A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

MAYFAIR Vol.50 No.03









Want to make sweet music with Ohelsea?





Hold the front page it's Lexi and Jasmine!



This British hotfielhas neverbeen better!

0



Cara Brett. Classic coozel Way out Quest.

www.paulraymond.xxx UK 25.20 Vol.50 No.03



#### MF Vol.50 No.03



#### EDITOR'S LETTER

iven the name of our opening spread lovely this month, I was half-thinking about going with some sort of 'Je Suis Charlie' line here, but then, on reflection, it occurred to me that it might prompt a bunch of over zealous local constabularies to go round newsagents and try and get a list of everyone who's bought the mag. And besides, we've got quite enough undesirables hanging around the Mayfair office as it is without enticing any more to barge in!

Matt Berry | Editor

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Published by Paul Raymond Publications, a trading division of Blue Active Media Limited (PRP), 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU, England. Tel: 020 8873 4406. Printed in England by Garnett Dickinson, Brooksfield Way, Manvers, Wath-Upon-Dearne, Rotherham, S63 4DL. Custodian of records for PRP is Andy Thorp/Twistys. Any records the publisher is required by law to maintain are located at 23 Lyon required by law to maintain are located at 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU, England, Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of trade, except at the full retail cover price, and it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither PRP, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Newstrade distribution by Seymour Distribution Ltd., 2 East Poultry Avenue, London, EC1P PDT Tet 000 2404000. Back leaves and subscription Pistneution Ltd., 2 East Poultry Avenue, London, EC1P 9PT, Tel: 020 74294000. Back issues and subscription enquiries: Paul Raymond Subscriptions, Intermedia, Abbey House, Clarendon Road, Redhill, Surrey, RH1 1QZ Tel: (01737) 457827 subs@paulraymond.com. © Blue Active Media Ltd., 2015. ISSN 0955-5552



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Cara P28

#### REGULARS

- Mayfair Male 4. Another episode of 'From Our Own Mucky Correspondents'!
- In Other News 14. Does the giddy world of showbiz baffle you? Well here's a digest...
- 24. 21st Century Toys Everything in your house obsolete? Of course it bloody is!
- Gentlemen... 38. And talking of obsolete, check out the 'best before' dates on these!
- Ms Fortune 40. Penny's dishing out the wrong kind of banker's bonus this month!
- Mayfair Motors Help me Honda, help help me 42. Honda!
- 78. Quest Something in the air? Yes, loads of flying jizz by the sounds of it!
- 82. Scene Want something worthy to spin on your DVD player ...?
- Mayfair Movies 84. Or how about something strokeworthy instead?
- MF Classic 92. We'd all like to have had out ticket punched by Beverley!
- **98**. The Intelligencer Your last chance to ingest some facts for this month!

**For Your** Information You can click or tap any model or content listing to go straight to the page













## MANTENDRMale

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

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com POST Mayfair, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.

#### HARD AS NAILS

I've always loved glamorous and refined women, but the one thing that makes my cock harden instantly is long, painted nails. As well as the visual aspect, I love to feel the light scratching of nails on my genitals and raking across my back.

I met Tina six months ago in a wine bar and was instantly smitten. She's extremely good-looking and, being a beauty therapist. she knows precisely how to use her assets to maximum affect - something I more than appreciate!

You'd think that someone as classy as she would be somewhat prudish in the bedroom, but I was pleased to discover that she fucks like a sex starved rabbit. Take last Friday, for instance...

#### SHE PROPPED HERSELF UP WITH THE PILLOWS AND SPREAD HER LEGS WIDE...

We went out for a bite to eat in our favourite restaurant before heading back to hers for 'a nightcap'. Leading me straight to her bedroom and sitting me in an armchair, she began dancing to the soft music on the stereo, her hips gyrating and swaying. I sat watching with a drink in one hand while I indolently stroked my cock with the other. The lighting was muted except for one spotlight, centred over the bed. Her beautifully manicured hands caressed her body suggestively as she ran her long painted fingernails over the soft, silky fabric of her black satin camisole.

My dick pulsed in my fingers as she danced provocatively, using her nails to slide the silken straps down off her shoulders. revealing her beautiful rounded breasts, and it hung momentarily on her hips before falling in a pool of satin around her feet.

Now naked except for her stockings, suspenders and stiletto-heeled shoes, she stood in front of me with her legs spread. Putting a finger between her glossy lips, she sucked it suggestively into her mouth, wetting it with her saliva. Then, dragging her fingertip lightly over her pouty bottom lip,

she traced the contour of her chin and neck, continuing down towards her heaving orbs.

Her brightly painted nails tweaked her large nipples, then, turning her back to

#### ASH AND GARY

#### Dear Mayfair, Wow - you've only

gone and done it again! I've been buying your magazine for the last couple of years now, and each issue just seems to get better and better! I thought you were going to struggle to top the wonderful array of babes you offered us in 50.01, but now I've got 50.02 in my hands, it looks like you've done it! I've been particularly blown away by the stunning Ashleigh, who really looks a class act. Please get her back in the magazine as soon as possible so that I can feast my eyes on her gorgeous body in a different set. Also, it was lovely to see Lorena back in the magazine again after a rather too long absence. That wonderful picture of her burn, with the thatch of dark pubes nestling in between was pure heaven. If Spain ever needs to boost its tourism, I can't help thinking a picture like that would have men flocking there in their droves! Can't wait to see what you've got lined up for us in 50.03! Gary, Stroud.

me, she sashayed towards the bed and crawled up towards the headboard. Sitting facing me directly under the spotlight, she propped herself up with the pillows and

# spread her legs wide. Keeping her knees

bent, she dug her stiletto heels into the bedspread and parted her succulent pink pussy lips, which were glistening with her secreted juices.

I watched as Tina gently trailed her lacquered talons over the fleshy pinkness of her moistened slot. I could feel my heartbeat quicken as she pulled the hood back from the deep pink protuberance of her clitoris. With one finely manicured nail, she strummed at the sensitive bud, flicking and stimulating it like a plectrum on a guitar string.

Her breathing became harsh and rapid, and I knew that she was not far from her first orgasm. I moved onto the end of the bed to get a ringside seat as she held her swollen labia

apart, their glossy surfaces beaded with her sensuous juices. Dipping her fingers in and out of her squelching cunt, she wanked herself to climax - her pussy convulsing around them as her vaginal muscles spasmed, dappling the back of her hand with spots of her honeved cum.

I crawled up the bed and knelt between her quivering thighs, the strong scent of her juices driving me wild. Pulling her legs further apart, I lowered my face to meet her pussy and began to lap.

#### "HER LIPS WERE PUFFY WITH HER AROUSAL AND MY SHAFT THROBBED AS I SLID BETWEEN THEM."

Her hips jerked upward towards my mouth as I slurped feverishly at her soaking gash and she held the back of my bobbing head with both hands, her nails digging into my scalp as she forced my mouth harder onto her snatch. Whimpering loudly, she climaxed once again.

With my mouth full of her juices, I ripped off my clothes. My lust was all-consuming as my rampant prick craved attention and I was soon straddling her waist and demanding that she suck my cock. Obliging willingly, Tina fed my member between her sensuous lips with her painted nails. It was such an arousing sight that my tool pulsed enthusiastically and I pushed it in hard, deep-throating it with my first thrust. She almost gagged, but quickly regained her composure, then pinched the base of my ball sac with her nails which successfully managed to steady my overzealous entry! I slowed my pace and got into a rhythm as Tina sucked away lustily, her tongue swirling and teasing at my helmet, her lips making a slurping sound as I shunted her warm, wet mouth.



Dear Mayfair, When I was a kid my Mum was always telling me to eat my greens, but she never really got very far, sadly. Still, if I got the chance to eat either of your stunning Greens – Amy or Emma, that is! – I'd tuck in without any complaint! These two wonderful ladies really are a class apart, and I'm delighted to have been privileged to have been able to enjoy gazing at their wonderful bodies in recent *Mayfairs*. The pictures of Amy in the last issue were sensational, whiles Emma never fails to disappoint. And speaking of Emma, what's happened to her? I hope she'll be back soon! Ken, Ludlow

Emma will be back soon, Ken, fear not! But if you can't wait another month or two, word has it she's going to be in Men Only 80.03... – The Ed.

Just when I felt myself reaching the point of no return, she pushed me back against the pillows to watch as she began to play with her tits - squeezing her firm globes, her varnished nails digging into the snowy white flesh.

Sucking her fingers to coat them with her saliva, she circled her engorged areole and teased the dimpled pink surface. Her beautifully manicured nails flicked at her teats, and my breath caught in my throat as she pinched them, nipping the delicate buds.

She moaned, and, looking up at me as she continued to toy with her teats, asked me if I was up for a greasy tit-wank. Was I ever! Grabbing the bottle of lube from the bedside cabinet I dribbled some over her porcelain breasts, rubbing it in with my cock.

Tina held her tits tightly together, clawing the soft flesh, and I eagerly pushed my rock-hard rod between them, before sawing it back and forth. Only the thought of fucking her prevented me from splashing off over her face!

Eventually, I moved down her body as her painted nails held her trickling fanny apart for me. She looked such a wanton slut with her hair dishevelled, her sopping slot gaping and small reddening scratches over her oily norks from where she had dug her nails into them.

Her well-lubricated pussy-lips were puffy with her arousal and my shaft throbbed as I slid it between them. She felt fabulous: warm, wet and tight. As I pounded her cunt she bucked under me like a mare in season.

Gasping and groaning in unison, our bodies slammed against each other as we fucked feverishly - Tina spurring me on by raking my back with her perfect nails, digging them deeper into my flesh each time I rammed my weapon home. Her back arched and her pussy clenched around my cock, and then, practically screaming with ecstasy, she came again, her vaginal muscles contracting violently around my throbbing shaft.

My balls tightened and my hot jizz

Continued on page 27 >



# <image>







## 2 5'5"







What better way to kick off a new issue of the nation's finest gentlemen's interest periodical than with a fresh-faced newbie who goes by the name of Charlie Rose? The 21 year old lovely hails from Essex and she's already built up rather a splendid following among the digital fraternity who follow her on Twitter as well as *Daily Sport* readers, where she's been keeping her fans happy with the odd peak of her scrumptious boobs – quite often, we're very impressed to see, linked to charitable fundraising campaigns. So what's the deal with that, Charlie? "Well, I'm a real animal lover, and if I can raise money for animal welfare whilst also sharing some naughty pix with my followers, then everyone's a winner, aren't they?"

winner, aren't they?" We guess they are, and we can only applaud your big-hearted efforts. "I am getting pretty big-hearted, as it happens – I'm in training to run the marathon! If your readers want to help, details are at @CherlieeRose3." We're sure they'll reach deep into their pockets, Charlie!





