

# New Sensation

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The room buzzed with anticipation as the soft glow of studio lights bathed the photoshoot space. Sarah Everhart, the esteemed photographer for "New Sensations," meticulously fine-tuned her camera settings with the precision of a maestro everyone knew her to be. Her long, slender fingers expertly adjusted the aperture and shutter speed, ensuring every shot would capture her subject's sculpted physique in its full glory. The hum of excitement only added to the room's energy.

"Where is she?" Amidst the bustling preparations, the question hung in the air like an unspoken chord, and Sarah's perfectly arched eyebrow quirked inquisitively. She raised her gaze from the camera's viewfinder and scanned the room, searching for the missing piece of the puzzle—their cover model.

"She's backstage," one of the assistant's casually replied.

Sarah's lips curled into a knowing smile as she received the update from the assistant. With a nod of approval, Sarah gave a reassuring pat to her camera. She waited, knowing that when she returned, the model would be a vision of strength and grace, ready to captivate the lens and the readers of "New Sensations" magazine.

Sarah's attention shifted from her camera to the assistant who had just informed her. She inquired, her tone tinged with professional curiosity, "What about the other two?"

"Waiting patiently," the assistant pointed towards a corner of the room where two more models stood in a state of poised readiness, one blonde, the other a brunette, both casually standing around bare naked. They were an integral part of this grand composition, awaiting their cues to join. The duo was cute in its little way, with firm asses, perfect tits and curves to die for, but the subject backstage would soon steal the limelight from them.

In a hushed anticipation, the backstage curtain rustled, and Priscilla Avington emerged with a magnetic stride. Every eye in the room was instantly drawn to her, and the reactions from the backstage assistants varied as they beheld her presence. Priscilla was a symphony of strength and grace; her chiselled physique, adorned with glistening, well-defined muscles,

commanded attention. Each sinewy curve seemed sculpted to perfection.

One assistant watched in quiet reverence, a hint of admiration in their eyes, while another couldn't help but exchange an impressed glance with a colleague. Priscilla had that effect on everyone, leaving them in silent awe of her power. With her muscles poised, her entrance signalled the beginning of a photo shoot sure to be a historical moment for New Sensations.

As Priscilla approached the shooting space, the plush fabric of her voluminous gown whispered with every step. Her strong fingers gently caressed the gown's belt, feeling the delicate silk contrasting against her powerful physique. The gown concealed the muscular masterpiece underneath. Yet, the studio held an air of anxiety. Her confident stride carried a sense of purpose, each movement deliberate as she neared the couch where the blonde and brunette now squatted in eager anticipation.

With a regal yet purposeful grace, Priscilla began to disrobe. Her strong hands, now free from the gown's belt, moved precisely, revealing the sculpted masterpiece hidden beneath the fabric. The gown slipped down her shoulders, gliding to the floor like a silken waterfall, unveiling the naked canvas of musculature underneath.

"O-oh, God," Sarah whispered in sheer astonishment, her artistic eye feasting on the breathtaking spectacle before her. Sarah had learned so much about Priscilla through their shared correspondence over the few months leading up to the shoot, but she didn't know about the giant, thick, bulging cock between her thighs. No, that was something Priscilla seemed keen on revealing herself at that moment.

And it worked.

As Priscilla's cock dangled before the lens of the camera, the reactions among the assistants in the studio were priceless. Some stared in sheer awe, their eyes widening as they took in the astonishing display of Priscilla's endowment. They recognised the rarity of this moment.

One assistant couldn't help but nod appreciatively, recognising the immense weight of the meaty thing Priscilla proudly boasted. Another, a budding photographer, was inspired, mentally composing shots that would capture Priscilla's largeness for their pleasure.

With a nod, Sarah regained her composure, determined to capture the magic of this moment. "O-okay, let's get started," she declared with a tone of authority that resonated throughout the studio. Her gaze shifted to the other two models, Brandi and Amber, who had

patiently waited. "Brandi, Amber, take up position," she directed them, her voice firm yet encouraging.

As Brandi and Amber assumed their places, Priscilla's powerful presence provided the backdrop for this striking composition. Sarah orchestrated a moment that would become a work of art.

