**My First Naked Photo Shoot Ch. 01**

by [kgardner](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1149085&page=submissions)©

# I'd been dating Greg for a few months now. We were laying in bed one day after an afternoon of love-making. He was quietly playing with my boobs when I noticed he had something on his mind. "Did you ever see those pictures of Brad's girlfriend?" he asked me. Brad, (Greg's best friend) had taken a bunch of nude pictures of his girlfriend and shown them to Greg. In fact he'd shown them to a lot of people. Even I had seen them. His girlfriend is cute mind you. She's young with long legs and a pretty face. The pictures weren't bad either. Mostly pics of her on the bed posing with her legs together. I had a feeling Greg was going to eventually ask me to pose for him. "Yes I've seen them," I said, smiling. Greg looked very awkward. "Well, I was wondering if you would mind if I took some pictures of you?" he said. "You mean without my clothes on?" I replied giving him my best "as if" look. Greg just smiled and kept running his hand over my boobs. "So you can show them to your friends?" I said accusingly. "Do you think I'm a slut or something?" "Uh, no!" Greg said, "Not at all! It's just... you're so hot, way hotter than Brad's girlfriend..." "And you wanted to show off my body to brag?" I asked. I enjoyed watching him squirm. I had already decided that I would let him take a few 'artsy' type pictures of me. Maybe show off my bum a bit. Maybe. "Please?" he said. How could I resist those puppy-dog eyes? I thought for a moment, then rolled onto my tummy and pushed the blankets off my back. "There," I said, propping myself up on my elbows, "You can take a picture of my bare back if you want." Greg bounced out of bed, still naked, and grabbed his camera. He eagerly took several shots of me. Some close-ups of my smiling face, some side body shots, and some shots from above me. Then he made a move for the blankets. "No way!" I said grabbing his hand, and trying not to laugh. "Just let me pull it down a little," he said, "Just show a little of your cute bum." I paused for a moment. "Just a little," I said. I told myself that my low-rise jeans probably showed off as much ass, so it's no big deal. He carefully pulled the blankets over my ass, showing about 2 inches of my ass-crack. He must have taken ten pictures. Some from above me, some from the side and even a few close-ups of my ass-crack! I decided to be more daring. (I WAS enjoying the attention!) I reached down and pushed the blankets about half-way down my ass. Greg got a big grin. He repeated his photoshoot paying extra attention to my behind. "Do you like my body?" I asked him, (knowing the answer better be a resounding YES). "I LOVE your body," he said. He put down the camera, pulled the blankets completely off me and planted a dozen little kisses all over my bare bum. I giggled as I felt his tongue slide up and down along my ass-crack. My giggles turned to a soft moan as I felt him gently pull my ass cheeks apart and flick the tip of his tongue over my little asshole. He sat up and looked into my eyes. "I LOVE your sexy body," he said. I felt my reluctance start to melt away. "Well," I said with a smile, "are you going to take some more pictures?" He looked down at my bare ass and looked back at me. I nodded. He instantly grabbed his camera and began snapping pictures. I imagined what his friends would say when they saw me naked from behind. I looked at Greg. His big penis was fully erect again. I secretly hoped his friends would also get hard looking at my naked photos. He continued taking pictures from every angle, but I could tell his favorite was to straddle my legs and take an "up-skirt" type of picture. I made sure to keep my legs tight together. I started to get a little embarrassed thinking that his friends would all get to see my bare ass. But the more I thought about it, the more excited I got. "I'll be right back," I said. I stood up and walked to the washroom. I could hear him take a few more photos of my naked body as I walked away. I sat on the toilet and began to piss. I thought about how much I liked the attention of being photographed nude. I was sure I didn't want him to photograph my boobs, or my pussy. Pictures of my bare ass I could live down, but if pictures got out of me showing my legs spread, I was sure to become known as a slut. Before I left the bathroom I grabbed a towel and held it up in front of me. My instincts were right because as soon as I walked into the bed room, Greg snapped another picture. "Nice try!" I said mockingly. Greg laughed. "You seriously don't want other guys looking at my pussy do you?" I asked. "No," he answered. Which really meant "yes". "So now what?" I asked. "Stand right there and hold your arm over your boobs, and hold the towel over your pussy." Greg said. I posed like that while he took a couple of shots. "OK, he said moving closer, "Now just hold your hands over your boobs." I wrapped the towel around my waist and held my boobs in my hands. I was proud of my 34B tits. They're firm with big pink nipples that sit up high on each breast. I was too afriad to be completely topless, however. "Mmmm..." he said looking through the camera. I looked down at my chest. I spread my fingers apart and gently pushed my tits together. My two middle fingers just barely covered my nipples. I thought this pose would make his friends SO horny! He had me try a few more sexy poses. Each time I was very careful not to expose my boobs too much or my pussy. I was really enjoying this. So was Greg. His hard cock was looking very inviting. I decided to give him a special treat. I walked over to him and took his cock in my hand. "Yummy," I said, letting the towel fall to the floor. He gave me a big kiss, and watched me slowly drop to my knees. I cupped his big ball-sac in one hand and slowly pumped his cock with the other hand. I looked up at him and gently licked the tip of his penis. "Would Brad like to see