

LUST, VICE AND SIN #1 £2

THE OFFICIAL FANZINE OF THE JAMES DEAN BRADFELD APPRECIATION SITE.

WANTED



.... FOR BEING CRIMINALLY GOOD LOOKING!

(WARNING - CONTAINS MATERIAL OF A SEXUALLY EXPLICIT NATURE !!!)

A WELCOME...

..to the first ever edition of 'Lust, Vice and Sin,' the official fanzine of the James Dean Bradfield Appreciation Site.

A Message to James...

.. if by some chance this fanzine comes into your possession, please read it with the spirit in which it is intended. There are not many men who can appeal to women from the ages of 18-30 plus, (and that's a BIG plus!) married, single, or just looking for someone who vaguely resembles you. As the title suggests, the fanzine is an appreciation of ALL things James Dean Bradfield, and we intend to appreciate you in a BIG way.

Meet the 'Lust, Vice and Sin' Gang.

The following contributors to this issue regularly appear on the James Dean Bradfield message board. Some of them have kept their board names, while others have chosen pseudonyms, in fear of meeting the man himself, and having their sordid past revealed.

MISSY - Star of the Manic Millennium video (during Tolerate) Useful member of the board for her 'affiliations' with the music press.

FW -Diva of Domestic Disaster - runs the famous "post-gig doss house"

Once stood two feet away from him with only 150 people in the room Did we mention she was only two feet away?

GRACIE - Famously "bendy" member of the board. The North's own Olga Korbett.

In 92, she was one of the first reported cases of 'Damp Knicker Syndrome,' and was recently in a room with FW, James and 150 others.... Did we mention they were only two feet away?!

ANNIE - Black and white wearing member of our board. Although when it comes to fantasies about James, they're most definitely blue. Oh, did we tell you her name, it's Annie... Annie Position.

DARIA - The boards own Deutsche Darling. . Proving that you DO have to go to Europe for the really hard-core stuff !!

NAT - Once met James and S.T.H.H.W.W. If you read the board, you'll know what this means. Ambition - to paint James in the nude...with chocolate.

NAN - also known as the naughty virgin. But for how long? Studying English language - would appreciate any help James could give her with tongue positioning and mouth work...

SYD - Canada's greatest export since.....

SHEEP - Loves pictures of James with a hat on his head, although she doesn't say which head.

NYMPH - Juicy member of the message board, also goes well with cream.

GT - - Poetry loving Playboy pet from The Land of Their Fathers.

KATSI - Our Finnish contingent, and boy wouldn't she like to Finnish him off.

MEG - One James isn't enough for this girl, and they do say two heads are better than one.

JETTE - When watching TV with James, will not give him the remote, but will let him push all the right buttons.

**If you do read the MB you will be aware of our ongoing soap opera.
"James Blond, licence to shag" Here is the story so far.**

The History of James Blond, MSP and the evil Dr Sutherland.....

No one is quite sure what finally sent Mark Sutherland mad. Was it the pain of seeing Oasis stumble into mediocrity, his seduction by Britney Spears (a lust tar pit filled with men of a certain age...) or the stress of tumbling circulation figures...maybe all three. The only certainty was that in an attempt to breath life into his ailing flagship publication he sold his soul to the jock-rap-metal-pap of Limp Bizkit, Korn et al...but his plans for the Melody Maker were constantly criticised and decried by the fans of one group....The Manic Street Preachers.... Somewhere in that addled brain Dr Sutherland thought he had the solution ... he and his minions must wipe the MSP from the face of the earth.

Meanwhile, in the valleys of Wales, behind the façade of what appeared to be a humble two-up two-down terrace, the top-secret think-tank - Music of Superior Purpose, or MSP for short - was hard at work. Their aim, the redemption of the charts, education of music press hacks and *real music*. (you know, the sort of thing where a group *writes it's own stuff* and can actually *play* - a music heaven where "a group" isn't five blokes and a backing tape.) The MSP, a small group of determined Welsh musicians and international men of mystery, are determined that Sutherland must never win.

The mysterious M is the brain behind the forces of musical good. Aided by the short sardonic science maestro, sometime drummer and shampoo obsessive - Q, the femme fatal Nikkita - a highly-strung bassist and compulsive cross dresser with Wales's biggest walk-in wardrobe.. and Sutherland's Nemesis ...James Blonde. Mr Blond (having decided a return to his natural dark colouring might help disguise his secret work) is the strong, silent man of action behind the MSP. The ministry know of his weakness for a cigarette, a Jameson's and a pretty face

But James Blond hides a dark secret...despite his devotion to music and the struggle against the evil of Dr Sutherland, he is a man driven by passion....Passions almost as dark and seductive as those eyes that leave women weak. He fears that he is falling in love with Sutherland's double agent - Penny Foreplay. Originally blackmailed by Sutherland into seducing James (with the intention of killing him as he slept...) Penny finds herself drawn to James, yet needing to stay within the MM in order to protect him.....

Will James manage to defeat Sutherland? Will Penny be able to protect James?

Will James and Penny be doomed to an endless round of passionate sex in dangerous places? Will Q finally manage to produce the perfect shampoo? And will Nikkita finally throw away the golden shorts that Kylie wore in *that* video ..? For all these answers and more...tune in to the adventures of *James Blond*

FW

Sleeping Beauty

You dump your bags in front of the reception to check in. The man smiles at you and hands over the key. One key. You look at James, dumbstruck. James looks at you, dumbstruck. You sigh and start explaining. There should be two single rooms booked for you, not one double. The receptionist is shocked, and apologises profusely. But there really are no other rooms. You look at James again. You only touched down a couple of hours ago and you've already escorted him to several interviews, and if you don't get yourself into a horizontal position soon you are going to die, at least. "Listen, I don't care, I just want some sleep, shall we take it?" James hesitates for a moment and then nods. You wake up and squint into the darkness. Ah, right, another hotel. Now if you can just remember where the bathroom is you'll be sorted. You slide out of bed, still half asleep, and stumble through the room. You're just about to turn the handle when you hear a noise from the other side of the door. You frown. Then you remember. James. You sigh and turn around to crawl into bed again, when there's another sound. You lean towards the door. That sounded like groaning. He's not unwell, is he? There, again, a low deep groan. You've already raised your hand to knock and ask whether everything's alright when the penny drops. God, he's having a wank! Jesus, and you almost walked in on him. Well, best leave him to it then. But before you can get away – you hear your name. You shake your head. Surely you only imagined that. But then you hear it again. He's moaning your name. You're rooted to the spot, straining towards the door. There's no doubt, he's repeating your name over and over again until he stifles a scream and all you can hear is heavy breathing. It takes a while for you to realise that he is finished, but when it sinks in you jump right back into bed, seconds before the door opens and he reels out. An hour later, you're still awake. James fell asleep straight away, obviously somewhat exhausted, but you can't stop thinking about what happened and what it implies. He. Wants. You. When you started working for the Manics the mere thought of being around him made you dizzy. And now this. You turn your head yet again to scrutinise his face for any signs that it really is true. You can just about make out his silhouette. Your eyes wander over his body, and you almost faint when you notice the bulge visible beneath the thin sheets. There's no way he's having a hard on AGAIN, is there? [The little stud. ;-)] You take a deep breath and try your best to ignore your dampening knickers, or the fact that you haven't felt this rampant in ages, but before long your hands have slipped between your legs. You can't believe you're doing this. At least he had the decency to hide away in the bathroom. But you can't help thinking about what might happen if he woke up and noticed what you're doing. Unfortunately, frustratingly, he's still fast asleep. Oh, what the hell, this is just silly, you want it, you have reason to believe that he wants it too, so... You move as quietly as you can, raising yourself to straddle him. You sigh when you feel his hard cock pushing against you and bend down to kiss him. 'Just like in Sleeping Beauty' you think, 'only the other way round.' Your lips touch his. God, is it legal for men to have such soft lips? It can't be. You feel rather than see that he opens his eyes. He's clearly startled, and for a second you think he'll push you away. But before you can get too worried he wraps his arms around you and pulls you close. His tongue immediately slides into your mouth while his hands move down to your bum, pushing you against his dick. You're still wondering whether the princess reacted like that as well, and what other details you're parents didn't elaborate on when telling you fairy tales, when James removes your nightdress with one swift motion. After some fumbling about you've pushed away any obstructing fabric, bedclothes, knickers, boxers, all the time kissing furiously, and you finally feel his hot skin against yours. He groans in his now familiar way when you grab his throbbing cock and bend down to start sucking. You greedily lick the pre-cum off the tip and then work your way downwards on his shaft. His hands move into your hair, guiding you to the right rhythm while your fingers creep up and down his chest. He urges you to go on, begging you not to stop, but after a while you decide he's had enough and get out of his reach. "Oh God, PLEASE" he moans, but you shake your head, ignoring his pleading. But it's not like you're going to leave him lying there just like that, oh no. You straddle him again, this time sliding his cock deep inside your aching pussy. You feel his whole body shudder when you begin to slowly rock back and forth. He runs his hands over your thighs, your stomach, up to your breasts, slowly massaging your heavy flesh, teasing your nipples, allowing you to set the pace now. You roll your hips against his, squeezing your muscles around him, turned on beyond belief by his heavy breathing and strangled moans. Then you feel his hands move down your body again. You close your eyes in anticipation and sigh when he begins to caress your clit. His thumb steadily circles your swollen bud, making your entire body tingle. You respond by riding him harder and soon you're both on the verge of orgasm when suddenly he stops and sits up. "Lie down" he orders. You look at him, reluctant to stop, but he is already softly pushing you down on your back so you finally obey. He gets on his hands and knees above you and just lets his eyes wander over your body without saying anything. "James –" you begin but he seals your mouth with a kiss. Automatically, you run your fingers through his hair, trying to pull him closer, but he moves away again to kiss your neck, sucking soft skin into his mouth. He works his way down on your body, licking and nibbling. He pauses a moment when he reaches your lap, before starting to slowly lap up your juices. His tongue restlessly teases you, never quite giving you as much as you want, so you push his head down, desperate for more. But he quickly grabs your wrists and pins them down by the sides of your body, forcing you to remain passive. He goes on and on, flicking his tongue over your clit until you can't take it anymore and beg him to make you cum. And just when you think it's about to happen he stops yet again, but your moans of protest quickly turn into gasping when he enters you with one hard stroke, filling you up completely, even bigger and harder than before. You cling to his body, feeling his tense back and shoulders while he thrusts into you again and again, taking you further than ecstasy. It only takes a couple of seconds for you to cum, and while you're still shaking from the feelings raging through your body, screaming his name, his hot cum explodes inside you and for the second time that night you hear him climax, repeating your name like a mantra. You're too exhausted to sleep, so you keep kissing and touching each other's tired bodies until the room fills with light. Downstairs in the lobby, Sean grins as he hands over a note to the receptionist and thanks him again for arranging the double room for his cousin, who, by the sound of it last night, fully appreciated it.

Daria

The Moment when Memories of falling in Lust.

The remarkable thing about all the replies to this question, is the sheer physical reaction described by everyone - different times and places, but each of us having that moment.....I wonder what it feels like to know you have that effect on people? Do you think he realises?

"I had been a fan from early on, and quite enjoyed the homo-erotic aspect of Nicky and Richey, but mainly liked the music and the shooting from the lip attitude. For me the moment was seeing the Design For Life video - that mix of strength and vulnerability. I remember thinking " God, to go through all that and come back with this..." He looked so pale, dressed so simply, with his hair curled into his neck - and then the middle eight, when he throws his head back * POW! *, I was gone. It's strange isn't it, how a moment can blow you away?" **FW**

"The moment when: - 1997(I think, or was it 1996) Brit Awards for Design for Life. When James + Co collected the award, James is completely choked up and has to sing Design for Life at the end. Liked them before that but my heart was never the same again."
Sheep

"The moment when: I think it was ether 91/92, my boyfriend at the time took me to see them after a mate of his had seen them earlier in the year and said they were brilliant. To be honest I wasn't expecting much, after a lovers tiff, a major fashion crises and a large amount of alcohol consumed, I wasn't in the best of moods. They came on stage looking like an explosion in a Miss Selfridge shop, and played with the energy + Duracell bunnies. What you have to understand is the music scene at the time was... well lets just say "challenging" and they were/are something different. After about 8 songs in, and the large amount of alcohol I had drank started to take it's toll, I decided to make my feeling clear to the rather cute and very sweaty singer. " Get your shirt off you sexy bastard " I cried. This should NOT be attempted when they have finished one song and are about to go into another, as this seems to be the time in a bands set when they can hear audience the most. I did what any normal person would do in a situation like mine ...and blamed the lad next to me. After the next song he proceeded to take off his shirt to the sounds of me and several other screaming "pwahhhhhh! and way hay!" " I'm NOT that impressive " he said... Oh yeah James I think my knickers would disagree. That was it I was hooked. Funny thing is I wasn't a kid at the time. I was in my 20's and had seen loads of bands BUT these guys were/are different. The boyfriend got dumped a few weeks later but my love affair with the band continues to this day ...especially a certain Mr James Dean Bradfield"

Gracie

"The first time I can remember James making an impact on me was in April 1997, nearly three years after I'd become a Manics fan. Right up to the minute of arriving in Brighton I wasn't sure that I should be there - it had been a long time since I had seen the Manics. When we arrived outside the Brighton Centre I was so nervous that I just sat outside and didn't speak for six hours. When it was time to go in and everybody stood up I was so overwhelmed by the whole situation that my mouth was dry, my head was aching and my hands sweaty. I remember very little of the Boo Radleys' support set - I was at the bar getting smashed - my nerves had turned into a lust for vodka, and I was drinking it glass after glass. I remember 'Design for life' being played and everybody was singing along and it really was an uplifting moment, although I was also struggling to stand up without falling down through drunkenness. I can remember my heart thumping as 'Design' finished, and I remember feeling it had stopped beating when finally he was standing on the stage in front of me. All of a sudden he became a totally different person to me - I can't really explain how it felt, even when I think about it now. I still get goosebumps I can still close my eyes and see him exactly the same way I did then - with a mixture of teenage lust and pure excitement - the eyes, the voice, oh yeah, and the neck veins (well I was only 16 years old)." **Nat**

