**Upskirt Photography Can Be Fun**

by naughtyannie

*A bit of exhibitionist fun leads to an exciting sexual encounter*

Those of you who live in the UK, or any of those places with real seasons, will know that one of the best things about the end of winter and the warm weather starting is the opportunity to shed the winter woollies and get out the summery stuff. If, like me, you’re a bit of an exhibitionist who likes to tease, there aren’t many opportunities to expose your bits when you’re wrapped up against the wind and the rain. In spring 2012 we had a few nice days in March, and I’d dug my spring frocks out of the back of the wardrobe. But then at the beginning of April the Government announced that we were in a period of drought, and introduced a hosepipe ban. As if on cue, it started raining almost straight away, and didn’t really stop all through April and well into May.   
  
But at last we had a few days of sun, and it began to get warmer. Eventually, it seemed as if we might be getting a real warm spell, and I got the dresses out again. At last it was nice enough to leave my panties off without getting frostbitten flaps.   
  
One week I decided I had to go up to the West End to buy a few books that I could only get from a big bookshop. The next Saturday I dressed as lightly as I could, which basically meant no panties or bra, just a loose dress and little pumps on my feet. I got the train to Victoria, then the bus up to the big bookshop on Piccadilly. I got a few admiring looks as people noticed my bra-less bosom under my dress. To be honest, my little tits don’t give much of a cleavage at the best of times, but at least they’re nice and perky and don’t droop.   
  
Bending down in the bookshop to look at the lower shelves, I knew my tits would be openly visible to anyone else browsing nearby who happened to glance down. I discreetly tweaked my nipples through my dress to make them stand out. After a while doing this and getting aroused, I paid for the books I needed and walked across Piccadilly Circus and down Haymarket to Trafalgar Square. This was where I was hoping to have some serious fun.   
  
I sat down on the big flight of steps that lead up from the square to the National Gallery and looked down over the mass of tourists milling around. If you want to get an idea of the set-up, google something like “UK National Gallery steps”. You probably won’t see me, but it’ll give you an idea of how people always sit on them to look out over the square; and the sunnier it is, the more of them there are.  
  
The fountains were playing, and the little kids were dipping their hands in and splashing each other. Other kids were climbing onto the lions round the bottom of Nelson’s Column and having their photos taken. Just to the right of me at the bottom of the steps was the 2012 Olympic Clock, counting down the days, hours, minutes and seconds until the start of the opening ceremony at 9:00 pm on Friday 27th July, and quite a few people were having their photographs taken standing next to that too. In fact, if I could have charged a pound for each photo taken in Trafalgar Square that day, I’d be a wealthy girl! But I wanted to give everyone a chance to see more than just the usual tourist attractions. I had some attractions of my own.   
  
I knew that, wearing just a loose frock, anyone coming down the steps from above would get a good view of my breasts down the front – especially if I leant over a bit so it hung away from my nipples. And if I sat with my legs apart, anyone coming straight up the steps from below would get a great view up my skirt at my uncovered pussy. I always look out myself for accidental flashes (I’m such a perve!) and it’s surprising how many cute panties you can see. The prize of a bare pussy isn’t that common, but it’s all the more fun when you do see one. I’m still hoping that one day a Scots guy in a kilt will sit down and give me a flash of his equipment.   
  
I sat down on the second set of steps from the top, making sure I was sitting on the edge of my dress – just enough to keep my bare bum off the steps, in case they weren’t that clean. I took out one of my new books and started to read it, trying to look like just another visitor having a rest. To start with I kept my legs together, but then slowly eased them apart so that anyone coming up the steps from below would get a view straight up between my thighs to my pussy. I was enjoying the feeling of having nothing covering me down there; even if no-one saw, it was still nice.   
  
I sat for a while, just letting people move past me up and down the steps. I was determined not to catch anyone’s eye; I wasn’t trying to pick anyone up. It’s a problem, I admit: just because I’m enjoying exposing myself, it’s not like I’m saying “Look at me, I want to fuck you”, although I can see why some people may assume it is.   
  
After a bit, without moving my head I peeped up from my book. A couple of young guys were looking my way. They certainly seemed to be enjoying the view. Cheekily, I decided they’d had enough, and pressed my knees together. One nudged the other and they whispered, but I waited until they’d gone before opening my legs again.   
  
