**Amateur Photographer**

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**Amateur Photographer Ch. 01**

Photography is a hobby of mine. The advent of digital cameras - with no film expense you've got virtually carte blanche to experiment and learn the art of taking good pics - was what really got me into it. Over time my technique improved with experience and my increasing familiarity with the equipment. I'd been mainly shooting landscape stuff, atmospheric sunrise seaside shots, maybe an abandoned factory site that caught my eye on an overcast day, even wildlife, those sorts of thing. Over time I began to better understand how to use light and the various effects on the camera, and I was quite pleased with the results I was achieving.  
  
And now, as things turned out, I had plenty of time on my hands to indulge this passion, in the wake of my recently failed relationship. It wasn't too bad, I had to admit it was kind of mutual, though not without some grief from my end. I certainly wasn't looking to get involved with anyone new just yet, and even the idea of a casual fling didn't have much appeal. Too much hard work; right now I just wasn't that interested in pursuing women all over the place in the name of a bit of harmless fun.  
  
But I do like looking at them. I got to thinking, and over the weeks since Rebecca left I hatched a plan. Why not combine my photography and new found single status with the beauty of the female body in image form? It was something I had tried to encourage in my dear just-departed, but Rebecca was dead against the idea of even 'tasteful' nude shots on the grounds that she never knew who might see them in the future. Maybe there was a message for me in there as regards to what she saw as our future.  
  
Anyway, as I said, I had time on my hands (and I needed something to keep my mind off the separation) and a reasonable disposable income to offer prospective models. That was my idea; I didn't want to slink around beaches like a spy, that's not my scene and it just didn't interest me. Besides, in this day and age of cell phone cameras people were getting caught doing that sort of caper. How embarrassing that would be. I wanted to get some tasteful, artistic and erotic images, but only with the full consent and cooperation of the subject.  
  
My plan was to advertise for young women to pose for 'artistic portraits'. I wasn't putting it straight out there looking for nudes; this for me really was as much an exercise in photographic artistic expression as it was voyeurism - although if anyone wanted to get naked, so much the better. Nude or non nude really wasn't so much the issue; for me it was the sublime beauty of the female form captured in the lens: the right form, the right light and the right pose. In a word, art. In some circumstances a clothed female body can be equally erotic as a nude one: I can, for instance, think of few sights in the natural world more compelling than to observe a nicely toned female body clad in a one-piece swim suit gracefully moving through the water, swimming freestyle (especially from under the water). Plus, the idea of making this an outright nude pic thing, for someone in their late 30s, was straying uncomfortably close to 'dirty old man' territory. I didn't perceive myself as a dirty old man, and I didn't want any of the girls to presume that I was.  
  
The other motivating factor here, of course, as I had to admit, had nothing to do with photography. This would be an interesting interaction with the opposite sex, on a quasi sexual basis, and on my terms. The mere fact that there may be girls out there willing to pose in a revealing bikini or underwear - or less - for the photographic pleasure of a complete stranger gave me a thrill. A sensual interaction with a good looking young without the normal complications which, right now, I was not interested in dealing with.  
  
I placed my advert up in the notice board of the local university. I thought it as good a place as any to start. "Young women wanted to pose for amateur photographer. Generous rates, nudity not required." I left my email address as first contact.  
  
I didn't rule out nudity. I set up a standard email response to any enquiry, stating my rates were $100 per hour shoot either in bikini or underwear, double for topless and triple for nude. I had no idea what the going rate for this sort of thing was, but I felt what I was offering was more than reasonable. Hell, with my burgeoning photographic skills, it was actually a good deal for any budding model wanting to put together a photo portfolio - they should be paying me!  
  
The arrangement would be that I would retain the pic files, but would provide at least 12 prints, photoshopped for enhancement in required, of the girl's choice free of charge, along with a disk copy of the shoot files. As for the matter of anyone else seeing the shots, I would simply give my word that that would not happen: they would not end up on the internet. And I would be true to my word - I had no intention of doing anything of the sort. This was for me and me alone.  
  
But I was beginning to think it wasn't such a great idea when I clicked on the very first reply. It was the university feminist action collective (or some such student organisation) berating me for attempting to exploit the sisters with the usual patriarchal tools of money and power etc etc. Best not to respond to that one, I thought.  
  
Then, as the responses started trickling in, the matter of aesthetics reared its ugly head. More to the point, body shape, because the first applicant, Jenny, was not exactly what I had in mind: not particularly striking in the looks department, definitely over endowed in the weight department. I hope Jenny got something out of it, because the experience certainly didn't do a lot for me, even though the shots weren't too bad. And I'd just paid 100 bucks for the privilege... It was a start, and good practice, I guess, but next time I better get an idea of the girl's physique first, I told myself.  
  
Sarah, the next respondent that caught my attention, seemed cute over the phone (I only offered my phone number to those that seemed genuine in their emails - I was still a bit spooked by the Femi-nazi brigade). She said she'd never done anything like this before but would like some professionally-done shots, and as a struggling student she could use the money. She would be prepared only to do clothed shots (underwear of bikini), for the agreed fee. We arranged for her to meet me at my 'studio' (which was my flat, of course) at 8pm the following Tuesday night.  
  
The door bell rang at the appointed time. It was her. I took a quick swig of my glass of scotch and made for the door.  
  
"Hi, you must be Sarah," I said. "I'm David, come in."  
  
She mumbled a quiet hello, shuffled through the door and placed her bag down. She made a quick glance around the room, eyeing off the tripod, camera and white sheets covering the sofa and table that I had set up in my living room in preparation for the shoot. She had the demeanour of a nervous kitten.  
  
And just like a kitten, she was cute, too. Straight, shoulder-length auburn hair, green eyes and a nicely tanned complexion. She was slim but also fairly tall, about five-eight in height. Her clothing was unflattering - she was wearing those daggy army-style pants and a loose university gym T-shirt - but she was obviously in much better shape than Jenny. Much better shape. Sarah was more what I had been hoping for.  
  
I offered her a glass of wine and we sat down to talk about how we would proceed. She was undoubtedly nervous and, I had to admit, so was I. Finally I had the kind of subject I was looking for, and I was already feeling a sense of nervous excitement in anticipation of the shoot session with this good looking young girl. There was an uncomfortable pause for a moment as we both sat there, she avoiding eye contact with me as she shuffled her feet together on the carpet. I thought for a minute she was about to get cold feet and walk out.  
  
"I do feel a bit funny about this," she said. "I heard some of the other girls talking about this ad on the notice board. I guess I was intrigued."  
  
I tried to make her feel more comfortable.  
  
"Well, this is only my second time!" I said (and it was true), trying to lighten things up. I stressed that this was primarily an artistic exercise for me, and told her a little about my motivations to try to alleviate any concerns she might have had about being inside the flat of some kind of perverted sexual predator.  
  
There wasn't much more to say - she already knew the deal from our email exchanges. It was time to get started.  
  
"OK, I'll just go into the kitchen and you can get changed," I said.  
  
"Well, um, I'm wearing my undies underneath, so I don't have to get changed."  
  
"OK, that's cool, just get ready then and we'll start with you sitting on that couch there."  
  
I turned to the side to fiddle with the camera and adjust the tripod while she stripped off her shirt and baggies.  
  
"Ok, ready," she said. She was sitting on the couch, almost bolt upright, legs together, arms outstretched and hands resting on her knees. She was wearing a plain black bra and panties. Now I could see what sort of figure she was hiding under those clothes. She was beautifully proportioned. She was a generous B-cup, her figure was trim and her stomach flat with strong muscle definition. Her arms and legs were nicely toned in the way that only a 20-year-old sporty woman can be. When she turned to place her clothes in her bag I could see she was wearing a g-string. Her arse was tight, perfectly shaped. If there was an ounce of fat on her, I could not see it. She was a magnificent looking young woman.  
  
I checked the light meter against her olive skin tones so I could adjust the settings on the camera, standing close enough to get an eyeful of her beautifully tanned, firm young breasts straining against the simple black bra, no lace. I took some shots of her just sitting there like that, just for starters.  
  
"You have a great body Sarah," I said. "Did you ever think about modeling as a profession?"  
  
"No, not really," she smiled. "But thanks. I don't think you can get a degree in modeling! I just want to get through my course, then do the Bachelor of Education so I can become a school teacher. That's what's always interested me."  
  
"Well, you'll be a very good looking teacher."  
  
Her face blushed. She was going to be the object of many a young schoolboy fantasy, no doubt about it, and I was very excited indeed to be shooting her. I set her up in a variety of poses on the sheet-covered carpet.  
  
"Lay there on your side, rest your head on your arm," I said. This shot contrasted her lovely curves against the flat surface of the white sheet. The effect was accentuated when I got her to bend her upper leg and move it up under her stomach, the lower leg outstretched. In these poses I shot her from the tripod looking down, then I got down low with the camera sitting on the carpet in front of her.  
  
"Great. Now roll onto your stomach, point your toes, keep your legs on the ground but use your arms to lift your shoulders."  
  
"Like a yoga pose?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah. Now, press down hard with your lower legs and lift your head up. Look up at the ceiling."  
  
She looked fantastic like this. Wearing a g-string, she looked almost naked from the waist down as the pose accentuated the flexing muscles in her legs and in her arse, her cheeks clenched tightly together, her strong lower back and arm muscles working hard. But her breasts, as much as her tightening arse, pointing straight ahead from her arched torso, were the focal points of these images.  
  
Then I sat her on a chair, sitting in reverse, legs around each side and arms resting on the back of the chair.  
  
"More yoga poses?" she said.  
  
"Why not? Sounds like you know about chair twists - do a couple of chair twists for me."  
  
She did as requested, her thigh muscles tensing powerfully, wonderfully as she pushed them into the floor to ground herself in the twist. I shot her in this pose from all sides, her bra-clad right breast pushing outwards as if straining for freedom as she twisted to the left. Her body was obviously very flexible, and the twist on her thin waist as she rotated for me highlighted the outward curve of her hips down to her arse and upper thighs anchored firmly on the seat of the chair. These shots were a study in the contrast between muscular strength and feminine lines.  
  
From behind I shot the inside of her thighs clenching as she pushed down, continuing with the twist. Moving one of the spotlights I had set up to shine from behind her, with her head resting against the top of the chair now and her hair falling down around her eyes, it almost gave the impression that she had just come out of the shower.  
  
"I never thought someone would be paying me to do yoga!" she laughed. Sarah is a great model, I though to myself. I was pleased with the shots I was getting, and also that she was obviously now feeling a lot more at ease. I think she was even enjoying herself.  
  
"What was it you were expecting?" I asked as I took a brief pause to change camera cards.  
  
"Well, I don't know. But I'm glad I didn't chicken out. I nearly did. I didn't tell you but I only found out about you from the some of the other girls at the college - everybody knows about it, and they were disgusted by your ad."  
  
"Were they from the feminist union?"  
  
"Yeah, how do you..."  
  
"They've already been in contact. I don't think they like me very much!"  
  
She laughed. "Yeah, I mean, I'm all for women getting a better go than we do, because there still isn't equality of the sexes today. But some of those girls are scary. When I heard them talking about some sleazebag photographer looking for girls to perve on, I actually didn't think they were wrong about it; like, I kind of agreed with them, but I just kept thinking about the ad, that someone would want to pay for this sort of thing, because I do like the way my body looks, and I just kept wondering what it would be like. And it wasn't like I'd have to be naked; you'd see this much of me at least at the beach. But I was worried a bit - I mean, I don't know you, and for all I knew you could have turned out to be well, you know..."  
  
She trailed off. "Well, I'm glad you decided to try something new," I replied. "Your body is amazing, and I have some great portraits here - for us both."  
  
I suggested she stand up so I could get some silhouette shots. I moved the spotlights around behind her to get some 'shadow' pics. These were going to look great in high-contrast black-and-white.  
  
I posed her in different positions: arms outstretched above her head, arms folded across her breasts, her head tilted back, then all the way forward, hair covering her face. With her arms raised I got her to bend one knee and lift her leg up high, foot pointed downwards, as if she was about to leap into some acrobatic manoeuvre. God, what a body. In this position her thighs were spectacular: bronzed, toned, perfectly shaped, muscles tightening purposefully.  
  
"Now stand there and face the spotlight. Legs together, hands on hips."  
  
This vertically framed shot, from behind, showed off the narrow waist, the curves over her hips and the athletic definition of her legs to glorious effect, the light from the lamp piercing sharply through the triangulated gap between the very upper reaches of her inner thighs and her crotch. The light was so bright that it almost blurred the outline view of the underside of her g-string. I couldn't help also but think that this image also blurred the line between the artistic and the straight out erotic. As I focused on the view of her from behind, I felt a surge of blood rush to my cock. I thought to myself that no man could behold this sight and not think it sexy, nor not wonder how much better it would look without the undergarments.  
  
As good as these shots were, though, I was starting to run out of ideas. But time had flown, so much fun I had been having, and now there was only 10 minutes of the agreed hour left. As it was, I had to admit to myself that I was pretty much done with the artistic; I had run out of ideas. Now I was just plain aroused. I decided to use the last 10 minutes trying something a bit sexier. To see if she would go further.  
  
"OK, we're nearly finished," I announced. "Let's get some 'personality' shots. This is where your acting skills come in. Sit back on the couch, legs a bit apart, and look straight at me with a stern expression on your face."  
  
"OK. Is this good?"  
  
She flopped on the seat, legs spread as requested, dropped an elbow onto her knee and supported her head with the hand of that arm - a bit like Auguste Rodin's 'The Thinker' statue. Holding that stance, she looked up at me all cross before losing it and bursting into hysterical laughter. I'd been hoping for a kind of sultry expression.  
  
"All right, very funny," I said. "Let's try this. We're nearly done. Stand up straight, then slouch on one leg and make like you're bored out of your mind. Yes, like that. Now slip one thumb inside the waist band of your undies and pretend you're about to slide them down."  
  
She stopped. There was a quizzical look on her face, like she was slightly offended. But there was something in her expression that hinted that she really didn't mean it, that she was only feigning offence, because that was the proper response to such an improper request. Either way, I could tell she was relaxed enough and confident in my presence to be at least a little bolder in the remaining few minutes. I hadn't given her reason to feel threatened, exposed or exploited (well, that's was my view), and I was leaving it up to her as to how far she would go in this far more provocative pose than any of the earlier ones. I think we both realised it would be churlish of her to refuse this last shot.  
  
"Come on, this will be the last one."  
  
"OK, last one."  
  
She assumed the position. She didn't so much slouch, but rather wrapped one foot around in front of the other, a movement which arched her left hip almost out to the side in way that made her look bored and even insolent but also rather lewd at the same time. She moved her left hand down to her hip and slipped her thumb inside the elastic.  
  
"Like this?"  
  
"Excellent. OK, look at me all sexy like, and flex your arm and wrist as though you're going to drop your knickers in front of me."  
  
She was cooperating. She looked me in the eye and grasped the string tightly, pulling it right off her body until there was nearly an inch gap between her hand and her hip. So strongly was she tugging it, in fact, that you could see the material was being stretched tightly across her outer lips, the shape of which I could now clearly observe straining under the material. She looked so hot like this.  
  
"Sarah, that's so sexy."  
  
She grinned at me. She seemed encouraged. Forget art, my cock was hardening rapidly, my heart thumping in my chest. Her hand holding the material slid slowly lower on her hip. She was actually going to do it, she was pulling the string down over her hip. It was well below her hip bone now, her thumb around the g-string now resting on her upper outer thigh. The material, sliding down at an angle to one side, now exposed the beginnings of the top of her mound. I could see enough now to know she must be completely shaved. She held it there like that for an agonising 10 seconds or so. Then she pulled it down further. Using the short lens I was now on maximum zoom, clicking madly as I honed in on her pussy as it threatened gradually to reveal itself to my lens. Now I was rock hard.  
  
"How's that?" she said, smiling mischievously. No doubt about it, in her own way she was enjoying this as much as I was. Clearly she could sense the effect she was having on me, that this was a sexual pose, it had nothing to do with 'art', and it seemed she was enjoying the power it gave her.

"A little more. Just a little more please."  
  
She looked down at herself, then back up at me and smiled, as if to say: 'you want to see more?' She shook her golden hair out of her eyes and the string slid an agonising extra fraction of an inch, gliding down over the outside of her upper thigh. Then with her finger she rolled the material across her thigh, so that even more was exposed as the g-string seemed to almost disappear. Now the very top of her cleft was there in plain view, exposed clearly, right in centre of frame in my lens. The hood of her clitoris, there it was now, I could see it right in front of me, but that was all. She just held it there like that as I watched her let out a deep breath, revealing to me almost everything and yet nothing at the same time.  
  
