

His Lucky Break

Marc Cabot

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Published by Unspeakable Publications at Smashwords

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A Dreams of Control Story



Marc Cabot

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-- Marc

“Yeah, baby! Work it!” Sean Dunston was loving life as he looked through the camera’s viewfinder. Though at 27 he already had a good job as a computer artist, his latest passion was photography. He’d take pictures of anything that struck his fancy, but his preference was models. Ideally young, cute *female* models - Sean loved glamour photography and often used his photographs as references for beautiful CGI pin-up paintings. Today’s model, who had big blue eyes, long, shiny black hair, pale skin, and a slender body ornamented with some edgy piercings and tattoos, was just his type, too.

The model, who went by the colorful name of “Mata Hari” online, smiled. She was nineteen and fairly new to “Internet Modeling,” but she’d heard it before. This wasn’t as lucrative as “real” modeling, but on the other hand all it required was a pretty face, a body to match, and a willingness to let amateur or aspiring professional photographers take pretty pictures of same. The more money, the fewer clothes, but most “internet models” didn’t actually do porn, and a surprising number of them wouldn’t even discuss nudes.

“Mata Hari,” whose real name was Suzanne, was willing to consider pin-up nudes for a reasonable fee, but that was as far as she went, and any photographer who pushed for more would be lucky if she just broke his *camera* before she walked out on him. She and Sean had agreed on some slinky glamour shots and so far he had been a perfect gentleman, if a little enthusiastic in his direction. In fact, it was an excess of enthusiasm that caused the accident.

Sean was circling the model as she posed under a small bank of studio strobe lights when he didn’t look up fast enough and banged into one, hard. It pitched over and in a horrible stroke of luck went down backwards and landed on the strobe unit, which made a popping noise and went dark.

“Shit!” yelled Sean. “Sorry! Hang on. If I can get it working again I won’t have to rerig the lights.” He put his camera down carefully, then walked over to the strobe and started tinkering with it in hopes it was just a tripped breaker or a blown bulb. Suzanne watched with a little amusement - she was getting paid by the hour, after all - as he fiddled with the connections and tapped on the case. Sean might know cameras but he was obviously no electrical engineer.

However, after a few minutes there was a shout of triumph and the strobe’s modeling light came back on. It was flickering a bit, but when Sean did a test shot the bright strobe light that provided the real illumination seemed to flash the same as it had before. A quick light meter check showed that the strobe was working properly and they got back to shooting.

The strobe was the main light and its “modeling” light - the regular light bulb that stayed on all the time and helped the photographer figure out exactly where it was aimed - was pointed right at Suzanne’s face. Sean couldn’t see it, since he was facing her, but she soon stopped noticing the flickering consciously as she tried to respond to his requests for posing and expression. She found that she was really hitting her poses and getting the expressions he asked for right. It felt easier than it ever had before.

When a shoot is going really well the photographer and the model almost don’t even need

to speak: the photographer just slings short phrases like “Up a little... left... little more smile...” After a while Sean remembered that he wanted to do a really erotic picture and move outside of his comfort zone somewhat, maybe post it anonymously and see if he could get some commissions. He said, “Ready to push it a little?”

Suzanne, looking a little dreamy when not actively told to take on a specific expression, just nodded, and he said, “Okay, baby, show me how much you want me.” Suzanne immediately gave him a very smouldering, needy look and he got several quick shots, varying the perspective and angle to give himself lots of references for his painting. “That’s it, put your hand on your cheek. You *need* me.” With each slight change and every exposure the lights flashed, then the flickering modeling light returned. Though neither of them could hear it consciously, it was buzzing quietly as it flickered.

Suzanne’s face went from needy to *hungry* and hard as he was concentrating Sean’s heart skipped a beat. *Oh, wow*, he thought. *This girl is killing it*. It’s an irony of glamour photography that the photographer is concentrating on his work so hard that actually enjoying the spectacle, let alone getting aroused, never, ever happens. But Suzanne’s face and posture were so convincing that Sean felt a little twitch somewhere south of the border, so to speak. He ignored it and shot on. Shot. *Flash*.

