A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION











Dani and Emma are pressing the flesh!





08

The spiky new C4! Sexy alien Scarlett! More classic cooze!



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PRP A PAUL RAYMONE PUBLICATION

MF Vol.49 No.08

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EDITOR'S LETTER

hank God all that World Cup nonsense is out of the way for another four years, and we can concentrate on the really serious sporting event of the summer - the Commonwealth Games! After all, it could be the last time the Queen gets to visit Scotland before they go all independent and nationalise Balmoral! Still, even if the Scots do chuck the Queen out, they'll always be welcome to share the national institution that is Mayfair!

Matt Berry | Editor

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Charley P6



Tori P29



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MANTENTRMale

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

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com

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VIV LA FRANCE!

Last year, I landed a job in Northern France and managed to find nearby lodgings with a wealthy, middle-aged couple for the summer. They were nice enough but the day I moved in I was handed a list of house rules for me to follow – including not being allowed any female visitors in the property. I didn't have a problem with toeing the line – I had to respect that it was their place, after all

HER HAND INSTANTLY FOUND MY COCK, LIKE SHE HAD A RADAR OR SOMETHING...

- and I did, for nearly the whole time I was there. However, I found a way of bending the rules in my last few weeks – and they surely would've kicked my backside out if they had realised!

It was the husband's second marriage and he had a 19-year-old daughter, Vivienne, from the first, who came to stay during the last month I was there. I'd behaved like a perfect gent all year and so they just thought I was being nice when I asked her out for a drink. She seemed a bit prim and proper, but I could tell that just beneath that innocent veneer she was a right goer – she just needed the right company to bring it out of her!

I thought it might be slightly awkward when we first arrived at the bar, but as soon as she was out of her parent's earshot, she changed into a completely different person! She was relaxed and friendly - flirtatious, even - and I was amazed that when I asked what she wanted to drink, she requested a whiskey on the rocks! As the drinks flowed as did the conversation and, after covering music and film tastes, she began opening up about her parents. I was on the verge of switching off as she bemoaned her (privileged) lifestyle, but then I heard the magic words, "They think I'm still a virgin!" and I knew I was in with a chance.

As we walked home, a bit worse for



HEY LOWE!

Dear Mayfair,

Loved the pictures of Lexi in your latest issue (49.07)! I've been keen on Lexi ever since she started modelling, and I can't believe how much hotter and ruder she's got in the last few months, but believe me, it's made me one happy fan! Personally I still think she looks better in magazines than on film, but that's not to say I haven't spent plenty of time studying her in both! Please pass on my regards to the lady herself – long may she continue to model and appear in naughty movies! Toby, Chesterfield.



CHERRY PICKER

Dear Mayfair,

In the last year or so I've taken a real shine to Naomi Raine – I think she's a stunning girl and am delighted that she's modelling for us in *Mayfair*. I might add that you've been spoiling us rotten, because every shoot of her so far has been with stockings and suspenders and high heels – truly amazing glamour shoots! Her knickers look awesome on her bum, although I'm glad she takes them off to reveal her fabulous bottom.

Naomi's legs, figure, face and bum has got to be one of the finest packages going! For her next *Mayfair* appearance, can I suggest she wears some nice nylon tights – and maybe even a uniform? I bet she's look amazing dressed up and stripping off in a nurse, policewoman or French maid's outfit! Just the thought of it is giving me goose bumps! Graham, Cornwall. Cheers, Graham – we'll see what we can do! – The Ed.

wear, Vivienne grabbed hold of my hand – which I took as a green light! – so as we reached her parents' driveway, I grabbed her and gave her a really passionate snog. She responded, pushing her tongue forcefully into my mouth, so I copped a nice feel of her tits and arse in the process. It was at that moment a bright light came on and we heard Vivienne's mother call, "Is that you, Vivienne?" Jumping apart, we made our way towards the house, where we were offered a cup of hot chocolate before turning in. Sod this, I thought, and went to bed.

Three hours and one wank later, Vivienne snuck in. She was wearing a bathrobe, which she immediately shrugged off

realize she was a bit of a screamer, making me terrified we'd get caught and I'd be chucked out on my ear. Strangely, even though I've never been into 'danger sex', that gave the whole fuck a kinky thrill – every time I rammed into her and she squealed, my muscles would clench and everything felt much more intense. She was so OTT that at one point I did think that she was laying the noise on thick, but I quickly realised that she couldn't stop herself.

"Come here," I said and changed position, sitting on the end of the bed with Vivienne perched on my cock. This way I could feel her gorgeous bum squirming against my crotch, touch up

"I DARTED MY TONGUE IN AND OUT OF HER JUICY FANNY, RUBBING HER CLITORIS WITH MY THUMB..."

as she got in bed with me; her hand instantly found my cock like she had radar or something. I was still half asleep as she started tossing me, but it didn't take very long for me to wake up, unsurprisingly! I felt down her body; her firm boobs, toned stomach, toned bum – and her already-moist snatch. I cupped her pussy with one hand, before finding her hole jamming three fingers inside. Yes, she'd definitely done this before, I remember thinking as she got her head down to suck my cock – just before she swung a leg over, so I could eat her out at the same time.

As I darted my tongue in and out of her juicy fanny, rubbing her clitoris with my thumb, she sucked my prick deep into her mouth, fondling my aching balls with her sticky hand. This was mind-blowing, but I wanted even more – I grabbed a handful of her arse and started rocking her in a fucking motion, hoping she'd take the hint. Luckily she did, leaving a trail of juices over my stomach as she slithered down to straddle my cock.

She fed me inside her, splaying her legs and reaching back to pull her bum cheeks apart so I'd sink in as deep as I could. I started humping up into her – and it didn't take very long to her tits but also bring my hand up to her mouth, muffling her moans. This seemed to turn her on, and she began riding my dick enthusiastically, banging up and down on my tool. All I could do was close my eyes and enjoy it!

It appeared that Vivienne was in control, now, not that I minded. I still had my eyes closed when she suddenly stood up, juices dripping down her thighs, leaving my cock bobbing in mid-air. Then, before I had a chance to ask what was going on, she dropped down to her knees and slapped my prick between her tits, smiling as she told me that she liked a guy to come all over them because it was so, "bad and dirty". You should have heard the way that sounded in her sexy accent!

I didn't have much choice over where I spunked – my balls were already bunched up and ready to launch. She was looking me right in the eye, then she shut hers as I lost my mess all over her perky little boobs, her nipples dripping with jizz. She didn't stop wanking me until she'd milked out every last drop and I became too tender to handle the slightest touch.

As soon as that happened, she



Age: 27 Vital Stats: 34G-26-35 5'7 Photographer: BB Media

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ssex cutie Charley Atwell wormed her way into our affections in double quick time, thanks in no small part to her bubbly personality and her enticingly curvy bod - but when she's not peeling off lingerie for the nation's greatest top shelf mag, what does she like to do to keep herself entertained?

"Oh, all sorts of things, really! Nights out with the girls, of course - there's nothing better than hitting the town with a few mates and seeing how things pan out!"

Hmm, well, yes, but surely you spend the whole evening dodging the advances of lust-crazed blokes, don't you?

"Well, yes, sometimes, but I don't think it would be fair on the blokes if I dodged all their advances ... " No, not fair at all!









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A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBMEWS

Madge Gets Her Talons Into Another Teeny Toy-Boy

Word reaches me that pop mega-star and predatory crone Madonna (these days known affectionately to those of us who have put up with her rotten songs and sleazy behaviour for the past 30 years as "Madge") has been enjoying a covert fling since January...

It should come as no surprise to learn that the 55-year-old foetus-snatcher - who split from 25-year-old dancer Brahim Zaibatat the very beginning of this year - has been dating mid-twenties dancer and choreographer Timor Steffens since January.

"Friends" say the romance isn't serious: Madge has just been throwing a few moves up against this young gent for the past eight months or so. It's rumoured that she initially began salivating for fresh meat when she saw the hapless young man riding a horse with no shirt on. Quiet in the stalls, it was Timor Steffens not the horse who was shirtless: this is no joking matter... and I think Brahim and Timor's mums (both about a decade younger than Madge) would agree with me there.

Timor and Madonna have been spotted together numerous times, including at the Grammy awards and a preview of *Holler If Ya Hear Me* on New York's Broadway.

However, despite the fact that they have been dating regularly for about eight months the pair are not officially in a relationship.

A source said: "It's not serious. Just a fling."

The couple met late last year in Switzerland after being introduced at a chateau owned by fashion designer Valentino, one of Madge's regular retreats. Like a cougar's lair.

PECULIARNIEWS

'Walmart Willy' Terrorises Shoppers

An Oklahoma man the media has dubbed "Walmart Willy" has been busted for masturbating in the middle of a Walmart in Tulsa, police have confirmed.

Twenty-six-year-old Derek Bennett reportedly confessed to the commission of lewd acts in public but said he was surprised shoppers had seen him.

Derek Bennett allegedly started stroking his exposed genitals as he strolled around the store in Tulsa one Saturday afternoon.

Shocked shoppers called security guards — who caught the 26-year-old's not-in-front-of-the-children style antics on surveillance cameras as the miscreant pulled his genitals from his trousers and began masturbating.

