

A Little Light Work

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Sitting on my stool, up in the followspot booth at the rear of the theatre, more or less following the action on stage.

“Standby for cue fifty seven, spot one on Diane, spot two on Fred, wherever they may be,” Dan our stage manager’s voice came through our headsets.

“Yarf,” I said into my microphone. “Ready,” said Jen on spot two. I’d been tracking Diane for a bit, anticipating the cue, and I imagine Jen was doing the same. We’d done this before.

“Fifty seven, go,” called Dan, and our lights came up, nicely illuminating the characters on stage as they broke into song. Or whatever.

“Spot one, tighten a bit and tip up, please.”

I adjusted the iris a little and tipped up.

“Yeah, the glare is killing me,” came Jen over the headset.

“Not to make spots laugh on a tight shot,” I said, trying to hold my spot steady as I chuckled. The character I was spotting on stage, Diane, had a very full bosom, a great deal of which was exposed by her costume. And all that skin did tend to glare in the spot as I tried to keep a tight head and shoulders (and tits) shot. Not that I minded, as Jen knew well. “Jealousy...” I muttered.

“Yeah, and if you do a full body shot, you’d have to go a LOT WIDER...” Jen came back.

“O yeah,” I muttered as I followed Diane across the stage. She did have a rather large bottom...

The characters moved, and we tracked them across the stage. Surprise! They’re sticking to their blocking tonight! Now if they could just follow the script... But that’s asking a lot, I know.

We tracked them around the stage for a few cues, they’re setting in for the duet ending Act One, Diane perched on a stool stage left. That meant I could lock my spot in position for a while. Unless she decided to improvise, of course...

The stool is on a spike, which is to say, a mark on the stage. Our stage crew is pretty good at

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placing things on spike. During tech week, someone asked Ed, our lighting designer, why he was using a spot for this shot, rather than a (fixed-focus) special. He replied simply, "Because there's an actor involved." Ed is very good.

I peeked at my cue sheet. Spot two goes out at 63 as Fred exits stage right. I'm up on Diane through 71, the button that ends Act One thank God! Both spots snooze until well into Act Two.

Diane started fidgeting on her stool. I unlocked the spot. You're a genius, Ed...

"Christ, where's she going tonight?" Dan moaned as Diane wandered off her blocking.

"He don't know either," I tossed in. One of the other crew on headset laughed.

"Is that bastard still in the house? I don't need to hear about this during intermission..." Dan griped. "That bastard" was the producer/director, who thought it appropriate to deliver notes to cast and crew during the show. Not appreciated! "Standby 63 and spot two out, one less confused soul wandering my stage! ... And ... 63 go!"

"Spot two off heads until 105 in Act Two!" Jen called happily as her spot went out.

On stage, Diane decided to dance around the stool tonight as she did her thing. No problem -- I followed her.

I heard the door to my spot booth open and close. I'm at the top of a flight of stairs, in the dark, except for my spot, and the little light I use to illuminate my cue sheet. I'm in a little room at the back of the theatre, up in the back corner, with a similar booth for Jen on the other side of the house. Our doors are locked, with crew having keys. Since my spot was up, and dear Diane was wandering about, all I could do was my job -- keep the light on her. Someone coming up the metal steps?

A hand slid around my waist to my crotch as a body pressed up against me.

Jen whispered hotly in my ear, "Don't her breasts look delicious? Would you rather have hers, or mine?"

I could definitely feel her pressing into me. I could definitely feel her making my spot move. I changed my stance a little, hopefully to be more stable.

"Look at the way her eyes glow," Jen whispered hotly. Where we were, the angle of the lights, her eyes *did* glow. "Imagine her eyes glowing as she pulls you to a nipple, commanding you to suck on her." She was undoing my belt and pants! "Bewitching you with her eyes and breasts, taking you..."

"Spot one, scratch on your own time -- we're almost there, thank God," Dan complained as my spot wavered.

I tried to bump Jen back away from me, but only succeeded in helping her get my pants down partway. Now she had one hand on my cock and balls, the other going up my shirt.

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“Just like I’m going to do,” she continued in my ear. “I’m going to smother you between my breasts, teasing you, not letting you have my nipples...”

“Standby 71, it’s a button, warning on the main, standby 72 and house up,” Dan called.

Jen moved back from me for a moment, letting me catch my breath. That’s good, as Diane makes a run across the stage, pausing for the button, then exiting as the lights go out. I need to open wider to a waist shot, swing and follow smoothly. There she goes...

“Seventy one ... Go!” Dan called. The lights brighten, hitting the button just right, then go out. I locked my spot. “Main go!” and the curtain starts to close. “Spot one off,” I call.

I don’t have to take my headset off -- Jen took it off and turned me, pulling me lower. She pulled up her top and her bra, holding me to a nipple, squeezing me. “That’s it, suck baby,” she commanded in a whisper, holding me, leading me down to the mats on the floor of the booth.

The mats are cold on my bare bottom, but I don’t care. We made it down with me still attached. A hand on my cock as she guides me home, sliding me in, sliding on to me, a few strokes and she’s pressing me into the floor, pounding me into the floor, grinding me into the floor as I hold on, trying to devour her and push deeper inside her at the same time.

Oh God, I’m getting close... And she can tell, as she squeezes me more and swirls her hips. Too late, the only thing I can do is hang on... “Come baby! Now!” she hisses, moving my head and squeezing me. I hold on, pumping into her. She lets my head go a little; I can breathe. She swirls her hips; I can moan. “Oh, that’s better,” she whispered. I held on and sucked as she did her magic.

She cooed as I melted in her arms. “Oh, was that a surprise, sweetie? Do you think you could give me a ride home tonight? Your place or mine...”

I nestled my head between her breasts, listening to her heart. She pulled her sweatshirt down, covering my head. She knows I love that.

I pulled her more on top of me, nestling in as she held me where I want to be.

FIN

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By silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>