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JADE FALCONER
GIRLS ON FILM

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A PHAZE FETISH HEATSHEET BY

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JADE FALCONER

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Chris checked his appointments for the afternoon. It was a slow day, and he had only one session scheduled. That was unusual. His photography services had been in high demand lately, and he was generally fully booked. But he'd had a cancellation at the last minute, and that left him with just one shoot: a fetish model, according to the description. He usually did commercial shoots, but fetish shoots were his favorite. He had his proclivities.

He went about getting ready. The details were laid out in the instructions that had been faxed to him, and it was a fairly simple scenario. He had all the kinky props that were required, some his own and some sent along by the agency. He was just setting up the lights when there was a knock at the door.

Jenny adjusted the garment bag on her shoulder as she waited for the photographer to answer the door. There were several costume changes involved in the shoot, and she wasn't going to walk down city streets dressed like a dominatrix. At least, not until after dark. She wore snug-fitting faded jeans and a hot pink, cut-off T-shirt that accentuated her ample cleavage. She pushed her sunglasses up on her head, holding back her long, platinum hair.

Chris walked over to the door, and pulled it open, eyes widening a little at the sight that greeted him. "Hello," he said, smiling. She wasn't his typical type of model, but then again this wasn't a typical shoot. "Please come in." He stepped back, allowing her to enter, surreptitiously checking her out. She was curvy but slender, slim hips and long legs. "I assume you're my model for today. I'm Chris," he said as he closed the door, extending his hand as he gazed into her grey eyes.

She took his hand with a breezy smile. "I'm Jenny. Nice to meet you. Did they send over directions for the shoot?" she asked briskly. As a model, she tried to keep relationships on a professional level, but she couldn't deny that there was something incredibly appealing about the photographer. He had that look of wiry strength, slender but defined. Close-cropped, reddish brown hair accentuated his high cheekbones and piercing blue-green eyes. For these kinds of shoots she usually preferred a woman or someone ugly, but Chris was supposedly the best. She didn't mind.

"They did. A fetish shoot. You have your own outfits, I assume?" he asked, leading her into the studio. He thought he could feel a little tension between the two of them, but he couldn't be sure. If so, he hoped it would translate well to film. She was certainly gorgeous, and would be more so in the fetish clothing.

She nodded. "Yeah. Do you have a dressing room? I can go get changed into the first one." She knew there would be more to this shoot than clothes, but the clothes were the only things she provided. "I have makeup, too, although I'm open to advice on that if you don't like it." She had done these sorts of shoots before and she knew what they usually liked. Cold, ice queen. She could do that.

Chris pointed down the hall. "First door on your right. Just do whatever makes you feel comfortable, and I can adjust for it." He liked to make his models feel at ease as much as possible. It was hard enough for them to be half naked, posed provocatively in front of a camera. Nervousness showed on film.

Jenny smirked at that. "I don't think you could adjust for pajama bottoms and a T-shirt," she quipped as she sauntered down the hallway to the dressing room. It took her twenty minutes to carefully squeeze herself into the black PVC corset, thong, and thigh high spike-heeled boots. Another ten to spackle on enough makeup to make her look like a cool dominatrix. She brushed out her hair so it hung loose down her back.

She strolled slowly back out to the studio area. Chris was adjusting the lens on a camera mounted on a tripod, and she waited for him to notice her.

Chris looked up and just barely managed not to gape. Her body looked even better in the PVC clothing. It was as if the outfit was made for her. The shiny fabric clung to every curve. "You look great," he said smoothly, trying not to ogle her too obviously. He was constantly surrounded by beauty, and he was usually immune to it. But something about Jenny was incredibly appealing. "I'll be ready in a moment, if you just want to sit over there." He nodded toward the shoot area, where the lights and backdrop were already set up.

One of the many props was a high-backed, throne-like chair covered in black velvet. Jenny took a seat and crossed her legs, the tall, stiff boots creaking a little in protest.

Chris readied the first camera, glancing surreptitiously up at the model as he did so. "That's perfect, actually," he said. "Shall we start there?" Her pale skin and blond hair contrasted perfectly with the black velvet. He knew this was going to be good.

