A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION





We won't be telling Jenny to get on her bike!

STARK KENT!

Holly sure is looking super!

PLUS:

The Jaguar XE! More naughty letters! Egg... on a stick! MAYFAIR Vol.50 No.05

In fact we're pretty sure she will!

BRIONY

KRYSTAL HEALING!

Well she makes us feel better!

WILLIAMS! Bexi doesn't need any adornment!

nier manches and



PRP

MF Vol.50 No.05



EDITOR'S LETTER

ave you made up your mind who you're going to vote for this month? I'm in a right quandary, me! I mean, how the devil are you supposed to pick your favourite when the options include Cara Brett, Jenny Laird and Krystal Webb? And then coming up fast on the outside you've got Holly Kent, Bexie Williams and Briony to factor in as well? All in all, I think I'm going to have to plump for some sort of six-way coalition because really, I'd desperately love to put a cross in all their boxes...

Matt Berry | Editor

CONTACT US

POST Mayfair, Paul Raymond Publications, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey KT12 3PU

E-MAIL Mayfair@paulraymond.com

WEBSITE www.paulraymond.xxx

TWITTER @mayfairmag

Motors P40



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Editor | Matt Berry Art Director | Liz Davey Editorial Assistant | Rebecca Jenner Group Production Director | Andy Thorp Advertising Manager | Mark Hassell



Krystal P28

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Cara P72



MF Letters

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.

Dear Mayfair,

Congratulations on another superb edition of my all-time favourite magazine. Out of all

the wonderful girls

you featured, I was

especially blown away by Christiana, even though you'd tucked her in the back! What

an absolute stunner,

with her lovely perky

boobs and perfectly smooth spadger – that picture of her from page 76 exemplifies to

me everything that's great about Mayfair - a

genuinely beautiful girl, tastefully (un-)clad in

sexy lingerie, showing off her most intimate

of the readers in a

I hope we'll be seeing more of her in the magazine

soon - maybe even

a centrespread? It's

no less than she

deserves... Alan, Sydenham.

location!

parts for the delectation

fantastically shot and lit

VIEW TO A THRILL

Dear Mayfair,

The other day I came home from a night out and found my flatmate's girlfriend waiting for him. She was sitting in our front room, obviously having had a few, the only person in the house. She was, I might add, sitting back on the sofa with her legs spread, rubbing her pussy through her red satin knickers, utterly oblivious to me. I stood in the doorway for a bit, watching

her, my dick growing harder and harder. I knew I should have said something, but

SHE PULLED HER PANTIES TO ONE SIDE AND LET ME SEE HER WET. SHAVEN GASH.

get to fucking her. Fuck knows where my mate was, and at the time I didn't care, I

Just so you know, she's about five foot five, with tight curls that flow down past her shoulders and a really fit little hardbody with these nice little, perky tits that I had often imagined sucking on. So I was standing there, watching the damp patch spread through the crotch of her knickers as she teased herself, rubbing my own hard lump through my trousers, when she suddenly opened her eyes and stared straight fucking at me. For a split second we looked at each other, both of us terrified that we'd been caught, and then a marvellous thing happened. Instead of closing

her legs and running from the room, Jenny carried on toying with herself, only now she knew she had an audience, she really played up to me.

Before, she had just been tracing a finger round her lips, but now she pushed her finger between her pussy lips and poked her knickers up her pussy a little, making sure I could see exactly what she was doing. Then she pulled her panties out of her wedge and licked her fingers as I eyed up her soaking wet crotch.

Without looking up at me, she pulled her panties to one side and let me see her wet, shaven gash. It was so juicedup it shone under the glare of the living room light. Jenny used two fingers of one hand to part her lips, and with the other hand he slipped a finger gently inside her snatch, twisting it around and around and thrusting it in and out until her finger and much of her hand was covered in her sticky juices. Then she took her finger out of her drenched hole and sucked greedily on her goo.

That was it for me, I had been toying with my cock inside my trousers and I couldn't stop myself from coming in my pants. Jenny looked up at me just in time to

see my come face (I must have looked like

a demented gargoyle) and, once I had finished, she closed her leas and stood up to leave the room.

When she walked past me she stopped suddenly and turned to face me.

"Let's never mention this again," she said, and all I could do was nod back at her dumbly. But I had to tell someone and I knew your readers would get a kick out of it! Martin, Barnes.

ANNIVERSARY SCHMALTZ

Dear Mayfair,

My wife, Kirsten, calls me a typical man regarding quite a lot of our relationship, but especially when it comes to remembering birthdays, anniversaries and the like. We've been together for seven years now - and married for three - and I've managed to forget virtually every celebration

"MY THROBBING COCK WAS GETTING HARDER AND HARDER AS I SET ABOUT MY TASK..."

that we've had, except Valentine's Day and Christmas, of course. Fed up with her constant nagging and dim view of me, when it came to our third wedding anniversary last year I was determined to make it special for her. I went out and bought her some sexy underwear, chocolates, flowers and Champagne, then got my sister to wrap it all up nicely, with ribbons and bows. I was positive Kirsten would be thrilled with my efforts -

especially as she is one of the most thoughtful present buyers I know.

And I was right: she was not only chuffed with her gifts, but also gobsmacked that I'd remembered and more than a little shamefaced when she admitted that she hadn't gotten me anything this year, as she was fed up with being the only one in our relationship that ever bothered!

Although surprised, it didn't matter to me, however, I acted hurt. She apologized profusely, but I milked it until she promised she'd

I'd always thought my mate's bird, Jenny, was really sexy and it felt like this was the

closest I was ever going to

was loving every minute of this hot little 22-year-old's sexy frig show way too much.





CARA BUM-DI-YA!

Dear Mayfair,

What an outstanding sexual specimen Cara Brett is! She's clearly in the peak of condition, with not an ounce of excess fat on her, and many a time you can tell that her muscles must be perfectly toned to support her as she poses so spectacularly for your magazine. I don't know if they still run the award, but from the pictures I've seen of her so far (including the one on page 13 of your latest issue) I'd say she's got to be in the running for 'Rear of the Year' 2015 – what an exceptional burn she possesses! I'd like to wish her all the best with her future career, and wish her all happiness in love, physical health... and an impressive bank balance to boot. She deserves nothing less!

Colin, Bourne. She certainly does deserve a fine booty! – Ed.

her ample orbs. My throbbing cock was getting harder and harder as I set about my task, and by the time I was done, I was sporting such a massive hard-on it was nearly painful.

One of the boxes of chocolates I'd bought her were liqueurs, and I cracked a couple of them open with my fingers, smearing the gooey mess all over her nipples. Then I broke one over her clit, hearing her whimper as the sticky liquid oozed down over it, the booze in it gently stinging her sensitive bud.

As I picked up the next one, she

to make it up to me. "Well, if you put it like that." I said, my mind whirling with the possibilities. Leading her to our bedroom, I got her to strip her clothes off and lie back on the bed, before grabbing the pink and red silk ribbons from her presents, I looped one around her wrist and then around the ankle on the same side. tying them together so her legs bent at the knee. making sure she was happy and relatively comfy while I did. When they were both done, her legs flopped wide apart, exposing and opening up her beautiful pussy, turning me on like never before. Admiring my handiwork. I had a brainwave: I'd always fancied giving breast bondage a go - I'd seen big tits like Kirsten's tied up so the globes are squeezed really firm, making the nipples stick right out - so I went about using the pretty ribbons to lash around

do anything

Continued on page 27



in











ill you just look at that chest? It looks like it's seen a bit of action in its time, doesn't it?
"Hey, what are you trying to say? I'm very proud of my chest – everyone tells me I've got really lovely boobs!" wails Bexie. Doh! We're talking about that chest you're sitting on! We wouldn't dream of having a word said against your actual boobs!
"Oh, right – I'm very pleased to hear it! Yes, it does look like the chest's seen a bit of action, doesn't it? I wonder how old it is, and whether it's travelled very far in its lifetime? Perhaps it used to belong on a clipper or something, sailing the seven seas..."
What a romantic imagination you've got! We'd just assumed it was some fat kid's tuck box from when schools still bothered with

was some fat kid's tuck box from when schools still bothered with that sort of thing, but perhaps you're right – maybe it has sailed the world!

"Just think of the stories it could tell!"

Yes indeed, although it would have to have had a pretty amazing history for today not to be the highlight of its career! Having you, nude, sitting on top of it would take some beating, after all!





MF News



A little bird with nice tits told me...

SLEBNIEWS

Downey Says No Thanks To Fourth Iron Man Movie

Robert Downey, Jr. has turned down the role of Iron Man in the franchise's fourth instalment in favour of starring in Captain America: Civil War alongside with Chris Evans.

Downey, who turns 50 this year, has said there were no plans for a fourth Iron Man movie, nor were there any scripts, although he does plan to be involved in upcoming Marvel films.

"Just between us, no," he told reporters. "But I'm gonna do other stuff with Marvel. I'm still gonna be involved with Marvel."

Downey also said he wants to be spend more time with his family.

If and when there is a fourth Iron Man movie it will probably star Ty Simpkins, according to rumours circulating around Hollywood. Simpkins played the boy, Harley Keener, in the last Iron Man movie. Marvel is contemplating a prequel to Iron Man and Simpkins will be old enough to play a young Tony Stark.

For the moment, Downey says he is looking forward to starring in the third Captain America movie.