A little bird with nice tits told me...

#### **SLEBNIEWS**

#### Former Power Ranger 'Killed Flatmate With Sword'



Ricardo Medina Jr, a former Power Ranger in no fewer than two incarnations of the popular (among 5 year old boys) TV series, including Power Rangers Samurai, has been arrested for allegedly murdering his flatmate with... a samurai sword at their Palmdale home in California. Talk about living the dream.

Medina, aged 36, is supposed to have become embroiled into an argument with flatmate Joshua Sutter, also 36, which turned into a physical fight, the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department said in a news release.

The department said Medina went into his bedroom with his girlfriend, but Sutter followed and forced his way into the room. So Medina allegedly grabbed a sword he kept next to the bedroom door and stabbed Sutter in the abdomen.

Medina called 911 and waited for the cops to arrive. He was duly arrested and booked. With the sword sticking out of him Joshua Sutter was transported to a hospital, where he was pronounced dead.

Stabby star Ricardo was booked for murder at Palmdale Sheriff Station, where he is being held in lieu of \$1 million bail.

The actor, who also performs under the name Rick Medina, is best known for two roles in the Power Rangers series: he portraved Red Lion, Wild Force Ranger in Power Rangers Wild Force in 2002 and Dekker in Power Rangers Samurai in 2011-12.

His agent, Gar Lester, said the accusations were difficult to believe.

#### PECULIARNIEWS

#### Crashed Into A Ditch, Emerged As A Witch!

A judge in British Columbia has awarded a dominatrix damages of a rather staggering. \$1.53 million, ruling that her eccentric choice of profession was a result of a "moderate brain injury" suffered in a vehicle accident.

Alissa Afonina was a bright high school student who aspired to be a filmmaker before she was injured in a car crash. The teen was a passenger, along with her brother and mother, in a Toyota pickup truck driven by her mother's then-boyfriend. Peter Jansson. He was negligent when he drove too fast in wet conditions and crashed into a ditch, ruled Justice Joel Groves in a Supreme Court of British Columbia ruling.

After the crash, Afonina went from being a focused student to a lethargic teen who had problems with memory, impulse control, and social interaction, testified one of her teachers (Sounds like a perfectly normal teen to me - Ed.). He said that Afonina made sexual comments during classroom outbursts without realising they were inappropriate. She withdrew from school to finish Grade 12 at home, then dropped out of two post-

secondary programmes.

At some point before the trial started, Afonina began working as a dominatrix. Her lawyers (successfully) argued the career choice "shows a

lack of correct thinking The defence pointed out that Afonina clearly has enough ability to organize (not to mention humiliate in various ways) clients on a regular schedule, and can, therefore, maintain a modest level of employment, but the Judge just gazed at her submissively

Afonina told the trial that she doesn't plan on working as a dominatrix long term, but needs to do it for now

We can only hope that things turn out for the best for all concerned...



#### COMINGSOON

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

Loosen your belts and prepare to split your sides guffawing, because here comes SPY, the decidedly iffy-looking comedy starring Melissa McCarthy, Jude Law , Jason Statham... and less than hilarious gangsta rap thug Curtis "50 Cent" Jackson, who is doubtless predominantly there to look hostile, steal people's cell phones an' talk death threats, dance-offs and drive-bys, you feel me, dawg? Dear oh dear. So much for the casting (Eh? - Ed.).

Written and directed by Paul Feig, the man I'm going to blame if it's crap, the plot centres around Melissa McCarthy as an unassuming, deskbound CIA analyst, and



the unsung hero behind the Agency's most dangerous missions. But when her partner (Law) falls off the grid and another top agent (Statham) is compromised, she volunteers to go deep undercover to infiltrate the world of a deadly arms dealer, and thereby prevent a global disaster.

This will either be good and funny or it'll be a global disaster all right. For 20th Century Fox at any rate.

Much more interesting is TERMINATOR: GENESIS, an attempt to reboot the now tragically botched Terminator franchise (you may recall that Terminator 3 and Terminator: Salvation were both, frankly, stinking) with a 67-year-old Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The film is a re-imagining of sorts, with Christian Bale binned and the role of John Connor, leader of the



human resistance, taken up with much more presence and conviction by Jason Clarke. Emily Clarke plays his mother Sarah, and we have a new Kyle Reese sent into the past to safeguard her. We also have the welcome return of

a fluid metal T-1000, a role which Robert Patrick has deservedly been dining out on since 1992.

Aiming to be a continuation of the James Cameron classics, this flick is shaping up to be very interesting, with Arnie the protective Terminator sent back by accident much too far into the past. As the decades pass the skin which covers his titanium skeleton grows older... The film-makers admit they didn't know how to tie an aged Arnie into the script until James Cameron sat them down for 45 seconds and explained how to work it.

#### I Really Want To Bugger Up My Face! Can Anybody Help?

Saggy old chin getting you down, my love? Then remove it! Having a nice jawline generally boils down to being born with good genes or being worked on by a tiptop plastic surgeon. But now for the rest of us double-chinned chubbers, there's a wondrous contraption from Japan called The Kuwaete Sukkiri Tongue Exerciser, which was designed by "professional aesthetician" Kimiko Hirayama

The Kuwaete Sukkiri Tongue Exerciser has three muscle-building techniques that can help improve your face line and those flabby, sagging cheeks and chin. Just place the mouthpiece over your tongue and feel it work as you exercise your mouth and facial muscles.

The good news is you only need use the Kuwaete Sukkiri for only one minute per day. Use your tongue to lift it up and down. You can also push out with your tongue while holding it between your teeth. No need to waste valuable time not looking peculiar. Fiftyone bucks and it's yours.

#### BOOKNIEWS

Esteemed crime writer, television actor and comedian Mark Billingham (born 2 July 1961 in Solihull) grew up in Birmingham. Armed with a degree in drama, he moved to London in the mid-1980s, appearing in Dempsey and Makepeace, Juliet Bravo, Boon, and The Bill.

Around 1987 he decided to pursue a career in comedy. He was very successful and has headlined at the Comedy Store on many occasions.

Billingham created Detective Inspector Tom Thorne for his 2001 crime debut novel Sleepyhead, where a case of "locked-in syndrome" reveals the dark depths of a twisted mind, as adept at toying with the DI as with the victims. The book made it onto The Sunday Times' "Top Ten Bestseller" list, becoming the biggest selling debut novel of that summer.

Thorne has been the protagonist in the majority of Billingham's subsequent works. Mark says the underlying determination of Tom Thorne's character was that he would evolve as the series progressed, and remain unpredictable. While noting that many authors compile "thick dossiers" and "complex biographies" about their characters, he prefers to discover something new about his own hero with each book.

In 1997, Billingham became a real-life crime victim, when he and his then-writing partner Peter Cocks were kidnapped and held hostage in a Manchester hotel room by a trio of masked thieves. Turning the event into inspiration for his second Thorne novel, Scaredy Cat, Thorne returned in 2003's Lazybones, investigating the killing of a convicted rapist for whom he has little sympathy. A messy contract killer and the past cases of a former colleague blur together in 2004's The Burning Girl. Thorne's involvement in a previous case affects his ability to investigate an increasing death toll among the homeless in 2005's Lifeless, while a kidnapping case forms the backbone of

2006's Buried.

Death Message, from 2007 sees Tom haunted by a psychopath he has already put behind bars.



#### PRODUCTNEWS D.I.Y. Plastic Surgery Appliances



And what of The Beauty Lift High Nose? The what? Why it's an Electric Nose Straightener... again, invented by the same people who brought you the tongue exerciser.

> Push up that nose of yours to create the perfect profile with this handy contraption, a "pretty beauty" gadget that applies gentle electric vibrations from the bottom, side and front to your hitherto substandard conk.

Go on! Just slip it on and turn on the switch. While the supports hold your nose in place the buzzing will

help shape your nose into something just that little bit firmer and higher. Wear it for only three minutes a day - just not in public if you do not

wish to be lifted for scaring OAPs and children. It's only 75 bucks! And if you have more than one nose to straighten, the good news is a discount is available.

People will soon see a difference and begin talking about what a lovely nose you have now, say the Japanese manufacturers.

So, here in the west we can only brace ourselves and await the hordes of tremendously-tongued and niftily-nosed Japanese folk to start throwing their weight around!

#### MARK BILLINGHAM and The DI Tom Thorne Series





Billingham followed up in 2009 with Bloodline, in the 2010 novel From The Dead, in 2011 with Good As Dead, in 2013 with The Dying Hours and last year's The Bones Beneath.

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**IG** 

The first chapter of each of Billingham's Tom Thorne books is available for download from his website, markbillingham. com.

BILLINGHAM



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### MF Tech 21<sup>st</sup> CENTURY TOYS

Looking for something a bit techie to kill time before you re-tumesce? Then you're in luck - it's only JAMES SAINT o'clock!

Philex Thor 4K £70

OK, bear with me here. While this may just look like a cable, that's because it basically is. But, as this would leave my

review word count dangerously below

level I agreed to there is, thankfully, a bit

more to say. Just as well, as it happens,

because even an oil-rich oligarch would

most likely baulk at paying 70 smackers

In fact the Thor offers a shitload more;

for this Nordic demi-god named cable

comes fitted with a built-in TV image

enhancement system (that's the silver

about) in the form of a 10bit precision

video upscaler which takes the signal

from your source and boosts a 720p

it to Ultra HD for showing on those

box bit you might have been wondering

signal to 1080p Full HD or, if it's running

in at 1080p already, the Thor upgrades

newfangled and still rather pricy 4K TVs.

What all this means in essence is...

well, you know that big, expensive telly

you spunked a load of cash on and yet

can't see any real difference in picture

quality? All you need to do is plug the

Thor 4K in between your DVD player and

the telly (say) and your eyes will pop out

on stalks at the image upgrade, just like

they do in the cartoons of yesteryear

anyone observing you.