Then I saw a pretty dark-haired girl standing looking up at the National Gallery with her camera in her hand. I thought I’d spotted her walking up the steps past me a few minutes ago. That was interesting – if it was the same person, that meant she’d gone all the way down again. OK, there were a few reasons why she might have done that…  
  
But oh my God, she was hot. Her hair was cut short and spiky in a boyish kind of way, but it was the only boyish thing about her. She was wearing a denim jacket over a short t-shirt that showed a tempting circle of bare skin above a pair of amazing ripped denim shorts. The neck of her t-shirt had been roughly cut down to show her cleavage; I could see the top of a red bra supporting a pair of large boobs. I might not dress that way myself, but that sort of grungy sexiness can be such a turn-on.   
  
At least, she seemed to be looking at the Gallery, but I could see her eyes keep on dropping down to my level. I decided to give her a bit more of a treat. Casually, I shifted my bum as if to get more comfortable, and spread my legs a bit more, letting my frock ride further up my thighs as well as giving a clearer view of the area between my legs. I felt a draught of air waft round my labia. I wished I could use a finger to part my lips a bit and let her see a bit more pink, but that might have been a bit obvious.  
  
The pretty girl took her camera and pointed it up the steps at the Gallery. Oh well, never mind, she just wanted another tourist snap. But I still couldn’t keep my eyes off her, and to my delight I saw the camera tilt downwards so it was pointing straight at me.   
  
Oh yes, that’s better. I stared hard at my book, but I wasn’t taking any of it in - it was just black blobs on a white background. My whole mind was wondering whether she was still there; whether she was still taking pictures; whether she wanted more…  
  
I couldn’t resist glancing up. She had the camera up to her face, but I was sure it was pointing straight up my dress. I breathed in deeply, then moved my legs a little bit more apart. They were rather wide now. I saw her twist the lens, zooming in on whatever she was photographing. This was exciting. I forgot for a moment that there were hundreds of other people around. I’m sure my pussy must have been getting wetter and wetter inside, and I really wanted to touch it, to part my lips and let the juices run out. I was so aroused that I forgot to breathe for a moment or two, and found myself puffing to get oxygen back to my lungs.   
  
Casually, the girl turned aside and pointed her camera over towards the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields and took a few pictures of it. She began to walk back up the steps towards me. For a moment, I felt nervous, and looked back at my book, but as a shadow passed over my legs I couldn’t resist looking up. My eyes met hers.   
  
Without saying a word, she sat down next to me on the steps. My heart was thumping. She held her digital camera in her hands and leant towards me with it.  
  
“Would you like to see?” she said.   
  
I looked at the view-screen. The first picture was just a view of the colonnade at the front of the Gallery. I could just see the top of my head at the bottom of the picture.   
  
“Press here to scroll through” said the girl. I could feel the warmth of her body next to me. I was trembling a little.   
  
The next picture showed the whole of the steps, with me in the middle, my legs apart and my skirt up my thighs. You could see straight up the front, to the little plump bulge of my pubic mound. I could just make out the pink curve of my labia. I felt myself blush with a sort of embarrassment. I suppose I hadn’t expected to be looking straight at the evidence like this.   
  
I scrolled to the next picture. This one had been taken using the zoom, and you could see the labia quite clearly. I stared at it for a moment, fascinated. Then I felt a nudge, and looked round. She was smiling at me.  
  
“Keep going” she said.  
  
I saw why she was keen to move on. Wow. The next one was taken after I had moved my legs apart, and the sun was shining straight up my frock. I couldn’t help noticing how pale my inner thighs were. But my plump little pussy really stood out. I saw that my lips had parted more than I realised, and the pink entrance to my vagina was glistening and wet.   
  
I scrolled again. She’d used the zoom again, and you could almost have reached out and touched the pink curves of my labia. There was a little dark gap at the centre, leading the eye into my sex.   
  
I looked at her again, and she raised an eyebrow. I realised that as I had been leaning over looking at the pictures, the front of my frock had fallen open so she could look straight down at the swell of my bare breasts, including my pinkish areole and darker nipples. Hard nipples.   
  
There was one more picture. She’d pulled back on the zoom, and there was all of me, looking straight at the camera, with a little smile on my face and my legs wide apart. God, I was such a slut – but it was a classic up-skirt shot!   
  
I think we were each waiting for the other to say something. It must only have been a couple of seconds, but felt like minutes.  
  
“These are great pictures” I said. “Thanks for letting me see”.  
  
“I’ve got some more that you might like” she said. “There’re on my camera if you have a minute.”  
  