Shot. *Flash*.

ShotFlashShotFlashShotFlash.

“*Yeah*, baby! You can feel it up and down, let’s get some full body-shots.” Sean zoomed out his lens and backed up a few steps, this time at least glancing to remind himself where the lights were. Until now he’d been concentrating on Suzanne’s face and upper body. She shuddered, then nodded and reached around to undo the black bra she was wearing along with a pair of beat-up jeans and a punky, studded belt.

Whoa, thought Sean. *These were supposed to be glamour shots, not nudes*. Sean had no objection to shooting nudes - he just didn’t have the budget. “You want to shoot some topless? I can’t pay any extra, but I’ll give you some prints. That okay?”

I want to shoot topless flickered through Suzanne’s mind, which was totally focused on her posing and Sean’s direction. *That’s okay*. She nodded and toyed with her bra, giving him a chance to catch it slipping off her small, firm tits. Sean mentally shrugged and kept shooting, gradually zooming out to catch the sensual stripping, each little movement frozen by a click of the shutter and a flash from the strobes. Shot. *Flash*.

Shot. *Flash*.

ShotFlashShotFlashShotFlash.

After several more shots the bra flew through the air and Suzanne started slinging glamour poses emphasizing her chest as best she could. She put her arms behind her head, then cupped her breasts and blew the camera steamy kisses. Sean captured it all, thanking the Gods of Photography for the almost unlimited image storage on his high-capacity memory cards. Not wanting to push it, he tried to wrap up the look with some teasing.

“Okay, Suzanne, put your thumbs in your belt like you’re gonna push your jeans down,”

he said in as moderate a tone as he could muster. She immediately complied. “That’s it... give me kind of a questioning look... good... now that hot smile again... you’re gonna take ‘em off any second. Look right at me, you’re taking them off...”

Suzanne never hesitated, reaching for the belt and unbuckling it, then undoing the top button. Sean, thinking this was more teasing, was shooting like crazy, zooming out to get her body from the thighs up then in again for hot shots of her hands undoing her pants. It didn’t dawn on him that she was *completely* undoing them until the zipper was down and she started pushing them off her hips. He took his face away from the camera again and blinked at her as they slid down her thighs.

“This is going really great, Suzanne. Like I said I can’t pay extra, but I can give you some really good prints for your book. You want to do nudes? You’ll like the shots, I promise.” He paused, waiting to see if she was willing. If not, he was more than happy with what he already had.

Suzanne was now concentrating so hard that his words were like silver bells in her mind. She stared at him as he stood next to the flickering, buzzing strobe and nodded again. *This is going great. I want to do nudes. I’ll like the shots.* She pushed her jeans down, once again assuming her hungry, burning expression at Sean’s enthusiastic direction. Shot. *Flash.*

Shot. *Flash.*

ShotFlashShotFlashShotFlash.

Then she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and did it again, slower. Sean was beside himself at his good luck and worked hard to get some great shots for her as well as references for his digital art.

“That’s it, baby,” he said, starting to lose whatever detachment he’d managed to hold on to. “Slip ‘em off slow... Slide ‘em back up your body, tease me with them... You know what you’re doing to me and you love it...” Shot. *Flash.*

Shot. *Flash.*

ShotFlashShotFlashShotFlash.

The model had absolutely no conscious thoughts of her own. She was totally fixated on Sean and his directions. In her head the distinction between the “story” he was telling her, the things he was asking her to imagine to help her see exactly what pose and what expression he wanted, and actual reality was quickly dissolving. Her breathing started to get deeper, faster. Her nipples hardened. She began to run her hands over her body, lightly at first. Then harder. More erotically. Shot. *Flash.*

Shot. *Flash.*

ShotFlashShotFlashShotFlash.