"The first time I saw JDB on the telly was TOTP everlasting performance. I was in hospital and semi-conscious so I don't think what I remember actually happened! I remember the set being ultra-white with Christmas lights. I think James was wearing something dark so he stood out from everything else. Apart from being totally obsessed with his eyes, 'The Everlasting' is one of those songs where he sings beautifully, and I was in love. I fell asleep after that and when I woke up I wasn't quite sure if it was real or not, events are still hazy actually. Thankfully he was still gorgeous when I recovered and he still is now. You must have seen that TOTP's. Did the set look like that? I really can't remember. I was totally out of it." **GT**

"The first time I fell in lust was when I heard 'A Design For Life'. It was 1996, I was 16 years old and I'd just spent the past seven years going backwards and forwards to hospital due to ill health. I'd just about reached an all time low when I heard 'A Design For Life' for the first time on the radio. I had absolutely no idea who it was singing, or who the Manic Street Preachers were really, but that voice just touched a part of me I didn't think existed anymore - it woke something inside of me and I suddenly began to fight back. To this day that song haunts me - it gave me such hope. I always remember a line a critic wrote about it - "Bradfield sang as though it was the last chance he'd ever get". Up until the release of 'Everything Must Go' I still had no idea as to what the Manics, and more precisely, James Dean Bradfield looked like...but then I saw a photo and James just totally left me as horny as hell! He was gorgeous, intelligent, sexy, and had a voice to die for. At that point everything changed - within a week I'd bought most of the Manics' back catalogue

(...hey, I don't do things by half!) and was discovering their past. Then, when I stumbled across the JDB Appreciation Site, my life was pretty much complete! That's what I adore about the Manics - there's the serious side and the fact that they changed my life, and the silly outrageous side where I get to become Missy_Manic pornstar, and get to dream of the James I love best...angry, pissed off and rather rough. Hey, what can I say? I'm into being dominated ;-)" **Missy**

The house was silent when you arrived home, and for a moment you panicked... wasn't he supposed to be here with Chloe? You'd expected to hear them... but there wasn't a sound. It wasn't until you passed the bathroom and saw their clothes scattered all over the floor that you breathed a sigh of relief. A moment later you found them in the bedroom. His arms wrapped around her as they both slept peacefully, her head resting on his chest, still damp from the shower they'd obviously taken. You smiled to yourself. He was in bed with another female and you weren't jealous! Carefully you made your way over to the bed and gently kissed him on the forehead before turning your attention to her. Almost automatically she opened her eyes - which were the spitting image of her father's... the man who slept beside her... James. Chloe was your 2-month old baby daughter.

You'd known you were pregnant for a while before you had the courage to tell James. It wasn't that he'd specifically said he didn't want children - just that he'd never mentioned it or shown the slightest interest. You weren't exactly sure how he'd react to the news. For weeks you kept quiet but he'd sensed something was wrong, and after a blazing row one night the truth finally came out. At first he'd been silent, just glaring at you. For the briefest of moments you'd thought he was about to lose his temper, that he was angry. But then something completely unexpected had happened. His eyes had filled with tears and he'd softly murmured, "Really?" And from that moment on your somewhat volatile relationship calmed. The pregnancy brought you closer together than you could ever have imagined. He was ecstatic about being a father, and neither you nor anyone else had ever seen him happier. And when you finally went into labour he'd even cancelled that last date of the Manics tour just to be at the birth.

Chloe gurgled, waking James. "Ah, so Mummy's finally home" he quipped sarcastically, grinning at Chloe before turning to you. "Come here, Mummy", he whispered, pulling you towards him playfully and kissing you. "James..." you giggle, "she needs feeding". He flashes you an evil grin, letting his hand and his eyes drop to your cleavage. "So do I", he laughs. Suddenly the phone rings. James gives you that *please-don't-answer-it-I-want-you-right-now* kind of look before grabbing the receiver before you can. "James", you go to protest, but he puts a finger to your lips. "Sssshhhhhhh". Sliding off the bed, Chloe in one arm, the phone in his other, chatting to whoever has called, you can't help but smile. He looks just as comfortable holding a baby as he does his Les Paul, you think to yourself. A moment later he turns his attention back to you and grins, before putting the phone down. "What?" you ask suspiciously. "Chloe's going to stay with Uncle Nicky and Auntie Rachael tonight" he grins.

Two hours later and there's a knock at the door. It's Nicky and Rachael. Immediately Nicky launches into his *where's my little angel?* baby speech, and Rachael gives you her 'Don't worry, he's totally lost it' look as Nicky picks Chloe up and starts playing with her. It still amazed you just how much a baby had completely changed James, Nicky and Sean. They practically fought over her! Rachael laughed, watching Nicky kiss Chloe. "Maybe we should be getting jealous?"

Once you'd waved Nicky and Rachael off you turn to James. "So what do we get to do all evening?" you ask, giving him your most flirty of smiles. James playfully pulls you towards him. "Oh, I'm sure we can think of something". Sliding his arms around your waist he kisses you, his tongue gently probing your mouth. "Hey, remember that 'thing' we used to do a lot of before Chloe arrived?" he whispers in your ear - a smile which can only be described as 'dirty' spreading across his face...

A few minutes later and James has managed to drag you back upstairs and into the bedroom. Pushing you back and up against the wall, leaning in to kiss you, James breathes in your ear "Do you remember the night we made her?" You smile as the memory comes flooding back. James' hand drops between your thighs, his eyes burning into yours. He lets his lips brush yours but doesn't actually kiss you, driving you wild with desire. "Yeah, if I remember rightly she was the result of one very violent row", you grin, teasing him. Suddenly James slams his body hard up against yours, making you moan. "Hey, our sex life has always been explosive whenever we've had a row..." James grins. "Admit it, you love it when I'm nasty".

He was right - your relationship had always been a fiery one. The fact that you'd stayed together, let alone had a baby, amazed even your closest friends and family. But there was just something deep inside you both that connected. Everyone knew you were good for one another but had no idea why. It was something unspoken. And Chloe? She was its manifestation.

James moves his lips down your neck, allowing his stubble to scratch your cheek. Licking your neck, he pushes his pelvis hard against you, making you feel just how turned on he is through his jeans. Automatically you go to move your arms around his neck but he suddenly grabs hold of your wrists, pinning them against the wall, above your head. His eyes are dark with lust. "Strip for me", he growls - more of an order than a request. Ever since Chloe's arrival your sex life had been pretty much back to basics, what with a baby in the house and not much sleep / time. This was one of the first occasions you'd got the house to yourself... and James wasn't about to waste the opportunity. Letting go of your arms he takes a step away from you and sits down on the bed, never taking his eyes off you. "Do it", he orders, the tone of his voice immediately turning you on. Slowly you slip the straps of your dress over your shoulders, allowing your dress to fall to your waist. Stepping out of it you walk towards James, who grabs you by the hips. "Go on..." he whispers, and as you start to take your bra off James slowly starts to pull your knickers down until you're standing in front of him completely naked. Sliding his hands round your waist to your bum, he pulls you closer, gently kissing your stomach. But then he glances up at you and gives you that boyish grin before moving his lips further down your body... you know exactly where he's heading. Gently he forces your legs apart, lifting one of them and placing your foot on the bed beside him, giving him better access to your pussy. You feel his breath on your most intimate parts and moan quietly. A second later and you feel his tongue entering you. You run your fingers through his hair, grabbing the back of his head and pulling him closer. He takes your clit between his lips and gently sucks, his tongue probing deeper all the time. Just as your legs are beginning to feel too weak to actually support you anymore, James suddenly changes his position, pulling you down onto his lap, his lips on yours and his hands running all over your body. The warmth of his body and the smell of his aftershave send you dizzy with desire. He looks deep in your eyes and then grins. "Listen..." he says, "silence". You'd both got used to the constant sound of a crying baby. You giggle, moving your hands down to his flies. A moment later and James has flipped you over onto your back and has pushed you back onto the bed, pinning you down with his body and forcing your thighs apart with his legs. As you frantically move to pull his jeans down - now absolutely dying to feel him inside you - James runs his tongue along your chest, taking your nipple into his mouth and gently biting, teasing you. Your bodies melt into one as he thrusts between your legs. The only time your relationship knew peace was when you're bodies were entwined together beneath the sheets as they were now. Panting into your neck you hear James whisper the three words you'd both always found so difficult to say before Chloe's arrival... "I love you". As your orgasm floods through your body, and James groans as he cums deep inside you, you kiss as though it's the last chance you'll ever get.

Collapsing back onto the bed, with James still inside you, you both fall asleep wrapped in each other's arms, both dreaming of the one beautiful thing you'd made together... your daughter.

You've been hanging out with the Manics for quite a while now and you get on really well with them, especially – much to your secret delight – with James. It's Friday night and you've ended up at a club together. Not a date, he was going to go anyway and so were you, so it's nothing to get over-excited about. At least that's what you've been telling yourself to make sure you don't get too carried away. You've settled down at the bar and while you're still concentrating on your 'It's only a night out with a mate' mantra, you notice that James is looking at you. You're wearing your favourite dress, which you feel really comfortable in. That's why you put it on; nothing to do with the fact that it's rather short and tight and shows off your figure. Nothing at all. You shoot James a glance. He's definitely interested, you can tell that now. By the way he lets his eyes slowly wander all over your body it's pretty obvious he's after more than just a drink with a mate. You just know that in his mind he's removing your dress...and now your bra...and now your knickers... "What?" you ask and it sounds sharper than you'd intended. "Nothing," he smirks, trying to look innocent. You're getting embarrassed and curse yourself for it. You make out that you're extremely interested in what the barkeepers are doing so you don't have to look at him. Suddenly he moves closer to you. "I was just thinking..." he whispers "...you can't really walk in here wearing such a dress and expect me not to react." With that he pushes himself against you and you can feel his cock through his trousers. It's hard. "Well, whatever," he says, his soft lips brushing your neck. "I think I'll be off to the toilets," he adds and disappears. It's obvious that he wants you to follow him, but all of a sudden you feel inexplicably pissed off. Maybe it's this really cheap come-on, the way you'd barely sat down before he made his move, maybe it's the way he assumes that you're such an easy lay, maybe it's being scared of suddenly getting what you always claimed you wanted. Whatever it is, you decide not to follow him. After a while, James returns. And he's angry. "So, you're not into toilets," he hisses "Fine. Other people are." Without looking at you again he moves over to some big-breasted blonde bitch and starts chatting her up to spite you. It hurts, mostly because you never expected him to act like that, but you're not going to do him the favour of looking upset. You just shrug and go back to watching the barkeepers. One of them, a woman, seems to have noticed what was going on and gives you a knowing look as if to say 'Hey, if he can't take no for an answer, he's not worth it. Loser.' You realise she's right, his behaviour is just absolutely ridiculous, like a little boy throwing a tantrum because mummy won't buy him an ice-cream. You grin back at her and she pours you another drink. "On the house," she winks, which cheers you up a bit. James, however is less lucky with his new friend. The blonde slag seems to either have a boyfriend or to dislike toilets as well, for a couple of minutes later she stops talking to James and wanders over to a tall surfer type bloke. If James was angry before, he's furious now. He turns back to you and leans against your rear, his cock still hard against your arse. "Alright then, I'll give you another chance" he announces, licking your neck and starting to move his hands up your thighs. Your legs feel very weak and a big part of you wants him to go on, but another part is still annoyed by his arrogance and doesn't want to give in. You rest your head back against his shoulder and breathe "James?" in a very husky voice. "Yes?" he moans, his lips close to your ear, his hips moving rhythmically against yours as if already fucking you. "Forget it!" you add in a very down to earth voice. He immediately pushes himself away from you. Neither of you speaks a word till you've finished your drink and turn to go. "Hey," he barks "what do you think you're doing there?" "I'm leaving, James," you explain very patiently as if to a retard, which winds him up even more. "You can't go home alone," he insists. You shrug again and make your way out into the street. Strangely, he follows you to walk you home. You almost think he's calmed down, but a look at his face confirms the opposite. You're getting really frustrated because the evening you'd been looking forward to all week has gone so wrong. You really don't want to carry on like this, so you swallow your pride and ignore the voice that keeps telling you that he's the one who should apologise. "Listen –" you begin, but he interrupts you, "What? Are you going to let me hold your hand?" This is getting really pathetic, you never would have believed that James could be such a git. "Oh, fuck off!" you mutter. "No really, tell me," he spits. "I want to know what Little Miss Prissy has to say." Before you know what's happening you've slapped him across the face. Hard. You're not proud of it, it was a reflex. He stares at you, half shocked, half as if he's about to lunge at you. You turn around on your heels and walk on without looking back. You don't hear footsteps, so he's not following you this time. You can't believe you hit him, it was just such a stupid thing to do, giving him all the more reason to mock you. But no one has ever, in your whole life, made you that angry. And all that just because you didn't want to jump into a toilet cubicle with him at the first opportunity. It's so sickening. You still haven't regained your composure when you reach your house. You fumble for your keys, but your hands are still shaking so much that you don't manage to unlock the door. All of a sudden, James is behind you again, breathing heavily. "So, are you going to ask me in?" You spin around. That's it. Won't he ever give up? "You just don't fucking understand it do you?!" you yell. He firmly grips your arms, almost hurting you, and brings his face close to yours, "Oh yes, I understand very well," he hisses. "You're playing hard to get, but it doesn't work, sweetheart." "Yeah right," you sneer. "Just don't give me any of this No-means-Yes shit. That's undignified, even for you." "I'm not saying that no means yes in general but it does in your case," he growls, pinning you against the wall. "And how would you know?" you press out, your voice sounding less assertive than you would have liked. His eyes are all dark with desire and he's so close to you that you can feel every single detail of his body, and even though your brain protests against it you get extremely turned on. "Well, for a start, I can see that your nipples are so hard that it shows through your bra and through your dress. And apart from that, I bet that you're really moist," he adds, forcing his hands between your legs and inside your knickers. He's right, you're extremely wet, and you can't help but groan when he roughly pushes a finger inside you. "See? I knew it. You're just leading me on, you fucking bitch. But you're gonna pay for that. Naughty girls get punished, didn't you know that?" he spits. He lets go of one of your arms, grabs your hair and pulls your head back. "Did you hear what I said?" You nod reluctantly. "Good. Behave and we'll be through with this quickly." You don't know what's happening with you, you're still well aware that you should push him away and tell him to sod off, but you find that you don't want to. No one's ever been that rough with you, so you're surprised by how horny it makes you. Your legs almost give way when he mashes his mouth into yours, forcing his tongue between your lips. You bring your free hand up to his shoulder but he shakes it off. "You'll only touch me when I tell you to," he commands, then hitches up your dress and rips down your knickers. You gasp at his fierceness and he looks up at you. For a moment you think there's a strange expression in his eyes, almost like...insecurity? But before you can be sure about it it's gone, and James forces a kiss on your mouth again while undoing his flies. He moves between your legs and finally pushes his hard cock deep inside you. You struggle to remain upright despite his

