**Exposing Myself**

by Anon NixPixer 1993

When I left the University I had a degree in photography, and I looked forward to becoming a full-time professional.

What I hadn't counted on was that for each job, there were at least twenty qualified applicants. And my sex was definitely a hindrance, too, as they seemed to favor male photographers. I became disheartened and desperate, and then I met Trish...

She was an upcoming model and we became fast friends. It was she who suggested I should take some glamour shots of her and try to sell them to men's magazines. She reckoned that being a woman was an asset in glamour photography.

I hired a studio and while Trish got changed I set up the changing room dressed in jeans and a tee shirt, but it was a very different Trish who came out. Talk about sexy, black fishnet stockings, black lacy panties, a frilly lacy suspender belt and high-heeled shoes, a long string of pearls around her neck, dangling over her breasts.

"Like it?" she purred, undulating her lips as she crossed the room. "Do you think they're sexy enough?"

I whistled in appreciation. She really was a beautiful woman with soft breasts, and a smell of sweetness. If I were a man, I would gave jumped on her right there and then. God!

She climbed onto the bed and posed, crouched on all fours. I focused the camera and began taking pictures.

She smiled, pushed out the tip of her tongue and held it between her teeth. I felt a strange thrill shooting through my body as I imagined her tongue flicking lightly over my clit.

It was such a strange thought for me to entertain that I felt myself blushing. Thankfully, Trish didn't notice. I shot three rolls of film before she said: "I'll take my panties off, and you can shoot me while I am taking them off."

She stood up and hooked her thumb inside her panties, her face a mask of teasing invitation. She inched the wispy black lace down slowly, revealing her thick curly pubes. I could see her sweet lips through her hair, soft lips. Then, turning around, she bared her peachy little ass before lying down on the bed, what a shot that was, and she began to lie down and drawing up her knees. Languidly, she pulled her panties down her stockinged thighs to her ankles before deftly hooking them over her high-heeled shoes.

Kneeling on the bed, she licked her fingers and caressed her nipples until they were hard and thrusting. They must have been almost an inch long, and the sight of them began to make my pussy juicy with a tingly sensation.

Then, cupping her hands under her breasts, she squeezed the firm flesh, blatantly offering them to me.

I pressed the shutter, my eyes were drinking in the sight, my cunt was getting wetter and wetter. I have never taken photos of a nude woman, no less, watch one erotically in front of me.

I was feeling turned on. I'd never envisaged fancying another woman and I felt embarrassed and hoped she wouldn't notice me, but by now she must have noticed my jeans, wet, God am I hot.

Then I told her: "Turn around and we'll do a few ass shots." Hopefully this would take my mind off of her tits and cunt, and hopefully she would not notice my wet crotch.

She crouched on all fours facing the other way, and wiggled her bottom invitingly. I moved around her, watching the muscles rippling under the soft flesh of her thighs.

"Look back over your shoulder", I ordered. "Now, look vulnerable, startled. As if someone's just crept up behind you and slapped your ass...like this!!!" As I slapped her ass across both cheeks, and she bit her lips, looking at me with a strange expression in her eyes. I clicked the camera again and she began really performing!

Lying face down, she spread her legs wide apart and writhed around on the bed. I looked down at her squirming body and suddenly realized that my crotch was no longer the only thing wet, but so was my pants leg.

I resisted the temptation to spank her inviting ass again and took some more shots. Standing over her on the bed, she turned around and knelt at my feet, her pouting lips parted. Slowly her tongue came out and flicked at an imaginary cock, backwards and forwards, with slavish devotion.

My cunt was shielded from her mouth only by the thin satin of my own panties and I wondered what would happen if I took off my jeans, with that tantalizing tongue only a mere two inches away! She must have noticed my cunt dripped through my jeans! The atmosphere was electric... and the film was finished!

I stepped onto the floor and she kept right on posing for me. She lay back on the bed, gripping her thighs in her hands, arching her body and jerking her hips. Her ass rose and fell against the bed, her face a picture of sensual lust.

Then her fingers wandered down to her clit and began to circle it. She began to squirm with excitement as the fingers of her other hand pushed into her juicy cunt. Suddenly she realized what she was doing, and her breasts heaved as she fought to control herself, blushing with embarrassment.

"Oh, I was getting so horny!" she grinned. "Sorry, I got carried away. Come on, it's your turn now. Give me the camera. I'll re-load it and then you can give me a show!"

"What do you mean? I'm the photographer." I said.

"Oh, don't be a spoilsport." she replied.

"Don't fall into that trap of thinking that all models are hare-brained. I've always intended going round to the other side of the camera once my modeling career starts to slip."

