

Something To Talk About

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For a very special friend

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My day started like so many other before. I knew what I was going to do, what was going to happen and I wondered if I could feign interest for another day. This is what my business had become, in a single word, mundane. Yep, this was the exciting life of a portrait photographer. Years before, I had illusions of being creative, breaking new ground, making a statement, all those things that aspiring artists fool themselves into believing. I, however, was going to be different. I wasn't going to fall into the money game. I was determined not to compromise my artistic principles for mere money, nope, not me. I had artistic integrity. Well, that was before I bought a house, a car and opened my own studio. For some stupid reason, Bank Of America doesn't honor integrity, they like money, paid on time with an uncompromising commitment to regularity. I guess they just don't appreciate art. I arrived at the studio around 9:00 am. I looked at the reservation book, although I knew already what was there. Portrait appointments for babies, toddlers and the odd snarling little dog. My level of excitement failed to soar. I glanced at the answering machine, the red eye blinked at me. With little enthusiasm, I pushed the button and waited for the all too familiar, "We'd like portraits of Grandma taken while she can still lift her head", inquiry. Much to my surprise and shock, this was not the case. I was greeted by the voice of an angel. She said her name was Lisa and her tone of voice was uncertain, slightly desperate and even a bit pissed off. She stated that she wanted to set up a consultation appointment as she needed to reshoot some images that had been ruined by another photographer. She needed replacement shots for an audition and was in a big hurry to get something scheduled. I picked up the phone to return the call immediately and left a message of my own asking her to drop by the studio that same day, whenever she could manage the time. I no sooner put down the phone when it rang. Again, I was greeted by her voice: "Hello?" she said, in an almost timid voice. "Yes, Hello. Is this Lisa?" This is Richard, the photographer, I'm returning your call, I said. "Yes...umm, Did you get my message? I'm have to apologize. I was really pissed off when I left it. This photographer I was working with screwed up a very important photo shoot I did for my portfolio. I have a really important audition in three days and I can't even submit my portfolio without some very specific shots." Lisa began speaking faster and faster and I could by her tone of voice that she was getting upset all over again. So, I politely interrupted her. "Listen, I hear what you're saying. Try not to be upset, I think I may be able to help you. If you'd like, you can come by the studio and you can tell me exactly what

you need and you and I can get it done,” I said, trying to sound calming. It didn’t work. Lisa continued to get upset, “ Everything was fine, you know? All the work was done!! Weeks of planning!! And then, then, the idiot melts the data stick! The fucking idiot melted it! Can you fucking believe that?” “ Okay, okay,” I said, again, trying to use my best soothing voice, “We’ll do our best to fix this. The best thing you can do is get to my studio and you can show me what we need to recreate. Take a deep breath and focus on what needs to be done for portfolio and let’s meet, okay?” “You’re right, you’re right. Okay, alright. I’ll get my things together and get there within the hour. Is that alright?” Lisa asked, seeming to get hold of herself. “Yep, that’s fine. Sounds like we have work to do,” I replied trying to be positive about a bad situation. “I almost forgot to ask, how much is this going to cost?” Lisa asked in a new business-like tone of voice. I was so excited to maybe, just maybe, work with someone that didn’t pee on my set or have snot running out of their nose, that I backpeddled. I didn’t want to miss this opportunity, nor did I want to miss out on seeing the woman that belonged to that enchanting voice. “We’ll figure that out once I see what it is you’re looking to have done. I promise, I’ll work with you. The important thing is that you have the shots for your audition, right?” I could hear the relief in her voice. “Yes, you’re right, that’s the important thing. Thanks very much. I’ll be right over.” “Perfect, I’ll be here.” I made a couple of calls, canceled a few appointments and cleared my schedule for the remainder of the day. After what seemed like hours, the door to the studio opened and my life went into slow motion, just like a music video, all that was missing was the dry-ice fog. I’ll never know for certain, but I think my jaw actually dropped a bit when I saw Lisa for the first time. She was tall, dressed in a black leather overcoat and boots. Her auburn hair danced off her shoulders like the seductive tentacles of the Medusa, captivating all that dared to gaze upon them. This was a model standing before me, not just another pretty face, but a model, the genuine article. Lisa removed her sunglasses and our eyes met and she smiled a smile of relief. I, on the other hand, turned into a puddle. Her eyes were more beautiful than any I have ever seen before or since, defying all description. She said hello and smiled a smile that rivaled the sunrise itself. That was the last straw. I lost the power of speech, possibly for good. Crazy thoughts began racing through my head. Did I have an immediate crush? No, no, I think I just became permanently enslaved. I had to get hold of myself. This was a client. I had to maintain an air of professionalism. After all, photographers work with beautiful models all the time. Yeah, that’s right, this happens everyday, just not to me. Lisa must have said something, because she cocked her head to the side slightly as if waiting for me to respond, which I did. I said something graceful and debonaire like, “Ovvhmfhung bldonfung krasten.” She smiled again and asked if I was speaking German, extending her hand. I was almost afraid to touch her. But I did and I was officially smitten. I cleared my throat and tried to regain my composure. “I’m so sorry Lisa. I think I’m getting over a cold, you know, that cold medicine makes a person kind of fuzzy,” I lied and looked down at my shuffling feet like some kind of twelve-year-old kid. “It’s really a pleasure to meet you. Would you care to sit down?” I said, motioning to the living room setting I had in the studio. “That would be great. Then I can show you what I need you to do,” Lisa replied, unbuttoning and removing her leather coat and draping it over the arm of the sofa. This was the first time I saw Lisa’s body. The room started to spin. I felt the blood leave my face and head straight for