me doing this to you?" I asked just as I slipped his cock deep into my mouth. Greg let out a moan. I sucked his cock for a minute or two before pulling it out of my mouth. I looked up at him again and said, "Go ahead, I don't mind." "You... you don't?" Greg said, looking confused. "Sucking my boyfriend's big cock is nothing to be ashamed of," I said sweetly. (As his girlfriend I considered it my right to suck his dick and I didn't care who knew about it. I was proud of his big dick, and I had no problem letting him photograph me sucking him off.) This time when he lifted the camera he was careful and deliberate. He focused the camera on my face. He turned it sideways to get a clear shot of his big cock in my mouth. I looked into the lenses and heard it click. I wondered who would see this picture. Would Brad's girlfriend see it? Would she get jealous of my boyfriend's big cock? Would he show it to all his friends or just a few? How many people would see me kneeling, sucking my boyfriend's big cock? I pulled on his bag a little and went back to my blowjob, working it in and out of my wet mouth. I heard him take a few more shots. I could taste his pre-cum and decided to have some more camera fun before I let him come again. I popped his dick out of my mouth and stood-up. "Do you want to take some more pictures, or do you want to fuck me again?" I asked. He kissed me hard and pointed to the bed. "Sit," he said. I smiled and sat on the edge of the bed. I covered my boobs with one arm and my pussy with my other hand. He smiled at me, but in a more serious way. "Put your hands on the bed and lean back," he told me. I looked at him. I paused for a moment. He stood there in front of me holding the camera. I felt my heart jump. I knew if I let him take a picture of my bare chest - my tits - he would show all his friends. Was I ready for that? We looked at each other for another moment. I bit my lip and thought some more. I felt SO horny! I was sure my pussy was soaking the bed. I opened my mouth to say something and then stopped. I thought some more. Very slowly I pulled my arm off my chest. I placed both hands on the bed behind me. I crossed my legs as I leaned back. Greg carefully focused the camera on me. I wasn't smiling. I was nervous as hell. I heard the camera click and for the first time, I let someone take a picture of my completely bare chest. He moved in closer and took two more of just my tits. Then he moved the camera within inches of my left nipple and took a close-up picture. (My nipples were aching they were so hard at this point.) I'm sure in the harsh light of the bedroom his camera caught every detail, every bump on my areolas and every little freckle on my bare tits. Then he said the words that almost made me sick. "Spread your legs," he told me. I gasped. I paused only for a moment. Without smiling or saying a word, I just obeyed. I inched to the very edge of the bed and spread my legs as wide as I could. I watched Greg kneel, raise the camera and photograph my wet, hairless pussy. Again his words almost took my breath away. I heard him say, "Spread your lips." My hands were trembling as I sat up and used both hands to hold my soft pussy lips apart while he photographed me. His picture captured the most intimate details of my most private area. My clit, my soft pink inner lips, all slick from my own juices, completely exposed for him and all his friends to see. Almost unconsciously I began to rub my clit with my fingers. The orgasm was already well on it's way by now. My free hand slid up my body and clutched my breast; my fingers pulling at my nipples. I slowly leaned back and fell gently to the bed. As I fell I pulled my legs up to my chest. I remember putting my feet together and letting my knees fall apart. I laid there on display, masturbating for my photographer. My eyes were half closed and moans of pleasure passed my lips. I felt like I was in a trance - a state of arousal I'd never experienced before. My hand was soaked from my own pussy juices. My finger roamed in and out of my tiny hole. My free hand moved from between breasts, pulling gently on each nipple, keeping me in a constant state of arousal. I glanced over at Greg. I noticed a tiny red light on the camera which indicated he was filming a video now. Suddenly I realized his friends would not only see still pictures of my naked body, but a video of me playing with my wet cunt. The thought of that humiliation was enough to trigger the first orgasm. My body arched, my muscles tightened as I came. "Fuckkkk........" I moaned. My eyes shut tight. My fingers flicked quickly over my clit. The orgasm washed over me. A few moments later, the sensation subsided. Greg was stationed between my legs filming the last few hand gestures I made on my clit. I relaxed for a moment when I suddenly felt Greg on top of me. The camera was gone as he pounced on me. His cock easily slid into my wet hole. He was balls-deep inside me and started to pound away in me. I wrapped my legs around him and held him tight. He lowered his head beside me. As he fucked me I whispered, "I am so turned on, Greg, it's incredible. I love that you filmed me fucking myself." I heard him groan in approval. "Are you going to show those dirty pictures to your friends?" I asked. "Yes," I heard him whisper. "Good," I whispered back, "I want you to. I want you to show them my tits and my little round ass. I want them to see close-ups of my tight little pussy. Do you think they will jerk-off over them?" I whispered. "Un-huh," he replied. I could tell he was ready to cum. I whispered again in his ear exactly what he needed to finish off inside me. "Maybe you can take some more as you fuck me again later? Would you like that?" I said, "I'm your dirty little slut..." Greg grunted, his body tightened, and his hard cock emptied inside me. Later, after we slept and ate, we explored just how dirty I could be in front of a camera. And believe me, it's dirty. \* My First Naked Photo Shoot Ch. 02

