

Moneyshot

Alexis Alexandra

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I liked my job in accounting, I really did, but with a larger than expected mortgage payment, car payment and a newborn I was always on the lookout for ways to make something on the side. And so here I was on a Saturday morning going through the job ads while nursing my daughter. Most were the typical low-paying, long hour jobs that I had no interest in. There were several for local strip clubs – something I have thought about in the past, but tossed to the wayside after becoming pregnant. Near the bottom of the page I saw an ad that caught my eye.

Model wanted for video/photo shoot.
Must look good in glasses and be
willing to get their face wet. Inquire
at XTC Entertainment 7 days a week.
HIGH PAY and future work available.

“Well, that can be interpreted several ways,” I said as I read it again. Given that XTC Entertainment was a small porn studio half an hour drive away, I narrowed it down to two different scenarios – neither of which I really cared for. The high pay and future work had my attention though even if I did not care much for the thought of going into porn. Closing the paper with a sigh, I moved Abbie to my right nipple. She latched on and I got up to grab another bottle of water from the fridge.

After putting my baby down for a nap, I went about doing a bit of house cleaning and my mind kept drifting back to that ad. I outright dismissed it initially, but after about an hour I began rationalizing the pros and cons until I had myself convinced it was a great idea. Butterflies in my stomach, I called my best friend Janine. She agreed to watch my baby for a few hours so I went to the bedroom and pumped out a few bottles of milk.

Janine showed up an hour later as I was getting out of the shower. Answering the door wearing only a towel, she looked me up and down and smiled. “Nice.” Reaching out, she hooked her index finger on the towel between my breasts and gave it a yank. It fell away from my body and I stepped back and covered myself with my arms. “Even nicer,” she giggled.

“Dammit Janine!”

“What? You’re the one that answered the door naked.”

“I wasn’t naked until you pulled my damn towel off. Give it back.”

“Nah. So, is Abbie sleeping now?”

“Yeah, but you’ll want to wake her in an hour for her next feeding. I need to go get dressed.” Turning to walk out of the living room, my ass was snapped by the towel causing me to yelp and jump. “Having fun?” I growled.

“Absolutely. I knew you had a nice ass, but damn, woman! So, where are you off to?”

“To get dressed.”

“I meant where are you spending the day?”

“I’d rather not say.”

“Oh, secret date? Who’s the lucky guy? Or have you finally come to the dark side and embraced your bisexuality?”

“I’m not bisexual”

“Says the woman that answered the door naked for her female best friend,” she grinned. “Seriously though, I really want to drink your milk straight from the source at least once before the wells run dry.”

“Never going to happen.”

“Then my babysitting fee is thirty-five an hour.”

“Really? You’re going to charge your best friend?”

“Hey, I dropped everything I was doing to come over here for the day. My time is just as valuable as yours. Or, you can let me take a drink.”

“You’re something else. Fine, one drink, but make it quick.”

“One tiny drink isn’t going to cut it, Kayla. I want to drink my fill.”

“I don’t have time right now, but you can do it when I get home, okay?”

“You better let me do it or I’ll never forgive you.”

“You can drink my milk and *only* drink my milk. I’m not bisexual and doing even that is pushing my limits so don’t go getting any funny ideas.”

“If you’re going to make me wait until you get home then you’re going to have to give me something to time me over until then.”

“Fine, do it, but please make it quick.” I expected her to suck one nipple or another and drink my milk, but instead she walked over to me, winked and got down on her knees. Grabbing my ass, she pushed her tongue into my pussy. I froze and gasped. “W-What are you doing?”

“Getting a taste to tide me over. And my god do you taste great.” Her tongue pushed back into me and then her teeth gently bit into my clit causing me to stop in my tracks just as I was taking a step back.

“Ooohhhh god! Please stop.” To my surprise, she did and I stumbled back against the wall. “Jesus Christ, Janine! What in the actual fuck were you thinking?”

“What? You told me to go ahead and do it so I did. And you loved it.”

“No I didn’t.”

“We’ll talk about it later. You better go get dressed before you’re late for your secret date.”

“I told you to do it because I thought you were going to drink my milk, not lick me. And I absolutely did not like it,” I half lied. While it felt good and my engorged clit was all the proof she needed to prove me wrong, I did not like the way it made me feel. Grumbling under my breath, I went to the bedroom and finished getting ready. Going back out to the living room, I was caught off guard by my best friend pulling me close. Her lips nearly brushed against mine but she did not kiss me.

“You look amazing. Have fun and I can’t wait to pick things up where we left off when you get back.” Then she gave me a quick peck on the lips before letting me go.

Embarrassed, I left the house and drove across town to XTC Entertainment to inquire about the modeling ad.

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Arriving at the huge complex of buildings shortly after noon, I entered through a side door into a large lobby that was empty save for the busty dirty blonde at the reception area. Swallowing my pride, I walked over and gave her a nervous smile. “I’m here about the ad in the paper.”

“We’re currently running seventeen ads, darling. Can you be more specific?”

“Um, the one In the Riverside Record for a model that looks good in glasses and willing to get their face wet,” I answered, my cheeks getting really hot as the words left my mouth.”

“Nice. And do you look good in glasses?”

Sitting my purse on the counter, I opened it, pulled out my black-framed glasses and put them on. “You tell me.”

“Absolutely lovely. Have you ever modeled before?”

“Nope.”

“Ever done porn before?”

“Not even a home video.”

“Are you open to having sex on camera?”

“Is that a requirement for the ad?”

“Only the director can answer that, but for the sake of not wasting everyone’s time let’s assume that it is. Are you okay having sex on camera?”

“Honestly, I’d rather not, but if it’s required I suppose I can do it as long as it doesn’t get too weird.”

“Weird is in the eye of the beholder, hun. I assume you’re okay getting naked on camera?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you certainly have the looks and body for this business I’ll give you that.”

Bending down, she grabbed a clipboard from under the counter and slit it in my direction. “Go ahead and fill everything out and if you have any questions please don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Um, I do have one question actually. The ad said willing to get their face wet. What exactly do you mean by that?”

“I’ll give you three guesses but you’ll probably only need one,” she smiled. “We’re looking for Moneyshot models. Women willing to let me cum all over their pretty faces. Mr. James – that’s the director you’ll be working with, has a thing for women in glasses which is why that part’s in there.”

“I figured it was that or something else. I’m not all too thrilled about taking facials, but I’ll gladly do them over the other.”

“Oh, and what is this other thing you speak of?”

“There are only two things in porn I can think of to get the face wet. Moneyshots and...and golden showers.”

“Watch a lot of porn do you?”

“Probably more than is healthy and I can say in all honestly I would rather take a hundred Moneyshots than let one person piss on me.”

“Have you done it?”

“Nope.”

“Then you can’t honestly say, can you? Go ahead and fill out the paperwork and I’ll let Mr. James know he has a model to do the scene with.”

“How much does this sort of thing pay?”

“That all depends on what you do. Mr. James can go over the details.”