

- Barebanger

She supposed that most fifty-five year old women would be overjoyed at the thought of having a twenty year old's cock planted in their arse but for Sylvia, life wasn't so peachy.

She was pushed back and forth, ridden like an old rocking chair, her back slick with sweat from the heat of the halogen bulbs overhead, the too bright light shining off her skin and emphasising every blemish, every poorly disguised wrinkle.

The young man groaned behind her, thrusting his length in and out of her anus, a sensation she barely even felt any more, the orifice having been widened by much thicker cocks that had passed there before.

As she squatted there under the lights, Sylvia thought back on the ghosts of penises that had fucked her before. She wondered how many it had been. Forty? Fifty? A hundred? She had only been in this business for a little over a year and had already been the main star of over two dozen films. If you could call such productions 'films'. They were skin flicks, wank movies, fantasies for young boys and old men. She knew that a lot of her co-stars, girls half, if not two thirds her age, admitted that they got off on the thought of some lonely old guy tossing himself to one of their movies. Sylvia found it somewhat sad.

She looked up at the camera peering down on her face and smiled, her lips parting into what more closely resembled a grimace.

"That's it stud," she whispered, staring straight down the camera lens, a veteran of a thousand close-ups. "Fuck my tight little hole."

Sylvia choked a laugh as her own words echoed in her head. To think of the lines she had uttered in her past; the great monologues, the snappy witticisms. She had sparred off against some of the most talented, and attractive, leading men of her era. She had been a seventies starlet and now here she was, a whore.

"You wanna taste my cum, grandma."

Sylvia sighed as she felt the guy slip from her and push his pulsating cock into her face. Dutifully, she opened up her mouth and closed her eyes, splashes of warmth hitting her face. She hoped that it wasn't going to turn out in the script that she really was this guy's grandma.

Faded, sepia images started to form in her head of two little boys, big smiles plastered on their faces, as they raced around a big garden, chasing one another with water pistols as the high summer sun beat down on them. They were laughing, six and eight years old and they were as innocent and as protected as they had been in their mother's womb.

It had been nine months since Sylvia had seen Charlie and Emmett. Tracy hadn't brought them round ever since she had found out what it was their grandma was doing to keep the debt collectors at bay.

"To find out from some asshole at work, mother," she had said, her voice high pitched and nasal as she had adopted her familiar holier than thou tone. "Do you know how embarrassing that was for me?"

"Do you know how embarrassing it is for *me*," Sylvia had replied, tears already streaming down her face. "That it's come down to this. Do you think I want to be doing this?"

Tracy had shrugged her shoulders at that one.

"I would have helped you, you know that. All you had to do was ask."

"I don't want your money Tracy, I can look after myself."

“Oh I can see that. But mother, it’s disgusting. Especially at your age.”

That had hurt.

Tracy had left not long after that and hadn’t come back round since. She called occasionally, to let her mother speak to the boys, but she claimed that she didn’t want them getting involved with something so filthy. Sylvia knew that her daughter had wanted to say *someone* so filthy, but hadn’t had the guts to do so.

“Okay, that’ll do for that one.”

Sylvia opened her eyes and was aware of something sticky sitting just underneath her right eye. A young guy walked over and handed her a wet towel.

“All right, set up the next one,” the director ordered, shifting his weight in a hard backed plastic chair, the kinds you find in waiting rooms.

“Get cleaned up Vicky and then get ready for the girl on girl scene.” The man lifted up his large left buttock and farted. “And next time, remember to keep your eyes open.”

“I can go again chief.” The young stud said as he sponged down his still rock hard penis. “If you need another cum shot.”

Sylvia shuddered at the exchange, hoping that the director wouldn’t agree. She had met so many young actors like this guy before. All eager to please and full of energy, desperate to make a good impression so that they would be given their shot. Most of them figured that a few years of scratching around and being the whipping boy, would lead to a forty year career of playing the big shot and ordering everyone else around.

