

People Are Strange

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People are strange, thought Moss as he watched Laura and Sylvia on the divan, kissing each other's naked bodies, wearing only their high stiletto heels. All around them were other people, mostly men, two with videocameras, one carrying the lighting rig, and the producer who was gesturing meaningfully at his colleagues as the filming went on. Only moments before, after ad-libbed dialogue that would have shamed most actresses but was more than adequate for the film that was being made, the two girls had eased off their blouses and skirts, then after some preparatory kissing and stroking, their bras and finally their knickers. And now here they were, two bodies entangled, mouths together as they lovingly ran their tongues over each other's faces and back again into the mouth.

And then, after directions by the producer, and breathing with an excitement that was partly real and partly because it was expected of them, the two girls took positions for the sequence of actions that was not only to fulfil the requirements of a day's shooting, but also to prepare themselves for the action to come. Action in which Moss was to have a starring role. Laura lay back, her hands gripping the back of the chair in which she was now sitting, while on her knees and between Laura's open legs, Sylvia's head was bobbing up and down as her tongue busied itself on her crotch. Occasionally a licked finger would stroke the outside lips, and then, getting bolder, they penetrated her vagina: one finger, two fingers, three fingers. And then her whole fist inside Laura while Sylvia smiled lasciviously at the camera.

After that, roles were reversed and it was Sylvia whose vagina took all of Laura's fist, her arse being probed by a purple peppermint spangled dildo that caused her to arc up her body and gasp and gasp as each of her sensitive buttons was pressed in turn. Laura gently kissed the lips of the bruised vagina and then turned to face the

camera. And then an awkward moment as the dildo fell out and Laura's fist retracted, but the cameras continued filming, focusing on Sylvia's gasping ecstatic face.

There was a small pause in the proceedings, and Moss relaxed. He lowered his head, his eyes still intent on all that was going on. The director said some words to his cast and his colleagues. He then wandered over to Miguel who, like Moss, had been sitting by the side waiting for his part.

"You think you can do it, Mig?" the director asked sympathetically.

"You fucking bet. They don't call me Big Mig for nothing!"

"That I know. That I know. Just let the girls recover a bit. Their fannies have taken a bit of a beating. Wanna beer?"

The director handed Miguel a chilled can of lager. "Not on the job. I've got a reputation to keep, man. But you got any more snow?"

"Yeah right. Whatever."

Like Miguel, Moss was a veteran of the sex industry. He had featured in countless movies, sold openly throughout Europe and rather less openly in the New World. He was a professional. Or, at least, insofar as this was his living. He was good at what he did. He'd watched and participated in fuck scenes like this again and again. He knew the routine. He didn't need the bandages any more, either. He could be trusted. Not every porn star of his kind could be. And unlike Miguel he didn't need drugs. He was able to do his job without any extra stimulation, although an appreciative audience helped.

Sylvia and Laura came over to chat with him, stroking and cuddling him, making him even more eager to get into the action. But he knew better than to get too excited too soon. He tenderly licked Sylvia's cheek while Laura ran her fingers

seductively around his ears.

“You be gentle on me, Moss, you hear,” said Sylvia.

“Not too fucking gentle though,” laughed Laura. “We want you good and stiff right from the start. And don’t slobber too much.”

Moss knew what was expected of him, and he glanced at the director who smiled at him reassuringly. “We’re expecting good things from you, man. You do the business and it’s all in the can.”

Finally, Miguel came back, wiping his nose with the back of his hand. Unlike Moss, who was already stripped for action, Miguel was dressed in a suit and tie that looked faintly ridiculous on him, his porn star long hair over the shoulders, and the crotch of the pants already looking as if it was about to swell.

“You ready for action, Mig,” asked the director.

“Yeah, I’ll give the girls what they’re wanting before the real star gets his claws into them.” He winked at Moss. “Hey, man. I’m only kidding. But I’m glad this ain’t no fucking homo thing. No offence meant. You do good. You do *fucking* good.”

