**Naughty Little Helper**

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Amber was really reconsidering her decision to do this. She was standing in a Koi pond that came just under her breast. She was barefoot and the slime beneath her and the fish bumping in to her was giving her the creeps.

She pulled on the drawstring of her pants tight again trying to make sure then basketball shorts she had on didn't slip. She kept the mantra of "it's five hundred dollars." Playing in her head when yet again one of the fish eluded her.

She had been going at this for two hours. She was almost finished. All she had to do was catch the last three fish and put them in the temporary pool then she would start up the filter and be done.

Her long platinum blonde hair was clipped in a bun at the top of her head. Her sun kissed complexion was currently covered in some sort of moss. She would get sick to her stomach some times and turn her back, to the man sitting nearby, to cuss.

She stole a glance at the man just a few feet away holding on to his ipad. His name was Kyle. Whatever game he was playing or book he was reading had him transfixed. She was wearing a big tshirt of his, her panties, and his basketball shorts. He had made no effort to help her or ask if she was ok when she'd nearly fallen over twice.

He went to the church her mother went to and he had been mentioning he needed help around the house. He had, had knee surgery and things were piling up. When her mother said she'd get paid $20 just to do basic housework she couldn't refuse.

He had hobbled around on crutches asking her to do little tasks here and there. They had gotten to talking and the time had flown by. Three hours later and $60 richer the house looked great. She asked if there was anything else. He said "not really." She decided to press it explaining to him her situation.

Her 20th birthday had been last weekend and she and her best friend had a big party planned for the weekend coming up. She wanted to buy a lot of stuff and get this dress she wanted but it was all adding up to more than she had saved.

"there's no way you're 20." He said it so shocked she got a little defensive. She had handed him her ID to show she was telling the truth. She was pretty touchy about her age because most people said she looked 16.

She was 5'5 and thin as a rail. She had crystal blue eyes but no tits and a small butt. She modeled and the caps on her teeth and expensive dye job in her hair showed that was going well for her.

Reality is that magazine covers and photo shoots looking older was easy. Enough makeup and the right angles she was a dream come true. It was looking younger that was impossible for people. She had done a teen clothing add just the week prior.

Her mother was her agent and she accepted a long time ago her mother owned her money. She gave her an allowance and put the rest towards her college and savings.

Amber knew herself. If she had all the money she made from that she would just get in trouble. It pissed her off some times but at the end of the day she still have more spare cash then most college students.

Kyles demeanor had changed after that topic. She usually came off as abrasive but seeing the nice old man, earl 60's if she had to guess, turn in to a cold shoulder jerk seemed odd. He mentioned that his koi ponded needed cleaning. That it would take hours and it was insanely messy.

He had given her a hundred reasons of why she wouldn't want to do this job and she hadn't listened to any of them because he offered her $440 to round her earnings to $500. Even though she was ruining his clothes and it was almost all over, she had to admit, it wasn't worth it.

Kyle didn't offer her a drink or offer to help. He just sat there on his Ipad drinking a beer sitting in a lawn chair waiting. He was right next to the pond, she didn't understand why he was even out here. It was only 3 but it was still blazing hot. He was sweating and didn't look comfortable. She could only think he didn't believe she'd work hard.

When it was all finished and the koi were swimming in clean water in a temporary pool Amber pulled herself out of the pond. Luckily Kyle was still fixated on his Ipad or he'd have noticed the shorts slip off and little pink panties flash him.

"Do you want something to drink?" She couldn't believe he was asking that now as she sloshed her way back to his house.

She shook her head no "Just a shower and I'll go."

He nodded. "Just leave the clothes outside of the door beforehand so I can wash them right away maybe save them."

The bathroom he had her use was weird. There had to be half a dozen shampoo and body wash containers. A plethora of towels and wash clothes. The weirdest thing though was the frog figurines completely covering the bathroom.

She peeled the wet clothes off her body opening the bathroom door just wide enough to drop his clothes on the ground. She looked at herself in the mirror covered in muck from the stomach down she considered just throwing out her panties.

She peeled them off as well and washed them in the sink. She went to the shelf by her face and picked up one of the frog figurines. It would be weird to have the old man wash them. This would do until she could get them home. She intended on pinning the panties beneath the frog but got a bit of a surprise.

The frog had a cord coming out of the back of it. She wiggled it and pushed on the cord, a small camera with its light on came out of the frogs mouth. She couldn't believe it, the old creep was videotaping people!!

