

Breeding Molly

Emily Sinclair

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“Follow me and we’ll get started with the shoot,” Kyle said to the beautiful, and extremely nervous-looking woman seated across the small waiting room. When she stood up and looked around as if a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming freight train, he smiled warmly. “It’s Molly, right?”

“Y-Yes,” Molly answered, the simply word getting caught in her throat.

“Pleasure to meet you Molly. I’m Kyle Reynard, but you may call me Kyle. Is this your first fetish shoot?”

“This my first shoot of any kind. Well, erotic shoots, that is. I mean, I’ve done class pictures and family portraits, but something tells me that doesn’t count for much.”

“Not much. It’s just through here,” he said pulling a metal door open.

Molly heard the woman moaning only seconds before seeing her – a petite, busty redhead kneeling on all fours on a king-sized bed and surrounded by nine men, two of which were taking her in the pussy and ass at the same time. “OH MY GOD!”

“What?” Kyle said spinning around to see what was wrong with his new client. “You okay?”

“I didn’t expect to see someone getting gang banged!”

“You’re in a porn studio, what did you think you’d see? Old women knitting a quilt?” Kyle laughed. “After you,” he added as he pulled open another heavy metal door. Stepping in behind her, he closed the door and flipped the sign to occupied, so no one would disturb the shoot. “Go ahead and strip out of your clothes and we’ll get started.”

“All of them?”

“Yes. I find it helps to just jump in headfirst so you don’t have time to think about being naked in front of strangers. While you strip I’ll set up the cameras.”

“Um, what about the fetish clothes?”

“We’ll get there. I have a whole series of shoots planned out that’ll take you from butt naked through various poses and outfits.” Molly’s red dress hit the floor and it was all he could do not to bend her over then and there. “My god you are stunning! I can’t believe you’ve never modeled before.”

“Thanks,” Molly replied meekly. Closing her eyes, she pulled her thong off and let it drop to the floor next to the dress. Next, she removed her heels and then suddenly tried covering herself up as the camera rapidly flashed.

“The nervous look makes this so much more appealing,” Kyle said as he snapped pictures as quickly as he could press his finger. “I’m going to give you a few positions to get into as I continue shooting, okay?”

“Okay.”

“First, stand with your hands clasped together behind your back, legs spread about two feet apart and raised up on your toes. Yes! That’s it! Perfect!” he exclaimed, moving around the room to get shots from every angle. After taking about a hundred or so, she ordered her into another. “Mow slowly bring your legs together while still on your toes and move your hands up behind her head. “Slowly...slower. Make the moment last for as long as possible. If you go to fast I can’t get good pictures. “Get back into the first position and then transition between them again.”

As Kyle circled her like a vulture, Molly moved between the two poses as slow and seductively as she could muster, but under the circumstances she felt about as graceful as a bull performing ballet.

“You’re a natural!” Kyle exclaimed. Now, keeping your hands behind your head, drop down onto your kneed and spread them wide with your big toes touching in the back. Also, remember to stare straight ahead no matter where I am in the room.” As Molly Got into her third submissive position, he could feel his dick throbbing to life. “God that’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen!”

“Um, thanks I think,” Molly blushed, adding to her innocent appeal and causing Kyle’s cock to stiffen.

“Ok, one more position and then I want to get some pictures of you moving between all four. In one smooth motion, I want you to bring your knees together and lower your forehead to the floor with your arms stretched out over your head.” As Molly unwittingly dropped into the humble position, all he could think about was ramming his dick up her perfect behind, but he had other plans first. “Remain in that position and do not move.”

“W-What are you doing t-to do?”

“Have you ever been spanked?”

“Not since I was a kid. Please tell me you’re not seriously thinking of spanking me!”

“I’ve never been more serious. Do you know what an imprint paddle is?”

“No. And something tells me I don’t want to find out.”

“This is an imprint paddle,” Kyle said, showing the still kneeling model the long leather paddle with the word SLAVE cut into it. “Basically, when I swat you with it, it’ll leave a white spot where the letters are and the rest of your gorgeous behind will turn a nice shade of red. Ready?”

“You’re serious? I did not sign on to be abused!”

