**A Show Of Exposure**

By KatieElizabeth

I want to make myself come for you

Gazing into the distance as I ploughed south down the M11 towards London, I was barely aware of the constant splatter of raindrops and spray on the windscreen. The passing junctions blurred into one another as I ate up the miles between the flat I shared in Cambridge with my girlfriend, Sara and my secret destination, the Radisson Blu Hotel next to Stansted Airport, some thirty miles further down the motorway.

Hard as I tried to concentrate on the road and the perils of navigating roads as slick as my knickers would have been had I been wearing any, my mind couldn’t help but drift back to the single sentence Sara had whispered to me just three short weeks ago. “I want you to masturbate for me, Katie.”

Those simple eight words, now burned into my mind, had dominated just about every passing thought and action I’d had since. Even though she’d asked at a time when I was already naked, spread wide on the bed and displaying my very needy, wet sex for her pleasure, I couldn’t go through with it. I just couldn’t. It seemed too personal, something that I should do alone in the secrecy of a darkened room and not something for her to look at and enjoy too.

There was no logic to that thought, but it was what it was. True, we had sex that night, and as always, we were both panting, spent and very satisfied at the end of it. I loved Sara, and just as much as I loved her as a person, I loved fucking her too. Judging by how often she’d dragged me to bed for a hot, steamy love making session, I knew she felt the same way about me. Despite all that, I couldn’t help but feel like I’d let her down by not allowing her to share the act of intimacy she so wanted to see. I also knew I hated how I felt and had to do something about it.

Time trickled by that night as I lay awake in thought. The numbers on the clock slowly morphed from one to another as I mulled ideas over and over, dismissing some, keeping others, and slowly hatching a plan that would give me the confidence to afford Sara what she wanted. By the time the shrill tones of the alarm buzzed into life at 6am I knew what I wanted to do. It was brave, a touch crazy and most definitely over the top, but having crafted a plan that had cost me a night’s sleep, I was determined to go through with it.

To put things into action I had to wait three days before I finally had some time off when Sara was working. No sooner had she’d kissed me goodbye and closed the door to go to work, I was cruising the internet looking for what I wanted. Two hours later, and with a long list of discarded options scribbled out on my pad, I settled on the company I wanted to fulfil my plan - Sundance Models and their professional video shoots. If figured if I could touch myself for a camera, then I’d be able to do anything in front of Sara and fulfil her wildest masturbatory fantasies about me.

I was brought back to the present by the dulcet tones of my satnav warning me my junction was approaching. “Take the next exit in four miles time.”

Four. The number that just after I’d chosen Sundance Models had set me on a mad few days of manicures, exfoliation treatments, facials and a deep hair condition. “We need a minimum of four photos for us to accept your application. Your photos should be eye catching with no logos or other people present in the shot. Do not provide holiday snaps, clubbing pics or selfies with the camera reflecting in a mirror. Two photos must be headshots and the other two full body images,” the website had instructed. I’d read their requirements for prospective clients over and over and knew the pictures had to be good.

After all the treatments, I waited until Sara was working again before doing my nails and then dashing down my local salon for a quick tanning session. Several hours later, after considerable use of the time lapse setting on my camera, several cleverly placed bedside lamps with the bulbs exposed and multiple changes of clothes to give a variety of dark, light and sexy outfits, I thought I had four well-lit, good quality pictures of myself.

“Exit in four hundred yards,” the satnav prattled on.

Four… there it was again. The number seemed intrinsically linked to the demands of Sundance Models. £400 was the fee they wanted if they liked your pictures and commissioned an hour’s worth of test shoot. That included setting up, hire of the room and, if all went well, would give twenty to thirty minutes of useable film. I needed to pay half up front and the second half after the test shoot. Francesca, my email contact at Sundance, and the person who was going to do my test shoot, said that once they’d reviewed the finished film, if I was then picked up on a contract, the second £200 would be waived with usual contractual terms and conditions applying thereafter.

I flipped the indicator down and brought myself into the inside lane ready to exit. I followed the satnav directions for the next ten minutes until I pulled in and parked in the lot in front of the Radisson. Luckily the rain had stopped, so I was able to double check the contents of my bag in the boot without having to juggle it all while holding an umbrella.

I’d followed Sundance’s list of do’s and don’ts prior to the test shoot to the letter. I ran them through in my mind. Bring a garment bag of trusted outfits/lingerie you've worn before, which you're confident make you look your best – check. Do some base makeup before you arrive and make sure you keep it natural – check. Bring a selection of top ups with you– check. Make sure any 'personal grooming' is done well before a shoot - red or sore skin is not a good look – check, I’d trimmed my pussy into a neat landing strip with everywhere else nice and smooth two days beforehand. Get a good night's sleep and do not party the night before a shoot – Check, sort of. I’d slept well, but only because I’d drunk a bottle of wine to calm my nerves. To avoid lines, make sure you don't wear any tight underwear at least two hours before shoot – I’d taken my knickers and bra off before I’d left home - check.

