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EDITOR'S LETTER

s I type the great and the good of the whole wide world are having a pow-wow in the ski resort of Davos, which must be nice for them and will, I've no doubt, result in all the world's ills being cured in a very short time indeed. Meanwhile the rest of us (and, no, I'm not just bitter because I wasn't asked) have to sit at home twiddling our thumbs. Still, if you're stuck at home, I can heartily recommend this issue to help while away the time in a most pleasant fashion, and who cares if Pharrell Williams isn't reading

Matt Berry | Editor

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POST

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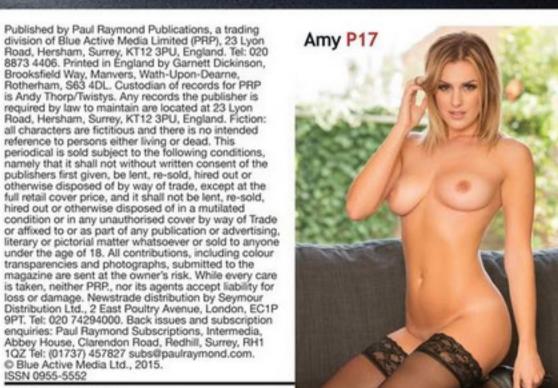
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Motors P40









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REGULARS

Mayfair Male It rhymes with 'Mail', see - and it's mostly written by blokes...

14. In Other News Fancy going for some Chinese scram? Hmm, possibly not...

24. 21st Century Toys Got a bit of extra money to spend? Blimey, aren't we the lucky one!

38. Ms Fortune Penny's getting some royal action and it isn't Prince Andrew!

Mayfair Motors Hmm, a Volvo you say? Gone on then, we'll take a look...

Gentlemen... Some of these are in need of a hip replacement.

Quest City Slickers? This trio of horny flampers certainly are!

Scene More quality fodder to slot into the **DVD** player!

Mayfair Movies But if sir is after something for the weekend...?

MF Classic Brace yourself for a rather lame Cilla Black-themed pun!

The Intelligencer Some scraps to interest your second favourite organ!











MAYBATTRMale



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?

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ALFRISKY

I have always been a bit partial to sex outdoors, but over the years this enjoyment has developed into a specific fetish. Let me tell you, there is something so very sexy about humping your girl on the grass: her naked body framed by lush greenery as a gentle breeze raises goose-bumps on her skin, making her nipples sensitive and erect!

But as much as I adore al fresco fucking, I'm unwilling to risk attracting any kind of an audience. I've solved this problem by creating a garden retreat where I can shag away in peace and safety. My girlfriend, Stacey, is very keen, and even uses my garden for a little masturbatory fun when I'm not around to attend to her needs.

I COULD SEE HER PUSSY LIPS PEEPING OUT BETWEEN HER NEATLY TRIMMED BUSH.

One memorable evening last summer, I arrived home from work to find the back door open and Stacey's clothes strewn on the kitchen floor. Looking outside, I noticed her knickers lying by a chair on the patio. Further down the garden I noticed a small garment lying on the grass. This, I guessed correctly, was her bra.

Following the trail of clothing, I found Stacey on her back in a guiet corner of the garden. Her eyes were closed and she was vigorously stimulating her clitoris with a vibrating blue dildo. Judging by all appearances, she was having such a good time that I felt reluctant to disturb her. Remaining quietly in the shelter of some shrubs I watched surreptitiously, stroking my hardening rod.

Her knees were bent and her legs spread wide, so I had a perfect view of the proceedings. I could see her swollen pussy lips peeping out between her neatly trimmed bush, glistening with her juices, as Stacey's vaginal muscles contracted and quivered.

Her back arched as she wanked herself to orgasm, grinding the stiff, rubber dildo hard against her clit as she came. Climaxing repeatedly, her buttocks bounced up and

50 SENSE

Dear Mayfair, Many congratulations to everyone who's worked at Mayfair over the years on reaching your 50th Anniversary – and for all the stunning girls that have appeared in it

over the years included some cracking girls. In 49.13 I really enjoyed the set of Nina Leigh in her office, and a special thanks for featuring Keisha again. I adored her first set earlier in the year (49.05), but her latest appearance



better – it was so good to see her wearing stockings and suspenders as she showed us that lovely pussy of hers. I hope we'll be seeing more of her during 2015!

In 50.01 it was great to see Cara Brett again and those wonderful tits of hers, but

l also have to say a special thank you for the return of Krystal Webb. From the very first picture in the set, with her wearing black stockings, I could tell it was going to be a fabulous spread, and with those tits and the amazing burn shots, I wasn't disappointed! I always love seeing girls wearing seamed black stockings and suspenders, so please let's have plenty more of that in Mayfair as well. Given that you've managed to persuade Krystal to pose for Mayfair again, is there any chance you could try with my all time favourite girl, Peach?

I can't want till next month and the appearance of Ashleigh - she looks like another

absolute corker! In face we should all be looking forward to the next 50 years of Mayfair!

Dave, Oxon.

Cheers Dave – we do our best! Yep, we were delighted to get Krystal back, and we're hoping she'll turn out for us a few more times this year. As for Peach – hmm! We'll have a go, but no promises! - The Ed.

down on the grass, and while her cunt spasmed, it spat out tiny jets of lady-come,

splashing her inner thighs. With her eyes still shut, Stacey dipped a finger into her



SUPER CARA!

Dear Mayfair, Breathtaking – that's the only word I can think of that adequately describes the photos of the ncredible Care Delahoyde in 50.01! Talk about marking your anniversary in style – quite frankly I'd have paid £5.20 just for the 8 pages of her alone! If anyone can think of a UK babe who's got a prettier face than Cara, I'd like to know about it. She looks both innocent and naughty in so many of her wonderful poses, and every time I look at the set I find another delight, whether it's her lovely burn as she looks out of the window on page 7, or the come-hither look of promised delights as she lays back at the top of page 11. Truly exceptional stuff, and I can only pray we'll be seeing loads more of Cara (including more of her delightful looking pussy) as the year goes on! Keith Staffs Ah yes, Cara certainly seems to have gone down a treat with our readers if the letters we've received so far are anything to go

by. And wild horses wouldn't stop

us featuring more of her as the year goes on! - The Ed.

my manhood, holding her tightly to me as I rolled over with her on the soft grass. Our positions were altered, with Stacey now straddling me. Taking hold of her hips, I lifted her much smaller frame easily before pushing her down on the full length of my dick, simultaneously thrusting up into her.

She cried out lustfully as its thickness stretched her open, the stalk burying itself inside her horny twat. Throwing her head back, she moaned and thrashed about above me as I withdrew my cock carefully and gently, then positively slammed it back inside her hot gash once more.

I watched her delightful tits jiggle above me as she rode up and down on my erection. She fucked me madly, as though possessed - her head lolling on one shoulder, eyes closed as she moaned and squealed with pleasure. I rubbed her clitoris with one hand while steadying her wildlypumping hips with the other as her cunt tightened around my schlong and her whole body began first to tremble, then shudder.

As I forced my weapon inside her as hard as I

wet slot, and, popping it between her lips, tasted her own essence. This was more than any red-blooded man could stand by watching idly, and within only a few seconds I had announced my presence by stripping off and kneeling between her thighs. The odour of her spent juices wafted towards my nostrils, and enticed

could, our humping hips smacked together with such force that we made a loud slapping noise as our flesh met. Her vaginal muscles clenched round my pulsing shaft and I could feel the warmth of her come-fluid seeping stickily from her pussy. Gripping her hips, I pummelled her tight hole, my prick pistoning in and out ferociously.

"THROWING HER HEAD BACK, SHE MOANED AND THRASHED ABOUT ABOVE ME AS I WITHDREW MY COCK CAREFULLY AND GENTLY..."

by their promise, I lowered my head to lap up her viscous fluids. As I teased her clit with the tip of my tongue, Stacey reached forward and ran her hands through my hair, her long nails scraping gently over my scalp, sending deliciously sensuous tingles all the way down my spine. Licking the length of her luscious slit, I slid my tongue as far inside her pussy as I could. Probing her pink velvet interior, I located her G-spot with very little difficulty, concentrated my efforts on this area - and was rewarded almost immediately.

Stacey's snatch muscles contracted as I stimulated her hidden pleasure-trigger and her hands clasped my head, holding it firmly over her mound. Grinding her pubis into my face, she climaxed and her juices oozed gently into my mouth and trickled down onto my chin, in the most erotic way imaginable. By now I was so aroused that my ball-sac had begun to ache and my hardened penis was burning for some major action.

The warm evening breeze ruffled the leaves on the trees, setting the scene as I fondled her full breasts, kneading their bulk and gently pinching her erect nipples. Kissing her deeply, I spread her legs and ran my cockhead along the length of her saturated snatch lips. She moved seductively under me as my stiffened knob entered her, her juicy cunt lips spreading over the shaft and enveloping my rock-hard cock.

Drawing my hips back, I withdrew my prick slowly from her vaginal entrance then, plunging it back in, I impaled her fully on Then, with three hard fucks I shot my load, my cock erupting like a volcano, jetting my hot seed deep inside her velvety depths. Stacey collapsed onto my chest and I sighed with the afterglow of sudden release, my rapidly shrinking cock sliding out of her warm, wet pussy and, when flaccid, lay lazily against my thigh.

We lay together basking in the early evening sunlight, the cooling breeze feeling pleasant after our exertions.

I often wank over the memory of that wanton fuck session, and have every intention of repeating the experience when the weather gets a bit warmer!

Peter J., Staffordshire

RUBBER JOHNNIE

I'd been a qualified masseuse for about 6 months - long enough to have heard all the stories: lonely housewives wanting more than a rub down, experienced MILFs who gave great head etc - before it had happened to me.

It was Wednesday afternoon and I had a two-hour booking with a new customer, Lisa, another middle-aged housewife, for a full body sports massage. At 2pm she entered the room with a smile.

"Hi, you must be John!"

Continued on page 27















IN OTHER MENUS

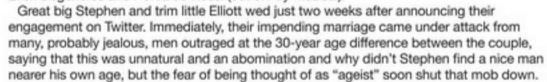
A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBNEWS

'National Treasure' Fry Ties The Knot With Lucky Young Bloke

Congratulations are in order for QI inquisitor Stephen Fry, aged 57, and his fiancé Elliot Spencer, aged 27, after the two entered into the holy estate of matrimony.

The pair join the ranks of what are being called "celebrity gay power couples" such as Neil Patrick Harris and David Burtka, Elton John and David Furnish, and Ellen Degeneres and Portia de Rossi (out of Ally McBeal).



"Gosh. @ElliottGSpencer and I go into a room as two people, sign a book and leave as one," Stephen captioned a photo of the newlyweds. "Amazing."

The couple said "I do" in the Norfolk town of Dereham. And that night, like all newlyweds bar those who are too drunk, they did.

Fab font of all worthwhile knowledge *The Sun* had broken the news that Fry and comedian Spencer were headed for wedlock. The confessedly and famously bi-polar but oddly no longer psychiatrically compromised Fry tweeted in response: "It looks as though a certain cat is out of a certain bag. I'm very, very happy of course but had hoped for a private wedding. Fat chance!"

PECULIARNIEWS

At The Mountains Of Madness

A German model is pounding her breasts with pride, claiming to have the world's most gigantic augmented knockers.

Mayra Hills, aged 27, who models as "Beshine," claims to have size 32Z breasts on her 5-foot-6 frame on her website, Beshine.com. Other sites claim that each of her knockers weighs the equivalent of a car tyre. Hills' website says that her bosom tips the scales at 72 pounds, or more than half her entire bodyweight.

She started as a slip of a 32A-cup before her first boob job.

"I just wanted to have bigger and bigger... some time ago when I reached a certain size, fans from all over the world started to tell me that I have the largest augmented boobs.

That's cool

"But for me," she emphasises, "the most important thing is that I follow my inner voice and I currently have not reached my goal. My fans know what that means."

Perhaps some of them do, but it's hard to believe that the majority know much about the Montgolfier brothers.