“No it’s fine Chad, good to print.”

Vicky. Victoria. That was a name that Sylvia had had to get used to over the last few months. It had been her agent’s idea. He had been all too eager to get her involved in this business, only to turn around and suggest that lending her real name to these kinds of movies was probably not a wise career move for the future. So, in his infinite wisdom, he had told her to adopt a stage name. A porn star name.

Victoria Barebanger.

He had said that she could change it if she liked but Sylvia could never be bothered.

Victoria Barebanger was the newest name in quality adult entertainment. It depressed Sylvia to think of herself in such a context.

As she towelled down her body, gratefully wiping away the stinking sweat and oily cum, she closed her eyes and thought of that image again, the one of her grandsons bounding through her garden. She missed them dearly, but it was jobs like this that were paying for the upkeep of such a lavish garden like the one her boys had loved to play in. Tracy would come round, soon hopefully and when she did, Sylvia wasn’t going to have her grandsons come visit her in some one bedroom bungalow in some old crackpot cul de sac. She was fifty-five for God’s sake, still able to work and at a time in her life when most women now were having their mid life crisis.

She looked over at the two women who had just entered the room, as the various set hands busied themselves with putting up new curtains and re-arranging the plant pots. One of the women looked only about ten years younger than Sylvia, her hair brunette with shades of grey visible at the tips. The other was probably about Tracy’s age and that thought made Sylvia feel a little sick. She dreaded to think what the script was for this one. All she knew was that she was to be squeezed into some unflattering PVC outfit and then given the role of a brothel madam. She wouldn’t have to do much in this scene, mainly make the two women have sex with one

another in more and more degrading ways. She wouldn't even be naked but that little compensation failed to ease the churning in her gut.

"All right, five minutes and then I want to be shooting."

The director had made it up out of his chair long enough to grab a sandwich from the lunch trolley and was now perched back on his behind, issuing orders in between mouthfuls.

Sylvia eyed the costume woman coming over to her, a thin sheet of black PVC dangling from one arm.

She waved the woman away.

"I'm going for a cigarette," she announced, grabbing a bathrobe and made a quick exit out of the side door, racing out into the warm sunshine.

Sylvia leaned back against the side of the set, a fairly modern house with a huge living area, and soaked in the sun. Its yellow rays fell down onto her face and she nudged herself up to meet it, closing her eyes and losing herself in a screen of dull red colour.

She did need to smoke, but it could wait, the whole fucking production could wait. For now she needed the sunlight and the energy it was giving her. She still felt sick but it was waning a little now and she knew that it would soon be gone, just like always.

One more scene for the day. All she had to do was stand there and spout innocuous lines every now and then. Easy. She wouldn't even be on camera for most of it.

Sylvia's anus twitched and she yelped at a spasm of pain. Suddenly she felt the tears begin to fall, intermingling their own heat with the warmth of the penetrating sun.

She was doing this for her boys, that was why she was here. For her two boys that she would one day see again, hopefully before they were too old to be interested in playing with grandma anymore. She still had time. Tracy would come round, the money would level out and she would have enough to retire for good.

As she stood against the sun, Sylvia tried not to think of all the money she had wasted over the years. The parties, the cars, the fucking clothes and perfumes. So much of that was gone now, a distant memory that brought her no pleasure to recall. She had always been building to something more, always waiting and trying, never quite making it to the top, to the level of the people she had shared the screen with. And now where were they? Making pasta sauces and selling cars on TV. But they were still remembered, still revered. When she was gone, when life was finally done with her, who would remember? A bunch of sad low lives who had pulled themselves off to one of her movies. Because that kind of love was forever, the love born from lust. The love of appreciation would be forgotten, replaced with the next 'big thing'. How many movie stars of the past would show up to her funeral. How many would make excuses saying that they couldn't fit it around their schedule, that they were snowed under with this movie or that TV show and couldn't possibly find the time.

