**Mary's Photo Shoot**

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As Mary walked through the front door of the art department building she kept telling herself, "It's just a job. You need a little cash for the upcoming holidays, and it is just a job."  
  
She made her way to the photography studies wing and found a small group of young women sitting and standing quietly. "Oh wow," thought Mary, "I didn't expect so many other women to be here. Maybe one of them will get the job and I will have a good excuse to not have to do this."  
  
Mary signed in, and took a seat waiting for her name to be called. She saw several of the girls go into an office, stay for less than five minutes and then walk out. Some looked pleased, others not so much. She even noticed that one girl had her shirt untucked, and Mary was sure that it was tucked in when she went into the office! "Surely the instructor doesn't expect me to pose in the interview!" she thought.  
  
Finally her name was called and she entered the office to find a man in his mid forties seated behind a large mahogany desk. The office was clean and free of clutter. The walls were decorated with several framed photographs, all portraits, even a few nudes. There was a small table to the side with what looked like an antique camera and photography equipment.  
  
"Hello," said the man, "I'm Professor Klein, but I would prefer that you call me Alvin."  
  
"Ok, thank you Alvin," replied Mary. She noticed that there was not a chair to sit in, and was starting to feel uncomfortable just standing there.  
  
"Thank you for coming in Mary. Before we go any farther, I just want to make sure we are on the same page about what this job is for. You are auditioning to be a model in my human form class. This usually involves being nude for the session, and some of the posing will have some sexually suggestive themes. Are you comfortable with all this?"  
  
"Yes, I think so," Mary slowly stated. The fact that he was being so blunt about the context of the modelling was actually starting to make her feel a little more at ease.  
  
"Good. Now I have a few somewhat personal questions. Are you a virgin?"  
  
That caught Mary off guard. "I don't see how that should matter," she answered. She had been with a few men. Nothing off the charts, but a respectable number considering she was only nineteen years old.  
  
"It matters for a couple of reasons. The first is because a young woman who has never shared herself intimately with another person may not be completely at ease with having a room full of people taking photographs of her exposing herself. I need my models to appear natural in a somewhat unnatural environment. Another reason is that the anatomy of a woman changes after she has had regular intercourse. I want my models to represent the everyman, or woman, in my studies. Do I need to be more detailed about what I am referring to?"  
  
"No, I think I understand what you mean," she answered. She had indeed been a little surprised to see the changes that had happened to her after she started having sex on a regular basis, and she was more than a little surprised to know that others, such as this professor, noticed enough that it would make an impact in his art.  
  
"Do you have any piercings or tattoos?" he asked.  
  
"No, neither," Mary answered.  
  
"Good. If you intend on staying in this business, I wouldn't recommend ever getting either. What might be art to one person, might be an eyesore to the next"  
  
"I understand," Mary replied.  
  
"Excellent, you are already ahead of the others I interviewed. Now for a bit of legal mumbo jumbo. Any and all the pictures taken in my classroom will be my property. None of the students will be allowed to keep any copies for themselves. They will do all their photography, editing, and critiquing of the pictures here in the classroom. I also will not distribute the pictures for any reason. They will all stay here in the classroom for study. Some of the future classes will have access to them for critiquing, but they will stay inside this classroom and in my possession. Does this all sound satisfactory to you?"  
  
"Yes, thank you," said Mary. She had to admit she was a bit worried that pictures of her exposed body would rapidly be making their way around the internet within a week of her session.  
  
"Now before we sign the paper work, there is the small matter of the visual inspection. Would you please remove your shirt and your jeans? I just need to make sure that you are visually right for the job. No need to remove your bra or underwear, just the shirt and pants will be fine."  
  
Now Mary got a little nervous. She silently cursed herself for not thinking of this before she came. Of course he would want to see her body in the interview! She should have worn something a little more flattering than her plain white bra and panties. She pulled her polo shirt over her head, and tried to avoid eye contact as she took off her shoes and slid her jeans off her legs. She attempted to stand at ease, and not like she was being put on display.  
  
