

Flash Bang

Melody entered the office with a deep breath and a straight back. Her clothes – borrowed from her mother – were formal and professional; a grey blazer and pencil skirt, with a crinkle-free white blouse. Her hair done up neat and tidy. She'd even styled her make-up to be as professional and adult as possible. And all that effort only served to make her feel like a fraud. A little girl playing dress-up in her mother's clothes.

Her first ever job interview...

With a quick flick of her eyes, she took in her surroundings. The office she'd been invited into.

It wasn't large, but nor was it cramped. Big enough for a nice desk and several filing cabinets, a wall with framed accolades, a window overlooking the city centre.

The man behind the desk smiled at her.

Melody inhaled, forced herself to return the smile.

"You must be..." The man looked at a document on his desk. "Melody Langley?"

Melody nodded her head, throat too tight to speak.

"Please, have a seat."

Awkwardly, Melody shuffled over to the empty chair across from the man and sat down. She stared at the desk, cheeks hot, and berated herself for being so timid. This was her one chance to make a good first impression! She needed to appear confident and competent and useful!

"Now, before we begin..." The man pulled out a old-fashioned camera, a polished antique that looked like it belonged in a museum. "Throughout this interview, I'll be snapping photos of you. Think of it as a little test to see how you handle pressure and surprise. Don't worry! There's no film in the camera."

"I..." Melody bit her lip. "Okay..."

"Relax," the man said with a smile.

The camera flashed, momentarily stunning and blinding Melody. She didn't recoil from the light, but felt herself let out a breath. Her heart, racing wildly just moments before, slowed to a less chaotic rhythm.

"You can call me Abe," the man – Abe – continued. "As you've probably guessed, I'll be the one conducting your interview today. Do you have any questions before we start?"

Melody shook her head and smiled. "Nope! Just excited to be here!"

"Alright Melody," he chuckled softly. "Tell me a little bit about yourself. Age, hobbies, dreams, you name it. Help me get to know you a little."

She didn't speak right away, taking a few seconds to think on the request. "I'm eighteen," Melody said finally. "My hobbies? Hm. That's difficult! I like trying a lot of different stuff, so my hobbies tend to change a lot. Right now, I'm really into outdoor painting!" She smiled wide. "I go out hiking with a small easel and some paints, and I try to paint the things I see."

"You're an artist?" Abe asked, an eyebrow raised.

"Not really," Melody giggled. "I'm kinda terrible at it. Bit it's fun! And different!"

"What about your dreams and plans for the future?" Abe asked. "Most women your age are college-bound. Is there any particular reason you've decided not to go?"

"Oh!" Melody shook her head. "I'm going to-"

The camera flashed. Melody blinked, shook her head.

"-Get right into the workforce instead," she continued, a gentle throb pulsed under her forehead. "The way I see it, employers value experience over some overrated diplomas and degrees."

Abe nodded his head, his hand on the vintage camera.

Melody smiled at him, hoping the expression would show her eagerness for the role. It might only be a lowly data-entry position, but she had to start somewhere.

"Interesting," Abe hummed. "And you've never had a job before?"

Pursing her lips, Melody shook her head.

"No worries," Abe said. "Are you alright there, Melody? You seem a little uncomfortable there. Is my office too hot for you?"

"No..." Melody shook her head, confused. She didn't feel-
The camera flashed.

"I'm... I'm fine," she gulped, feeling the heat pressing in on her from all sides. In moments, her skin was damp with sweat, her breathing laboured. "I can handle it..."

"Nonsense," Abe chuckled. "Why don't you go ahead and take that uncomfortable blazer off? No reason for you to torture yourself like this."

Again, the camera's bulb flashed.

Melody let out a tight sigh, then nodded her head. She took off the itchy, uncomfortable, too-warm sweater and set it aside.

"Th- thank you," she whispered.

Abe waved a hand dismissively. "Don't worry about it. I must say, though. I'm surprised by the outfit. You don't look like the type of girl who'd usually wear something so formal."