forceful thrusts, which makes him grip you even harder. He bites your neck so as not to moan out loud and without thinking about it, you put your hand on the back of his neck and pull his head closer to you. He's well on his way to orgasm and you can feel that it's quite an effort for him to stop now, but he pulls out of you again. "I said, Don't touch me!" he snarls, but his voice doesn't sound as stern anymore as it did before. You let your hand drop again, trying to somehow steady yourself against the wall when he starts fucking you again, even harder than before, slamming his hips against yours. His breathing becomes quicker and you close your eyes waiting for his semen to fill you up. But all of a sudden he withdraws again, and before you can open your eyes to look at him, he's dropped to his knees and started licking you. He probes you with his tongue, slipping it deeper and deeper inside you, savouring your taste, and then sucks your clit until you can't take it anymore. While you're climaxing, having the most breathtaking orgasm, he gets to his feet and buries his cock inside you again, making you scream out with pleasure. His tongue is so deep inside your mouth you'd probably gag on it if it didn't feel so good, and this time he doesn't protest when you put your hands to the back of his neck and wrap your legs around his waist. You're still completely ecstatic, enjoying the unbelievable pace at which James is shagging you now. You suck on his tongue, urging him to cum, his orgasm more important than anything else right now. You feel faint when he starts groaning louder and louder, the tension between your legs mounting again. When he finally explodes inside you, throwing his head back and screaming loudly, you cum again, forgetting everything around you, only feeling his hot body against yours.

You don't move for quite a while, dazed and unable to think straight. James leans his forehead on your shoulder, exhausted, and you hold him really tight. "I'm sorry," he mutters. "I'm so sorry." "Why?" you ask, completely perplexed. This was just about the last thing you'd expected. He lifts his head and looks at you, "I'm sorry for being such a bastard. I didn't want to treat you like that, but..." He stares down, embarrassed. "I'd been looking forward to this evening all week long, thinking about what might happen, and when I saw you and you just looked so fucking sexy...I really thought you...wanted it. And when you said No...it hurt. I'm sorry." Now if your legs weren't so weak anyway, what with your being so literally shagged out, they'd go weak after this confession. You gently touch his cheek. "Well, I did want it. I thought that was fairly obvious." you whisper. He smiles. "Yeah. But nevertheless..." You kiss him softly on the lips, to assure him that you don't feel offended. "James, do you honestly think that I would have let you fuck me like that if I believed that you really were such a bastard?" He thinks for a second, then shakes his head, "Probably not, no." "See." you grin, pulling him closer again "I really enjoyed this," he admits between kisses. "So did I." you answer. "But then again..." He looks at you, shocked. You pretend to be trying to make up your mind about what just happened. "...You were a rather naughty boy..." A smile spreads across his face. "...And naughty boys get punished, didn't you know that?" you add, finally pulling him inside and upstairs to the bedroom to teach him a lesson. Or two.

Daria.



They cut us out of this picture – something about indecency . Strange, we thought we were doing a decent job of it.....

FW.

Now we all know the questions we'd like to ask Mr. Bradfield... 'How long can you last?', 'How far can you reach with your tongue?', etc., but here are some relatively normal questions that we used to get to know each other better and IT got US wondering: What if it came into the hands of James Dean Bradfield himself?

Lust, Vice and Sin have obtained exclusive access to Jamesy Baby's answers to this questionnaire (NOT!!!!)

1. What time is it? 4 am – just managed to get away from the girls...
 2. Name as it appears on your birth certificate: James Dean Bradfield
 3. Nicknames: Jamesy Baby, James Dean-Sex Machine, Sex God
 4. Number of candles that appeared on your last birthday cake? 31 (+that extra one on that birthday present Gracie got me...she wrapped herself in a big red bow and had one candle burning that I had to blow out before I got to unwrap her....)
 5. Date that you regularly blow them out: 21st February
 6. Pets: Well, Peach likes to wear that leash, does that count?
 7. Eye colour: Hypnotic
 8. Hair Colour: currently brown
 9. Piercing: nope...(unless he's got them somewhere where we can't see them!)
 10. Tattoos: 2 on my arm, one on my arse saying *naughty boy* - goes to show you what happens when you mess with Nan!
 11. How much do you love/hate your job? Are you kidding? I've girls screaming my name and wetting their knickers thinking about me!
 12. Had the drink Calypso Breeze? Yeah, and I bet you'd like to know what I drank it out of too!
 13. Been to Africa? Yes, Annie took me there once, something or other about shagging against a pyramid that gets her going...
 14. Been toilet papering? Hmm, interesting question....
 15. Been drunk? Oh yeah
 16. Been toilet-papered? Missy tied me up with it once, does that count?
 17. Are you happily married? Happily enjoying not being monogamous.
 18. Been in a car crash? This one time Cappy was driving me to a venue and I couldn't keep my hands to myself....
 19. Croutons or Bacon Bits: depends on what (or who) I get to eat them from!
 20. 2 doors or 4 : 4, fits more people easily
 21. Sprite or 7 Up: All up!
 22. Coffee or Coffee Ice cream: I would have said Coffee but SYD did this thing with Ice cream last night....
 23. Blanket or Stuffed animal: naked flesh feels best
 24. Dumper or Dumpee: well, this sounds harsh, but dumper – do you know anyone who'd consciously break up with *me*?!?!)
 25. Salad Dressing: mmmm, now you've got me thinking about this body butter Daria uses!
 26. Colour of socks: I tend to not wear socks...saves me a lot of trouble!
 27. Number: 696
 28. Why: you thought 69 was good, try this!
 29. Kiss where: anywhere you can reach baby!
 30. Movies: 9 ½ weeks
 31. Quote from a movie: "Harder baby harder"
 32. Favourite Holiday: that trip to a sex shop with Daria – Germany is *the* sex country!
 33. Foods: lamb and anything else you can eat off of other people
 34. Day of the Week: I prefer nights!
 35. Song at the moment: Sex Bomb
 36. TV show: European blue review
 37. Word or Phrase: kindalike, sort of, fuck, more baby
 38. Book: Karma Sutra
 39. Musical Artist: Little Baby Nothing's impersonation of Kylie
 40. Toothpaste: mouth water is preferred
 41. Restaurant: those Japanese restaurants where you get to eat stuff off people...especially when you get to bring your own 'plates'
 42. Flower: deflowering sounds better
 43. Least Favourite subject: I like them all, but I guess sex-Ed, just because I can never get the girls to form an orderly line! Takes half an hour before they even decide who's gonna go first! Waste of time if you ask me!
 44. Alcoholic Drink: come on girls, you know that one!
 45. Sport to Watch: do you consider stripping a sport? In which case, my favourite athlete is Welshbaby! Go girl!
 46. Type of Ice: cubes baby, cubes!
 47. Zoo Exhibit: Robbie Williams
 48. Disney or Warner Bros.: neither of those do porn, do they?
 49. Fast Food Restaurant: Gracies kitchen
- RANDOM QUESTIONS
56. When was your last hospital visit? Last week....
 57. What for? Let's just say the girls got a bit over-enthusiastic

58. What colour is your bedroom's carpet? The kind that doesn't burn your skin as Nat kept complaining about it!
59. What was the name of your childhood blanket: Sean
60. How many times did you fail your Permit and/or Drivers License? Loads, they never seem to give me a female Instructor Cos you know I'd never fail in that department
61. What do you think of Ouija boards? Fear turns me on baby, rar!
62. Where do you see yourself in 10 yrs.? Still shagging!
63. Who was the last person you received e-mail from before this: some raunchy story from Missy! She is so demanding!
64. Have you ever been convicted of a crime? Oh, and one time I took Nan shopping with the handcuffs still on...ickle misunderstanding!
65. Which single store would you choose to max your credit card? Ann Summers!
66. What do you do most often when you are bored? smoke
67. What words or phrases do you overuse? Kindalike, you know yeah
68. Who are you friends with that live farthest from you? Nan...I do miss her so!
69. Most annoying thing is: that I'm not capable of shagging more than 4 people senseless at a time..but I only have 1 cock (even if it does look like 2), 2 hands and 1 tongue! Such a shame!
70. Late night dinner with someone: my girls
71. Bedtime: anytime that they let me get some actual sleep...although Finn tends to last longer than you can possibly imagine! Older girls have much more stamina
72. Who will respond to this fastest? Well, it's amazing how quickly people respond to me..take Katsi for example...takes her but a minute! Oh, you mean to 'this'.....*blush*
73. Who is the person you sent this to that is least likely to respond? They all respond eventually if they know what's good for them!
74. What time is it now? 6am. My typing is not that good when I have Peach under the table...

NAN

We all know James is a talented singer and guitarist "THE BEST" but did you know he is also a talented impressionist ? here are just some that have been captured on film??



Harry Potter



Julian Clary



Bob The builder



Handy Andy, from
"Changing rooms"



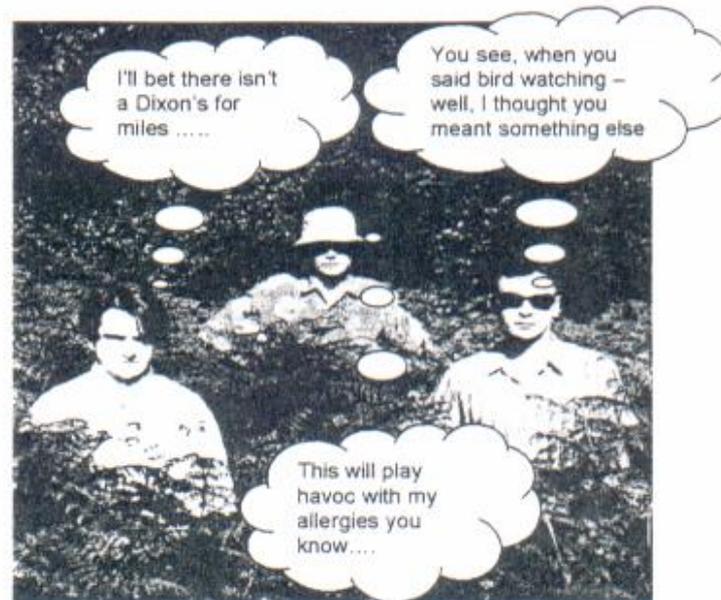
Jeremy
From
"airport"

