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EDITOR'S LETTER

Matt Berry | Editor

o on, I dare you! Have a look
through the girls we've got lined up
this issue and see if you can find
one who isn't a nailed-on stunner out of the
top drawer! There, that's me throwing down
the gauntlet, and it'll be pistols at dawn
for anyone who fancies picking it up. Not
that I'll be there, mind – dawn's no time for
the Editor of the nation's most prestigious
gents' periodical to be roused from his
slumber! Still, good luck to you with your
early morning capers if you fancy it!

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For Your Information

You can click or tap



MAYOR Male ®



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.

BRENT CRUDE

I like to think I'm an ordinary bloke, really. I like my dinner hot, my beer cold... And my women oiled and slippery! This started on holiday in Florida with my two best mates, three years ago. One night we went to a club where part of the evening's entertainment consisted of sexy, busty women mud and oil wrestling. I'm not sure if there was any point to the exercise besides the amusement value, but it was a very arousing display!

The mud grappling held little interest for me, but the sight of those feisty sun-bronzed beauties, scantily dressed and writhing in pools of oil as they wrestled playfully with each other made me really horny. Especially when one of the lovelies 'accidentally' removed the other's bikini bottom or top

THE SIGHT AND SMELL OF HER UNDIES SO CLOSE TO MY FACE DID WONDERS...

as they slithered erotically! It was a very exciting and memorable spectacle. So much so, that almost immediately upon returning home I tried to persuade my girlfriend Sarah to use oil on her own body. She's a leggy minx who has always been

sexually extroverted: screwing in public

places and performing fairly elaborate stripteases for my gratification, so she was well up for my slippery suggestion.

One particular night, she danced tantalisingly in front of me, gyrating her hips and bottom while I lay on the bed fondling my stiffening rod. Her wet pussy was only inches from my face as she expertly wiggled out of her knickers.

Laying them on the pillow near me, she continued to undress. By now I had an enormous erection and the sight and smell of her undies so close to my face did wonders for me. As every last item of her clothing dropped onto the floor, she took a bottle of baby oil and began dribbling it onto her chest, fondling her engorged nipples and massaging her breasts.

Watching her oil herself up made me

unbelievably horny and as Sarah had become so engrossed in self-pleasuring, she didn't seem to notice that I'd picked up her discarded pants. While watching her dance, I sucked at the creamy secretions in the gusset - filling my senses with their musky smell as I watched her hands work their way over her flat stomach towards her neatly trimmed quim.

Making circular movements with her palms, she rubbed the baby oil into her mound, and then, sighing with pleasure as she dipped her fingers into her crack, she began to frig herself quite unashamedly. Discarding her knickers, I too



I happened to be watching that particular episode of Channel 4 News when who should appear before my eyes but the delectable Lexi Lowe and Jasmine Jae! What a thrill, having the next issue of my beloved Mayfair trailed in the middle of TV's most respectable current affairs programme. I have to say, both girls came out of the news package very well indeed (and

wangle his way onto a *Mayfair* shoot for it!), and of course they really piqued my interest for the set when it appeared in the magazine itself. Needless to say, I

I look forward to seeing Cara Brett on Question Time, and Emma Green showing off her charms to Andrew Marr one Sunday morning!

began to slick myself with the lubricant. As I did, I became aware of the sensuous sensation that the fluid produced when rubbed into my skin - especially around my large tool.

My passion aroused, I pulled her onto the bed and then, straddling her in a sixty-nine, I began to tongue her sumptuous fanny lips. Sarah loved having oral sex performed on her, and her warm saltiness trickled out of her and all over my face, catching momentarily in my facial stubble before dribbling down my chin.

When she sucked my straining cock into her mouth, her tongue darting back and forth over my cock-head, it took all the selfcontrol I had to stop myself spunking, "Okay! Fuck me now," she groaned, and I hurriedly switched positions and drove my thrilling member deep into her wet snatch, fucking her hard until she came, guite literally wailing with pleasure.

This was the first time we had enjoyed oily sex together, and since then our techniques have improved. We have regular sessions - especially when on holiday where we can play without needing plastic sheeting to protect the furniture!

The most memorable occasion on which we 'indulged' was last August, when we made use of a villa with a private swimming pool

"I PULLED HER MAGNIFICENT TITS FROM HER TOP AND BEGAN TO RUB OIL INTO THEM."

in Gran Canaria. Sarah and I were determined to make the most of our break, so when we got to the villa, we headed straight out to look at the pool area. It was very hot without a cloud and so. rather than risk sun-burn, we rummaged in our suitcases for our swimming gear and sun-tan lotion. I suggested we go naked but Sarah insisted she was going to wear her new bikini.

When we returned to the pool, she lay on her stomach and encouraged me to oil her body. She had a variety of oils and tan lotions laid out for me. Flipping the top off a bottle of almond oil, I began to massage it into the back of her neck and shoulders and could tell how much she was relishing the feel of the liquid as it turned her lightly-tanned skin into a glistening arena of pleasure for

I liberally poured some onto her back and watched as it trickled slowly into the furrow of her spine and down towards the crevice between her arse-cheeks - soaking the fabric of her bikinibottoms. My cock hardened as I massaged her buttocks. She wriggled her burn, her hips bucking under my hands as my fingers

Flipping her over and dragging her bikini-bottoms off, I pulled her magnificent tits from her top and began to rub oil into them. Her nips began to swell as I massaged them - gently squeezing each bud then pulling it taut and allowing it to slip from the oily and wonderfully uncertain grip of my fingers.

Sarah pulled off my trunks with an air of urgency - smiling as my rigid manhood sprang into view. She took some suntan oil and started rubbing it into my ball-sac, fondling my slippery nuts with one hand while the other slid up and down my rampant pole. Leaning forward, she rubbed my cock all around her face, making loud slurping noises as she slobbered all over it. She stopped just nano-seconds short of bringing me off and began to oil my chest. Though desperate to come, I reciprocated by oiling her stomach, moving down to her beautifully neat slot.

Sarah's labia are luscious and deep pink; when aroused they swell, emphasising her love entrance with its juicy red lips. They looked like that now, and I fingered them eagerly, searching out her clitoris between these shiny swollen petals. Teasing her to orgasm was easy and she came on my hand, nectar squirting from her glistening snatch and drenching my fingers with her fluids.

I lowered myself onto her and she gasped with pleasure as my prick slid into her cunt with oily ease. Holding onto slippery breasts was difficult and more than once my cock almost slid out her fanny

I could hear her breathing quicken as she approached orgasm. I held back until I could feel her vaginal muscles tighten, then gave it one more super-slidey thrust. Sarah's body began to judder hard beneath me as her orgasm erupted, her cunt contracting viciously



Dear Mayfair, What a magnificent specimen of adult feminine humanity is young

Sadly, I missed the issue of Mayfair from last year that she first appeared in (Ahem, back Issues line! – Ed.), but I am immensely grateful to all the staff at Mayfair (and, of course, Bex herself) for featuring her displaying her charms so intimately in 50.03!

Bex has a truly beautiful face, a lovely tumble of long blonde

hair, gorgeous lingerie, perky breasts and nipples, long arms (within which a man would happily die), long black-stockinged legs with child-beating hips, perfect buttocks and a darling

shaven pussy!
I don't suppose I'm the only reader who's waxed lyrical about this stunning British beauty, so please make sure we see plenty more of her in *Mayfair* before long! Kevin, Lincolnshire.

around my cock and I sprayed my load deep inside her.

We still love to use oil in our love-play - and if you've never tried it, I implore you to do so!

Brent, Shrewsbury.



















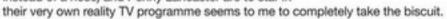
IN OTHER

A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBNIEWS

Did We Like His Body And Ever Think He Was Sexy?

Just when you thought reality television had hit bottom, and by bottom I mean the centre of the Earth, news that serial monogamist and 70s rocker Rod Stewart (who was the only puppet in Spitting Image to sport a flaccid penis instead of a nose) and Penny Lancaster are to star in



Taking on the likes of The Osbournes and Keeping Up with the Kardashians, the 70-yearold croaky crooner and his family are inviting the cameras into their home "for the very first time". In fact, the Maggie May, Sailing, and Do You Think I'm Sexy? singer and his wife and children have already started filming the series in their Los Angeles mansion.

Penny and Rod's children, Alastair (9) and Aiden (4) will be joined by the Scottish singer's eldest kids Sean and Kimberly who are tipped to have "prominent roles".

Well now. A source told the Press: "Rod is very proud of his family and he wants to show everyone that. He will star very much as the dad, and it will show he has kept

"There will be some ups and downs but they are keen to show that the Stewarts are close and they enjoy themselves."

The show has already been hyped as the "most modern family show ever" and is due to be aired across the world from June.

"This is huge for them - the family are hoping this is the start of something big for them," a creepily anonymous insider concluded.

PECULIARNIEWS

More Suited To Colouring **Books Than Facebook**

An American man is in custody after commenting on a police Facebook post of his own mugshot, which went viral and made a complete fool of him. So much so that he gave

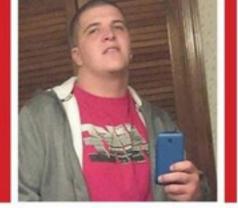
Andrew Dale Marcum, from Ohio, became a laughing stock after he responded to the Butler County Sheriff's Office's appeal in the comments section of a post appealing for information concerning his whereabouts. The Butler County Sheriff's Office knew his previous residence and the areas where he was allegedly criminally active, but they needed help pinpointing him. So they posted some photos of him on Facebook in order to enlist the public in their search. They just weren't expecting Marcum himself to chip in and give himself away.

After the story about his posts went viral and comments started flooding in - the vast majority of them mocking, oddly enough - an account in his name posted: "I ain't tripping, half of them don't even know me," and "Wow all this over me you guys must be some nobody's trying to uplift yourselfs (sic) not one bit of this is funny to me!!!!

At the time of his arrest, there were warrants out for Marcum on burglary/safe-cracking, abduction, assault, domestic violence, and criminal endangerment.

Sheriff Richard K Jones joined in the fun. tweeting a photo of a jail cell, telling Marcum, "We've got your room ready."

Marcum saw the tweet and turned himself in shortly afterwards. He is very upset at the thought of the whole world regarding him as thick as two short planks and appears to be crying in his booking mugshot. We can only hope things turn out as well as can be hoped for the lad.



COMINGSOON

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

First up this month is a sequel or a reboot or Heaven-knows-what of the 2008 action-fest

HITMAN: AGENT 47 changes the premise (seldom a good idea - consider the ultimate pig's breakfast that is Highlander 2) and portays our chum 47 as an elite assassin who was genetically engineered from conception to be the perfect killing machine, and is known only by the last two digits on the barcode tattooed on the back of his neck. He is the culmination of decades of research and 46 earlier Agent clones, endowing him with unprecedented strength. speed, stamina and intelligence. His latest

target is a megacorporation which plans to unlock the secret of Agent 47's past to create an army of killers whose powers surpass even his own - and we can't have that. Teaming up - as



he must, it's the Hollywood formula, no matter how amazing this bloke is - with a hot young woman with special tits (OK, that bit's not confirmed yet, but it's what I'm hoping) who may hold the secret to overcoming their powerful and clandestine enemies, 47 confronts revelations about his own origins and squares off in an epic battle with his deadliest foe. Very high bodycount expected.

Sadly, or perhaps not, given the new clones premise, after starring in Justified for six years, Tim Olyphant will not be returning in the Hitman 47 role. The part has gone to Rupert Friend (not the most intimidating name, you'll agree) with Zachary Quinto (the young Spock to Chris Pine's Kirk, and the super-powers-collecting villain from television's dodgy Heroes) as mystery man



John Smith (RIP). Next, we have something a trifle more intriguing than the usual in the form of REGRESSION, starring the always excellent Ethan Hawke, Harry Potter's chum Emma Watson, and one of the best British actors to end up playing a

werewolf at Hogwarts, David Thewlis.

The place: Minnesota. The year: 1990. Detective Bruce Kenner (Hawke) investigates the case of young Angela (Watson), who accuses her father, John Gray (David Dencik), of an unspeakable crime. When John unexpectedly and without recollection admits his guilt, renowned psychologist Dr Raines (Thewlis) is brought in to help him relive his memories. Oh but it's even more terrible and scary than that - yes, yes, because what they discover unmasks a horrifying nationwide mystery. Yikes!

PRODUCTNIEWS

Bit of a slug-a-bed who's worried about being mugged? Then we bring glad tidings!

Alarming Clocks

For once, a thoroughly original idea to improve our lives by ensuring that we don't fall asleep again after hitting the snooze button conveniently placed atop the alarm clock and rolling over again. A new line of alarm clocks makes it virtually impossible to stay in bed. DealExtreme's speciality alarm clocks force sleepers to wake up by making them actually get out of bed to turn them off.

