

You Gotta See This!

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An attempt at humor with unintended erotica. The birth of a star is described as spectacularly beautiful... Is that the same for the birth of a porn star??? This story precedes the other short story I posted on this site.

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“ Good morning miss Savanna,” Mr. Johnston was wearing one of his nicer suits to work that day, “ How you doing sweetie? How’s the world treating you today?” The light blue suit complemented his blue eyes. Both the suit and his eyes had a glistening glassy sparkle. He put his briefcase down, casually crossed his arms, rested his elbows on his receptionist’s counter and leaned towards Savanna. Mr. Johnston looked at her makeup, made sure it was top notch, glanced across her desk and gave her a subtle smile.

“ Things are good Mr. Johnston. Well, as good as they can be, I guess,” her voice hinted a sense of frustration. “ It’s just James, you know he doesn’t like me working here and well, we had a pretty bad argument this morning. He kinda always assumes I’m sleeping with one of the actors. I tell him that I never even see them and that this is a very professional place, but that just isn’t enough for him.” Mr. Johnston uncrossed arms to rest his hands on his hips, “ Sweetie, that guy has some major trust issues. But, I must say, there is nothing like true love. That being said, if you ever need some time off just let me know. And if you can’t work here anymore on the count of love, true love, just give me the courtesy of a two week notice, okay? But, don’t you leave us for him and then turn around and dump him! We like you. You fit into our little family like a polygamist in Utah,” Savanna giggled and nodded yes.

“ So missy, I have an appointment with a wanna be this morning?” Mr. Johnston asked. “ Yes sir. Um, I let him in your office as I saw you walking in sir,” she answered. “ Good deal,” Mr. Johnston said as he started to fiddle with some mail on her desk. “ So, what did you think? How did he look?” Mr. Johnston questioned as he turned his eyes to Savanna. “ How did he look?” she repeated with a high pitched unsure tone. She put her elbows to her desk and put the palm of a hand to her chin and tapped her check with a finger and looked up out of the corner of her eye as if she was pondering what to say. “ My first thought sir, was ghetto,” she stopped tapping her check and made eye contact with Mr. Johnston. “ How can I put this best,” she paused, “ um, he had on baggy pants, a plain white shirt, an oversized denim jacket and a flat bill baseball cap turned sideways. “ Swag” is what kids are calling it these days. He had a nicely trimmed beard and tried to be conversational but he spoke very shitty English.” Savanna smiled and Mr. Johnston smiled back. “ Well maybe he’s a diamond in the rough,” he said as he picked up his briefcase and walked towards his office. “ Savanna, in five minutes and give me a dummy call, you know, just incase I need to ditch and bail on our Mr. Swag.” Savanna nodded yes and batted her eyelashes.

Billy G. was standing gawking at one of the pictures on the office walls when Mr. Johnston walked in. “ Dave,” he proclaimed before Mr. Johnston could speak, “ Dude, you got some fine ass bitches homie! Look,” Billy G. demanded as he pointed to a picture on the wall, “ I know this bitch! She’s that chick who fucked those three black dudes, in that one flick! What’s it called? “ Hurt Me Please!” I dig it man, I dig it.”

Mr. Johnston gave a quarter smile as he made his way to his desk. “ Oh shit,” Billy G. made his way to Mr. Johnston, “ Where my manors? Dave Johnston, I’m Billy G. and I think we’s gonna make some serious flow together bro!” Billy put his hand out to properly greet Mr. Johnston. Mr. Johnston shook his hand then made his way around his desk to his executive seat, “ Well, Mr. Billy G, my friend Carlos told me to give you this opportunity, and well, he didn’t say much more than that. So, tell me son, what do you have for me?”

Billy settled in a seat in front of Mr. Johnston’s desk, “ First of all Dave, don’t call me son. You need to see me as an, uhh, a partner, a equal! I’m a business man. And I’m here to show you what my business is, man. You get my drift?” Billy G. asked. “ Now I got some of my work to show you and I

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want to film and direct movies for you.â

Mr. Johnston chuckled a shallow sarcastic chuckle and asked, â Well Mr. G., what, exactly do you have to show me?â With that Billy G. pulled a disc out of his coat pocket.

