

# FLUFFER IN TRAINING CH. 01

*rmddexter*

*A naive young girl takes an interesting new job.*

First Time

4.59

6.2k words

"That's it, girl—suck it. Just keep sucking. I'm almost there. Oh yeah, that's good. Okay, I'm ready to go." The young man pulled his rock-hard cock out of her mouth, leaving a slimy trail dripping down her chin.

"I'm next," another guy said as he stepped in front of her kneeling form. Before Rachel could think twice, the guy dropped the bell-shaped head of his prick between her gaping lips. She willingly closed her mouth around the semi-hard dick and started sucking, her tongue swirling over the pebbly glans as she bathed it with hot saliva. It quickly stiffened, swelling and extending deeper into her eagerly sucking mouth.

"Oh fuck," the guy said as he turned to the row of naked men standing behind him. "This one is something special. Her mouth is like liquid velvet. You won't believe it."

"Here, let me try," the blonde-haired guy right behind him said as he pulled his friend back, the first guy's hard prick rocketing into the air, a shimmering web of saliva bridging the gap between the engorged cockhead and Rachel's full red lips.

"I'm good to go anyways," the first guy said. "I can't believe how fast she got me hard."

Rachel turned to the new semi-hard cock in front of her, the blonde-haired guy stepping right up to her as he inserted the head of his dick between her ovalled lips. She closed her mouth, pushing a big wad of spit onto the pebbly surface of his glans, her tongue swirling over the surface of the sensitive knob. She brought her hand up to his stiffening dong and started pumping it towards her sucking mouth. The guy let out a low animal-like groan as his cock rapidly stiffened, a trickle of precum sluicing onto the girl's swirling tongue. She groaned with pleasure as the slimy cock-sap slid warmly down her throat, the masculine flavour making her eagerly suck for more. She was rewarded as another silky morsel pulsed forth into her mouth, her busy lips and tongue drawing hungrily from the seeping tip.

Rachel looked past the young man she was sucking to the line of naked guys behind him. She counted 16 more well-hung young men, all of them leisurely stroking their cocks. There was another line with just as many standing in front of Lisa who was on her knees next to her, that girl's mouth and hands working just as hard as Rachel's. As Rachel watched, three guys from the back of that line snuck into Rachel's line, smiles on their faces as they watched her work, their hands toying with their waiting cocks.

"Oh fuck, she's amazing," the blonde-haired guy said as his swelling dick extended and got harder under Rachel's talented efforts. Rachel smiled to herself, feeling her panties getting wetter by the second as she sucked enthusiastically. She knew she'd be here for most of the afternoon, on her knees, working. It was still just her first week of working as a fluffer, and already they'd asked her to work on a bukkake scene. She knew her lips would be puffy and swollen by the end of the day, but she was loving her new job.

## ONE WEEK EARLIER

"I really need to get a job," Rachel said to herself as she used her fork to carve off a piece of chocolate cake in front of her. She knew she should be watching her weight, but she couldn't resist. Chocolate was her kryptonite. She was 18 and had always been a little chubby. When most girls hit puberty and started to sprout up, Rachel maintained her layer of baby-fat, making her look cute and touchable all through her high school years. She had a round pretty face and large brown eyes. With her shimmering black hair that glistened like ink, and her full pouty lips, many people thought she looked like Monica Lewinsky, the woman who had once had an affair with a sitting president. Rachel was too young to know who that was, but when she did a Google search on the woman, she could definitely see the resemblance, right down to their weight problem. Although she was slightly overweight like Ms. Lewinski, the one area that was different between the two of them was their bustline—Rachel's bra weighed in at a full 38DD.

Shovelling the cake into her mouth, she turned back to her computer and scanned the want ads posted on an employment website. She'd been in Los Angeles for a week, spending the time up until now settling into her little apartment not far from UCLA where she was a first-year student in the film program. Her mother's sister who lived in Los Angeles had found the apartment for her, home for Rachel being Omaha, Nebraska. She'd arrived in California with the apartment sight unseen, but was happy with the cozy little one-bedroom in the three-storey walkup not far from campus. But now that she'd unpacked and gotten her schedule of courses, it was time to look for a job. She'd had that discussion with her parents when they'd agreed to help with the costs of coming to UCLA. She'd have to get a job, or her stay on the west coast was going to be a short one.

