

Capturing The Moment

"Why do you have two?" The groom asked enthusiastically.

"Always good to have a backup," I said, eyeing the man up and down. Weighing him. "Just in case."

He flashed a smile at me. A charming, confident smile that told me so much more about him. He was, I knew right away, the kind of guy who was always happy. Eager. Too honest to be a salesman and too cheerful to be an underpaid office jockey.

A CEO perhaps. Upper management, at least. But not of a huge corporation. He had too much humanity in him for that.

Family owned business? Or a self-made man?

Or was my guess way off?

Before the day was out, I'd probably have my answers.

Not that I cared, of course. Why would I give a fuck about some stranger's life? It was just a little game I played to kill the time, make these things bearable until the real fun could begin.

"Well prepared!" The groom said with an easy smile. "Can't argue with that!"

He stepped a little closer to me, placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Listen," he continued, apologetic. "Help yourself to food and drink; if there's anything you need, let us know and we'll do what we can. Other than that, do your thing! You're the expert here. Enjoy the ceremony and don't be afraid the kick back a little at the afterparty!"

My only response was a nod, a forced smile of my own.

As the groom headed off to check on catering, I checked on my gear. Two cameras; my professional 'work' camera, and the *other* one. Almost identical in appearance, save for the 'work' one having an expensive lens attached and the 'fun' one having none. I also had my tripod, my bag with spare batteries and flash drives, a tablet.

Everything I needed and more.

Now all I had to do was wait for the guests to arrive.

The Staff

Using the old 'quick test' excuse, I snapped a picture of a pretty caterer while she was lifting a box of fruit from a delivery van.

Time froze, as it always did when I used my *special* camera.

And I stepped forward.

"Not bad, not bad."

As I got closer, I looked the girl over.

A college student, I guessed. Or that age, at least. Working this job on the side, probably for a lot less pay than she deserved.

Petite. Not my usual type.

But, with a face like that, I'd be a fool *not* to.

An angelic, heart-shaped face with big almond eyes and plump, pillowy lips. Dark hair tied back in a neat bun, wearing a simple black uniform with the caterer company's logo on the chest.

Crouched down, lips pursed, lifting a moderately heavy box.

I'd captured her in a perfect moment.

Without hesitation, I reached down and cupped the girl's ass.

Firm.

One quick look at her told me that she worked out, was probably rocking a tight, toned body under that uniform.

Sliding my hand under her black top confirmed it.

In the position she was in, tensed up as she lifted a heavy box, her muscles bulged. Firm indeed. Again, not quite my type. I much preferred soft and bouncy. But I'd have plenty of that later.

Making sure not to jostle the girl too much, I pushed my hand up her torso, snaked my fingers towards her bra-clad chest.

In moments, I was squeezing and pinching a nipple.

All while my other hand explored under the girl's waistband.

Months after discovering my special camera's unique powers, and I still had no idea how or why it worked like it did. I could touch and poke and prod, even move my 'subjects' around like puppets. Their bodies would react to my ministrations, but they never became *aware* of it.

I could feel this girl's heart beating. But her mind was as frozen as the rest of the world.

And, curiously, the only people mailable like this when time froze were the ones that'd been in the camera's frame. Everyone else stayed as solid as marble, their bodies unresponsive to my touch.

I focused on the girl, whispered in her ear.

"Sorry about this," I said with a smirk. "Hope you don't get into trouble on my account."

As her nipples grew harder and her panties got wetter, I drew back. Skipped away from the caterer, returned to the exact spot I'd been when I took the photo.

I picked up my camera, pressed the release.

A flash.

A high-pitched yelp.

The sound of a box of fruit thudding to the ground.

"Sorry," I said, looking up from my camera and hiding my smile, "was the flash too bright?"

The Guests

When the first guests started arriving, I set into motion. Capturing memories with one camera while searching for opportunities to use the other.

Seeing who the 'happy couple' invited to their wedding was always fascinating. Friends and family? Business acquaintances? A long guest list? Only a handful of witnesses? It said so much about the bride and groom, who they were as people.

Some clues for my time-killing guessing game.

This particular batch seemed to be a mixture of friends and family *and* business associates and coworkers. An expansive invite list, for an expensive venue.

I kept snapping pictures; on the greens outside the building, inside where guests milled about and chatted.

Until I found a subject worth my attention.

A dark-skinned beauty who looked like she wanted to be anywhere but there. Long hair tied back in a ponytail, black mascara bringing out oddly pale irises. A plain dress that clung to her chest and backside.

An hourglass figure. Stacked and plump in all the right places.

When I approached her, tried to snap her picture, she waved me away. Turned on the spot and started walking away.