my cock. "Oh, fuck me," I thought, "Please please, not now, not now." This was the first time in my life that I had prayed not to get an erection. Sometimes prayers go unanswered. Lisa was wearing a very snug, button up, black, cotton dress that left little to the imagination. It hugged her sculpted breasts and revealed the slightest indication of equally perfect nipples. My eyes bulged like a cartoon wolf, which again, I hoped went unnoticed. She was breath taking. I sat in the chair facing her, trying to arrange my pants in order to disguise what I was thinking and tried to concentrate on the business at hand. Lisa took her leather portfolio and laid it on the table that sat between us. She began showing some of her previous work. In a single word, it was stunning. She had done everything from print work to beach shoots, high fashion to product shoots. But what she needed now was something different. "I'm trying to get a job with a large lingerie catalogue," she explained. I swallowed hard. This was too much. Things like this never happened to me. "Hey, that's great. I've done some lingerie work in the past. I know how to light the set properly and even have some great digital after effects. We can make you beautiful. Even more than you are now," I said as I looked through her portfolio, trying not to drool on the pages. "That's perfect, when can we start? I think I mentioned on the phone that I don't have much time." She was excited, this was good. "Well, I have to get a set together and I don't have what I need here. I could move some things from my house over here and we could shoot tomorrow," I suggested I think I saw a little pout form on her lips. Did I mention her lips? She has very full, sultry lips, the kind you'd like to see sliding up and down the shaft of your cock. But that was not what I should have been thinking. I was a professional, working with another professional on a very time sensitive project. Thinking back, I should have written that down. "Is there anyway we could do it sooner?" she said, looking at me with those eyes that you just couldn't refuse. "Um....there are only a couple of other options if you want to shoot today or this evening. Please don't take this the wrong way but, we could get a really nice motel suite or use one of the bedrooms at my house. I know that sounds lecherous, and believe me, I don't intend for it to come off that way, but that's the best I can do. Whatever you're comfortable with. You could even bring someone with you, if you'd like. Remember, if you're not comfortable and relaxed it will show in the images and that won't work for either of us." I was thrilled, I was sitting still on the outside but jumping up and down on the inside. "That might be okay. I'll let you decide where we'll shoot. I already have the wardrobe I need set out. There is one other thing," she said in that timid tone of voice that I heard before, "I need a couple of body shots, nudes actually. Is that something you could do?" "Sure", I replied, practically jumping out of my seat, "I've done lots of artistic nudes. It used to be a specialty of mine. So listen, we have a limited time to achieve some extraordinary results. I think we can do this if we work fast. It's 12:30 now. I'll call you around 3:00 and lets see what we can do. Does that sound okay?" Lisa reached over and covered my hand with hers, giving me a little squeeze. I'm certain it was just my imagination, but I could swear I felt a little electricity. She looked directly into my eyes and said, " This is very important to me, I need this work. I usually have a very close working relationship with my personal photographer. It makes me feel comfortable and safe. It's what I'm used to. Is that a problem for you?" I could not have been happier to hear that. Honestly, various portions of my anatomy were in agreement with me, but I was still unsure if I was misinterpreting these signals. "A problem? No, no, I

