

Patricias Photoshoot

Chapter 1

Hobbies. My job keeps me busy and finding time for me is tough. I started taking photos of everything. I find it so relaxing I guess you could call it a hobby. I've never published anything, but I have framed some of my nicer work.

My Friday morning appointment was:

Mr. John Callaghan – 48 Marley Crescent – 9am

Note: Mr. Callaghan requires morning assistance due to a broken leg.

This one wouldn't be so bad I suppose. In these cases the client is probably too large for the wife to care for or he's alone. <sigh!> It sure wasn't going to be like my visit with Mrs. Logan!

I showed up early and met Mr. Callaghan; John, as he insisted I call him. He introduced me to his wife Patricia. They were an older couple; probably in their late 60's. I was right in my assumption, John was a big boy! His wife Patricia was maybe 5'4" and she couldn't be more than 100 or 110lbs. I helped John get ready for his day and Patricia made coffee. When John was ready, we sat down and had a great conversation. They talked about some of the travelling they had done and they asked me what I did for fun. I told them my job didn't leave much time for me because of my schedule. I did tell them about my amateur photography; which prompted them to pull out albums and albums of travel photos. Oh no, we weren't getting into this "Um, I'm sorry, but I have to get to my next appointment!"

I got up to leave and they asked me if I would be back tomorrow morning? I said I wasn't sure; it depended on how the appointments were handed out. I drove off not giving it another thought.

Chapter 2

The next morning I was surprised to see I had Mr. Callaghan again. Well, this is different, the appointment sheet said "requested".

I pulled up out front and knocked at the door. Patricia answered and led me in to the living room. "I'm sorry, but John isn't here this morning. His brother showed up first thing and said he had to get out of the house for a while. They went to breakfast and to Gerry's Tackle Shop down at the harbor."

Great, so I made the trip all the way out here for nothing. "Not a problem Patricia; it happens. I'll just head to my next appointment." I made to leave and she stopped me saying, "Well, you came all this way, you may as well have a coffee." And she headed off to the kitchen.

We were drinking our coffee talking when she asked if I might do her a favor. She was hesitant to ask, "Don't think wrong of me, but...well, when we were younger, John always wanted me to pose nude for him. Umm...well, it is his birthday next week and you're a photographer and I wondered if you could help me out?" She said the last part quickly then looked down intently at her coffee cup.

Well, this has turned out to be a good morning! Okay, just play it cool, don't get all excited, "Uh, sure. I can help; purely professional...of course."

She perked right up, "OH REALLY?!" She jumped up, "Okay, give me a couple minutes then meet me in the back family room." With that she scampered down the hall to her bedroom.

Chapter 3

I strolled into the family room and waited, not believing what was about to happen! Patricia walked in wearing a white camisole and white panties. Her nipples were poking out, accenting her cute little tits. She handed me a camera and showed me how it worked. Her closeness was having a profound effect on my cock. I could smell her perfume; see the dark outlines of her nipples.

“So, what do I do?” she asked. I explained to her to just move around a bit and I would keep taking pictures. She stood against the wall for my first shot; her hands behind her back, her face turning red, her anxiety evident. “Just relax,” I soothed “it’s just you. Remember, I’m a professional. Try to imagine its John behind the camera.”

She started to move around a bit...she turned around showing me her cute little ass; her arms up over her head, her breasts stretching up. I suggested she didn’t have to stand all the time. She got down on her hands and knees and crawled around a bit. I was getting shots from all angles and she was really having fun, laughing and smiling.

I stopped and asked her, “Didn’t you say that John wanted you to do a nude photoshoot?” All the while pleading in my thoughts: please, please, please, please, please, please! She looked at me, wide-eyed, “Well, um, yes, that’s right he did, didn’t he.” I could see the uncertainty on her face. “Remember, it’s John behind the camera.” Without a pause I continued shooting.

She had sat up and turned her head away. click-click went the camera. She raised her hand slowly and held the top of one cup of her camisole in unsteady fingers click-click “That’s it Patricia.” click-click She slowly pulled the edge of the camisole down until the brown areola was peeking out click-click she pulled a bit more and her little nipple popped out click-click “Perfect!” She giggled and looked back at me smiling! “That’s great Patricia!”

After that she relaxed and we got more nude shots. She changed into a black lingerie set and I kept the camera clicking! We were in the bedroom and she had a black see-thru camisole and panties on, crawling around the bed posing like a pro! She was on her knees, her head and shoulders down on the bed, her ass pointing up in the air when I noticed...wetness! Her pussy was shiny with moisture! She was getting turned on!

She was over on her back and I whispered, “Lift your legs!” She pulled her knees up and back, her pussy spreading wide, her panties soaked through. I got down between her legs with the camera and whispered, “Farther.” And reaching up with my spare hand, I grabbed her thigh and pushed her leg back. She gasped and her hips rocked a little while I took pictures! She reached down and pulled the panties off! She threw them off to the side and pulled her legs back up again. Her pussy was wide open, waiting, wanting. I moved in close with the camera; close enough I’m sure she could feel my breath on her clit! I could hear her fumbling with the bedside dresser. I sat up as she pulled a long pink vibrator out of the drawer. She turned it on and pushed it all the way into her gaping pussy!

Her body arched, her head back into the pillow with her eyes shut and she moaned as she pumped it in and out; her free hand flicking her clitoris! I realized that I was staring and not taking pictures! I managed to click off a bunch more before I realized I had a time bomb in my pants! It was throbbing to get out and I thought it would be safer to oblige! I pulled out my cock and crawled forward. I started rubbing my cock over Patricia’s cheek and mouth. She opened her eyes and grinned! Leaning forward, I reached down and with my hand behind her head; I guided her mouth onto my engorged cock!

She moaned deep in her throat as her tongue started its dance around the head of my cock! Her hands had sped up and her hips had begun to rock with the motion! I was moving her head up and down on my cock! She was having trouble though with her little mouth; I could feel my cock bottoming out at her throat! Her eyes would bulge a little each time, but this just caused her to speed up faster! I was getting close! My hips were pumping faster and faster as I fucked her

face! Suddenly she squeezed her eyes closed tight and her whole body started to shake with her intense orgasm! It was too much for me, I pumped my hips forward, and at the same time lowering her head onto the bed and the momentum caused my cock to push to her throat and then 'pop' as it squeezed into her throat! My cock was buried, balls deep and I started to cum! Her eyes went wide as I pumped and pumped, my juices filling up her throat!

As I drove away, I was still chuckling thinking about what she had said: "So that's what that tastes like!" I'm thinking John was in for a big surprise when he got home!