> www.richersounds.com

but in a manner much more horrific for

the already rather scant contracted

for a bog standard cable.

t's that time of year again when flowers bloom, lambs appear... from somewhere (New Zealand?), and young men's thoughts turn to firing their load over the face of some willing wench. Yes, spring is more or less here and with it comes a raft of hot new technological marvels, each designed to make living in the 21st century a little bit more bearable than it currently is and distract and dissuade you from topping yourself, taking to the streets with a shotgun or running away to join Isis.

Splashed across these two pages, just like the hot semen showered on that aforementioned face, is the sticky cream of the current gadget crop, from things to stick in your ears to things to stick in your eyes, most of which are smart enough and small enough to even stick up your arse, if a situation where that would be helpful were to arise.

So, if you've had just about enough of all this winter shit and are ready to embrace the spring and all the shiny tat goodness it brings, spread your legs now and let this month's selection of stuff work its slow and uncomfortable way up into your gaping headspace ...

#### Springyard Battery Heated Socks £22

Spring may be in the air, but this being the UK we could slide catastrophically back into crippling winter conditions at any second. So, don't take any chances with freezing to death outside, say,

whilst working as the off-season caretaker at a hotel in Colorado after attempting to murder your family with an axe, when you can keep your toes nice and toasty ... with a pair of battery heated socks!

Yes, pretty much the solution to a problem most of us never knew existed, these Jack Frost fucker-offers use three AA batteries to heat to around 40°C for up to five hours, keeping your feet from freezing for the length of a pretty dismal round of golf or a hike half way up Ben Nevis... and quite probably never bursting into flames leaving you looking like a rogue River Dancer and screaming like a banshee in the street. There, a bit of gratuitous socks and violence for you right there.

> www.prezzybox.com



The solution to a problem most of us never knew existed...



#### Meridian Explorer 2 £200

Despite the convenience of digital music, we've all come to know and accept these days that the quality of it compared to the old analogue techs of yesteryear is, for want of a better word, shit. The problem is all down to low sampling rates and other such gibberish, but there does exist a solution, a way to enhance audio quality and once again enjoy your music at level never to be experienced by fans of modern music: the Explorer 2 DAC.

For behold, this is a Digital to Analogue Converter! That's right, the Explorer 2 features a powerful DSP (Digital Signal Processor) which up-samples any source you care to push through it before the signal is treated to Meridian's proprietary apodising filter which leaves you with music of a much higher, clearer and transparent quality, all from a unit that weighs just 50g. Coming complete with drivers for Linux, Macintosh and Windows, if you're one of those that moans about musical quality, shut your whiney arse noise and buy this.

#### > www.meridian-audio.com



#### Device DUBS US \$25

The modern world is a thunderously noisy place. It's not just the sound of cars, planes and trains, but also workmen hammering the ground into pieces, dodgy building companies chucking up flats on every inch of greenbelt around and, never forgetting, overly vocal wankers who confuse freedom of speech for the right to spout their ill-conceived ignorance at full volume wherever they go.

The solution to all this is, of course, earplugs to block out all this white noise completely. But then they



can bring its own set of problems with them; such as stepping under that bus you didn't hear coming. Ouchy. But here's the answer: DUBS. Designed to let people listen to music at gigs and clubs, etc, that may be played too loud, the DUBS use fancy mechanical filters to reduce ambient noise levels to a comfortable 12dB, letting you enjoy the music around you without going deaf in the process. Naturally though, this also means that the cacophony churned out by traffic and yapping pricks around you will also be filtered down to a level where they'll barely bother you too, leading to a safe ears and

a world of inner peace normally only attained through frenzied meditation.

> www.getdubs.com

#### Thumbs Up! Mini Touch Boombox £22

We seem to wheel a new smartphone speaker out every issue these days and here, frankly, is another one.

So what makes the Mini Touch Boombox worthy of



coverage within the pages of this fine upstanding organ compared to the countless others of its audio ilk? Well, for a start it looks a bit sexier than the standard speaker fare and it offers a whopping 3W of audible oomph over your tinny built-in smartphone loudspeaker. Simply slip your phone into the slot, hit play and take the party wherever you go - on the bus, in the street, at the cinema, attending a funeral! Now you'll have serious sounds at your command everywhere.

Weighing in at a weeny 41g to boot and with a rechargeable battery that's good for 4-5 hours of continual playback (so you could probably head straight off to a second funeral if you fancied), the Mini Touch Boombox is, quite literally, this month's smartphone speaker.

> www.geniegadgets.com

#### Hannspree Micro-PC £170



Want the moon on a stick? Well you're exactly the kind of demanding. self-entitled twatabout that

makes me sick. You think the world owes you, eh? Eh? Fuck's sake ...

sorry, I spent the evening with a particularly annoying slapper last night. Moving on, not the moon, but an actual PC on a stick! Yep, slap this little beauty into the USB slot of any HDMI-compatible monitor and - boom - it becomes a fully functioning Windows 8 PC!

Featuring a quad-core Intel Atom processor and a high speed, high bandwidth 2GB of DDR3 RAM, this ultra-pocketable PC gives you a fast and efficient computing experience with ultrasmooth HD video playback to boot. Plus, the CPU also features Intel HD Graphics clocked to 311MHz, or 646MHz in burst frequency mode enabling super-fast gaming and multimedia entertainment.

The built-in Micro-SD card slot allows for memory to be expanded to 64GB, while Wi-Fi b/g/n and Bluetooth let you surf the web and hook up the likes of a wireless keyboard and mouse for the full-fat computer experience. All this on a stick; on a stick! Fuck the moon.

> www.hannspree.eu



#### Continued from page 5

spurted inside her, as, gasping, she dug her sharp nails into my buttocks with savagery that left its mark for days afterwards. Not that I minded, of course - in fact, I loved my temporary war wounds! Kenneth, Leamington Spa.

#### LAV, ACTUALLY

I've been going out with Karen for about six weeks now, and while she's cute enough the looks department, her crowning glory is

boobs known to man. She actively encourages me to play with them at every opportunity and to fuck those awesome mounds every time I feel the urge. She particularly likes me coming over her jugs and watching my delight as she rubs my goo into her firm teats.

Last Friday afternoon I was sitting in work, fantasising about Karen's tits and those oh-somunchable nipples of hers. Just thinking about it made me hard, and I had to stop myself from whipping my cock out and wanking myself off there and then (which might have upset the girls in the office)!

Anyway, the evening proceeded as expected. We met up in the pub with a few mates and by about ten o'clock, everyone was suitably well-oiled. Karen was sitting next to me, wearing a sheer white blouse half unbuttoned. and there was enough cleavage showing at the front of her lacy white bra to ensure that I was nice and hard despite all the beers I'd necked.

One mate went to get another round in and that's when the fun started. Karen leaned across to whisper that she was just nipping to the ladies.

"See you in a bit", I said. Karen smiled a wicked smile and leaned across again. "Aren't you, er, coming with me?" What an invitation! I

was already mesmerised by the swell of her tits and could feel my cock ballooning big time as she grinned at me. "Sure," I mumbled.

Karen put down her

drink and we made our way along the back corridor to the bogs. I actually felt a bit nervous as we entered the ladies and headed straight for the nearest cubicle. Thankfully there was no-one else around but we were that pissed I don't think it would have mattered. No sooner was the door locked behind us than we were snogging passionately, our tongues in each other's mouth, sucking on each other's lips. Karen already had my zip open and was attending to the huge boner that was sticking through my pants like a flagpole. In return, I got her blouse undone and reached behind her to undo her bra and get my that she possesses one of the finest pairs of | hands on those awesome milkers. I sucked



on them, kissing the erect nipples and trying to cram as much tit into my mouth as I could. Karen still had her knickers on but, feeling down there, I could sense the warm

> moistness of her pussy, which was now beginning to coze as I feasted on her luscious hooters.

> Karen licked her lips, which is normally a signal for an incoming blow-job but, as she knelt in front of me, caressing the helmet of my engorged glans with her tongue. I motioned to her that I wanted to give it to her between the jugs. Smiling, she raised herself slightly, taking the warm thickness of my prick in her magnificent cleavage. Bringing her hands up on either side she raised her tits to cradle my dick and I began pumping away. The sweatier her norks got, the smoother the action I was able to build up.

Just as I was getting ready to erupt over Karen's chest we heard a noise in another cubicle. Someone had obviously come in for a pee. For a split second there was panic as we both wondered what to do, though to be honest, I'd already reached the point of no return and could sense the hot seed rising from my balls.

"Forget them," Karen whispered breathlessly, "just do it on me". With that, I spurted. The jets of come splashed onto Karen's face, giving her an impromptu facial as I tried to keep from groaning too loudly! The way she stuck out her tongue and licked the traces of my seed up into her mouth still makes me go hard thinking about it now.

We're off to the pub again this Friday. Who knows - maybe we'll christen another cubicle while we're there! If we do, I'll be sure to let you know! Colin, Notts.

#### PICTURE PERFECT!

#### Dear Mayfair,

There's no use denying it – I'm head over heels in love, and the object of my affection, as if there could be any doubt, is your latest centrespread girl Cara Brett! What an absolutely sensational set of pictures they were, each one stunning, and yet somehow each one hornier than the last! To begin with she smiley and fresh-faced, her stupendous boobs already proudly on display, and then, whether reclining in a chair or on all fours. she just looks even more enticing! By the time we get to the picture of her on page 46, with her shaven pussy on full show, then words really can't do her justice any more – and still it gets better! Please pass on my thanks and congratulations to the photographer, and my sincerest appreciation to the girl herself! Truly beautiful from head to toe! Justin, Livingstone











More than the series of the se













IN ASSOCIATION WITH



#### MF Jokes

# GENTRIEMEN, 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 white bloke is recovering in hospital after a major operation, wearing an oxygen mask over his mouth and nose and lying in a hospital bed surrounded by drips and monitors.

A young nurse comes in to give him a bed bath with a sponge and the patient mumbles: "Nurse! Are my testicles black?"

The nurse says, "I don't know - my job is just to keep you clean while you're laid up." The patient becomes slightly agitated.

Again he asks: "Are my testicles black?" By now the young nurse is very

embarrassed. She just tries to calm him by telling him, "Sir, everything is fine I'm sure. The doctor will answer any questions you have about your genitalia when he stops by later this evening. "

But no. This answer isn't good enough. The patient, almost unable to move, keeps demanding "Are my testicles black?"

