Dee's Turnabout

by straypoodle©

If Dee had had any other choice, she would not be knocking on the photographer's

door. The fierce winter wind ripped through her thin coat and reminded her how

hard times had become. Dee had nearly decided to turn away when the door was

opened.

The photographer was not as she'd imagined him to be. She had expected an older

man, balding, maybe with a gut. But this man wasn't yet forty, fit, and while

his dark hair was disheveled, it was only in a fashionable way.

"Delilah James?" He asked of the pink-cheeked girl with the long dark curls.

She nodded and accepted his offer of entry to the house. The space was sparse

and modern, without being cold. There was no photography studio in sight.

"Pleasure. Charles Jordon – call me Charlie," he extended his hand. His

confident shake made hers even smaller.

He led her past the kitchen, and paused.

"Would you care for a drink before we get started?"

Dee decided that anything to help her relax would be a good thing. She watched

him pour her a tall glass of pinot noir.

The studio was in a large room, at the back of the house. It looked professional

and well equipped.

"The dressing room is right here. Your outfit is waiting for you inside."

Dee entered the room and found something worse than she had feared. A black,

bra-less bustier, black garters and sheer black stocking. There was also a

semi-sheer black floor length robe, and what could, arguably, be called

underwear: a band of black laced elastic to fit around her waist, and a band of

large, white pearls, to slip into the cracks of her pussy and ass.

She might as well have been naked.

She was under no delusions about what kind of photo shoot this was, but had been

hoping for a moment to perhaps build up to the nude photos. At least it would be

over with sooner, she reasoned, as she checked herself out in the mirror.

She had to admit, the effect was sexy. The white really set off her black hair

and naturally red lips. And of course the bustier only accentuated her large,

shapely breasts. And the beads that rubbed the lips of her pussy had an

immediate effect on her. Each movement of her legs was a tiny stimulation, like

an itch she couldn't scratch. Her nipples puckered and became visibly extended.

They also ached for attention.

For all her arousal, Dee felt as much shame. She wasn't sure what was happening

to her body, why she it was reacting in such a naughty way. Her strict

evangelical upbringing brought visions of sin and hell to her mind, but if this

was hell, she secretly admitted to herself, she didn't know what was so awful

about it.

Dee quickly put the robe on and pulled it close around her. Then she realized

that the closer the fabric of the robe was to her body, the more sheer it

became. She let it hang loosely, and, with steel resolve, turned the handle of

the dressing room door.

Charlie was adjusting his camera. He did a subtle double-take when he saw her,

then recovered. He adjusted her to the middle of the stage.

He took a few shots of her just standing, then he asked her to do simple things

like turn her head, or raise her arms. But he didn't waste much time, as his

next request was for the robe to slip off her shoulders.

"That's it, Dee. You have beautiful skin, let me see it." Dee was mortified, but

those pearls were so insistently tickling her that her arousal could not be

helped.

"Okay, face me, and hug the robe around yourself. Pull it tight. Good." Charlie

took a few steps nearer, and snapped shots of her dark, extended nipples showing

through the fabric.

"Now turn around, and let the robe drop to your waist. Good. Turn, just a

quarter, but face me. Yes. Now spin around, look down, turn around again," he

said. She began to think he knew just how the pearls affected her, and was

having her move as much as he could. "Yes, face me again. Okay, I need to make

an adjustment," he said, and put the camera down.

Charlie walked up with a small pot of something in his hands. He unscrewed the

tiny lid, and dipped his finger into it, and pulled up a dark red goo. Without

asking permission, he lightly wiped it off on the hard tip of Dee's nipple. Her

nipples were generally quite sensitive, but now, extremely so – they were

throbbing, painful, needing to be touched. When he gently used his finger to

spread the paste around her nipple, she drew her breath in sharply. It felt so

good, but she needed more. When her repeated the delicate process with the other

nipple, it was just as much a tease. The small relief was the brief warm look he

gave her, before he walked back to the camera.

Now her nipples were as dark red as her lips, and standing out at least a half

inch. She was all hot and bothered, and didn't even mind when he said, "Drop the

robe."

Her pussy was all there for him to see, besides that damn string of pearls.

"No, no no," he exclaimed, putting the camera down. "Have you never shaved your

cunt?" he asked.

"I...no." Dee said quietly.

"Well, we have to do it now." He left, but quickly returned with a towel and

shaving implements. He directed her to a chaise lounge and had her lay back,

after taking her "panties" off.

Charlie first trimmed the triangle above her pussy with the small scissors. Then

he worked the hairs outside her lips. When that was complete, he slipped his

finger just inside her slit, to push the lips open, to get a close cut. His

fingers repeated brushed her clit and she almost cried out but didn't. It didn't

matter, he saw and felt exactly how wet she was.