SPIRIT OF THE PINK CADILLAC

A Tuesday afternoon, late July. It's around 11am and you are sitting on your front doorstep eating a raspberry ice pop. The sun is beating down on your bare legs and the street in front of you is empty. Most people are at work. You lean back against the brick wall, staring up into the deep blue sky. In the distance you can hear someone mowing their lawn. It sounds distant and hazy, in fact, the heat even in this early morning is making everything hazy, the air seems heavy and you can smell the melting asphalt, the gentle breeze is hot against your skin. You take off your shirt and sit in your skirt and a little cotton vest. You hear an engine in the distance. A few moments later James' car pulls up on the other side of the white picket fence. (Look, for the purposes of the fantasy he can drive ok?). He keeps the engine running and doesn't get out. Slipping your sunglasses back on, you walk to the car and get into the passenger seat. "Did you know that Tori Amos was the prom queen?" he asks. You bite into the ice. "Really?" He turns around to look at you. A little piece of ice drops onto your skin, sliding down to the hem of your top where it stains the material red. He touches your skin on the place where the ice is melting, sending little shivers all over your body. He leans over and kisses you softly on the mouth. His lips feel hot against the ice cold of yours; it's a lingering kiss. You can tell he is preoccupied. Distant even though his lips are on yours. Driving now. Fast. Leaving the suburbs behind. Along winding country roads. "We're going away for a while." "Ok" "I know you don't like flying." "... " He flicks the glove compartment open. He hands you an antique silver hip flask and a foil package. "My favourite cocktail baby. I'm touched" He is concentrating on the road. You start to feel non-existent, leaning back into the seat, trying to disappear, wondering if he would notice. Suddenly he pulls into a lay-by. Taking this as your cue, you unscrew the top and knock back the contents. Washing everything down. His hand is on the back of your neck as you lean back, draining the bottle, you feel him kissing your shoulder, his arm slides along your back and around your waist, he pulls you nearer to him as he sits upright again, you rest your head on his shoulder. You whisper that you love him but he doesn't hear you. You sigh as he starts the engine again. The air conditioning gives you goose bumps and you shiver, grabbing onto his arm, you fade into a drunken haze. So this is LA. You can see bright lights. The city at night. "James" "Go back to sleep. Long journey still to go" You lie in the back seat. The artificial neon glow washing over you, it fades, replaced by pure darkness, these roads are empty, the digital display on the dash appears giant, it blinks slowly, you drag your eyes away, unable to take its relentless on off on off. It reads 2.45am. You want to sit climb up front and sit beside James again but your limbs are languid and refusing to respond. You can feel the blood pulsing in your ears. The sound of his breathing is like a gentle caress. It lulls you back to sleep. You feel like a feather. In his arms. Vaguely aware of lights. Bright reds and blues, crowds of people, sparkles glinting off the brass, mirrors, the smell of alcohol, an atmosphere of intoxication. Elevator noises. Being laid gently on a giant bed, feeling the warm sheets against your skin, your eyes are half closed. You watch as James pulls his T-shirt over his head, your eyes lingering indulgently on the muscle definition all over his upper body. Your gaze trails slowly from his shoulders all the way down to the waist of his jeans. He walks over to the bed were you are lying. Your body is asleep, you smile as he pulls you up to a sitting position, you fall against his shoulder as he sits on the bed undressing you, and He slides your clothes off, his hands grazing against your bare skin in the most tantalising manner. You can feel the heat from his body, his skin touching yours; his smell brings back memories of a thousand encounters like this. You close your eyes, feeling the warmth from him and his silken accidental caresses as he removes your clothes and lays you down gently, covering you with the sheets, you close your eyes, melting into unconsciousness again, in the distance hearing the metal clinks as he undoes his belt and drops his trousers, the warm feel of his body as he lays down beside you, his breath against your neck and his arms wrapped around you. You fall asleep. No dreams. Sunrise. Washed out light barely glows through the blinds. But it's enough to wake you. You lie in the shadows for hours, staring at the white plaster of the wall, the feel of his arms around you, of just being so close to him while he sleeps, his breath, his pulse, shallow regular against your skin. You take his hands, entwining your fingers, his body limp and warm as he sleeps. You fall back to sleep. The next time you open your eyes, James is dressed, kneeling beside the bed, his hand stroking through your hair. He kisses your cheek. You smile at him. "Get ready, I'll be back in 30 minutes". You watch him leave. You dress. The air conditioning is keeping the room cool but this is Nevada. Nothing will do but the white sleeveless sundress that hangs waiting for you in the bathroom. You comb your hair through and lift your sunglasses from the dressing table. It's 11.30am. You make your way down to the lobby. The hours pass. You find yourself at the bar ordering vodka and pink lemonade with a straw. You put your sunglasses on. A handsome stranger sits down beside you. You watch him out of the corner of your eye as you stir your drink around and around watching the little bubbles fizzing. "I'm Gary" His accent is surprisingly English. "Hi" "... "I'm Candy" you lie, still stirring your drink. He places a finger on your jaw, turning your head to face him. "So Candy can I buy you a drink" It could be just the light, but his eyes are pale. Like smoked glass. It must be contacts. Or else just the light. "Sure" The drinks arrive. The stranger is growing more and more handsome as the minutes pass, the clock ticking in the background reminds you that James has been gone for four hours now. You run your hand along the condensation on the outside of the glass, smiling "I'm going up to my room now, are you joining me?" "If you want" You take one last sip of your drink for luck. Grabbing his hand you head back to your room. The blinds are still drawn and the light barely filters into the room, closing the door behind you and taking a few seconds to check the lock, you turn around into his arms. "You're beautiful," He says, sliding the straps of your dress off your shoulders. You lean back against the wall as he kisses your neck, across your shoulders, along the top of your breasts; he pushes your dress up over your hips. With his hands on your ass he drops to his knees pushing your legs apart. He runs his tongue all the way along your inner thigh, you gasp as he touches you, you close your eyes and arch backwards as he gently teases you to an almost orgasm, suddenly drawing back he pulls you onto his lap and crushes your body against his, kissing you almost forcefully on the mouth, your pelvis pressing against his erection. Reaching down you undo his fly. Laying you back onto the ground he pushes hard into you. Every nerve is already tingling from his tongue and your orgasm crashes over you suddenly and forcefully as he thrusts hard and fast, the denim jeans grazing against your thighs. He follows soon after. You could have sworn a little bluebird just flew past the window. He fixes his zipper, kisses you and leaves. You are impressed to hear him humming Candy Says as he closes the door behind him. And you had been feeling superior. Time passes. As in sun moving across sky and shadows in the room lengthening. It's quiet. You find yourself staring at the wall again. James comes into the room quietly, you watch him as he pauses and glances around the room.

He doesn't see you at first, sitting in the shadows against the wall, your knees drawn close to your chest. You stare intently at him waiting for him to notice you. "Well, you are only 6 hours late." He pulls you to your feet, apologising, stroking your hair. "I've disappointed you again. I'm so sorry." Guilt hits you hard in the stomach; you can see his almost pleading expression, wanting forgiveness, his grip tight around you. Your breath is catching in your throat, tangling your fingers in his hair you pull him towards you kissing him hard on the lips, pushing your tongue into his mouth. Leaning on him until he stumbles backwards and sits down heavily on the edge of the bed. Tugging his T-shirt off and pushing him back amongst the unmade bed sheets, you slide your hands over his chest, along his arms. Covering his skin with stinging love bites you fumble with his belt, undoing his jeans and running your fingers softly along his hard on. You hear his breath quicken as you slide over his crotch until you are kneeling on the floor. He sits upright as you start giving him head. You can feel his hands flutter on the side of your face and you hear him exhale loudly as you start to quicken the pace. He grabs hard onto the sheets and you hear him moan as he comes inside your mouth. You crawl onto the bed beside him where he is lying panting and lie by his side; he pulls you close with one arm around you. The sun has already set. You can see his eyes glinting even in the darkness. "I'm sorry babe" he whispers, "No limousine outside." You smile.

Nymph.



Well we don't know James.... We'd have to see it first!!!

Let's Get Physical

It was one of those days. Hot and sultry, where no amount of air conditioning can relieve the fact that you are uncomfortable and flustered. You've been making a concerted effort of late to go to the gym and get in shape for the summer, but after today, sweating off the pounds is the last thing you want. Reluctantly, you force yourself to go, only slightly reconciled by the fact that you've booked yourself a full body massage as a treat after your workout. You march briskly into the gym, and over to the reception, where you are met by the most gorgeous pair of deep brown eyes you have ever seen. You stop dead in your tracks. The man at the reception looks at you and smiles. He's dark and handsome, his unshaven face and hair curled up at the back gives him a raw, untamed sex appeal. You notice the ripples of his muscles beneath his tight red T-shirt and stand gaping. 'Can I help you?' he says, the soft, yet deep voice sending shivers down your spine.

'Um, ah, well, yes,' you stutter, trying to regain control of yourself.

'I've come to use the gym and I have an appointment for a massage at 6.'

'Oh yes,' he replies, fumbling through the appointment book. 'Your appointment with the masseur has been changed. I don't know if you were told, but Helen is leaving at the end of the month and I'm taking her place.' You stare, trying to take the news in.

'I'm James. How do you do?'

He extends a hand and you feel a gentle grip as it closes round yours, the warmth of his skin turning your legs to jelly.

'Nice to meet you James,' you reply, trying your best to sound suave. You make for the door, muttering that you have to get on with your workout, and curse yourself for looking so visibly flustered by his presence. As you change, your mind races at the prospect of his large hands running all over your body. You shudder.

'Come on. Pull yourself together,' you say to yourself.

You have a really good workout, finishing with a twenty-minute run on the treadmill. As you head for the showers, James passes you in the corridor saying,

'I'll see you in 5 minutes' and smiling.

'Ok,' you mumble, starting to get butterflies in your stomach. As you stand under the shower jets, you are startled to find a tingle between your legs, which makes your nipples more sensitive than usual. 'Oh for God's sake, get a grip' you say to yourself. You dry off and wrap yourself in a huge soft towel and make your way to the massage room.

'Hi, come on in,' a voice says to you, '...and jump on the couch.' Your heart thuds in your chest and you feel your pulse quicken. He isn't wearing a top. You stand for a second, dumbfounded. He pretends not to notice the effect he's having, but smirks without looking up. You know that he knows what you're thinking. As you lie down on the couch, all you can think of is those eyes, that body, but you fight the feeling and close your eyes. A voice cuts through your thoughts.

'A full body massage is it?' James asks you.

'Y-yes,' you reply, suddenly unable to string a coherent sentence together.

'Ok. Well lie on your stomach and I'll do your upper body first.'

As his oiled hands glide onto your skin for the first time, you jump, and you just know he's picked up on the fact that you're nervous, or turned on.

'Relax and enjoy,' he murmurs in your ear. 'Are my hands cold?'

'No, it's ok. I'm just a little tense, that's all.' He begins to massage your neck and shoulders, working his hands down your torso and sides. You stifle a moan. He starts working on your legs, working his way up to your calves and pressing into your aching muscles.

'Mmmm, that's good,' you say.

'Your muscles are very tense,' James replies, all the time working his oiled hands up and down your slightly open legs, getting higher each time. With shock, you can feel yourself beginning to get very wet, and your pussy starts to throb, desperate to be touched. You desperately try and think of anything else: stock taking at work, making dinner when you get in, anything but that moment, that sensation, and the pleasure you are feeling. Despite your efforts, you cannot regain your composure and begin to feel very, very horny.

'That will do for now,' James says. 'Turn over on your back now please.'

You comply and he starts massaging your collarbone and neck.

'Oh, that's good,' you whisper, suddenly realising just how breathless you sound.

'You're relaxing more now, that's good,' he replies '... and would you like me to do your upper torso?' It was now or never.

'Um, please.'

'Don't worry,' he says, his eyes hiding a mischievous twinkle, 'I do this sort of thing every day. There have to be some perks to this job,' he laughs.

James moves round so he's standing behind your head, and runs his big hands down your sides. The position he's in means that his crotch is resting against the top of your head. As if you weren't horny enough, every time he leans down, his crotch is brushing your forehead, and to your amazement, he's rock hard. Running his hands over your front in large sweeps, he brushes over your nipples and you involuntarily let out a sound. 'Mmmm.' He continues, with each sweep covering your nipples, and you can't help but let out another moan. 'Ohh.'

'Sorry, am I hurting you?' he says, a look of concern on his face.

'Oh no, not at all,' you reply, looking up at him.

Your eyes meet, and he locks you into a stare.

'Well, it sure looks like you're enjoying it to me' he says, deadly serious, his eyes boring deep into yours. 'Look, they're standing up for my attention now,' he smiles, his eyes wandering down to your chest. You follow his gaze. Your nipples are rock hard. He turns and is instantly at your side, looking down at your naked body.

'Shall I see if I can get them to respond some more, or would you rather leave it?'

'Umm, I don't know what to say,' you stutter. 'I-I've never been like this before.'

'Well...' he says, bending down so his face is near yours, '...we are the only two people left in the building now, so it's up to you. Do you want me to continue? If not, you're free to walk away.'

He starts to caress your breasts, and bends his head to suck on them, making you moan. He massages them, taking each one in turn and licking around the nipples with his hot, wet tongue. It's driving you crazy.

'Well,' he remarks, grinning, '... I think we both know what you really want, but are you going to admit, or are you going to walk away?'

'I-I- don't know,' you reply, in-between breaths, trying to fight the overwhelming urge to pin him to the couch.

'Well, I'll just continue for now then, and we'll see what happens shall we?'

He bends his head and starts to caress your nipples again, his right hand trailing its way down your body, and just as it reaches the towel that is barely covering you, it works its way back up again, making you writhe.

'I think we can dispense with this, don't you?' he says, as he whisks the towel away, leaving you naked on the couch. You look up at him and long to feel his body pressed against yours, so you reach up to touch him. 'Ah, ah, ah,' he replies, '... this is your session,' before pinning your arms down at your sides. He lowers his mouth to you again and starts licking a wet trail down towards your pussy, stopping only to tease your naval with his the point of his tongue, stabbing it in and out and sending you into a frenzy. 'Ohhh...' you cry out.

Ignoring you he starts to tease you, licking from your knees up, to your soaking pussy, before skimming up over your stomach and beginning the sequence again.

'Oh James, I can't stand it, please,' you groan.

'Be patient,' he tells you, '... so impulsive... you have to learn how to wait.' With that he starts licking up and down your inner thighs, deliberately avoiding the spot he knows you want him to touch.

'Open your legs for me.'

You do as you're told, feeling a rush of cool air on your pussy. Your whole being is desperate for his head to be there, lapping at your wetness, but he makes you wait. Slowly he licks the sensitive parts of your inner thighs, up and up.

'God, you're beautiful,' he gasps, 'I want to see all of you.' Gently he runs a finger down your wet pussy lips, and uses another to open you. He begins to finger you slowly, the juices running down your thigh making it easy for him.

'Do you want me to lick your pussy?' he whispers, knowing you're so turned on you won't say no. 'Y-yes,' you cry out, 'Pleeeeeease.'

With that, he lowers his face between your legs. 'Ooooooh,' you moan, 'Yeeeee.' He laps up and down your hot pussy, driving you nearer and nearer to orgasm. His tongue slides inside you and runs over your walls, before moving up and teasing your clit, flicking it back and forward and nipping it between his lips. Then he stops. You look at him.

