

The Camera

by Caroline Covington

I start with a hot bath and pampering. I prepare myself by shaving my legs, applying makeup, doing my hair, and listening to the photographer—who is on the other side of the door—explain his ideas for the upcoming shoot. Tonight's project is a layout for a line of casual eveningwear.

I change into the outfit in private; I'm modest and unfamiliar with this photographer. I can hear him in the studio preparing the lighting and sets. Tonight I am wearing a calve-length DKNY floral-patterned dress that buttons in the front, accented with a beige belt. The suede heels match the belt and will show my calves wonderfully. Although there will be no nudity, I know that feeling seductive helps make a better photo. So underneath the dress I wear a tiny beige fishnet thong and a padded push-up bra (they always want cleavage) along with some accessories. These items make me feel sensuous tonight—too sensuous. The photos should be good, but I have to be careful.

I enter the studio, and the photographer lavishes praise, obviously pleased with how I look. All the photographers do this, but tonight I feel a warm tingle at his words. Watch it, girl.

He starts snapping shots while I stand looking off into the distance. He talks throughout, easily and very pleasant. He gives directions efficiently.

"Place your foot here... at this angle... Arm like so... good... Tilt your head just a little... beautiful."

Flash, click, whirr.

I'm seated now, knees together, ankles crossed: a classic, chaste pose.

Flash.

"Place your hands on the armrests and make a motion as if you're about to get out of the chair... good... Bend your waist just a little more... Yes, keep your legs in the same position... that's it... Look over there... big smile or laugh... imagine you've seen someone dear to you, a lover perhaps... Excellent!"

Click.

"Same pose, but undo a button or two for a hint of cleavage."

I undo two buttons, revealing a pendant hanging just above the start of my cleavage. The photographer loves the look.

"Very sexy!"

Whirr.

"Bend a little more... Let's see just a hint of your bra... very good... That'll be a great shot."

Still seated, I'm now asked to cross my legs and point my toes downward: another classic position. The camera is very busy.

"Would you like some wine?"

The question is sudden but does not interrupt the shooting. Despite inner warnings, I answer yes. The wine quickly goes to my head; I ate lightly for dinner. But I find that I loosen up, talking more, flirting with the lens.

"These dresses are very versatile. Let's undo some bottom buttons to show some leg. The client loves the variety."

My wineglass is refilled. I'm very relaxed now. I laugh throatily that if he wants leg, he gets leg.

Each button I undo is met with a score of shots. The flashes are making me warm. The encouragement is unending. I'm feeling really good; I think I look sexy. Or do I mean I'm feeling very sexy; I think I look good? I laugh inwardly at my confusion. I notice that the shutter

is clicking while I undo buttons. Also, the lens seems to be concentrating on my thighs to the exclusion of all else. But I continue flaunting myself, loving the attention from both camera and photographer.

The shoot continues. We talk, and I ask him, "I've never seen you before. Who do you usually shoot for?"

"I do a lot of freelance for Playboy and Penthouse."

I'm impressed and flustered at once. I hear the shutter clicking. You've got to be good to get your photos into those magazines. Yet I can't help but wonder how I would compare. I'm curious and excited about his work. Where does he find the girls? How much does it pay? Jesus, don't go there, girl!

"It must be fun photographing all those beautiful women in the buff?"

"I love it."

The shoot proceeds smoothly. Eventually I undo 5 or 6 bottom buttons—I lose count. It's as high as I can go without revealing my panties. I then remember that I'm wearing a thong; they're scant and not at all concealing. I also remember my accessories. Keep your guard up, girl.

Still seated, the dress is now hanging to the sides, showing an abundance of thigh. The last button keeps my crotch concealed—barely. Some of the shots have my knees separated. I'm assured that with the shadows and touching up, nothing will be seen. Poses for the modern woman, I'm told.

I stand, placing my foot on the chair.

"Terrific!" gushes the photographer.

My exposed leg is photographed from a multitude of angles. I feel the material covering my other thigh slide to the side.

"Hold it like this."

My hand takes and slowly pushes away the other side of the dress, totally revealing my legs.

"You have got a great pair of stems!... A big carefree laugh... Alright!"

Flash, click, whirr.

That shot will be suggestive but decent. Hold fast, girl.

But it's no use: I can't stop thinking about cameras, nakedness and those magazines. I finally summon enough courage to ask my questions.

"All sorts of girls want to pose for Playboy. I've met many of them on shoots like this."

He then tells me what he pays his models. It's quite a bit.

"That's a lot of money. But am I good enough for Playboy?"

The camera works throughout the conversation. It stops now.

He looks me in the eye. "I think you'd be a sensation. Your legs... well they leave me speechless... But, and I'm being frank, your breasts are small. Playboy has a stupid hang up about big breasts. So, honestly? You'd be better suited for Penthouse. You do know that Penthouse is more risqué?"

The shutter resumes its work. I soak in the information. After a while the shooting stops. I remain standing, my thigh elevated and exposed. I sip some more wine. He breaks the silence.

"So, are you game?"

"For Penthouse?"

"Yes, for Penthouse. I have enough props that we could snap a session right now."