She scrolled down through the list of jobs: waitress, waitress, call center, telephone sales, taxidermist. That one made her smile. She kept looking as another piece of cake slid between her lips. Her eyes opened wide as she stopped on one listing: 'Production Assistant'. She anxiously clicked on the link and read the complete posting:

"Production assistant required for progressive new film company. Must be willing to work afternoons and evenings. Apply with resume and photo by clicking on the link below."

Rachel beamed with excitement. This was perfect. She checked her schedule, but knew that most of her afternoons were free, the bulk of her classes being in the morning. And being a film student, the idea of working with a film company was better than she could have hoped for.

"Oh gosh, I bet the competition is going to be unbelievable," she said to herself. "I wonder if I even have a chance." She quickly pulled up her resume and looked it over. It listed her previous high school waitressing jobs but stressed her involvement in the film club, and she attached a link to a short film she and two of her classmates had made.

She was just about to send in her reply but wanted to read the ad one more time. She'd forgotten that they'd asked for a photo, which she thought was a little strange. "Welcome to Hollywood, I guess," she thought as she looked at the photos she had of herself and picked out one that showed off her pretty face, the picture cut off at the shoulders. She knew how important looks were in the film industry, and she was definitely self-conscious about her chubby body. She hoped the photograph of her pretty face would be enough—after all, they were just looking for a production assistant—not the next Hollywood starlet.

She happily hit the SEND button, and returned to the list of jobs. There was nothing else that was appealing at all. She literally crossed her fingers that she'd get a reply to the production assistant

posting, but she knew that if nothing came of it, it would be a waitressing job for her. She already started dreaming, picturing herself walking down the red carpet on Oscar night, dressed in a lavish gown, a hunky escort on her arm.

"As if," she said to herself, snapping out of her daydream. She stepped out to the local grocery store to pick up a few things. Once she'd put away the groceries she'd bought, she checked her computer. She was excited to see a reply to her response.

"Thank you for your interest in the production assistant position. Following the review of your resume and photograph, you have been scheduled for an interview tomorrow afternoon, Thursday, at 3:15pm."

The address followed, and then the sign-off salutation from 'Rex Smithers, Starlite Films'.

Rachel could barely contain herself. She raced to her closet and surveyed her wardrobe, trying to figure out what to wear. She wanted to look as professional as possible, and she only had one thing in her closet that was even close—a navy skirt suit. The skirt ended at mid-thigh, and she hoped whoever was doing the interviewing wouldn't be put off by her full thighs. Besides the navy suit, she decided to go with a white blouse, hoping she would look professional and confident.

Wanting to be as prepared as possible, Rachel did a Google search for 'Starlite Films'. There were no hits, and then she glanced back at their original posting, noting the words 'progressive NEW film company'. She figured that if they were new and just getting off the ground, that was likely why she hadn't been able to find anything about them.

She awoke from a good night's sleep excited about the interview. She attended her classes in the morning, learning more about Francois Truffaut than she ever wanted to know. She hurried home after her last class and took a shower to freshen up. She took her time doing her makeup, and then dressed. The white blouse fit tighter than she remembered, her large breasts making the taut fabric strain, but it was the nicest thing she had that would go with the navy suit. It was a sunny, warm California day, so she left her chubby legs bare, knowing that was the way most business women looked during daytime hours. She slid her feet into her only pair of high heels, a pair of classic black pumps. The shoes had quite a pointy toe, and slim 4" heels that made her legs look good. With a final glance in the mirror, she brushed a stray lock of shiny black hair behind one ear and smiled at herself, knowing she looked her best.

"Go get 'em, girl," she said to herself as she slipped her purse over her shoulder and locked the door behind her. She'd looked up on Google maps the address she'd been given. She knew it was almost an hour away on the bus, so she left herself plenty of time. There was no way she wanted to be late for such an important interview.