Sylvia sniffed up her tears and reached inside her pocket to retrieve a cigarette when she realised that she was still only wearing the bathrobe. She laughed, harsh and hollow, laughing at herself, at her ridiculousness.

She resigned to her fate and went back inside.

The two girls were waiting for her, one lying spread-eagle on a desk while the other lowered over her, wearing a short, leather top with holes cut out so that her breasts stuck out, her nipples saluting the air.

Two whores waiting for their mistress.

Sylvia accepted the PVC costume off the impatient costume girl and dropped her robe. She dressed quickly and, looking down at herself, wondered why she had bothered. Her breasts, veined with age, bulged over the top, while thin strands of pubic hair sprang from the crotch.

“Oh God,” she muttered to herself as she wandered over to the set. The two women were already warming up by shoving their tongues down each others throats, their eyes open and roaming round the room at the gaggle of onlookers.

Sylvia sighed and stepped in behind them. The cameraman, crouched over, began crab walking over to them all, his lens shining up.

For a moment, Sylvia was lost back in time, recalling all the other occasions when she had been staring down into the soft glass of a camera lens. So many memories, so many movies, when her youthful beauty had been captured by the running film inside those machines, cementing the happiest moments of her life, forever a reminder that life had been a constant downhill slide ever since.

“That’s enough messing around girls,” she said with as much contempt as she could get away with. “It’s time to get down to business.”

Sylvia tipped a sly, painful wink at the camera as the brunette woman slowly made her way down the body of the blonde, her tongue flickering over the taut, tanned skin, until it disappeared into the never regions that lay beyond the thin trim of light pubic hair.

The camera pulled away from Sylvia to capture the sex. She relaxed a little, as all eyes on the set stared at the spectacle that was unfolding. Only the costume girl seemed to still be looking at Sylvia, her gaze curious as she noticed the fading smile on the older woman’s face. Sylvia ignored the girl and lazily turned to watch the two actresses probe one another with their tongues. Their fake moans echoed around the room and Sylvia could almost hear the sound of erections popping up amongst the crew. How was it that they could watch this filth every day and still get aroused by it? Sure, at first, even Sylvia had found some of her scenes a turn on. Who wouldn’t when some muscle head guy with a ten inch prick is standing over you? But now it was all so blasé, so, usual. It was kind of like marital sex had been, boring and overlong.

One of the women, the blonde, said something about how she wished that Tiffany, the brunette, could get her even deeper.

Sylvia recognised her cue and strolled over to the pair, a great purple dildo wobbling in her hand.

“Why don’t you try this honey?” She deadpanned. “It’s sure to hit the spot.”

Sylvia winced as she realised she had fluffed her lines but no call came from the director.

“Oh, oh fuck!” The blonde squealed, obviously delighted with her new toy.

Sylvia smiled at the ambition in that one. She often wondered if it was her age that made her so disillusioned. Perhaps her experience of real film making, of proper art, had blinded her to the thrill and satisfaction the younger girls seemed to get from their work. But then maybe it was their youth, their naivety that allowed them to ignore the moral degradation that Sylvia felt daily.

The scene ended after Sylvia had walked over onto camera one more time to announce that the girls had both been very bad and needed to go out tonight and find themselves some nice young studs to fuck some sense into them. With those immortal lines delivered, the bell sounded and the crew broke for dinner. There were still another three hours of shooting to be done before the day was over but Sylvia had served her time and was free to escape.

She hurriedly changed out of the PVC contraption, catching endless reams of skin in the too tight edges of the suit and dressed in her more conservative street clothes. As she grabbed a bottle of water from the hospitality table, she could see Mack, the director, shuffling over towards her, his head buried in the pages of a script.

“Vicky,” he drawled, not even looking up from his reading. “The writers have made a change to tomorrow’s shoot.” Sylvia had to stifle a laugh. Since when did these things have writers? “I’m gonna need you in at eight until eight, we’ve gotta fit in a threesome scene to add onto act two, it’s running a bit short.”