All of a sudden a bell rang in my ears. It was the clock striking nine. Startled, she looked across at the timepiece on the wall and then yanked up her g-string.  
  
"Time's up!" she said with a giggle, slumping down in the sofa and grabbing her wine glass. I felt like grabbing an axe and putting it through the clock.  
  
"Thank you Sarah, you were fantastic."  
  
"Thanks, it was more fun than I though it would be. I think you're a good photographer. Do you think the photos will look good?"  
  
"Good? I think they will be the best work I've done. Here, take a look"  
  
She came over and leaned into the view screen. She was standing so close her left breast was gently rubbing on my arm as she reached across for a better view.  
  
"Gee, is that really me?" she said. I nodded, trying hard to conceal my rapid breathing. "Wow! I never thought I looked like that!"  
  
Stepping back, she turned to me. "David," she asked.  
  
"I know the hour's up, but I'm wondering, if you have time, would it be OK to do some other shots?"  
  
I paused before responding. Other shots? What does she mean?  
  
"What do you have in mind?" I replied, trying hard to hide the slightly startled look on my face.  
  
"It's just that, well, I bought this outfit, a skirt and top, and I love it. At the shop I looked great in it, but when I got it home I realised it was more risqué than I'd thought. I haven't been game to wear it outside, and they won't let me return it at the shop, so I was thinking that if I got some nice photos of me in the skirt and top, then at least I haven't totally wasted my money if I never wear it. Like, you don't have to pay me for it; I'll even take a discount off the fee if you'll do it. Will you?"  
  
Take a discount off the fee? She's got to be kidding. Truth was I'd pretty much do anything she asked at that moment. And this outfit – if it was too revealing to wear outside, how sexy must it be?  
  
"Have you got the outfit here?"  
  
"Yes, it's in my bag. I'll just go in the bathroom and change."  
  
She grabbed her bag and headed out of the room. I reached across and poured another scotch, and waited eagerly for her to return.

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Sarah returned to the living room wearing her new 'outfit'. What a sight. The skirt was like one of those semi-tartan numbers, only it was plain dark red, with thin pleats. And she wasn't kidding – it was short. The top she was now wearing was a kind of lycra singlet sports top which finished a few inches below her breasts, leaving her mid riff bare. She had obviously removed her bra. The only other thing she had on was a pair of black heels. They weren't outrageously high, but well out of the realm of 'sensible' shoes nonetheless. They showed off the outfit and her long, luxurious legs to superb effect. A pair of white runners (such as she had arrived in) would have done the job, but the heels added a deliciously sexy even slutty air to her appearance.  
  
"What do you think?" she asked, performing a little twirl to demonstrate her new attire, the skirt flaring provocatively, revealingly, as she did.  
  
"Sexy, in a word," I replied. That skirt was short. It must have hung barely an inch below her gorgeous arse. I know micro skirts are all the rage these days, but this was something else. And with its thin pleated material, it didn't have the firmness of the denim ones you see so many girls wearing. The slightest breeze and this thing would be flying up around her hips. I couldn't help wonder what clothes designer could possibly expect the average girl to wear something like this in public? It was arguably closer to the kind of thing you'd buy in a sex shop than what you'd expect from your normal fashion retailer.  
  
"OK," I said, "I'm ready to get started. What sort of poses did you have in mind?"  
  
"Well, um, I don't know," she said, pausing to think. She obviously hadn't thought of anything specific in advance. "You seemed to know what to do before, so why don't you just set me up in poses sort of like before? I'll just do what you say."  
  
What an invitation.  
  
"Alright, let's start like we started before, sitting on the couch, legs together."  
  
"OK," she trilled. She sat down, taking another sip of wine as she did. I took some shots from the left and the right, then from down on the carpet. The red skirt, the black shoes and black top and her deep olive skin tones were contrasting nicely against the plain white backdrop. She was wearing twice as much clothing as before, but if anything she looked twice as sexy.  
  
I asked her to cross her legs, the shoe of her right leg dangling languidly over her the front of her left shin as she did. I took some more shots. I shot her 90 degrees from the side. God, in this position most of her arse was exposed. She literally would be unable to wear normal undies in this thing without them being on display pretty much whenever she sat down.  
  
"Ok, that's great Sarah. Now stand up."  
  
She pushed up off the couch, but stumbled a little as she did, lunging to grab the edge of the table to steady herself and prevent a fall. Was it the effects of the wine?  
  
"Sorry!" she giggled. Apologising for tripping over – how cute, I thought.  
  
"These shoes are new and I'm not used to them yet!"  
  
"Don't worry about it. Even if they're not that comfortable on, they look great on you."  
  
She smiled.  
  
"Well, I'm glad you like them. It's a funny thing. I've hardly ever worn these kind of shoes before. I've never really been into heels; I always thought of them as sort like of old people's fashion, like my mum wearing them – gross!"  
  
"So you bought them especially to go with the outfit?"  
  
"Well, yeah... actually, it's a boring story. One of the subjects in my course has to do with feminism and fashion, and the lecturer gave a talk on the significance of high heels in western society. There's a theory about it."  
  
"There's a theory for everything at university," I ventured.  
  
"Well, yeah, it's like, the theory is that high heels are like a male construct, designed not only to make women look attractive in their eyes, but also to disable women. I mean, have you ever seen a woman try to run in shoes like these? I can barely walk in them!"  
  
"Interesting theory."  
  
"Yeah, the idea is that it objectifies women as sex objects, but at the same time imprisoning them, making it easier for them to become the sexual prey of the man, because when wearing them they cannot run away from the man. Or it just makes them physically dependent on the man."  
  
I pondered on this, and the incongruity of having a philosophical discussion about feminist theory with a sexy young thing wearing an outfit which, if it could talk, would be screaming out: 'fuck me now!'  
  
"I guess that sounds fair enough," I said, "although I confess I never thought of it like that."  
  
"Well, I suppose I never really did either. When I was buying the skirt I started thinking about that stuff about high heels at Uni, and how I would feel to wear them and how I would look in this skirt if I was wearing heels.  
  
"Do I look good?"  
  
"Sarah, you look very good. Better than good."  
  
"But what's so good about heels?"  
  
I mightn't have ever given much thought to feminist theories on high heels, but I was well versed in the topic of what effect they had on the female form in the aesthetic sense.  
  
"Well, if we're talking appearances," I began, "from the male viewer's perspective, heels do two things. One: they make the woman appear taller than she is; they give her a statuesque kind of look. Two: by raising the heel of the foot, they arch the legs, push them up at the rear, which tenses the muscles and shows off the legs very nicely. Of course, most men probably aren't consciously aware of this, but they're certainly aware of it in other ways. But best of all, wearing heels lifts your bum up and out a bit, which accentuates the shape. It works the same on most women, even those carrying a few extra pounds. But on cute, slim girls, like yourself, the effect can be stunning and very sexy."  
  
"So, how do I look then? Do they work on me?" As she spoke, she was looking down at her legs and heel-clad feet almost as though they were laboratory specimens. I looked her up and down, the discussion on heels giving me unspoken permission to just sit there and feast my eyes on her graceful, sexy form.  
  
"Sarah, you have a great body. You have very sexy legs and, if you really want to know, a perfectly shaped arse – remember, I know how nice your arse looks, I've just been photographing it this last hour. You look good enough without heels, but with them, you're totally hot."  
  
She smiled radiantly. "Thank you!" she giggled. "I feel sexy in them too."  
  
She seemed pleased, and I could not help but think how much more comfortable she now appeared to be in front of my gaze and the lens of the camera. A little over an hour ago she had come in here nervous and apprehensive, but keen to earn a few easy bucks by allowing someone photograph her in underwear. Now she was parading before me the sexiest outfit she owned, and clearly, if maybe only mildly, reveling in her exhibitionism. She was happy to let me ogle her body, and comment on it while doing so; in fact, she appeared to be enjoying displaying herself in a context now that not only had little to do with my artistic endeavours, but was more or less on her terms, and which was all about how sexy she looked.  
  
All this talk of heels, looking at her and talking about her body, was getting to me. I wanted to get some shots.  
  
"OK," I said, "stand up straight, just there, like that. Now, stand with your legs about a foot apart, toes pointed straight ahead. Look straight at the camera. Kind of like before. Hands on hips."  
  
I framed her up in the viewing window. I zoomed in on her torso, shooting her from waist up. Without the bra, the shape of her breasts were now much more discernable. I hadn't failed to notice they were of a generous size, though not out of proportion for a girl of her slim build. And there was not an ounce of sag; on the contrary, they almost defied gravity, the outer extremities pointing proudly forward, her nipples angling slightly towards the ceiling as she arched her back. Under the black lycra top, I could see her nipples were hard. This I hadn't noticed before. Was it just the room temperature?  
  
Stepping back, I took some simple head-to-toe portraits: front, side and rear. The heels really did do wonderful things for her legs. In that skirt, tops of her thighs exposed, perfect arse jutting out invitingly, and all there before me to observe and capture in image form, it was almost too much. Taking these shots was such a thrill; I was rock hard now, and even if it did bother me that she might be able to see my bulge, there wasn't a lot I could do to hide it while taking the shots. I took a short pause to shift the position of one of the spotlights.  
  
The skirt was like a red rag to a bull. A found my gaze was drawn to it no matter what I was trying to shoot. I might have spent the last hour shooting her in nothing but a g-string and flimsy bra, but the way the hem of the skirt hung so tantalisingly high, barely covering her arse, made it near impossible to stop myself trying to get a peak underneath it.  
  
"Sarah, I see what you mean about that skirt – it is very short."  
  
"Yeah, you're right. It didn't look that bad in the shop, or so I thought, but when I tried it on at home, hmmm!"  
  
"Well, wearing that thing, you'd have to be careful who was behind you whenever you went up a set of stairs!"  
  
"Is it that bad?"  
  
"Well, bad's not the word I'd use."  
  
She gave a little giggle. With the lights rearranged I got back into position. This time I got down low, shooting her from the ground up. Standing there, legs slightly askew, she might as well have been standing at the top of the staircase. I could see straight up her skirt; I could see the gorgeous black g-string nestled around her waist that she had so nearly peeled off her hips for me earlier on. Staying low, I moved around her, shooting her 180 degrees from the front to the rear. She was looking down at me as I shuffled along the ground to get a shot from behind. She looked over her shoulder at me, enquiringly.  
  
"Are you looking up my dress, David?" There was a hint of mock anger in her voice.  
  
"As a matter of fact, I am." What else could I say? "Now don't be too prudish," I urged, "I've seen you with just your undies on before, and shooting you from this angle, you just look really very sexy."  
  
"Well, OK," she laughed, you're the expert!"  
  
"All right, change poses," I said. A grabbed a simple upright chair from the kitchen and had her sit on it. Emboldened by how relaxed she was, and by the willingness she'd shown to act as instructed, I decided to get more 'hands on' by adjusting her in this pose myself. With a hand on her shoulder I gently pushed her back so that she was sitting upright rather than slouching. Apart from when she brushed against me at the end of the earlier session, this was the first time I had actually touched her body. Then I placed a hand on her knee to open her legs a little. In truth, I just wanted to touch her fabulous body, and feeling her knee in my palm and fingers fired a surge of blood running though my body. Her skin was so silky smooth, velvet to touch.  
  
I took some shots of her like that, legs slightly apart. In this position I could just make out the black g-string, the folds of her skirt across the tops of her thighs offering at least a pretence of modesty.  
  
"Open your legs a little wider," I said. She hesitated. By the look in her eye I could tell that she was well aware of the contextual difference between sitting there legs apart in underwear and doing the same thing with a skirt on – paradoxical as it was.  
  
Earlier I worried about offending her. Now I just badly wanted to see her on that chair with her legs spread for me. I moved across and placed both hands on her knees and spread her legs wide. She looked up at me with wide eyes as I did so, remaining passive, saying nothing but not protesting. My hands lingered on her lower thighs longer than was needed. I couldn't help it.  
  
Back to the camera. She held the pose I had created, but through the lens I realised I hadn't been bold enough in opening her legs. I wanted more.  
  
"Sarah, I need you to open your legs a little further."  
  
She looked at me, smiling now, and did as requested. She arched her back and shuffled forward on the chair, and slowly but deliberately spread her legs wide apart. She looked up at me, and with a slight raised eyebrow, said: "Is this enough?" There was a devilish grin on her face now as she relaxed her hands on the seat of the chair either side of her legs, arched her back and thrust her torso forward toward the camera.  
  
"Yep, that's great. Totally sexy."  
  
"Is it really? Am I?"  
  
She was, I answered back. This pose was total sex. The heels, the skirt around her waist, legs spread wide and only a thin g-string concealing her treasures, it was as much an open visual invitation to take her body as it was a photographic exercise.  
  
She obediently held that pose while I walked around from the tripod to get some different angles. All the while she kept looking straight ahead, almost as if detached, but when I got close enough I could see her face and neck were slightly flushed. And she was breathing more rapidly. She was almost panting – though was it just through nervousness, was she feeling apprehensive, or was she just plain turned on?  
  
As for me, I was breathing heavily now. The more we went on, the more bolder she got, the more turned on I was becoming. My cock had been hard for ages now, and I could feel the sticky wetness of the precum that was now pasted all over my upper groin and thigh. My heart was beating rapidly as the blood surged through my body, now racked by desire. My senses ached for the touch of her skin, to feel those creamy thighs, taste them. I wanted run my fingers over her gorgeous breasts.  
  
I felt I was close to losing control. So I quickly got back to the task at hand. And suddenly an idea came to me.  
  
"OK, I've got an idea for a special shot," I said. "It will be a bit raunchy, but I promise it won't show anything more than you've already shown. In fact, it will expose less than the last shot."  
  
She looked at me with a puzzled, inquisitive expression. Like she was not sure what she was about to sign up to, but at the same time was dying to find out.  
  
"I don't know what you're thinking, but if you put it like that, I suppose I can't really say no. OK, what do you want?"  
  
"Right, now stand up. Stand up straight, reach up under your skirt and pull your panties down - but only down to your lower thighs. Now trust me on this."  
  
She said nothing, paused briefly and then snaked her hands under her skirt, grabbing the elastic of the g-string. With a wiggle of her arse she pulled the tiny garment down, and I watched as she bent backwards slightly to help slide it down over her hips and thighs. Then she straightened up and looked me in the eye as if seeking confirmation that she had done it correctly.  
  
"That's great. Now, leave the g-string as it is, and spread your legs until the elastic starts to stretch. Fantastic, exactly like that. Now, raise your hands to your head and run your fingers through your hair."  
  
Oh God. I could hardly believe how sexy, how wanton, she looked. Short skirt, knickers half way down her legs, legs spread proudly, she wasn't actually showing anything but she could hardly have looked any sluttier had she been naked. I banged away on the camera, taking shot after shot, from the front, back, and from either angle at the front. I realised I was sweating profusely, I could feel my tongue was salivating; it was all I could do to stop myself from diving in and seizing her, licking her, taking her. I wanted to fuck her.  
  
"Sarah, you look unbelievably sexy like that. Now, take your hands down. I want you to move them up and cup your breasts. Look straight at as if you were putting on a show for your boyfriend.  
  
"Like this? she asked, almost matter of fact.  
  
Her hands were too small to fully cover each globe. Instead, she nestled them underneath (which was exactly as I had asked), wrapping her fingers up around them at an angle. Lord, how I wished they were my hands.  
  
The expression on her face as she looked me in the eye, seemed one of sheer confidence, total sexuality. If looks could speak, her face was inviting me to take her body for my pleasure, and yet there was something perfunctory about the pose. As if she was simply acting it out exactly as directed, and no more. Her hands were on her breasts, but they were rigid, almost detached from her own being, as if she were gently cradling a couple of small birds. I could not honestly tell whether she was really enjoying displaying herself now, or whether she was simply acting the obedient model. Yet her eyes had the appearance of being slightly glazed, and that way she was looking at me...  
  
"This is getting uncomfortable standing like this," she suddenly said. "Do you have enough shots?"  
  
"Yes, OK, just relax now." She slouched on one leg, let her hands down by her side. It looked as though she wanted to stop, that this last pose was her limit. And yet I noticed she made no move to pull up her panties. I felt I had to keep the momentum of the session going, lest she decide enough was enough, because I certainly wasn't finished with this yet. I quickly tried to think of something to say. Anything.  
  
