Catering the Beach Photo Shoot

by talkonthebeach©

Day 1

It was hot outside; I was sweating standing still, the August sun reflecting off

the white sand, blinding anyone foolish enough to have forgotten sunglasses. My

name is Alissa, and I work as a server for a catering company. I started two

months ago, right after I turned eighteen. I only started working to save money

so that when I left for college I would have some spending cash. Several of my

friends who have also recently graduated high school were working for the same

caterer, so I knew the tips were good and the work was easy.

Usually I serve for luncheons and the extravagant dinners at the convention

center where the caterer is based. How I ended up on a remote beach serving deli

sandwiches and bottled of water is a story in itself. Basically all of the other

servers had signed up early for a conference of ranch owners. These ranch owners

had a history of tipping large. I missed the sign ups because I was off work the

day it was posted. So instead of serving steaks to filthy rich cowboys, I

thought I was going to be off for the week.

My owner approached me last weekend and asked if I was willing to serve Monday

through Thursday this week. He told me he accidentally scheduled a catering

venue during the cattleman's convention, and needed a person to drive the food

out, set it up, and serve. There would be no tips involved, but the owner

offered me a hundred dollars a day just to help him out, which was probably more

than he would make in profit. I took him up on the offer.

This catering event was for some advertising work that a photographer from

Tallahassee was doing for a local jewelry business. The event consisted of dozen

people, models, business representatives, and photographer with staff. Water,

juices, sandwhiches... what a boring day.

On Monday, after I placed the food on the tables and had snacks and water for

the workers prepared, I watched the shoot for a while. They were starting with

the commercial—a guy an girl in white linen pants, him topless, her with a

modest bikini top. He was supposedly proposing, with a ring from this certain

store that made all the difference in whether she said yes or no.

They filmed take after take, getting lines right, making sure angles were

correct, wiping sweat from the models: I watched about twenty takes or so before

I sat in a lounge chair I had brought with me and opened my book. It was

scorching hot, and I had worn shorts and a t-shirt. Most of the workers were in

swimwear, girls wearing their bikinis, and the photographer and grip with board

shorts and no top on. Several times I looked up to see them cooling off in the

ocean. When I did I realized just how hot I was and wished I had worn my bikini

as well.

Too soon it was lunch time, and I was busily serving, ad then cleaning. While I

was sweating away, putting the leftovers into the coolers, the photographer came

over to me to let me know that I was free to wear a bikini this week. He said he

understood that this was a boring gig, and that I was free to soak up the sun or

hit the water during the photo shoot and filming.

Day 2

Getting dressed, I remembered how hot it was the day before. I decided to wear

my bikini under a white polo and some khaki colored shorts that were quite

small. My shoulder length blond hair was ponytailed. I went out the door of my

parents house and drove to the convention center where I picked up the mini-van

I would be taking out to the beach. As I was driving the thirty minute trip, I

found an oldies stationed and rocked out to the Beach Boys, wishing I was

hanging with surfer boys instead of soaking up the sun. When I got to the beach,

with its white sand and emerald water, I began to unpack the lunch and snacks.

It didn't take me too long to get hot enough to strip down to my bikini. Because

of modesty I decided to go to the far side of the van to remove my polo and my

shorts. I had not paid any attention to what was going on with the photo shoot,

so I was shocked when I came around from the other side of the van to see a

strikingly beautiful red-haired girl, no older than I, reaching for a bottle of

water from the bowl where the bottles were sitting in ice. The image was surreal

because she grabbed a few ice cubes with the bottle and began to rub them along

her naked breasts—she was topless!

Only her voice interrupted my gaze into what must have been her C-cup breasts:

"How are you today?"

"I... umm... fine. I am sorry for staring, I just didn't realize that anyone

would be naked here." Dammit, I sounded so corny saying that.

The red haired girl looked at me and said, "Hi, I am Jennifer." She dropped the

ice and stuck out her hand for me to shake, which I did quickly. "We are doing

some black and white photos with jewelry. Joey (the male model) and I are in the

surf, facing away from the camera, holding hands, and the photographer is

focusing on my bracelet."

That sounded stupid to me. I mean, who would wear an expensive piece of jewelry

to the beach, especially if they were topless. I smiled at her asking if I could

get anything else for her. She said no, and bounded away back towards the surf

where the photographers and the jewelry store representatives were discussing

the shoot. It was only then that I realized she was wearing the skimpiest of

thongs I had ever seen. It was a teal blue color, electric against the

background of the emerald water.

My conservatively cut bikini, which I feared to be inappropriate, now seamed

overdressed. I went back to work, sneaking glimpses as the photo shoot

continued. Even when I was lounging in my fold up chair reading my novel as I

waited for lunch, I was distracted by the sensuality of Jennifer so much that I

was unable to read more than about a page over twenty minutes. About five

minutes before the lunch break she stretched a tank top over her head and pulled

on some cheerleader shorts—at least I would be able to look everyone in the

eyes. I grabbed my clothes and put them back on as well.

During lunch the photographer came over and talked to me. First he asked about

my job, which I told him was just a way to make money for college. Since I was

going to Florida State in Tallahassee we got to talking about plans for college.

He asked me if I planned to hold a job while at school and it wasn't long before

he was offering me work when I got to school. It turned out that Mack, the

photographer, owned a camera shop that sold equipment and offered developing

services in addition to doing photography work.

I might have been a blond, but that doesn't mean I was dumb. I probed Mack about the job, knowing how silly it would be to hire someone under these conditions.

Mack assured me the pay was good, that he needed someone who could serve snacks at some shoots, and that in the past he had often just cut staff short at the

retail store to do so. Since his business was growing, and he could not afford

to hire a professional caterer for most shoots, he wanted to find a college

student who could do it. I told him I would discuss more with him later.