I say nothing and stare straight ahead, thinking. I drink some more wine. At last, I answer him by undoing the belt. One by one, the remaining buttons are undone. The dress slides off my shoulders. I'm clad in heels, my meagre fishnet thong, and my bra. A gold chain is around my waist—one of the accessories that I chose to wear. His eyes drink me in. He easily sees through the coarse fishnet material that I am waxed and utterly nude. He recovers and turns professional.

"Excellent! Wax jobs are in. Guys just love that look. They want to see it all."

Oddly, only now do I consider that if I go through with this, thousands of men will witness me in some very compromising positions. Any doubts that I have dissipate. I'm eager to begin.

"The thong is great, leave it on for a while, along with the chain—very erotic! But the bra should come off."

I turn my back to him and undo the bra, releasing my breasts. Attached to my nipples are some jewelled dangles, the last of my accessories. When I put them on earlier, they were intended as stimulation for me, not as a photo prop. I begin to take them off as I turn to face him. He gasps, but he regains composure quickly.

"Those are so racy! They are perfect! Definitely leave them on."

The shooting starts by the side of a four-poster bed. Coy and demure at first. But the camera lights my senses; soon my poses are suggestive. Still wearing my thong, my legs are apart for nearly every shot. I position myself seductively against one of the posts. The clicking encourages me, and I rub against the pole. I'm in heat for the camera. I'll do anything for the attention of the lens.

Flash, click, whirr.

I climb onto the bed and pose on my hands and knees, leering at the lens, daring it to film me. My ass has attracted it's attention. The camera's effect is hypnotic and intoxicating, making me increasingly wanton. No pose is too outrageous. The photographer talks throughout.

"Hold that pose... Yes!... Superb!... That's it... Show what you have... Beautiful!"

A non-stop barrage of juice-producing commentary. And I'm loving it.

I turn onto my back.

"OK, let's have some shots without the thong, but leave the waist chain and nipple dangles on. I really like their effect."

I'm licking my lips as I stare at the lens. I raise my ass and slide the waist string over my bum. As the thong passes my hips, I lower my buttocks. Slowly, I bring my knees to my chest. My panties slide along my thighs, past my knees and calves. The camera feverishly follows the descent of my thong. I then realise that it's mesmerized by my body—the camera is under my spell. Free of my underwear, I open myself wide and expose my core: The lens drinks in every detail. I shut my legs and squeeze my breasts, and the camera involuntarily follows. With closed thighs and knees to my chest, I grasp the inside of my ankles and drag my hands up the insides of my calves and thighs, progressively widening my knees, and the lens is in hot pursuit, focussing once again on my slit. I shut my legs again, teasing the camera.

"Oh, that's really exceptional!... Now keep your knees to your chest... open your knees... wider... point your toes... knees a bit wider... Oh! Delicious!"

I hear the shutter: It's very close to my body, exploring every millimetre of my labia. I'm so wet that I feel a rivulet run down my ass. A part of me wonders if the camera recorded that little detail. I hope so. God, I hope so.

"Use your right hand to play with your breasts... Good!... Use your left fingers to spread your lips... Yes!... Show everything inside... Magnificent!... Move your fingers a little higher... pull the hood gently up... we want to see your clitoris also... Absolutely dazzling!... Now we can see it all!"

Flash, click, whirr.

Oh yes, let's show it all. I'm in total abandonment now. I can't widen my lips enough to satisfy the camera or myself.

"Wonderful stuff!... Keep your left hand where it is... Beautiful!... OK, bring your right hand down... Yes, underneath your leg... Good... Use your right middle finger... Yes!... Very hot!"

I hope that every delectable moment is caught on film.

Gently, slowly, I glide my finger in. The camera is getting it all, but the photographer stops talking. Just the camera and me now. My finger finally begins its leisurely outward journey. I linger on the periphery, tease, and trace an outline of my circumference, drawing a bull's eye for the lens, guiding it to my opening.

Flash.

I penetrate myself again, this time with two fingers, easing them in and pulling downwards, stretching and widening my cavity.

Click.

My fingers slide back out, and I try to finger-paint another languid picture for the film, but my fingers retreat quickly inside.

Whirr.

A rhythmic plunging movement takes over, gaining in speed and depth. I give in to the urge and ardently work on myself with both hands, praying that the camera is capturing it all. Oh, yes. I wish that there were a dozen cameras to film me like this: naked, waxed, shameless, split open, pleasuring myself. Yes... more cameras... worshipping me from every angle... my head is in a swirl... thoughts come fast now... a montage of sweet confusion... luscious disconnection... where's the camera?... ok, I hear it... my fingers are moving faster... jumbled images... my pelvis is in sync with my fingers... when did I start that?... can the camera capture this?... I hope so... it's wet... it's ripe... more cameras... it's itchy... it's...

building... building... building... yes... it's here... here... the surge... surge... release... release... groaning... I hear groaning... is that me?... it must be... where's the camera?... I hear it... good...

I collapse with my hands thrown above my head, smiling and laughing. Victory is mine: several more dying clicks and the shutter stops. The photographer places a robe over me and kisses my cheek. He gives me a few minutes. At last, softly, he says, "wow... that was phenomenal. I'd like to shoot you again. I'll call you next week to view the proofs."

I'd love to receive your feedback on this story.

Caroline Covington, cc71035@yahoo.ca