After splashing off with a long groan of release, a bandy-legged Bennett left the store and started driving away. But Tulsa law enforcement officers sworn to uphold anti-wanking-in-superstores legislation and the like gave spirited chase in their souped-up cars and pulled him over before he could pull himself off again.

He was booked on two counts of indecent exposure and is currently banged up in Tulsa County Jail in lieu of \$10,000 bail.

Honestly I don't know what the world is coming to when you can get arrested and checked into the jail just for tugging yourself off to relieve stress and boredom while you're doing the weekly shopping... Certainly the prominence this whole Oklahoma case is getting in the news feels like a shot across my bows.

Coming to a multiplex somewhere near you, some time soon... Starring Colin Firth, Taron Egerton, and Michael

Egerton, and Michael Caine and Samuel L Jackson who're in every bloody thing – portraying themselves as always – is KINGSMAN: THE SECRET SERVICE. Directed by Matthew



Vaughn (who, after giving us flicks like *Layer Cake, Kick-Ass* and *X-Men: First Class* should probably have known a lot better) this is a thriller based upon "the acclaimed comic book" telling the story of a not just secret but "super-secret spy organisation" which recruits "an unrefined but promising street kid" – judging from the trailer, a nasty thieving little scumbag you just want to see jailed (the plot's greatest weakness) – into the agency's ultra-competitive training program... just as a global threat emerges from a twisted tech genius. So, most likely something for the kiddies. Sighs.

COMINGSOON



Looking like it could be one of those rarest Hollywood creatures, a great science fiction thriller, we can all wait with bated breath (remember to bate it; if your breath has abated, essentially you're out of oxygen and thus dead) for INTERSTELLAR. The film

boasts a distinguished cast, with Matthew McConaughey in the lead, supported by Anne Hathaway, Jessica Chastain, Ellen Burstyn, John Lithgow, Michael Caine again and Ben Affleck's wee brother Casey, who is in it strictly on his own merits and not because of nepotism. Christopher Nolan is in the director's chair.

The movie chronicles the adventures of a group of explorers who make use of a newly discovered wormhole to surpass the limitations on human space travel and conquer the vast distances involved in an interstellar voyage. So, none of this namby "just made it to the moon (or Mars) by the skin of our teeth and aw bugger it we've run out of petrol" nonsense.



My word, it must be at least 20 years (and if it's not it should be) since Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels hit the big screens as Lloyd and Harry in *Dumb and Dumber*. Now both men are in their 50s and they're back, in DUMB AND DUMBER TO. The original

film's directors, Peter and Bobby Farrelly, take Lloyd and Harry on a road trip to find a child Harry (Jeff Daniels) never knew he had and the responsibility neither man should ever, ever be given. Kathleen Turner joins the line-up for what looks to be another smash hit, thanks to audiences' penchant for movies featuring lots of gurning.

PRODUCTNIEWS Things You Didn't Know You Needed

The Eggxer is a device which allows an egg to be scrambled without breaking the shell. The result is a golden hardboiled egg with no visible separation between the yoke and the white. So think on.

Also hot off a crowd funding campaign is the First Sign Hair Clip: a fashion accessory which is able to detect (and



report) when its wearer has become a victim of violent crime. Thanks to Bluetooth technology and movement sensors, the device notifies authorities when it's been triggered by extreme movements such as might be the case if a mugger swung you round his head. First Sign founders Rachel and Arthur Emanuele have raised \$55,000 but if it works as well as is claimed, its appeal could potentially be viral. I fancy one myself... it wouldn't be the first time I've been knocked around the place like a rag doll and had the shite kicked out of me and wished I had a Bluetooth "help me" hairclip. On a more sensual note, Taiwanese brand management firm WINZZ has emerged with a series of products called LovePalz—sleek and sophisticated Internet-enabled sex toys for modern, long-distance lovers.

No seriously. While travelling in the UK, company platform director Oni Chen, apparently came up with the idea of a smart phone-connected intimacy device because he missed his girlfriend, who had remained back in Taiwan. The dirty buggers. The for-her and for-him products are reportedly unique and aesthetically innocuous enough not to cause embarrassment when having luggage searched at an airport.



BOOKNIEWS



Scots author Mason Cross is a new voice in American thrillers, and his novel *The Killing Season* is the first in a projected series featuring protagonist Carter Blake.

MASON CROSS and THE KILLING SEASON

Born in Glasgow in 1979, and educated at Stirling University, Cross's short crime stories have been published in magazines like Scribble and First Edition. His story *A Living* was shortlisted for the Quick Reads "Get Britain Reading" Award, and

published in The Sun Book of Short Stories. *The Killing Season* is his debut novel and is already garnering exceptionally good reviews... When the infamous "Chicago Sniper" Caleb Wardell escapes two

weeks before his execution, the FBI calls on the services of Carter Blake, a man with certain specialised talents whose skills lie in finding those who don't want to be found. And a man to whom Wardell is no stranger.

Alongside FBI special agent Elaine Banner, Blake must track Wardell down as the latter cuts a swathe across America, apparently killing at random. But Blake and Banner soon find themselves sidelined from the case. And as they try desperately to second guess a man who kills purely for the thrill of it, they uncover a hornets' nest of lies and corruption. Finally Blake realises that he must break all the rules and go head to head with the FBI if he is to stop Wardell and expose



a deadly conspiracy that threatens to rock the country.

Readers are almost unanimous in reporting that *The Killing Season* had them intrigued from the first page and the rest of the book did not disappoint. Typical reviews describe the book as an action-packed thriller with a clever plot, "fantastic and flawless".

As well as praise for the quality of the writing and the threedimensional qualities of the hero, the novel is being lauded for the fully fleshed-out villain, Wardell, and for the number of memorable characters in the work.

Many critics are convinced that the Carter Blake series is going to prove lastingly popular and is likely to give the already established thriller heroes like Jack Reacher, Harry Bosch and their like a run for their money.

PAUL RAYMOND ALUMNUS DONE GOOD!

Readers of Mayfair with a keen eye and a decent memory should remember the name of Al Puddick, the former Deputy Editor of Mavfair (and Editor of MensWorld). Well, Al's going straight now, and to prove the point has only gone and penned a novel. The Unexpected Vacation of George Thring's a comic romp that follows the (mis-)fortunes of the titular George as his life spirals in all sorts of strange directions that involve - among other things - an Elvis Presley tribute convention, some vengeful gangsters and ... well, if you want to know more, you'll have to read it, won't you, you cheapskate?



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Age: 24 Vital Stats: 32G-26-32 5'8" Photographer: BB Media

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Brummie babe Sophie Parker, as you'll discover on the next page, is one of the increasing number of British girls who've got a sneaky snizz tattoo, and we couldn't help wondering what it was like having it done...

"Oh, it was a really horny experience! I'd been thinking about doing it for ages, but was a bit nervous. In the end I decided to take the plunge, but I took my then boyfriend along with me because the thought of having a stranger working away so close to my pussy was a bit alarming – as a matter of fact I was worried I'd get too turned on!" And did you?

"Yes! It was quite embarrassing – I'm sure my pussy was leaking juices as the tattooist worked away! Luckily, as soon as we got out my boyfriend was able to make the most of the situation and fuck me silly!"























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21st CENTURY TOYS

Thrusting hard into your face with turgid tech spec, JAMES SAINT, is back and ready to empty his sack of hot fact right into your eyes...

hrist, look at the state of you. Sat there like you've been shat out the arse end of steampunk, covered in aged gadgets like a living embodiment of the worldwide economic collapse – the money ran out some time ago and the age of your tired old tech is testament to that fact. Pitiful.

But it doesn't have to be this way – with one simple phone call to some hateful pensioner puppets you can secure instant other-person's cash to spunk willy and indeed nilly on all the fanciest, barely affordable new techbaubles with which enrich your otherwise poverty stricken life and only have to pay the money back much later with interest accrued at a house-repossessing 5000% or thereabouts. But, like I say, that's much later, so don't worry about it for now!

Done that? Hey, I'm sure you won't regret it! Right time to get spending; and what better to fritter your future away on than the glorious glittering gadgets scattered across these very pages? Each one has been handchosen by a trained German ape at its absolute ripest, guaranteeing you many happy minutes of being bang up to date and top of the tech tree... possibly with that randy ape I mentioned. What, did I not mention he was randy? Sorry, too late now...

Steepletone 60s Vinyl Record Player £80

Yep, we've gone all retro to kick things off this month with this stunning little bit of portable music kit from Steepletone. Go on, show this to your kids now and ask them if they can work out what it is! Then fend off all the



awkward questions they ask about why you're reading a magazine full of rude ladies!

A 1960s style turntable that's capable of tackling your old 45s, 33s and even 78s, if you go that far back, the

Steepletone features a detachable lid housing 2x 15W RMS stereo speakers and even an option subwoofer output if you want to bring the bass while spinning your platter; or, indeed, *The Platters*.

Available in the glorious red finish you see here, make no mistake, this is the great-granddaddy of the iPod!

Capable of tackling your old 45s, 33s and even 78s if you go that far back...



Archos Oyxgen 50c £129



Unless you bought all the hype and firmly believe that Apples are the only fruit, smartphones don't have to be expensive. Indeed, options on the massive popular Android OS are steadily growing in number and brilliance, and unlike iThings their price is always coming down.