He's kneeling between your legs, looking up at you, his face glistening with your juices. Some gesture, non-verbal, but communicated by a look, tells you both that you know you want the same thing. Badly. You stare. He stares back.

You open your mouth and utter a single word... 'Yes.'

With that, he slides off his trousers to reveal his rock hard erect cock and climbs on top of you, rubbing his body against yours. You kiss, for the first time. His mouth is hard and urgent on yours, his lips pressed so close, his tongue tasting you and caressing yours like it's the last chance he'll ever get. He moans into your mouth as you wrap your legs around him, the vibrations making your lips tingle. You kiss him harder, more passionately and groan softly as his stubble rubs against your sensitive skin.

Your hands move over him: kneading his flesh, stroking every inch of him, trying to pull him into you, to consume him. He responds, urgently stroking your tits, his other hand roaming down your thigh, opening your legs further apart, so you're splayed beneath him, powerless, his cock pressing at the entrance to your pussy.

He teases your soaking pussy with the head of his cock. He's rock hard, and his cock is long and thick and even the head teasing you sends you into ecstasy. Your body moves out of control and you buck against him, wanting him inside you, fucking you. He holds back, teasing you a little, so you rock your hips against him forcing him into you. He lets out a low, deep moan as he slips more of his cock inside you. Your hand moves down to his arse, trying to push him down into you, but he pulls your hand away, pinning it to the couch. He sighs low and long...

'Ooooooh baby...' as he slowly slides his length into you. You cry out as he fills you, every part of your pussy trembling at the sensation of his cock deep inside you. He lifts himself up and pushes deeper into you, staring down at you as he moves in and out, slowly and gently. Your eyes are locked with his. He seems to be searching for something in your eyes, and his steady gaze drives you wild. You find yourself moaning his name, over and over.

'Harder,' you whisper, not able to stand him being so gentle. He never takes his eyes off you, seeing your frustration.

'FUCK ME,' you shout at him, grabbing his hair. He stops, staring at you, then all of a sudden pulls himself up, positions himself between your legs, and with one quick thrust enters you fully. You scream in pleasure at the unexpected intrusion. He snarls, 'you want to be fucked, then by God I'll fuck you.' He grabs your legs and pulls them as far apart as they go, giving him full access to your pussy, and slams his cock in and out of you. His balls slap against you and your pelvic bones slam together as you fuck. With every stroke, harder, deeper, faster. He buries himself in you over and over again, sending you toppling over the edge. You manage to sit up and cling to him and he fucks you, your hands move round his back and grab his arse, pushing him in and out. He groans as you drag your nails down his back, pull at his hair, and bite his neck, unable to control yourself, you both become like animals, grabbing, biting, moaning, only concerned with the pleasure you are both receiving. You begin to come, feeling your pussy tightening around his cock, and you cry out.. 'Ahh... ahhh... oooooh... oh fuck.. FUCK... YEEEEEEEEEEEEES!' He groans, 'Oh yes, baby, now... AHHHHH,' as he slams into you one last time. You arch him into your body as you both shake. Spasm after spasm rocks your bodies as the force of orgasm hits you both.. You hold him inside you with your legs, breathing heavily and your head resting on his shoulder. He pushes you down and lies beside you, your bodies entangles, dripping with sweat, and he holds you, caressing your back and stroking your hair. You lay in silence as he kisses your forehead, cheeks, lips and neck. Your hearts pound together as you gasp for breath. Tears of relief spill from your eyes because he has made you feel so good. Your eyes meet again, and you both know this is the start of something fantastic. A smile. A look. A kiss, before you calm slowly in each others arms.

Annie.

PHOTO CAPTIONS



And.... kinda like, I'm gorgeous and everything.



Pour me a Jamesons and coke..... and start stripping for me.. S. L.O.W.L.Y.



Yeah but you see, it has to be a really BIG bed because there's gonna be at least ten of them all wanting to sleep with me.... The girls names? Just book them under 'LUST, VICE & SIN'...



And I said to her "IT'S THIS BIG!" and at that point, she collapsed!

Meanwhile back in the Lust, Vice & Sin cellar



Oh no! Here they come again! Another night handcuffed to the bed, servicing their every whim It's dark down here in the cellar, and impossible to get to sleep on this cold, damp floor ...and there's nothing better than a warm breast for a pillow - and boy, do they have the breasts..... Maybe I can convince them to leave off the cuffs... it makes it sooo difficult to go all the way down when your manacled to the headboard... Tonight I'll get my revenge...



Sean's stag do ... was a bit of a disappointment!

PHOTO CAPTIONS



Girls I can fuck you ALL night long; do things with my tongue you've only dreamed of and still respect you in the morning... I will girls, I REALLY will!



Ok... ok, I promise I won't look to see which girl it is.... Just HURRY UP and give me a blow-job!!!



Uhhhhhhhhh.....uhhhhhhhh Yes, like that, nice and slow.....Suck it nice and slowwwwwww.



I'm gonna rip your knickers off BABY!!!!!!



James.. packing it in ...in the trouser tackle department



Peel down my zip... insert your hands.. and do what you want with me !!!

SPANK

You've just had the most violent, drunken row ever with James and are now sitting in the back of a cab, next to him, silent but absolutely fuming. He'd been in a pretty bad mood all day but you hadn't expected him to explode like he did. You were in a bar and when Nicky, who was quite tipsy, playfully gave you a kiss, you made the grave mistake of not pushing him away. Immediately you saw James' face in the corner of your eye and knew that you'd let things go too far. Grabbing you by your wrist, he quietly dragged you to the toilets and, making sure nobody was in there, locked the main door before turning on you. "You fucking whore", he spat, moving towards you.

Angry, you went to push past him and unlock the door but he caught hold of your arms. You could smell the Whiskey on his breath and knew that he'd been drinking most of the night. You tried to struggle but slowly realised he wasn't just playing about. You were so shocked (and slightly aroused) that you backed away from him, silent. He'd never actually grabbed you so roughly like this before, although he'd been close. His eyes were burning into yours as he looked down at you. "You know the only reason he goes after you is because he knows you're easy. It's the same with Richey" he spat, deliberately trying to hurt you. With that he grabbed hold of you again and threw you up against the wall, slamming your back hard against the plaster. He pushed his leg between your thighs, after violently ripping your knickers down, despite your struggling. His body pressed hard up against yours, he grabbed your hair with one hand, pulling your head backwards. His lips were dangerously close to yours. "You need treating like the prostitute you obviously are", he hissed, and before you could protest he practically stabbed one finger inside you, fucking you really hard. You bite your lip, trying to hold back your moans - half out of pain, half out of pleasure. He knew how it was bordering on hurting you but only retaliated by fucking you even harder. Once he'd got bored of doing that he tried to push you to your knees to give him a blowjob but you pulled away, this time really fighting, and made it to the door. Once you were back in the bar you knew he wouldn't do anything - James loses his temper but not in public. You tried to act as though nothing had happened but when James reappeared a few minutes later, glaring at you, he suddenly announced to everyone that you were both leaving. Not wanting to cause a scene you just went along with it and James, grabbing your hand roughly, dragged you outside to a waiting taxi.

James never speaks a word all the way home but you can see him throwing you filthy looks in the mirror. You deliberately pull your skirt up slightly, revealing your thighs and flashing your suspenders - letting him know exactly what he's going to be missing tonight. You had planned to give him the night of his life before this row, but now you've decided to not even let him touch you - in fact, you're going to sleep in the spare room.

As soon as the taxi pulls up outside James' flat you're out of the car and opening the door, ignoring James and leaving him to deal with paying the driver. Once inside you start making your way to the bathroom but suddenly hear the front door slam behind you and in a second someone has hold of you and is forcing you towards the kitchen. Pushing you into the room, James doesn't even bother turning on the light. You turn to scream at him but then see his face. Walking towards you, you slowly back away from him until you hit the sink and realise there's no way of escaping. All you can hear is your own heavy breathing. For the first time in your life you actually feel quite scared, considering the mood James is in - you've never seen him so foul. He pushes up against you, grabbing the straps of your dress and pulling them down over your shoulders.

"Now do what you wouldn't earlier", he hisses, going to push you down to your knees. Judging by the look in his eyes you know not to argue this time. He's got you trapped between his body and the sink so you have no choice but to do as he says. Fiercely pushing himself into your mouth, he brutally grabs your hair and forces himself even deeper down your throat. "Now suck hard", he growls, as he starts fucking your mouth. You can't back away from him so have to really relax to stop yourself from gagging. (Hey, he's a BIG boy! Hee hee). You hear him moan and see him throw his head back in ecstasy as he starts to cum, so you instantly try and pull away from him. But he holds you firmly, and looking down at you hisses, "Ah ah ah - you'll fucking swallow". No sooner has he said it then you feel his hot spurt in your mouth and down your throat. He keeps hold of your head until he knows you've swallowed, and only then does he pull away.

As he walks away you turn your back to him and face the sink, spitting whatever is left in your mouth just out of sheer spite. When James doesn't say anything else you turn round slowly, thinking that maybe he's left the kitchen. But no, he's still stood there, staring at you intently. You wonder what he's going to do. "James?" you begin to say, your voice a little more nervous than you really wanted. "Pull your dress up, take your knickers down and bend over that table", he says in a low voice. For a moment you think he's joking but he just nods his head towards the table and starts taking off his belt. It suddenly dawns on you what he's intending to do. James pulls the belt from his jeans and moves towards you. "Do as you're told". You can't help it your eyes begin to fill with tears. "James no, please", you begin. "You have to learn, baby", he whispers more softly, seeing your tears, but not giving in. He lifts his hand to your face and gently wipes away your tears. You think for a moment he's changed his mind but you suddenly feel his hand on your thighs and, still staring into your eyes, he starts edging up your dress. You don't try and stop him (knowing how useless it would be) but you don't help him either. Part of you is turned on, and James knows this. But suddenly his tone changes again and he growls in your ear, "Do it". Reluctantly you start to pull your knickers down as James watches you. Stepping out of them, James takes you gently by the hand and pulls you towards the table. You can't believe how gentle he's being with you when you know he's about to do something so violent. Then, slipping behind you, he pushes you over the table. You can feel how hard he is through his jeans, as he pushes his erection against your rear. Carefully he starts to edge your dress up around your waist, and you feel the leather belt against your hot skin. "Please don't do it hard", you beg. "I'll do what I fucking want", he spits back, and then adds, "And if you try and fight, I'll do it even harder". You can tell by his voice that he's incredibly turned on, despite your reservations. But before you can say anything else you suddenly feel a sting across your bum and realise he's just whipped you. You can't help but cry out, but James just responds by spanking you again - this time even harder. "I should have done this to you a long fucking time ago", he snarls, "then maybe I wouldn't have to be punishing you now". You try not

to make any sound as he continues to spank you, but when he finishes and you hear the zip of his flies, it dawns on you what else he has planned. You feel his cock between your legs and know damn well that from the position you're in he's definitely not aiming for your pussy. Practically mounting you on the table, he pushes the head of his cock inside you and then stops. "Relax", he orders you, giving you only the briefest of seconds before thrusting hard inside you. You moan, not completely shocked - as this isn't the first time he's screwed you this way. The only difference is he'd got you drunk the first time and then sweet-talked you into doing it, being really gentle. He cums quickly and pulls you up off the table, spinning you round to face him before pushing you back onto the table so that you're sitting on the edge of it. Now he pushes between your legs and inside you properly this time. You gasp as he pulls you further onto his cock, plunging himself even deeper inside you. You're dying to make a bitchy comment about him fucking you in every place he can in one night, but decide to keep quiet. Instead you whisper, "I'm sorry". Without replying he kisses you hard on the mouth, pushing his tongue deep inside you. Pulling your dress up and over your head, he throws it to the floor before picking you up - him still inside of you - and carrying you into the bedroom, the two of you collapsing on the bed.

Gently he fucks you for hours, holding your face really close to his, as he thrusts deeper and deeper inside of you, reaching every possible spot. Turning you over, so that you're now facing the bed, he starts to slide his tongue down your back until he reaches your bum. Then he softly starts kissing the marks the leather belt left, all the time whispering, "I'm sorry, I love you, baby". And of course, you forgive him.

Missy



Drawings by Nat.

The further adventures of... St James, school of the perpetual orgasm

St James's school opened its doors on September the 5 and is the brain child of Sister Sarah Marie Ursula Tracy, OR Sister smut as she is affectionately known by the girls. Our headmaster Mr Bradfield took over after we were in danger of being closed down. be the education authority after certain allegation. We strenuously deny, the allegations of unladylike behaviour by some of the girls... well actually ALL the girls.

They WERE an unruly lot, running off to lap dancing clubs...and performing. Organising Ann Summers nights and stealing the merchandise, and that Very unfortunate incident involving the disappearance of Donkey Dick Darien that well-known stripper, who still hasn't been found?

