

## The Battery by Rick Dalton

Joan and Randy are two of my best friends. I have known Randy since high school and I was the best man at his wedding and he was the best man at mine. Joan was a maid of honor at my wedding. Unfortunately my marriage didn't go nearly as well as theirs did and I got divorced two years later. Fifteen years later I am still single. Don't go feeling sorry for me because I am happy the way I am. I have had my share of short relationships and one night stands. I must confess that I have had a long dry spell lately.

Joan is about 5'9 and has a great set of tits. I confess that I have masturbated thinking of her and her long legs. I would never hit on her though, I value their friendship too much for that. I have never seen her in anything less than a one piece bathing suit, although I am ashamed to say that I have undressed her with my eyes and try to catch a glimpse of her bust when she bends over. Is that so wrong?

My name is Rick and I am 42 years old and am starting a new career. I have started a photography studio in my house and have been doing passport photos, weddings, and portraits mostly. The weddings are where the money is. Business has been slow lately and I have been cashing in some of my savings to pay the bills. I am not like most photographers in that I am not the creative type. What fascinated me about photography were the technical aspects of it. Long after most other people were using color film, I was still developing my own black and white film and using an enlarger to print my pictures. Words like D76, Dektol, print flattening solution, mattes, etc fascinated me. I eventually made the leap to a digital camera and have never looked back. To overcome my lack of creativity I have copied a lot of poses from magazines and other photographers work. Photoshop came naturally to me. I am pretty good at retouching photos and placing people on different backgrounds from a green screen. I have even added people to existing group photos for a couple of clients.

Joan and Randy invited me over to a barbecue at lunch at their place that Sunday. We had a great time eating, listening to 70s music and having a couple of beers. They are easy to talk to since we are almost the same age and have so much in common. Eventually Randy had to go to meet a couple of his work friends to play a round of golf. He left and Joan talked me into having one more drink before I left. After my drink I said I had to be going too so I thanked her for everything and walked out to my car in their driveway. I turned the key and it just clicked. I got out of the car cursing under my breath. Joan noticed my dilemma and walked over.

"Car won't start I take it. Too bad Randy just left or he could have given you a boost, and the other car is in the shop." she said.

"No problem" I said. "I will call a tow truck for a boost."

"Hold on a minute, I just remembered that there is a battery on the work bench in the garage and some booster cables. That should get you going." she said.

I thanked her and went into the garage and carried out what looked like a large truck battery after disconnecting it from the battery charger that was attached to it. I put both the booster cables that I found and the battery on the driveway in front of my car and opened the hood. Just then my cellphone rang. It was my mother on the phone. I turned my back and walked a few paces to take the call. I was talking to her for what seemed like two minutes when I heard this loud bang. I turned around quickly and saw Joan sitting on her butt looking dazed. "Oh my God, what happened?" she said as she took off her sunglasses and looked at me.

"The battery blew up and you are covered in sulfuric acid." I said as I helped her up.

She looked at herself and said "Oh God no! I have to wash this off quickly before it burns!" she said as she was madly ripping off her blouse and unbuttoning her jeans.

Just then I noticed a bead of acid running down her forehead heading for her eye. "Close your eyes quick! Acid is about to run into your eye. I yelled. The sunglasses saved her eyes the first time, but this could blind her.

She closed her eyes and yelled at me to help her inside. I grabbed her by the hand and led her quickly into the house while she unlatched her bra with one hand and threw it off. I tried not to look but couldn't help myself. Once we stopped in the bathroom she quickly stripped off her soaked jeans and panties. My first reaction was that that bush hadn't been trimmed in a long time, if ever. "Stop gawking and put me in the shower and turn on the water!" She said still standing with her eyes shut. "Hurry the fuck up or I could get permanent scarring!"

I quickly opened the shower door and pushed her in while turning on the water. I put her hand on the water control and shut the door.



She turned on the water and adjusted the temperature and then unexpectedly pulled open the door again. I was getting wet but enjoying the view.

"Hand me the shampoo bottle. I am not opening my eyes again until I am sure all the acid is out of my hair!"

She shampooed her hair twice and opened her eyes again after rinsing and putting on a conditioner. Then she soaped her body thoroughly and rinsed off again. "Do I have any red patches you can see?"

I looked her over carefully before I answered. "Just on your stomach." I said. She had a bit of a belly on her but I thought it was sexy.