Take this 5-inch beauty from Archos for excellent example, not only does it looks the cat's bollocks, it's also got an octo-core processor running it – not dual-core, not quad-core, fucking octocore – and running it at a speedy 1.7GHz too! On top of that comes 1GB of RAM, dual SIM support to let you flip between providers, a 5-inch IPS HD screen (1280 x 720) and an 8-megapixel camera with 1080p encoding and decoding, and 8GB of internal storage, expandable to a whopping 64GB via micro SD card.

Running on Android 4.2 Jelly Bean, the Oxygen 50c gives you full access to Google's ecosystem, letting you use apps like Gmail, Chrome, Maps and Hangouts to make your phone as flexible as possible.

Alright, nobody is going to openly do a sex-wee when spotting your phone in a pub, but then, when you think about it, that's actually a good thing.

> www.archos.com

Ted Baker ROCKALL £179

Like music? Like vourself? A little too much, perhaps? Narcissistic fuckface that's so desperate for attention that it wouldn't be out of character for you to suddenly run into the middle of somebody's funeral shouting "ME! ME! Look at me!"? Well, have we got something right up your self-absorbed street - massive on-



your-head cans designed by none other than Ted Baker. Yup, behold the ROCKALL, super-slick cans finished in brushed stainless steel and stylish headband and ear-cups. But, more than just a fashion accessory, the ROCKALL has also surprisingly been engineered for proper sound too, delivering precision, immersive audio right into your aural canal.

Looks and brains then; plus, by they've even factored in a tangle-free cable too to stop you ending up strangling yourself like a man-swan when overly distracted by your own feckless reflection.

> www.tedbakeraudio.com

Acoustiphase MC-1 Mini Cannon £79

Another month another Bluetooth-enabled portaspeaker vying for your pocket-money! This issue it's the turn of this rather natty little air-mover, the MC-1 Mini Cannon, a more diminutive, yet no less dynamic, offering for options of its ilk.

Offering all the usual wireless hook ups with any audio kit packing Bluetooth, the Acoustiphase also delivers fullfat sound courtesy of two full-range 4.5cm woofers and a thunderously good pair of passive bass radiators, all of which

comes wrapped in an anodised aluminium cabinet which provides the sturdy stuff the MC-1 needs to perform at its peak. Capable of

carving out your awful taste in tunes for



up to 10 hours from a full charge, it even features a builtin microphone so that you can use the whole damn thing like some over-the-top speakerphone... probably while on public transport: "NO, I SAID... LISTEN, I SAID WE HAD NO CONDOMS SO I GAVE HER A PEARL NECKLACE! NO, NECKLACE! I SAID PEARL NECKLACE! HANG ON, I BETTER HANG UP, ALL THESE CUNTS ARE STARRING AT ME..."

> www.acoustiphase.co.uk

iKettle £100

Not, as you may think, the kind of tomcrappery that online gadget mags try and get you with every April Fool's Day, but an actual thing that somebody has made and brought to market, the iKettle could well be the ultimate in unnecessary tech-tat. A water container that can heat aqua



to acceptable temperatures, where the iKettle differs from others of its class is that it is Wi-Fi enabled... of course. This naturally means that, linked to the internet as it is, the gimmick-gullible that bought it can then use their accompanying Android or Apple app to operate the kettle remotely, setting to boil and, should you be delayed getting home/getting up/getting rid of a particularly stubborn shit, it can also be set to keep said water warm for up to 30 minutes. Yes, it has, literally, some uses!

Available in a range of colours to appeal to the tastes of those who have none, you'll wonder how you ever lived without it. Then you'll remember you're capable of movement moments later and wonder no more.

> www.firebox.com

AfterShokz Bluez 2 £85

What, another pair of headphones? Yes. But no. While the Ted Bakers are a triumph of design mixed with some decent audio engineering, they're still just another pair of everyday cans – the difference here is that the Bluez 2 are not earphones at all. What the cock am I talking about? Well, the Bluez 2 use a whole different kind of technology to get music into your head: Bone Conduction Technology.

If that sent a shiver down your spine, you're not alone, but BCT is perfectly harmless, using transducers on create vibrations which send sound from your cheek bones to your inner ear, letting you're the music you're Bluetoothing across reach the cochlea without ever touching your eardrum. Another spine-shiver? For fuck's sake, man-up!

The result is direct sound, balanced and pure, with no audio-leakage to annoy neighbours and, most importantly, no uncomfortable in-ear violation.

> www.aftershokz.com







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To vote, text your nominee code to:

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



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WIN FREE WORK



Continued from page 05

got up, put her robe back on and left the room - without a word. At breakfast the next morning, I kept trying to catch her eye, but she played it more than a little cool. That is, until we were alone again later that night. She made the last part of my summer very enjoyable, but I can't help but wonder just how many blokes she's fucked under Daddy's roof, despite the house rules!

Jasper, Chapeltown.

OUALITY STREET

Last night I got wanked off in the street right outside my own front door!

I'd met this girl Becca in a local pub on a few occasions, and each time she'd got more and more flirty with me. She had long ginger hair and amazing green eyes, with a petite figure and sweet little duds. Anyway, the other night we were getting along really well and I was pretty sure that I'd be getting laid that night, so when the time came to leave I wasn't surprised when she readily left with me.

On the way back to my place, she confessed to me that she really liked wanking guys off in strange places because there was something about watching spunk shooting out of a cock and landing somewhere weird that really excited her.

So when she leaned over me and rubbed her hand against my crotch outside my place I didn't complain! She got me hard very quickly - getting any kind of action outdoors is sexy, let me tell you - before I was even out of my trousers, and then she pulled my cock free of my fly and began to wank me off nice and slow.

She kissed me for a bit and I felt up her



SCHOOL DAZE

Dear Mayfair, I think Mayfair is part of the British way of life! It's been on the go for so many years. I once got into bother at school when we were caught reading it. We were sent to the Headmaster's office. Thankfully he saw the funny side of it and let us off, but not before

he took the magazine off us! I'm pleased to say I still buy *Mayfair* today, and with such girls as Sophie Starr, Emma Green, Holly Gibbons, Penny Lee, Chloe Toy, Natalia Forrest, Tommie Jo, Dani Maye and Naomi Raine appearing, I intend to continue buying it for many years to come!

tits and rubbed my hand over her crotch and then she started talking.

"You have a lovely cock, it feels nice and warm and hard in my hand," she said, rubbing her thumb over my shiny bell end and squeezing my bollocks. I put my hand inside the waistband of her leggings and my fingers found their way down to her pussy, which was nice and wet.

I was loving the hand job she was giving me, but I wanted more, so I peeled



A PROPER CHARLEY!

Dear *Mayfair*, At the risk of rightly being accused of wishing my life away, roll on 25 July and the next edition of your magazine! Like many of your readers, a two girl set featuring Miss Green and Miss Maye performing together has got to be fairly near the top of my wish list. However, could I venture to point out one major flaw in the layout of next month's magazine; Charley Atwell appearing on a solo set. Could she not be persuaded to join Emma and Dani in a three girl set in the future? We can but live in hope!

Ah, now there's a thought! A bit greedy, Richard, but perhaps we could persuade Charley to join Emma at a future date! Meanwhile, I hope you enjoy the Emma/ Dani pix this issue! – The Ed. her leggings and panties down her thighs and pulled her towards me. She kept her hand on my cock as she rubbed my helmet against her wet pussy lips and clit. It felt great and she started moaning and telling me how wet she was and how she wished she could hold my cock in her hands forever. Knowing I wasn't far off, I braced myself for orgasm.

Becca sensed something was about to happen and pointed my cock in the air in front of her. When my spunk flew past her face and landed on a car in the road her face lit up and she slipped a finger

MY FINGER FOUND ITS WAY DOWN TO HER PUSSY, WHICH WAS NICE AND WET...

inside her pussy lips, wanking herself off at the sight of my jizz splashing all over the street.

When she'd finished, she wiped the come from the tip of my cock, licked it from her fingers, kissed me, put my dick away and told me to call her. I've arranged to meet her on the pier next weekend and promised she can wank me off over the edge! Quite honestly, I don't think either of us can wait! Colin, Southend.



000000

Age: 25 Vital Stats: 34B-27-37 5'9" Photographer: Twistys



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"Ah, you noticed my ass did you?" she grins. "Yes, it's probably my favourite feature - a lot of guys I date seem to like it pretty well too!" We bet they do! But it must be hard for a girl to

appreciated the shapeliness of her own bum, surely! "Well that's the great thing

about being in this business - with people taking pictures of it so often, I can't help but know what it looks like. I can't imagine what it'd be like not knowing, frankly!"

Quite a relief for most of us!



MF





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GENTILIEMIEN, That Reminds Me

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

A lady approaches her priest one day and says hesitantly, "Father, I have a problem. I have two female talking parrots, but they only know how to say one thing."

"Really? What do they say?" the priest inquires.

"They only know how to say, 'Hi, we're prostitutes. Want to have some fun?""

