**Grace and the Beach Photographer**

by GraceBikini

*Grace receives some help taking photos for her boyfriend.*

 Matt had told Grace to surprise him with some sexy pictures while he was out of town. Doing this always made his absence a little easier and allowed them some fun with each other despite the miles between them. This week she decided she would go all out for him.

 At the house, she packed a little beach bag and changed into one of the swimsuits that always drove Matt crazy; a little black thong with an equally small triangle top. She knew some selfies in this suit would be a welcome surprise for Matt, and she could use a relaxing day at the beach anyway. She threw a sundress over her swimsuit, hopped in the car and headed towards the beach.

 There were some people on the beach, but not too many as it was the middle of the week. Grace walked a little way up the shore past the bulk of where people were set up. She stopped when she had a small area to herself and rolled out her towel. She pulled her phone out of her bag and took a picture of the waves crashing, then a few innocent pictures of herself smiling sweetly in her sundress. She had to admit, she was looking good today.

 She pulled her sundress off like someone out of a commercial. She felt so sexy standing there in her tiny black swimsuit, curves out with only her most intimate parts covered. She snapped a few more pictures, trying different poses and facial expressions. She faced away from the water and squeezed her boobs together with her biceps and leaned into the camera. With the ocean in the background, her boobs almost popping out of the top, she got just the shot she was hoping for and started snapping away.

 Grace sent the first round of selfies off to Matt. She knew Matt was going to love the pictures she was getting, but she wanted to get more of herself in the frame. She awkwardly tried a few different angles of her whole body, none of them doing her justice.

 “Hey, you need a hand?”

 Grace spun around. A man she had barely noticed walking the beach was now standing a dozen or so feet from her. She had been so engrossed in taking the pictures for Matt that she had lost awareness of her surroundings. The man smiled kindly and nodded towards her phone.

 “Oh, no thank you,” Grace laughed, a little embarrassed. She shyly glanced back down at her phone, her heart still beating hard from the surprise. “I appreciate it, though!”

 “Of course, have a great day,” the man said. The man turned, began walking away and added, “Sorry to startle you!”

 “No, it’s-” Grace pulled up the last photo she had just taken. The awkward angle wasn’t very flattering and just didn’t look right. Without a second thought, she looked up to the man, who stood there waiting for her to finish her sentence,

 “Actually, would you mind?” She surprised herself as the words came out of her mouth, as she motioned the phone towards the man. “Just a couple?”

 “I would be happy to,” the man responded, clearly trying to hide some level of eagerness.

 As she handed the man her phone, Grace suddenly became hyper-aware of how exposed she was. Her swimsuit felt smaller than it ever had. She covertly glanced down at her boobs, which felt barely covered by thin pieces of black fabric. She felt her thong sitting in the crack of her ass, the entirety of her smooth cheeks feeling every gust of wind. Deep underneath her nervousness, she knew how sexy she looked, and she felt it. She took a deep breath.

 Grace stood there, not really posing and smiled as the man raised the phone up to take the first picture.

 click

 The man kept the camera up as if to take another photo, so Grace straightened her back a little and kept her smile, turning a little bit of an angle from the camera. “Awesome,” the man responded, still not lowering the phone. “Here, the light’s coming in from this angle,” he said, pointing to the sky, and taking a few steps to the right, “why not face me this way...” He was getting into this. Grace had figured he would take a photo, maybe two and then stop. But from the way he was going about it, she knew these photos were going to come out amazing- and that Matt was going to have a heart attack.

 click

 She grabbed her hair with both hands and bent one of her knees like a magazine cover, feeling her confidence rise. She could see the man crack a smile from behind the phone, which only reassured her.

 click

 The man kept the phone up, ready to take still more photos. Grace thought to herself, biting her bottom lip. She looked at the man for a second, and spun around, sweet ass now facing the camera, and looked back towards the lens playfully.

 “Oh wow!” his voice cracked as if he hadn’t meant to say that aloud.

 click

 Grace laughed a little in her head, thinking about how much Matt was going to love these pictures. As she thought of Matt, she stuck her ass out a little bit more.

 click \*click\*

 Grace crouched down, propping herself on her knees and lifting her ass up a little. It was a pose she normally thought was kind of cliché, but she was starting to get very worked up and so today she was feeling it.

 A few more clicks came from her phone, followed by a loud “DING;” her text message notification sound. Immediately she knew Matt must’ve finally seen the selfies she’d sent earlier.

 DING

 DING

 Holding the phone out towards Grace, the man sheepishly grinned, “I didn’t mean to peek, but whoever it is seems really happy”

 Grace stood up and took her phone from the man’s hands. Matt loved the selfies, sending praise and compliments one after another in a string of half a dozen text messages. Grace smiled at her texts, glad that Matt enjoyed them so much. But she couldn’t wait to show him the new pictures that the man had just taken. She just needed a few more…

 “Okay,” Grace said as she handed the man her phone again. “Just a couple more?”

 “Of course!” the man responded. His tone of voice suggested that he could do this all day.

 As she placed the phone in the man’s hand, Grace happened to catch the slightest bit of a shadow cast in the man’s swim trunks. As she walked back to assume a pose, she giggled internally, wondering if that slight shadow was just the way his suit fit and she hadn’t noticed it, or if that had been a more recent development. Just as she shook the thought from her mind;

 DING

 DING

 Grace looked back at the man, who was looking at the phone with wide eyes and his mouth open a little.

 “Its uhh-,“ was all he made out before handing her phone back over to her. It was Matt again. Grace opened the texts, and her eyes opened a little wider, too.

 "God, I am such a lucky man."

 "I love those BOOBIES!"

 "Let’s see some more of those

 "

 Grace’s heart, which had been excitedly beating this entire time, beat faster still. She looked up at the man, who looked back at her like a deer in the headlights, clearly unsure of what to do next. Grace looked around, scanning her surroundings. Someone far down the shore was walking in their direction. They would be close by in a few minutes. Grace knew what to do. Before any second thought crept into her head, Grace handed her phone once again to the man. She reached behind her back and pulled her bikini string, holding her top against her boobs with her free hand.

 “You getting this?” she asked the man firmly. He quickly held the phone up.

 click

 Grace reached her free hand back behind her and pulled the other string

 click

 The man’s jaw dropped open.

 Her top fell into her hands, unveiling her perky, perfect boobs, bouncing out into the sunlight and ocean air.

 click

 Grace held her top up in the air like a trophy, smiling seductively at the camera.

 click

 She went through a couple of different poses as the man snapped away, seemingly dumbfounded. Finally, she struck the same pose from her selfies where she’d squished her boobs together with her arms, only this time bare-breasted. “Oh my god,” sighed the man.

 Grace looked back down the shore and sure enough, the walker was approaching on them fast, which the man also took note of. Grace went over to her beach bag and grabbed her top, hastily putting it back on. The man hurriedly handed the phone back to Grace, who gratefully said, “thanks a lot for everything, my boyfriend will love these so much.”

 “I’m sure he will!” the man responded, “He’s a really lucky guy. Have a good one!”

 As the man turned to walk away Grace couldn’t help but notice the shadow in the man’s trunks was now a full-blown tent. She laughed to herself as the man started walking down the beach away from her, stealthily reaching into his swimsuit to readjust.

 She looked down at her phone and typed a message to Matt:

 "Hey, I’ve got some more I think you’ll like."