BUT Mr Bradfield was very enthusiastic about taking over the school. Apparently he read about us after an article appeared in June addition of Penthouse, and he was very keen to take over the school. I still remember the speech he gave to the girls on the first day of term and it brings a tear to my eye he said

"You girls have lost your way in life, you need some discipline. I know you feel as if the world is against you, you feel unfulfilled, unloved, well fear no more, Jamesy baby is here. I will fulfil and love each and everyone of you"

He then pulled something out..... a badge. "This" he said "is our new gold merit award badge and it is to be given to any girl who gives me pleasure (I assume he meant for academic achievement) now girls I know you can do it because I hope to be giving you all one"

If you are LUCKY enough to go to St James's you will be aware of these posters around the school

ST.JAMES SCHOOL OF THE PERPETUAL ORGASM

Headmaster's Office

Please
Remove
ALL
Clothes
Before
He
enters
you



St James school of the perpetual orgasm

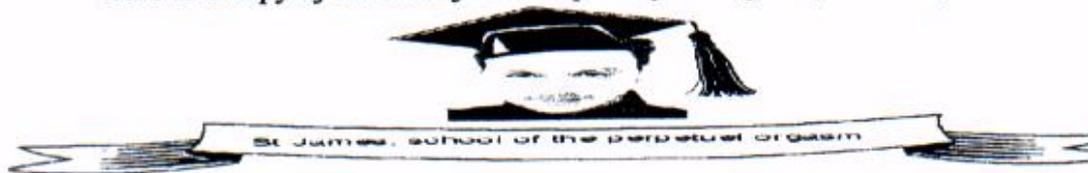


1. Uniform. We have a STRICT uniform policy, Short black skirt, tight white shirt with black peep-hole bra underneath. Black blazer with the school badge on the front. and absolutely NO knickers
- 2 Bedrooms are to be UNlocked at ALL times
- 3 When Mr Bradfield walks in to the room you get on your knees
- 4 if ANY girl is caught with cigarettes and alcohol you MUST share it with the rest of the class.
- 5 You must attend at least 3 private sex-ed lessons a week
- 6 you must have a pair of handcuffs on you at ALL times
7. You must write at least one fantasy a turn
- 8 Never say NO to Mr Bradfield
- 9 Never, i repeat NEVER touch his Jamesons

Our school badge



So, how well are the girls doing since Mr Bradfield took over as headmaster?.... Well here is a copy of an end of term report of one of his favorite girls



Pupil's name: Missy.

Class: Yes, she is.

days absent (0)

SUBJECT	COMMENT	GRADE
SEX EDUCATION	Well after last years incident I didn't think I could cope with Missy. Her enthusiasm in this subject is OUTSTANDING . I learned a lot from here	A PLUS
HANDCUFF TECNIQUE	Missy has done well in this subject. After the introduction of the new fluffy handcuffs I don't seam to scar anymore.	A
ORAL	As ALWAYS Missy came top of the class in this subject..... I don't understand WHY she insists on having private lessons.	A
HUMAN BIOLOGY	Missy was suspended from this class, after the prank she pulled where she put Chilli flavoured lipstick on herself and proceeded to give me a blow-job	D -
OUTDOOR ACTIVITY'S	Missy loves the outdoors She likes nothing better than to go on long walk with me in the woods	B +
MUSIC + DRAMA	Missy has the perfect voice for orgasmic sounds, and her performance as Clarissa Clit in our production of "Confessions from a girl from Scunthorpe" was OUTSTANDING !!	A +++++
GEOGRAPHY FIELDTRIP	Missy did not take kindly to the other girls coming on the school field trip, and spent most of the time fighting with the girls over who would have me first.	D-

HEADMASTERS COMMENTS

I have a soft spot for Missy.....**BUT** it soon gets hard. She never disappoints me and that's why I made her my "head girl". I know she's old enough to leave school, but she doesn't want toand quite frankly I don't want her to either **Mr James Dean Bradfield, Headmaster**

A Fantasy for the older woman

Now girls, this is a fantasy for the slightly older reader, in that you have to imagine you've left university/college etc, you passed your degree with style (I'm sure you all will), you're working and you've got this killer job with a great company which involves you travelling all over the world attending conferences etc. You are currently attending a weeklong conference in Barcelona, it's the height of summer and you're staying at the hotel Artz (which, trust me is a really cool hotel, and apparently a favourite haunt of Keanu Reeves, but that's another fantasy). The hotel over looks the harbour, and your bedroom is on the top floor, where you have one of the Penthouse suites, complete with sliding doors opening onto the sea front.

It's the evening and you have agreed to meet your colleague in the hotel bar, so you venture down at the agreed time and try to see him in the dim light. On initial inspection you can't see him, so you wander over to the bar to get a drink. The bar is crawling with Armani suited businessmen, with one thing on their mind, "how to get laid on business expenses" and you look a prime target. You perch uncomfortably on the side of the stool and pray your colleague gets to you before the vultures. In the corner of the room you spot a casually dressed man deeply engrossed in a book, he looks up, you smile, he smiles and looks away. Fuck, it's JDB you think to yourself, but before your thoughts can fantasise further a vulture lands on your right arm.

"Can I buy you a drink?" Armani 1 says wiping out his Gucci wallet packed full of Notes.

"Erm, actually I'm waiting for a friend, and then we have to leave very quickly you say" god that sounded really bad, and you now have to wait without a drink, to make the story believable. Shit you're dying for a beer, but you know full well that to accept a drink indicates the first stage of foreplay and you just can't be asked.

You wander closer to the window, your subconscious telling you that it's far friendlier over there, it's closer to JDB and you've always wanted to see him up close, very close in fact. Your mobile rings and it's your colleague saying that he's still stuck in the meeting and won't be finished for another hour. "Fuck, all I wanted was a bloody drink without vultures" you say to your mobile as you end the call and slump into a leather chair in the corner.

"I'll get you a drink, if you promise not to expect sex in return" James says to you.

You realise that you've sat in the chair next to him and he's looking at you with a broad smile on his face and he's put his book down (obviously a good sign). "A large beer without vultures please", you say incredulous at your luck, a beer and James. As James crosses towards the bar, you admire his broad shoulders and cute bum, god you're turning into a vulture, hell vulturing may be fun.

Over the beer you get into conversation about places you have been and which foods you like and dislike etc, he says his name is James and he works for Sony, and you tell him yours and a small bit about your company. During the conversation you are careful not to let on that you know exactly who he is, and that you're a long time fan sensing that this will put him off. You insist on buying the next round and start to relax discussing books and movies etc.

Your mobile goes again and it's your colleague saying that he has a headache and he's off to bed, you suspect that really he's managed to convince the secretary to go to have sex with him, so you accept his excuse without comment. Thinking quickly you decide to invite James to dinner.

"I know we've only just met, but can I buy you dinner, I've got a table booked in the hotel restaurant, on the veranda, my colleague can't make it, and I hate dinning alone, vultures you know" You say praying that he says yes. James smiles again, you're beginning to really enjoy his company "OK", he says, "If you promise not to take advantage of me afterwards". What a challenge. The pair of you walk onto the Veranda restaurant and the waiter guides you to a secluded table in the corner (they are all secluded) over looking the harbour. You order a large aperitif for you both and start to relax as the alcohol washes over you. James is staring at you with a quizzical look on his face, so you ask him what he's thinking about.

"I was wondering when you were going to seduce me" he says, "After all I've accepted dinner from you" You smile sweetly, and start to massage his thigh under the table. You've just got to be patient" you say and ask him about his childhood.

The waiter returns and you order dinner. The wine arrives and you take a large sip, after which you slide your hands under the table again and start to undo his flies. You move closer to him so that your shoulders are touching, you can now feel his rock hard penis in your hand so you start to massage it up and down. James quizzical look turns to pleasure as you pull back and forward on his dick. As the waiter comes over with your dinner you pull your handout quickly, he pretends not to notice. After he has gone you eat dinner quietly but with a broad grin on your face, desert will be fun. Dinner passes quickly and you pay the waiter and ask if you can escort James back to his hotel room.

On the way you convince him (the pair of you are very drunk by now) that the shortest route is via the beach. James is really getting into the female role now, and asks if you will hold his hand. Unable to resist him any further you push him onto the sand and climb ontop pinning him down with your arms and your legs, James struggles to resist you but without much conviction. You force your mouth on his and he groans in pleasure. You kiss hungrily, not allowing him to move away from you. Your hands unbutton his shirt and your fingers start to caress his nipples, his chest is silky smooth. James helps to pull your dress over your head, and whispers "treat me gently I'm a virgin". Finally you remove James' trousers and the pair of you lay naked on the warm sand. You kiss again, gently, this time and then slow move so that you whole body is covering his. On all fours you slowly move up and down his body gently rubbing against his chest against yours and his dick against the inside of your thighs. You kiss his mouth each time it comes into reach. His dick is now rock hard and standing perfectly erect, you hover above it for a second and then plunge down hard, so that it penetrates your vag fully and completely. The pair of you simultaneously cry out in pleasure, which spurs you on to push down harder and deeper and faster. Your rhythm builds as the sweat trickles down your back. James moves his hips in time and groans for more, whilst holding you around the waist preventing you from moving to far away. You're on the verge of coming but intent on making James orgasm first, so you push down even harder and deeper than before until finally just before the whole world explodes, James swears and you feel his dick throb violently inside you. Your own orgasm washes over you and you fall completely knackered onto the sand.

Lying there next to James you suddenly become very sober, and realise what you have done. You've seduced JDB. This can't go anywhere, you're engaged, you're meant to be faithful. You knew you were good at selling yourself, but never have you sold so hard or so much. Momentarily, you become paralysed by guilt, buuuut the guilt is fleeting, (you've never been very good at guilt, could never see the point). You turn and smile at James lying contentedly in the sand, "what are you thinking about" you say. "Oh about this evening" he says, "I've enjoyed myself, I don't usually get dinner bought for me by a woman, it's a real turn on, what happens now"

You think for a moment and then it hit's you, your perfect moment, you might as well end this on a high, your wedding is next month, this is just an early hen night you reason. You stand up and offer James your hand. "Come on let's get dressed and go to my apartment. I want to recreate a fantasy" you say. James is obviously intrigued "OK let's do it" he says with a wicked look on his face. You help him to put his trousers and shirt on, the sight of his naked body is doing dangerous things to you at the moment, better to cover it up so you can concentrate. James helps to shake sand out of your dress before pulling it over your head. His hands brush your naked body as he pulls it down, you are instantly turned on again but you resist your urge to have him there in the sand, time is running out. The sun will be coming up soon, and you're giving a presentation at 9am in the morning.

Grabbing James's hand again you both run across the sand towards the hotel, it is still warm from the days sun and you savour the feeling beneath your feet. You and James reach the hotel, and duck pass the night porter on the way to the lift. In the lift James grabs you, "Soooo what is this fantasy then" James says pulling you towards him, so that your face is inches from his. "Well" you say taking a deep breath "I haven't been completely honest with you, I do know who you are, and I've been a MSP fan since you began more or less". James stiffens and pulls away from you a little bit. "And" he says. You're slightly aggrieved by his response, you've bought him dinner, and seduced him and not once did you ask for his autograph. "Don't worry, I've no intention of selling my story to the papers, or discussing what's happened tonight with anyone" you say indignantly "I'm getting married next month, so the less this gets out the better". James relaxes a bit and pulls you towards him again, he kisses you lightly on the head. "Sorry", I'm getting paranoid". He says "I'm not sure I'll ever get married, can't seem to stay faithful to one person" You laugh and say "yeah, I have that problem now, I was doing OK until you came along, but you were just too much of a challenge." James "What's the fantasy then?"

You take a deep breath. "You sing to me "Enola Alone" on penthouse balcony overlooking harbour" James "Have you had this fantasy long?" Oh about 10 years you say, the location and song have changed several times, but the basic principle remains the same. You smile slightly embarrassed by this confession.

This time James takes your hand and leads you to his room, where he has his guitar. He opens the patio doors to the balcony and places two chairs opposite each other. He then pours two large whiskies and hands you one. He sits you down in one of the chairs and then picks up his guitar and sits opposite (sorry I think I've cum already). As he plays, he drops his head and looks intently at his guitar. When he starts singing you close your eyes and let the music wash over you. Your whole body relaxes, and you drift off into another world, the stress of work, your feeling of inadequacy are all removed and replaced by the warm sound that is surrounding you. You are so content you want to cry, tears roll down your face and all too soon James comes to the end. You wipe your eyes, and stand up quickly knocking over your drink as you do. "I'm sorry, I have to go" you say. James stands there looking stunned.

"I'm sorry I have to go" you say willing him to understand as you open the door and leave, "Thank you for making my fantasy better than I ever imagined". You whisper as you walk away.

Sheep.



This pic is just so sexual...let's examine the possibilities: James on the bed, he seems most eager - »Geronimo!!!! Nicky wants you to break out a sweat before joining in the festivities. Right girls , you get his feet, I'll grab his hands and let's handcuff him to the bed! Get Sean some popcorn, will you? I'll provide the 'other' entertainment! Oh, and get the handcuffs out of his room, will you? Top left drawer! Also note that the bed is already a mess. I wonder what they were doing before we got here.....maybe we should ask them to show us.... Oh, and while you're getting the popcorn and handcuffs, pop down the pharmacy for a first aid kit, would you? I think we're gonna need it after this!

Nan.

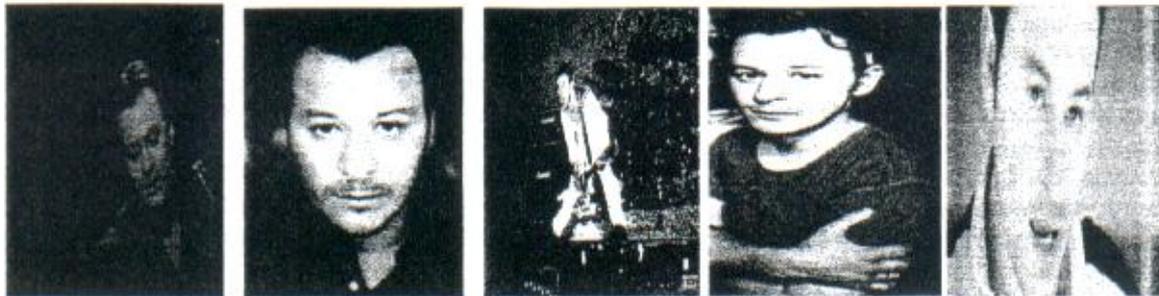
Lust, Vice and Sin recently ran a poll to find out what is it about James that makes you go weak at the knees, and what he could do to make you go even weaker...