One crafty clock actually flies

 taking off as soon as the alarm sounds. Using a propeller, the clock launches 5 feet (1.524 meters) into the air and darts around the room until it is caught by the groggy target - doubtless cursing and wishing to God he hadn't bought himself such a ludicrous piece of kit - and returned to its base.

Another option is the Run Away Clock, which is presumably aimed at those with lower ceilings and which uses two large wheels to scoot around the room when the designated awakening time is reached, beeping all the while until it's caught. The alarm clocks are available online for \$15.

Fanny Pack Alarm

A company called iSafe has introduced a new "fanny pack" designed to keep outdoor enthusiasts safe and secure. The pack is equipped with a powerful, lightweight alarm system that provides personal safety and protection. Each bag, available in an array of colours, has a wire connecting to a port that, when removed, sounds a loud alarm for up to two hours.

That's a long time and a great deal of embarrassment if you don't know how to switch it off or someone has shot you and left you dead in a ditch and all they want to do now is move

on with their life. The new fanny packs join iSafe's complete line of alarm bags, including backpacks, computer bags and messenger bags. The fanny packs and bags are available on the iSafe website for between \$40 and \$80.

By the by, this is another classic case of ass-obsessed Americans getting their bodies back to front. They are, of course, more properly called burn bags or arse envelopes, crack packs... I don't know anything but "fanny"



BOOKNEWS MICK HERRON and The Slough House Novels

Mick Herron is a novelist whose thrillers include the Sarah Tucker/Zoë Boehm series. the standalone novel Reconstruction, and the Slough House series, the first of which - the Steel-Dagger nominated Slow Horses (a pun on Slough House) - has been described by many critics as the "most enjoyable British spy novel in years".

The second Slough House novel, Dead Lions, won the 2013 CWA Goldsboro Gold Dagger, and was picked by the Sunday Times as one of the best 25 crime novels of the past five years.

Mick was born in Newcastle upon Tyne, but now lives in Oxford. At first, with the Sarah Tucker/Zoë Boehm series, his thrillers were set in Oxfordshire, but with Slow Horses (2010) he deliberately broadened

Slough House is a dumping ground for British intelligence agents ("Slow Horses") who've screwed up - by accidentally leaving a secret file on public transport, blowing a surveillance, or in the case of young operative River Cartwright, confusing two different men, one of whom is a suicide bomber, bringing down the wrong man and watching over a hundred people blown to smithereens inside a Tube train as it enters a tunnel. Kind of the opposite of Cressida

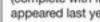
When a young Asian man is abducted and his kidnappers threaten to broadcast his beheading live on the Internet, River sees an opportunity to redeem himself. And what's the kidnappers' connection with a disgraced right wing journalist and a man who could be Britain's next Prime Minister? As the clock ticks down on the execution, River finds everyone is heating their own particular poker in the fire.

Dead Lions (2013) sees a second anti-terrorism workout for the denizens of Finsbury's Slough House after the embers of Slough House are stirred by the death of one of its own. Dickie Bow, formerly a street rat in Berlin who's been following legendary Russian agent Alexander Popov, evidently learned enough for one final text message before he died, apparently of a heart attack, on a



Jackson Lamb, the perennially annoyed, deceptively slobbish, continually farting head of Slough House, decides that both Dickie's death and the message warrant closer examination, and River Cartwright is sent undercover.

Nobody Walks, a gripping standalone novel of revenge, featuring the Slough House novels' witch-like MI5 chief First Desk, Dame Ingrid (complete with facial warts),





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21st CENTURY TOYS

Back to waggle his unwieldy techtodger in your unwilling face, JAMES SAINT presents this month's round-up of tempting tat...

Editor's

We take our

alcoholism very

seriously here at

Mayfair...

t had been a bit guiet on the smaller gadget front of late, techmongers preferring to spend all their time and effort engaged in a TV cock-size stand-off, constantly striving to outdo each other with televisions of truly behemoth proportions that nobody wants, can afford or can fit in their house. However, the good news is, probably as a direct result of the wellreasoned arguments I put across in this upstanding organ each month, the mandarins of the multi-nations have finally paid attention and whipped their staff back into designing and producing more largely unnecessary electronic baubles that we can all afford, wave around in public in a bid to impress other equally easily led hard-earned ejaculators, and derive pleasure from for the two weeks they remain up-to-date. So hoorah for that!

But who is the real winner here? Well, quite obviously, it's me - I get more stuff to stick in this column and, therefore, continue to get paid the cash I need to feed my insatiable gadget habit. It's all tragically circular for me I'm afraid, but don't let my downward spiral ruin your enjoyment of this month's round-up! In fact, join me... join me... join me...

Smarter Coffee Machine £130



The Perfect Drink

It's probably already blinding obvious, but for the record, we take our alcoholism rather seriously here at Mayfair - bring us an ill-mixed martini and you can be

damn sure we're going to throw it in the waiter's face before flipping a table and screaming obscenities at anyone nearby. And serve us a G&T with lemon rather than lime and, frankly, we're doing time (Actually I prefer lemon -The Ed.).

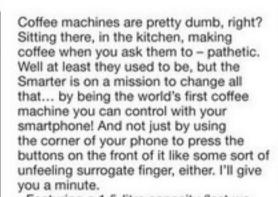
Which is why we love The Perfect Drink - a set of smart scales and an app that combine to ensure the perfect cocktail is produced every time you reach for the spirits. Simply pop your

glass on the scales and follow the on-screen instructions as 30 measurements per second are taken to keep you on target. As you pour your concoction a

virtual glass fills up on your display until who the fuck are you calling a psycho? your piss-up pièce de résistance is complete; booze brilliance and

a worthy use of smart technology at long last. The fact that mankind's somehow managed to survive without one of these for the last so many hundreds of thousands of years doesn't. quite frankly, bear thinking about!

> www.firebox.com



Featuring a 1.5-litre capacity (lest we forget in all this high-tech wizzardry that the thing is designed to make hot drinks), you can select strength and number of cups required and even have the Smarter keep it warm for you for up to 20 minutes, all from the comfort of your iOS or Android phone or tablet wherever you happen to be in your home. Get the urge for bean juice while on the bog? Boom! Fancy a mug of Java while on the job? Boom! Want some wakey juice postwank? Boom! As long as you have a smartphone, the Smarter app and you're within range of your home's Wi-Fi, instant go-water gratification can be yours with next to no effort... without ever having to actually walk into the kitchen ever again! Umm, unless you actually fancy drinking the coffee at some point, of course.

> www.smarter.am

Riva Turbo X £299

Another month... another wireless portable speaker: yawn! Except that this is not just another wireless portable speaker - this is the Turbo X from Riva and it is, to date, the most staggering wireless portable speaker I've ever had the pleasure to let in my lugholes.

Small but perfectly formed, the Turbo X is Bluetoothbased and utilises components normally found in high-end home audio kit to deliver - wait for it - 45W of beautifully enhanced audio, thanks to a proprietary 3-channel amp with advanced digital signal processing and seven unique ADX drivers that work to produce more of the musical spectrum than any other product of its ilk out there.

Add to that Riva's remarkable Trillium (no. it's not used in face cream!) technology for delivering multi-dimensional surround sound, and your piss-poor TV speakers are redundant too.

With a battery good for 26hours on full charge and an external power supply too for when dossing around the house, the whole shebang can be controlled via the



free Android or Apple app to add even extra convenience. And it's beautiful to behold too. What's not to like?!

> www.rivaaudio.com

Garmin nuvi 2599LMT-D £180

Satnavs have become indispensable in the 21st century. mostly because the 21st century seems to be mostly populated by feckless fucktards with no sense of direction. But, hey ho, who needs

the ability to read a map anyway when there's always, always electricity and a satellite signal?

The trouble with satnavs is, other than pointing the way, what else have they done for us lately? Are they voice activated? Do they let you make hands-free phone calls? Do they direct you to new restaurants and shit that you otherwise wouldn't have known/cared about? And do they let you find the ideal £20.15 birthday present for your mate? Generally speaking, no. But this

Featuring Foursquare, the 5-inch pinch-to-zoom dualorientation display of the Garmin also lets you specify your birthday budget before the ruddy thing makes a recommendation in your price-range and not only tells you where the shop is, but also offers up the opening hours.

In fact if he's got any sense, your aging mate'll invite your Garmin nuvi to his party instead of you, because it clearly cares more about him than you do. Soon it'll be driving the car for you and wiping your arse as well, but one step at a time, eh?

> www.garmin.com

The Vamp £50

Do you often find yourself moping around the house, wishing you could get the music trapped on your phone to your Hi-Fi speakers without all the fuckaboutery of having to plug things in? Well, if you haven't got Bluetoothenabled speakers you're fucked, pal. Except that now...

Meet The Vamp, a strangely-named palm-sized box of tricks that attaches to any speaker (yes, that's it - the rather incongruous looking red cube thing perched atop



this particular speaker), oldish or new, via a magnet and then works as a Bluetooth bridge between your smartphone and the prehistoric speaker - it's literally that simple.

Once hooked up, hit play and revel in proper Hi-Fi sound once again.

Ingenious, stylish and relatively cheap as well, if you can't see the musthave amazeballs of this immediately, you're clearly an earless idiot. Are you an earless idiot? Hmm, now I think of it, it would explain why your glasses look so wonky...

> www.thevamp.co.uk

Burg 16A Smartwatch US \$190

Regular eye-users in and around my column each month may have picked up on the vibe that I remain a little unimpressed by the concept of smartwatches due to the fact that they stand to make an already slovenly species even more lazy, removing as they do the only exercise some people get - reaching their fat, greasy fingers into a pocket or to a table to retrieve their smartphone.

However, with the Burg 16A, I may have changed my mind

a bit. For not only is it reasonably priced and reasonably watchlike, it also comes with a SIM so that you don't have to rely on your smartphone being nearby to make calls or send texts, which is handy (handy! It's a fucking watch, you see!), and it also comes packing two-way Bluetooth-based communication, SMS and MMS capabilities, image viewer, calendar, calculator, FM radio, MP3/MP4 player, voice recorder, extended three-day battery life, a micro SD slot for up to 16GB of storage and a micro-sized USB slot for syncing and charging.

Knocked together by some famous Danish designer, it's not bad looking either, which is more than you can say for most. However, you will still look like a fucking mentalist talking to your wrist.

> www.burgsmartwatch.com





◆ Continued from page 5

JILL'S AND THRILLS...

Last September I became a university student – a move which changed my life, and more importantly my sex life. I was very naive and my sexual activities had been limited to fumblings at parties and in the back row of cinemas. Luckily, my fortunes changed when I went out for a drink with one of my tutors, John. black satin shirt. "Don't get out of the chair," she whispered to me. "And don't touch your cock, you randy little bastard."

I was dumfounded. Jill stood in front of me and began to take her clothes off. She unbuttoned her shirt, revealing her well-stuffed bra, and then eased down the zip of her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. Her hands smoothed over her bum and then, without hesitation, she whipped off her tiny G-string and walked towards me. "What do you think?" she asked. Before I had the chance to answer, Jill sat down beside me and

and I quickly finished undressing as Karen lay down on the floor. "Fuck me," she urged.

I moved onto the floor on top of Jill as she guided my cock into her, grabbing my bum and pulling me right inside her hole. "That's it," she purred. "Fuck me nice and hard like a good young lad." I began with long slow thrusts, almost pulling right out of her before powering back deep inside her. Jill loved this and was screaming loudly as she neared her orgasm.

Suddenly, she reached down and pulled

Dear Mayfair,
What a treat for all
discerning admirers of
British womanhood was
your latest issue (50.03).
Unless I'm very much
mistaken, every single
girl on display halled
from these fair isles – and
didn't they do us proud!?
It was wonderful to see
Charley Rose making her
debut – I hope it won't be
her solitary appearance in
the magazine – and Cara,
Bex, Chelsea and the
others all ticked the right
boxes as well – especially
Holly Gibbons, who was
looking lovelier than I've
ever seen her before! The
two pictures of her you
featured on page 49 were
simple exquisite! Why
even 'Cuddly West Indian'
Beverly had me purring in
appreciation – keep it up!
Mike, Birmingham.



As we knocked back cheap pints in the uni bar, John started to talk quite frankly about the problems he was having with his wife. "Truth is, she's a fucking nymphomaniac," he tells me.

"I just can't keep up with her and she says she wants to get a younger man to help her out." And that's when he asked me, "How do you fancy the job, mate?" I laughed out loud... until I realised he was serious.

"What does she look like?" I asked. John opened up his wallet and showed me a picture of his wife on a bike. She was about forty, but still a real stunner. Long blonde hair, long legs and the most gorgeous pair of tits. But it was the sight of her arse spread over the saddle that really did it for me. "She's bloody beautiful," I told John, agreeing to his proposal.

