

THE AUDITION

Used in front of her boyfriend



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By

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“How old are you?”

Erica adjusted herself on the leather couch, not so much a gesture of anxiety but one of comfort. She knew why she was there, and it was better to take it with some professionalism than with fear.

“I’m 24,” Erica said. She had on flimsy one piece of lingerie; purple and black, and her breasts were spilling over the top of it, stopping just shy of the nipples.

“Perfect!” The man with camera blurted out, laughter trickling on the edge of his voice. He was tall and fully clothed; his voice was rough and low, but amused all the same. And why wouldn’t he be amused? He had an easy ten on a couch in his office, scantily clad, ready for it.

The man with the camera turned away from the beauty on his furniture and looked back at me, sitting in a corner a few feet away.

“You ready to get this started, Chaz?” He had a huge grin on his face, the sort that eats shit all day long and loves it. I looked away from that awful smile and to my girlfriend on the couch, who had stopped staring into the camera long enough to glance my way. She gave me small smirk, the one that says we’ve talked about this enough and now it’s time to put up or shut up.

I looked back at the man with the camera, Jeff, I think his name was. I opened my mouth to speak but the awful queasiness in my belly cut my words off. I swallowed them and nodded instead.

Jeff chuckled, “Well, alright. Remember, Erica here is the star of the show, Chaz. So if you need to get up and leave during the audition, well, you need to do it quietly. Would be a shame if you ruined the take and I couldn’t even pay your sweet girlfriend for all her hard work.”

I was going to say something then, but Jeff turned his back on me and put his focus on the camera and the girl in front of it. The “star of the show” was my girlfriend of five years, and we had talked about her “modeling” in the past, but not in my wildest dreams did I think this was where we were going to get her first break. She had tried to talk me into waiting outside, but I’m not stupid. I know what goes on in these “auditions.”

Or maybe I was stupid. For being there in the first place. For letting Erica do this. But that wasn’t true either. It had been her idea. She had been the one to answer the craigslist add. And I had agreed. We had done this together. And now some man I had only met for the first time about twenty minutes ago was going to put everything Erica and I had between us to the test.

“So Erica, why don’t you show us what you’ve got hiding underneath that slip, yes?” Jeff went on. “Be a good little slut and undress for us.” After he said it, he turned around and winked at me. The awful feeling in my stomach grew to encompass my legs, and I knew if I tried to stand they would give out on me.

Erica bit her bottom lip and pulled her arms easily from under the straps across her shoulders. The purple and black slip fell down, just beginning to show the tops of her areolas. Then she peeled it down slowly until her breasts spilled out

across her chest.

“Oh my, oh my,” Jeff said, “Look at those tits. Natural, yes?”

“Oh yeah,” Erica replied, running her finger tips across them, allowing her nipples to harden for the camera.

“Keep going, baby.”

I watched my girlfriend pull the rest of it off, exposing her shaved cunt and beautiful, rounded ass. She was completely nude now for this stranger, for this intimidating man holding a video camera. She sat there, her legs crossed at such an angle so that her pussy could be seen. For the first time I realized she might actually be good at this.

“So why are you here today, Erica?” Jeff asked.

“Umm, to get fucked?” Erica giggled, high pitched and just a touch of nerves.

“Oh my, that’s right, baby, that’s right.” Jeff was holding the camera with one hand now, and using the other to massage himself over his jeans. “Do you have a boyfriend?” He asked.

Her smile faltered only for a moment, and then less confidently, “Um, yeah, I do.”

“Does he know you’re here?”

Erica shook her head YES.

“Is he ok with you coming here and getting naked for other men, Erica?”

Erica shrugged. “Um, no not really,” and then she laughed again.

“You don’t really care do you?”

I could tell she wanted to answer some other way than she was going to, but it was an audition after all. She had to play for the camera. Or at least that’s what I told myself.

“No, haha!” And now she was squeezing her tits.

“No, you’re a good little slut. You don’t care at all. Hey Erica?”

“Yes?”

“Why don’t you come here and get on your knees, and pull out my cock?”

“OK.” That nervous, awful giggle again.

She got down on her knees then, and more or less crawled the five feet to where Jeff was standing. He panned the camera down to her, hovering over her like some great predator playing with its prey. The bulge in his jeans was unmistakable.

