**Clare's First Shoot**

by Akurei No Kishi

**Prologue**

The young girl was nervous about entering the studio. She stood in front of the door that said "Down South Productions", wondering if she should actually go through with what she was thinking of doing. The girl's name was Clare, fresh out of high school, and eighteen for a day and a half now, with the intention of getting a job. She had remembered someone mentioning that there was a small production studio that was looking for helpers, and figured that she would take it upon herself to actually see if said studio was hiring. She didn't know what kind of help she would be in a production studio, but she knew that if they needed help, then she was the girl for the job. She hoped.

Pacing around outside of the studio's front door, Clare started to worry that she wasn't very professional looking, having worn a jeans skirt and a short sleeved pink top. She only hoped that she wouldn't be turned down for the job. Gathering the courage that she needed, Clare tucked back shoulder length, red hair behind her ears, and walked through the door, determined to get a job. As she walked through the door, she noticed a older looking man standing next to a half-moon desk, arguing over the phone with what she assumed was one of his clients. "Um, excuse me?" She asked, but quickly got quiet when the man held up one finger as if to say "Just wait a moment". Clare tensed up a little, and looked around the office, before noticing that she was being looked over.

She looked at the man with dark brown eyes, before turning a slight shade of pink, and looked away from him. His piercing black eyes just seemed to look straight through her. Short, spiky, black hair looked almost like porcupine quills on the top of his head, as Clare shivered a little, and wrapped her arms around herself, pushing her massive mammaries closer together. Muttering under her breath about her E cup breasts, Clare never noticed that the man in front of her was practically drooling at the sight of them stuffed inside of her bra, under her shirt. "You must be the new hire." The man said, with a light southern accent. "Name's Jesse. I own this place." He said, and held out his hand. Clare smiled.

"Clare Reed." Clare said, feeling only so tiny, her five foot one inch frame standing next to Jesse's almost six foot body. "Well. Small little thing aren't you?" Jesse asked, then smirked, which made Clare a bit uncomfortable. "But, you got the tits to be in porn." He said, and Clare turned beet red. "Excuse me?!?" She stammered, and Jessie took a step back. "You mean you're not my new actress?" He asked, and Clare shook her head. "No. I was going to ask if you had any openings in your office actually." She said shyly. Jesse started to laugh, and motioned for Clare to sit down on the couch behind her. "I'm so sorry." Jesse started to say.

Clare turned every shade of red, as Jesse explained what they did at his company. Everything from nude photo shoots to amateur porn was made at "Down South Productions", and he even went on to say that Clare would look good in some of his movies. Clare just explained that she was looking for a regular job, and not something where she needed to take her clothes off. "Ok then. I'll make you a deal." Jesse said, and Clare listened. "I wont pester you about being in my movies, and you can work the front desk." He started. "But, in turn, I want you to have a bit more self confidence." He told Clare, and once more, she turned red. "That obvious?" She asked, and Jesse nodded. "Kind of. Just the way you're trying to hide your boobies kind of gives it away." He said.

Clare was embarrassed by her breasts. She didn't like how big they were, and always wished they were smaller than they were. Apparently, she inherited the big breasts gene from her mother, who unfortunately had passed away a few years before. "How would I do that?" She asked. "Well, you ever thought about posing nude? Allot of people do it just so they can get a good view of what they actually look like. Things you can't see in a mirror." Jesse said, and shrugged, before standing up. "But, it's up to you. I'll leave the front desk to you huh?" He said, and Clare looked stunned. "I've got the job?" She asked, and Jesse nodded. "Just don't mention what we actually do here. I don't want you to get more embarrassed." He said.

Clare was excited. She couldn't believe that she got the job, and took a seat behind the half-moon desk. She reminded herself of the company's name, and throughout various times in the day, took calls, and wrote down appointments in a planner that had been laid out on the desk. Various people walked in and out of the office all day. Clare was surprised at how many people had appointments, and couldn't help but to bite her lip as a pair of good looking guys walked into the door. Jesse greeted the men himself, and quickly ushered them off to the back of the office, motioning that he would be right with two women that were waiting. Clare felt the two women watching her, and felt a twinge of embarrassment coming on. She hoped that she didn't look out of place.

As she sat down at her desk, she overheard the two women talking to each other, and turned a bright shade of red when she realized what they were saying. She glanced over to where the two women were, but quickly turned away when they looked in her direction. One of them, a slender blonde girl, smiled in her direction, before turning back towards her friend. "Have you seen her boobs? They're huge! I wish I had tits like her." She whispered to her friend, a sultry looking brunette, who Clare swore was licking her lips like she was the woman's next meal. "I just wish I was the one sucking on those tits. Her boyfriend must have lots of fun with her." She said, and Clare turned a very bright red, before the women were called into the back of the office. "Hey Clare." She heard Jesse say, and turned around. "Why don't you take the rest of the day off. It might get a little noisy soon." He said, and Clare smiled, before nodding. She had a idea of what that kind of meant.

