**By the River**

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I'm a freelance photographer. I do mostly commercial work for the marketing departments of some small local businesses, some advertising for retail shops, etc. I'm 32 years old, and I manage to get enough of this kind of work to pay my bills. Part of the work is to line up any models I might need for a shoot, which is never a problem. I live in a college town with an endless supply of the young and beautiful, both men and women, many of them attracted to the supposed glamour of modelling. Some of the young women are perfectly willing to throw themselves on my casting couch for a chance to break in. I see it as a perk of my otherwise boring job, and I've been known to take advantage of it occasionally.  
  
One of those young women was Kathy, who didn't really need to seduce me to get hired. She is a very beautiful girl, 25 years old, 5' 6", 120 pounds, slender, with perfect C-cup breasts and gracefully curving hips. She has shoulder length, wavy dark brown hair, a perfect oval face with dramatic arching brows, lively gray-green eyes and a smile that instantly grabs you. After our introduction on my couch, we started dating and found we were very comfortable together. She moved into my apartment about six months ago, but it was mostly convenience for both of us. She works in the downtown office of a financial firm. My place was in easy commuting distance and the rent was free. For me, I like having her around for sex and companionship. We're reasonably steady, though neither of us considers it exclusive or permanent.  
  
Kathy lets me take studio photos of her nude for our private consumption, but there's something about her that makes me want more. The one thing I've wanted ever since I met her, was to get pictures of her in risky public settings where there's a chance she'll be seen by random passers-by. I guess I'm just a perverted, dirty old man, but that idea took root in my head and won't let me go. I knew Kathy was pretty open-minded about sex and nudity, so I had no problem letting her know about my obsession. She thought it was funny, even cute, but she was too nervous to do it until a couple weeks ago.  
  
It was a nice late spring day, and the warm weather had returned. Kathy and I took a drive along the river where it runs by the University. There's a grassy bank between the road and the river where students were out sunning themselves, studying, throwing Frisbees. I was astonished when Kathy out of nowhere volunteered: "You know this would be a great place to get those pictures you've always wanted."  
  
"What?" I'd been thinking the same thing, but I was surprised that she was the one to bring it up.  
  
"Yeah. It would be easy. I could just be one of the girls out there, lying on a blanket in my bikini. I loosen the top and lie on my stomach awhile. When I casually roll over, you get a couple snaps and I put my top back on. No big deal, and you've got your pictures. Right?"  
  
"Yeah," I sputtered. "You want to? Sounds great to me."  
  
"Okay," she laughed. "Why not?"  
  
Why not indeed?  
  
The next weekend, I dropped her off at the little park along the river. She had on her bikini under one of my shirts, and she walked away carrying a bag with a blanket, some sunscreen, a radio and a book; looking just like one of the pretty young college girls. I drove around and found a place to park. When I got back to the river with my camera, Kathy was already set up on the spot we had picked. I circled around behind some thick bushes, where I could shoot my pictures without being too visible.  
  
Kathy was lying on the blanket on her back, just soaking up the sun. There were a couple other girls farther down the bank, doing the same. People were jogging by; a couple Frisbees were flying; students were sitting in the shade, reading, chatting, just generally enjoying an idylilic afternoon by the river.  
  
Before too long, Kathy grabbed her book and rolled over on her stomach, untying her bikini top before she settled down to read. No one seemed to notice. I shot a couple pictures and waited, a pleasant knot of sexual tension rising under my ribs.  
  
When Kathy pushed the book aside, I got ready. She rolled over and sat up, her glorious breasts coming into view. I framed the picture to be sure I caught some of the boys in the background and got several pictures while Kathy shifted around on her blanket. A couple middle-aged men jogged by not twenty feet from Kathy. They watched her hungrily, trying not to openly stare, but they didn't stop. In fact, that was the most reaction she got. Kathy glanced around, seeming a little surprised at the lack of overt attention she had drawn. Apparently deciding it was cool, she laid back down, this time on her back, pointing her tender pink-tipped nipples at the sun. From that point on, she was on her own, making it up as she went along.  
  