We fixed a date for that Friday night. When I got to his flat he led me into the living room and offered me a beer before telling me he'd be watching from the kitchen hatch. He left me alone, and a few minutes later the door opened and in walked his wife, Jill. She looked absolutely incredible, dressed in black stilettos, red fishnet stockings, a black leather mini-skirt and a

undid my shirt. She ran her hands over my chest, before moving to the flies on my jeans.

Her eyes widened as she pulled my trousers down around my knees and grasped my prick in both hands. "What have we here?" she giggled. Her mouth moved to my crotch where she started to

SHE GUIDED ME INTO HER, GRABBING MY BUM AND PULLING ME INSIDE HER.

lick my helmet. My dick wanted to come on the spot as she ran her tongue up and down my erect shaft, gently lapping at my balls. Then, just as I was sure I was about to shoot my load, Jill pulled away and led me by the hand to the middle of the room.

"Get out of your clothes," she ordered,

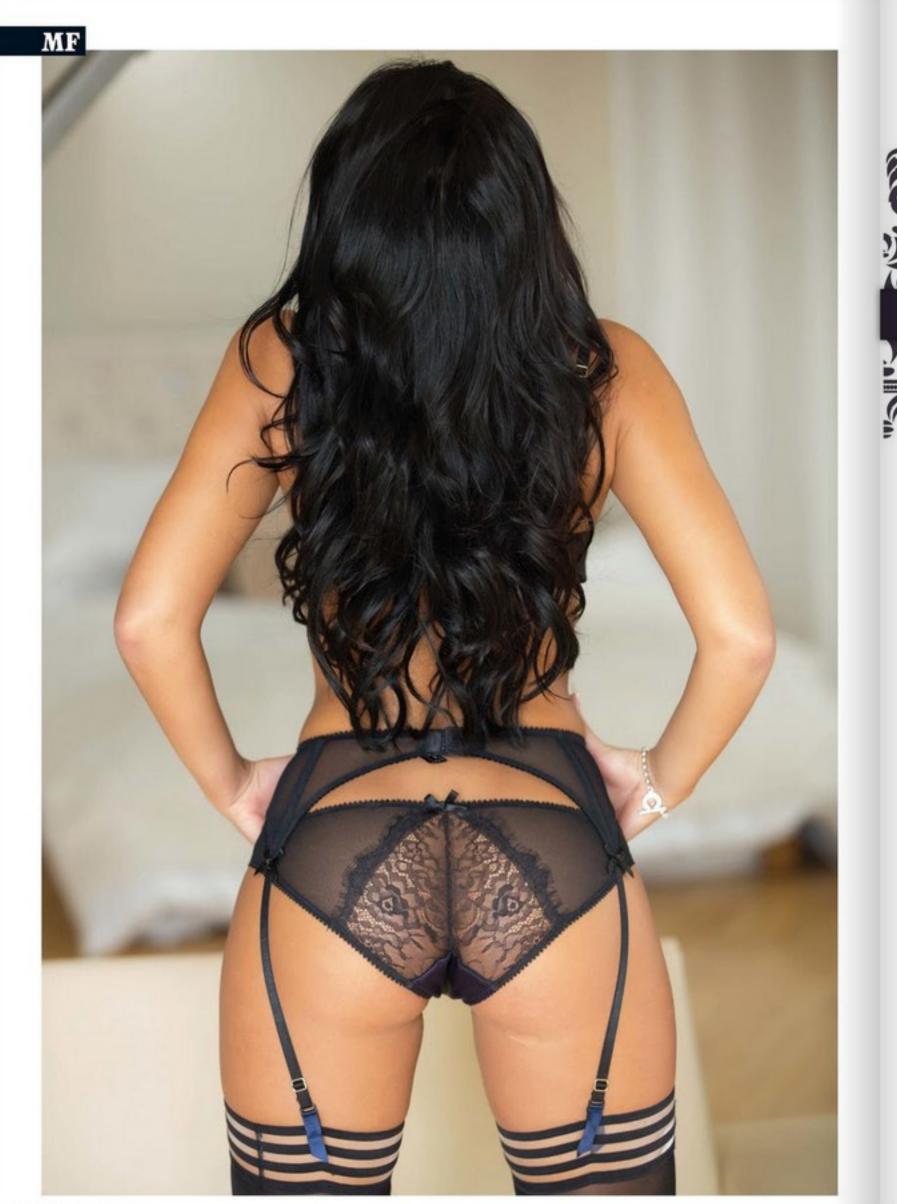
my cock from between her legs and then flipped over on to all fours.

"Fuck me up the arse," she begged. Her bum looked incredible and her pussy was wet and dripping as I guided my prick between her spread cheeks. Jill moaned as I inched inside and started pumping hard. She bucked her hips back against me and her head was down on the floor with her teeth gritted. "I'm gonna come," I yelled as I pulled myself from out of her ring and then shot my load all over her arse cheeks. Jill turned around and greedily fed my cock into her mouth and sucked every last drop of my come.

Just then, I heard a cheer from the kitchen and I looked around to see John behind me with a large grin on his face. I had completely forgotten about him.

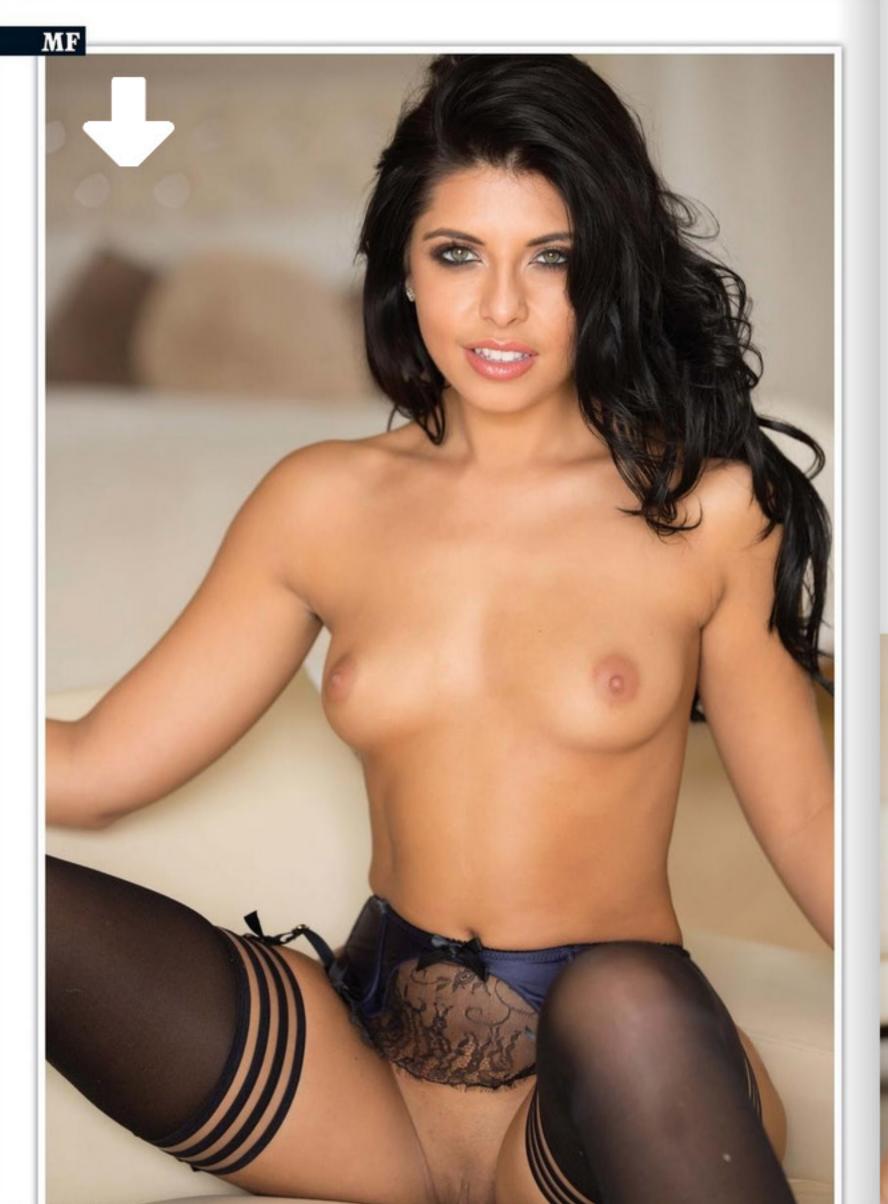
"Well done mate!" he said. Jill then walked into the kitchen and led John out. He was sporting a huge hard-on, which she proceeded to get to grips with without any further ado. John was right, she is an absolute nympho, as I've had the pleasure of confirming on several more occasions since that first night!

Harry, Kingston.



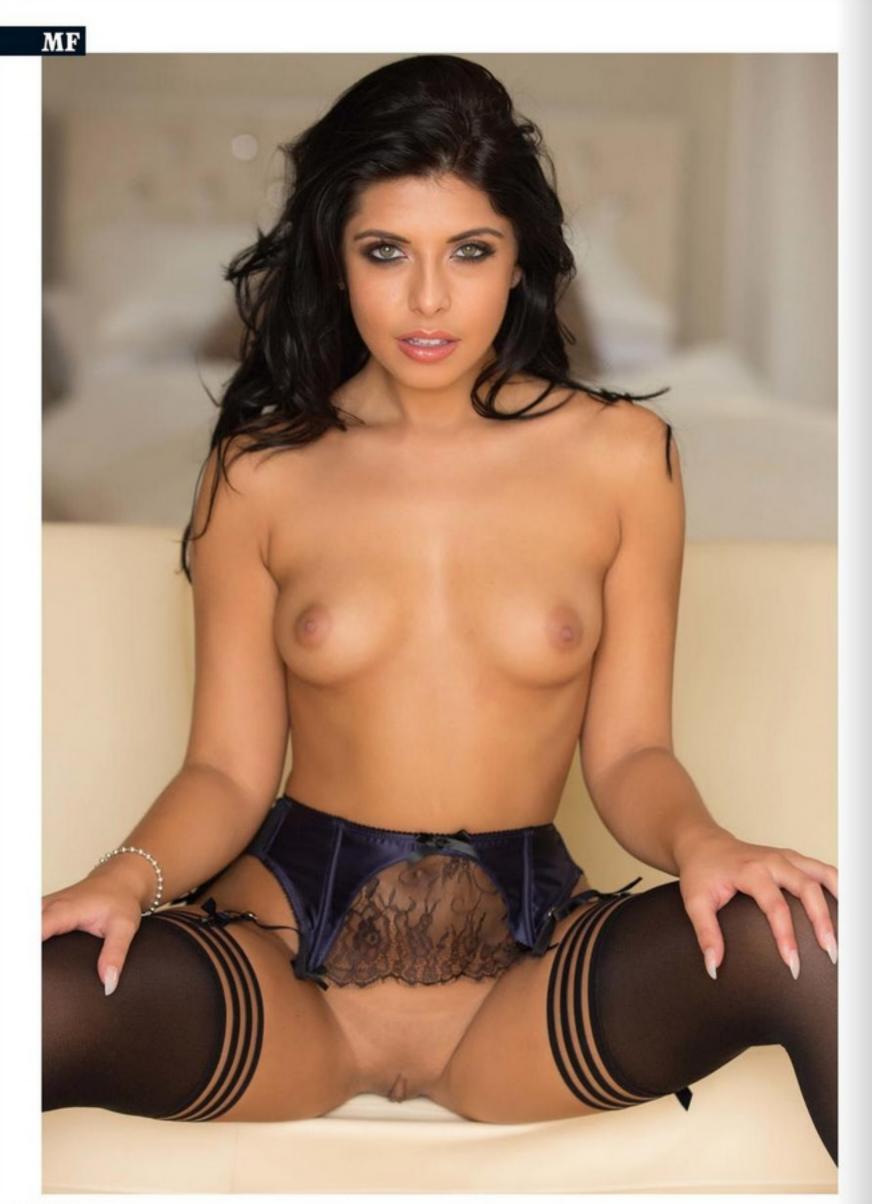














e don't like to blow our own trumpets here at *Mayfair*, but when we came across London-based stunner Cara Delahoyde at the end of last year and invited her to appear in 50.01 we couldn't help feeling more than a little bit pleased with ourselves. Let's face it, she's an absolute corker, and while she'd done a bit of modelling before, we figured we'd pulled off a bit of a coup getting her to pose a fair bit more naughtily than she'd ever done before. And, judging from the letters we received in praise of this dark-haired hottie, that wasn't the only thing that was pulled off!