Hills says her implants can be expanded further if she desires. And that, nutter that she is, she just might.

This said, life isn't easy with measurements of 59-28-36. Although she can buy trousers, leggings, skirts and knickers off the rack, bras

must be made to order (probably by the same people who make sails for yachts).

"Of course it is hard to put on shoes or shave legs if you do not see your own feet," she explains in her FAQ. Oh Lord, please not hairy legs and hobbit feet as well...

Yet astonishingly, according to the Guinness Book of World Records there's actually a woman out there with a more robust, and moreover, natural physique.



COMINGSOON

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

George Clooney dips a toe in the waters of what begins to sound like lunatic fantasy in the upcoming Disney flick TOMORROWLAND, in which George (53) plays a former boy-genius inventor jaded by disillusionment who sets out with a bright, optimistic teen bursting with scientific curiosity (Britt Robertson) and "a pre-pubescent girl robot" on a dangerous mission to save the world by unearthing the secrets of "Tomorrowland," an enigmatic location caught between time and space. So it's not for kids at all, then.

The one thing I can envisage rescuing this motion picture from the current avalanche of South of mediocre

"Young Adult" movies is Clooney's co-star, our very own multitalented Hugh Laurie.

Coming soon:
JURASSIC WORLD (or
JURASSIC PARK IV
EBB TIDE). Tagline: "The
Park is Open." Again.
Some 22 years after the
events of Jurassic Park,
Isla Nublar now features



Steven Spielberg returns to produce the long-awaited film and dip his arms to the elbows in the money trough which just keeps on filling no matter how abysmal the finished product. The film will be shot in 3D for audiences to gaze at slack-jawed with colouredy Buddy Holly cardboard specs on.

It says here: "Based on characters created by Michael Crichton." Though I think it's only right to point out that the dinosaurs



were not created by the late Michael Crichton, but God Almighty, and anyone who says otherwise should be burned at Tyburn like in the good old days.

At last! Almost guaranteed to be worth a quick squint is ANT-MAN from the mighty folks at Marvel, whose production standards

always shame the competition. Armed with the astonishing ability to shrink in scale but keep his human strength, con-man Scott Lang (Paul Rudd) must help his mentor Dr Hank Pym (Michael Douglas) to pull off a heist that will save the planet.

Another of Ant-Man's amazing abilities is that he can shrink down to the size of a pinhead and control ants. Always a useful knack, that one.

PRODUCTIVIEWS

Inscrutable (and Inedible) Chinese Food Product Horrors

I Really Need To Eat These Things! What Are They?

If you're looking for something nouveau to excite your jaded taste buds, you might pop over to Beijing or somewhere else in China that has a Wal-Mart and sample some of the peculiar delights on offer. If the food doesn't kill you, prepare to be stopped in customs when you try to pass through the metal detectors with a cast iron stomach.

Your first stop, of course, in this gourmet's journey, will, after checking that you have a barf bag in your pocket, be the frozen meat section, where counters of exquisite FROZEN CROCODILES are laid out to tempt the Chinese palette. Honestly these people will eat anything, except – perhaps – and perhaps is an awfully big word in





the Far East - each other.

Scrumptious FOX MEAT masquerading as yummy DONKEY MEAT, which is in great demand. Oh yes, some Wal-Mart stores recently recalled certain types of donkey meat after DNA tests showed that the meat actually came from ...foxes! Yeuch. The depths to which people will stoop and so forth...

For the real manly men amongst us, there are enormous DEAD SHARKS, with their heads still on and their toothy mouths wide open. Usually these can be found just along the aisle from the frozen crocs.

And what about POWDERED HORSE MILK..? "100% Horse Milk," it says on the can. "No Ponies!"

After you have gorged yourself on all this fascinating, if rather nasty, swill, you will doubtless be relieved to discover that Chinese Wal-Marts stock MEN'S ANTI-BACTERIAL UNDERWEAR: very handy if what you have eaten comes out the wrong end, and a gift to someone like me who wants to wind up this section with a lame pun on "Ah so".

BOOKNEWS

ROBERT ELLIS and his internationally bestselling thrillers

Robert Ellis is the author of five crime novels, all selected as top reads by The Guardian, The Evening Telegraph, and many other fine newspapers around the globe including The New York Times.

In 1988, the 34-year-old Ellis found representation as a writerdirector in feature films and moved to Los Angeles. He subsequently wrote, produced, directed, and often shot and edited, more than 1,500 television ads for political candidates seeking every type of office, including the US Presidency.

But according to Ellis, his whole perspective changed when he was assigned the task of gathering surveillance footage of a mobster running for political office in a New Jersey ghetto. While Ellis and a collaborator hid on the third floor of a parking garage with a long-lens camera, the subject walked outside, stepped away from the building, looked straight up at the lens and froze.

Says Ellis, "He thought the camera was a rifle. For a split second, he thought he was dead. And in a single instant, I realised that the horrific world Dashiell Hammett described so perfectly was alive and well and always would be." The following day, Ellis began working on Access to Power, the screenplay that would later become his first novel.

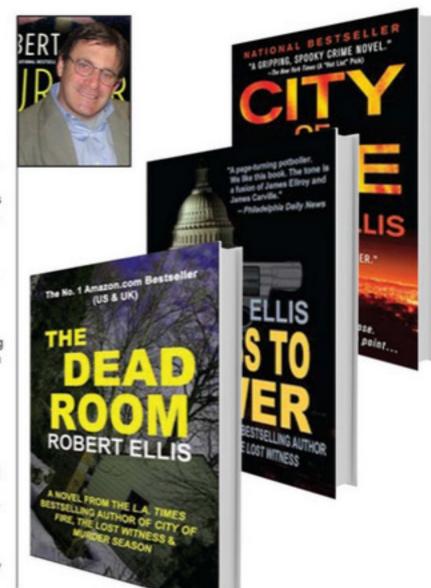
ACCESS TO POWER sees Frank Miles, a media consultant searching for the man who murdered his business partner, meeting his match in a shadowy hit man with a growing client base in Washington...

In his next book, THE DEAD ROOM, a young woman is found brutally murdered in her own home. The atrocity kicks off an investigation into a bizarre string of murders. Amid citywide panic, civil attorney Teddy Mack is thrown headlong into the case and face up to unimaginable terror and shocking revelations.

CITY OF FIRE introduces a series character: Lena Gamble, a young LAPD detective just promoted from Hollywood to the elite Robbery-Homicide Division and obliged to investigate a series of horrific murders. In THE LOST WITNESS homicide detective Lena Gamble fights

her way through corporate corruption and greed to solve a series of brutal homicides in Los Angeles.

And in MURDER SEASON Lena returns to investigate why the body count from LA county's biggest murder case is still rising when the trial ended weeks ago...



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







here aren't many (OK, any) counties that like to blow their own trumpet as much as Yorkshire does – in fact the county ended up getting so bigheaded they had to split it in two in the end – but then as well as frothy beer, ferrets and flat caps, they've also produced some truly remarkable things over the years. Boycott's steely determination, toad-in-the-hole minus the toad and Leeds Castle (Er, hang on a sec - Ed.) all spring to mind, but now we've got to add the wondrous form of Amy Green! She's from the city of steel itself – Sheffield – and we reckon that if a second War of the Roses were to start anytime soon, she might just swing it in favour of the white rose all over again!

again!
"I don't think the Wars of the
Roses are likely to start again!" she
laughs, and perhaps she's got a
point. With Amy around, we'd much
rather make love, not war!











21st CENTURY TOYS

Like gadgets, pseudo-facts, general apathy and swearing? You're in luck! JAMES SAINT is here with this month's round-up of the most tittingly trivial tech baubles about...

rurrah - it's February 2015 and we're not all dead yet!" Something that, given the absolute wealth of global kick offs we've endured of late between various countries, different religions and excitingly exotic illnesses, is actually something of a surprise. So, with this unexpectedly pleasant turn of events giving us a bit more time to put our final affairs in order before some knob-jockey does bring about the apocalypse, let's look at money - you've got some; you can't take it with you; you'd better get it spent.

Yep, why let the government claw the cash from your cold, dead hands just for Cameron to spend it on caviar to flick at Nick Clegg's head when you could end your remaining days surrounding yourself with the latest and coolest kit to be found within the Halls of Technonica? Why allow your hard-earned to be used to fund a ministerial fact finding tour to Thailand when you could use it to live out your life in a whirlwind of gadget glory? Why sit tormented in the purgatory of whatever religion you cling to, watching George Osborne use your money to buy himself a slap up feed at the Parliament tuck shop when you could blow it all yourself right now on what otherwise might be considered utterly inconsequential and largely unnecessary bling things? Why indeed...

*At least when we went to print in mid January. If we are all dead now, please accept our apologies.

Power Pen



We see items of this ilk crop up all the

time these days, due mostly to the fact that we're an incompetent collection of

cuntabouts that, despite being unable to

constantly forget to charge up our smart-

Generally speaking they're all much of

live without staring at videos of kittens, playing Candy Crush or trolling grieving

families for more than five minutes.

hence why these things exist.

Garmin Vivoactive

From US\$250

Whether you accept, like some mindless human sap slowly shuffling to his doom at the hands of the inevitably robo-apocalypse, or are violently and irrationally opposed to the idea, tech "wearables" are now all the rage.

Everyone from Apple to Aldi and Microsoft to Morrisons (probably) have produced their own smartwatch variant and most were on display at January's CES technology expo over in dear old Las Vegas.

One that most certainly was there was Garmin's first foray into the wearable sector, the Vivoactive, an on-the-wrist option that's designed to

assist your path to rude health by using GPS and a wireless connection to your smartphone to help you track and monitor everything from track running to cycling to swimming and even how you sleep. It certainly seems to work for the sleep part, which in my congenital indolence is the only one of those activities I've done since, oh, leaving school. On top of all that, it also allows

calls, messages, emails and calendar events as they sweat in a very public way, much like a good oldfashioned mobile phone.

Smart looking to boot, the big question is: has the human race survived so far without it? Draw your own conclusions.

> www.garmin.com

things overnight in readiness for the next day. It's not unlike forgetting to feed your pet and then being both surprised and An on-the-wrist angry at said pet when you find it dead; option that's designed to assist your path to a muchness, but this one at least has an

Editor's

angle - it's not just an unwieldy block, rude health... it's a pen that slips in your pocket! That's kind of an angle, right? Yes, it boasts a real working pen and stylus at one end, but split it in two

and there you have a ready and willing power supply, complete with both lighting and microUSB tips to cover all smart-shit needs. With a reasonably capacious 700mAh users to keep track of

battery, the Power Pen will ensure you never have to draw attention to your own mental issues by shouting at an inanimate object in public again. Unless you forget to charge the Power Pen itself, of course! Which you will. It's just as easy to forget to do than charge whatever else it is of yours that's gone flat. Perhaps it's time they invented something you could use the charge the pen when you're out and about - that's do the trick!

> www.firebox.com

Selfie Brush

Think it would be difficult for society to get any dumber than it already is? Think that humankind has already pretty much reached its nadir as a species? Well,

despite everything that Will.I.Am might say about it (or anything else), you'd better think again! For behold... the Selfie Brush!

Yep, hot on the heels of the controversial Selfie Stick, the Selfie Brush is a paddle hair brush cum (snigger)

iPhone holder with a built in mirror that allows the very vain to manipulate their mop until happy enough to pose for yet another narcissistic selfie at the stab of a button.

Obviously a world of convenience for the head-hirsute with a habit of snapping shots of themselves for no apparent reason other than the desperate need to have their crushing insecurities soothed by pretend friends on Facebook. I dare say it'll sell millions - just like the bloody pointless stick did!

> www. firebox. com



Griffin Powerdock Pro

Up the Griffin! Yes, while that term sounds like a Carry On-esque rectal reference to the late lamented leader of the BNP - or else a rather inappropriate ad campaign slogan for the bank formerly known as Midland who but Griffin gives you such



US\$130

convenient ingenuity? I mean, look at this - rather than have your fat fingers fuck and fanny about with fiddly charging connectors, the Powerdock Pro is like a tech toaster into the bays of which you simply slot your smartstuff. Once in the Pro's cunning ChargeSensor circuitry works out what each device needs in terms of power and - bam - delivers the exact right rate in the quickest manner possible... without you even needing to remove the bleedin' case!