The bus took longer than she expected. She checked her watch, feeling a bit frantic. When they turned onto the street that matched the address she'd been given, she was surprised to find that it mostly consisted of single-storey strip plazas, most of them housing second-rate businesses. She moved up to sit right at the front and asked the bus driver about the specific address, anxious to get there on time.

"I have an interview with Starlite films at 3:15," she said. "Do you think we'll make it in time?"

He smiled as he nodded at her, telling her that address was just a few stops away. "Don't worry, Miss. I'll make sure you're there on time." His foot pressed harder on the accelerator. His eyes strayed to the front of her suit where her impressive breasts were stretching the front of her jacket

tight. She knew she'd gained a few pounds lately, and it seemed as if it had all been up top. As she followed the direction of his gaze, she could see the swells of her breasts against the white fabric of her shirt, easily visible beneath the tightly-fitting suit jacket. She realized she might have to go up another cup size the next time she bought a bra.

"Right in there," the bus driver said as he pulled to the curb. She noticed where he pulled over was between the usual bus stops—he'd stopped specifically to let her off. She looked out the open door at the building he nodded towards, another single storey structure with about four or five businesses at the front. The end unit had a simple sign over the large windows at the front, simply reading 'Starlite Films'. The windows reflected the light, and Rachel realized they were covered with a mirror-like film on the inside.

"Thank you," she said as she smiled at the bus driver and stepped off.

"Good luck," he replied. "I look forward to seeing you again."

His words caught her off guard and she instinctively looked back, seeing his eyes focussed on her big tits, a smile on his face as he closed the door of the bus and started to drive away. "That's a funny thing to say," she thought, shrugging it off and turning back to the building. She checked her watch. She'd wanted to be early, but she was just going to make it on time.

She saw her reflection in the mirrored glass as she approached the front door, hoping her skirt wasn't too short. It looked a little tight too, the navy fabric pulled tight across her round curvy bum and thighs. Maybe if she got this job and made some extra money, she could buy herself some new clothes as well as some proper-fitting underwear. With a bit of a sigh, she opened the door and strode in. She stopped just inside the door, seeing most of the chairs in what appeared to be the waiting room occupied by a number of young women. The women looked similar to each other, and yet quite different from her. Most seemed to be bleached blondes, their hair and makeup done up excessively. Most of them wore tight-fitting mini-dresses or tiny short skirts and tight tops. All seemed to be showing off their breasts, which came in a variety of sizes. All were wearing high heels, some with clear plastic platform soles, which she thought of as 'stripper shoes'. When she came through the door, all the girls looked her up and down, blatantly sizing her up.

"Oh my," Rachel said to herself, wondering if these girls were all applying for the same production assistant job that she was.

"Excuse me, are you Rachel?" She turned in the direction of the voice. Her eyes focussed on an attractive woman who appeared to be in her mid-40's sitting behind a desk to one side of the room.

"Yes, I'm Rachel," she said, smiling as she stepped over in front of the desk. The woman was nicely dressed, and wore fashionable glasses that gave her the look of a librarian—much more like what Rachel had been expecting from a film company than the women in the waiting room.

"That's good," the woman said, giving Rachel a comforting smile that eased her anxiety. "Your interview is next. Mr. Smithers should be with you momenta—."

Both Rachel and the woman turned as the door behind the woman's desk opened, a young blonde woman stepping through and closing the door behind her. Her face looked flushed as she nodded to the woman behind the desk and walked past Rachel, reaching up to rub her jaw as she made her way out of the building. The phone on the woman's desk buzzed. She picked up the phone and gave Rachel a little wink.

"Yes, sir, she's right here. I'll show her right in."

The woman stood up, allowing Rachel to get a good look at her. She was tall and slim, but with a shapely hourglass figure. She wore a crisp white blouse and black pencil skirt that fit snugly, emphasizing her curvy rear end and nice legs. Her brunette hair was smartly cut and hung to her shoulders, framing her pretty face attractively. The blouse couldn't hide the full set of breasts beneath. Rachel guessed her at a D-cup, or at least a full generous C. She was an incredibly attractive older woman, and Rachel was envious, hoping she'd look that good when she got to that age.