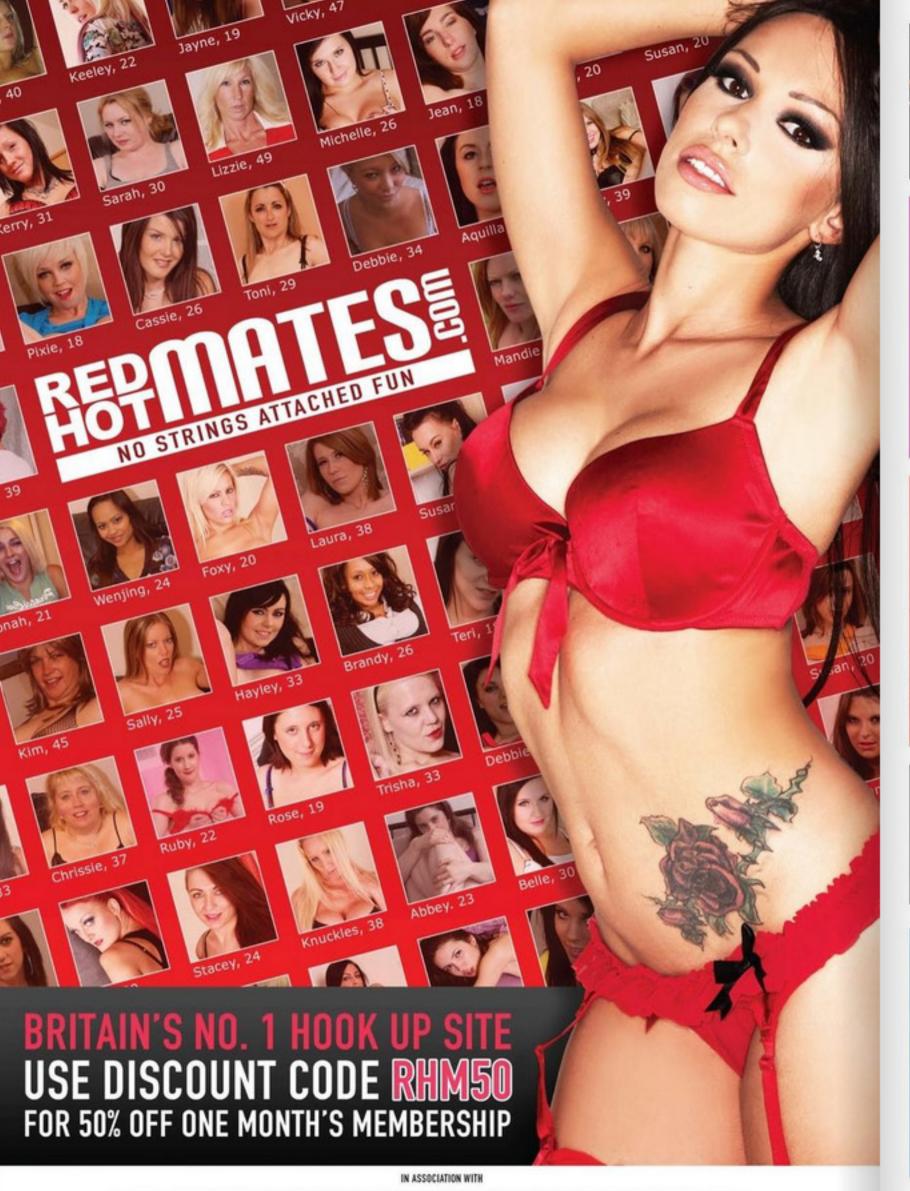
Ahem, anyway, it was only natural that we should issue an open invitation for whenever she felt like coming back for another shoot, and much to our relief it was only a couple of months before she was on the blower – and the reason was she was!

"I hate the first few months of the year – it's always so cold and damp and

"I hate the first few months of the year – it's always so cold and damp and grey – and I figured another naughty shoot for Mayfair would be just the thing to cheer me up!"

You and us both, Cara - you and us both!







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GENTILEMIEN, 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.

An old man is on his death bed, attempting to formulate a plan that would allow him to take at least some of his considerable wealth with him. So he calls for the three men he trusts most - his lawyer, his doctor, and his clergyman, and he tells them, "I'm going to give you each £30,000 in cash before I die. Because at my funeral, I want each of you to place the £30,000 in my coffin so that I can try to take it with me, like the pharaohs."

All three men agree to do this and are given the money. So the old man dies, and at the funeral, each approaches the coffin in turn and places an envelope inside next to the corpse.

While riding in the back of the limousine to the cemetery, the clergyman says to his friends: "I have to confess something to you two. The old boy was a good churchman all his life, and I know he would have wanted me to do this. The church needed a new porch very badly, and so I took £10,000 of the money he gave me and bought one. I only put £20,000 in the coffin."

A passerby notices a couple of city workers digging holes at intervals along the pavement. One uses a pick and shovel digs a hole, then the other guy immediately fills it back up again with soil.

The man is quite impressed with their hard work, but can't work out what on Earth they're doing. Finally, he approaches them and asks.

One of the workers explains: "The bloke who plants the trees called in sick today."

The physician then says, "Well, since we're confiding in one another, I might as well tell you that I didn't put the full £30,000 in the coffin either. The old boy had a disease which could have been diagnosed much sooner if I had this very new machine, but it cost £20,000 and I couldn't afford it then. I used £20,000 of the money to buy the machine so that I might be able

they fall asleep and awake at around 8pm. As the guy throws on his clothes, he tells the secretary to take his shoes outside and rub them through the grass and dirt.

Mystified, she nonetheless complies and he slips into his shoes and drive homes.

"Where have you been?" demanda his wife when he enters the house.

"Darling," replies the man, "I can't lie to you. I've been having an affair with my secretary. fell asleep in her bed and didn't wake up until eight o'clock."

The wife glances down at his shoes and says, "You liar! You've been playing golf!"



A guy walks into a bar and sees a sign which reads "Win Grand Prize of \$10,000! Ask the bartender!"



"Don't be stupid egg. You wouldn't be here if I hadn't come first!"

who is off work after hurting his back.. After about an hour of conversation, Mike asks, "Bill, would you mind running up stairs and grabbing my slippers for me? Stairs are a little difficult." "No problem," says Bill. He goes

Bill is visiting his colleague Mike,

to save others. I know the old boy would

have wanted me to do that."

The lawyer, who has been

says: "I'm ashamed of both of

for the full £30,000."

when I put my envelope into that

upstairs and as he's walking along the upstairs hallway he peeks through a slightly open door and sees Mike's gorgeous twin 18-yearold daughters. He opens the door and tells them: "Your dad sent me up to have sex with you two."

The two girls look very sceptical, but Bill says, "Look, I'll prove it

He yells downstairs; "Hey Mike! Both of them?!"

Mike calls back, "Hell yeah - of course both of them. What good is just the one?!"



An Amish farmer and his brand new bride are riding home in a buggy pulled by two horses, when the older horse stumbles,

The farmer shouts at the horse: "That's once." A little further along the way, the horse stumbles again. The farmer calls to the horse: "That's twice."

When the same poor old horse stumbles again, the farmer quietly reaches under his seat, pulls out a shotgun, untethers the horse from the buggy and blows its brains out.

His new bride yells, "You monster! How could you? That was an awful thing to do!" The farmer strokes his beard and says, 'That's once.'



A married man is having an affair with his secretary. One day, their passions overcome them and they take off for her house. Exhausted from the afternoon's activities.

So the guy asks. The bartender says, "Well, to win the money you have to do three things: first you have to kick the blue blazes of our toughest bouncer who is on his cigarette break out back: he's 6'3"and weighs 260lbs. Next you have to go down in the basement and pull a sore tooth out of my Rottweiler's mouth.

"Lastly, you have to go upstairs and fuck my grandmother... and she's 97 years old." The bartender smirks. "Reckon you can do all that and win the ten thousand bucks?"

The guy's no shrinking violet, however. He accepts the challenge, goes out back and tries to kick seven bells out of the bouncer. Through sheer perseverance he manages to win but he's been beaten badly as he comes staggering back in the bar and heads down into the basement. The bartender listens while the rottweiler growls, barks, then whines and let's out a deep moan. The guy comes stumbling back up the stairs and into the bar and asks the bartender: "Okay, now where's that old lady with the sore tooth?"

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ASTON... THRILLER!

Complete with all Star Trek gags removed, out of respect for the late Leonard Nimoy...

ston Martin and James Bond are inextricably linked, so in all the hype surrounding the new Spectre movie, you probably haven't been able to see beyond the stunning new DB10 coupe. This is pure marketing gold.

But the British brand isn't just about Martinis, Walther PPKs and one-night stands; it also has a rich motorsport heritage, built up over decades in the hard-fought world of GT racing and largely focused on the Le Mans 24 Hours. And its latest creation taps into this heritage – with only 24 set to be produced in tribute to the famous endurance race – while providing a glimpse of an exciting future for Aston.

The Vulcan was one of the stars of the Geneva Motor Show back in March. In a time when new supercars are judged less on their teenage bedroom poster appeal and more on their ability to get into the mainstream media, this amazing, ultra-exclusive, track-only beast has to be regarded as an enormous success. Bigname news websites around the world fed an army of frenzied car fans, who almost broke the Internet with their appetite for Vulcan stories.

Not that 2am webcam dreamers are the target market for a car with a predicted £1.8million price tag. This is an extreme race car, and design chief Marek Reichman has created a stunning shape, defined by the wide track, uncompromising aerodynamic package and that vast, unmistakable rear wing. The massive vents

in the bonnet help to cool the engine, while the rear end is all about exerting maximum downforce.

Even so, there are clues here to the next generation of Aston Martins, with the distinctive headlights resembling those on Bond's DB10 from Spectre.

stripped-out cockpit is purely focused on the driver, though, with a simple digital display and a blend of leather, Alcantara and carbon fibre materials.

Despite the cutting-edge looks inside and out, the Vulcan is refreshingly traditional under the skin. While the likes of McLaren and Ferrari have gone down the hybrid route with their latest creations, Aston has stuck with a naturally aspirated V12, using pace is guaranteed. The Vulcan uses the One-77's carbon fibre monocoque, while the body is crafted from the same material – Aston has turned to Multimatic, its long-term engineering and manufacturing partner, to produce these specialist structures. In addition, there's a magnesium torque tube and a carbon fibre prop shaft, all of which helps ensure the Vulcan is lighter than the One-77, at 1,350kg.

a front mid-engined layout and sending drive to the rear wheels. This is the newest version of the company's classic engine, with a 7.0-litre capacity, and bosses are promising a power output of "800bhp-plus", transferred to the road through a race-bred six-speed sequential gearbox prepared by

motorsport specialist Xtrac.

Performance figures haven't been

£1million One-77 hypercar, electrifying

released, but as the new car uses many of the mechanicals from the equally exclusive,

Braking performance promises to be as impressive as acceleration, too, as Aston has fitted a set of Brembo racing brake calipers, which grip massive carbon ceramic discs (380mm in diameter at the front; 360mm at the rear). Add pushrod

> THE VULCAN IS REFRESHINGLY TRADITIONAL UNDER THE SKIN...

suspension and adjustable dampers and anti-lock brakes that can be adjusted by the driver, as well as variable traction control, and you'll have a car that can be tuned to suit the exacting demands of race circuits around the world, as well as different weather conditions.







"YOU'LL HAVE A CAR THAT CAN BE TUNED TO SUIT THE EXACTING DEMANDS OF RACE CIRCUITS AROUND THE WORLD..."

Not that Aston will just let the 24 lucky buyers loose around the challenging northern loop of the Nürburgring and leave them to it. Buy a Vulcan – or rather, get an invitation to buy a Vulcan – and you're signing up to an exclusive programme of race training for events around the globe. It's as if you're signing for Aston's own race team.

Many customers will doubtless have raced before – or at the very least, they'll have experience of track days – but all will get the chance to take driver training sessions with Aston Martin Racing's Le Mans 24 Hours winner, Darren Turner. They'll be able to build experience on the track in a range of Astons, including the V12 Vantage S and One-77 road cars, as well as the Vantage GT4 racer. They'll also be offered sessions aboard a race simulator. This is the kind of experience that's usually reserved for Formula One drivers, but Aston is including it as part of the Vulcan programme to ensure customers are ready for the challenge of racing their own car. And when they are, they'll be able to do so at exclusive events globally, from Brands Hatch to Bathurst.





No two Vulcans will be the same, either, as the Q by Aston Martin personalisation programme is on hand to deliver the bespoke touch each customer wants to add to their car, in the shape of body colours and interior trim. And while you might question the relevance of this exclusive club for gentlemen racers, as the likes of Ferrari and McLaren are already running similar programmes, it proves that the British brand is in rude health.

SPECIFICATIONS

ASTON MARTIN VULCAN

ENGINE	7.0-litre V12
POWER	800bhp-plus
PRICE	£1.8million (est)
CONTACT	www.astonmartin.com













hew – it's been a few issues, but now, thank goodness, we've managed to re-hook up with Welsh wonder Emma Green! So how on earth is 2015 panning out for the beautifully-boobed Briton...?

