

# **Faye Gone Wild**

**By: Lindsey Greene**

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# Chapter 1

## First Photo Shoot

Life often has interesting ways of offering opportunities when you least expect it. I was sitting on the toilet when mine presented itself. Not a glamorous place to be sure, but hey, when opportunity knock. For weeks I've been struggling to find a way to come up with the funds to pay the next semester's college tuition, but with the bill coming due soon I was still no closer to having the money than I was weeks ago.

Financial Aid was out as the government declared me independent even though I was twenty years old and living on campus. My parents made too much money for me to get anything, but too little for them to give me much aid themselves. I had no credit so loans were hard to get though I did manage to secure one. The rest of what I had come in the form of two small scholarships, but I was still going to be short several grand.

So there I was finishing my business in the bathroom stall of Granger Hall when the bathroom door opened and two women walked in. I could not see them through the door of the stall, but they were in the woman's bathroom and their voices were a dead giveaway to their sex.

"I'm telling you Gina, if you want to make some fast money, do what I said," One of the women said to the other.

"I don't know," Gina said, her voice shaky. "I don't think I could do what you do. Maybe I should just take some time off until I can afford school."

"Nonsense. Trust me babe, if you take time off you'll regret it. A few weeks will turn into months and the next thing you know years have gone by and you've wasted your life at a job you hate. And what's wrong with what I do? It pays for my schooling and a place of my own doesn't it? Take my advice and do it. You'll have fun and make a ton of money in the process. What could be better than that?"

"I guess so," Gina answered, but she still sounded very unsure of herself. "I'll join you in class later. I need to think about it."

"Sure. Here, take the card. If you want to do it just go to the address and tell them Starfire sent you."

"Starfire?"

"It's my stage name. I took it from my favorite Teen Titan's character. What? Don't give me that look. So what that I like cartoons. Now take the card and go. Ask for Floyd, he'll do right by you."

"Thanks Amy," Gina said taking the card. "I'll see you later."

I sat in the stall wanting to strangle Gina. Here she was given the chance to pay her way through school and she was uncertain as if she should take it or not. I would do anything to make the money I needed. There was some running water and then the door opening and closing again as Gina left the bathroom. I left the stall and was washing my hands when I saw it. Lying on the counter near the corner was a discarded business card. I picked it up and looked it over. It was a plain white card with the name Sexy Devil's Production written across the top and an address below. I pocketed the card and left the bathroom, arriving at class a few minutes late.

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Sexy Devil's Production turned out to be a large brick building on the outskirts of town. It was well out of the way with the nearest building more than a quarter of a mile away. I parked

in front and entered through the double glass doors into a large lobby. A receptionist sat behind a desk filing her nails and looking bored. Behind her was a large, unmarked door that led to the rest of the facility. There was a large fake plant in one corner and a table with a piece of decorative art in another. Between them were five chairs.

I walked up to the receptionist, unsure of what I was getting myself into. It suddenly dawned on me that I probably should have done some research on the place before showing up. I didn't even know who Amy, or Starfire was or what she was sending her friend into either. I stopped halfway to the receptionist, unsure if I should proceed.

"Can I help you?" the receptionist called out to me.

"Um, I'm not really sure..." I stammered.

"First time at a place like this?" she smiled warmly.

"Mmm hmm," I nodded.

"Don't worry sweetie, we won't bite. Come on over. Do you have an appointment?"

"No. Starfire sent me to see Floyd," I said before I could stop my mouth from opening.

"Ah, you know Starfire do you?"

"Not as such. To be honest I don't know her at all. I overheard her talking to another girl in the bathroom and your card was left behind. I need money for tuition and Amy, um Starfire, said good money could be made here," I confessed nervously.

"Well, that all depends on what you're willing to do. Why don't you sit down and we'll talk? My name's Carol, and you?"

"Um, Faye. What is it that you do here?"

"We are a porn studio sweetie. Is that something that interests you?"

"Porn studio? Oh lord."

"Don't fret," Carol smiled "There's nothing wrong with doing a little porn. Besides, if making movies aren't your thing we also do photo shoots. Why not start with a simple photo shoot to test the waters? The pay is decent and it's always fun trying all the different outfits."

"Not to sound greedy but..."

"How much does it pay?"

"Yeah," I said nervously.

"Depends how much you're willing to do. If you just try a few outfits without any nudity, the pay is \$100 an hour. Topless is \$150, fully nude will get you \$250 and hour. Now, if you want to get into the serious money then you'd have to do...sexier things."

"Such as?"

"Using toys, simulated sex, and the list goes on from there. The wilder you're willing to get, the more you can make. So, interested?"

"I don't know. I desperately need the money, but I don't think this is what I want to do to get it. God, what if someone I know sees it? I'd never live down the shame."

"Honey, there's no shame in what we do here," Carol replied, surrounding very offended. "Do you feel ashamed when you have sex?"

"No," I replied. "I meant no offense, it's just that this is all new to me and I don't know what to think."

"Tell you what, Floyd should be finished with his current shoot in half an hour. Why don't I get your information and schedule you for a test shoot. It won't be anything too intimidating, just some normal, fully clothed pictures and if you feel up to it you can proceed from there. You need money, right? Well, if you're free I can schedule you for say, the next five hours. If all you do is the normal stuff that's \$500. Not bad for half a day's work, right?"

