**Andi and The Camera Club**

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*Just so you know, there's no sex in the story.*  
  
**Andi and The Camera Club Ch. 01**  
  
Hm, .... 'Models Required ... A discrete Gentlemen's Camera Club seeks open-minded attractive female models - no previous experience necessary. 0779 ...... '  
  
I kept coming back to the advert in the local paper. It was silly, of course. No girl in her right mind would ever respond to an ad like that! Certainly not me! But somehow I kept coming back to the ad.  
  
At 18 I'd long fantasised about being a model, after all what girl hasn't? And when you're slim, fairly pretty, with nice legs, cute bum, and 34c upstairs you think you have what it takes.  
  
But no way I was going to respond! The next day as I looked again through the classifieds, forcing myself NOT to look again at THAT ad, I found myself browsing the Clubs section and noticed:  
  
'Gentlemen's Camera Cub for discerning broad-minded amateur photographers. New members welcome. Wednesdays from 8pm, Michael's Studio, 37 Main Street, 0779 .....'  
  
Yes, that looked familiar, the style, the layout, and looking at the phone number given I flicked back to the model ad. Yes, same number! Of course I just laughed, thinking 'dirty old pervs!' and didn't give it another thought.  
  
Except that I did. I kept imagining being a model for them, wondering what they'd want, how far they'd expect me to go, what it would feel like to be ogled, photographed, appreciated, desired, lusted over ... mmm  
  
How was I to find out if they already had someone? Could I make some sort of discrete enquiry? If only I was a bloke I could pose as a broad-minded amateur photographer; but I certainly didn't want any of my guy friends to know I was even thinking of it, so I couldn't ask them! Maybe I could pose as a teenage boy whose voice hasn't broken! But then they surely wouldn't discuss it. How about I say I'm a potential model, and withhold my phone number?  
  
I carried on with normal life, going to college, being a good girl at home for mum, secretly trying on different skimpy outfits in my bedroom every night, to see how sexy I looked ... slowly stripping off each layer in the bathroom as I watched myself in the mirror, my heart beating and tummy churning.  
  
And yes, when Wednesday came round I just had to walk past number 37 Main Street at around 8pm ... Yep, there were some nice ordinary looking respectable men going in to Michael's Studio. Crossing the road to walk past on the other side of the road I glanced over and noticed a small temporary sign on the door 'Gentlemen's Camera Club'  
  
Walking quickly home I withheld my number and called the one in the ads ... it was ringing.  
  
My heart was in my throat and thumping so loud it had to be audible at the other end when a deep pleasant voice answered, "Yes?"  
  
"Er, is that the camera club?" I asked, almost breathless.  
  
There was a pause, then, "yes it is, what can I do for you?"  
  
"Um, I saw an advert in the paper, models wanted? .."  
  
"That's right, are you interested?"  
  
"I think so ... er, do you already have models booked?"  
  
"Not at the moment .. Would you like to audition?"  
  
"Audition?" That caught me by surprise. After a brief hesitation, "Oh! ... Um, yes, I suppose ... er, would next week be convenient?"  
  
"Can you come to Michael's Studio next Tuesday at lunchtime? Do you know where that is?"  
  
"Oh, er, yes I know it," not mentioning I'd already checked out the address! "But I don't think I can do Tuesday ... I'll be at c ... work ... how about Wednesday evening?" I held my breath, wondering if he'd let a potential model appear on club night without his having seen her first.  
  
He paused. "What experience do you have, my dear?"  
  
"Well none, but your ad said that wouldn't be a problem?"  
  
"Not usually, no, but if we're going to take up club time I need to know a little more. Can you send me a photograph? Just a snapshot of head and shoulders perhaps?"  
  
"Er, I'm not supposed to give out my phone number ..."  
  
"You are 18?" he asked quickly.  
  
"Of course .. Oh never mind .. Maybe its not such a good idea ..."  
  
"No.. hold on ... if you really are 18, I suppose we could just do a quick audition and see where we go .. Be at Michael's Studio at 7.50, OK?... Oh, and what's your name?"  
  
"Um, Mandy," quickly blurting the first name that came into my head  
  
"Very well, Mandy, be here on Wednesday at 7.50 and we'll take it from there, ok?"  
  