"That is terrible – sinful in the extreme!" the priest exclaims, "but I have a solution to your problem. Bring your two female parrots over to my house, and I will put them with my two male talking parrots who I have taught to pray and read the bible. My pious parrots will teach your parrots to stop saying that terrible phrase, and your female parrots will learn to praise and worship."

"Thank you!" the woman responds.

The next day, the woman brings her female parrots to the priest's house. His two male parrots are holding rosary beads and praying in their cage. The lady puts her two female parrots in with the male parrots, and the female parrots say, "Hi, we're prostitutes, want to have some fun?"

One male parrot looks at the other male parrot and exclaims, "Put the beads away. Our prayers have been answered!"

One evening a family brings their frail, elderly mother to a nursing home and leave her, hoping she will be well cared for.

The next morning, the nurses bathe her, feed her a tasty breakfast, and set her in a chair at a window overlooking a lovely flower garden.

She seems OK, but after a while she slowly starts to list sideways in her chair. Two attentive nurses immediately rush up to catch her and straighten her up. Again she seems all right, but after a while she starts to tilt to the other side. The nurses rush back and once more bring her back upright. This goes on all morning.

Later the family arrives to see how the old woman is adjusting to her new home. "So Mum, how is it here? Are they treating you all right?" they ask.

"It's pretty nice," she replies. "Except they won't let you fart."

Two women are playing golf on a sunny afternoon when one of them slices her shot into a foursome of men. To her horror, one of the men collapses in agony with

both hands sandwiched between his upper thighs. She runs to him apologising profusely, explaining that she is a physical therapist and can help ease his pain.

"No thanks... just give me a few minutes... I'll be fine..." he replies quietly, with his hands still clamped between his legs. Taking it upon herself to help the poor man, she gently undoes the front of his trousers and starts massaging his genitals.

"Doesn't that feel better?" she asks.

"Well... yes... That feels pretty good," he admits. "But my thumb still hurts like a bastard."

A man finally retires from the stressful newspapers business and buys 50 acres of land in Vermont. His home is so isolated that the postman comes only once a week.

After six months of isolation, he hears a knock on the door. Puzzled, he opens it and a big bearded Vermonter is standing there. He says, "Name's Enoch... your neighbour from four miles over the ridge there. Havin' a party Saturday... thought maybe you'd like to attend."

"Great," says the man. "Be nice to meet some local folks. Thanks."

As Enoch is leaving, he stops. "Gotta warn you, there's gonna be some serious drinkin'."

"Not a problem."

"More 'n likely be some fightin', too." Rough crowd, the man thinks. Not a problem. I can handle myself. "Don't worry, I'll be there. Thanks again."

"I've seen some wild sex at these parties, too."

"Now THAT is DEFINITELY not a problem!" the newspaperman says. "By the way, is the party informal or what should I wear?"

"Whatever you want. Just gonna be you an' me there."

Eddie was bragging to his boss one day, "You know, I know everyone there is to know. Just name someone, anyone, and I know them." Tired of his boasting his boss calls his bluff.

Tired of his boasting, his boss calls his bluff, "OK, Eddie, how about Kevin Costner?" "Sure, yes, Kev and I are best mates, and I can prove it." So Eddie and his boss fly out to Hollywood and knock on Kevin Costner's door, and sure enough, Costner shouts, "Eddie! Great to see you! You and your friend come right in and join me for lunch!"

After they leave Costner's house, Eddie's boss admits that though he's impressed, he still thinks Costner was a lucky guess. He can't possibly know everyone.

"No, no, just name anyone else," Eddie insists.

"President Obama," his boss retorts. "The president," Eddie says, "Sure. We're besties. Let's fly out to Washington."

And off they go. At the White House, Obama spots Eddie on the tour and treats them to a slap-up meal.

Well, the boss is very shaken by now, but still not totally convinced. After they leave the White house grounds, he expresses his doubts to Eddie, who again implores him to name someone else.

"The Pope," his boss replies.

"Sure!" says Eddie. "I've known the Pope a long time."



"God, some people! First bit of warm weather ... "

So off they fly to Rome. Eddie and his boss are assembled with the masses in Vatican Square when Eddie says, "This will never work. I can't catch his eye among all these people. Tell you what, I know all the guards so let me just go upstairs and I'll come out on the balcony with the Pope."

Sure enough, half an hour later Eddie emerges with the Pope on the balcony. But by the time Eddie returns, he finds that his boss has had a heart attack and is surrounded by paramedics.

Elbowing his way to his boss' side, Eddie asks him, "What happened?"

His boss looks up and says, "I was doing fine until you and the Pope came out on the balcony and the man next to me said, 'Who's that guy standing on the balcony next to Eddie?"

MF Motors

CA YOURSELF

Citroen's C4 range already boasts two new models, but the French firm has only gone and added a third. And what a strange contraption it is...

itroen does simple best. The legendary 2CV sold in its hundreds of thousands and remained in production for decades because it was basic, cheap to run and easy to maintain. Take a holiday in rural France now, and you're still likely to get stuck behind one, its engine roaring and its driver shrugging and gesticulating. More expensive, complex Citroens – from the DS to the XM and C6 – stand out with their beautiful design and impeccable ride, but most buyers are put off by horror stories about electronic glitches and eye-watering repair bills down the line.

So the new C4 Cactus will surely be a hit? It's a simple, lightweight Citroen with a quirky design, a number of novel features and,

> THIS CAR REEKS OF THE QUIRKY COOL YOU'D EXPECT FROM THE BEST CITROENS...

crucially, an anticipated bargain price tag. When the brand took the wraps off a concept version previewing the car at the 2013 Frankfurt Motor Show, it caused a stir with its radical Airbumps – chunky, replaceable plastic side panels filled with air that promise to protect against car park scrapes. Its roof rails were another talking point, as they resemble upside down skis. Well, surprisingly, both features have been carried over to the production car. So have the unusual split headlamps, which have already graced the acclaimed new Citroen here's the clever bit. Citroen has stripped out weight, just as it kept the 2CV as skinny as possible – and as result the C4 Cactus is up to 200kg lighter than a C4. The entry-level 74bhp 1.2-litre PureTech petrol model tips the scales at less than a tonne.

Not that you'd know it from the inside. Citroen's designers have worked their magic to give the interior a reasonably premium feel that not only belies the car's kerbweight, but also its low price. The materials used have a high-quality feel – at least those in immediate reach; stretch a bit further down, and things take a turn for the worse, but we can forgive Citroen this.



C4 Picasso and Grand C4 Picasso people carriers, while the bulbous body ensures the C4 Cactus looks like nothing else on the road, just as it looked like nothing else on the show stand.

The newcomer is based on Citroen's stylish, big-selling DS3 supermini, but it's only slightly shorter than the larger C4 family car, and has a very similar wheelbase. But



Ahead of the driver, a digital display replaces the instrument dials, while in the centre console is a seven-inch touchscreen that provides access to all manner of cabin functions. More details will be revealed closer to first deliveries in October, but this will also sync with your mobile phone, allowing you to use a wide range of driving apps on the move. Exact specs will depend on whether you choose the Live, Feel or Shine trim levels, but standard kit promises to be generous, while options will include a parking camera and a panoramic roof. And as well as lots of kit, there's an abundance of neat features. From the front seat, which looks like a bench from a classic Citroen, to the door handles, which are replaced by leather straps, and the buckles on top of the glovebox, this car reeks of the guirky cool you'd expect from the best Citroens.

It drives like a simple Citroen should, too. You can feel how light this car is, especially in the petrol version, which is responsive and agile. The heavier diesel trades a bit of fun for better efficiency, but both models provide a decent amount of grip from their 15-inch low-rolling-resistance tyres. They also ride reasonably well; the Cactus can't match the pillow-soft progress of cars like the DS, but it'll take crappy British roads in its stride.

Plus, while you don't expect thrilling performance at this price – the 108bhp PureTech petrol promises 0-62mph in 9.3



seconds and the 99bhp 1.6-litre HDi takes around 10 seconds – owners will be smiling when they see how little the new car costs them to run. Official fuel economy stands at 91.1mpg and 60.1mpg respectively, while CO2 emissions of 82g/km and 107g/km mean low or non-existent road tax bills for private buyers and competitive Benefit in Kind tax rates for those choosing a Cactus as a new company car.

So has Citroen really reinvented the 2CV? Well, no. While the C4 Cactus follows the simple approach of legendary cars from the brand's history, it's still a cynical attempt to cash in on the SUV boom without offering any real off-road ability – the new car is strictly frontwheel drive only and won't get far down a boggy track. Plus, for all its neat features inside and cool styling out, it's still just a spin-off from other models in the range, like the DS3, which won't hoodwink traditionalists.

Then again, these obsessives don't pay the bills; the everyday family buyers do. And as an answer to budget models from the likes of Dacia, the C4 Cactus is an interesting proposition. And it's sure to sell in the kind of big numbers the 2CV did.



"OWNERS WILL BE SMILING WHEN THEY SEE HOW LITTLE THE NEW CAR COSTS THEM TO RUN. OFFICIAL FUEL ECONOMY STANDS AT 91.1MPG..."