One quick glance at the luminous clock on the dash of my car told me I was spot on time for my two o’clock appointment with Francesca. I could feel my pulse pounding in my temples as I walked slowly into the foyer of the hotel. I was so lost in constructing scenarios for what was to happen in the afternoon ahead that I barely noticed I’d wandered into the bar area where we’d agreed to meet.

It was sparsely populated and there were several girls sitting alone, so I wasn’t sure which one was Francesca. The fact that she knew what I looked like from the four photos was a massive advantage for her. No sooner had I walked in and glanced round than I was approached. Not that I knew what to expect, but she was casual, smartly dressed in jeans, a Barbour jacket and a neck scarf. Her face was made up, but not over done, and her long blonde hair was pulled back into a pony-tail.

“It is Katie, isn’t it?” she asked me.

“That’s me. Francesca, right?”

“Yes, from Sundance Models, the person you’ve been emailing to and fro with. How are you?”

“I’m fine thanks,” I replied.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Katie. Thanks for coming today.”

“You too, Francesca.”

“Would you like a drink?”

“No, I’m fine thanks. I don’t think I’m in need of that kind of help with my courage just yet,” I laughed.

“Okay. So, where are you from originally Katie?” Francesca asked; a somewhat obvious ice breaker question.

“Well, I was born near London, Beaconsfield to be precise, but I moved to Cambridgeshire four years ago, with work.”

Francesca leant in and looked at me a little more seriously, like she was about to get into the nitty gritty of the purpose of our meeting. I wasn’t disappointed when she said, “Okay, let’s get to the point. The more honest and open you are with the answer to this question and other questions I’m going to ask, the better the shoot will be and the more likely for you to get a permanent contract. Ready?”

I nodded.

“What made you want to pursue your desire to masturbate on camera and have people watch that?”

Francesca had been very direct. It was only right I responded in kind. “My girlfriend asked me to touch myself while she watched. She said she’d love it if I did and that she’d find it an amazing turn on. I was shy beyond belief and really didn’t feel comfortable doing it. It’s silly in a way as we do all sorts of naughty and very explicit stuff together. So, when I replied to your advert, I suppose it’s just my very extreme way of dealing with and overcoming that shyness. Does that answer your question?”

“Yes, it does. So, now you’re here, are you sure you really want to do it?”

“Yes, very much so. Let’s see what happens.”

“In order to plan out the shoot I need to ask you a few very personal questions first. As I said, please be honest. What are you curious about exploring on camera, Katie?” Francesca enquired.

“I’m not sure. I just want to be in a position where I feel comfortable touching myself knowing that I’m being watched. Is that so crazy?”

“Not at all, but when we do the shoot in a minute there won’t be anyone else in the room besides me, so is that really going to help you in the way you want?”

“I get that, but it’s what could be beyond the lens that excites me. The thought that others, hundreds, thousands maybe, could end up watching me, watching me touch myself very intimately, watching me bring myself to orgasm. That excites me.”

“You say you have a girlfriend. Are you gay?”

“Yes.”

Francesca shifted a little in her seat and flicked some stray hair back over her ear. “Okay, would it bother you that guys could end up seeing you?”

I felt I was being tested a little now. I’d come this far and had no intention of walking away from the situation, so I decided to rise to the challenge and make my answer as risqué as possible. “You mean am I worried that they could be out there stroking their cocks, wanking over me, imagining touching and kissing me, fucking me, maybe coming on me or inside me?” I asked somewhat boldly.

Francesca laughed. “Pretty much, yes. Does it?”

“No. I’m doing this for me, my girlfriend and maybe a contract, not for them. If they want to think that, I’m cool with it.”

“Fair enough, we all have our reasons for doing things,” stated Francesca. “Okay, more personal questions which will help me plan the shoot. How often do you masturbate?”

“Every day.”

“Just once?”

“No, more than that. Several times most days.”

“Do you use anything to help you?”

“You mean toys?”

“Yes.”

“I have two dildos, one silicon and one glass. I also have a bullet vibe and some anal beads.”

“Which is your favourite?”

“The glass dildo.”

“Why’s it your favourite?”

“My girlfriend bought it for me one Christmas, so it’s special for that reason alone. I also love the shape. It’s sleek with a sparkly pink, rose shaped tip to it. I can’t get enough of it.”