"Right this way, Rachel," the woman said as she opened the door the blonde woman had just come through. Rachel saw the older woman look her up and down as she stood to the side with her hand on the doorknob. It felt like the woman was undressing her with her eyes as her gaze roamed over Rachel's buxom form. Rachel found herself feeling uncomfortable, and yet excited at the same time. She'd never had a woman look at her like that before.

"Good luck, dear," the woman said as Rachel walked past her into the office, her voice just loud enough for Rachel to hear. "I hope you get it. I'd love to see more of you."

Before Rachel even had a chance to think about what the woman had said, the door closed behind her and she heard a man's voice from across the room. "Come in. Have a seat." She looked over at a man in his mid-40's sitting behind a desk. His mop of reddish hair was unkempt and went every which way. He wore big owlish glasses which made his soppy eyes look larger than normal. He had his hand out, gesturing to a pair of chairs across from his desk. Rachel looked to the side and stopped up short in surprise. An attractive young man sat on a black leather couch just a few feet away from the desk, clad in a big white bathrobe. Even his feet were bare. He looked over at Rachel briefly, and then turned his attention to the cell phone in his hand.

"What the hell?" Rachel thought to herself as she tentatively made her way across the room, extending her hand to the man behind the desk. He shook it quickly.

"Uh, Rachel, right?" he said, looking at his computer screen on the side of his desk.

"Yes sir," Rachel replied, taking her place in the offered chair, sitting forward attentively. "Are you Mr. Smithers?"

"Rex. Everybody calls me Rex. Rachel, the picture you sent in was good. From the looks of that picture, and what I see in front of me today, I think you could do very well with us here at Starlite. What can you tell me about your experience as a production assistant?"

Rachel was surprised that he'd mentioned her photograph but hadn't even mentioned anything she'd listed in her resume. She quickly glanced over to the young man on the couch, but he was busy texting on his phone—not paying any attention to them. "Well, to be honest, I have experience in the film club at my high school in Nebraska. A group of us produced a couple of short films. But I'm studying film at UCLA and my goal is to stay and work in the film industry here in California."

"Well that's great, but what I meant was, what is your experience working as a production assistant in the adult film industry?"

"Adult films?" Rachel couldn't keep the surprise out of her voice, finally realizing what she'd stumbled into.

"Yeah. Starlite films will be producing state-of-the-art adult films, and we've recently opened in this location. We've already signed some actors and actresses but we need a number of new production assistants in order to get started right away." He reached down and placed his hand on an index card on his desk. "This is what we pay per scene."

He turned the card around and pushed it across the desk for Rachel to see. She almost gasped out loud when she looked at the dollar figure—it was more than she made in a whole week at her last waitressing job back home, including tips.

"What do the job duties entail?" she asked, her eyes flicking down to the dollar figure again. The man pulled the index card back and, to Rachel, it felt like he was taking money right out of her purse.

"It's a standard production assistant job on films of this type. You'd be asked to do some gopher and cleanup duties as required, but basically, you'd be one of our fluffers."

"Fluffers?"

"Yeah, you know, a fluffer. You'd be sucking cocks of the male stars to get them hard for the next scene being filmed." Mr. Smithers paused, looking at Rachel questioningly. "Umm, you knew what the job was when you applied, right?"

Rachel felt her heart start to race, but she couldn't get her mind off the figure on that index card. She knew money like that would make her life a lot easier, and guarantee she'd have enough to pay for the upcoming term's tuition and not have to go back home with her tail between her legs. "Of course I did. I was just checking to make sure."

"Great. Well, then this is when your interview really starts. I like your face, I like it a lot, and I think the guys are going to like it. That's a great looking mouth you have, and your tits are pretty impressive. How about taking your jacket off?"

"Uh, okay." Rachel replied as she set her purse down and slowly removed her jacket. From the corner of her eye she noticed the young man on the couch look over. She set her blazer over the arm of the chair and sat up straighter, showing off her 38DDs.

"Nice," Mr. Smithers said as he blatantly stared at her chest, her massive tits nicely displayed in her tight white blouse. "What do you think, Steve?"

"Great rack. Pretty face. Good-looking mouth." Rachel turned as the young man in the bathrobe spoke. "But can she use it? That's the question."