At length the nurse can't bear his pleading, so she lifts the sheet, raises his gown, moves her hand around to find his testicles, then pulls them into the light and moves them around, checking very thoroughly for any discolouration. Suddenly the man groans and ejaculates all over the horrified nurse's hand and face.

Gasping, the bloke shrugs off his oxygen mask, and, mortified by this fiasco, says breathlessly, "Cheers for that, love, but I still need to know... are my test results back?"

-

A guy is walking through the desert leading a donkey, transporting a huge quantity of fruit in panniers. He loses his way and wanders for about a week. He's got fruit to eat so his life is not in danger but he's getting very horny. Finally he gets to the point where he can't stand it anymore. So he tries to have sex with the donkey.

He drops his trousers and pants and positions himself behind the poor fruit-laden donkey. But, to his dismay, just as he's about to shove it in, the donkey walks away. Only slightly discouraged, the man decides to try again. He walks to where the donkey is standing, positions himself behind the donkey, and, right before he goes for it, the donkey walks away again.

Now the man is getting really frustrated. As he prepares for his third try, a beautiful, naked woman appears from behind a sand dune. lips parched and sashaving towards him.

She approaches the stunned man, who until recently, believed that he was the only person for hundreds of miles. She smiles at him and says, "I've been walking for days - I would do anything for some of that fruit you have."

"Anything?" he says, getting fairly excited. "Yes, anything." she replies.

"OK," he says, "will you hold the donkey?"

Following a distinguished legal career, a man arrives at the Gates of Heaven, accompanied by the Pope, who has had the misfortune to

expire on the exact same day. Saint Peter says, "Welcome, gentlemen, please step this way."

They stop by a somewhat shabby little room, similar to that found in a low-grade motel and to both men's surprise Saint Peter tells His Holiness that these are his new quarters. The lawyer is as puzzled as the Pope, but Saint Peter tells him, "Now then, come along," and shows the lawyer his new digs. The lawyer can't believe it: his room is a palatial suite including a private swimming pool, a garden, and a terrace overlooking the Pearly Gates.

The attorney is gobsmacked, and tells St. Peter, "I'm really quite surprised at these rooms, seeing as how the Pope was given such a small and drab place to stay."

Saint Peter replies: "Well, we have over a hundred popes here, and we're really rather bored with them. But we've never had a lawyer."

A bloke rushes his heavily pregnant wife to the hospital. The doctor looks her over and tells them it is going to be a particularly difficult and painful delivery. He offers to let the couple try an experimental procedure. The woman will be connected to a machine that will transfer her almost all pain to the father of the baby, thus reducing her own. To this procedure, the bloke immediately agrees. The doctor warns him, however, that there

is a slight bug in the machine that causes it to

amplify the pain of the birthing mother being sent to the father by ten times, and tells him that if the pain becomes too much for him to bear will he please let the doctor know,

The doctor turns on the machine and watches the husband. The man gave him the thumbs up and calls out that he can take more. The doctor turns the dial up to 40, 60, 80, and finally 100% of the pain - times ten. The woman delivers the baby painlessly and the doctor stares at the husband, astonished at how he didn't even flinch with the agony he must have endured.

That might the couple took their new baby home, to find the postman lying dead on the back door step.

A young American kid named Billy comes home from school to see the family's pet rooster dead in the front yard. Rigor mortis had set in and it was flat on its back with its leas in the air.

When his Dad arrives home Billy cries: "Dad our rooster's dead and his legs are sticking in the air. Why are his legs sticking in the air?" His father - a pious man - said, "Son, that's so God can reach down from the clouds and lift this here



"The note says he's sick of not being able to do things right, so he's ending it all!"

> little rooster straight up to heaven." "Gee Dad, that's great," says little Billy. A few days later, when Dad comes home from work, Billy rushes out to meet him yelling, "Dad! Dad we almost lost Mom today!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well Dad, I got home from school early today and went up to your bedroom and there was Mom flat on her back with her legs in the air screaming, "Jesus I'm coming, I'm coming!" If it hadn't of been for Uncle George holding her down we'd have lost her for sure!"

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gering blowjobs to guys with choopers so huge it's fficult for the girls to fit hem in their mouths? If you want to see teenage hotties struggling with monste c\*\*ks then order now!

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hese Russian teenage airls have silky smooth skin & a certain wide eyed incence. The naive cuties have been persuaded to have their tight slits & have sex on film so that you can ole every inch of their per ct young bodies.

sian Girls Seducing

White Supar Daddies

CODE: RM428



Description are to see Asian babes ducing much older white arried men using the asets nature gave them. nce you've seen this DVD you'll understand exactly rhy certain young Asian girls can steal any white an from his wife!



#### Description



ach 'girl' is aged 50 to 60 & hey get the strongest vagial, anal & oral sex poundings you could possibly imgine. If you are eager to see sexy, seriously rampant omen banged in all holes & hieving huge orgasms escially for you order now!







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These girls are very much in love & have turned to mography as a way of earning great money, Watch em French kissing, finring, 69ing ass rimming & naking love to one another with the aid of big strap or dildos, Order now!

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#### Description

lant to stroke your throbng penis as eight drop lead gorgeous lesbians in heir early 20s get one anther off. Want awesome lose up's as they lick each ther's tender pussies & 'A' oles & perform face sitting 69 sex especially for you

#### Extreme Brazilian Fac-CODE: RM429

#### Description

is is lesbian face sitting at its best. Want to see an olive skinned dominant oirl from anaus smother a white piri's face with her pussy & ss. Want to see the squealg babes getting it on just arouse you & your penis!

#### **Enormous MILF Insertions** CODE: RM433

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Want to see just how much amateur housewives aged between 32 & 44 can take. Keen to see their vaginas assholes stretched to their absolute limits. Enjoy MILF cavities crammed with oversized rubber dildos & hupe latex vibes.













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#### n Her Ass Then Her CODF: PM422

#### Description

Carmella gets a real hardcore seeing to in this excelnt movie. The quy sticks is huge truncheon up her ass bareback & then rams down her slutty throat. you want to see a bevy girls taste their own ana ities then order now!

#### ubby Granny's Take It lp The Bum CODE: RM426

#### escription

ese old gals are in their hid to late 60s & are caring a few excess pounds. hey have all had kids & wear the stretchmark's with pride. You get to see them taking a tonne of rock hard \*\*k up their wet pussies & ir ageing OAP assholes.

#### traight Lads Bonked By unning Shemales CODE: RM430

#### Description

e guys in this hardcore VD are totally straight two are married, but they annot resist the attentions d the sizzingly hot shenales in their skimpy outits. Each guy lets her slide her big c\*\*k up his back assage! Can you resist?

Sassy Fat Black Babes CODE: RM434

#### Description

hese chocolate bunnies are absolutely huge & the nly thing bigger than their obbly asses, titanic titties & mega bellies are their mous sexual appetites. hese ebony skinned sex thines can suck & f\*\*k til he cows come home









**Virgin 3Sums Amateur** CODF: 9M423

#### Description

Shows two teenage guys doing a teenage girl & then two teenage girls doing a teen lad. All six of them are aged 18 & all lose their virinities on camera. Imagine \*\*king as a young girl loses her cherry to TWO lads in both holes!

Bisexual Threesomes -**Teeny Amateurs** CODE: RM427

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Most 18 year olds are still discovering their sexuality but the teeny's in this DVD are already full on bisexual love nothing more than icking pussy whilst stabbing male ass or sucking c\*\*k whilst teasing a girls nubile clit. Order now

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The guy is at least 80. the girl is about 21. What happens between them will send you crazy with lust. the gets it in each hole from a fella old enough to be her great grandlather, An awesome & very rare 'older



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#### MF Motors

## MSX PLEASE WE'RE BRITISH!

Hankering for the days when Honda ruled the roost? Well hanker no more - they're back!

onda helped power Ayrton Senna to Formula One glory back in the day, supplying the engines that took the all-conquering McLaren team to four constructors' world championship victories between 1988 and 1991. In the process, it served up some of the most brilliant action the sport has ever seen both on and off the track - as the Brazilian legend outmanoeuvred and outthought pretty much every rival. Senna returned the favour by working with Honda engineers producing a supercar for the road, and the iconic NSX was born, with the wraps first coming off at the Chicago Motor Show back in 1989

This year, after a 23-year absence, Honda is back in F1 with McLaren, and while Senna is no longer with us, the NSX has returned for the first time since the 1990s as well. So does it live up to the legend...? Unsurprisingly, this was one of the most

eagerly anticipated new cars to be revealed over the past decade. so when the covers were finally pulled off at the Detroit Motor Show in January, the answer was an overwhelming yes! Just as the original NSX was styled to rival supercars from the likes of Ferrari at the time, so this car takes the design battle to the world's most desirable high-performance models. And while it's obviously less angular than the 1980s car, it

has just as much road presence, thanks to those huge vents in the nose and the 19inch front and 20-inch rear wheels. There's no getting away from the fact that it's nearly two metres wide, though – city centre width obstructions may be beyond the new NSX.

And you certainly wouldn't want to damage the aluminium composite body panels, all of which have been shaped to millimetre precision in a wind tunnel, just as you'd expect for a supercar. This is especially evident in the floating C-pillar design – it's been carefully shaped to feed the optimum amount of air into the mid-



mounted engine, and also to direct flow over the rear deck to boost downforce. Perhaps the most striking view of the NSX is from the rear. While it's quite discreet compared to the wild original, with a minimalist spoiler, the four centrally

> ACCELERATION SHOULD BE UP THERE WITH WORLD-LEADING SUPERCARS...

mounted exhausts leave you in no doubt about the car's performance potential. They sit at the foot of a striking rear diffuser, while sharp-looking LED tail-lights add to the car's immense presence.

