Camera Club

by SueandSteve Â©

Steve is a member of a local photographic club and one week he took in

some slightly candid photos of me to enter into a "People" competition. In

two or three I was showing glimpses of my breasts by having the top

buttons of my blouse undone and in a couple of others I was showing my

stocking tops. I had agreed to him taking them to the club because, to

tell the truth, it was a bit of an ego trip to know that he was proud of

photos that he'd taken of me.

Steve was excited when he came home because, although he hadn't won the

competition, the other members had liked the photos and had asked him if I

would consider going along to model for them. Steve said that they would

expect to take similar shots to those that he had taken. I was thrilled to

be asked but, being a bit self-conscious, I wasn't sure I'd like to pose

in front of a dozen or so men, most of whom I wouldn't know. Steve said

that he thought that not knowing them would make it easier for me but I

wasn't convinced about that. I had always been happy to model for Steve

because I felt in control of what would happen to the photos. In the past

he had destroyed any I didn't like but I couldn't guarantee that that

would happen with the other club members. In fact, I was pretty certain it

wouldn't.

Anyway, I 'phoned my friend Ann and we had quite a long chat about it. She

told that she was jealous of me because she would love to be asked to do

something like that, and that I should go ahead and do it. After all,

Steve would be there so what could go wrong!

When Steve came home from work the next night I think I surprised him by

agreeing to go along to the meeting in a couple of weeks time. In the

intervening period I visited the tanning salon a few times to build a good

tan. I also asked Steve what he thought I should where to the session. He

suggested some smart outer clothing (blouse, short skirt, high heeled

shoes) plus something sexier for slightly more revealing shots. Steve

mentioned that some of the other members had asked about the possibility

of taking glamour shots but that he had said no to that. He expected that

I would be asked to show my cleavage and stocking tops and I told him I

was quite happy to do that.

We eventually decided on an all white ensemble to contrast with my tanned

skin. I would wear a short skirt and a blouse, a half-cup support bra to

emphasise my breasts, a thong, suspenders and stockings. I also decided to

where 3-inch high heel shoes to accentuate my shapely calves.

On the day of the meeting I was nervous and struggled to concentrate at

work. I wanted to look my best so I made sure I got home early from work.

I shaved under my arms and trimmed my bush on the basis that stray pubes

would not look good. I shaved myself much more than I normally would have

done, leaving only a narrow strip on my mons. While I was doing that I

found myself getting slightly aroused at the thought of the modelling

session to come, perhaps the two glasses of wine I had might have had

something to do with that!.

When I eventually emerged Steve complimented me (as he always does) and

did a good job of making me feel beautiful and able to face up to the

"challenge".

When we arrived Steve expressed surprise at the number of cars in the car

park and when we went inside we found a dozen members already there.

According to Steve, the modelling nights were always popular. Neil, the

club chairman came over to greet us. Steve introduced us and then I was

taken around the room and introduced to the other people there. I was

surprised to see a couple of women because Steve had never mentioned any

women members but then I remembered reading recently that more and more

women were taking up photography now.

After being introduced to all of the members Neil showed me to the part of

the room where there was a changing area and the props that the models

usually used. I noticed an open bottle of wine and Neil poured me a large

glass before heading off to re-join the members, who were preparing their

equipment. He said that should just let them know when I was ready and

then just approach the area under the lighting so the shoot could start.

I slipped off my coat and sat in a chair slowly drinking the glass of

wine. I then touched up my make-up, refreshed my lipstick and tidied up my

hair. Once I had finished the glass of wine my nerves had calmed and I had

managed to get myself into the mindset of being a model. I called out that

I was ready and would be coming out.

The noise from the main part of the room died down and as I walked from

behind the screen I briefly saw all of their faces turned towards me and

then camera flashes started going off. Obviously some of the members had

decided to photo my walk across the room to the modelling area. I hoped I

looked graceful enough whilst walking across the short distance. One or

two of the members started calling out instructions and I realised that

they wanted me to repeat my entrance so I walked back to the screen then

turned around and made my back to the modelling area.

I was now in the "model" mind-set and afterwards, when I looked back on

the night, I realised that I had forgotten that Steve was there.

