A close-up photograph of a woman's hands adjusting a white lace bra strap on her shoulder. In the background, a woman is seen in a mirror, looking at her reflection. The scene is set in a room with warm, golden lighting, possibly a dressing room or a studio.

# *The Photo Shoot*

by *Sara Desmarais*

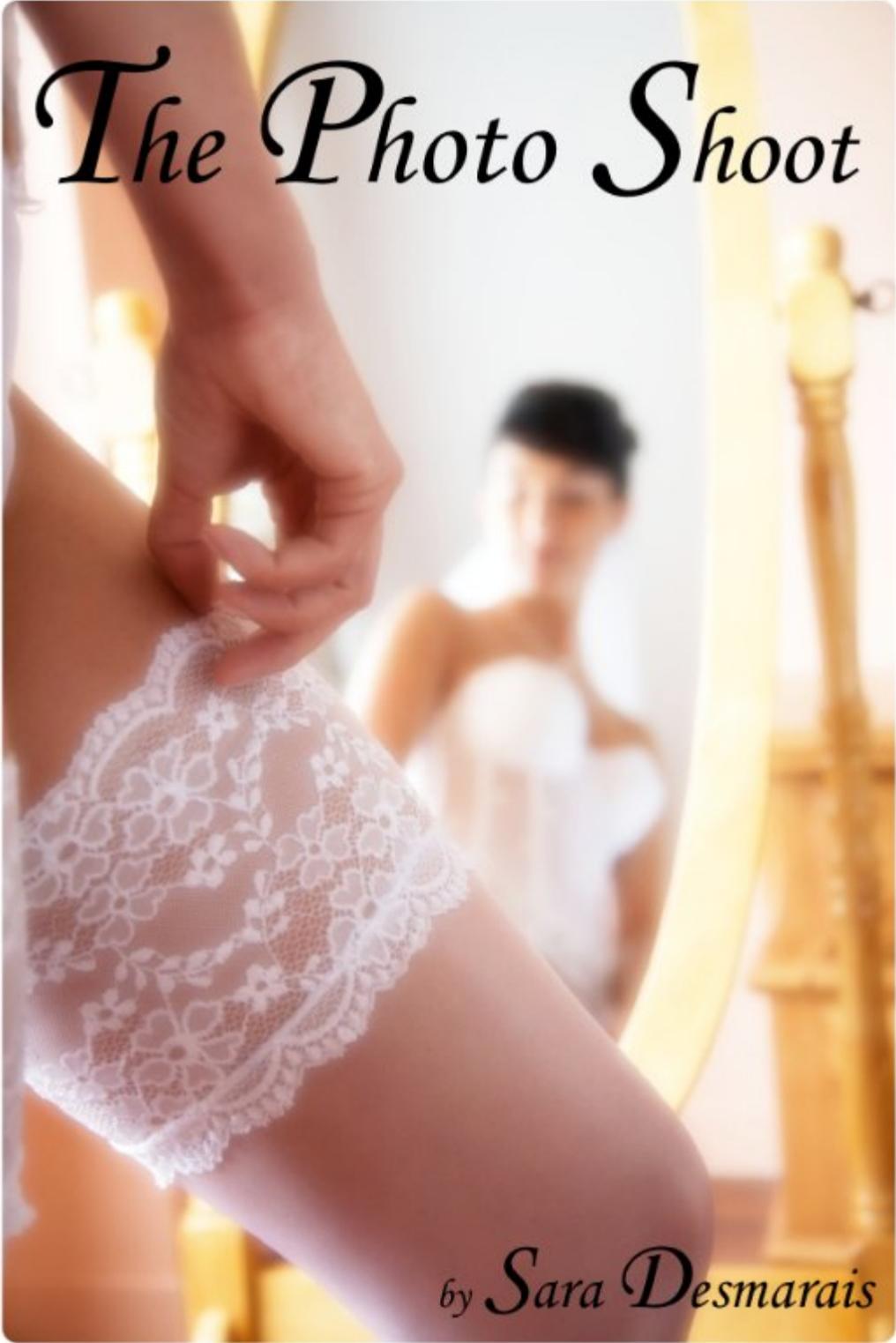
# **The Photo Shoot**

By Sara Desmarais

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

A photograph of a woman in a white lace bra, seen from the side, adjusting the bra. In the background, a large mirror reflects her face and upper body. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting an indoor setting like a dressing room. The overall mood is intimate and elegant.

# *The Photo Shoot*

*by Sara Desmarais*

"I don't know, Amy, it seems...kind of risqué," I told my wife when she showed me the website, TV Glamour.

"Eric, it's totally above board--it's kind of like Glamour Shots, just they specialize in crossdressers. You know how much you liked those boudoir photographs I got you for your birthday last year," she asked me.

"Yea," I remembered fondly, thinking how great it was to have them electronically so I could stare at pictures of my beautiful wife in lingerie whenever I wanted.

"Well I think it would be just as cool to have pictures like that of you."

Okay, okay, weird, yes, how many wives want boudoir pictures of their husbands...in lingerie!

"Please, hon, I'd really, really love it if you did this for me," Amy begged, half sincere, half mocking the way I'd asked her to do the same before she had some risqué shots of her done.

"I'm not saying yes, but..."

Amy immediately brightened up. "You don't have to say yes, yet, all we have to do is go meet with them, discuss what we want, what they can do...they don't do the shoot that day, so it's just an introduction."

"Well, I suppose there's no harm in listening to what they have to say," I waffled, just enough of course, to give Amy the opening to drive a truck of an idea through.

"Good," she practically clapped, "we meet with Deb, the photographer, tomorrow at 2."

Stunning that Amy had already set up an introduction before even mentioning it to me; stunning that she knew I'd say yes before she even asked me.

Yea, really stunning. She knew me well.

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The next afternoon we were sitting in Deb's office, Amy tastefully dressed in a skirt, blouse, and cardigan sweater, me in slacks and a shirt, my "male garb" as she called it, though over a camisole and panties, as it was a rare day I wore underwear meant for a male.

"We look at this as a professional fashion shoot," Deb was explaining. "We'll do you hair and makeup, just like any fashion shoot, we have all the clothes you'd need, though you're welcome to bring anything you want."

"He has things," Amy said, looking over at me.

"I don't mean to imply anything," Deb held up her hand, "there's no requirement to use our things, of course, but you may want to. I get some things on loan from some of my contacts in the industry, so I have some updated, really pretty things, plus, I keep an eye out for outfits that photograph well when worn by crossdressers."

"It wouldn't hurt to look at what you have," I said somewhat shyly, "I don't mind trying on new things." I have to admit I was seriously intrigued by the idea of wearing new clothes. Yes, such a sissy, I know.

"Most girls feel that way," Deb said, nodding her head knowingly.

"So, the photography," Amy asked.

"Yes," Deb said and picked an iPad up off her desk and turned it on. "Here are some pictures we did last month for a client."

Amy and I sat up towards her desk, looking anxiously at the iPad and the series of digital images that she started to flip through. Pictures of a very pretty woman dressed in various outfits--an evening gown, a skirt suit, a trendy skirt and blouse. "These are some of the fashion pictures Monica posed for. We can also do some cheesecake," Deb said, flashing pictures of Monica in various states of undress, posed in fabulous, fashionable lingerie.

