

A written proposal

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A letter had arrived, containing an unusual proposition: "We would like you to appear in an adult slapstick film, nudity will be required, as will a degree of intimate play with your co-star. You would be paid £300, for one day's work." Enclosed was a telephone number, an outline of what the shoot would involve with a consent to sign and a picture of the co-star to be, a delightful blonde girl named, Emma. 'Intimate play' with her didn't look like work at all. As university was due to start in a few weeks, a few hundred pounds could come in handy, and an adult film! Not a job serving food or answering phone calls, but something exciting and utterly unexpected! How had he been chosen? It seemed he had been spotted and they'd obtained his name from a school friend. But who? Could it be a con trick? Reading the letter, they weren't asking for any money, they'd provide a taxi to the venue and £50 payment on his acceptance so what could he lose? David picked up his mobile and started to dial the number. The sun shone intermittently and the day was warm; David was showered, shaved and dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. The money had arrived, as promised, a few days before the shoot and had been spent the same night and now here he was, in the back of a elderly taxi, a clattery, red Peugeot 405, on the way to the industrial estate by the river. Hardly Hollywood, but the taxi was paid for on account and David guessed this production company wasn't very large, or else it wouldn't be using someone like him. He'd seen websites that specialised in 'amateurs' and as the taxi turned off the Chainbridge Road, he wondered for a moment if this might be some kind of setup, like those 'straight guys first time with a guy' sites he'd seen... but, no. They'd told him about his 'co-star' the blonde Emma, he'd seen her photograph and if she wasn't there, he could just walk away. He was nervous but excited, as the taxi arrived at a line of squat, blue industrial units which backed onto the Tyne. The taxi departed and he felt the doubts hit him all at once. All but one of the buildings had the firm's name on a sign above the door and the brand-less building was the one he was heading for. This was not reassuring, what sort of film company operated off the Chainbridge Road, next to an marine engine repair shop? He inhaled deeply, took a few seconds to pluck up the courage and walked towards the door. This was going to be good. Upon entering the almost empty building he found he was right, this wasn't a very large company; the set consisted of a black inflatable chair, with a plastic groundsheet covering the concrete floor. Dust sheets covered something on tables off to the side and the crew was Emma and two cameras on tripods. A one girl outfit, but a very pretty girl in a very fetching outfit. Introductions and pleasantries were exchanged, her voice was soft when she

started with 'Hiya' but became louder as she became more excited or laughed. This was going to be fun and he could feel the excitement building inside him. Emma was aged about 21, her hair had changed since the photograph was taken and was now dyed-red but still shoulder length, her stomach was flat, while her chest was anything but. The young lady explained she was producing her own site, something a little different, aimed at the female end of the market, where she first tied then gunged attractive young men. "Like you" she added, touching his chest and moving closer to him. "Gunge?" He asked, so this is what the 'slapstick' and 'mess' meant? "Yep, gunge," came the excited reply, "It's something different, that means I'm not competing with all the other adult sites and get my own little niche to play in. Do you want to have a look?" Emma asked and moved towards the off-white sheets. As one was rolled up, he saw a variety of buckets, bowls, jars, squirty-cream cans and opened cartons of custard. David stepped back in some shock. Emma grinned and watched his reaction, before explaining, "This is all sweet stuff, we'll do the first scene then see how you get on before deciding what to do next. There's a toilet and makeshift shower out the back, so we can clean off between shoots." He thought the "we" sounded like it had potential. She moved towards him and took up his hands, before asking him how he felt about this. The money had him interested, but this little blonde had him hooked. Had he seen her out last night he'd have chatted her up like a shot and eagerly done anything she asked, so this would be no different. He looked into her eyes, David didn't want to appear too eager but this sounded like fun and he may get a little more out of this. "Well, I'm here now, so lets give it a go." Her smile grew wider and she gave him a little hug, "Great, lets get started!" Before moving off to fiddle with the cameras. "If you want to get your clothes off and get in the chair, there's a pair of black underpants there for you to put on," came her voice from behind one of the video cameras. It was starting, it was real and as he pulled his shirt over his head, he started to get nervous all over again. As he undid his jeans and removed his underwear, he wondered if she was looking, then hoped she was. The new pants were black, quite tight but elasticated. He noticed a mirror opposite the chair and watched himself dress, before turning to face the cameras, and a smiling Emma, then lowered himself into the seat. He felt Velcro beneath his wrists and straps by his ankles, then remembered she had mentioned "tying up" and his nerves came back. This would be a first. Emma came over, knelt beside him and asked if he was comfortable, before attaching the straps. Now he couldn't move this was starting to seem a little less like a good idea, but as she walked back towards the cameras to set them to record, Emma removed her shirt and dropped her jeans, kicking off her trainers at the same time. "Just act naturally, be yourself and don't force anything. I need your reactions to be real, so ask what you like, as real reactions are what this is all about," as she revealed a purple bra and knickers, which were soon joined by some large black heels. These made an almost clip-clop sound on the concrete floor as Emma moved around the 'studio'. David could feel his excitement building, tingles moving through his body and a certain part swelling in anticipation; he smiled at her and she smiled back, then moved behind him towards the table of things. He wanted to turn around but didn't feel he ought to, the cameras were watching him and weren't people supposed to be caught unawares by these things? Clip-clop on the concrete behind him, followed by a movement on the table, and clip-clop, clip-clop towards him, getting nearer.

