**Brookside Photoshoot**

"You're not from here, are you?"  
  
True enough. I have my own photo studio in Clarksville, about ten miles down the road. This is the first time I've been to Brookside, but I didn't see what that had to do with this.  
  
"No, but I'm sure the police won't care where I am. The only thing they are going to care about is what's going on in this house."  
  
"OK, I think I see the problem. I bet you don't know about the Brookside HOA agreement. Step over here and take a look at our web site."  
  
He had one of those huge displays attached to his laptop. I could see it from where I was standing. I watched as the opened Safari and clicked a bookmark.   
  
"You have to know that the indecent exposure laws were repealed years ago when the Supreme Court ruled that nudity was a constitutional right. Surely you know about the Naked in School Program, even if you don't have it in your town yet. The Brookside Home Owner's Association just took things to the next level.   
  
"Christie is fifteen years old. She's been posting nude pictures on the community web site for three years now. If she hadn't we'd be evicted for violating the HOA. She was shy at first, but she's really started to blossom last year. Here, take a look."  
  
Christie was still standing in the doorway. She seemed shocked at my reaction. The feeling was mutual. I'm not used to seeing naked young teenage girls stroll casually into the room for a photo-shoot. I may have taken a few nudes - every professional photographer does - but none of my models were underage. Ever. I run a legitimate business and I have two daughters myself. I'm not some kind of pervert.  
  
I glanced at the screen. A banner across the top said "Christine Jenkins, age 13," with a date exactly two years ago.   
  
There was a photo montage of the young beauty standing in the doorway. Her eyes were shy and downcast, her blouse was unbuttoned and slipping down her shoulders, and her tiny breasts were just beginning to fill out in pleasant curves beneath pale pink nipples. In the next shot her blouse had slipped down her arms to her wrists, revealing her full young chest to the top of her skirt. The lighting was poor and the photo quality was amateurish, but there was an undeniable erotic quality in her innocent manner. Her father began scrolling down the rest of the montage.  
  
"This is the first time we've hired a professional photographer for Christie's photo shoots. Up to now it's just been her and me, but now that she's a bit older and beginning to enjoy herself," he glanced at his naked daughter, who smiled and put one hand on her hip, "I promised her a treat this year."



The web site photos showed Christie's younger version raising her ruffled white skirt to reveal a hairless little slit atop two long slender young legs; her feet in black Mary Janes with short ankle socks. In the next graphic she was half turned to display a still boyish, but beautifully curved ass cheek in the center of the shot. The last picture was a close up of her full ass, lovingly seen from behind with the outline of her delicate pussy lips framed in her thigh gap.  
  
"Christine was never very popular with the boys until these got posted, but by the time she was 14 we didn't have any trouble getting her to pose." He clicked a link and a new page opened, showing a more developed version of Christie. She was posing in a tiny black bikini beside a neighborhood swimming pool. The next shot caught her in mid air, executing a beautiful dive. All that appeared in the next picture was a little black top floating forlornly in the water, followed by a topless nymph sparkling with water droplets, climbing gracefully out of the pool.   
  
A series of shots showed her toweling off and spreading sun-block over her body, with particular care for her lovely young tits, featured prominently in several close-ups. Her nipples had lengthened noticeably from the previous year, and her breasts were now well defined, if still small; surprisingly different from the prominent globes the 15 year-old girl in the doorway proudly displayed. She saw me glance at her chest and beamed with pride.



"Do you like them? I've been going to [Natural Wonders](http://www.hpoe.club/~sevispac/naturalwonders/above/index.html) for a year and a half now. I bet you can see the difference." She took a deep breath and threw back her shoulders. I couldn't help but stare at the stud that pierced her left tit.   
  
A Fifteen year old girl! My daughter Amy was going to be fifteen next month! I tore my eyes away, but they just came back to the computer monitor.   
  
Her dad scrolled down to where Christie tugged at the little bow holding her bikini bottom in place. This was a gif animation, and I watched as it fell away, reveling her sweet little pussy. The lips were more prominent than when she was thirteen, but the same thigh gap framed them and the same prominent mound capped the top of her slit. Sparse pussy hair now appeared above her lips, but it was either carefully trimmed or still too naturally scant to conceal anything.   
  
I watched as she spread sun screen over that mound and down into the cleft of her lips, showing apt concern for sun protection, or maybe for something a bit more personal. Her fingertip lingered, teasing the lotion into the top of her slit.   
  
The gif started over, but my suspicions were confirmed in the next one. Boys surrounded her beach towel as Christie began to slip her slender fingers along her glistening pussy lips. The intensity of her expression left no doubt as to what she was up to.   
  
"OK, I guess it's legal. So whatta need me for? It looks like you can take all the pictures you want. Christie is a little hottie, but I don't do this kind of work. I have two daughters of my own at home and it's tough enough keeping them away from the boys."  
  