SPECIFICATIONS

CITROEN C4 CACTUS		
PRICE	£13,000 (est)	
ENGINES	1.2-litre 3cyl petrols; 1.6-litre 4cyl	
	petrols 280bhp (est)	
FUEL ECONOMY	Up to 60.1mpg; up to 91.1mpg	
CONTACT	www.citroen.co.uk	









Talk about a dream come true! When we were shooting Emma for last month's issue she started to speculate about what it might be like doing a shoot with another girl. Well, we know a golden opportunity when we hear one, so we were straight out of the trap, saying that we knew for a fact that Dani Maye was keen to get together with Emma (which we kind of did – or at least suspected...).

One thing led to another, and a couple of weeks later we found ourselves in a room with the girls themselves, watching as they made their first, tentative steps exploring each other's bodies. Take it from us, being in the same room as Dani and Emma set about doing that isn't something you forget in a hurry – especially if you spend the next few weeks gazing at the pictures!



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Description

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Description

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Description

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ooh, we haven't seen naughty British minx Tiffany James in Mayfair before, which is rather inexcusable, but at least we're putting things right now! She's got the look of a right man eater about her, although with that ample helping of pink lettuce she's got on display, we can't help thinking there are plenty of men out there who'd very happily eat her – for hours and hours!

"There certainly are!" she exclaims. "As a matter of fact I've got one particular gentleman friend who does just that – and doesn't even want to fuck at the end! He just laps away at my pussy like some kind of demented dog, bringing me off time and time again, before finally wanking himself off! It seems a bit unfair to me, to be honest, but he seems happy enough with the arrangement – and I'm not going to complain!"



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He lo, what's The Ed's bedroom doing appearing in a set?! Oh, he insists it's not his luxurious pad after all. Still, what most definitely is luxurious is the leg-and foot-tastic set from the one and only RB Kane – the flame-haired snappstress who's shot more legs than the IRA managed back in the bad old days! Ahem, but anyway, what a smashing set of pins she's found attached to the lower half of Jenny!

"Personally I think it's pretty funny that guys are so obsessed with legs!" the girl herself confides. "After all, they're really just something we use for walking around on!"

Well yes, that's true enough, but if you hold with that argument, you could say that blokes shouldn't be interested in boobs because they're just something to feed babies with!

"Hmm, yes, I guess that's true. But then why don't guys go for arms as well as legs, then?"

Erm, perhaps because they've got shoulders at the end, rather than bums?

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SPEED

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QUIEST...

They say that three's a crowd, but it doesn't sound like these girls are taking any notice of them - three's just one more person to screw!

Ve always been a sporty kinda girl – I love footie, cricket, snooker, tennis, you name it, but rugby is my passion, and I never miss a match. So, last year, as ever, I was glued to the Six Nations. I couldn't quite believe it when I actually managed to get a ticket for England Vs. Scotland at Twickenham, and I had a brilliant day, despite having to go down there alone. I left the ground on a high after such a great England win, and I needed to celebrate. I found a

Name: ALICE Age: 24 From: LEICESTER nearby bar – going into places like that on my own never fazes me, I know I'll always find someone friendly to talk to.

Sure enough, I ended up having a drink with a bunch of blokes, and got chatting to two in particular, Jonesy and Adam. I like to think I impressed them with my knowledge of the game, but my tight England rugby shirt probably had more to do with it! The lads were just my type: short haired, big and muscular, they obviously played as well as watched.

After a few pints, the innuendoes about balls and tackle were flying, and after a lot of outrageous flirting, we ended up having a fixture of our own back at Adam's hotel room. I'd never had a threesome before, but I reckoned if I had double the blokes, I'd surely have double the fun!



I had barely entered the room before Adam started snogging me passionately, Jonesy pushing his body into mine from behind, his hands reaching round to fondle my tits. The pair of them undressed me quickly as I stood there, and as soon as my clothes were off, I got straight back into Adam, my pussy juices welling up as I groped his big pecs, and he repaid the favour, squeezing my ample boobs and pinching my nipples, causing me to moan softly.

I was aware that Jonesy was stripping naked, but I made myself not turn around, even though I was dying to see his cock. When Adam broke away from me to get his kit off, I finally got a look at Jonesy's impressive member, and I couldn't wait to get my hands on it! I didn't have to wait long, as they got me to wank them both to 'rock-hardness', as they put it - and I was more than willing to oblige! They both had really good-looking pricks - long and thick, with shiny, pink helmets - and my pussy throbbed as they told me what they wanted to do to me. There wasn't any fighting over who got to fuck me first; Adam had already announced he was dying to feel my lips wrapped round his prick, leaving my pussy free for Jonesy.

Down on my knees, I started working Adam's knob,



rubbing it up against my face and over my lips, mouthing it without sucking, gradually building up the pressure. Jonesy took his time, getting in behind me and playing with my arse cheeks, splaying my legs and positioning me just how he wanted. I felt so wanton! Licking up and down Adam's tool, I teased him with the tip of my tongue until he shuddered, then I swiftly swallowed his entire length in one fell swoop.

I let out a muffled squeal around Adam's fat, meaty pole, which was crammed up against my tongue, as Jonesy pushed into my sopping pussy for the first time. Although I certainly wasn't a virgin, he was big and I felt him stretch my walls as he stuffed me full. I gagged on Adam's cock as Jonesy quickly

> LICKING UP AND DOWN ADAM'S TOOL, I TEASED HIM WITH THE TIP OF MY TONGUE...

found his rhythm; he was pounding me like a jackhammer and the whole experience was turning me on like never before!

I closed my eyes as I relished being doubledicked, but couldn't help wondering what it might be like to be double-penetrated. And as if they read my mind, they both pulled away from me before Adam carried me over to the



bed with my legs around his waist, sat down and lowered me down onto his rigid prick so I could fuck him, cowgirl style. It felt so good, I got lost in what I was doing, until I felt Jonesy's hands exploring my bum, pulling my cheeks apart and circling my ringpiece with his finger. It felt so naughty my breath caught in my throat. I leant forward to allow him access, careful to keep Adam's boner inside my pussy, when he pressed the head of his prick against my arsehole. He eased in slowly and gently, and as Adam withdrew, Jonesy slid in as deep as he could go, then begin grinding slow and hard, his rough pubes tickling the sensitive rim of my arse.

Adam obviously didn't want to miss out so, while Jonesy plugged my well-stuffed arse, he opened my labia with his hand and pushed date rule for Michael. "Have you had the talk?"

"No," I admitted.

"So you're not exclusive. I can't see what the problem is." The problem was I really liked Michael and had high hopes that he might actually want a relationship with me, rather than disappearing as soon as I had let him shag me.

"It feels like cheating," I moaned. "Just think of it as four friends going out for a drink." I wasn't convinced. Four friends going for a casual drink was very different from the double date Julie had arranged. However, Julie was persistent and I reluctantly agreed to go along. Making a conscious decision to not dress up, I selected a pair of leather ankle boots, a sensible denim skirt and wore a white blouse over a plain white bra

and panties. When I saw Julie with her boobs hanging out of her top, her long blonde hair and big blue eyes, I knew that I wouldn't have any trouble shrinking into the background. Julie and I were ordering our vodka and cranberry juices when the guys showed up. "They're here," Julie said, nodding towards the door.

"Oh my God!" I hissed, feeling a white ball of excitement knotting in my belly. "Which one is mine?" I'd been expecting muscular prima donnas but both of the guys looked to be on the hunky side of normal to me.

"The one with the darker hair is yours," Julie whispered. The one with the darker hair had a deep tan, strong arms and the way he shamelessly checked-out my legs let me know he was on the prowl.

"ALTHOUGH I CERTAINLY WASN'T A VIRGIN, HE WAS BIG AND I FELT HIM STRETCH MY WALLS AS HE STUFFED ME FULL."

his hard prick back inside my soaking hole, until every muscle in my crotch and arse was clenched tight, and I didn't think I could physically take any more!

Occasionally they pushed me back and forth between them, so I had Adam balls-deep in my snatch and just the tip of Jonesy's helmet in my arsehole, or the other way round. Then they'd both thrust in at once, shoving hard so I was sandwiched between them, taking them both all the way in, making me yelp with both pleasure and pain.

I almost screamed as I orgasmed, it all felt so intense, like every muscle in my entire body went into spasm, my arse and pussy closing tight as the boys continued fucking me. Unsurprisingly, I soon felt Jonesy's balls bunch up before he emptied them inside my bum. He came so hard I felt the actual spurts, as well as his cock twitching and jerking around inside me.

This set Adam off but instead of staying where he was, he pulled out of my cunt and shifted up the bed so he could aim at my face. Grunting loudly, he came in bursts – covering my chin and mouth, which dripped down onto my chest. Licking it up, I snogged Adam passionately, making him taste his own cream.

I stayed with the lads all-night and – fucking like animals aside – they were perfect gents. As we had breakfast in bed the following morning, we started talking rugby again, and they mentioned, as I'd suspected, that they were both props. Whether that makes me a hooker I don't know, but I'm not complaining!

couple of months ago, a friend of mine begged me to go on a double date with her and two guys from her gym. I really wasn't into it as I had just started dating someone else. "Katie, have you slept with him yet?" Julie asked.

Name: KATIE Age: 22 From: TRURO

"No," I answered, although I had been tempted to break my three







"I'D NEVER HAD TWO COCKS BEFORE AND DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE USE OF THEM."

