**Jan 1, 2000 My First Nude Photoshoot**

by Kelly85

**Chapter 1: Getting Turned On**

It was the weekend after New Year’s Eve, a few of months before my fifteenth birthday and I’d just learned that Steve, my boyfriend since summer, would soon be leaving. His mom had been promoted and was being transferred to California before the end of February. Ever since I’d given my virginity to Steve, with the exception of a one-time fling with his brother that doesn’t really count; Steve was only boy to fuck me. Needless to say, it was a tough time for both of us when we learned the news.

As much as I was going to miss Steve, it was mostly just a physical thing as I wasn’t romantically in love with him. In fact neither of us ever even used the “L” word when it came to the two of us. Sure, sometimes I would tell people I “loved” Steve, but it was more a sense of security in having a steady boyfriend who was always available to satisfy my “needs”. I always assumed that it was something like that for Steve as well. After all, I was under no delusions as to why he as dating a girl two years younger than him when half the girls in high school were literally throwing themselves at him. It certainly wasn’t my glowing personality or astonishing good looks! While Steve never actually said so in words, I knew the only reason he kept dating me was because I put out. Thus I didn’t feel guilty that this was also the main reason I dated HIM - because he was always willing to satisfy MY needs as well. Granted I DID care deeply for Steve as a friend and I knew I would never forget the times we spent together. After all, he was my “first” and nobody could do to me again what he did when he entered me for that first time. But in the end, our relationship was just a mutually beneficial arrangement and really, at our age what was wrong with that?

Sharon was Steve’s younger sister, about my age and a good friend of mine. I was going to miss her as well since we had so much in common. Besides our coordinated tastes in music, clothes and such, we both lusted after her brother. The only difference was that while I got to fuck him she could only dream about it. Steve had no idea about his sister’s desires - nor did he ever appear to have the same desires for her. Even so our common interest in Steve had helped to create a tight bond between us. After Steve would take me out I’d tell Sharon everything we’d done in as much detail as I could remember. Sharon knew she would never actually be able to do these things with him herself so listening to me was her way of satisfying her yearnings. More often than not we would both lie back in her bed and masturbate while I recounted in vivid detail how wonderful it felt when Steve fucked me.

Mutual masturbation was no big thing for me. Most of my friends liked to do it together and it was even something I shared with Kristi, my younger cousin. It was only for our own pleasure though as I never even once seriously considered ever having sex with any of them back then. Although when I look back I regret not taking advantage of some great opportunities, at the time we were totally into boys and masturbating together was just something we did as friends sharing a common erotic dream.

A couple of days after his mom’s “announcement” I was over at their house to visit. Just Steve and Sharon were home as their mom was out of town getting acquainted with her new job and doing some house-hunting while Jim, their younger brother, was with some friends. The three of us were all in the family room watching TV with me sitting in Steve’s lap on the couch while Sharon was kicked back in her mom’s Lazy-Boy chair. They had all the cable channels, including some of the naughty ones, so Steve had it tuned it to a porn channel where this hunk of a guy with a cock like a horse was screwing a beautiful young girl with great tits who didn’t look a day over sixteen (although I knew she must have been at least eighteen to be on this channel). I could feel Steve’s cock beginning to press up against my ass so I hugged him and teased him.

“Hey sexy guy, see something you like?” I whispered in his ear, “Does she turn you on more than me?”

Steve frowned at me saying, “Give me a break Kelly! Hell, you should start worrying when I DON’T respond.”

I wiggled my butt against his growing crotch, enjoying the feeling of his hardening cock. On the TV, I watched as another girl entered the room and started taking pictures of the first two.

Steve whispered in my ear, “Hmmmmmm, that’s what I need, some pics of you all nice and naked to take with me so I can remember your sexy little body.”

I playfully slapped him. “You pervert, I’m not going to let you take nude pictures of me. You’ll just show them to all your friends!”

“Would not!” he protested.

“Oh don’t give me that,” I said with a laugh, “Heck, knowing you, you’d probably post them on a bulletin board somewhere and then what would happen to me?”

“I promise I would never do that,” Steve said solemnly. “I mean it Kelly. I’m serious about wanting to have some naked pics of you.”

To my surprise, Sharon even weighed in at this point. “Oh c’mon Kelly, you’re such a little exhibitionist any other time. I mean, it’s not much of a leap to go from wearing those little pieces of string you call a bikini and being nude.”