“Go on and be a good whore, Erica.”

My girlfriend reached out and grabbed hold of his belt and unfastened it slowly. Her fingers locked around the button on the front of his jeans and it seemed an eternity passed as she undid it, and then with the speed of a snail, she unzipped him. She grabbed hold of the jeans by the waist and yanked on them, and with each pull more and more of his cock began to show. He had gone commando for this little rendezvous.

At last, his meat sprang out as she rested his jeans around his shins. It was half hard and purple, uncut with two massive veins running over the top of it. I hadn't even considered the fact that the man who would be fucking my girlfriend today might have a bigger piece than me, and this one clearly did. Even at half-mast he had surpassed my own length and girth, and adding to the awful feeling of betrayal inside me was now a feeling of inadequacy.

She was stroking it, and smiling. She stared up at the camera. Jeff was smiling back at her.

“Oh yeah, baby. Stroke my cock. Are you a good little whore?”

“Yes.”

Jeff reached down and stuck two fingers in her mouth, spreading her spit all over her fat lips, and Erica responded by pushing her tongue between and around them.

“That’s a sexy fucking mouth you have, Erica. Very fucking hot. “He was probing her mouth now, pushing his fingers towards the back of her throat, all while she worked at getting him hard.

“Suck my fucking cock, baby.”

Jeff was breathing heavy as he pulled his spit-soaked fingers from her mouth, and then shoved his fat member in past her lips. Erica had her hands on her tits, and Jeff used his free hand to keep her head steady. He started fucking her throat.

“Oh yeah, good fucking whore. Swallow my fucking cock.”

I don’t know what I expected to see when it came time for my girlfriend to suck another man’s dick for money. Maybe I expected it would start slow, or maybe he would have a seat on the couch and let her do the work. What I didn’t expect was full on mouth-railing. He was plunging it down as far as he could get it, and Erica was gagging without pulling away. Spit was building up on his cock and at the corners of her mouth, and then it started dripping down her neck.

“Oh fuck yes, baby. Oh give me that wet fucking mouth.”

The sound of it hitting the back of her throat became a steady pulse, and the wet sucking noise that followed was out of time and sloppy. Erica’s eyes were wide and her face was turning red, but she took it just the same.

My knees were shaking as I sat there and watched.

He pushed his cock in deep and held it there, Erica’s hand clenched on her tits as she held her breath. Jeff had a hand full of her hazel hair, and began to shake her head short and rapid while his cock filled her throat.

“Good. Fucking. whore!”

Then he pulled her off and all at once she could breathe again, and she sucked down the air. Jeff brought the camera down close, right in her face.

“You like sucking cock, baby?”

“Mmhm.” Erica moaned back at him.

“Open that whore mouth, let me see.”

She obeyed him once more, and then his fingers were back in there, roaming around and prodding her throat.

“Looks like you’ve got room for a little more.”

Jeff pulled the camera back again and grabbed Erica by the back of the head. This time he angled his cock upward, making more room to expose his hairy, leathery nutsack. She leaned in and tried to take them in her mouth. Instead, she got his left nut in and started sucking on it. Jeff pushed her face into his nuts, hard, and soon she was slobbering all over them. He had the camera trained down on her, but Jeff was looking at me.

Our eyes met. He smiled. He kept my gaze as he spoke to her. As he spoke for the camera.

“Nasty slut. Suck my fucking balls. That’s it. Fucking eat them, whore. That’s fucking right.”

Jeff pulled her off and put the head of his cock back in her mouth.

“Do you love your boyfriend?” He asked her.

“Yes.” Only it came out muffled and barely a word at all. Jeff thought this hilarious.

“Is my cock bigger than your boyfriend’s?”

The answer was the same, and this time Jeff cackled loud with hearty laughter. He started fucking her mouth again, and kept calling her things like “slut” and “whore.”

After a few more minutes of this, and with my brain feeling completely numb to it all, he pushed her back on the couch, slimy with spit and pre-cum.

“Ok, baby. For this next part I need to focus on the camera work. I need to make you look as good as possible. For the audition, right?” He smiled. “I’ve got my buddy here today to help us; I want you to me, Julian.”