“Yes please” I said. There was another slight pause, and I went on.   
  
“Why don’t we have a coffee and you can show me properly?”   
  
“That would be nice” she answered; “is this place ok?” – nodding at the little café next to the steps, right on the Square.   
  
“It’s ok, but the one in the Gallery’s better” I said; “A bit more expensive, but quieter”.   
  
“Sounds great” she smiled. “Lead the way!”  
  
We crossed the pavement and went into the Gallery through the Getty entrance, which takes you straight to the café and shop, and is obviously meant for people who want to have something to eat without all that tedious mucking about with paintings first.   
  
I offered to get the coffees while she found a table. I took a chance and chose us each a piece of cake – I think I needed a sugar hit! I looked round with my tray and saw her waving at me from the far corner. She’d found a perfect table, slightly out of the way, and luckily there weren’t too many people around anyway. I sat down opposite her. She laughed when she saw the cakes.   
  
“How did you guess?” she said. “I shouldn’t, but then, why not?”  
  
And she took the creamier of the two pieces.   
  
“So…” I said, taking a sip of hot coffee, “Where are these pictures?”   
  
She’d found them on her camera while I was at the counter, and passed it straight across.   
  
“These are from all over” she said. “But I have a special folder for them all”.  
  
They were a mixture of candid shots, up-skirt and down-blouse, all obviously taken without the subjects knowing. Some of the girls were wearing panties, but a few were like me, showing it all. Most of these were shaved, so you could see the detail of their pussies. Most of the down-blouse ones were of bra-less breasts, usually showing a nipple or two. They were all very, very sexy.   
  
“You’ve a great collection here” I said, impressed. “It must have taken you ages”.   
  
“I take a lot of pictures anyway” she said, “and I’m always on the lookout for this sort of shot. I do sell some stuff commercially – but not these – these are just for me. Don’t worry, you’re not going to see yourself on some website – at least, not unless you want to!”  
  
“But you know” she said, “You’re almost the first person I’ve seen who I thought might have been doing it on purpose. The way you just sat there with your legs apart, you must have known what you were showing. But you didn’t seem to care. I noticed you didn’t have a bra when I walked past, and I was going to try and get a shot of your tits. But then when I realised you had no panties either…I was just, like wow, my kind of girl!”  
  
“I mean,” she went on “I like not wearing undies either, just because it makes me feel good. “But I don’t really flash at people, unless I know them and it’s all part of the foreplay sort of thing”.   
  
“It just turns me on” I admitted. “The thought of people walking past and seeing me just makes me so horny, and I just love it. Sometimes I do it in the park, pretending to sunbathe and pulling my skirt up as far as I dare”.   
  
“Photographing you got me so turned on too” she said. “Especially once I knew that you knew I was doing it…that’s when I plucked up courage to show you!”   
  
That’s when I felt a touch on my leg under the table. It made me jump, and I looked down and saw that it was her bare foot tickling me. She’d kicked off her sandals and her toes were stroking against the outside of my leg. I moved my leg against hers and smiled at her. My legs were slightly apart now, and I deliberately edged my chair a bit closer to make it easier for her. She slid her leg over mine until it was between my legs, stroking against my inner thigh now. Her skin was smooth against mine. I put my hand under the table and stroked her calves, pulling my dress up a bit more to give her room to manoeuvre.   
   
Her foot slipped under the front of my dress. She knew what she was doing with her toes, though she was teasing me by rubbing against the tops of my thighs, deliberately not going any higher. Then she broke contact, and I got that weird feeling you get when you know something is close to you even thought you can’t see it. This time, I got the feeling in my pussy, knowing her foot was almost touching.   
  
Then I felt her toes touch the lips of my pussy. She wiggled them backwards and forwards, tickling my labia. It felt amazing. I was squirming about in my seat, wriggling back at her, trying to manoeuvre myself so her toes would go inside my slit. She managed to find the button of my clitoris, and flicked her toe against it. I had to put my cup of coffee down, for fear I’d spill it everywhere. I gripped the edge of the table with my hands and braced myself against her, breathing heavily through my nose, letting out the occasional little squeak in my throat. Anyone watching could surely guess what was going on…  
  
Wriggling her toes, she eased between my labia and pushed up into the entrance to my vagina. I let out a definite squeak…she was smiling at me as she pushed against me. I felt her toes wriggling around inside me. Something pressed against my clitoris – her big toe probably – and she flicked it backwards and forwards against the little button, pushing hard against it. Oh god. I felt my orgasm building. Not for the first time, I felt a bit embarrassed at how quickly I would climax once my clitoris was stimulated. If I’d been a man, I’d have had no staying power at all!   
  