When it debuted at Detroit, the NSX hinted at promise to match this presence with a growl from its engine. The mid-mounted 3.7-litre twin-turbocharged V6 is hooked up to three hybrid electric motors and delivers its huge 550bhp power output through a nine-speed dual-clutch automatic transmission. Official performance figures have yet to be revealed, but the NSX is four-wheel drive - two of the electric motors drive the front wheels, with the other boosting the engine to power the rear wheels, so acceleration should be up there with world-leading supercars such as the McLaren 650S and Audi R8. Honda is promising "zero delay" acceleration, so expect a 0-60mph time in the region of less than four seconds - with the help of an



#### "HONDA HAS NEATLY LEFT EXPOSED A PART OF THE STRUCTURAL CHASSIS MIDFRAME. IT'S LIKE BEING ASTRIDE A NAKED SPORTS BIKE..."

innovative 'launch' function – and a top speed of around 180mph. Just as important will be the driver appeal, though, and while there's no Senna to hone the new NSX, Honda's own expert drivers have put in hour after hour and lap after lap of punishing testing at places like the Nürburgring to ensure this car lives up to its legendary name.

It helps that there's been a focus on driving appeal from the start, in the groundbreaking multi-material design of the body, which ensures the NSX has the lowest centre of gravity in the supercar market. The fully independent, all-aluminium suspension should maximise cornering agility, with the huge Continental ContiSportContact tyres providing masses of grip and traction. Reining the car in, meanwhile, is a set of motorsport-inspired carbon-ceramic brakes.

The focus on the driver is obvious when you climb aboard, as the sports seats are supportive and comfortable, while visibility is surprisingly good for a supercar, with thin A-pillars. It's all very accessible, with simple controls and an intuitive instrument cluster. The TFT display changes appearance according to the drive mode you select – Quiet, Sport, Sport+ or Track – while below the leather dashboard, under the controller for this system, Honda has neatly left exposed a part of the structural chassis midframe. It's like being astride a naked sports bike, and adds to the extreme feel of this very special car.





Production of the new NSX will be strictly limited, with each car being handcrafted by a select group of technicians at the Acura factory in Marysville, Ohio. And while they no longer have Senna's input, you can be sure the great man would approve that this supercar legend has been reborn.



#### SPECIFICATIONS

#### HONDA NSX

ENGINES	3.7-litre twin-turbo V6 hybrid
POWER	550bhp
ON SALE	Late 2015
PRICE	£150,000 (est)
CONTACT	www.honda.co.uk











While the says, rather over-modestly. "And as for who's going to end up 'snaffling' me – well I'm not thinking about that. I don't intend to settle down until I'm 30 or so, so I've got a few more years of fun left!"

M













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#### Description

hese sexy lesbians have bsolutely no desire to shag a man but they still love cock. Real big rubber cocks far bigger than anything a man can offer. If you want to ee lesbian pussies pounded by huge dildo's & f\*\*\*ing achines then order now.



#### Description

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#### Description Fancy seeing 50 year old tarts that have had better

CODE: PMADS

ays getting banged hard & deep in their ageing anal cavities. Want to see them quirm as they take rock ard man gristle at full pelt out any lubricant. Orde

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Let's face it whatever type of porn you prefer you can get off to decent lesbian ootage. Well imagine how ard your penis will be masrbating to scenes of three girl sex sessions! The girls are stunning & they really enjoy doing it hardcore.

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Bet the idea of stroking your penis whilst educated English girls with posh accents talk to you & tease you with their stocking clad legs & silky panties gets your cock eal hard. Let these sophisticated babes drive you to the point of no return!

#### **Asculine Looking Brazil** an Tranny's CODE: RM418

#### Description

ould you like to f\*\*k or give a lingering blow job to very unconvincing tranny 'girl' that anyone would cognise as a guy, a babe rith a flattish chest & a big dam's apple. If you want to asturbate over masculine nemales then order now!









**Elegant Grandmothers** CODE: RM407

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These ladies are all in their early to mid-70s & take ride in their appearance. They are well spoken & have saintained their enthusi asm for a healthy sex life. If you want to masturbate as these elderly grandmothers have sex then order now!

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ohn Thompson makes the GGG Bukkake films. This DVD shows scenes of his ery best work so if you ancy seeing little Gernan birds in their early 20s taking the most incredible oads of spunk over their laces you should order now

moking Sluts - Cigarettes & Hardcore Sex CODE: RM415

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oes the sight of a gorgeous iri puffing on a cigarette & lowing smoke rings turn you on? Would you like her o get on her knees, unzip our pants & suck slowly on our throbbing penis before ou took both vaginally & nally? Order Now!

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G enerally speaking footie fans either love or hate Chelsea – but we reckon the London hottie who shares her name with the oligarch-funded club isn't so likely to split opinions! Everyone in the office is head-over-heels in lust with her, and we reckon any right-minded reader should be as well! And just to drive the point home, Chelsea's only gone and kitted herself up in some very classic *Mayfair* lingerie for us today... "Do you like it?" she ponders. "I was worried it was a little bit old fashioned. These skin-coloured stockings are like something out of the war. And then there's the assive pants...!" Well first off, the expression 'old-fashioned' is one the Ed gets very upset about it, quite possibly because he's been hearing it his entire life. And secondly, those pants are spectacular... and see through! "Are they? You pervy buggers!"







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Age: 28 Vital Stats: 32B-26-32 5'4" Photographer: BB Media

0000000

B ex White caused swellings in all the right places when she made her Mayfair debut back in the autumn last year, and we were wondering what she'd been up to since then. Has her Mayfair appearance impacted on her life at all?

life at all? "Oh, I guess it has a little bit, yes!" she grins. "There are a couple of guys in my village who've started giving me rather sly looks, so I suspect they must have seen my spread. Neither of them have had the nerve to actually come out and ask me yet, which I'm a bit disappointed about, frankly – I'd love to sign a fan's copy of the magazine or something if they asked!" Well, they're probably a bit tongue-tied in your presence – and we can't really blame them for that! Perhaps a second appearance will get them to pull their fingers out a bit...

Maybe it will – I'll let you know. If you're reading guys, faint of heart never won fair of face...!"













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# At long last it's time to shed those giant winter coats and get ready for the warmer weather. Although it's not coats but inhibitions being shed here!

t had been a long time since we'd had a proper night out. Too long, we all agreed. Our workplace used to go up the West End regularly - maybe not every week, but not far off. Anything used to be an excuse to go out - birthdays, break-ups, boredom - we were social animals. Yet during the long winter months we'd

let the going out slip. So when we got a new manager, Michelle and I decided that

Name: JEN Age: 25 From: LEWISHAM

it was time to reinstate an old tradition. Of course it might have had something to do with the fact that we both fancied him something rotten. Going out was an excuse to get some drinks into Mark and to get to know him better before he became too settled in his new position.

"You girls just won't take 'no' for an answer," he said with a smile, after he'd seen us corner a colleague in the kitchen.

"No," we chorused happily. All the old gang had agreed to come out for at least one drink. "It's important for everyone to meet the new manager," I said, trying to be professional.

"Besides, it's only a couple of drinks and nobody really does anything on a Thursday night," Michelle said, taking a different tack. She had a naughty twinkle in her eye. I had a good idea of what she was thinking about doing on Thursday, or rather who.

All the gang were there, even our boss, Alex, who bought a round of drinks before shooting off. We quickly downed the drinks - gin and tonics all round, just like the old days. Mark had never tried a gin and tonic and we all laughed as his face screwed up at the sour taste. "Perhaps there's something else on the menu that you'd like to try?" Michelle asked. I couldn't see what she did under the table, but whatever it was made Mark jump out of his seat. She was making her move, which meant I had to act fast.

As the other members of our group headed to the toilets or the bar, I shifted round until I was sitting next to Mark. The buzz of the alcohol was making me brave and I took Mark's hand and placed it on my thigh. He gave it a little squeeze. I felt quite pleased with myself until I looked down and saw that Michelle was rubbing the bulging crotch of Mark's trousers. A flash of competitiveness took hold of me. That sense of competition overrode any reservations that would normally hold a girl back when she's out with work colleagues. I clamped my hand over Mark's and guided it right up my thigh, and onto my knickers. He gave me a surprised smile and then started exploring and stroking.

People made their excuses and left until the group had dwindled to Mark with Michelle sitting on one side and myself sitting on the other. We could see the street from where we were and had a clear view as the rain started pounding the pavements. "May as well stay here for a bit longer," Mark said. "There's no point getting soaked," he added, looking straight into my eyes as he used his fingers to push the crotch of my knickers right up into my slit. It wasn't just the pavements which were wet. Why would he want to move - he was having his cock rubbed while he was



simultaneously fingering me. Mark built a really nice rhythm with his fingers and he seemed to know exactly how much pressure I needed. Worryingly, I felt my orgasm building. My legs clamped shut defensively, trapping his hand, stopping it from taking me over the edge. Mark knew why I'd stopped him and gave me a wicked grin.

"Would you mind getting another round of drinks?" Mark asked, slipping a note to Michelle. My heart throbbed - Mark was choosing me over Michelle. The scowl on her face confirmed that she felt the same.

# I TRIED TO ACT CASUAL AS MARK WRAPPED MY HAND AROUND HIS HOT. BARE FLESH.

Did she know that Mark had his fingers inside my pussy? That he'd very nearly given me an orgasm? She couldn't refuse the request without being rude. As soon as Michelle moved, Mark unzipped his trousers and extracted his cock. I gasped as I saw it sticking up under the table. Michelle turned back. Could she see it poking up? I tried to act casual as Mark wrapped my hand around his hot bare flesh. Michelle paused for a second,

as though she knew something had happened but then turned away and headed to the bar. "Nothing like this has ever

happened to me before," Mark said. "I nearly came in my pants a second ago." I wasn't really listening as I watched my hand stroking up and down Mark's cock right there in the bar. It was hypnotising. "Oh fuck," he sighed, and his hips lifted briefly off the seat. It was obvious that he was still really close.

I licked my lips provocatively and Mark did the same, perhaps thinking that I was going to kiss him. I was preparing to do something much ruder. I put my mouth against the side of his head and whispered in his ear, "I'm going to make you come in my mouth." Mark's face took on an expression which was half shock, half gratitude. My heart was pounding. I couldn't believe what I was doing as I dropped my head into Mark's lap but I wanted to do it. It wasn't really a blow-job - I barely brushed my lips over the tip of Mark's cock as I continued to wank him. I was scared to move my head too much in case it attracted attention but what I did was enough. Mark's body tensed and his crotch lifted again, pushing his cock through my lips and

into my mouth just as it pulsed for the first time. I closed my lips and sucked, taking more and more of Mark's spunk into my mouth. I felt slightly guilty that I was taking the reward for Michelle's handiwork but that only served to make what I was doing even naughtier.