"Wow," Amy said, apparently as impressed as I was. "Monica's a crossdresser?"

Deb nodded.

"She's very pretty.... Can you...?" Amy looked over at me.

"Not only is Monica a crossdresser, Amy," Deb chuckled, understanding Amy's question. "She's more masculine looking than your husband when dressed in boy's clothes."

I have to admit I was quite impressed, quite excited, and about willing to sign up right then and there. But still...

"Some of these really are kind of risqué," I said softly.

"They're not that bad," Amy responded with just the slightest hint of a terse tone in her voice

I turned to look at Amy, her tone, combined with the look in her eyes told me all I needed to know. It was clear she wanted to see me take off a bit more than I might be comfortable with.

Deb, perhaps used to dealing with couples who might not agree on the risqué factor of a fashion shoot like this, and presumably anxious for business, deftly addressed Amy's desire for more and my concern for modesty. "Those are things we can address during the photo shoot. We start out with more, and if you two feel comfortable, we can take some cheesecake shots at the end."

"That sounds okay," I said, excited at least for the glamour of the shoot itself.

Amy got a soft twinkle in her eyes. "I think that's a good idea, Deb, let's book something and we'll just see how it goes."

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We booked the studio for the following Saturday. The actual shoot was to take place at 5 in the evening, though we were to arrive at 2 in the afternoon so Deb's staff could do my hair and makeup and make me all pretty (just the sound of being made pretty gave me goosebumps.)

The day before we discussed what, if anything, I should bring. I looked at some of the clothes I had...I knew I was pretty, but I wondered if I should just let Deb "take care of me" as Amy had put it earlier in the week.

While there was no question the things I had for my female persona were cute, the idea of just a fashion shoot in new clothes appealed to me. I think it appealed to Amy, too. She loved fashion as much as I did, in a way it was something that had drawn us together when we first met, way back before Amy had any idea that one of the reasons I knew so much about women's fashion was that I was part woman myself.

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I stared at myself in the mirror facing me. More accurately, I stared at the breasts protruding from my chest. It was not the first time I had seen the illusion of breasts on my body, I had my own breastforms I used when I was "en femme" and needed curves, but it was without a

doubt the most realistic illusion I'd ever seen. Normally my breastfoms were in a bra, giving me the look and feel of breasts, but only under clothing.

These were different. Very, very different.

To start with, the forms were essentially identical to my skin color and tone. Angela, Deb's makeup person, said she had well over one hundred pairs of forms to use, different sizes, colors, shapes, her goal to pick the pair that would look most realistic on a boy.

It took her about fifteen minutes to attach them to my chest, using a surgical grade adhesive that eliminated the need for a bra or any support.

"Just how does this come off," I asked, wondering about the ease of removal of glue that would support fake breasts without a bra.

"Oh, um," Angela looked troubled, looked quickly at Amy, then back to me. "The glue comes loose on its own in a week to ten days, but don't worry, there's a solution that will loosen it quicker."

"Okay," I swallowed, relieved I would not have to have breasts for a week or longer, though not quite certain I would not really appreciate them just the same.

She spent another fifteen minutes carefully applying makeup to the line formed between the breast and my own skin so that when she was done, when she stepped back, it was literally impossible to tell that the breasts, "my" breasts, were anything but genuine.

Angela and Deb's hair stylist, Holly, who would also assist with "costume" changes, went to work on my hair first, then my makeup.

"Okay," Holly looked pleased when she opened a wig box, "we need to get started, this will take awhile."

I looked at the box with a questioning expression on my face. I knew it could take a few minutes to get a wig placed just right, but it should not take that long and we still had quite a bit of time until the shoot was to start.

"What," Holly asked, seeing my expression.

"I've worn wigs before, it doesn't take that long, does it?"

"Oh. Oh," Holly looked slightly troubled, as Angela did when I asked about my fake breasts. "We're not using a wig, that's really limiting to some of the poses you can do. Deb prefers her customers wear hair

extensions weaved into natural hair and dyed the same color. It gives a much more natural effect."

"Hair extensions? Surgical glue? Isn't it a little much," I asked.

"Well, perhaps, though trust me, Deb knows what she's doing. She doesn't want her clients to just pass as a woman, she wants her clients to look unequivocally feminine, completely persuasive. It may seem like overkill, but it can all be undone later, it takes awhile, too, but we want perfection."

"Hon," Amy touched my arm, "don't worry, the more realistic, the better the pictures, just think of the samples Deb showed us. How feminine she looked."

"I suppose," I agreed as Holly began her task of weaving the extensions into my own hair followed by highlighting to make the extensions indistinguishable from my own hair.

After the hair, Holly began makeup, starting with nails. Starting with extensions like one would get at a nail salon, much sturdier, much more professional than mere drugstore press-on nails.

"Those are pretty heavy duty," I commented, looking to my wife as Holly spread out the things she needed.

Amy nodded. "Along the lines of your breasts and the hair, I'd guess."

"Exactly," Holly agreed. "Some studios will just do press-on nails, but those are always falling off, always coming undone. These can stay in place for weeks, even with heavy use."

"But they can be removed, can't they?"

"Sure, of course, they are not permanent. They are somewhat difficult to remove, it's better to leave them on until they fall off naturally, but they're removable."

"I think the point is authenticity," Amy chimed in.

Holly nodded.

"Okay?" Amy looked at me for approval. What was I going to do now? Say no? I already had breasts that could stay on for a week, hair extensions and highlights. Was I going to draw a line in the sand over some nail extensions?

"I guess," I consented.

"Trust me," Holly started right away, "you'll love them and you'll love how durable they are...I mean, if you don't take them off right away."

While Amy went to go talk to Deb about some aspects of the shoot, Holly spent about an hour doing my hair and makeup, doing a far better job than either Amy or I could ever have done.

"Okay, we have one more thing to do."

"What's that," I asked.

"Earrings. Now, we can use clip on earrings, but just like everything else, they are very limiting. They can fall off, limit the poses in a shoot and don't allow either stud earrings or some of the more elaborate things that are in style."

"So what's the other option," I asked, somehow knowing exactly what she was going to say.

"We have a bigger range of options with pierced ears."

I swallowed. I swallowed hard. "Pierced ears," I managed to repeat. "Isn't that kind of...permanent?"

"Permanent? Goodness, no. Ear holes close up rather quickly without earrings in them, I mean, if you don't want to keep wearing them."

I looked around to see if my wife was back, but she wasn't. I had to make this decision on my own. I felt like, from what she'd said before, that she would want me to say yes. However uncomfortable it made me.

"I...I suppose," I started to say, to think through out loud, a statement Holly took for agreement.

"Fuck," Amy laughed from behind me, walking into the dressing room carrying two glasses of wine, handing one to me to deftly sip, being careful with my makeup. "I mean, fuck!"

It is safe to say Amy was not thrilled to learn her fiancée was a crossdresser. It is also safe to say that she loved me. Though she didn't know it at the time, she now recognized that a part of the reason she loved me was the feminine part of me. She came to accept my feminine side, the "Erica" that lurked inside her "Eric." But it was not easy.

And now, I think she was jealous. She even admitted it. "Fuck, Eric, I don't know that I thought you'd end up looking hotter than me!"

