

In the Frame



A housewife's erotic fantasy of being a pornstar

by

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I N T H E F R A M E

I DREAMED I WAS A PORNSTAR. It wasn't just the movie I dreamed of. It was the making of it, and it was startling in its vividness. It wasn't the average garden-variety kind, and certainly not the dumpy, greasy, Indian kind, but one more accomplished, the kind you see in best hardcore movies on DVD.

But the dream wasn't just the movie, or even the making of it, but of my *writing* about it. I dreamed I wrote:

In December 2009 at a place at Kashid near Alibag I did a segment of a porn film shoot for a Dutch film company. This is only the second film I've had a role in, and even that's not a full-length feature, just a segment of 20 or 30 minutes, heavily cut from what was actually filmed. Mala has done at least 20 or 25 of these segments, some of them for as long as 45 minutes, and she's even done four full-length movies of between 90 and 110 minutes. Lajja and Madhavi too have done more segments than me, and recently Lajja did her second full-length feature and

Madhavi will be doing one later in May (from another Dutch-Scandinavian company). Three of Mixo's maids — Hansa, Leela and Suman — have been in segments earlier and they're going to do a full-length one with all three some time in December 2010 or January 2011. It's not like they haven't asked me — I've just been saying no. But this one was such a lot of exciting fun I think I might take the offer. Hitesh still doesn't fully approve, which is really my main reason for holding back.

This segment was shot at a beach house at Kashid. It's a huge property owned by our escort agency. The house is beautiful, with lots of large windows and sliding doors so that the ground floor sort of unfolds into the garden. The upper floor has six large bedrooms and a lounge and there's a big verandah that runs around the whole upper floor. There's not much privacy but I guess it's not meant for privacy. There's a lovely pool, a jacuzzi, a sauna and even a decent gym, plus a tennis court and a putting green. The film is about a young black guy who is backpacking through India as a student, and he earns his money by taking up odd jobs but always winds up being paid as a gigolo. There is one short scene in Delhi, followed by a longish one in Bombay in which he plays Mala's part-time driver. He soon winds up fucking her, and then her and Lajja together. They also did a lesbian sequence for that.

I was asked to play a bored housewife supposedly in Goa (but it was actually in Kashid), where he's the gardener. The actual amount they shot was nearly three hours but it will be cut for the final film. It begins with him getting off the bus and walking up a dusty village road to the house and coming in to the gate and ringing the bell. One of the servants answers the door and he is brought in and he asks me for a job. I'm seated on a sofa leafing through a visibly hardcore magazine at this interview and he notices it. Through the interview I eye him hungrily.

The actor's name was Michael and he was genuinely very sexy. He had a dark, muscular body, close-cropped hair, a small mustache and, as I later discovered, a very big cock. He was a complete professional, superbly trained and able to hold out for a really long time.

After the interview, I am shown watching him toil in the garden by the pool. I get excited seeing his body as he sweats in the sun, dressed only in his pants. I stand indoors and unbutton my blouse and start caressing my breasts.

This is followed by a sequence of me masturbating with a vibrator. The actual segment is unlikely to be more than a couple of minutes, but it went on for a long time — the vibrator I was supplied with was excellent, really big and very powerful. I used it lying on back and pushing it in and out of my cunt and then continued on my hands and knees, holding it with a hand pushed down between my legs. I ended with another vibrator, an even bigger one with solid metal base, placed on the floor and I sat on it, leaning forward and jerking up and down it with my thumb pressed on the wired remote. Mixo saw some of the raw footage and said it was outstanding, that there was no doubt that I wasn't faking anything. He especially loved the sequence of me sitting on the second vibrator and jiggling up and down. The shots focussed on my face and breasts and there were some excellent close-ups of my cunt.