I didn't want to be ungrateful, as she had so unselfishly agreed to pose for nothing, so I stripped off down to my boot and panties. God, my crotch was sooo wet...

Although I felt a flicker of apprehension, I put on a brave face, giving her little flashes of my pussy hair before I finally pulled my panties right down to the floor. Then I found I wanted to tease her, to see if I could do to her what she did to me.

I began to wriggle my ass, tracing over my skin with my long nails. I glanced over my shoulder to the camera lens, feeling her eyes exploring every inch of my body. I reveled in it, tingling from head to foot.

I watched her as she took the pictures, wondering what it would be like to run my hands over her tits, to feel the soft golden curls of her cunt. Did her cunt feel the same inside as mine?

Then I crouched on all fours like a bitch, quivering my hips as if a huge cock was savagely fucking me. I knew just how she felt now. You start pretending, but after awhile your pants and whimpers become real. My cunt seemed to be on fire, my whole body possessed of a strange life of its own, shaking as if cum was spurting deep into my slit.

I squatted astride an imaginary cock and swiveled my hips, circling round and round like a slow belly dancer.

I moved faster and faster, furiously rocking my hips from side to side as if scorching the skin of some cock. But the juice, which was oozing out of my cunt wasn't imaginary!

"Oooh, that's fabulous!" squealed Trish snapping away. I lay back and stretched out my legs, holding them high in the air, knowing that her eyes would be glued to my wet cunt.

My hands wandered down to my thighs, closer, closer to my pussy. I juts couldn't hold myself to do it, to finger-fuck myself right there in front of her, to bring myself to an orgasm while she photographed me.

I pushed my fingers up inside my ass and began to pump them in and out. My breasts were burning and my face felt flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and pleasure. She's stopped taking pictures. What was she doing?

Then, with my body surging towards climax, every muscle quivering with anticipation of that longed for release, I felt her pressing her naked flash against mine.

Her tongue slipped into my mouth and she began squeezing my tits with one hand, her other hand cupped my crotch. My fingers found her clit as hers dipped into my cunt.

I was boiling over with excitement; the sensation of kissing and fondling another woman was driving me wild with passion.

Then she sprawled over me, her legs on each side of my head and her lips kissing at my hard clit. I gave her juicy cunt a loving lick as she gripped my face tightly between her warm thighs.

We wriggled with pleasure and sucked at each other's cunt, squealing with delight as we drank one another's juice. Then, pulling back my cunt lips, she pushed her tongue deep into my hole, quickly bringing me to a deliriously exciting orgasm.

I seized her juicy clit between my teeth and flicked it with my tongue, forcing cries of pleasure from her throat until her pussy was over-flowing, her oily juice trickling all over my face. Noisily, Trish nibbled my clit and my body was soon tingling to the thrill of another creaming.

Her sobs of pleasure mixed with my own, our flesh writhing and shaking in exquisite spasms as we twisted and rolled about on the bed. When we'd licked and sucked each other till our bodies were too weak to continue, we lay still for a long time.

I felt dazed, confused, embarrassed and ecstatic all at once. But all I could do was purr with pleasure. We couldn't look at each other first, but then I took the initiative and tenderly kissed her.

"I just had to," she told me. "Do you have any regrets?"

"None at all", I replied, gently cupping her breasts in my hands.

I felt very relaxed, but she obviously wanted more. She held my face gently in her two hands and guided my lips to hers. They were soft, moist and warm and her tongue forced my mouth open to rape it and delve deep into the cavern of my throat. I felt myself melting and relaxing my nakedness against her, slumping low on the bed with my legs widely straddled.

We broke apart, gasping for breath, out lips moist with mingled salvia, smiling at each other. I could feel my pussy twitching and aching; tingling and oozing its juices as she put one arm around my shoulders and let her other hand drift over my glowing body. I didn't feel uncomfortable or embarrassed anymore; in fact I felt far more relaxed that I had ever done when my boyfriends were making love to me.

Her fingers caressed the thick, dark curls of my pussy, making it twitch more than ever. By that time deep- throated groans were coming from my throat and I was tensing my thighs as I pushed them wider apart.

She snaked her middle finger up and down my burning slit, "Shall I fuck you with my tongue? Words can't express how much I want to eat your pussy, suck your juices and lick you until you come."

That first time had been hurried, but this time it felt as if we were making love in slow motion.