"They said to me, 'If we have you, we can do this, or Cap 3 has to be something else.' It's nice to feel needed. And at this point it's about helping each other, too. I look at it as a competition and I go, 'Wow, maybe if these two franchises teamed up and I can take even a lesser position, with people I like and directors I respect, maybe we can keep things bumping along."

Any remember when RDJ was a serious thespian? No, us neither...



America's Metal Stonehenge Set To Line Up With 2017 Eclipse

Along a lonely stretch of highway in Alliance, Nebraska, sits a mysterious monument to America's rich history of putting the pedal to the metal: Carhenge, built in the 1980s, is a classic roadside wonder which is now making news owing to the fact that, incredibly, it is all set to line up perfectly with a total solar eclipse in 2017

Paying homage to our very one Stonehenge (which predates it by some few years), Carhenge has been fascinating people since its inception. Dreamed up by Jim Reinders as a memorial to his father, it consists of a circle of cars with a heel stone, slaughter stone, and two station stones within the circle. In fact, it's a near perfect match to its counterpart across a pond, thanks to Reinders's extensive studies of Stonehenge while living in England and/or looking at photos

While it's certainly the centrepiece, the druidic tribute isn't the only weird thing on the property. There's also a "Car Art Preserve" populated with art projects created with vehicle bits and pieces, and even a little graveyard dedicated to three foreign cars buried on the grounds. A full vehicle serves as their makeshift gravestone, reading: "Here lie three

bones of foreign cars. They served our purpose while Detroit slept. Now Detroit is awake and America's great! Er, yeah, quite.

Free of admission and open every day, Carhenge welcomes visitors with open arms, but encourages the curious to visit only during daylight hours. Heaven only knows what happens there at night... perhaps America's version of Ken Barlow likes to dance around the cars in the nuddle.....



COMINGSOON

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

Boondock Saints and Walking Dead star Norman Reedus is joining the cast of upcoming ensemble crime thriller TRIPLE NINE. John Hillcoat is directing the film about a crew of dirty cops forced by the Russian mob to pull off a seemingly impossible heist.

Calling in a fake "999" (code for "officer down") is the only way to make it work, but the whole plan goes belly-up and all hell breaks loose ...

At present it's not known what role Reedus is taking, but he joins a solid-looking cast which includes Breaking Bad's Aaron Paul, Ben Affleck's little brother Casey, Woody Harrelson's same-sized brother Woody, and Kate Winslet.

Reedus isn't giving up his comfortable spot as a series regular on The Walking Dead, but let's face it, the



last forever. Hopefully after it ends we'll see him turn up on the big screen more often. Also worth waiting for, it seems, is Baltasar Kormákur's EVEREST starring Jason Clarke. It will surprise very few people reading this (I know what an educated bunch you are!) that the mountain-climbing drama is about Jason (quite needlessly) facing the elements on... yes, Mount Everest. An impressive cast includes Josh Brolin (No Country For Old Men), John Hawkes (Deadwood) and rather dodgily for all concerned, as though they didn't have enough to worry about while climbing roped together one burn after another, Brokeback Mountain star Jake

Gyllenhaal. The flick is written by Mark Medoff



(Children of a Lesser God) and Simon Beaufoy (Slumdog Millionaire. 127 Hours) and chronicles

fictional attempt to reach the summit of the world's highest mountain, documenting the awe-inspiring journey of two different expeditions challenged beyond their limits by one of the fiercest snowstorms ever encountered.

That's right. Battling the harshest of elements found on the planet, the climbers will face nearly impossible obstacles as a lifelong obsession to reach the summit becomes a breathtaking struggle for survival. OMG I've dropped my ice lolly into my lap. Sherpa, quick, over here, and bring that sponge with you...!

PRODUCTNIEWS

Grow Up To Be Gay Kit

All very droll, except that you don't set up factories to produce a novelty that gets a cheap laugh and is immediately thrown in the bin, do you? Somewhere, therefore, someone really is trying to recruit quite possibly inherently straight children to be gay - and that's pretty odd, isn't it?

This "Grow Up To Be Gay Kit", made in China and flogged on Amazon and elsewhere, has dozens of variations on the items that each kit contains. Anyone with access to children who is creepy enough to buy kits from this product line should be given a pretty stern talking to (and perhaps, be forced to attend one of those loony courses that attempt to turn gay people straight to see how they like it). Acceptance is one thing, but presenting (nay, flogging) any sort of lifestyle as an alternative path to children who may or may not be that way inclined and who are still too young to properly know their own mind is a bit off the mark. Plus the little pink combs on the hairdressers set break too easily on my beard. And by that I mean my actual beard, rather than my



darling wife.

BOOKNIEWS

Writer Ben Aaronovitch is the son of the late economist Sam Aaronovitch, and the younger brother of actor Owen Aaronovitch and journalist David Aaronovitch. By the age of 23 or so he was writing Doctor Who serials Remembrance of the Daleks (1988 - if you have any remembrance of that) and Battlefield (1989) for BBC television, a Doctor Who novelisation and an episode of Casualty (1990), in which, we suspect, some people came to a rather sticky end but others, well, learnt their lessons and moved forward with their lives. Ben subsequently wrote or co-wrote three Doctor Who spin-off novels in the Virgin Publishing New Adventures range, co-wrote a Doctor Who audio drama and a number of Blake's 7 spin-off audio dramas.

Then came inspiration. Out of a clear blue sky Aaronovitch came up with the notion of

writing urban fantasy police procedurals starring a young trainee wizard. Only instead of Harry Potter he would be called Peter Grant, and instead of being a schoolboy, he would be a rookie cop.

In the first novel of the series, Rivers Of London, Peter has an unexpected encounter with a ghost, and is subsequently recruited into the small branch of the Metropolitan Police that deals with magic (you know - that one. Just round the corner from Scotland Yard). He becomes the first English apprentice wizard in over 70 years and tries to discover





series can't



Worried hour offspring might be straight? Fear not - we have the solution right here!

Underpants... for your Hands

Not much explanation is needed here except for why in tarnation you would ever want to own a pair or two of these rather lame novelties.

"Great for 'sanitary' handshakes and strip poker," apparently, you can own a pair yourself and be the envy of your chums (though if they see you wearing them you won't have very



many friends) for a piffling \$11.95, SAdly they don't come with ready-applied skidmarks, so you'll just have to make those by, oh, rubbing a Flake on your palm before you don you stylish new hand-grundies Next stop

(and watch this space) a pair of gloves for your cock. The best part is you could invite four special friends round to share them with you!

BEN AARONOVITCH and the Rivers Of London novels



what is possessing ordinary people and turning them into vicious killers, while trying to broker a peace between the two warring gods of the River Thames.

But this is no sorry Harry Potter rip-off. Peter is desperate to do adult things, such as, in his own words, "climb into the panties of" Constable Lesley May. The first novel was well received in some guarters, with some reviewers citing Aaronovitch's juxtaposition of the magical and the mundane and his storytelling prowess as the novel's main attractions.

Four more bestselling Peter Grant novels have since been published: Moon Over Soho (2011), Whispers Under Ground (2012), Broken Homes (2013), Foxolove Summer (2014) and his latest release The Hanging Tree (2015). Check it out. It may enchant you.



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S velte stunner Briony set quite a few hearts fluttering when she made her *Mayfair* debut last year, but she's been such a busy girl we've only just managed to get her back for another shoot – but we're sure you'll agree it's been worth the wait!

"Well that's nice of you to say so. Yes, I have been pretty busy, you're right. Just after Christmas I went on my first ever skiing holiday, and then a modelling assignment saw me jetting off to sunnier climes, so all in all I haven't done too badly for myself!"

We're very glad to hear it! So how did you find your skiing experience? Did you take to the slopes like a natural? "Not at all! The whole thing was really scary, and it was as much as I could do just to stand up. In fact I'm sure I spent more time flat on my back than I did actually skiing!" Hmm, really? We wish we'd been there!







MF Tech 21st CENTURY TOYS

Time to take your tech like a man as JAMES SAINT empties his gadget gonads into

your unwilling eyes...

66 T n the merry month of May, when green leaves begin to spring, little lambs do skip like fairies, birds do couple, build, and sing." - a charming old nursery rhyme there from the days long before Grindr, Tinder and YouPorn came along and made the likes of such naïve tosh utterly irrelevant in the modern world. May today is more about young slappers shaving their legs and unveiling their midriffs in readiness for the spring torrent of semen soon to be splashed all over them by randy young men who sprung up themselves after being sent an array of images on Snapchat; as we all know - that's progress.

But along with young couples copulating in bushes, May is also now synonymous with new gadgets too, springing like lambs from the factories of massive evil corporations and skipping like plastic fairies on planes and cargo ships from across the world to couple with portable power packs and other assorted accessories over here, or something.

In any event, whether you're buying this tenuous May based attempted tie-in twattery or not, whilst not out poking under hedgerows with a repurposed Selfie Stick, I've been busy scouring the Chinese sweatshops for the very latest top-tech to make this May memorable fo you; if only in an expensive way, ahem. The result? A menage a six of the shiny little bleeders...

Hannspree Smart Sports Watch £30

You're probably sick to whatever remains of your teeth of hearing about smartwatches, what with Apple using every opportunity to try and force the fucking things

down your throat - or at least onto your wrist. But the essential difference between say, Apple's rose gold Watch Edition and this model from Hannspree is, oh, roughly £13,470.