I was then filmed being fucked by one of the *naukars* in the bedroom late at night; the *naukar* was another pro, but made up to look like a *naukar*, a lean, rangy fellow with a strong body and a sizeable penis. Michael is shown stealing into the house and watching us from the verandah door and masturbating. The actual filming with the *naukar* went on for nearly an hour, but they're only going to use a small part of it. Mixo says the rough cut shows the servant coming in, us kissing, him taking off my

sari, then me kneeling in front of him and sucking his cock; a brief clip of him tongue-fucking me; and then two or three minutes of actual fucking, the longest being of him fucking me from behind, kneeling behind me and holding my hips. The sex scenes are interspersed with shots of Michael watching us.

The main sequence is set the next day in full daylight in the garden near the pool. I was asked to dress up in a tiny string bikini top with narrow strips just covering my nipples, a really thin thong, dangling earrings, armbands, and a pearl choker. In the film, I am shown wearing a red chiffon sarong and carrying a small bag. I walk through the garden to the poolside and open out the sarong and spread it on a deck chair that stands by the pool while Michael is shown in the background, out of focus but clearly discernible. I lie back and beckon to him and he approaches. He's wearing only tight briefs. When he's standing next to the deckchair, I look up — my face is under his crotch at this point — and slyly ask him for a massage, saying it is part of his job. Michael is shown behind me, bent over the backrest of the deckchair, massaging my shoulders. His hands go lower. He flips off the tiny cups of my bikini top and begins massaging my breasts. My nipples are nut-hard. I moan and my mouth opens and my tongue runs over my upper lip.

My eyes closed, murmuring in pleasure, I stretch my arms over my head, over the back of the chair and my hands caress his thighs and hard belly, move to his crotch. I squeeze his cock through them and then slide my fingers into them.

Then he's come around in front of me and stands astride the chair, his briefs off, his big cock in my hands, his hands on my breasts, and he leans forward to kiss me deeply.

Michael was simply a fabulous lover. I remember his tongue felt enormously heavy both inside my mouth and in my cunt. There's a long tongue- and finger-fuck (he had very long, thick fingers).

In actuality, he tongue- and finger-fucked me for at least 15 minutes, possibly more, and I went wild, moaning and thrashing, lifting my legs high to give him access, tossing my head from side to side. I arched my head and watched him, my hand on his head and then fell back, moaning feverishly. When he began finger-fucking my ass while tongue-fucking my cunt I went into a frenzy, crying out loudly, my body tossing and jerking uncontrollably, my arms flung up over my head gripping the top of the deckchair, my hips lurching and jerking and heaving. I heard myself calling to him, begging him to fuck me, saying how good it was, telling him to push his finger deeper into my ass. I wasn't faking a thing.

Then I sucked his cock for at least 20 minutes or more. How he held on for so long I don't know, but they kept on filming it. Some of it was rough: he began fucking my face, holding my head and moving in back and forth in front of him, pushing his cock deep into my mouth. I kept sucking, my hands on his thighs, then jerking his shaft, licking, lifting it and dropping my head to suckle his testicles while looking adoringly up at him, sucking him again.

There was a lot of pre-cum. It oozed from his cock, so thick I thought he had actually cum. But he remained hard as iron. I moaned and lapped it lovingly. As I kept sucking, more and more dribbled out and, when I took my mouth off his cock briefly thick strands of pre-cum glittered between his cock-head and my lips and chin.

We began fucking. He got on his back on the deckchair. Its back was set to a 45-degree recline. I straddled his hips, my feet on the ground on either side of the chair, reached down for his cock and, bending over so we could kiss, lowered my dripping cunt onto his cock. It felt like I was impaling myself on a burning wooden stake, but one that was alive, throbbing. I cried out as it

crushed into me, its thickness and length stretching my cunt wide. Whimpering, I fell forward over him, one arm behind his shoulders, the other on the edge of the deckchair. He lifted his head and began sucking on my swollen breasts. His hands moved down my back. I felt him twisting his hands in my hair and pulling my head up, then moving down to my buttocks. Groaning, I began moving up and down, my knees flexing. My cunt ran back and forth along the length of his cock-shaft. I gasped and cried out. My breasts bounced heavily. He kept sucking them.

“Take it, bitch!” he grunted. “Yeh! C’mon! Take my cock, whore!”

“Oh god, oh god yes!” I cried. “Oh god ... you’re cock’s so good in my cunt! Fuck me! Oh fuck yes ... c’mon! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!”