Could I really give myself to another man while I was dating? Could I have a sneaky one night stand?

"Why not?" I thought to myself guiltily. "It'll be a new experience." From the way James confidently introduced himself, I was pretty sure that one night stands were a regular experience for him. In fact there was something easy and familiar about the way the two guys worked us from 'just drinks' to a meal at their favourite steak house. It was while sitting in one of the booths that I let James work his hand into my knickers. His eyebrows shot up as he ran his fingers through my full bush. No-one had touched my lady parts in nearly three months and I had used my lack of grooming as a defence mechanism against my desire to instantly jump into bed with Michael during our first two dates.

"You're hairier than I am," James whispered. "Sorry," I said. "I wasn't expecting to let anyone..."

"Don't apologise. I really like it." I didn't believe him initially but was forced to acknowledge that James really did like my pubes after he'd spent the next 20 minutes exploring my thatch. My pussy felt like it was steaming by the time the bill came. "Will you come back to ours?" James asked. "I'm sure Rob'll love your hairy pussy as much as I do." James chose that moment to run his finger down the length of my sopping slit. I gasped sharply, both from the stimulation between my legs and the naughty thought of two fit guys loving my hairy pussy.

My guilt was doubled as the guys engaged in hushed conversation while paying the bill. We grabbed a taxi and made painful small talk until we dropped Julie off at her apartment. Despite my guilt, or perhaps because of it, I was extremely aroused as I gave Julie a hurried hug and jumped back into the taxi. I wasn't the only one aroused, judging by the obvious tent in James' trousers. Using all my courage, I gripped his cock and simultaneously dropped my hand into Rob's lap. The size of the lump I found there sent a shiver up my spine. This was going to be fun.

"Why don't you strip for us?" James suggested, as he put on some background music in their lounge. There wasn't much to strip as I'd already kicked off my boots in their hallway. Wriggling my hips to the rhythm of the music, I unzipped the back of my skirt and let it fall down my legs.

"I need to see your cocks before you can see my tits," I said, while unbuttoning my blouse. Both guys pulled out their cocks, so I unclasped my bra and leant forward to emphasise my cleavage. "Do you guys

want to see my pussy?" In truth, I desperately wanted to be rid of my knickers as it seemed a waste to be doing a stupid strip while two hard cocks were already waiting for me. Without pausing for a proper answer, I whipped my underwear down my legs and struck a little pose.

"Wow, that's a proper bush," Rob sighed happily. "Can I have a closer look?"

"You can have more than a look," I said, stepping forward. He didn't resist as I ran my bush over the purple tip of his cock. I'd only meant to tease him before moving over to James but as soon as the heat of Rob's manhood touched my pussy I couldn't resist driving down until the head of his cock was nudging my cervix. The feeling of his thick cock inside my pussy was incredible. The only problem was James. I'd never had two cocks before and didn't really know how to make use of them both at once. I leant over and wrapped my hand around James's cock. It jumped and throbbed enthusiastically at my touch but it didn't seem fair to be fucking Rob when James had been the one who had invited my hairy hole back to the flat. I wanted his cock inside me as well. "Have you got any lube?" I asked. James nodded. "Why don't you get it and see if you can squeeze your cock up my arse?" Both guys stared at me with their mouths hanging open.

"OK," James said.

"Are you really going to let him stick his cock up your arse?" Rob asked, sounding totally shocked. I gasped with pleasure as I eased up Rob's cock before pushing right the way down again.

"It's not often a girl gets to play with two hard cocks," I said. As far as I was concerned, I didn't get to play with any hard cocks as often as I wanted. "I want to try two together while I've got the chance." Rob grunted with satisfaction as my tight little pussy slid down his shaft again.

"You've done anal before, I take it?" James fairly jogged back into the room in time to hear my confirmation. I started by pushing my lubricated fingers up my bum, then let James stuff his fingers into my arse as I rode his friend's cock. He was gentle, pushing them in a little bit before pulling them back out and pushing in a little further. He kept working them in and out until I told him I was ready.

An intense joy filled me as James's cock went into my aching arse. The heat from two throbbing cocks made my body pulse with delicious sensations. Rob held me steady with his hands on my hips as James pushed further inside my bottom. Both cocks stopped while buried fully inside me. "How does it feel?" Rob asked.

"Tight," I said, sighing happily as I remembered how big the two cocks had looked as I performed my little striptease. It didn't seem possible that they could both be inside my body but they were. "I want you to fuck me, nice and slow." Each cock pulled out, then thrust gently back into me. It might have been nice and slow at the start but I found that I could take it harder and faster with my body relishing being the meat in a sex sandwich. "I think I'm going to come," I wailed. Rob groaned and his body went stiff as he fired his spunk deep inside my pussy. With his body still jerking, my pussy exploded into ecstasy and I heard James grunting as he fired his load over my arse.

"Well, that was..." James said, after we'd been sitting on the sofa in stunned silence for a few minutes.

"Fun," I finished for him, panting. It's two months on and I still haven't got round to seeing Michael again. I'm having way too much fun with Rob and James to consider going back to just one cock.

y friend Trish and I love spending time together. It's a long story and one I won't get into here, but we are very close indeed, not just friends but lovers too.

On occasion we like to involve another party, usually another girl, but sometimes we see a bloke we both fancy, and if he's attractive enough we go for it!

The last time this happened was at a wedding where Trish and I were bridesmaids. The best man, Brian, was a proper charmer and unusually handsome. I remember looking him over and thinking how much I would like to fuck him, and then finding that Trish was thinking the same.

After the reception and speeches, everyone took to the dance floor, or hung around the tables drinking and talking. Trish and I sat together watching Brian doing his duty, dancing with the mother of the bride. Trish eved him lustfully. Grinning, she grabbed my hand. and,

Name: JODIE Age: 27 From: DEAL

pulling me to my feet, suggested that we seduce him and take him to our hotel room for a night of wonderfully shameful decadence.

We didn't have to work too hard to get Brian's attention and once the happy couple had left for their honeymoon Brian and I made our way up to our hotel room with a promise from Trish to join us in a while. There was a flurry of clothing as Brian and I tore off our clobber and became locked in a grinding embrace.

Our bodies pressed together and my pussy throbbed as I felt his big hard cock poking against me, and he grasped my arse, pulling my crotch against his thigh, and begun grinding it against my pussy mound.

Backing me onto the bed he rolled me onto

my back and slid between my legs. Rubbing the dark red helmet of his massive trouser-snake up and down my glistening slit he coated it with my juices and rubbed it across my inflamed clitoris. Cocking my hips up I opened my thighs wider, inviting Brian to plunge his cock deep inside, and with one superb thrust he drove it home, filling me to the hilt with his alorious pork sword.

Brian began pounding my pussy with the full length and girth of his

TRISH SQUEALED WITH EXCITEMENT AS BRIAN PLOUGHED INTO HER FROM BEHIND...

manhood, withdrawing all but an inch of his meat each time before slamming it back inside again, sending quivers of pleasure through my body and almost making me scream in delight.

Trish slid into the room undressing guietly as she watched Brian pumping me to climax. As my pussy muscles gripped his rod he threw his head back shouting "fuck" and trying frantically not to come as his cock jerked inside my spasming hole.

Trish climbed into the bed as Brian continued pumping my pussy, now carefully timing his strokes, his hips rocking as I came long and hard. Trish went down on my pussy licking up my trickling juices while I asked Brian to move over my face so I could suck his cock. I nosed



between his legs, engulfing his freshly cock in my hungry mouth.

I brushed back Trish's blonde hair, guiding her as she worked on my clit and labia with her eager tongue and lips. At this point, Brian clambered off the bed and walked around so that he was behind Trish, watching how enthusiastically she was lapping at my pussy. He climbed onto the bed, rubbing his knob across her pussy lips before burying his rod in Trish's depths with a jerk of his hips, slamming himself into her and forcing her face more firmly against my wet cunt.

Trish squealed with excitement as Brian ploughed into her from behind but she continued to lick and suck the throbbing pink flesh of my well-stimulated genitals, paying particular attention to my clit. She plunged two fingers into my pussy making me coo and jerk with pleasure at the invasion.

Brian was so excited by now that he could hold off no longer and began hammering in and out of Trish's pussy. Within seconds he had slowed right down and was jerking the last of his load inside Trish.

His cock had put her into orgasmic overdrive on the first stroke and their climaxes were nearly simultaneous. She had been rendered speechless by the intensity of her pleasure yet somehow found the mental wherewithal to keep licking and sucking my pussy. The hotel room was filled with the sights, sounds, and smells of sex. Sweat, pussy juice, and semen combined to produce a sexual fug that fueled the lust of all three of us writhing together on the bed.

"Switch!" I begged Trish, rolling away from her. "I want more of that cock!"

Trish giggled, rolling onto her back as I moved over onto all fours and presented my arse to Brian. His cock was temporarily flaccid but he used his tongue and fingers to diddle my clit and began riming my anus. It was a new sensation and I liked it. Trish reached up and began lapping at my nipples and nipping my aroused and hardened teats with her long finger nails. I was so excited I did not care about anything except sexual satisfaction.