"Are you looking forward to this?" Came her voice from behind him. "Err. I'm not sure looking forward to is quite the right way to say it," replied David. "Are you prepared for the cold?" She asked next, a little nearer behind him. "Cold?" Was all he could say, before he saw the shadow move from behind him and a big, cream covered pie hovered into view, obscuring the camera and then blocking out all light, followed by the air as the cream, custard and pastry made contact with his face. He felt it being moved around his face before finally coming to rest on top of his head while bits dropped onto his uncovered chest onto his lap. David tried to move his hands and rocked a little in the seat, before remembering he was firmly Velcroed in. He could taste sweet things on his lips and licked them to discover custard and cream. He could hear giggling behind him, he wanted to clear his eyes but, strapped in, he couldn't. "Pffffff!" He blew cream and flecks of custard and pastry onto his bare knees. There was more movement behind him, not as much as before and he felt a liquid being drizzled onto his left shoulder. His vision was still blurred from the pie, so he wasn't sure what it was but that didn't stop it running down his chest and he felt a weird sensation, as it ran over his left nipple before dripping onto his thigh. He felt the flow move onto the top of his head, covering his left ear with custard in the process, then it began to drip down his forehead, darkening his vision further. The flow then moved to his other shoulder, slightly faster this time, then he could feel it being aimed for the tip of his erection. "Someone seems to be enjoying himself," came her voice from behind him, as the flow stopped and he heard the bucket being put down. "Are you into this, David? Does it feel good?" He tried to reply but was distracted by her hands moving down onto his chest, rubbing custard over his chest and stomach. He raised his head and found her shoulder with it and was just turning his face to where hers must be when the rubbing stopped. She gently twisted his nipples between finger and thumb and said "Well?" before withdrawing. His reply came after a few seconds, he still couldn't see and had to breathe in a few times before speaking. "I am." More breathing. "I've never done this before and it feels lush." She continued to question him, while moving around behind him "And being tied up, is that something you've done before?" Custard flew from side to side, as he shook his head, "No. Pfffff," as he cleared his lips again. "Never. But I've wanted to try it for a while." With each word, he tasted sweetness, as custard dripped down his face and made his lips feel slightly heavier than usual. "With your girlfriend, do you want to try it with her?" asked Emma, as her hand landed on his left knee. David could hear she had moved her face close to his left ear, perhaps she was kneeling but the custard had blurred his vision so much he couldn't make anything out, even when he turned his head. He wasn't sure where this was going, he didn't want to admit that Anna had left him before the end of sixth form but as she moved her hand along his left thigh and settled on squeezing his inside leg he couldn't think of a sensible answer. "I would, but. But I don't have a girlfriend right now." Her fingers tensed on his thigh and there was a pause, during which her hand was removed and he heard her heels clip-clop behind him. After a few seconds passed, she asked "Hmm. Does that mean there's no one to get jealous about this? And we could do what we like?" The clip-clop sound moved further away as she went back to the tables, but David didn't hear her, as this was such an unexpected line of questioning and there was still custard in his ears. He hesitated, "Well. No. Why?" He felt a shiver run through him, partially because the custard wasn't overly warm but mostly from the