As Clare headed home, she couldn't help but wonder if the two women meant what they said. Throughout the short bus ride, and the slightly long walk, Clare continued to think to herself over, and over, if she was actually found attractive by the two women, and started wondering why she cared about it all of the sudden. She tried not to let it bother her, and took out a set of keys from her pocket. As she walked up the driveway, she saw an old sixty-six mustang sitting in the garage, and figured that her father was home. Clare herself stayed up in a small loft above the garage, opting not to have anything to do with her father, or his live-in girlfriend. "Hi mom. I'm home." Clare said to a picture of her mother and her from a few years back, and practically threw herself onto her bed, staring up at the ceiling, thinking about what happened today. Clare couldn't help but wonder what the big deal was with her breasts, and turned over to go to sleep.

It was a few hours later, when Clare moaned and rolled around in her sleep. She felt hand groping her, playing with her, massaging her breasts, and between her legs to finger her cunt. She was engrossed in the feeling, something she always loved, and soon realized that she was dreaming, after she fell off her bed. "Shit." Clare complained to herself, as she looked at the time. It was a little after eleven, and she figured now would be a good time as any to at least take a shower. Stripping down, Clare paused in front of her mirror to look over herself. She remembered Jesse's words telling her to be more confident in herself, and ran her hands over her body, moving them slowly across her breasts, causing her sensitive nipples to come immediately to attention.

As one hand slowly circled around her left areola, Clare slowly slid her hand down, over a light strip of pubic hair, a habit from her once and only boyfriend, who always liked the look of her with almost no hair for some strange reason. Clare never bothered to care, as he seemed to liked it more when he was between her legs, licking her pussy, rather than just sticking his cock into her constantly like she wanted him to. It only happened on small occasions, after a lot of begging, ending with Clare on all fours. After giving in to her curiosity, Clare soon found out that her boyfriend was more into girls with small breasts, and figured that if he could just get her off, then she wouldn't mind. Unfortunately for her, that never happened. Even more unfortunately, after Clare kicked him out of her life, two months later he was said to have been caught sleeping with another girl. One about four years younger than Clare herself. That was about two years ago. He himself was about nineteen at the time.

Since that day, Clare hated her breasts, and gave herself a complex that they were just unattractive. But, that never stopped her from getting herself off whenever she had the urge. This was one of those times. Forgetting about the shower, Clare reached into a drawer, and pulled out her trusty companion. Of course, she had to giggle to herself whenever she thought of it that way. As she pulled her vibrator out of the sock she hid it in, she reminded herself to lock her own door, so that no one would walk in on her. Not like anyone ever did, save for one person. It was unusual to admit, but the pink, rubber phallus was the last gift she got from her mother. Of course, that was after she was caught masturbating with her electric toothbrush, but to Clare, that was another story. At the present, her mind was focused on getting herself off, and she had that brunette girl to thank.

Crawling into bed, Clare imagined said brunette in bed with her, giving her the adopted name "Juniper" since she had never bothered to find out any information from the woman personally. She could only imagine how it would be to be with another woman, seeing that she only had one sexual partner in her life, if you could call it that. She always imagined what she would do with another woman partner, but knew that the few girls that she knew would never allow her to try anything with them. Hell, in the small town that she lived in, most of the girls were raised to think that the only time they should have sex is with another male. Most times after marriage. But, that wasn't the case with Clare. She licked her vibrator, imagining that brunette holding onto the other end, before she turned it on, and proceeded to fuck herself with it. Clare could just imagine her imaginary lover taking turns sticking the vibrator in her already wet pussy, then alternating to her hard clit, which she played with using her fingers.

It took only a few strokes of the vibrator, and Clare's overactive imagination to get herself to orgasm. She didn't care how much noise she made inside her room, considering that never her father or his girlfriend ever bothered to check on her. Leaving her vibrator on and inside of her, Clare clamped her legs shut, and rolled over. She would shower tomorrow, and figured that she would just spend the rest of the night getting herself off. Eventually she would fall asleep right? At least, that's what Clare started to think. After her third orgasm, Clare could feel herself passing out. She reminded herself to set her alarm, and hoped that the sultry brunette would be back in the office tomorrow, just so she could as her name.

**Chapter 1**

The next morning, Clare was up before her alarm, tossing things out of her closet, trying to decide what exactly she should wear to work that morning. She thought of wearing something "conservative", but figured that would be too much. Then, Clare thought maybe she should wear something more "revealing", but she didn't want to seem like she was some sort of whore walking down the street. Compromising, Clare finally decided to take elements of the two, and came up with something that would accent her breasts, but not make her look like some prostitute. She was happy with the selection of her work clothes for the day, when Clare noticed the time. It was about five in the morning, about an hour before her alarm was to go off. Clare just sighed, and tried to go back to sleep.