"Jesus, I hope that is temporary!" she said as she stepped out of the shower and put some aloe vera cream on her stomach. I handed her a towel. While she was drying off she told me she heard a loud boom and something knocked the wind out of her. The next thing she remembered she was sitting on her butt with something wet in her hair and her blouse and jeans all wet. She was trying to be helpful and hooked up the booster cables to the batteries. I know in theory that they can blow up but in all the times I have boosted batteries I have never seen one blow up.

"Look at all that water on the floor." she said while mopping it up with a towel. I couldn't help notice

the wiggle to her tits, which must have been at least a D cup, as she mopped back and forth.

She turned a little red as she noticed me staring at her. "Ok you have looked long enough. Why don't you wait in the living room while I get dressed." she chuckled.

When she finally came out fully dressed, she said "This was an emergency situation, I have never let another man see me nude! I even have a woman doctor." she laughed somewhat embarrassed at what just happened. She took a shot of whiskey from a bottle in a cabinet and poured herself a double to calm herself down. "My ears were ringing but I seem ok now. Looks like I got off lucky. I imagine the neighbors saw me take my top off too!"

We talked about the weather and then I called for a boost. When the truck arrived I went out and started the car and went home. At home I cleaned the battery posts and put a charger on it.

## Part II

Joan phoned me that evening and said she wanted to come over. I hoped I wasn't in any trouble! Maybe she told Randy!

Joan arrived and I put the coffee on.  
"No ill effects from the acid" I asked.

"Thanks to you I came out unscathed except for some red patches which disappeared quickly. My hair hasn't recovered yet though. Randy thanks you too."

"Did you tell Randy everything?" I asked sheepishly.

"You mean how you ripped off all my clothes and scrubbed me down in the shower? Of course." she snickered.

"Joan, you didn't say that did you?" I squirmed.

"No", she laughed. "But I did tell him you put me nude into the shower."

"What did he say." I asked apprehensively.

"He said that he thought you probably went right home and whacked off." she giggled.

I turned beat red and kept quiet.

"You did didn't you? I knew you would!" she said.

She saw how uncomfortable this was making me and changed the subject. I could tell she was enjoying the power she held over me.

"The reason I came over here today was to employ you as a photographer. Randy has been hinting for some time that he would like some boudoir pictures from me. I would like to surprise him on Christmas day."

I sat there stunned for a minute before I said "I have never done any boudoir pictures, but there are a

couple of places in town that do that sort of thing."

"I want you to do them and you can obviously use the work."

"I would be uncomfortable doing the shots." I said

"OK Rick, lets both be honest with each other for a change, did you find me offensive in the shower? I know you and Randy have been to the strip bars together. He tells me everything. It's not like you haven't seen a nude woman before! Why do I, in particular, make you uncomfortable? I have known you for twenty years!"

I thought carefully before answering. "Ok, I will be honest. Seeing you nude was far hotter than a strip club girl. I guess it is the fact that I have seen you for so many years with your clothes on and then bang, I see you nude. It must have been the build up. Forgive me for saying it, but I have undressed you with my eyes many times and the real thing was even hotter than my imagination!" My God, I thought, what have I said?

"Oh that! Guys are always undressing me with their eyes. You think I didn't notice you checking me out? Of course I did. I don't mind that, it makes a girl feel like she is still desirable! I have checked you out when you weren't looking too you know! I do that with any good looking guy."

I was stunned at that but what she said next stunned me even more.

"When Randy and I have sex I sometimes imagine it is your cock fucking me and your hands all over me. It is one of our fantasy roles we play. I call out "Oh Rick, fuck me harder!" Don't look so shocked. You can't tell me you haven't imagined fucking me when you are beating off! Fantasies are healthy. They are just that, fantasies. Thinking something and doing something are two very different things!"

Just then my phone rang and when my voice came back I took a booking for a wedding consult. Joan said she would call me later and walked out the door.

Just when I thought I understood women this happens! Sometimes too much honesty was a bad thing! The strange part was that I couldn't think of a reason why she shouldn't think about sex the same way I did. Doing a boudoir shoot was different from seeing her in the shower. In the shower I could pretend I didn't look at her anymore than necessary. With this shoot I would have to stare at her and try to make her look sexy in every shot. But if she didn't mind me thinking of her as sexy, I couldn't think of a good reason to turn her down. I just hoped that I could concentrate on my camera settings. I wanted to make sure Randy was good with this before I agreed to anything.