“You were asked to bring some things with you today, make up, clothes and stuff. I hope you have them all. Just on the off chance, may I ask if you brought that dildo with you today?”

“I did, yes. It goes everywhere with me.”

“Good,” Francesca smiled. “More questions now. What’s your favourite part of your body?”

“My smile and my eyes.”

“They’re gorgeous yes, and part of the reason we’re doing the test shoot, but that’s not what I meant. I meant the naughtier parts of your body. Maybe your breasts, or your legs, or your…”

“My bum,” I blurted out.

Francesca smiled again. “Why your bum?”

“It’s not the way it looks before you ask. It’s the way it makes me feel.”

“Describe it,” Francesca directed.

“Honestly… I love touching and being touched there. It feels amazing. When I’m alone or with my girlfriend, it’s as much a part of our, her, enjoyment as anywhere else on my body.”

“So, do you have a fetish? Does it involve your ass?”

“I adore having my bum enjoyed,” I answered, the questions and answers flying quickly back and forth between us now.

“Enjoyed?” Francesca enquired, her face imploring me to tell her more.

“I imagine much more than that. Can I use the word worshipped?” I blushed.

“You want someone to worship your ass?”

“Yes. Is that wrong?”

“Not at all. I’m trying to work out what’s best for your shoot. Would you like that to be part of it?”

“In some way, yes I think so.”

“Okay. Do you ever watch porn movies and see other girls do what you want to do today?”

“Sometimes, yes.”

“Do they turn you on?”

“Of course they do, massively.”

Francesca didn’t let up for a second with her questioning. “Okay, sticking with your bum for a second. Do you like spanking?” she shot at me.

“When I’m seriously turned on… yes. I know I love it when my girlfriend spanks me.”

“Does she use her hand or a paddle?”

“Her hand, usually when I’m on all fours and she’s behind me.”

“Would you use a paddle?”

“Yes, if she wanted to. I’d like that.”

“Okay, so, what do you expect from today?”

“To be filmed touching myself and to overcome my shyness. I want what I’ve said turns me on too.”

“Remind me what you want,” Francesca directed again.

“A contract?”

“Forget the contract for a second. What do you want?” she asked again, this time nodding her head towards my body.

It took a second for me to realise what she really meant. “Ah… yes, my toy deep inside me, everywhere,” I replied.

“Your pussy?”

“Yes.”

“Your ass?”

“Oh my god, yes.”

“And… what else about your ass? Tell me, Katie”

“I want to imagine someone worshipping my ass while I wank for your camera.”

“Explain what you mean by worshipping.”

“Someone loving it, kissing it, licking it, putting their tongue in it, fucking it,” I just about panted out.

Francesca was both quick and relentless in her onslaught if questions. “What else about your ass?”

“I want to imagine it being spanked.”

“Hard?”

“Yes, I want it red.”

“And what am I doing while all this is happening.”

“Filming me, filming the whole lot.”

“How long for?”

“Until I come.”

“Are you turned on now?”

“That would be an understatement. I feel rampant.”

Francesca smiled one last time before standing up. “Shall we get started with the shoot then?” she asked. “I’m pretty much all set up ready for you.”

“I’m all yours. Please, yes.”

Francesca guided me out of the bar and through the lobby to the lifts. Once the doors were closed and we were alone she explained a little more about what would happen.

“I’ve got a Panasonic HC-X1000 camera. It shoots in full Ultra HD, downloading as it goes to an SD card. You’ll know when I’m filming live as there’s a LED light on the front that glows red when we’re off and running. You have to remember that the whole ethos of Sundance Models is to provide high quality videos of beautiful girls for the population at large, girl or boy, to masturbate to. From the conversation we’ve just had in the bar I think you’re well aware of this and up for that?”

“Yes, I am,” I replied as the lift doors opened on to the second floor and Francesca guided me down the corridor to Room 253.

Francesca dug the electronic key card out of her pocket and slid it into the pad on the door. The light flicked to green and we were in the room. The first thing that struck me was the setup of the room. It was like a magazine cover. All the Radisson corporate branding had been removed and a variety of props - pillows, flowers and vases, had been strategically placed. I scanned over everything, looking for something that indicated the room wasn’t staged. Nothing. This was a room that was dressed to be totally un personal; anyone’s fantasy.

“This is the camera I spoke about,” said Francesca, indicating a large video camera mounted on a tripod about a metre beyond the end of the bed. “And these, as you can see, will provide the light.”

Francesca waved her arms in the general direction of three big umbrellas, all with large bulbs, ready to project light onto the bed.