Sadly, not available until what the Americans call, 'Fall', anything that can cope with a quintet of smart kit is clearly worth the wait. I just pray they're planning to hold one of these 'Fall' thingies some time this year!

> www.griffintechnology.com

Lindy Mini Headphone Amp & Splitter £23

As we should all by now know, digital music is - by and large - shitter than having your songs hummed at you by a tone-deaf bus-nutter. Compressed to the point that the recording artist would barely recognise it him/herself, it doesn't help that these low-sampled MP3s are then left to dribble out of smartphones and tablets with all the oomph of pre-come. No, if MP3s are to stand any chance of a bit of decency, you need a top bit of tech to sit between your player and your headphones, a top bit of tech such as this.

Offering 12 hours of playback from a single charge, the Lindy's dual amplifiers boost your tune output by a Louis Walsh-esque 120%, while a bass boost adds depth, resulting in formerly weedy MP3s beefed up like a steroidinjected Hulk.

What's more, if you've managed to meet another human you can bear to be around for more than a minute or so. a second 3.5mm stereo port means you can both listen to your, now, top tunes simultaneously. Beats talking I guess.

> www.lindy.co.uk



Boombox iMusic Pillow



Music is everywhere these days, from the myriad digital sources through which we can hunt down our all-time favourite tunes to the awful dirge played in shops to the violence-courting tinny white noise escaping from the

headphones of the bloke next to you on the train. So, it seems only natural that you should now wish to make the presence of pleasant frequencies truly omnipresent in your life by allowing music to permeate your dreams too. How? With the Boombox iMusic Pillow of course!

Basically a standard place to put your head when not using it (other than in the 'putting your head on it and going to sleep sense"), but one that comes boasting two hidden speakers and a ruddy amp to let you blast your ears into the arms of Morpheus. Don't worry, you don't need a down filled cassette to slot into the front - that would be silly! - the Boombox handily features a 3.5mm jack to let you hook up any music player and enjoy a stomping 1(yes, one!)W of sleep-denying noise, securing your descent into insomnia and inevitable lackof-sleep-based suicide.

> www.prezzybox.com





Continued from page 5

she beamed, offering me her hand. "I've been looking forward to this all day, I think my body is in need of strong hands," she smiled and sat herself down on the end of the massage bed. "So, where do you want me?"

"You need to get undressed and lie down

Dear Mayfair,
Emma Green and Sophie Star together – something I never dreamt I'd see, and yet there they were, on the cover of your last issue. I practically ran home from the newsagent once I'd bought my copy, and as luck would have it the magazine fell

instantly open to the centrespread shot, with Sophie poised enticingly just above Emma's delightful Brazilian strip. Did she manage to resist moving down for a taste of Emma's pussy, I wonder? I don't think I'd have been able to under similar circumstances, that's for sure! Was it my imagination, or was

Sophie showing off a bit more of her own pussy as well this

set? I love the picture of the girls on page 46, where they're just

about to kiss and Sophie's quim is almost accidentally visible poking out under her lovely burn. Truly irresistible!

Let's hope the girls develop a taste for this kind of thing – I'd certainly like to see plenty more!

Julian, Diss.

STAR STRUCK!

"Oh, no need for that," she interrupted. 'We're both adults - I'm sure you've seen a naked woman before..."

And with that she stood up and whipped her vest over her head, revealing two large, full breasts. Then she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her jogging bottoms and thrust them down to floor in one smooth movement exposing a

> trimmed triangle of light brown pubic hair guarding the entrance to her pussy. She climbed onto the table and rolled onto her front as my mind did somersaults, my eves glued to her beautifully curved arse cheeks as I ran my oiled hands up and down her body. She was tanned and slim and well toned for her age. I couldn't believe I was thinking so much about a woman who was 20 years older than me. My prick sprang to attention.

Lisa turned her head to speak to me. "Oh my god! What on earth is that you've got in your pocket?" she shrieked and sprang bolt upright, her boobs swinging in front of her.

"Shit," I blurted. "I'm sorry, I, er..." I looked at her, embarrassed, wanting the earth to swallow me up. when I noticed a little smirk on her face.

"Don't worry, I quite like it," she purred, pulling me down to kiss her on the lips. "I was hoping this might happen!" she said, running her hands around my shoulders and into my hair. That's all I needed to hear. I kissed her again, quickly moving down, kissing her neck and chest, and then sucking her left nipple firmly into my mouth. Lisa gasped. I wanted to move slowly, but my body seemed controlled

by carnal lust.

Dropping to my knees, Lisa pulled her legs apart and I shot my face into her 45-yearold crotch, burying my tongue in her wet

hole as she gave out a yelp of desire. After swirling my tongue inside her wet, musky snatch, I moved it up and lashed at her clitoris. A loud howl escaped her lips and she threw her head back. I stood up and laid her out on the table. "Get them things off and let me see that cock of yours," she said as she grappled with my shorts and pants. My hard cock sprang forth, unimpeded now. I climbed up onto the table and slipped between her legs. She bent her knees up and drew her legs apart, and with one motion I drove my cock into her depths.

"Fuck me harder. Fuck me! Fuck me!" she growled as I wildly plunged in and out of her cunt. I made long lunging thrusts, again and again. I had never fucked anyone so wantonly before but this woman brought out something in me and all I wanted to do was pound my hard cock into her as fast

SHE DREW HER LEGS APART, AND WITH WITH ONE MOTION I DROVE MY COCK INTO HER DEPTHS.

and hard as possible until I shot my come deep inside her. I gazed down at the cunt juice glistening on my prick as it slid in and out of her hairy snatch and watched as her vaginal lips stretched over my shaft length, almost to the point of splitting it seemed, and then pushed my cock back in till our pubic bushes met and became one wet, hairy mess.

I sucked on her tits and pumped her some more until she pushed my cock out of her, and turned herself over. Now I had her on her hands and knees with her gash just waiting for my dick. I kneeled between her thighs and gently parted her buttocks. As I guided my cock towards her cunt hole I couldn't help but gaze at her ring. It looked inviting and I was thinking about changing holes when she grabbed my meat and stuffed it into her hot pussy again. I began ramming her from behind now, each thrust sending her tits into a pendulous swing and a ripple across her arse cheeks. I pumped her hard and fast until she lurched into an explosive orgasm, thrusting back against me until she was spent, then falling flat on the table in front of me, slipping off my still hard cock.

I thought then that it was all over, so I quickly pulled apart her buttocks and wanked myself off all over her ringpiece and cheeks, not stopping until I had squeezed every last drop out, then rubbing my tip against her cunny to clean it off.

Lisa slipped into her clothes while I watched my spunk roll down her legs. "I'm off for a shower," she said. "Same time tomorrow?"

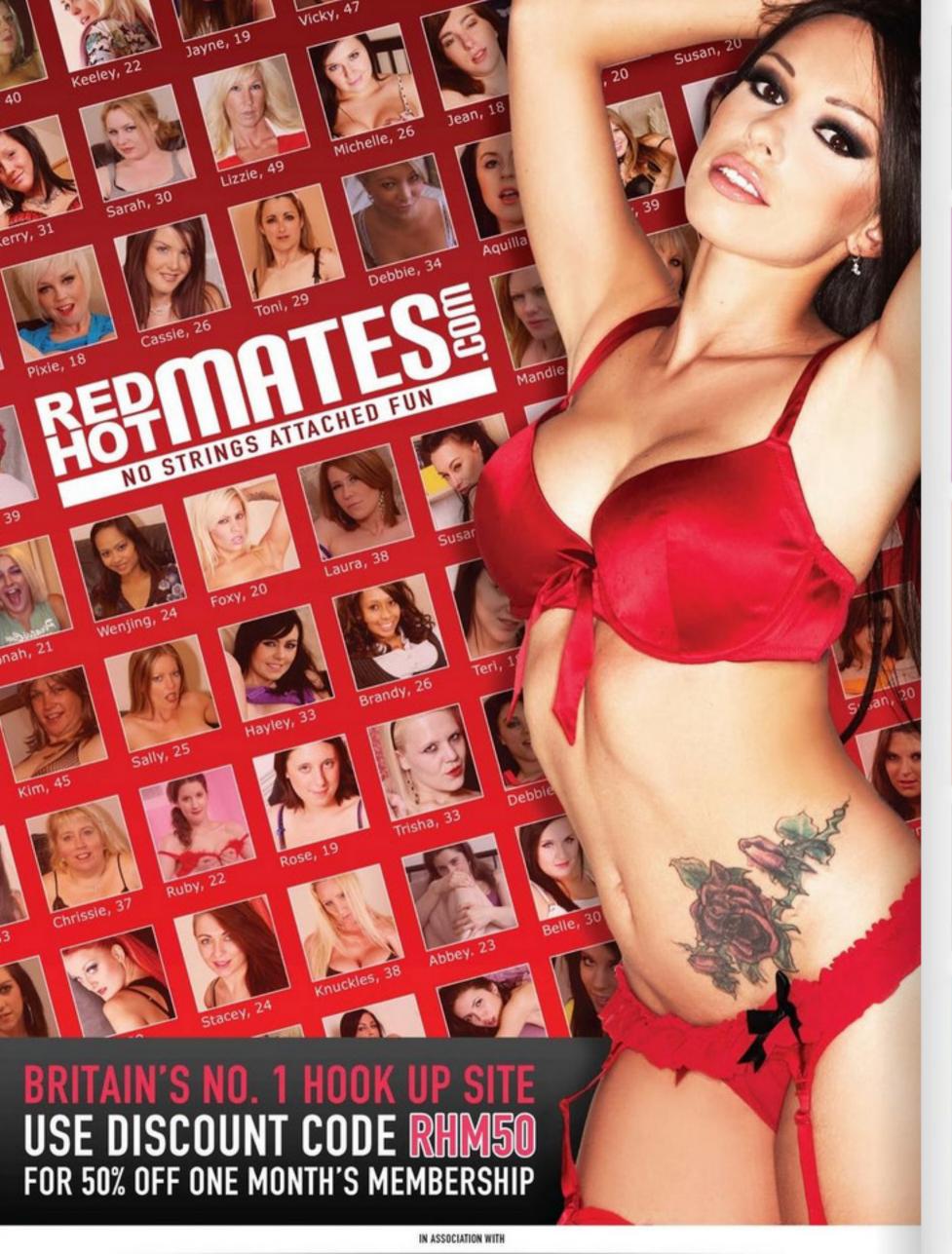
I couldn't really argue, could I? She became a valued regular! John, Farnborough.

on the table," I said. "I'll give you a few minutes to get yourself ready and I'll be back in a bit. There's some towels there for you."











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Remember when Volvos were boring old tanks? Well those days are long gone, and here's the proof...

even seats, a premium feel, decent off-road ability and impeccable safety... this was what the original Volvo XC90 offered SUV buyers for pretty much the first time in one package, and they lapped it up. Trouble is, the groundbreaking car was launched nearly 13 years ago, and has since been left behind by a host of posh, practical and capable 4x4s. A new model was long overdue, but would Geely – the Chinese company that bought Volvo from Ford in 2010 – put its money where its mouth was to keep the

VOLVO'S SENSE OF STYLE HASN'T BEEN DILUTED NOW THAT IT'S BEING BANKROLLED BY THE CHINESE...

brand competitive in this booming market?

The answer has been an emphatic yes.

Geely has splashed out a total of \$11billion on the development of a hi-tech scalable platform that'll underpin a whole new range of Volvo models, and the second-generation XC90 is the first car to benefit. Crucially, though, the Chinese have let Volvo get on with the design, and the result is one of the most striking new SUVs around.