You have to remember that we were shooting a *film*. That meant there were at least a dozen people around apart from the actors — cameramen, the director, assistants for the lights, the entire crew. I was acutely aware of their presence. How could I not be? There were times when the cameras were very close, inches away. The lights were very hot on our bodies. I found it incredibly exciting and erotic, doing something so intimate, so carnal with a complete stranger in front of a crowd of strangers for the future enjoyment of another crowd of strangers in a darkened hall.

They had cue cards and a guy with a predetermined set of hand movements to direct our action. They rolled the cameras closer and the guy motioned for me to slow down. I moaned loudly and followed the directions. There’s a fabulous sequence in close-up of my cunt going up and down on his cock, his hands on my hips and my buttocks opening and closing with my motions, my anus winking with each stroke.

I was asked to slowly increase the speed. He began moving under me, in time with my movements. I flung my head back and reared upright, gasping, crushing my breasts in my hands.

“Oh fuck yes!” I said. “Fuck me, baby! Fuck my pussy! Ohhhh yes oh god oh god yes! Fuck me! Fuck my cunt!”

He grabbed me and jerked my body down again, now sucking hard on my breasts, and began hitting my buttocks sharply. I cried out, my head whipping back. I felt his middle finger go between my buttocks and I groaned and he slid it up into my ass and began moving it in and out of my ass. I went wild, bucking in a frenzy on his cock. He pulled his finger out and made me suck it.

It went on for some time in the shooting, but in the film it cuts to the next sequence with me kneeling on the chair, the back flattened to the horizontal now, my shoulders pushed down and my face turned to one side towards the camera. He stood on the ground behind me and slowly squeezed his cock into my cunt. I moaned thickly and pushed my hand under my body, opening my cunt-lips for him. He steepled his fingers on my raised hips and began stroking smoothly in and out of my cunt. I cried out, my hips jerking and swaying. Rising on my forearms I rocked back and forth on the deckchair, my breasts bouncing and swinging with his thrusts. He pulled out of me and I bent forward again, lifted my hips higher and pulled my cunt-lips open for him. The camera came in close as he aimed his cock at my cunt-hole and then drove deep into me with a loud groan. I squeezed my cunt tight on his cock.

We went on and on till they directed us to change. I'd had two big orgasms by now. He seemed in no danger of cumming. He got back on the deckchair on his back and I straddled him again, my legs outside his, my back to him and leaned back with my arms pushed out behind me. He held his cock and pointed it up

between my legs. I moved my cunt over it and eased it down. My feet were on the ground, heels raised, toes pressed down. He held my hips and began thrusting up and down under me and I cried out, throwing my head back. His cock moved faster and faster, pounding under me. The footage has shots of my face, the soundtrack echoes with my voice and there are shots of my boobs bouncing in heavy circles with his thrusting. At some point, I half twisted, shifting my weight onto one hand and using the other to finger myself to yet another orgasm.

They cued us to move into the next sequence, a butt-fuck, but the guy motioned we could take a few minutes more if we wanted. I certainly did. I leaned back again and called out loudly. From under me he gripped my breasts; I kept my hips raised high; he hammered his hips up and down violently under me. I cried out, flinging my head back as his cock tore in and out of my cunt, pounding it.

“OHHHHH YES OH GOD YES YES YES FUCK ME BABY FUCK ME FUCK ME FUCK ME!” I shrieked. “YES C’MON YES FUCK ME OH GOD YES OHHHHH YES UHHHH YES!”

On and on he went and then, finally, slowed. We sank back. I drew my feet up and put them on his thighs. He eased my cunt off his cock. I moaned, turning my face over my shoulder and opening my mouth wide. His tongue slid deep into my mouth.

“Gonna fuck your ass now, bitch,” he said loudly. “Gonna stuff your ass with my cock!”

“Yes,” I moaned into his mouth. “Do it, baby ... fuck me up the ass!” They caught that on camera.