Mr. Johnston relaxed in his chair. He put his hands together in the shape of a gun and put his fingers to his lips as he pondered his next words. â Well Mr. Billy G., I cannot just take this video from you. You see, I am also a business man. And, as Iâ m sure you are aware, I have serious risks and liabilities in taking that disc from you. If you want to leave this for me to see, you gotta sign some waivers and forms. Iâ m also going to need some copies of your I.D. card or driverâ s license.â

Billy looked at Mr. Johnston with a dumbfounded gaze. â Look, Mr. G., Iâ ll make this simple. Just sign these papers. They pretty much just say that you made this video, some are waivers saying you swear and are positive that the participants in the video are not under age, that the participants are aware of your intentions, and that they are performing willingly. I will also need the you to give me the names and phone numbers of all those involved so that I can contact them.â Billy gawked at the papers for a second before he asked, â Dude, do you gots a pen?â

Mr. Johnston smiled and opened his drawer and produced a pen with his companyâ s name on it. â Keep it, son.â he said.

Billy smiled and took the pen. Billy skipped reading over the large paragraphs and just asked where to sign when he saw blank lines. â Here you go man.â he sat silently and watched Mr. Johnston go through the forms. â So Mr. J, do you ever tag these bitches?â he asked. Daveâ s phone rang before he could answer the question.

â Hello?â he answered. â Sup Mr. Boss man?â Savanna said on the other end. â Yes Savanna?â he replied in a serious tone. â Did Mr. Swag pull his glock or try to shank you yet?â she asked. â Ahh, I see,â Mr. Johnston answered, â tell them Iâ m on the way, thank you Savanna.â

Mr. Johnston hung up the phone. â Billy, Iâ m sorry. I appreciate you coming by but I am going to have to watch this later and get back to you. I have an emergency. Business, what can I say? But, I will watch your video and I will try and get back to you as soon as I can. Okay? Just bring by a copy of your I.D. and leave it with my secretary. Mr. Johnston sounded sincere as he stood up and put his hand out towards Billy for a hand shake. Billy stood up and grasped his hand. â I feel you bro. Got some hoes that need attending, I understand man.â

With that Billy turned and headed towards the door, â But get back at me, man!â he turned back to look at Mr. Johnston as he grabbed the knob of the office door. â thereâ s a lot of hoes out there waiting to be made stars, and thereâ s a lot of doe that could be in ours.â He put up a peace sign as he opened the door and walked out. â Iâ ll be seeing you honey,â he told Savanna as he made his way by her desk, giving her a wink.

Mr. Johnston watched Billy make his way to the front door. He ran his hands through his fine light brown hair and spoke quietly, â Fuck the youth,â as he was astonishingly disgusted. â Miss Savanna! Get in here, please.â he yelled. â Yes sir?â she asked as she promptly popped in his doorway wearing a smile. â What the fuck is this wrong with the youth of today? I mean that kid had no class, no respect, couldnâ t speak proper English, had an ass wipes worth of manners! You know, I prayâ ! I pray that the future of this industry has nothing to do with shitty little ingrates like that punk who just walked outta here. Iâ m sorry Miss Savanna, thatâ s really all I had to say, you can carry on with, whatever it was you were doing. Just, umm, close my door will you please. I just needed to vent real quick.â â No problem sir,â Savanna

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replied with a smile and closed the door.

Mr. Johnston spun in his rotating chair to face the window. He looked out at the greenery and the blue sky with its white clouds. The sun was out of view but it was bright out. He reclined back and in his chair, not thinking about anything, rested his elbows on the arm rests of his chair letting his hands hang over his lap, and twisted his chair to the his left a little, then to his right a bit. He brought his hands up and gave his face a vigorous rub. "Fuck it. Let's see what this shit head has." With that he popped up out of this chair and grabbed the disc off of his desk. He walked over an armoire and opened the doors to reveal a television and all of the devices of a home entertainment center. He pushed a few buttons, slid the disc into a machine, pushed play, and made his way back to his desk. He opened a desk drawer and pulled out a bag of pot, a pipe, and a lighter. As the video started he nestled into a sofa in front of the television and blazed up.

The lime green marijuana changed to a brilliant glowing orange once the flame touched. It hissed and crackled a bit as it transformed into a thick smoke that went into Dave's lungs. "Uhhhhh," he moaned as he exhaled and his lung collapsed for a brief period. Almost instantly his eyes watered, swelled and took their glazed and bloodshot state.