While I lined up one shot after another, I could see that the boys behind her had noticed Kathy's naked breasts, but they were trying to be cool about it. I stopped to look for other angles, but Kathy rolled back onto her stomach before I could shoot any more.  
  
She propped herself on her elbows and watched the nearby Frisbee game. She seemed to be in no hurry to get back into her bikini top. In fact, when one of the boys let the Frisbee sail over his head and land a few feet from her, Kathy boldly smiled at him when he came to retrieve it, even exchanged a few words. I got several good shots of that charged little scene.  
  
He went back to his game, and Kathy went back to her book. The book didn't last long. She pushed it out of her way and put her head down, as if to snooze in the sun, her arms by her side. I thought she was covering up, using her arms to shield the white sides of her breasts from view. Then I noticed her fingers playing with the ties of her bikini bottom. She was untying them. I coujldn't believe she would take it that far, but I was going to be ready if she did. I raised the camera and focused. My zoom lens clearly showed the ties sliding apart. The back flap of her bikini was lying across her buns with nothing to hold it there but gravity.  
  
Still, no one seemed to pay any particular attention. Maybe the boys were a little more alert, keeping track of that scrap of cloth out of the corner of their eyes, but that was about it. Kathy squirmed on the blanket, shifting the bikini flap dangerously over her sweet bottom. I snapped some pictures and sensed the heat coming off her. I could only hope the camera would capture it.  
  
Finally, Kathy seemed to work out the formula for her little drama. She was a sun worshipper, working on that perfect tan. She reached around and folded the flap into a narrow strip that barely covered her crack, then she slid backwards down the blanket, drawing most of the strip beneath her till she judged it to be at the ultimate limit of 'decency.' A runner passed, coming toward me. His face broke into an incredulous grin and a bulge appeared in his shorts. I got a shot of him staring open-mouthed at Kathy as he ran past.  
  
The boys continued their game but couldn't take their eyes off Kathy for long. Soon there was another errant throw and the Frisbee landed near her again. I snapped furiously as the same good-looking boy came over to get it. Kathy looked up, a little abashed, this time. The kid threw the Frisbee back to his friends and stood there looking down on that beautiful naked vision.  
  
He said something I couldn't make out from where I stood. Kathy answered with a few words and a small nervous smile. The boy moved closer and asked her something. She nodded, and he sat down beside her on the blanket, for the first time taking his eyes off her, as he looked out over the river. I had to duck back behind the bushes to make sure he didn't see me. I peeked out a moment later, and he had turned back toward her, apparently carrying on a casual conversation. Kathy had to be very still to maintain her precarious costume. She lay there on her stomach, soaking up the sun. Remarkably, they carried on with this insanity for the next ten minutes.  
  
I watched them through my lens and kept on shooting, recording every gesture, every movement. My eyes were drawn to them in stunned fascination. This was not part of the program. But, at that point, it was out of my hands; it was Kathy's show now.  
  
The sun was hot, and just as I thought of the sunscreen, so did they. The boy reached into Kathy's bag and took out the tube of cream. He spread some on his hands and began to smooth it over Kathy's legs. As he moved up her thighs, he had to be careful not to disturb the narrow strip of cloth, giving due respect to her last scrap of privacy.  
  
Through the lens, I could see some stiffness and tension in Kathy's body as he began. That quickly melted under his touch, and her face relaxed into a mask of sensual pleasure. As he finished on her tender white buns, I could see the fire of sexual need begin to burn behind the mask.  
  
She raised up on one elbow and looked over her shoulder at him. In that moment, as if in the space of my shutter's opening, she seemed to decide something, although it was less a decision than a final letting-go. She glanced imperceptibly at my spot in the bushes, turned around and sat up. Her breasts were once again in full view, but this time in view of a handsome young man who sat close enough to reach out and touch them. The bikini bottom lay loosely over her pubic patch.  
  
