat a fine, manly name is "Axel Braun". I wonder if the director of this big budget adult feature was born with it, or changed it from Chassis Philishave or something else that sounded slightly less macho when he got into porn. No matter. That's what he likes to be called and we should all respect that.

Mr Braun sticks closely to the original folk tale, not the Disney version. Perhaps this is



why I was slightly bemused by the number of characters I didn't recall. Then again, if they'd worked it on that basis the only female talent would've been Snow White and The Wicked Queen (in or out of old crone mode).

Hence the presence of the Wicked Queen's consort, the King (Alec Knight). It's his birthday, and he is gifted forest spirits Ash and Katie to please him despite his oath to never touch another woman but his missus. So much for his pledge. His Maj lets fly a truly spectacular spunk shower which sprays all over Katie's back and arse and his groin and the floor and Ash's leg and... Well, put it like this: there is one really alarming moment when you think King Alec's sac and shaft are completely, uncannily out of control – and worse – that Alec thinks so too. But eventually the flow dwindles to a gentle, manageable dribble, and all is well.

As the Disney version's unreferenced, there are very few songs about diamond mining and hardly any yodelling, but what there is plenty of is stunning looking sploshers like Jessica Drake getting seen to good and proper, and do you know what – I think I prefer it that way. His Maj lets fly a truly spectacular spunk shower which sprays all over Katie's back...



LESBIAN PLAYMATES 2

CAST: Henessy, Candy Sweet, Dorothy Black, Mira Sunset, Gina Gerson, Savannah Secret, Athina, Alexis Brill, Ria Rodriguez, Diana Sky.

F or a moment there I thought the DVD cover read *Lesbian Playdates 2*, which would have been disturbing and most

probably illegal. But it's just that my eyes are beginning to go. It happens to all of us and there is no avoiding it. If you wank at the rate we film reviewers have to, you're lucky if you're not completely blind before you turn 40.

This said, there is plenty to help the old occular degeneration along in this typically fine quality Viv Thomas lesbo release, with Europe's sexiest young women (who will hire themselves out to make porn flicks) getting stuck into each other with a perfect mixture of tantalising sophistication and sheer gritty gusto. Tongues loll and lick and pussies grind together, with the cast all changing partners, barn dance do-ci-do style, and even indulging themselves in threesomes.

Other themes include knockers worship with various girls throwing



themselves down in supplication before other girls' even mightier bristols, and dainty little costumes which accentuate the girls' heartbreaking, languid beauty. There are no storylines unless you count a slumber party where none of the girls sleep, or a lass who is frigged with another stunner's foot.

Lord, I wish I was a lesbian. (There I finally said it.)



DESERT HEAT

CAST: Courtney Taylor, Stevie Shae, Riley Reid, Kendall Karson, Leya Falcon, Rikki Six.



t last, a sparklingly original storyline for a film. As they do every year, eight college students visit an emptyish motel in a desert town to have wild hardcore sex, only this time... wait for it... a deranged serial killer has shuffled into town with his pizzle hanging out of his zip and is picking the screaming teens off one at a time, and, of course, cackling quietly each time a dead shagger takes a dirt nap.

Highlights include stunt-cock Keni Styles being murdered after enjoying the very finest of a ride with sex siren Rikki Six in a truck. Rikki has been wriggling around flossing her arse with her thong half-roads up her crack while being hammered in doggie, cowgirl, reverse cowgirl and inverted ranch-hand, so when Keni blows his load all over her arse, clambers out

of the truck and gets horribly killed at the hands of insane drifter Tommy Gunn, Rikki is understandably upset and runs away from the madman, crying "Squee!", her pert young tits swinging. Phwoar.

Then there's the sequence where Tommy kills the hotel maintenance man, and, in a tragic case of mistaken identity, poor feckless young college girl Leya Falcon starts sucking him off in the belief that he's the bloke who fixes the windows and the plumbing. Evil Tommy drains his balls all over her face and Leya cleans him off. But that doesn't stop him from attempting to kill her afterwards. He's stark staring mad remember.

Triple XXXcellent.



CAST: Gina Gerson, Doris Ivy, Michelle

Moore, Sophie Lynx, Lana, Leda.

hings were never like this back when I was Chief Constable of the Metropolitan Police. Interrogating female suspects by

knobbing them, even in the context of a high profile enquiry into the murder of a wealthy playboy (as distinct from a penniless one with the arse hanging out of his smalls) would never have been condoned by any of the officers under my command.

Consequently I am lobbying the Met to form a task force to discover how young Euro-babes Doris Ivy, Lana S, Leda, Michelle Moore and Sophie Lynx were each subjected to (one moment; I have it written down in my little police notebook here) "bum sex" by detectives seeking clues in the baffling death of this over-sexed former man about town.