It was about that time that lunch was supposed to be over. Mack invited me over

to the shoot, and I told him I would walk over later when the food was cleaned

up. I quickly cleaned up and loaded everything in the van except the ice chests

for bottled water. I walked over towards the shoot. Once again Jennifer was

topless, but this time she was wearing a beautiful diamond pendant in the shape

of a heart. The pendant hung right about where here cleavage started. She was

kneeling in the surf. Mack showed me the shots he was taking on the LCD of his

digital SLR. Once again he was shooting black and white, and the shots were

really done well. He captured some cleavage in each shot, but none of them

showed he breasts very much. Instead, each highlighted the pendant in sharp

focus against the shadows created by her cleavage. I was very impressed.

That was the last shot that featured Jennifer topless. When she put her shirt

back on I wasn't sure if I was relieved or disappointed. One of the business

representatives took her pendant and gave her some earrings. I didn't want to

watch Mack focus on earrings, so I headed back to the van to grab my novel.

At the end of the shoot that day, around 2:30 pm, Mack and his crew packed up

and loaded their equipment into the cases. The whole lot of them, including

Jennifer, came over to grab some water. They all drank their water by the van,

and talked about the day. Everyone was talking about their favorite vacation

spots—I figured it was a continuation of the conversation from the shoot. After

they talked for a few minutes, Mack turned to me and asked where my family liked

to take their vacations, and what was my favorite. I didn't have much to day,

but I told them my favorite vacations were to a beach because I loved to lay out

and sun or to play in the water.

Jennifer jumped in next, saying she loved to play in the water and sun too. Next

thing I knew Mack was heading to his van to grab a football, and everyone was

planning on hitting the water to throw the ball for a while. I was excited about

that, I had wanted to jump in all day long. I was walking along side Jennifer,

the only female there, just talking with the guys, when Jennifer pulled her

t-shirt off, revealing her wonderful breasts. I must have gawked open-mouthed

too much because she said, "What, you didn't expect me swim in my shirt did

you?"

I didn't have a reply. I started to take my shirt off too, as everyone else

stripped off shirts and sandals and began crashing into the water, Mack throwing

a long pass to one of his assistants. I looked up, Jennifer was waiting for me,

and she was wearing nothing but that thong—the very tiny, low-rise thong that

barely covered anything. It was borderline indecent, and suddenly I felt both

overdressed and embarrassed. Jennifer looked at me in the eyes and said, "You

know you can join me if you like. If you take your top off, the guys probably

won't gawk at you so much."

That didn't make too much sense to me—I was sure they would gawk more if I took

off my bikini top. I replied to her, "I don't think I could do that. I have

never done anything like that before, not even just around other girls."

Jen looked at me and said, "Suit yourself." She then ran straight towards the

surf. How she kept that tiny thong bottom on I will never know, but she waded

out right between the game of pass, jumped straight up in the air, and caught

the ball about three foot above her head as the ball sailed from one guy to the

other.

I watched for a minute or two, just wading casually out. None of the guys seemed

to be staring at her. I couldn't believe the state of casual nudity I was

working, and now playing around. Everyone was tossing the ball, guys tackling

guys, guys even tackling Jennifer. Although it seemed so sensual, it didn't come

off as sexual. Soon enough even I was tossing, tackling, catching, and even

getting tackled in the water.

I was having so much fun. I looked around, Jen was tackling Mack as he threw the

ball. The ball landed in the middle of the water, no where near any of his

intended targets. I swam towards the ball, but didn't make it in time. One

assistant picked the ball up. I jumped to tackle him, but he deftly dodged and

passed as I landed in the water where he was standing. As I surfaced, Jen called

my name, "Alissa, catch!"

I turned around, expecting to see the football flying towards me. Instead I saw

a wad of fabric: Mack's board shorts. They landed in the water right in front of

me. Time slowed down—I picked up the shorts, not sure what to do. I looked up,

Mack was swimming straight for me, obviously naked and obviously trying to get

his shorts back. He raised up in the air to tackle me, and I threw the shorts,

hoping to avoid what was coming. It was too late, Mack dunked me straight into

the water, knocking us both underwater. I tried to get from under him, but his

huge body pinned me on the sand gulf-bottom. As I flailed about, the unthinkable

happened. I grabbed him... not just him, I grabbed it. I grabbed his cock.

It was an accident. I didn't even hold on. When he jumped to tackle me was the

first time I had ever seen one, even though it was for the briefest half-second.

A second later, underwater, I touched one for the first time.

When I surfaced I expected Mack to be looking at me, perhaps even scolding me.

Instead, I saw his bronzed butt swimming off towards Jennifer again, who held

his shorts high up in the air. He jumped, caught the shorts Jennifer was

throwing, and talked her in one motion. I was in shock, transfixed on Mack as he

put his shorts back on. I wasn't looking when the ball was thrown, and never saw

it in the air as it collided into my head, knocking me into the water.

I don't remember much for the next couple of minutes. I do remember sitting in

the van seat, dressed, with Jennifer driving the van as we headed back to the

catering center. I didn't get knocked out, I just got hit hard enough to make me

woozy. The crew had helped me out of the water, effectively ending the fun, and

decided to let Jen drive the van and to meet up at the convention center.

When we got there everyone made sure I was ok. When I checked out ok, I was told that the next day's shoot would be at a different location and given directions.

I was told it was still suitable for dressing in a bikini, and that Jen and Mack

and his crew would be there, but that there would be a couple more female

models, and the males would not be there. They wished me good night and we

parted—until tomorrow.