

# **Banging Brooke**

**Crimson Rose**

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“You wanted to see me, Mr. Grant?” Brooke said as she closed the office door behind her.

“I need you to take care of the Marcus shoot today,” Mr. Grant replied. “Kelly is out on assignment in Chicago and Peter is on vacation which leaves you.”

“The Marcus shoot?” Brooke said with a little fear in her voice. “But I do fully clothed and bikini shoots, sir. Not nude ones.”

“This isn’t a negotiation, Brooke. Marcus is one of our biggest names and you’re the only one available to do it. It if makes you feel better take Will with you.”

“Will? You mean accountant Will? He can barely hold a camera, let alone operate one!”

“Take him or not, it’s your choice but Marcus is waiting for you in studio three.”

“Sir! I did not take this job to shoot nudes or to make the sort of film Marcus is rumored to do. What about Heather? She’s worked with him before when Kelly was away.”

“Heather is busy with three other shoots today. I am not asking you again. Go do the shoot, or find another job! I’m sick and tired of arguing with you about every little thing. You’re dismissed.”

Brooke left her boss’s office on the verge of tears and ready to walk out. This was not the first time she was ordered to do a shoot she was not comfortable with – six months ago it was a lingerie shoot with a young model named Zoe; two months after that a topless shoot with Jasmine. And now she was ordered to do a shoot with Marcus Simms – the most notorious model working for the agency and it scared her to death. Not because he was a man, no, she had done many shoots with both sexes, but because of who he was and what he was known for.

Brooke really did not want to do the shoot, but she wanted to lose her job even less. So, going to studio three she took a deep breath, opened the door and stepped inside where she found not one man, but five – all black and all looking at her with lust-filled eyes that made her tremble in fear.

“Ahem,” she cleared her throat “my name is Brooke and I’ll be doing the shoot today while Kelly is out on assignment. Anyone want to tell me why there are five of you here?”

“Because we’re setting up to do a kinky video,” Marcus answered. “And now that you’re here we can start. Have you ever taken five well-hung black men before?”

“Um, excuse me!?” Brooke gasped.

“Have you...ever taken...five...well-hung...black men before?” Marcus repeated slowly.

“I...I-I’m not...you can’t b-be s-serious! I’m not letting you fuck me!”

“That’s what you’re here for isn’t it? You said you were filling in for Kelly, right?”

“To snap the pictures and film the video, not participate! That’s not in my job description!”

“Are you sure? You’re a sexy young woman and I bet you’ll look great on camera as we slam our dicks in every hole.”

“You’re out of your damn minds! Look, I’ll take pictures and film, but if you want to have sex then do it with yourselves!”

“I was under the impression that all of the photographers had the same contract as Kelly that required you to see to my every demand.”

“Well, you were dead wrong about that. I’m not a whore and I’m certainly not going to get bang banged by a bunch of black men! In fact, I think I’ll go have a talk with my boss about this matter right god damn now!”

“We’ll be waiting,” Marcus smiled.

Brooke stormed out of studio three and back to Mr. Grant's office where she stormed in without even knocking – the door slamming against the wall and then shut behind her. “What in the hell are you playing at sending me in there with those...those creeps! Do you know what they just asked me?”

“To take off your clothes and have sex with them?” Mr. Grant replied calmly.

“Exactly!”

“So then why are you in my office instead of in bed with them?”

“What the fuck? I'm not a god damn hooker! Kelly may have that shit in her contract but I sure as hell do not and I won't...”

“Actually, you do have a clause in your contract, as do all of the photographers, which states that you will stand in for any absent photographer and perform their duties as stated in their contract. So, since you are filling in for Kelly and part of her contract is to satisfy Marcus's every need, which means *you* will satisfy all of his needs or find yourself in breach of contract and out of a job. Now, if there will be nothing else, I have a lot of work to do.”

Brooke stormed out of the office and to her own and slammed the door shut behind her. Going to the file cabinet, she opened the middle drawer and pulled out a folder from the back where she kept one copy of her contract. Another was at home while a third was in a safe deposit box. She never imagined anyone would be stupid enough to change it on her, but in case they did, she wanted plenty of copies as proof.

Reading through the contract line by line, Brooke found the section she was looking for and dreaded finding. Right there in black and white it spelled out her duties word for word should she be called on to take the place of another photographer. Her shoulders slumped and her head hung in shame as she read the paragraph several times. Her choice was simple – either do the shoot with Marcus and the other four men, or be out of a job. The only caveat was that she would receive Kelly's normal pay plus her own for the shoot.