I lifted my hips. He moved his cock between my buttocks. I felt his big cock-head at my ass. Whimpering, I relaxed my anus. He held his cock with one hand and gently lifted his hips as I forced mine down. His cock-head popped into my asshole. It felt huge. I

cried out, wincing, my face contorting, my head jerking back. He pressed his hips higher, pulled mine down. His cock surged deeper into my ass.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck yes oh god yes oh uhh ohma uh oh uh oh uh ohhh uhh OHHHHHh god yes yes oh fuck yes!” I cried.

I began moving up and down on his lap, my feet on his thighs, leaning back against him. His face was over my shoulder. I turned my face and he pushed his tongue deep into my mouth again. I moved faster, jiggling my ass up and down on his cock. There was a camera between our legs; there’s a shot of his cock buried in my ass, my body jerking up and down, my shaved pussy open wide, my breasts bouncing heavily. He put his arms around me and squeezed my breasts hard. I groaned into his mouth. His hand went down to my cunt and I felt him opening my cunt-lips. My arms went down behind me, clenching the sides of the chair for support as I moved faster and faster.

“Quickly!” I gasped, on cue. “In the bag!”

Michael’s hand is shown going out of the frame and then coming up holding a big black vibrator. He pressed it to my cunt with one hand and gripped my chin and turned my face to his with the other.

“C’mon! Take it, you fuckin’ whore!” he said loudly.

Camera 1 was low between our legs pointed up; camera 2 was over my left shoulder looking down. Michael pushed the vibrator into my cunt and flicked it on and simultaneously pressed my hips down onto his. I flung my head back and screamed. The vibrator buzzed in my cunt. It was thick and long with big, heavy ridges, shaped like a real 7-inch cock. My hands clawed frantically at the chair, at his head behind me, at my breasts. My body thrashed in a frenzy. He shoved the vibrator in deeper; a close-up showed him thumbing it into the max mode; and then

he began rocking it rapidly in and out of my cunt while my ass heaved up and down on his cock. I had a mind-blowing orgasm, screaming and shrieking, clenching his head, crushing my breasts in my hands.

They kept the cameras rolling, but the film doesn't show him slowing down and pulling the camera out, the long, lingering kiss, or him telling me how good I was. It cuts to me sucking his sticky cock again, lots of tongue, wide-open mouth. He fucks my mouth heavily, gasping and groaning, a hand on my head and then he begins groaning and growling loudly. I suck harder and open my mouth wide.

"Ahhhh ahhhh ... ahhhh uh oh fuck yes uh AHHHHHHHHHHHHH oh fuck man yes!" he goes.

His cum was huge. Thick jets of sticky cum shot out from his cock-head and flooded my mouth, and splattered my face and breasts. A long, sticky strand looped between my lips and his cock-head. He kept cumming and I moaned, closing my eyes, letting it splash on me, keeping my mouth open. I swallowed it and he grinned, reaching down and scooping it off my cheeks and chin on his fingertips and feeding it back into my mouth.

The director called a cut. There was a minute's silence and then the entire crew burst into applause and gave me a standing ovation. I was on my knees, gasping, smiling hugely and they laughed at the look of astonishment on my face.

"That was incredible," the director said and promptly offered me and Mixo a feature.

Michael gave me his hand and helped me to my feet. "That was amazing," he said. "One of the best fucks I've ever had. If I'm ever in India again you and I are going to have to spend some quality time alone. No cameras. Just us."

"I'd like that," I said, smiling. "You were fabulous. Really you were."

We were through with the shoot that morning. I cleaned up, we had a light lunch, and then I rested for two or three hours. At four one of the crew knocked on the door. The next shoot would start in an hour. They couldn't afford to miss the light.

The shot shows Michael and me walking along the beach barefoot. He wears rolled up trousers and a loose, open shirt. I am in a sarong with the end looped around my neck like a halter and nothing else. The sarong is very light and gauzy. There's a shot of me against the sunset, the light filtering through the cloth and showing my nakedness under it. There is no dialogue. We are shown laughing, holding hands. The surf laps at our ankles. The sun sinks lower. He teases me, I run, he chases, grabs me; and then we are fucking on the beach, out in the open.