The results have been collated after hundreds of you voted and the result show what a horny lot you are

FAVOURITE PICTURE

Well if this poll is anything to go by, it shows that EVERY picture of James is a favourite, the pictures ranged from the GT era to some of the most recent ones. Although we did get some girls just saying "The one where he looks gorgeous and horny," which quite frankly didn't narrow it down much, as he looks gorgeous and horny in EVERY picture. So after all the votes were counted and several pairs of knickers were changed the results are as follows.....

Warning.... Lust, Vice and Sin are not responsible for damaged caused by looking at these pictures.



FAVOURITE VIDEO

This was a hotly contested category until a couple of days before the polls closed. The front runners were Design for Life, Tolerate and Little Baby Nothing, BUT at the last minute we had a sudden surge of votes for

KEVIN CARTER

(What can I say girl's? Crumpled Armani!)

IF JAMESY WERE A STRIPPERGRAM !!!

Nominations included , A Horny little devil (too close to reality we hope!) Calvin Klein model, and army fatigues, BUT the clear winner was.

A SAILOR (all hands on his deck girls!)

IF JAMES WERE AN ACTOR ?

Well apart from the obvious Hardcore Porn Film. This was the one category where we had your dirty minds ticking . We had nominations for him as a romantic lead Casablanca, Pride and Prejudice and had a late surge of votes for Gladiator. BUT the clear winner was the lead role in **THE FULL MONTY** (you can leave you hat on JamesNOT!)

IF JAMES WERE TO SING ANY SONG TO YOU WHAT WOULD IT BE?

Nominations included, Sex Bomb, Sexual Healing and duetting with him on Little Baby Nothing.

BUT the clear winner by a mile was

CANT TAKE MY EYES OF YOU

(Altogether side SW/CONTINUED)

TV

TV is boring. You're sitting on the sofa, leaning into him. He's stroking your stomach, kissing the nape of your neck, touching your breasts accidentally while watching TV. You talk about stupid things on the telly. Switching it off you turn around to face him and kiss him. He responds to the kiss wrapping his arms around you, pulling you nearer. He sighs as you open his shirt, kissing every inch of his emerging bare skin. You feel as if it's getting hotter in the room. The temperature is rising, your temperature does anyway.... particularly as he slides his hands under your shirt and strokes your breasts slowly. That's something that really gets you going and you catch his hand to move it to your mouth and kiss his fingers. You can feel him getting harder as you lie on him. He struggles to remove your t-shirt, pulling it over your head, then caressing down your arms. He slides his hands down the sides of your body, then to the front and into your jeans. You squirm and wail as he touches your sex. He starts rubbing carefully, making you moan. You rub his crotch without touching the bare skin, then open his flies, caressing his cock. You look at his face, which looks really turned on, his eyes almost closed and he's biting his lower lip. You grip his hair and kiss him deeply on the mouth, your tongues tying. "It's not the most convenient place here on the sofa," – you whisper to him. You look deep into his phenomenally brown eyes. "You want to go into the bedroom?" He follows you, wrapping his arms around your waist. "This is it," you think, "we won't make it into bed", as you both drop onto the soft carpet. You've given up now, as he determinedly rips off your trousers right there on the floor. You're doing the same to him. You kiss him passionately; you want to melt into him. Holding you down, he penetrates you deeply. He is still wearing his shirt, it's open and it falls over you both making you feel as if you were in a tent. He groans that he doesn't find this inconvenient and urges himself deeper into you. You look at the craving expression on his face which turns you on even more -you're almost coming. Then, with a depth that only he can trigger, your orgasm leaves you shaking. He sees that you've come and thrusts harder, following you soon after with a scream of release, collapsing on you, panting heavily, looking at you.... You're both lying on the carpet gasping for breath while he's still inside you. After you've come down a bit you decide to go to bed NOW (in order to sleep, of course).

Jette

Mökki

It's the year 2005... You are promoting your philosophy novel. You are sitting by a desk signing your book to people who have just bought it. You see the bassist of your teenage favourite band coming (what band could that be??) and asking you to sign his book and asking you all sorts of questions about why you think that way and what you meant on page ... and so on... He has so many questions and there are so many people waiting behind him, so you invite him to come to some little promoting party the next day. The next day you spend your time talking to some dull reporters who just don't get what you meant by writing what you wrote, still people like it and it has already sold lots of copies. Suddenly you see a tall guy coming at you and you are delighted. Finally someone intelligent to talk to. But this person who introduces himself as Nicky has brought a friend... and oh he is gorgeous... it's that James you have spend your teenage days dreaming about. He takes a look at you and smile: Hi I'm James. So YOU have written this book... throwing a filthy face at you. You can't help it and just smile. So you spend your time chatting with those two, well more with Nicky, cause he is more interested about your book. First you talk about the book, then you start telling you about your life and that these thoughts have lived in you for a very long time already. Then you take a risk and tell those two Welshmen how you just adored and still love their band. You tell them how much the music has inspired you and now James is much more interested. He listens to your ideas and thoughts. You just are there and talk and talk... spiritually you are all getting closer. You invite them. Sean, Rhian and Rachel to come and visit your vacation house in the beautiful landscape of your home country. You have there a big house, a sauna and a clear blue lake. The boys have never been there so they are very anxious of the idea. It's a warm summer afternoon when your so appreciated guests arrive. Everyone gets their room and you heat the sauna. After a certain sauna tradition the men and women go separate (sorry girls, not yet ☺). You spend your days with sauna, swimming, cooking, discussing, debating, singing (James showing you some cool things on his guitar). Having a real good time. Everyone is relaxed. It's time for Nicky, Rachel, Sean and Rhian to go home. But James doesn't want to leave and asks you if he could stay the whole summer here. He tells you that he has enjoyed his stay, so you don't mind. After the others have gone and you and James are all by your self, James grabs you. (yes, yes finally!!!!) "There is something else I have enjoyed." He looks deep in to your eyes. "It's the sight of you. You heating the sauna, making dinner, doing everything to make your guests feeling comfortable. You are an amazing woman." You close your eyes and kiss him. He lifts you up and carries you to the shore of the lake. He undresses you slowly and you help him to undress him. Now you take his hand and lead him to the water... you can feel the cold water softly on your skin. James wraps himself around you and kisses your neck. His hands slight down your upper body and reaches your tights. He starts to rub them while you push your breasts against his face. He is starting to cum and looks deep in to your eyes. You can see how much he wants you. You can feel him coming into you, when you stop him. "James", you say painfully "I'm still a virgin." He is surprised and his eyes become larger. He takes you soft into his arms and comes into you again. Now with much more softness. He is in you and you are one, there in the water. He rubs you with his cock and pushes in and out. You open your eyes and see the sun setting. The water is all gold and you start feeling dizzy. James holds you tight in your arms and leans back his head. He groans your name. You are starting to reach a point you have never realised. You too groan as you cum the same time. He gets out of you and you both shiver as you are swimming to the shore. As you rise up from the water, James still holding his arms around your hips. You get some real BIG towels from the sauna and you both sit down and watch the stars. James head is lying on your lap and you play with his hair. You both just sit there not saying a word until James whispers: "I wish this summer would never end." You start crying. You lean down and kiss him passionately.

Katsi.

CONSOLATION

You stare down at the clock - 2:33am, the room is in that state of stillness - so quiet, it doesn't even feel like the air is moving, it just cloaks your skin, like soft, warm blankets. This is the tenth night that you haven't been able to get to sleep - things just keep circling round in your mind and you can't stop them for just one moment, so that you can close your eyes and just rest. Every couple of hours or so James wakes up to comfort you and wipe away the tears - you're not quite sure if he understands you're insecurities or not, but he tries to help, but there's nothing he can really do. It's all seems to be in your head, but even now sitting in the dark, tears roll down your face every time you think of it, a sense of dread just comes to you, it seems to feed on every fear you've ever had. You slowly draw back the covers and slouch out of the bed trying not to wake James. You pull the covers back over him, and look down at him for a while. As you start to stroke his hair, he slowly stirs. You don't want to wake him - so you carefully walk over the junk on the floor till you reach the door. The light in the bathroom stings your eyes and you screw up your face till it gets easier - to look. You start to fill a glass with water until you realise that you've turned on the hot tap. You stare down at the glass and with an unhealthy mixture of lack of sleep, stress, despair and self-loathing, you hurl the glass at the mirror. You cover your head to protect yourself from flying glass and you sob heavily as you hear it shatter. You look back at yourself in the fragmented mirror and you see your eyes red and sore from crying over the last few weeks - the sight of your weakened self makes you feel worse - it feels as though your heart has sunken down into your gut. You can't stop crying your eyes sting so much that you can hardly open them anymore. As you fall to your knees in front of the sink, the rug feels harsh against your bare legs, you try to support yourself with your arm, but your body feels heavy and you flop down on the floor. You pull your head down into your chest and cover it with your arms and hands - trying to stop the pain coming in, suddenly you feel James' hands on your body, he tries to pull your arms away from your head, but you don't want to let go.

'Please let me help you' you hear his voice breaking and feel his hands shaking. You don't respond to him, you just start to mutter the same sentence over and over and over again. 'God you have to help me, please, stop punishing me.' You repeat it, struggling to get the words out, not quite aware that you're saying it. James pulls you up to his body and holds you tighter than you've ever known him to do before. You feel your body shaking violently against his, and he continues to pull you in closer and closer. The feeling of his soft chest against your face brings you back to reality, and you just wrap your arms around his neck. 'You have to stop doing this to me' he slowly whispers. 'Doing what?' you ask. 'Doing what you do!' Everything goes silent, you slowly draw back from him and for the first time in a fortnight, you see him - not the situation, not the past, not the pain, just him - the man. 'You can't keep hurting me' his words echo over and over, and you know he's right, more nights like this and you really will be alone. He stands up and goes back to the bedroom. He starts to pull on some clothes - old jogging bottoms and an old shirt. He starts to make his way to the front door, but you catch up with him and stop him. 'You're walking out on me?' You ask, staring through him, searching his face for an answer, gripping onto his body. 'No' he pauses and stares back at you 'I'm going to get you something from the all night chemist.' His face has no expression but his eyes search your body. 'You're so...' You stop him with a kiss, he pulls you towards him, arms resting on your hips. 'I won't be long' he says, and he's out the door. You slope down on the stairs and await his return.

A faint sound of ringing echoes through your brain and the room, just as you realise it's the alarm clock James is reaching over you to turn it off. You don't open your eyes but you can tell it's a sunny morning, light flooding through the window turning the room yellow. A familiar arm slips around your waist and is incredibly comforting. You feel his ever-so-familiar stubble against your neck as he gently kisses you - you slowly start to come round and wake up. 'Oh, no, no' he cups your face in his hands and gently kisses you on the lips and then your chin. 'Don't wake up, I have to leave early, don't wake up - stay sleeping.' You feel the cold air on your skin as he pulls up the sheets to get out of bed. You start to open your eyes, rubbing at them - they still hurt, but you do feel much better. As you hear him turn on the shower - you know what will make the both of you feel better. You slide behind him in the shower - the water is so hot and steam is filling the bathroom, a great sense of relief washes over you as the water hits your skin and runs through your hair. You slowly start to kiss him on the back of his neck, hands stroking his broad shoulders. He turns to face you, and you start to run your hands down his back and over his tight butt. 'No' he pushes you way slightly. You move your hands down to his thighs, lightly stroking them with the tips of your fingers. 'No, I have to go in early this morning' he says in a low, husky voice - slightly turned on.

'You can be late' you whisper as you stroke his cock. 'No I can't' he says trying his hardest not to show any emotion. You pull away slightly and reach over to the shower gel, your soapy hands start to massage his cock harder and harder, you hear him breath out heavily. 'Okay, I can be late just this once.' You start to run your tongue down his chest over his stomach and slowly lick the tip of his cock. Then you slowly start to run your lips up and down very gently, hardly touching him. You can hear him moaning, and he encourages you as you feel his hands in your hair. He pushes himself further into your mouth and you suck harder and harder - you can feel him throbbing against the sides of your throat. The water is getting hotter and hotter and his body tenses and tenses, his cock harder and harder. He pulls you up to your feet and looks deep into you. He leans in closer to you, to kiss you but he doesn't. You feel his breath on your ear as he whispers - 'I want to come in you so deep.' He pushes you hard against the cold tiles and you gasp as they send shock waves through every part of your body. He lifts you against the wall and you wrap your legs around him - feeling his skin burning against the inside of your thighs. The small of your back goes crashing into the wall as he thrusts into you. Your vagina is throbbing and pulling him in further and harder, he feels so good and you can feel his breathing getting deeper and shallower as he pushes your hips down on him harder and faster. You finger nails sink into his flesh as you can feel him go deeper and deeper. You feel as though you can hardly breathe anymore, he feels so hard inside of you that it's driving you crazy. The water is belting down onto your body and it kind of hurts as it burns with every drop. He starts to kiss you on your neck and reaches over and turns off the water. Everything is quiet now and the steam is wrapping itself round the two of you. You grip your hands round his arms and feel his chest heavy against you - he's breathing deeper and deeper, his body is bashing against you with every thrust. You can hardly stand it anymore as you pull him towards you to kiss him. His chest is burning against your breasts and the steam is making the atmosphere heavy and dense. You cry out for him to go faster and faster. You can feel him pumping inside of you and you know he is close as he starts to moan, and then it hits. Your body jerks against the wall, and you bury your head into his neck as you come. He slowly thrusts into you deeply and then gently slides you back onto your feet. You fall against the wall and he leans against you. He starts to kiss you as you reach over and turn the water back on.

Nat.