As much as she wanted to, Clare just couldn't find herself falling asleep. Instead, her mind ran scenarios, of some girl on girl action, that had her all vulnerable and for the better part of the word, "ripe for the taking", as she laid in bed. "Why the hell am I so horny?" She asked herself, as she reached between her own legs, and slowly started to run her fingers over her own sex. She could feel just how wet she was, and her breathing slowly swallowed out, and became heavy. She couldn't stand it anymore. She just had to know why she was so attracted to this woman. As her fingers dipped in and out of her cunt, Clare continued to imagine her sexy imaginary lover doing more and more naughty things to her, things that Clare herself had never imagined herself doing. Her hand moved up to her left breast, and Clare pinched her own nipple, while she rubbed her clit. It was only after her second orgasm that she felt satisfied enough to relax for a bit. She smacked her snooze button, and figured that another fifteen minutes of sleep wouldn't kill her.

About an hour later, and a dozen presses of her snooze button, Clare got up, and got dressed. She wanted to be there early, so Jessie could explain some things to her that he couldn't yesterday. After getting dressed, Clare headed downstairs, and noticed that the hood on the mustang was up, and she sighed softly, hoping to escape the whole "tense situation" thing that she knew was going to happen between her father and herself. "Where are you going at such an early hour?" Clare heard from under the hood. "Work." Clare simply said, and started marching down the driveway. "Dressed like that? You look like a hooker." She heard, and bit her tongue, not wanting to say what was exactly on her mind. "Clare, honey, did you want some breakfast?" She heard, but continued on her way. She had no intentions on speaking to the woman that dated her father, not now, not ever. Clare only hoped that she could get away from her father as soon as she could.

The bus ride seemed slow to Clare. She tried to keep her mind on what she needed to do today, but her mind kept floating back to her father, who she at the moment just despised. After stopping for an iced coffee, and a bagel, Clare headed over to the production studio, and was surprised that it wasn't open at the moment. "Maybe I'm too early." She told herself, and noticed that there was someone moving around inside, through the slotted blinds that were put up. Trying the doorknob, Clare scolded herself for not trying it before, and set her things down, before looking towards the back of the office. "Hello?" She called out, and started to walk down the hall, when she was surprised by non other than Jesse himself. "Clare! Hey, you're early today." He said cheerfully. "I was just starting up Annie's shoot." Jesse said, which got Clare curious. Popping her head into the room, Clare felt her heart skip a beat when she noticed it was the same brunette from yesterday. "This is Clare. She works my front desk." Jesse told the girl on the couch. Clare almost melted, when she got a cute smile from the sultry brunette. "This here is Breanna one of my models. We're just shooting a few pictures for a calender." Jesse said.

Clare kept repeating the woman's name over and over in her head. It was something that she didn't want to forget, and told herself that it was a cuter name than "Juniper". The first thing that caught Clare's eye was Breanna's outfit. It was something out of some 50's pinup, and Clare liked how cute she looked in it. She watched as Breanna did different poses, and Jesse took several pictures of it all. Clare couldn't help but watch the sultry Breanna, as she sat there, almost flowing out of her tight top, making a show for the camera, with puckered, ruby red lips. "That should be about it. Why don't you go change?" Jesse said, which snapped Clare back into reality. Embarrassed, she turned on her heel, and headed towards her desk, knowing that would keep her mind in check until she got off of work.

"Hey there." Clare heard, and on one end of her desk, leaned Breanna. Clare could almost see down her top, and caught herself, before she stared at the tit flesh stored behind the cloth. "Look. You must have heard Lexi and I yesterday, and I'm sorry if that embarrassed you." She said, and Clare shook her head. "It's fine. It was kind of flattering actually." She said, and turned a slight shade of pink. "You're Breanna right?" Clare asked, and the girl across from her nodded. "Call me Annie." She said, and smiled. Clare felt just a bit more relaxed after hearing that. "I'm Clare." She said, and Annie stuck out her hand. "Nice to meet you." Annie said. Clare smiled as she shook Annie's hand, but couldn't keep herself from taking a quick peek down Annie's top. She could only guess that Annie's breast size was about a 34c, which was smaller than her own, but cute on Annie's slender frame.

"I'll tell you what. Why don't we have lunch?" She asked, and Clare could feel her mind go blank for a good minute. "You and me?" She asked. Annie just nodded. "Sure? Why not? We could always get to know each other better over lunch. My treat." She said, and Clare nodded. "Sure." She simply said. "Well then, See you at lunch." Annie said, and winked at Clare, before heading out. Jesse, who was watching from the back, tried not to chuckle. "I think she likes you." He joked, and Clare turned a beet red. "Stop that!" She said, and shook her head. "I'm ... I'm not like that." She said, but deep down, she knew that something was telling her otherwise. "Well. I've never seen Annie act so friendly with someone that she just met. So, something's got to be up." Jesse said, and Clare started to think about it. It did seem kind of fishy after Jesse explained it that way.

