My photographic interlude

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an afternoon with a good neighbor

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I am a photography buff, spending an hour or two most Saturdays and Sundays shooting pictures. If you are in my neighborhood on the weekends, you will see me coming and with my camera bag and tripod. My neighbor, Beth is usually outside tending her garden, and when we see each other, we exchange greetings.

Beth asked me what I liked to photograph. It was an innocent question, but I decided to turn our conversation toward sex. I said that I wanted to take erotic pictures of women.

She said good luck, and asked me if I was off to photograph a pretty woman? I told her no, but that after spending many hours taking pictures of old buildings and store windows, I thought I earned the right to take a picture of something that I was really interested in.

We had been neighbors for fifteen years, and until the last few years, we often flirted – but all that stopped when I went over the line one day. I had drunk too much (my wife was away on a business trip) and I made a pass at Beth. After the mishap, she stopped flirting altogether, and when she acquired a boyfriend, she stopped saying much more than hello. Boyfriend is relative term. Beth was middle aged, maybe 10 years younger than I and her boyfriend was a stubby man in his 50s.

Beth was very flirtatious this day. She asked me why I wanted to try erotic photography - she thought erotic art was a young man’s game. I agreed with her, but said that when I was younger I was easily aroused, and my penis became very hard, so much so that it was impossible to handle sexually charged subjects; now, with my diminished vigor, I could enjoy my arousal. Beth smiled; she agreed that a young man’s erection can be too much to deal with. She said she missed them - they are great for a few minutes of fun, but beyond that, they can be too much.

She asked how I thought I would find a willing subject. I said I hoped to find a woman in the neighborhood who might be willing to play along. I wanted a middle-aged woman; I was intrigued by the possibilities of showing the eroticism in a middle-aged woman’s body.

I paused for a bit, then said to Beth that I bet her body showed excellent erotic potential. I asked her if she was interested in posing – and if she was, would she take off her clothes?

I got a quick no - but she didn't seem annoyed or put off. I turned and carried my gear into my house; Beth returned to her gardening.

A few weekends went by. It was Saturday again, and my wife was away again. Beth was alone too – her boyfriend was not around. She asked me if I had any luck with my special project? I asked her what she meant? She said finding a woman to pose for me. I said I hadn't. Our conversation drifted to other topics, but stayed flirtatious. Then Beth said she might be willing to help me, but it had to be today, and I had to promise not to share my pictures with anyone. She added that she still wasn't sure how far she would go, but she was willing to play along for a while. She asked me how I would choose my poses, what did I mean by erotic? I told her I meant sexual, and that I would watch her as she walked around her house, if my penis responded, the pose was erotic. I said I might ask her to do some things, but if she thought what I asked was too dirty, she could say no.

I asked if she ever does anything dirty? She paused and said she does.

Then we both went quiet. After a period of silence, Beth said let's do this.

I went to my car, grabbed my camera bag and tripod and followed her into her front yard and then into her house, through the foyer and into her parlor. Beth was a few steps ahead of me, and I let myself enjoy gazing at her. Usually I tried not to stare, but today, I stared greedily. It was late September and Beth was wearing shorts. Her thighs and calves showed her a feminine muscularity, and looked luscious as the soft room light modeled her form. I set my camera on its tripod and asked Beth to stand still for my first shot. She turned her head to me, looking back over her shoulder. It was a classic pose of seduction. I took a few pictures. I asked her to turn to the side. I wanted her silhouette. Her round bottom looked wonderful below her narrow hips. Her belly with its delicate curves was pleasing too. As far as my penis was concerned, I was in full tingle.

Then she started to undress. She began by unbuttoning her shirt. I moved around to get a better view, and shot more pictures as Beth's torso was revealed. She looked self conscious but continued to undress. Her shirt was of a gauzy fabric, and so even before she removed it, I could see the outline of her bra. I asked Beth not to remove her shirt yet. I asked her to walk around, so she did, moving from parlor to kitchen and back. She looked especially enticing when she was backlit from one of the windows.