She had me there. The first time I wore my bikini last summer my dad took one look and whistled. “Damn girl,” he exclaimed, “Do they allow people to wear something like that at the pool these days? Maybe I need to get out more.”

Actually “they” didn’t since the bikini failed miserably to cover any part of my ass and there were only these small triangular patches over my nipples and pussy. I could only wear this one when I was sunbathing on our deck or at the state park lake swimming and water skiing. My “public” one, the one I wore when a bit more decorum was required, was still pretty risqué but still left me with a few sexy tan lines.

Sharon sat up in her chair as she continued. “Besides, I’d love to help the two of you out. You know I’ve always been a camera buff so what do you say - Kelly poses, I take the pics, and then Steve masturbates to them! Sounds like a win-win-win to me!”

Actually the idea of posing in front of a camera nude was scary but yet exhilarating at the same time. I’d thought about it at times when I saw my dad’s porn mags but I’d never seriously considered the idea. My parents both took a lot of pictures of me as I grew up and though some of them were in my bikini or underwear, I was never fully nude in any of them. What worried me the most was what would happen to them afterwards. I trusted Steve for the most part but he was still a guy and guys let the little head control the big head. After all, he’d step no time telling all his friends after he’d fucked me the first time. I could picture him in his new town making friends and bragging about the girl he fucked back home, then pulling out my pics to prove it. Who knows where they’d end up!

All this was running through my head as Steve ran his hand up the inside of my thigh and pressed it into my crotch. I was wearing jeans so he wasn’t getting a direct feel but I was sure he could feel my warmth from the other side of them. He rubbed his hand on my pussy, pressing against where my clit was waiting for some attention. It felt good and I started thinking of ways to suggest Sharon leave us alone so I could strip out of the jeans.

“So what do you say Kelly?” he asked, “I can tell from the heat of your pussy that you’re turned on. C’mon ... you know you want to do it!”

“OK,” I finally agreed, “But on one condition - they have to be nice ones. I don’t want to look like some slut or amateur like those I’ve seen in this movie.”

Sharon took her cue and bolted from her chair. “Hold on a second, I’ll be right back!”

Both Steve and I exchanged glanced, not sure what she was up to now. With Sharon, it could have been darn near anything! While she was gone, I sat next to Steve and started to rub him through his jeans. Mmmmmmm, he was so hard! God I wanted his dick in me!

“You sure you want Sharon to take my pics?” I asked him. “What if you want to take some of me sucking you or even you fucking me? Do you want her around for that?”

Steve started to answer, “Why not? She IS my sister and...” he was interrupted by Sharon’s return.

She was holding a couple of outfits. “Here Kelly, we’re the same size so these should fit you. My mom and I went shopping before Christmas and she bought them for me,” she said holding the first one up. “What do you think of this one?”

It was a sheer white sheer dress with a full lace front, long sheer sleeves and a sheer skirt. Obviously it was meant to wear a full slip underneath but I didn’t see any such a thing with her. Still, it was pretty and I imagined it would look sexy on me. I couldn’t help but wonder how she’d talked her mother into buying them for her. Even more mysterious was WHO she planned on seeing her wearing them.

“Wow Sharon, that looks great!” I exclaimed.

“Well if you liked that one, then you should really like the next one,” Sharon said as she beamed at me. She then pulled out a peach colored dress with a sheer skirt and strapless tight midriff held up by thin spaghetti straps. It was beautiful! Like the white one, this one HAD to have a slip underneath to be decent but again, Sharon hadn’t brought one.

“I only wore this to one party.” She explained, “I bet you would look so hot in it girl!”

Sharon looked around the family room. “Ugh, this is the worst place in the world for a photo studio. Hey, let’s go up to the living room. I’ll get my camera and meet you guys there.”

Steve and I went upstairs to their formal living room. By formal I mean the type where nobody goes in unless important guests are being entertained. I never liked it as it was overdone for my tastes but it was easy to see why Sharon wanted to use it. I figured she had her eye on a set of beautiful sheer purple curtains that covered one wall. They were very light and elegant looking as well as being sheer.

My pussy tingled as I thought about what we were considering doing. Was I REALLY going to go through with this?