"Amy," I blushed, still staring at my breasts, thankful that I was naked only from the waist up, that I was wearing both a flesh colored panty gaff and a pink satin robe gathered around my waist, for there might have been something quite unladylike without.

"I mean it," she insisted. "You two are amazing," she said to Angela and Holly.

"Thanks, Amy," Angela said, obviously pleased with the compliment.

"So, how's our star coming along," Deb asked when she walked into the room. "Things are just about set in the studio."

"We just need to get her into her first outfit, Deb, ten minutes," Holly answered.

"Great, darling," Deb nodded to Holly, then turned to Amy. "Amy, you want to come get comfortable in the studio?"

Amy kissed me lightly on the forehead. "I'm so excited," she said. "Knock e'm dead."

Angela and Holly helped me dress and for the second time in an hour I was thankful for the panty gaff--getting dressed by the two young women was an erotic experience, yet, flattering in a feminine way, making me feel completely like one of them, a woman.

My first outfit was a short leather skirt with exposed metal zippers and angled seaming, a purple and black animal print top, sheer black pantyhose (thank goodness, given the length of the skirt), and black slip-on heeled ankle boots.

"What do you think," Holly asked. "These zippered skirts are super hot in New York this year."

I looked at myself in the full length mirror. With breasts, with hair and makeup done completely different from anything ever before, with the clothes, the nylons, the heels, I looked tall, thin, feminine--I looked like a fucking fashion model.

"Oh my fucking god," I practically yelled, reaching for my glass of wine just to finish it to calm myself.

"I know, I know," Angela said touching my bare arm softly. "Okay, Deb will need the lighting and camera adjusted for the first set, so this is easy. We'll walk you into the studio, the first shot has no props yet, pose you, and let her set things up, okay?"

"Okay," I swallowed, feeling my nerves tingle.

"You're going to do great, Erica," Holly said from behind me. "You're a beautiful, confident woman."

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The studio was more intimate than I imagined it would be. For some reason I was picturing a cat walk. But we were doing a photo shoot, not

a real fashion show.

Angela and Holly led me to the proper place, several feet in front of a flowing, soft fabric backdrop, centered on a camera stand, with photographer's lights on both sides and above. Amy was sitting in a director's chair to one side of the camera, Deb was standing to her side, between Amy and the camera.

"Right there girls, that's perfect," she said to Angela and Holly, then turned her attention to me. "Erica, just pose a little," she put a her hands on her hips, one foot in front of the other, showing me.

I tried, and with the help of the women on either side of me, struck the pose Deb wanted.

"There you go, hold that, we have to check and adjust the lights. Give me the left strobe, Steve," Deb called out.

Steve?

What was she talking...?

BOOM!

A light to my right flashed, blinding me for a second.

"Down 50," Deb said.

Boom.

Softer, the light flashed again.

"Perfect," Deb said. "Can you elevate it about five degrees?"

"Sure," a man's voice said from behind Amy and Deb, a voice I could not place, my eyes still flashing from the bright explosion of light.

And then suddenly, in my now clearing field of vision, a tall, muscular man appeared, rugged, in jeans and a tight light blue tee shirt stretched against his chest and arms.

I just stared at the guy now looking at me adjusting one of the lights.

"Oh, sorry, Erica, that's just Steve, my light guy," Deb said offhandedly.

"Hey, Erica," he nodded to me quickly looking up and down my body, as waves of self consciousness washed over me.

"Hello," I whispered so softly I doubt anyone heard me.

"Can you get me a level, Steve," Deb asked.

"Sure." Steve took several steps towards me, almost causing me to take steps backwards in retreat. He held something up around my face, a light meter, I assumed. I could just barely smell his cologne; it distracted me.

"Good, now mid."

Steve lowered his hand towards my midsection, waited till Deb gave him an okay. "You doing okay," Erica," Deb asked me.

"Yes, I'm...I'm okay," I said, sounding braver than I actually felt, looking at the women on either side of me, then to Steve, Deb, Amy.

"I know, there are usually a lot of people on a photo shoot, don't be nervous, they're all needed and all professional."

Steve walked back behind the lights, out of sight, and for the moment, out of mind as Deb started taking some shots, having me pose, both on my own and with Holly or Angela's assistance.

Deb had some sort of monitor set up next to Amy and would occasionally ask her about my pose and the subsequent photograph.

"Yes, perfect, yes," Deb would encourage me from time to time.

"Wonderful," Amy looked at me beaming with pride.

Finally it was time for a costume change, first a grey herringbone skirt, pink silk blouse, and pumps (the office girl look), then a simple short black dress. Steve and a second man who was not introduced, carried a desk and chair onto the set for the office look, and a classic, white leather couch for the black dress.

Deb explained to Amy that the white couch was a neutral prop that worked well with the black dress and would also serve as a backdrop for the next shoot.

"We're going to have a short break," Deb said to Amy when we were done with the black dress. "It will take them a few minutes longer to get Erica ready for the next shoot."

"What's the next shoot," I asked Holly when we were walking back to the dressing room.

"Just a cocktail dress, but we want you to feel really feminine for that one so we need to get you into something more feminine underneath."

As we walked into the dressing room I saw that my wine glass had been refilled with a rather large pour, which I eagerly grabbed and took a large gulp from, both for my nerves and for my thirst.

The dressing started with a thong, ivory, with a light mocha lace trim on the front and back. I was surprised I was able to remove the panty gaff and slip on the thong without immediately getting erect, but Angela started asking me questions about something unrelated to me wearing

women's clothes and was just distracting enough to keep things under control.

Holly helped fasten a matching garter belt around my waist--it was a good thing they started with the snug thong, for simply looking down at what Holly was doing, looking down "my" naked breasts, at my trim waist, was enough to physically excite me.

"Don't think that we all don't get a little excited putting on pretty lingerie, Erica," Holly said softly as her hand seemingly accidentally grazed the front of my panties.

I gasped, but Holly just chuckled and helped me into a coordinating bra, then with Angela's assistance, cream stockings, open toed cream heels, and what was easily the most beautiful piece of lingerie I'd ever worn, a matching satin and lace trimmed slip.

After they finished my lingerie, which, with the wine, simply left me light headed, I was dressed in a cream wool skirt and a sheer chiffon blouse that hinted at the beautiful satin slip. Pearls and a purse finished off the look, leaving me dressed like an upscale society woman lunching at a private club.

Back in the studio, now decorated with a dark wood and fabric chairs and a matching couch, Angela and Holly posed me standing, turned, leaning on a chair, then finally seated which, I only noticed after Amy giggled at her monitor, left me with my skirt riding quite high on my legs.

"You know, Amy, Erica's wearing the perfect outfit to do something a bit more risque."

"What do you have in mind," Amy asked without even looking to me for my thoughts.

"Girls," Deb nodded as Angela and Holly turned me again, facing left instead of right, my knees together, my ankles apart, one arm on my leg, causing my skirt to ride even higher up my thighs, exposing more leg, the thicker welt of the stocking tops.

"I don't know," I said to no one in particular, though certainly to Amy if not Deb.

"It's okay, Erica," Deb said, "we're just going to do a little cheesecake...besides we're not going to keep any shots Amy is uncomfortable with-- that's one of the beauties of digital photography."