though of doing something with Emma that could make a girlfriend jealous. He had never been terribly good at judging chest sizes but her's was considerable and she seemed to have a thing for restraints. Heels on concrete moved again, but he still didn't hear as his mind was concentrating on the thought of Emma, sans clothes but possibly with high heels when something began drizzling on his right hand. "I thought you could do with a little chocolate to go with the custard," came her voice from behind him, followed by giggling, as chocolate sauce was poured first down one arm, over his shoulders and down the other arm before he felt the drizzle concentrate atop his head. "Look up for me David" came her voice from above him "I don't want to miss even a little bit." He did as he was bidden and felt the flow of chocolate increase and envelope his face. An intense bitter-sweetness penetrated his lips and the sauce continued to flow. His eyes remained tightly closed and as the chocolate stopped, she told him he could look down again. Face bent down, he tried to open his eyes but attempts to do so produced only darkly-blurred vision and a mild stinging. Noticing what he was trying to do, Emma said, encouragingly, "I know you can't see how good you look now, but I promise you look just scrumptious, good enough to eat," she paused, "Or lick." That made him sit up and pay attention, he still couldn't see but he could imagine the brown and yellow sticky mess he had become. Just what would his hair look like? David heard something metallic drop to the floor and an instant later hands were rubbing something soft and jelly-ish around his face, his head held securely with bits going up his nose and into his mouth, then into his hair, ears and around his neck. "Pah, pfft!" He began, as the hands left his head, only to feel the so far untouched waistband on his underwear being hoicked out, partially exposing his erect willy to the cool air, before a dollop of something thick and heavy was added and the waistband snapped back into place before he had any chance to react. "I can see you're still enjoying yourself and given the mess I've made of the rest of you, I couldn't leave that very special part clean any longer. Perhaps you'd like some more custard to go with the jam, but let's make sure we get a nice, even coating first, shall we?" He began to let out a noise that could have been an objection. Before their recent break-up, David and Anna had been sexually involved for some time, so being man-handled by a woman was by no means new to David, but Emma was new to him as were the PVC bondage chair and being utterly gunked with custard, chocolate and jam. His train of thought stopped there though, as she had moved around to his side and was massaging the jam into his willy and balls though the material of the underpants. His breath quickened, as her hands gently worked the sticky substance around his groin, taking care not to hurt him but making sure everything was coated with jam and caressed by her fingers and palms in the process. David made gentle moaning sounds and little sighs of pleasure escaped from his lips, half against his will. The camera and the payment were forgotten, he now wanted to fuck. Fuck Emma. The idea and the resultant images removed other thoughts from his mind. As her massage of his crotch continued for a few seconds more, he struggled to shift in his seat which caused mess to move around his backside and pool at the back of the chair, soaking his cheeks in chocolate and causing jam to move up towards his anus. Gentle giggles came from Emma, in front of him, and the massage ended, bringing him slightly back towards reality. "We nearly forgot the custard!" exclaimed Emma in mock surprise and clip-clopped her way across the floor as David sat there erect, in all senses,

waiting for her to do... something, anything, but mostly to touch him there again. David first felt her finger nails, followed by her fingers, pulling his waistband out again. "I'm sorry if this is going to be a little cold," she said, as frigid custard filled his underwear and caused his penis to retract and his body jerk within its restraints. He let out a noise something like, "Eeesstt!" A barely suppressed giggle from Emma was followed by, "Too cold? Variations in temperature are supposed to heighten sensitivity. I wonder how sensitive you are now?" She started massaging his groin, working the custard in. David was quietly agreeing with her, he was very sensitive to all this. His head tilted slightly to one side, still black with chocolate sauce, with bits of yellow custard showing through and gobs of jam stuck around the place. Emma looked at David appreciatively, watching him react to the movements of her hand, taking his time to feel everything, watching his muscles twitch with his hands and feet flexing their respective restraints. She felt his willy beneath the fabric, it swelled in her hands, back to it's previous full size. For David, this was a strange kind of heaven, being Velcroed to a chair, covered in stuff and looking like who knows what, but with this gorgeous girl's hands moving around his... Not being made to move at least gave him the excuse of being lazy, let Emma do the work while he just enjoyed it, so long as there wasn't much more cold custard. And then it stopped. Reality moved closer and he wondered if she was expecting an answer. He tried to think for a moment, cleared his throat to gain some time and eventually spluttered out, "Very. Ught. Very sensitive. What happens next?" He could hear her moving but no reply came. He thought for a moment and decided to push his luck, "What about the licking?" Some feet away, standing by the table of goodies Emma smiled but remained silent. He was clearly enjoying himself, which was nice, as it would make the day go better. They hadn't been playing for long and she wanted to shoot the second scene after breaking for dinner. There were just a few more things to do before the finale. He still glistened, chocolate brown, nearly black and licking a chocolate-coated teenaged footballer didn't seem a bad idea at all. But not yet. David heard steps behind him, then two plastic pops of something been opened, followed by a hissing and a strange sensation. He opened his eyes and through the blur saw white, two large squirty-cream canisters were emptying their contents up and down his thighs and chest. Then the world went creamy, as the cans were aimed higher and he could feel his head being coated. It was surprising how things felt under a coating of toppings. Emma worked to cover his whole body, he was white from toe to head and looked rather like a restrained snowman. Just to finish off with a flourish, she slipped both nozzles into his waistband and held them down for a moment. David continued to squirm but laughed as he noticed what she was doing. Cream began to drip flow out of his already full underwear. "I'm just going to make one finishing touch," she told him, before winking at the camera, placing a cherry atop his head and standing back to admire her handiwork. "There are just a few more things and then you'll be done. For now." "What else have you got for me?" came his reply from beneath the layers of sweetness. "Well, try this next" and she showed the cameras a rather large tin of Lyle's Golden Syrup, which she proceeded to empty over David's head. He felt the heavy liquid fall onto his scalp and begin the now familiar feeling of it surrounding his head and dripping off his nose and ears. He still couldn't see, his eyes were more or less glued shut by the syrup, but he looked directly at where he thought the camera was as syrup flowed down his chest and mixed with the