Yep, while Apple has gone cashgraspingly mad, the Smart Sports Watch is so reasonably priced it looks like a typo (A typo? In Mayfair? I do'nt think so! - Ed.). But then, this little critter is no internet-browsing allsinging all-dancing all-puking in the

corner smartphone replacement, but more a bare-bones OLED-screen world of access to essential info on incoming calls and messages via a Bluetooth connection to your smart-blower, alongside tracking info on stuff I never realised needed to be tracked, such as weight loss, steps taken, and how well you sleep.

Of course, for 30 guid it's worth it just to not have to hoist your over-sized smartphone out of your pocket every

time you get a call or message as, with the Hannspree, you can just glance at your wrist and ignore the offer to track mis-sold PPI at your leisure, while all the time people are assuming you're just checking to see how fat you are these days.

> www.hannspree.co.uk



Editor's PICIK

It's worth it not to have to hoist that oversized smartphone out of your pocket.

Rollie Egg-On-A-Stick £30



You, eh? You want the moon on a stick, don't you? Well, whilst that ambition is somewhat unrealistic, finally food science has caught up with the needs of modern homo sapiens and created this: the Rollie, the world's first Egg-On-A-Stick cooker.

Using Vertical Cooking Technology (that's right - Vertical Cooking Technology. Horizontal is so last year), simply spray with oil, crack in an egg and let Rollie do its work. Then you can reel back and watch in mesmerised horror as the cooked egg slowly emerges from the top in a manner that food never should even in those German films you promised yourself you'd never watch again.

Ready in mere minutes (it's only a fucking egg, after all), once you get past watching your snack rear up at you like an egg erection, you're left with a quick, healthy, cheap egg lolly that's good to go! I've got two already.

> www.firebox.com



Groov-e Portable Power Stick £20

Naturally, pretty much everything on these pages that are designed to leave the house will inevitably render themselves utterly useless by running out of power just when you need the bloody thing, which is why such a proliferation of portable powerbanks are now available in



GPS system, digital camera and, well, you get the idea. As soon as said smart-thing starts gimping out thanks to a lack of leccy, just plug in the Groov-e and let all that generated goodness flow back into your life-giving gadgets, letting you get on with whatever the hell was so important anyway.

> www.groov-e.co.uk



It's portable speaker time again here at Mayfair, and this issue we have the Flip 2 from JBL, a sound-making option that, judging from the marketing materials, is aimed at vibrant, attractive, young people who are prone to impromptu parties at the drop of a hipster's hat. They have wacky hair and white teeth, they're streaming from smartphones to the Flip and, yes, they're all dancing on a rooftop - that's how Flip 2 people party. Sadly, I do not get invited to these type of affairs and, as such, will just have to stick to the facts and gloss over the element of 'fun' being pushed so hard.

Featuring cutting-edge drivers, a built-in bass port, JBL's special SoundClear echo tech alongside noise cancellation and the obligatory Bluetooth, the Flip 2 delivers and impressive audio range regardless of volume, and with NFC included (Near Field Communication), if you don't want to let Bluetooth drain your phone's battery in the blink of an eye, simply stick it nearby and let NFC's creepy voodoo do its thing.

Light, ergonomic and rechargeable, the Flip 2 may belong to a demographic most of us only wank over photos of, but now you can wank over them to music.

> www.uk.jbl.com





a staggering array of shapes, sizes and capacities; and here's, quite literally, another one, this time from annoyingly-named tech-pedlars Groov-e.

Boasting a sizeable tank of 2200mAh. the Groov-e is the ideal outdoor accessory to your smartphone, tablet, e-reader,

Pencil from £30

Yep, it's a pencil; a surprisingly expensive pencil. But wait! It's a pencil made especially for those who like to doodle on their iPad without ruining the display. Can you see the market now? Yes, I'm still struggling myself.

OK, designed to work with the Paper app, Pencil is aimed at creative types who like to scribble and, once paired up over Bluetooth, not only does the Paper app recognise that it's both your Pencil and palm-print on the Pad (so no other Pencil-toting tosser can scribble on your tech while you're not looking!), from there on



in you can use the Pencil to draw - and erase - lines, plus use your finger to smooth said lines out and create what might just possibly pass for 'art'.

Obviously, it's also very useful for businessy stuff too, like charts and stuff and lets you get more hand-on with your iPad. Also, fully rechargeable in 90 minutes, you even get an option of Walnut or Graphite finishes. So if your next builder turns up with one of these beauties behind his ear, you know he'll be good. There, that's it, that's all I have ... it's a pencil for use on things other than paper.

> www.shopfiftythree.com

Damson Headbones £100



Like music and sound and shit, but don't like having things inserted into you? It's a common problem for red blooded men and their earphones, but unless you opt to look like a Cybertwat by wearing massive over-ear

headphones when out and about, there's no other choice is there? Well, ear-user, yes there is!

The Headbones from Damson don't need to invade your aural space, as they use Damson's Incisor Diffusion Technology (IDT), which utilises (wait for it...) bone-conduction to send audio vibrations directly to the inner ear and letting you listen to your tunes or chat while still being able to hear stuff in the world around you, such as a screaming car horn, a voice shouting "JESUS GOD, RUN!" and/or the unmistakable approach of a killer bear.

Using Bluetooth with Apt-X to deliver the best wireless connection between Headbones and phone, never have you earholes violated again. Quite frankly, apart from blow-jobs, it's the best use of a jawbone I can think of since that chimp thing picked one up at the start of 2001 ...

> www.damsonaudio.com



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Continued from page 5

said, "Save a couple for me," in a little wheedling voice. Smiling, I brought it up to her mouth. She opened it ready, but all I did was smear it teasingly over her lips, so a tiny amount would melt for her to lick

A HOYDE THERE!

Dear Mayfair, I'm only a humble (if long-standing) reader rather than a high-powered edit like you *(That's rig* buddy, and don't leedin' forget - Ed.), but I have to say I'm mystified as to why the utter magnificent Cara Delahoyde hasn't featured on your cover yet

I'd be willing to be a pound to a penny es, perfect face and stunning figure I don't want to tell you how to do your job, but... well, come on! Jack, Rutland. Limpid, eh? Well, Jack, we wouldn't want to bet (even at the 100-1 odds you're offering us) against her being on the cover before too much longer, so watch this space!

off. There'd be plenty more for her to enjoy, though - I squeezed the sweet in my palm, crushing it, then rubbed it over the shaft of my cock, smearing the whole length of it with liqueur and melted chocolate. Dangling it right in Kirsten's face, I let her lick and suck it totally clean - and when it was, my dirty wife carried on regardless, slurping at my cock for all she was worth!

I knew she'd already be dying for me to fuck her, but officially she wasn't meant to be enjoying herself quite this much, so I strung things out. I ate the chocolates off her tits and then her pussy, knowing it would be driving her crazy, and then finally knelt up over her, my throbbing prick in my hand. I started wanking myself: pumping my dick and massaging my balls no more than a foot away from her face, so she could see everything, my helmet turning deep red and my length jutting up and quivering when I let it go.

I cracked open another chocolate, involuntarily jumping as just a little drop of the tingling liqueur dripped onto the tip of my prick.

"Lick it," I instructed. She stuck her tongue out, flicking it over my bell-end gently, causing such an incredible feeling

I readily untied her when she agreed to let me live out one of my fantasies... I'd always wanted to shake up a bottle of champagne and let it spray out, racing driver style. So, standing in the shower, naked apart from a pair of high stilettos, she encouraged me to go for it. You should



throughout my body, I couldn't hold on any longer. I curled my fingers around my shaft, giving it one last wank before blowing my load all over her tits and face.

As she licked my sticky mess up as best she could, I dripped more liqueur onto her

HER LEGS FLOPPED WIDE APART, EXPOSING AND **OPENING HER** BEAUTIFUL PUSSY.

lips, the alcohol mixing with my cream, making a delicious concoction - or so she said, anyway!

have seen her squirm when I let rip with the champagne, spraying it all over her sexy frame. Obviously I didn't aim the cork anywhere near her (it crashed into the ceiling), but she got the full force of the chilled bubbly, screeching at the temperature of the chilled liquid.

I sound like I've got a real mean streak, but I promise you Kirsten loves this sort of thing, and she told me that, to make it extra special, why didn't I lick it off her? I didn't need asking twice, and got my tongue to work, supping the tingling fizz off her curves.

After we'd showered, she kept on about what a naughty girl she was, not getting me a pressie I told her she was more then forgiven and that she'd definitely made up for it! I didn't twig at all as to what she really wanted until she tutted and told me straight out that she deserved to have her arse spanked.

"Well, I suppose it was a bit out of order," I grinned, hauling her across my knee. Her little bum was clenching as she braced herself but I started gently at first, patting and laying on little slaps before building up to full-blown spanks. She

was really getting off on it - I made her count them and she'd deliberately make mistakes so we had to go back to the start again. Once her cheeks were glowing pink, I stuck my hand in between her thighs, fingering her clit and pussy and telling her that under no circumstances was she allowed to come - of course that just set her off, and she was soon this wriggling, writhing heap on my lap as a massive climax washed over her.

It has to rate among the best sex we've ever had (with each other, at least!), which isn't bad given how long we've been together, and was certainly better than any present she could have bought me - that we can afford, at least!

And I'm kind of hoping that she doesn't bother buying me any more gifts in the future! In which case, I'll write and let you know how we get along next time! Nicholas, Gloucestershire,









W e managed to tempt curvy Krystal back into Mayfair in order to mark our 50th birthday at the beginning of the year, and – luckily for us! – she decided she still rather missed this modelling lark, and so has consented to share her irresistible charms with us again! And this time round, as a special treat for our readers with, er, more traditional tastes, she's gone and grown her bush tastes, she's gone and grown her bush for us as well!