Amy...but what about me?

"Okay?" Amy asked in her voice I could never say no to.

"I suppose," I reluctantly agreed, though I shifted slightly, feeling some building pressure in my panties, excited even as I was nervous.

"Great," Deb smiled. "We're going to use a softer light for these, so give us a minute to tweak things. Holly, can you undo a button, just a little suggestive?"

Holly, still standing next to me after posing my legs, deftly reached down to my blouse and undid not one, but two buttons, exposing my bra and the artificial but completely realistic cleavage I had.

"Steve, can you take a reading," Deb asked after they had the lights adjusted.

"Sure," Steve said, coming out from behind the equipment again, his light meter in his hand.

"Right at eye level," Deb directed him. He moved his meter right next to my face; again, I smelled his cologne, could not help but stare at his skin as he held his hand next to me.

"Good, now lower," she said. Steve lowered the meter to my neck. "No, no a tad lower, we're losing something in a shadow from the blouse," Deb said looking at me through the camera. "You see the shadow, Amy?"

"Yes," Amy agreed.

"Here," Steve asked, his hand and the meter now level with my breasts.

"Yea, that's it," Deb said. "Hold it there for a second, let me add a filter.

Steve was holding the meter just an inch or two from my skin, from the breastforms, that place where I ended and the breasts began.

"Ohhh," I gasped, moved back several inches as I felt the back of Steve's hand touch my skin.

"Erica, hold still," Deb instructed.

"Sorry," he said quietly moving his arm forward. I looked at Deb and at Amy. Neither seemed to have realized that Steve had involuntarily and for a brief instant, touched me.

"Perfect," Deb announced. Steve quickly stepped away back behind the equipment and Deb started shooting again.

The girls would position me again every few shots, moving my legs so the skirt was riding higher on my thighs, slowly exposing the tops of

my stockings, the garter straps, even bare thigh.

"Angela, can you..."

"Sure, Deb," Angela said, reaching forward and unbuttoning my blouse pulling it off one shoulder.

I was about to say something, I felt uncomfortable with all the people around, not just Steve, but the women too, save Amy. But Amy, my dear Amy, spoke first. "You are so pretty," she gasped.

I looked down, blushed, just as Deb took a shot. "Perfect, Erica, perfect, I love that shy look...here, look this way...oh amazing," she took shot after shot.

Within a few minutes of shooting, Angela had my blouse and skirt off, posing me in just my lingerie. While the slip gave me some measure of decency, it was not much and Angela had it pulled up to my thighs, leaving my garter straps and bare skin exposed.

When Steve was next to me, taking another light reading, Deb asked Amy, "do you see what I mean?"

"Yes," Amy answered, a hint of something -- embarrassment maybe -- in her voice.

"Do you want me to try a few? Just to see what they look like?"

"I...I don't know Deb," Amy answered with a hesitation that was unlike her.

I was sitting on the couch, legs crossed, the slit in the slip arranged on my leg so that several inches of bare thigh were showing, one shoulder strap off, exposing my bra. Steve was behind the couch, behind me, his hand held next to my face, again close enough I could smell his masculine scent. Angela and Holly were just off to either side, slightly in front of me, watching, smiling helpfully as I posed.

"What's the matter, Amy," I asked.

"Nothing, nothing...she..."

"Here, let's just try one...Steve," Deb said to her assistant.

Steve said okay and pulled his arm back; I assumed he was going to back out of the shot. The lights flashed and Deb looked at Amy, again watching the monitor. "See."

"Yes, but..."

Flash again.

"I like the contrast, Amy, Steve makes Erica look ever more feminine, don't you think?"

I realized I could still smell Steve's scent-he was standing right behind me still! Before I could react, before I could protest a man being in my pictures, Deb told Steve that they were going to switch the set and asked Angela and Holly to get me ready for the next shoot.

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I went into the dressing room alone. One minute Angela and Holly were behind me, the next gone. I sat in a chair for several minutes, alternatively stewing about Steve and shuddering at the thought of a man in a photo with me -- with me in lingerie!

"Amy," I turned to my wife the second she walked into the dressing room.

Amy, bless her heart, handed me another glass of wine before she answered. Again, I downed the glass in a single gulp, barely paying attention to the slight buzz in my head.

"I know, I know, sweetie," Amy said softly touching my arm, "I should have asked you if it was okay...but...it was just so erotic...Deb's right, having a man stand behind you made you look soooo feminine."

Amy took a sip of her own wine. She had a twinkle in her eye, that slightly buzzed look she got when she was well short of drunk, simply feeling the alcohol, feeling a slight lowering of her inhibitions, a look that was often a sign that she was turned on.

"You liked it," I asked.

"Yes," she admitted, eyes downcast, "I think..."

"Ready to get changed, Erica?" Angela asked, walking into the dressing room with Holly right behind her, interrupting Amy.

"Sure, sure," I answered absentmindedly.

I was lucky for my drifting mind, for I barely paid Angela and Holly any attention as they undressed me, paying no attention even as they stripped me completely nude, gaff and all. There was no question that my penis, freed from the confines of the gaff, would have grown erect immediately. But the girls had another gaff ready and up my legs, and my organ safely tucked before it was straining against the tight panties. This was white satin with a lace detail all over, a bow in front hiding anything -- delicious, beautiful, feminine, soft, sweet.

I noticed too, at that moment, that both Angela and Holly were wearing dressing robes, had flowers in their hair, and had matching guilty smiles.

"What..."

"Every bride needs..."

"Pretty bridesmaids..."

In unison, they undid their robes and tossed them aside.

"Ohhhhh," I managed to mumble, maybe groan, at the sight of the two women. Each had on a slightly different white lingerie set -- Angela wore a white satin with lace overlay bra, panty, and garter belt set with nude stockings, while Holly's set was similar -- bra, panty, garter belt set, more lace, more see-through, the same nude stockings.

I looked to Amy, how could I not with two mostly naked women standing next to me, how could I not look to my wife.

"It's okay, Erica," she smiled, "I thought it would make you more comfortable."

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Half an hour later I was back on the set, which was much more elegantly decorated, mimicking a bride's dressing suite -- flowers, a dressing table, a day bed, all soft, light blue, subtle pink, cream.

And then there was me, the bride to be, led into the scene, my wife far ahead, Angela and Holly, my bridesmaids instead, guiding me to my place in the softness, the dream.

I was the bride, the fantasy bride, half dressed, half undressed. Deb set the scene, Erica, the virgin bride, aided by her lovely bridesmaids, nervous before her wedding. Deb the photographer, taking shots of the girls dressing.

I was dressed in a white lace basque, underwire cups holding my breasts just so. Garter straps were attached to the white lace-top stockings the girls had carefully slid up my legs. I wore white satin gloves up to my elbows, jewelry, flowers in my hair, and a short veil atop my head.

On my leg was a delicate garter, put there by my own bride, the reverse of what I'd done when we wed.

Dressed, half dressed, as a blushing bride, Angela and Holly both posed me and posed with me. For a moment, for several minutes, I was lost in fantasy, lost in the delicate sense that I was pretty bride dressing for her special day. I forgot about Amy, forgot about the set, forgot about Steve, even forgot about Deb and her camera.