by [kgardner](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1149085&page=submissions)©

"Hey Meghan, look at this!" Brad said, handing me his cell phone. I looked at the picture on it. What I saw made my jaw drop.  
  
"Is that Greg's girlfriend?!" I asked accusingly, "What is her picture doing on your phone?" I looked closely at it. Her name was Karen, and I knew her a little from school. She was lying down on a bed on her stomach. She was propped up on her elbows. She was wearing a huge smile, and nothing else.  
  
"Greg just sent me that picture! I don't know why," Brad said. I had a feeling he was lying.  
  
"You didn't show him those pictures you took of me, did you?" I said. I was getting upset. Last weekend after making love, I let Brad take 4 or 5 naked pictures of me. That was the first time I've ever let anyone point a camera at me when I wasn't completely dressed. Also I was careful each time to keep my legs together and I always had one arm across my bare chest. I made him promise he wouldn't share those pictures with anyone.  
  
"No way, I didn't show anyone!" Brad said. He pulled the car into a parking lot and stopped. Even though it was mid-day, the parking lot was practically abandoned. He took the phone from my hand and typed out a message.  
  
"I sent him a message and told him my girlfriend is way hotter than his," Brad said.  
  
I laughed. Greg's girlfriend was definitely cute. She had a pretty face, short blond hair and a cute little nose. (I have more of a Latino look, with darker skin, dark brown hair, and brown eyes.) The one thing I really admired about Karen was her chest. I'd only ever seen Karen naked once before, and I remember thinking I wish I had pale white breasts like her, with little pink nipples that rested right in the center of each breast. If I had to guess I'd say she was a C cup. (By comparison, my breasts are a healthy B-cup with dark nipples that sit up high). A few years earlier, she and I were in the change room after gym class with all the other girls. I just happened to look over as she was pulling off her shirt. She pulled it up and over her head, but struggled for a moment. It took only a few seconds for her to get herself free, but seeing her there with her arms over her head, and her shirt covering her face, it gave me a chance to study her bare breasts. They were a perfect shape, and they jiggled quite a bit as she fought with her shirt. No one else seemed to notice and I looked away before she caught me looking. Those few seconds became the fantasy that I would masturbate to for weeks afterward.  
  
"Can I send him one of your pics?" Brad asked.  
  