“Okay,” said Francesca. “Please can you go to the bathroom and finish off your makeup while I get the lights switched on and ready to film. You’ve picked a good neutral foundation, but now you need to pick some colours that complement the bronze scheme I’ve chosen, so pick some slightly brighter blush, eye shadow and lipstick to match. You also need to get dressed. I trust you brought a selection of outfits and lingerie with you?”

“I did, and I think I have just the stuff to look good with the colours you’ve chosen.”

“Good, I’ll see you in a second then.”

I was ‘dressed’ and putting the finishing touches to my lipstick when Francesca appeared at the door. “While you’re finishing up, it’s important you listen to the instructions I’m going to give you now and during the test shoot. Ready?”

“Yes.”

“As I said before, this is all about those that will eventually be watching you. They’ll be interested in your body yes, but they also want to hear you speak. So, I need you to talk to the camera in a way that a viewer thinks you’re talking directly to them. Can you do that?”

“I think so. I assume I’m not talking about my day here,” I laughed. “You need me to be sexy, right?”

“Perfect. You need to describe a little about what you’re doing, and what you’d like done to your body by your unknown admirers beyond the camera. Please be alluring, naughty and explicit, but above all you need to be as sexually provocative as you possibly can.”

“I can do that I think. Anything else?”

“Come here, let me show you something,” said Francesca leading me out into the bedroom and to the camera. “I’ll be behind the camera at all times, following you as you move. When I raise my right hand, you’ll know I’m zooming in. This camera has an optical zoom of twenty on it, so I can get some fabulous high definition close ups of you. When my hand goes up you need to be still and show me you, from the position you’re in at the time, whether that be your bum, boobs or pussy. Got it?”

“Got it.”

“I also have some cue cards that I’m going to raise at certain times. When I raise one, that’s me instructing you to move to the next bit of a routine planned for you. I’ve literally just written them out based on what you told me turned you on when we were in the bar.”

“Can I see what’s on them?”

“I’d rather you didn’t. The whole shoot will feel more natural if it’s a little more of a surprise rather than a story that everyone knows the plot to. Just know that each one will ask you to do a little more than you just have. Have you got the pink tipped, glass dildo you mentioned?”

“It’s in my bag.”

“Okay, get it out and slide it under the right-hand pillow at the top of the bed. Stay away from the left one. I’ve placed a surprise under there for you to use at the right moment.”

I was left to wonder what the surprise was as I fished out my dildo and slid it under the pillow.

“Okay, Katie. It’s show time now. Please get in front of the camera and stand next to the right-hand side of the bed.”

Francesca switched the lights under the umbrellas on, bathing the whole bed area in bright white light. I walked into the light, painfully aware that the only sound I could now hear was my heart throbbing against the cage of my chest.

Francesca broke the silence for the final time before she started the camera rolling. “Okay, Katie, communication is very important now. Keep an eye out for the cue cards, my right hand indicating I’m zooming and remember to keep talking about what you’re doing and how much you’d like the unseen audience to have every inch of your body. Oh, and please stay as relaxed and comfortable as you can. Ready?”

“I think so,” I replied, a touch of nerves showing in my voice for the first time. I thought briefly of Sara, how all this was ultimately for her and steeled myself one last time for what was to come. “No, there’s no think about it, I need to do this. Let’s go.”

“Good. I want you to start with touching yourself up and down while dressed as you are now and walk back and forth a bit. You get the idea? The first time I raise my right arm I want you to start to undress. Remember to keep talking in the way I suggested. Got it?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. Three… two… one… and go.”

The LED light on the front of the camera blinked into life. My heart was in my mouth as the moment of truth was here. ‘Sara, keep thinking of Sara,’ I kept saying silently to myself.

I stared at the camera and smiled, the first words tumbling from my mouth in a nervous rush.

“Hi, I’m Katie. Do you like the sexy outfit I’m wearing? It’s turning me on to show you. Maybe I should show it to you in detail. Would you like that?”

I started to run my hands up and down the sleeves of the very short and skimpy orange dress I’d chosen. “This feels so nice against my skin,” I continued. “I bet you’d like to touch it too.”

Francesca nodded at me from behind the camera, indicating her approval at the start I’d made.

Felling a little more confident now, I moved my hands down onto my hips. “I’ve got some gorgeous sheer black knickers on under here. Oh, a suspender belt and stockings too. The stockings are sheer, just like my knickers. I think you’d like to see, wouldn’t you? Yes of course you would.” I lifted the edge of the dress a little, inching it higher and higher up my leg, revealing more and more of the stockings until the hem was showing. “Mmm, do you like looking at my legs, at the tops of my creamy thighs? You do, don’t you? My thighs aren’t the only thing that’s creamy right now, you know,“ I giggled to the camera. “Maybe if you’re lucky I’ll let you see what I’m talking about.”