On the screen was a young girl. She looked no older than twenty. She was on a bed in what appeared to be a cheap motel. She was a slender, tanned, and beautiful, with robust breasts, and dark brown hair. She had on a lavender lacey bra with matching panties and wore an innocent smile almost ear to ear showing her perfect teeth as she lied on the cheap blankets of the bed. She playfully rolled over and put her rear in the air and put her hand between her legs and tauntingly rubbed her crotch as she stared back at the camera.

"Not too shaby," Dave spoke as he grabbed the remote to turn up the volume. He clicked the clicker rapidly for a second. "Yeah baby, just like that," were the first words he heard come from the television. It was Billy G's voice. "Now tell me something nasty bitch!" demanded Billy from behind the camera. Dave's slight smile turned to an awkward smirk of disgust as he raised an eyebrow. "Nevermind, I ain't caring bout what you got to say," said the voice of the unseen Billy G., "Okay Stud, get in here and murder this ass." With that a guy walked into the view of the camera and stood at the side of the bed. He was wearing red boxer briefs and had a body that looked like it was chiseled out of wood, smooth, hairless, and every muscle tight and defined.

The girl slowly and sexily crawled across the bed to the strapping young man. She started kiss on the "v" of his abdomen, just above his briefs and her with her lips made her up his hard body taking a little more time at his chest where she stopped and looked up at his face. For a second the two made eye contact. The young man smiled at her showing his perfect teeth and she smiled back. For that second it seemed like more than just a raw unrehearsed porno scene. For that second it looked like true intimacy. For that second it looked like there was some kind of connection between the two. For that second, it looked like love. The young man brought his hands up to sensually rub the checks of the girl with his thumbs and at the same time with the tips of his fingers he softly rubbed her neck just below her ears. The young man took one of his hands and placed it to caress the back of the girl's neck just above her shoulder. He slid the other behind the girls neck and up into her hair line to grab a firm, aggressive, handful of her hair. She smiled in a state of undeniable ecstasy as the young man brought their faces together for a passionate kiss. "Oh my," Dave spoke as he was impressed with the young man's intimacy with the young girl.

"What the fuck is going on here?" asked Billy G. in an annoyingly excited tone. "Enough of that lovey dovey bullshit, I wanna see some fucking! Stud, I want you to," Dave grabbed the remote and to silence the moron before he could finish. The girl put her hands to rest on the young man's pecks and with her lips began making her way back down the front of his ripped torso, letting her hands slide down slowly. She got to his briefs and pulled them down in a quick playful manner. "Oh my!" Dave Johnston said again. The girl on the video looked up and smiled at the young man.

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“Holy Pete! Look at Pete’s peter!” Haha, that boy is hung like a walrus! Mr. Johnston was thoroughly impressed with the young man’s endowment. He took another hit from his pipe and exhaled with a slight cough at the end. “Let’s see what this boy’s got,” he spoke aloud as he clicked fast-forward on the clicker to get passed the fellatio scene. “Oh, shit,” he murmured as he almost speed a little into the next scene.

When the video returned to normal speed the young man was inviting the young woman off the edge of the bed to stand with him. He embraced her around the waist and held her close as they kissed. He then lifted her up off the floor and she wrapped her legs around her waist. They continued to kiss then the young man did something odd. He held a finger up to camera as to signal “no.” Their faces separated and they gazed at each other for a half of a second. The young man licked his lips and smiled. Without warning he lifted the young girl up high, high enough to where she could put her legs over his shoulders engulfing his head between her thighs. The young man took one of his hands and placed it on the girl’s butt and pressed her crotch into his face. His other hand was high on the girl’s back, allowing her to lay back slightly. The young man’s muscles bulged as his head made awkward movements and minutes rolled by. The girl let her head fall back and then bared forward in a semi fetal position as she obviously reached an orgasmic state. The young man continued with his head rotating in her crotch as the girl laid back to rest on his hands again. “Oh my cunnilingus!” Mr. Johnston said as he chuckled, impressed again by the young man.

“Savanna, get in here!” he yelled. “Yes, sir. Oh my goodness!” she gasped as her attention was drawn directly to the television. “Sweetheart, close your eyes. This is, uh,” Dave scrambled for the clicker and pushed pause. “This is, not for you. But could you please get Virginia and Pat in here?”