I stood in front of the group and turned in different directions as

requested so that they could take head shots. During this I turned away

from the member and slightly twisted my body so that I could look over my

shoulders at them. When I looked down I noticed that I could make out that

darker area of my aureoles and that my nipples were quite prominent. I

thought that that should please the photographers.

I was then asked to sit on a chair. Steve told me later that it gave a

great view of my shapely legs. I was asked to cross and un-cross my legs a

few times. Each time I did that my skirt would ride a bit higher. When it

got as far as my stocking tops I stood up and straightened it and then sat

down again.

They called out for me to cross and re-cross my legs again but this time

to allow the stocking tops to remain on display. Steve had said they'd

want to see my stocking tops so I did as asked. I even continued to cross

and re-cross my legs, resulting in even more of the flesh above my

stockings coming into view.

Neil then asked me to remain as I was whilst he approached me. He stood

between the cameras and me and asked if it was okay if he undid the top

buttons on my blouse. I nodded yes and he reached down. He eventually

loosened the top three buttons but after loosening the last one his right

hand moved sideways and brushed across the nipple on my left breast,

causing an erotic shock to go through my body and the nipple to become

even more prominent.

Neil then pulled the blouse open at the collar, putting the tops of my

breasts and my cleavage on display. The requests then came thick and fast

for me to move, twisting my torso to the left and right. The men were

getting nice sideways views of my breasts and I could hear the cameras

beeping as photos were being taken. Of course the movement had also caused

my skirt to continue to work its way up my legs. I would have to be

careful not to let my thong show â€“ at least for a while!

I was next asked to kneel on the floor and to lean forward with my elbows

on the floor. This must have given them a wonderful view of my cleavage

and my breasts, which were no longer being supported by the bra. When I

sat back up I loosened the rest of the buttons on the blouse down to where

it was tucked in to my skirt.

After a few more photos had been taken with my breasts even more visible,

the women called Jen approached me, took the blouse out of my skirt and

then peeled it back over my shoulders. That revealed the white bra, which

contrasted nicely with my tanned skin and I received lots of compliments.

Shortly after that I removed the blouse completely and got down on my

knees again. This time my breasts were even more visible and it felt like

my skirt had also ridden higher.

I was absorbed by the modelling session and was definitely becoming

aroused. I had decided to not re-adjust my skirt and to let it continue to

ride up my thighs as I moved around. I knew that my suspenders were now on

display but I assumed that my thong was still covered by my skirt.

It was then that Steve stepped forward and suggested a change of prop. I

was momentarily shocked when I saw him but then I remembered that he had

arranged this. He approached me and told me how hot I looked. He also

checked that I was happy to continue, indicating that I was likely to be

asked to do more revealing shots. I was so into it there was no way I was

stopping at this stage. I told him that I wasn't yet sure exactly how far

I would be willing to go. We would both just have to wait and see.

Neil handed me another glass of wine, from which I took a reasonable

drink. I was definitely feeling no pain, now being in the process of

drinking my fourth (large) glass of wine since I had gotten home from work

only three or so hours before.

I was asked to sit on the table and lean back, which I did. I realised

that that would probably have put my thong on display. I asked for a brief

pause then stood up, loosened my skirt, worked it down my hips and stepped

out of it once it hit the floor. The other woman, Joanne, picked up my

skirt and blouse and put them over the screen. When she walked back past

me I could see lust in her eyes but she continued on her way and, I

assume, picked up her camera and re-started taking photos.

I leaned back on the table and with my legs slightly parted I knew that

they would all be able to see my thong. Well, they would be able to see

the part that hadn't worked its way between my now engorged outer lips. I

could feel how damp I was but I felt no embarrassment, as I was sure that

everyone else in the room was aroused by now.

I was asked to turn over so I got onto my knees and elbows again,

presenting my butt to the photographers. I heard someone approach and

looked across to see Joanne next to me. She reached across and loosened my

bra. I lifted one of my arms and she removed the bra down that arm. We

then did the same with the other arm. Once the bra was fully off Joanne

reached under me and cupped a breast in each hand, massaging the breast

and its nipple. There was no doubt she knew the affect she was having on

me. I closed my eyes and was fast approaching an orgasm when she stopped.