It was just me and my bridesmaids, me and Angela and Holly. It was oddly asexual. I do not pretend that Angela and Holly were not sexually attractive -- far from it, just the opposite, they were gorgeous. But posing with them made me feel like one of them, a woman, a bride, pretty, soft, feminine.

"Beautiful," I heard Amy in the background, "just stunning."

"Do you still want to," Deb asked after she took a few shots, "I think it would really look pretty hot?"

"Yes," Amy answered softly.

Deb looked at Amy, waiting for her to say something more, but Amy just looked down at the ground. Finally Deb turned towards me. "Erica, Amy wants to take a few more shots with a man in the picture, so if it's okay with you I'd like to have Steve in the next series of shots."

I immediately felt my pulse quicken, my mouth dry. "I don't know," I said feeling lightheaded, from the wine, from the lights, from the fear I felt about being photographed with a man.

"I know, I know, you're kind of nervous, I understand," Deb said, walking from behind the camera towards me. "Those shots with Steve behind you were really hot, Erica. They made you look so feminine," Angela added, standing next to me, her stocking-covered leg touching mine. That's what Amy said, I thought, trying to cover the sudden sexual tension I felt.

"They were hot, Erica." Deb was in front of me now. "Like I said, it's the contrast -- a masculine man makes a pretty woman that much more feminine. It would really work well in this shoot, too."

"What do you have in mind," I asked, implying I was agreeing when all I meant to do was stall and delay.

Deb said that what she really wanted was to have Steve, who apparently also did some modeling for her, to be in some shots. At the other end of the day bed, standing next to me, a few wanton glances passing between us, nothing that would make me uncomfortable. "I'll only pose him in ways that Amy is okay with, Erica, just some shots that

add a more sexual dimension. Trust me, you guys will love looking at these later on."

I looked to my wife for guidance. "I'd really like it...we should try it, hon," she said. "We can stop any time if you want."

I tried to stall again, tried to think of some reason to protest, to say no. "I suppose it can't hurt," I said finally.

I felt Holly bend down towards my ear, she whispered. "Steve's really cute, Erica -- these are going to look so great."

Deb asked the girls to go get Steve; she must have sent him off to get ready, assuming that I would say yes. "Okay, here's the scene, Erica, Steve's the groom and managed to find his way into your dressing room before the ceremony. He's not supposed to see you ahead of time, of course, and you're nervous, like any bride, and you want to send him out of the room right away, but he's so handsome and you feel so pretty in your lingerie and just can't...think nervous...that's the emotion I'm looking for."

And at that moment, they all came back. Angela and Holly, both with their lingerie covered with satin robes, led Steve into the studio and I didn't have to think to feel nervous -- the second I laid eyes on him I immediately felt butterflies in my stomach!

"Oh, perfect, Erica, perfect," Deb called out as she started shooting. "That's just the look I want on your face as he walks in unexpectedly."

I could hardly look at him, though I could hardly look away, either. He was wearing a classic black tuxedo, nothing dramatic, but the cut, his confidence, his build, made me feel weak, dizzy.

"Yes, look down, nervous, perfect Erica."

I felt a stirring in my stomach, a flutter of emotions, something strange even...excitement?

"Steve, walk up to her, tilt her head with her chin so she's looking up at you."

I was sitting on the day bed, knees together, ankles apart, hands at my sides supporting me. Steve followed Deb's directions immediately, with confidence, took my chin in his masculine hand, let Deb take a few shots, then raised my face upward so I was gazing at him.

I did not understand the feelings going on inside me. His touch, his skin on my skin, sent a current of electricity running through me that

seemed to start and end somewhere lower than my stomach, seemed sensual, erotic. I felt flushed, tumultuous and even...

Aroused.

Embarrassed.

I looked down again as Deb told me how wonderful I was doing, how great the pictures were, how amazing it was going.

"Don't you agree, Amy?"

I looked away from Steve to my wife, looked for her response to Deb's question. Amy shifted in her seat, momentarily looking uncomfortable -- maybe this was not what she'd thought it was going to be, having a man pose with her husband, even feminized as I was.

But her eyes darted, looked downward like mine, looked embarrassed like me; she looked flushed like me. Even...

Aroused.

"Yes," she whispered softly.

Deb had Steve stand in various poses, all with me sitting. At first she placed his hand here and there, on my shoulder, on my arm. Every touch was electrifying. Every movement somehow sensual. Every thing sending erotic energy flowing through me.

"He should do something with the garter," Amy's voice.

"Oh, you're right," Deb said excitedly. "Steve, why don't you kneel in front of her and take the garter in your hands like you were taking it off, I want a few shots of that."

Steve happily complied, getting down on one knee, almost mimicking a proposal.

"Now this has to be sensual, Steve," Deb said, "take it slowly so I can get a several shots, start at her ankle, run your hands up her legs."

"Are you okay," Steve asked, looking at me, seemingly a genuine look of concern on his face as he gently took my ankle in his hands.

"I...I'm kind of nervous," I answered. Kind of was an understatement. Kind of nervous? I was dressed as a woman, two half naked women with me, my wife watching, getting photographed with a man kneeling before me touching my leg. What had I allowed myself to get into?

"You know you have very pretty legs," he kept his eyes on mine, slowly started to run his hands up my calf, which seemed to excite every nerve in every fiber of my body, including...

...those connected to the tucked-away organ in my panties.

The sexual excitement scared me, no, terrified me. I realized I was getting turned on by a man caressing my leg. Turned on.

I was getting fucking turned on!

"I always had a thing for a woman in stockings," Steve said, his hands now above my knee working their way up my thigh. His fingers felt disturbingly good, his masculinity radiated from him in waves, pulsating over me.

"Good, good," Deb encouraged as my eyes rolled back into their sockets when his hands came to a rest on my thighs, mere inches from the swelling I felt pressing against my panties.

"Amy, what do you think?"

I opened my eyes, saw the look on Amy's face, the thrill, the pleasure, the obvious excitement.

"Yea," Deb chuckled at Amy's silent reaction. "Listen, now you don't have to, but, I think some shots of Steve in somewhat of a state of undress, like Erica, would look really erotic."

I was trying to figure out what she mean. State of undress?

"What do you have in mind," Amy asked before I had a chance to ask that myself, before I had a chance to protest.

"Well, I think I'd focus on some after-the-ceremony shots. You know, have Angela and Holly back in, helping, you know, taking off Steve's jacket, un-doing his tie, maybe unbuttoning his shirt, all with Erica on the daybed, nervous, watching her bridesmaids undress the groom."

"Amy," I said quietly, yet with urgency.

Amy looked at me, frowned like I was being unreasonable. "That's nothing more than what's in Vogue, is it?" She directed her question at Deb.

Deb snorted. "No, that's really tame, Vogue's gotten pretty risqué recently. Trust me, Amy, I really think you'll like how these are going to turn out."

"I think you're right, Deb," Amy said, looking back at me. "I think I'd love a few shots with Steve like that."

"Steve?" Deb asked.

Steve had been kneeling the whole time, his hands on my leg the whole time. When he heard Amy's answer, he turned back to look at me. "Not a problem, boss," he said to her while looking at me, and just for an instant, a hungry look seemed to cross his face.