"Absolutely not!" I said. I couldn't believe he would even ask me that after I made him swear he wouldn't show them to anyone. I had to admit, the thought of Greg seeing me naked tickled me a little.  
  
"Come on, you can pick which one," he said handing me the phone. I looked at Karen's picture again. Just looking at her soft skin and cute little ass made me all warm and tingly. I flipped through the pictures on the phone and found the ones Brad had taken of me last weekend. I found one that was naughty, but didn't show any real "skin". In the photo I was sitting on the floor with my legs pulled up to my chest. You could tell I was nude, but couldn't see anything, really.  
  
"Here," I said handing back the phone. "Whatever. I don't care."  
  
Brad looked at the picture and smiled. He pushed a few buttons and waited. I started to get excited. Excited that Greg, a handsome young man in his own right, was about to see a "naughty" picture of me.  
  
Brad's phone buzzed. "What did he say," I asked, trying not to sound eager.  
  
Brad read the reply. "Very sexy! Do you have anymore?" He handed me the phone. Greg's reply had another picture attached. My heart started to beat faster as I clicked "open". It was another picture of Karen. She was still lying on her stomach on the bed, but the picture was taken from behind her, with her cute bare ass taking up most of the photo.  
  
"Oh my God," I said, "How do you erase this?" I pretended to try to erase the photo, all the while drinking in every detail of her soft flesh. "As if I want you to have a picture of some girl's bare ass on your phone!" I exclaimed.  
  
A few moments passed. Brad was trying to explain how much he loved my body, and how he really thought I was hotter than Karen when suddenly the phone buzzed in my hand. I clicked the button and a picture appeared on the small screen of Karen, standing, walking away from the camera completely nude. My heart started to beat faster. I handed the phone back to Brad. "You guys are perverts," I told him.  
  
Brad looked at the picture of Karen and smiled. I watched him flip back to the pictures of me. He stopped on a picture of me standing up with my hands against a wall. I was looking back over my shoulder at the camera with a smile on my face. I was also completely naked.   
  
"Can I send him this one?" he asked. A chill went up my spine. I looked at the picture for a while. There I was my little bare ass on display, and a smile on my face. Clearly, sending this picture was crossing a line.   
  
"I don't think so. Besides, how do I know he won't send that picture to anyone else? I'm completely naked in that picture!" I said.  
  
Brad smiled. He knew I was about to give in. "He's my best friend! He won't, I promise!" Brad said. I thought about this for a moment. There was no way I could live this down if anyone else saw this picture. I imagined Greg looking at my naked body. I was definitely getting turned on at the thought of it.  
  
"Come on baby! Please??" Brad begged. I imagined the humiliation I would feel if this picture got on the Internet. I looked at Brad. He was so excited to show me off. I took a deep breath and exhaled.  
  
"Whatever," I said, "Go ahead. You're dead if anyone else sees that picture!"  
  
Brad smiled. "You're the best," he said.  
  
"It's just my ass. Like I even care," I said, "But that's the last one!" My hands were shaking. I was nervous as hell.  
  
Brad pressed a few buttons on the phone and then waited. The car was dead silent. A moment passed. I kept picturing Karen's little round ass walking away from the camera. I imagined Greg probably had a huge hard-on watching her. Would he get aroused looking at me? I secretly hoped he would.  
  
The phone buzzed. "Oh my God," said Brad reading the message, "what a cute ass!"  
  
I rolled my eyes and laughed. "You guys are perverts!" I said. I could feel my nipples stiffening under my shirt.  
  
"Let me take another picture," Brad said.  
  
"What? Here?" I asked looking around. The parking lot was still empty, but the road beside us was busy. "You're out of your mind," I told him.  
  
"Just lift your shirt," he said holding up the phone and focusing it on my chest. Did he really think I would let him take a picture of my bare tits? Did he think I would let him show my tits to his best friend? Who knows who else would see that picture?  
  
"In your dreams," I said, smiling. I cupped my hands over my breasts.  
  
Brad leaned over and kissed me. He put the phone down and slipped his hand up under my shirt. He found my hard nipples and pulled gently on them. I moaned softly. I put my arms around him and kissed him hard.  
  