I didn't give her the chance.

I snapped her with my second camera.

The world froze.

"Now then," I hummed, walking over to the curvaceous woman. "What's your story?"
A woman who didn't want to be at a wedding.

There were many possibly reasons why. Reasons that I weighed and judged as I stepped around her, pulled the top of her dress down.

Two big tits bounced free.

Someone who didn't like social events, perhaps. She didn't seem like the social anxiety type. Or maybe she was unhappy about *who* was getting married. Overprotectiveness, or a grudge. Maybe even unrequited love?

"In love with the groom?" I asked her, leaning down to kiss an exposed nipple. "The bride?" I kissed the other.

I crouched down, planted my hands on the woman's calves.

Slowly, I began sliding them up her legs.

"If you don't want to be here, why are you?"

Past the knees, up her thighs.

"Obligation? Or is someone forcing you to be here? Self-loathing?"

My hands brushed thin strings.

"And why are you wearing a *thong* of all things?"

By the time my fingers came together under the scant fabric, the woman was already dripping wet.

"You should thank me," I told her, teasing her clit a little before gripping her tong strings. "For cheering you up today."

Slowly, I started tugging the thong down her legs.

Down, down, down, all the way to her heeled shoes.

I raised one leg, slipped the thong under it. Raised the other.

When I returned to my camera, it was with the woman's thong in my pocket. I positioned myself, made sure I was in the exact right place. Then I paused. Stared at the woman.

Still with one foot raised, standing at a gravity-defying angle.

Smiling, I pressed the release.

The woman let out a sound somewhere between a shout of surprise and an erotic moan.

She toppled to the floor in a heap.

And drew more far more gazes than mine alone.

The Mothers

It was always fascinating seeing how the families interacted – if they did at all.

The parents and siblings of the bride and the parents and siblings of the groom. There were a ton of clues in those exchanges. Sometimes the families hated each other, sometimes they got along well. Most of the time, I'd noticed, they barely knew or cared about each other at all.

At this wedding, the two families were all one another. Chatting and laughing and having a pleasant time.

They were well acquainted, for sure.

Perhaps the families had been close before the engagement. Judging from how the two mothers seemed glued together, I was willing to bet they'd been long-time friends.

Two women, friends for years, introducing their children. Sparks fly. Roll credits.

Or, perhaps, they were neighbours. Had known their children would tie the knot one day, even before the children themselves had known it. A fateful marriage.

I had the two families pose for pictures before the nuptials. Burning time before the bride appeared.

A few shots of one family. A few of the other.

Then some of the two families standing together.

I used my fun camera for one.

As time froze, I set my camera aside. Strode over to the group.

The mothers, I'd made sure, were the centre of the group. Standing right next to each other, surrounded by their husbands and immediate family members.

I hummed as I stepped up to them, eyes looking them over.

Mid-forties to early-fifties. Save for the odd wrinkle here and there, their ages weren't overly apparent. One, the blonde in a red dress, looked like she was in her thirties. The other only appeared older because of the less-than-subtle cosmetic surgery. Botox and facelift and nose job, with a big ol' pair of fake tits to boot.

A blonde and a brunette. Both MILFs. Each with their own qualities and drawbacks.

But I could hardly compare them like *this*, could I?

I reached out, grabbed the fronts of both dresses, yanked.

Both frozen women jerked forward. Held with their backs hunched by the strange state of timelessness they were in.

Their tits hung below them.

One pair firm and round, the other set sagging but just as large.

"You," I chuckled, nodding at the MILF with fake tits. "Did you get those done because you were jealous of Ms Funbags over here? Catch your husband looking where he shouldn't?"

No... They'd seemed too friendly for that.

"Hmm..."

Insecurity about aging, then? Wanting to be seen as young and sexy? Could be, could be...

Standing before the pair, I cupped a tit in each hand. One of each. And, for a few moments, I did nothing but grope and fondle and judge.

As I did, nipples hardened under my palms.

"Sorry to say it, ladies," I hummed. "But I think I'm gonna have to go with the blonde on this occasion."

The Bridesmaids

When the white limousine arrived, it was a signal for anyone lingering outside to head in. Take their seats.

The ceremony would begin shortly.

I held back, made sure to capture a few photos of the limousine and the ladies climbing out of it.

Bridesmaids.

All wearing matching dresses. All dolled up and smiling.

Eight of them.

Sparkling pink dresses that drew the eye; especially with the cleavage they showed off. Eight pairs of tits; from small to huge. And eight round bottoms for me to touch and squeeze.

I snapped them with my second camera before the last woman could climb out of the limo.

Number nine – the woman in white – I'd have fun with soon.