"Well, it's time to find out," Mr. Smithers said as he turned his attention back to Rachel. "Okay, that's why Steve's here. He's going to tell me whether you pass this part of the interview. Now, do you have a hairband in your purse? If not, I have some here. I insist that all fluffers have their hair pulled back." He reached into the drawer of his desk and pulled out a handful of elastic hairbands.

"Uh yes, I do have one," Rachel replied, reaching into her purse and pulling out a black band. She quickly reached up and whipped her hair into a ponytail, noticing the eyes of both men focussed on her tits as her arms came up, the big round orbs thrusting forward against the tight white blouse.

"Good, then go ahead. Let's see how you do." Smithers nodded to Steve, who opened his robe. He let his legs roll open to each side as he tossed a cushion onto the floor in front of him, still holding his cell phone in one hand.

Rachel knew it was now or never, but she couldn't get that dollar figure out of her head. Maybe I'll just give it a try for a little while, she said to herself, just until I save up enough money for next term's tuition. And then she realized she still had to pass this part of the interview. She thought about all those other young women in the waiting room, and knew she'd have to do her best—they all looked like they had more experience than her when hit came to sucking cock. She'd had a couple of boyfriends in high school that she'd given blowjobs to, and they'd loved it. Both of them were lavish in their praise for her oral talents, saying they'd much rather have her suck them off than fuck her.

Heaving an internal sigh, Rachel got up from her chair and stepped over to the young man on the couch, slipping to her knees on the cushion between his legs. His flaccid prick lay against his thigh. It was circumcised, with a pronounced head, a broad coronal ridge separating the mushroom-shaped head from the shaft. It was bigger than either of her two boyfriends back home, and she figured that was why he was working in this industry.

"Come on, Rachel. I've got more interviews to do," Smithers said as he nodded towards Steve's waiting cock.

Rachel bucked up her courage and decided to go for it. She reached forward and slid her fingers around the slab of flesh, lifting it from his thigh as she brought her mouth forwards, ovalling her lips as she got closer to the tip. She flicked her eyes up, expecting to see Steve looking at her, but he was looking at the cell phone in his hand, not paying any attention to her.

His dick was warm and heavy in her hand, and she slid her lips over the pink knob, locking down on the shaft once she'd cleared the rope-like coronal ridge. She pushed a gob of saliva forward and swirled her tongue all around the pebbly tissues, bathing it in her hot spit. She pushed forwards, her lips sliding further down the shaft, her tongue continuing to roll slowly all around the warm glans as she sucked inwards at the same time. She felt the cock twitch in her mouth, and then felt it start to stiffen.

"What the fuck," she heard Steve mutter under his breath. She flicked her eyes up to see him put his cell phone down on the couch beside him and turn his attention to her, a look of surprised delight on his face. She caved in her cheeks as she started to bob up and down, the hot wet tissues inside her mouth pressed tightly against his growing prick in a hot wet sheath.

"Oh fuck, Rex, this girl is incredible."

"Yeah?"

"Man, her mouth is something else," Steve said, speaking as if Rachel wasn't even there. His dick continued to rapidly stiffen, getting thicker and longer as Rachel worked on it, her circling hand pumping back and forth as her head bobbed rhythmically up and down. "I'm almost completely hard already. Listen to me, Rex, you've got to hire this girl." When Rachel heard that, she doubled her efforts, her teasing tongue working overtime as she rolled it luxuriously over the surging cockhead.

"Oh fuck, yes," Steve groaned loudly as he sat back against the couch, laying his head against the back as he surrendered to the delicious sensations flowing through him.

"Okay, okay," Smithers said as he stepped closer, watching in profile as Rachel continued to bob up and down on Steve's thrusting cock. "You can stop now, Rachel. You've got the job."

"But don't you think we should interview her regarding those cleanup duties you mentioned?" Steve said frantically as Rachel lifted her mouth off his rearing prick, a shimmering web of saliva bridging the gap between her full pouty lips and his engorged cockhead. From the corner of her eye, Rachel noticed Steve give Mr. Smithers a knowing look.

"Oh yeah, the cleanup duties. I almost forgot," Smithers said as he returned the look Steve was giving him. "Rachel, there are times when things don't go quite as planned on set, and you may have to do some clean up. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"Umm, what kind of clean up?"