"Do you have a boyfriend, Sarah?" I asked as I fiddled with the camera. There had been no need to, I was simply using the equipment as a prop while I tried to regain composure.  
  
"Yeah," she replied. Too bad about that, I thought. Call me old fashioned, but I wasn't about to try anything if she had a current partner. But the sexual fog that had enveloped me wasn't too overwhelmling to prevent me from thinking and scheming on the run.  
  
"Why don't we take some extra sexy shots just for your boyfriend?" I suggested.  
  
"Um, OK," she said. She'd hardly paused before answering.  
  
"Alright," I said. "Let's do some more poses to show him what a sexy creature you are."  
  
She giggled, but I could tell that some of the earlier nervousness of before had returned. Even so, her g-string was still down around her knees. Had she forgotten about it?  
  
She went to move to grab her wine glass, but her step was hindered by the elastic around her lower thighs. She looked up at me as if to ask what to do about the situation.  
  
"Take it off," I said.  
  
With that she pulled one leg in straight and the garment fell to her feet. She daintily reached down and slipped it over her heels. Now wearing nothing under her tiny skirt, Sarah walked across the room to grab her wine glass. She sat down. But by the way she was sitting there and gazing distractedly at the floor, it was obvious there was something on her mind.  
  
"David this is really much more than I had planned to do, so please do not be upset if I don't go along with all the poses you want. I wanted to get some sexy shots of this outfit, and I think we have them already, but we can do a few more sexy ones like you say. Just don't be offended if I say stop."  
  
"Absolutely," I replied. "It's your call. If you're not comfortable I'm happy to stop anytime. We can stop right now; we have got some stunning shots and..."  
  
"No," she interrupted, a hint of urgency in her voice. "I don't want to stop yet. I am comfortable with this and your photography is wonderful, and even though I hardly know you I feel that I can trust you."  
  
"OK, are you sure?" She nodded. "I am happy to call it quits right now, or whenever you say. Alright, let's continue."  
  
I knew I had to be careful. I wanted to see more, but one wrong move and it would be all over. I thought to myself, as I paused to change memory cards, how odd it was that one part of me could be so cool and calculating, while inside I was boiling with sexual overload. I felt not unlike I was courting a virgin, struggling against my own desire whilst simultaneously trying to persuade her to offer herself to me.

"OK, stand over there, facing away from me, legs together. Good. Now, with your left hand lift the back of the skirt up."  
  
She stood there motionless for a few seconds. Then her arm reached back, and she grabbed the hem of the skirt. She lifted it. Slowly, tentatively. I started shooting. She raised the skirt right up to her hip. I could now see her lovely, toned left cheek in all its unadorned glory.  
  
"Superb. Very, very hot. OK, now lift the back of your skirt all the way up. Show it to me Sarah."  
  
With both hands now, she raised the back of her skirt just as I asked. Now before me was her delectable arse completely exposed, below which I could clearly see the underside of her shaven outer lips, framed by the V-shaped gap where her muscular thighs met her arse, just like I had seen before when I had shot her wearing the g-string. But now she was wearing nothing, and there was her lovely, mouth watering pussy right there, unmistakable not four feet from my lens.  
  
"Sarah that is fantastic. You have no idea how lovely you look."  
  
She said nothing, just held the pose.  
  
"OK, now turn around. That's right. Now lift the front of your skirt a little bit for me."  
  
"She looked at me, eyes wide. Her nipples seemed as though they were almost piercing through the lycra fabric of her top. Her hand went to the skirt again. She looked straight at me, her expression slightly uncertain, but there was that glazed look in her eyes again. She lifted the front of her skirt.  
  
"Is that high enough?" she said, her voice almost pleading, her breath rapid. It suddenly occurred to me that she wasn't sure how much she was showing. From the top of her clit down, her bare lips, engorged, shining with wetness, it was all there before me, and captured in the lens.  
  
"Yes," I almost whispered. "Sarah, I can see everything. And I've never seen anything sexier."  
  
Her eyes widened as she took a deep breath. Then her lips parted to push out a barely audible sigh: "Ohhh." Then she closed her eyes and lifted the skirt even higher, so that the hem was now at her navel. I just kept shooting. Now I was fighting the urge to reach out and grab her, to bury my tongue in her sweet, delicate folds.  
  
She almost seemed lost in the moment of the pose, the moment of total exposure. So nearly was I. But I had to get a grip. To keep going, push just a little further. I wanted more still. But I would not touch her.  
  
"Beautiful, Sarah. So sexy. Touch yourself Sarah. Run your hand up your leg and touch yourself."  
  
She looked up at me, saying nothing. Her eyes were like fire. She moved her hand straight to her mound and cupped it. Her thumb rested gently on her clit. She closed her eyes. Her thumb began to flick up and down in rapid, but tiny barely discernable movements.  
  
"Wow," I sighed. "Keep going. Don't stop. Touch yourself Sarah! I want you to slide your finger inside!"  
  
With that, she froze. She pulled her skirt down. It was all over.  
  
"I'm sorry. I'm sorry David – that's as far as I want to go."  
  
All of a sudden it came to a crashing halt, and I found myself having to contend with the feelings of being deflated and rejected at the same time. But it was her call. I had pushed too far.  
  
"Don't apologise – I'm sorry, Sarah. It's no problem, it's your decision to stop when you want. Anyway, we have some beautiful shots, far more beautiful than I could ever have dreamed of."  
  
"OK," she said, looking at the floor. "I didn't want to go that far, like we did, but I just got carried away.  
  
"Did I really look that sexy?" she asked, looking up at me.  
  
"Absolutely. You will see when I get the shots downloaded."  
  
"Well, I think I really should be going now, so maybe you can post them or I can pick them up later or something," she said, now packing up her things.  
  
All too soon she was making for the door, still in her 'outfit' that had been too risqué for outdoor exposure. She hadn't even bothered to put her panties back on.  
  
"Shall I ring you when the shots are ready," I said, feeling slightly embarrassed, disappointed and even a little bit hurt at how things had ended up.  
  
"Just send me an email and I'll drop by," she said. She was at the door now, one hand on the knob. I was standing right behind her as she turned to me to say goodnight. We were now face to face, barely a foot apart. She looked into my eyes with that angelic expression of hers and smiled.  
  
"David, I really did enjoy this, it seems like you feel bad but you shouldn't. You didn't do anything wrong."  
  
Just as I was opening my mouth to respond, she put her hand on my shoulder to stop me and said: "Don't, it's OK. Really."  
  
She was still standing there looking into my eyes. I felt her hand slide down my shoulder, along my arm until she slipped her palm around my hand. She lifted my hand to her chest and placed it on her right breast. She held it there for a few seconds as I struggled to recover from the shock as all my senses registered the delicious sensation now through my fingers of her soft, round flesh, the hard button of her nipple pressing against my palm...  
  
Then she took my hand away. But she didn't let go. Still holding my hand, she lowered it down. Until I felt my hand brush against her thigh, held gently against the bare skin of her leg by her own hand. She guided my hand across her body. She carefully placed my hand between her legs. She held it there, and her pelvis pushed against my hand in a gentle thrust, burying my fingers in the texture of her moist folds. I felt as though my heart would burst through my ribcage as my mind registered the exquisite sensation of her mound through my cupped hand, and the warm wetness, and her own hand holding mine against her. She was so wet, soaking my hand, coating it with her juices. Then just as unexpectedly she took my hand away. She smiled at me and said 'thank you' as she kissed me on the cheek. Next thing I knew she was descending the stairs, the click clack of her heels fading in my ears as she made her way down.  
  
I tore off my clothes, releasing my hard cock from its confinement. The engorged head was purple and shining, dripping with precum. To it I added her sweet juices on my hand as I grabbed the shaft firmly and started stoking up and down. My cock slid effortlessly through my slippery grasp as I yanked harder, faster. Soon I felt the familiar sensation rising, surging, until I went over the edge, my whole body recoiling as I felt my balls tightening with the first spasm. The hot liquid erupted like an explosion as my body shook, then spasm after spasm, the cum spurting out uncontrollably across my chest, my hands and splashing onto the white backdrop sheets.

**Amateur Photographer Ch. 03**

The door bell rang. It was Sarah coming round to pick up the disk with her photos from the shoot we did a week ago. I was slightly apprehensive about meeting her again after what had happened at end of the photoshoot session, although I certainly wasn't expecting any dramas. I opened the door.  
  
"Hello David," she said, giving me a peck on the cheek as she let herself into the flat. "How's it been going? Taken any nice pictures lately?" she added with a sly little grin.  
  
"Ahem," I said. "The odd one, not as nice as yours. Here, take a look at yourself."  
  
I couldn't help but admire her appearance as she scanned over some of the prints of the shots I had taken of her. She was wearing a light material green knee-length dress, buttoned at the front. The design was of a utilitarian style, sort of like a mock factory uniform. On her feet were a pair of knee-length shiny black boots, with big heels. Definitely not your average factory worker attire.  
  
"These look hot," she said. "I love it how you've done this one in black and white, it's kind of oldy worldy. Wow! I can't believe that's me!"  
  
"It is, and I can't believe how good you look in those boots you're wearing. Been shopping again?"  
  
"Yeah. I guess maybe a have a thing for heels now!"  
  
Then she paused, though continuing to flip through the pictures.  
  
"David?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Would you like to take some more pictures? Of me, I mean."  
  
"Well, er, I suppose so; why not?"  
  
"It just that I've been thinking about it all week, how much I enjoyed it, because I did, even though I didn't expect that. You're really good at what you do, your photographs are really good, and you have a way of making a person feel comfortable. I don't know, it's like you care about what you do, and that made me feel special. I would really like to do some more – you don't have to pay me even. Will you?"  
  
This I hadn't expected. Sure, she had placed my hand on her breast and wet pussy as she was leaving here a week ago and, lovely though it was, I put it down to simply a confused set of emotions – she had been partly turned on by the shoot, but she was both excited and horrified by how far she had exposed herself, partly embarrassed also and perhaps even feeling a bit guilty that she had ended it so abruptly.  
  
"Sarah, I'm happy to photograph you any time, but are you sure you're not acting out of pity or even guilt? Because I don't want to photograph you as a charity exercise, especially if I'm not paying you. I said before it was up to you to end the session at your choosing."  
  
"No, no, not at all. Maybe I did feel a bit bad, but it's not that. I didn't think I would enjoy it at all, but it did enjoy it very much, that surprised me, and I want to do it again. I really want to."  
  
"OK, when?"  
  
"What about right now? Are you free this evening?"  
  
"Not much happening here, and taking pictures of you pretty much beats re -runs of Seinfeld. Let's do it. Give me a minute to set the place up."  
  
The night had taken an unexpected turn for the better. I scurried around shifting the furniture and draping the white drop sheets across the couch. The spotlights were still in the living room – too large really to cart around. A few minutes and we were ready to go.  
  
"OK, same ground rules as before?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah, but let me throw in some pose ideas if I get any," she replied. No problem there, I thought to myself.  
  
Actually, I felt quite relaxed about the chance to shoot her again. The previous week's session was intense, but it had been a kind of ice breaker in a sense; I was glad there wasn't any weirdness between us, even though I still wasn't sure exactly where she was coming from. Was she feeling guilty, or was she just a terrible tease? Or had I unwittingly unleashed the exhibitionist in her? Or was it the attention, the simple fact of someone genuinely admiring her body – which she had more or less just told me. Maybe it was just the excellent quality of the images. Or maybe that was just my ego talking.  
  
Whatever, this gorgeous young thing was here again to be photographed, and that was all that mattered.  
  
"OK, let's get started," I said. "What will you be wearing?"  
  
"This," she said, as she started unbuttoning the front of her dress. When she got half way down the front, she slipped it off her shoulders, gave a little wiggle and let it slide down her slender body. In a flash it was it pooled around her boots on the floor. She stepped forward, letting it slip off her boots so she could free herself from the dress.  
  
"What do you think?" she asked, standing before me, hands on hips daintily swaying her shoulders too and fro to show off her now near-naked figure.  
  
"Wow! You look hot. What you were hiding under that dress!"  
  
She giggled by way of approval. And man, did she look hot. Her dress now gone, she had what looked like the same black lycra top as last time, but rather than the little red skirt, fitting snuggly around her cute little waist and arse were matching black skin-tight lycra shorts, set low around her hips, hugging every curve and leaving little to the imagination. And barely covering her arse cheeks. The black lycra shorts and bra top were either underwear or sports wear (or both), but either way, they were deliciously out of context with the black boots. The effect was stunning. Three rows of black against her flawless olive skin and perfect body, and those high heeled shining black boots – her appearance oozed sex, there was no other way of seeing it.  
  
"I'm glad you like the way this looks," she said, eyeing herself off. "It's pretty full on, I don't know where I'd wear a combination like this, but I thought the three things would look hot together, and I think they do."  
  
"Sarah, you are correct. Now, enough banter, let's begin. I have a different idea this time – your outfit has inspired me."  
  
"Great, what do you want me to do?"  
  
"The heels on those boots are pretty high. I want to emphasise the length and sexiness of your legs. So, stand up on that table there."  
  
"OK." I held her wrist to steady her as she stepped up from a chair. There'd be no white background for this shot; though the table was white, I'd be shooting her against the backdrop of the living room furniture. Not ideal, but not bad. In any case, dressed like this she'd still look good with a slaughterhouse for a background.  
  
"Stand there, legs apart, hands on hips. That's it."  
  
"I like this, it's like I'm on stage or something!"  
  
"Like a fashion model?"  
  
"Yeah!"  
  
She looked good, too. I was shooting her from behind, and the effect of the boots and tiny skin tight shorts against her athletic legs was breathtaking, especially shooting from what was basically below ground level. I went around to the other side and shot her from the front. Leaning across the table with the camera, I shot diagonally straight up at, basically straight up at her crotch, the distance being just far enough on the shortest lens I had to frame her whole body. Still with hands on hips, she looked down at me.  
  
"Getting a good view there?" she said, smiling.  
  
"Yes, ma'am."  
  
"Do I look hot like this?"  
  
"Totally."  
  
"What if I do this?"  
  
With that, she took her hands off her hips and slid them up her body until they reached her breasts. Whereas last time she cradled them almost tentatively, this time she held them firmly, deliberately, squeezing lightly, the fingers on her left hand even flicking playfully across her nipple as she looked down, admiring herself, and occasionally flashing a glance in my direction. I was surprised by her boldness; obviously she was serious when she said she enjoyed the earlier shoot. She now seemed totally into the idea of teasing me, and of me viewing her as nothing more than a sexy woman.  
  
She continued to fondle her breasts, pausing sometimes to run her fingers gently around their underside curves, as if to highlight their roundness and firmness. Her nipples had stiffened. Me, I just kept shooting.  
  
"David, do you like my tits?"  
  
What a question. My cock had already been steadily responding to the show, but with that it rose to attention. Do I like her tits?  
  
"Yes, Sarah, I love your tits."  
  
I almost couldn't believe her boldness. She was talking about her breasts, her tits, explicitly as the objects of sexual desire that they most definitely were, but it was just hard to reconcile this kind of sexy exchange with the timid girl from a week ago. What could have happened in a week to make this change? And now she was running her fingers along the underside of the lycra top. She slipped one hand inside, so that now she was massaging one breast unencumbered, skin to skin.  
  
"Is this good? Do you like it when I do this?"  
  
"Oh yes, you're making me hot fondling your tits like that."  
  
She gave a languid sigh and kept feeling herself under the lycra top. Then she stretched the material outwards and, lifting it slightly, exposed the underside of her right breast. She turned her head towards me.  
  
"Shall I?" she said, grinning madly.  
  
"Yes please," I said. "Take it off. Let me see them."  
  
I could hardly believe my composure in the midst of what was going on. But she was so relaxed, that the idea of her pulling off her top just like that in front of me somehow at that moment just seemed so easy and natural.  
  
"OK..."  
  
She wasn't slow about it, yanking the material and lifting it up over her head, jerking her upper body in the process which for a split second made her newly freed tits wobble delightfully. But her tits were perfect. Her nipples stuck out proudly at attention. Standing up there, big boots and tiny shorts, topless, she could have been part catwalk goddess, part Amazonian. A totally different visual presence even from last week's short skirt and top, and a totally different attitude to go with it.  
  
She went back to fondling her tits. Now I could clearly see her tweaking her nipples. With her head tilted back, eyes closed, her breathing getting heavy now, she was enjoying her body almost as if I wasn't there. It occurred to me then that I was losing control of the shoot, but then I pondered on the stupidity of such a notion. The girl was fondling her naked breasts in front of me and I'm concerned about who's directing the camera programme?  
  