# "MARK'S BODY TENSED AND HIS CROTCH LIFTED, PUSHING HIS COCK THROUGH MY LIPS AND INTO MY MOUTH ... "

"Oh fuck," Mark sighed, and I took that as a signal that he was done. I swallowed and then licked him clean and swallowed again. By the time Michelle returned with three more drinks, the only sign that anything had happened was a slight flush and an odd atmosphere at the table. The odd atmosphere was partly to do with the fact that Mark's fingers had slipped inside my knickers and then inside me. He was feeling his way around my pussy and I was concentrating on keeping quiet. Mark hooked his knee over mine - I couldn't close my legs this time. I couldn't stop him from giving me an orgasm. What he was doing felt amazing and I was so horny with the taste of his spunk still in my mouth and the thought of his spunk in my belly. Mark's fingers circled, pushed, circled pushed, circled pushed. The steady routine of the movement let me anticipate the pleasure, let me control the moment when I finally gave in. Or so I thought. Unable to hold it back any longer, Mark took me over the edge.

"Are you OK?" Michelle asked, as I tried to muffle my gasps of pleasure. I couldn't speak; my body was pulsing with utter bliss. 'Michelle is watching me orgasm,' I thought dizzily. She'd warmed Mark's balls - but I'd made them boil as he had now made me boil right in front of her. The naughtiness of the situation only served to make every spasm feel even better. I felt floaty and didn't care what anyone thought as my body twitched with delicious aftershocks. "Couldn't be better," I sighed belatedly, giving Mark a wink as I finally

took a sip of my drink and swallowed very deliberately. We shared a knowing Name: LORNA smile which meant there was no sense of competition or jealously when I saw Age: 22 Michelle's hand moving over Mark's From: HASTINGS crotch again. I was more than happy for Michelle to be the warm-up act since it was clear that I was the main attraction.

pring is in prospect at last, and the warmer weather always

the park, strip off my jacket and allow the sun to tan my exposed skin while eating my sandwiches.

I have dark brown eyes and a thick mane of lustrous chestnut hair, which, along with a trim figure, a pert yet well rounded arse and full

breasts all seem to make me an attractive target for men. The fact that I love sex is a blessing, as they seem to be drawn to me like bees to honey.

The past few days have been very sunny, and on Tuesday I took my sandwiches to the park at lunchtime, As I was leaving the office building, Gavin who works in accounts - was also on his way to lunch and he suggested we keep one another company. Gavin is a total hunk - he has a fit bod. dresses well and has a handsome face. We are good mates and since I joined the company we have been frequent fuck-buddies.

We walked the short distance to the park, stopping first to pick up a rug from Gavin's car so we could sit on the grass to eat our lunch. It did not take us long to finish, and when Gavin suggested that we explore the tracks which led through the trees and shrubs I agreed. We wandered off the path, through the undergrowth and into a little clearing, where Gavin threw down the travel rug.

We began kissing. Reaching down I unbuttoned his jacket, and began massaging the bulge in the front of his suit trousers. Gavin moaned quietly and his hands touched my breasts, gently palpating them through my blouse. Pressing his body against mine he dropped his hands to my arse-cheeks, squeezing them and making my

seems to boost my libido. At this time of year I like to make the most of the sunshine, and during my lunch-breaks I walk to

pussy throb with expectation.

Gavin slid his hand under my skirt and moved it upwards, fumbling for the waistband of my tights. He pulled them down my legs, and, hiking my dress up he helped me down onto the rug. We were no more than a short distance away from the people on the benches and lawns, but we were surrounded by trees and bushes, and as long as we did not make too much noise we were fairly unlikely to be discovered. We settled

ourselves on the rug and I rubbed his cock through



his trousers until I felt it harden. I unfastened his flies and pulled his cock out through his boxers. With a cheeky grin I reached down and

# MF Letters

gathered up the pre-come from his bulbous cockhead with my finger and sucked it sexily off the tip.

Gavin gasped and guided my head down to his crotch. Obligingly I licked his shaft up and down, occasionally flicking my tongue across his helmet. As I did so his fingers moved aside the gusset of my black silk panties and

felt along my labia, teasing my sensitive pussy lips until he made contact with my throbbing clit. Circling my hot, wet little button with a fingertip, Gavin set my pussy alight, making it clench and spasm as my juices seeped out, stickying my

inner thighs. I wanted more. and struggled to get at Gavin's balls. Grabbing the waistband of his trousers and boxers I hauled them down over his muscular buttocks, and started licking and sucking urgently at his testicles, pleasuring this sensitive area with my tongue and lips. His large balls tightened as his cock grew harder and longer, and my cheeks bulged

as I tried to take his full length in my mouth. At the same time Gavin was expertly frigging my pussy, alternating between working two fingers in my tight, soaking slot and flicking his thumb over my super-sensitive clit. I was now sucking his cock furiously, alternating between licking, sucking, and stroking his shaft with my hand. His shaft was slick with saliva and pre-come and my cheeks hollowed from the suction, and I enjoyed the feeling of his hairy balls tickling my chin. Up and down I bobbed my head, feeling his hard cock tremble excitedly in my mouth.

When I felt him close to coming I quickly slid his cock out, taking a turn at wanking him while I cupped his balls.

Having his cock in my mouth had really turned me on, and now Gavin's fingers were thrusting in and out of my pussy, causing my hips to move in rhythm with his efforts. His fingers moved faster in and out of my labia, his plunging digits soon pushing me right over the edge. With my vaginal muscles gripping tightly around his fingers, my whole pussy went into spasm, and I climaxed hard, huffing for breath as waves of pleasure and excitement swept through me.

My pussy was soaking wet from Gavin's rhythmic fingering, and I lay back in his arms for a moment to catch my breath. His cock was still hard as a rock, stiff and thick and ready for action. I licked my lips and sucked

his cock back inside my mouth. My pussy was still throbbing with pleasure as I began sucking it deep, and I promised myself that I would not come up for air until I had made him fire his load down my throat.

Tickling his balls, I began bobbing my head on his rigid cock, sucking for all I was worth. He gasped, thrusting his hips up as I sucked him deeply, taking his cock all the way inside my mouth until I felt his cockhead nudging the back of my throat. Then he came hard, his jism erupting in spurts, splashing my tonsils and making me splutter.

Streams of his spunk flowed from the corners of my mouth, so that I had to lick my lips and suck some of it back inside in order to swallow it all.

Iove this time of year – there's just something about shaking off the winter blues, seeing new plants appearing and hearing the birds singing, knowing that summer's just around the corner. It also means that my wardrobe changes: out go

the jumpers and trousers, and out come my dresses and little skirts, making me feel so much sexier.

of my girlfriends and I have boring office jobs, and	Name: MARIA Age: 20 From: MANCHESTER
because we work	

so hard during the week, we make sure we party just as hard at the weekend! We're fortunate enough to be pretty hot - even if I do say so myself - so we never have a problem puling guys, and we all have high standards. So when, a few Saturdays ago, three of us went to our favourite club we were pleased to find a load of footballers out celebrating a win they'd had that day. We immediately identified which we fancied and set about seducing our chosen target.

Becki scored with quite a famous footballer, who I'll call Bob (you'd know exactly who he is if I told you his real name!) and was soon snogging his face off at the bar. Samantha snagged her lover for the night soon after (another footie player from the same team) and I watched her grinding her crotch against him on the dancefloor, her tiny silver mini riding up over her knickers as she got worked up.

I had my eye on a gorgeous, well-known star and with a bit of smooth talking and flattery he was putty in my hand, practically

# "HE WAS SOAKING MY KNICKERS WITH HIS SALIVA AS SHE JAMMED HIS DICK IN HER MOUTH."

slathering over my full cleavage. That is, until his girlfriend showed up! To say she wasn't particularly friendly towards me would be an understatement and I watched as my potential shag turned his back on me. Damn!

For the rest of the evening I got lots of advances from the rest of the team, but they were all mingers, and I didn't fancy waking up to some bog ugly bastard in the morning, no matter how many column inches I could get out of it.

A couple of hours later, Becki announced that she was ready for some action and by the way Samantha was acting, she wanted to get her guy's dick out and suck him off there and then, so they asked if I was ready to go. I agreed, but I was pretty pissed off. I wasn't used to failing on a night out!

I decided to share their cab back to Becki's flat so I could at least carry on drinking with my mates. Samantha's bloke was all over her in the taxi: I saw his hand disappear up her skirt and by the way she gasped, he'd got at least one finger inside her snatch!

Back at the flat Becki sorted some drinks out, I put on a CD and we all lounged around, chilling. Bob was well fit, and was soon shamelessly mauling Becki's big tits in front of us, while Samantha's man Dave thrust his hand up her skirt and continued to finger her twat. Fuck this, I thought - I was playing gooseberry and, as that really isn't my scene, I decided to join in. Positioning myself next to Bob on the sofa, I vanked up my skirt so my thong was inches from his face. Becki had her eyes closed so didn't notice as he mouthed my pussy and pushed his tongue against the material, tickling my clit beautifully as he did. I pulled off my top, unhooked my bra and tweaked my nipples as delicious surges of lust rippled through my pussy.

"Oi! You cow!" Becki suddenly shrieked as she realised Bob was more interested in my fanny than her tits. "He's mine!" She unzipped his flies and dragged out his lovely hard prick. He was still soaking my knickers with his saliva as she jammed his dick in her

# AS HIS DICK DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW SHE STARTED GRINDING HER HIPS FRANTICALLY ...

mouth, slurping on it noisily. I eased down my knickers and spread my pussy lips with my fingers so Bob could get his tongue in. He willingly obliged, working a finger inside for good measure. I looked over at Samantha; she was on her back, legs in the air with Dave already embedded in her gash, banging away like there was no tomorrow. The sight of his tool plunging in and out between Samantha's stockinged thighs, coupled with the finger and tongue combo juicing up my own slit, made me quickly come down Bob's throat.



As I came, Becki spat out his knob and clambered on top of him. Grabbing his twitching cock, I steered it to the entrance of Becki's dripping fanny. She dropped onto him and, as his dick disappeared from view, she started grinding her hips frantically as if she was sexstarved. Sliding my hand around her shapely burn, I slipped a finger between her cheeks. She moaned as I pushed it into her tight arse, feeling Bob's thrusting dick through the thin wall of flesh between her two fuck holes. I pushed harder and had got up to the second knuckle when I felt something hard press against my slot.