"Sure, thanks, bye"  
  
I swallowed hard. Thank goodness I'd withheld my number, and given a false name. I felt a little weak, a little shaky, a little excited, more than a little turned on. Of course I wasn't actually going to go, but the act of making the enquiry was sort of sexy and naughty. I had to look through my wardrobe and drawers for something suitable, so I could pretend that I was going to the audition.  
  
The week went by in a bit of a muddled blur. Mum noticed that I was distracted but apart from checking I wasn't ill she left me alone. On the one hand time crawled, and the next Wednesday loomed in the near future like some kind of spectre, hovering, hardly getting closer. On the other hand, I found it difficult to concentrate on anything, including my college work. Every time I saw a man I knew I wondered if he went to the club. How would I react, cope if he was there? But of course this was silly, since I wasn't actually going to go, ... was I?  
  
I knew the answer, but kept pretending up to the last minute.  
  
I told Mum that I was going out after tea to meet some friends, but wouldn't be late back.  
  
And so here I was, opposite Michael's Studio on Wednesday at 7.40. Well, I didn't want to be late. The discrete little sign wasn't yet in the door, but there were lights on downstairs as well as on the floor above, so someone must be setting up, I supposed. It occurred to me that I didn't know the name of the guy I spoke to on the phone, but I didn't think that would be a problem.  
  
At 7.45 I couldn't wait any longer. I took a deep breath, held it as I smoothed my ponytail, pulled the low-front, cropped white t shirt straight without uncovering the thin white bra, then tugged the mid-thigh blue skirt snug on my hips, the yellow cotton hipster briefs well below its waistband. Exhaling slowly I crossed the road, careful not to trip in my 2 inch black heels, and pushed open the door. There didn't seem to be anyone there, but the stairs to the floor above were pretty obvious, so up I went turning back on myself to the right. At the top, another door, closed. I knocked and pushed this one open too.  
  
It looked like a cross between a lounge, an artist studio but with lights, and a classroom. To my right was a raised platform with the lights that were in front of me all pointing at it. On it was a simple wooden stool and a neutral backdrop. To my left was the open room, with a couple of leather sofas against the long left wall under the windows onto the street. Facing me was a projector screen on the far wall. And half stooping, looking back at me sort of over his shoulder as he paused setting up a lamp, was a middle-aged man with dark hair and a surprised look on his face.  
  
"Hi, I'm An .. Mandy?" I stood at the door and held my hand out, but of course there was no way he could reach from where he was in front of the platform.  
  
He appeared frozen in place ... then seemed to come to life. Quickly straightening he wiped his hands on his button front shirt and came over.  
  
"I'm so sorry, Mandy, I didn't expect ... I mean, you look, ... er, welcome ... you're early!" he laughed nervously as if me being early explained his reaction.  
  
He had the same deep voice from the phone conversation. We shook hands and I felt his eyes rapidly appraise me, then return to my face. He smiled warmly, and his eyes were bright; I thought, yes, I can do this!  
  
"Why don't you take a seat on the sofa for a moment while I finish setting up, and we'll get you sorted ... er, would you like a drink, or anything?" He nodded over to the fourth wall and I noticed he'd already set out some refreshments ... it looked like everything had to paid for.  
  
"No, I'm ok thanks," I replied sitting carefully, demurely on the sofa, knees together and slightly to one side, skirt decently covering my thighs, mostly.  
  
"So I'm Brian, Mandy ... well not Brian Mandy, ha ha, but yes ... um ..." he prattled on and I could only suppose that I made him nervous, which was a bit of a shock since I was the one new to all this.  
  
He seemed to give up on the lights and invited me to sit on the stool while he did some light checks. I complied, moving carefully but quickly, and settled onto the stool with my knees pointing to my right, my body half turned towards the room. Brian stepped close with a small gadget which he held near my face.  
  
"Just getting a light reading," he told me, then held it next to my shoulder. I watched closely, curious, and smiled to myself when I saw him looking at the exposed chest and down my top. He seemed to want to take a reading against my skin there but couldn't bring himself to do it. He coughed and left the stage, getting a camera and facing me from the floor.  
  
"Ok, look natural, look at the camera ... now to your right, now over your shoulder to the left ... wow you look great!"  
  
Just then the door opened and two more men came in, similar ages to Brian.  
  
"Well what have we here, Brian?" the taller of the two called as soon as he saw us. I smiled at them, waiting for Brian to explain.  
  
He never got the chance, because the tall man came straight over. "Well hello, young lady! My, you are gorgeous! I hope you're going to model for all of us, not just Brian here?"  
  