Actually, I did want to move things forward. If she was happy being this provocative, I wanted her off the table so as to achieve a better visual access – a closer look, basically. The table perspective was fine for leg and figure shots, not so much for a sweet young girl playing with her titties as she was.  
  
"OK Sarah, that is very, very sexy. Now I want you to get down off the table."  
  
"Help me down?" she said, in a kind of mock plea to chivalry.  
  
I offered her my hand and she moved to step off the table, almost as if I was a man servant in Victorian times helping the lady alight from the coach, except that as I aided her my hands slid up her waist and came to rest just below her arms as I helped her steady herself. As a result, she landed virtually in my arms, with my hands almost on her breasts. Her stunning, firm young tits were right there almost in front of my nose. My eyes were fixated on them, and she paused there for a moment, almost as if now realising the mesmerizing power she seemed to have over me – and reveling in it. My hands were still on upper torso. We were looking straight at one another, though it was almost like I had one eye on her face, out of good manners, and the other strained on her gorgeous tits.  
  
"Sarah, you have incredible tits," I croaked. I could hardly stop myself. With that my hands strayed up as if of their own volition to cup the underside of each one. I held them gently, running my hands across them, reaching her nipples, feeling their firmness between my fingers. I looked up at her and she was smiling proudly. "So, so beautiful," I warbled on.  
  
"I'm glad you think I'm sexy," she giggled before breaking away from me. "OK, what's next? Can I have a glass of wine?"  
  
I scurried into the kitchen to fetch the bottle. When I returned she was sitting on the couch looking at the prints again. She had them nestled against her ribs, right below her naked tits. Funny the things you notice – under the light, you could see the shadow of her breasts and nipples cast across the prints she was looking at. It would have made a great picture in itself.  
  
"OK, let's do some more," I said. "Stand up, legs a bit apart. Now bend forward and move your hands around to cup your arse."  
  
I moved around behind her and started shooting. She was gripping her arse cheeks tightly. Under the tight lycra shorts her the outline of her lips was clear to see. Her breasts hung freely, but held their shape.  
  
"Do you like these shorts?" she said. "I think they're pretty hot. I went running in them the other day and I got a few looks!"  
  
"I'm sure you did!" I said. "OK, I've got some great shots like that. Now turn around. Hands on hips."  
  
She slipped her thumbs inside the elastic at the top of the shorts. Her fingers were playfully rubbing the tops of her inner thighs.  
  
"Do I look sexy David? Please tell me if you think I do."  
  
Now she was ever so slightly rocking her hips from side to side. As she did so, her left thumb pulled the material down over her hip bone. I was almost lost for words.  
  
"Are you turned on David? I need to know. I need to..." The pitch of her voice was higher now - she was almost pleading me.  
  
"Yes," I croaked, my throat suddenly dry. "You are such a turn on. Sarah you are so hot in that outfit I can hardly control myself."  
  
"Oohh!" she sighed. "Am I really making you hot? Ooohhh... Am I?"  
  
Now she had moved her left hand to her mound, her fingers pushing, kneeding against her lycra covered lips. She looked up at me, that glazed look in her eye that I had seen before as her hand continued to work on her pussy. Then her eyes drifted down my body to fix on the unmistakable bulge in my shorts. She was staring at my cock as she rubbed herself harder.  
  
"Take them off," I said. My words stopped her. She lifted her gaze from my cock.  
  
"You want me to?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I will, but David I want you to show me too," she said as her eyes dropped towards my crotch again. "If you want me to, I want to see you too. Show me."  
  
By now she had the shorts peeled half way down her hips. Her hips were swaying as her hand continued to rub up and down, her fingers rubbing the lycra that covered her clit in a circular motion. I was transfixed by this sexy show, almost forgetting what she had just asked me.  
  
"Ooh, come on David," she said, "it's only fair."  
  
I quickly lost my shirt. I tore my shorts off. Under her piercing gazed I lifted the top of my boxers up and over my straining hard on, and slowly lowered them to the floor. My cock was now free, standing proudly erect, just about as hard as it had ever been, the head beginning to ooze moisture.  
  
"Ohh, that's hot." She was almost whimpering.  
  
I nodded by way of meek recognition of her compliment. I didn't know what to do. Here we were, me now naked, she nearly, and looking as though she was soon going to make her self cum. In any other situation I'd have made my advances long by now. What was holding me back? Clueless, I resorted to the camera.  
  
"Take them off, Sarah."  
  
"Yes," she breathed, and peeled them off her hips, down her legs. Over her boots and onto the floor. Standing there, her incredible breasts, flawless athletic body completely naked but for those sexy black boots, the visual power and sexuality she was exuding was almost enough to make me cum with only the slightest touch.  
  
As I reached around for the camera, my hard cock bumped painfully against the tripod.  
  
"Careful!" she said, laughing.  
  
"Maybe you can kiss it better," I said.  
  
"Nice try," she responded. "But if you're not too injured, you can still take some photos of me if you want to."  
  
My clumsy antics had taken some of the sexual charge out of the room. But only by a notch or two. The way she looked, I could hardly stop staring, and she kept glancing at my cock, as if to make sure it was still hard.  
  
"OK, I want you to sit on the chair, up straight, feet on the ground."  
  
She did so. Her knees were held together, hand resting quietly on her upper things, crossed over one another – a classic and very lady-like pose, except for the fact she was naked apart from those come-fuck-me boots.  
  
"Sarah, open your legs for me."  
  
She didn't answer. She looked up at me. I could see, almost feel her chest and tits heaving under her quickening breath. Her face was flushed, her eyes wide, almost sparkling, as she parted her lips and sighed. She spread her legs wide for me. Her pussy was puffed, swollen, her lips open and wet. I felt my cock throb, I watched her as she looked straight at my cock as yet more of the sticky transparent fluid pulsed its way out of the tip. I was just about dripping precum on the floor. My balls were almost aching now.  
  
"Touch yourself, Sarah, feel yourself."  
  
It was almost the same words I had used a week ago that had caused her so much anxiety. Now she was smiling, moving her hand slowly but directly between her legs.  
  
She held her hand gently covering her mound, then moved it back, allowing one finger to gently rub up and down her lips. We were both wet. Her cunt was shining against the spotlight as one finger glided up and down, as I struggled to gain enough control to start shooting. It was lucky I was using the tripod; I couldn't have held the camera still at that moment to save my life.  
  
She looked up me as she dipped her finger ever so slightly inside. Under her own touch, she let out a small moan. Her finger was bent now, rubbing up and down her slit in a circular motion, much in the way you might use your index finger as a gesture to come towards you.  
  
"Wow, Sarah, you have no idea how sexy that is," I spluttered.  
  
She looked up at me, up at my cock, and smiled.  
  
"Oh, I think I'm getting some idea that it looks hot," she grinned. Then she took her hand away. Suddenly she was up off the chair, standing in front of me.  
  
"I've got an idea for a pose!" she said. She had literally spring out of the chair. She was so animated, seemed so excited – not sexually, though clearly all this was turning her on, but as though it was her birthday or something. She was standing so close to me that I could so easily have reached and grabbed her. I felt myself almost involuntarily shift my stance so I was even closer to her. Suddenly I felt the tip of my cock graze against her stomach just briefly. The pre-cum slicked across her skin. She grinned in a kind of mock shock as we both looked down her body. Then she stepped away and got down on the floor, on all fours.  
  
"What about like this?" she said, looking up at me, inquiringly. "Do you think this would be a good pose?"  
  
What could I say? She looked even hotter like this than when she had her legs apart on the chair. I grabbed the camera. I shot her from the front as she looked up at me. In the background the narrow, curved line of her waist flaring out to her hips and arse dominated the shot, topped off by her firm young tits in front of frame. Then I shot her the same way from behind.  
  
In this position her arse and pussy were completely exposed, and she had no qualms about showing off her treasures. With heels of her boots pointing horizontally on the floor at least a foot apart from one another, in this position she was utterly on display, and I snapped off shot after shot of her tight little arsehole and pussy, lips shining with wetness, nestled between her legs.  
  
"Does my arse look hot in this position?  
  
"Oh yes, Sarah, it's looks hot." 'Does my cock look hard?' I might have said instead and still made the same point. I moved around to the side. I stood near her head, straining for an overhead shot of her entire body. She looked up at me as I framed the image. From this position she was looking straight up at my cock – there was really nowhere else for her to look. I took the shot.

Shifting position slightly, I noticed that the tip of my cock was now also in the frame.  
  
Struggling to hold the camera steady, I moved in closer. The image in the camera window looked exactly like a young girl about to take a hard cock into her mouth.  
  
Suddenly she jumped up.  
  
"Let's have a look at the shots!" she said. If I was worried how she might react to the shots I had just taken, I certainly didn't have time to delete the files, but I was so lost in the sexual fog of the moment that there wasn't a lot I could have done anyway. I slipped the camera into the tripod mount to make it easier to scroll through the shots. As I did so, she came around behind me to get a look for herself. Playfully she grabbed me around the shoulders and peered over my shoulder. I could feel her breath on my neck, her tits pressed against my back and shoulder, her wetness on my outer thigh.  
  
There was nothing I could do to stop her seeing 'the' shot.  
  
"Oooh, David, it looks like I'm... Ooh, gee..."  
  
"Sorry Sarah, it just happened..."  
  
"No, don't worry!" she said. "It's a great picture, that's so hot! I wouldn't have... come on, let's do some more like that!"  
  
She got back down on all fours.  
  
"OK, ready!"  
  
My heart was pumping madly. My head was throbbing as the blood surged through my body. I moved in closer. She looked up at me, straight at my cock as it gently throbbed and pumped out yet more of its sticky transparent liquid which slowly oozed out and down the underside of my shaft.  
  
"Sarah, you're the hottest thing I've ever seen," I said. What part of my rational brain that was still in operation noted the banality of what I just said, but in actual fact it was the simple, plain truth. She looked so indescribably sexy, prone on all fours, looking up at me, my cock barely a few inches from her face and about ready to erupt at any moment. I held the camera still and started shooting.  
  
I bent my knees so I could get closer to her face. Momentarily she would look up at me with those angelic eyes, but mostly her gaze was fixed on my cock, now slick with my own wetness. She seemed fascinated by it. I bent my knees a little further so that now the tip was in line with her forehead. She strained her head forward, arching her neck upwards. My cock hovered above her face, barely an inch or two from her now. I took some more shots, struggling desperately to keep from shaking.  
  
"Ummmm," she said with a little giggle. Then she darted her tongue out, as if to lick the under side, as if she was licking an icecream. She gave a little squeal as she did it.  
  
"Did you get that one?" she said with a little laugh.  
  
"Um, yeah, but I need more," I said. Do it again please Sarah!"  
  
No answer, she just giggled, and looked up at me with expectant eyes, her mouth open now.  
  
"Come on," she said.  
  
She watched my cock as I bent down lower. Watched it inch closer to her open mouth. She glanced up at me briefly, smiling. I shifted towards her slightly. She snaked out her tongue. I watched as she curled the tip of her tongue upwards, towards me. Her neck strained forward. I could feel her warm breath on the tip of my cock. I felt the tip of her tongue slid up the underside of the head like an electric shock. She lifted her head slightly and her tongue slid across the gushing eye of my cock, the sticky wetness stretching like honey as she moved her head back fractionally, her tongue still joined to my cock by the precum. I felt my balls shifting, tightening as she licked the underside again. She ran her tongue around the head, licking up the juices. Somehow I still managed to get a shot of this.  
  
She opened her mouth wide. She paused, staring at the head, heaving, then slowly edged closer, so that her lips slid over it. Her tongue gently caressed the underside as she gently caressed the head of my cock with her lips and mouth.  
  
"Ooooohh, Sarah, that's so gooood!" I sighed. Then urgently I felt the sensation building in my loins.  
  
"Oh, Sarah, Sarah, I'm going to come!" I grunted. She looked up at me with wide, astonished eyes. The vision of her cute little lips wrapped around the head of my cock took me over the edge.  
  
"Ahhh, oohh, uh!" I saw the first blast of white liquid spray across her lips and chin – I'd have filled her mouth had she hung on to even a split second longer. The second shot cleared her shoulder completely as I lost control and almost lost my balance. I almost lost my senses, but I could hear her little moans – oh, oh, oooh – as my balls kept pumping, emptying all over the floor, down her neck, her chest.  
  
Spent, exhausted, I slumped to the ground. She sprang up and embraced me.  
  
"Ooh, that was so sexy!" she cried. I was sitting on the floor, barely sensible. She hugged me tightly, then brought her lips to mine and kissed me, passionately. Her tongue swept into my mouth as our lips mashed, and everywhere I could taste my own cum. She laid me down on my side on the floor and wrapped her body around mine, my cock nestling against her abdomen.  
  
I must have fallen asleep. Next thing I knew, I was lying on the floor covered in one of the white sheets I normally use for the shoot background. She had gone. I staggered to my feet. On the table was a note, which read:  
  
"Thank you David, sweet dreams, love Sarah."

**Amateur Photographer Ch. 04**

After the sessions photographing Sarah I was very keen to do more. The only problem was finding more models, because enquiries were now starting to dry up. Maybe it's time to do some proper advertising, I wondered. The only one that looked in the ballpark was a girl by the name of Kate. And even then, she wanted a preliminary meeting before she would be prepared to sign up, as it were. She wanted to make sure she was comfortable with who I was and, in her words, 'the set up I was operating'. It didn't sound promising.  
  
She arrived bang on time. I invited her in and offered her a seat.  
  
"Glass of wine, Kate?" I offered.  
  
"No thank you," she replied firmly, with a slight look of scorn in her eyes. That said, she was very attractive. Moderate height, slender figure, small but nicely shaped breasts. She was a bit different from your average student in the style of her clothing: a classic light grey skirt/jacket business suit that gave her a particular air of elegance. She was wearing a pair of expensive-looking black shoes, with thick square heels, not too high. Her short bob hair style was of a golden blonde hue. Her complexion was very fair; she obviously of northern European decent somewhere along the line.  
  
Very stylish, very business-like, all up a rather sophisticated looking woman. She was also older than Sarah, I couldn't help but notice. Kate had to be in her late very 20s.  
  
"Have you been doing this long?" she asked.  
  
"No, not long at all," I said. Then I gave her a truncated explanation of my motives and intentions.  
  
"Fair enough," she said. "Actually, look, I'm not interested in doing a photo shoot under the terms you're talking about. I'm not here for that. What I would like is for you to take some standard portraits - clothed. Resume kind of stuff. I realize this is not in your, well, how shall we say it, line of work, and in fact as far as that's concerned I suppose you could say I'm here under false pretenses, so if you're prepared to do it as I want, I don't expect to be paid."  
  
"So why me?" I asked. "Why don't you just go to a professional photographer to get done what you want. None of the other students..."  
  
"Oh come on!" she snapped, cutting me off. "Look at me. Do I look like a student? I'm 35 years old. I saw your ad at the university because that's where I work. I'm an English professor."  
  
"Well, I wouldn't have... – you look a lot younger than 35," I said, starting to wonder what I was getting myself into here.  
  
"Gee, thanks for the flowers," she said curtly. Very up front, this one. "Look, let's cut the bullshit. I have seen the quality of your work - one of my students showed me a couple of prints you took of her, and it's obvious you're a very good photographer."  
  
"Sarah?" I gulped, wondering if it was her, and wondering just which shots she had seen.  
  
"Yes, she's in one of my classes. Actually, she spoke to me about you before she came to you. I told her I didn't like the sound of it. I advised her against it, but it was her decision. But I did make sure she gave me your address and details before she came here, just in case.  
  
"You know, David, you're quite well known around campus. You've even been the topic of discussion at one of the student feminist movement meetings."  
  
"Really?" I said, starting to feel just a little bit uncomfortable. I had a kind of sinking feeling, as if I was under investigation. "How do you know that?"  
  
"I sit in on some of their sessions, offer them a bit of guidance, keep an eye on them, see what kind of ideas they come up with."  
  
"So, er, what did you think of Sarah's photos?" I said.  
  