I continued to shoot pictures. I asked her to stand still while a took a few closeups. Her bra was soft and semitransparent. Her areolas stood out, as did her nipples – they looked slightly swollen. Was

she aroused?

After I satisfied my need to stare, I said she could continue undressing.

At this point, I needed to make room for my penis which had grown hard and was making a tent in my pants, so I unzipped my fly, and pulled my dick out – I was rock hard. I asked Beth if she minded? She told me its ok, that she assumed this would happen.

Now Beth stopped to watch me. I took my forefinger and thumb and played with my penis head. I was slick with pre-cum. Then circled myself with my hand and rubbed up and down. After a few pulls, I stopped. I was breathless too. Beth asked if I needed to relieve myself? I said not yet. She came over, took her thumb and forefinger finger and rubbed back and forth over the pea hole. She gathered some of the pre-cum, and licked her fingers. She smiled at me and said I should take a picture of myself – which I did.

Beth resumed disrobing. First she finished taking off her shirt off, then she un clasped her bra, and let that drop to the floor as well.

She asked if she should continue to walk around? I said yes. She turned and walked away, letting me look at her. In order to follow her, I decided to drop my pants, leaving just my briefs on and my dick out. I didn’t ask if it was ok, but since everything was out in the open now, I figured it was. So now we were a pants-less man and a topless woman.

I caught up to Beth at the door to her bathroom. She said she had to pee. I turned away, but she said, its ok to watch, so I did. She pulled down her shorts, and then her panties. She had a full mane of dark pubic hair, which I enjoyed looking at. I took more pictures as she sat herself on the toilet. She used her hands to separate the lips of her pussy, letting me get a good look at her pussy. She let forth a stream of piss, and I continued to shoot pictures. When she finished, I asked if she minded if I got a better look at her. She said ok. I knelt down, and put my face just inches from her now dripping pussy. I took a few shots in close-up mode. I asked if I could touch her. She paused, then said ok, so I put my camera down, took my fingers and felt her wet pussy. It was a mix of pee and her lubrication. I brought my fingers to my lips and licked them.

Now I was insane with arousal. I asked her if I could lick her pussy. She said no. Then she said not yet.

Beth cleaned up, but left her pants and panties off, so now she was completely naked.

She resumed walking around, and I followed. More pictures were taken. I asked her to stand in front

of one of her windows looking out. I placed myself behind her, trying to see the play of light around her, especially, the way her pussy could be seen from the back, drooping slightly below where her two legs met. I love seeing a pussy from behind.

By now, I had hundred of pictures but I had to continue to see where we would end up. Beth walked into her bedroom and lay down on her bed, facing me. I sat down next to her. I asked her if she would do something dirty. She asked what? I said I'd love to see her masturbate.

She said nothing but placed her forefinger and thumb on her vaginal lips, running them over and in and out in what was a masturbation pose. Then she moved down, and let her finger inside her over her asshole. I took more pictures, and then I got up, removed my briefs, and pulled off my t-shirt. Gotta be naked for this.

I watched her masturbate. She ran her hands freely over the entire underside between her legs moving from pussy to asshole, up and down. It looked like she was enjoying herself, her pussy was more swollen than before, and her chest was flushed. Her nipples stuck out maybe an inch.

I took more pictures but kept quiet. I decided it was time to jerk myself off too. I put my camera down and laid back against her headboard, resting my head on one of her pillows. I started to rub my penis up and down with one hand. With the other, I also played with the area between my legs, from balls and asshole. We were both breathing heavily. I decided I would wait for Beth to cum, so went more slowly.

She was clearly gone, and so was I, so my self control was limited. Beth was really breathing heavy, so I thought she would blow soon. I stuck my own finger up my ass and stroked more vigorously, reaching a climax. I spurted three or four ropes of cum, one hit myself on the eyes, and the rest hit my chest and chin. As I cooled down, Beth started to shake, and let out a scream.

Then she was done.

I went to her bathroom and grabbed a towel to clean up my mess. Beth sat back and watched me.

I said I had to pee and said she was welcome to watch, which she did.