After that little conversation with Jesse, Clare noticed that business started to pick up a little. She was surprised that such a little production company was getting so much traffic, and she sighed in relief, as the phone calls started dying down near noon. "Hey you." Clare heard, and turned around. She almost forgot that Annie was coming back to take her out for lunch, and blushed in embarrassment."Hold on. Let me just finish what I'm doing." Clare said, and Annie chuckled softly, before practically pulling Clare out of her chair. "Hey Jesse! I'm stealing your help!" Annie shouted out, and Jesse came running out. "Wait! Let me give you some keys to get back in. I've got a meeting to go to this afternoon." He said, and Clare nodded.

After getting her keys from Jesse, Clare followed Annie out to the curb. Outside, she watched as Annie climbed into an almost brand new looking Audi, and motioned for Clare to follow. She was surprised that Annie had a local car, thinking that she was from out of town, and was even more surprised when she knew where to go for all the local hot spots. Clare didn't really think anything of it at first, and figured that Annie had been in town for a bit already. As they stopped off at a diner that was famous in town for it's apple pie, Clare wondered about Annie, wondering where she was from, and how she grew up, before having a feeling that she already knew.

"I remember coming here as a little girl with my Mom and Dad. We used to eat here every Friday night." Annie said, which surprised Clare a bit. She wanted to say something, but couldn't find the words. "You ok?" Annie asked, and Clare just nodded. Annie smiled, and lead Clare to a little corner booth, and started to ask 21 questions about Clare, which she tried her best to answer. "Do you remember me?" Annie asked, and Clare tilted her head a bit. "You kind of lost me there." She said, and Annie seemed disappointed. "You seriously don't remember me Claire-bear?" She asked, and suddenly Clare turned red. She remembered the nickname, but just couldn't place where she heard it before. "It's been a few years since we last seen each other. Does the name Breanna Jeanne Winter sound familiar to you?" Clare heard, and turned white. She didn't know it before, but she was actually sitting across from an old friend.

**Chapter 2**

Clare was about as stunned as anyone could get, as she stared across at the girl in front of her. "You're saying that you're, but the last time I saw you was..." She started off saying, before Annie started to laugh. "Lets see. I think it was your freshman year. That would have made it my senior year." She said, and Clare nodded. "I was kind of shocked when I saw you in the office the other day. I had to go home and pull out my old yearbook to make sure that I wasn't imagining things, and that it was really you Clare-bear." Annie said, and Clare blushed in embarrassment. Annie had been the one to give her that nickname, and the only girl to ever use it. Still, she couldn't believe that she was sitting across from someone she last had contact with about 4 years ago.

"Last time I remember seeing you, you were almost like a pixie. Almost no curves, hiding under your baggy sweaters, now look at you. I think your boobs are bigger than mine." Annie said, and Clare chuckled. She knew that Annie was making a joke about her breasts, only because it was her nature. "I never recognized you. That's embarrassing. At least to me." Clare said, before the waitress came over and took their order. "What have you been doing with yourself?" Clare asked, but Annie just shrugged. "Oh. This and that. Nothing really interesting to begin with." Annie replied. "Oh come on. I'm sure you have some interesting stories to tell." Clare said, and suddenly noticed Annie's face turning red. Her once happy smile turning into a look of embarrassment, almost shameful.

"What's wrong?" Clare asked. Annie seemed hesitant to answer, and stared out the window a bit, before letting out a long sigh. "Remember how parents are around here? No sex until you're married, all that other crap that they feed you." Annie started to say. "Like any naive country bumkin, I wanted to see what it was like in the big world. To see what the large city could offer a small town girl like me. Unfortunately, I found out the hard way that the big lights, and bright stars that are always in the movies, is just illusion." She said, and Clare bit her lip lightly. She could see that Annie was slightly pained by what she had to think about, and didn't want to ruin their reunion anymore by having her bring back anything that she didn't want to. "But, you're here now, so don't worry about it." Clare said, and smiled. Annie gave a half smile back, but looked down at the table for a bit. "You do know what goes on in the studio right?" She asked, and looked up.

Clare wanted to say yes, but she actually had no idea. "Not really. I just started yesterday, when you saw me." She said. "Oh. Would you like to see?" Annie asked. Clare just nervously nodded yes. "It will tell you a little more about what I ended up doing in the big city." Annie said, and smiled a bit. After lunch, Annie drove Clare back to the studio, which was locked, like Jesse said. "Good thing he gave me this key." Clare told herself, as she opened the door. She paused at her desk, reading a note that Jesse left her about taking the next couple of days off, and looked over at Annie, who just smiled, and took her hand. "Come on. I want you to see this." She said. Annie led Clare to one of the other back rooms, where there was a bed, a casting couch, and not much else. "This is the bedroom. There's also a dining room, and a living room in the other sets." Annie said, and Clare's interest got peaked on "sets".