"As I said, from what I saw, they're very good. That's another reason I decided to come; like I said, you obviously have a passion for what you do, twisted as it may be, and for what I need I figured you'd be at least as good as any professional, and also I thought that given my position you'd be prepared to do it for the right price, ie: nothing – and I also get to check you out on behalf of the your 'prospective clients', make sure you're not going to be a danger to them or exploit them too much. Kill two birds with one stone. To be honest, I had come here expecting to meet some sad old disgusting pervert. You probably are a pervert; well, of course you are, getting your rocks off like this, it is a little bit sad I have to say, but at least you're not a disgusting old man as well."  
  
This was getting more than a bit tedious. I had no dealings with the local campus feminazis, and I didn't want any. But nor did I want any mad professor bad mouthing me around campus. And I was annoyed with her tone. I didn't particularly want to photograph her at all, clothed or otherwise – even if she did look hot. With her attitude it looked like it was going to be more trouble than it was worth if I wanted to continue shooting girls from the Uni. But then the way she was going on, she just looked like trouble all round.  
  
"Look, relax," she said. "One, I'm here to get some photographs taken. Two, I'm here to see that you're not a threat to the girls. I think I've established that you're basically harmless. And three, what skin off your nose is it to spend half an hour photographing an attractive woman, if it means that that woman might then not discourage any of your potential models should they come to me for a second opinion - like young Sarah did? Don't know about you, but it sounds like a no-brainer to me. You don't have to take the pictures if you don't..."  
  
"OK, OK," I interrupted. "This is just a bit unusual, that's all. And anyway, I've done nothing wrong, I'm doing nothing wrong, and for as long as I'm doing this I won't be doing anything wrong. So, I'm happy to do it. When do you to do it?"  
  
"Now."  
  
"OK, what are we looking at?"  
  
"Like I said, I want professional resume type stuff. I want some good quality headshots, and some portraits while I'm here. This suit looks good, and I might as well get some nice properly-done shots while I'm at it.  
  
"One other thing – you're shooting digital?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"What brand of camera?"  
  
I told her. "Why do you ask?" I said.  
  
"Oh, nothing, just wondering. Now, let's do it. Where should I stand?"  
  
"We'll do the headshots first. No need to be standing for that. Sit on that chair over there."  
  
I had her framed against the off-white wall, a clean background surface that would do the job fine with the right lighting. I positioned the spotlights to shine directly on her and checked the light meter against her skin. Her eyes followed me around the room as I underwent these preliminaries, like a shopkeeper eyeing off a potential thief.  
  
I set the tripod up and zoomed in on her face. Kate certainly wasn't my type of person, but she was certainly attractive. She had that classic Euro chic look; fine, light-colored hair, green eyes, and a very cute smile – a stark visual contrast with her blunt manners. And the images were coming up a treat, the light from the spotlight flattening out any blemishes, not that there were many. She was indeed a very hot looking 35-year-old.  
  
"Smile!" I said, somewhat meekly, and she did. I rattled off some more shots.  
  
"OK, done," I said.  
  
"Hang on, I want some with my jacket off," she said. She stood up and removed the jacket, revealing a simple but elegant cotton blouse. She sat back down. Then she did something I didn't expect: she began to unbutton it. First the top button then the second and third, till it was undone below the line of her bra, which, now partially exposed, I could see was a lacy little number, low cut, sexy. She wasn't exactly displaying herself – you would on a hot day see classy business-type women, say, in the city unbuttoned this far – but it was still fairly provocative, and frankly the last thing I would have expected from so seemingly bossy and uptight a woman as this, one who seemed to feel nothing but contempt for me.  
  
"OK, now go again," she said. It was more like an order.  
  
"That's a sexy look," I said. "What's with the buttons – I thought this was supposed to be a job resume type thing. Bit risqué for that, don't you think?"  
  
As the words tumbled out, I wondered whether I should really have said them. I didn't want really want to provoke her, or give her an excuse to be even more antagonistic. I really just wanted to get this over and done with. But she'd unbuttoned half her blouse – what the hell was she playing at! But she did look damned hot. She was certainly pushing my buttons.  
  
"Did I say it was for a job application? Anyway, what's it to you?" She paused. "Look, if you must know, one thing I want shots for is for an internet dating service. Everyone seems to be doing it, and it's hard to find a real man these days amongst all the perverts and freaks. So I'm going to see if it pays to advertise. Hence the cleavage. Let's just get on with it, shall we?"  
  
"Well, you do look sexy like that, if you want a male opinion, even if I am a pervert."  
  
"Thank you, Mr Pervert," she replied with a faint smile. "I'll take that as a compliment. Now, I want to get some standing-up shots like this."  
  
"Right oh," I said.  
  
She stood up. I took the shots. She did look sexy like this: the white business blouse was conservative attire, but the buttons were undone and her bra was showing. Looking at her from the side, under the billowing blouse you could clearly see her entire right breast inside its white, lacy little cage.  
  
If I was surprised she'd exposed so much in front a 'pervert', I was shocked by what she did next. As I finished shooting, she reached down and undid the rest of the buttons. She pulled the sides of the blouse across to her hips, revealing a flat stomach and pierced navel, the upper sides of the blouse still falling across her bra-clad breasts. Hands on hips, she looked up at me, smiling. I was aroused and alarmed at the same time. I felt nervous. What was going on with her?  
  
"How's that?" she said. "You like that, Pervert?"  
  
I merely nodded. I wasn't sure what kind of game she was playing here. There was a hostility in her tone of voice, and yet she's taking her God damned clothes off: was she baiting me? I felt like maybe I ought to stop the shoot altogether, because I was finding her a little bit unsettling, a little bit weird, but I also didn't want to piss her off unnecessarily. And she looked hot – if she was baiting me (but why?) I couldn't deny that it was actually working. Best to just play along for the moment, I thought, and don't say too much.  
  
"David."  
  
"Yes?" I replied. Her expression had changed a little. There was still the undercurrent of aggression, but she looked a bit sheepish. She was avoiding eye contact, just glancing up very now and then.  
  
"While I'm here I want to do some other shots," she continued.  
  
"OK," I said, still wondering where she was going with this.  
  
"But I don't want to leave them with you to ogle, or whatever it is you do with the pictures. Here," she said, reaching into her bag and handing me a memory card, "stick this in your camera, and I'll take it with me when I leave."  
  
"Alright," I said. I realized why she'd asked what brand of camera I was using.  
  
With that, she slid the blouse off her shoulders and neatly folded it over the chair. Jesus, I thought, she is serious. And she did look sexy – very tasty indeed in that skirt and heels, with nothing on up top except the lacy little white bra. I realized now that she was also wearing stockings, skin colored. Just as I prepared to take some more shots I noticed she was fiddling with the zip on her skirt.  
  
"Wait," I said. "No need to rush. Obviously you want to get some more revealing shots, but for now you look great just like that. Wouldn't it be nicer to take it slowly rather than..."  
  
She cut me off.  
  
"Nicer for you," she bristled. "Look, let's get this straight. I'm not here for your gratification. Understand? My body still looks good, but it won't forever, and you obviously like looking at half naked women, so just shut up and let's get on with it!"  
  
With that she unzipped and the skirt fell to the floor. Now all she had on was sexy white knickers and bra, her heels and light colored stockings. If it wasn't for her personality, I'd have really been enjoying this – she was beautifully proportioned, with such pale colored skin. What a babe!  
  
But all this was messing with my brain. I was happy to take the pictures, whatever pictures, but why the hostility? This woman seemed to have no manners. But at the same time she looked so damned hot, and here she was taking her clothes off - and I absolutely wanted to see much more of her. In a way I felt trapped.  
  
"Should I stand up or sit down?" she asked, as I stared back at her impressive curves.  
  
"You want me to direct the shoot?"  
  
"Well, yes. You're the one with the camera, aren't you."  
  
"OK, Kate, you want to look sexy? Sit on the chair, on the edge, and push your legs out straight. Hold on to the seat of the chair to balance yourself."  
  
"How's that?" she said. She had done as asked. She had great legs, and in this position her upper thighs were prominent, her clenched ass cheeks thrusting forward, as though she was offering herself to me. It's amazing that as much of a drama this woman was to deal with, she was still as hot as hell to look at; I wanted nothing more than to wrap my mouth around that lovely curved V-shape between her legs. She was giving me a hard time; she was giving me a hard time all round. She was making me hard.  
  
"That's good, Kate. You look good. Now, move your legs apart."  
  
"You'd like me to spread my legs? Sooo predictable."  
  
"Yes, but if you don't want..."  
  
"Alright," she chimed back, in a disinterested, bored kind of way.  
  
She looked at me slyly. Shifting her torso forward to maintain balance, she bent her legs so that they came back towards the chair, and then opened them. Wide apart. She gazed across at me, wisps of blonde hair across her face, which was framed between her opened knees and thighs.  
  
"How's that, Mr Pervert? Does that make you as hot as your young bitches do?"  
  
I felt like saying to her that that wasn't such a nice way to talk about her students. I thought better of it.  
  
"If you're asking do I think you look hot," I said, "the answer is yes."  
  
"Getting you off, is it?" she said, softly rubbing her hands up and down the silky fair skin of her inner thighs. Was this making me hard? The question was totally rhetorical: she'd have to be half blind not to notice she was making me hard.  
  
"Right, I want you to stand up now," I said. "Face me, like that. Good. Now take off your bra."  
  
"She glared at me scornfully.  
  
"Why don't you take off your shirt first, you fucking weirdo. Give me something to look at! Go on, show me what you've got and I might show you my tits."  
  
She was really pissing me off now.  
  
"Kate, I don't need this. You've got some shots, let's call it a day."  
  
"Oh come on, don't you want to see my tits?" she said, her tone softer now as she brought her hands up to gently fondle them. She was taunting me. Did I really even want to see them if she was going to be like this about it? The truth was I did want to see them. Badly. Especially with her rubbing her hands all over them, gently tweaking her nipples. She knew how to put on a show. She was running the show. I put the camera down and pulled off my shirt.  
  
"Umm, nice," she said, looking me up and down. "Good boy. Good body!"  
  
"Thank you. Now take the bra off." It was like we had completed some kind of transaction.  
  
Her hands went around her back and fiddled with the clasp. The garment sprang forward, and as she peeled it off and tossed it to the ground and her round, firm little breasts sprang free. Lovely little handfuls with hard, pointy nipples.  
  
"I want you to take some shadowy figure shots, like you did with Sarah," she said.  
  
I knew the ones she was talking about, with the spotlight from behind her, the light facing into the camera. I opted for some silhouette shots, one leg pulled up slightly, toe pointed down. She complied with that request. At this angle her protruding nipples were the focal point, as it were. These were stunning shots, the outline of her nipples prominent, utterly unmistakable.  
  
"OK, enough of that," she said. "What should we do next?"  
  
I was relieved that her attitude had softened a little. Not much, but I could tell she was getting off on this in some form – she was enjoying herself, whether it was displaying herself or humiliating me or both, a lot of the former hostility seemed to have drifted away. What should we do next, I wondered to myself? She's asking, and if we've gone this far I wouldn't mind seeing her out of those white panties before this was over, I thought. Why not just bring it to a head.  
  
"Kate, take off your panties."  
  
"Oh God," she said with obvious sarcasm. "How surprising... I never would have expected that."  
  
Jesus, I thought, I've had enough of this. I put the camera down and walked off to the kitchen. I needed a drink.  
  
"Oh come on," she said, slumping onto the chair. "Don't be so sensitive. Don't you want to see more?"  
  
As if to emphasise the point, she opened her legs and began rubbing her clit through her panties, gently, up and down, up and down. My cock, which had begun to soften, was now pulsing with blood once more. God yes, I wanted to see more. She began to rub herself harder, faster; no lack of self confidence with this one, I thought to myself as I watched, transfixed by the way her body arched against the back of the chair, her leg muscles tensed to the sexy rhythm of her fingers. God, she was sexy, so brazen. Totally shameless, she'd have to be the kind of girl that would do just about anything in the bedroom.  
  
"Well?" she said, suddenly stopping.  
  
"Well what?" I said.  
  
"Do you want to see me? Don't you want to see my pussy?"  
  
I paused.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I thought so. Well, you better give me some incentive. Get yours off."  
  
I just stood there, half frozen, not really knowing what to say or do. I didn't want to be naked in front of her. I didn't like her. She was scary. This had become humiliating. She was humiliating me. She knew it, and she seemed to be enjoying it.  
  
"Well?" she said.  
  
I reached down and unbuttoned my jeans, pulling them off. I watched her smile in approval as I reached for waistband of my shorts and pulled them over my protruding hard on. My cock sprang free as I stepped out of my final item of clothing. I stood before her, exposed, hard as a rock.  
  
"Mmm, nice cock," she said, eyeing me up and down, one hand resting on her mound. "Good body too. You know, David, you're a good looking guy with a reasonable brain – you must be some kind of pervert to be resorting to this photo caper to get your rocks off with women."  
  
"Well, look who's talking, Ms Internet Dating Service," I said, inwardly pleased with myself at having come up with such a stunning comeback so quickly, even though I felt particularly foolish standing there naked in front of a person I didn't like – but someone who had caused me to have a hard on.  
  
"Well, hardy har har, very funny. Now, where were we?"  
  
"You're about to take off your panties."  
  
"Oh yes, how could I have forgotten?"  
  
Very funny, I thought, as she got to her feet. She stood in front of me, staring at my hard cock as she slipped her fingers into the waistband of her panties and bent forward, sliding them quickly down over her hips. She stood naked before me, legs spread slightly, hands on hips. Her lips were bare, with a small tuft of wispy blonde hair above her clit.  
  
For a moment we stood facing one another, a few feet apart, eyeing each other off, both of us naked, apart from the heels and the thigh-high stockings she was still wearing. She looked hot. She really was such a cute girl, beautiful eyes, sexy body, naked right here in front of me.

"Well, what are you doing? she said. "Aren't you going to take some more shots? Or are you just gonna stand there?"  
  
I went back to the camera. If only she didn't open her mouth, I thought to myself. In the back of my mind I pondered that the only way to shut this babe up was to put a cock in her mouth. But you'd be worried she'd bite it off.  
  
"Come on, tell me what I should do."  
  
Fuck this, I thought. What should she do? How about get down on your knees and wrap those lips around my cock? How about that? At least that would shut you up and then I wouldn't have to listen to your insults. That's what I was thinking, but was too scared to say it.  
  
"Alright, lay back on the sofa. One leg bent up on the seat."  
  
She complied. Mercifully without another snide comment. She looked up at me as I took the shot. She looked so sweet; the images I was capturing seemed to be of a sweet young (well, relatively) girl lying languidly on a sofa, when really she was kind of the devil in disguise.  
  
She certainly wasn't shy about showing off her body – her pussy was totally exposed and I was zeroing in on it with the camera, it was quite obvious that I was doing so, and she didn't mind at all.  
  
"Is this making you hot?" she said as she let her hand slide down between her legs. "What if I rub my cunt like this – does that do it for you?"  
  
"What do you think, Kate?" I said, very annoyed now. My cock was painfully hard, as she could see. And it was my cock that she was looking at the whole time she spoke.  
  
"I guess it's unfortunate that you won't be able to keep any of these pictures to jerk off to later," she said. "Maybe you should just do it while I'm here in the flesh."  
  
I felt like I didn't want to give her the pleasure of seeing me jerk off in front of her. But she was getting me more and more aroused like this. My balls were starting to ache. She ran a finger up and down her slit, smiling wickedly at me as she did.  
  
"Go on, why don't you?" she said.  
  
Why don't I just grab her, throw her on the floor and fuck her hard, I thought.  
  
"Come on, come closer. Touch your cock. You know you want to."  
  
She had me there. I did want to. And as for jumping her, I had to admit that she scared me too much. No telling what she might do. I moved in closer, standing directly above her. She looked up at me as I took my cock into my hand.  
  
"Yes, that's right. Squeeze it. Yes, jerk it!"  
  
She started rubbing herself faster, her other hand moving to her breasts to pinch her nipples. She was licking her lips as she looked up at me – at my cock - as I worked my hand up and down the shaft. Ooh, she looked so hot like that!  
  
"Oh yeah, that's it!" she giggled as she watched me masturbating, her voice pitching into a kind of squeal.  
  
I felt the sensation building in my balls. I pumped harder as I watched her finger herself, the wanton expression on her face.  
  
"Come on, come on, cum for me you fucking pervert! Do it!"  
  
Her words tipped me over the edge. She watched me, seemingly spellbound as my body tensed and I felt the exquisite release as my cock erupted, my cum flying out in long streams and landing on her body. She squealed in delight as she watched me; she moaned as my seed landed on her stomach and tits, she was moaning as she looked down her body at my cum and feverishly rubbed it all over her tits.  
  