The girls, at Deb's direction, moved me into a couple of different poses, in each one helping Steve into the shot. It was mostly innocent to start. They helped him from his jacket, then his tie, both Angela and Holly in a couple of shots, then just Steve and I in a few. The shots with the girls were more seductive, while those with Steve and I were more innocent.

At first.

"Erica, I want you to have a little more...er...hunger on your face, in your eyes when you look at Steve," Deb instructed me. I was sitting on the day bed, legs crossed, leaning on one arm, half forward. Steve was several feet in front of me, shirt untucked, unbuttoned.

"Hunger?" Amy asked, though I thought the same.

"Yea, that's hard to think about for this scene, isn't it," Deb admitted. "Erica is the virgin bride, I know, but even virgins can be hungry for it, Amy."

"Hmmm," Amy agreed.

"Erica, here's the frame of mind," Deb said, walking closer, sliding the secondary camera around her shoulder into her hands to start shooting. "You've never been with a man," she started to lift the camera upwards, stating what was a truism for me. "You're nervous. Just seeing Steve's bare chest gets butterflies moving in your stomach -- you know what he wants, what all men must want. You're nervous...will it hurt, will he be gentle...bite your lip...good, good, like that, perfect, but you need something more, in your eyes."

"What," I asked, holding the nervous look on my face, easily, since I was practically terrified.

"Hunger, Erica, hunger. I want the nerves to be showing on your face but I want hunger in your eyes. Hunger for a man, hunger for your groom, hunger for Steve, hunger for his skin, hunger for his body. You've never had a man but you hunger for it."

I tried, I tried so hard to make my eyes say it, say something so forbidden. I looked at Steve, saw that very thing flash on his face, in his eyes. Hunger. Sexual hunger. I tried to mimic his hunger in my eyes, tried to look at him the same way he was looking at me.

Deb was shooting now, with the camera in her hands, "oh, perfect, Erica, perfect. Just like that, that's perfect, perfect. Now reach up, Erica, put a hand up in the air like you're reaching for him...good, turn your

hand a little...there, yes, like that, ambiguous, are you reaching for him or pushing him away."

"Walk towards her hand, Steve," Deb instructed her assistant, "slowly...until she's touching your chest; Erica, wait for it, nerves, hunger.

I felt the panic immediately. Until I was touching his chest? I felt the nerves, I did not need to act to make that emotion apparent on my face. But hunger, no, no, how could I? How was I supposed to have a hungry look in my eyes for Steve, for a man?

"Oh god, perfect, Erica, perfect," Deb encouraged me. "That's just it, nerves on your face, hunger in your eyes, you want to feel his chest, his muscles, you look so feminine, good, goooooood."

And there he was, suddenly, but slowly, without warning, but walking slowly towards me, there he was in front of me, stopped, my hand, my satin covered fingers, in contact with him, touching him, feeling him.

Hot.

Strong.

Masculine.

Bold.

"Mmmmfffff."

Hunger.

That sound. That moan. That grunt. That need. That desire. That hunger.

That sound came from me.

But it wasn't just from me.

From behind me.

Amy.

That sound.

Amy.

That hunger.

Amy.

That need.

Amy. Amy. Amy.

Click, click, click.

Deb was shooting shot after shot. "Great, Steve, great, now...yes."

After several minutes of carefully arranging the shots just so, moving Steve slightly closer, Deb thanked him for posing in the shots. "In fact, why don't you all take break. Erica, there's one more set of shots I'd like to take of you that you need to change for."

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"Amy, fuck," I exclaimed to my wife the second she walked into the dressing room.

"I know, that was soooo hot," she responded, seeming to miss my meaning.

"Amy, I was touching a man's chest," I burst out.

"So hot," she repeated, brushing a strand of hair behind my ear.

"Amy," I tried to protest, barely feeling it, barely meaning it.

"Oh god, Erica, those pictures are turning out so well," Angela burst into the room, Holly close behind her carrying a small pile of some unidentifiable lingerie.

"Deb wants a final scene, you wearing your wedding night lingerie, some last cheesecake, a couple of suggestive poses, if you're up to it."

After posing with Steve, some final cheesecake, even if suggestive, did not really bother me, certainly not with Amy there nodding, encouraging me.

The women, Amy included this time, took immediate charge of changing my outfit and their very first garment-a large white garter belt with ruffled edges--took me by surprise. "What about panties," I asked.

"Over, sweetie," Holly answered, holding up a pair of satin tap panties.

"But what's going to hold...um..." I could not finish, I was too embarrassed to complete the thought.

Angela gave me a tender smile, perhaps to soften the psychological blow of her answer. "There's not much to hide when you're like that, Erica, not much more than what a woman has."

I turned away, felt emasculated by her answer, true as it may be.

"And if you get excited, well, the front of the garter belt is lined with pretty strong elastic, it will hide things quite well."

"It's your wedding night, Erica," Amy touched my arm, "you wouldn't want to wear panties under your garter belt, too much trouble."

Once again the girls helped me into stockings-this time, without the panty gaff to hide things, I began to grow. Angela saw right away. "Oops," she said with little fanfare and deftly pointed me upright so I grew up, into the tight confines of the garter belt.

I went without a bra, my fake breasts did not need one anyway, just a camisole to cover up. I went without panties, the garter belt kept me in place and the satin tap panties really did look wonderfully erotic. I slipped on heeled slippers and went back into the studio, Amy at my side this time, telling me how pretty I looked, how sexy, how feminine, and most powerfully, how hot I was making her.

They took me back to the set with the daybed. Deb took a few routine poses, with me standing this way or that way in front of the furniture on the set. Deb then asked Angela and Holly to help pose me on the daybed, first leaning on it, then on my hands and knees.

"Look seductive, Erica," Deb instructed. "Look back at your wife, like you're waiting for her, trying to seduce her. Perfect," she snapped a few shots. "Amy you wanted something a little more revealing," Deb asked Amy.

"Just a little," Amy said eagerly, "you know, like what you might see in Playboy."

"Of course. Erica, the girls are going to pose you a little more, just kind of hold still, let them do the work, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed, perhaps too eagerly, later wondering if I should have stopped things right then and there.

The girls guided me to the daybed and helped position me on it on my hands and knees, arranged my hair so that it cascaded over my shoulders. Deb had several cameras set up to take pictures from various angles, head on, from my side, and from behind me.

Angela and Holly stepped back into the shoot and working together they pressed my head and shoulders to the daybed, slip my camisole up so that my well secured breasts hung exposed. At Deb's direction, they slid the satin tap panties I was wearing down over my thighs, leaving them rest at the top of my stockings, my garter straps pulled taut over my buttocks, my ass exposed.

I could not have been more exposed, more vulnerable, yet more erotically posed. My trapped penis responded, quickly growing firm underneath the tight garter belt holding me in place. Deb continued to

shoot, to encourage me, to confirm with my wife how erotic how looked, how sexy, how exciting it was for Amy.

"He looks just like a woman," Amy said, voice cracking from behind me. I looked over my shoulder, to my wife, saw the starry look in her eyes, the hunger, the excitement.

"I told you, Amy," Deb accepted the obvious compliment. "Girls..."