Flattered at his compliments, I grinned and replied, "I'm Mandy, and yes I'm offering to model tonight, if you guys want me, that is?" adding the last bit with a pretence at being coy.  
  
"Welcome Mandy, I'm John, ... And yes, I think we'll all want you!" grinning, he held out his hand, which I shook,  
  
"And I'm George," the other newcomer added, shaking my hand too. He was shorter and younger, fair haired, maybe 30s, quite good looking and muscular. I blushed.  
  
"She's ever so cute, Brian. Where did you find her?" Asked George, while John went over to the refreshments table.  
  
"She answered the ad, and I asked her here to audition," Brian replied, and John called over, "You actually got a response? Good for you, Mandy!" as he returned carrying 3 cups. One for George, one for himself, and one, it seemed, for me!  
  
"Thanks," I said, taking it. It looked and smelled like neat spirit. John tossed his back in one go, and looked at me expecting me to do the same. I tried, swallowed the fire, and immediately bent over coughing and choking.  
  
I was helpless as I bent double, and felt hands comforting me and rubbing my back, gently holding my arms. Eyes streaming, when I straightened I could tell that it was John and George who had been stroking me, Brian just watching, embarrassed.  
  
"Oh! I'm so sorry!" I said, half choking, pulling a tissue from my skirt and dabbing my eyes. "I didn't realise what it was!" I added unnecessarily, trying not to smudge my mascara.  
  
"Here, have mine, to settle you," offered George, and gratefully I took it, draining it in small sips.  
  
Despite being a little light headed, I felt better.  
  
The room had filled up a bit while I'd been incapacitated, but it seemed only two newcomers had joined us. David, shaved bald but a similar age to Brian and John, and Tom, a white haired pensioner with a gleam in his eye.  
  
John introduced them, I said hi, and went over to the sofa to my bag, for the mirror and to re-do my makeup. As I repaired my face they all seemed to be chatting very animatedly, and smiling in my direction. So far, I seemed to be a hit.  
  
"Why don't we get started? Lets not keep Mandy waiting," suggested John, and everyone busied themselves getting cameras out and looking busy. "Would you sit back on the stool, Mandy?" he invited.  
  
Again Brian stepped closer to get a light reading, this time checking my face, my shoulder, and yes, my chest. His hand hovered just where the neck-line of my cropped white t shirt swooped low, uncovering fully half of the top slopes of my breasts as they jutted forward, the thin white bra under the top only just covering the small but inflating nipples. He glanced nervously at me as he finished, but I made no protest and he seemed reassured. The other guys had watched, and John repeated the process for himself, followed by George, and David, and finally Tom, who took his time. Tom even brushed the back of his hand against my left breast by accident, which sent a flush of warmth up my chest to my neck and a surge through my nipple.  
  
The guys started taking pictures, and began giving directions.  
  
Click, click, click, click, click  
  
"That's it ... look ahead ... now down,"  
  
"Turn more to your left, facing us ... look over your shoulder, now the other ... flick your hair .."  
  
In between more directions Brian asked me some questions.  
  
"What made you answer the Ad, Mandy?"  
  
Click, click, click, click, click  
  
"I was curious, and it looked interesting,"  
  
"Stand behind the stool, darling," that was John. I stood  
  
"Did you feel you met all the criteria?" asked Brian  
  
Click, click, click, click  
  
"Yes, I think so .." I replied, not sure any more what the criteria were.  
  
"Lean forward, darling, your hands on the stool," John again. As I did so, I knew I was presenting a down-blouse shot, and lifted my chin making sure not to obstruct their view.  
  
Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click  
  
"Oh beautiful!" said George. I felt a quick thrill, and grinned  
  
"You're certainly female!" said Brian, still interviewing me  
  
"Now elbows on the stool," John again. I did as he wanted, again chin up, loving it.  
  
Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click  
  
"Yes, I am," I grinned at Brian, "I think you can all see that!"  
  
"And you're attractive, another criteria, aren't you Mandy?" Brian asked.  
  
"Same position, but from this side of the stool, Mandy, your back to us," John demanded.  
  
"I think I'm attractive, but its more for you guys to decide than me!" I replied, as I stood, stepped between the stool and the guys, turned my back to them and stooped to rest my elbows on the stool, feet together.  
  
Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click  
  
I hoped my skirt still covered my undies! Well, half hoped, anyway, a naughty rush going through me. Looking over my shoulder, I noticed Tom and George were almost at the floor, taking photos upwards!  
  
Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click  
  
"The last criteria was open minded ... are you open minded, Mandy?" Brain asked  
  
The question was loaded of course, and I looked at them in the pause where no cameras clicked. Still in position I considered my answer, then slowly, deliberately moved my left foot to my left, then my right foot to my right parting my legs for them. Oh, big rush!  
  
Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click  
  
"I'd like to think so ..." I replied  
  
"Ok, keeping the same angle, still bending forward, straighten your arms and lean your hands on the stool, darling," John's next instruction.  
  
Again I moved slowly and deliberately, my legs straight and feet the same distance apart, body leaning forward at the same angle, arms straightening. They would now be able to see up my cropped t shirt and up my short skirt. What a successful choice of wardrobe, I congratulated myself with another grin, watching them stoop for the shots they wanted.  
  
Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click  
  
All the guys were taking turns to get a good angle upwards from low down below the height of my hips. This was as much fun as I'd hoped it would be, and the guys were wonderfully absorbed in what the were doing.  
  
Brian and John nodded to each other and Brian suggested a break.  
  
"Ok Mandy, you're doing great. Relax for a moment before we try the next set. Guys, you know the drill."  
  
As I turned and sat on the stool, the guys seemed to queue at a laptop near the refreshment table, and I realised they were saving their photos to the computer. George brought me over another drink, which I sipped slowly this time.  
  
"Thanks, " I said. "Am I doing ok?" I asked  
  
"Look at the screen, Mandy, you'll see."  
  
Now that they were all either sitting on the sofas or leaning against the table, a slide show began on the wall to the right of me. A succession of the pictures the guys had taken, more or less in the order of poses, each guys work coming up before moving on to the next pose.  
  
They all chipped in with technical comments of each other's work, and more thrilling for me, comments on the model.  
  
They were generous with their praise of me, starting with simple compliments like how pretty I look, or how beautiful, soon progressing to nice figure, well-proportioned, shapely, especially when the photos were down my top, some blatantly just of my breasts. They kept glancing over to see how I was taking the comments, but I was loving all the attention, and was probably grinning like an idiot, especially with three neat drinks inside me.  
  
By now we were at the last two sets of pictures, where I had my back to them all. Tom and George's first pictures were of my undies, up my skirt. The comments now included compliments on my legs and bum, or 'arse', which became even more complimentary when I opened my legs. I felt a glow of pleasure, grinning at them as they glanced my way. When the last up-skirt and up-top pictures came round I thought I looked damned sexy, almost gasping with delight when someone praised one Tom's pictures, for how he,  
  
"caught between her legs for pussy and tits perfectly focused."  
  
As they looked to me to see how I'd react, I simply took a slight bow on my stool. That seemed to release them from being careful with their words, and after they'd all discussed 'pussy' and 'tits' for a good moment, Brian introduced a more questioning approach.  
  
"While that is a great shot, Tom, its not quite right, is it? It's the same thing with the down-blouse shots of her tits earlier ... its not the technical detail, and its not the model ..."  
  
I frowned ... what was the problem? If its not me or the photo ... I looked at the picture again ...  
  
"It's the bra. Mandy, you need to lose the bra, darling." John again.  
  
All eyes turned to me.  
  
How delicious, to have all that attention!  
  
"Do you think so too, Brian?" I asked, conversationally.  
  
"Yes," he replied without a pause, "You need to take off your bra."  
  
"Do you all want me to take my bra off?" I asked just for the fun of it, and got five serious professional answers of 'yes'.  
  
So, sitting on the stool, facing them, I reached behind to unhook and quickly removed the bra through arm holes, dropping the bra on the floor just off the stage.  
  
"Great! Now sit there while we re-take meter readings, and we'll start again!" said John, getting up.  
  
They all took turns to check the lighting, and this time they all somehow managed to brush against a breast. It was fantastic. First John rubbed the back of his right hand against the upper slope of my left breast making me gasp, grinned at me and gave way to George. He checked the face and shoulder, then pressing his right hand into the top of my left breast then right, checked both sides. I smiled at him as our eyes met, and Brian came forward. He rubbed slowly up and down against my left breast, then did the same on my right, taking his time, making up for his earlier reticence. Dave, on his turn, pressed against my left breast, then my right, then rubbed the back of his hand against the left nipple, and then again the right.  
  