“That’s it, Suzanne,” Sean said hoarsely. He caught his breath, swallowed, and said more normally, “You’re gorgeous, baby. You’re a *dirty* girl. You’re so hot. You’re making me so hot.

You want to make me hot. You want me to fuck your *brains* out. Show me!”

I'm a dirty girl. That's so hot. I'm so hot. I want him to be hot. I want him to fuck my brains out. Suzanne's hand slipped between her legs and touched her shaven pussy. She closed her eyes and shuddered. Sean's eyes got wide but he kept shooting, thinking, *Holy shit. Didn't see this coming. Well, I can always erase them later if she changes her mind...* He kept shooting as she started to stroke her clit with one hand and play with her tits with the other, head thrown back in ecstasy. Shot. *Flash.*

Shot. *Flash.*

Shot*Flash*Shot*Flash*Shot*Flash.*

After another few minutes, Sean couldn't stand it any more. He had all the shots he wanted and he wasn't sure how much more of this he could take. He could shoot nudes and be a professional but he hadn't prepared himself mentally for seeing his dream girl playing with herself so realistically. He needed a break and a cold drink. Or maybe a cold *shower.*

He lowered the camera and said, “Suzanne, that's enough pictures, thank you so much. You're amazing.” She lowered her head and smiled at him, her hungry expression not changing. He laughed and said, “You still look like you want to fuck my brains out. That's awesome.” He turned to set his camera down and was therefore taken totally by surprise as she jumped off the white background he'd been shooting her on and threw her arms around him.

Though slender she was tall and surprisingly strong: he struggled to turn to face her as she started kissing his shoulder and neck, squeezing him desperately. “What the... Suzanne! What are you *doi...*” He got turned to her just in time for her to grab the back of his head by the hair, *hard,* and pull his face down for a ravenous kiss.

Her tongue forced its way between his lips and he kissed her back before he knew it was happening. *Fuck, this girl is hot,* he managed to think as she lowered her hands and started groping his ass, pulling him into her. With her hands lowered he managed to break the kiss and speak, though it was hard to do with her naked body pressed against him.

“Suzanne? You sure this is okay? I mean, God, you're so hot, but this is... kind of sudden?” He winced at how stupid this sounded and waited for her to jump back.

She said in a low, smoky voice. “I'm so hot. I want you to fuck my brains out. *Now.*” One hand slipped back to the front and started caressing his cock through his pants. *It* had absolutely no issues with the situation and was already hard as steel. Her hand was not gentle and if he hadn't been so aroused it would have *hurt.*

Jesus, this is like a cheesy porn flick. Sean, who was not a bad guy, was having a serious mental dilemma. *It's not like I got her drunk or anything. I really didn't plan on this but as long as I'm not paying her for it it's okay, right?*

“You sure, Suzanne? I mean, I'll still pay you and give you your prints and everything but if you're sure...” His voice trailed off as she started undoing his pants, not bothering to answer him. *She's sure.*

His cock slipped free as she yanked his pants down and he groaned with relief. Her eyes narrowed and she knelt in front of him, pulling his pants down further and sliding her mouth onto his cock with one swift motion. His knees threatened to buckle and he struggled to stand. She started sucking like she was trying to get a golf ball through a garden hose and he groaned again, harder. *I want to make him so hot,* she thought as she moved her head back and forth.

Suzanne was too obsessed to use much technique but her raw lust and desperation was lighting Sean up like a Christmas tree. His cock was *aching* with need. It didn't help when she moved one hand up and started playing with his balls and her other went back down to her clit. If Sean could have seen *that* part, it would have been all over, but fortunately he couldn't and her own moans and the wet sounds of her hand playing with herself didn't even register.

Sean looked down at her shiny black hair swaying while she worked his dick with her mouth. She was *drooling* and he could feel the cool air whenever she pulled her head back. He managed to speak. "I think I have some condoms around here somewhere... I can look..."

