

# Off The Record

Angela Gray  
Elizabeth N. Spire  
Carys Marsters

Unseen Words



<http://www.unseenwords.com/>

Published 2011 by Unseen Words.

*PlayOn, I'm Your Venus and I Can't Hold Back*

Copyright © 2011 Elizabeth N. Spire

*The Model, Lola and Save The Last Dance*

Copyright © 2011 Angela Gray

*Come Together* Copyright © 2011 Carys Marsters

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

# Contents

Play On.....	<a href="#">4</a>
The Model.....	<a href="#">5</a>
I'm Your Venus.....	<a href="#">16</a>
Come Together.....	<a href="#">23</a>
I Can't Hold Back.....	<a href="#">33</a>
Lola.....	<a href="#">41</a>
Save The Last Dance.....	<a href="#">59</a>

# Play On

Play on I say, encore, encore!  
I yell, I scream, I cry for more.  
With you I find delights unbound,  
Of passion's high and rapture's sound!  
As velvet cunt and cock of steel,  
Buck and writhe, and make us feel,  
Crescendos roar, new high notes found,  
As in each other's sex we're drowned!  
Harmoniously on common ground.  
You play me with the skill of time,  
Fitting me, oh most sublime,  
This grand duet of love we play,  
Together as our bodies sway,  
From one high to another go,  
In largo or adagio!

# The Model

Fashion shoots are something I don't usually do for fun. Because you're trying to display the clothes, they tend not to be technically challenging; unless it's Gothic clothing, when you have to get the lighting right so you can see the details in the layers of black. Artistically, they can be more interesting, depending on the designer and how they want to market their stuff, but generally they're just a pain in the behind.

However, I knew there was something different about this shoot for a new costume and 'alternative clothing' company as soon as we started. Firstly, the models were friends of the designer, so they were happy to listen to instructions about how to best show off the clothes, while the whole atmosphere was relaxed and friendly. Her name was Sally, and his was Ken. And yes, I did have a small chuckle and suggest Sally changed her name to Barbie for the day. The clothes had a more Victorian and military feel to them, which meant lots of perfectly positioned seams and creases to capture, and then there was Ken. Short brown hair, brown eyes, a chiselled jawline, and a well looked-after body, if the glimpses I got while he was changing were anything to go by. In the casual combat look of khaki shirt and well-pressed combat trousers he looked a lot like Action Man from when I was growing up.

The final part of the shoot was evening wear. The designer had run off during the lunch break, leaving a detailed set of instruction with the models and Jane, the

makeup artist; I knew Jane was planning on leaving early as well, because she'd been talking about her date all day.

I got to shoot the evening dresses first, because Jane always says it takes longer to clear up the makeup for women, so when she's in a hurry she does them first, then works on the men. Not that Ken really needed any help with how he looked; the camera loved him, and he knew it.

Jane left while I was doing some shots of both the models together in their last outfits; a ballgown for Sally, with closeups of the corsetry to show off the detailing, and a bit of cleavage, which never hurts when you're selling stuff, and Black Tie for Ken. With the wing collar, bow-tie and black suit he was definitely looking a bit James Bond, and I knew the last few shots would probably play up on that.

Sally left as soon as I'd finished the pictures of them both, saying she had to collect her kids, which left me and Ken to finish up. The suit had carefully tailored pockets so that wallet, mobile phone and a few other things didn't mess up the line of the jacket, which meant I had to get in close to show Ken putting things into them, and how the jacket looked. Glancing down I noticed that the line of the trousers was being slightly disturbed.

I looked up into Ken's face and caught a smile as he'd seen where I was looking. I coughed to cover my embarrassment.

"As you can see, I'm not like the doll down there." Ken said. "I've seen how you were looking at me all day, you know."

"I, er, I've never..." I couldn't think what to say. I'd always tried to be professional in how I treated the

models; when you see somebody in various outfits, and changing between them, it doesn't do to become a slobbering lust-monster. If you did, you'd never get any more work, the models talk to each other, and some of the girls can be really bitchy.