Jenny smiled at him. "From here on out that's pretty much your call," she said softly. "Just tell me what you want me to do." She was under no illusions about her role in a photo shoot.

"Just the way I like it," Chris replied, smirking a little. He hadn't really meant to admit it, but he was kinky himself. He enjoyed the fetish shoots a little too much. He looked over at the props. "Maybe a crop..." He handed her a black leather riding crop that matched her outfit.

Jenny held the crop like a scepter, gazing towards the camera placidly.

Chris adjusted the lights, then began to snap pictures. He could already tell these were going to be very hot. He encouraged her, telling her which way to move, and what to do.

Jenny glared, arched her eyebrow, tilted her chin up, tilted her chin down, all on cue. She uncrossed her legs. She kneeled on the chair. She ran the tip of the crop over her lips, all at Chris' direction.

Chris was impressed. Jenny looked just like a dominatrix, but she took orders without hesitation. He wondered if that was a product of being a model and being used to such directives, or...something else. He wanted badly to ask.

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"Why don't you go change into the next outfit, and I'll change the set?" he finally suggested.

Jenny rose from the chair, and returned to the dressing room. The next outfit was even more risqué than the last. She emerged wearing evil-looking stiletto-heeled boots with buckle straps up to her knees, black satin thong panties, a black satin half corset, and a chrome plated bra that left the majority of her breasts completely exposed. She took a deep breath and strutted out to the studio space, adjusting the spiked collar around her neck.

This time Chris didn't bother to hide his stare. It wouldn't have been possible anyway. Most of the models he saw were beautiful, but tended toward the non-voluptuous. Jenny was quite the opposite. He coughed a little, and returned his gaze to his light meter. "I thought we could take a few pictures with you bending over that table." Not that he wanted to see her in that position, no...

Jenny nodded solemnly. She did her best to hide her blush. She didn't usually feel this awkward but for some reason with Chris it felt different. She walked over to the table and bent over it, looking back at him over her shoulder. "Like this?" she asked.

"Perfect," Chris said, a little hoarsely. "Spread your legs more."

She did as he told her, feeling warmer with each passing moment.

"Arch your back." The pose made her look even more sensuous, and he tried not to get distracted by his own desires. She took direction beautifully, and he couldn't help thinking of what it would be like to really tell her what to do.

Jenny could almost feel Chris' eyes on her ass. She moved so he got the best possible view, and soon she was starting to feel a little aroused by it. That was odd; usually she wasn't affected like this.

Chris continued to take pictures, moving a little closer. For a moment, their eyes met over the camera, and his heart started to pound. He wasn't sure what was wrong with him, or what it was about this girl that got to him. But he was definitely aroused, and if Jenny looked down again she'd certainly be able to tell. He suddenly wished he'd worn looser pants. His cock pressed against the zipper and it was beginning to ache.

Jenny could sense Chris' attention, although she didn't look at his crotch. She did, however, start to work it a little more. She made sure her legs were spread wide apart, and that her lips were moist, her eyes dark with real passion. She told herself it was because she wanted the pictures to turn out well, but it was more than that.

Chris had been hit on by many models, and had propositioned a fair few himself, but he'd never felt this kind of tension during a photo shoot. Jenny was playing up to him, he was almost sure of it, and it was definitely working. He knew these pictures were going to be incredible, if nothing else.

When it was time for another costume change, Chris stepped closer to her. He had to say it. "You're really sexy," he said softly. "But I suppose you hear that all the time."

She faced him, tipping her head back a little to look into his pale eyes. "Sometimes," she said unapologetically. Chris had such an aura of control about him, such an unwavering, dominant vibe. Her heart rate sped up just a little.

He had to push it a little further. It was his nature. "Do you just wear the clothes?" he asked. "Or...are you involved in BDSM?" *You never know...* She just looked so natural this way.

Jenny inhaled sharply and licked her lips. The only thing to do was be honest. She wasn't ashamed of it, after all. "The clothing designer is...my former...Master," she said haltingly.