"Yes, I think you will be just fine for a study we are doing on proportions next week," he said.  
  
Proportions, she thought. What did he mean by that? She knew she wasn't the tall skinny type that she saw as models in magazines, but she thought this would be different. At just under five and a half feet, she was not tall. And, her body might be considered petite by some people, but she thought she had some rather nice curves. Her straight brown hair hung to her slim shoulders and guided the eyes down to her B cup breasts.  
  
They were large for B cups, and she could make them seem as C cups if she wore the right bra with a low-cut shirt. Her waist narrowed before her curvy hips that carried an ass that had a natural curve that was not too round, but not too flat. She kept her legs in shape. She didn't go to the gym that often, but when she did her main focus was on her legs.  
  
"Are you alright young lady? You can get dressed now if you'd like."  
  
He must have caught her zoning out thinking about her body. "I'm fine," she replied. She started to pull her pants on and asked, "When did you say the session was?"  
  
"Next Tuesday at eleven o'clock, as far as wardrobe goes, please wear a white halter top with a white bra underneath. For pants wear jeans without any holes or tears, and white underwear. In fact, what you are wearing now will be fine. Wear whatever shoes you want, you will be barefoot at the start of the shot. Also, please make sure you are clean-shaven. This includes your under arms, legs, and pubic region. Are there any questions?"  
  
"No, I don't think so," she said as she pulled her shirt back over her head. "I'll see you next Tuesday. Thank you for giving me this opportunity."  
  
Mary left the office feeling a little more nervous than before she arrived. She was really going to do this!  
  
The weekend passed uneventfully, and by the time Tuesday morning came around Mary was a nervous wreck. She could barely eat her breakfast, and had gotten little sleep the night before. As she walked to the photography building she did a mental check-list to make sure she had everything Alvin had asked for. She had gone shopping for a new white halter top, and new white bra and panties. The last thing she wanted was some unnoticed stain showing up in the pictures. She was also wearing her best fitting jeans. They rode low on her hips, hugged her ass, and got a little baggy around her feet. She had shaved in the shower that morning. She normally kept herself clean-shaven, so that wasn't that big a deal, but she was nervous about how that part of her would look to others. Would they take close up shots? Surely they won't.  
  
She walked down the hall to the photography wing and into the waiting room from her interview. The office door was closed, but she heard voices coming from an open door to the left. She went through and entered into a large room with about a dozen people standing around a raised platform with a large tan couch in the middle in front of a large white screen. Other than Alvin, the rest of the people were obviously the students. They were conversing quietly and adjusting their cameras.  
  
"Ah Mary, there you are," said Alvin. "We are pretty much set here, come behind the screen here, and I'll get you prepped."  
  
She followed him behind the screen and was stunned when he said, "Mary, I would like you to meet Steve. He will be your partner today."  
  
She stopped dead in her tracks as she saw a young man sitting in a chair wearing a white tee-shirt and jeans. Partner, He never said anything about a partner! "I'm sorry," she said. "I thought this wasn't going to be anything hardcore or pornographic."  
  
"Pornographic? Of course it won't be. Didn't I mention that this was a doubles session? I apologise. Are you still comfortable doing this?"  
  
"Well, I'm not sure" said Mary. Steve was giving her a comforting smile. He wasn't bad looking at all, she told herself. He looked to be around six feet, and had a muscular build that filled out his white tee-shirt well. He had close cut blond hair, and light blue eyes that had a reassuring look to them. "If this isn't porn, what will we be doing?  
  
"Just posing together really, this shoot will be a study in the proportions of a well-built male when posing with a smaller female." answered Alvin. "There will be some touching of course, but there will be absolutely no intercourse. Not even any kissing. Are we still good?"  
  
Mary thought carefully. She supposed she wouldn't mind having Steve touch her as long as it didn't go too far. And, she certainly wouldn't mind running her hands over his body for a bit. Steve didn't say anything, but gave her an honest smile that seemed to mimic her thoughts. "Yes," said Mary. "I think we should be OK."  
  