Savanna was slightly blushed and looking down. “Yes, of course Mr. Johnston.” She turned and closed the door behind her. “That Billy G. might not be a diamond in the rough, but I think he found me a gold mine,” Dave spoke as a huge smile crept to his face. In a few seconds there was a knock at the door. “Come in,” Dave yelled. Virginia and Pat walked in. “What’s up Mr. Boss man Dave. You got something for us?” asked Patrick. “Come sit down guys,” Dave told them as he reloaded his pipe with weed. “Here,” he gave the pipe to Virginia, “You gotta see this!” Dave said as he passed the pipe. The two stood as they smoked. Virginia took a hit and passed it to Pat. Pat took a hit and tried to pass it to Dave but Dave declined. Pat took another hit and passed it back to Virginia. “So what we gonna watch boss? Male or female is what I mean exactly,” Patrick clarified. “Well guys, shit have a seat,” Dave offered. The two sat on the sofa, one on each side of Dave. “I want y’all to check this guy out,” with that Dave unpaused the video.

“Nice body!” Virginia blurted out with no restraint. “How long has he had her like that?” Pat asked. Dave responded slowly, “Uh, like eight, maybe nine minutes.” “By the looks on her face, that guy knows what he’s doing,” explained Virginia. The three stared silently at the television, stoned, just watching with gaping jaws. On the television the young man had taken the girl to a wall where she slowly slid down as he went down to his knees with her still wrapped around his face. When the young man got to his knees he peeled her off of his shoulders and stood up.

Patrick: Holy shit! That guy puts horses to shame.

Virginia: Are you serious? That’s like the most scary thing I’ve ever seen!

Dave: I was wondering if it’s natural but he is too young to have had any procedures or implants.

Virginia: Fuck that! I’m wonder if he’s gonna fit all that in that poor girl!

Patrick: Maybe she’s one of those, deep girls.

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Dave: You think they are a couple?

On the television the young man, once again, held his finger up to the camera and signaled "no." The girl lied back on the bed where the young man put a pillow under her head and put himself into her mouth. She closed her eyes and did not need to move, as he did all the work, thrusting himself into her mouth. Then he put himself between her breast and continued thrusting.

Virginia: There is a good flow going on there. Is he being directed or just impromptu, so to speak?

Patrick: Yeah, and he definitely has stamina, I mean, unless he popped off earlier?

Dave: No, not on screen at least. But who's to say if he didn't rub one out before. But, you know, as long as long as he can finish strong, rubbing one out really isn't a problem.

Patrick: Check it out boss! He's getting her into the pretzel!

Virginia: My goodness, look at that boy's buns.

Dave: So would you say that's grade A miss Virginia?

Virginia: Grade A plus boss! I mean, all our men are ripped and good looking, but there is something different about this guy.

Patrick: Yeah boss, I could write a million rolls for this guy. Rico Smiley would be my first character name for this dude!

Virginia: That's it! He is almost constantly smiling! I think that's what gets me all hot and bothered with him. And it's not a creepy, perverted smile. It's subtle, and sweet, and nice.

Patrick: What the hell? That's like, the third time I've seen this guy finger no to the camera. Why's this thing on mute?

Patrick grabbed the remote and turned up the volume. "Don't tell me no stud, just get that hole I'm telling you. Oh yeah get that ass up in the air and murder that," Dave snatched the remote from Patrick to turn the volume down again.

Dave: That annoying degenerate that I had muted is Billy G. He wants to film and direct for me. He's an idiot.

The three sat on the sofa in silence and watched. The young man and beautiful girl rolled into countless positions, never once losing that look of lustful desire. After nearly an hour passed the young man stood up on the bed. The girl made her way up to her knees. The young man hunched over and whispered something into the girl's ear. She looked up and smiled at him and backed up to where the headboard was against the back of her head.

Patrick: Ha! He's going for the "Vicious skully" for the grand finale!

Virginia: Oh my!

Dave: Oh my!

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Patrick: Oh damn!

The young man held the girl's head against the headboard by her hair and trusted himself into her mouth till he came.

Virginia: Well Iâ m guessing he didnâ t rub one out before the scene.

Patrick: No shit! Thatâ s like a gallon of jizz!

Virginia: As young as he looks, he must be a natural.

Patrick: I say we give this guy a job.

Dave: I say we need to make this guy a star.

Virginia: I second that!

Patrick: I third that!

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