"If some cum ends up somewhere it's not supposed to be, or if one of the actors or actresses gets some on them and we need them to look their best. You'd be called on to clean that up for us. Is that going to be a problem? If it is, perhaps we should end the interview right now."

"Uh, no sir. It's not a problem," she responded hurriedly, hoping she'd pass this part of the interview too.

"Great. But just to be sure, Steve and I need to test you on that. It's probably best if we don't make a mess of your blouse, so why don't just slip that off for now."

"Okay," Rachel replied, sitting back on her haunches as she undid the buttons on her shirt. She peeled the blouse off, noticing the gaze of both men settling on her breasts, the generous mounds of warm tit-flesh swelling over the top of her lacy white bra. As she looked down, she realized she definitely needed to go up a cup size.

"Beautiful. Now go back to sucking Steve's cock," Smithers said as he undid the fly of his pants and pulled out his own cock. Rachel leaned forward and started sucking the young man's surging prick again, caving in her cheeks as she sucked wantonly, soft purrs emanating from her throat.

Smithers looked down at the young girl, her pretty face clearly visible with her hair pulled back in a ponytail. He liked his fluffers that way—no unwanted interference between their mouth and the cock they were servicing. The girl's full red lips pursed forward as she bobbed up and down on Steve's erection. Her cheeks hollowed in and out like a bellows, her circling hand bumping softly against her lips as she pumped the lower part of the shaft.

"Mmmm..." Smithers heard the girl let out a throaty moan as she sucked, apparently loving the feel of Steve's rigid dick in her mouth. He could tell that it was natural coming from Rachel, not faked like all the girls he'd already interviewed. Knowing her reaction was real turned Smithers on and his cock stiffened in his hand as he stroked it, wanting to catch up with Steve.

"Oh fuck, her mouth is unbelievable," Steve said as Smithers moved closer, pointing his cock at Rachel's face. Steve took Rachel's head in his hands, his fingers sliding gently into her inky black hair as she continued to suck, her head bobbing up and down enthusiastically. The girl was amazing, he'd never had anybody with such a talented mouth work on his cock before. He was surprised to feel the telltale contractions in his stomach, and felt his balls drawing up close to his body already, letting him know he was on the verge of coming. He looked down at those full lips of hers, glistening wetly as they sucked avidly at his thick hard cock. She swirled her tongue magically all around his sensitive cockhead, and the sensations sent him right over the edge.

"Oh fuck...here it comes," Steve warned as the first blast of spunk sped up the shaft of his cock. A thick rope of cum jettisoned from the tip, hitting the tissues at the back of her mouth before



pooling on her tongue. Steve immediately lifted her head right of his twitching cock, stopping with her face a couple of inches from his spitting cockhead. Another thick white ribbon of semen rifled forward, plastering itself all over her face. Wanting to make sure she got the job, Rachel pumped his bucking prick, wad after wad of thick hot cum hitting her in the face.

"Here's some more," Smithers said as he stepped closer, pointing his own raging cock at Rachel's face as he started to go off. He reached down with his other hand and cupped Rachel's breast, giving it a squeeze.

From the corner of her eye she saw the yawning red eye at the tip of Mr. Smithers' cock get cloudy for a split second before a long stream of jizz spewed forward, hitting her on the cheek and racing up along her forehead and into her hair. A second rope of thick semen shot forth, hitting her across the nose and dangling from her eyebrow. Steve's rampant erection continued to shoot at the same time, both men basting her face with a glistening coating of milky semen. After what seemed like a full minute, they finally stopped coming, the last dregs of their masculine seed oozing forth.

Rachel had swallowed the initial blast of cum Steve had shot into her mouth, feeling her panties get drenched as his warm semen had slid smoothly down her throat. She remembered sucking off those boys in high school, and how much she had loved the taste of their cum. She'd often ask them to let her suck them off three or four times in a row. She'd loved the taste, and always wanted more. They'd happily agreed, sitting back in their cars while she leaned over their midsections, sucking and swallowing until she'd sucked them dry.