**Chapter 2: Photos by Sharon**

Sharon came in with a fancy 35mm camera, a monstrous flash and several lenses. She looked around the room and put some pretty pillows on the floor along with a light blanket for me to be on. She directed Steve to move some of the lamps to improve the lighting. It was actually starting to look like a professional photoshoot! She even had a light meter that she used to check out the final setup. Frowning at what she was reading, she told Steve to drag in another lamp from a bedroom to add more light. “Because I hate using a flash if I can avoid it, that’s why.” I heard her explaining to Steve, “She’ll have red-eye and the whole picture ends up with this amateurish look to it. C’mon, I want these to look nice for you!”

The two of them had been so busy setting up the scene that they never noticed I’d slipped out to change into my first outfit. After some debate I decided to start with the white dress. As I wasn’t wearing a bra or panties you could just make out my darker nipples through the lace front. The dark outline of my pussy was also clearly visible through the skirt (I wasn’t shaving yet at that age). Looking around I picked up a silly stuffed toy dinosaur in the bedroom I’d changed in and brought it with me as sort of a security blanket.

Sharon turned around just then and finally noticed me. She grinned and poked her brother, “Hey guy, get an eyeful of your slutty girlfriend!”

Steve twisted his head around and his eyes widened as he saw me standing there. The light from the other bedroom was behind me and I knew he must have had a great view of my body silhouetted under the dress. Steve just stared at me while Sharon giggled and led me to where she wanted me to stand. She did another check of the lighting, her camera, and even fixed up my hair a bit. If I’d known I was going to be doing this I would’ve done something more with it. Instead it was just hanging straight down to a few inches below my shoulders. Oh well, somehow I didn’t think that Steve was going to even notice how my hair looked in these pictures.

Standing there barefoot, nothing on except this dress that wasn’t hiding very much, I was suddenly struck by my situation and for just a moment the butterflies in my belly fluttered. What would Steve do with these pictures when he moved? Who else would see them? What would happen if they got out and everyone in school saw them? What worried me most of all though was how would I look? While not nearly developed as much as most my friends, I didn’t think I had a bad body for my age but I wasn’t under any delusions of being a Playboy Playmate. I was still pretty skinny and my boobs weren’t anything to brag about to say the least! Sharon must have seen the apprehension in my face.

“Relax Kelly!” she told me. “Try having some fun with this. Trust me, you look absolutely beautiful.”

Steve sat down in a chair and watched as Sharon played fashion photographer. First she took some shots of me standing up including some with the silly stuffed dinosaur I’d found. Apparently they both thought it made me look “cute” holding it which was enough for me to want to put it down. Cute was NOT what I was aiming for. Then she directed me to sit down and she took some more. There was a peach piece of sheer material that had been hanging over the back of the couch for decoration which I held up to give the scene some color.

“OK, now stand back in the doorway again,” she directed, “That was so hot the way the light shined through behind you.”

Moving back to the entry, I started to turn for a pose but she stopped me saying, “Hold it there ... that looks so sexy! It’s like you don’t have anything on.”

As I stood there with the sunlight outlining my nude body under the dress, I thought about how my dad had me pose in a similar outfit he’d bought for me. He hadn’t been as explicit s Sharon in describing how I looked and I wondered if he thought I’d looked as sexy then as I did now. Hmmmmmm, maybe next time I should ask him!

Sharon finished up the first roll of film and reloaded it quickly. When that roll was finished she told me to change while she changed rolls and lenses. While she was occupied I went back into the bedroom and changed into the peach colored dress. Again I had nothing underneath and it wasn’t like the dress hid anything! We sort of went through the same routine as before in terms of shots taken. This time though, as I lay back against a pillow as Sharon got a little more adventuresome in her directions.

“Ok Kelly, slip that top down just a bit. Show me some nipple.”

Somehow I had a feeling this was going to eventually happen and even though I knew it was coming I still wasn’t truly prepared. Looking over at Steve I saw he was just smiling, enjoying the show. It was one thing to have my pic taken in see-thru dresses, basically no different than my dad taking pictures of me in my thong bikini or ultra-short cutoffs. But it was still a major step to go from letting someone photograph me ALMOST showing off everything to ones where I was actually doing it. Despite my misgivings I was getting pretty horny by now and my caution was draining away so I inched down the top until it was just below the nipple on my right breast. Sharon quickly snapped a couple of shots and then encouraged me to keep going. Oh well, why not? I shrugged and pulled the entire top down until it revealed both of my breasts (or at least what little bit I had).