In this fated dance, Brandi, the striking blonde model, took her place behind Priscilla. Her lithe figure starkly contrasted Priscilla's raw power, yet the harmony they created was undeniable. With a practised grace, she wrapped her arms around Priscilla's powerful shoulders, her supportive and complementary touch emphasising Priscilla's natural yet godlike strength.

At the same time, Amber knelt before Priscilla. Her features radiated a quiet confidence as if she were the guardian of the stage beneath Priscilla's towering presence. Her positioning brought juxtaposition to the composition, framing Priscilla's remarkable form as if she were a giant in contrast.

"You're cute," Priscilla said with a warm smile, directing her compliment towards Amber. Her words were spoken with a touch of playfulness after moments of confident silence.

With a soft blush tinting her cheeks, Amber glanced up at Priscilla. Her eyes reflected a mix of admiration and gratitude for the kind words before her hands glided across Priscilla's quadriceps, tracing the finely defined muscle contours, her fingers merely an inch away from her large balls that bulged with menacing intent.

"Perfect, ladies, perfect..." Sarah said, her voice a symphony of encouragement and artistic vision. With her camera capturing every detail, she meticulously immortalised this extraordinary moment, each click of the shutter a snapshot of strength and beauty. Sarah framed shots that highlighted the juxtaposition of Priscilla's commanding presence and the grace of Brandi and Amber. She zoomed in to reveal the sinews, showcasing the sheer power of Priscilla's form.

Brandi's hands gently began to massage Priscilla's powerful pectorals, her touch as skilful as it was tender. Fully aware of the camera's presence, Priscilla responded by flexing her pectorals, creating a dynamic and captivating tableau for the lens. It was a teasing display of strength and sensuality. Seizing the moment, Sarah's camera clicked rapidly, capturing this intriguing interplay between the two models.

"Priscilla, give us a bicep flex for the camera, wouldya?" Sarah called out, her voice a mix

of professionalism and enthusiasm. Priscilla, always eager, didn't hesitate. With a confident smile, she raised her arm, her bicep swelling into a captivating mound of muscle larger than Sarah's head! The camera captured the moment, freezing in time the display of power and femininity that had become Priscilla's signature.

"Amber, why don't you put your hand on Priscilla's abs there? Give them a real good rub..." Sarah's direction carried a touch of artistic exploration as she encouraged the model to add depth and sensuality to the photo shoot. Understanding the creative intent, Amber gently rested her hand on Priscilla's abs. Her touch was delicate and reverent, almost worshipful. The camera clicked.

Brandi couldn't resist seizing an opportune moment to touch Priscilla's biceps, her fingertips grazing the hard, sinewy muscle. She was struck by the incredible firmness of Priscilla's arms, and a mischievous smile played on her lips as she turned to Priscilla, her eyes sparkling with admiration.

"Wow, Priscilla, your biceps are like granite," Brandi exclaimed, awe in her voice. Priscilla couldn't help but smirk in response to the playful compliment, her confidence radiating from every flexed muscle.

"Heh, and that's not even the hardest muscle I have," Priscilla retorted with a sly grin. The comment hinted at her cock dangling freely between her thighs which was yet to be admired as feverishly as the rest of her had been. It drew a knowing chuckle from the cute duo.

"Which one of you wants to go first..." Sarah inquired, her voice curious as she sought to capture the moment perfectly. The question marked a change in direction for the photoshoot, giving Brandi, Amber, and Priscilla the chance to spread their wings.

"Really?" Brandi and Amber said in unison, their voices carrying an air of surprise and perhaps a touch of hesitation. The unexpected proposition from Sarah caught them off guard momentarily. "You really think we can handle...that?"

"What do you think, Priscilla?" Sarah asked, turning to the aspiring cover model for her input. "Can it be done?"

As Sarah's question hung in the air, Priscilla took a moment to size up Brandi and Amber. Like a judge, her gaze moved up and down their figures with a discerning eye. The three of them had a silent, mutual understanding as Priscilla's eyes carefully measured the petite duo's respective holes.

"I'm sure she'll fit," Priscilla replied slyly, a playful glint in her eye as she felt the eager pulses from her cock. Her words conveyed a confidence only she could possess.