Things all started to click for her. Why he didn't let her use this bathroom before when he thought she was under 18. She bet he had been videotaping her on his Ipad. She knew he could legally do it and she could leave now no questions asked.

She knew it didn't matter though. She was 18 and she doubted they had voice recording. This was his home and she was in it. She also started to realize how the creep could pay her $500 to catch fish. She heard the crutches outside of her door as Kyle walked by to pick up his clothes.

A truly wicked idea came over her. She had done body paint and posed in risqué pictures before. She had even considered porn.

Men liked her body and she liked money. The only reason she hadn't was because she didn't like the thought of all those people touching her. She was a model because she liked to be looked at not touched.

She talked to a guy at a strip joint once but said she looked too young. That she should consider fake tits. Her mother nearly lost it when she asked for 10 grand in plastic surgery.

Before she gave it a second thought she got in the shower. At first it was her really showering. Keeping her hair in the bun until she had scrubbed raw to get all the dirt off.

She took that time to see where all the frog statues were. Every corner high and low this guy was going all out for every angle.

She decided it was time to have fun once she couldn't find any more dirt on herself. She dropped her wash clothes "oops" she bent forward slowly her pussy and ass in front of one of the cameras. She angled her feet knowing he'd see the water running down her ass and thighs.

She stood up slowly. Her hair now wet she let it out of her bun and let her hair get soaked. She pushed it away from her face biting her lip.

Running her hands over her face and down her body to squeeze her A cup tits. She let the water hit her chest as she looked up into one corner. She stared at one of the frog's dead on. She gently rubbed and pulled her small nipples.

She stayed doing that for a bit unsure of what to do next. She thought of the pornos she'd sometimes watch by herself. The general theme seemed messy. Cum and spit dripping off of everything.

She grabbed the white body wash making it up as she went along. She tilted her head back so two cameras had a full image of her body. She brought the bottle over her chest and let it ooze out.

A line of white slip over her breast down her stomach. "that looks like cum right?" She thought to herself not caring that she was wasting it all. The old pervert could afford it.

She put the bottle down and ran her hands over herself again using the soap to slide all over her. Squeezing her breast and closing her eyes.

She slid one hand down and started drift ever closer to her pussy. Her back had been to the shower head. She tilted her head to the side so the water could run over her shoulder and start to wash away the soap.

One hand slid all the way down to her pussy rubbing softly. She shuddered. Her pussy was wet and it wasn't from the water. The thought of that old man gawking jerking off to her made her feel sexy for some reason. She hated people telling her she looked young or "cute".

Right now she was legal and sexy. She began rubbing her clit and started to get in to it. Her clit was sensitive from arousal and she actually felt close to cumming. She wanted more. She wanted to know without a doubt any man who watched this would cum for her.

She went to the edge of the shower pressing one hand against the wall she lifted her leg on to the tub edge. This time she knew the camera beneath her had a perfect shot of her pussy. She tilted her head back so the camera above her could watch her face too.

She worked the soap around her freshly waxed pussy. Just a strip of peach fuzz over her lips doused in soap. She rubbed her clit spreading her pussy lips open so the camera could see that barely one of her soapy fingers fit into her.

She didn't care any more about appearance. She was vigorously rubbing her clit. She climaxed and she couldn't remember ever cumming that hard by herself. She moaned loud. She knew there probably wasn't sound but she couldn't control it. It just came out of her.

The fun seemed over once she came. She couldn't bring herself to play further. She was horny and wanted to get out of there before Kyle looked at his cameras.

He was probably already wondering what was taking her so long. She washed all the soap away quickly.

She got her jeans, bra and tank top on. She grabbed her purse and pulled out a pen and a scrap of paper. She wrote "Next time it's $500 and I won't be doing the koi pound." She giggled and left it sitting next to her panties pinned under the frog.

She came out seeing the money on the kitchen counter. She grabbed it and bolted nearly running into Kyle outside.

He eyed her as she spoke "sorry gotta run my mom needs me." He nodded pulling his dog back in. She did a short wave "see you soon." He didn't respond even as she giggled and ran to her car.

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The second Kyle closed the door behind Amber he relaxed. He unwrapped his fake cast and chucked it to the side wiggling his toes. He needed a shower hard core after sitting in the sun for hours.

The ipod was already being uploaded and he would have to work on that footage soon. He thought about spinning it to a site that liked degrading woman with all that filth on her. He couldn't believe she had agreed to that.