"Excellent," said Alvin. Steve even looked a little relieved. "Now here are my rules for the shot. While you are on the other side of that screen, there will be no talking. I want your body language to be your tool for communication. I will be giving you instructions on how to pose, but it will be up to you to decide exactly how you look doing it. I want honest reactions to each other's touches. Show me with your body and your face how you feel as you change from pose to pose. Now I will give you a few minutes to get acquainted while I get the students ready. When I call for you, please step around the curtain. Mary, you will need to remove your shoes and your bra. And, remember, no talking on that side of the screen."  
  
Alvin stepped around and Mary heard him talking to the students on how to set up their cameras. Steve stood up and started to slip out of his shoes. "I take it this is your first time doing this?" he asked.  
  
Mary gave a nervous laugh. "Is it that obvious? Have you done this before?"  
  
"A few times," he said. "This is really easy. I promise. There's no reason to be nervous with me out there. We're strangers who don't know anything about each other, and have nothing to judge each other on. Just go out there, let loose, and be yourself. After a few minutes, you will forget that the students are even there. It will be just you, me, and voice telling us how we should pose with each other. Go from one pose to the next like it is natural and it will come easy after a few minutes."  
  
Mary slipped off her sandals. She attempted to take off her bra without exposing herself, and finally wrestled it free from her shirt. Steve gave a small grin. She knew he would be seeing a lot more of her exposed, but she wasn't quite ready to go there yet. Steve had a very calming manner about him, and she tried to make herself feel and look at ease.  
  
"Are you ready?" he asked.  
  
Mary took a deep breath. "Yes," she answered. "Let's go before I change my mind."  
  
They walked to the other side of the screen, and Mary was surprised when she heard the shutters of cameras going off as soon as she came around. "Just go with it," she reminded herself.  
  
"Ok," she heard Alvin's voice. "Steve please stand facing forward next to the couch. Mary, please stand in front of him facing forward. Steve, I want your hands on her hips, Mary, I want yours reaching up behind his head."  
  
Steve took place and Mary stepped in front of him. She felt Steve's hands on her hips and she had to stretch her body to be able to reach up behind his head. Her fingers touched his hair and she rested her head back against his chest. Since she had to stretch, the bottom of her shirt was lifted an inch or so exposing the skin on her hips where Steve's hands were. He was touching her in a fairly sensitive spot and it even tingled. As if Steve could read her thoughts, he gave a small squeeze with his fingers against her hipbone. Taken by surprise her breath caught and her fingers tightened in his hair. She couldn't help but close her eyes.  
  
The sound of the cameras was somewhere in the distance. She could see how it would be easy to get caught up in the moment and forget that the students were there.  
  
"Steve," said Alvin, "bring your hands in a little closer and bring them up her torso a bit"  
  
Steve complied bringing his hands closer over her bare belly. He brought them up a few inches exposing her stomach and her breathing got a little heavier. When she exhaled her chest dropped a bit and she could feel his thumbs resting against the underside of her breasts. This was starting to get intimate fairly quickly and she felt partly embarrassed at the electricity that was already starting to race through her body. Steve moved his thumbs a little and lightly brushed the bottoms her breasts. Was he teasing her?! The thought excited her, and she could feel her nipples harden and press against her shirt. All she could focus on was what he was doing to her.  
  
"Very nice," Alvin's voice sounded like it was a mile away. "Both of you please remove your shirts, and stand facing each other with your sides to me."  
  
That snapped Mary back to reality! She was really going to do this. She turned around and saw that Steve was already pulling his shirt over his head. His abdomen and chest were well-formed. Nothing too extreme but definitely fit. She took a deep breath and pulled her halter top over her head. The first thing she saw after her shirt cleared her face was Steve looking her in the eyes and giving her a small assuring smile. The fact that he wasn't staring directly at her breasts instantly put her more at ease. The room was warm, but she could already feel her nipples tightening and hardening from the exposure. She wondered if anything of his was starting to do the same.  
  