The shape is still recognisable from the

original, but it's been brought right up to date. There's a new, more chiselled bonnet, which defines the shoulder lines of the car, and the angles are repeated in the taillamps. Talking of the lights, Volvo has come up with a dramatic new LED signature for the daytime running lamps, called Thor's It's safe to say that Volvo's sense of style hasn't been diluted now that it's being bankrolled by the Chinese, and neither has its focus on safety – as the new XC90 showcases some pioneering technology to protect not only its occupants but also people on the road around it. This is part of the company's Vision 2020 directive, under which it aims to eliminate deaths and serious injuries in its cars by the end of the decade.

The first new safety feature on the XC90 is a run-off road protection package, which detects if the car leaves the highway in an accident and automatically tightens the seatbelts to hold all the occupants in place. To help prevent spinal injuries,



Hammer, after the Norse god of thunder. These give a modern twist to the bold and confident new front end, which is set apart by the wider, chromed grille. Adding to the car's road presence is a selection of stylish alloy wheel designs, in diameters of up to 22 inches. energy-absorbing material between the seat cushions and the frames soaks up the vertical forces that can be put through the car if it encounters a hard landing once it's veered off the road.

There's also an advanced new autobraking set-up, as part of the improved City Safety package. While autobraking is nothing new – even basic city cars now have tech that slams on the anchors at low speeds if it detects an object ahead and the driver doesn't react – on the XC90 the technology is taken a step further. Here, if the driver turns out of a junction in front of an oncoming vehicle, Volvo's sophisticated new autobrake steps in. Yet the regular autobrake still keeps watch at the front of the car, and can even pick up on cyclists and pedestrians in the road.

Volvo knows that safety doesn't sell, though; sex does. And inside, the new XC90 oozes sex appeal, with its huge, iPadstyle touchscreen display and sumptuous Scandinavian leather, wood and glass finishes. The gear lever, for example, is made of crystal glass from Orrefors, while the volume control for the high-end Bowers & Wilkins sound system, plus the start/stop button, is diamond cut. It all adds up to what the company claims is the most luxurious interior ever designed for a Volvo. The best thing is that seven people really





can enjoy it. While the original XC90 was a seven-seater, the sixth and seventh seats that flipped up out the boot floor were strictly for midgets or children. But Volvo has worked hard to free up more space, not only as a result of the new platform, but also thanks to newly designed seats. It says passengers up to 170cm tall can comfortably sit in the rearmost seats.

Volvo's new platform hasn't only brought improvements to the XC90's practicality, though; it also promises a big step forward in the car's driver appeal. The original XC90 was a capable family ferrier, but never the last word in handling fun, yet the Scalable Platform Architecture not only reduces weight but also improves weight distribution. Volvo says the newcomer delivers "the agility of a much smaller and lower car" as a result, and the engines it's offering at launch certainly promise a great deal.

Out goes the thirsty and sluggish five-cylinder diesel that was the sole option at the end of the original's life, as buyers of the new XC90 get a choice of 2.0-litre four-cylinder engines: a turbocharged D5 diesel with 222bhp and a turbocharged and supercharged T6 petrol with 316bhp. Both are hooked up to an eight-speed twin-clutch automatic gearbox.

But the big news will be the arrival later in the year of the T8 Twin Engine Hybrid, which combines the 2.0-litre superturbo petrol engine with an electric motor to deliver an impressive 390bhp and CO2 emissions of around 60g/km.



All models are four-wheel drive, and while the XC90 is no Land Rover in terms of off-road ability, as an all-round package, this stylish SUV is right up there with the best in its class.

SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINES	2.0-litre 4cyl petrol, 316bhp;
LITOINES	
	2.0-litre 4cyl diesel, 222bhp;
	2.0-litre 4cyl petrol/electric, 390bhp;
ON SALE	May
PRICE	From £45,000
CONTACT	www.volvocars.com/uk





GENTLEMIEN, That Reminds Me

Want a sidesplitter or three? Well move along, there's nothing for you here, we're afraid! Email us your efforts at: mayfair@paulraymond.com or send them to: Mayfair, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

A boss says to his secretary: "Very well, Miranda, I'll be blunt. I wish to give you a dashed good shagging. No? Because I can make it very lucrative. I'll throw £1,000 on the office carpet and by the time you've bent down to pick it up I'll be finished." The secretary thinks for a moment then calls her boyfriend and tells him the story.

A man walks into a library and asks for a book on suicide.

The librarian peers down her nose at him and replies: "Sorry but no. You won't bring it back.".

Meantime the boss busies himself behind his desk.

Her boyfriend says to her, "OK, love, do it but demand £2,000 and grab up the money very fast - the old plonker won't even have enough time to upzip himself." So, giggling to herself, she agrees.

Half an hour goes by and the boyfriend calls her back, "So what happened? he asks. She wails "My mobile's on speaker. The bastard flung it all down in coins: I'm still picking them up and he's still fucking me!"



A bloke runs into his ex-wife at a restaurant. Being a sophisticated person, he say to her, "Well now, isn't this fortuitous! I wonder, would you care to engage in making love one more time, for old times' sake?"

She said: "Over my dead body." To which he replies, "Why not? After all, that's the way we always used to do it."



Two guys are peeing in a bathroom in the lobby of a fancy hotel in Pennsylvania. One man notices that the other is black but has a white finger and a white dick . No longer able to contain his curiosity the first guy says: "I notice you're black but you have a white finger and a white dick."

The other man says "I'm not black. I'm a coal miner from West Virginia up here on my honeymoon."



A man comes home from his office in an irritable mood and berates his wife for spending too much money.

"If you would get off your lazy backside every once in a while and do some housework," he shouts, "we wouldn't have to pay for a maid!"

"Well," she shouts back, "if you'd make love to me once in a while, we wouldn't have to pay for a gardener either!"



Driving along the highway, a guy keeps seeing billboards with beautiful, tanned people and the legend: "VISIT THE GARDEN OF HEDON". Eventually his

curiosity gets the better of him and he turns off the road and pulls up outside the place. He goes inside a building marked "Registration" and sees an attractive woman sitting naked at a desk.

"Exactly what goes on here?" he asks.

"It's quite simple," says the receptionist. "This is a nudist camp. We take off all our clothes and commune with nature."

"Cool," says the guy, already turned-on by the shapely nude receptionist, "Count me in!" So he pays his membership fee, sheds his clothes, bundles them into a locker and strolls off into the Garden of Hedon.

As he walks along a path, he sees a big sign which reads, "Beware of Gays." "Fair enough," he thinks. "But live and let live." A little further along he sees another sign bearing the same legend.

He continues walking until he finds himself in a small grass clearing with a small bronze plaque set in the ground. He bends over to examines the plaque more closely and it reads, "Sorry, but you've had two warnings."



A US special forces sniper had just spent a long tour in Afghanistan, alone for months behind enemy lines. He had at last been rescued and the first night he got home, he exclaimed to his wife, "Honey, I want you to know that I haven't wasted all my time alone in the mountains. Instead, I've mastered the art of mind over matter! Just watch this!" And with that he dropped his trousers and shorts and stood before her in his birthday suit.

Addressing his flaccid penis, he tossed

back his head and shouted: "Dick,

And his dick deflated again.

And with that, his dick sprang to full erection. Then he said, "Dick, at EASE!"

"Wow, that is amazing," said his wife. "Do you mind if I bring our next-door neighbour

over to see this? It's really something else!"

The guy responded that he didn't mind

at all, since he was proud of what he had

accomplished. So the wife goes next door

and comes back with a delicious looking

woman who got this guy's full attention. After

a brief pause to take her in, he says, "Now

And his dick springs to life. Then he

commands: "Dick, at EASE!"

again: "Dick, at EASE!"

tool, I said AT EASE! "

watch this." Then, as before, he commands his knob, bellowing "Dick, ten-HUT!"

Only this time nothing happens. So he tries

But still nothing happened. So the guy now

Still nothing. Embarrassed, the sniper runs

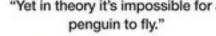
says, "For the last time, you damn stupid

"Yet in theory it's impossible for a

off to the bathroom. His wife makes excuses for him and joins her husband in the bathroom, where she finds him masturbating.

"What are you doing?" she asked. The guy says, "I'm givin' this bastard a dishonourable discharge!"

















In case you hadn't noticed, we've taken rather a shine to London-based stunner Cara Brett since she first appeared towards the end of last year – so much so, in fact, that we're going to be featuring her pretty regularly from now on. After all, girls with these looks don't come along every day of the week – even when you do work at Mayfair where stunning girls are making their way every day of the week! And was the girl herself made-up about this development? Well, what do you think...?

"I'd be over the moon!" she gushed when we put the idea to her. "When I first started modelling it was always Mayfair I wanted to appear in, so I'm really thrilled I'll be appearing in your pages regularly from now on!"

Not as thrilled, we suspect, as the Ed, who seems to have developed a bit of a spring in his step whenever Cara's in for a shoot!

















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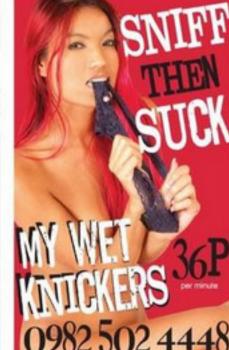
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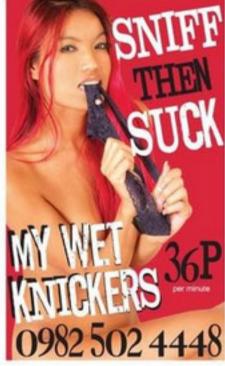