Chris smiled a bit more widely. He'd known it. He was rarely wrong about these things. But..."Former?" he asked carefully. Now he had all sorts of new mental images to consider, but he didn't want to step on any toes.

She shrugged, acutely aware of the movement of the air in the room across her exposed skin. "He's not the kind to stay with any one person for very long. But he's very open about it. He likes to...kind of...train people and then send them off into the world."

Chris raised an eyebrow, and moved in deliberately. Even with her heels on, he was still taller than she was. "And are you," he asked softly, "trained?" He didn't let himself hope just yet.

The tension between them was now palpable. "Yes," Jenny said, her voice gone a little hoarse.

Chris moved closer yet, so that their bodies were almost touching. "I thought so," he breathed. He looked down at her for a moment. "Go get changed," he said roughly, definitely ordering her this time.

Jenny nodded and turned, walking back to the dressing room. The final outfit for the shoot didn't include anything even remotely covering her from the waist up. A black satin garter belt held up fishnet stockings. Over that another thong, black satin. Simple black patent stiletto pumps and black satin gloves above the elbow completed the ensemble. She came back out, drawing a shaky breath, and met Chris' eyes. She ran gloved hands through her long blonde hair. She'd never felt so exposed; but she wanted his eyes on her.

Chris just gazed at her. He didn't try to hide his stare, because there was no way he could. He just hoped he could take pictures with no blood left in his brain.

The last set was an actual bed, covered with a black satin throw. He nodded toward it, and said, "Get on the bed." He was giving orders now, not asking, because he knew she would follow.

Jenny bit her lip and climbed onto the bed. He hadn't specified a position, so she lay on her back, leaning up on her hands. Her heart beat a mile a minute now, and her nipples hardened in the cool air of the studio.

Chris approached, taking light readings, standing at the foot of the bed. He was fairly sure that after this shoot, he'd be fucking that gorgeous body. It was

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against his self-imposed rules, but he was too turned on to care at this point. They were consenting adults. What happened after the shoot was their business.

While Chris' attention was on the light meter, Jenny allowed herself to really look at him. His tall, slender body radiated strength, and her breath hitched when noticed his very obvious arousal outlined against his snug-fitting pants. She wanted to see his body.

Chris raised his eyes to meet hers, and the tension in the room rose again. Without a word, he backed away and began to snap pictures. After a moment, he moved closer again and said, "Put your arms above your head."

Jenny lay back and raised her arms above her head. Chris' tone of voice had definitely changed, and she reacted to it immediately. She stretched her slim body on the bed, raising one knee until the spike heel was digging into the black silk sheet. His eyes on her made her want more. His hands, his body...she ached for it now.

Chris had never been this aroused while taking pictures. It was all he could do to get the settings right. He moved to a different angle and said, "Spread your legs a bit more." His voice was deep with lust now. It was excruciating to be so close without touching, but the anticipation was delicious. These pictures were going to drip sex.

Jenny slid her legs apart on the smooth sheets, and adjusted herself on the bed as appealingly as she could. She was panting softly now, her ample chest rising and falling. She stared at the camera intently, every inch of her body tingling with anticipation.

Chris knew these pictures were going to be incredibly hot, because this sexual tension was real. Chris worshipped her body with his camera. "Arch up off the bed," he whispered, camera whirring away. "Show me how much you like this."

Jenny looked at the camera, and the man behind it, straining toward him. She hoped her need showed through her poses.

"Imagine the people looking at the pictures," Scott purred, getting even closer. "Think about how much they will want you." Like he did.

As Chris' camera recorded every inch of her, leaving her feeling more exposed than any photo shoot she'd ever done, she asked softly, "So...I guess you're into it, too." It was hardly a question. His very demeanor ever since she'd admitted to having a master had turned vigorously dominant.

"I'm into *you*," Chris admitted, lowering the camera. He looked into her eyes. "I think that's pretty obvious. And I'm dominant. What you want to do about that is up to you." He stared at her steadily, hoping she was into him. He was fairly sure about it.