Brad whispered in my ear, "I love those sexy tits of yours, Meghan..." He gently lifted my shirt and lowered his mouth over my left breast. He started to suck on me. I could feel his tongue flicking over my nipple. My pussy started to get wet. Then he slipped my nipple out of his mouth and put my right breast to his lips. The sound of heavy breathing filled the small car. I ran my fingers through his hair and moaned quietly. I opened my eyes and quickly looked around to see if we were still alone, and with Brad's warm mouth still attached to my breast I pulled my shirt off over my head and tossed it to the floor. I sat there bare-chested in the car. Brad sat up and looked into my eyes. He continues to pull and tease my big brown nipples. He said nothing. A moment passed.  
  
"How do you feel," he asked.  
  
I answered quietly, "Horny as hell. You shouldn't have sent that picture of me. You know he's going to show other guys."  
  
"Does it turn you on to know that Greg's looking at your bare ass right now?" Brad asked.   
  
I bit my bottom lip and thought about my answer. I slowly nodded my head, "yes".  
  
"Me too," Brad said.  
  
"Would it turn you on..." I paused to swallow, "to let Greg see my bare chest?" I asked him quietly. He nodded. "Do you want me to do that for you?" I continued almost in a whisper, "Do you want me to show your friend my bare breasts?" I was incredibly turned on. Brad's face was so serious. I glanced at his pants. His erection was enormous. He was rubbing it with his hand through his pants and staring at my tits.  
  
"I'll do that for you if you want," I continued. "I'll let you take a picture of my bare tits and send it to him if you want."  
  
I looked around to make sure we were still alone and then adjusted myself in the seat so my back was against the door. I sat there, both breasts completely exposed, my nipples hard as ice.  
  
Brad said nothing. He just picked up his camera and slowly adjusted it, focusing on my face and chest. I heard the camera click.   
  
"Wait," I said, "Don't show my face." I began to get cold feet. What if this picture ended up on the Internet? What if my friends saw it?  
  
"Just take a picture of my tits," I told him. Brad aimed the camera again, this time closer to my chest.  
  
"Push your boobs together," he said with a smile.  
  
"God!" I muttered, rolling my eyes, "I must really love you." I gently lifted my tits with the palms of my hands, pushing them together slightly. I was by now, incredibly horny. I needed to get fucked in the worst way. I tried to imagine Greg's face when he saw my round tits on his camera-phone. Would he get hard? Would he look at it in private, away from Karen and imagine his mouth on my nipples?  
  
The camera clicked.  
  
"Let me see!" I said. Brad flipped the phone around and showed me the photo. The entire screen was taken up with my big, nude tits. Brad pressed another button on the phone and the image flipped to the picture of my chest and face. I looked at the picture carefully. It was very clear - there was no mistaking my smiling face.  
  
"Which one should I send him?" Brad asked. I looked at him as if to say "that's a foolish question." He held the phone in front of him again and flipped back and forth between the two pictures. "Which one?" he asked again. His words hung in the air. I was SO horny! I turned my head and stared out the window. I ran my fingertips over my bare nipples, keeping them hard.  
  
"You know," I answered. I smiled but didn't look at him. Brad touched his fingers to my chin and turned my head to face him. I looked into his eyes. "You pick," I said.  
  
Brad pushed a few buttons on his phone and waited.  
  
"Which one did you send?" I asked.  
  
"Both," he replied. My heart jumped into my throat. "That's what you wanted... Isn't it?" he asked. He already knew the answer. I turned to look out the window again. I nodded, "yes".  
  
"Are you wet?" Brad asked, breaking the tension. I relaxed and let out a breath.  
  
"God, yes." I said. I unfastened my jeans and slipped them over my hips and down my thighs. I leaned forward and pushed them all the way down to my ankles. Brads hands were already on my panties pulling them down.  
  
"Holy shit are you ever wet!" he said as he slipped his hand between my legs. My smooth cunt yearned to be touched. I spread my legs and slouched down in the seat to get more room. "Take your pants off," he said. I looked around to make sure we were still alone, and pulled my pants off over my white running shoes. I left them on the floor and picked up my shirt.  
  
"What are you doing," he asked. I slipped my shirt back on, and then gathering the front of it, tie it in a loose knot above my breasts.   
  