She phoned me later that evening.

"I want to explain why I want you to be the one doing the photo-shoot. Now that you have seen me nude anyway I am comfortable with you doing the shoot. I trust you Rick. I want the shots to be as sexy as possible for Randy, and who knows what looks sexy to a guy better than another guy? I can't seem to convince myself to take my clothes off for someone I don't know and trust, not even another woman. Women are the worst, they are always critical of other women's bodies. I don't want these pictures to end up on the Internet so I don't want my proofs password protected on the photographer's website or used as promotional pictures for their business. I read about some stories about boudoir gone wrong and I was horrified. Many photographer's websites have been hacked and the pictures have

ended up on the Internet. Another woman said the photographer used her pictures as promos on his site without her permission."

"I doubt the risks of that happening are very great."

"Still I want you to do it. What would this cost me? I don't want any discounts."

"I looked into this. Most studios are charging between \$900 and \$2500 depending on what you order, how many outfit changes you want, and how many prints you want. Retouching costs extra and a makeup and hair stylist is usually included. If I do this I want to get Randy's OK."

"Awww, I wanted to surprise him. Let me put him on." It was at least five minutes before he came on.

"Hi Rick, how is it going. Sure you have my blessing to do boudoir shots with Joan. We decided we didn't want you to retouch any of the pictures. I like her the way she is. She decided she wants to get her hair and makeup done herself. Can you just give me a memory stick of all the shots and we can print the ones we want ourselves?"

"Sure, I can do that. That will save you a lot of money. For you guys I won't take more than \$300. As many outfit changes as you want. How about up to 100 shots? That is way more than you get from the other guys."

"Sound good Rick. Make her look sexy for me! Oh, and throw in a few nudes by the way. Thanks, Bye."

Well that was unexpected I thought as my heart skipped a beat.

Joan got back on the phone and we set up the details. Since we were going to use existing light and their spare bedroom windows had better natural lighting, we decided to do the shoot at their place. That way she could also have easy access to any outfits we decided on. I was much relieved when she said that Randy wouldn't be home for the shoot. That way she could still surprise him with the different shots and outfits on Christmas.

Wow! was I really going to do this? I was committed now! A month ago this would have been a wet dream for me. Now I was starting to get cold feet.

The big day arrived and I arrived at their place with a minimal amount of equipment mainly consisting of one of my Nikon DSLR cameras and a couple of lenses. I also brought some props, one speed light, tripod, and a king sized white sheet to use on the wall or floor if necessary to get an uncluttered background. I was used to shooting with studio lights indoors and I was happy to try out natural lighting for a change. I also brought along some sample pictures and poses for her to copy. Joan met me at the door in a grey housecoat. I even found that sexy wondering what was underneath. Damn it! I have to try harder to be professional about this!

She poured us each a glass of wine because we were both nervous. She said she had a couple before I got there to give her courage. She wanted me to follow her into the bedroom so I could help decide on some of the lingerie.



"Pardon the drywall dust on the floor. We just had some work done and haven't had a chance to clean up the dust."

I assured her that it wouldn't be a problem. She decided to only have two outfit changes to save time. We would pose with some props as well. Normally I would shoot everything in Raw format and edit them later using Photoshop, but since Randy didn't want any retouching, I would shoot everything in .jpg so Randy would easily be able to view each photo.

She took off the housecoat and she was wearing a beige bra and lacy panties. I was a little disappointed that she wasn't wearing high heels, but she never wore them. The first pose was a standing pose.



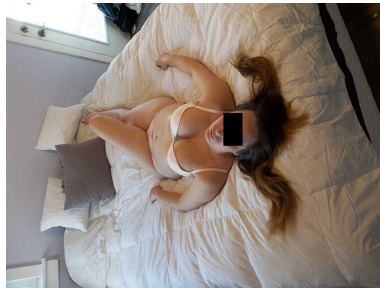
I then had her move to the bed.