Amber reached for Priscilla's shaft with a playful glint in her eye as if she had a naughty plan in mind. However, before she could put her idea into action, Priscilla tsked in mock disapproval, her smile hinting at something.

"Uh-huh. You gotta earn it, little mouse," Priscilla quipped.

Feeling the momentum and determination among the models, Sarah, aware of Priscilla's evident domination in the scene, took the initiative and snapped more photographs with renewed enthusiasm. Her camera clicked rhythmically, capturing each striking moment, every shot reflecting Sarah's artistic vision shining through. Priscilla's powerful presence and commanding aura in the frame served as a guide.

Priscilla extended her thumb and pressed it against Amber's soft lips. The touch was a subtle yet intimate connection between the two women, a gesture of sensuality. Amber's eyes met Priscilla's gaze. In that gaze, she noticed Brandi behind Priscilla, still massaging her shoulders with a gentle touch.

"Oh, babe," Brandi said softly, her voice carrying a tender note as she feverishly kneaded Priscilla's powerful flesh as though her life depended on it. "Why don't you let me have a go?"

Priscilla noticed Brandi's momentary pause, and her gaze conveyed a subtle disapproval, an unspoken signal that there was work to be done. Yet, Priscilla's expression softened as she looked to her shoulder, offering a hint to Brandi with a nod that indicated she should continue the massage. "You'll get your turn when you earn it."

Aware of the playful competition with her colleague, Amber offered a smug look at Brandi. Like herself, she knew that Brandi was eager for her turn to play with Priscilla's big toy. Amber's glance held a hint of rivalry as she saw Priscilla grip her cock firmly before it was swung and slapped across her supple cheek harshly. It felt like being hit with a baton, the large thing was so hard, but Amber merely moaned like the whore she was in response.

"It's so big," Amber said, her voice tinged with playful innuendo as she commented on the size of Priscilla's cock. Oh, how she wanted to take hold of it and suck. But she also wanted to be the obedient little lamb in the face of such a powerful being, Priscilla's gaze unwavering, godlike.

As Brandi massaged Priscilla's powerful calves for the camera, a subtle undercurrent of jealousy crept into her thoughts. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy toward Amber, who had been blessed to be slapped by Priscilla's cock. It was so degrading, so...hot. Brandi longed for the same opportunity. Yet, she was a professional who waited, her touch conveying admiration for Priscilla's sculpted muscles.

It was here Priscilla took further control. With the flash of Sarah's camera on her right side, she grunted forcefully as she began to stroke her cock hard and fast, yet still slow enough for it to be enjoyable for both her and Amber, who giggled girlishly at the godlike she-hunk's musculature looming over her chest.

"That's right, cum for me! Cum for me!" Amber had taken control in her little way, too, playing with her perfect tits in a way that really got Priscilla going. The hulking blonde moaned softly at feeling the seminal fluid she'd backed up for the past week for the sole purpose of releasing it today. She had so much to give, each hard tug making her balls visibly swell inches at a time. "Cum for me!"

"I'm the one in charge," Priscilla declared, her voice filled with an air of dominance as it boomed to fill the shooting space, reaffirming her role. "You cum for ME!"

To stress the point, Priscilla slapped her cock across Amber's cheek again, now hard enough to startle the woman and knock her off her feet, her ass rolling across the carpet. But even then, she did so with a moan before regaining her composure and turning seductively to Sarah's flashing camera lens. It was as if Priscilla had taken Amber's words personally, her spirit igniting furiously to the challenge. Amber's earlier remark about the size of Priscilla's bullish cock had struck a chord, and now she was determined to assert her authority.

"You," Priscilla said, her finger pointing sharply to Brandi, her muscles quaking as if thunder rolled under her skin, "Touch each other." Her command was clear and enunciated dominantly.

Brandi and Amber exchanged a brief but meaningful glance, their eyes meeting in silent agreement. And then, as their hands met in a sensual embrace, Sarah continued to capture the moment with her camera. Her keen eye knew this moment would be a hit amongst old and new fans.