"Do you like it?" she grins. "I'm not totally sure if I do or not. I've kept myself shaven down there for as Ing as I can remember – shaving my pubes during a luxurious bath is one of my favourite ways to while away a lazy evening – so letting them grow out has been a pretty strange experience. I'm not sure if I'll keep them or not..."

Well, we're certainly glad you made the effort and – unless we're very much mistaken, you haven't gone back to complete wilderness down there, so there's still some shaving to be done in the bath! "That's true! Now if only I could find someone to lend a hand..."

Oh, we reckon we know quite a few thousand who'd happily volunteer!









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The Real Fifty Shades



MF Jokes

GENTRIEMEN, That Reminds Me

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A nun gets on a late night city bus which is empty except for the driver.

She tells him her sorrows. "Though I'm still quite young the doctors say I'm going to die soon but I want to experience intercourse before I pass. The problem is that to gain admittance to Heaven I must remain a virgin, so I'll have to be done up the arse. I can't commit adultery either, so the man who" – here she became very bashful – "'penetrates' me, so to speak, must be single."

"No problem," says the bus driver, "I'm single - I'll do it," and he clambers from behind the wheel, hefts up the back of

A disgruntled father, tired of hearing his wife complain of spunky tissues in his teenage son's bedroom, says: "Hey kid, if you keep masturbating at that rate you're going to go blind." The son says: "Dad, I'm over here."

her habit, draws down his trouser zip and grants her wish.

Feeling guilty afterwards as his zips up his trousers he confesses, "Actually I'm really sorry, but I lied to you. I'm married with two kids."

"That's OK," replies the nun, lowering the hem at the back of her habit. "I lied too. My name is Stephen and I'm on my way to a fancy dress party."

A woman arrives home from work and her husband notices she's wearing a diamond necklace.

He asks his wife, "Where did you get that necklace?"

She tells him nonchalantly, "Oh, I won it in a raffle at work. Go get my bath ready while I start dinner."

The next day, the woman arrives home from work wearing a diamond bracelet.

Her husband asks, "And so where did you get the bracelet?"

She replies, "I won it in another raffle at work. Go get my bath ready while I start dinner."

The next day, she arrives home from work wearing a mink coat. He says, "I suppose you won that in a raffle at work?"

She replies, "Yes I did. However did you guess? Go get my bath ready while I start supper." After supper, she goes to take her bath and finds it almost empty. She yells to her husband, "Hey! There's only an inch of water in the tub."

He replies, "I didn't want you to get your raffle ticket wet."



A priest and a bus driver are at the pearly gates and St Peter tells them he will take them to where they'll be staying for Eternity.

He first arrives at a modest house with a neat little library and tells the priest he can stay there forever.

He then takes the bus driver to an enormous palace. The driver asks why he's getting such a terrific pad while the priest's is so modest.

St Peter says, "Well, you see, up here it's not just about how you lived but how many people you helped get to

Heaven." "But surely the priest helped far more people than me!" cries the bus driver.

"You'd be surprised," St Peter replies. "When the priest preached, most people fell asleep. When you were behind the wheel, everyone prayed."

A psychiatrist is conducting a group therapy session with three young mothers and their small children. "Hmm... You all have

obsessions I perceive," he observes, steepling his fingers thoughtfully.

To the first mother, he says, "You, for example, are obsessed with eating. Why, you've even named your daughter 'Candy'!"

He turns to the second mum. "Your obsession, it seems to me," her tells her, "is money. Again, this manifests itself in your child's name: to wit, 'Penny',"

At this point the third mother gets up, takes her little boy by the hand and hisses to him, "Come on, Dick, let's get out of here."



A doctor is having an affair with his nurse. One day she tells him she's pregnant. Not wanting his wife to know, he gifts the nurse a large sum of money and asks her to go to Italy and have the baby there.

"But how will I let you know the baby is born?" she asked.

He replied, "Just send me a postcard and write 'Spaghetti' on the back," says he. "I'll take care of all your expenses."

Eight months go by and then one day the doctor's wife calls him at his surgery sounding puzzled, "Dear," she says, "you've received a very strange postcard

Q: How do you get a traffic warden out of a tree? A: Cut the rope.

from Italy, and I don't understand what the message on the back means." The doctor calms himself with a great

effort of will and says, "Just wait until I get home and we'll both have a look at it."

That evening, the doctor comes home, reads the postcard, and falls to the floor with a heart attack. Paramedics rush him to A & E but he's DOA.

The lead medic stays back to comfort the wife. He asks what trauma precipitated the cardiac arrest. So the wife plucks the postcard from her handbag and reads: "Spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti. Two with sausage and meatballs, two without."



"Fuckin' brilliant! I wine you, dine you, buy you flowers - and now I find out you're celibate!"

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MF Motors



Looks like the big cat's purring again, so we figured it was time we took a look at the new Jaguar XE...

very new Jaguar is crucial to British industry and British jobs, but with the billions of Indian giant Tata behind it, plus a strong model range and a bulging order book, the brand exudes a confidence that was never apparent in the bad old days.

The new car uses a great deal of aluminium in its construction, which has allowed Jaguar to focus on details such as the bonnet - it's long and streamlined, helping to set out the XE's classic rearwheel-drive proportions, but it's also carefully sculpted - like a true sports car's -



This has been obvious in recent products such as the F-Type sports car (Issue 49.02) and the C-X15 concept that points to the forthcoming F-Pace 4x4 - the first-ever Jaguar SUV. Yet the elephant in Jaguar's showrooms has long been a pesky BMW 3 Series rival.

Production of the X-Type quietly came to an end in 2010, and this model never quite cut it anyway - with its baby XJ styling and Ford underpinnings, it reflected Jaguar of old. As business buyers now have upmarket tastes, with the likes of the 3 Series now outselling traditional repmobiles such as the Ford Mondeo and Vauxhall Insignia, Jag needs a piece of the action, so there's a great deal of pressure on the all-new XE.

But the designers have handled that pressure, as the XE has the strongest road presence of any car in the compact executive class. Clear styling cues have been taken from the larger XF and XJ, as well as the F-Type, from the upright radiator grille to the J-blade LED daytime running lights built into the slim headlamps, all the way back to the F-Type-style tail-lights. The low, sweeping roofline effortlessly adds to the visual drama

and combines with the steeply raked windscreen to give a muscular sense of purpose. This smooth shape has also helped the designers achieve incredible aerodynamic efficiency for the new car - a figure of 0.26Cd is the lowest of any Jaguar ever produced which is crucial in a company car market obsessed with fuel efficiency and CO2

emissions-based tax bands. Business users who spend all day pounding Britain's motorways in their cars will be just as happy with the interior, though. Jaguar's designers have created

a truly special atmosphere by mixing interesting shapes and classy materials, so even the entry-level models many fleet managers will insist their employees run will feel luxurious.

A deep centre console divides driver and front seat passenger, while the distinctive Riva Hoop design sweeps around the top of the dashboard from the doors, and features different finishes depending on the spec.

THE XE HAS THE STRONGEST ROAD PRESENCE IN THE COMPACT EXECUTIVE CLASS.

Plus, all models benefit from soft-touch plastics and a softgrain leather steering wheel. At the centre of the dashboard is a new eight-inch InControl touchscreen display: this is the centrepiece of all new Jaguar Land Rover models, replacing the rather dated set-up that let down previous models, and it works intuitively. It provides easy access to all manner of cabin functions - including the sat-nav and DAB radio standard on every XE - as well as simple connectivity with Android and iOS smartphones. A high-end Meridian sound system can also be specified.

The hi-tech highlights don't end there. A stereo camera system mounted ahead of the rear view mirror scans the road ahead to inform the autobraking, traffic sign recognition, lane departure warning and optional high beam headlight assist systems. Long-range radar also operates the adaptive cruise control, keeping the car a preset distance behind traffic ahead, while there's also a blind spot monitor and a park assist function that steers the car into parallel and perpendicular spaces. Jaguar predicts that most models sold will

be automatics, and if you go for a manual car, you'll miss out on a key party piece. Fire



"EVEN THE ANTICIPATED BIG-SELLING ENTRY-LEVEL MODELS WILL BRING A SMILE TO DRIVERS' FACES ON THE **RIGHT ROAD."**

up the XE, and the rotary dial controlling the eightspeed auto box rises up out of the centre console, as if the car has come to life. There's a choice of 161bhp and 178bhp 2.0-litre four-cylinder diesel engines, with the former likely to be the top seller thanks to its fleetfriendly 99g/km CO2 emissions.

Those who prefer petrol can choose from 197bhp and 237bhp 2.0-litre engines, also with four cylinders. All these engines are from JLR's new Ingenium family, and are built at the new multi-million-pound facility in Wolverhampton. Topping the range at launch is an XE S, featuring a 335bhp 3.0-litre supercharged V6 petrol engine sourced from the F-Type, and promising 0-60mph in 4.9 seconds.

As you'd expect from a Jaguar, the XE drives well, no matter which version you go for. The XE S is obviously the thriller in the range, but even the anticipated big-selling entry-level models will bring a







smile to drivers' faces on the right road. Engineers have gone for double wishbone front suspension and an integral link set-up at the rear - more expensive, exclusive solutions than you expect in this market - and the result is an impressive balance of ride comfort and handling agility. The electric power-steering provides plenty of feel and sharp responses, while refinement is impeccable. A 3 Series still sets the standard for ultimate fun, but the XE isn't far behind, while delivering the kind of cosseting motorway comfort Jaguar buyers have come to expect.