assure you, it's not in anyway a problem. I would actually encourage it." "I'll bet you would," my cock said to my brain. I took a chance and asked, "I haven't eaten, would you like to get some lunch and talk ideas for tonight's shoot? Better to have a plan now then try and figure it out this evening." I hoped my crush wasn't showing too much. "That sounds like a really good idea,." Lisa said smiling. She had yet to remove her hand from mine. "I think we're going to work really well together." "You know, Lisa, I think you're right." I smiled and added, "Let's get you some lunch." We went to a little place around the corner from the studio and ordered lunch. We talked about how the shots were going to look and our past experiences. We had a lot in common and we seemed, at least from where I sat, to be making a real connection. I kept trying to remind myself that she was only about 23 years old, but that didn't seem to matter. Lisa was very open, funny and genuine, and, oh yes, stunningly beautiful, did I mention that already? Probably so. We talked for over an hour, deciding how this was going to work. Then something happened that lead me to believe that I wasn't making all this up. I dropped my fork. That's it, I simply dropped my fork. In order to retrieve it, I had to duck under the table. I may be wrong and I may be a pervert but when I reached for my fork, I took a very innocent peak at Lisa's legs. Lisa slid her dress up to her thighs and spread her legs just enough for me to see that this goddess wasn't wearing panties. Calling upon strength beyond that of mere mortals, I tried not to linger, gracefully banging my head on the underside of the table. Lisa, began to laugh hysterically and managed to say, " Did you find what you were looking for?" with a perfectly devious smile on her flawless lips. "That was the most enjoyable concussion I have ever had the pleasure to experience. I think I have gum stuck in my hair," I said, quite embarrassed. "Richard, we have a job to do, you and I, and we should take care of business first, but that doesn't mean we can't enjoy ourselves, does it?" I actually stuttered, "Yes,..umm... certainly, of course we can." Lisa leaned over and placed her hand on the growing lump on top of my head. "It seems to be getting bigger," Lisa said. "That's not the only thing getting bigger," I replied, smiling. Lisa removed her hand from my head and placed it lightly on my crotch, leaned over and whispered,"I can't wait for you to take my picture. There's so much I want to show you. I think we'll do the shoot at your house. I'm sure I'd be more comfortable, if that's alright with you." She then lightly bit my earlobe, before withdrawing and picking up her fork. I placed my hand on her bare, silken thigh and replied, "I'll have everything ready for you, I promise.You won't be disappointed." Lisa leaned over once again kissed my cheek and said that she had to return to her place and gather her things. I gave her directions to my place and with a smile like the Cheshire Cat, I said I would see her soon. I picked up three dozen red roses before I got home and furiously set about readying a few spaces for the photo shoot. It was hard to keep my mind on the task at hand when I was very much preoccupied with the overwhelming though of Lisa's beauty and seductive power over me. I set up two backdrops, a living room set in front of the window over looking the city lights and the bedroom, which I adorned with white sheets and the petals of two dozen roses strewn over the bed. I had no sooner finished, when the doorbell rang. My heart began to race in anticipation of the shoot and in light of whatever else might come. I opened the door and was greeted by the vision I had come to know as Lisa. She was dressed in jeans and a loose fitting blouse. I took particular notice of the fact that she was not wearing a bra. Her perfect nipples were

standing at attention as stiff as two Marines. I was at this moment very thankful for the cool evening breeze. "Hey Lisa. Wow, you look wonderful." "Thank you, Richard,." she said kissing me on the cheek again and entering the foyer. "Are you ready? I threw together a couple of sets along with basic backdrops." "I'm sure it will be great,." she said holding out what appeared to be an overnight bag. "Where can I change?" she asked. "Here, you can change in this room and I'll turn on the lights and get the cameras all turn on. We'll start against this black drop here. " "Whatever you say," she said walking past me and flashing her devilish smile. Her fingertips brushed deliberately against my crotch as she moved, " You're the boss. I'll do whatever you say," and with that Lisa disappeared into the second bedroom. I adjusted my raging erection and tried to concentrate on getting things ready. I turned on some music with a very defined beat that would easily set a rhythm for the photo session. After a short time, Lisa returned dressed in a very thin white robe. "Where do you want me?" she asked coyly. "Well, let's have you just stand on the backdrop and I check the lighting and take a few test shots." Lisa did as she was asked and I began snapping test shots. As I already knew, the camera loved her, Lisa was a natural beauty. "Okay, Lisa, let's get rid of the robe and get started." She turned her back and slowly let the robe slip from her shoulders and fall to the floor. The sight before me left me paralyzed. I looked up from the camera, as if I was afraid my eyes were playing tricks on me. Lisa was dressed in all white. A white shelf bra, white panties, garter belt ,stockings and shoes. Her perfect auburn hair cascaded over her shoulders like a waterfall. She looked at me over her shoulder with a "come fuck me" look if ever there was one. All I could say was, "Oh my fucking gawd,." and I began snapping images trying to capture the expression on her face. Lisa proved to be an experienced professional. She threw her head back and laughed and began working the camera. She knew exactly how to pose and which were her best angles. She used her hair in the most seductive manner I had ever witnessed. She was looking through the camera lens at me, performing, seducing. I was using a hand held camera and began moving to develop some interesting angles. It only took about ten minutes to shoot three hundred images. "I think we have it, baby,." I said approaching her "Baby, is it?" Lisa said flashing her beautiful smile, and turning her back to me, " Help me unhook my bra, please." We both knew she didn't need any help, but I was all too happy to lend a hand. Lisa moved her hair out of the way and I unhooked the straps, letting them dangle. I leaned forward, brushed the straps from her shoulders and kissed the back of her neck. I wrapped my hands around the front of her, bringing them to rest on her perfectly flat stomach and slid my hands up under her bra cupping one of her magnificent tits in either hand. It was my turn to whisper into her ear. "Remember, Lisa, tonight, I'm the boss,." I said as I started to roll her stiff nipples between my fingers. "We're going to take some beautiful pictures of you tonight, some for your audition and some for me." As I stated my intention, I slid a hand down Lisa's stomach and into the front of her flimsy white panties, cupping her very warm pussy. "I'm going to make this memorable for you, baby. The camera is going to see the lust in your eyes and so am I." As I said, this I allowed a finger to part the lips of her dripping pussy, letting the juices coat my finger. Lisa was gently panting through her slightly parted lips. I removed my hand from her panties and used my pussy soaked finger to coat her lips before offering it to her tongue. Lisa sucked the pussy coated finger into her mouth, like a stiff