He finished the work with a razor, and it was the most excruciating/exciting

experience Dee had ever had. The gentle motions were a tease and she badly

wanted more. Yet she was terrified of a slip of the razor. A small part of her

brain, one that wasn't working very well at the moment, wondered how she'd

handed so much trust over to a stranger.

After Charlie was done with the shave he put a generous dollop of lotion in his

hands. Unabashedly, he rubbed her pussy – first the top, then the outer lips,

and then, more languidly, the inner lips – with the lotion. This did make her

cry out a little mewl he could barely hear. He just smiled at her and asked her

to put the pearls back on.

When she did, she found she was more sensitive than she even was before. He took pictures of her standing, kneeling, and bending, the camera getting closer and

closer to her ever more exposed pussy and asshole. Dee had never felt a rush

like this before in her life.

"You do have lovely nipples," he mused as his camera got close to them. "Do they

get any longer?" he asked.

"I ...don't know," Dee said. They were already so sore and extended, she

couldn't imagine. But she wanted to see him try.

He set the camera down again. His first action was to rub his palms, in circles,

over the tips of her nipples, with just enough pressure for her to cry out.

"They're sensitive?" he asked.

"Yes," she almost panted as his thumbs flicked them side to side. He pinched

them, then, and she felt the wetness in her pussy swell, and trickle down her

leg.

"You like that?"

"...Yes."

He reached into a side drawer and pulled out something she couldn't make out.

Pinching her nipple, he slowly closed a clamp over her the swollen tip. She

almost yelped from the instant shot of pain, but that was followed by slow and

steady waves of pleasure. The clamp was connected by a chain to the other, and,

after they'd both been attached, Dee couldn't helped feel even sexier.

He stepped back behind the camera again. The sensations pulsing to her nipples

were so forceful, she was afraid she'd burst if she didn't come right then. She

was wiggling around, trying to get the beads to hit her just right, no longer

even aware of the camera.

Charlie's voice had dropped to a husky whisper, "yeah, sweetie, that's right.

Touch yourself for me, don't be shy."

Dee could wait no longer. She dropped one hand in between her legs and began to

toy with her clit, while the other flicked the exposed tip of her nipple back

and forth. He took a whole roll of her standing and masturbating. As she was

about to bring herself to orgasm, he guided her to the lounge, prompted her to

lay.

"Oh, dear, those nipples look tender. Can I see how long they've gotten?" he

asked.

She whimpered her ascent.

Slowly, he removed the clips and she felt the jolt of blood rush back into her

so-tender nipples. "They must be sore," he mused, and rubbed them as he had

before, little circles with the palms of his hands. His hands moved to cup her

breasts, but his thumbs kept working those glorious nipples.

"Oohhhh," she moaned.

He reached between her legs, and petted the beads that he knew had been teasing

her all night. He pet them to tease more and then pushed them aside, letting his

fingers brush against her clit, just to hear her moan again. He pushed one, then

two, fingers up into her, all the while his other hand worked her nipple.

His cock was so engorged he could hardly wait. But it was such an incredible

turn on to see this shy little flower react so violently for him, so quickly, that he wanted to prolong it.

He pulled his sopping wet fingers out of her and toyed with her clit, while he

toyed with one nipple, and suckled the other, and she just wriggled and moaned

underneath him until she erupted like the good little pet she was.

He gave her a moment to recover before he instructed her, "okay, on your hands

and knees."

She did so, and he wasted not a moment in removing his pants and sliding his

firm, swollen cock right into her tight little cunt. "You are so fucking wet for

me," he said, holding his cock deep inside her, still. "Aren't you?"

"Yes," she panted.

"What are you?"

"I'm – I'm wet."

"How wet are you?"

"Very wet."

"Tell me," he demanded, holding his cock still, for ransom.

"I'm really wet for you," she cried.

He pumped out, then in, once. "How do you want me to fuck you?"

Dee stalled for a second.

He prompted again, "tell me how you want me to fuck you."

"Hard! Fuck me hard!" she screamed.

"Good girl," he said and began pumping in and out of her slick, tight space,

plunging to the hilt and removing himself to the very tip. He reached around to

find her clip, swollen and a wet mess of girl juices. He strummed it once.

The noises she began making were unlike any he'd heard before. Somewhere between a growling, and a moaning, and a sputtering – her whole body bucked against his as he moved himself, faster, and harder, and faster, and harder, his grunts mingling with her primal screams and together, and

"OH. FUCK. YEAH." the words poured out of her, this, a girl who never cussed.

She had lost control of her body. If felt wonderful.