"If anyone shows up I want to be able to quickly pull my shirt down and then you can drive away, ok?" I said. Brad smiled. He really had nothing to complain about my small request. (He usually prefers to fuck me naked.) I was sitting in his front seat, naked save for a pair of white shoes, and a t-shirt bunched up over my big tits.   
  
"Finger me again," I whispered. I leaned back in the seat putting one foot on his dashboard, and draping the other foot over his lap giving him complete access to my tight little pussy. Brad slipped his middle finger inside me and slowly began to fuck me with it. Suddenly his phone buzzed. Brad stopped mid thrust. We smiled at each other. "It's ok," I said. He slipped his finger out of me, picked up the phone and looked at it.  
  
"Meghan has amazing tits," Brad read aloud, "Karen thinks so too!"  
  
"Oh my God!" I said, shooting up in my seat. "Karen is there now?!" I exclaimed grabbing the phone. I was stunned at what I saw. The picture was of Karen. She was sitting on the edge of a bed. She was expressionless. She was leaning back slightly, and her legs were spread as wide as they could go. She was completely naked - her pussy utterly on display. I stared at the photo. "Whoh," I said. This time I didn't pretend like I wasn't interested in it. I studied it.  
  
Brad took the phone from my hand and looked at it.   
  
He looked around and said, "Get in the back." Brad stepped out of the car and closed the door. I hopped over the seats and into the back, eager to get his fingers back into my pussy. I laid down on the back seat. I hoped he would eat me for a while before he fucked me. The back door opened.  
  
"Oh no, no!" I said sitting up and covering my naked body with my hands. "No pictures!" I said. Brad stood there smiling, holding the camera in his hand.  
  
"Ok," he said, reluctantly. He put the camera on the roof of the car and looking around, opened the button on his jeans. He lowered his fly and pulled out his cock, slipping the elastic of his underwear under his balls. I love Brad's cock. I love it's shape and size and taste. I love the big head and his long shaft. I love his smooth, shaved ball-sac too. Without hesitation I sat up and slipped his dick into my mouth.  
  
"Mmmmm... ya..." he moaned. I wrapped my hand around his shaft and started gently pumping, matching the speed with my nodding head. I paused only for a minute to shift around in the seat. I sat my bare ass on the edge of the car seat and put my feet on the ground. "Fuck... you are... so.... good..." he moaned.   
  
I continued sucking his big dick for a few minutes. Listening carefully for the sound of any approaching cars.   
  
"Sweetheart," I heard Brad say. I opened my eyes and looked up at him. He was holding the camera and pointing it at my face. I knew he would do this. I kept sucking, moving my head back and forth, and working his cock. "What do you think?" he said. I shook my head "No"  
  
I looked into the lenses. I heard the camera click. Brad flipped the phone around and showed me the picture. I had never seen myself giving a blowjob before. I paused, holding the head of his penis between my lips while I looked at the picture. I looked at the picture; his shaft, my lips wrapped tightly around it and my cheeks drawn in. My big brown eyes were looking right back at me. He turned the camera around and typed a message. I shook my head "No" again. Brad turned the phone around again. The message read "Her amazing blowjob". His finger was on the "send" button, ready to press it.   
  
I imagined what would happen to my reputation if this picture got out. I'd be forever known as a slut. I thought about it more while I continued to slide Brad's big cock in and out of my throat. I looked up and saw the look of absolute pleasure on his face. In a moment of reckless abandon, I released my grip on his dick, placed my thumb over his on the phone, and pressed "send".  
  
I sat up, one hand still cupping his shaved ball-sac, and wiped the spit from the corners of my mouth. "You owe me," I told him.  
  
"One more picture, baby," Brad said. I rolled my eyes. I secretly loved this dirty photo shoot. I pictured Greg looking at my boobs, or looking at me swallowing Brad's dick, and getting a huge hard-on. I imagined him quietly sneaking off to the bathroom to jerk-off while he looked at my naked round ass. I quickly looked around to make sure no one else was there.  
  
"Lay down," Brad said. I laid down and moved back into the car. My body had just enough sweat to make it difficult to slide on the seats. I laid there with one leg pulled up - my white sneaker on the seat. I had one hand over my pussy, the other one resting behind my head. I didn't bother pretending that I didn't want my breasts photographed.  
  
"Take your hand away," said Brad, lifting the camera.  
  