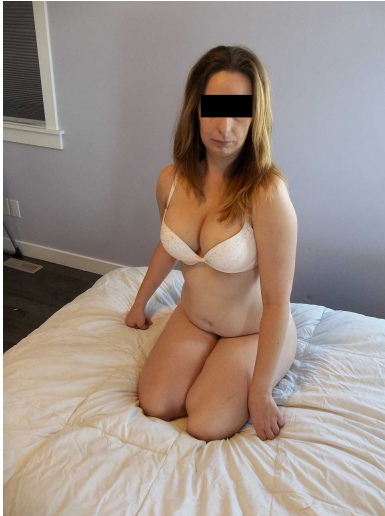
We did shots with her laying on her side and her back. Then I had her sit on the bed and I shot her from the front, side, and back.



She lay back on the bed again and I fanned her hair out.



I again took shots from all angles. The next few shots were of her on her hands and knees on the bed. I had her sit back on her heels and took several more shots.



Eventually she decided to change outfits. She modestly changed in the bathroom and came out in a housecoat again.

The next outfit was a lacy bra with white in the front and black in the back. The matching panties were black in the front and white in the back. The back of the panties was no more than a white belt with a white thong that went between her butt cheeks. The front had a white patch where the crotch was. I had to admit to myself that that outfit got my motor running. I had her doing some leaning on the wall with her facing the wall and her side and back leaning on the wall.

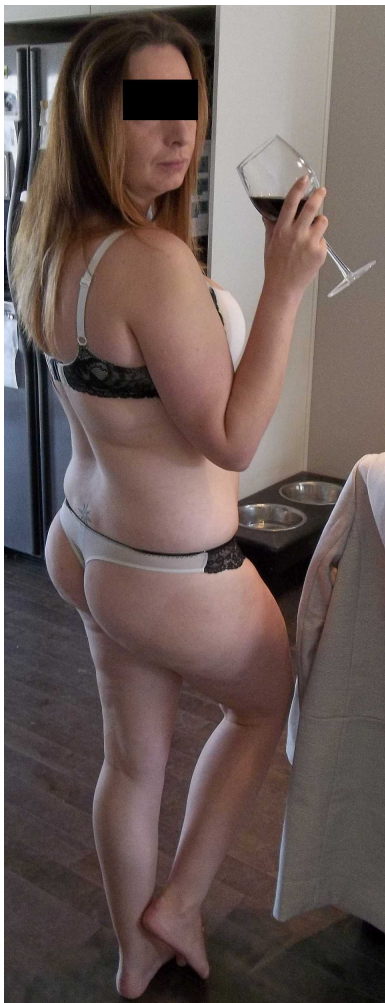


Next I had her pull one side of her panties down a little in a suggestive move. I thought I should be seeing a little pubic hair by this point, but for some reason I couldn't.





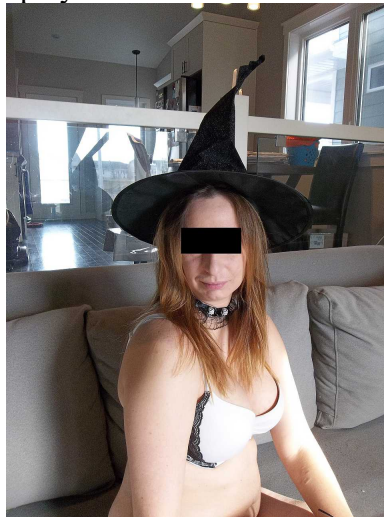
We took a break at that point and she grabbed a glass of wine. I joined her. When she looked back at me I took her candid picture.



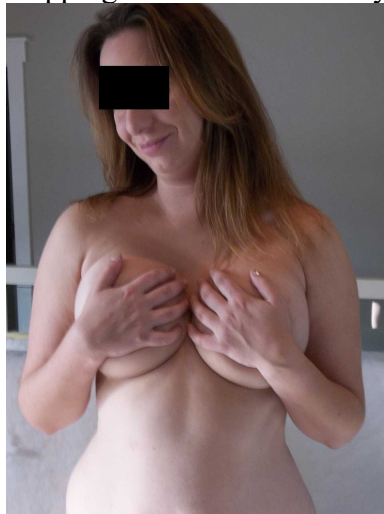
After the break I had her stand in front of the window and made a classic artistic high contrast shot. I had her turn sideways and did another shot.



We then moved to the couch with the same outfit on. I did several more shots before I started with the props. I had her wear a witches hat to play on the fact that she was a bad girl.