Jeff looked toward the only door that the room had, a few feet from where I sat in the corner. He shouted at it, “Hey-oh!” And about five seconds later, the door opened and in came Julian.

He was light-skinned, and he towered over everyone in the room. He was wearing only a pair of white sneakers with blue socks that came up almost to his knees. He was cut and strong, and his penis was even larger than Jeff’s. It was circumcised, and I remember this distinction now because it was going to be the second cock I had to watch my wife handle.

The shock and revulsion I first felt when Julian appeared (and when he waltzed across the room in three giant strides, smiling at my girlfriend), was quickly replaced by anger. There had been no prior discussion about a second person.

But then, thinking about the conversation I had with Jeff before he started filming, he never actually specified anything other than “we will film her doing only the things she is comfortable with.”

By the time Julian was sitting on the couch next to her, Erica seemed pretty comfortable with the whole thing. So I kept my mouth shut, and suffered in silence.

“Erica, this is Julian,” Jeff introduced them, “and he’s going to fuck you silly, ok?”

Erica laughed and said, “OK.” Julian was grinning ear to ear, and moving closer to her.

What hurt worse than the brutal face-fucking Jeff gave her, worse than the jealousy over penis envy, worse than the fact that Julian was just so damn good-looking, was when the kissing. Julian was running his hands all over her tits while he kissed her heavy on the mouth. Erica’s eyes were closed and there was a passion there that was hard to miss, and of everything else that was to come during the audition, I still think watching that wounded me the most.

Julian pushed her onto her back and spread her legs wide. Jeff repositioned himself to shoot over Julian’s shoulder, as the large light-skinned man got down to eat my girlfriend’s cunt.

He knew what he was doing, obviously. After all, this man was probably a professional sex worker, not merely auditioning the way my girlfriend was. Erica was moaning almost instantly, and I knew her well enough to know that she

wasn't faking it. She actually seemed to be attempting to hold her passions back, I'm sure she was still acutely aware of my presence and maybe what little dignity I had left. But Julian was skilled. And when he found her clit at last, after roaming around with his full lips and strong tongue, she began to scream. Julian pushed two fingers into her cunt and started shaking them with blinding speed.

Erica was cumming.

“Haha! Already!” Jeff yelled, all while Julian laughed into her soaked cunt. “That little whore cums real quick, Julian, you might need to take it easy on her.”

But Julian kept at it, eating her the way a God does a meal fit only for him. And Erica could hardly catch her breath, and soon she was covered in her own sweat and her legs were barely able to remain open, as they seemed to be wanting to collapse in on themselves.

Julian stepped back to admire his work while Jeff brought the camera back in on Erica's face. She was panting like a whooped dog, and her eyes weren't focusing on any one thing in the room.

“How was that, baby?” Jeff asked.

“Oh my god, oh my god.” And then Erica was laughing, laughing as if she were being tickled unmercifully. Her body was writhing in pleasure.

“Alright, let's get to it, Julian.” Jeff said.

He grabbed her legs and pulled her towards him. He was erect, more so than I could ever remember getting in my life. It was pointing at the sky like some awesome telescope. Erica's face was full of fear and excitement. I wondered if she could even hang on for something like this; what I had just seen that man do to her I did not think possible. She was still trembling from it.

Jeff came in close for the penetration shot.

Erica had her legs open but starting to inch around Julian's waist. The head of his cock was pushing at her lips.

"Oh my fuck," she said.

"Hold still, baby." Jeff directed.

Julian pushed in slow, inching past her lips and getting inside her. Erica began to moan.

I tried to close my eyes, but there was no peace for me in that room. Two men, huddled around her, one completely naked and ready to fuck. I have never shaken that image.

Unlike Jeff, Julian was taking his time. He wasn't railing her, or at least not yet. Instead he was letting the full mass of his member take its toll on Erica. By giving her just a few inches at a time, sliding out slowly and then dipping back

deeper and deeper each time, he had worked Erica up into a quiet frenzy. She was breathing heavy and starting to talk dirty, and I was starting to question if she had forgotten my presence in the room entirely.

“Oh baby, oh fuck. Oh fuck.”