little cock, as I moved my other hand into her delicious panties and began lightly stroking her now stiffening clit. Lisa's only response was to purr like a kitten. Keeping my hand in place, I spun her around to face me and removed my now sticky finger from between her velvety pussy. I brought it to my mouth and tasted her for the first time. If summer had a flavor, it would taste like Lisa. I removed my finger from my mouth and our lips met. Lisa's tongue gently snaked out of her mouth and into mine and I returned my hand to her panty covered pussy. With my free hand I unbuttoned my pants and placed a hand on Lisa's shoulder. Gentle pressure downward was all it took to convey my thoughts to this perfect little nymph. Lisa obediently dropped to her knees and waited for me to offer her my ridged cock. I took my cock in my hand and placed the other on Lisa's head, letting my fingers tangle in her beautiful long locks. "Look into my eyes and open your mouth, beautiful," I said. Lisa did exactly as she was told and I took my all-day erection and squeezed the head, letting the first droplets of pre-cum to coat her lips. Lisa's tongue swept across her cum glossed lips and she audibly gasped. I paused for a moment to watch the exquisite rise and fall of her perfect 34b tits, her nipples as hard as rocks and ready to be sucked. I took my cock and rubbed the swollen head over her enticing lips and slid my 8" length into her hot, wet mouth. Now it was my turn to gasp. Lisa continued to look into my eyes while I guided my cock in and out of her mouth, my grasp on her hair tightening. I was mesmerized at the sight of those perfect lips sliding over the shaft of my straining cock. After a few moments of this particular bliss, I grasped my cock and removed it from her mouth and with her hair still in hand, I guided her hot mouth to my balls, which Lisa was all too eager to gently suck. She continued to maintain eye contact with me and made a very much appreciated show of using the flat of her tongue to lick and bathe my sensitive sack. All the while, my camera clicked. Shot after beautiful shot captured for my enjoyment and I pushed Lisa to the floor so that her sculpted ass remained in the air, to use as I saw fit, after all, I was the boss. I moved behind her and noticed rivulets of juice had escaped her exquisitely pink pussy and left trails where they had run down her thighs. Far be it from me to let such a delicacy go to waste. I knelt behind this vulnerable goddess, pulled her panties aside and licked the juice from her thighs ending my stroke by swirling my tongue around her swollen clit. Lisa moaned and began to gyrate her delicate pink lips on the tip of my tongue. I sucked her clit between my lips and slid two fingers into her now dripping pussy. Her thighs began to tremble. In between licking and fingering her beautiful pussy I coaxed her. "Cum for me, baby. That's my girl. Cum for me, Lisa." This seemed to cause her level of excitement to soar, so, I of course, continued, both licking her pussy and seducing her ears. "Cum for me, Lisa. You're close, baby. I want to taste you. Cum for me." She began to moan louder, rhythmically repeating, "Yes. Yes," over and over again. Seconds later, I was rewarded when a small flood of juice coated my tongue, and Lisa's thighs shook involuntarily. I then got to my knees and rubbed the head of my leaking cock all over her quivering pussy, slipping just the head into her, taking particular notice of how beautiful her pink lips hugged my shaft as more and more of my cock disappeared into this ravenous creature. "Oh please, fuck me. Give me your cock. I want it all. Fuck my wet pussy," Lisa panted. I ran a hand up her back and grabbed a handful of her intoxicating hair, pulling her head up. She seemed slightly shocked and aroused, and I slammed my length into her repeatedly, causing my