“Click!” went the camera over and over as Sharon captured my bare tits from all angles. In a few shots I pretended to be asleep, giving the impression that somehow my top had slid down while I was asleep and now whoever was seeing me was getting an eyeful of something forbidden. It felt really strange to have Sharon taking pictures of me like this. We’d seen each other nude many times and as I mentioned, even shared masturbation sessions but now it was more personal, more erotic. I couldn’t help but wonder what would happen if it were just the two of us in the room right then. Would she make a move on me? I closed my eyes as dreams of forbidden pleasure began to form in my mind.

“Kelly, wake up!” Sharon teased, “Sheesh, I didn’t realize this would be so boring for you.”

I put the thoughts about Sharon out of my mind, for the moment at least, and I stood up again thinking that was going to be the end. To my surprise Sharon told me to wait in the bedroom, that she had one more outfit for me to try on. I wondered what it was going to be this time. She was back in a minute with the sheerest nightie I’d ever seen! It was like wearing something from a fairy story. Again I couldn’t help but wonder where she got it and whom she wore it for! One thing was notably missing - panties. I started to say something but then realized she hadn’t “forgotten” them.

As Sharon shot off some another couple rolls of pictures Steve just sat there and stared at me. His eyes seemed particularly focused on my bare crotch but then what else would I expect? Actually I would have been disappointed if he hadn’t since the outfit didn’t leave much to the imagination. He licked his lips now and then and generally looked like he was enjoying himself immensely. I also noticed something else was immense as well. Somehow I had a feeling I was going to get a very special fucking tonight!

Sharon shot the lost shot in the roll and I got up to get dressed. Sharon saw me starting to leave and called me back.

“Wait Kelly! I have a few more rolls left I wanted to use up!” she said to me. Then she turned to Steve and asked, “So what do you want her to wear now my horny brother?”

Steve got this devilish look and I knew the answer before it came. “Well, if I get to choose then I would say nothing - I want some nudes!!”

Even though I knew he’d say something like that I was still hoping that somehow at the last minute he’d surprise me and say something unexpected like, “That’s OK. The pictures you have taken are all I want.” Well, now I was on the spot. We were all hornier than hell and I couldn’t help but get turned on even more at the thought of showing myself off to my boyfriend and his sister. Growing up in a home where nudity was considered natural more than erotic, I didn’t mind letting people see me nude. Logic was not exactly controlling my actions at this point.

After spending the past hour modeling several outfits, which were basically transparent, making the transition to full nudity wasn’t as big a step as it could’ve been. I’d felt so sexy posing I could only think how much more so it would be if I was fully naked. Even a sheer gown provides some security whereas being nude eliminates everything. Now it would be just me with nothing to hide behind. I’d seen my dad’s porn magazines before and had always dreamed of being sexy enough to be photographed like the models in them and now it was happening! I slipped off the sheer nightie and stood there in front of the camera nude. Sharon quickly snapped a shot before I realized what she was doing.

“Go girl,” she encouraged me, “Show me what you’ve got.”

Suddenly I felt a bit shy as she started snapping pictures of me. I took a piece of sheer red material and drape it over me as I rolled around on the floor and then played with it. All the while Sharon was snapping one shot after another of me. I didn’t get too slutty - no close-up crotch shots, I kept my legs together, and so forth. We also stuck to poses without any sexual acts such as masturbation or intercourse - I wanted to show a little class during my first nude photo-shoot!

I noticed that all the while Steve was watching me and rubbing himself through his jeans. Hmmmmmm, was he going to whip out his aroused cock and start playing with it in front of Sharon? I couldn’t help but wonder what he would do if he knew Sharon’s secret desire for him and how much she wanted her big brother to fuck her. Oh well, some guys just aren’t into that sort of thing and apparently Steve was one of them.

**Chapter 3: More Than Just Nudes**

“Last roll is full,” Sharon announced. “That’s a wrap folks!”

Steve clapped and finally came over from his chair. I don’t know how he was able to walk with his cock swelled up so large but he managed. He hugged me and we kissed while Sharon watched.

“Ok guys, get a room!” Sharon said in a teasing manner. There was something in her tone though that made it sound like she would’ve been happy had we ignored her advice.

Steve was up to it to her teasing though. “Anything you say sis!” he retorted. “You know what they say ... be careful what you ask for.”