She was moaning, and Jeff was panning back and forth between the dark cock inside of her and the anguish and pleasure on her face.

“Oh it’s so big, oh fuck. Fuck me, fuck me, baby.”

“Are you a little whore?” Jeff asked, the camera inches from her face.

“Oh I’m a fucking whore,” she replied.

“Tell Julian you’re his fucking whore.”

“I’m your little fucking whore, baby.”

“Tell him you love that milk chocolate cock.”

“Oh I fucking love that milk chocolate coooock.” And now her moans had gone further and were bordering on yelling. I knew what came next.

Julian was giving her more of it now and increasing the rhythm of his pumps. His nuts were starting to slap against her ass, and I could see thick wads of her cream sticking to his cock. Julian reached down and put a hand around her throat and put the other onto her tit, squeezing it hard.

Then he filled her with it, to the hilt.

“UGH! UGH!” It was guttural and not lady like by any stretch, but I don’t think she cared anymore. She had never had something so large in her life, and now it was nearly pounding her. Pounding her into submission. Julian had a tight grip

on her neck, and her eyes were rolling back.

“Ugh! Ugh! Fuck it, fuck it, fuck meee.”

Julian was ramming her. Hard and steady, and I could see his ass cheeks flexing with each push.

Mercifully Jeff had shut up for a bit and was focusing on filming. It was the most passionate, intense missionary sex I’ve ever seen in my life. I could tell Erica was barely hanging on, and just when I thought she might pass out, she climaxed again. Julian held it deep inside of her while she cried out, and when it began to subside, he leaned in and kissed her again.

Julian pulled out and stood up, his cock glistening. I think he may have glanced at me then, but it was no more than momentary. He could have cared less. Jeff on the other hand, took a good long look at me. I was probably white as a ghost and sickly looking. It’s how I felt, anyway. Jeff laughed me off, and got back to work.

Julian bent Erica over the side of the couch, shoved his cock back in, and started fucking her like a dog.

The camera right in her face: “You like getting fucked like a dog, whore?”

“Yes.”

“Your boyfriend fuck you like this, baby?”

“No.”

“No, I didn’t think so. Let me ask you something, slut. Ever been fucked in your asshole?”

I knew the answer to this question actually, so I wasn’t surprised when Erica answered it honestly. I was surprised when she agreed to it, however. We had talked about the dreaded “do’s and don’ts” long before this, and anal was definitely a DON’T.

“You wanna let this stud fuck you in the asshole, baby? You gonna be a good slut for us?”

“Yes.”

“Good girl.”

Julian kept pounding at her pussy but now, with the camera inches from his cock, he spread her ass cheeks wide. It was hard to see from the angle I was at, but it was a picture I had seen enough times in my own experience. A cute, little button that I had always wanted to play with, but had never gotten permission too. Julian spit down onto my girlfriend, and it must have been a good shot, because he was rubbing the spit in all over her asshole.

When Julian began to push a finger into it, Erica tried to scream but there was no breath. She grabbed her own hair with both hands and began to bite down on her lips. Julian never slowed his fucking, only added the finger in, gradually finger fucking her asshole while he took care of her cunt.

“I don’t know,” Julian said, more or less his first words of the audition. “It’s pretty fucking tight, man, I don’t think it’ll fit.”

“It’ll fit.” Jeff said. And then he set the camera down and walked over to a desk in the corner of the office. From the drawer he retrieved a little bottle of lube and brought it over to Julian. He picked the camera back up and brought it to Erica’s face, which was buried into the leather couch. He pushed the hair from her face and turned it gently towards the camera. She was a sweaty, sexy mess, and I wanted her so bad then.

“You ready to try this baby? We’ll take it slow for you.”

“Mhmm.” She was nervous, I could tell. I almost laughed aloud then, realizing I was actually grateful for Julian’s professionalism. With any luck, he had done this sort of thing before. I didn’t want my girlfriend walking funny for a week.

“Ok, good whore. Julian is going to fuck you in the ass now, so relax.” Jeff shot me an excited glance.

He got her asshole lubed and ready, and then he pulled out his massive rode and lubed that as well, though I doubt it needed any.

“Reach back and hold your ass cheeks for Julian.” Jeff commanded.