Christie walked over to me. "Please, Mister? Daddy promised we'd get a professional photographer this year. Besides…" she trailed off shyly.  
  
I looked at her father. He was starring at his little girl.   
  
"What Christie is trying to say is that she's old enough, and wants to take some porn pictures to go with her nudes this year, and she needs somebody to help out. She's still a little shy, and she wanted me to get her started."  
  
Yeah, I was still shocked. You might even say I was outraged. But looking at this little beauty, part of me was intrigued. "What is it you had in mind?"   
  
" I think the best thing would be to show you. Christie, go get ready."   
  
"Goody!" she exclaimed, her face lighting up in a smile. She spun around and practically bounced out of the room.   
  
We talked for a few minutes and he explained to me how great it was for a single father to live in Brookside Village. Not only did he get a chance to review all the neighborhood girls on line, but the HOA also encouraged outdoor nudity and even public sex acts. I made a note to visit more often.  
  
"I'm ready!" came the sound of Christie's voice from the back of the house. He led me though the door and down the hall to her bedroom. It made me uncomfortable to see how much it resembled my own daughters rooms. In many ways it was still a little girl's bedroom, all pink and white with stuffed animals and posters of Disney princesses on the wall.   
  
Christie was sitting at a little table, putting the finishing touches on her makeup. It was amateurish and too heavy, just as you'd expect from a young girl playing dress-up. Too much rouge on her cheeks, eye shadow that was deep blue, and fire-engine red lipstick. Much more Bimbo than innocent.  
  
But the real shock was her outfit. Even seated and from behind it was outrageous on a teenage girl. A black-trimmed, red bustier clinched her waist and lifted her ample boobs while leaving her hard nipples uncovered (thank you, make-up mirror). A tiny red thong emerged from between the globes of her ass and arched high up over her hips. A red garter belt supported fishnet stockings encasing her long, slender legs, ending in six inch platform "fuck me" shoes. She wore red satin elbow-length gloves that exposed her fingers with their matching red nails. Her jewelry consisted only of the silver stud piercing her tit, but she'd added a matching silver bauble that looked like a tongue emerging from her areola just under her tit and curving to wrap around the undersides so that the tip appeared to be licking the end of her nipple. A red ribbon in her hair completed the Bimbo effect.  
  
I stood there with my jaw on the floor until she smiled into the mirror and turned to stand up.   
  
"Where in the world did you find something like that in her size?" I asked in wonder, unable to keep thoughts of my daughters out of my mind.  
  
"Do you like it?" she asked wistfully. "Daddy took me shopping at [Victoria's Little Sister](http://www.hpoe.club/~sevispac/NiS/vlscatalog/index.html) for my birthday." She did a graceful pirouette to show off her outfit.   
  
"Yes. Yes I do," I managed to stammer. "Well, I guess we'd better get started." It was a bit awkward trying to walk out to my van, but eventually the lights, cameras and equipment were in place in Christine's bedroom and she was seated on her bed looking like a little teenage hooker. I began snapping pictures as she lay back and writhed her nubile young body among the pillows. She pinched her nipples to bring them to full erection and wiggled out of that little thong. After a series of closeups dwelling on the silver tit bauble and her smooth, bare pussy lips, Christine sat up on the side of her bed. "I'm ready now, Daddy."  
  
"Honey, are you sure you want to do this? None of the other girls your age even come close to the pictures we've already got."  
  
"Pleeease, Daddy? You said I could. All my friends are posing for porn pics this year. If I'm the only one who doesn't everybody will laugh and call me a little girl." Christie gave him a heart melting pout no father could resist and reached up to grasp his zipper. Her dad gave an exasperated sigh, but offered no resistance as she unbuckled his belt and opened the front of his pants. I resumed my professional duties in time to capture his rampant erection as it flopped out of his boxers to slap against his daughter's astonished face. She gave a little squeal, half surprise and half delight.   
  
"Remember, this is Christie's show. Don't get any pictures of me, especially not my face. This year's pictures will be just my daughter playing with an anonymous cock." Christie grasped her father's dick by the base and literally cooed as she nuzzled it, leaving a little trail of pre-cum as she slipped it across her lips. Then she pulled her face back a few inches and took in the sight.   
  
"Hi Daddy, whatcha doin'?" came a young voice from Christie's open door.  
  
A barely pre-teen young girl stood in the doorway, wide eyed and resembling no one so much as Shirley Temple. She wore the same frilly white dress and cascade of blonde curls, and exuded the same bubbly innocence that made Shirley so popular long ago. "Can I watch?"