Putting my head down between Trish's thighs, I began working on her pussy, licking out the love juices that her climax had expelled and of course Brian's sticky come, while Brian sucked his fingers and played with my ring. I was flicking Trish's clit with my tongue when I felt Brian start easing a finger in and out of my twitching anus.

I loved the sensation and began eating Trish with gusto. Meanwhile Brian began fingering my clit while working his fingers into both my

NEXT MONTH

 STRICTLY PERSONNEL • 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! pleasure holes. I could hold off no longer and as I came onto his diddling digits, Trish's pussy began to spasm as I licked, sucked and frigged it for all I was worth.

Soon we collapsed in a tangle, resting to get our strength up for the second round! And when we managed it, it was just as good as the first - if not better!

MF Reviews

Scene from MayPaur

6)

GRAND BUDAPEST

Fantastic locations, exquisite

sets and scale models

combine to wonderful effect.

The Ed

BLU-RAY + DIGITAL HD

Some relatively highbrow selections plopped onto the reviews desk this month, so pop on your polo neck and get stroking your chin! Don't worry, you can stroke something else while watching the films reviewed overleaf!



THE GRAND BUDAPEST HOTEL

who tends to split opinions – you can always recognise one of his films within seconds of seeing the first frame, and with the quirky soundtracks, his tendency to pick his cast from a regular number of familiar faces and his eye for an original camera position, if you like one of his films there's a good chance you'll like them all – and likewise if you hate one. Here at *Mayfair*, we fall squarely into the former camp.

This one stars the intriguingly – but brilliantly, as it turns out – cast Ralph Feinnes in the lead role of Monsieur Gustave, the concierge of the gaudy mitteleuropean hotel that gives the film its title. However, Gustave provides more than just luggage service for the mature ladies who stay there, but things turn (even more) complicated when one of his elderly paramours (Tilda Swinton, no less, just about recognisable under layers of ageing cosmetics) pops her clogs and leaves him a valuable painting in her will...

Well, this isn't the place to go into the plot's every detail, because the real pleasure to be derived from the movie is its look (a mixture of fantastic locations, exquisite sets and even scale models combining to wonderful effect), the quirky and heartwarming humour on display throughout, and a fabulous cast that sees



THE RAPTURE

k, this is tending to be the slot where we stick the arty flicks, and this month's no letup! This British/ French coproduction was directed by Brit John Guillermin (whose career spanned *I was*



Monty's Double to The Towering Inferno and Death On The Nile), and focuses on the coming of age of a teenage Patricia Gozzi, who finds her isolated upbringing in the middle of nowhere, Brittany, with her overpowering father (played by Hollywood golden ager Melvyn Douglas) thrown into turmoil when a fugitive (*Quantum Leap*'s Dean Stockwell, as it happens) from the law pitches up at their remote home seeking shelter. Well, There's nothing an overpowering father wants less than a convict pitching up and arousing the interest of your 15 year old daughter, is there?!

The score and the cinematography mark this out as a pretty remarkable piece of fillmmaking, and the eagle eyed among you might want to keep your eyes peeled for Peter Sallis of *Wallace and Gromit* and *Last Of The Summer Wine* fame. Nicely restored by Eureka, this is one you don't get the chance to see every day – unless you buy if, of course!



A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

ven if you don't remember it when it came out, the thought that it's 50 years since The Beatles first big screen offering came out is pretty sobering - that's half a bleedin' century! To mark the event, Second Sight have given it a spanking new restoration and re-released the film, firstly in cinemas and on demand, and then on DVD towards the end of July. It's a droll snapshot of what Britain looked like just before the 60s started to swing black and white austerity lingering on nearly 20 years after the end of the war. Still, The Beatles and the bands that followed would combine to make sure Britain was never quite the same again ...





UNDER THE SKIN

Image: Sector Secto

e're not entirely sure if there's any such thing as a typical Scarlett Johansson film, but if there is, this certainly ain't it! The lovely Miss Johansson's well out of familiar territory with this one, in which she plays an enigmatic alien who, finding herself on Earth (we don't know how, or why) has to prey on the hapless males of Glasgow and thereabouts to survive. OK, so you could argue that the film doesn't really make any sort of sense, but that's not really the point – it's a hypnotic, disturbing and thought provoking look at all sorts of unsettling topics – victimhood, alienation, loneliness and sexual predation among them. The special effects are eerie and in one case genuinely eye-popping, and the artless acting of some of the nonprofessional cast members only heightens the effect. Hats off to Director Jonathan Glazer for this one.

JACQUES TATI COLLECTION

T's a name that most Brits are doubtless aware of, but how many of us have actually watched a Jacques Tati film? They don't tend to be on the telly over here, so unless you've forked out for DVDs in the past, there's a good chance you won't have seen any, which given the universal appeal of titles like Les *Vacances De M. Hulot* and *Jour De Fete*, seems like a bit of an oversight. Well, thanks to the good folk at Studio Canal the entire Tati *oeuvre* has been given a good sprucing up and is being released in this splendid Blu-ray boxset. Other titles include *Mon Oncle* and *Parade*, which makes this as good a time as any to check out this Gallic precursor to Mr Bean. Touching, innovative and above all very funny.





Z CARS COLLECTION 2

hrist on a bike – this one takes us back! Long before *The Bill, Z Cars* was the nation's favourite copper series, running from 1962 all the way until 1978, but which time it was starting to look a bit dated and the plug was pulled. We missed Collection 1 when it got released, but this time round RLJ Entertainment have packaged together 7 episodes from 1972, when the show was pretty much still in its pomp. Thee are plenty of familiar faces on show, with regulars like Ian Cullen, James Ellis and Geoffrey Hayes – that's Geoffrey from *Rainbow* to slightly younger readers! – all putting in regular appearances. The most familiar thing, of course, is that bloody theme tune, which I bet most of you can still whistle. The Ed certainly can – and don't we know it! MF Reviews

MAYFAIR Movies

So, that's the World Cup over and done with for another four years! Now that it's gone, that leaves a gaping hole in the evening schedules. So what are you going to watch? Well, as we're on the subject of gaping holes...





DIARY OF A PERV

Digital Playground

CAST: Jesse Jane, Kirsten Price, Chanel Preston, Selena Rose, Giselle Leon, Maddy O'Reilly, Veruca James.

66 D ear Diary, Today I surreptitiously slipped a mirror on a stick between an old dear's legs for a fly squint at her knickers." Naturally, that is what one expects from the "Diary Of A Perv". But American director Kieran Lee seems to have a different definition: a "perv" being someone



who derives pleasure from admiring (his expression being "perving on", derivative of the verb "to perv") a beautiful woman in a swimsuit before whipping off her skimpies and giving her a straightforward sorting. Well, that's all of us, isn't it?

Even so, Lee's new release is a fine one, departing from Digital Playground's usual feature fare in favour of half a dozen gonzo scenes shot in a POV style.

Kieran and Xander happen upon revoltinglynamed brunette Veruca outside catching some [gamma] rays in a skimpy pink bikini [and trying not to turn into the Hulk]. Giselle Leon is also in attendance. After "perving" on the stunning girls for a while, Xander and Kieran make their moves. Veruca, whose name always interrupts my concentration by making me think of poultices and foot powder, steals the show by trying to cram Keiran's balls and knob inside her mouth at once without bursting her face.

In this, I'm delighted to report, she succeeds. I know because I've seen Veruca in a couple of dozen films made later the same week and her face wasn't burst at all. Veruca steals the show by trying to cram Kieran's knob and balls into her mouth at once.



DIRTY MASSEUR 6

CAST: Jenni Lee, Madison Ivy, Esperanza Gomez, Breanne Benson, Eva Notty, Mia Malkova, Eve Lawrence.

Bill Bailey is some kind of yoga guru; you know the sort – teaching young women like Mia Malkova how to be

more flexible by stripping them off, applying oil and inserting fingers. In time the poor lass is drilled in reverse cowgirl, doggie, missionary and spoon. Bill really must be some class of (lucky) fakir, however, because when he comes off he sprays jizz in slow motion. I have never come off in slow motion in my puff. Perhaps I need to try some breathing exercises or something...

Poor Johnny is in a coma (don't ask me if it's medically induced or if he just dunted his head, I'm not a flaming doctor!) so Jenni Lee and Breanne Benson attempt to bring him back to life with one sucking his balls while the other mangles his shaft as if the thing were made of pink Play-Doh.

In a development that I would not have believed had I not seen it with my own eyes (and not those of an ocular surrogate) the girls pull off the seemingly impossible by awakening Johnny from his coma.



Instead of contacting his relatives and friends to break the good news, however, he helps the three of them oil up and then everyone fingers and rides everyone else.

I should have thought that Johnny would be so weak and spindly after being in a coma that he wouldn't have had the strength to pork the young ladies, but maybe he was only pretending. Which is despicable, because some people really are in comas and this flick could give their families false hope that oiling up and wanking off their dear ones will obviate the necessity of deciding whether or not to pull the plug.

Yet another example of how, handled wrongly, Porn = Death.