Finally Tom didn't bother with a meter, and just cupped my breasts through the top, hefting them a little, grunting with satisfaction, pinching both nipples erect before stepping away. That felt exquisite, and had my tummy doing all sorts of things as I rubbed my thighs together, hands gripping the stool. Looking down I could see hard points poking against my top, making me feel even more sexy.

I should say I was disgusted, but it was great!  
  
We re-did the standing behind the stool leaning forward on hands and then elbows, giving them much better down-blouse shots, and I was asked to pull the top a bit lower, to "show more tit" which of course I did, pulling the top tight to my still aroused nipples. Then it was time to stand on the other side of the stool, arms straight. I pulled my undies up close into my pussy, moved my feet apart, bent forward as before with arms straight, and let them get their up skirt and up top pictures. I knew that my uncovered breasts were hanging nicely for them, nipples probably on show, and was rewarded with a lot more clicking.  
  
Feeling daring, I pushed back further from the stool, legs still straight, my upper body now horizontal.  
  
Murmurs of approval and click, click, click, click, click.  
  
Then letting go of the stool I bent almost double, like I was touching my toes, but I was careful not to hide behind my legs as I grabbed my ankles and let the t shirt fall to expose my breasts completely.  
  
"Mm, great tits, darling!"  
  
"And your arse looks good like that!"  
  
Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click  
  
It didn't take much to slip the t shirt over my head and off.  
  
"Oh yes! Good girl!"  
  
Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click  
  
Taking my time, I stood up keeping my hips facing away from them, but half turning my upper body to give them a profile view of my naked breasts, my hands in my hair, elbows raised.  
  
The cameras were going constantly.  
  
They let me 'express' myself for a bit, taking as many pictures as they wanted. I moved through a few poses that turned me on, pausing long enough for them to record everything. In some I was sitting on the stool facing them, cupping my tits, covering them, or with my arms by my side, head turned in various directions. I stood, leaned forward, leaned back. Sat with legs apart, skirt pulled up to expose my yellow undies pulled in tight for a camel toe. I stood with my back to them and slowly undid my skirt letting it fall while I looked over my shoulder at them.  
  
Now in just yellow hipster undies and black 2" heels I turned slowly and repeated all the poses from before, keeping my briefs pulled up tight. In nearly all the poses I kept my legs apart, wanting them to stare at my covered pussy and at my exposed tits. I was loving it, and was grateful to them for not pushing me, but letting me take my time, go at my own pace.  
  
Then I was again standing at the stool with my back to them, and my hands slid down my sides to the band of my briefs, and tantalisingly slid the back of them down below my cheeks, grinning at them as they almost fell over themselves to get more shots.  
  
"That's as far as I go, boys," I said, "after all, I'm a good girl!" but they didn't seem to mind.  
  
Pulling them back up I sat half naked through the review of the second half of photos. It was amazing to be so almost nude with five men, looking at photos they had taken of my exposed body. The comments were more earthy this time, as they talked about my tits, my nipples, how my undies fitted my arse, my pussy. There were lots of close-ups, and they seemed content with the pictures that they had. I was impressed with how they caught the way my nipples poked through the top, and even the areolas seemed to show through the thin white cloth. The topless pictures were great fun, and the guys had made the most of capturing my exposed body. My boobs looked nice and round and full, the pink points very clear and pointy in the pictures. I think they could tell how I enjoyed every time they mentioned 'tits', 'pussy' and 'arse'.  
  
I also posed topless for each of them to get a pic with me. This got a bit physical again, as first John stood next to me for the guys to take our portrait. In the beginning his left hand as on my bare waist, but with successive pictures it rose up to land squarely on my left breast. I didn't object, but smiled for the camera. Then it was George's turn, and he just started with his left hand on my left breast and kept it there through the pictures.  
  
John was a little bolder, and stood behind me with both his hands supporting my breasts like a shelf hand bra. It was all incredibly sexy and getting me worked up even more. Brian also stood behind me, his hands falling over my shoulders to cup my breasts, lifting them and keeping the nipples exposed.  
  
Then it was Tom. Dirty old Tom! He stood behind me like Brian, and firmly rolled both nipples in his fingers, rolling and rolling them as the sensations in my insides got squirmier. My breath starting becoming short, and before long I was almost panting, finding it hard to keep my eyes open.  
  