**Brookside Photoshoot, part II**

"Oh, Gawwd, no! You're spos'ta be in bed," Christie exclaimed. "Daaaad!" The slutty little tart with her hand on her daddy’s cock had suddenly turned into a mortified big sister. “Misty!” her father gasped as he pulled away and fumbled with his pants. The little girl looked surprised. “What’s wrong, daddy? Whatcha doin’? You look sooo pretty, Christie!” Her sister looked a little less upset and even gave her sibling a tiny smile.

“Your sister is right, Misty, you’re supposed to be in bed,” her father said, zipping up. I noticed that the white frilly 'dress' she was wearing was actually a little girl nightie, short enough to expose her slender legs to the top. Swiveling my camera I snapped a couple of candid pictures just to capture the moment. The lighting wasn’t perfect, but that could be corrected.  
  
“Why, daddy? I’m almost 12 and you said I could stay up until 10 o’clock unless it’s a school night. I don’t wanna go to bed! I want to stay up and watch!”   
  
“Well, honey, you know big girls get their pictures taken for the web site, but you’re still too little. You just need to be patient. You’ll be 13 before you know it, and then you can be on there with your sister.”  
  
“Aw, daddy, I can’t wait that long! Two years is forever! Christie looks so beautiful and grown up. Besides, I see girls all over the neighborhood naked almost every day. Why can’t I at least go topless?”  
  
“Now see here, young lady. It’s bad enough you see things like that at your age, I certainly am not going to let you do them. Now you turn around right now and march off to bed. We’ll talk about this when you’re closer to 13.”  
  
Misty looked crestfallen and gave her father a look that would melt a glacier. She hung her head and turned reluctantly to go.   
  
“Daddy, wait,” her sister said. “She has to learn about sex sometime. Maybe this would be a good way for her to find out. Safe with her family; people who love her.”   
  
He turned his stern glance back to his older daughter, but there was no way to miss a softening of his expression or a hardening in his trousers. I couldn’t blame him. Christie was a wet dream who was going to get whatever she wanted from any man for the rest of her life. She gazed up at her father from where she still sat, perched on the edge of her bed. You could see his resolution crumble.   
  
“Well. Ahem. Then… alright, young lady, but you sit down right there at your sister’s dressing table and you do not move or I will send you directly to your room. Is that understood?”  
  
I got a shot of Misty’s face as her pout morphed into a joyous smile. “Yes, daddy! Yes, daddy. Oh goody, goody, goody!” She skipped across the room and planted her pretty little butt in her sister’s chair, looking eagerly at her father. I repositioned my tripod so I could get all three in the frame.  
  
Christie turned her full attention back to her father’s distended trousers. She reached eagerly for his zipper and repeated her actions of a few moments earlier. In no time she was lovingly examining his rampant cock cuddled in her soft hands like a warm puppy, noticeably bigger and harder than before. He let out a soft moan, his younger daughter forgotten as he basked in Christie’s loving attention.   
  
She gazed at her father’s cock with awe as she hefted each ball individually in her palm, then turned her attention to the shaft. I captured each delightful moment as she examined it from root to tip and began to stroke him tentatively with one hand. Her eyes glowed with enchantment as a pearly droplet appeared from the tip and slipped down the front of his shaft to her waiting fingers. She paused, drew her fingertip upward along its path, and wonderingly rubbed the liquid between finger and thumb, delighting in the slippery texture. Her father moaned softly as his head rolled back and his eyes closed.  
  
Christie’s confidence increased in response. Now she wrapped her hand around his shaft and began stroking him, watching as more of his pre-cum began to flow from his cock head. Intent on what she was doing, neither of them saw little Misty slip quietly away from the table and kneel beside her sister. Fortunately the camera noticed.   
  
Her father began grunting loudly in time to each of his daughter’s quickening strokes. She brought her face to within an inch of the tip and I began to hope that she would part her lips and take him between her bright red lips. Alas, it was not to be. As she leaned forward to plant a soft kiss on the tip of his cock, her father lost control. The first spurt erupted against her closed lips, but her gasp of surprise allowed most of it to disappear into her mouth, even as her next stoke sent his second spurt upward into her hair and across her forehead. Her little sister gave a squeal of delight as Christie received pulse after pulse on her happy, glowing face. Then, in an unselfish act of sisterly love, Christie pivoted the spurting hose toward her excited little sister. Her father’s eyes flew open in surprise as Christie covered his younger daughter’s pristine nightie with gobs of slimy wet spunk. The two girls looked into each other’s eyes and giggled uncontrollably as the semen stained the fabric and left it wetly transparent.   
  
I captured every moment, even if Misty wasn’t allowed to post her pictures. Her sister got the most hits on the Brookside Girls site that year, and it turned out to be very good for my business. I’m in high demand, and I thoroughly enjoy my work. Plus, now that Misty is old enough, she has some interesting shots to go with her first nudes. They show a very cum-stained nightie.