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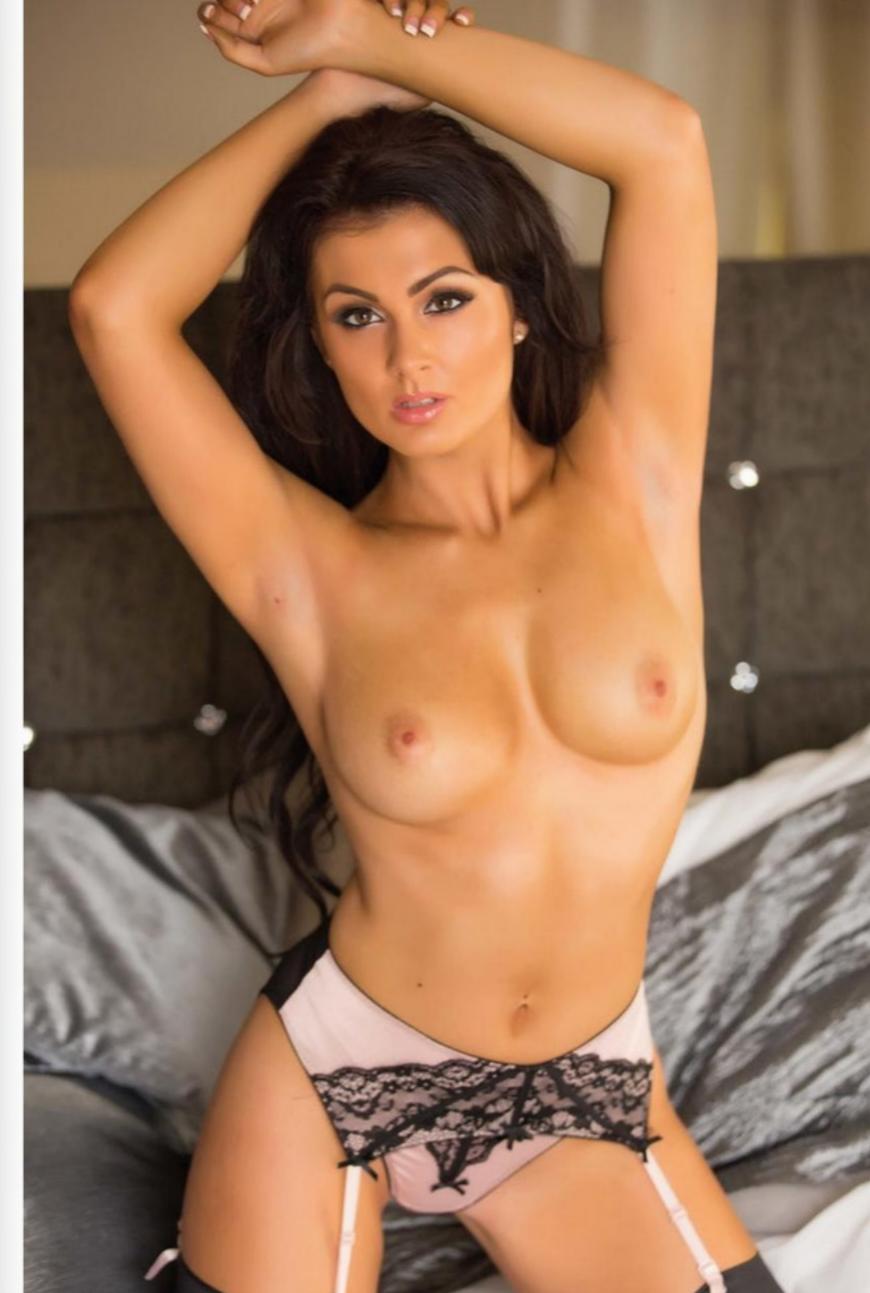
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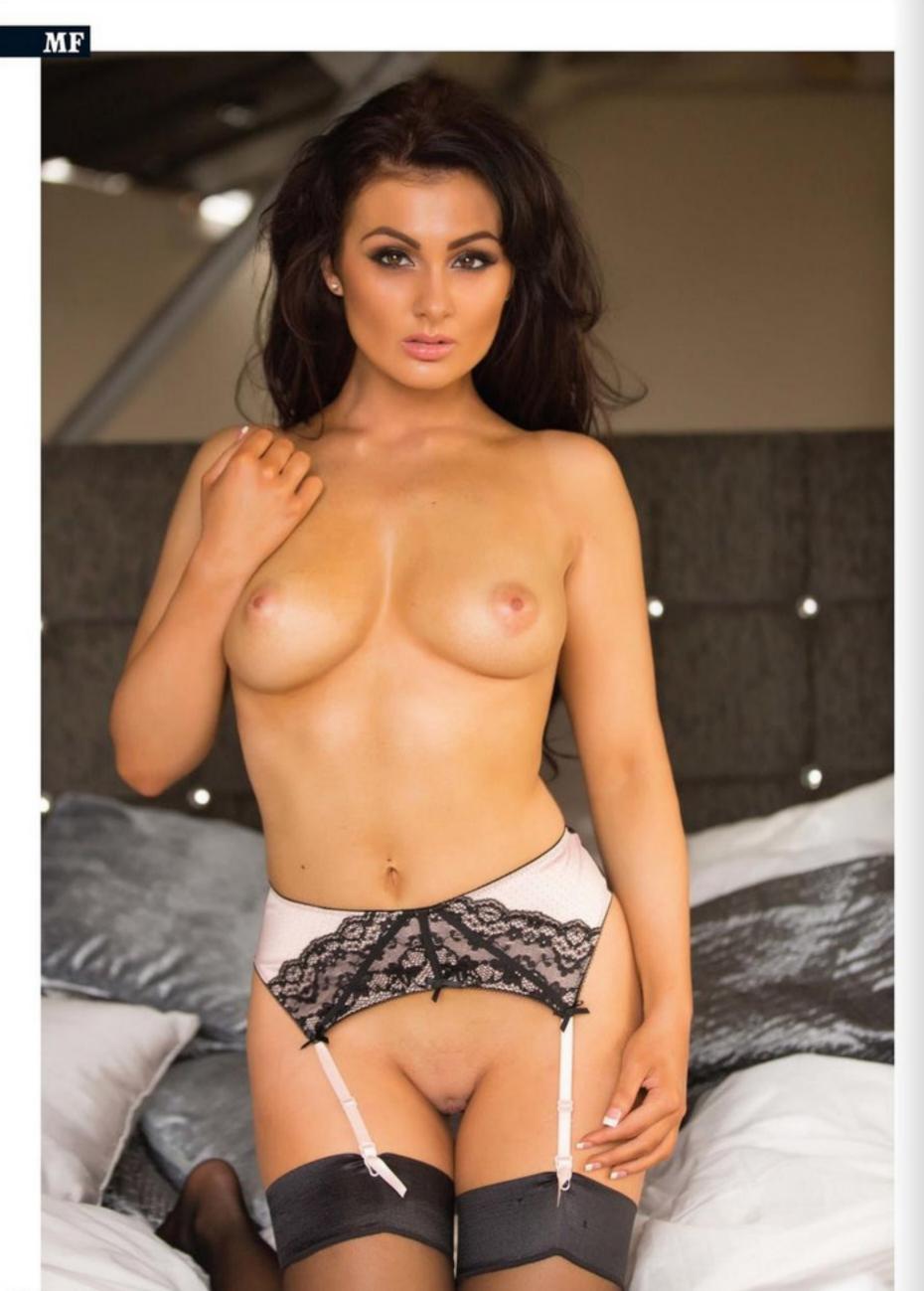




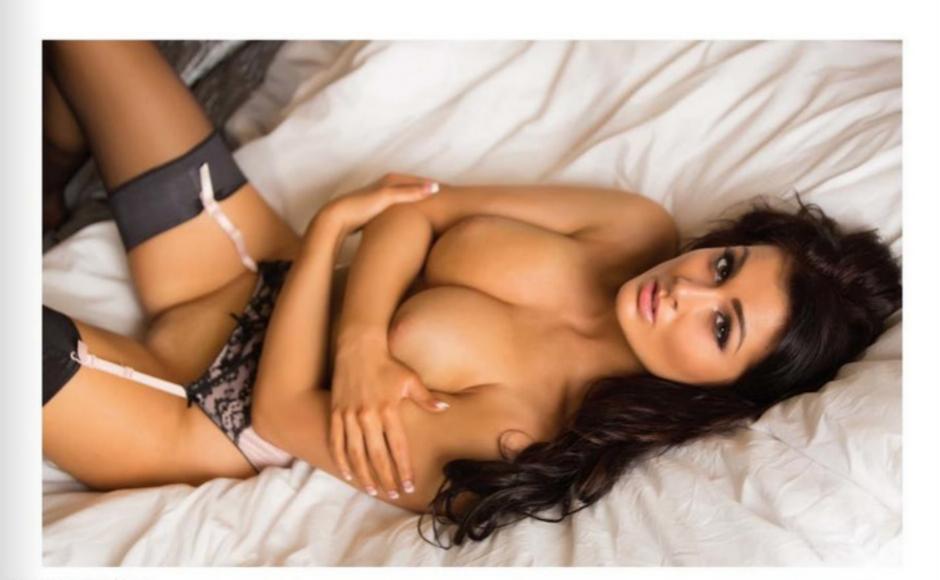


























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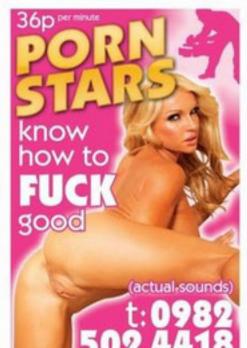
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UEST...

Shakespeare called it 'country matters' - but there's clearly plenty of urban nookie going on as well, as this trio of trollops attest...

t is almost a year since I moved to the city and began my job as a secretary in a multinational bank. It took me a while to settle in, but when I finally got used to the demands of my new job, and got to know the other staff including my immediate boss better, I began to enjoy it more.

At first I was a bit intimidated by my new surroundings. Being a country girl I was a little overwhelmed by the new systems the computers used at the bank. My boss Jake me feel excited in his company. I am a leggy brunette with a slim figure and

a pair of DDbreasts. I also have a very high sex-drive, which I was

finding hard to satisfy as I

still only knew a handful of people. Once I got my first months salary I went shopping

> for extra sexy lingerie to wear to work, and went to one of the department stores for advice on make-up, hoping to excite Jake's interest into action.

Name: JANINE

From: SALISBURY

Age: 23

On Monday morning I put on my new black lacy underwear. Just looking at sexy lingerie put me in the mood and I teased my clit, sawing the minute gusset of the tiny g-string panties back and forth against it, until I felt the lace fabric moisten with my juices. Thrilled by the sensation I continued dressing for work, rolling my sheer black hold-ups up

My pussy was throbbing and I felt my cheeks blushing as I thought about how sexy I felt in my new lingerie, and as I clipped on my new black lace under-wired bra I hoped that Jake would see it sometime soon. To complete my outfit I put on a new black suit and white blouse. The skirt was as short as I dared and barely covered my stocking tops, but the ensemble was expensive and businesslike and I still looked professional

At work I noticed a lot of the men looking admiringly

at me, and I got a few compliments. Throughout the day Jake called me into his office more often than usual, getting me to do unnecessary jobs and even knocking

documents from his desk so he could watch me bend to pick them up. In the end Jake asked me to wait back after work for "a chat". When the last of the bank staff left Jake turned some of the office lights off, making the dimly lit office area look romantic. He bent down, burying his face in my hair and smelling it as his hands wrestled my suit jacket down my shoulders. I just stood there allowing him to take charge, inhaling his manly cologne as he kissed my neck and threw my jacket over the back of a chair.

I made to undress him but he shook his head, slipping his own jacket off and saying it would be faster if he undressed himself. His hands ran over my breasts, skimming over the sheer fabric of my blouse as he squeezed my bracups, rubbing his thumbs across the pointy silhouettes of my erect nipples. My pussy was very moist and my knees weakened as he fingered my nipples and I reached for his zipper down to get to his straining cock. Jake gasped as he felt my hands brushing against his genitals and he undid his belt buckle and helped me drop his suit trousers. Down slid his boxers and I felt his cock stiffen in my fist; it grew larger as I tugged it. My pussy throbbed and I stifled a moan as I felt Jake's hand sneak up my leg and his fingers pull aside the q-string.

I tightened my grip on his cock, wanking it a little harder as Jake began circling my clit with a fingertip. Slowly he pushed his finger inside me, finger-banging my pussy while still simulating my clit. His cock had grown hard

DOWN SLID HIS BOXERS, AND I FELT HIS COCK STIFFEN IN MY FIST: IT GREW LARGER AS I TUGGED.

as wood in my hand and I was itching to go down on it, but Jake had other ideas. Instead he turned me away from him and bent me over his desk.

I did so, reluctantly releasing his cock, and steadying myself against the desk as Jake pulled my tiny panties down my leg and began rubbing his rod along my swollen labia. I pushed my arse back, trying to force Jake to enter me, but he evaded me and kept teasing my pussy until I felt my sex-juice oozing from my pussy. Jake rubbed his cock in my juices and then slid it up my arse crack until I felt him nudge against my anal rose. I squealed in glee when I realised where he was intending to go and pushed back harder against him. It wasn't the first time I'd had anal sex and I loved it; I just couldn't believe my luck that Jake was

Gripping my hips, Jake pressed his cock hard against my anus, and, reaching forward, began rubbing my clit. My pussy clenched, throbbing as he stimulated my clit and I relaxed my sphincter and allowed him access. Jake pushed his cock inside me, rubbing my

clit hard as he did so, and began frigging me. My pussy convulsed around his tormenting fingers and I felt myself start to come. With my pussy clenched tightly around his fingers I felt my pussy begin to spasm and as I did so Jake prodded all the way inside my

burn. The pleasure of my orgasm was increased by the feeling of

several times since.

- "Just admit that you're desperate for a shag," I said, pointing an
- "I'll do no such thing!"

"Well, get out of my way because I am."



"What?" Jane asked, shifting her glare from Max back to me as I started undoing the buttons on my blouse. "I'm so horny tonight that I want cock and pussy." It was clear that Jane



"I RAN MY FINGERS DOWN HER TAUT ABDOMEN, NOT PAUSING UNTIL I WAS CUPPING HER PUSSY THROUGH HER SILKY UNDERWEAR."

Jake's big cock inside me and I began to move on it, pushing back onto him as he thrust forward. I experienced multiple orgasms with Jake's cock pulsing deep inside me, and as my contractions tightened around his cock I felt him fire off deep inside me.