I should also be grateful for a statement from the current Chief Constable (whose name I forget) with regard, firstly, to the two threesomes involving serving police officers and their possible



involvement in the oily wrestling match scene which sees two rather fit looking girlies slithering all over each other in Spray Crisp'n'Dry or some-such.

I will be making a statement myself later in the evening on YouTube after I have calmed down and hidden all the paper tissues I have filled watching this filth from my mum.



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MAYFAIR SPECIAL FEATURE

Lady in Lace

A recreation of Victorian Erotica

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

MAYFAIR

STYLING BY LYNDON BURGE

It was an era when the merest turn of an ankle would get a man hol under his wing collar: when ladies were demure and their underwear was heard about but never seen. Lashings of lace and full while petiticoats teased and tantalised the menfolk providing just a hint of the sexuality that lay beneath. With so much hidden temptation it can be no coincidence that the Victorian era inspired a wealth of crotica. Such English classics as Lady Chatterly's Lover and Eanny Hill revealed the unspoken — and now Mayfair does the same, as we present a lingering look back at the golden days of lacy lingerie ... M

No no – this isn't a set from a 120 year old issue of *Mayfair*, it hails from 28,08, so just under 21 years ago. But was this the sort of thing Victorians had been getting up to a century or so before that? Well quite possibly – they were a right mucky bunch on the sly, with all sorts of naughtiness going down that folk really wouldn't be able to get away with today.

An interesting coincidence here is that the bedroom that features in this set doesn't look too dissimilar to the Ed's – except for the gorgeous blonde lolling about in it, of course!







MF Intelligencer



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

well without - in one handy digest!

CELEBRITY MUSICAL CHUFFS



SEX DEGREES OF PETER SELLERS

The late great comic actor Peter Sellers went through a lot of women, and a lot of women went through him.

In 1949, Sellers, recently de-mobbed from the military, romanced a young Australian actress named ANNE HOWE. They married in 1951 and the couple had three children. But Sellers (like his friend Spike Milligan) was prone to manic depression, and proved to be, by all accounts, a belligerent husband and father. In the early 1960s, after finding success, he became madly enamoured of SOPHIA LOREN, even declaring his love for her in the presence of his wife Anne and waking his young son Michael in the night to ask: "Do you think I should divorce your mummy?"

In 1962 he had made such a terrible arse of his marriage, including his relationship with his children, that divorce was inevitable. Following his classic work in *Dr Strangelove* in 1963, Sellers met BRITT EKLAND, a Swedish actress who had just arrived in London. Just ten days after their first meeting, the couple wed. But Sellers soon became anxious and jealous when Ekland starred opposite attractive men. In April 1964, Sellers took amyl nitrites (poppers) as a sexual stimulant before jumping her... and suffered a series of eight heart attacks. The couple divorced after four years, following which Britt took up with "Yes, He Thinks He's Sexy" Scottish pop star ROD STEWART.

His next marriage was in 1970, to 23-year-old model MIRANDA QUARRY, despite Sellers's own private doubts. This spell of wedlock rapidly turned into a train wreck, and in 1976 Sellers began dating actress LYNNE FREDERICK, whom he married the following year, and to whom his Σ 5 million fortune was left when he died. A year after that she married DAVID FROST. It ended shortly afterwards in divorce.

A year Frost wed RICHARD MILLHOUSE NIXON in Maine. [Eh? - Ed.]

In this MONTH

1826: Song writer Stephen Foster (perished 1864) is born in Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania. Among the nearly 200 foottapping, banjo-

strumming songs he will write are Oh! Susanna (Don't You Cry For Me), Camptown Races (Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah), Swannee River, Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair, and Beautiful Dreamer. Like most great artistes he goes on to die romantically in penury and insanity at Bellevue Hospital in New York (a.k.a. the NYC Nuthouse), most likely because none of his songs are ever performed by anyone not inexplicably "blacking up" as an African-American "minstrel".

1885: French milk enthusiast and spoilsport scientist Louis



Pasteur administers the first successful anti-rabies inoculation to a boy who has been bitten by an infected dog, thereby preventing the child from turning into a werewolf - which might actually have been pretty cool. **1945:** The experimental Atomic bomb "Fat Boy" is set off in the New Mexico desert, creating a mushroom cloud rising 41,000 ft. The bomb emits heat three times the temperature of the interior of the sun (not that anyone has actually been inside the sun with a thermometer or

anything) and wipes out all plant and animal life within a mile. A delighted group of US generals reckons this is a dramatic improvement on animal control measures and weed-whackers. Then again, how much plant and animal life do you find in a desert?

Etiquette for the **BEWILDERED**

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

If you are familiar with Twitter, this is a new term which will almost certainly have resonance. A "tweleb" is a mildly popular Twitter user who has nothing else

going for them but for the fact that they usually have in excess of around 5,000 followers. Twelebs live for RTs and from their followers as they tweet mostly uninformed, sometimes funny and often offensive content in a bid to retain their Tweleb status. Every tweleb's avatar change is welcomed with dozens of "Cool new avatar, man" tweets from their followers, to which the tweleb's usual response is something along the lines of: "Humbled."