As I approached the frozen cluster of women, I let my eyes roam and my mind wander. Picking up whatever little clues I could find. The odd wedding band here, the smiles that were all very genuine and excited.

No forced smiles. No bridesmaids excluded from the group.

By all accounts, they seemed like a solid group. Real friends who were happy for the bride-to-be.

No silent drama that I could see.

"Perfect lil' wedding, huh?" I said, picking one of the bridesmaids. A tanned redhead with basketballs for tits. "You look fun. And no ring on your finger..."

I put my hands on the woman's shoulders, gently pushed her down onto her knees. Like moving a doll, I positioned her so that her head – her mouth – was level with my crotch.

"You can warm me up," I told her, unbuckling my pants.

My cock sprang out, pointed right at the woman's smiling lips.

The Bride

It was a beautiful scene. The music playing, the bride walking down the aisle with her father, the groom waiting by a priest.

Professional that I was, I made sure the lighting was perfect before giving the go-ahead. No need for a camera flash, so no distractions for the main event.

I snapped plenty of photos as the bride made her way towards her husband-to-be, white dress trailing after her and a thin veil hiding her face from view. Her perfect figure, though, was on display for all to see and admire.

When she came to a stop next to the groom, the bride let out a tiny giggle laced with giddy joy.

Sickeningly sweet.

From there, I waited. Ignoring the priest droning on, asking those age-old questions of the couple. Followed by 'I do' from bride and groom alike.

When prompted, no-one objected to the union.

And, finally, it was time to 'kiss the bride'.

The groom lifted his bride's veil, beaming at her.

The bride, beautiful beyond words, smiled right back. Eyes twinkling with tears of pure happiness.

As they leaned in, their lips meeting, I froze time.

Humming a wedding tune to myself, I strode down the aisle towards the happy couple.

All around me, people were frozen mid-applause.

"Happy, happy," I shook my head. "Too easy."

When I reached the beautiful bride, I patted the top of her head. Dark hair and dark eyes, plump pink lips – that were currently pressed against her lover's – and rosy cheeks.

I crouched down behind her, lifted her long dress.

White frills and dress layers, a puffy cloud of silk and cotton that took actual effort for me to parse through. Finally, though, I found her legs. White stockings and, around one thigh, a bridal garter.

Luckily, this bride was naughtier than some others I'd encountered. An easily removable white thong was the only thing barring my entry to that special place between her legs.

A bit of teasing – touching and caressing and pinching – was enough to get the blushing bride ready.

Still, I took it slow. Didn't want to jostle her and *hubby* too much.

I hiked up the wedding dress skirt, let frozen time hold it to the woman's back. Then, with a smile on my face, I whipped my cock out. Squeezed her thighs apart and pulled her ass a little close to me, pushed the thong aside.

As I sank my cock into her, a gasped.

The tension in my body evaporated all at once, leaving me standing there with my hands on a beautiful woman's hips.

Slow and steady. Enjoying every moment.

Thrust after sensual thrust. All while she was lip-locked with the 'love of her life'.

"After much consideration," I grunted, basking in the feeling of her tight hole squeezing my cock, "I've evaluated all the evidence and..."

I couldn't help myself. I reached around and grabbed the bride's ample bosom through her dress. The backs of my hands brushed against the groom's chest, but that was easy enough to ignore.

"...And," I said, pumping a little faster. "I've got to admit, you two seem like lifers to me!"

Go to enough weddings, and you'll learn to spot these things.

How long a couple will last. If they're capable of going the distance together. If the marriage is over before it even begins.

These two. They could go all the way.

Provided they didn't stumble over *this*.

I let out a sharp breath as I came, pumping her insides full. A little extra white, to go along with the dress.

Before heading back to my spot, I made sure to correct the bride's dress as best I could. Wouldn't do to have the newlywed flashing her – admittedly cute – ass to everyone in her life.

I got into position, got comfortable, and released.

The bride's loud, erotic gasp filled echoed through the spacious room. She flinched in place, jerked, toppled forward into her husband's arms.

The man had moment of concern, before he smiled wide and leaned over the woman he was holding, kissed her again.

It was a moment he'd never let her live down.

In her defence, the 'kiss the bride' moment was beyond charged and special for a woman who'd been dreaming of the day for as long as she could remember. It only made sense she got a little *excited* when it happened.

Orgasming from a kiss.

It was a memory neither would ever forget.

I snapped a few pictures, just to make sure they always had a reminder.

"Yup," I whispered to myself as family and guests cheered and applauded. "Married for life. Final answer."

Still, the day was young.

There was still the wedding's reception, and the after-party. Not to mention the honeymoon and that first night together as husband and wife.

Who knew what could happen before the day was done?