Send in the Clones

You stare at the computer screen. You feel shattered but it wouldn't be right to leave work early. Not that you'd get much rest even if you did go home! The boys certainly were a handful. You'd underestimated that. Good thing you had stopped at two clones. Trying to keep the two of them from leaving the house or finding out anything was becoming tricky. You think back to that night several months ago and smile. Yes, you'd done the right thing by creating the clones. One night with James would never have been enough. Okay, you did feel guilty for taking that blood sample while he slept, but you tried to justify it by reminding yourself that it could only ever have been a one night stand and you simply wanted a lasting, um, reminder. They were a lot of work, but were they ever worth it! The girls at work often asked why you always had a smile on your face. If only they knew...

"They would want to share," you say to yourself. "To hell with work, I'm going home."

On the way home you ponder how unfortunate it is that you can't let Radiohead know how close they are to the truth. Kid A indeed. Try Bleach Blonde James (BBJ) and Angry Sailor James (ASJ)!

You've barely got the door to the flat closed when you feel a pair of hands helping you off with your coat. You look round. BBJ - he's such a gentleman. ASJ tends to be angry quite often and doesn't always remember his manners. As if to demonstrate this point, ASJ charges at you. He takes your head in his hands and lays a very rough, passionate kiss on you. His tongue teases yours. Not to be outdone, BBJ turns you to him and gives you a long, slow, deep kiss. Already you feel your legs are about to give way and you're barely in the door.

"Boys, I'm completely shattered. I really need to take a short nap," you say once you've regained the use of your tongue.

The clones quickly glance at each other and then drag you towards the bedroom. Various items of clothing are tossed aside as you make your way down the hall. Once you are fully undressed the clones roughly toss you onto the bed. They remove the rest of their clothes and stand before you completely naked. You take a moment to admire your work. Two Jameses. You are a lucky girl!

The boys climb on the bed. BBJ immediately starts to kiss his way up your body. ASJ goes straight for your breasts. He lightly bites your right breast then takes the nipple in his mouth and starts sucking. Lightly at first but then more insistently. PSJ works his way to your other breast and copies ASJ. You move your hand to ASJ's cock and very slowly run your hand up and down it. When he's completely hard you push both of the clones off you.

You bite and kiss your way down ASJ's body to his cock. You pause for a moment, then take it in your mouth. You roughly move your tongue along the shaft. He gasps as you run the very tip of your tongue from the base to the head. Slowly you begin sucking on his balls. ASJ moans loudly. He pushes your head back to his throbbing cock.

BBJ can't stand being left out. He goes down and gently kisses your inner thighs. Then he moves to your clit. He flicks it a few times with his tongue then starts to softly suck it. You let out a muffled moan. ASJ's hands are entangled in your hair.

You move your mouth up and down his cock. BBJ sucks more roughly now. You feel yourself about to cum when he stops. You cry out, but it soon becomes clear what he has in mind. BBJ enters you from behind. With one hand he kneads one of your breasts. ASJ's breathing is very rapid and his cock is throbbing in your mouth. He moans loudly as his cum shoots into your mouth. Only for James (or his clones) do you swallow. You can feel your orgasm building. As BBJ cums the waves of pleasure wash over you. The two of you collapse in a heap, completely spent.

Meg.



NEW SHIRT

It's pouring with rain in the middle of a Wednesday afternoon, and you haven't had a customer for hours in the funky little store where you work. Your co-worker has actually dozed off leaning on the till - that can't be comfortable, and you're passing the time watching raindrops race down the window.

The door opens, snapping you out of your daydreams, and when you see who it is your stomach parts company with the rest of you. "I'm just going to look around for a while" he says smiling. How can his voice be so soft when he talks, but so powerful when he sings? You've barely managed to get all your internal organs back into place when he reappears with an armful of shirts. "Can I try these on?" he asks politely. You manage to smile (not yet trusting yourself to speak) and show him to the changing room.

OHMIFUCKINGOD!!!! Nothing but a flimsy door is separating you from a half-naked James Dean Bradfield.

He sticks his head around the changing room door, "Do you have a minute? I think I need a second opinion" You glance around, your co-worker has now slumped onto the counter, must've been a heavy night last night. As you approach he opens the door wide, his own shirt is on the floor, and he's now wearing a beautiful blue one, a black one draped over his arm. "What do you think?

This one," and before you know it the blue one is off and he's pulling on the black one "or this one?" As he starts to do up the buttons he notices you staring, and grins. "Yeah you're right, I've already got loads of black shirts" and he slips it back off, obviously enjoying your reaction.

"Actually I think the blue is more your colour, let's give it a try shall we?" that voice caresses your ear. He pulls you into the changing room and slides the lock. Still you say nothing, but your enthusiasm is speaking volumes as you help each other get naked as quickly as possible. He pushes you up against the door, kissing you roughly, but you give as good as you get, pushing him back onto the bench, you trap him by resting one knee against his crotch as you slip into the blue shirt. His hand slides up your inner thigh and strokes your already swollen clit, making you groan with pleasure. You remove your knee, god he's gorgeous! He pulls you onto his lap, and starts to fuck you, holding onto your hips, dictating the rhythm. His tongue explores everything it can reach, your hands and face are buried in his hair, he smells wonderful, clean and fresh. You glance up and see your bodies reflected everywhere you look, an orgy of two. He's completely naked and you are wearing nothing but the blue shirt, straddling his lap, pure fucking, just for the sake of it. For once in your life you feel completely free. Suddenly you hear voices and you both freeze. With a wicked grin he pulls you in close and whispers in your ear "no screaming" and thrusts hard into you again. "You neither" you gasp and you sink your teeth into his shoulder as you come.

"I'm gonna go pay for these, you better stay here till I'm gone" he says as he pulls on his clothes. You nod pushing the door closed behind him. You can't believe what you've done; and he just strolled out, the bastard. Gorgeous, delicious BASTARD. Maybe you can hide in here for the rest of the day, but you know you have to leave eventually. Your co-worker is awake, sort of. "Some guy came in and bought a couple of shirts while you were at lunch" SOME GUY, LUNCH, what kind of a moron is she. "I think he was a friend of yours, he left this for you" You tear open the envelope and read the note - a phone number scrawled across the top - That's going to bruise you nasty girl, come kiss it better for me!

Syd.

'Music', by Madonna

'You think', by us.

Hey Mr. Bradfield
Put the handcuffs on
I wanna play with you baby

And when you think I've got
You hard as a rock
I'm going down on you baby

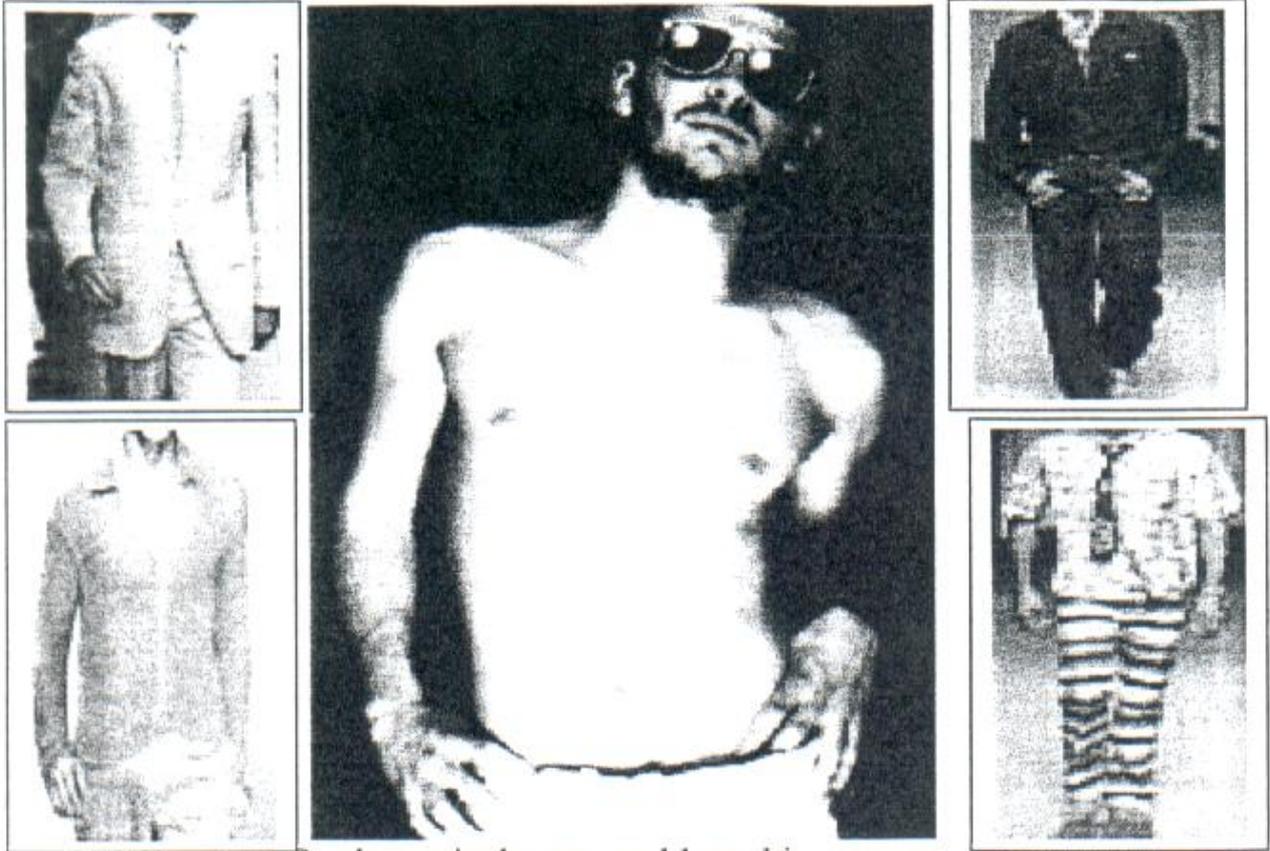
You think
That I'm sleazy
Dressed up in leather
You think
That I'm just a tease
Your life's in peril

Don't think I've had our way
And I wanna be on top
We want some rumpy pumpy

I like riding your hard end
And I'm always gonna play
F**king every single day
Gonna ride you every day

Dress your "very own" Jamesy!

Just cut out the clothing and stick them on to the picture



Or alternatively you could try this.....

bondage

starter kit



horny devil pouch



hung like a stallion



love cuffs



Gracie

STUDY THIS PICTURE CAREFULLY



ON THE HIGHLY UNLIKELY CHANCE THAT YOU AWAKE ONE MORNING TO FIND THIS SEX GOD IN YOUR KITCHEN, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

- ASK IF THERE'S ANYMORE TEA IN THE POT?
- ASK HIM WHAT HE'S READING?
- ASK IF HE'S DONE YOUR WASHING? (HEY, YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK!)
- THROW HIM OVER THE BREAKFAST BAR AND HAVE YOUR WICKED WAY WITH HIM?

IF YOU CHOSE THE LAST OPTION THEN YOU'RE QUITE OBVIOUSLY SUFFERING FROM 'JAMESY-BABY-ITIS'. SEEK SUPPORT IMMEDIATELY: GO TO THE JAMESY BABY MESSAGE BOARD TO TALK TO OTHER VICTIMS OF THIS WONDERFUL DISEASE!

www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Festival/2881/

OK, Here we go, the washing machine picture's got me going.

Also, whilst I appreciate that all pictures of JDB are fundamentally erotic due to the nature of the subject, I found JDB by the washing machine particularly interesting, due to it's unprompted nature and obscure location. Bit like the difference between the cover of Playboy (All glossy and airbrushed) compared to Readers Wives (very real). Sooooo, here is my short washing machine fantasy. Sorry it's full of clichés. You're preparing for a hot date tonight, with a JDB lookalike, and you realise that all of your best underwear needs washing and the washing machine has broken. You scoop all of your, smallest, silk knickers (you don't wear a bra) into a carrier and head for the nearest launderette.

As you walk in you notice a figure in the corner, next to a large tumble dryer, hunched over, reading a paper and drinking coffee, who bears a striking resemblance to your date/JDB. Dismissing the probability that it could be James, you wander over to say hello. "Hi, gorgeous, I didn't expect to see you till tonight" James looks up from his paper, and you immediately turn purple with embarrassment, backing away apologising profoundly. "Sorry, I thought you were someone else" James smiles (you feel lightheaded and stagger backwards) and then carries on reading. Recovering your composure you find yourself a washing machine, positioned so that you can watch James in the reflection of it's glass door, and settle down to stare contentedly as your washing spins round. After a few minutes James comes over, "Hi, who did you think I was?" "Errr, my date, but you'll do" "Good", James takes both your arms and pulls you to your feet so that your face is inches from his. His dark eyes stare straight into yours and you can feel your knees weakening. Pushing you gently backwards, James pulls your skirt up around your waist. You feel warm vibrating metal against your arse (you have of course no knickers on since they are all in the wash !!!!) and realise you have backed into your washing machine as it moves into it's second spin stage. Kissing you hard on the lips, James starts to massage your clit, gently at first but getting harder as the spin circle starts to build up. You are trapped beneath James' muscular body and the hard steel of the washing machine, as one hand starts to explore your vag, penetrating it with one finger then two, his other hand cups your breast and he forces his mouth over your nipples gently teasing them with his teeth, all the while the washing machine vibrates against your arse. You throw your head back in sheer pleasure, moving your breasts closer to James' mouth. James now has three fingers inside you and moan gently encouraging him to push deeper. And then, as he pushes deeper and the washing machine reaches 1500rpm, you orgasm, and James holds you in his arms for a moment. He then walks back without saying anything to his drying.

Well, that's it. The first ever edition of Lust, Vice and Sin. What? You mean you want more? You're kidding right? On SKY TV you have to pay for this stuff!! Unless any of our editors are sued, arrested or involved in an incident with a washing machine, we hope to see you again for Issue Two!