I felt it was time to move a little so I walked in a slow circle. While my back was to the camera, I almost slid the straps of the dress off my shoulders. Just as they were about to fall loose down my arms I stopped, then walked in a circle again until I was back beside the bed.

“I bet you thought I was going to take my dress off then? Well, not just yet. I want you wanting me more first. I want you needing to have my body. Maybe this will help get you in the mood?” With that I turned and leant forward, sliding my hands down my thighs, over my knees and to my ankles. I could feel my dress had ridden up, so the tops of my stockings and my knicker clad bum were exposed and pointing at the camera. “Do you like what you see yet? Is my bum sexy enough for you? You’d like to touch it, wouldn’t you? Good, I want you to as well.”

I started rotating my hips while I was bent over. With my back to the camera I couldn’t see Francesca, but I hoped I was giving her the opportunity to use the zoom and have a long uninterrupted close up of my ass.

Standing back up, I turned to face the camera again, then put one foot up on the edge of the bed, the tall heel of my black stiletto digging deeply into the crisp white sheets. “So, you’ve seen my bum, well mostly, would you like to see my legs now? Maybe I should show you.” With my leg up on the bed, it didn’t take much for me to lift my dress a little more, revealing the tops of both stockings.

“Mmm, my stockings feel so smooth against my skin. I can’t help but rub myself through them,” I said as I started caressing up and down my thighs. “Would you like to rub them too? I bet you would. Touching me, caressing my legs up and down, higher and higher until you reach my suspender belt.”

I slid a finger underneath one of the straps and pinged it gently against my skin. “Do you like my suspender belt? I chose it just for you. It fits so nicely. I like the way it shapes my bum and pussy You’d like to have those wouldn’t you. You can have both you know, but not just yet.”

Francesca nodded again, obviously pleased with what I was doing.

“Look at my stocking tops,“ I continued. “Such a yummy, pretty pattern, and the material so smooth. And how about my nice sheer panties?”

Francesca raised her arm indicating she was going to zoom in on me. It can only have been my knickers that she wanted a close up on.

“You can see almost everything through them. Do you want to look?” I asked of the camera. “Here, let me show you.” I pushed my hips slowly forwards, stretching the thin material over my engorged sex. “Can you see my pussy through them? I can. Am I wet? Is there a little damp patch yet? I can feel there is. It’s for you, you know. I bet you’d like to kiss that, to kiss my sex through my panties, to run your tongue over my lips through that lovely, sheer, black material.”

I saw the first cue card raised from behind the camera. “Dress off,” was all it said.

“I think I might take my dress off now, so you can have a better look at me. I think you’ll like me in my lingerie, mostly naked and all for you.” I started turning the buttons on the front of my dress between my fingers and thumb, slipping them through the holes one by one from the top until I reached the buttons by my hips. “Shall I slide this off now? You’ll see my bra if I do. That’s okay, I’d like you to see that. Are you aroused yet at the thought of seeing me in just my lingerie, all for you? You are? Good, that makes two of us then.” With that, I pulled the collar of the dress off one shoulder and slid my arm out. The second shoulder quickly followed. “This is for you,” I added. My gaze didn't leave the camera for a moment as I let the dress fall to the floor by my feet.

Francesca smiled at me and raised the second cue card. “Bra off.”

“I love this bra,” I said. “Don’t you think it makes my boobs look sexy?” I leant forward a little, then started cupping my breasts, squeezing them together for the camera so the material could barely contain them. “As much as I really like this bra I want to take it off now and show you my boobs. Oh yes, I can see you nodding. You must really want that too.”

I reached behind my back, unclasped my bra, then wiggled my shoulders until the straps were dangling down my sides. “I’m going to show you my boobs now,” I continued. “Here they are, just for you.” I held the cups over my breasts for a moment before slowly peeling the bra down my body until they came free.

The more I was getting into the shoot the more confident I was becoming. The confidence was allowing me to get more risqué than I’d ever felt comfortable being before.

“Mmm, look at my nipples,“ I said. “Can you see how dark they are? They’re not only dark, are they? That’s right, they’re hard too. Hard for you. Shall I lick one for you?”

I dipped my head forward and lifted my right boob up, letting my tongue run a wet circle round my nipple. “That was nice. Shall I lick the other one for you? You’d like to lick them too, wouldn’t you? I’d like that. I love having my nipples licked. Maybe you could roll them on your tongue? Perhaps suck them until they’re fully erect?”

I leant forward and licked my other nipple before I started talking to the camera again. “You can bite or nibble them if you like. I don’t mind. I adore my nipples being played with, especially when it’s you doing it.”

Francesca raised the third cue card. “Panties off.”