So although competition in this market is fierce, the new Jaguar XE has nothing to fear. It's a truly brilliant car that's sure to bring the volume sales the investment demands.

SPECIFICATIONS

JAGUAR XE

ENGINE	2.0-litre 4cyl diesel/petrol;
	3.0 V6 petrol
POWER	161-335bhp
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you like them old with aggy tits, battered pussles & like to see them slowly blow a younger guy before taking it in both holes, special attention paid to the nal love canal then this is the amateur granny sex DVD for you!

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18+

Description Shows females 35 to 60 with

really bushy minoe holes having sex for your pleasure. Ranging from plain to plain uply these women love etting shagged in all holes & cum with wanton abandon. Order now!

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farilyn Mayson is the tatoed babe in the picture. She sports enormous natual boobies, a huge ass & plenty of soft white flab. She sucks c**k like a denon, shags like it's going out of fashion & loves to take it in the ass.

omanian Girls Use Huge Dildo's - Amateur CODE: RM482

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Age: 23 Vital Stats: 32E-26-32 5'4" Photographer: BB Media





T is been an inexplicably long time since we last got to feast our eyes on the womanly charms of Miss Holly Kent, but for once it isn't because the Ed took his bleary eye off the ball and forgot all about her. No, Holly took a little break from modelling last year, so we couldn't help wondering what it was that had kept her away from us all this time. She'd better have a good excuse, after all! "I wanted to see a bit of the world!" she tells us. "I'd managed to save up fair bit of money, and I figured it was high time I spent some of it, so I packed my bag and headed off on a round the world trip!" Hmm, fair enough – and did you have any

world trip!" Hmm, fair enough – and did you have any adventures you'd care to tell us about?" "I got into a bit of a fix with a couple of guys in Australia, but I can't go into any more details. What goes on holiday stays on holiday, after all!" Ah, OK. we'll just have to use our imagination then, won't we?





















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I s it our imagination, or is the delectable Cara Brett looking a tad more bronzed this month? "Too right I am!" laughs the girl herself. "It feels like it's been ages, but the weather at the start of April was fantastic, which means I've had the perfect opportunity to head out into the back garden and work on all my white bits!" Ah, well that's good news – especially for any neighbours who might be able to overlook your garden – but we hope you're taking all the due precautions, Cara! The sun is not to be trifled with, and we'd hate to think of you doing yourself any damage while you're out there! "Of course I take precautions – just like in all things in life! As a matter of fact, while I love sunbathing, what I love even more than that is rubbing in the sun cream before I start, and then topping it up regularly after that. Especially if I've got someone to help me do all the hard to reach places. Any volunteers?"









MF Letters



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

Figure 4 and the studied politics and philosophy for nearly three years, I'd been really looking forward to the election. All

the political parties were desperate for extra bodies to work on their campaigns and everyone

Name: JEN Age: 25 From: READING

on my course managed to get some work experience of one kind or another, although I'd be surprised if any of the other

students had the kind of experience I had on election night. "Spencer?" Alan asked, as I introduced myself to the office manager, "I thought you'd be a bloke."

"I get that a lot, believe me." "Well, not to worry. It's what's in your head I'm interested in, not what's in your pants." I was a bit taken aback by Alan's forthright words but the handshake was firm and the smile seemed genuine enough. I watched his eyes and they didn't stray down to look at my chest once. "Right, let's get to it. Have you written many speeches?" My stomach knotted with excitement.

"I was on the debate team."

"Great. This one's a biggie and I need all the help I can get." We spent the next 14 hours gathering together all the right words and carefully putting them in the right order. "Think of them as lyrics," Alan enthused. "You need to make something which will stick in peoples' heads, even if they don't want it to." It was 11 PM and Alan was still going strong. My brain felt as though it had turned to mush. "Come-on," he said. "I'll drive you home." Early starts and late nights meant the days blurred into each other. The intensity of the work combined with the lack of sleep wore me down and I was desperate for a rest. At least I'd get a lie in on Saturday. The next thing I knew, my phone was buzzing. The clock told me it was 5:30 AM and Saturday. I let it go to answerphone but it started ringing again immediately. Thinking something bad had happened, I jumped out of bed and answered it.

iy "Hello?"

"They need a speech tweaking. Nothing major - just a few juicy soundbites. It won't take long. Pick you up in 15?"

"Minutes?" I asked, but the line had already gone dead. "Shit." I needed more than 15 minutes to transform myself from something suitable for the back bedroom into something suitable for the back office. I showered from the neck down, scraped my greasy blonde locks into a ponytail and threw a coffee down my neck.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Natalie



asked, wandering into the kitchen as I used black coffee to wash down some toast while trying to iron my blouse.

"I've been called into the office." "At 5:30 on a Saturday morning? Do they need someone to make an emergency coffee?" Natalie asked bitterly. "That's all I seem to have done all week." The doorbell rang, making me jump.

HIS BODY HEAT ON MY BARE BOTTOM GAVE ME A RUSH OF EXCITEMENT...

"Fuck!" A blob of jam had dropped off my toast and I'd smeared it with the iron. "Be a love and get that will you?" I asked as sweetly as I could manage, only realising what impression Natalie would make as I saw the cheeks of her bottom peeping out from her lime-green shorts. Moments later it was me

who was on display.

"Cripes," Alan said, his eyes wide. Given that I was standing in a white bra, Alan couldn't help but notice my chest this time.

"Something the matter?" I asked, using the iron to dry the area I had wiped clear of jam.

"No, nothing, just ... "

"Just?" I asked.

Alan gave me a wry smile. "It's been a long time since I saw a pretty woman in a bra." He shook his head ruefully as he looked at my cleavage. Blushing furiously, I pushed the iron back and forth unnecessarily to give me a few seconds to think. The atmosphere became decidedly uncomfortable. "I'll be in the car."

"Wow. He's hot," Natalie said, looking longingly down the hallway. "And he totally wants to pork you, you lucky thing." "He does not!" I protested.

"No wonder you've been working all hours." The way Natalie pronounced 'working' made it clear what she thought we'd been doing.

"We were working ... "

"Your way through the Kama Sutra?" "Fuck off. It's not like that."

"Open your eyes. He looked as though he was going to spurt in his pants when he saw you in that bra. He wants you. The only question is do you want him?" The answer sent shivers down my spine. Since there was no time to pick out something sexy to wear, I had to make do with a spray of my most expensive perfume. "Go get him, tiger," Natalie said, spanking me on the burn as I went through the front door.

"I've got a few ideas about what we can do," Alan said, looking over his shoulder as he pulled out onto the street. Unfortunately, he was talking about tweaking the contents of the speech, rather than tweaking my nipples. Thanks to Natalie, my mind was in the gutter and I found it difficult to concentrate on anything other than the smooth silk cradling my breasts as they bounced in time with the road surface.

"You think I'm pretty?" I regretted voicing the question as soon as the words had left my mouth. It was so... vacuous.

"Yes. Very," Alan confirmed, his eyes never leaving the road. Some of the fogginess lifted as endorphins flooded my body. The question might have been unprofessional and stupid but the answer left me achingly happy. I thought about Alan stopping the car, and pulling me into his arms right there on the street. We'd be kissing with me sitting on his lap, his hard cock pressing up into me as he pulled on my ponytail to expose my throat. "Are you OK?" he asked.

"Oh yes," I replied, my response a reply to something Alan was doing to me in my fantasies. Fantasies were all I had until election night as Alan focused on the work. In the end, the fatigue of the campaign blurred fantasy and reality. I suddenly realised that my hand was on the crotch of Alan's trousers as we looked over the last piece of work on election night. Leaving it there as we poured over the words, I felt the dick surge inside. Scarcely daring to breathe, I pulled down on

his zipper. The skin was soft and sticky to the touch as I wrapped my hand around it and started wanking.

"Mmmm," Alan groaned, clicking to release his final email. His whole body started vibrating with pleasure. "Can I do it on your tits?" Alan stared at me, looking a bit wary. "Too much?" "I'd love you to do it on my tits." As Alan stood up, I pulled the straps of my top and bra down my arms so that I could offer him my bare breasts. I watched his

face as he jerked his cock and imagined the firecrackers of pleasure buzzing through his body as his spunk leapt out in thick white ropes.

"I'll get you a tissue," Alan offered. "I don't need a tissue." Alan stared as I wiped his spunk off my tits and licked my fingers clean. By the time I'd finished, he was hard again, just as I had hoped. Without saying a word, I pulled my skirt up and my knickers down and bent over the desk for him.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Alan asked, sounding worried. "Shut-up and fuck me," I demanded, getting a thrill from being in such a compromising position. His body heat on my bare bottom gave me a hot, complicated rush of excitement, embarrassment, shame, pride and arousal. We'd worked so closely together and now we were going to fuck.

"You're an amazing woman," Alan hissed as the blunt tip of his cock searched for my vagina. Rather than take the fingers off my clitoris, I guided him with my moans, pushing my body back at the perfect



moment to impale myself on him. I controlled the pace as we pushed against each other. Usually it's hard to come while standing up but the white-hot flashes joined together into a full-on orgasm in less than a minute.

Alan's cock was half-soft and he looked spent. "I suppose we should watch the results?" I suggested reluctantly.