balls to slap against her clit with every stroke. "I'm going to fill your little pussy, Lisa. I want you to cum for me again when I tell you to. I want you to feel my cum fill you." My words were exciting us both and Lisa pushed back against my thrusts, ensuring that every inch of my cock impaled her. I fucked her like this was the last chance I'd ever have, holding her hair in one hand and riding her like an animal. "Okay, baby. I want you to cum for me, all over my cock. Cum for me, Lisa. Now." Like the perfect girl she is, Lisa began to cum. Wave after wave washed over her and my cock continued to pound her sweet pussy. Her head thrashed from side to side, she squealed and her pussy squeezed my cock with each convulsive tremor. Just then I pulled her head back a little harder and grabbed her ass so hard that I thought I might leave finger prints and my cock exploded inside her. I growled like an animal and Lisa's body twitched each time my cock shot a stream of hot, sticky cum into her hot little hole. When I had nearly finished, I pulled out and watched the last few strands of cum leave my cock, falling like pearls onto Lisa's still up-turned ass. Cum began to flood out of her freshly fucked pussy and I caught it in my hand and rubbed the warm mixture all over Lisa's sculpted ass. I released her hair and turned her over, laying her on the floor and took a nipple into my mouth, teasing it with my tongue, while my hand returned to her insatiable pussy. I slid my fingers into her sopping wet hole, my thumb flickering over her overly sensitive clit. She was close to cumming again, so I whispered the words she loved to hear, "Cum for me, Lisa. I need to feel you cum in my hand. Let go, baby. You belong to me. Cum for me." As her body started to tremble once again, I removed my fingers and brought them to her mouth. She lustily sucked my cum coated fingers into her mouth and then pulled my mouth to hers. We kissed until her orgasm subsided and I rolled her nipples between my fingers. We laid on the floor in the warmth of the lights. I brushed the misplaced strands of hair from her angelic face and told her not to move. I jumped up and grabbed a camera, taking a picture of my freshly fucked angel. Lisa giggled, smiled that million dollar smile of hers and tried to cover herself with the set sheets on the floor. "You know, Little One," I said, "I'm not nearly through with you, and we still have work to do." Lisa laughed her devilish laugh and I helped her up, she threw her arms around my neck and said, "But I'm hungry now." She feigned a little pout and threw her robe at me, which I proceeded to put on. "Hey, I think this looks better on me," I said, walking toward the kitchen. "I'll make you something to eat. We can't expect my baby to work hungry, can we?" A pillow hit me in the back of the head. I wheeled around and pretended like I was going to give chase and Lisa squealed and ran into the bedroom. After a few minutes, I shouted from the kitchen, "Get changed, We'll have a snack and we'll get back to work, okay?" I felt two hands grab my ass and her now familiar voice said, "Why don't we work on this?" I turned to see her dressed in a sheer, black, camisole, her nipples beckoning me forward. Lisa turned and jutted her perfect ass out toward me. "You think that ass needs work?" I joked with her. "I think that ass needs to be worked over." I accented my comment with a playful slap on one of her smooth cheeks. She jumped up onto the counter, next to where I was cooking, sitting next to me while I cracked eggs. We talked and she fiddled with things on the counter and found a jar of suckers left from Halloween. She unwrapped one and made a big show out of licking it before pulling her panties aside and rubbing the candy all over her pink pussy. I almost cut off a finger watching as it disappeared between the delicate folds of her

skin. She smiled and removed it, offering it to me. "Wanna taste my sucker?" she said coyly. I placed the lollipop in my mouth tasting her before commenting, "Baby, I am your sucker." I removed the omelets from the stove and with the sucker still in my mouth and still wearing her robe, placed our plates on the table. "By the way, I'm keeping the robe," I joked I picked her up off the counter and sat her at the table. We talked about what we were going to do next and decided that we'd do a few more lingerie shots and then proceed to the body shots. "Why don't we use the bedroom for these?" I suggested, my now hard cock was practically lifting the table off the ground. "My thoughts exactly," Lisa agreed, reaching under the table and finding my stiff cock.