"Oh, so far so good!" she grins. "I've got a new fella, and I've been having some of the best sex of my life. He likes nothing more than to spend an hour just licking and teasing my nipples, so by the time he's ready to take things further, I'm always nicely juiced-up!"

Hmm, OK, well first of all, we reckon we (not to mention all of our readers) would be more than happy to put in a good two hours of the nipple-licking before we headed south, so if you ever get tired of this fella, do be sure to let us know!

"Ah, that's nice to know – it's always good to have a

"Ah, that's nice to know – it's always good to have a little something in reserve!"

Yes, we can certainly promise you a little something!





















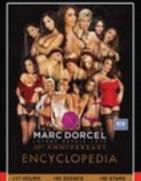
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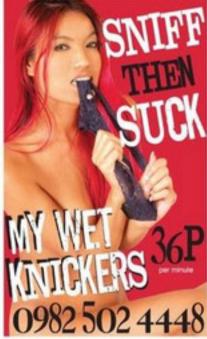








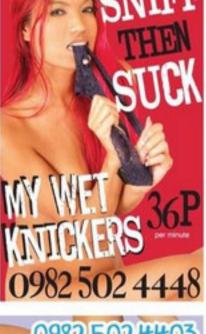
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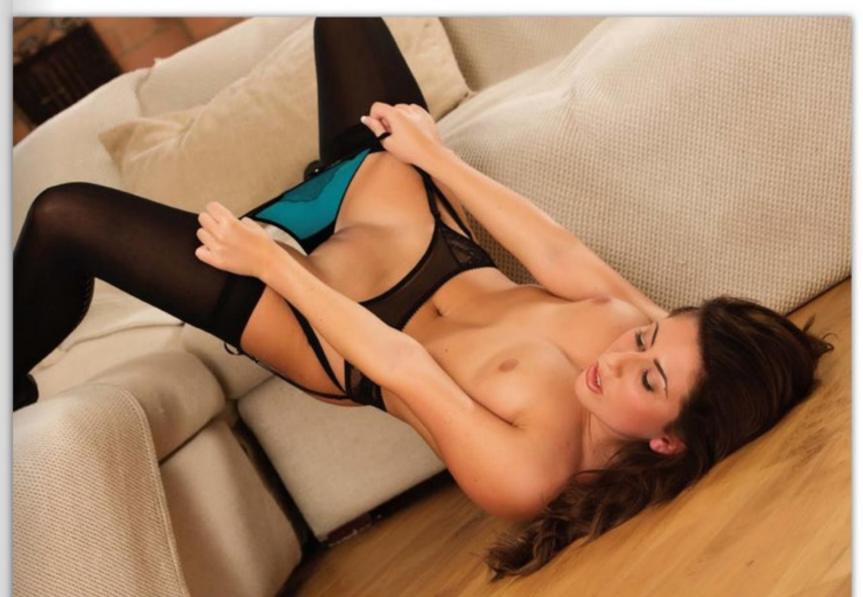
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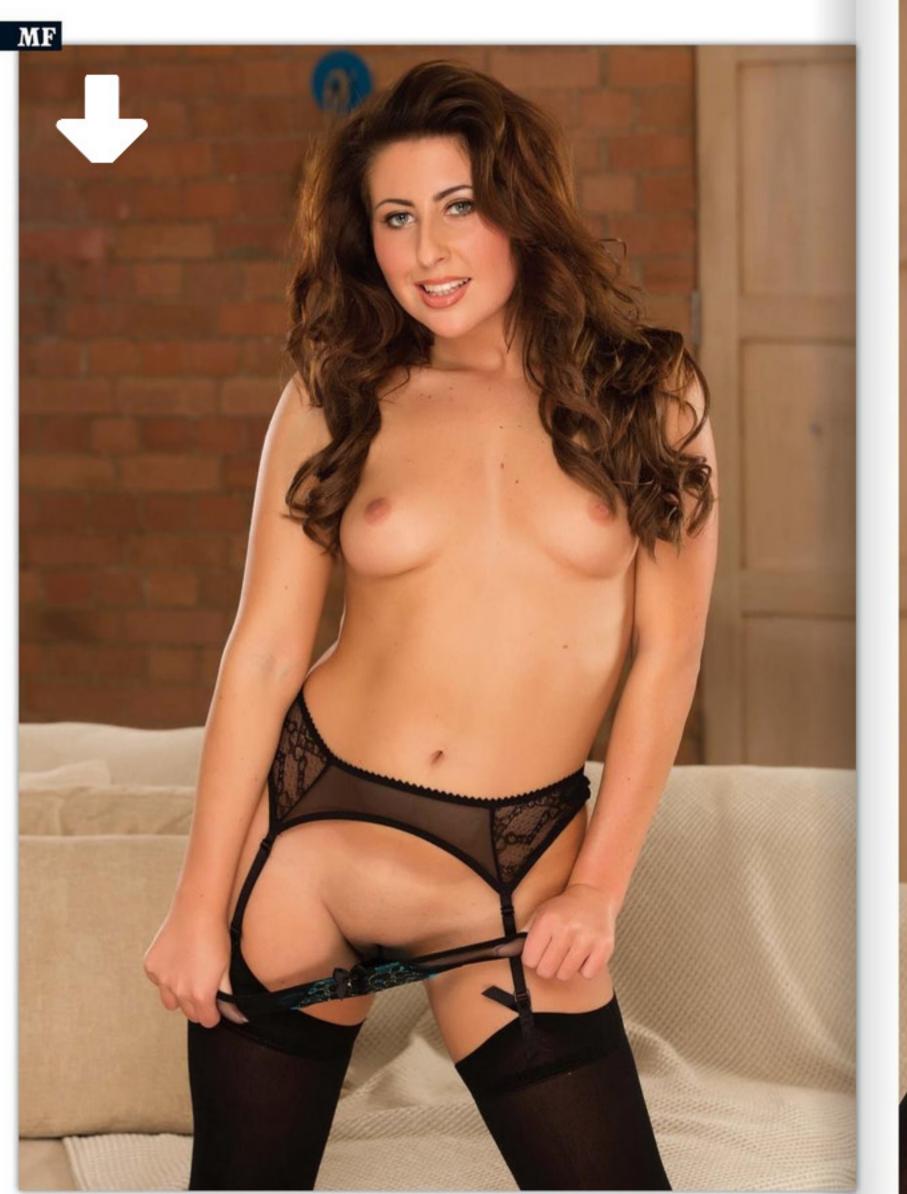




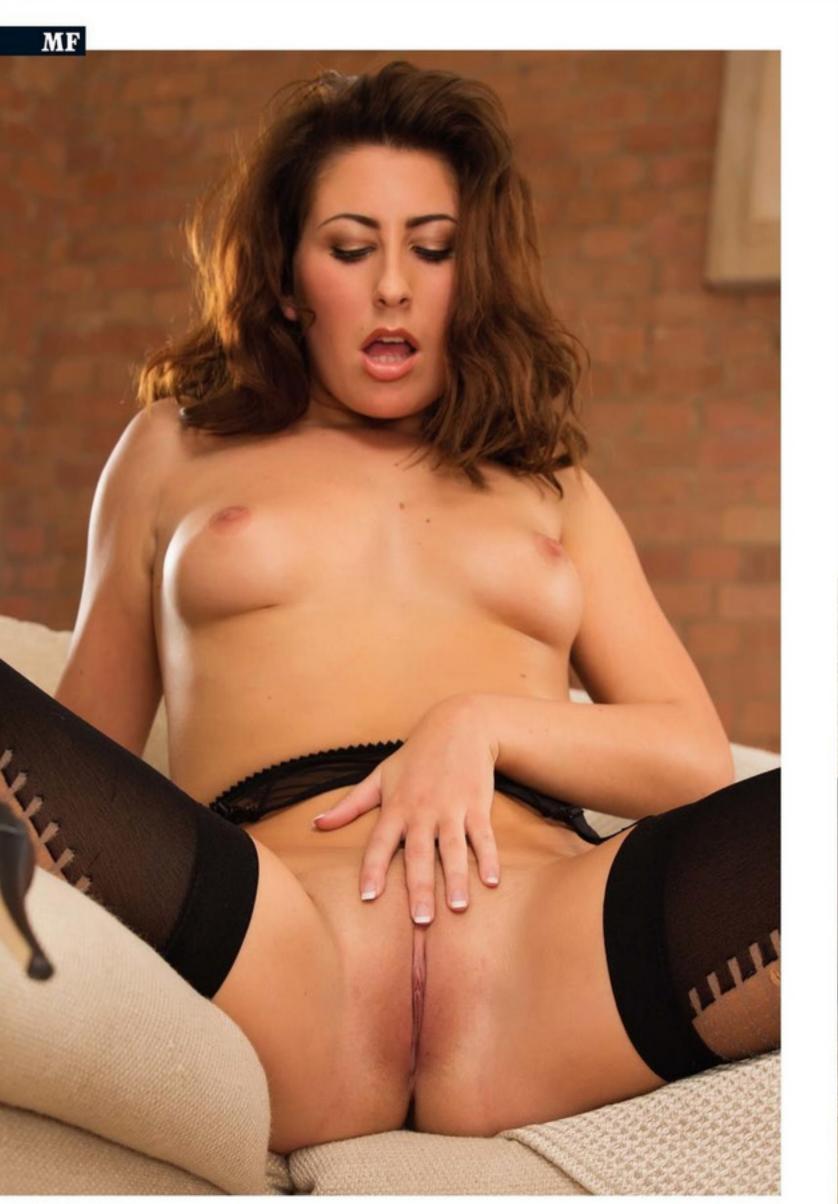


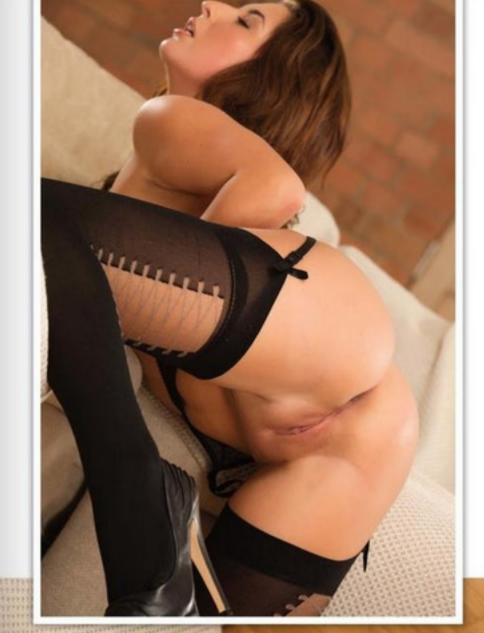
























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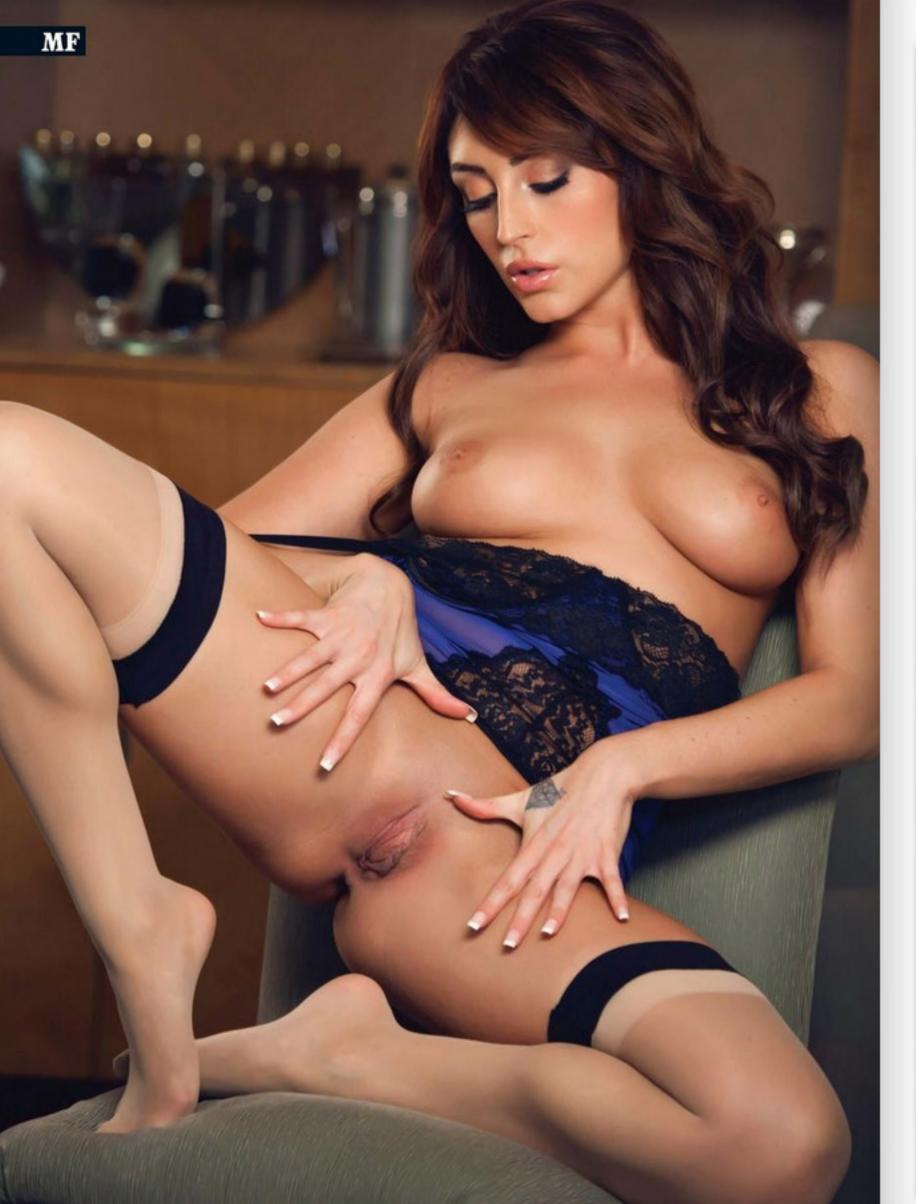














QUEST...