Erica adjusted on her chest, face down, and reached back to grab her ass. She kept them spread.

Julian brought the head of his cock to her entrance, and gradually, he began to push it in with his body weight.

“Ugghhh, ow, oh God,” Erica started. Jeff put a free hand on her face and told her to relax.

Julian pushed further, and the head was in.

“Ohhhh, fuck, it hurts, ow, oh God, ow, ugh...”

Julian held it there a while, not daring another inch of it. His hands were rubbing her back, and then took over for her on ass cheek duty. Erica pulled her hands back up to her face and started sucking on her thumb.

Julian pushed again.

Erica screamed...and then she moaned.

“There it is, baby,” Jeff said. “Take it like a whore. A good little, fucking whore.”

Julian had started with the front of his cock, just a few inches. But it was working. It fit. And Erica was starting to play with her pussy.

“Oh my God,” she said, thumb still in the mouth. “Oh fuck, that’s good. Ow, fuck.” She was nearly incomprehensible at this point.

“That’s it,” Jeff said.

And now she was getting ass-fucked. His cock was working in and out, and her once tight little asshole had expanded to welcome it. I leaned forward and put my head in my hands.

Julian let go of her ass cheeks now, and grabbed a handful of her hair. He kept her face up as he moved in her, and started slapping her round ass cheeks, causing her to cry out in between moans and assorted profanities. Julian was grunting as he fucked her.

“You don’t let your boyfriend fuck you in the ass like this, huh, Erica?” Jeff said.

Erica’s face was to the sky now as Julian pulled on her hair. “No, oh fuck no.”

“Why not?”

“He’s not man enough.”

Julian and Jeff both found this response hilarious, and they both looked at pathetic old me, sitting in the corner.

“No, baby, he isn’t. What kind of man sends a hot piece of ass like you to get fucked on camera?”

Jeff handed the camera to Julian, who took over with the close up on the ass-railing. Jeff laughed at me as he tore his shirt off, and dropped his jeans. He had a raging hard on and he positioned himself on the couch, sitting down, in front of Erica’s face. He laid back then, his giant floppy cock twirling. Julian leaned over my girlfriend, pushing his cock in deep enough for her to scream in pain, and handed Jeff back the camera.

He positioned it over his own cock.

“Let’s see you audition for double team, baby. Let’s see if you can take two at once.”

And then his cock was in my girlfriend’s mouth again, and he was throat fucking her, all while Julian went to town behind her. Her moans and screams were muffled, and she was drooling heavily in between mouthfuls of cock.

“Goddamn you can suck cock, girl. I hope your boyfriend gets some of this from

time to time. Be a shame if he didn't."

He pulled out and jerked his cock off while she licked his nuts. After a while, he told her to go "lower." I don't think she understood quite what he meant until he pulled his legs back and sunk in deeper on the couch, bringing his ass to her face.

"Lower, slut. Eat my ass." He said.

For a moment, she hesitated. Maybe she was unsure, or maybe the fat dick in her ass was distracting. Maybe it was both. Then Jeff grabbed her by the back of the head and buried her face between his cheeks. I could see and hear her tongue going to work from where I sat.

"What a nasty fucking slut," Jeff was saying to no one in particular. "Lets a guy fuck in her the ass while she eat's another dude's ass. So fucking nasty, whore."

They used her like this for a long time, trading the camera back and forth, back and forth. And then at last, I found my legs and knew it was time to leave. I knew that if this kept on for another minute, I would crack and I might start screaming. I might blow the whole shoot, and god forbid this sleaze ball found a way out of paying for this debauchery.

But then they stopped. Jeff pulled his cock out of her mouth and Julian pulled it out of her ass. She collapsed for a moment, catching her breath.

“Time for the money shot, baby.” Jeff said it almost sweet, smiling down at her.

They put her on the couch, a normal sitting position very similar to the one she started in. I think they recognized she needed some support, and putting her on her knees was probably a bad idea at this point. Jeff kept the camera trained down on her as she held each of their cocks in her hands, jerking them at her bare chest, her tits jiggling wildly.

“You ready for some cum baby?” Jeff asked her.

“Yes, daddy.”

“Good, girl. Good, slut. Suck his cock.”

She took Julian in her mouth and began pleasuring him.