Jenny swallowed hard. Well, there it was. She lowered her eyes demurely. "Actually...it's all up to you," she said quietly. She wanted to give up control to this man, whom she barely knew. It was a little frightening, but very compelling.

Chris put his camera down. They were negotiating now, and the photo shoot was over. "Once you say yes, then it is. And not until." He knew he had to be very careful in his predilections. He watched her closely.

She licked her lips again. "Yes," she whispered, meeting his gaze. She was ready for it, and he was very sexy. It had been too long since she'd had a lover who understood her like that.

Chris just barely held back a moan, and his cock started to throb. He didn't move yet, though. There was no need to rush now, now that he knew he was going to have her. Now he could wait.

He stood at the end of the bed, staring down at her. "Grab the headboard," he instructed, his voice silky soft now.

Jenny gasped a little and curled her perfectly manicured fingers around the spokes of the headboard. She watched him, and his look felt like a touch. Now there was more to this, and it only increased her feeling of vulnerability. And she wanted it badly.

"Good," he breathed, his eyes half lidded. Two things remained before they could begin. He walked over to the door, locking it securely, then walked slowly back to the bed. Letting her wait, establishing control. "Give me your safe word," he directed, still not touching her.

"Arsenic," she breathed, responding immediately. She knew it wasn't necessary to explain it. It was just a word that she would remember that wouldn't come up in the normal course of having kinky sex. Uttering it to him made everything that much more real.

Chris nodded, moving closer and running just his fingertips up her leg, barely touching. Her skin was as silky as it looked. "Tell me what you *don't* want," he said softly. Once he knew her hard limits, he could begin.

Jenny shivered a little. "No permanent marks," she rasped. She'd been trained to tolerate anything else and be turned on by most of it.

Chris nodded. "I promise," he said. He wasn't into blood play himself, so that wouldn't be a danger. He knew she had no reason to trust him, but he also knew that she wanted to give up control. His hand continued its path up her body, tracing lightly over her stomach and just brushing one nipple, then the other. He could have asked what she liked, but he preferred to find out for himself.

She gripped the headboard tightly, panting now. Her eyes closed for a moment, and when she opened them she was where she needed to be. She looked up at him, her whole body humming with anticipation. She was in his hands now.

Chris looked down at her, mind racing with the possibilities. When he'd first seen her topless, he'd known what he wanted to do to those beautiful breasts. He said, "Don't move," and walked over to his toy cabinet. He pulled out a small white candle. He had a box of them, and he knew their properties well. Wax

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play was one of his favorite things. He also took out a lighter, and walked slowly back toward the bed.

Jenny stayed completely still, only her eyes following him. She saw the candle and her eyes widened. She bit her lower lip, but didn't protest.

Chris lit the candle, eyes locked to hers. Almost immediately, a bit of wax began to pool beneath the flame; these candles were specially made for this. He whispered, "Keep your hands where they are." He moved so the candle was several feet above her, and tipped it precisely. A drop of wax fell just to the side of her nipple, and Chris knew the drop would only sting for a moment from that height. He was, in effect, assuring her he knew just what he was doing.

Jenny whimpered quietly. It was sexy and degrading at the same time, somehow, just the sort of thing that got her off. She arched her back a little, squirming from the sensation. She felt so naked and helpless and it was perfect. He had her already.

Chris lowered the candle just a little, dripping some more wax on the other nipple. She reacted just perfectly, and he knew just how high he could hold the candle without burning her. He needed to judge how much she wanted.

The next drip stung more acutely and she gasped, eyes wide. She really didn't know this man, and yet she trusted him to know what he was doing. Nothing was holding her down but the will to submit, but that was strong enough. She wanted this, and he seemed to know just how to provide what she wanted.

Chris watched her face carefully, judging her pain threshold, and moved to the other nipple, lowering the candle just a fraction more. He dripped again, savoring every sound and movement she made.

Jenny whimpered again, letting herself sink into the pain. At some level it was indistinguishable from pleasure and she gasped as the sting receded. Her arms were starting to ache from gripping the headboard so tightly.