I slumped back into a chair, spent, as she continued to run her pussy with her other hand. I watched as she noticed a blob of cum on her shoulder. She scooped it up with her finger and slid it into her mouth.  
  
"Mmm, not bad," she said, as if sampling some cooking she'd just whipped up in the kitchen. "Aren't you going to take a picture of me like this?" she asked as she licked her finger once more. I picked the camera up off the floor and started shooting as she continued to rub the cum into her skin, smiling up at me sweetly the whole time.  
  
Then she got up, put her shoes on and reached into her bag. She pulled out a big overcoat and slipped it on. She stuffed her clothes into the bag. She snatched the camera out of my hand and removed her memory card. Then she kissed me on the lips. It occurred to me it was the first time we had touched each other.  
  
"Thank you David, I needed that. You know, you're not so bad – for a pervert."  
  
And then she was gone.  
  
Christ, what was that all about? I was utterly spent, I hadn't cum that hard in ages. But it had also been a humiliating experience. Actually, she had made me angry. What a fucking bitch! I went into the kitchen and grabbed a six pack, settling back into the couch. I was too pissed to sleep. After a few beers I started to mellow. Look man, I said to myself, you just shot your load all over a great looking chick, and she seemed to love it, so what's the problem here? Would have been nice to get some photos of it, but I wouldn't be getting to see any of them – she's got the memory card. And how was that – she wanted a picture of her with my cum on her body! She seemed to have planned the whole thing; she had the memory card for the camera she brought with her, and she seemed to delight in ridiculing me. And she ended up naked with me jerking off all over her – and then she's still called me a pervert! Strange woman.  
  
It had been an experience, I mused to myself the next day, but I wasn't unhappy to be rid of that crazy chick. She was scary. Hopefully my next subject wouldn't be anything like her.  
  
But I wasn't rid of Kate, as it turned out. She rang me later that night. Oh Jesus, not again...  
  
"Hi David, how are you?" she said.  
  
"Not bad."  
  
"Look, I'm ringing to apologize for the way I behaved the other day. I'm sorry if I came across as a bit of a bitch, and I'd like to make it up to you by inviting you out for dinner."  
  
She wants to invite me to dinner? I didn't want to have anything more to do with her.  
  
"Um, why?"  
  
"Like I said, I do feel bad about the way I behaved and I'd like to make it up to you. Come on, a free meal, a drink or two, that's all. What do you say?"  
  
I paused. Well, a free meal...  
  
"I guess I can't refuse an offer like that. OK. What about tomorrow night."  
  
"OK, that sounds good. How about the Kentucky Tavern? They've got a nice outdoor area and they do excellent steaks."  
  
"Alright, see you there, say, about seven?"  
  
"Great, I'll be there."  
  
I arrived on time. I couldn't see her anywhere, so I got a beer and found a table. Twenty minutes later and she still hadn't shown, I was starting to think this might be some kind of prank. Why did I agree to meet this fruitcake; why do I always let my dick do the thinking? But then I saw her coming down the stairs, wine glass in hand. She was wearing a simple, short black dress and black pumps. God, she really was a stunning looking woman, even when she's not naked and covered in my cum, I joked to myself. But what a God damned bitch she is as well!  
  
"Hi David, thanks for coming," she said. "What will you be having?"  
  
I looked at the menu. With her paying, I chose for the most expensive dish they had.  
  
"Mmm," I see you've got good taste – but then I already know you're a kind of connoisseur for prime flesh."  
  
Christ, here we go, she's started already. I saw her notice the look of disdain on my face.  
  
"Hey, it was only a joke," she said. "Look, I am sorry that I came across as a bit of a bitch the other day, but I want you to know that I enjoyed out little session. I really enjoyed it. Actually, I enjoyed it so much that I want to put forward a kind of proposition to you."  
  
"Go on," I said, suddenly thinking that my first instincts to run a mile from her might have been about spot on. What the hell was this proposition going to be?  
  
"First, let me tell you a bit about myself. I'm not so much into sex, I mean, penetration – it's nice, but unless I'm in a relationship it's not what does it for me. What I really like is watching men cum. Watching their muscles tense when they shoot their cum, watching the expression on their face, feeling the cum on my body, the whole lot of that. That's what gets me off."  
  
"So, so that's why you came to get photographed?"  
  
"No. I did it for exactly the reasons I said before. I mean, yes, I did bring the camera card, I suppose I just did that on a whim, but if you're asking why did I do the naked stuff, well, it looked like you were a bit intimidated by me, and that kind of turned me on. I liked that. And it's true, like I said – I know I look good, and I'm not going to look good forever, and here's you busting your balls to take naked shots of women, and I'd already seen the quality of your work. So I thought, this could be a good opportunity.  
  
"But yeah, I hadn't intended doing any of what we did, because I expected you to be some sad, fat balding old perve getting his rocks off on naked young girls – I was there because I was worried about that, and what the students were getting themselves into. Like I said before, you're obviously perverted, and I enjoyed teasing you, but you turned out to be exactly the opposite of a fat old guy."  
  
"So what was with the overcoat?" I said. "You seemed quite prepared for something, like you didn't want your clothes soiled."  
  
She looked a bit sheepish.  
  
"Yeah, well, that was for something else, nothing to do with you. Let's just say it ended up being a happy coincidence."  
  
"So why are you telling me all this? What is this about?"  
  
"OK, this is it: I'm not looking for any kind of proper relationship right now, and most guys, when I tell them what I just told you, and I don't just tell everyone what I've just told you, they either don't understand or they're too shy, or they're just not into in and they just want to fuck all the time. It's frustrating. So, I just thought, given you're a bit, shall we say, kinky, and you didn't try to fuck me the other day, I wondered..."  
  
I felt like telling her the only reason I didn't try anything on her was because she was too God damned scary.  
  
"I just thought, maybe since you're not looking for a relationship, and neither am I, maybe we can come up with an arrangement along the lines of what I have just been telling you, that might suit us both."  
  
"So why me," I said. "And anyway, what was all that about pics for an internet dating service? You just said now that you don't want a relationship."  
  
"Um, hello - it doesn't mean I'm not interested in meeting men for reasons other than getting a boyfriend. Haven't you just been listening to a word I've said?"  
  
There's that temper again. It's lucky for the men of this nation that she doesn't want a relationship – you'd have more fun sticking pins in your eyes than getting romantically involved with this one. Still, the idea of cumming all over her body, that was something entirely different...  
  
"Look," she said. "As I said, it impressed me that you didn't try to jump me and, if you're asking why you, well, you seem nice enough, you don't seem to be violent, you're a good looking guy and you've got a good body. And you've got a nice cock and you cum hard. Do I need to explain it any clearer than that?"  
  
I paused, thinking this through. I was a little shocked. And I was still a little wary. I couldn't help but think it might be some kind of trap. She seemed to be speaking frankly; maybe she wasn't such a bitch after all. But I wasn't sure I trusted her.  
  
"David, just have a think about it. I just thought, given your weird sexual peculiarities, you might be interested."  
  
She paused as our meals arrived. Once the waiter had gone, she looked up into my eyes. She was very cute, very sexy, especially when she wasn't talking.  
  
"Kate, this is all a bit bemusing," I said. "You keep going on about how I'm a depraved pervert, yet here you are, someone who gets off on watching guys cum, but doesn't want to fuck them. Most people would call that a bit weird, even perverted, not that I'm passing judgment or anything. It just seems to me that you're the pot calling the kettle black."  
  
"Well, maybe," she said. "Whatever. Look, I've said my piece, if you're not interested or if it's not for you, that's OK. It's fine. I've no interest in a debate with you about sexual perversions."  
  
We went back to our meals in silence. The food was very good; glad she's paying, I thought to myself. Then she looked up at me and smiled sweetly. She had gotten a little bit of mustard on her top lip. She licked it off with her tongue. It was a captivating sight.  
  
"David," she said, "just imagine how I would look with your cock in my mouth. Wouldn't that look good? Maybe I would even let you take a picture of it."  
  
She was right. She would look sublimely sexy like that. I could feel my cock swelling in my pants as I formed an image of my cock sliding between her dainty little lips. What a strange world – here is a sexy babe basically asking me to stick my cock in her mouth, and I'm not sure how I want to respond...  
  
"Look, I can see you're a bit wary of me, and I can understand that," she said. "Here," she said, pulling a folder out of her bag. "I printed out some of the pictures you took. You can have these. You are a very good photographer."  
  
"Thank you," I said. I felt emboldened. "Yes Kate, you're right, my cock would look very good in your mouth."  
  
"Yes, it would," she smiled.  
  
"So," I said, "what if your mouth was full of my cock, and then I pulled it out of your mouth and grabbed it in my hand and jerked it off and sprayed my cum all over your pretty little face? How would that be, Kate? How would that look?"  
  
"Oh yeah," she smiled, licking her lips and smiling as she leaned towards me, "that would be real good..."  
  
Then I felt something touch my knee. It was her foot. She ran her foot along my inner thigh until it reached my now hardening cock. She had slid down in her chair a little so she could reach me better. She caressed my cock with her foot with amazing dexterity – pretty soon I was fully hard and half way towards blowing my wad. I glanced across to the left as I noticed a couple of young women looking at us – from where they were they could see everything that was going on under the table. When they caught my eye they quickly turned away. I wasn't sure whether they were excited or disgusted, but in my mind I chose to imagine the little show was turning them on.  
  
"David," she said, "if we don't leave here soon I'm going to blow you right here under the table – and don't think I wouldn't!"  
  
For a minute I was tempted to call her bluff. Well, maybe; I also didn't want to end up on an indecent exposure charge. I called the waiter for the check. I had to hand it to Kate – she was still rubbing my cock with her foot when the waiter arrived. She paid the bill and we left. She wrapped her arm around my waist and I did the same as we walked out of the car together. Her body felt fantastic against mine, and she looked so hot in that little dress. Going up the stairs out the place we kind of stumbled a bit – as it can sometimes be tricky to get your footsteps in unison when you're walking with your arm around a girl – and as we regained our footing my hand accidentally slipped up to her breast. It was an accident, but her soft little tit felt so good that I couldn't help but leave my hand there just a little bit longer. Some people in the bar noticed, I was sure, and I was sure Kate noticed them noticing, too. After maybe 10 seconds I let my hand slide back down to her hip.  
  
"Fucking pervert," she whispered into my ear. Was she angry or was that a smile on her face? I couldn't be sure. One way or another, this was going to be an interesting evening...

**Amateur Photographer Ch. 05**

We walked out onto the street together. It was a fine night, warm, and I felt very excited in anticipation of whatever was to come. Kate had her arm around me still, and I had mine on her hip.  
  
"David," she said, "how many times can you cum in one night?"  
  
There was that boldness again – I hardly knew this chick and she's casually asking me how prolific I am in the sperm production department.  
  
"I don't know: one, two, maybe three – depends, I guess."  
  
"Good," she said. "Did you drive here? I caught the bus."  
  
"Me too," I said. "Your place or mine?"  
  
"Mine," she said. "We can get the bus from the stop around the corner."  
  
We sat in the small bus shelter waiting for the bus. There was no one else there, not a soul around. She sat there neatly, her legs together. In that mid-thigh length tight black dress, she looked fantastic. She glanced up at me.  
  
"How are you with outdoor sex?" she asked.  
  
"Um, never done it, never considered it before."  
  
"Well, you're about to," she said, as her hand found my crotch. Using two fingers she gently rubbed along my cock through my pants. Her touch was very gentle, but in no time I was hard. She unzipped me and pulled it out.  
  
"Mmmm, I was right – you do have a nice cock."  
  
I wasn't sure this was a good idea. I had never exposed myself like this in public; that kind of thing just didn't do it for me. I just wanted to get her home, behind close doors, and then get into it.  
  
"Kate, I'm not sure about this," I said as her hand began to slide up and down my exposed pole. I felt uncomfortably vulnerable like this with an exposed hard on in a public place. Jesus, what if someone walked past, or even drove past? What if the bus comes? There didn't seem to be anyone nearby, but we were in a big urban area and it wasn't that late at night. Anyone could come by at any moment.  
  
"You're not sure about it?" she said. "Well, I'm sure about it." She bent over to lick the tip of my cock. "Just shut up and enjoy the ride."  
  
She swirled her tongue around it for a short while and then I felt her mouth engulf me. Oohh, it felt good! She had plunged her mouth straight down on my cock, no teeth, almost to the point of deep throating me. She pulled her head back, sucking hard as she did, her tongue dancing around the underside of my shaft. Oohh God, she's been blowing me for the best part of 15 seconds and already it's just about the best blow job of my life! I moaned as she plunged down on my hardness, this time going even deeper. God, it felt like my cock was down her throat!  
  
"Like that?" she said, coming up for air, my cock plopping out of her mouth and resting against her chin as she spoke. "That's just the start."  
  
"But Kate, what if someone comes?"  
  
"Jeez, what are you worried about? I'd almost call you a limp dick with that attitude, except that your dick isn't limp. Your brain might be saying 'oh, I'm so scared someone might see!' but your cock here seems to have other ideas. So just shut it, and stop being such a fucking wimp! The only one who's going to cum around here is you, pervert."  
  
With that she gripped my thighs hard – her finger nails were almost digging into the skin on my legs - and went back to sucking my pole. In the photo shoot I'd wanted to stick my cock in her mouth just to shut her up; now I just wanted her to stop blowing me – as good as she was at it. Maybe she's right; I shouldn't be such a wimp. And ooh, what she was doing to me! This was the best blowjob of my life; she was an expert! Her mouth sliding up and down like velvet, the way she plunged down on me, going deeper all the time, deeper and deeper until I felt her lips around the base! God, she had taken me all the way! She stayed like that, and then I felt her tongue push up hard against my shaft. God, how did she do that? Then I felt her hand slid inside my jeans. She found my balls and squeezed them. With her tongue holding me tightly, all of a sudden it pushed me over the edge. I felt the cum boiling up through my balls, almost being forced out by the pressure of her hand. I gripped the wooden seat tightly and came hard, erupting in her mouth, but she just gripped me tighter as I watched her cheeks expand and contract as she drank down everything I injected into her mouth. My body convulsed in spasms; I hit the back of my head against the wall. She just kept on sucking, well after I'd exhausted my load. Then she pulled her mouth off me and looked up at me. Her face was red, her hair a mess. She was smiling radiantly.  
  
"Like that?" she grinned. There was a dob of cum on her upper lip.  
  
"Kate, that was the best blow job I've ever had in a bus stop."  
  
"Thought so," she said.  
  
Just then the bus arrived.  
  
"Um, Kate," I said, as we fumbled for change before boarding the bus, "there's cum on your lip."  
  
"Well, duh," she blurted. "Didn't you just have your cock in my mouth?"  
  
She turned and boarded the bus. I watched the driver's expression as he looked at her. Did he notice? He did look at her, but I couldn't be sure if he saw or not.  
  
"Of course I know there's cum on my face," she whispered as we headed for a vacant spot up the back of the bus. "Do you think I'm stupid?"  
  
I didn't know what to say to that, so I kept my mouth shut. I was beginning to realize that I had never met anyone anything like Kate before. She was as cute as a button, but she was more abusive than just about anyone I'd ever known, and she seemed to have a pretty bad temper – I shuddered to think what she might be like when drunk. But for all that, she sucked cock like no girl I'd ever met! And she loved doing it. Wow, how good did that feel? I would never have dreamed a blow job could be like that. This chick is the High Priestess of Cock Sucking! It's a good thing her personality is so awful – otherwise I'd have just about fallen in love with her after that first blow job. We sat there in silence for a while.  
  
"Mmm, nice," she said, as I watched her roll her tongue around her lips, scooping up the cum. I watched her, fascinated at how nonchalant she was, but inwardly worried that the old couple in the seats alongside might have seen her doing it.  
  
Before long we had reached her stop. It was only a short walk to her place. She had a nice house. It was her part of the divorce settlement, she said. I wasn't surprised she'd been divorced. Poor guy is probably still in turmoil – he might be free from her reign of terror, but where was he going to get a blow job like Kate's?  
  
She offered me a beer and we settled back on the sofa.  
  
"Were you really that scared, me blowing you in public like that?"  
  
"Yeah, but I guess it's just that I've never done anything like that before."  
  
"Jesus, how old are you? What a sheltered life you've led. I don't know what you were worried about. I mean, look, it's not like I want people to see me in public with a cock down my throat, although as long it was someone I didn't know I wouldn't mind too much – who knows, might even be a turn on. But the thing is: don't you know anything about how the human mind works?"  
  