Want to play 'House'? It sounds like this horny trio does, whether it's down the local boozer or in swingers-laden guesthouse...

stood in the corridor outside Abi's room for several minutes before summoning the courage to knock. What was it I wanted from her? I thought back to the tiny skirt she'd been wearing in the beer garden. A tiny skirt and no knickers... it was almost as

though she had wanted everyone to see her pussy – or bum, depending where you were sitting. Or perhaps the show had been just for me. The second glass of red wine had given me enough courage to knock on Abi's door. The only question in my mind was whether it had given me enough courage to ask for what I wanted.

"Mmmm, hello gorgeous," Abi purred, leaning against the door iamb in such a way that the contours of her braless boobs matched the hills we'd been climbing up and down for the last few days. Abi, perceptive as ever, caught me looking at her chest. "Is there something you want?" Surely she knew exactly what I wanted? How could she not after the conversation we'd had about sexual experimentation? Abi had told me how much she'd enjoyed her 'girl flings' and I'd admitted to having lesbian fantasies. Wasn't the natural progression from that conversation that we had sex? After all, I wouldn't tell a guy that I liked sucking cock unless I wanted to suck his cock specifically - unless, of course, I was teasing him. My fear was that Abi could be doing that to me. Appearing dressed like that in the beer garden might not have been for my benefit.

Abi hooked her finger inside my bra strap and followed the material over my shoulder, straightening out a twist. Was that being helpful, or was she flirting with me.

"No bra, tonight, Abi?" I asked, letting her know that I had noticed.

"No, and no knickers either," she said with a tight smirk. "I'm not in the mood for underwear

Name: TRUDY Age: 24 From: IPSWICH

tonight."
"So what are you in the mood for?" Abi actually blushed.

"Come in here, and I'll show you," she said,

opening her bedroom door. There was a pronounced wiggle as she walked. I'd spent days watching Abi's bottom sway as she walked and what did across that bedroom wasn't how

she normally walked. "I've got a confession."

My mouth went dry as I tried to swallow.

I am engaged."

"Matt seems like a nice lad," Abi blurted.
"He is. But I'm not sure that I'm entirely
straight." That was one way of putting it and
saying the words made me feel a bit tingly,
dizzy even. "I've been imagining you and me
as well."

"Really?" Before I knew it, I had Abi pinned under my body on the bed. She was too shocked to resist as I kissed her hard on the

HER CLITORIS WAS HIDDEN FROM VIEW, BUT I KNEW EXACTLY WHERE TO FIND IT.



"The things I told you I'd done with girls,"

she said, looking away with embarrassment.

Now it was my turn to blush. "What, all of

"I've been with a few girls but never one as

sexy as you. I know you're off-limits and I'm

"I've got a confession too," I said, feeling

heat spreading through my body. "You're right.

"Errr... because you're straight and

"They're not true?" I guessed.

"So what's the confession?"

it?" I asked, rather alarmed.

sorry... but it's fun to imagine."

"Why am I off limits?"

"I want to do it all... with you."

"Oh no, they're true. It's all true."

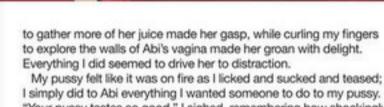
mouth while dragging the white tank top up her body. Her lips were gloriously soft, as were her breasts as I exposed them. The feel of them squashing into mine was electrifying. Abi's legs scissored around my back as she returned my frenzied kiss, pressing her tongue into my mouth. Only the need to breathe broke my lips away. "Oh thank, God," she groaned.

"I can't stop thinking about you. I know it's wrong but..." my words were interrupted as we kissed again, just as hungrily as before, only this time I was thinking about kissing another part of Abi's body. "I saw your pussy down in the beer garden. I want to see it again. I want to lick it." My unashamed declaration made Abi writhe with pure lust.

"Oh fuck," Abi moaned. "I can't believe we're actually doing this." Me neither, I thought as I paused to torment Abi's nipples. While nibbling one, I twisted and pulled on the other, knowing that the sensation would make Abi's pussy even more sensitive. Abi screeched as she twisted herself so that she

could rub her pussy against my hip. The girl was desperate and I could feel the wet heat of her sex as it rubbed over my skin. She dragged at my clothes but as she succeeded in pulling my top up, I went down. Abi's pussy was directly below my face. It was very different to mine with inner lips protruding like a pair of ripe cherries. Her clitoris was hidden from view but I knew exactly where to find it.

Abi's hips tilted forward eagerly as soon as my mouth touched between her legs. Judging from the moans, the sensations were intense. I gingerly probed the bottom of her pussy, releasing a flood of juices as I separated the lips. Without thinking, I dived in and started licking at the juices as my fingers slipped inside her eager hole. I wasn't gentle and it was understandable that Abi lost control. Jabbing my tongue between the soft skin



I simply did to Abi everything I wanted someone to do to my pussy.
"Your pussy tastes so good," I sighed, remembering how shockingly good it felt to hear someone say those words to me. "I want all your juice, Abi. All of it." I followed up on my words by sucking harder, stretching the soft fleshy parts of Abi's delicate snatch deep into my mouth. With her pussy distorted, I had no idea where Abi's clitoris was but it didn't matter as I took her to a quite magnificent orgasm.

"Don't stop," Abi begged. "Please don't stop!" No man had ever said that to me after I'd made him come and every sensation was enhanced as I redoubled my efforts, delighting in the effect I was having on my new-found lesbian lover. Shifting my position slightly, I eased the suction so that I could concentrate on exploring the entire length of Abi's pussy with my mouth. Abi came as soon as I touched her clitoris and again seconds later. Two more orgasms came in quick succession and I wondered whether I was going to be able to satisfy her need with my aching mouth. "OK. Now you can stop," Abi said, with a tired, satisfied giggle. "I think you've broken me." With her head

"MY PUSSY FELT LIKE IT WAS ON FIRE AS I LICKED AND SUCKED; I DID EVERYTHING I WANTED SOMEONE TO DO TO MY PUSSY..."

hanging over the side of the bed, it looked like I might have broken her.

Only as I started to strum my clit with enough force to make my
pussy tighten did Abi pull herself up onto the pillows so she could
watch. Her gaze made me feel self-conscious and it took me a
moment to realise that I was expecting her to offer advice or criticism
about my masturbation technique. Of course, it might be a good thing
to learn some new tricks. I reached the point of no return and simply
let the raw ecstasy of the orgasm engulf me.

"I was just thinking," Abi said, sounding weary.

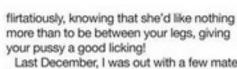
"Hmmm?"

"Perhaps we should have closed the windows before we had sex."

My stomach knotted as I became aware of the clink of glasses and picked out the odd snippet of conversation.

"Or maybe you wanted to go public?" Was it my imagination or did it go quiet outside as people started listening as I laughed?

espite having had numerous boyfriends over the years, I've always had an eye for the ladies, too. On a night out, I not only graze the venue for hot guys, but also women. There's definitely something about having a beautiful girl smiling at you



Last December, I was out with a few mates for early Christmas drinks, slowly making our way around the town's pubs as we got merrily hammered. We'd reached our penultimate destination – planning to end up at our favourite nightclub – an over-18 student bar we'd frequented plenty of times previously, when I spotted a gorgeous raven-haired girl, with luscious red lips, staring at me. I glanced around me to check that it was indeed me she had in her sights, and upon finding nobody else in her eye-line, I grinned back.

Distracted momentarily by a round of shots brought over by one of my mates, I lost sight of the mysterious girl for a while and while slightly disappointed, I thought she'd gone, so put her to the back of my mind and got on with my night. It wasn't until I went to the bar

Name: CHRISSIE

From: MARGATE

Age: 26

to get a round in myself, that I spotted her again, watching me intently from across the room. Deciding that

she was worth losing my place for alcohol, I approached her, and as I got closer she cast her eyes downwards, rather coyly.

Introducing myself, I learned her name was Emily and she was new to the area, so had come out alone.

Offering her a drink, we moved to the bar and, as we supped our spirits, we found ourselves getting on famously. She had the sexiest laugh – a light, throaty sound that emitted when she threw her head back – a trait that I found extremely horny, and I felt a tingle in my clit every time I heard it.

When my friends bounded over, announcing that they were all heading to the club, I found myself compelled to stay with Emily –



and I told them I would catch up with them later. I watched as they disappeared, knowing full well that if things went well with this beautiful honey, I may not be seeing them for a few hours!

The more we talked, the better we got on, and the more we drank the bolder I became, becoming more and more tactile with her. When she told me she was nipping to the loo, I said I'd join her, that my make-up needed touching up. But in truth, I was thinking more of touching her up than my lippie!

When Emily disappeared into the cubicle, I checked myself in the mirror, washed my hands and gave her a couple of minutes to do her business. Then, tapping lightly on the door, I whispered, "hey, are you OK in there?"

The door opened slightly, and I slipped inside. Because she hadn't answered, I thought there was a small chance she had become ill, but I needn't have worried. She was leaning against the wall, with the most alluring smile I'd ever seen twitching across her plump lips.

No sooner had I closed the door behind me, than Emily grabbed my face between her hands and kissed me tenderly. I was struck by how good she smelled, how soft those lips were and how desperate I was to ravage her! I kissed her back harder, slipping my tongue into her mouth, exploring and probing.

That obviously did it for her and she clawed at my clothes, stripping first my top then my bra off deftly, before moving her lips from my mouth to my boob. I gasped as she caught my nipple between her teeth, gently biting and nibbling my sensitive bud. I grabbed her arse, pulling her towards me, yanking the hem of her dress up so I could get my hands inside her tiny knickers. Squeezing her bumcheeks, I ground my pussy against hers as she sucked my tits greedily.

When she paused for air, I slid one hand around to the front of her pants, feeling the heat radiating from her pussy and relishing the little intake of breath she took as my fingers made contact with her skin. Finding her swollen clit easily, I rubbed it in a circular motion, enjoying the obvious effect it had on her. Her breathing becoming laboured, I upped my speed, concentrating on pleasuring her little rosebud to the best of my ability. When I felt her legs tremble, I knew she'd be wet enough for me to finger-fuck her.

Parting her labia gently, I slowly eased one digit into her soaking slot and she gasped loudly. I kissed her again - partly to hush her and sunk further into her dripping pussy, right up to my knuckle now, before pulling it out and repeating the process. She bucked her hips, gyrating against my hand and causing my finger to disappear further inside her, I added another digit,

which seemed to turn her on even more: she grabbed my hand and pulled it harshly towards her gushing snatch, and as she

> began and fucking away, I knew she was close to climaxing. Including another finger into the mix and sawing all three of them in and out of her, I felt her pussy muscles contract and twitch, and just as she came, she let out the cutest mewing sound, before her body slumped against the wall, her face flushed with excitement.

Kneeling down and pushing my head between her thighs, I lapped up the sticky juices that were now trickling down her shaky legs, enjoying the knowledge that I had caused this reaction, Pushing my tongue deep inside her swollen cunt, I gulped down her cream and savoured the musky taste, licking my lips with satisfaction. Standing up and grinning at her, I put my top and bra back on and straightened myself out, I knew I'd be able to pull someone else at the club when I caught up with my mates - this was just an appetizer - and that I'd probably bump into Emily again one weekend.

Kissing her fully on the lips, I told her she'd been great and I'd catch her again sometime soon, before slipping out of the toilet cubicle, leaving her alone to catch her breath as I headed on to the nightclub.