I was surprised to find Samantha's stud, Dave, behind me, and I pushed out my arse so he could reach his destination. It was then that Bob jettisoned a load of hot spunk deep inside my friend. Becki



# NEXT MONTH •PUBLIC HOUSE•

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

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came at the same time and groped for Samantha's twat so the poor lass wouldn't feel left out. She needn't have worried as Samantha was licking Dave's dick every time it emerged from my pussy, covered in my juices. Becki pulled Samantha down onto the sofa beside her and played with my tits while Dave continued to hammer inside me.

Realising what my mates wanted, I levered myself off the impaling dick and flopped onto the sofa beside the girls, leaving Dave holding his weapon pulsing above our faces. Opening our mouths beneath him, we gently wanked his meat until he was ready to spurt his junk. Becki clenched it in a tight fist and aimed

it at our faces, as a thick jet of white seed shot from the tip, splashing our faces and running in rivulets down our chins and dripped onto our tits.

I was impressed by the guys' stamina as they kept going for most of the night, completely satisfying all three of us girls. It was a wild session, one I'd love to repeat. And all I can say is that it would never have happened in the winter!

MF Reviews

# Scene from MANDEANDR

Nothing too shabby has flopped onto our reviews desk this month, so if you've got the lolly to spare, you might just want to shell out on all of this month's crop! Although Wolf Hall has only just been on the telly, of course...

Editor's

TINDINT SPALL

TURNER

The cinematography

is worthy of such an eve-

pleasing subject.

The Ed



irector Mike Leigh holds rather a special place in British hearts - pretty well everyone goes all misty-eved at the mention of Abigail's Party and Secrets and Lies, say, but as well as laying bare the foibles of middle class values and (more frequently) probing at the frustrations and limitations of a certain kind of working class existence, he likes to cast his mind back to matters more historical. 1999's Topsy-Turvy saw Timothy Spall starring in Leigh's look back at the world of Gilbert and Sullivan (What, 'Ooh-Wakka-Do-Wakka-Day'? I don't call that particularly historical! - Ed.), and star and director are reunited for this eye-pleasing exploration of the life of another much-loved British artist, JMW Turner.

Art lovers might like to think of Turner as the piercing-eyed young man of the early selfportraits (who doesn't look much like Timothy Spall!), but then his career spanned from the late 18th Century all the way through to 1851, and few artists' styles had changed so dramatically; by the time the film takes up the story he's moved a long way from the powerfully romantic seascapes with which he first made his name, his style becoming increasingly, well... modern.

Of course it's not all about the painting -Spall's Turner is a wanderer not just because

he's on the look-out for new scenes to paint, but also emotionally, slightly adrift from his surroundings until finally finding peace with his landlady (Marion Booth). This film gets just about everything right - the cinematography is worthy of such an eye-pleasing subject, and Spall's on top form on as the man himself.

# SHOAH

s we've seen in the news recently, January 2015 marked the 70th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz, when the rest of the world finally became fully aware of the horrors being perpetrated by the Nazi regime. Given that, and

the worrying reappearance of intolerance in countries that had hoped to lay such ghosts to rest, what better time to restore and rerelease Claude Lanzmann epic 1985 documentary

BY CLAUDE LANZMAN

on the holocaust.

There's no archive footage to drive the horrors home; instead Lanzmann prefers to film the death camps as they are today, either demolished and bulldozed to almost (and intentional) anonymity - only the remains of the railway tracks that lead nowhere and the memorials give the game away - as in the case of Treblinka, or as the deserted streets of the industrial complex that was Auschwitz, and combine this with powerful interviews with a selection of people who witnessed the atrocity - survivors, mostly, but also, chillingly, some of the perpetrators.

The picture that emerges, over the film's 10 hour-or-so running time is thoroughly unsettling, and doesn't provide any easy answers. How could it have happened ... and could it ever happen again? Hopefully, by keeping the memory alive through films like this, we should at least have an answer to the second question ... Also included in this release from

Eureka are 4 other films dealing with the same subject.



# WOLF HALL

ostume dramas seem to be a bit out of fashion these days, possibly because they've evolved into full on soap operas like Downton or Call the Midwife. So it's nice to see one being done properly again. which it surely is in this 6 hour-long adaptation of the first two books in Hilary Mantel's Tudor trilogy. Thomas Cromwell's usually been thought of as Henry VIII's unprincipled fixer, but in the books - and thus the programme - his inner life makes him a much more rounded and, well, sympathetic figure. Mark Rylance shines as Cromwell himself, and the surrounding cast all make the most of the fabulously authentic locations and well-crafted script. Quality stuff, if a bit slow-paced ...



# THE TOP SECRET LIFE OF EDGAR BRIGGS

avid Jason's well and truly burrowed his way deep into the national psyche thanks in large part to Del Boy, and while we also remember fondly his turns in Open All Hours and Porridge (and A Touch of Frost) hands up who remembers this one? Way before Only Fools and Horses some savvy casting director twigged that Jason was lead material and cast him in this sitcom which ran for 13 episodes in 1974. Briggs is a hapless Intelligence Officer who, despite his utter unsuitability for the role, always seems to come out on top. Think somewhere between Get Smart and Inspector Gadget. If you've got fond memories of it from the time, or just fancy checking out Jason's starring turn, you won't be disappointed.







# THE KILLING

Tell this is all getting rather confusing. In recent issues we've reviewed two films called The Killers (both versions of the same story) and now there's this film, which shares its name with a Skandi-noir series we also reviewed a year or two back! Anyway, as movie buffs might know, this flick represents Stanley Kubrick's first major directorial effort. Well, I say 'major', but in fact the film tanked when it was first released in 1956, despite receiving plenty of critical acclaim. It's the (admittedly familiar) tale of a criminal who plans one final heist before going straight, and as we all know, they never turn out well. Sterling Hayden stars, and there are plenty of nice twists and turns, but of course the reason why the film stands up so well is Kubrick's flair, which was to set him on his path to glory and, indeed, 1957's Paths of Glory.



# THE OTHER

nd here's another movie with a title that's more than a little reminiscent of another film's. Still, this predates the Nicole Kidman ghost flick by 30-odd years. It's based on a novel by Tom Tryon, who also adapted it for the screen, and is set back in Depression times (the 'Great' one, that is - not the crappy one we're still flirting with). Things kick off relatively idyllically, with some young lads larking about on their family farm, but instead of someone getting whisked off to a magical kingdom with talking scarecrows, things soon take an altogether darker turn as childish games spiral into a supernatural nightmare. It's pretty creepy stuff, and you can't help thinking the Japanese might be able to pull off an effective update. But hey - the original's not too shabby in itself!

# MF Reviews

# **MAYFAIR** Movies

Has your grumble flick collection started to look a bit threadbare of late? Perhaps it's time you slung out those Super-8s stag reels and splashed out (literally) on some shiny new DVD ones instead, then!



CAST: Asa Akira, Jessica Drake, Cindy Starfall, Kaylana Lei.

Is flick is newly-contracted cutie Asa Akira's first offering in which she is shot by someone from Wicked Pictures. The Los Angeles Police Department has a man in custody, but as yet the murder weapon, thought to be a pimp-action shotgun, has not been found.

All right. Now I'm going to be straight with you. Elements of the previous paragraph are untrue. The bald truth is that Asa Akira is Wicked's latest contract girl and that this is her first feature as a star. As a appears in six scenes, all of which swirl her off even further down the moral sink to the big "anything goes" style orgy in the flick's finale - or sexptic tank, if you wish to pursue the metaphor.

In any case you get to see EVERYTHING. First out of the starting gate to think "phwoar, I wouldn't mind a bit of that - but I'd prefer her in one piece, obviously" is Mr Pete, who enters an abandoned gas station with Asa and Jessica Drake. This looks like as good a place as any for Mr Pete to put his "phwoar" thoughts (as described above) into action which he promptly does. He subsequently becomes the filling in a legs open sandwich, and winds up splashing ejaculate on their pretty faces - though I'd have preferred him to just use



spunk like anybody else. Other highlights in an elegant bunch of very varied set-ups include Asa in the guise of a masseuse (but I recognised her - there's no fooling me!) with Johnny Castle lying behind her on the table waiting for a happy ending - like Bilbo returning triumphantly to Bag End or Bonnie and Clyde sharing that one electric loving gaze across the bonnet of their car as the ambush party apply first pressure to their triggers.

Needless to say, he gets a very happy ending, and a rather conteted looking middle as well thanks to the Asiatic cutie. Not too shabby whatsoever!

Asa appears in six scenes, all of which swirl her even further off down the moral sink ...



Georgie Lyall, Loulou.

Brazzers THE DOCTOR CAST: Franceska Jaimes, Victoria Summers, fine frisky spoof of Dr Who (herein Dr Screw) and what he might get up to in his TARDIS if he suffered a porno regeneration with tattoos and banged every bit of skirt in sight into the middle of next week - which, having a time machine, he actually can do, it's not just an expression. In fact he could bang them into the middle of last week if he so chose. When the horny Timelord (played by Danny D, presumably on the

grounds that a) he's British and, moreover b) he's a cocksman who haunted but Dr Screw demonstrates that what they thought was an works for Brazzers) makes a daring attempt to rescue Lisa (Franceska Jaimes) from the zombie space girls (bear with me, please - I don't apparition is in reality just a buxom blonde babe in search of some write these infernal plots) he is mortally injured and must regenerate. class of an inter-dimensional sorting. He desperately needs an adrenalin rush so Lisa drops to her knees He even shags the lovely ladies in his life/lives hard against the and sucks him as though the entire time-space continuum depends controls of his time machine, which would explain the strange upon it. She saves the day and savours their whey. grunting and squelching noises the TARDIS makes each time it dematerialises and materialises somewhere else.

Dr Screw also has a tryst with inter-dimensional nympho Gaija Thorax (Loulou, although you might not recognise her) who's been terrorising poor superstitious Earth folk. They think they're being



## THE VIRGIN

CAST: Allison Moore, Cassidy Klein, Clover, Jade Nile, Scarlet Red.