"Huh?" Melody frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Well, just look at you," Abe gestured at her, his eyes roaming over Melody's body. "I bet you usually wear a whole lot less, don't you? Tube tops and miniskirts and thongs and such."

Melody's jaw dropped. "I..." Her eyes narrowed at Abe as shock gave way to indignant anger. "How dare-"

Flash. A blinding white camera flash obscured Melody's vision, blasting her thoughts apart. She blinked the whiteness away, ignoring the throb behind her eyes.

"How... how did you know?" She asked after recovering from the surprise flash. Her flushed pink.

"I have an eye for these things," Abe shrugged.

"Yeah..." Melody looked away. "I don't usually dress like this... They're not even my clothes. They're my Mom's." She forced herself to look at Abe, straightening her back. "I figured it'd help with the interview, I guess..."

"Right," Abe muttered quickly. "The interview..."

The man cleared his throat, leaning back in his office chair. His hand, Melody noticed, remained on the antique camera.

"Tell me, Melody," Abe continued, voice clear now. "What made you decide to be a porn star?"

"What?!" Melody blanched "I'm not-"

Flash.

"-Sure. I saw the ad and I thought I'd give it a shot, you know?" She blushed bright, looking anywhere but at the man sitting the other side of the desk. "I'm not- I don't- I-"

"Come now," Abe smirked. "You're being too modest! No need to hold back, Melody. A slutty girl like you – I bet you've been looking forward to becoming a porn star for ages, right?"

Flash.

Melody smiled, nodded her head.

"Yeah... I guess I have," she admitted.

"Tell me about it, Melody. When did you first decide that porn was a career you wanted to pursue?"

"I'm not sure, exactly," Melody hummed thoughtfully.

"Probably from watching porn," Abe provided. "You saw beautiful women getting fucked every which way, and you knew that's what you wanted to do for a living."

Another sharp *flash*.

"Yeah," Melody giggled. "They looked so sexy."

"And now you get to be just as sexy!" Abe said happily. "Today's your first porno. Your casting. Are you excited?"

Her eyebrows knit together in confusion. "Today? But I thought this was an interview..."

"It is!" Abe chuckled. "The interview is part of the video!"

He *flashed* the camera again.

"Right," Melody smiled wide. "That's perfect!"

"Go ahead and get undressed, Melody. Let's get this show on the road, shall we?"

"Uh," Melody blushed. "Yes. Right..."

She reached towards her blouse with trembling hands. As she undid the uppermost button, her eyes flicked to Abe and then to the camera. Her natural instinct to cover herself warred with her desire to do well, begin her journey as a porn star with a bang.

By the time she reached the fourth button, the trembling was so intense that her fingertips fumbled against the button. The top of her cleavage was already showing; if she undid another button, she'd be exposing a whole valley of breast.

"This isn't a roleplaying scene," Abe said across the table. "Stop acting shy and show me the slut you really are."

His words were followed by a blinding light.

When Melody finally blinked the blindness away, she smirked over at Abe and nodded her head.

"Right," she giggled. "My bad."

She didn't bother undoing that fourth button. Instead, she gripped the blouse with both hands and yanked it open – tearing off buttons and sending them flying around the office. The sound of tearing cloth and fabric was muted behind Melody's giggles.

"Sorry I didn't wear a sexier bra," Melody said, looking down at the plain white, full cup bra she had on. "I thought we'd be doing the whole 'shy and innocent girl' for my debut."

"It's fine," Abe waved a hand, his eyes on her bra-clad chest. "We can do that another time. For this debut, show me your real self. The slut who wants to be a porn star to satisfy her craving for dick."

Melody barely registered the next flash. She was too busy unhooking her bra and letting it drop onto her lap.

She hefted her heavy breasts, smiled at Abe and flashed him a wink.

"God, this is hott!" She moaned, picking up the bra and twirling it around her finger before tossing it to Abe. "I need dick so bad right now!"

Electrical tingles jolted through her, the craving flaring to life. If she didn't get laid soon, she'd go insane!

"Hurry up and fuck me, Abe!"