I gasped and snatched for breath, trying to relax, throwing my arms high behind my head, I thrust my pussy forward as she began to snake her tongue down through the thick forest of my cunt. Her fingers gently opened me up, spreading the lips and exposing the cherry red flesh underneath. I could feel her massaging the whole slimy area with the heel of one palm as she teased the inner folds with her tongue. When it was fully lubricated she sucked my erect clitty gently between her lips, and sucked it in and out of her mouth while she drove her forefinger deep into my hole.

"You're so beautifully tight, dear," she murmured, her voice muffled by my pussy flesh, "but try to relax so that I can get two fingers in and you'll enjoy it all the more."

I made a conscious effort to relax and felt the tip of another finger at my entrance. She licked harder on my clit, really lashing it with her tongue, catching its sensitive tip with every lash. I could feel lovely sensations washing over me and I wanted her to make me come. I began to push hard on her fingers as I became more excited, ramming against her tongue and lips. The climax finally burst over me and she knew exactly the right moment to dig the other finger deep into my clutching, flooding cunt. She was still licking at the copious, creamy juices, which oozed from my widening hole long after the wonderful orgasm had died away.

She put my hand on her breasts. It thrilled me to take her breasts, naked and full and firm, in the palms of my hands. I lowered my head to take each pert, erect, inflamed nipple into my mouth in turn. They felt very hot and tight as I squeezed them with my lips and sucked them deep, taking some of the soft milk flesh as well.

Once more she pulled my mouth onto hers and I could taste my own juices as we kissed, long and deep. I let my hand slid down over her belly until it could stroke and dabble, in her juicy slit. She stretched her legs out to their fullest extent. I had never dreamt that I would fine one so attractive. It was all wet and gaping; even the sparse curls, which covered her flesh cunt lips, were shinning with droplets of her sweet cream. Lowering my head over her body I used my thumbs to open her cunt further, to gaze at its oiliness with the tight little red bud jutting out of the pink bed of flesh. The heady scent of clean femaleness wafted up to my nostrils as I bent lower and lower.

"Do it!" she groaned, pressing slightly on my head. "Please do it!" I flashed out my tongue, tasting her.

It made me feel sexier than ever - and bolder. Running my tongue round my lips to moisten them I softly clamped my mouth on the most sensitive part of her pussy. She groaned, thrusting her sopping wet cunt flesh into my mouth so that it felt full and her juices slopped from the corners of my lips.

I felt her squirming around under me so that she was lying with her head directly under my own fanny and her tongue was stretched out to pierce my cunt!

Sucking harder on her clit, I pushed my own down hard on her mouth and we began to eat each other, ravenously, with complete abandon, like two rutting bitches in fuckin' heat!

She stretched me wide open and licked back and forth along my slit, tickling my thighs with her soft dark hair. My own legs ached with the tension and I bobbed harder, lashing at her firm clitty. God was it gooooood!

I felt my stomach trembling as lights flashed before my eyes; sounds roared through my head and a whirlpool of gusty, beautiful spasms swept me along to the peak of climax. I hope she was cumming too, so that we could experience the togetherness at the same time.

I pushed two and then three fingers into her slippery hole and felt it clutching on them tightly, I knew then that she was cumming too. She went wild as she reached her peak; writhing and clawing and mumbling.

Grabbing at my ass cheeks, she pushed me down her body until my convulsing pussy was directly over her own. She bounced me up and down as though she was trying to make me fuck her, clawing madly at my titties at the same time, pulling at my nipples.

"Ride me, baby!" she groaned. "Ride me!"

At last she calmed down and we knelt together, holding each other close, and kissing, tasting each other's juices, tenderly holding each other's bodies as though we were each a piece of fragile china.

She flopped back on the bed, spreading her thighs again, opening up her lovely cunt. "I want you to bring me off with your lovely tits," she said quietly. "I'll hold my pussy open and you nestle your nipples in the slit. Rub your nipple hard against my clitty. I know it will be beautiful for us both."

Snaking a hand under my body, she pressed one of my tits and I felt a quiver of excitement inside the heavy globe of flesh as she pushed my nipple hard against her clit! She rocked back and forth under me, and I took up the rhythm, pressing my tit into her wet valley. It felt smooth with excitement. I could see dribbles of her juices gathering on the slopes of my tits as we both became more and more excited.

She began to breathe very heavily and writhed madly under me so that I had to gasp her thighs viciously to keep in contact with her cunt. She was lost in the wild throes of orgasm and I could feel her cunt flesh clutching at my tits. The steady pulsing was like a vast mouth sucking at my tits, bringing me off as never before through my tits!!!!!

The photos were terrific and I had no trouble selling them to a men's magazine. Well, that's how I became a glamour photographer - and a lover of female flesh at the same time!