The girls were positioned as if there had been no pause in their lovemaking, arms around each other and dildos scattered carelessly about, when Miguel made his entrance. Like the girls, he would never have won any of his many awards for his method acting. Nor for his execrable ability to remember his few lines and what was left after he mangled them into anything like a convincing delivery. But he was a woodman. His skills lay in other departments, mostly currently tucked away in his Calvin Kleins under his trousers. Not that the trousers stayed on very long. He was soon freed of encumbrances. His shoes, socks, trousers and jacket carefully removed by his co-stars, his white shirt slightly unbuttoned and his tie carelessly pulled to one side.

Sylvia was pulling his CKs down to his ankles while massaging the long meat to a willing erection, while his rough hairy hands fumbled on Laura's breast, his moustachioed mouth against her face as she made the obligatory moans that signalled her apparent pleasure.

Sylvia took his prick in her hands. Even semi-erect, it was a handful, flopping slightly to one side as Sylvia stroked his massive balls, and ran her tongue seductively up its length. Then she paused to brush her dyed-blond hair from her face so that the camera could get an uninterrupted shot as she took the whole length of it into her red-lipped mouth, fingers aiding tongue and teeth in bringing Miguel's asset to its full glory. Moss was always impressed by the size of his co-stars' pricks. Where did they get to find men with pricks like that? And if they'd not been able to use them the way they were used in the film industry, how much of an asset would they be otherwise? How many women out there had the capacity to take that much meat? Clearly Sylvia and Laura had, but then they could take a full fist. And that was no mean feat!

And then, under the director's gestures, the two girls took new positions, the effort of changing roles likely to be edited away. The two of them took turns on Miguel's prick, his shirt and tie now discarded, revealing a torso of compacted muscle, their mouths taking turns on sucking and licking his penis and exchanging kisses and tongues with each other. Miguel's erect penis gamely took the punishment, while out of shot of the camera, a finger was positioned to ensure that although his prick remained rock hard it didn't prematurely release its payload.

And then the action where the mouth, anus and vagina made up three orifices each on two women and one prick shared between all six possibilities. Then, in addition, each girl had the choice of the three orifices of the other girl and a massive big prick.

However you looked at it, the prick was the centre of attention, as it moved from arse to mouth to vagina, from one girl to another, always thrusting in and out, or more leisurely when a tongue joined in the fun. All through the changes of fuck shots, the director and the cameramen moved around to shoot the same penetration from different angles or to vary the repository of shots from arse to mouth to ecstatic humping, breasts jiggling up and down whilst Miguel took the unnatural position this demanded of him so that Laura or Sylvia was in the best position for a shot of apparent ecstasy. Every now and then, the director would indicate to his cast, mostly by hand movements, a position he would want for a head or a vagina so that the camera could share in all the intimacy, not missing one thrust, or one ecstatic gasp, or one shot of penetration.

And soon Moss could see it on the way: the climax to all this genital activity, as Miguel signalled his intentions to the cameras and the girls, and all parties were in position for the most important shot of all, the one for which he most obviously earned his money. The two girls' faces and breasts were in front of him, the cameras and director slightly to the back and side, as he jerked his erect penis in the air. And then it happened. A spurt of semen. Followed by the trail of another. And another. Both long and twisting and viscous, arcing into the air, trailing a sine wave to descend with the faintest splop of come against flesh, on the girls' faces, open mouths, bare breasts and then droplets making their way from the base of the chin in long creamy globules onto the neck. The girls faced the camera as Miguel released the last tiny flecks of semen, smiling with the pale liquid on their lower faces, smudging their hair, their teeth in the practised expression of postcoital ecstasy, and no doubt the reflection that they had just completed a job for which the reckoning depended on just how free they'd been with their bodies and the three orifices into which a big prick could just about fit.

All stars then relaxed after their lovemaking, while Moss stood up in anticipation. He knew after all the other films he'd been in, that his part was very soon to begin. And indeed after less than ten minutes, after the cast had relaxed to a bottle of beer each, he heard the call and he entered the stage, the three supporting co-stars waiting for him.

As with Miguel, he was gradually coaxed toward an erection, Laura and Sylvia both taking his penis in their hands, brushing away the hair at its base, and with vigorous wrist actions brought it up to a proud erection: its pink splendour hidden beneath him as he licked and nuzzled against first Laura and then Sylvia. And then he could only lick against their backs or shoulders as the two girls greedily took possession of his prick in their mouths. His penis was nowhere near as huge as Miguel's. That would be quite unusual if it were. But it was a penis of quite presentable proportions and fully good enough for the cameras that were trained on every spasm and every jerk of it. Laura took the whole length of it in her mouth while Sylvia stroked his balls. From behind them, Miguel eased his fingers deep inside their cunts to aid towards lubricating them for future penetration.