Angela and Holly walked back to me, moved my thighs apart, keeping my head and shoulders down. Spread apart, my thighs seemed to push my ass invitingly into the air, completely erotic, feminine, needing.... A woman...surrendering.

I felt my face flush, embarrassed by the vulnerability I was in, positioned like this. It was as feminine as I had ever felt, any masculine thoughts gone from my mind. I was a woman, waiting, waiting, waiting.

Amy looked at me and nodded, reassuring me. She wanted to see her husband like this. She wanted me vulnerable. She wanted me submissive. She wanted me feminine.

And then things took a turn.

Deb took several pictures then turned to Amy and told her she had an idea and asked if she could introduce Steve back into the shoot.

"What do you want to do," Amy asked, biting her lip, without a doubt clearly in favor of the idea.

"Well, Erica looks so pretty, so sexy, yet so...wanton...I think it would be really sexy if I took some shots of Steve standing beside Erica wearing a robe like he was going to seduce her."

My breathing quickened when I heard what Deb wanted to do and normally I know I would have said something immediately. But I didn't. I don't know if it was the way I was dressed, if it was the way I was posed -- open, waiting -- or if it was the look on Amy's face.

"Now we don't have to do anything you're uncomfortable with, Amy, just the poses you think really enhance the shoot. Like before, though, it will add a masculine element, enhancing Erica's femininity, with just a little more sexual tension."

Amy was on the verge of speaking, then looked at me for guidance. "I think we should try it," she said. I was not sure if she was asking or telling or looking for guidance.

"I..." I was on the verge of protesting, but could not form the word 'no.' It was the lingerie, the pose I was in, Angela and Holly, my erect but

hidden penis. It was Amy's look. Of wanting it. It was my feeling, the feminine, the feminine. "Whatever you want," I managed to say feeling myself shake, handing control of the session to Amy.

To be honest, I was embarrassed at my own arousal. It was more than simply being dressed and posed, I was aroused imagining Steve in the scene again, being so close to a man, so close when all I could think about was a vague sense of want, of need, of desire.

"Great," Deb beamed, asking the girls to go fetch Steve. He must have been waiting just off stage, waiting for the call to come pose that he knew was coming. Only moments later, Angela and Holly, both of whom had shed their robes and were clad again only in lingerie, led Steve into the studio, clad only in a thick, white robe.

Deb directed the girls' posing of Steve next to me, behind me, sitting, standing. The girls, images of sexuality and beauty, would walk into my field of vision, mostly naked, pose Steve and me, occasionally, lightly, brushing against me, heightening my sexual arousal.

"Amy, I'd like it if Steve could remove his robe," Deb said to my wife.

My stomach was turning, nerves, excitement. I saw Amy nod ever so slightly, giving permission for Deb to take some shots of a naked man posing as if seducing me.

Angela and Holly jumped to the task immediately, perhaps worried I might say something. In an instant, Steve was standing just to my side, completely naked. At eye level was the last thing I wanted to see, but once in my line of vision, I could not manage to look away despite all my efforts -- Steve's very masculine cock.

It was not huge. For an instant I had imagined this the scene of a pornographic movie where the male "talent" had large, unnatural builds. But it was impressive, for a cock. Even soft it was thick. It was masculine.

Hunger.

I swallowed, trying to look away.

Want.

No, this was wrong, no, no.

"Erica..."

Need.

Stop, stop, stop!

"Erica!"

Deb's voice cut through the fog of uncomfortable feeling.

"There you go, look up here for a second, you've got that look of sexual need down perfectly!"

The flash, once, twice, three times.

As my eyes cleared, I saw Amy watching. She was watching me, then Steve's cock, then me, her eyes shining with little-disguised excitement.

But his cock did not stay soft for long, as Holly had taken it into her hands, was stroking it, caressing it. Before my eyes, Steve's cock swelled, hardened, into a rod with a large, bulbous head.

"Quite impressive, isn't it," I heard Deb ask, an understatement, really, as I almost licked my lips. I guess I knew men came in different shapes and sizes, that I was neither particularly thick or especially long. Steve was different from me, no question. Not obscenely large, but assuredly thick, solid, hard, masculine.

"Yes," I whispered, to Amy's giggles, our eyes focused on his cock.

"She was asking me, silly, but I agree," my wife said.

I felt my face blush at the implication that I was excited by his cock, and blush at my own excitement.

It hurt, the feeling I felt, the excitement, the realization that staring at a man's cock was causing a reaction in me, sexually, that the hunger, the want, my need seemed to be for...cock.

The girls were posing Steve at Deb's direction, close to me, closer to my body. Deb was moving from the side to rear camera, taking shots from different angles. She had Steve close to me, then closer, until his cock was barely, just barely, touching the bare skin of my upper thigh, between my garter belt and the panties still down around my stocking tops.

When this was captured on film (well, digitally), Deb asked if she could pose Steve so the tip of his cock was just touching my ass. "It would make a super sexy shot, Amy, the groom about to deflower the bride."

"I don't know," Amy said to my extreme relief!

"Trust me, Amy, you'll love the way it looks," Deb pleaded her case.

I turned to look at Amy, my eyes begging her. "I'm just a little concerned," Amy said, "he looks so feminine, I don't want to ruin the illusion."

Ruin the illusion? What about a man's cock touching me???

"I agree, Amy, don't worry, the way he's dressed, the angle of the shots, it will look no different that if I was using Angela or Holly as a model."

"Well, let me see a couple," Amy said, giving her permission despite my looks, my terror.

The problem was I did not have to say anything. I could have moved, I could have stood up, I could have just refused.

But I did nothing, nothing at all. I just waited, on my hands and knees, ass up, inviting, while Angela spread my thighs apart and Holly directed Steve's cock until the tip was just touching my puckering, begging ass.

"So," I heard Deb ask as I weakly tried to keep myself propped up, weak from the burning, humiliating desire.

"Fuck," Amy said, her mouth dry as Deb took a series of shots with Steve's cock pressed against me.

"Amy?"

"Yes?"

"Amy, I want to push it just a little further, this is so hot, those looks on Erica's face are priceless.

"I just want Steve to push the tip of his cock, just the tip, into Erica." I gasped. In horror. With need. Desire.

Amy looked at me, looked into my eyes. There was hunger and desire in her eyes, a mirror of my own. I said nothing. I was afraid to say no for fear that the word yes would escape from my lips, and just as afraid to say yes, to admit how erotic and exciting this was.

I said nothing, I just looked at Amy. Looked, stared.

Amy understood. This was her decision, her call. This entire day was hers, for her, by her, about her. This was up to her.

"Yes," Amy said.

"Angela, please lube the tip of his cock, Holly, guide it into Erica...just the tip...just the tip..."

I could see Angela with a tube of something, lube of course, reaching behind me. And then Holly directed me, "hold still sweetie, hold still."

And then pressure. Solid, wide, pulsating, pressure at my opening, pressure, cock, Steve's cock, the head of it, pressure, opening me, pushing into me, spreading me, filling me.

Pressure. Cock.

"Can he do the whole head of his cock, Amy? It might slip out if we stay with just the tip, and this will be such a memorable picture."

"Yes," Amy whispered and immediately the pressure increased, the pushing, the opening.