Priscilla, Brandi, and Amber's collective posing was like a masterpiece. The composition came alive as they intertwined in their unique and complementary positions. Priscilla's

commanding presence in the center, flanked by Brandi and Amber, showcased female power and sensuality. The blend of musculature and curvaceousness was like brushstrokes on a canvas, each contour and flex a stroke of artistry that celebrated the vast spectrum of the female form.

Sarah swallowed. Her eyes were locked on the living tableau of strength and beauty before her, captured through the camera lens. The composition she had envisioned was taking shape, and the emotions welled up.

As Priscilla stood over the mousy models, grunting and panting with each furious tug of her man-shaming cock, she felt the pressure in her balls mounting to a climax she struggled to control. Brandi and Amber noticed and took it upon themselves to take charge, with Priscilla now so crippled by the pressure she could barely keep her eyes open.

Knelt in front of Priscilla, Amber opened her mouth, eagerly awaiting the creamy expulsion from the bulging tip. She could see Priscilla's balls twist and contort in their futile effort to prevent release, but then, after the slightest gentle touch from Amber's hand—

The cock, swollen with its need for release, hung momentarily, its taut flesh gleaming under the studio lights. It was a mesmerising sight. Then, with a sudden burst, the appendage exploded in a spectacular display of cascading seminal fluid. Each cream-white droplet flew across the room. The studio atmosphere had mutated into a symphony of splashes. As Priscilla's balls deflated, the models stood amidst the shower, their beauty untouched by the torrential explosion.

Taking over, Brandi sensually licked and sucked on Priscilla's shaft, her actions deliberate and seductive. As she indulged in her new sweet treat, the sounds were soft and rhythmic as she drew the meaty piece into her mouth, followed by enunciated moans of pleasure as she pulled free, only to repeat the process with renewed vigour.

Priscilla looked down at Brandi, her commanding presence evident in her gaze. Their eyes met in a moment of unspoken lust. "Kiss her," Priscilla ordered sharply, referring to Amber, who waited patiently at the side.

Brandi moved in, her lips slathered in Priscilla's cum. As their lips met, the taste of salt at their touch, the duo moaned in sync as though they were long-time lovers. Amber caressed Brandi's soft golden mane as she felt a hand brush over her ear. Then came the giggles.

As Sarah continued to capture the unfolding scene through her camera, her loins burning

for some sense of physical contact, she marvelled at the models' bold creativity and ability to infuse sensuality and empowerment into the photoshoot effortlessly.

"Okay, girls, to finish up, I want to do something different..." Sarah's voice held a note of anticipation, adding a sense of intrigue. "Amber, Brandi? I want you two to pair up and face the camera. Priscilla?"

Sarah's gaze lingered on Priscilla's extraordinary musculature. Priscilla's biceps glistened under the studio lights while her broad shoulders exuded an air of command. As Sarah admired the stunning display of Priscilla's muscles, her thoughts raced with creative possibilities. She pondered how best to showcase Priscilla's unique qualities in the final photo, recognising the importance of capturing the physical prowess and the essence of Priscilla's godlike presence.

And then, the idea — coming like a bolt of lightning.

"I want you to lay back on the carpet here, exude confidence like you're a Greek god laying with their harem." The context was rich with symbolism, and Sarah saw the opportunity to emphasise Priscilla's commanding presence. Priscilla's powerful musculature and poised confidence were about to become a striking focal point in the final photo, portraying strength beyond reach.

Priscilla gracefully reclined on the plush carpet. Her musculature glistening under the studio lights contrasted beautifully with the softness of the luxurious carpet beneath her. Her broad shoulders conveyed an aura of power.

As she assumed her pose, Priscilla exuded the confidence that not only invoked the images of Greek gods but would have them tremble in her presence, reclining alongside her harem of admirers. Her alluring eyes met the lens of Sarah's camera. Each element of her physique seemed meticulously crafted to capture the essence of a powerful, self-assured goddess.

The collective reactions from Sarah and her assistants were a blend of admiration and enthusiasm. Sarah's eyes sparkled as she gazed through the camera's lens, her artistic vision coming to life before her. How Priscilla's muscles glistened under the studio lights, contrasting with the softness of the carpet, could only be described as perfect.

"Well," Sarah said with an exhilarated smile, her words holding a note of triumph. "I think we found our cover."