Chris was definitely enjoying her reactions, but it also made him anxious for more. Finally he blew out the candle and put it aside. He watched her for a moment, deciding, then walked back to the cabinet. He pulled out a couple of items and brought them back to the bed. "Get up," he instructed, and showed her the items. "Go get cleaned up, take your panties off, and put this in."

Jenny blushed as she sat up and stood, accepting the lubricant and anal plug. It wasn't a normal plug; attached to it was a long fall of silky synthetic hair, to make it appear like the wearer had a tail. She drew an unsteady breath and disappeared into the washroom.

When she returned, she was naked except for the garter and stockings, shoes and gloves. And the tail. She kept her eyes down as the "tail" swished silently behind her as she approached him, her face warm with something like delicious shame.

Chris watched her with approval. While he'd waited he'd put away the cameras and lowered the lights, and removed his shirt. "Turn around, slowly,"

he instructed. He could see the faint red marks where the wax had dropped, and her blush was lovely.

Jenny turned slowly, paying close attention to not wobbling on the tall heels. She had never felt so exposed, although she probably had been photographed in more provocative poses. The plug inside her made her body feel invaded, impaled, even though the master was not even touching her yet. He had barely laid a finger on her, in fact. She stole glances at his upper body; his muscles were chiseled and well-defined, yet he was still slender. Her idea of the perfect male body.

Chris was a very visual person, he had to be; and she made a lovely picture. "On the bed. Hands and knees," he finally purred, enjoying every second of this. He knew the waiting was torture for her, even more so than for him.

Jenny nodded and walked towards the bed, head held high. She climbed onto it, crawling on her hands and knees to the center of the mattress. She kept her breathing as even as possible. This was all part of the game.

Chris waited until she was settled, then walked over to the table where the riding crop was sitting. He smiled as he picked it up and approached the bed. She looked even better in that pose, submissive and perfect. He was beginning to ache for her, but the anticipation was what they both wanted.

Jenny could hear him walking around, but it wasn't until she ventured a glance over her shoulder that she saw the crop. She gasped again and almost unconsciously arched her back, displaying her pale, round ass to its best advantage. She could almost feel the sting of the crop already, and she spread her legs apart more, hoping to entice him to hurry.

Chris walked closer, savoring every moment of buildup. He stood next to her, and drew the crop slowly down her back, barely touching. He knew what she was doing, whether consciously or unconsciously, but he wouldn't be hurried. He was in charge here.

Jenny whimpered. She glanced at Chris as much as she dared, admiring his well formed chest. The light touch made her shiver a little in anticipation. She couldn't wait to see the rest of him.

Chris gazed at her ass for a long moment; the tail was particularly appealing. Then he snapped the crop sharply on the smooth flesh. The sound of leather hitting pale smooth skin was one of the things he liked the most, which was one of the reasons why he liked the crop.

Jenny lowered her head as she yelped from the sharp sting. Her previous master preferred that she not hold back any reaction. The stripe across her ass stung and burned perfectly, and made her want more.

Chris continued, laying precise blows over the most tender parts of her ass and thighs. He never overlapped, and raised only faint welts. Soon, though, her pretty backside was crisscrossed with faint pink lines and Chris was more than ready to take her. Some other time he'd do more, test her limits. But he needed her now.

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Jenny could feel a faint sheen of sweat on her forehead, and she was panting hard by the time he stopped. She drew a deep breath and squared her shoulders, mentally preparing for whatever might come next.

Chris set the crop aside and stepped closer to her head. He reached down and grabbed a handful of her long blond hair and pulled her head back. He loved to pull hair, and hers seemed made for it.

Jenny looked up at him as her head was wrenched back. She didn't have to tell this man that she loved being treated like this. That it thrilled her to submit to his strength. Clearly he knew. And from everything he'd done so far, she could tell he knew just how far to take things. She looked into his eyes for a long moment before lowering her eyes again.

Chris' need rose even higher. He was done playing games now. "What do you want?" he hissed, yanking on her hair.