She heard Alvin's next instructions. "Please step to each other, and embrace. Mary, put your hands under his arms and around his waist, Steve put your arms around her."  
  
She gently stepped up to him and pressed her body against his. She wrapped her arms around his waist and crossed her fingers on the small of his back. She felt his arms wrap around her, as he brought his hands up to rest on her shoulder blades. She rested her head against his chest and could hear his heartbeat and breathe moving in his chest. The sounds of the cameras faded as she focused on his steady deep breathing and the strong rhythmic beat of his heart. She enjoyed the feeling of her breasts being pressed against his firm chest and abs.  
  
She could feel the edge of his blue jeans against her fingers and she decided to be a bit daring. She dipped her fingertips into the top of his jeans and could feel the top of the curve of a toned ass. She wasn't sure, but he may not have worn any underwear! His breathing didn't change at all. Did he not realise what she did? Apparently Alvin did.  
  
"Mary, that's great. Let's keep going with that," he said.  
  
She didn't mean to let Alvin see what she did, much less inspire him!  
  
"Let go of the embrace, and Mary, place your left hand on his chest."  
  
She regrettably stepped out of the embrace and placed her hand on his chest. She became aware that her breasts were now being exposed since they weren't being pressed against Steve's chest. She even caught a glance from him that lingered for a few seconds. When he brought his eyes back up to hers, he smiled apologetically. She remembered what Alvin said about communicating with her body, and she gave him a seductive smile and even curved her back and brought her shoulders back a bit to let her breasts stand out letting him know that it was more than OK for him to look. Steve's apologetic smile quickly turned into a grateful one that started to show a hunger for more.  
  
"Excellent, you are both doing excellent." Alvin said. "Now Mary, reach down with your right hand and undo the button of his jeans. Then, slip your fingers into the top of his pants."  
  
Mary took a deep breath, but did not hesitate. This was getting to be less innocent flirting and more sexual. She easily undid his button and could hear the cameras going off as she lowered her fingers down into Steve's pants. Her fingers rested in his pubic area and she was impressed to feel that he was clean-shaven as well. She guessed her fingers were resting just above his penis, and she regretted that she didn't lower his zipper a tad for better access. She started to move her fingertips against his skin with a light touch, and she could feel him taking some deep breaths with her hand that was on his chest. She looked up, and could definitely see a hunger in his eyes now.  
  
"Let's keep the momentum going," Alvin said. "Go ahead and remove your pants and any undergarments you may be wearing."  
  
At this statement, Steve did not give her a smile, so much as a knowing look that he was just as excited about this next step as she was. Mary undid her pants and slowly slid them off trying not to stare at what Steve might be doing. She gently slid off her panties and stood up meeting Steve's eyes. He made eye contact, but was quickly taking the rest of her in as well. She felt very self-conscious about being so exposed, but the students with the cameras were very far-off in her thoughts. All she could think about was how Steve was looking at her, lingering on her breasts, and between her legs.  
  
She could not help herself any longer. She had to glance down and take him in as well. Her glance turned into more like a gaze as she took in Steve's physic. He had shapely calves and thighs. He clearly worked out as well. Then, she brought herself to look between his legs and her eyes lit up a little when she saw his penis. It wasn't that it was huge; in fact it was probably very normal for a man of his height. But the lack of pubic hair seemed to add some length.  
  
Even though his penis was flaccid, it had a nice girth that matched his toned physic. He had been circumcised and the head formed a nice cap to his shaft. Mary had been with other men in the past, but it was all fumbling around in the dark and she had never had a chance to just stand and take in a man's sexual organs before. Steve softly cleared his throat, and she quickly raised her head realising that she may have been blatantly staring between his legs. Steve's face was a little red and she could feel her own heating up as well.  
  
Alvin's voice brought them down a little. "You are both doing great", he stated. "Now Mary, please step up to Steve and place your left arm on his right bicep."  
  