Indeed, Moss's wasn't the only prick to enter them in this scene. Miguel took position behind Laura as she busied her tongue and teeth on the thin length of Moss's prick, and guided his own penis into her anus. Laura gasped slightly as Miguel entered, and Moss could feel a tightening on his prick as she let it sink in. Sylvia's tongue joined Laura's as Moss's prick slid out of her mouth, and the two girls exchanged their tongues on each other's mouth and on Moss's penis. Moss's large open eyes followed the girls around, unsure if now was the moment of penetration. The director saw the direction of his thoughts and signalled urgently to him to stay where he was. Gasping and panting

though he was, he knew what was expected of him although the base of his spine began twitching with excitement.

And then finally, with a reassuring pat from the director, it was his time to enter the girls. A sense of urgency came across the girls. They knew from the other times they'd enjoyed sex with Moss that he was not necessarily the most disciplined when it came to ejaculation, but they ruffled his ears and cheeks and whispered encouragingly to him.

“You can do it. You'll do good. Don't give up,” Laura said.

“You know what to do,” commented Sylvia. “Come on! Get your rocks off on me!”

And then Moss was in Sylvia, who lay on the ground, Miguel and Laura comforting her, stroking her face and exchanging kisses as she guided Moss's prick into her wide open cunt. It wasn't a tight fit. Sylvia was used to larger pricks than Moss's, but he knew and she knew that his was something special. But his prick got inside, his buttocks twitched and thrust as the excitement of sex gripped him. He knew what to do, and he did it well, while the two cameras took position around his prick and face as he thrust in and out, and Sylvia gasped from the pleasure and thrill of it. Her bare legs wrapped around his back, a camera positioned slightly beneath him as he pistoned in and out of her.

And then it was Laura's turn. He was laid down, uncomfortably, on his haunches, while Laura eased onto his prick, the camera positioned in front to get the view of her as she pushed her body up and down, using the ball of her toes to gain leverage as his prick pushed in and out, Miguel supporting her from above and kissing her on the face while she gave vent to cries and gasps. Moss was panting and gasping

himself, dedicated solely to the task he was performing.

And then a more comfortable position for him, on top of Laura, leaned over her while his prick pushed in and out of her cunt, feeling its dampness against the shaft of his penis, while both camera and Sylvia paid attention to his prick, keeping it stiff and potent as he pushed it in and out. His head nuzzled against her back, his tongue licking on the knuckles of her spine, as she arched over, her mouth taking Miguel's erect penis while she was penetrated from behind.

Moss gave a quick bark, a cue to the director to reposition his cast. And then, as expected, his penis spurted forth with semen on Laura's back and Sylvia's mouth, uncontrollable swells of it coming out as his testicles pushed forth the semen the camera lovingly filmed as it splayed all over the girls. A trail of come worried its way down Laura's buttocks and into her crotch. Two globules rolled down Sylvia's face: not as copious as Miguel's but as lovingly filmed. Moss hadn't the control or the volume of Miguel, but his come was more lovingly filmed and preserved as it released itself. And then Sylvia faced the camera, the semen on her face, and the camera lingered for several moments.

And then: "Cut!" cried the director. "It's a wrap."

With relieved smiles the two girls stood up. They patted Moss on the shoulder and rubbed their hands about his face, as he licked their hands with eagerness. "You did very well, Moss," said Laura with a smile. "We're very proud of you."

Moss sat up and looked nervously towards the director, who was standing near where Moss had been waiting for him. He grinned at Moss and clapped his hands together. "Come here, boy!" he commanded, kneeling down.

With a woof of glee, Moss wagged his tail and trotted over to the director, glad

to have provided so many people with so much pleasure. But even as he was patted and cuddled, his eyes staring towards a welcoming bowl of dog food, his long tawny fur slightly sticky with his own semen, he couldn't help reflecting on all that had just happened. He really had no good idea as to why these people had wanted to have sex with him. People are just strange.