"Like hell we should."

"Don't you care who wins?"



"I've already won. Whoever's in government tomorrow, you're the one who's going to change my life for the better."

Ve always been a bit partial to a flutter, whether it be on the horses, the dogs or the footie. However, as I've gotten older, placing bets the same way as everyone else – either online or at the bookies – has become slightly duller and less exciting to me. Which is how, in 2010, my long-term boyfriend came to suggest a private flutter between the two of us, on the general election. And the prize? Sexual gratification for the winner, of course! This appealed to



me on two levels: the betting on something out of the ordinary for my adventurous self, and the thought of my other half having to perform as much oral sex as I wished for my inner slut.

And so it was shook upon: if Labour took the majority, Richard would be my sex slave for the night, and if the Conservatives won, I'd be at his sexual behest.

So, on the 6th May, we sat glued to the telly: me urging Gordon Brown to become PM, and Richard willing on David Cameron. Obviously, in hindsight, I would have been better

"I GUIDED HIM WITH MY MOANS, PUSHING MY BODY BACK AT THE PERFECT MOMENT TO IMPALE MYSELF ON HIM..."

backing Nick Clegg, but I never considered him worth a shot, to be honest!

When the results were announced and Richard realised he had won our little bet, he yelled and jumped around our flat with glee – you can't accuse him of being a gracious winner, that's for sure! I was pissed off on two counts – the fact that that I'd lost the chance to have a sex slave for a night, but also because the bloody Conservatives had won. Talk about a downer! Still, the way Richard was rubbing his hands together I knew he'd make it an enjoyable experience for us both.

The next day when I got in from work, I knew that I was in for a good fucking, along with whatever else his sordid mind had decided upon. I was surprised to find him sitting quietly on the sofa watching a programme, but when he grinned at me and told me that I'd find my outfit in the bedroom, I realised it was all for show.



He must have visited a sex shop that day, because I found a brand new French maid's get-up (complete with white apron and hat), lacy g-string, fishnet stockings and up the back of my stockinged legs, almost appraisingly, then pulled the tiny thong to one side and ran his tongue roughly from my clit upwards to my bumhole. He concentrated



suspenders laid out on the bed. He'd also found a pair of my highest black stilettos and placed them by my costume. This could be worse, I thought to myself, as I poured my toned body into the tight dress – although if he had me actually cleaning the house in it, I'd be pretty mad with him!

When I was dressed, I piled my long curls on top of my head, added a slick of bright red lipstick and paraded into the lounge for his approval. He was expecting me, it would appear, as the TV was off and he was now sat with his rock-hard cock out, wanking it off slowly. Motioning for me to kneel in front of

"HE HELD MY HIPS AND SAWED HIMSELF IN AND OUT OF ME, PUMMELLING AWAY."

him, he offered it to me, telling me to, "Suck it good and proper."

Taking his manhood in my hands, I flicked my tongue across his helmet, enjoying the way he shuddered, before swallowing the full length between my glossy red lips. Instantly finding a rhythm, he was soon holding the back of my head and groaning, enjoying the way I slicked my tongue around his shaft as my warm mouth enveloped him. Cupping his balls, I massaged them as I deep-throated him, gagging on the occasion he'd get too excited and push my head down further, his bell-end hitting the back of my throat.

Then, without warning, he pulled away from me, telling me he didn't want to come just yet. I figured I must have been doing something right, then! Ordering me to stand up, turn around and bend over, he traced his hands on my arse for a moment, before biting my cheek and shoving his tongue hard inside my moist pussy. I gasped, not expecting it, which seemed to please him, then he pulled my fanny lips apart for a better view and slid two fingers inside me, spiting on them for more lubrication. I pushed back against him, moaning softly as he fucked me with his digits.

"Stay still," he ordered,

removing his fingers and, as I felt him stand behind me and rub the end of his fat prick against my wet snatch, I put my hands onto the coffee table in front of me, bracing myself for the onslaught. Pushing his rigid member right up inside my sodden slot, he held my hips and sawed himself in and out of me, pummelling away from the off. My breath came in short bursts as he banged away, his hands finding my heaving boobs and freeing them from the confines of my sexy dress so he could grope them as he fucked me like an animal. It felt so good, I knew I'd come quickly and I was right: as his balls rhythmically slapped against my clit, the orgasm welled up inside me and I screamed and panted as my vaginal muscles contracted around his meaty cock. This spurred him on even more and he fucked me harder and faster than before, causing my climax to last longer then any I'd previously experienced.

When it finally subsided, my legs buckled beneath me and Richard finally withdrew his thick prick from my dripping pussy. I was a sweaty mess and he must have realised that I wasn't fit for much more, so he told me to lie down on the sofa so he could fuck my big breasts. Gratefully, I did as I was told, and I held my large orbs together as he slid his turgid tool between them.

Richard began screwing my tits hard and fast, pinching my nipples as he did. When he told me to open my mouth I knew he wouldn't last long. As he came, he let out a howl, his thick white cream spraying out everywhere, splattering my hair and plastering my face. I stuck out my tongue, catching as much spunk as I could in my gob, gulping it down, before scooping the sticky fluid from my face with my fingers and sucking it from them greedily.

I thought Richard would leave it there, but he decided to get his money's worth from our little bet – telling me "not to waste the outfit" and to clean the kitchen before we went to bed. Cheeky fucker!

We've made the same wager for the upcoming election this year – and I know I'm going to win this time round. And I've had five long years to consider my revenge! Let's just say that there's a dog collar and lead ready with Richard's name on it...

Independent candidate in the General Election. I admire what he stands for, agree with his political views, and know he has the backbone not to be swayed when it comes to making deals with the major parties. That is why I took a sabbatical from my job



as a teacher: to help out with his campaign before the election. (To protect his identity, from now on I will refer to him as "Jack.") I have been working closely with him for months and have got to

know him very well. Indeed our relationship goes a lot deeper than private secretary and political candidate.

I started as a voluntary campaign worker, but once Jack's campaign manager learned of my skill set I was promoted to being

Jack's private secretary and found myself in daily contact with him. One evening when I stayed late to help straighten out some kinks in a speech he was to give the following day, I noticed that he looked tired and stressed. I had begun to feel strongly about him, and, thinking it would bring us closer, I offered to give him a massage to help relax him.

Everyone had gone home, and Jack looked around himself, checking that the offices were empty, smiled wearily and agreed, thanking me for my kindness. I asked him to remove his jacket and motioned him to a low-backed chair where I began by massaging his shoulders. He was soon moaning with pleasure as I worked out the tension in his shoulders and neck. After that, well, one thing led to another and we became secret lovers.

On one memorable occasion, Jack was feeling stressed about a speech he was to give that evening at a town hall in an area which always voted for one of the big parties. I knew he was on edge, and remembering the first time we had been together I whispered to him to follow me to my flat. Once he arrived I whisked him up to the bedroom and undressed him. He in turn undressed me, taking time to touch me up and make me quiver with excitement as I remembered our first time. Then he smiled at me, brought his hand around to the back of my head, and kissed me.

I forgot how sensual a kiss could be, and my legs parted and he slid a finger inside of me. Sliding it in and out he poked my pussy until I could feel it begin to contract, and when he felt my internal muscles gripping, he flicked my clit and triggered my orgasm. Holding me and caressing me as I came, Jack kissed the back of my neck and continued to rub my clitoris, teasing it until he had triggered a second and even more powerful orgasm.

Finally I sat at the side of the bed fighting to regain my breath while Jack sat beside me, and taking my hand wrapped my fingers around his shaft. His cock was large and hard, and my mouth watered as I started stroking him slowly. Now it was Jack's turn to groan, and when I leaned over to suck his swollen cock and caress his balls, he fingered my nipples, rolling them gently between thumb and forefinger.

Exquisite sensations travelled through my body, making my clitoris throb and my pussy contract, and I closed my eyes as I licked around Jack's large cock-head scooping up the droplets of pre-come which oozed from the top with a pinky. I sucked as much of his length as I could into my mouth and began bobbing my head on him.

My cheeks hollowed as I sucked harder, trying to make Jack come, but before I could he pulled me away and tumbled me onto my back on the bed. I grabbed at his cock, wanking it as he lifted my leg as far as it would go, and shoved his cock into me until his pelvis slammed against mine.

EXQUISITE SENSATIONS TRAVELLED THROUGH MY BODY, MAKING MY CLIT THROB AND MY PUSSY CONTRACT.

His cock felt glorious inside my pussy but Jack pulled it back until the head of his cock was just barely inside of me. I was ready for another body crushing thrust, but now Jack moved more slowly, penetrating me inch by exquisite inch, pausing every couple of seconds to withdraw just a little before pushing deeper inside. I felt every twitching muscle, and then he grabbed my bum cheeks and started to grind my pussy in tight circles.

Name: FRAN Age: 23 From: WEST MIDS My pussy clenched and spasmed and I felt an orgasm mounting as Jack continued to plunge his thick cock into me. Simultaneously he pinched my nipples, tweaking them as I felt every inch of him throbbing inside my pussy. Then, slowing his movements inside me he teased me, holding back until my whole body ached with need.

I wanted to scream, "Fuck me!" but found that I was too excited to form a coherent word. Jack gently kissed me, and, smiling, reached between us and tweaked my swollen and extremely sensitive clitoris, making me come in an indescribable rush. Sparks of pleasure shot through my pussy sending ripples of delight throughout my whole body. As my orgasm gained strength and my pussy went into deep



spasms of ecstasy, Jack held still and held me impaled on his hard cock, allowing me to feel every divine sensation of pleasure for that little bit longer.