"Er, what do you mean?"  
  
"OK. Most people in this world only see what they expect to see, regardless of what's there in front of their eyes. They only see what they know to be true. The last thing you'd expect to see in a bus stop is some guy with his cock out with a woman going to town on it. It just never happens; it's not, if you like, a 'true' scenario. I mean, naturally if someone walked straight past the bus stop, the light globe would probably flash and they'd get the gist of what was going on - although you might be surprised. I once sucked a guy in a car in a crowded street in broad daylight, in a traffic jam, and I didn't see a single pedestrian look inside and see us. Other people in their cars alongside didn't notice. Completely oblivious, because it was the last thing in the world they would have expected to see. It's human nature."  
  
"I guess so, hadn't really thought about it like that before."  
  
How's that beer going?" she asked.  
  
"Nearly done."  
  
"Well hurry up. I want you in the bedroom."  
  
I downed the last of my Bud and hurried off after her.  
  
"I'm gonna give you a hand job like you've never had in your life," she said. She was breathing heavily as she spoke, almost through gritted teeth, as she urgently shed her black dress and underwear. What a body! I'd almost forgotten how good she looks with no clothes on.  
  
I already had my shoes and my shirt off when she pushed me onto the bed. I fell back onto the mattress as she roughly pulled the buttons of my jeans apart. Almost in a frenzy to get me naked, she yanked so hard she actually made a small rip in the material. In a flash she had my jeans and shorts off.  
  
"You know David," she said as her hand reached for my cock, "as soon as I saw your dick when you were photographing me, I said to myself, 'I'm going to have that'. You might be a bit lame in the brain department, but I have to say you've got a dick to die for. There's just something about it."  
  
Then she produced a small bottle of oil of some kind. She rubbed some in her hands and grabbed the base of my cock. She slid her mouth over it. Ooohh, the memory of the bus stop blow job came flooding back. God, how can her mouth feel just so damned good? – and she's not even doing anything! She was just holding it in her mouth, just so, not moving. The only thing that was moving was my cock, which was rapidly swelling inside her warm, wet mouth.  
  
"Mmmmm," she purred, pulling her mouth off me to lick the underside from base to the tip. "I love how it feels when a cock gets hard in my mouth."  
  
That only made me even harder.  
  
"Yes, that's it," she said, with a wicked tone in her voice as my erection grew. "Come on David, make it get hard!"  
  
Then she started moving her hand up and down the shaft, squeezing firmly but not too tightly. Just right. It was uncanny. It was as though with every movement of her hand she knew intimately how it was affecting me, second by second she knew exactly what to do. She seemed to know my cock better than I did; every now and then she would ease or increase the pressure of her grasp, speed up her movements or slow them down, but each time heightening my pleasure. I just relaxed back; letting her direct and control my desire. Her eyes alternated between my face and my cock, as if she was tuning directly into my mood, getting in sync with my arousal, locking into it. Such concentration in her expression. Soon she started moaning.  
  
"Ooh yes, that's good; give it to me, give it to me!" she growled. She seemed to know when I was going to cum before I realized it myself. Soon I felt the sensations build as she suddenly gripped me harder, her face a grimace of pure aggression and lust as her hand began to rapidly piston up and down my shaft.  
  
"Come on David, come on... fuck, come on... DO IT!!"  
  
Eons seemed to pass from the time I felt my balls contract till the first eruption of sperm; like an enormous wave building and building before it finally crashed and exhausted itself. Head to toe, my entire body became overwhelmed with the sensation; I shook violently as my cock fired the first white rope into the air. I saw it land on her tits as she squealed in delight, still pumping my cock as the second blast erupted, this time hitting her on the neck as she squealed and moaned, reaching up with her free hand to rub it into her skin. Before long I was spent but she was squealing with joy, almost laughing, kneeling beside me on the bed, rubbing the cum into her tits and stomach, occasionally pausing to lick her fingers as she did. Her gorgeous body was wet with my cum, and under the light from the bedside lamp it had taken on a shining, golden appearance. It was as sexy a sight as I'd ever beheld. At this rate, I was soon going to be hard again.  
  
She leaned across and kissed me on the lips.  
  
"Mmmm, I needed that," she said. "I hope you enjoyed it."  
  
"What do you think?" I said.  
  
She smiled. She knew. She had just given me the best hand job of my life, only an hour or so after she'd given me the best blow job of my life.  
  
"Listen, I'm tired," she said. "I'm going to bed. You can stay if you want. It's up to you; I don't mind."  
  
"I'll stay."  
  
I curled up beside her, spooning my body around her back. God, her skin was so soft; her body felt so great against mine, perfect. It occurred to me that I'd shot my load three times with this chick and this was the first time we'd embraced in any way. I kissed her on the back of the neck.  
  
"David," she said. "One thing: don't even think about fucking me while I'm asleep. Got that?"  
  
"OK."  
  
I drifted off, spent, but satisfied in a way I'd never been before.

**Amateur Photographer Ch. 06**

Life was looking up. Last week Kate had blown my mind as well as my cock. And just the other night I had photo shoot with another girl – Veronica -. After the Sarah and Kate experiences, I'd been almost anticipating that something might happen other than photography with Veronica. Then again, I didn't mind either way. If I got some great shots, that really was pretty much enough for me. And I kept reminding myself not to get ahead of myself – the last thing I wanted was to try something on and be rejected. That would be instant 'dirty old man' syndrome.  
  
I was flipping through the shots Kate had allowed me to keep while I waited for Veronica to arrive. Kate hadn't given me any of the more revealing shots (not to mention the ones where she was rubbing my cum into her skin) but rather a couple of the backlit silhouettes and a few front-on clothed shots. It was interesting now to look at the shadow pics after having been able to get to know Kate a little better. In the shots she looks somehow soft, introspective and even fragile. That's what the shots conveyed, and yet nothing could be further from the truth! The other shots she allowed me to have were when she had her blouse half undone. It was a basic head-and-shoulders, but what a shot! Her blouse hanging open, her lacy bra clearly showing, but it was the look on her face: her eyes, looking straight at the lens, were so full of emotion. What an evocative shot. There was fire, a strange intensity to her gaze; her eyes almost seemed to sparkle! No doubt about it, this was the best work I'd ever done, better even than the shots of Sarah. Better than I thought I was capable of. If the rest of the pictures were like this, I'd love to shoot Kate again, I thought. I'd love to shoot on her again, too, I chuckled to myself.  
  
The door bell rang.  
  
"Hi, you must be Veronica," I said. "I'm David."  
  
We shook hands and I invited her inside.  
  
She smiled sweetly and put her bag down. This girl was hot! Flowing auburn hair, slim, generous tits, cute face and flashing blue eyes. She was wearing a pink t-shirt, short denim skirt, and white runners. The skirt was short, and she had lovely, long tanned legs – this girl looked stunning.  
  
"Veronica, would you like a drink? Wine?"  
  
"Yeah, that'd be great," she said, slumping herself down on the sofa. "I could use a drink - just had an exam today, urrghh!"  
  
"Yeah, I remember what that was like, though it was a long time ago for me," I said.  
  
"So, have you had many girls doing this?" she asked as her slender fingers reached for the wine glass. There was a confidence in her voice that belied her youth. She certainly didn't seem to be shy.  
  
"A few, not that many. I guess it's not for everyone, but like I said over the phone, it's up to you how far you want to take it, and I give you my word that the shots won't leave my possession or be seen by anyone else."  
  
"Yeah, that's OK. I'm cool with it. Is this where we're doing it?"  
  
"Yeah, this is it."  
  
She took another sip of her wine. She reminded me of my college days – the place would be crawling with hot chicks like her, hot young girls with rich daddies, dripping with money. That's what she looked like, a rich kid; it wasn't just the confidence, there was something about her that screamed wealth. She was wearing make up, too, although she scarcely needed to. The shoes were designer, very expensive. I'd been shopping for new gym wear recently and I'd seen those shoes in the store – and how much they cost. Basically more than a week's pay for me. I wondered about her motivations for doing this – judging by appearances she couldn't have been short on cash.  
  
"Alright, let's begin," I said.  
  
"OK, what should I do?"  
  
I looked her up and down. My God, how good would she look topless in that shirt?  
  
"OK, let's try a topless shot," I said. I was almost surprised at how casually I'd come straight to the point.  
  
"OK," she shrugged. Just like that. As she stood up and peeled the t-shirt off her head. She was wearing an expensive looking white bra with fine lace. Wow.  
  
"Bra too?" she said.  
  
"Yes," I said. I watched as her hands went around behind her back to unclasp the garment. She was so casual about it, like she'd done this a million times. Or maybe it was just her self confidence. She had the looks to tempt a Priest, and there was no doubt in the way she moved, the way she looked at me, that she was fully aware of it.  
  
"How's that?" she said. God, she even gave a little wiggle with her shoulders which made her tits wobble delightfully. And what fantastic tits! Big, firm, round, big nipples. I was already getting a hard on. And the idea of artistic shots was fast going out the window; I really just wanted to have a good old perve on this hot little rich babe.  
  
"Very nice," I said. "You've got a fantastic body."  
  
"Thank you!" she said with that winning smile.  
  
And man, did she look good. The short skirt, her long, tanned and perfectly proportioned legs, her slim figure and perfectly rounded boobs, the big nipples jutting ever so slightly upwards. She didn't just look hot; she just oozed sex, a young woman in her prime. One who knows it, and isn't afraid to show it. This was going to be great...  
  
Yet I was struggling to get inspired behind the camera, to come up with that shot that encapsulated what I was seeing. I tried a few different angles but they all felt a bit one dimensional. It was odd. It was like the chemistry just wasn't right. There was certainly a kind of chemistry going on – especially in my pants, because I was a rapidly becoming as hard as a rock. The girl was utterly stunning; the kind of chick that makes men hard simply by walking into a room. But something just wasn't quite gelling. Like maybe when you're on a date with a girl and she's hot, but she's also boring. You want to fuck her because she's so damned cute, but you don't necessarily want to have a conversation with her – but conversing with her is part of the deal.  
  
Damn it, man, isn't that what this is supposed to be about? Admiring cute young chicks for their bodies but not getting involved with them romantically? Why do even the simplest things have to end up so complicated?  
  
I shot her topless from a few angles. The shots were great, sexy, but this was not like shooting Kate or Sarah. Jesus man, just get her naked, a voice inside said.  
  
"OK Veronica, I'd like you to take off your skirt and shoes."  
  
"OK," she half smiled.  
  
She slipped off her shoes. Then she turned away from me, unzipped her skirt at the back and bent forward as if to emphasise her obviously perfect ass as she slid the skirt down her hips and legs. God, she was doing this almost like a stripper!  
  
She was wearing low-cut pink knickers. Her ass, her tits, her skin – all perfect. She could have been a model. Then I got an idea.  
  
"Veronica, I'd like to shoot you in the shower. But it will mean your panties will get wet. Would that be OK with you?"  
  
"I guess so," she said. "But if I'm going to get wet, why don't I just take them off?"  
  
Why not indeed? It's strange how the mind works – I had imagined her under the shower getting wet but the image in my mind definitely had her still in her panties. But she and the pics would look just as good without them, I thought to myself, pondering also the absurdity of my artistic peculiarity. I couldn't imagine any other guy on earth even contemplating such a thought – any man would want her naked all the way.  
  
I led her into the bathroom and ran the hot water. She was standing close to me in the cramped bathroom. As she bent down to remove her panties, her soft nipples grazed along my shoulder. My cock responded, further soaking my shorts with another small seepage of precum.  
  
"OK, I'm ready!" she said as she stepped into the shower. She turned and faced me as the water ran down her body. Perfect. I imagined her Amazonian form in some jungle waterfall as the flow of water streamed all over her naked form, her body shinning under the beads and rivers of hot water. The steam of the shower only added to the effect: hot. I started snapping. She grabbed the soap and started soaping up her body, her arms, then her big tits. She was watching me take the shots, smiling. Then she removed the shower head and leaned back against the wall, using the flexible hose to spray the water up and down, all over her body. When she didn't have her eyes closed, they were fixed on me with a sultry stare. She knew how hot she looked, she knew she was turning me on, and she was showing it off for all she was worth.  
  
She looked into my eyes as her hands dropped down her body. She aimed the shower head at her shaved pussy and leaned back against the wall. With her free hand she started rubbing her clit. Her legs bent a little as her back slid down the wet wall. I couldn't believe the boldness of it. I saw her slip a finger inside as she looked up at me, totally shamelessly, as if to say, as if she was almost challenging me, 'well, what do you think of that?'  
  
What did I think of her little display? I was almost beyond control. A voice inside me was saying something to the effect of: 'fuck her, go on, fuck this little rich babe - she's asking for it!', and I found it hard to put up an argument against this. I put down the camera and ripped off my shirt. It was a like a declaration of intent – if she wasn't taken aback by that, I would take it as a green light to go further. Yes, I wanted to fuck her badly. It was very strange; almost as though she was taunting me in getting so overtly sexual all of a sudden. In a weird kind of way I had felt she had sabotaged my photo session, because she had come straight to the point, as it were, and therefore she deserves to get fucked up against the shower wall. I pondered on this as she continued to fuck herself with her finger, her eyes running up and down my naked torso. Pondering the ridiculousness of what was going on in my brain as I beheld probably the sexiest display imaginable (not to mention the fact that she was only complying with what I has asked of her), I wondered whether or not I might be in serious need of psychiatric treatment. But my cock was hard and my brain felt like it was overheating; this was not the time for self psychoanalysis.  
  
I broke open the buckle of my pants. I slid my trousers and shorts down and pulled them off. She watched me do it, her eyes going straight to my erect cock which slapped almost painfully against my abdomen once freed of the elastic of my shorts. I was about to join her under the water when she stood up, leaving the shower head hanging in mid air and spraying away against the shower wall, and came towards me. She walked straight up to me, dripping wet, and grabbed hold of my shaft.  
  
"Nice cock," she said. "Can I have it?" It was the rhetorical question of the century; no answer required. Somehow we ended up out of the bathroom and onto the carpet in the adjacent hall way. She pushed me down onto the floor and climbed across me, squatting down to lower her cute little pussy over my straining member. The look in her eyes was one of sheer lust, absolute need, as she guided my cock inside her velvet opening. Ohh, yeah, that felt so GOOD! She steadied herself with her feet on the ground and her hands jammed into me shoulders as she began to work her hips up and down, up and down over my cock. I watched, fascinated as my shaft disappeared inside her, then reappeared as she moaned, establishing a rhythm. Her legs were obviously very strong by the way she was riding me. She picked up her pace as I reached up to squeeze her beautiful big tits. Now she was fucking me hard, her wet skin taking on a lustrous sheen under the dim hallway light, as though she was bathed in sweat. I felt the carpet grazing my shoulder blades as she pushed me into the floor, riding me hard, furiously, little moans escaping from her mouth like someone trying to catch their breath after a two-mile sprint.  
  
All of a sudden it was just too much. I could feel the itch building in my balls; I was about to cum. She was moaning hard now, her angelic face a picture of concentration as she rode me, her tits jiggling, dancing beautifully right before my face. I reached up and grabbed them, squeezing them hard, and she moaned louder.  
  
"Ohh, Veronica, I'm gonna cum!"  
  
"YES, YES, cum inside me, do it!" she squealed.  
  
My hips thrust forward as the first wave erupted from my cock, flooding my cum inside her. She sensed it immediately and howled in delight, slamming my head to the floor and kissing me as my hips spasmed, my seed emptying inside her. I felt her muscles gripping me tightly as her tongue invaded my mouth; she was devouring me at both ends. As my orgasm subsided she continued to softly ride me until my cock began to soften. Then she gave me a little kiss, climbed off and headed back into the shower.  
  
I just lay there, exhausted to the point I almost fell asleep. Then she returned from the shower, still naked as she dried herself off.  
  
"Mmm, that was good," she giggled as she gave my still half-hard cock a little squeeze. "Just what I needed."  
  
Now she was getting dressed. I dragged myself up off the floor while she finished dressing.  
  
"Best be off now," she said. "Give me a ring when the pictures are ready."  
  
I nodded, and then she was gone.  
  
That was two days ago now. Sitting at the computer going through the shots I'd taken of Veronica, I realized the difference between shooting her and Kate. Veronica did look great, and I had had sex with the girl, what's more, but somehow, from a creativity/artistic point of view, the shots of her just have that, that certain indefinable something. Glancing down at the shot of Kate, I could see it was definitely true; as sexy as Veronica was, through the lens she was somehow one-dimensional by comparison with Kate. Very strange.  
  