I leant over and grasped her hand, squeezing it tight as I pressed against her toes, clenching the muscles of my pussy. Oh god here it came…and I orgasmed. My knuckles were white as I gripped her so hard. All the muscles in my legs and bum were clenched and I felt my thighs spasming as I struggled to stop myself from thrashing my body about and crying out. It must have looked as if I was having an epileptic fit!   
  
She stared at me across the table with a delighted smile on her face.   
  
“Wow!” she whispered. “Did you just come?”   
  
I nodded, trying to get my breathing under control. “I just couldn’t help it” I said. “I guess I was just so turned on…it just happened!”  
  
“You are just so amazing” she said, laughing.   
  
I smoothed my dress down under the table, trying to look decent. Looking under the table, I could see the toes of her right foot were wet and sticky.   
  
She leant over and whispered again. “And you’ve got me so horny. Won’t you do something for me now?”   
  
“Sure” I said. “Here?”  
  
“Come to the toilets” she whispered. “I want you properly”.  
  
“Not the ones just here” I said “They’re too busy – but if we go over to the back door, there are some that hardly anyone uses”.   
  
“How do you know this stuff?” she asked. “Don’t tell me you’ve fucked your way all round London’s bogs?”   
  
I laughed “Not yet – but I actually like paintings as well as fucking! So I come here quite a lot”   
  
“I’ll follow you then” she said.   
  
I couldn’t remember exactly which rooms to go through, but I knew that from the Central Hall there would be signs for the “Orange Street Exit” and I followed those. We went past the Velasquez “Venus at her Toilette”, with her lovely bum, through more random rooms until I saw the full-length portrait of Cardinal Richelieu by Philippe de Champaigne and I knew we were nearly there. The toilets I was looking for were by the Educational Centre. During the week it tends to be swarming with school parties, but at the weekend it’s practically deserted.   
  
With a sudden burst of inspiration, I pushed open the door to the “Disabled” toilets.   
  
“Come on, there’ll be more room in here” I said.   
  
She shut and locked the door. She put her arms round my waist and our lips met, hard and rough and urgent.   
  
Her arms rubbed roughly over my back, wrinkling my dress. Her large breasts were pressed against my chest. I pushed both my hands up the front of her t-shirt. Her skin was warm and flushed with excitement. My hands made contact with the firm swell of her breasts inside the lacy support of her bra. She groaned deep in her throat. I rolled her breasts under my hands, feeling them move inside the bra. Pushing upwards, I felt the bottom of her bra cups moving up, slowly slipping over the soft flesh. I pushed again, and with a rush felt the cups spring up, her boobs bouncing free and unsupported. At last my hands gripped the hot bare flesh. Her nipples tightened and became hard under my grip, her areoles dimpling. I wanted her body so badly. I dragged at her t-shirt and she raised her arms to let me pull it over her head. I stepped back for a moment, holding her t-shirt, gazing at her tits swinging too and fro as she quickly unclipped her bra and let it fall from her arms onto the floor. She smiled at me, enjoying her bareness. She had clear sharp tan-lines round the curve of her tits, showing that she normally wore a small bikini top that must have barely covered her nipples.   
  
My own body was fizzing with desire. I pressed my hand to my crotch, circling my palm against my clitoris. She pulled me against her again, rubbing her bare breasts against my dress as we kissed. I squeezed her bum, rubbing against the crack between her cheeks, before scratching my nails up the bare skin of her legs.   
  
I pushed my hand down the back of her shorts, inside her panties as well. Her bum was warm and smooth and firm.   
  
“Let me get these off” she muttered, and undid her shorts, pulling them and her panties down, kicking them off across the floor. Now she was totally naked. Her pubes

were covered in a tidy nest of hair, but I could see the pink folds of her pussy, aroused and moist.   
  
She pushed me back against the sink, and began to unbutton the front of my dress. I was breathing heavily already, my little tits heaving. She pushed my dress off my shoulders, and I wriggled to help the sleeves slip down my arms. The whole dress fell to the floor and I was naked too.   
  
I pulled her towards me and kissed her hard on her lips, feeling her body hot against mine. She nibbled at my lip, and I raked my fingernails down her back, digging in as hard as I dared. In the mirror opposite me, I could see the red marks on her skin.   
  
