**Ms. Spread Eagle Polaroid**

**by [Hornyman69WithU](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=70313&page=submissions)©**

A buddy of mine Charley in college had a girlfriend who roomed with my girlfriend after they broke up. His girl was cute, but I never thought of Susan in a sexual way because he never made any reference to their love life while they were together, and from her demeanor and dress and thick glasses, she came across as ultra-conservative. Plus, I'd never really been around her more than a few minutes at a time, and she was very quiet even then.

Right after she broke up with him, she moved in with my gal—surprising, since they barely knew one another and were seemingly complete opposites—but my girlfriend needed to split the rent, and Susan needed a place right away, for her apartment was only three doors from Charley's.

He was really pissed about being dumped. One day we're drinking beer while watching some XXX video, and he started talking about her, saying she liked to do it like the actors were doing it, but that he only liked to fuck missionary style. No wonder she broke up with him, I thought to myself.

He goes on to comment that her tits were much nicer than the gal on screen, how wet her pussy would get, etc. Susan? Susan?! As curious as I was, I kept my mouth shut, as they had just broken up after like 4 years together, and people have been known to get back to together. Though she was quite cute and obviously had big lumps on her chest, I was trying to imagine what she'd look like naked. What did those lumps look like unfettered with thick clothes and bullet-proof bras? Did she have a nice ass beneath all those layers of fabric? Wonder what kind of pussy she had? I just could not picture any of it.

But I didn't have to. Charley got up, went back into his bedroom, and returned with a stack of color Polaroids, handing them to me one by one. The very first one was her completely naked, spread eagle, with her elbows propping her upright on his bed, and her very large, very firm, very fine breasts jutting out to super-hard, dark red nipples. Wearing her usual big, thick-lensed glasses, she was smiling ear to ear. Wow! Susan was truly a "closet" looker with an awesome body!!!

I noticed that her beautiful thick brown shoulder length hair was mussed in a way characteristic of having been fucked, which caused me to look more carefully at her thick brown bush. Upon closer inspection, I could just make out a rivulet of cum oozing from dark, swollen labia. Confirming, my buddy said he'd snapped the shot right after he "fucked the shit out of her." Missionary, of course. Looking at her face again, she definitely had that wonderful, just-fucked glow.

The rest of the pictures were of her naked in various positions--sitting, standing, etc.—and she looked fabulous from every angle. She was short and curvy, but without an ounce of fat, and her skin was as smooth and clear as white marble. I think even the pickiest man would find her extremely attractive in this state of nudity, but the fact that she had always acted and seemed so conservative made her just that much more supremely sexy. That first spread-eagle photo of her is burned into my memory forever.

Well, now knowing what a sexy babe she really was, perhaps I could catch a glimpse of her nude in person over at my girlfriend's. Though I did a few times, they were all brief.

Once, I saw her scramble in a wet towel from the shower to her bedroom. As she turned the knob on her door, the towel fell down and exposed both her big beautiful lily-white boobs, but they were out of sight behind the door in about 2 seconds, as she knew I was sitting right there in the den looking her way. Susan had truly HUGE tits, the size of cantaloupes, firm, close together on her little body, and bouncy.

Another time, in a lucky, unusual multi-reflection of three mirrors, while my girlfriend was in the shower, I was able to get a view of Susan putting on her underclothes in front of her dresser. She changed from a set of white panties and bra into black ones, then put on an evening dress only to discover that the bra showed too much. So she slipped the dress down to her waist, removed the bra, and pulled the low-cut dress back up, checking her breasts several times with the palms of her hands. I got a really good look at her nipples that time, dark red, with the rare combination of broad areolas and hard, protruding nipples. She never knew I was looking. I wasn't even trying to voyeur that time; it was just a fortunate alignment of mirrors.

In a little while, she came out and asked us how she looked. Neither I nor my girlfriend had ever seen her dressed so provocatively (cleavage city!), and she explained that she had a date--her first since breaking up with my buddy--to a sorority formal. We told her she looked fabulous. She blushed, but, of course, I had the spread-eagle Polaroid photo in my mind, in which she was anything but blushing!

I never told my girlfriend about the pics or my buddy's graphic comments, so she still figured she was a prude. Hoping to embarrass her, we'd intentionally leave my girlfriend's bedroom door open while we had wild, much-louder-than-necessary sex in there. Susan would pretend to just go about her business, but she would furtively glance at us every time she passed the door, which would cause us to crack up laughing.

After my girlfriend and I broke up, I remained friends with Susan. She asked me to be her date at some sorority function, and I was eager to accompany her, but for some reason I don't remember, it never came to pass. Man, do I regret that. Another one that got away.