“Fuck her face,” Jeff commanded. Julian obliged. He had her gagging on it while she used a free hand to jerk Jeff off-camera. “That’s it, fuck her till you come, Julian. Use that slut like her boyfriend won’t.”

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” Julian began to say as he increased his pace on her throat. He pulled out of her then, and began jerking himself inches from her face.

“Open your mouth, baby, and put your hands down.” Jeff said.

She did as she was told, and Julian held her still buy her hair. He jerked it long and fast for another minute, well-greased from Erica's throat. Then he began to nut on her face.

Julian grunted as he let out one thick white gob after another on to my girl's face. One landed in her mouth and she choked for a second, but recovered in time for the rest of it to coat her cheeks and forehead. Some even got in her hair.

"Look at that fucking load, baby. Oh fuck yeah." Jeff was saying.

Julian squeezed out a last drop onto her nose, and laughed at her. Erica was pretty out of it considering she was covered in another man's cum, but alas, it was not over. And I knew it. Fucking Jeff had to get his.

"Take the camera," he nearly whispered to Julian. He grabbed Erica by the arms and tilted her over onto her side, then fully rotated her so that her back was on the couch but her face was hanging upside down off the edge of the couch. Julian's load of semen of was still clinging to her face and starting to drip down towards her forehead.

Jeff planted a foot to the floor on either side of Erica's head, so that his cock was hanging above her. He squatted down on his knees, and shoved it back in her mouth. He began to rail her like that, her cum-soaked face motionless and defiled. His hands roamed all over her body; tits and cunt as he fucked her mouth. Julian's semen was hanging off of her face now like ice cycles from a garage in winter.

“One more load baby, one more load to take home to your fucking boyfriend.”
He said.

And then he pulled out and blasted her face. It splashed off and landed on the couch, and when he was satisfied with that, he leaned forward and shot the rest out onto her chest. It was obvious now that Jeff had been edging the entire time, and he had the load to show for it.

After they finished, they put my girlfriend on her knees one last time and brought the camera in close to show their handy work. My sweet Erica covered in the spunk of two strangers.

“How was that, baby?” Jeff asked, as if they were old friends.

“Mmm, fantastic,” Erica said with a smile.

“Yeah, think you’re cut out for this stuff?”

“Oh for sure, absolutely.”

“Well you passed your audition, honey.”

The cum was running down past her tits now, and she thanked them.

The moment I thought would never come finally came. Jeff shut off the camera and he set it aside. He turned back towards me.

“Make yourself useful, Chaz, and go get your girlfriend a towel, for God’s sakes.”

I was still stunned and overwhelmed by it all, and sat there in a daze as Julian left. He didn’t even glance in my direction. Jeff chatted with Erica for a bit about God knows what; my entire world was a blur by that point. I tried to get up to find a towel, but it just wasn’t working.

Eventually Jeff got one out of his desk and brought it to her, and I watched her begin the process of cleaning up two massive loads of cum. When she had finished, she asked Jeff if there was a shower, and they both left the room together to go find it. Erica gave me a concerned look as she left the room, but I think washing the cum out of her hair was more pressing at that point in time.

Later, on the car ride home from the studio, I found my voice.

“Erica...I...”

“What, baby? What is it?”

“I just...I...didn’t expect all that. I wasn’t ready.”

“You think I was?” She said, looking at me from the passenger seat. I could see how tired she was.

“No, but...It was just...it was really fucking hard, alright?”

“Do you think it was easy for me, Chaz?”

“You didn’t seem to be faking it, Erica...That hurts.”

“Well, I wasn’t faking it Chaz. You want me to lie to you?”

“NO, of course I don’t...I Just...”

“That’s enough, Chaz. Really. It’s over now. You don’t have to sit in on the next one.”

I swallowed hard and my grimaced. “Next one?”

“Jeff told me I’m a natural, Chaz. Why would I quit now?”

We rode the rest of the way in silence, and that night I had a wet dream. The first since high school. Erica was in it, but I wasn’t fucking her. There was a whole line of men just waiting to penetrate her, and I was sitting in a corner.

I woke up covered in sweat, and threw the soiled underwear away. I cuddled up beside Erica and went back to sleep.