“More, more” she moaned, and I kissed down her neck and over her shoulder-blades. She had her hands on my buttocks, and I felt a finger nuzzling between my cheeks, followed by a gentle pressure against my sphincter.  
  
“You’re so tight” she murmured. “I can hardly get one finger in. Relax, babe…” The finger pushed harder, just entering, causing me to wince slightly.   
  
“Don’t stop” I whispered, as I felt the finger leave.   
  
“Don’t worry” she replied. She picked up the liquid-soap dispenser from the hand-basin and pumped slippery soap all over her palm and fingers, before returning her hand to my buttocks. I barely had time to register the cool soap on my bum, before her freshly-lubricated finger slipped easily into my hole. I gasped, pressing my naked body against hers. I could feel her finger twirling inside my bum-hole. I was nuzzling her neck, but my teeth closed on her flesh as I felt a second finger joining the first. I’d never had two fingers up my bum before, and without the soap I’m sure she’d never have managed.   
  
I put my hand under her right tit, raising it to my mouth. I sucked the flesh into my mouth, moving towards her dark nipples. As my mouth closed over her right nipple, I felt her fingers wiggling more inside my bum-hole, and I thrust my pelvis against her, biting down on the nipple at the same time. This wasn’t nice soft sex: it was rough and dirty, and I was loving it.   
  
My teeth clenched her nipple; my lips could feel the rough aroused skin of her areole. Her fingers began thrusting in and out of my bum and I could feel the pulsing of my pussy, getting wetter and wetter with pleasure. But she had already brought me to orgasm once, and I wanted to do the same for her.   
  
I pulled away from her, feeling the “schlup” as her fingers slipped out of my lubricated bum. Quickly I slid to the floor, pulling her with me, rolling her onto her back against the cold tiles. I crouched over her, one leg on either side of her waist, my little tits swinging slightly, my pussy pressed against her tummy. I writhed my crotch against her, stimulating myself and spreading a wet smear of my sexual secretions all over her tummy. I could see little red marks on her tits where my mouth had bruised her skin. She lay still, panting with excitement but allowing me to take charge.   
  
With one swift movement, I slid down past her waist, put one leg between her thighs, and roughly pulled her legs apart. Her pussy was gaping wide, and I lowered my face to it, breathing in her musky scent. I rubbed my face over the light fuzz of hair on her pubic mound, my nose bumping against her clitoris, which felt engorged and hard. Her labia and the entrance to her vagina were very wet, and her sex juices were soon smeared all over my face. I momentarily raised my head to let her see. She smiled.   
  
I dipped down again, and my tongue made contact with her labia and licked over and between the folds. Spreading her lips with my fingers, I gazed for a moment at the sweet pink moist interior, breathing in the musky aroma, before burying myself in it. She was dripping with juices, gasping and thrashing as my tongue lapped around her vulva; pushing her pussy into my face, grinding against me. With my tongue still lapping at her, my thumb found her clitoris, and she bit back a scream as I rolled and rubbed it.   
  
I quickly worked out from her moans and gasps exactly what flickers of the tongue and rolling of the thumb were needed to propel her towards her climax. I licked upwards inside her as far as I could go, finding the soft spongy area around her g-spot, and at the same time increasing the pressure on her clit. As I’d hoped, that was all it took, and her thigh muscles went tense as she began to shudder with the force of the orgasm that engulfed her. As soon as I felt her climax hit, I raised my face, and pushed two fingers of my other hand deep up inside her soaking cunt, while circling faster and faster round her clit. My hand was drenched in her juices and she was shaking all over as a second even more intense orgasm exploded. She was clutching her tits, pink and glowing with perspiration all over her body.   
  
I withdrew my fingers and watched as her trembling subsided. She put her fingers inside her own pussy and withdrew them coated in her own stickiness. She fed me her fingers and I sucked the juice off them. I let her suck mine as she clutched me too her, both our bodies sticky and sweaty.   
  
We knelt on the floor, holding hands, trying to let our breathing get back to normal, both of us glowing with the aftermath of the experience. She stroked one hand over my little pussy, touching my puffy labia.   
  
“You’re still aroused, aren’t you” she said, more of a statement than a question.   
  
“I want you to have me now” I said.   
  
“I want you as well – but can you wait until we get back to my flat?” she said matter-of-factly.   
  
I nodded.   
  
“Put your dress on then” she said. “And if we can get an empty carriage on the tube, I’ll make you come again”.