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1,478 words.

<Cosplay>

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## Chapter Ten

We both heard a knock on the door and realised that it was time to open, we hadn't really got the shop ready, but it was going to be a busy day after the fallout of yesterday. Me and Louise kept exchanging glances, the heat of yesterday coupled with the proposition of today, it was hanging thick in the air.

I couldn't wait for it to let up, even for just a minute, so we could talk more about it. That time would not come, however. I did notice that Louise was getting a lot more stares today than yesterday.

*Even if everyone who stared at her butt paid then she would make more than what she earned here.*

It then hit me that she was likely going to leave this job if this took off.

I was overwhelmed with a pang of sorrow as I realised that our days of working together may be drawing to an end, something I desperately did not want but at the same time, I knew the opportunity to see her like that would be

too good to miss.

The day was busy, as expected, I couldn't get any time with her until the shop closed up, I was too much in my feelings to feel quite as bubbly and energetic as I had felt this morning or yesterday. I put the bolt on and turned to the till, seeing Louise standing there, her lower half obscured by the counter, however I saw a camera on the desk, a SLR camera with a nice-looking lens.

*Is that hers?*

"I know it's been a long day Ryan..." Her voice was low and sultry; I had heard her use this voice many times and I was feeling the Pavlovian response start within my pants. "I offered earlier without really thinking..." Her voice became playful, and she placed an index finger on her cheek and looked up to the ceiling. "There should be an interview or try outs or something."

Louise slid the camera across the counter towards me, I was still halfway through the shop, I was too pent up in anticipation to move, I instead doted on every action and word she had left to give me.

"No time like the present, is there?"

With two long strides she walked between the gap in the counter, and I saw she had discarded her leggings, she was just in a pair of panties, black and lacey, she looked incredible, but she wasn't done. She turned around, slowly, showing me her bare ass, her panties were being swallowed by her gargantuan ass, not that I minded at all.

I stared at her skin; the smooth flesh had a few dimples that added a much more alluring texture to what I thought might've been just a perfectly

spherical ass cheek. The build-up of fatty tissue looked incredible, it was still so firm and perky. Louise put her hands on the back of her head and grabbed clumps of her hair and gave a little shake, making her butt jiggle from side to side.

Fully erect, ready to pounce, I was about to when she spoke again, rendering me immobile.

“Is this a good shot?”

The pose was perfect, and I realised the camera was still waiting for me to be picked up and used. Reaching my arm out, I was trembling.

*Was this really happening?*

I didn't want to question it any longer, so I picked up the camera and took aim at her standing by the counter. The view was perfect; she held the pose until I ran into position.

Truthfully I had only really taken pictures using my phone, generally it was for stock for posts online to draw up interest in new releases, rare things I had acquired or signed merch. That is to say, far different from what I was being asked to do now. Although I was able to quickly work out the focus and I spent a few seconds making sure I had the best shot I could muster with each click of the button on the camera.

The lighting wasn't the best, the dull yellow glow from the bulb was the only source of light, the focus wasn't perfect and the framing of her glorious butt could've been better but I am sure that anyone looking at the picture might forgive the lack of professionalism from the cameraman when they get to see

the bare cheeks of Louise and her massive butt.

We took pictures for what felt like hours, she was very creative with her shots. It was hard to pick a favourite when there were so many very butt focused pictures to be taken. My personal favourite was when she went onto her tip toes and rested her butt on the counter. Something about Louise having an ass just so big that it covered that much space on the counter. It made it look even more colossal.

I could've counted how many pictures but that wasn't something I was interested in, I was just interested in touching it again, to feel it, skin to skin.

"I think that should be enough for my first photo set... Don't you?"

Louise cooed. "All this modelling is tiring work."

"I could go all night." I said, without thinking really.

She burst into laughter and walked over to me, putting her hand on my still bulging cock. "I'm sure you could champ."

I jumped when she made contact, I was taken aback by her brazenness. She gave one squeeze before she kissed me on the cheek. The intention must've been a small kiss, something to signal that we would one day do more, so much more but when she pulled back and looked to walk on she froze, inside my very personal space. If it were anyone else, I would be pulling my head back, trying to leave this very intimate position but it wasn't anyone else, it was her.

I turned my head to hers, our lips were pointed at each other, and we hung there, for a few seconds before I threw myself at her, our lips colliding and mashing into one another.

*Our first kiss.*

It was fuelled with passion, this evening's activities had more than charged me up for something far more than what I was likely going to get, her hand hadn't yet left my throbbing cock and our lips interlocked. It was heavenly, feeling her heat against me, being that close to someone, it wasn't something I had experienced often, that didn't matter now, I was experiencing it with the only woman that mattered.

Despite my bold move to initiate the kiss, despite her hand gripping my rod through my pants, I was not quite as brave to place my hands on her butt. I placed a hand timidly around her side and my palm spread on her back, almost holding her in place so that we could remain attached at the lips for the rest of time.

It couldn't ever be like that, we both released our lips, and I rubbed my hand lovingly on her back, she was panting, a lack of breathing when we were intertwined but also from the rising lust she was feeling. The teasing persona of Louise should've done more at this point, she should've been much more in control but I somehow knew that I had staggered her, if she was an evil villain from one of the comics that adorned the shelves here; I would've just foiled her plan to blow the door off the comically sized bank vault door.

She looked at me, vulnerable, a similar feeling to last night, she wanted more but she wasn't ready. Yet we had taken another step today, physically, I didn't want to rush it, I didn't want to ruin it.

That was all to say, that this was in my head, the woman hadn't said a

single word, I just read her face and reaction. There was only one wrinkle in the thought process.

Her hand was moving up and down on my cock.

The subtle pressure, coupled with the photoshoot was making it so much more pleasurable than I was expecting.

“I...” She gasped, lost for words, her voice had vacated her and yet she wanted to tell me something.

“What is it?” I said, my voice going low, sultry even.

“I think...” She stammered. “Maybe you... Maybe you can touch...” Her cheeks were red; she was shy again.

*Was the thought of arousal that stifling to her?*

“Touch what exactly...” I raised an eyebrow, purposefully on the attack.

Letting go of my cock, she wrapped her arms around my neck and Louise buried her head into my shoulder and I heard a soft murmur. “You know what... Please... Touch it...”

*I don't need to be told twice...*

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