"Oh fuck! I think she's gonna cum!" I heard from somewhere in front of me, and squeezing my knees together I let the feeling wash through me and over me, a series of small peaks of pleasure charging through me, going right between my clamped thighs.  
  
Tom let go, and my breathing returned to normal. I opened my eyes and the guys were all staring.  
  
"Er, thanks, Tom!" I said a little sheepishly, and rubbed my sore nipples.  
  
"Times up," announced Brian a little disappointed, which pleased me. Always leave your audience wanting more, they say.  
  
So when it was time to finish I put the top on without the bra, thanked them all, gave each guy a kiss on the cheek, and left, turning down the offers to walk me home. I was back in my bedroom by 11pm, horny as fuck, high as its possible to be.  
  
I masturbated for ages, replaying the whole thing in my mind. It was a wonderful experience; sexy, exciting, and safe.  
  
I'd quickly said goodnight to Mum, who sensed something but again left me alone, and hurried upstairs. I closed my bedroom door firmly, dropped my bag on the bed, and walked sexily across to my three-quarter dressing mirror. It had been so arousing seeing the images of me on that big screen, sitting with the men, hearing them comment, my clothes disappearing in the pictures.  
  
I became aware that the process of unveiling was a turn-on for me, as much as exposing myself to their looks, their cameras. Since I wasn't wearing the bra any more, I pinched my nipples through my top, just like Tom had done, and was rewarded with visibly swelling nubs casting little shadows on my white top. And it felt good! Not as good as when Tom did it, but still good. I giggled as I remembered how he'd made me orgasm in front of the other guys, just touching my nipples! I'd never managed that on my own.  
  
Undoing the skirt I let it drop to the floor and kicked it out the way. Studying my reflection I turned a little to the left and right, watching how the light caught the gentle flare of my hips, the softness of my flat tummy, and I pulled the yellow undies up close to make that visible camel toe again. Mm, it looked sexy!  
  
Crossing to my bag I grabbed my phone and took a couple of selfies then put it down. Hm ... the top ... grabbing the hem in both hands crossed over I whipped it up and over my head, throwing onto the bed. My boobs did look good. Nice shape, fairly full at this time of the month so 34c, tipped in light pink with smallish surrounds. Cupping them in both hands I lifted them a little like Brian had done. Mm, it felt so nice when someone else's hands were on them.  
  
I turned round to look at my bum in the mirror, and naughtily slid the back of the briefs down below my cheeks, like I had for the guys, remembering just how wicked that had felt, and half regretted not going further. I didn't feel ready to be totally naked for cameras, but here in my room? Grinning, I pulled the front of my undies down to match the back, pretending I'd let the guys see but not photograph it. My thin dark bush was nicely trimmed and shaped to point down, drawing the eye to the bare lips below. I dropped the unties to the floor and stepped out, shyly covering my pussy with my left hand, then flashing the imaginary guys.  
  
The tops of my thighs were a little damp, and lying back on the bed with knees drawn up I closed my eyes and let my fingers explore, sort of wishing it was five pairs of mens hands doing the exploring. Sliding a finger gently up and down where my outer lips met, I spread a little moisture and then felt my flower open her petals. Ah, that felt good ... and five imaginary pairs of hands started to slip around my wet folds, dipping in, rubbing in circles, getting close to my clit but reaching it ... not yet ...  
  
In my head I could hear the imagined Brian asking, "Just how open minded are you, Mandy?" and then the imagined John saying, "Oh look at her pussy! Its very wet, but the glistening labia are catching the light .. Look how her clitoris is swelling. Tom, give her clit some treatment, and Mandy pinch your nipples ...."  
  
I obeyed, my left hand clamping hard on my left nipple, my right becoming Tom's hand circling my clit, closer and closer, then gripping it ... OH! My tummy convulsed, my hips jerked, and Tom was again making me cum, wave after wave, my pussy dripping and the wetness running between my bum cheeks.  
  
After an age, I came to my senses. I was now a it chilly, ad realised that I must have fallen asleep, or passed out?  
  
Getting up off the bed, I threw on a robe and went into the hall towards the bathroom for a shower. Passing Mum she gave me a funny look like she wanted to say something, but wasn't sure how to put it. It mad me wonder how quiet I'd just been, and I blushed deep red. Mum just nodded at me and went into her room.  
  
She knows! She heard me masturbating, heard me cum! It was so embarrassing, and yet that familiar squirm in my tummy started all over again. What was happening to me? I was becoming obsessed! I must stop. I mustn't do any of it ever again.  
  