When my body stopped trembling, his cock was still erect and I realised he had not ejaculated yet. Determined to remedy that situation, I rolled us over so he was on his back. Now on top I started to grind my hips against his crotch, driving his cock deeper inside my pussy. I pushed my hips

forward to meet his vigorous thrusts and felt him shudder. In a hoarse whisper he thanked me for helping him relax, and with one further thrust he blasted his spunk deep inside me, grunting, filling me with his load and triggering another mind-blowing orgasm.

After that performance, you can be sure he definitely gets my vote!

NEXT MONTH



MF Reviews

Scene from MANDEANDR

There are lots of rather splendid releases heading your way this month, so our reviewer's pretty chuffed with the bundle of DVDs that have flopped on his desk and which he carted off home rather quickly...



THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING

o begin with, a confession. About a year ago I was at the cinema and I saw a poster advertising what was then being referred to as Stephen Hawking: The Motion Picture (or possibly just Stephen Hawking: The Movie) and I pondered to myself whether a film about an (admittedly very brainy) man who's been struggling with the terrible affliction of MND (or ALS as it's known in America) for nearly all of his adult life could possibly turn out to be cinematic in any way. Well, it goes to show - it's just as well I'm not a film producer, because The Theory of Everything, as it was finally renamed when it came out, blew audiences away worldwide!

Whilst taking a few liberties here and there, the story is pretty well biographical, and can be summed up thus; a brilliant young physicist, blazing a trail through academia with his almost instinctive ability to come up with - and then prove - dazzling new theories, is struck down with an awful condition and spends the rest of his life physically diminished to near nothing, while at the same time continuing to shine a light on the kind of stuff must of us could never hope to get their noddles round. However, what really marks the film out from its (possibly mawkish) backstory is the astonishing performance of Eddie Redmayne in the central role. If ever a



What really marks the film out is the performance of Eddie Redmavne... The Ed

performance was nailed-on for an Oscar (which it did win, as did Felicity Jones for her portrayal of Jane Wilde Hawking), it's this one, as Redmayne captures the free-spirited Hawking as he takes on MND, triumphing by focusing his life on the cerebral rather than the physical. With solid support, this is an effecting tale of an incredible individual.

THE WAR TRILOGY

T f you think much of Europe's in a bad way these days, perhaps it's time to think back to what the state of the continent was in the immediate aftermath of WWII. Pretty well everywhere was completely fucked! Displaced (not to mention

millions upon millions of dead) people. bomb damage recriminations and shattered lives all over the place. What on earth was an appropriate response to such horrors? Well, for Italian filmmaker Roberto

Rossellini the answer was, inevitably, to make films about it! First off, and commenced before the war in Europe had even actually ended, came Rome, Open City, follows a partisan fighter Marcello (Marcello Pagliero) and his attempts to outfox the German occupiers with the help of, among other Anna Magnani.

Then comes 1946's Paisa, in which he constructs a picaresque look at his tattered country by focussing on the interactions between the locals and the invading allied forces as they battle their way up Italy.

Finally there's Germany Year Zero. in which he turns his camera on the utter destruction of Berlin, and those (especially a young lad) scraping and struggling to survive in its unforgiving environs. Powerful realism enhances the sense of desolation, and this release from the BFI has been wonderfully restored from the original prints and are packed full of fascinating bonus material as well.



EXODUS GODS AND KINGS

hought the biblical epic went out with Charlton Heston? Well more fool you - last year saw Noah splashing onto the big screen (and now, Lord love us, there's Ark on the telly as well, complete with northern accents), and also saw this equally splashy offering from the great Ridley Scott. It's kind of The Ten Commandments again, but instead of Chuck as Moses we've got Christian Bale, which probably tells you all you really need to know about the new take on this old tale. Joel Edgerton plays the Pharaoh, but the real stars are the special effects team and the set pieces, with the sight of the Red Sea parting almost as eyepleasing as the parting of a Mayfair babe's legs. Fun, but a bit daft as well, it's no Gladiator.



SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

here weren't many golden age Hollywood stars who could hold the screen guite like Burt Lancaster, and this sassy noirish drama from 1957 (directed by Brit Alexander McKendrick, no less) has to be one of his most memorable performances. He plays the wonderfully named J.J. Hunsecker, a newspaper columnist who has the power to make or break careers, while Tony Curtis, in his first serious role, is a hard-pressed agent desperate to get some decent coverage for one of his clients. Cue a cynical and doomed plot that spells disaster. Something of a masterpiece, frankly.



he War Trilos



SATYRICON

Thile his compatriot (and mentor) Roberto Rossellini pioneered a starkly realist style, Federico Fellini's noted for his rather more, er, off the wall approach, and there aren't many films that characterize this more than his utterly deranged take on a fragmentary ancient work by Petronius. The book - or what's left of it - is usually seen as a satire on the tastelessness of Nero, and certainly Fellini doesn't let himself be encumbered by anything too tasteful here. Gory, bawdy and visually over the top throughout, with a series of bonkers set-pieces laying waste to the idea that the Roam Civilization was, in any real sense, civilized at all. Released in 1969, it's as much a reflection of the wilder mores of its own day than what the ancients got up to, and it's a rather queasy watch, frankly, but certainly not one you'll forget in a hurry if you do watch it!





ROLLERBALL

vstopian futures are all the rage with tweenies these days, with The Hunger Games and Divergent and the like warning them just how crappy things might turn out in a few years - but then dystopian futures have been knocking around in the movies ever since Metropolis! Readers of a certain age are bound to remember 1975's Rollerball, directed by Norman Jewison and starring James Caan as a sporting hero of the near future in which tired old sports have been replaced with the rather more bloodthirsty game of the title. It involves rollerskating (ah, how 70s!) round a velodrome type thing and trying to pop a heavy metal ball in the oppo's goal, but with motorbikes and knuckledusters thrown in for good measure! Well now Arrow have given it a sprucing up for Blu-ray, and it looks better than ever!

MF Reviews

MAYFAIR Movies

Been wondering what those porno johnnies have been getting up to recently? Us too. Seems they've been churning out another slew of eye-pleasing scruff, so what could we do but watch some, just so you don't have to...



PARADISE CITY **Digital Playground**

CAST: Chanel Preston, Summer Brielle, Tasha Reign, Aidra Fox, Samantha Rone.

his feature is classy stuff - none of your cheap and nasty knockers/knock-off rubbish here, mate.

To the outside world (outside inside the film, that is. Not you lot!), Paradise City is a common or garden bed and breakfast, but once you sign in you discover it's actually a sexcrazed nudist colony where it's still the flower power 1960s and free love won't eventually give you a dose.

Married couple Larry and Annie find themselves in a terrible situation. Poor Larry's lost his job, and to support himself and Mrs Larry (Annie, ie, Aidra Fox) he must move in with his arrogant brother and work for the hateful sod's business. But before Larry starts work, the couple spend a night at Paradise City, where they witness a number of incredibly lewd acts (shades of The Rocky Horror Show, here).

Being utter idiots, they leave the next day, but Larry finds his over-sexed, selfish brother, who juggles a very nice mistress with an equally good-looking wife, impossible to deal with, so Larry and Anne just say "Fuck it" and, now they've had a chance to think things through



a bit, race back to Paradise City where they are welcomed back with open arms, open thighs and open mouths.

To celebrate their return, the community hold the most intense group orgy in its history, allowing the distressed couple to release their frustration before their travel money runs out and their home is repossessed and they're both back in the big city begging for buttons on the sidewalk

Look, you can't have this much fantastic sex without facing the consequences, can you?!



It's still the flower power 1960s and free love won't give vou a dose...



Brazzers

SLIPPERY WHEN WET

CAST: Kelly Divine, Jada Stevens, Diamond Kitty, Mischa Brooks, Melina Mason.

h look! A brand new DVD series eaturing girls with big shapely backsides the width of a Volkswagen Beetle getting their burns oiled up then tampered with as though they were in a garage for repairs.

Kelly Divine features as a woman with Spacehoppers instead of arse-cheeks whose swaying netherquarters have a predictably hypnotic effect on Erik Everhard. See if you can guess what happens to her before too long.

Water babe Diamond Kitty peels off the lower portion of her orange bikini to expose a staggeringly spherical arse, only to be wrestled back into land by Danny D, who takes his LAPD battering ram of a cock to her back door, hammering away at her in spoon, fork, fishknife, chopsticks, reverse cowgirl and inverted cattle baron, until, eyes boggling, he blasts off inside her, his wad firing from his knobend majestically like an intercontinental missile leaving its silo. Only sorry – you don't get to see that part without a Magnetic Resonance Image scanner because it all takes place privately inside Diamond



SEXAHOLICS

CAST: Shay Fox, AJ Applegate, Mandy Muse, Dava Foxx.

Brazzers

JUST MIA

CAST: Mia Malkova, Abigail Mac, Keisha Grey, Georgie Lyall, Sammi Jay.

"ust Mia" - or "O Sole Mio" ("It's Only Mia") as I prefer to call this disc (either that or "Just One Cornetto") - is worth checking out if you fancy a jolly good hand-shandy, if only because an international authority on scud flicks such as myself has

instructed you to do so.