I can safely say that it's really been my dream job since then - mostly thanks to Jake and his lovely thick prick!

Then I moved to London, I was expecting bright lights and late nights, rather than constant fights. Living with Jane was worse than living with my parents. My parents worried but they never judged me the way Jane did. "Oh Anthea, when are you

"Moving to London is growing up," I snapped. "When are you going to grow down?" I was so angry that the fact I couldn't think of the right words didn't stop me from shouting at my flatmate. "Have you ever done anything just for fun? Do you even know what fun is?" "Of course I've had..."

"Really? I've never seen you have fun. How can you have any fun when everything is planned to the last detail?" That was the thing which I found most frustrating about Jane. I didn't mind her organising her own life into little blocks of order but I objected to her doing the

Name: ANTHEA

From: IPSWICH

Age: 25

same to mine. Jane's timetables were tolerable when we were deciding who should put the bins out but not when we were deciding when I could sleep with my boyfriend.

"Better than living in chaos!" Jane's voice became shrill when she was angry and made me feel like I was the naughty pupil to her

"I'm still going to fuck him tonight," I said, being deliberately vulgar. "So long as you do it in the privacy of your bedroom, I don't care what you do with him." That wasn't true and we both knew it. Jane hated that I had brought a man back to the flat the first time we had gone out together and resented the fact that I had brought other men back

didn't realise what I was saying, although the way Max moaned made it abundantly clear that he immediately knew what I meant. "Your pussy, Jane," I said. She jerked with alarm as I moved my fingers from undoing my blouse to undoing hers.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" she croaked, trying to find her best school teacher voice.

"Trying to find your sense of fun." I felt Jane bristle but she didn't stop me as I unbuttoned past her bra and headed down towards her belt. Jane squeaked like a lost kitten as I undid her belt and again as I forced her skirt down her legs. Jane's eyes became slits of anger as I ran my fingers down her taut abdomen, not pausing until I was cupping her pussy through her silky underwear. An embarrassed heat filled my body. Jane wasn't stopping me. My plan to force my flatmate





was in his late thirties - tall, dark and athletic, I found myself both attracted to and intimidated by him. However, he was also kind and fair, and I felt a chemistry between us, which made



out so that I could enjoy a night of uninhibited sex with Max wasn't working.

"I think you're getting close," Jane said, smiling coldly.

"Me too," I murmured. I rubbed Jane's crotch, feeling soft, pliable flesh moving under my fingers. Her legs spread subtly and I found myself taking the invitation to masturbate my flatmate, generating more heat than friction alone could explain. Was she actually

Jane's very hot and extremely wet pussy and followed through my toothy smile by nipping

"Oooh fuck!" Jane gasped, as her hips bumped up wildly. I did it again and she screamed - not in pain but in pleasure. I looked up and we locked eyes but this time I saw something new - desire. "Bite me again," she whispered. "Please?" It wasn't a real bite but I knew how teeth felt on a woman's most

as it erupted into a violent orgasm. Only as the spasms faded did her legs part, her body still pulsing with pleasure. As I temporarily surfaced from the wet heat of Jane's crotch, the clear air helped my orgasm fire, causing a scream to escape from my throat.

"So what happens now?" Max asked eagerly. Jane and I looked at each other and where there had been something bordering on hatred, there was now something approaching hunger. We both burst out laughing.

"That's a very good question," I said, pulling myself up off the sticky mess coating Jane's inner thigh. "Jane, would you like to fuck my boyfriend?"

"Now that does sound like fun."



enjoying what I was doing?

"Bloody hell!" Max exclaimed. He'd undone his trousers and his exposed cock was standing straight up. I'd told him that I had a special treat planned for the night but I hadn't intended for that treat to involve Jane - a failed threesome as Jane made a swift exit would have been enough to get Max in the mood for some extra sexy fun.

As Jane spied my boyfriend's cock, the heat between her legs turned into wetness. I needed to get rid of the woman and fast so that I could take full advantage of my man's cock. Gathering all my pretend passion into a flurry of movement, I dropped to my knees. "I want to eat your pussy, Jane," I said, smiling with enough of my teeth on display to cause Jane genuine concern. Trying to take advantage of that concern, I dragged her knickers down her legs.

"Fucking hell!" Max cried. "This is amazing!" "On the sofa would be easier," Jane reasoned. I followed Jane's bare bottom into the living room, resisting the urge to snap Max's thumbs back as he gave me a doublethumbs-up. This was a battle of wills with my flatmate now - vengeful, competitive sex of the highest order, starting with Jane sitting on the sofa with her legs spread wide.

"Mmmm, it looks so good," I said, peering down between Jane's legs as Max tore his clothes off. Jane was clearly after Max's cock and I desperately needed to block his access to her before he finished stripping. As Jane eyed Max's cock, I lowered my mouth onto

sensitive flesh. I didn't like to feel teeth at all but it was clear that Jane did as her wetness increased exponentially, forcing me to lick and swallow as Max fumbled his way through

"This is amazing!" he cried, shoving his cock roughly up my vagina. I let Max's excited thrusts force my face against Jane's crotch as I wedged three fingers inside her. Jane moaned and rotated her hips in the same way I do when I'm trying to maximise the stimulation as I try to orgasm. Was Jane ready to come already?

I sucked hungrily, moaning with only halffaked enthusiasm. Max mistook the noise and used a series of hard thrusts to achieve his orgasm, stopping deep inside me as he let loose a series of hot spunky spurts. The fingers of my left hand found my clitoris as I

"I LET MAX'S EXCITED THRUSTS FORCE MY **FACE AGAINST JANE'S** CROTCH..."

licked Jane's with the tip of my tongue. Her breath came in sharp gasps but the sounds of her breathing were lost as her thighs closed tightly around my head. I had the odd sensation of being trapped inside Jane's body

s a successful model, I seem to spend half my life travelling around, living out of my suitcase in various hotels across the globe and rushing from photoshoot to casting before moving on. It's a rarity that I actually remember the city itself; let alone what I actually did there! However, when I visited Rome for a catwalk

show, just before Christmas, I had a weekend encounter that I'll never forget!

I had finished the show and was on a huge high, as is usual after strutting on stage in front of a few hundred people, so myself and a few of the other girls decided to hit the town for a few drinks. I wasn't exactly planning on going on the pull, but I do have somewhat of a penchant for Italian men, so I wasn't ruling anything out!

And it didn't take long! We'd only been in the cocktail bar for around quarter of an hour before I heard a sexy, gravelly voice in my ear, "Ciao, bella!" I whipped around to see the most handsome guy stood behind me,

grinning. He said something else in Italian, but as my language

Name: PAMELA Age: 28 From: SWINDON

skills are sadly lacking, I had no idea what, so I replied with my standard, "Mi dispiace, non parlo Italiano." The man broke into a grin, "Ah, English?" he asked, and I nodded, relieved we could actually communicate. And communicate we did - with our voices as well as our bodies on the dancefloor! As we gyrated together, his hands wandered all over my backside, groping and squeezing as we ground our hips together. We were soon getting so hot and bothered, I invited him back to my hotel room.

Once we got in the room, my Italian stallion stripped down to his waist - revealing a welltoned stomach and chest, causing my pussy to begin frothing up. Pouring us both a drink from the mini-bar, I told him to relax and enjoy

Standing in front of the mirror, I pulled my dress and bra straps down my tanned arms, revealing my full breasts. Cupping them in my hands, feeling their firmness, I gave them a good squeeze before tracing spirals round my nipples with my fingertips, making them stand to attention.

I dropped my dress to the floor, leaving me starkers apart from my heels. Then, turning around so my butt was facing the mirror, I spread my legs shoulder-width apart and bent over, pulling my arse apart, so that my soon-to-be lover got an eyeful of my tight little bumhole. Running a finger from pussy to arse, I drew a sticky line of wetness from hole to hole. Slowly tracing a finger around the edge of my anus, I glanced at my guest who was now beating his meat rhythmically in his hand, watching me act like

Sitting on my calves, I leant back, thrusting my snatch further up towards the mirror. Slowly, I slid a finger into myself, watching my pussy swallow it, inch

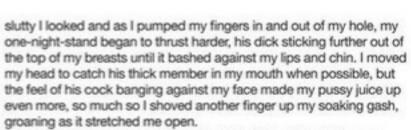
by inch. Another finger snuck up to join the first, stretching and filling me up deliciously, making me feel like a wanton slut. I started to pump them in and out, groaning as I did so, my whole cunt straining with pleasure. It didn't take long for my Italian conquest to get involved and, despite

THE FEEL OF HIS COCK BANGING AGAINST MY FACE MADE MY PUSSY JUICE UP EVEN MORE.

the language barrier, he made it abundantly clear he wanted a tit-wank!



with the other hand, making a deep cleavage. Running his tongue up the new crevice, making it slippery, he straddled my torso and buried his dick between my breasts. His cock was a good eight inches, thick and veiny, and my fleshy mounds accommodated him perfectly. As he began to thrust in and out, he put a hand under my head to support it, putting me in the ideal position to lick his prick as it poked out of the top of my cleavage. I could taste his musky tang, and stuck my tongue as far out as possible so I could savour as much of him as I could. Catching a glimpse of myself in the mirror, I was amazed just how



Manoeuvring my open mouth so it gobbled his stiff tool, I began sucking him to the back of my throat, my tongue slavering all the way up and down his length until I felt his balls tighten and realised he was coming. As his spunk splashed down onto my flesh, covering my chin, my tits and neck, my first orgasm of the day pulsed through me, making me shake and quiver, my juices dripping out of my cunt and to

Rather than catching his breath, my stud seemed to be ready to go

again immediately and, moving me onto all fours, my head nearest the mirror, he rubbed his cock up and down my burncrack, coating himself in my slick wetness, before nudging at my pussyhole insistently.

Grabbing my long hair, he pulled my head up, jerking my eyes towards our reflection, so I was looking him right in the eye as he forced his cock into my tight twat - my mirror masturbation having gotten me so hot that he was able to slide all the way in with one firm stroke.

Making me groan loudly, he thrust in and out of my wet snatch, getting harder with every stroke and pushing me closer to another climax, as his pelvis and hips slammed against me.

As he rammed his meat repeatedly inside me, pounding hard, I felt my muscles tighten and convulse all over, my cunt suddenly gripping your cock violently as my breath caught in my throat and I heard myself almost waiting

with unbelievable pleasure.

The orgasm ripped through my body almost violently, and as I ground myself back hard on his prick, enhancing

my spasms of pleasure, I noticed that his eyes were firmly fixed on my reflection in the mirror. And, as my orgasm

peaked, he splattered the insides of my pussy with his hot jizz, before collapsing in a sweaty mess.

He left soon after without us swapping numbers, which suited me fine the language barrier may not have mattered for a single fuck, but I like to understand what my partners are saying to me!



NEXT MONTH

SPRING FEVER

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!

Scene from MAYEAUR

Ever wondered just how terrible it was to be in a tank crew at the arse end of WWII?

Turns out the answer is pretty bloody terrible indeed! Still, we've got a few other top suggestions that might just lighten the mood this month...



FURY

ast time Brad Pitt took on the Nazis it was in Quentin Tarantino's tongue-in-cheek homage to a certain kind of WWII actioner, Inglorious Basterds. That one ended with a pretty ridiculous and counterfactual assassination of Hitler, so does this one provide a more realistic portrayal of the American war experience? Well, yes it does!

Pitt plays tank crew captain Don 'Wardaddy' Collier, a battle-hardened veteran who's already taken his crew through a campaign in North Africa before finding themselves in Germany itself as the war grinds to a bitter and hardfought end. He's clearly got the hang of things, but the tank's in a bad way when we first meet up with them - they've sustained a casualty and are clearly all on the brink of psychosis after all they've gone through and seen. Cue the arrival of a new crew member, the fresh faced, idealistic and frankly-out-of-his-depth Norman (Logan Lerman - formerly seen as Greek Godlite Percy Jackson), whose first job is the clear up the remains of his predecessor. If he thought things could only get better after that he's sorely mistaken, as they are pitched into one bloody engagement after another - their tank clearly inferior to its German counterparts - as they battle their way towards a shattering climax.