“And I would never abuse you. This is all part of being a fetish model, Molly. All I need is one swat. But since I have to operate the cameras I’ll need an assistant. Would you mind if I called Heather in to administer the swat?”

Thinking she would get off easy by having a woman swat her, Molly reluctantly agreed. “Fine, but only one swat.”

“That’s all I need. It just helps sell the scene when there’s someone else in the picture doing the actual swinging. Give me one minute to call her and then you can work on switching between the four poses. I want to time it so that when you are back in that position, Heather can give you the swat. I must stress the importance of maintaining the pose. Even if it hurts you need to remain as still as possible or we’ll have to do it again until we get it right.” Holding up a finger to indicate he need a moment, he picked up a telephone receiver and dialed Heather’s extension. After a brief, to the point conversation, he hung up and picked up the camera. “Go ahead and move between the four poses however you see fit, but make sure to pause long enough in each so that we can tell where one stops and the next begins.”

Becoming somewhat more at ease, Molly took slow, deep breaths as she arched her back and raised up onto her spread knees, hands clasped together behind her head. Next, she dropped back down into the humble position before smoothly raising up onto her feet and toes with legs closed and hands still clasped together behind her head. Finally, she spread her legs and lowered her hands to just above her ass as she moved from the inspect position and into the waiting.

Molly was getting into the expose position for the fourth time when the door opened and she watched a pretty raven-haired woman of about forty enter. With her hair pulled back into a

bun and the stern look on her face, Molly was instantly reminded of a strict, old school teacher she had and her earlier hopes of an easy swat were suddenly replaced with dread.

“Is this the new fetish model?” Mistress Heather asked Kyle.

“She is. Mistress Heather, meet Molly; Molly, Mistress Heather. She will be giving you your swat while I continue to take pictures.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” Molly said sliding her hands out over her head.

“Well, she’s got a few positions down at least,” Mistress Heather scoffed. “Apparently no one ever taught her manners.”

“Excuse me?” Molly was moving into the expose position and looing over her left shoulder, catching a glimpse of Mistress Heather’s disapproving gaze.

“You will address me as Mistress or you’ll get far more than one swat. Is that understood?”

“What in the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about respect. Didn’t your parents teach you any?”

“Absolutely. They also taught me not to get medieval on an entitled bitch like you. Who are you to barge in here and demand anything? I don’t know you, and you sure as hell don’t know me!”

“That’s enough, ladies!” Kyle stepped in before things got too out of control. “Molly is not one of your submissives and other than a few positions knows nothing of this lifestyle. You are here to give her one swat and *only* one swat. Is that understood?”

“Perfectly. Get your sorry ass in position,” Mistress Heather said glaring at Molly as if she had just committed a heinous crime.

“I don’t think I want her to do it. Can’t you find someone else?”

“Mistress Heather is the only one available. Please just get into position so we can get it over with as quickly as possible. And remember, even if it hurts it’s imperative that you maintain the pose. Jerk your head back, scream and cry all you want, but otherwise do not move from the humble position.”

“Humble position?”

“I thought you said she knew a few positions?” Mistress Heather said shaking her his with unbridled disappointment. “She wouldn’t last five minutes of real training.”

“What are you talking about?” Molly demanded to know.

“She just got here less than an hour ago, Heather, give her a damn break. And she is not here to be trained, she’s here to do a few fetish photo shoots.”

“What is the humble position?”

“The one where your forehead is on the floor and your arms are stretched out,” Kyle explained. “Once you are in position, Mistress Heather will slowly swing the paddle and barely make contact with your behind so that I can get plenty of action shots. After a five count from me, she will give you the real swat and it’ll be over. Everyone understand?”

“Yes,” Molly answered, her voice trembling.

“Perfectly. But if the stupid cunt wastes my time by moving afterwards, I’m going to teach her a lesson she’ll never forget!”

“No, actually, you will not,” Kyle shot back. “I don’t know what crawled up your ass today, but you had better watch your tone with me, or Molly moving will be the least of your worries. Now everyone get into position. Molly, go through the routine as toy were before Mistress Heather showed up and I’ll tell you when to stop.”