Pulling Clare to another room, Annie paused before she opened the door. "Okay. Just prepare yourself for something a little shocking." She said, and Clare nodded, before Annie opened the door. Inside, Clare saw dozens of posters, and double the magazines that lined the walls. "Porn posters? Is this what you wanted to show me?" Clare asked, and Annie nodded. "Take a better look. Especially at that one." She said, and pointed out one. It was some sort of Pirate movie from the looks of it, and Clare's jaw just about dropped, when she noticed that she wasn't staring at just any actress, but Annie herself.

"This is a joke right?" She asked, but Annie shook her head. She then proceeded to show Clare magazine, after magazine, that had pictures of her, naked, sometimes with a man, sometimes with a woman, or something just solo. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. "I can understand if you feel like getting out of here. I mean, it's not everyday you find out that your friend poses nude and has sex on camera right?" Annie said, almost apologetic. Clare couldn't think. Her head spun with the possibilities, and she soon found herself wanting to sit down. After what seemed like an eternity, Clare found herself wanting to ask one, simple question. "Is it hard?" She asked, and looked up at Annie, who seemed confused. "I mean, to pose in front of a camera, naked?" She asked, and turned red.

Annie shrugged. "You get used to it." She said, and tried to smile. Clare hesitated with her next words. She wanted to say something, then suddenly left the room, and rushed into the storage. It wasn't soon later, that she emerged with a camera, and offered it to Annie. "You want me to take pictures?" She asked, and Clare nodded. "Of you?" She asked again, once more, Clare nodded. "You sure? I mean, you don't have to." Annie said, but Clare shook her head. "Jesse asked me once if I ever thought about going in front of the camera, and I want to know why. Is it just because of my tits, or is there something else there?" Clare asked, and Annie nodded. "Funny. I think I said the same thing." She said, and led Clare back to the bedroom set.

Clare was a bit nervous. She wasn't sure what she should do, and Annie could tell. "Just do what comes naturally." She said, and Clare nodded. Clare slowly closed her eyes, and before she knew it, her hands ran up, over her midsection, then upwards, over her breasts. She squeezed them together, then suddenly pulled down her top, showing off some of her cleavage. It was like her hands were moving on their own, and Clare could hear the shutter of the camera, as soon she was topless, her E cups out for the world to see. She could hear the shutter go off a couple of more times, before it stopped completely. As she started to open her eyes, she felt something soft on her lips. She knew what it was, and she quickly opened her eyes, just in time to see Annie pull back from her kiss. "I couldn't help it." Annie said simply.

She could feel the push on her shoulder, as she felt back behind her. Clare knew that the only thing there was the bed, and soon found herself sitting down, with Annie climbing into her lap. "Just lay back." She whispered, and Clare nodded, laying down on the bed. Clare shuddered, when she felt Annie's tongue circling around her already hard right nipple, her teeth nipping at the brown bit, while Annie's had caressed her left tit. She moaned, feeling Annie sucking away at her breast like a child begging for milk, and wrapped her arms around the older girl, pulling her closer to her. Clare was in heaven. This was what she only could dream of, and suddenly wanted more. Clare soon got her wish, as she felt Annie's hand moving down from her chest, over the buttons over her pants, and soon into her panties, where she felt Annie running her fingers over her labia.

Clare was in heaven. Her body twisted and writhed, her back arching as she felt Annie's fingers push past her labia, and into her damp love hole. After a few loving strokes of Annie's finger, Clare screamed out, her orgasm hitting harder than a freight train going full speed. She was surprised that she came so early. She never expected that the little fantasy she had just last night, would be reality the following day. As she came down from her orgasmic high, Clare opened her eyes, to the sight of Annie licking her fingers. Clare took note that they were the ones that were in her pants, and wondered if Annie had been with another girl before. "First time?" Annie asked, and Clare nodded slowly.

Clare didn't feel as nervous, as Annie leaned in for another kiss. It almost felt natural, and she let the older girl have her way, as Annie pulled back from the kiss, and had an almost goofy smile on her face. "Well. Since we broke down that barrier, why not explore a little more?" Annie asked, but Clare was confused. "What do you mean?" She asked nervously. "Look around Clare-bear. It's a studio. I'm sure that if you wanted to, we could make our own little personal movie. And maybe have a few guest stars too." Annie said, and Clare almost went into shock. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Me? On camera?" She asked rather calmly. "Why not? I mean, what harm can it bring right?" Annie asked. Clare had to admit that it was a tempting offer.

**Chapter 3**

Clare had to admit, that the offer to be in a video was overwhelmingly tempting. She thought that since she had gone this far already, that being put on camera wouldn't harm any. "If you're worried, we won't have to go into anything hard core. We could just take a few photos, maybe put you on video masturbating, it would be cool." Annie said, and Clare looked up at the ceiling. It was such a big step, that she wanted to make sure that she made the right decision. She was a bit surprised, when she felt Annie brush some of her bangs out of her face. "You don't have to decide now. You can take a couple of days to decide if you want." She said, and Clare nodded. Annie just smiled, and kissed her lips once more, before hopping out of the bed. "Let's get you home Clare-bear." She said, with a slight giggle.