custard and chocolate. Emma was delighted with the confidence he had found during this shoot and hoped it would continue, while being a little unsure how to use it. The syrup had largely smothered his head and washed much of the other muck off him; Emma made sure he was still breathing properly beneath it by moving the flow along his arms. "Enough of this sticky stuff and we'll not need the restraints any more!" She giggled at him before emptying the remains of the tin into his lap. She bent down and kissed his lips through the syrup. The sudden appearance of warm lips upon his surprised David to such an extent he momentarily forgot to kiss her back and enjoy this sweetness multiplied by this woman's lips. He tried to move his arms to take hold of her head and thus extend the kiss, but soon came up against the hold of his restraints. He had not been expecting this frustration of being securely tied up and was sorry all he could do was move his lips against hers. Emma moved away with David's head uselessly trying to follow her, which is just what she wanted for the camera. That sense of helpless desire captured perfectly, ready for her to sell. She wondered how he'd react to having his predicament on public sale and if he had thought about it. How it would affect him. David hadn't. He could hear Emma's heels moving back to the table behind him and, at this juncture, was wondering what was left. He wasn't sure how much time had passed since this started. There wasn't a clean spot on him, even the soles of his feet were covered from the slime that had dripped down from his chair. He felt something soft and warm on top of his head, then his shoulders, face and torso: it was like being given an all enveloping cuddle. Through the syrup he tasted something slightly gritty that he couldn't quite place. Through the thickness he heard Emma, "I don't know if you'd usually have porridge in the mornings David, so I hope you like this. Really the syrup should go on top, but I think we can live with the results as they are." He moved his head up to take the warm gunge full in the face, hoping Emma might appreciate it and maybe give him another kiss. Emma looked down from behind the two-gallon bucket and smiled, partially for the camera but mostly because this man was fun to work with. She moved the flow back and fourth over his face to ensure she got him properly covered for the camera. She could no longer see David's erection under the porridge piling up between his legs, but she knew it was still there, being kept warm by the porridge. Waiting for her if she wanted it. As the last of the porridge left the bucket, David, sensing this, returned his head to face towards the camera she lowered it over his head and left it there putting him back in the dark. Inside the bucket, David breathed deeply, blowing drips of porridge off his nose and lips with each breath. He could again open his eyes, but as all he could see was the bucket, and not very much of that, he was not in a dramatically improved situation. He could feel the porridge had largely covered his thighs and was enjoying its warm caress, thinking of Emma's hotter caress from earlier. "Well David," announced Emma. "That's the last I have for you, but I'm not quite finished with you yet. There is just one more thing I want to show our audience but I'm going to leave you to think for a moment. Make sure you stay completely still." Through the plastic he heard her move to his side and he hoped she was about to finish the handjob she started earlier. A thin line of cold against the top of his left leg caused him to gasp. He heard a followed by the cold being withdrawn and applied to his right thigh. After another snip he felt his, presumably now wrecked, underpants being withdrawn with the tip of his willy poking out through the mess. The cool air circulated around the end. David felt

vulnerable. Emma held up her trophy to the camera, dangling the ruined underwear over the bucket covering David's head. She knelt down, beside the now nude young man and scooped muck from the floor onto his exposed penis, then began to run her right hand up and down it with a gentle but regular rhythm, watching him begin to move in response to her touch. Plop, slop, slap came from her hand moving in and out of the gunge while heightened breathing, interspersed with moans and gasps, came from beneath the bucket. Emma looked at the camera, smiled at her audience and buried her face in David's mucky lap, coating herself in porridge and taking his penis in her mouth. His moaning became louder, as Emma sucked away, her face partially submerged each time she took him fully in her mouth. David couldn't see what was going on but he could feel he was being given a terrific blowjob by this beautiful girl and frankly he didn't care. The approach of his climax so quickly, took him by surprise, he tensed against his restraints and felt Emma move her lips away just before he ejaculated, crying out under his strange hat. Emma was pleased, it had all gone better than expected. She removed the bucket from his head and straddled David, her face to his. She took his head in her hands kissed the filthy eighteen year-old student, then asked him "So, now the video is over, what should I have you do for ME before I release you?" David smiled back, "Anything you like," and she kissed him again.