Showing my boobs for the camera was one thing, but now it was my sex, which was a significant step up. Even if I wanted to stop, I felt I’d gone far enough now to not continue. Besides, whatever nerves I’d felt had dissipated within a couple of minutes of starting the shoot. I wanted and needed to show more of myself.

I let my hands play over my nipples, twisting and pulling them between my fingers, before moving down over my tummy and onto the top of my mound, still partially hidden by my now soaking knickers.

“I’m going to put my hands in my knickers now, just to see how wet I am. I know I’m wet, but I’m not sure how much yet. Would you like to do that? I know you would. I bet you wouldn’t be able to resist sliding a finger inside me while you were there, would you? I’d like that. I like being fingered. I think I want you put your hand in my knickers and play with my pussy.”

Behind the camera, Francesca twirled her hand quickly, urging me to take my knickers off. I didn’t disappoint her.

“I think I’m going to take my knickers off now, but I’m a bit nervous about showing you my wet pussy. Should I? Would you like to have a better look at my sex? Okay then, I’ll show you. Truth be told, my pussy’s begging to come out and play. I’m leaving the suspender belt and stockings on though. They frame my pussy so well, don’t you think?”

With that, I hooked my thumbs under the hem of my knickers on each hip and slowly slid them down my legs until they were in a crumpled heap by my ankles. I didn't need to look down at myself to know that my labia were engorged and desperate for attention. Standing a little wider on the floor, I gave the camera a good look at my lips, already covered with little droplets of pearly dew that was glistening under the bright lights.

The fourth cue card was raised. “Touch yourself,” were the only two words written on it.

I decided to repeat something that I loved doing at home when I was masturbating alone. Picking up my knickers, I climbed onto the bed and lay back against the two propped up pillows. Ever so slowly I spread my legs for the camera until my knees were high and my stilettoed feet were as wide as I could get them.

“I’m going to rub my wet knickers all over myself now. Would you like to see that?” I said as I scrunched up my knickers and started rubbing the sheer material over the top of my chest. “Mmm, imagine my knickers are your hand, touching my body slowly, going all the places you’d love to go.”

I moved the balled knickers lower, caressing them in tight rings around my dark areola, then rubbing each nipple in turn. They responded perfectly, bringing them back to attention, becoming hard and erect, like two tight ripe buds. “I’m aching for you to touch me,” I continued. “To lick my body and savour every bit of it. You want to, don’t you? You want to kiss and tongue every bit of me.”

I dragged the knickers lower, down over my tummy and started rubbing them over the top of my mound. “Imagine my knickers are your tongue. That’s easy to do, isn’t it? Where should the knickers go next then? Tell me.” I paused for a moment, rubbing the knickers in circles over my mound, waiting for an imaginary answer. “Oh, you want the knickers to rub my pussy. Naughty you, that’s where you’d like your tongue, isn’t it?”

I rubbed my panties lower and lower until I could feel the material pushing against my clit. I stroked over it in tiny circles, teasing my little bud out of its nest, gradually spreading the dew over my lips until they were both slick with my desire.

“I can feel your tongue at my entrance now,” I giggled at the camera. “Do you want it inside me? Do you want to tongue fuck my pussy? I know you would. I want you to. Do it now for me. I want your tongue inside me.”

With that, I slowly started pushing my knickers inside my sex. Bit by bit they entered my soaking pussy, rubbing gently against my velvet inner walls until they gradually filled me right up.

Francesca raised her right hand again, wanting another close up. This time it was my spread, wet sex that she wanted, my labia full with need, and a tiny piece of material dangling cheekily out of my pussy.

“Mmm, your tongue’s deep inside me now. Exploring my sex. You like it in there, don’t you? So warm and so wet. Here, let me help you get deeper.” Knowing the camera was zoomed in, I slowly reached down and pulled my lips wide open with my fingers, raising my bum off the bed at the same time so my little dark ring was showing too. I wiggled my hips in a tight circle, displaying my spread sex to the lens.

“Take your tongue out now,” I continued. “Let’s see just how wet I am.” With that I pinched the tiny bit of my knickers that was hanging out between finger and thumb, and gradually dragged them back out of my sex. “Oh my, look at how wet you’ve got me with your tongue in my sex. I’m going to have to taste myself now. I want what you’ve just had.”

I pushed two fingers slowly into my dripping sex, curled them several times deep inside, then pulled out some long sticky strands of my honey. “Mmm, look at all that cream. Doesn’t it look just delicious. I’m going to lick my fingers now and drink up all my yummy wetness. Here we go.” I put both fingers in front of my mouth and slowly licked each one in turn, caressing them with my tongue and until I’d swallowed all of my honey.