The drive back to Clare's house was nothing but times back in high school, at least for Clare. It was what happened after high school for Annie. Clare was surprised that such a home town girl was so diverse in things outside of the town. Clare felt a bit of jealousy deep down in her gut. "What's wrong?" Annie asked, but Clare just shook her head. "It's nothing. Just thinking what I should make myself for dinner." Clare said, even though she knew it was an excuse. "Don't you still live with your Dad?" Annie asked, and Clare nodded. "Sort of. I've got the room above the garage. So I kind of cook my own meals and stuff." She said, as Annie pulled into her driveway. "Go get some clothes. You're staying with me tonight." Annie said, which surprised Clare. "Huh? What do you mean staying with you?" She asked, and Annie looked at her sternly. "Go!" She said, and Clare nodded.

Packing a small, overnight bag, Clare wondered what was going on, and made sure to pack some clothes for work tomorrow. She was a bit confused as to what exactly was going on, and figured that she would just play along with it. As she got back downstairs, Clare noticed that Annie was talking to her father, and grumbled to herself under her breath, so no one would hear her. "So how's your Dad doing these days Breanna?" Clare heard. She was surprised that her father actually remembered Annie. "He's doing fine." Annie said, and smiled when she noticed Clare. "Me and Clare are gonna have a little sleep over. Reminisce about the good old days." She said, and Clare watched as her father just waved, before heading into the house. "Have fun." He simply said.

As they got back into the car, Clare sighed a little bit in relief. "Well, that went well." Annie said, and Clare looked at her strangely. Annie couldn't help but to laugh a little. For the ride back to Annie's place, Clare listened as Annie told her about things that happened on her different shoots, and the places that she's actually visited. Clare was a bit envious, and reminded herself that if she decided to become a video star, that she would probably be able to see places like the ones that Annie described. "What's on your mind Clare-bear?" Annie asked, and Clare blushed slightly. "The perks of becoming a video star?" Clare said softly, as she stared out the window. It was then that she felt Annie's hand on hers, and turned to look at the older girl, who smiled at her. "Look. Just think it over for a bit before you decide. There's a lot more than hot sex and exotic locations when it comes to an industry like this." Annie said.

"Yeah. There's the cash." Clare joked, and Annie playfully slapped her arm. "Besides that I meant." She told her. "There's quite a few girls that do it for the money, but then end up demoralized, because of the amount of men that they sleep with. I've actually met a couple of girls that were in the business before, and were trying to convince us not to do it because of how empty their lives felt." Annie said, and Clare felt bad for acting silly earlier. Annie noticed the look on Clare's face, and put a hand on her leg. "Hey, come on. We're gonna have fun tonight right?" She asked, and Clare nodded.

Clare was surprised when Annie pulled up to a small cottage off the main road. She hadn't even payed attention to where they were on the drive over, and was a bit surprised at how fast they got there. "Come on. It's only us two this weekend. Juni's out in Aspen for work." Annie said, and Clare wondered who Juni was. "Who's Juni?" She asked finally, as she set down her travel bag just inside the door. "Oh. Sorry. Juni is the other girl that was in the office with me the other day. It's short for Juniper." Annie said, and noticed that Clare turned a shade of crimson almost instantly. "What's wrong?" She asked, but Clare just shook her head. "It's nothing. So you two live here?" She asked, trying to change the subject.

"Yep. It's just Juni and I." Annie said, and smiled at Clare. "If you want, the showers right upstairs on your left." She said, and Clare smiled back. "Thanks." She said, picked up her bag, and walked slowly upstairs. It was the first time that she had been away from her little loft above the garage since she was a little girl. It felt almost nostalgic. She wasted no time getting undressed, and into the shower, and it felt blissful, having the rushing, warm water running over her body. She was enjoying herself fully, and suddenly got scared, when she felt someone wrap their arms around her waist. "I figured I'd join you." She heard Annie say, and was about to say something, when she felt Annie's fingers playing with her labia. Clare whimpered and gave off a soft moan, moving her legs farther apart, so Annie could play with her cunt better.

She closed her eyes, as she felt Annie nipping at her ear. "We should go to my bed." She whispered, and Clare nodded. She had no qualms about being with Annie, and almost wished that they were being taped, so she could see herself on camera. As she was led to the bedroom, Clare wondered if she might have been dreaming, before Annie suddenly stopped. "It's a bit messy. Maybe we should use Juni's room. I'm sure she won't mind." Annie said, and Clare pulled away. "I'm sure it's fine." She said, and Annie protested, before Clare opened the door. Clare was surprised. The whole room was pink, in one shade or another. And, Clare noted, rather clean. "Ok. It's pink." Annie said, and moved past Clare, to lay down on her bed. The bed itself had a canopy over it, and it looked like something out of a Princess's chambers, rather than someone's bedroom. "You know. You can come over here and get in bed with me." Annie said.