Mary complied leaving a little space between her and Steve. She wasn't sure where Alvin was going, but she wasn't quite sure she was ready for full naked body contact.  
  
"Ok," Alvin said. "Mary, please take your right hand and hold Steve's penis. Nothing firm, just a soft cradle please."  
  
Mary saw Steve's eyes widen at the instructions, and she knew that he was anticipating this as much as she was. She stepped a little closer, and very slowly reached out her hand and cupped Steve's penis. She heard him inhale deeply as her fingers took a gentle grip around his shaft.  
  
She was a little surprised at the weight of it in her hand. This must have been what Alvin meant about proportions. While Steve's penis looked to be a normal size on his body, it felt massive in her small hand. It had more heft and more girth that she had anticipated. The skin on his penis was soft, and it felt spongy yet firm in her hand. She gave a small squeeze, and Steve breathed in deeply again.

Maybe it was her imagination, but it seemed that his penis was getting a little larger. Not erect, but perhaps taking an up a little more of the palm of her hand. Mary looked up to his eyes, and saw that his hunger look was back. She was gently manipulating a very sensual part of his body, and she could only imagine what she was stirring up inside him. She kept her eyes on him, and gave another soft squeeze and very small tug. His look of hunger quickly turned to lust, and she felt a definite surge from his penis as it grew in her hand.  
  
It wasn't quite a spongy as when she first held it, it was certainly more firm now. She used her thumb to encircle the head of the penis and could feel a bit of pre-come from the opening on the tip. Mary was equally aroused and curious at the same time. This slow paced session gave her a rare opportunity to allow some exploration of a man's genitalia. She used the pre-come as lube to keep encircling her thumbs around the tip of his penis. She was amazed at how fast and hard his erection was becoming. His penis was standing almost perpendicular to his body and had almost doubled in size!  
  
Of course, as she was losing herself in the moment, Alvin spoke up. "I would like to get some perspective shots now that you are both nude. Mary please face forward and Steve please stand behind her facing forward. I want to see how you look standing behind her. In fact, Mary, stand on your tippy toes, and Steve, reach forward and cup her breasts like you are lifting her up by them."  
  
Mary faced her audience completely unaware that she was exposing her full frontal naked self to the class. All she could think about was how bad she wanted Steve to place his hands on her. She felt Steve stand behind her, and was startled when she felt his erection pressing up against her ass cheeks. Being completely nude had allowed some new opportunities for arousal and parts of them to touch that had been restrained by clothing.  
  
He reached forward cupped her breasts in his hand. They filled his hands nicely and he used his fingers to softly massage them. She could feel her nipples harden even more from his touch, and she was already starting to feel a little orgasmic from the tension. She had heard other girls say that they had an orgasm simply from having their breasts fondled; now she believed it could be true.  
  
As instructed she lifted herself up onto her toes as if Steve were hefting her up by her breasts, and felt his cock go from pressing against her ass to sliding below her ass cheeks, between her legs, and slide across the lips of her vagina. She almost had an orgasm from that sensation alone. Steve was getting increasingly aroused as well. His erection was getting even more firm, and it was starting to point upwards, pressing against her vagina even harder.  
  
She realised all she had to do was lean over a bit to adjust the angle and he would slide right into her. Without realising this was disobeying Alvin's instructions, she reached down between her legs and could feel the tip of his cock peeking out from between her legs. She moved her fingers further and felt his rock hard shaft pressing up into her sex. The curve of his cock was putting pressure up against her clitoris, and she could feel herself getting wet around him.  
  
She pressed him firmly against her sending an electric sensation from her clit and up her back. She didn't care who was watching, or why. She just wanted to orgasm, and she wanted it to be with Steve's cock. She started pressing him against her rhythmically, and sensed that Steve could tell what she was doing. He started breathing onto the back of her neck, and his soft massage on her breasts turned into more full squeezes as he rolled her firm nipples between her fingers.  
  
