

The Photo Shoot

By somehotname

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One woman's erotic photo shoot.

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She looks in the mirror. Checks herself out. Black dress hugging her curves, a hint of cleavage, a flash of stocking clad leg. She looks incredible, just as he asked. She turns in front of the mirror, her hands moving over her body, feeling her curves under her touch, just as he said to do. She walks over to the dresser, repositions the camera, sets the timer and moves back into position. She smiles as the shutter clicks. She sets the timer again, moves back into position and turns as the shutter clicks again. He'd love this, seeing how the dress looks from behind. She imagines him sitting on the chair in the corner, watching her as she danced around, twirling in front of him, his legs widening to accommodate the growing arousal in his pants. She wonders how hot he'd get if he saw what was underneath the dress as she sets the timer again. She slips her fingers inside the front of the dress, feeling the lacy bra beneath the dress, the shutter snapping as her fingers slip over her lace clad nipples. Her nipples harden at the thought of his watching her. She wonders how he'd react if she sent him a pictorial strip show. Would he shut the office door, unbutton his pants and stroke his throbbing cock for her? The thought sends a throbbing jolt of warmth to her sex. She feels the increasing moisture between her legs as she sets the timer again. She slips the straps of her dress off her shoulders as the camera takes another picture. She marvels at her own figure in the mirror. The dress is bunched around her waist, her lace bra fully exposed. She knows how much he wants to see the way the lace hugs her hard nipples, how badly he wants to run his fingers, his tongue, around her nipples. She imagines him standing behind her, slipping his hands over her shoulders, inside her bra. The camera clicks again as her hands slip inside the bra. Her nipples throb with delight as she pinches them gently, rolling them as she knows he would. She steps out of the dress and turns around in front of the mirror. Would he like the panties she chose for him? She knows he would. Knows that his hand would be sliding up and down along his shaft, taking his time, enjoying the show she was putting on for him. She sets the timer again, and again, turning and posing, making sure she gets pictures from all angles. The idea of him inspecting her, watching her, savoring her, floods her pussy. Her hands move over her body, feeling her curves for him. The camera clicks as her fingers move over the front of her panties. She feels how wet and swollen she is. The camera clicks as her fingers dance along the edge of her panties. She slips her hand inside her panties and the click of the

camera sends another wave of heat across her body. The camera clicks again as she removes her bra. The camera clicks again as she bends over to remove her panties. She stands in front of the mirror, the camera clicking and clicking as her fingers dance over her nipples, slide down her body and move between her legs. Her fingers move over her clit and as the shutter snaps another picture she feels a drop of moisture roll down her inner thigh. She spreads her legs as she slips a finger inside. She imagines him behind her, his finger inside her, his mouth on her neck, nibbling at the soft flesh and her knees buckle. The camera keeps snapping away as she slides another finger inside. Her other hand moves over her clit as the camera snaps snaps snaps away. Her swollen clit is hard under her fingers as she rubs tight little circles over it. She feels the walls of her pussy tightening around her fingers, contracting with the first waves of her orgasm. Her eyes close as the orgasm washes over her. Her fingers moving faster over her clit as the shutter snaps again. She can barely stand as the waves crash around her thrusting fingers. She gently removes her fingers from her sex, picks up her bra, panties and dress and begins to dress. She picks up the camera, sits down on her bed and scrolls through the images as he would, she pinpoints the moment when his hand would move to his crotch. She knows the exact moment when the feel of his erection under his pants would be too much and he would unbutton his pants, releasing his throbbing cock. She continues to scroll through the images, this is when he would start stroking faster. She pictures his legs spreading as his cock throbs. She pictures him looking at her fingers buried inside her as the first streams of hot, ropy semen burst from his twitching cock. She pictures him staring at her photos. She pictures him leaning back as his twitching subsides and his orgasm ends. She thinks about sending him the photos so he can experience everything she imagined. One by one, she deletes the photos. They are for her, he said. Not for him.