Clare stopped to think for a little bit. The ribbons on each side of the posts gave her an idea, and it was something that she kind of wanted to try. Slowly untying the ribbons that held the curtains in place, Clare tossed them over to Annie, and sat down on the bed. "That give you any ideas?" She asked. Annie had a little smirk on her face. "You sure you want to do this?" She asked, as Clare laid down, lifting her legs so they rested against the bedposts. Annie didn't say anything. She knew that Clare had made up her mind. Annie could tell that Clare was a bit nervous, but didn't resist, as she tied Clare's ankles up to the long bedposts, before taking off two more ribbons, so she could tie down Clare's hands. She smiled. It reminded her of a movie shoot that she did, and she leaned over, and rolled her tongue over one of Clare's nipples.

Clare let out a moan. Having no control over what was going to happen next somehow excited her. She read stories about being tied up, and having someone do things to you while being restricted, but somehow, she just never knew how exciting it was until she felt Annie's lips around her left nipple. Clare arched her back, pushing her chest upward, and let out another moan, as she felt Annie's fingers tracing along her labia. As much as she was loving the way Annie was playing with her, there was just a part of her that wanted her to shove her fingers into her and to make her cum. "I should leave you tied up all weekend." Annie joked, and Clare gave her a mock pout. Instead, Annie positioned herself over Clare, her pussy hovering inches over her face, while she leaned over, and started to flick her tongue against Clare's clit.

Clare lifted her head up slightly. She wanted a taste of Annie's cunt, only to have her pull away. "Uh uh." Annie said, and hopped off the bed. She circled around, and knelt down between Clare's legs. Annie wasted no time, licking and sucking on Clare's already wet pussy, and it seemed like she was determined to make Clare cum for her on command. In fact, it didn't take very long for Clare to have an orgasm that almost shook the bed. Annie figured that she was excited about the little act that they put on, and kissed the younger girl gently over her body, before untying her. "What made you want to try that?" Annie asked, as she laid next to Clare. Clare just had a rather happy smirk on her face. She didn't know why herself, but she did know that she wanted to try everything that involved her getting off on camera.

**Chapter 4**

The morning air felt refreshing for Clare, as she stood outside on the porch. She didn't bother with her robe, as it wasn't that cold, and the only people around were herself and Annie, who was still asleep. She stared out into the small, wooded area around the residence, and wondered about what she should do, before she felt a pair of arms wrap around her body, right under her breasts. "Morning beautiful." She heard Annie whisper in her ear, and smiled, before turning a slight shade of pink. Instinctively, Clare put her hands on Annie's, almost like they belonged there. "Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you." Clare said, looking over her shoulder at the older girl. "It's okay. I just wondered where you went when you weren't in bed." Annie said, and kissed Clare's neck. Clare closed her eyes and let out a soft sigh. It just seemed so wrong to ruin the rather romantic moment.

"Come on. Let's make breakfast." Annie said, and took Clare's hand. Clare couldn't help but to tell herself how right everything felt, and nodded, before following Annie inside, watching her perfect ass sway back and forth. "If you keep walking like that, I might have to skip breakfast and just eat out." She joked. Annie just shook her head. "Don't even think you were smooth with that one. Clare-bear." She said, and Clare just stuck out her tongue. Clare watched, as her friend put on a apron, and began cooking breakfast, starting with some eggs, and some link sausage. "Since when are you quite the housewife?" Clare asked, and Annie giggled. "You'd like that wouldn't you?" She joked, but Clare shrugged. "Maybe." She said, and Annie found herself turning a shade of pink. "I used to work at a little diner before I started my adult movie career." Annie said. "Do you regret it?" Clare asked, but Annie didn't really have an answer.

"Sometimes all the fame, and the publicity gets to you, and the thought of sleeping with some strange person, or a bunch of people is unsettling at first, but eventually you push past it, and tell yourself that even though one person may think of you as nothing more than a slut, there's always two other people that love what you do." Annie explained, as she put some toast into the toaster. "It's not something that just anyone can do. Hell, I didn't think I could do it at first." She said, as she finished cooking a set of eggs. "What made you stick with it?" Clare asked, as Annie set the plate of eggs onto the table. "The money? The fame? I dunno. I mean, both were good, but at the same time, it wasn't really a factor." She said, as she went back to the stove. "I guess it was the idea that I could be someone that I wasn't." Annie said, and turned to look at Clare, who looked a bit concerned. "Well. Think about it. You can always loose yourself into being a girl that you could never be. That's not something everyone can say." Annie told her.