I looked back to the camera and winked. “Would you like to do that, to clean my fingers? I know you would. Shall I do it again for you, and this time you can clean them for me?”

With that, I dipped my fingers inside myself a second time, moving them slowly back and forth until I knew they were covered in my cream again. Once they were out, I leant forwards towards the camera, letting my juices trickle slowly down my fingers. “Clean them then,” I said to the camera. “Lick all my sex from my fingers. You love it, don’t you, licking and savouring all my naughty cream. That’s it, pop my fingers in your mouth and suck it all off. Don’t miss anything either, not a drop. I won’t be happy if you don’t finish it all up.”

I could not believe how naughty I was getting. I could have stopped there and then, confident in my own mind that I could do anything in front of Sara by now. There was no way I was going to stop though. Not only had I surprised myself, but I was having way too much fun.

I popped my fingers back in my mouth to clean my sex off them just as Francesca raised the fifth cue card, this time with a more personal message as well as an instruction. “Left pillow,” was written across the top with, “Have fun with this,” just beneath it.

“Tell me, are you playing with yourself yet? I hope so. I want you to. I want you wanking over me, imagining you’re here now, taking my body,” I said as I turned onto my tummy and reached under the pillow, not sure what I would find there.

My hand grasped the handle of something wooden, and as I drew it slowly out from beneath the pillow it quickly dawned on me what it was and what I wanted to do with it.

“I’m naughty, aren’t I?” I said looking over my shoulder back at the camera. “You’ve tongued my pussy and we’ve both licked my cream off my fingers. Do you know what naughty girls need? Of course you do. They need a good spanking, don’t they?”

I drew the paddle fully out from beneath the pillow and waved it at the camera. “I think you should spank me. I think I’ve been so naughty that I deserve a red bottom. Can you do that for me? How would you like me? On all fours, huh? Now who’s the naughty one! Okay if that’s what you want.”

I drew my knees up until my naked bum, still framed by the stockings and suspender belt, was high on the bed. “Go on then, spank me. Both cheeks please. I’m so naughty I deserve this.”

Leaning down on my shoulder I reached round, lined the paddle up with the left cheek of my bum and whacked it down against my skin. Thwack! “Oh, that’s nice,” I said, smarting a little as I’d surprised myself with how hard I’d spanked myself.

Even if the camera wasn’t there, I wanted more. “Oh, come on, I’ve been naughtier than that, haven’t I? Just one… really? I need more than that.” I raised the paddle again and flicked my wrist downwards. Thwack! “Oh baby, make my ass shine for you. Spank me harder.”

Thwack, thwack, thwack. Three hard spanks with the paddle in quick succession felt divine. “What about the other side, that’s been naughty too, you know.” I switched hands and made sure my right cheek got just as many hard spanks as the left one had.

Just after the fifth spank on my right cheek, Francesca raised the sixth cue card. “Bum worship,” was all it said. I didn’t need a second invitation as this was one of my strongest masturbatory fantasises. By now the words were flowing effortlessly from my mouth too.

“Do you like looking at my bum stretched wide for you?” I said, shifting my knees wide across the bed. “It’s all red now where you’ve spanked it. Would you like make it all better? I want you to.”

Francesca raised her hand again, and zoomed the camera close into my bum. I wasted no time in reaching round and spreading my cheeks wide, giving the camera a glorious close up of my red cheeks and very needy dark star.

“How would you like to make it better?” I continued. “Would you like to kiss it all over? I’d like you to. I’d love your hot tongue caressing all that red skin, and once you’ve kissed and licked all that better, I’d like you to lick my bum as a little treat for both of us. How does that sound?”

I so wanted to get the word ‘worship’ in, I wasn’t going to waste the opportunity. “Are you licking my bum yet? Ah, now you are. Mmm, that’s nice. I adore a hot tongue circling my star, even better if it’s pushing against me. You want that, don’t you? To push the tip of your tongue just inside my ass? Good, I can feel your hot tongue inside me. You love worshipping my bum, don’t you? Of course you do. If I asked, you’d do anything to my bum whenever I wanted, wouldn’t you? If I asked you to kiss it, you’d lavish it with love. If I asked you to lick it, you’d ask how long for. You’d be begging me to let you tongue it too. I know you would.”

The whole point of the shoot was for me to masturbate and I barely felt like I’d done that yet. I was so turned on I knew it wouldn’t take long for to orgasm if I did. Without even consciously starting, I realised my fingers were swirling through my wet folds as I imagined my ass being treated to a good, hot tongue fuck.

Francesca lifted yet another cue card up. There couldn’t be many more left by now. This one simply said, “Dildo.”