In case you're wondering, I was right on

both counts: I did pull later that night - a gorgeous stud by the name of Dave, who fucked me all night long - and I did bump into Emily again a few weeks later. Although this time I took her back to mine and let her get her own back... But that's another story!

ver the past few years most of my friends have been married: one by one, they have had their big day, and I have been bridesmaid more often than I can remember. It is a role I am well-suited for as I've often been free to enjoy the best man or one of the other male wedding guests. I've been blessed with the kind of looks which most men find attractive - long legs and DDcup tits so while my friends are all home at the weekends playing house, I've been free to continue dating and mating.

Even so, over time my sexual appetite has grown. I have searched the Internet looking for other ways to satisfy my intense

"I WAS PROPERLY IMPRESSED AS SHE **REVEALED TONY'S GENEROUS COCK...**"

erotic cravings, and have tried many things including - just the one time - dogging. However, a few weeks ago I found the ultimate release when I was invited to a swingers' party.

I had not tried swinging before as I was under the impression you had to be married or at least one half of a couple to join in. But having chatted to a number of people on

the Web, I learned that single women were much sought after. What I had not considered before was being in bed with a couple, as I never thought of myself in any way attracted to other women. But the more I thought about it, the more I began to fantasise about how erotic it would be to feel a woman's touch in my most intimate places.

I dressed as sexily as possible for the party, making sure that all items of clothing allowed easy access to my fruity bits, and so decided on a stretchy mini-dress which would roll off my shoulders. Due to the size of my boobs I wore an under-wired bra of gossamer-thin Swiss lace, which accentuated my cleavage. Fearing I would lose them during the night I did not bother wearing panties, and continuing the theme of

Name: LISA

Age: 32

From: STOCKPORT

easy access I rolled on a pair of lace-topped hold-up stockings, finishing the look with a pair of black shoes with six-inch heels.

The party was at a large detached house and there were at least 30 guests there when I arrived. It was already in full swing

and couples, threesomes, and foursomes seemed to be breaking away to find a spot where they could share some intimacy. I was introduced to everyone, and soon fell into conversation with Karen and Tony, a young couple who'd been dating for a while. They liked to include another person in their lovemaking and we soon teamed up and found an empty

bedroom upstairs.

Karen and Tony were an attractive couple and Tony started the scene off by kissing me deeply while Karen's hands crept in under my clothing. I was becoming extremely aroused as Karen's unzipped Tony's trousers to show me what was on offer. I was properly impressed as she revealed Tony's generous cock which stood up proudly atop a pendulous pair of smoothly shaven balls.

I had rarely seen such a big cock, and my pussy throbbed at the prospect of feeling it inside me. I had never been with a guy who shaved his balls, and, intrigued, reached out to cup them. They felt wonderfully smooth and full as I fondled them, and when Karen grasped his shaft and began licking his cock-head, it all felt very natural and I began to relax and go along with it.

In this steaming erotic atmosphere we soon got rid of our clothing and got skin to skin together in the bed, exploring one another's

bodies. I ended up on my back with Karen's long painted nails playing with one of my nipples while Tony sucked on the other. It was exquisite to feel her long nails flicking my engorged teats, and aroused by her attentions my pussy throbbed, and my legs spread wide as though of their own volition. Karen smiled and began kissing me.

Lost in a haze of pheromones, I felt her sweet soft lips on mine and any concern of being unable to make love with another woman faded away. Karen wanked Tony in front of me, and the sight of his big beefy cock wagging in front of my face made me desperately want to give him a blow-job.

As I went on all fours on the bed sucking Tony's big cock, Karen kneeled behind me, and parting my arse cheeks began licking my bum-crack all the way from my pussy to my anus. The feeling was intense and I sucked hard on Tony's big phallus as my pussy throbbed and tingled, tightening as it went into spasm.

Karen replaced her tongue with her fingers and began finger-banging me, making me gasp. As I did so Tony's thrusts went deeper inside my throat, forcing me to deep-throat him and making him groan in a

KAREN KNEELED BEHIND ME, AND PARTING MY ARSE CHEEKS BEGAN LICKING MY BUM-CRACK...

mixture of pleasure and anguish. He pulled back from me in a hurry trying to prevent himself from coming.

Not me, though! I begged Karen to keep going and soon I was coming hard as she shunted her fingers in and out of my pussy while sucking on my clit. I was still coming when Tony changed places with Karen, who wriggled under me while Tony nudged his cockhead against my pussy. I spread Karen's pink labia and began licking until I came to her lovely little clit. I sucked it hard as Tony rammed his cock balls-deep inside me.

It was amazing. My pussy was being hammered from behind by a whopping big cock while I sucked the most delicious pussy nectar



from my first lesbian sex. I was totally elated as Tony rode me to a

crashing climax and I came again and again as Tony blasted his sperm deep inside me. Karen wriggled in under me as I came and with my pussy still throbbing I pushed my tongue deep inside her spasming pussy and sucked hard. Flicking my tongue against her clit I felt her pussy spasm and I licked and gulped down her nectar for all I was worth...

NEXT MONTH

GENERAL ERECTION

Got a confession? Then send it along to Quest, Mayfair, PRP, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU or email it to mayfair@paulraymond.com

THERE'S £50 FOR THE LETTERS WE USE!



Scene from MAYEAUR

Benny Cumberbatch might not have bagged an Oscar for his turn as 'tortured genius'
Alan Turing, but it's definitely worth a squizz for that - and we've got some other
great performances for you as well this month...



THE IMITATION GAME

here have been innumerable films over the years celebrating the pluck and the self-sacrifice of those who fought in WWII to thwart the greatest threat human civilization had ever faced, but there haven't been many flicks about the boffins who toiled away in the background to tip the advantage significantly in our favour. Yes, The Dam Busters was just as much about Barnes Wallis as it was about Guy Gibson and his squadron, and Leslie Howard's R.J. Mitchell, the man behind the Spitfire, got a hefty nod of thanks In The First Of The Few. But both those films are, lets face it, pretty much as old as the war itself!

In more recent years the work of the talented decoders at Bletchley Park has finally come to light (the whole thing remained shrouded in mystery for 40-odd years after the war ended) and, foremost among them, the mathematician Alan Turing, the man now hailed as the father of modern computer science. The tale got a bit of an airing in the rather ridiculous *Enigma* back in 2001, but now filmmakers have had another crack at it, with the fabulous Benedict Cumberbatch taking on the role of the troubled and socially awkward Turing.

The story definitely deserves re-telling – how Turing managed to devise a spectacular machine

(the 'Turing Bombe') to help de-code the fiendish Enigma encription device and how, shamefully, he never received any recognition for it and was, in fact, driven to suicide as a result of his conviction for homosexual acts. Keira Knightly, almost inevitably, co-stars as Turing's sparky – and almost romantically involved – colleague. Top stuff.



There haven't been many flicks about the boffins who toiled in the background...

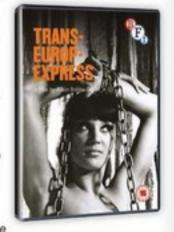
The Ed

TRANS-EUROP-EXPRESS

ver in America 1967 might have been the Summer of Love, when blissed out hippies rolled around in the mud and screwed at various rock festivals, but over in Europe things were a bit more, well, nuanced – at least if this

stylish offering from French Director Alain Robbe-Grillet is anything to go by!

Not to be confused with the similarlytitled album by Kraftwerk from a decade or so later, this film sees super cool Jean-Louis Trintignant (The



Conformist and, rather more recently, Amour) starring as a would-be drug smuggler who's hoping to ply his trade between France and Belgium. OK, so it's probably not the most dangerous border to cart your wares between, especially as there's the swish new train of the title running the route, but while there's no danger of any Midnight Express-style nastiness, there's still the problem of getting nabbed by the cops – or offed by the drug cartels he's hoping to work for.

It's effortlessly stylish, and as well as being a thriller in it's own right Robbe-Grillet adds to the mix by making it a film that blurs fantasy and reality – the director and his cronies are sitting aboard the self same train dreaming up the plot just as it's playing out in front of our eyes. Throw in some rather kinky sex of a S&M nature with the stunning Marie-France Pisier and you've got a flick that not many other nations could have come up with at time time. Reckon you're a chin stroking film-buff? Well not till you've watched this one you're not!



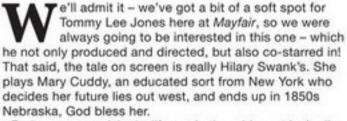
NIGHTCRAWLER

ou can't beat a good lowlife flick, and let's face it, if it's a lowlife flick you're making, you're going to want to set it in Los Angeles – so this one ticks a couple of promising boxes straight off, and three when it emerges that it stars the wonderful Jake Gyllenhaal as the lowlife in question. He plays Lou Bloom, a small time crook and hustler who, realising he's not getting too far in the petty theft game, finds himself having a go at photo-journalism. If that sounds rather more respectable, it's the kind of photo-jurnalism that races to crime and accident scenes and isn't averse to sexing them up a bit so he can get a sellable shot.

Sleazy and atmospheric - and Gyllenhaal's on top notch form!



THE HOMESMAN



Perhaps unsurprisingly, life out in the mid-west isn't all a bed of roses, and her fate soon ends up shackled to that of George Briggs (Jones), a conman who's out for the main chance. Well, thereafter things go downhill pretty quickly for Mary, in what turns out to be a very sober skewering of the great western myth. Sombre and serous, this is a proper cowboy flick for grown-ups.



PSYCHEDELIC SEX

id we mention blissed-out hippies rolling round in the mud and screwing at rock festivals? Well just to prove our point comes this mindbending publication from Taschen. Free Love was, of course, all very well in itself, but it also spawned a load of skin mags over in the States to cater to the long-haired male admirer of the female form, and this volume, Edited by Diane Hanson (and co-written by Paul Krasssner, a fully signed up Merry Prankster back in the day), brings together all sorts of trippy pix and tales from the era when freeing your mind really did ensure that your ass would follow.



DEADWOOD

COMPLETE DEADWOOD

nd here's our second suggestion of the month that can basically be summarised as "Wasn't it actually a bit shit in the wild west?". Unless you were a very discerning viewer 10 or so years back, the chances are that you'll have missed this gem of a series, set back in the gold rush years in the now legendary frontier town of Deadwood. Undoubted star of the show is our very own lan McShane, who landed the role of a lifetime as Al Swearengen (and 'swearen' doesn't even come close to some of the potty-mouthed invective he comes out with), the scheming proprietor of the local bar/knocking shop who's always keen to chisel out a good deal for himself, despite the best efforts of local lawman Timothy Olyphant. Great production, script and acting all round. What a shame they binned it off...

MAYFAIR Movies

I could just about put up with being reminded that pornstars like it big once or twice, but now I've had the message rammed down my throat a full 21 times, I'm starting to feel a bit aggrieved, frankly...





CAST: Bridgette B, Capri Cavanni, Diamond Kitty, Gia DiMarco, Dani Daniels.

Brazzers' long-running series returns with another half-dozen scenes featuring some great performers pleasuring only blokes with tackle so huge you can see it from the International Space Station. This said, if any astronauts or cosmonauts are reading this (and we know it's not all folksy renditions of Space Oddity up there), let's hope your assignment is not just to look down at well-endowed blokes' knobs from 400km up because in my opinion that's a bit of a waste of the \$150 million it took to stick the thing in orbit.

Destiny Dixon, a cor-blimey stunner in a leather bra top and shorts, whooshes past Johnny Sin's police car. What the...?! He picks her up in the desert and she immediately begins finger-banging herself, then gives him head to crotch regurgitation – gagging on his shaft and sucking his balls. Officer Johnny enters her in doggie and screws her in cowgirl, reverse cowgirl, cowhand and Home On The Range. He drains his balls over her face and she cleans him off.

I left the room with severe cramp in one hand at this juncture, but I imagine Johnny then arrests her for causing a law enforcement officer to drain his testicles onto someone's face under some stupidly strict statute or other they have probably dreamed up in Los Angeles

county since I left it behind in my rear mirror.

Oh I'm well-travelled, me. All I know is that when I didn't pay a parking ticket in time they picked me up and made me spend a (very enjoyable as it turned out, but that wasn't what was intended) night in the cells.

There are, of course, plenty of other highlights to peruse in this release – not least busty Diamond, who takes time off from just looking stunning to chow down on a couple of proffered cocks before permitting them to prong her in a rather splendid double penetration scene. And Capri makes more use of a piano than Andre Preview could ever have foreseen.

I imagine Johnny arrests her for causing a law enforcement officer to drain his testicles.



Brazzers

MOMS IN CONTROL

CAST: Jezebelle Bond, Lezley Zen, Codi Bryant, Mia Malkova, Rebecca Moore, Karmen Karma, Alena Croft, Dee Dee Lynn.

oms In Control is an odd choice of title for this little gem, since it seems to feature mostly mothers

who have become completely unglued (in a way that makes the rest of the family leave home at a run) and obsessed with bedding younger lads and lasses.