But the photo session had been utterly amazing ... I just had to do that again!

**Andi and The Camera Club Ch. 02**

Of course I'd never do that again! No way! I'm never going to pose for a Camera Club again! And especially not topless! I kept repeating this to myself, believing it even as I popped into a newsagent the next afternoon to buy the local paper for a neighbouring town. After all, its good to know what's going on elsewhere, right? I repeated it even more as I just happened to glance through the clubs section; and of course I wasn't looking for camera clubs... Ah!  
  
'The Camera Club, digital photography with weekly programme, editing facilities. A place to share your work and learn from others, Membership gives access to all our facilities. We meet Thursday evenings, 7.30 - 10.00pm, at 14A Broad Street, above the bakery. Membership Secretary 0797... '  
  
Taking the paper up to my bedroom as soon I was home, I turned again with shaking fingers to that ad. Hm, nothing about models wanted. Nothing about discrete, or broad minded... no point in calling...  
  
Switching on my laptop I found the address, and going to street view... 14 (a bakery) but no 14A  
  
... no point in calling...  
  
No point in calling? What was that supposed to mean? I was never going to do it again. Ever! I repeated this to myself as my hand toyed with my mobile phone... as I typed in the first few numbers... And the rest ..  
  
Suddenly it was ringing at the other end! Shit!  
  
"Hi, this is Geoff?"  
  
Shit, I thought. Quickly putting the phone to my ear, I cleared my throat, and said a rather strangled, "Hi."  
  
"Hello .. I don't recognise the number... are you calling about the camera club?"  
  
"Er, yes ," I managed, a bit more fluent this time.  
  
"Oh, I'm really sorry, but we're full. We had a great response to our advert in the paper, and we can't take any more. I can put you on the waiting list if you like? Bound to be some who either don't show up, or don't come back next week, ha ha,"  
  
"Oh, but I wasn't .. um, I mean... oh never mind... "  
  
"Wasn't what? Not interested in membership?" he replied, sounding curious.  
  
"Well no, not exactly... "  
  
"Oh, well that's ok, I can still put you on reserve if you like... Um... so what were you interested in? You sound like a young lady, am I right?"  
  
"Er, yes... I'm, er, 18," oh that sounded so like a lie!  
  
"OK, and what is an 18 year old young lady interested in with a Camera Club, if not membership?"  
  
He wasn't making this easy for me... Did I have to beg? I could feel the nerves churning up my tummy, but somehow this making me work for it was really exciting, it was getting me a little fired up!  
  
"Well, I just wondered if you ever needed models at the club, you know, on club nights?"  
  
There was a pause, as if he was choosing his next words carefully.  
  
"So you're interested in coming along to our club .. to model... to pose for us... to be our photographic model?"  
  
"Er,... yes,... yes I am... " I was holding my breath.  
  
"And you are definitely at least 18 years old?"  
  
"Yes; I can bring my birth certificate if you want," What? I screamed to myself... And give away my identity?  
  
"That would be good, yes... Are you available tonight? 7.30, 14A Broad Street? Above the bakery?"  
  
"I'll find it," I assured him, looking again at the street view... yes, another door set back by the bakery.  
  
"Would you be able to bring your portfolio?"  
  
Damn, I thought. "Er, well actually, I don't currently have a portfolio... its like... a work in progress?" cringing even as I admitted this. Why hadn't I asked for copies of the photos from yesterday?  
  
"Oh... So what experience do you have?"  
  
"Well no professional experience, but I have posed for... er,... boyfriends,... I mean friends, done selfies," he really was making me do all the work here, but that seemed to make me feel more turned on, more adventurous, and I continued, "some more glamour type if you understand me... is that the kind of thing you're interested in?"  
  
So now I actually WAS begging? I was disgusted with myself and loving it. It seemed like a good idea not to mention last night.  
  
"Interesting, yes... we would be interested in that kind of thing... what, er, are your measurements?"  
  
"Oh, um, well I suppose I'm a fairly pretty brunette, 34c and I think I have nice legs and a cute bum,"  
  
"Nice... Um... So you'd be prepared to do some, er, swim wear modelling for us?" he asked hesitantly.  
  
Now I was excited!  
  
"Certainly .. Would you like one piece or bikini?" I screwed my eyes up .. Just how brazen was I getting?  
  