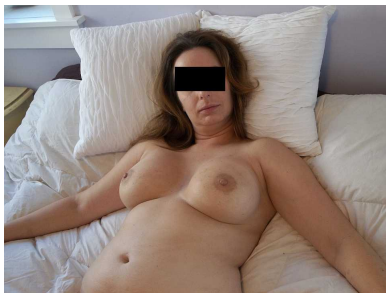
We did a number of sitting and standing poses before she turned her back to me and removed her bra. When she turned back to me she was cupping her breasts modestly.



She then raised her hands to her hair and I shot a topless shot.



She then moved to the bed and lay on her back topless for one shot.



She slid her panties off and although she kept her legs together I could tell that she had shaved at least some of her bush off.

We shot several more from different angles with her laying on her back with one leg strategically blocking her vagina. She then lay on her back and as I started shooting she spread her legs. Oh my God! What a site! She was completely bare!



In the bathroom I couldn't make out many details because of all that hair, but I sure could now. I couldn't believe she was paying me for this. I almost forgot to keep shooting.

"You like my new look?" she laughed.

She started beckoning me with her finger to come closer when she said "I feel you have me at an advantage being the only one nude. That must be uncomfortable." she said as she pointed to my tented dress slacks. "Take those off so I can better see what shots look sexy to you."

I protested about trying to be professional about this but she insisted that the customer is always right. I thought what the hell, the shoot was almost over anyway and stripped off my pants and underwear. If it was anyone but her I would have shut down this shoot right now.

"Now the shirt." she said.

I obeyed.

"There, now I don't have to undress you with my eyes!"

She obviously likes to shock me. I did the rest of the shoot nude to keep her happy. She was still posed on her back on the bed with her legs spread.

"Randy wants some close ups so you'll have to get withing touching distance. Just don't touch." she laughed.



She stared at my hard cock and said "I can tell you like this pose. You could put an eye out with that thing! Very impressive! If I wasn't married I would very much want to try that baby out." That got me even harder.

"We better wrap this shoot up soon before we both do something we regret! Let me text Randy and tell him he can come home in about half an hour."

She texted him and then did some more nude shots on the bed. She posed on the bed on her hands and knees and I took some shots from all angles and a close up from the rear.



"Now don't go sticking that thing in anywhere where it doesn't belong while my back is turned. I don't think I could handle anything that big." she teased me.

We did a number of more shots and then we wrapped up the shoot.

"You better go in the bathroom and take care of that thing or you will never get your pants back on." she giggled. I did what I was told.

We said goodbye and nothing more was said about it. I received a check for \$600 in the mail about a week later. That was double what I asked! The next time I saw them I asked about it.

"Are you kidding me?" Randy said. "That was worth any price. Our sex life is through the roof! She does this bit in bed where she seduces the photographer and I play the photographer." he said with this great big grin on his face. I cringed at that. These two were too honest.

"Show him the picture love." Randy said. Joan got out her phone and showed me a picture. I thought I was done being shocked but I was wrong! The picture was of me standing there nude with this huge hard on. "She puts this on the screen of the bedroom TV as a visual aid when she does the photographer bit." he said.

"I took that picture while I was texting Randy during the shoot." she explained.

I sat there stunned. Shortly after I got up and left.

Things got pretty much to normal with the three of us after that. I noticed that she tended to wear a lot more short skirts when I was over than she used to. She always used to wear a bra but now it was obvious she didn't wear one when I was around. When she was sitting on the couch she uncrossed her

legs and I noticed she wasn't wearing any panties. Randy caught me looking and said;

"She's harmless. She's not really trying to seduce you. She just likes to make you uncomfortable. She is a real cock tease with you. She likes the power she has over you. She doesn't do that with anybody else." Randy said.

"Maybe I am trying to seduce you!" she laughed. Randy got a good laugh out of that. I wasn't so sure!

Christmas came and I was invited over since I didn't have any plans for that day. My parents were on a trip to Mexico.

The house was decorated for Christmas with a Christmas tree and presents under it. Joan had prepared a great meal and we ate and had a few drinks after. Then it was time for the show.

I had kept the pictures as instructed until Christmas. Randy hooked up a laptop to their 55" TV in the living room with an HDMI cable and I stuck the memory stick in a USB port. I was a little uncomfortable showing the pictures with Randy there, but I did as I was instructed. Randy stepped through what was 119 pictures. Some were good, and some didn't look as good as I hoped. I would have retouched some of them, changed the color balance a bit on some and blurred the background on others, but Randy just wanted the raw uncropped shots. As it was, these shots were getting me aroused. Randy was making comments throughout the show about how hot she looked.