"Excuse me?" I said. I snapped my legs together and pulled my knees up to my chest. "No way! Absolutely not!"  
  
"This one's just for me, I promise!" he said. I pretended to believe him.  
  
Brad put his hands on my knees and gently pushed my legs apart. I provided only token resistance. He opened me up wide, exposing my bare cunt to the stream of light that poured in from the mid-day sun. He kneeled down between my legs and focused the camera.  
  
"No one sees this," I said. I heard a click. Brad looked at the picture and handed me the phone. Then, he lowered his head to my pussy and began to eat me.  
  
"Mmmmm...." I cooed. I felt his finger slide into me while his tongue expertly worked my clit. I began to relax and forget that we were in a parking lot. Suddenly the phone buzzed in my hand. I read the message to myself. "She's so hot! I'd love to get her mouth on my cock." I read it again. I read it over and over. I looked down at Brad. His face was busy licking me clean. I opened his camera and found the photo he had just taken. Then I found Greg's address and hit "send".  
  
"Fuck me NOW," I told Brad. He sat up and I flipped over onto all fours. I felt his hands on my hips. He gently dragged me closer to the edge of the car so my knees were on the edge of the seat and my feet were sticking out. I felt his hand on my back. He pushed me down so my chest and face met the car seat and my little ass remained up in the air. He loves to fuck me that way. He says it's because my cheeks spread a little wider, and he can watch himself slide in and out of me better.  
  
I felt Brad's big cock slip effortlessly inside me. I let out a groan of pleasure when I felt his balls slapping my clit. Brad fucked me this way for a while in the back of his car. I could feel the heat from the mid-day sun on my ass. I knew that anyone could drive by and see me, naked save for a pair of shoes, fucking my boyfriend in the parking lot.   
  
While he fucked me, I imagined what Greg's cock must feel like. I imagined it was his big cock pumping me, his hands holding my hips, and his dick I could still taste in my mouth. My orgasm built quickly and I was ready to really come hard when I heard voices.  
  
"Hi Linda," I heard Brad say.  
  
I froze.  
  
Brad kept pumping me, never breaking his rhythm.  
  
"Oh my God," I head Linda say, "Are you guys fucking in the parking lot? God can't you two get enough?"  
  
Humiliation washed over me. Linda (and no doubt her boyfriend) had rolled up in the car beside us and Linda was standing on the opposite side of the car, talking through the open window.  
  
"Hey Meghan," she said in a mocking voice, "how's it going?"  
  
"Oh my GOD!" I screamed. My face must have turned beet-red! I didn't look up but I could feel Linda looking at me. Why wasn't Brad stopping? Why the hell wasn't he throwing me my clothes?  
  
"Stay in the car for a minute, David!" I heard her say.  
  
At least Linda had the decency to ask her boyfriend to stay in the car while Brad finished fucking me.   
  
The orgasm that had started thirty seconds earlier was now arriving like an unstoppable train, despite my humiliation.  
  
"She looks like she's really enjoying it," Linda said, toying with me. Brad didn't answer, he just started pumping faster.

"Oh God," I whispered, "I'm coming now..."  
  
"What?" Brad asked.  
  
"She said she's coming, dumb-ass," answered Linda, "Keep fucking her."  
  
I covered my face with my hands to try to hide the expression of ecstasy and embarrassment washing over me.  
  
"Let it out," I heard her say, "I'll keep watch." She then turned to David and reminded him to stay put. "She's almost done," she told him.  
  
My body convulsed and shook. My orgasm overtook me. I felt Brad's cock throbbing inside me and heard him groan as he delivered his load.  
  
I collapsed on the seat, gasping for breath. I felt my clothes land beside me on the seat, courtesy of my friend, Linda.  
  
After we got dressed Brad half-assed apologized for not warning me my best friend was approaching our car while he screwed me. I sat and spoke with Linda for a few minutes. I asked her how she found us. She explained that they had been driving around looking for us.   
  
"I wanted to find you to show you this," she said. She handed me a cell phone that I recognized as belonging to her boyfriend. I looked at the picture on it. I saw my own face, my mouth open wide, a big penis pushing into it, bulging out the side of my cheek.  
  
"Son of a bitch!!" I yelled.