She pushed herself to her feet, legs wobbling from the heat flaring between her legs. She stumbled slightly, tearing at her skirt and tossing it aside. Not bothering to remove the panties, she pushed the crotch area aside and slid two fingers inside herself.

"Fuck!" Melody gasped. "I'm so horny!"

"What do you need, Melody?" Abe asked, amused.

"Dick!" She gasped, closing her eyes as she finger-blasted herself. "Your dick! *Any* dick!" She let out a sound somewhere between a moan and a sob. "Please, Abe! I need dick!"

"You're a natural born porn star," Abe laughed. "Fuck, just look at that body!"

She circled the desk, swaying her hips and slightly exaggerating her steps to make her breasts bounce and jiggle more. Acting like the porn star she was born to be. And, as she approached, Abe unbuttoned his pants and pulled out a big, veiny cock.

The sight of it sent hot shivers through Melody. It was *exactly* like the big, perfect

dicks she'd seen in porn videos online.

Still, she hesitated.

"What about protection?" Melody found herself whispering, resisting her body's craving. "I'm not on the pill..."

"Nonsense!" Abe rolled his eyes. "You love having a dude's cum inside you. The risk of getting knocked up is half the thrill! Hell, you love it so much, you don't even let a guy pull out before they cum, do you? You *need* it inside you."

There was another flash, another throb in Melody's skull.

She shook her head, licked her lips.

"No," Melody purred. "You're gonna fill me up with that baby batter babe, whether you like it or not!"

She pounced. Hopped up onto Abe's lap and straddled him on his office chair. Her arms snaked around his neck, her lips pressed to his. His hard cock pressed haphazardly against her stomach and pelvis, her pussy leaking onto his office slacks.

When she felt his hands on her ass, lifting her up, Melody whimpered in anticipating. A few heartbeats later, Abe was lowering her onto his huge cock.

Melody screamed.

His cockhead spready her poor, tight pussy apart. Forcing its way inside her. Penetrating and claiming her.

She held onto him tightly, losing herself in the pain-pleasure of having such a massive dick piercing her. Filling her. Her body responded by tightening around him, trying to milk Abe's meat for all it was worth.

Inch after inch split Melody wide.

And she moaned and screamed and creamed through it all.

Like a good porn star should.

"Abe!" Melody begged. "Fuck me!"

He did. Slowly. Thrusting up into her, touching her deepest parts. Parts that stung when his fat cockhead poked at them, jolting Melody with sweet agony. She held onto him tightly, crying out loudly.

She didn't need to fake the pleasure. Other, fake porn stars might've done that. But not Melody.

This was her purpose!

"Yes!" Melody screamed. "Fill me up! Cum inside me!"

A dirty, depraved thrill coursed through her at the thought. The risk, a gamble unlike any other – putting her future, her whole life, on the line. A single successful sperm cell was all it'd take, and Abe was about to fill her with *millions*.

"Oh God!" Her eye rolled in their sockets as she came.

And, a moment later, Abe came too.

The feel of his hot seed pumping inside her sent Melody over the edge. Another orgasm rocked her from head to curled toes. And another. Wave after wave. An orgasm for every spurt of cum.

"Please!" She begged.

Though what she was begging for, she couldn't say.

Melody slumped against Abe's chest, panting softly. Exhausted.

After a minute or two, he regained enough strength to shove Melody off his lap. She fell to the floor, gasping and panting.

"Congratulations slut," the man chuckled. "You're hired."

She bit her lip, looked up at him, smiled.

One of her hands came up to brush messy hair from her eyes. The other slid down her body, cupping her sore pussy. Covering her whole to keep all of Abe's seed inside her as she stood.

"Thank you," Melody smiled gratefully.

“Just remember,” Abe said. “Keep this new job a secret from everyone. People still look down on sex work, you see. Better to lie to them and tell them you just work in an office.”

Melody was nodding her head even before the next, final camera flash.

“Now put your clothes back on and get the fuck outta here. I’ve got another interview in a couple of minutes.”

“Yes boss!” She winked, quickly hopped to obey.