I wondered what Kate was doing. My mind drifted back to the night I spent with her, how she had blown me at the bus stop. Thinking on it now, though it had scared me at the time, that someone might catch us, in retrospect, having my hard cock out on display in the open air, and with a cute blonde chick slurping up and down on it, God, that had been such a wild, horny experience!  
  
I was getting a hard on just reliving that night in my mind. I wondered how serious she was about the 'arrangement' she'd talked about? I was feeling horny. Was she home right now? I grabbed the phone and dialed her home number.  
  
"Hello," she said.  
  
"Hi Kate. It's David, the photographer. How are you?"  
  
"Fine. What do you want?" she said. Abrupt as ever.  
  
"Well, the thing is, um..."  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Well I'm here at home, and my balls feel quite full, and I'm just wondering if you can help me out." God, the words just tumbled out – I prayed she understood my ham fisted attempt at humor.  
  
"Alright then, why don't you get over here?"  
  
"OK, I'll be right there."  
  
"Don't keep me waiting."  
  
How good was this, I pondered as I grabbed my coat and sped down the stairs. Kate's house wasn't far from mine, so I was on her doorstep not 15 minutes after I'd hung up the phone.  
  
She greeted me at the door.  
  
"Hi David," she said. "How's tricks? Grab a seat. Would you like a drink?"  
  
"Beer'd be fine, thanks."  
  
She was dressed in a strange kind of way, wearing that big overcoat she had thrown on before leaving my place after the photoshoot. I settled down into the couch as she went into the kitchen to fetch me a beer.  
  
"So, have you been taking any more pictures of my girls this week?" she asked from across the kitchen counter.  
  
"Well, um, yes, as a matter of fact."  
  
"What was her name?"  
  
"Veronica. Nice girl."  
  
"Veronica... Honey blonde, good looking, big boobs?"  
  
"Yes, that's the one. You know her?  
  
"Yes, she was in one of my classes last semester. She's an attractive girl. I'd say you did alright there."  
  
"Well, yeah, I guess I did," I smiled  
  
Kate was back in the living room now. She saw me grinning.  
  
"Did you fuck her?"  
  
"Well, I, um..." she'd caught me on the hop with that. "I don't like to talk about what happens between myself and a photo model."  
  
"You did fuck her! You little slut! Ha ha, you know what? You just fucked the Mayor's daughter! Oh wow, how funny is that! And her Dad, I mean the Mayor, he's one mean son of a bitch from what I've heard. You better hope he never finds out that his little girl has been going round getting her photo taken naked by some middle aged pervert – oh, and not to mention being fucked by him as well! I don't think he'd be too impressed. Still, from what I've heard that girl gets around a bit; quite a reputation around campus, that one."  
  
"Well," I said, feeling a little bit uneasy, "I'm glad you find it so amusing. I trust you're not going to broadcast this news around the campus."  
  
"Of course not. But it is pretty funny. You and the Mayor's daughter! Ha ha!"  
  
I felt her hand drift onto my crotch. Her fingers fiddled around a little on my jeans until they found my cock, which was beginning to stir.  
  
"So then," she said as she stroked me through my clothing. "Was that little slut enough to satisfy your perversions, huh? Get your clothes off."  
  
I stood up and stripped off. I stood there naked before her, my cock rapidly hardening. She looked me up and down.  
  
"Mmmm, you've got such a great body for someone your age, David. You could really pass for a guy in his mid-20s, you know."  
  
"Thank you, Ma'am," I said as I settled back into the sofa, my cock straining towards the ceiling. I felt exposed and on display, but I felt good about it. Her comments made me feel extra horny, a heady stroke to the ego.  
  
She came over and knelt in front of me. She was still wearing the coat. There was something extra sexy about seeing her so fully clothed as opposed to my nakedness. She took my cock in her hands and gently rubbed her fingers up and down the shaft, pausing to squeeze it, so that a bead of pre-cum oozed out of the tip. She rubbed the moisture around the tip and then slid her now wet fingers back down my cock. I looked at her face as she studied my cock with an intense concentration, seemingly almost a kind of fascination.  
  
She leaned in and licked the underside, from the base to the top. Like she was licking an icecream. Her tongue felt so wonderfully warm, wet and soft as my mind recalled how good her mouth had felt the last time she engulfed me, as I waited in eager anticipation for a repeat performance that was about to come. Kate seemed to have talents that I'd never known with any other girl. God, she knew how to suck cock!  
  
Then she stopped.  
  
"David," she said, "before I do this, I'd like you to do something for me."  
  
"What do you want me to do?"  
  
"I have a particular fantasy I would like you to indulge."  
  
She stood up and began unfastening the buttons of her coat. I was captivated by the look of deep lust in her eyes as she slipped the coat over her shoulders and down her body. She was naked underneath.  
  
"David, I want you to suck my cock."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
Then I looked down and saw it. She was naked, except for a strap-on dildo!  
  
"You want me to do what?" I stammered, starring at the grotesque plastic appendage strapped to her hips.  
  
"You heard me."  
  
I was shocked; almost didn't know what to say.  
  
"What, do you think I'm gay or something?" I said, before realizing how silly that sounded. But I was truly taken aback – almost speechless; this was the last thing I had expected. She wants me to suck her strap-on? She must be kidding. This was all a little too weird for me.  
  
"Well?" she said, peering down at me, hands on hips, that plastic dildo sticking up in the air.  
  
"Kate, I don't know about this. This is a bit too freaky for me."  
  
"A bit too freaky?" she said. I could tell by her tone that she was seriously annoyed. "And this from a man who gets his kicks photographing young naked girls? David, it's not a real cock, it's plastic. What's the big deal? Here I am offering to blow you and in return you can't even accommodate a little fantasy that simply requires you to put a piece of plastic in your mouth for a while."

She stormed off into the kitchen.  
  
"Look," she shouted from the kitchen, "if you don't want me to suck your cock, that's fine. Just get your clothes on and get out of here."  
  
I did want to her to suck my cock. I thought about it for a few seconds and came to the conclusion that I would do it. She's right, it's just a piece of plastic. Weird, yes, but no big deal, really.  
  
"OK," I said. "I'm sorry. I'll do it. Come back and let's do it."  
  
She came back into the room. She was smiling.  
  
"OK, that's more like it. Now, just rest back on the couch."  
  
In the meantime my cock had softened somewhat, and I resolved just to get this fantasy of hers over with so that I would have my reward, which was the sole reason for being here in the first place.  
  
She climbed up on the couch in front of me, on her knees, so that her 'cock' was directly in front of my face. I reached up and grabbed it. It was made of some kind of clear plastic resin, soft on the outside but quite stiff. It looked remarkably lifelike, except that it was transparent.  
  
She was looking down at me as I guided it towards my mouth.  
  
"Go on, just lick the head a bit first."  
  
I felt stupid doing this, but I did as she said.  
  
"Good. That's it," she said. "Now suck it."  
  
I opened my mouth and took it inside. It felt ridiculous to be in this position, even degrading, but I knew I'd better go along with it if I wanted my cock sucked. It would be over soon.  
  
"Come on," she said. "At least make it look like you're enjoying it. It can't be that hard, surely?"  
  
I tried to get into it with a bit more vigor, but I suspected she could tell that my efforts were a little on the perfunctory side.  
  
"Come on David, just do this for me. Just because you're sucking my cock doesn't mean you're gay. Please, just go with it, indulge me on this. Just pretend you're a woman. Surely you must have wondered what it would be like to be a woman at least once in your life? Just pretend you're a woman and you're pleasing your man – shouldn't every girl suck her guy's cock?"  
  
I didn't say anything – my mouth was full with her 'cock'. But I did want to please her, and gradually as I began to suck it, I became more comfortable with the feeling of it in my mouth. Had I ever imagined myself as a woman? Yes, I had, but only in an abstract way; it certainly had never been any kind of sexual fantasy that I could recall – not like what Kate's seemed to be; she seemed to be getting off on pretending to be a man.  
  
I began to suck it a little deeper, harder. I was almost surprised to find myself running my tongue around the tip, without even thinking about it, exploring the shape and feel of it. I had to admit, I liked the smoothness, the roundness, the ribbed texture under the head. Kind of like a strange lollypop.  
  
"Oh yes, that's it," she cooed from above me. She seemed to tower over me, a grotesque vision with her cropped short blonde hair, bare tits and torso, and huge plastic cock over which my mouth bobbed up and down. She was clearly enjoying this; now she was gently rotating her hips, ever so gently thrusting it further into my mouth. She was grinning madly; her eyes had a wild look to them.  
  
"That's gooood, David. God, I can't believe how hot you look with my cock in your mouth!"  
  
Such an weird thing to say, but even odder that I actually felt encouraged by her 'compliment'. I found myself sucking her harder in response. Somehow, despite myself, I was actually beginning to enjoy this bizarre little exchange.  
  
"Yeah, suck that cock!" she squealed down at me. "Ooh, I wish it were a real one!"  
  
I paused to catch my breath. I looked up at her.  
  
"If it was a real one, I wouldn't be sucking it," I said as I looked up from between her legs.  
  
"Well it's not, so keep doing it – I'm not there yet."  
  
I slid my lips back over her cock and started sucking once more. I had gotten over the embarrassment I had felt at first, and now I was just going with the flow. I wasn't imagining I was a woman, but my mind was definitely focused on pleasing her. Just how it could possibly be getting her off I wasn't sure, but she sure was loving this. I wanted to satisfy her. Like I knew she was soon going to satisfy me.  
  
"Ohh, you're doing good. Does it feel real, does it feel like a real cock?" she said.  
  
I pulled my mouth off to answer.  
  
"Yes, it does feel real."  
  
She smiled.  
  
"Well, it should. It's a resin casting I had made of my ex's cock before we split. His hard on was the only really good thing about him."  
  
I almost gagged on her words.  
  
"Jesus Kate, that's disgusting!"  
  
"David, it's still only a piece of plastic. Come on! And really," she said, glancing down at my cock, "by the look of that hard on you've got, you're starting to like this, aren't you?"  
  
It was true. I was enjoying it. My cock was almost fully hard. I felt ashamed.  
  
"Come on, just suck me a little more. I'm nearly there. Please?"  
  
I felt such embarrassment that she had noticed my hard on – I could protest all I wanted that I was doing this against my will, but the hard evidence to the contrary, so to speak, was there for her to see. I was about to say something but as I opened my mouth she slid her cock between my lips. She thrust forward, pinning my head against the back of the sofa. She began to gently thrust in and out, moaning as she did.  
  
My God, I'm sucking a fake cock strapped to a woman and I'm actually enjoying it! And the fact that she knew was only making me harder. I looked up at her to see that she was watching me slurp away at her cock; I could see she was fascinated by the spectacle I presented. That wild look on her face, so full of aggression and power, that almost snide smile as she thrust her cock into my mouth. She was dominating me and I was submitting to it. I felt somehow pathetic, passive.  
  
"Oh, that's good! Do you like that? Looks like you're into it to me," she said as she reached down to grab my hard on. "And if it makes you feel any better, your cock's better than my ex's – thicker, harder."  
  
I actually caught myself moaning in pleasure as she said it. She was thrusting into my mouth harder now. She was moaning and squealing; her face was red, grimacing as she looked down at me as my lips slid up and down on her cock.  
  
"Ohh, ooohh, yeah... I'm cumming!" she screamed as she grabbed her tits and squeezed them hard, still thrusting her cock in and out of my mouth. I thought I would gag on it for a while, but soon she calmed down as her orgasm subsided. She withdrew her cock and bent down to kiss me. She was smiling; her face was red but she looked radiant.  
  
"Thank you David," she purred as she kissed me again, "that was fantastic – hotter than I ever thought it would be!"  
  
I felt like asking her about why this turned her on, but I was still a bit embarrassed about how much I had turned me on too, along with the fact that she knew I was enjoying it. So I said nothing.  
  
"Now," she said as her hand slid over the top of my shaft to gently stroke it up and down, "I think it's my turn to suck some cock."  
  
"Yes, I believe it is," I replied, settling back as she brought her mouth up to the head of my cock. I was rock hard.  
  
She licked daintily around the head for a few minutes, licking the precum off the tip and sliding her tongue around her lips, looking into my eyes the whole time.  
  
"Like that?" she asked, licking her lips once more, a strand of stick liquid suspended between her tongue and upper lip, my cock right in front of her face. God, what a photograph that would make!  
  
"What do you think?" I said.  
  
"I think you do," she replied before plunging her mouth down my shaft. She paused half way, and then sank further, going all the way till her lips hit my pubic hair. God, how does she do this? Oh yes, it was just like the other time; she could suck cock like no woman on earth!  
  
Then she drew her mouth back up to the tip, sucking hard the whole way – and then plunged straight back down. She did it again, until she found her rhythm. God, she was deep throating me, pulling off and going straight back down again. It felt like I could literally be able to fuck her face, fuck her face hard and go all the way in, and she would have trouble accommodating it. God, I was about to cum! I quickly pulled her off for a breather – it was too soon; I wanted this amazing blow job to go on for as long as possible.  
  
She looked up at me; she knew instinctively what was happening. She just lay there gently squeezing my shaft.  
  
"Ooh Kate, how do you do that?"  
  
"Oh, talent, and some practice. We'll have to teach you how to deep throat me like that. Maybe we can do a 69 next time."  
  
I grumbled in embarrassment at that comment. Still, any minor humiliation I felt was worth it as the price to pay for a blow job like this.  
  
"Ready to go again?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah," I said, "suck my cock."  
  
No words escaped her lips, which were now filled with my cock. But after about a minute or so of gentle sucking, she slid off me and said:  
  
"I know you want to make it last longer, but I'm gonna make you cum now."  
  
Well, I thought, why not? I laid back as she worked her magic. I had been expecting another deep throating, but she did something very different this time. She grabbed the lower part of the shaft in her hand and began to run it up and down, feverishly. She had taken the top half in her mouth, and she was rubbing the underside with her tongue, pausing sometimes to suck me hard – very hard, and fast. The pressure of her mouth was incredible as she sucked it in, then released the pressure, then sucked again, while all the time pistoning the other end of my shaft.  
  
No man could cope with this level of stimulation and not blow his load. Nor did I have the willpower to make her pause for a moment. I felt the sensations rising; it felt like my cock was burning in a fire, yet with no pain, the heat in my shaft, for that was what it felt like, was just so intense. I felt like shutting my eyes, such was the force of the eruption, but I wanted to see, I wanted to watch her, watch her do it – how could any woman tune into to a man's need like she could?  
  
Finally it was too much. I felt the first wave coming, and my hips jerked so hard I would have toppled us both onto the floor had she not anchored my leg with her free hand. Oh the exquisite release, such relief I felt as load after load pumped though my loins and into her mouth as she sucked hard, drinking it down. My mind was a blur as my head fell back against the sofa, conscious of not much else except the pressure of her lips on my cock as she sucked it hard, sucked out everything I had to give.  
  
When it was over I watched as her lips slipped off my cock. She licked her lips, licking up the cum that had splattered onto her face.  
  
"Mmmm, you taste good – just like the last time," she said.  
  
Then she got up and walked away, undoing the strap on and tossing it onto the floor as she headed naked into the bedroom. When she returned she was wearing a pair of faded jeans and a light blue t-shirt. God, she looked hot like that, so different from the, well, the strap on. It wasn't just that she gave blow jobs like no woman on earth; there was something about her that I'd never seen in other women.  
  
She was sitting at her kitchen table going through some papers when I finally found the strength to drag myself up off the sofa and put my clothes back on. I went over to behind her and put my hands on her shoulders, dropping my head to kiss her on the neck.  
  
"David, that's fine, but I've got several hours of work still to do here marking these essays. You know, the intellectual outpourings of those little sluts you photograph?"  
  
"OK, I best be off then," I said, making my way to the door. I heard her chair scrape the floor as she stood up. She met me at the door.  
  
Hey," she said, "I'm not trying to boot you out, but I do have a lot to do here."  
  
Then she reached up and kissed me gently on the lips. She had such a sweet, soft kiss, lips like silk. Wow!  
  
"David, thank you for doing that for me – I know a lot of guys wouldn't have done it, and I really appreciate it. But now," she said, giving me a last peck on the lips, "you better get going."  
  
I said goodnight and stepped out into the porch.  
  
"We'll have to do that again soon," she said as I walked away, not sure exactly what she meant by 'that'.