HALL OF FAMERS

CAST: Asia Carrera, Janine Lindemulder, Devon, Cheyne Collins, Jessica Drake, Jaqueline, Belladonna, Alexis Amore, Jana Cova, Jesse Jane, Nautica Thorn, Teagan Presley, Staci Thorn, Sophia Santi.



igital Playground hereby presents a spiffing compilation disc depicting their most gorgeous babes – rather than their more horrible ones – performing down the long years.

There are, however, two ways in which to look at this DVD, most especially if your porn collection stretches back into the mists of time.

The first is as a very sad time capsule allowing you to chart the physical degeneration which age always brings to the bright-eyed barely legals of olden days, who are now half of them grannies or being pushed around sanatoriums in wheelchairs with their cramped legs jammed open.

The second way is just to stock up on the Handy Andies and simply enjoy these naughty nymphs as they were in their heyday. You can always salve your conscience with a donation to some sort of knacker's yard porn charity afterwards if it makes you feel better.

Digital Playground is a company that has barely released any compilations over the years, but here they show that they know how to do things right: plenty of big names, a running time of nearly three and a half hours, and 19 scenes... and all for the price of a home vasectomy. (Pair of scissors, a needle and a bobbin of thread.) (Steepling fingers like Mr Burns): Excellent.

Brazzers

I'M GONNA BANG YOUR MOTHER

CAST: Lisa Ann, Eva Karera, Nikita Von James, Vanilla Deville, Ava Addams, Eva Notty, Kendra Lust.



S ounding less like a nudey video title than a threat of the sort made by extortionists and street gang members in the course of a peculiarly nasty home invasion, to my mind the most scary aspect of the statement "I'm Gonna Bang Your Mother" is that it is missing the little word "unless".

So realistically, there is nothing you can do: your mother is going to be banged. Like it or not. The best you can do now is to be there for her afterwards and help give their descriptions to the police.

Thus Brazzers begins a new series featuring some of the top MILFs in the industry – quite rightly ignoring the sorry looking ones at the bottom of the pile. These slightly-aged beauties have fantastic bodies and are out to prove that they can still pleasure a man using all the attributes God – and a good surgeon – gave them.

Highlights include Ava Addams locking her husband out of the house so she can be frantically knobbed by cheeky young home



improvement TV show twit James Deen, and Syren De Mer's son getting sent out to the equivalent of the pictures to get rid of him while she gets a slamming from his well-hung little chum, whom she winds up stroking off over her face.

This last one is a VERY hot scene and if you're into heterosexual sex you ought probably to wear an oven mitt and keep a bucket of cold water at the ready.



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MAYFAIR 93



The ever-cheerful face of 22-year-old Helen Bradshaw, belies all the problems this 35-24-35 inch young lady from Oxford has had to face recently. 'Normally nothing depresses me, but things have got so bad with my new undergraduate boyfriend,' she says, 'that I'm really down.'



Wo

MAYFAIR

Look carefully – there, just peeping out from what looks like a monstrous restoration style wig... that's right, there's actually a girl there! We doff out hats to Helen (who featured back in 24.06 – a full 25 years ago!) for sporting a barnet like that. Still, you'd never be able to sleep in the same bed as her, would you? Her hair (top or bottom) would be tickling your nose all night long!





'The problem is,' she says, 'that my boyfriend has to live in his college under an enclosure rule, just because the place is run by friars.' An enclosure rule? 'No women,' she says flatly. 'As I live at home with my parents this is starting to make life a little frustrating for us. The funny thing is that even his mother or grandmother aren't allowed up to his room. We seem to spend most of our time drowning our sorrows over a few jars in the Fir Tree, but it's no substitute. What makes it worse is some of the friars are quite dishy - must be their dirty habits!'





MF Intelligencer



POINTLESS BUT CLASSIFIED: Bringing you all the trivia you could manage very well without - in one handy digest!

EBR MUSICAL CHUFFS

SEX DEGREES OF GILLIAN ANDERSON

Former X-Files pin-up redhead Gillian Leigh Anderson is an American actress, currently resident in London, where she spent a portion of her adolescence.

Gillian achieved international recognition for her

role as Special Agent Dana Scully, running round with her firearm drawn calling "Mulder!", to which David Duchovny would shout back "Scully!" Her film work includes The House of Mirth (2000), The Last King of Scotland (2006), and two X-Files films, The X-Files (1998) and the unaccountably dreadful The X-Files: I Want to Believe (2008). In 1996, she was voted the "Sexiest Woman in the World" for FHM's 100 Sexiest Women poll, and the following year she was chosen by People magazine as one of the 50 Most Beautiful People in the World. I was the 51st.

Anderson married her first husband, X-Files series assistant art director CLYDE KLOTZ on New Year's Day 1994, in Hawaii in a Buddhist ceremony. The couple had a daughter, Piper Maru, nine months later... and divorced in 1997. Gillian then married documentary filmmaker JULIAN OZANNE, at another exotic location, Lamu Island, off the coast of Kenva, in December 2004, but alas that was heckuva short-lived too and Anderson announced their separation on April 21, 2006.

Intriguingly, Anderson and her former boyfriend, MARK GRIFFITHS. have two sons: Oscar, born, somewhat tellingly, given the date of her separation from Ozanne, in November 2006, and Felix, born October 2008. She ended their relationship in 2012.

In March of that year, Gillian further obfuscated her romantic leanings and had X-Files fans drooling when she candidly told Out magazine about her saucy relationship with another girl while she was in high school.

In this 1876: International spy Mata Hari (shot to rags 1917) is born as Margaret Gertrude Zelle in Leewarden, Netherlands. Arrested by the French in the

second last year of the Great War as a German spy (after being paid for spying by both sides) she is tried, convicted and sentenced to death. At her execution, to which she turns up nude, she refuses a blindfold and instead blows a kiss to the French firing squad. They are not impressed and mow her down. 1939: Albert Einstein writes a letter to US President Franklin D Roosevelt concerning the possibility of atomic weapons. "A single bomb of this type carried by boat and exploded in a port, might very well destroy the whole port together



with some of the surrounding territory." Six years later, on August 6, 1945, the first Atomic Bomb, developed by the U.S., was dropped on the Japanese port of Hiroshima. Afterwards, Einstein famously changes his mind about building an atomic bomb being such a good idea and starts writing more letters to this effect to President Harry S Truman. 1962: Film star Marilyn Monroe dies aged only 36 from an overdose of sleeping pills and is found nude on her bed with a telephone

receiver in her hand. She had made 29 films during her spectacular career and came to symbolise Hollywood glamour. 2017: No, hang on, this one hasn't happened yet, and it's Mayfair's policy not to publish spoilers.

Etiquette for the **BEWILDERED**

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

The morning-after pancake is a bloke thing, cooking pancakes containing the morning-after pill which are then cunningly served up as a thoughtful breakfast

to the girl you shagged last night without a condom... just in case you might have gotten her up the junction. In a similar vein, women who think they may score often pack morningafter flats - flat shoes that can roll up and fit easily into a purse so that she won't have to do "the walk of shame" homewards in her high heels from the night before.



M IS FOR "MORNING-AFTER PANCAKES"

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..

ZAAT (1975)

A mad scientist transforms himself into a mutated walking catfish so he can kill those who've wronged him while also polluting the water with a radioactive element that will turn others into human-catfish.

RED DAWN (1984)

"In our time. no foreign army has ever occupied American soil...until now". Oh lordy. World War III begins in mid-western America where a group of teenagers led by Patrick Swayze defend their town from invading Soviet forces. This is the

original, not the recent remake, but the plot is equally preposterous. **IRON EAGLE (1986)**

A kid hijacks two F-16 fighter jets with the help of his father's old military buddy and embarks on a personal vendetta mission to rescue his dad from some terrorists. Yeah, good luck with that.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"I can't sleep..."

J M Barrie So: not a long term problem for Peter Pan author, novelist and dramatist Sir James Matthew Barrie, who, having thus complained about not being able to lose consciousness, immediately succumbed to pneumonia on June 19, 1937 in London.

GOING OVERBOARD (1989)

Adam Sandler plays a struggling young comedian who lands a menial job on a cruise ship hoping to become the ship's comedian, a position that's already filled by a ladies man. An array of thugs, mercenaries and terrorists try to storm the ship while a Miss Universe contest is being held, so Adam tries to get laid while defeating attackers and winning the cruise ship comedian position. Pfffff.

THE FINAL SACRIFICE (1990)

An ancient cult of Canadian wrestlers is bent on world domination and in

order to carry out their plan they need to find their idol. To do that, they need a map a young boy found. When they invade the young boy's home to get the map, he flees and ends up in the bed of a passing pickup truck, driven by a man who, by pure chance, turns out to be a member of the same cult and who was ordered to murder the boy's dad. The two become best ever friends and together search for the lost idol before the cult can claim it and take over the world. Yep, that's right.



PLUS look out for Mayfair Lingerie Special 23 – on sale now!



Jenny



We've aways wondered why Mayfair gets released in accordance with lunar rather than calendar months; was Paul Raymond some sort of mystic who liked to live his life according to the patterns of the moon? We've never heard anything to suggest that he was, so we'll probably never know. Still, the whole lunar thing does have one big advantage – it means you guys only have to wait four weeks to get your hands on the next issue, which given that it contains lovelies like Jenny Laird and MF newbie Sochee, must surely be a good thing!

Sochee



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