We were lucky the house has a naturally private beach with two headlands jutting out on either side with steep, ragged cliffs and dense vegetation. They shot by natural light. The actual fucking went on close to an hour; they'll probably use just a few minutes, if that. I spent a long time sucking Michael's cock again. He was amazingly hard, given his huge cum just a few hours earlier. I was thrilled. He fucked me heavily and slowly on my back and I clung to him, rocking and jerking under his thrusts, my swollen breasts bouncing. Then he turned me over on my hands and knees and squatted over my hips and fucked me demonically from behind in my cunt, slamming and ramming his cock in and out of my cunt. I was frantic, jerking and rocking to and fro on all fours. The cameras were very close: behind us, showing his cock pistoning in and out of my shorn pussy; and in front, showing my face and my breasts swinging and bouncing. I came two or three times. He kept fucking me through my orgasms, moving faster and faster and then, finally, began slowing to slow, deep, skewering thrusts. I gasped, my body undulating ecstatically under his. Gasping, groaning, he pulled out of me and shook his

cock and came all over my back and buttocks. He pressed his cock between my buttocks and dribbled cum into the crack, then slowly pushed his cock back into my cunt for a few strokes.

The next sequence was shot late at night and featured me with two of the house *naukars*. There are only quick, fleeting shots of what went on for over an hour. The two studs from the service were more than competent and very well-hung. Michael is shown asleep in a squalid room, murmuring in his sleep and masturbating. Then there is a shot of me with the two *naukars*: kneeling in front of them and sucking both cocks; sucking one while being tongue-fucked by the other; riding one's cock while sucking the other's; being fucked in the cunt and mouth together on all fours; and then both of them fucking me in my cunt and ass, and then both cumming hugely on me and in my mouth, and Michael in the shadows on the terrace, watching ... and then of him back in bed, masturbating. Is it all just a dream?

The last sequence shows Michael leaving the next day. As he walks away down the dusty road, a big car passes him coming towards the house. My husband has come home. I am shown at the door welcoming him. The actor was a tall, handsome stud from the agency, dressed to look very well-heeled. The shot cuts to the bedroom where he is lying on his back on the bed, groaning, while I kneel on the bed between his legs and slavishly suck his big cock. His hand is on my head, moving it up and down over his lap. I take his cock between my breasts. He asks if I missed him and I smile sweetly and say, *of course; I really get lonely without you.*

We begin fucking. I kneel on his lap and lower my cunt onto his cock and gasp, flinging my head back while his large hands squeeze my breasts. I jig eagerly up and down on his cock, going faster and faster, crying out loudly, begging him to fuck me. He lifts me off his cock and fucks me on my back, pounding

furiously in and out of my cunt. I cry out loudly, jerking on the bed, my hands flung up, clenching the side of the bed. My breasts bounce and wobble heavily. He slides out of me, turns me on all fours on the bed and, kneeling behind me, begins fucking me slowly from behind; when he goes into me I moan softly, biting my lower lip. My back bends up as he goes in, then arches inward, then rises again, in wave-like undulations of pleasure. He slides his hand under my body and squeezes my hanging breasts. His hips glide smoothly to and fro and he leans over my back and I turn my face over my shoulder and we kiss deeply. The shot ends there, moving slowly away from the bedroom, out into the verandah so that we are seen through a fluttering sheer curtain, then backs away even further and finally fades out.

They also shot a long orgy back in Bombay with Mala, Lajja, our other cousin Viraj, me and some of the people from the service but M tells me they have to cut that whole sequence because it's getting so long. That's a pity because there's some very erotic anal sex in that and a mind-blowing sequence with Mala and Lajja taking three cocks at the same time while I have two. A lot of cum!

I've been paid a lot of money for my role — at least I think it's a lot, though Mixo says it's peanuts and I should get much more. But usually they pay by the scene (so much for a blowjob; so much for anal; so much for a fuck; so much for lesbian etc). But they had agreed on a flat fee for all of us and mine came to what I think is a nice fat sum. And all for a few hours of good fun!

Of such things are celluloid dreams made.