## Wicked

# SAMANTHA SAINT: COMPLETELY WICKED 2

CAST: Chanel Preston, Samantha Saint, Sophia Fiore.

f you absolutely love Samantha Saint and you're a mayfly then this is the DVD you've been looking for all of your life. If you don't - and I mean, if you literally can't stand the sight of her - which is highly unlikely - then it's going to be a very unpleasant experience whether you're a short-lived insect or not because she's in every scene including the bonus ones and nobody will have the least bit sympathy for you because her name is in the title and you should have paid attention when you bought it.

In the first Samantha Saint Is Wicked we established that she was shockingly promiscuous. In this sequel, "she ups the acne" or whatever the phrase might be, performing interracial sex acts, gagging on multiple cocks to the extent that you wonder if her mouth and cheeks are going to go back to normal again, that the skin won't





See? Everything has an explanation. Personally, though, I still prefer Tom Baker

used to work on a ranch in the Old West breaking horses, and goodness knows but the subject matter of this feature is not so very different.

Pretend fact: comely brunette Jade Nile has never been with a man - at least not in that way. She is an innocent, untouched flower, but naughtily fantasising of experiencing the sensual joy which might come from some bloke sliding his hand up her gusset, or maybe even (good heavens, just look at her blushing) a stout knobbing from a good honest cock. Ooh - but I mustn't, stop it, these are naughty thoughts.

When, in the thankfully early part of this film, she meets an attractive older man (rather like myself) however, she ends up with her clothes in a corner and more than just one cock up her, thinking "oh gee gumdrops"

and "I hope this lot don't get me up the stick". This is Nature's Way, as the darkly handsome, mature, worldly gent (I flatter myself that it might so easily have been me) is delighted to show her as he introduces her to sexual exploration (e.g. looking deep into each other's apertures). Under his influence, she experiences the kind of excitement you see in a parrot cage if you burst into the room suddenly, and multiple orgasms that the judge ruled should run consecutively. There are mature women shrieking "You pervert!" and young women yelling "OMG you're" (or possibly "vou've") "such an asshole".

Long story short: that's her broken in, I'm afraid. Now she's just another willing filly. A slap on the arse and away with her - back into the paddock: she's of no further interest. Send in the next virgin. Oh for shame!





snap back, and diving into bed with enchanting bisexual Chanel Preston. This last caper escalates into a threesome with Jovan Jordan, who was fortunate enough to be passing by innocently sporting a boner. Other fine scenes I will never forget if I live to be as

old as Connor MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod include one in which Samantha is released from a large wooden box marked "FRAGILE" and pounces on Prince Yahshua, who is either a stuntcock I haven't heard of before, or else heir to the throne of some obscure country whose main export is jism ... a generous portion of which is eventually plopped on her tongue.



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When 24-year-old Beverley Bristow used to shout 'Hold tight, please' the passengers on the 36 bus to Grove Park probably never realised just what a naughty clippy they had on board They might have been aware of her curvaceous 38-25-36 figure as they squeezed past on the lower deck, but few would guess that she harboured a secret desire to be a nude model. 'I liked working on the buses,' said

Beverley with a broad grin, 'even though it was only for three months. You get to meet so many people, and always tried to have a laugh with them. If it hadn't been for that ticket machine, I might still be doing it.' The machine in question was the one that spent all day bouncing on her ample boobs. 'It was so heavy,' she said with a laugh 'I'm sure they're not the same shape.' What were they like before? One wonders.









Hmm, now we're not trying to suggest that *Mayfair* back in 1988 was in anyway promoting stereotypes when it suggested that 'Cuddly West Indian' Beverley worked on the buses as a 'Clippy' but, well, it might just look that way to the untrained eye. We have no doubts whatsoever that the tale of the ticket machine was entirely true, and that Bev abandoned her route to Grove Park and back for the sake of some glamour modelling. Bev, if you're out there, we'd love to know for sure!

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# MF Intelligencer MAYFAIR Intelligencer

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

# COMEBACK KINGS

## Mel Gibson

Nine years after staunch Catholic Mel Gibson's anti-Semitic rant during a drunk-driving arrest, in which he voiced his resentment over Jewish criticism of his Passion Of The Christ movie and then completely lost his rag when warned he was being politically incorrect, Hollywood is quietly taking the once highly-bankable Oscar winner's name off the largely Jewish entertainment industry's unofficial "blacklist".



After all, Gibson's movies prior to his 2006 arrest have grossed \$3.6 billion, providing an incentive for studios to seriously consider absolution.

Gibson's star fell further than most. As early as 1992 there were "problems", when he offended the gay community with his opinions and later told Playboy that he would apologise "when hell freezes over".

Then in 2004, he came under fire for what the Anti-Defamation League and others saw as anti-Semitism in The Passion of the Christ, a blockbuster he directed, co-produced and co-wrote. He reacted to a Frank Rich column about it in the New York Times by telling the New Yorker: "I want to kill him. I want his intestines on a stick."

On his way back up to A-list star once again, Mel still has his work cut out for him staving out of trouble. In 2010, audiotapes of threats - laced with racial epithets - he made to his then-girlfriend Oksana Grigorieva, the mother of his youngest child, surfaced in the media.

Mel apologised after his Malibu arrest for what he said were his "vitriolic and harmful words," and after pleading no contest to a misdemeanour drunk-driving charge he was sentenced to three years' probation.

In recent years, Gibson has befriended rabbis, attended Passover Seders and donated to Jewish causes. Why he even invited the LA County Sheriff's deputy who nabbed him in 2006 out for a coffee!

In this 1564: Astronomer and physicist Galileo Galilei (kicked the bucket 1642) was born in Pisa, Italy. He is destined to be the first astronomer to use a telescope

(previous astronomers had looked through the cardboard tube that's left over after you've used all of the kitchen towel) and to advance the theory that the sun, not the earth, was the centre of the solar system.



All these grand observations and he failed to notice that the Tower in his hometown of Pisa was sitting at a bit of a slant.

1848: The war between the US and Mexico concludes with the signing of The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. For a mere \$15 million, the US acquired the area encompassing parts or all of present day California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Texas. The Mexicans are jubilant because

the exchange rate between the dollar and the peso made "15 million" seem like a much larger number, e.g. 150,000 trillion zillion gazillion

1933: An assassination attempt on newly-elected US President Franklin D Roosevelt (perished 1945) occurs in Miami, Florida. A spectator deflected the gunman's aim. As a result, Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak is shot and killed instead, and goodness knows poor Mayor Cermak had enough on his plate what with legendary gangster Al Pacino and bootleggers without getting slotted. The gunman, an Italian immigrant, is captured and sentenced to death, a verdict which ultimately proved fatal.

# Etiquette for the BEWILDERED

The Fuck-it List, is, of course the rather optimistic list of things you intended to do before you die (ie the Bucket List), but renamed at and from the exact moment you realise you're never going to have the chance to - or get around to - doing any of them.

Many people who realise that they have gone from bucket to fuck-it may try to console themselves in the time honoured way of sexual self-abuse. Hence the spanking new term 'Sad Masty', which describes the act of whacking off while crying -often using one's tears instead of a lubricant. I can highly recommend it.

An A-Z of things you really, really need to know.

No honestly...

F IS FOR "FUCK-IT LIST"

# **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 ...

## MY MAN GODFREY (1936)

Starring Carole Lombard, the gueen of 1930s "screwball" comedies, and her real-life ex-husband William Powell, My Man Godfrey is a movie about a delightfully bat-shit crazy socialite (Lombard) who hires an apparently homeless man from a Great Depression doss park (Powell) to be her family's butler, only to fall in love with him ... much to his dismay.

When spoiled brat Cornelia Bullock (Gail Patrick) offers the down-and-out Godfrey \$5 to be her "forgotten man" for a scavenger hunt, he feels insulted and advances on her, causing her to retreat and fall on her arse. She stalks off in a fury, much to the glee of her younger sister, Irene (Carole Lombard). After talking with Irene, Godfrey finds her to be kind, if hopelessly scatter-brained. He offers to help the screwy Irene beat Cornelia.



In the ballroom of the Waldorf-Ritz Hotel, Irene's longsuffering businessman father, Alexander Bullock, waits resignedly as his ditsy wife plays the frivolous scavenger hunt game. Godfrey arrives and is

"authenticated" by the scavenger hunt judge as a "forgotten man". He then

# FAMOUS LAST WORDS

## "Good! A woman who can fart is not dead!"

Louise-Marie-Thérèse de Saint Maurice, Comtesse de Vercellis After having accidentally let one rip while she was dying.

addresses the idle rich, expressing his contempt for their antics while others live in desperation and squalour. Irene is apologetic, but offers him a job as the family butler. Despite the non-stop spiteful machinations of wicked elder sister Cornelia, Godfrey thrives in his new position... until a wealthy guest greets Godfrey familiarly. Godfrey ad-libs that he was the gent's valet at school and his old friend plays along, mentioning Godfrey's non-existent wife and five children... and the zaniness

continues apace with a pin-sharp script and great performances all'round. Powell and Lombard spark off each other brilliantly (their divorce in real life had been remarkably amicable, which was probably just as well) while the work as a whole takes the mick out of the idle rich and shows compassion and respect for the millions unemployed when it was made. One wonders if a re-make might just be on the cards...

In 2000, the film was ranked No.44 on the American Film Institute's list of the 100 funniest comedies, and Premiere magazine voted it one of "The 50 Greatest Cornecties Of All Time" in 2006.



To be honest with you, I don't know how we've managed to hold off so long, but have had our socks blown off by Cara Delahoyde when she appeared in the first issue of the year, we've now got her back so that we – er, I mean you – can have another shufty! Oh, and if that weren't enough, we've also got the delectable Sophie Star in, and she's getting naughtier than ever before. Reckon you can wait four whole weeks? Well tough titties, you're going to have to!



Sophie



Cara

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HER TIRED	0000 864 0767 - FRIEND FRIGGED WHILE COLLEGE TUTOR FICKED WE 181
JUST WAITING	0909 864 1013 - LESBIAN STRAP-ON A*SE F*CKIN'! THEY LOVE TO TASTE 0909 864 1023 - SHE KNEELS DOWN & OPENS WIDE TO GET POKED
POR MEN	0982 505 1498 - OLDER LADIES KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HARD CONT
NEED OF THE	0909 864 1471 - SHE SITS ON CHAIR LEG FOR SEX RELIEF
	0909 864 1474 - BIG TITTED SLUTS PHONE SEX
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