After breakfast, Clare went for a walk in the woods behind the cabin. She wanted to see the scenery, and Annie had told her to go on without her. It wasn't like what she was expecting. It seemed so remote, which surprised Clare, being a small town and all, but it also had a small river, and a bank that you could lay on. Looking up, Clare saw that the sun came through the canopy of trees, and looked around, before stripping off her clothes. Granted she only wore a pair of cutoff shorts, and a t-shirt that barely hid her breasts. Laying down on the soft grass, Clare looked up at the sky, then closed her eyes, thinking about how erotic it was to be laying there, naked, with no one around to watch her. It was like her own little paradise. It was the last thing she remembered, until she felt a tingling sensation between her legs. Purring almost like a kitten, Clare slowly opened her eyes, and sat up a little. She was a little surprised to find Annie between her legs, licking her pussy slowly, and wondered if she was just dreaming.

"I had a feeling I'd find you here." Annie said, and smiled, before gently kissing Clare's right thigh. Instinctively, Clare spread her legs a bit, and Annie accepted the invitation. Slowly, the older girl ran her tongue up and down Clare's cunt, playing with her, before gently sucking on her clit. Clare let out a loud moan. She shivered, causing her tits to jiggle, and dug her fingers into the grass. She moaned again, when Annie slowly pushed a finger into her pussy, slowly moving it in and out, as Annie's tongue flicked Clare's hard clit. With eyes shut tightly, Clare pulled on her nipples, her body shuddering under Annie's surprise attack. Annie watched, as Clare's body shook. She slowly pushed in a second finger, and listened to the girl cry out in pleasure, before stopping her movements.

Slowly, Annie turned around, moving her body over Clare's, and began to push her two fingers back into Clare's wet pussy. Clare moaned loudly, and reached up, pulling Annie's hips down, so that her pussy was in her face. Clare wasted no time and was soon rubbing her tongue against Annie's clit. Annie moaned, and pushed backwards, almost sitting on Clare's face, rubbing her pussy on her lips. She ran her hips back and forth, grinding her pussy onto Clare's tongue, wanting to hit her orgasm soon. "Oh baby! Oh fuck yes! Oh baby, make me cum!" Annie yelled out, and Clare obliged by shoving in two fingers into Annie's wet pussy, while still flicking her tongue over her clit. Clare felt Annie's body shake, and listened as she let out a cry of pleasure, before crawling off of her. As she nestled herself next to Clare, Annie smiled, her body still in bliss from her orgasm, she closed her eyes, and curled up a little. "Baby, I love you." She said softly, and soon was off in dream land.

Clare turned red. She wasn't sure what she heard, or if she heard it correctly. Someone saying that she loves her? And that someone actually being a girl? It was kind of unheard of on her end, but still, the thoughts of her and Annie being a couple actually raced through her mind, almost like she was watching a movie of her life. She laid there, staring up at the sky, until she sat up, and walked around the grass a little. She was confused, unsure of what to really think, and looked back at Annie, before sighing. She couldn't deny that she liked Annie's company, but to actually be in love with another woman? The possibility never really crossed her mind, but seeing as how her former boyfriends were complete pricks ... Clare sighed, and sat down in the grass. She didn't know what to do anymore.

It was a day later, when Clare sat at her desk, thinking about the weekend she had with Annie. It was strange for her to be confused about this, and she almost missed Jessie calling for her. "Hey, can I see you in my office?" He asked, and Clare nodded. She wondered what was wrong, and watched Jessie for some clue, as he asked her to sit down. "I don't know if you're aware of this, but we have cameras that overlook the different rooms. I checked the security cameras, and I found this little bit of footage from this past weekend." He said, and pushed a button on a remote. Clare almost fainted, as images of her and Annie, when they were taking pictures, and everything after. "I ... I can ... I can..." Clare managed to stammer out, as she felt tears well up in her eyes. She knew that this was it, that she wasn't going to have a job after this.

"Woah! Woah!" Jessie said, and threw his hands up in the air. "It's not what you think." He told her. "I saw that, and I was blown away. I want you." He said, and Clare looked at him strangely. "I don't understand." She simply said. "Not like that. I want you to work for me." Jessie said, and noticed the still confused look on Clare's face. "I want you to be one of my girls. I want to make you a star. You're a total natural. Just seeing that crappy camera footage made me think you have what it takes." He said, all in one breath. Clare's head was spinning. It was good that she was sitting down, but, at the same time, she couldn't take all of what was happening in. Clare's face was red. She couldn't belive that she was caught on video, and wondered if Annie had anything to do with it. "Think about it okay?" Jessie said, and Clare nodded.

Jessie wanted to say something else, Clare noticed, but at the same time, she figured he couldn't find the right words. "Look. I'm gonna be honest with you. You're gonna have to do allot of things that you might not like to do. But, I would love to have you as one of my stars. Are you okay with the idea of sleeping with different people?" Jessie asked, and Clare paused to think about it for a little bit. Clare thought about something, and everything else she did in her past. She wanted to be someone new, and if this was her chance, then she didn't want to pass it over. "I'll do it." She said, with as much confidence as she could muster. "You sure?" Jessie asked, and Clare nodded. "Let's make me a porn star." Clare told him.