“Not bad at all,” I agreed. “Um, ok, sure. I’ll give it a try,” I said nervously. Butterflies swarmed in my belly as I gave her my information. But I got through it and Carol directed me through the door behind her, down the hall, and to knock on the third door on the right.

I fully expected some sleazebag photographer that would be more interested in getting me out of my clothes, than the kind of cute, clean-cut thirty year old that was Floyd. He was tall, slim, but muscular with short black hair, piercing green eyes and a smile that melted my heart.

“You must be Faye,” Floyd said holding out a hand. “Carol buzzed and told me to expect you. A newbie huh? Well, don’t worry, there’s really nothing to it.”

“Um, yeah,” I stammered, not knowing what else to say.

“We can begin whenever you’re ready. Just stand in front of the green screen there and strike a pose.

“I’ve never posed before. You want to take pictures of me wearing this?” I said referring to the tee shirt and jeans I wore directly from class.

“No worries, doll. Just give me a smile and the rest will follow. We can get to other outfits later. For now, let’s take some pictures of you in something you’re comfortable with.”

“I stepped in front of the green screen and smiled nervously, every muscles tensed, every nerve on end. Floyd started snapping pictures right away, not wasting a second of time. He gave me suggestions of how to position my body to have the desired effect he was looking for and I followed as well as I could, but this being my first modelling gig there were a few mishaps here and there.

An hour into the shot, Floyd called for a break to change the batteries in his camera and for me to go into the next room and pick something out to wear. The costume department as he called it was a massive room lined with rows upon rows of clothing racks with everything from the skimpiest bikinis to the most elegant gowns. The bulk of it was lingerie, however, and I got the feeling that what he wanted me to try on next.

I hadn’t intended on doing anything more than the normal, fully clothed shoots, but as I perused the racks of clothing, dollar signs filled my every thought. Desperation won out over my better judgment and I found myself stripping out of my street clothes and putting on a very revealing French maid outfit that consisted of a black miniskirt, sheer top with opaque patches that covered most of my breasts, and a lacy apron. I finished the look with a pair of strappy heels and picked up the feather duster that went with it. I took a deep breath and stepped back out into the photo room.

“Good god!” Floyd gasped. “I wasn’t expecting that!”

“Oh, sorry,” I said suddenly very self-conscious. “I’ll go put something else on.”

“No, no! It’s alright. Perfect even. This shoot is about your comfort level and if you feel comfortable in that then pose away.”

I moved around the room striking sexy poses while pretending to clean various pieces of furniture. Floyd busily snapped away what must have been hundreds of shots while instructing me to put my hair over the other shoulder so he could get a look at my face, or to arch my back a little more. I was getting more at ease, maybe a little too at ease, but I was also having fun. And after a while I forgot the camera and Floyd were even there.

My next outfit was a very sexy black spider teddy that showed off everything I had to offer. Floyd snapped more pictures and I posed however he suggested, and I could see the effects my diminishing clothes was having on him as the front of his pants seemed to grow tighter the less I was wearing.

When I came out wearing a leather harness teddy with an open crotch design things really started to get interesting. I was feeling almost high from the euphoria having my breasts and nether region fully exposed to this handsome stranger was bringing me. I felt in power, in command as I posed more sexily than ever before. I got on my hands and knees with my back arched slightly as I crawled my way towards the camera, my eyes fixed on the growing bulge in Floyd's pants.

"Want to try something a little more daring?" Floyd asked.

"What do you have in mind?" I purred, nodding my head in the direction of his crotch.

"Babe, if you'd suck my cock you'd make me the happiest man alive!" he replied.

I don't know why I did it other than the fact the shoot was making me as horny as it was Floyd, or maybe it had something to do with the only cock I've had in the last three months had been of the silicone kind, but I crawled closer to him, all the while his finger tapped the button on top of the camera. At his feet I rubbed myself up his legs while looking up into his eyes. He continued to take picture. And he continued to snap away as I reached out and undid his pants and pulled them down. "My god!" I gasped at the size of his cock now mere inches from my face.

Looking up at him with my most innocent face, I took Floyd's cock in hand and gentle, slowly stroked it back and forth, my eyes never leaving his and his finger never leaving the shutter button. He moaned as my mouth engulfed the head of his cock. I moaned as I swirled my tongue around the tip licking up all the pre-cum leaking out.

I bobbed my head back and forth, taking a little more of his long cock with each passing second. There was no way I was fitting it all in my mouth without gagging on it as it slipped into my throat, but I gave him the best blowjob I could and was rewarded with a huge load plastering my face with the last few ropy strands landing on my tongue. He snapped a few pictures of it in my mouth and then of me gulping it down with a smile.

"That was fucking amazing!" Floyd exclaimed while he continued to take pictures of me kneeling at his feet.

"Thanks," I replied as I scooped up more semen on my fingers and licked them clean. I did this until my face was relatively semen free and then turned around and crawled away while he got some pictures of my exposed pussy and ass.

I left Sexy Devil's Production with a fat check and a promise that I would return the following weekend for another shoot. On the drive home I was nervous, excited, scared. I feared what would happen if someone saw the pictures of me dressing so provocatively and sucking Floyd's cock, but that didn't stop me from still being incredibly turned on at my bold actions. I've never sucked a random guy's cock before, but the floodgates were open now and it excited me to no end.