Mary could feel her orgasm approaching and she continued to press his cock against her clit, faster and faster. His cock was growing harder; his pre-come was mixing with her wetness. Faster....faster....YES! She could feel lighting climb from between her legs, up her spine, and out her mouth as she let out a moan. Steve went back to gently massaging her breasts as she came down from her sexual high. Her legs felt wobbly, and the fact that Steve was holding her breasts and pressing her against him is the only reason she could still stand on her toes.  
  
As Mary's thoughts returned to reality she realised she had brought herself to orgasm in front of about a dozen complete strangers. She could feel herself blush from head to toe, but Steve's steady breathing behind her, and his gentle touch on her very tender breasts was comforting.  
  
"Thank you Mary," said Alvin. "I love to see my subjects detach themselves from the shot. It rarely happens on the first session, but you are doing most excellent. I would like to do one last pose on the couch. Mary, please lie on your back with your legs spread wide. Steve, get on your knees above her, like you are just about to mount her."  
  
Mary felt Steve's cocks slide from between her legs and she turned around to face him. She felt a little embarrassed using him them way she did, but she saw a look of lust in his eyes. She looked down at his cock and could see her juices coating him from the tip down to the base of his shaft. She had just had an amazing orgasm using his cock, and her only thought was that she wanted to be able to return the favour.  
  
Mary laid down on the couch and spread her legs invitingly. Steve knelt between her legs, and leaned over her putting his hands-on the couch beside her shoulders. He was on his knees as instructed with his cock hovering very close to her vagina. She would have loved to feel him press himself into her, but she knew that this was not the place for that. Alvin had instructed no intercourse, but that didn't stop her from getting off did it?  
  
She now knew how she could make Steve come too. She reached down and heard Steve inhale as she firmly wrapped her fingers around his erection. She waited to hear an objection from Alvin, but none came, so she started to move her hand up and down his shaft. Steve's eyes closed as if he were focusing all of his thoughts and energy to what was happening between his legs.  
  
Mary could feel his cock growing harder as she stroked him, and started to feel a heat emanating from it as well. The tip of his cock looked swollen as if it were about to burst, and she could feel Steve's breathing increasing. He was close. His cock was getting even more firm and swelled in her small soft hands. She kept moving her hand up and down his cock, wringing her hands over the tip on each upstroke.  
  
She heard a moan from Steve and felt his cock spasm in her hand as a stream of cum shot from the tip of his cock landing between her breasts. It felt warm against her skin. His cock spasmed again and a second steam of cum landed on her belly. She continued to stroke him as the spasms became smaller and cum began to flow from his cock between her fingers and onto her hand.  
  
Steve looked down and met her eyes with a smile. There was a look made up of satisfaction, relief, and thanks. Mary could feel his penis start to shrink to its normal size in her hands. It was unusual feeling his sperm start to thicken around her fingers, and she wasn't sure what she should do next.  
  
Alvin was the next thought that passed through her mind. She looked out from the couch, and was stunned to see that Alvin and the students were gone. She could hear voices in the next room, and she figured he was lecturing to them about the photo shoot. When did he leave? Did they take pictures of her getting Steve off?  
  
"I'm not sure when they left either," Steve said as he stood up from between her legs. "I have to say, I've never been taken that far in one of these sessions before," he said with a sly grin.  
  
"Well, I had no idea that I was going to even have a partner today, much less an orgasm," replied Mary. "I feel somewhat guilty using you to get myself off like that."  
  
"Are you kidding?" laughed Steve. "I almost came with you! Let me see if I can find a towel so you can clean up."  
  
Steve walked behind the curtain, and Mary couldn't help but admire the way his penis still looked as it swayed between his legs as he walked. When he disappeared, her thoughts turned back to what it felt like to feel his orgasm in her hands. She started to run her finger tips between her breasts, thoughtlessly trailing Steve's semen over her breasts and hard nipples. She slid one of her cum covered fingers into her sex, and wondered how long they would be alone until Alvin came to collect them. She wanted to have Steve inside of her before she left the studio.