

Take a Picture for me

By TXtabber

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She sends him a picture of her

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/take-a-picture-for-me.aspx>

FLASH! The camera whirred. She picked it up from the bathroom counter and turned it around to see the captured image. There, on the small color screen of the digital camera was a pert, pink nipple. Not just any nipple. It was her nipple, and it was engorged to its fullness. It rose from her breast like a large eraser, or the end of your pinky finger. She had pulled on it, pinched it, and rubbed it between her thumb and forefinger. She did all of this because he asked her to do it. "I want a picture of your nipple," he had typed in the email. "I want a close-up shot of your nipple after you've tugged on it, and pinched it. When you're so turned on by the simple act of what you're doing, take the picture and send it to me." So here she was, locked safely in the bathroom with the sink faucet running to hide the sound. She had to hide. She was hiding from her husband and her children. How could she explain this to them? "So you see, honey, I'm taking this picture for my online friend. We've been sharing pictures of each other. Sexy pictures. Naked pictures. It turns me on to know that he's looking at me and getting an erection harder than steel." No, that would never do. So she would keep her secret. Her online anonymous male friend. They would never meet. They would never see each other's faces. They would never know each other's names. She was safe to ask him anything, and tell him all of her secret fantasies. He would not judge her, only listen, and then tell her his own erotic secrets. She looked again at the picture. It did look good. She always liked her breasts. Even though they were changing with age, and no longer the perky little ones she had enjoyed in her teen years, her breasts were still nice to look at. They were also so sensitive. She loved it when her husband would suck and nibble on them. He could do that for hours and she could let him do it. He would suck on them until she began a soft moaning, then he would lightly bite them with his teeth and tug. It was like a path had developed between her tits and her pussy. Sometimes all she had to do was bare her breasts to her husband and she got wet between her legs. She found herself staring into the bathroom mirror. She was wearing a pair of khaki shorts, but she was topless. Her breasts were on display in the mirror. Slowly she watched her own hands slide upward to her breasts. It was as if they were belonged to a stranger. She ran her hands all over her breasts, lifting them up and letting them

jiggle back into place. A little more jiggle these days, but still firm and proud. She took both nipples in her hands, lightly pinching them between her thumbs and forefingers. She thought about last night. She had read his stories on the internet, and was so turned on. She checked on her children to make sure they were asleep. Then she stripped down to a pair of socks and went looking for her husband. He was pleased and surprised when she walked into the kitchen. He had gone into the kitchen for a drink of water, but that was quickly forgotten. She came to him, rose on her tiptoes and kissed him long and hard. His hands went first around her back, but quickly slid down to her ass. He cupped her butt cheeks in his powerful hands and squeezed. "Mmmmmm," she had moaned. "Meet me in the bedroom?" "Nawww," he replied, "I'm going to watch some television." She gave him the look. The look that said, "Now, or never, ever, ever again." He laughed and moved towards her, pulling his shirt over his head as he walked. The night had ended with her leaning backwards on the pillows. She was naked with her legs spread as wide as they could go. She had her hands pulled up behind her head. She was totally exposed. The only thing missing was the ropes to hold her in that position. He had one hand around her back and pinching her nipples with his strong fingers. His mouth was sucking and nibbling on her other nipple while his other hand rapidly fingered her clit. From time to time, he would move his hand from her pussy and smear the hot juices on her nipple. Then, he would suck on that nipple like he was devouring sweet nectar. Again, that path between tits and pussy drove her over the edge. She came so hard. So hard that she nearly knocked him out when her head rose up, and then slammed into the pillows with a stunning force as her orgasm overtook her. She rewarded him with equal pleasure. She fondled and stroked and sucked his hard cock until he too was slamming his head into the pillows. She didn't tell him what had inspired her to act this way. He didn't really care. He had been given great sex and nothing else mattered. Thinking back onto that night and the great sex that had developed because of her online friend, she decided to go one step further. He deserved a special treat. She gave her nipples one last tug, and then dropped them down to her shorts. In seconds they were on the floor, quickly followed by her panties. She set the timer and placed the camera on the bathroom counter. FLASH. The camera perfectly captured the rear view of her entire naked body. "Oh, he's going to love this," she thought to herself. Her ass was perfectly framed and her long brown hair was flowing down her back. The added extra bonus was that she had turned her body just enough to show the profile of her left breast. You could even make out the nipple. She couldn't take it any longer. She sat down on the bathroom rug and began fingering her clit with her left hand. Her right hand went to her left breast and pulled and tugged on the nipple. She thought about him opening the email, downloading the attached pictures and then stroking his hard cock. She would tell him to print the picture out and shoot his hot cum onto it. She would tell him that she wanted him to cum on her body. She wanted to feel the hot cum splash against her breasts. She imagined how it would really feel to have him standing above her, jacking his cock to the view of her masturbating. Her breathing grew rapid just as her fingers increased their temp on her clit. "Unnnnggghhh!" she moaned through her clenched teeth as her orgasm rippled through her. "Mmmmp! Unnph!" As she finally pulled her fingers from her suddenly sensitive clit, she clamped her thighs tight and let her breath out with a "Phhhsssseww!" She lay there, weakly on the bathroom rug

as the tremors slowly worked their magic. Finally, she forced herself to get up, and pull her clothes on. As she was washing her hands, she noticed how flushed her face looked. "Freshly fucked," she thought to herself, "No, freshly fingered." She brushed her hair out, and gave her clothes one last look, then left the bathroom. Her husband was sound asleep in his easy chair, the football game droning on without his attention. She went to the computer and opened her email account. She sent the pictures to her friend with the title, "You earned it."