Sylvia’s shoulders fell at the news. Tomorrow was supposed to have been an early finish and she was hoping to go home and maybe give Tracy a call, hoping to talk to the boys, but they would be in bed by the time she made it home.

“Do I have to Mack?” She asked, trying to turn on some of the sweet charm that had made her the star of so many teenage boys’ bedroom walls. “I’ve got something I need to do tomorrow.”

Mack took a moment to reply, his eyes still focused on the pages in front of him, his lips mouthing along with his reading.

“Huh? No, sorry, it’s got to be tomorrow, we’re going to edit on Friday and we need it all done.”

Sylvia couldn’t say she was surprised.

“What is it? A guy and another girl?”

“No, two guys, black ones. We’re still working on how to do the cum shot but I’ll let you know in the morning.”

Sylvia rolled her eyes. Having threesomes with two guys left her sore for a week after and she was still signed on to this studio for another month solid. It was the only way she was going to make enough money to afford a month off from all this.

“Sure, I’ll be here,” she replied, picking up her coat from the chair behind.

“Good,” Mack mumbled and shuffled away again, no doubt to bother someone else with some other changes he and the ‘writers’ had made to the script, someone who would no doubt be much more enthusiastic about working overtime than Sylvia had been.

As she walked to the front of the set, Sylvia passed a line of people all busying themselves with preparations for the next scene. As she passed, it occurred to her then that there was not one of them that she felt the need to say bye to. Back in her movie days, she had made a point of saying at least something to everyone on set at the end of the day. There had been such a good energy back then that she had felt inclined to thank them almost. But now she merely ambled past, head down, hoping not to be noticed.

Just as she was about to reach the set door, someone came up behind and tapped her lightly on the shoulder. She turned to see the costume girl standing behind her. Sylvia searched for her name but it would not come. There was a chance that she didn’t actually know it.

“Are you leaving Ms. Rigby?”

It was the first time that someone had used her real name all day and the sound of it brought a wan smile to Sylvia’s face.

“Yes, that’s me for today.”

The young girl smiled, a little bashful red coming into her cheeks.

“I was just hoping to ask a quick favour before you went.”

Sylvia thought that if this girl wanted to do measurements now for tomorrow's costume, then she was likely to smack her. The last thing she wanted to do at the end of the day was think about the next one.

"You see it's my last day on set today and so I probably won't get a chance to ask you again."

"Oh," Sylvia replied, a little surprised that this girl wasn't going to be kept busy creating more and more revealing and uncomfortable outfits for Sylvia's tired old body to squeeze into.

"I was wondering if you could just sign this," the girl asked, holding out a blank piece of card and a ballpoint pen. "My mother's a big fan."

Sylvia's jaw slid wide open and she was just about to ask what kind of mother would sit down and blatantly watch this filth when the realisation dawned on her and her look of revulsion quickly reverted into a smile.

"Sure, of course," she beamed, taking the card and the pen.

"Great, make it out to Dorothy please."

Sylvia nodded, her hand working furiously at the old signature, still signed with a flourish unlike the drudgery she felt whenever she had to sign her fake, stage name at one of those conventions that she had been dragged to before.

"What's her favourite movie?" Sylvia asked, unable to avoid relishing in this little moment of nostalgia.

"She really likes 'Come Back to Me'; it's the first movie my dad took her to see."

The smile on Sylvia's face widened at the remark and she found herself embracing the girl into a hug. For a moment, a familiar smell wafted over her and the hug intensified as Sylvia imagined that it was Tracy held in her arms. Her eyes welled with tears at the sensation. The girl awkwardly pulled away and Sylvia was left standing exposed and vulnerable for one horrible moment before she managed to regain her composure.

"And give that to your mother as well," she said, "I'm sure it'll make your father jealous."

"Oh it will, he's a big fan of yours too."

Sylvia nodded but the smile on her face had faded a little now. She didn't ask if the girl's father had a favourite movie of hers too.