Rolling onto my side and then over onto my back, I reached under the right pillow and took hold of the end of my dildo. “I’m so wet now, just thinking about you fucking me,” I panted to the camera. “I want you inside me. I don’t mind what with either. Tongue, fingers, toys, anything you like. My sex is yours to take. I’m so horny, I just want you to take me, grab me and fuck me.”

The pink, rose tip of the dildo felt so good as I started rubbing it in tight circles over my swollen clit and wet folds. With any last vestiges of shyness long since gone, I really wanted to talk dirty to the camera now.

“I want you so fucking bad. I’m going to lick this and get it all nice and wet so I can slide it deep inside myself. You want to fuck me hard, don’t you? I want that too. I want you to imagine your fingers are sliding deep into my soaking wet pussy.”

I licked the dildo up and down the side then centred the rose tipped end on my sex. Pushing a little, the dildo slid easily inside until it was half buried in my wet hole. “Mmm, that’s gorgeous,” I sighed at the camera. “You like being inside me, don’t you? I’m so hot and so tight. I want it slipping deep into me over and over.”

Rotating my wrist up and down, I started to move the dildo in and out of my pussy, each thrust dragging me closer and closer to a delightful orgasm. My legs were almost painfully spread on the bed, desperate to show myself to the lens of the camera and to get the dildo in as deep as possible. Sensing that I was close to coming, I could see Francesca urging me on, and also rotating her finger in a way that was directing me to flip over onto my tummy. Well, if she wanted that position for me, I knew exactly where I loved the dildo to be when Sara was fucking me like that.

I dragged the dildo out of my pussy one last time, my messy cream trickling down the sides from the tip. “Look at all that mess, I’m going to have to clean it now. No? You don’t think I should? Oh, I know what you want then. While it’s all wet and slippery you want to fuck my bum with it, don’t you?”

Just as Francesca asked, I turned over and got onto all fours again. “If you want to fuck my ass you can you know. I love that. Come on, take me, do it now, come and stretch me open and make me feel so full and so good.”

With one hand rubbing hard at my folds, the other placed the lubricated tip of the dildo at the entrance to my ass. I slowly twisted and pushed it, stretching my ring open in the process, until the dildo popped inside.

“Mmm,” I murmured in delight. “Now, fuck my bum. Fuck me, bent over like this. I want to make myself come for you.” I started to fuck my ass, whimpering in a mixture of pain and delight each time the dildo stretched me open and disappeared deep inside my passage, then sighing in ecstasy when I dragged it back out through my gaping, sensitive ring.

My hips bucked frantically back and forth in time to the thrusting of the two fingers I’d buried inside my pussy. At the same time I rubbed the palm of my hand hard over my swollen pearl and started to feel strong spasms in my torso and pelvis as I quickly brought myself to the edge of orgasm.

“Come with me,” I squealed at the camera. “Come on, let’s do it together.”

I dragged the dildo roughly out of my ass one last time, which took me over the edge to a shuddering climax. It was one of the most intense orgasms I'd ever had, the convulsions in my pussy squirting my juices over my hand, down my legs and across the sheets of the bed.

Once the orgasm subsided I rolled over onto one side. Behind the camera, Francesca ran her finger across her throat, signalling that we needed to finish.

I smiled at the camera one last time. “I loved you fucking me. You’re so good. Please come again… soon.” The red LED light went out and all I could do was burst out laughing at the line I’d just delivered.

“Oh my God, Katie,” shouted Francesca, “It’s raw and unedited, but as test shoots go, this is one the best I’ve ever seen. You’re a natural. Brilliant! Go and get freshened up and dressed while I sort the camera out and we’ll talk more in a minute.”

Ten minutes later Francesca handed me the SD card with my footage on. “This is for you,” she said. “Even without the editing, I can tell you now that we’d love to offer you a contract, so don’t worry about paying the £200 balance and walking away.”

“Thanks for this afternoon,” I replied, taking the SD card from Francesca. “That was an incredible experience. I have something for you too.” I dug an envelope out of my handbag that I’d prepared earlier and passed it to Francesca. “There’s £200 in there. Give me the contract papers and I’ll take them away and think it over. If I decide not to sign, then I won’t owe you anything.”

“Take your time, but please sign. I think you’d make a lot of money.”

“Thank you again, Francesca. I promise I’ll think about it thoroughly.” I shook Francesca’s hand, opened the door and left the room.

In the lift back down to the ground floor, I stared at the papers momentarily, gripped the edges between my fingers and ripped them in half. On my way across the foyer I threw them in the nearest bin. The SD card was all I ever wanted. I rushed to my car, looking forward to the drive home and showing the shoot to all the audience I’d ever wanted to see it… Sara. I hoped to give her a personal, very private and special encore too.