T IS FOR "TWELEB"

make a few more Star Wars flicks.

Back when American Idol was in

its prime, Hollywood made a movie

starring Kelly Clarkson (the winner)

and Justin somebody (the runner-

up). In this nonsense they play two

college students who fall in love on

spring break, despite things that don't

actually happen in real life. Song and

dance keep the love alive ... though

A cop, a serial killer and the victim

all turn out to be the same person. (Though, even more foolishly, "the

victim" rather suggests that he can't

not the poor viewer.

THE THR3E (2006)

FROM JUSTIN TO KELLY (2003)

LUDICROUS MOVIES

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

ROBOT MONSTER (1953)

This is a science fiction film, originally shot and exhibited in 3D, featuring an actor dressed in a gorilla suit and a diving helmet with two TV antennae affixed to it. The monster keeps going into a cave where it contacts its home planet on a TV set, then kidnaps a woman and carries her into the cave. It keeps on doing this to no obvious end, and each time it exits the cave or walks anywhere alone the same clips of film are used.

HOWARD THE DUCK (1986)

A humanoid duck alien gets sent to Earth, where he (or it?) plays rock music, has sex with a human woman (cutie Lea Thompson with big permed 1980s hair), and saves the world.

Alleged Star Wars genius George Lucas produced this movie, which bombed so badly at the box office that he kept his head down for several years before suggesting that perhaps he should

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Useless... useless..."

John Wilkes Booth ...as he perished after being shot (against orders) by Union soldier Boston Corbett, a maniac who had hacked off his own balls with a rusty knife "for private religious reasons", as Booth attempted to surrender after the outbuilding he and an accomplice were hiding in was torched."

> really be a serial killer if he just has one victim to his credit.) A THOUSAND WORDS (2012)

After he is cursed, a literary agent knows that he will die upon uttering his 1,000th word. That's dire enough plotwise. Though when you learn that the literary agent is played by Eddie Murphy, you really want him to start reading 'War & Peace' aloud as fast as possible and just take his medicine. Brought to you by DreamWorks SKG, the home of quality entertainment.

Emma and Dani

MAYFAIR Vol.49 No.08 On Sale July 25th

Ah, ever since we developed a proper hard spot for Emma Green, we've been dying to see her going head to head (alright, head to tail, for the most part) with another UK hottie, and what do you know, we've only gone and pulled it off, with the ever-horny Danielle Maye more than happy to oblige! Well, if that isn't enough of a reason to put your slacks on and head down to the local newsagent then you really want to hava think about your priorities – especially as there's an appearance from Charley Atwell in there as well!



Coming Next Month

	CHEAP W*NK LINES
	CALLNOW & SHOOTYOUR LOAD
ASI	0982 505 1600 - DIRTY PHONE SEX
UNZIP	0982 505 1601 - FILTHY GRANNIES F*CK ROUGH 0982 505 1602 - QUICKIE RELIEF W*NK
& UNLOAD	0982 505 1603 - GREEDY YOUNG TEEN 18+ SEX 0982 505 1604 - SQUEEZE INSIDE MY TIGHT C*NT
0909466	0982 505 1605 - 30 SECOND W*NKS
0909400	0982 505 1606 - GRANNY BUCKET C*NT LADIES WANT
5775	0982 505 1610 - QUICKIE W*NK
A CAN	0982 505 1607 - HEAR ME CLIMAX 0902 000 1457 0982 505 1608 - FRESH YOUNG TEENS 18+ NEED F°CKING
QUICKIE	SEA CHEAPEST W*NK EVER!
RELIEF	SPEEDY W*NKS 0982 505 1499
N9N9 466	5777 SPEEDY WAINS 0502 000 1455
	0000 864 0217 - GBANNY 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
	0000 864 0657 - COLLEGE BABES 18+ CRAVE A HARD POUNDING
WELCOMES RNY	0909 864 0672 - 40+ DIVORCED UP FOR SEX IN YOUR AREA XXX 0909 864 0683 - DUMB ARSE SLUTS WILL TAKE IT ALL
C*CK SHE	0082 505 1490 - GRANNY F*CKING HEAVEN - ENJOY AN OLD C'NT
CAN GET GRANNY	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
FR*GGS	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+
	0000 864 1013 - LESBIAN STRAP-ON A*SE F*CKIN'! THEY LOVE TO TASTE
FOR MEN	0909 864 1023 - SHE KNEELS DOWN & OPENS WIDE TO GET POKED 0982 505 1498 - OLDER LADIES KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HARD C*CK
MIED	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
ភាគារ័ណា	0000 864 1490 - MEGA DIRT CHEAP SEX
	100% SEXUAL RELIEF
W"RK UPP V	VITH OUR HORNY GIRLS TXT SEX TO 69469

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