"HmMMMM," I moaned, whimpered as the head of Steve's cock entered me.

"Yes, yes, perfect," Deb sang out, shooting picture after picture, "just perfect."

I thought that was it, thought we would be finished. After all, there were pictures of me with the head of a man's cock in my ass!

But Steve or Amy or Deb had other ideas. I don't know if Deb instructed him or motioned him -- I did not hear her ask me or ask Amy. I don't know if he was turned on, too, or if Amy nodded, indicated, or even asked.

Someone had other ideas.

Steve started slowly pushing his cock into me, stretching me, spreading me more. The first feeling, the tip, the head, were nothing compared to the feeling of Steve's cock actually entering me.

I groaned as I felt his hands, his strong hands on my hips, holding me steady as he pushed more firmly into me until I let out a hoarse cry, not from shock or revulsion, but from pure and utter pleasure at the invasion.

"Maybe we should stop," Amy croaked at the cry that escaped my lips.

"We could, we could," Deb said, "but I think we'll get some really great shots if we let Steve push in a little further...you'll have some wonderful pictures to look at later."

I sensed Amy looking at me. Only sensed, because my eyes were half open, half rolled backwards into their sockets.

"Steve," Deb said when Amy nodded the slightest of nods.

That's when Steve started, really. I expected him to push farther into me, but he didn't, not at first. He pulled out, slightly, then pushed. Then he pulled backwards again, then in, slightly deeper.

Out.

Deeper.

Out.

Deeper.

Out.

Deeper.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," I spit out, shaking, moaning. I started to move with him, to move with the rhythm, forward when he pulled back, backwards when he pushed forward. Rocking, deeper, rocking, filled, rocking, opened.

Rocking.

Fucking.

More cock in me, more, more.

Fucking.

At this point Deb said, "Why don't we just let him push his cock all the way in, since we've gone this far."

It was clear that my trembling, aroused wife was going to say yes. I was losing control, matching, fucking. Amy was the only one to protect me, to stop Steve from fucking me. Amy.

"Yes, go ahead," my wife said.

The girls pulled the panties all the way down around my knees as Steve, firmly gripping my hips, pushed fully into me.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," I cried out again as I was fully stretched, as I was fully impaled on Steve's cock, crying out again and again as Steve gave little short jabs deep into me.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," I started to wither in pleasure as he pushed his cock deep into me, deep, hands on my hips, pulling me to him, pushing, the head of his cock rubbing against the inside of me.

I couldn't believe that things had gone this far, that step by step our resistance had melted to the point where I was fully feminized, on my hands and knees, a stranger's cock fully into my virgin ass, fucking me!

Without asking Amy, Deb told Steve to move back and forth, to thrust. "Fuck your bride, Steve," Deb said.

Steve needed no further instructions, no further encouragement, no further permission. He simply started fucking me. Just fucking me. Holding my hips and pulling me towards him and driving his cock into me and pulsating and pushing and hitting the spot deep in me that made me feel like a girl getting fucked, which I was over and over.

I was groaning and crying out.

I was moaning and begging.

I was pushing and fucking.

Steve's slow, long, deliberate stokes became faster and harder and he grabbed me, tighter, and relished my helplessness, my surrender.

And I realized, I realized he was about to...

And I started to panic and get scared and beg him to stop, beg, beg...

And as I was about to, as I started to scream no, Steve grunted and pushed deeper into me and held his cock inside me, against me and the word died on my lips.

No.

The word died on my lips.

It died just as Steve pulled back and thrust hard, again, the hardest, the deepest.

The word died as the worst thing I could have imagined began to happen, the thing that terrified me...

'No' died as Steve's moans became primal, as he pushed into me and held me and possessed me like an animal.

The word died as I felt it, the explosion I feared, the warm, wet rush.

It died as Steve pressed against me, against that spot deep inside me that made me feel...

"Ohhhhhhh," I groaned, feeling it build up slowly inside me, a feeling that scared me, terrified me, overcame me.

From my toes to my scalp to my hands to my breasts to my penis to my ass, it overcame me.

And then I was wet and wet and wet, more and more, as I felt cum leak, not from inside me, not Steve, his cum was trapped by his cock.

From me as Steve held his cock inside me, against me, held, shook his hips, pushed, teased.

Far longer than I ever had, far longer than Steve, for far longer the orgasm ripped through me over and over and over until it was almost too much for me to handle and I lost it, I collapsed, my hand and legs giving out, collapsed onto the bed, Steve's cock buried deep inside me, his weight suddenly against me as he was too collapsed on top of me, laying there, breathing.

But it did not stop. Steve was no longer fucking, but I could feel him in me, pulsating, jumping, moving against me, each touch sending another miniature wave of pleasure through my body.

I don't know how much time elapsed. A minute, five, ten, an hour. All I knew was I did not want it to end, the feeling, physically, emotionally.

I did not want it to end.

It did, though. Slowly. Steve's heavy breathing started to calm. His pulsating cock came to a rest, then slowly, slowly, softened, shrank.

And the whole time I lay there, trapped by Steve's body, impaled by his cock, lay there content, fulfilled.

"That was wonderful," Steve whispered in my ear. He then released me, slowly, and carefully stood up. I shook once more powerfully, once more pleasure overcoming me.

I could hardly believe it, hardly believe that I had yielded to this, to a man, to Steve. I could hardly believe that my wife, my loving wife, had allowed it to happen, had wanted it, especially in front of all these people, without talking to me, seemingly not caring if I wanted it or not, though how I loved it!

And as I lay there, wet from behind, wet in front, still shaking with aftershocks of an orgasm like no other, I realized, remembered, that everything...everything, had been captured on film.

I was on unsteady feet. Angela and Holly helped me walk to the dressing room. Amy followed. "Can you leave us," she asked, and the girls, smiling tenderly at me, left the room.

"Amy," I started to say, started to...to what? Protest? Question her? Thank her? Scream at her?

"Shhhh," she said, walking over to me, reaching out to me, touching me.

Touching my breasts, surgically glued to my body.

Touching my hands, my fingers, the professional nails.

Touching my hair, highlighted, extended.

Touching my ears, pierced.

"Amy," I started to say again...to say what?

What?

"You...you planned this," I said, the realization hitting me square in the stomach. She planned this. She planned this!

She put a finger on my lips, silencing me before I could speak again.

"Have you any idea how wet I am right now," she asked.

"Amy," I gulped, every muscle, every nerve suddenly on fire.

"How incredibly turned on I am?"

"Amy, please." I felt it again, Steve's touch, his skin, his muscles.

"How hot that was watching him fuck you..."

"Ohhhhhhh," I moaned, not wanting to, but unable to resist, feeling that again, too, his cock, buried inside me, pushing, filling, pulsating, cumming.

I was weak in my knees, unsteady, dizzy.

"You're my girl, Erica, you're my girl."

"Amy," I mumbled.

"You're my girl."

"Amy..."

"My girl."

"Yes, Amy, yes," I swallowed, agreed, surrendered, submitted.

"My girl, Erica, my girl, my girl."

And she pressed her lipsticked mouth to mine and her kiss was deep and hungry and passionate and erotic and needy and full of love and excitement and desire.

"My girl, Erica," she breathed and kissed me, kissed, kissed.

The End.

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