With that he picked me up in his strong arms and carried me off to his bedroom. I looked back at Sharon as we left the room and smiled at her. I could see her silently saying, “Good luck Kelly!” as she watched with hungry eyes and I knew she was wishing she was in my place.

Steve tossed me onto his bed where I laid in the center spread-eagle, offering myself totally to him. Whatever he wanted right then I was ready to give him, anything at all if that’s what it took to feel him violating me, satisfying the hunger that was raging in me for his cock. I watched as Steve stripped off his clothes, revealing his incredible cock that was standing out straight from his body like a telephone pole. I felt my heart skip a beat knowing that it was that way because of me, knowing that it was me that was soon going to drain it of cum later that night. Steve was FINALLY nude now and my pussy felt like a furnace as he approached me. God I wanted him SO badly. All I could think about at that moment was how much I wanted Steve to fuck me!!!

Suddenly I heard a loud “click” and looked over to see Sharon standing in the doorway with her camera! Steve was also looking at her and seemed a bit perturbed at first.

“Sharon!,” Steve cried out, “What the hell are you doing?”

“Oh come on big brother,” she said with a coy smile on her face, still snapping pictures as she talked, “You know you want some shots of you fucking her so just shut up and fuck her.”

Steve looked at me and I winked at him. Suddenly the thought of being photographed like a porn movie scene sounded damn sexy and I felt myself get even wetter than I was already.

“Do it Steve,” I whispered in his ear, “Show your sister how good you can fuck me.”

It was really unnecessary as Steve was so horny at this point I don’t think he would’ve stopped no matter who was watching us. Still the room was so quiet that I knew Sharon could hear me and it felt so naughty to ask her brother to fuck me right in front of her. We both went at it as if Sharon wasn’t even there while she shot roll after roll of pictures (so much for the “last roll” before!). Usually Steve always wants a blowjob to start but not today - it was straight to mounting me with no stops or detours in between. It wasn’t often he was this aggressive with me where he literally just pinned me down and thrust his hard cock into me without any foreplay although I guess you all we’d been doing up there probably fell into that category. I turned my head towards Susan and her camera so she could capture my expression as her brother’s rigid dick forced its way into my tight pussy. Yes, it was no longer a virgin and yes, it was receiving daily workouts but he still claimed I was the tightest girl he’d ever fucked.

While we didn’t fuck all that long, I still managed several incredible orgasms as I was especially stimulated by the knowledge that Sharon was watching her big brother fuck me. OK, so it wasn’t like it was the first time she’d seen us together but it WAS the first time Steve knew about it. All the times before if I hadn’t known she was spying on us I wouldn’t have known she was there either. Looking back I wonder what must have been going through her mind as she watched us. Was she dreaming it was her in my place? Odds were pretty good if I knew her.

All in all t was certainly turned out to be a night to remember for all of us and thanks to Sharon, one we could all remember it now in living color! Where she took her fit to be developed I have no idea and I didn’t ask. Some things are better left alone. Whatever or whoever she used, she was kind enough to include a full set of prints for me as well. Years later when I was Steve’s wife I would pull these out and surprise him.

Later when I returned home my mom was waiting as usual for a full report of my activities. Actually during the walk home I was practically skipping with anticipation of her reaction. I was just a little worried she wouldn’t approve of it but to my surprise she just smiled and told it was a great idea. In fact, she got up and told my dad about it who then found his camera and asked if he could take some of me as well so I would have even more to remember this day when I was older. If I thought it felt a little weird at first at Steve and Sharon’s to pose nude, that was nothing compared to posing nude for my father. It wasn’t like he’d never seen me nude - I sometimes even masturbate when he’s around. Even so, there was something about posing for him that made it more personal. My mom was keeping a watchful eye though and once I got started I quickly got over my discomfort and it became a regular thing for us. Sometimes I would even pretend to tease him by touching myself or acting a bit seductive. Dad was always a good sport about it and even mom never chastised me for being a little naughty. It wasn’t until a year and a half later that I learned he did more than just save these pics for me! That was too bad as had I known I probably would’ve been even naughtier!

P.S. I get a lot of requests for the photos that Sharon took of me. Remember, I was fourteen at the time so sending the nude ones over the Internet could get me in a lot of trouble. Please do not ask me for them so I don’t have to explain again why I can’t.

The End