The boy stared into her eyes with a serious expression, motionless.  
  
I worked the camera mechanically. My chest and throat constricted, stopping my breath.  
  
On the slope behind them, in my camera's field of view, I saw the kid's friends sitting under a tree about 40 yards away.  
  
Kathy smiled and lay down on her back, casually straightening the bikini and beckoning the boy to continue rubbing her with the sun cream. He stared amazed at Kathy's body for a moment, then picked up the tube and squeezed some more into his hand. Applying the sunscreen for him was more like giving a massage. Kathy rolled gently under his hands as they kneaded her thighs, then sighed when they slid past the dangling strip of cloth that lay across her lap. He softly rubbed her stomach, taking his sweet time before moving up to her breasts.  
  
Kathy's body seemed to stop and wait as his hands circled her breasts, again and again. The circles got tighter and tighter, centering in on her sweetly standing nipples. When he finally slid his palms across them, cupping them for an extra beat, she threw back her head with her mouth open and her eyes closed.  
  
The kid's friends watched, and I caught it all in my camera.  
  
The boy worked on her tits for awhile and the erotic concentration on her face gradually relaxed into an expression of pure pleasure. When he'd been over nearly every inch of her body with the sun cream, she sat up and motioned toward her bag. The kid grabbed her shirt from the bag and gave it to her. Kathy buttoned it around her and stood up. The bikini bottom fell to the ground. Kathy picked it up, carried it over to the bag and dropped it in. Together they folded the blanket and put it in the bag, along with the rest of Kathy's stuff. Kathy looked back at the bushes just once and walked away with him.  
  
I got my gear together and started after them just in time to see them get in his car and pull into traffic. By the time I got back to my car, they were gone. I drove back to our apartment in a nervous fog of anticipation. The prospect of all those incredible photos in my camera was searing my imagination and churning my gut.  
  
I loaded the images onto my computer and went through them over and over, cropping and making adjustments to color and light. As I worked, I couldn't help but think about where Kathy was at that moment and what she was doing. I knew she was probably with that kid, rolling around on his bed in some student apartment, and I was a little disturbed by my reaction. Picturing that scene just added to my excitement over the photos. I had 131 of them, and they were even better than I imagined, clear, dramatic, and for me at least, incredibly erotic. The experience of reviewing them was every bit as intense as the experience of seeing and taking them live.  
  
Four hours later a cab pulled up in front and Kathy got out. She came in and found me at the table in the kitchen. She was still wearing the shirt and sneakers. We were both silent for a moment.  
  
"Did you get the pictures you wanted?" she finally asked a little stiffly.  
  
"Yes. I ... I think I did," I said, a colossal understatement.  
  
"Good." There was a nervous tremble in her voice. "I guess it went a little farther than we planned."  
  
"Yeah," I agreed.  
  
"Well, did you like it?"  
  
"It was ..." I searched for the word, "amazing."  
  
"Oh god, I know," she breathed in relief at my reaction. "I've never been so turned on in my life."  
  
I was struggling with conflicting emotions. There was jealousy, of course, but there was even more sexual excitement. I couldn't put it into words, but I think Kathy knew what was going on inside me.  
  
"You know why I was always afraid of doing this kind of thing?" she asked, glancing into my eyes. "I was afraid that once that feeling of letting go started coming over me, I wouldn't be able to control it. I'd just want more and more, and that's exactly what happened. You can't imagine what it felt like when that boy came over and sat down. And when he put his hands on me, it just burst. I knew I had to follow it to the end."  
  
"And was the end just as good?" I managed to choke.  
  
"Even better," she said with a tentative smile. "I told him about our little photography project and he got just as turned on as me."  
  
"You told him?"  
  
"Yup, I did, and you know what?"  
  
"No, what?"  
  
"He said he'd like to help us do our next one."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Yeah, and I set up a time for another shoot with him next weekend."