She had driven up in a brand new mustang. She didn't seem like someone that needed money. He thought she might be 18 but he wouldn't have chanced it if he hadn't seen her ID

First he went to his back room and turned on the 8 monitors surrounding his swivel chair. He worked on his computer starting the cameras where he had turned them on. After he had picked up his clothes from the door assuring she wouldn't be walking out he had started them all.

She was peeling off her pink panties and he whistled. He had a "barely legal" site he couldn't wait to sell this to. She was hot for sure but just no curves really. She clearly starved herself to be a model.

He walked out to get a beer in case she peed or something he hated that stuff but money was money. His dog followed him everywhere. Just a few minutes later he was back in the theater room watching his little helper walk in to the shower.

He sat back to see if there were any angle shots he could freeze frame to have in the front of his video clip. She was rubbing herself raw to get all that muck off. He couldn't lie he had enjoyed the stuck up model being force to grunge around. He was proud of his ability to keep his composure when her cute pink panties flashed at him too.

He was about to start reading his emails when he paused mid swallow. He watched as Amber bent over and stayed bent over wiggling her hips a full shot over her pussy and ass. Her skin was so smooth, not a scar or inch of cellulite on her.

Her whole body was the same slightly tan colored and the water running over her dripping off her ass seemed more enticing by the minute. She stayed bent over much longer then she should have. Did she know there was a camera there?

His question was all but answered as her cold blue eyes looked up and started playing with her nipples. She squeezed them and rubbed them gently. The water sliding over her body her hair matted to her face she looked perfectly edible.

He'd paid a chick once to shower and it hadn't been anywhere near as good as this. He tweaked the video on his computer putting it in to slow motion. He watched her eyes slowly blink open and shut while she traced her tongue over her thin pink lips.

"What the fuck are you doing." He asked aloud watching as she grabbed the body wash. He figured he could watch it at regular speed but it just built up the anticipation watching it slow. He started laughing as she tilted it and squeezed it out on her chest.

The laughing stopped as he watched it slide down her body. The idea of cumming all over her tits and stomach seemed insanely appealing at this point and time. He rewound and played it again in slow motion.

He pushed one of the cameras in. Each monitor had a different one showing. He focused her chest shot right in front of him and zoomed in the camera to her face for the monitor on his left. Her eyes were screaming for attention. The little slut was turned on by this.

The soap slid down in globs and he watched her small perfectly manicured hands touch herself. He realized that noise he was hearing was himself breathing heavy. His dick was pulsing. He couldn't bring himself to jerk off. He wanted to see it all. Wanted to zoom in and watch every second first.

He watched her hesitate. She wasn't as experienced as she was pretending to be. At least that's what he thought until she walked closer to the camera.

He had paid a small fortune for these cameras. Anti Fog, great in low light, high deff the total works and nothing could prepare him for his next shot. She put her leg on to the edge and right on his monitor was a glorious, wet pussy. She had just a strip of hard down her pussy lips and it was covered with soap.

She opened the lips of her pussy small, delicate and pink she pushed her finger in to herself. Immediately he had to pause the camera so he could just stare for a minute and find the other camera with her face.

He pulled the two videos up next to each other. He zoomed in to her face again. It looked like she was staring him down. Even in slow motion her fingers rubbing her clit seemed fast and eager to release her. Her mouth opened so slowly as her hand cupped her pussy hard.

He hadn't realized his mouth was open at first. He just gawked at the screen he again froze. Her pussy was covered but her mouth was open in pure ecstasy. He didn't have any audio, he could get in trouble for that. It did make sense though. Right about then was when his dog had barked.

He rubbed his dogs head laughing. He had thought his dog wanted to go for a walk. He relaxed back and looked at all the monitors he had freeze framed. She might look young but her eyes told a different story. She was wild and she got off on being a tease.

His cock was aching to be relieved but if he couldn't watch porn and get his job done he would never make money. He played it to the end watching her write something. He hopped up and rushed to the bathroom once he saw her put it on the shelf under one of the cameras.

He opened the door to see the pink panties dangling there dripping. He pulled up the frog to read the damp note. He bet he could get her to do it for $300 she loved posing for the camera. He pinched the panties between two fingers throwing them in to the wash bin.

He was going to wash them and put them up for bid. He was a sick man and he knew it but there was far worse out there. He just liked money and he didn't care who he filmed to get it as long as it was legal. He grabbed his phone and text the little nympho. "Nice show. We'll have to do it again"

"Maybe" she text in response. He waited a minute more and couldn't help but laugh at her next text "the ugly frog figurines have to go though."