He stopped at the nude picture of her on the bed on her knees taken from the rear and he said to me "I'll bet you wanted to stick your John Thomas in there didn't you Rick?" I turned red and kept quiet. He finished the slides and congratulated me on the poses.

We had arranged for a small gift exchange so I had brought a couple of gifts which I had placed under the tree with the other gifts. The idea was that we would take turns picking a gift from under the tree for someone else. I went first and picked a gift with a card that said to Randy from Joan. He unwrapped a gift certificate to a sporting goods store.

"Just what I wanted Joan, thanks." Randy said.

We kept going around until the gifts were all gone. Joan excused herself to go to the washroom and Randy got up and got me another drink.

"I have one more gift for you Rick from me and Joan that is too big to put under the tree. I hope you will accept it. Joan and I really hope you like it. It is in the spare bedroom. Will you go get it?"

"Sure but I hope you didn't spend much on it! My gifts were pretty cheap." I said.

"No this was second hand. I have had this for a long time." Randy said. I thought it was likely his old set of golf clubs that I was admiring.

"Should we wait for Joan?" I asked.

"She will there shortly."

Randy and I went to the spare bedroom and before he opened the door he handed me a card. On it was

written:

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Sex Pass

This entitles the bearer to one night of sex with Joan.

No limits!

Expires 9:00 A.M. December 26, 2017

We the undersigned agree to the above mentioned conditions.

\_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

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The card was signed by Randy and Joan. Just then Randy pushed open the bedroom door and this is what I saw:



Joan was laying nude on her back on the bed with just three bows covering strategic areas of her body. She was smiling wickedly and giving me the come hither sign with her finger.

"I know you have unwrapped her before, but think of this as re-gifting." he said with a laugh.

"Are you sure about this?" I squeaked.

They assured me that is what both of them wanted very much. Randy said he was staying in a hotel room over night and was leaving right away. He kissed Joan goodbye and said to me "Fuck her good. She deserves a good lay for Christmas!" With that he left.

If I was a stronger man I would have turned down this gift, but after getting all aroused watching the slideshow I couldn't say no.

I won't describe all the sex we did but you have heard it all before. I had a condom in my wallet but she wanted no part of that. She wanted me bareback! I started out missionary style and didn't last long, I was so excited. Once my erection recovered she rode me cowgirl style and I lasted much longer this time. I just loved watching her boobs wiggle. Later that evening I had her again doggie style. She was sure a screamer and came many times. By that point we were both tired and took a shower together. We fell asleep with my arms around her. The next morning I had her again with me standing up with her legs over my shoulders and her arms around my neck. She was taking pictures herself with her cellphone and sending pictures to Randy in between sessions. That must have been driving Randy nuts! She had me take pictures of her well used cunt with cum running out of it.

I had planned on fucking her one more time when she said "Uh, uh, uh! It is after 9:00 A.M. Our agreement is over."

We both showered and got dressed and then she made me breakfast. I left shortly after that.

When the three of us got together socially again no mention was made of any of this which I thought strange. She went back to wearing a bra and wore jeans most of the time. I guess she got that itch out of her system.

One night she called me up and asked if I had time to come over. She had some friends of hers from college over and one of them was interested in a wedding shoot. I said I would be right over.

When I got there and was shown in there was Joan and six other women there. Joan was passing her cellphone around and they were giggling and looking at the phone and then back at me. I hoped it wasn't what I thought it was! I heard one of them, who I found out later was Karen, said "I'd like to take THAT for a test drive." Joan added "Take it from me, you won't be sorry!" They all laughed. I turned red. One of them asked Joan if I did bachelorette parties."

"I can hear you." I said. They laughed again.

I was introduced to each one of them and Sandy said she was getting married soon and wondered if I could be the wedding photographer. I explained all the details and she wondered whether I could do some boudoir shots as well that she could give her husband on their wedding night.

"No nudes, though, Aaron isn't that open minded, and you would have to keep your pants on." Sandy laughed. More laughter. This was a tough crowd. I found out later that this was a lingerie and sex toy party and they had been drinking waiting for their husbands, boyfriends, and fiance to pick them up.

I passed out my business cards and answered a few questions and then left before I got my clothes ripped off. Crowd mentality! Sheesh!

For the record, Karen did get her test drive, and what a ride it was!