I looked up at her with pleading expression but she just smirked and

re-joined the rest of the photographers.

I turned around again so that I was lying back on the table. My nipples

were as hard and erect as they had ever been and I decided to continue

where Joanne had left off. I could hear the cameras beeping as I took hold

of my own breasts and started massaging them. I also pinched my nipples

between my fingers and even bent my head and lifted each breast in turn to

enable me to suck my nipples. I am sure that I heard a few groans when I

did that but it might just have been my own moans of pleasure.

I continued to massage my left breast with my left hand but my right hand

worked its way down my body to my crotch. I ran my fingers over my thong,

gently pressing on my clitoris. I then ran my fingers outside of my outer

lips, shuddering with the pleasurable feelings this produced. I then slid

my fingers under my thong and across my inner lips and opening.

Unsurprisingly I was absolutely dripping. I removed my finger and brought

it slowly to my lips. I then announced to my audience that I needed a hand

to remove my thong. One of the men stepped forwards, took the thong in

both hands and when I raised my hips peeled it down my legs.

When I let my legs drop slightly open after the thong had been removed I

felt his presence still there. I heard him take a deep breath, to take in

the aroma of my very aroused sex, and then I felt his tongue run all the

way up my lips to my clitoris. I couldn't help but moan with pleasure and

then groan with frustration when I realised that that was all he was going

to do. I assume he was a bit wary of doing much more with my husband

present.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to take matters into my own

hands. With my stocking clad legs still hanging off the side of the table

I used both hands stroke the flesh at the top of my thighs. I then moved

one hand over my opening, running a finger up and down my lips, spreading

my moisture everywhere. With the other hand I found my clitoris and

started gently rubbing it.

I could hear a shuffling of feet and sensed that everyone had moved

closer. I could still hear the cameras beeping so I knew that my actions

were being recorded. By this time, however, I could not care less.

I inserted one, two and then three fingers in my vagina and teased the

opening. I had to raise my legs and rest my feet on the table to make it

easier. So no doubt the club members were getting an even better view than

they had hoped. Oh how I wished that I had brought my vibrator or dildo,

but I hadn't been planning on going this far. Still, the height of my

arousal was such that it only took a few strokes of my clitoris in order

for me to reach a thundering climax, the intensity of which was such that

I think I briefly passed out.

The next thing I knew someone was gently touching my arm. I opened my eyes

to see Joanne raising the hand I had had inside me to her lips. She licked

my fingers, cleaning my juices from them. Again, cameras beeping indicated

that her actions were being recorded for posterity.

Then I saw Steve approaching me. He gently helped me up and we made our

way over to the screen. Steve picked up my clothes and we continued on

past the screen into the Ladies. All the way he was telling me how hot I

was and what an amazing session it had been. Once we were in the Ladies

room, Steve unzipped his fly and took out his cock. I immediately I took

hold of him he started thrusting his hips backwards and forwards. He was

already leaking pre-cum and I knew he was close to coming.

I sat down in a chair and got him to stand in front of me. I leant forward

and enclosed my lips around the end of his knob. As soon as I touched him

with my lips he groaned and thrust his hips forward. That caused his cock

to enter my mouth and his orgasm hit him. He spurted about half a dozen

times and I struggled to swallow all of his come but I managed it without

spilling a drop.

He then sat down in another chair and I sat on his lap. We held each other

tightly and kissed. I apologised for going so far in front of everybody

but he just told me how much he loved me. After cuddling together for five

minutes I could feel him coming back to life so I hopped off his lap and

got dressed, promising him that we would continue once we got home.

Shortly afterwards the door to the Ladies opened and Joanne walked in. She

said she was just checking that we were okay but when Steve turned to

leave she passed me a piece of paper. When I looked at it later it

contained her telephone number and a request to give her a call sometime.

When we emerged from the Ladies nearly every body had left. Neil said that

everyone had said how much they enjoyed the session asked if I would be

willing to do another shoot. I said that I would but that I could not

guarantee that it would end the same way as this one. He looked a bit

disappointed but said that he understood. Perhaps I'll have to see if

Joanne would be willing to do a double-act. Then again, Ann might also be

a willing partner, especially once I have told her how this session went.