Six sizzling scenes showcase the talents of what many people in adult entertainment circles are referring to "the utterly incredible Mia Malkova", despite the fact they believe she exists. Tasty-looking as Mia is, however, it is her animal passion (an expression often used by barristers defending farmers alleged to have been up to something in the byre) which has the punters drooling. Highlights include the bit where Mia grapples with the pretty Keisha Grey and the comparatively unlovely Johnny Sins, tearing open







Kitty's arse.

Conversely, when Eric Everhard has his way with Savannah Fox, his bell-end explodes all over her face and Savannah cleans him off with her tongue - though she would get the job done more quickly and effectively with a mop and bucket.

If the thought of highly attractive female specimens with whopping bums getting all wet and oily before being pronged in the jacksie appeals in any way to you, I think I can safely say this movie has something to offer.

his disc begins innocently enough by taking it out of the plain brown paper bag when the wife is out and popping it into your DVD player. After that, however, like some bloke falling headfirst down a mine-shaft with his cock out, things rapidly descend into depravity

Sexaholics, eh? Poor Michael Douglas.

Salivating blonde AJ Applegate stars as a naked female afflicted by this same diabolical psychiatric pestilence - though ironically most of us would just style her a nymphomaniac... and surely no-one but a lunatic would want to "cure" a member of the gentle sex of this supposed mental disorder.

AJ brings out some water for pool-cleaners (pool-cleaners! I ask you!) Mr Pete and Alex Jones - only to spill the water all over her dress. Oh no! - the wet clothes have to come off! What a cunning ploy from the wanton hussy. In no time at all AJ is out of her soaking duds and on an indoor couch with Mr Pete being blown and Alex with his face buried so deep in her arse crack that his ears are pinned back.

And so her enchanting ride-anything in trousers chronicle begins, her helpless sexaholic lust dragging other fired-up female phallus fiends into a vortex of vigorous twosomes and moresomes, as AJ and a selection of other comely flampers who share the same affliction regale their support group with tales (we get to see the actual action) of their uncontrollable craving for cock.

Of the two scenes (out of five) that don't star AJ, I think I preferred the Dava Foxx effort, on account of a) her hairy nadger and b) it was the first, and I was soon feeling rather drained.





Keisha's knickers and gobbling her fanny like a feeding zombie or the favourite in an American pieeating contest, and Mia's tryst with Abigail Mac, wherein Mia tucks into Abigail's pussy, this time showering it with the type of attention most usually

associated with old-time bar room spittoons, snacks on her twat from behind with her head twisted under Keisha's arse, then rides a toy (nostalgically, I was hoping to see a Matchbox car) which is suction-cupped to a mirror.

If you're the sort of person who thinks them might get bored with this sort of thing, well then all I can offer is my pity.



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"but ke man courses too Oh and ma bit of a chocoholic So how does she manage to keep her wonderful figure n trim? "Sex, sex and more sex!" she giggled "Good sex burns off more calories per nch than even the most hectic aerobics class So the last course of any feast is always eaten n bed "

N neteen-year-old Melanie Reeves is nude rude and very fond of food Although you d never know her 34-24-34 figure h des an enormous appetite "Pudd ngs are my favourite" confessed the sweet-toothed angel "but ke man courses too Oh and m a bit of a chocoholic "

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS

















Hmm, 'Nude, rude and very fond of food'!? That's straight out of the golden era of girl blurbs, that is! And who knows, perhaps it was true. The evidence of our own eyes verifies (more or less) the first two claims, but who knows about her appetites in the culinary department? We can only hope that, over the 21 years that have passed since this set appeared, Melanie has managed to have enough sex to burn off all those calories she allegedly loved to guzzle! With looks like those, we don't for a moment imagine she ever went short of offers...



MF Intelligencer

MAYFAIR Intelligencer

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

well without - in one handy digest!

COMEBACK KINGS

Mickey Rourke

Now 62, Mickey Rourke is an actor and ex-boxer, who's appeared as a leading man in drama, action, and thriller films... and returned from long obscurity to Hollywood's A list.

One of his Mickey's appearances was in the panned-before-release but actually brilliant western Heaven's Gate. During the 1980s, Rourke became an A list star, with leading roles in the comedy-drama Diner, the thrillers Johnny

Handsome and Year Of The Dragon, the erotic drama 91/2 Weeks, and the outstanding horror mystery Angel Heart, among others.

Then, in 1991, Mickey, who had trained as a boxer in his early years, seemed to lose his marbles by leaving acting and becoming a professional boxer.

But when he retired from boxing in 1994 and tried to take up his movie career, there weren't too many people wanted him, not least because boxing had left him with a ruined face and the reconstructive surgery to mend his injuries had only made things worse. In 2009, the actor admitted he had gone to "the wrong guy" for his surgery, and that his face had been left "a mess". This was ironic, given that the plot of Johnny Handsome is about a minor crook with a face like a can of smashes assholes who is given surgery to look normal.

Though he appeared in many films as a supporting actor, it took a decade to make his comeback in mainstream Hollywood with a role in Sin City. With 2008's The Wrestler, Rourke received a 2009 Golden Globe award, a BAFTA award, and an Oscar nomination. In 2010 he appeared as the main villain in Iron Man 2 and turned up in Sylvester Stallone's actioner The Expendables. Since then, amongst other big flicks, he has played the lead in Sin City 2: A Dame To Kill For.

In this

1856: The father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud is born in Freiberg, Moravia. His theories became the foundation for treating psychiatric

disorders by psychoanalysis and lifelong TV meal tickets for his direct descendants, MP Clement and Emma Freud.

1859: Sherlock Holmes creator Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930) is born in Edinburgh. His writings apart,



he will also become fascinated by spiritualism - an interest which led him into a friendship with escapologist and spiritualist Harry Houdini, a former member of the same entertainment troupe as The Keatons and the man who gave three-year-old "Buster" his nickname after seeing him fall down a flight of stairs, smack his head off a wall and bounce back up.

1862: To prevent its capture by Union forces, the Confederate Ironclad Merrimac was

destroyed by the Confederate Navy. In March, the Merrimac had fought the Union Ironclad Monitor to a draw. Naval warfare was changed forever, making wooden ships obsolete. The sinking may also have been the inspiration for the comic section in the Scottish Sunday Post, Merry Mac's Fun Parade.

1991: Former Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi was assassinated in the midst of a re-election campaign, killed by a bomb hidden in a bouquet of flowers. He had served as prime minister from 1984 to 1989, succeeding his mother, Indira Gandhi, who was also assassinated.

Etiquette for the BEWILDERED

"Nexterday" is a laudable new - and guicker - way to describe "the day after tomorrow".

Less savoury is the term "grave-digging", which means to try to have sex with an older person of either gender

But perhaps the object of your attentions has will give you "the moon door". This means to break up with somebody or to fire someone from a job. The new phrase derives from the book and television series Game of Thrones, in which there is a castle

on a mountain with a hatch in the floor. When opened, this 'Moon Door' releases people into mid air and they fall a long, long way to their death.



An A-Z of things you



"NEXTERDAY"

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 ...

LITTLE BIG MAN (1970)

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"They couldn't hit an

elephant at this dist ... "

General John Sedgwick

A Union Commander killed in battle in

1864 during the US Civil War

Little Big Man is the 1970 American Western directed by Arthur Penn and based on the novel of the same name by Thomas Berger. It is a picaresque comedy about a white boy raised by the Cheyenne nation during the 19th century and his contrasting cultural

experiences whenever he tries going back to live among the whites.

The movie stars Dustin Hoffman as the boy, Jack Crabb, Chief Dan George as his adoptive Cheyenne grandfather Old Lodge Skins, Faye Dunaway as nymphomaniac preacher's wife Mrs Pendrake, Martin Balsam as snake-oil salesman Mr Merriweather, Jeff Corey as Wild Bill Hickok and Richard Mulligan (later to play Burt in the

madcap soap opera parody Soap) as General George Armstrong Custer. It is considered a revisionist Western, with Native Americans receiving a more sympathetic treatment and the United States Cavalry depicted as villains.

In the early 1960s, a wheelchair-bound but feisty 121-year-old Jack Crabb tells

armed with a tape recorder. Jack begins his story when he was 10 and he and his older sister Caroline survive the massacre of their parents by the Pawnee, and are taken back to a Chevenne village. Caroline escapes, but Jack is reared by tribal leader Old Lodge

the story of his life to a curious historian

Skins. Jack is given the name "Little Big Man" because he is short but very brave. When he is 16, however, he is

recaptured by US cavalry troopers and renounces his Native American upbringing in order to save himself. After many adventures Jack becomes a "mule-skinner" in Custer's 7th Cavalry. He takes part in a battle against the Cheyenne, but when the troopers begin killing women and children, Jack goes back to the Cheyenne... When the 7th Cavalry make a surprise attack, Jack saves the now-blind and

elderly Old Lodge Skins but his Chevenne wife Sunshine and their child are both killed. Jack tries to infiltrate Custer's camp to exact revenge, but loses his nerve. Disheartened, he becomes the town drunk in Deadwood ...

Last year, LBM was selected for preservation in the National Film Registry.



MAYFAIR

Vol.50 No.6

On May 29th

who'd recommend you wish your life away, and we know it's only just turned May, but there's no two ways about it - the end of May's starting to shape up pretty nicely already. We haven't quite made up our mind who's going to be in the next issue just yet, but we can tell you that two of them will be Mayfair fave Tommie-Jo, and a perky newcomer in the shape of Felicity Hill. It's just as well you've got this month's issue to keep you going till then!



PLUS look out for Best Of Maylan 40 - out now!





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