She pulled her head off and looked up at him, eyes blazing. "Fuck that. I'm on the pill. I want you to fuck my brains out. *Now.*" She stood up and ran the hand she had been stroking herself with over his face. "See how hot I am? You want me, don't you?" Her smile was almost vicious. She was *going* to have him.

The scent of the juices on her hand hit Sean's brain somewhere primitive and dark and he smiled back at her. "Oh, yeah, baby. I want you *bad.*" His hesitation dissolving, he lowered his own hand and cupped her between the legs. She sucked air between her teeth and arched up, pushing her hips forward into his fingers. He slipped one into her and she moaned. He felt her pussy squeezing his finger and his cock throbbed. She was soaking wet and felt like she had a fever.

She squeezed his cock, hard, and his eyes half-closed. With her fingers clamped around him she started kissing and licking his nipples, swaying when he hit someplace especially sensitive. Finally he couldn't take it anymore and pulled his finger out, wrapping his arms around her waist. He pulled her close and growled in her ear. "You ready to fuck, baby?"

She nipped him and lifted her head, "You fucking know it. Do me right now. Fuck my fucking brains out." Reluctantly she let go of him and, when he opened his arms, lay down on the floor and spread her legs. As he stared down at a wet dream come to life she played with herself a little and said, "Get the fuck down here."

He needed no more prompting and knelt between her legs. She lifted her knees and opened herself more. "Stick it in me. I'm so hot. I *need* it." Her words made his cock jump and he lowered himself, moving his hips to line himself up. As soon as he felt the tip push into her, he dropped his hips and slid in hard.

She screamed and bucked, but it was obvious he wasn't hurting her. Her legs wrapped around him, pulling him in as deep as she could get it. Only the fact that he was bigger and stronger than her allowed him to start pumping in and out at all, Her ass came up off the floor with every stroke because her legs were holding him so hard and he tried not to slam her onto the hard wood.

"FUCK!" she shouted. "I needed that so bad, fuck me, fuck me *hard!* That cock feels so fucking good!" He kept pumping her, hard as he dared, but not so fast he came right away. Her arms were as tight as her legs around him and he was vaguely aware of long black fingernails tearing at him. It was like fucking a wild animal. He lowered his head and kissed her. She immediately kissed back, flicking his tongue with hers, moaning and panting.

After just a few minutes of kissing, she started to shake, hard. Her nails weren't just scratching, they were painful as she gripped him. Her legs got so tight he just moved up and down, his body pressed into hers and his cock rubbing inside her. She pushed up, grinding her clit into him, and came so hard she went limp, fighting for breath.

He stopped for a second to catch his own breath. "Suzanne, you're fucking amazing." She smiled at him with the need still in her eyes, and squeezed her pussy around his cock. "Oh,

God, yeah, fuck, baby, that's sweeeeeet..."

She said in that low, scorched voice, "I need more. I want you to give it to me as hard as you can. If you do me doggy I'll feel that cock of yours even better. Will you do me from behind? Please?"

Sean nodded his head as hard as he could. "Fuck yeah. Let's get up on the couch so I don't hurt your knees." His own were red and would have been painful if he could think about anything other than how good her pussy felt around his dick. They scrambled up onto the beat-up studio couch, her with her hands braced on an arm and her ass pushed up high in the air, him behind her with his hands already grabbing the top of her hips.

It was hard to get it in her because she was already rocking back and forth trying to get it, but he slipped it in after just a few seconds and she wailed. "FUCK YES! Oh, *that* feels fucking good. Ram it in me, baby, give me that cock!"

For a computer guy Sean wasn't bad-looking and had had his share of good sex, but this was like something out of a porno. He couldn't believe his luck and went to it hard, his strong hands gripping her waist and pulling her onto him as he thrust. With every stroke she moaned or grunted and her knuckles were white from gripping the arm of the ratty old couch so hard.