"You've never fancied one of your models before?" Ken asked.

"Oh, I've fancied some of them. But I've always kept my hands off. Been professional. You know?"

"I know." Ken gently placed a hand on my shoulder. "But I'm not a professional model, am I? And we're done with the shoot, aren't we?"

"Yes." I said, deciding that extra pictures weren't really necessary. Unless I could get some private ones, maybe.

Ken took the camera carefully from my hands and walked over to a table. He put it down, then turned round, slipping his jacket off as he did so. "I guess I can get out of this suit then."

He returned across the studio to where I was standing, hardly having moved a muscle, my mind in a complete spin at the thought of what might be about to happen. Ken took hold of my hand and placed it over his crotch.

"I've never done this before." I said quietly.

"That's OK," he answered. "Just forget about the modelling bit." He began to unfasten the buttons of his fly.

"I didn't just mean that." My argument was cut off as he again reached over to me, this time gently cupping my neck in his strong fingers, stroking up my spine, and leaning in for a surprisingly gentle kiss.

Something inside me seemed to snap, and I returned the kiss with a passion I didn't know I had in me. I put both hands on his waistband and pushed downwards; with a rustle of cotton, Ken was naked from the waist down to his ankles. I almost laughed at the sock suspenders, but they were perfectly in keeping with the style of the outfit. "I should have got some pictures of those." I said.

"A gentleman doesn't show off his legs." Ken answered with a laugh.

"Then you're no gentleman right now." I said, nervously running my hand down his naked thigh.

"Perhaps not." He moved his mouth lower and nibbled gently at my neck just below the jawline. It was a long time since I'd felt anything like the jolt that seemed to run up my jaw and down my spine to my crotch.

I looked into his eyes. "I'm not sure what to do next."

"Just do what comes naturally."

Find out how naturally the model and  
photographer click in the rest of this story,  
and tune into more hot, musically inspired  
stories in

*Off The Record*

available from Unseen Words.



## **Also Available:**

Check our website at <http://www.unseenwords.com/> and blog at <http://blog.unseenwords.com/> for a list of all our publications and future releases.

### **Doing The Business**

Carys Marsters, Angela Gray and Elizabeth N. Spire

A brand new collection of erotic short stories exploring some of the wickedly delightful experiences found when mixing business with serious pleasure. Starting with a simple interview, that becomes much more than that, then on to the searing heat of lust and kink at a conference, while remembering to show the proper level of customer service.

And we do mean service!

### **Summer of Love, ReLived**

Elizabeth N. Spire

Join Annette on a roller-coaster ride back into the arms of the man she's loved all her adult life. Parted as teenagers because her family disapproved, but they'd never forgotten each other for a moment. Justin and Annette's passion for each other was always all consuming and wild, now it knows no boundaries a second time around. Feel the intense heat in Summer of Love, ReLived.

## **Summer Heat**

Elizabeth N. Spire and Angela Gray

A collection of new and exciting erotic short stories, where the summer days are hot and the nights are steamy. From erotic romance to bound surrender, explore the many shades of pleasure and climb the heights of passion. Immerse yourself in it all and feel your temperature rising with our Summer Heat.

## **Passing Fancies**

### **A Collection of Erotic Daydreams**

Elizabeth N. Spire and Angela Gray

A brand new collection of erotica written around the central theme of *daydreams*. Are they or should they only be in our heads, or are some good enough to live? Crossing boundaries, exploring the black, the white and all those delicious shades of grey between. Short to read, but utterly memorable.

## **New Experiences and Brief Encounters**

Angela Gray and Elizabeth N. Spire

A brand new collection of erotica written around the central theme of *brief liaisons and experimentation*. Why not walk on the wild side at least in your head? Is everything always what it seems on the surface? What passions lay hidden if you look that bit closer? Step away from the black and white, and explore the myriad shades of grey that make us all utterly unique.