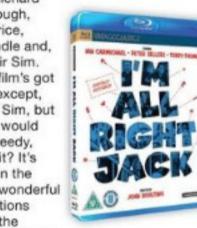
The battle scenes are stunning – realistic, horrific and extremely graphic. The Ed

The battle scenes are stunning – realistic, horrific and extremely graphic, but it's the relationship between the crew that's at the film's heart, as Collier and Lerman come to realise that neither of them have the answers in the face of such carnage. Breathtaking and gut-wrenching in turn, this is an unforgettable film.

I'M ALRIGHT JACK

f you were asked to list your dream cast for a 1950s British comedy, you'd probably come up with something like: Terry-Thomas, lan Carmichael, Margaret Rutherford, Peter Sellers, Bishard

Sellers, Richard Attenborough, Dennis Price. Irene Handle and. oh, Alistair Sim. Well this film's got the lot - except, sadly, for Sim, but then that would just be greedy, wouldn't it? It's the third in the series of wonderful collaborations between the **Boulting Brothers**



(John and Roy) that started with Private's Progress, and once again ever nicebit-dim lan Carmichael in the role of Stanley Windrush, no longer up against the machinations of the Army and now thrown into the hotpot of post-war industrial relations. Stanley's a bit posh for blue-collar work, but that's what he finds himself doing – inadvertently stitching up his colleagues as Terry-Thomas performs a time and motion study. Cue a walk-out, led by Sellers's fantastic shop steward Fred Kite, and hapless Stanley suddenly finds himself besieged by both sides.

As a satire of British society at the time it's little broad, of course, but the writing and the brio of the cast (I didn't even mention John Le Mesurier, Liz Fraser or a young Terry Scott, did I?) mark this out as one of the high water marks of British post-war film-making, and now it's been given a lovely new makeover care of Studiocanal. Lovely stuff!



STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Tot on the heels of the rather splendid 'Catholic girl coming of age flick' from Poland that was Ida (reviewed in 49.13) comes this 'Catholic girl coming of age flick' from Germany. And what do you know it's another corker! Lea van Acken plays Maria, a young girl from a very religious family who, while learning the stations of the cross (the stages on Jesus' route to crucifixion, finds her own mind becoming entangled with the famed tale of self-sacrifice. It's a pretty chilling look at the effects religion can have on impressionable young minds, and van Acken shines in the lead. The cinematography is equally bleak and chilling, so while it's hardly laugh-a-minute stuff, it's definitely worth a watch.





BLACK MIRROR: WHITE CHRISTMAS

ats off to Charlie Brooker – he's long since made a career of slagging off how ridiculous telly often is, but in the last few years he's started to do something about it, by penning his own programmes. First off there was Dead Set, his Big Brother/zombie mash-up that nicely skewered the celebrity obsession of 'reality TV', and since then there's been the critically acclaimed Black Mirror and – in Christmas 2014 – this. It's a portmanteau piece in which three separate tales are interwoven, each revolving around humans interaction with and reliance upon technology, and they're all a bit of a head-fuck, frankly. Brooker's managed to reel in some big names for this one too, with top billing going to Mad Men's John Hamm, with Oona Chaplin and Rafe Spall also putting in fine turns. A worthy successor to the MR James ghost tradition.

BOYHOOD

here have been plenty of horror stories over the years of films that have taken ages and ages to complete, but here's one that deliberately took 12 years to film – it's kind of the opposite (in several respects) to a series of 24, with the action as well as the filming spanning a 12 year family as 6 year old Mason not to mention his slightly sister Lorelei grow to maturity while buffered by the everyday vicissitudes of family life. Director Richard Linklatter has made a big film about little things, and anyone with a family will take something from it.



BEST BRITISH FILM OF THE YEAR-

THE RIOT CLUB

Osborne and various wielders of power used to lord it up over us mortals in Oxford's Bullingdon Club, and that's the tale playwright Laura Wade took as the cue for her 2010 play Posh. The characters had different names, of course, and Wade insists the plot is pure fiction, but it's hard to imagine her bothering to write it had it not been for real events. Anyway, here's the film version, and it features of lot of young toffs behaving extremely badly at white tie events (look out for a prostitute played by Natalie Dormer – Game of Thrones's Margaery Tyrell, no less). It's a very thinly veiled attack on the privileges of class, but of course also ends up pandering to this nation's obsession with the very same subject.

MAYFAIR Movies

Ah, it's time we let our porno reviewer out of his tiny, sweaty booth for a couple of hours while he types up his findings this month. Let's hope he takes the opportunity to fully rehydrate while he's at it!





JESSICA DRAKE'S GUIDE TO WICKED SEX: SATISFY HER LIKE A LEGEND

Wicked

CAST: Jessica Drake, Lexi Belle, Adrianna Luna, Ferrara Foxxx.

fter establishing herself as one of the leading performers in the adult entertainment industry by dint of her voracious cock-hungriness, newly pious superstar Jessica Industry by dint of her voracious cock-hungriness, newly plous superstar desside Drake has in recent times devoted much of her time to education and to helping couples enjoy superior sex by showing blokes a number of vignettes they can masturbate to while pretending the DVD is "instructional".

For this instalment of her series, Jessica is joined at the hips with male adult industry icons Ron Jeremy (with no fewer than 36 years experience in professional knobbing), Steven St. Croix (22 years being paid to get his leg over), Sean Michaels (22 years wrecking lady apertures with his monstrous black pizzle), and Evan Stone (a mere 11 years of being told by the others that he has much less experience).

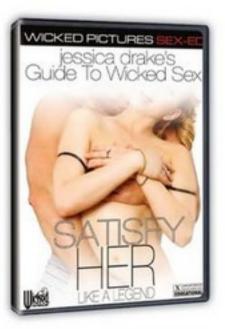
Jessica and the guys discuss things like the importance of kissing, foreplay, dirty talk, and lasting longer in bed (though I could stay there all day; I don't see what the problem is). They also discuss their favourite positions, and of course, the importance of communication, such as shouting "Come on you slut you know you want it" and "Can we stop for a minute I need to nip to the toilet?"

In the course of their almost-scholarly debate we are, thankfully, treated to flashes of Evan,

Sean, and Steven getting intimate with Lexi Belle, Ferrara Foxxx, and Adrianna Luna respectively, with all of the action captured in a very softcore, non-threatening fashion and a commentary which would outdo the horse racing reporters on Grandstand by a couple of furlongs.

A touch softcore for some, no doubt, but you just might get the wife to watch this one without the risk of her demanding a divorce. Or, if she catches you watching it on your own, at lest you could pretend you were doing some research in order to be able to better satisfy her. And building up your resistance to premature ejaculation at

You might just get the wife to watch this one without the risk of her demanding a divorce.



HORNY HOUSEWIVES

CAST: Courtney Cummz, Yurizan Beltran, Vanilla Deville, Tasha Reign, Aaliyah Love, Aryana Augustine, Mia Malkova.

anfare, please, as Brazzers releases the first in a new series featuring poor souls who aren't getting any porn star dick at

home. I know I'm not, and I'm fairly sure my wife isn't either, so this series certainly appears to have something for everyone.

The only slight bump in the road for me is that, what with the likes of professional sex starlets Aryana Augustine (not to be confused with Adriana Ovaltine, which is just a name I made up because it sounds quite similar), Mia Malkova, Aaliyah Love and Jessa Rhodes masquerading as real housewives, you know from the outset that this is never going to be a case of poor old Mrs H from No.18 living the dream by playing away from home with cinematic stuntcocks.

If, however, you can see your way past this fact and suspend belief - albeit at a tremendous height, and for a couple of hours - God love

The set-ups for the scorching action on offer are fairly imaginative, especially the one featuring Adriana Ovaltine, a babe with a body to cut your throat for, and not to be confused with Aryana Augustine,





whose name sounds quite similar. Arvana dons a lacy black negligee and her mad husband ushers porn stud Bruce Venture into the house, instructing Adriana to tie him (Mr Ovaltine) up and to follow his exact instructions regarding Bruce. The crazy cuckold then directs them to cycle through every imaginable position with the exceptions of piledriver, bulldozer and builder's barrow. It's fierce stuff and 11 minutes into the second half Bruce scores with a dollop of spuzz against the opposition's face.

And did I mention Mia Malkova's in it? 'Nuff said, surely!



CAST: Lexi Belle, Dana DeArmond, Jazy Berlin, Brooklyn Lee, Skin Diamond.



would have entitled this one Tony Stark Naked, but no-one on the television screen ever listens to my suggestions, no matter how

From adult powerhouse Vivid comes an action-packed erotic spoof concerning billionaire philanthropist Tony Stark (Dale DaBone) and his superhero alter-ego Iron Man. As in the Marvel film when Stark is kidnapped and forced to build a deadly weapon, he instead uses his engineering genius to manufacture indestructible armour and escape his captors. Once free, he must fight the evil Mandarin (played with commendable villainy by Derrick Pierce).

The costumes and sets are excellent, and the female cast and the sexual trysts are well spicy - Stark's love interest Pepper Potts grinding

mounds with The Black Widow is an especial treat for the todger - while Stark's bigtime shag with the (female) doctor who saves his life after the attack in Afghanistan, Dana Dearmond, very nearly steals the show.

One of the side effects, it turns out, of Tony's emergency treatment is a boner that lasts forever, and, injured or not, a startled Stark finds himself helpless to do anything but take Dana to the fair with a steamy anal fuck right there in the grungy medical facility of the baddies' lair. (Though personally I find the notion of "steaming" arseholes ever so slightly repulsive. Still, it's done now. And otherwise what a 'Marvellous' sex flick this is.)

And hey - at least we didn't see Jarvis the robot remotely controlling Mr Stark's knob of iron. Because that would have been positively disturbing. If superheroes float your boat then a) grow up and/or b) get this bongo flick!

Wicked

WHEN IT COMES TO YOU

CAST: Karlie Montana, Zoey Monroe, Hope Howell.

icked Pictures' latest release is a sexy romance about a love that should never happen, such as, for

example, that between an abattoir worker and a cow on the conveyor belt, Wurzel Gummidge and Aunt Sally, or John Major and Edwina

The star of the show is the fabulously attractive Karlie Montana, who knows just what to do with a cock: e.g. if no-one's attached to it,

Steven St Croix inexplicably sticks a couple of fingers down her throat while he licks her pussy from behind. Karlie, who has no gag reflex, counters with a fine bit of sucking which sees Steven's dongler completely disappear inside her head. Plainly there must be a good bit of space in there. Even so, for a while I thought that something might have gone wrong and expected every second to see Steven's





from one of her ears, the back of her neck or the top of her skull. because I like a bit of novelty now and again, but sadly no such luck. She survives long enough to get her arse splashed. Stunner Zoey Monroe surprises her boyfriend, Ryan McLane, Norman Bates style (minus the knife) while he's having a shower. And

helmet emerge

now comes the twist. Instead of screaming and going into shock as one might expect, courageous Ryan shafts her in reverse, doggie, missionary, cleric and finally, right royally, as Defender of the Faith.

All in all, I rather enjoyed this one, and assuming you've an interest in watching comely folk fuck, I suspect you will too.