His whole world was pulling her gorgeous ass toward him and feeling her hot little pussy sucking at his cock, in and out and in and out. He could smell how turned on she was and the sounds she was making were driving him insane.

Finally he realized he couldn't hold it much longer. He slowed and bent at the waist, with one hand coming to rest beside hers on the arm of the couch. She made a noise that might have been protest at his slowing down, but then he snaked his other arm under her belly and started rubbing her clit.

She threw up her head so hard she almost hit him in the jaw and pushed back onto his cock, rocking them both backwards on the couch. He shoved into her, so deep he felt the tip of his cock rubbing against her inside. After bracing himself he got his rhythm back and pumped a little while he concentrated on circling her hard little clit with his fingers.

Once both of those got going at once she just started *screaming*. Sean felt wetness running over his hand as she came all over his cock. She was whipping her head around, hair flying in his face, and it was all he could do to keep her from pushing him completely off of her.

This was more than he could take as hard as he tried to hold it. His cock swelled - getting an extra-loud scream out of her - and he lifted his hand and grabbed her shoulder, pulling at her as he pumped hot cum into her tight little body. She stopped screaming, but kept taking long, moaning breaths as he savored the most amazing orgasm of his life.

When he could take no more he painfully leaned back, lifting his hands and pulling out of her. She was so wet and tight he heard a little pop of air and felt more juices run over him. *Good thing this couch is easy to clean*, some weird part of his brain remarked in his head. She gasped and fell forward, her firm little tits pressed into the arm of the couch. He pulled back as best he could without shaking her and leaned heavily back into the other arm.

After several minutes she roused enough to look back at him, her skin finally starting to lose its flush. "That was fucking awesome," she said. "I don't know what came over me but you definitely fucked my brains out. I needed that."

He laughed. "Glad I could help. And 'fucking awesome' doesn't even begin to cover it. You are un-be-liev-able."

She wagged her ass at him. "Thanks. No extra charge. But speaking of, I had someplace to be after. I hate to run off but can we settle up? No offense."

He shook his head. “No problem. And I *will* get you those prints. And a copy of the painting I’m going to make. It’s going to be *incredible*.”

She had already stood up and was heading for the studio’s little bathroom to clean up and get her street clothes on. She preened at this. “It better be. I’ve never put out for a photographer before. I expect something good!”

He smiled weakly. “Baby, it’ll be my best one ever. Guarantee.” She laughed and shut the door. He got up to find some tissues and clean himself off, shaking his head in disbelief. *She acts like that was the most natural thing in the world*, he mused. *I wonder what the Hell just happened...*

After paying her (just for her posing time) and walking Suzanne down to her car, Sean went back to the little studio he rented and started to put things away. First he took down the background, then he looked at the lights to figure out which one to take down first. He noticed the modeling light on the main was still flickering. Now that he was not concentrating on work or talking (or fucking,) he was aware of the light buzz it was making as well.

That’s a weird flicker, he thought. *And that buzz... what it is about that buzz?* He stared at the light, thoughts drifting slowly, for several minutes. His mind grew very quiet and he started to sag. Then his phone rang.

He jerked and stood up straight, confused. *What... I didn’t know I was **that** tired*. He walked over to the phone where it sat on a table, but by the time he had collected himself, stepped over and reached it, it had gone to voicemail. *Weird. I was just looking at that light and I...* A thought struck him.

The light?

Cautiously, he got in front of the light again. After a few seconds of staring at it he felt his thoughts starting to drift again, but this time he was ready and snapped his head around.

The light.

He gingerly walked up to it and switched it off, then waited a moment and turned it back on. It flickered and buzzed. His eyes grew wide as the full import of what he was seeing hit him. *Oh, wow. Definitely the light.* His mind raced, a single thought flashing through his head over and over again.

I have another shoot tomorrow...

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-- Marc