Wanting to make sure she got the job, Rachel turned to the side, slipping her lips over the head of Mr. Smithers' spent dick and sucking out the last of his silky nectar. She turned and did the same to Steve, nursing at his cockhead to get the final drops.

"Like I was saying Rachel," Smithers said as he tucked his pecker back into his pants and zipped up, "sometimes things don't go quite as planned when we start a scene, and we end up with a mess of cum—just like what's on your face right now. We need to make sure our stars are presentable, so we often ask our fluffers to do cleanup duties as well. We like them to do that by licking up any stray cum that we hadn't planned on. And of course, they have to swallow it as well. It's all part of the professional atmosphere we're promoting here at Starlite. We don't want any job done poorly. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Here, let me feed you," Smithers said as he stepped closer. He reached down and gathered a big gob of cum on his index finger. "Here you go." He slid his finger between her parted lips, her lips closing down on his cummy digit. He felt her tongue swirl all around his fingers as she lapped up the cum, eagerly drawing it deep into her mouth.

"Mmmm..." She purred again and Smithers saw her eyes close in bliss. He flicked a glance over to Steve, who knowingly smiled back. Smithers withdrew his finger from her sucking mouth, the digit coming free with an audible POP! He slid his finger up her cheek, gathering up more pearly semen. When he was done with her face, he reached down to the upper swells of her breasts, gathering up the cum that had splattered there when they'd missed her face. He kept at this until she'd lapped up all the cum they'd both dumped on her. All that was left on her skin was a thin glistening layer that shone wetly.

"That's great, Rachel. You're hired," Mr. Smithers said. He walked around his desk and sat down as Steve drew his robe back over his body. "Be here at 2:00pm tomorrow. It's Friday, so we finish early.

You'll have to undergo a medical first with the doctor we have on staff here before I can put you to work. If the doc gives me the go ahead, I'll use you for one scene that I've got in mind. That'll be a good start to show you how we do things here at Starlite."

"Thank you, sir," Rachel said as she got to her feet and put her blouse back on. She pulled her jacket on and picked up her purse while Smithers was busy looking at his computer. Steve was already back on his cell phone, not looking up as she walked across the office. Rachel paused at the office door and looked back. "Mr. Smithers, sir?"

"Yes," the man replied, not even taking his eyes off his computer screen.

"Uh, what should I wear for my job?"

Smithers turned, his eyes resting for a second on Rachel's prominent chest. "You can wear jeans if you want, but I'd like you to wear tight sweaters too. Yeah, sweaters that are nice and tight—that'll help the guys."

"Yes sir. Thank you, sir." Rachel made her way out as Smithers turned back to his computer.

"How'd it go?" the 40-something woman behind the desk asked.

"I got the job," Rachel replied excitedly.

"That's wonderful, dear," the woman said as she got up from her chair and gave Rachel a quick hug. Rachel felt the woman press her breasts against hers as she held the hug a little longer than Rachel expected. The woman finally pulled back, leaving Rachel feeling breathless for some reason. "I'm Carole, by the way." She reached up and touched Rachel's ear. She drew her hand back, showing Rachel a big wad of cum clinging to her fingertips. "I don't think you want go out on the street with that showing." She gave Rachel a conspiratorial wink before bringing her fingers to her mouth, her eyes glued on Rachel's as the young girl watched her slowly lick off the glistening cum.

"Mmm, nice," Carole said as she winked at Rachel again, making the girl feel all squirmy inside. "When do you start?"

"Tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Smithers said he has some work for me on a scene."

"That's great. I'll see you then." The woman's eyes roamed even more blatantly over Rachel's voluptuous young body, making her shiver. Rachel didn't know if she was shivering from fear, or excitement.

"Bye," Rachel said, giving the woman a polite smile. Carole simply nodded as Rachel walked out, feeling the older woman's eyes on her as she walked across the room.

She made her way to the street and waited for her bus. She ran her tongue around the inside of her mouth, savoring the masculine taste left behind by the cum she'd swallowed. She could tell that her panties were soaked and she couldn't wait to get home and take care of that itch between her legs. She smiled, wondering what her first day on her new job was going to be like, and wondering what those looks from that Carole woman were all about.

...to be continued...