There is, I must warn you, some extremely graphic ATM footage which is – how should one phrase it? – not of the kind where someone ambles up to a hole in the wall and punches their pin number into a cash dispenser, then (probably, if they live round my way) gets mugged. We're talking serious hardcore with school-marmy British accents, so if you can't stand the heat you had best stop beating off in the kitchen, as, pretending to be foreign for a moment, I believe your British saying goes.

Jezebelle Bond was an especial treat – although be warned, she does something that shrinking violets might find distressing – but that part's soon over, leaving you in peace with your penis for the rest of the scene.





The feature goes from grand to very grand indeed, though it finishes before the mothers' collective insanity can be adequately explained. My own hunch is that they were unhinged by the sight of some of the young stunt-cocks, who I noted with equal measures of distaste and jealousy were equipped with bizarrely long tallywhackers which all but trailed after them as they entered the knobbing chambers.

Perhaps they'd all been watching Poldark or something - that might conceivably explain all the oestrogen knocking around.



INTERRACIAL

CAST: Stoya, Janine Lindemulder, Gianna, Katsuni, Brianna Love.



220-minute selection of Digital Playground's eight best scenes (by their reckoning) on the theme of interracial knobbing. Happily, they let you know who's in each scene and what flick it comes from should you wish to "take things further".

The comely Stoya kicks things off with her arse in the air and Mr Marcus behind her, grunting in time to his thrusts, until, reversing out of her to spray, he very nearly gives her whiplash with a blasting facial. For me, the sight of Stoya's come-splattered head rocking on her neck is easily the most erotic image I have seen since I escaped from a secure psychiatric facility in 2006.

Brunette Gianna's scene is another one to wrap your fist around, her haunting bristols and never-to-be-forgotten body falling prey to Rico

Strong and his large ebony truncheon – very similar, in fact, to the ones we were subdued with in the facility. He also wields, unnecessarily in my view, a big black dildo: there is such a thing as overkill.

Katsuni shows off in a costume which is supposed to make her look like the kind of cat that no red-blooded man would toss a boot at before taking on Jon Jon and being consensually assaulted by something reminiscent of the BP oil pipeline that runs through the Urals and blew up that time. We saw it on the news in the asylum.

Bisexual legend Janine Lindemulder (with Lindescully conspicuous by her absence) takes on the mighty Mandingo and Jean-Claude in slow motion in a kitchen. Watching the three of them moan and cry out in slow-mo, I felt like I was back in the facility, where they would tablet us before meals in case we misbehaved with the cutlery.

Adam & Eve

PRIVATE LIVES 2

CAST: Penny Pax, Sarah Shevon, Claire Robbins, Kimmie Lee.

ive naughty vignettes to tickle the most jaded trouser-trumpet.

Penny Pax tells us she wants to be serviced by two men simultaneously. One to check her oil while another cleans her sparkplugs. Resplendent in stockings, she throws herself at Tommy Pistol and Preston Parker. Tommy worships her body and Preston sticks his cock in her mouth until both gents blow a gasket, showering Penny with so much spuzz that she should really change her name to Penny Vax. (This is an in-joke among people who own special vacuum cleaners which suck liquids up from messy surfaces.)

Sarah Shevon tells the camera she's bisexual but that she really likes a bit of cock occasionally. In the absence of any real knob, however, Sarah contents herself with a dildo before passionately grinding undercarriages with Claire Robbins.





This is all either merely a daydream (or more likely) bad continuity, because the next moment the doorbell rings and Claire Robbins sashays inside. They soon start making out again. Only this time Claire has a murderous strap-on like a leprechaun's

Sunday best shillelagh. This gets whapped across Sarah's face and head a few times, by which juncture she's probably too concussed to object when Claire shoves her legs open and treats her to the kind of pumping that Ken Dodd's perpetually furious "Mick the Marmaliser" puppet would most likely be giving his wife of a night after the County Cock pubs close... if he ever went home.









































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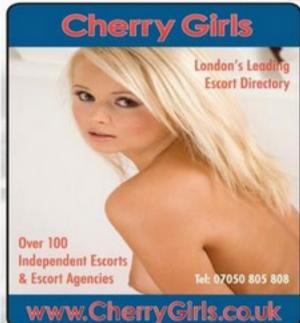
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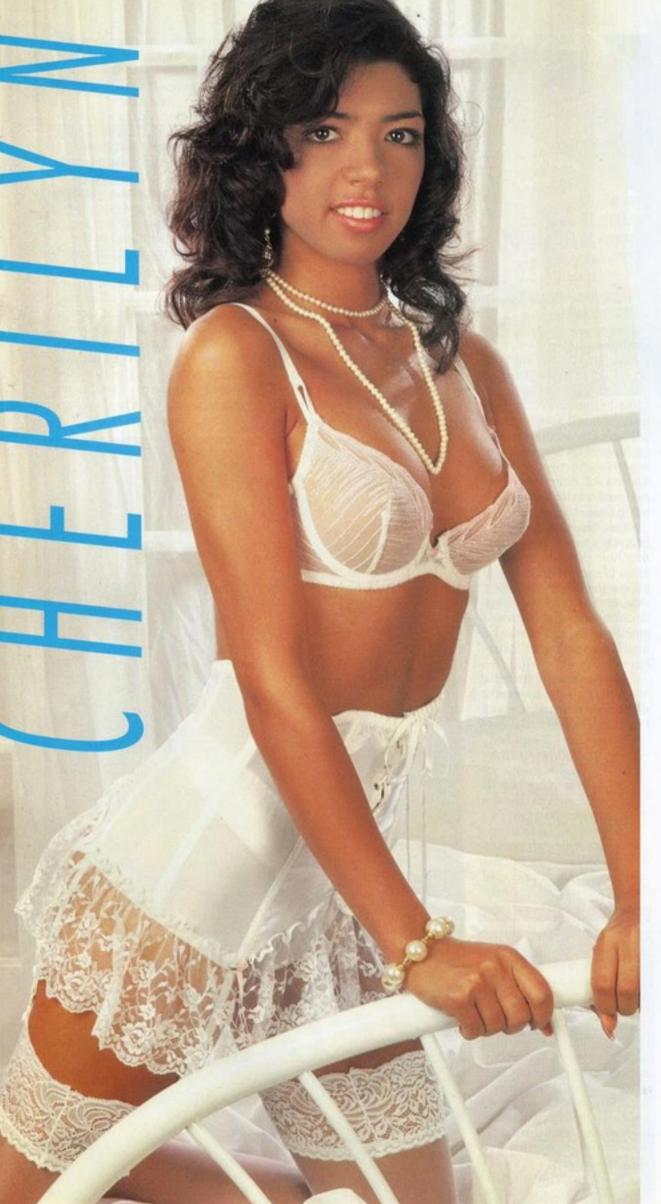






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Ever wondered what the sexy sounding lady who handles your directory enquiries looks like? Well, if you're lucky, it's Cherilyn Lewis. Cheri, 22, has been one of BT's slicker operators for two years, chosen because she has the sort of voice that is like a lover blowing in your ear — her equally stunning 34-23-34 figure had nothing to do with it. "Mind you, I don't have much chance to flirt on the phone now it's all computerised," she moans. "Before that, I spoke to some incredible sounding guys. Perhaps this strip will make up for it!" Well, it rung our bell, Cherilyn.



























MAYFAIR Intelligencer

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

well without - in one handy digest!

COMEBACK KINGS

Robert Downey Jr

American actor, producer (and singer) Robert John Downey Jr, made his screen debut at the age of five, somehow making it into his father Robert Downey Sr's film Pound (1970). He later appeared in the sci-fi comedy Weird Science (1985) and the drama Less Than Zero (1987) before his role as the title character in 1992's Chaplin got him an Oscar nomination.



Then in the mid-1990s Bob Jr completely overdid it on the drugs and the drink and anything he could lay his hands on. Arrests followed: convictions too.

After being released in 2000 from the California Substance Abuse Treatment Facility and State Prison where he was on drug charges, Downey joined the cast of alling TV series Ally McBeal playing Calista Flockhart's unfunny new love interest, but he was hastily written out when Downey was fired after two drug arrests in late 2000 and early 2001.

After one last stay in a court-ordered drug treatment program, Downey finally achieved sobriety. He still kept his hand in on film, appearing in the musical comedy crime film *The Singing Detective* (2003) and a supporting role in the supernatural horror film Gothika (2003), but Downey was understandably considered a liability.

It was only when, in 2008 he landed the role of Marvel superhero Tony Stark in the live action film Iron Man, that he became far more than he had ever been – even at his fame's height in Chaplin – and he achieved superstar status. Stark has been a role he has reprised in Iron Man 2, Marvel's The Avengers, and Iron Man 3 etc. Two Downey movies - The Avengers and Iron Man 3 - each earned over \$1 billion, and the phoenix that is Mr Downey Jr now tops the Forbes list of Hollywood's highest-paid actors with an estimated 75 million smackers in earnings per annum.

MONTH

In this

1783: American writer

Washington Irving (died 1859) is
born without a head in Sleepy
Hollow (and not New York City).
Despite the fact that his body

terminates at the neck, he becomes a prolific writer, producing classics such as Rip Van Winkle (penned following a 20-year nap) and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.



1817: The first American school for the deaf is founded in Hartford, Connecticut. The new school soon attracts more students by very loud word of mouth, and a variety of hand signals.

1896: After a welcome break of 1,500 years, the first Olympics of the modern era is held in Athens, Greece, since which time it has been boring some of us rigid on account of the fact that it puts us in mind of a series of glorified international PE classes.

1970: Fifty-six hours into the flight of Apollo 13 an oxygen tank explodes in the service module. Astronaut John L. Swigert says, "Houston, we've had a problem here." Swigert, James A Lovell and Fred W Haise then transfer into the lunar module - which until then has been occupied solely by Tom Hanks, who steered them to a safe splashdown.

1989: The Polish union Solidarity is granted legal status and allowed to grow huge moustaches after nearly a decade of struggle, paving the way for the downfall of the Polish Communist Party. In the elections that follow, Solidarity candidates win 99 out of 100 seats and force the acceptance of a Solidarity government led by Lech Walesa.

Etiquette for the BEWILDERED

A voluntease is a well-intentioned person who repeatedly volunteers to do some type of charity work, but ultimately never follows through, frequently offering a blatantly false excuse at the very last minute.

If you're a diehard voluntease, this pattern of irresponsible behaviour can leave your significant other looking like a tool too, and this is when you are entitled to treat them to something known as 24 Hour loe, a new term for when you are so angry or disgusted by your partner's behaviour that you refuse to communicate with them for an entire day.

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



V IS FOR "VOLUNTEASE"

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...

SILENT RUNNING (1972)

While most sci-fi fans were absorbing Soylent Green and Planet Of The Apes (both, interestingly enough, starring Chuck Heston), this early seventies sci-fi classic starring Bruce Dern slipped under quite a lot of people's radar.

Now 78, still working, and rumoured to have a substantial role in the next Tarantinodirected western, Dern was a supporting actor in many of the most iconic films of the early seventies, playing opposite Jack Nicholson in the *The King Of Marvin Gardens*, and appearing with Robert Redford in *The Great Gatsby*.

Silent Running is set in a future where plant life on Earth has become extinct. A few specimens have been preserved in

"Bring me a

bullet-proof vest."

Murderer James W. Rodgers

When he was put in front of a

firing squad in Utah and asked

if he had a last request.

Redford are plant

enormous, greenhouse-like geodesic domes attached to a fleet of space freighters just outside the orbit of Saturn. Dern plays Freeman Lowell, one of four crewmen aboard the Valley Forge, and the resident botanist who preserves

FAMOUS LAST WORDS a variety of plants and animals for their eventual return to Earth and the reforestation of the planet.

But when orders come from Earth to jettison and destroy the domes using nuclear charges and return the freighters to commercial service, and four of the six domes on his freighter are jettisoned and blown up, Lowell rebels and opts to save the remaining plants and animals on his ship. He kills one of his crew-mates who arrives to plant explosives and traps the

remaining two crewmen in the fifth dome just as it is jettisoned and destroyed.

Lowell stages a fake premature explosion as a ruse and sends the Valley Forge careening towards Saturn in an attempt to flee with the last forest dome. He reprograms the freighter's three maintenance robots, which he christens Huey, Dewey and Louie - no prizes for guessing where the "inspiration" for star Wars' RT-D2 came from – as companions and sets the Valley Forge on a risky course through Saturn's rings.

As time passes Lowell is horrified to find his bio-dome is dying – lack of light has restricted plant growth – and he races to install lamps to correct this situation. Then... Well, I won't be the one to spoil a great film for you.





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