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SUMMER



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Sometimes you just have to buy some designer bags just to get naked in the packaging, amiright?



Breakfast In Bed



































SELF-MADE



































-nervously together wondering if this was going to pay off for me. I decided to finally go to bed, regardless of being BEYOND nervous. Were people going to judge me? How are my followers going to react? I was so nervous, only because it was new, not because I wasn't comfortable with my body or my femininity; it was uncharted territory for me. I finally went to bed, not expecting much to come from it.

When I went to bed, I had \$1.07 in my bank account. I didn't even have enough to drive back home to Orlando from Jacksonville. I would figure it out. I always did. When I woke up I had \$4,000 in my bank account. I had **never** seen that much money in my struggling-model bank account in my entire life. I could buy gas, I could get food, I could pay off my phone bills. When I tell you I CRIED. It wasn't just the money. It was the fact that I had finally found a way to monetize off of my image and hold onto the creative power.

I never came from money, per se. My mom was a stay at home mom and my dad was working his way up in admissions at an entertainment school. They were divorced, and my dad eventually started making pretty decent money. Regardless, my dad always taught me to follow your heart and WORK for your own money. I never got an allowance, I never got spoiled with toys or clothes or gadgets. I'd have to work for that shit.

My dad taught me work ethic and responsibility over my finances. I'm no billionaire, *yet*, but I'm so lucky to be able to get gas, buy food, and pay my phone bills. Sure, they know me by name on Rodeo Drive, but it's because I worked hard to be able to spoil myself. I saved, I invested.

I had this idea of an "extra" photoshoot magnifying a single, tiny aspect of my life. I'm not materialistic, and I barely even drink alcohol, but I wanted this shoot to exude me celebrating all of my hard work by myself, drinking and smiling, not because I have nice things, but because I got nice things all on my own, and I'm pretty damn proud of my journey. This issue is an "I'm proud of you." gift to myself.

Follow your dreams, they're waiting for you.





From Broke To Boujee (Kind Of)

BY LAUREN SUMMER

I've been doing a lot of reflecting the past couple of weeks, and my god am I so appreciative of everything that I have in my life right now. I've been working my lil' booty off for over 10 years to get to where I am today, and I have to say that I'm pretty damn proud of myself. Before any of you knew who I was, I was struggling model that decided not to take the usual college route and take her chances following her dreams.

I was constantly overdrafting my bank account, returning things that I bought just so I could pay for gas, taking any little side modeling job that I could just to pay my phone bill for the month. I made the executive decision not to go to college pretty early on. Not that a degree doesn't hold merit, but I just knew that it wasn't right for me. I told my dad my plans and what I wanted to accomplish, and he fully supported me, as long as I could pay the bills. I was struggling and broke up until the day that I made my first big chunk

of modeling money. A few years ago, I started to hear about this website called **Patreon**. I had heard of some other girls using it to post content that Instagram wouldn't let them and it was helping them pay the bills. Just because people that like them and wanted to see more of them. This was such an interesting concept to me. For whatever reason, I kept putting off the idea of a Patreon and then putting it off some more. Months after hearing about Patreon for the first time, I finally decided to give in and create an account. I uploaded some of my favorite tasteful photos that I couldn't share Instagram, created my tiers, and personalized my page. I took a deep nervous breath, and hit publish. I was staying with one of my best friends Taylor at the time. She lived in Jacksonville and I would often drive up from Orlando to go stay with her. She was so supportive of my journey, even though she was a college educated businesswoman. She understood that this was for me. We paced

Happy Hour





















TEA

for one?

















XOXO















TREAT YO'SELF