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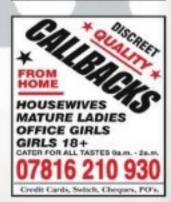


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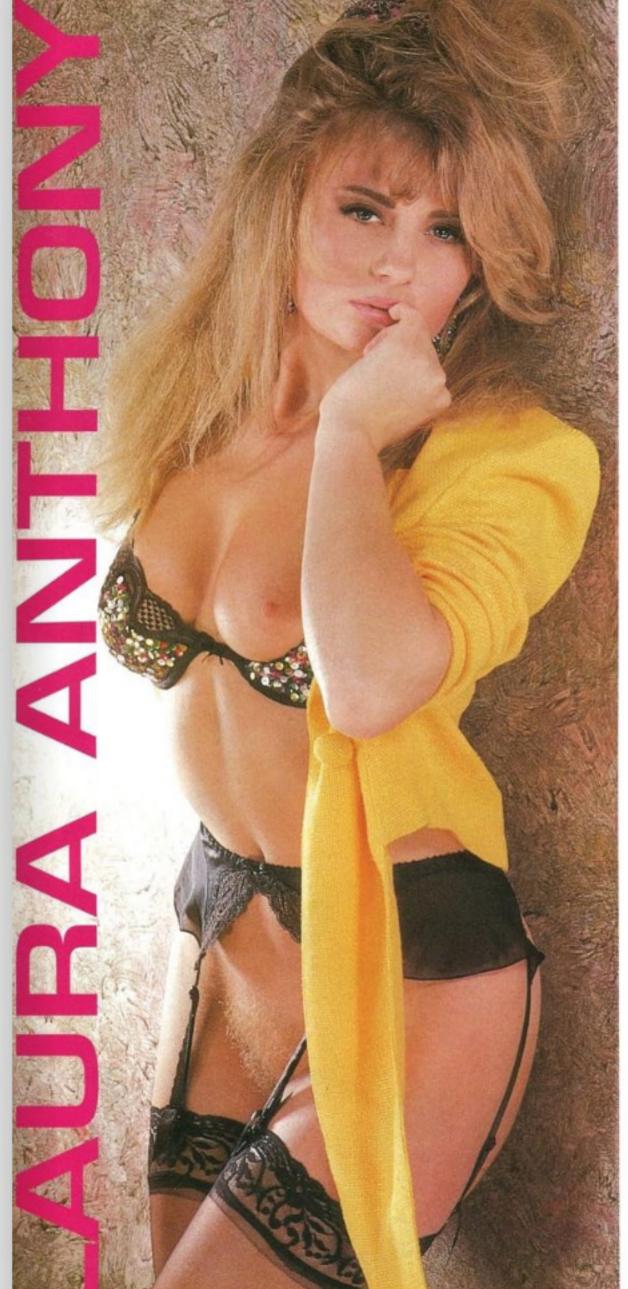


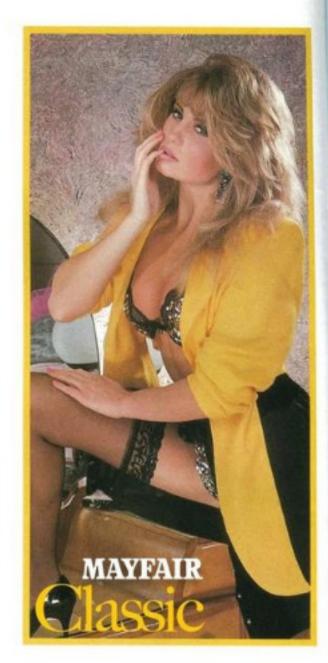
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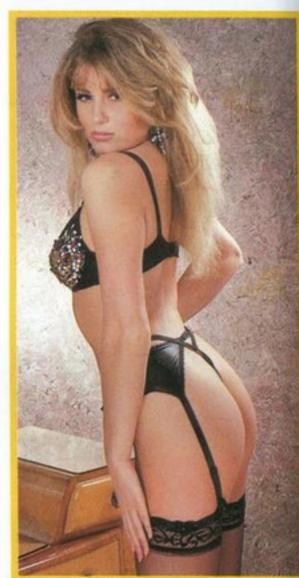


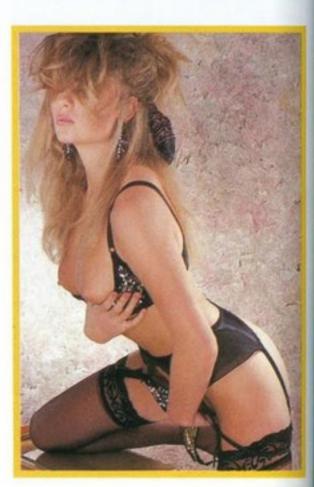
Twenty-one-year-old Miss Anthony is full of naughty ideas and fantasies. However her only repeatable ambition is to appear as a contestant on the television show Surprise! Surprise! with Cilla Black. Strange, we know, but loveable Laura's logic is quite straightforward. "What I'd like is for Cilla to surprise all my old boyfriends by getting them together in the same room with me," says Laura running a slender finger down her deep cleavage. "Then I'd like every minute of our naughty reunion to be recorded for me on film.

"I've been out with quite a few fellas since I left school, from mechanics to managers and I'd love to meet them all again. First I'd find out what they were all doing now and they could ask me about my career. Then we'd get stuck into the good stuff when I'd get to do all the sexy things that I was too shy to try when I was younger. Things like sucking their cocks and swallowing their come; masturbating in front of



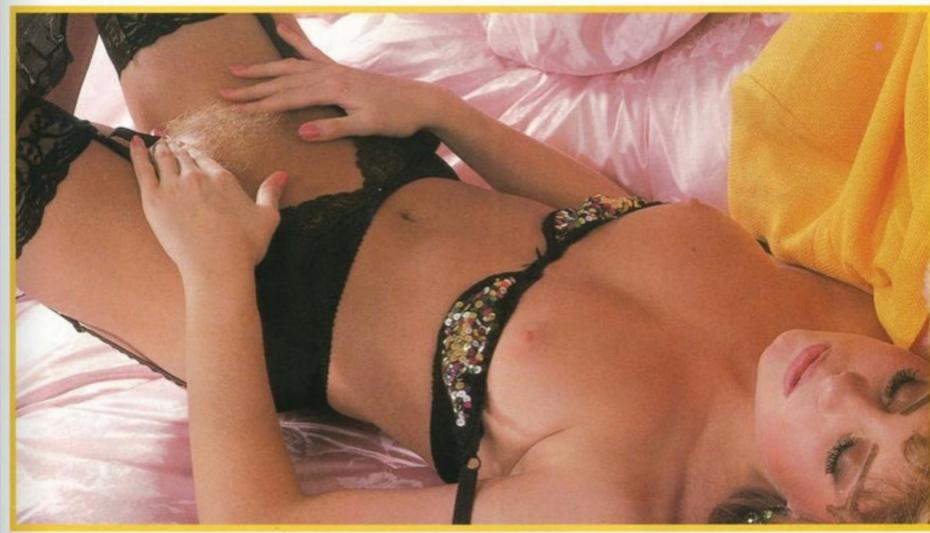
them and letting guys make love to me from behind. I'd dress up in saucy underwear and live out their fantasies with them." Well that sounds like a Laura, Laura laughs to us!















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

COMEBACK KINGS

PeeWee Herman (a.k.a. Paul Reubens)

One of the most dramatic entertainment industry comebacks is that of actor and comedian Paul Reubens, better known as Pee-Wee Herman, star of the hit 1980s flicks Peewee's Big Adventure and Big Top Pee-wee as well as the immensely popular television series Pee-wee's Playhouse and The Pee-wee Herman Show, whose star on the Hollywood Walk Of Fame ("Pee-wee Herman") got more than a little



bit spotty when he was caught whacking off in an adult theatre. Sadly his comeback has been so glacially gradual that Reubens lost almost all of his forties and fifties to the incident and is only now being feted once more as the highly original comedy star and actor which television was only too happy to indulge before the masturbation incident.

The facts: In July 1991, Reubens was arrested for indecent exposure in an adult theatre in Sarasota, Florida. The shabby incident postponed Reubens' involvement in major projects until 1999, when he appeared in two big-budget projects Mystery Men and Blow and started giving interviews as himself rather than as Pee-wee.

For much of this time, however, he had the public's backing - just not the networks'. In surveys, nine out of ten people said they thought what Reubens did in his own time was a) harmless b) hardly germane to his film and television work.

During the miserable decade which followed, Candice Bergen stood up for Reubens by including him in a recurring role in her hit series Murphy Brown - a role in which Reubens showed what he could do as an actor.

Since 2006, Reubens has been making cameos and guest appearances in numerous projects, such as Reno 911!, 30 Rock, Dirt, Pushing Daisies, and The Blacklist.

In this 1478: Thomas More (died horrifically 1535) is born in London and goes on to become a lawyer, a scholar, a novelist, and Lord Chancellor

of England. As a devout Catholic, however, he refuses to acknowledge the divorce of King Henry VIII from Catherine of Aragon (home planet of the Daleks following the destruction of Skaro), thereby refusing

to acknowledge the King's religious supremacy. Charged with treason and found guilty he is decapitated and his head displayed on Tower Bridge. But at this point, More's fortunes gradually begin to improve and 400 years later, he is canonised by Pope Pius XI.

> 1821: The first female physician in the US, Elizabeth Blackwell (clocked out 1910) was born near Bristol, England. After emigrating to America she is awarded her MD in 1849 and

trains women to be nurses and skivvies during the Civil War. As a doctor, she wears trousers, cultivates a moustache and grows a penis. (That's what it takes to be one in those days.)

1943: An extraordinary act of heroism takes place in the icy waters off Greenland after US Army transport ship Dorchester is hit by a German torpedo and begins to sink rapidly. When it becomes apparent there are not enough life jackets, the four U.S. Army chaplains on board remove theirs, hand them to frightened young soldiers, and go down with the ship while praying. This incident will eventually lead to rail, sea and air passengers fighting to sit next to a cleric, just in case.

Etiquette for the BEWILDERED

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

"Closet psycho" is a fine new term for people who seem perfectly normal and pleasant when you first get to meet them, but soon change into the flatmate or significant other from hell.

Many blokes who feel appalled by discovering that the girl they thought was fabulous is a closet psycho feel very disappointed. There is a new phrase for this feeling of having been gravely let down: it is "I shaved my balls for this?"

Depressed and lonely, sad and depressed, they may sit down to the only thing left in the cupboard for a solitary meal of "sadghetti".



CISFOR "CLOSET PSYCHO"

NEGLECTED FILM GEMS

Every now and then a genuinely great film emerges, only to be forgotten with the passage of time and the fact that many of them didn't shine at the box office on their release. Let's remedy that..

This fast-paced, clever and unforgettable movie gem directed by Rudolph Maté begins with what many film critics agree to be one of cinema's most innovative opening sequences. The scene is a long, behind-the-back tracking sequence featuring Frank Bigelow (played by Edmond O'Brien) walking through the hallway of a police station to report his own murder.

Strangely, the police seem to have been expecting him. Seating himself and obviously in pain, Bigelow makes a statement and this begins the flashback of which all but the end of the film is composed.

We find Bigelow, an accountant and notary public in his hometown of Banning, California, decide to take a one-week vacation in San Francisco. This does not sit well with Paula (Pamela Britton), his confidential secretary and girlfriend, as he does not want her to accompany him, the naughty, naughty man.

In San Francisco Bigelow accompanies a group from a sales convention which is staying at his hotel on a night on the town. At a "jive" nightclub a

stranger slyly swaps Bigelow's drink

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"I'm the problem."

David Burke

This was Burke's reply to the captain of Pacific Southwest Airlines Flight 1771, who inquired what "the problem" was after Burke fired a gun in the cabin of the plane. Burke then shot the pilots and himself, deliberately crashing the flight.

for another. The next morning, feeling ill, Bigelow visits a doctor's office, where tests reveal he has been poisoned by a "furninous toxin" for which there is no antidote. A second opinion confirms this. Horrified, Bigelow recalls that his drink at the nightclub tasted strange.

With a few days to live at most, Bigelow sets out to untangle the events behind his impending death, interrupted occasionally by phone calls from Paula. She provides the first clue: a man named Eugene

Phillips had tried to contact him but died the previous day, purportedly a suicide. From there the trail leads to Phillips' widow and his brother Stanley.

The key to the mystery is every bit as unexpected as the other key events in the film, and I won't spoil it for you. Suffice to say that the as-good-as-dead Bigelow finds himself dealing with some very creepy crims and a brilliantlyportrayed psychotic henchman played by Neville Brand. Bigelow manages to get to the root of the mystery and achieve closure before checking out.





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