Jenny gasped and looked back up at him. "I want you to fuck me," she rasped. "Please."

With his free hand, Chris unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped them. "You want this?" he growled, pulling his cock free from his pants. He was fully hard, wet and thick. He pulled at her hair again. "Say it. Beg for it."

Jenny choked back a sob at the painful yank on her hair. "Please...I want your cock. Please, Chris. Please fuck me," she moaned. She licked her lips at the sight of the cock that would soon invade her. She dragged her gaze up to his handsome face, and moaned at the expression she found there. He looked like a god.

"You want to be used, like my own personal whore?" Chris purred. "You'd do anything for it, wouldn't you?" She'd followed his every directive. He couldn't wait to be inside her. Her full lips were lovely, and he wanted to fuck her mouth as well, but he didn't want to come that way. Yet. He needed to fill her.

Jenny moaned again. "Yes, anything. Please...Use me," she begged. She was aching for him now. She would do anything he asked of her, without question. She was too far gone to care about anything else.

Chris finally released her hair. He walked quickly to the cabinet and pulled out a condom packet. He ripped it open with his teeth and slid it on quickly. He climbed up on the bed behind her, still wearing his pants, and pressed against her. He scratched her back, which was unmarked as yet, and positioned himself. "Say please," he commanded. Humiliation was undoubtedly his biggest kink.

Jenny shivered a little. "Please," he cried out. She was desperate now. She arched and pressed back against him, trying to get him to hurry and take her.

Chris couldn't wait any more. He moved the tail out of the way and positioned his cock, then gripped her slender hips. "Brace yourself," he advised, then slammed into her as hard as he dared. It was all he could do not to cry out from the tight hot friction enveloping him.

Jenny moaned, her fingers gripping the mattress. "Oh god, yesss," she panted. It was just what she needed, and she lowered her head and concentrated on the perfect sensation of being fucked hard and fast. It was her favorite position.

Chris held her hips almost hard enough to bruise, and he set a brutal pace. He knew they both wanted and needed it this way after all the buildup, and it was all he could do to hold back what he knew was going to be a stunning climax. He would make sure she took her pleasure first.

Jenny's whole body ached deliciously. The thorough pounding wrought a moan from deep in her throat every time. Her slender body started to tremble and the noises she was making became more desperate.

Chris leaned forward, running his hands all over her as he fucked her brutally. He wanted to make her feel possessed, powerless, taken. He knew she craved that feeling. He grabbed her hair again, forcing her head back, and growled, "You may come." He wouldn't be far behind.

Jenny nearly screamed as her muscles spasmed around Chris' cock. A shudder ran through her and she let the powerful orgasm blot out every thought.

"Fuck," hissed Chris as he felt her get even tighter. He kept thrusting, though, until he couldn't hold back any longer. He came hard, pulsing inside her, and nearly blacked out from it.

It took all of her strength not to collapse onto the bed. She was panting like she'd just run a marathon, but she stayed as still as she could. He hadn't told her she could move yet.

Chris finally pulled out, gently removed the plug, and threw away the condom before helping her down to the bed. "Are you all right?" he asked softly, brushing her hair away from her face.

She nodded, her full lips curving into a slightly weak smile. "Yes," she said softly. *All right* didn't really cover it.

"Rest," Chris said softly. "Take as long as you need." He was quite glad this was his last appointment for the day. He moved against her, seeking out her warmth.

Jenny curled against him, sated for the moment. "I don't know, I think we might have to reshoot some of those pictures," she murmured.

Scott raised an eyebrow and looked down at her. "Oh? Another photo shoot?" He knew he wouldn't mind.

"Yeah," she replied, smile widening. "But this time leave the camera at home."

About the Author

Inspired by the important things in life: beauty, love, and passion, Jade Falconer has spent several years writing erotic fiction. The forbidden nature of homoeroticism has been the basis for many megabytes of fiction that has delighted a wide circle of online readers. Please feel free to visit Jade on MySpace at <http://www.myspace.com/jadefalconer>.

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