"Bring both, and we'll see where we go... " he paused, then, "So you're definitely ok with swimsuit, lingerie... and stuff?" his voice now sounded strained, and catching his excitement my heart really was thumping now.  
  
"Yes, I can also do lingerie... and stuff... for a suitable fee... "  
  
"Good, good... well as I said, we'll see where we go... um .. See you tonight... oh, what's your name?"  
  
"Andrea,"  
  
"Ok, so we'll see you tonight, Andrea, at 7.30."  
  
"Thanks, bye then," I replied, ending the call.  
  
As I put the phone down with a shaking hand, I realised that I hadn't withheld my number this time... SHIT!... Had I done that on purpose? My tummy was doing somersaults and I was almost wetting myself.  
  
If I didn't show up would they call back, maybe even trace my number!? Did I have to go, just to stay out of trouble?  
  
No! I can't do it, I can't go! I mustn't! I got up off my bed and opened the top drawer of my dresser, leafing through the folder until I pulled out my Birth Certificate which I placed carefully on the top surface. I was just checking that I knew where it was. I wasn't actually going to show up. Next I went over to my drawers and rummaged through to find the school swimsuit... a 'Lifeguard Speedo', blue, high leg, high front, backless with cross-over straps. I pulled it out and tossed it onto the bed as an idea came to me. Crossing to my desk I found my sewing kit and tossed that on the bed too. Then back to the drawers, to the bikinis... the plain black one? It was fairly modest. I glanced across to the swimsuit; the bikini joined it. Sitting on the bed I got busy.  
  
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7.25 came and I was at the side door by the bakery. It had been an exhausting afternoon, full of indecision and nervous excitement. When Mum came home from work we had tea, but I didn't eat very much, and I could tell that she was a bit worried about me while still trying to give me space, allowing me to make the first move if I wanted to talk to her. But how do you tell your Mum you're becoming addicted to taking your clothes off in front of strangers?  
  
After tea I had changed into a loose flared short skirt in pale green with little yellow flowers, yellow cotton briefs, low-front t shirt over a soft bra, flat pumps. I'd decided today to wear my long hair loose. In my bag I had my hairbrush, makeup, bikini, swimsuit, and 2" black heels.  
  
Through the unlocked door, up the stairs (why are camera clubs upstairs?) and a knock on the plain white door.  
  
It was opened by a nice looking man of middle height, probably mid thirties, tidy short brown hair, in t shirt and jeans. He seemed to look me up and down, but quickly. I couldn't tell what he thought.  
  
"Hi. I'm Geoff, and I imagine you're Andrea?" He gestured for me to come in, and I walked past into the room.  
  
"I'm afraid we're going to be a bit crowded today. Like I said on the phone, we've had a fantastic response to our advert, so there'll be fifteen of us."  
  
I was standing in the middle of the room, looking around. Opposite the door there was an obvious set with backdrop and lights, all more sophisticated looking than last night's club. Beside that area to its left as I looked at was a small curtained off section that I guessed was for technical equipment. The rest of the room was pretty bare, apart from a table near the curtain. No refreshments. Blinds keeping the daylight out from the windows to my left. No stage or raised area.  
  
Geoff walked over to the desk and lifted a sheet of paper, glancing at it as he told me, "This is a contract for you to sign before we begin. Its fairly standard. The main points are that since you don't yet have a portfolio there'll be no fee tonight, and we will own the rights to all the pictures. You're not expected to assume any pose that you don't want to. But... In return you will get copies to start your portfolio, both printed glossies and emailed files . If all this is acceptable, sign the contract and write the email and mailing address for me to send the photos to. Oh, and you are signing to say that you are at least 18 years of age."  
  
I gulped. There was a lot to take in here. Mostly that I'd be using my real name, giving my real address and real email! With a flush of excitement and anticipation I took the sheet and leant over the table to fill in the blanks using his pen.  
  
Of course, I didn't have to pose in any way I didn't like, so I'd just go as far as the swim wear and no further. After all, there was no fee!  
  
As I was finishing, the door opened and the room started to fill up as guys came in in groups of twos and threes, with the occasional guy on his own.  
  
This time there were no introductions. They just mingled with each other, sorted out their camera bags; the newcomers obvious in that they clearly didn't know many of the others.  
  
Once he'd checked my contract through and put it in a folder also on the table, Geoff drew the session together by announcing in a loud voice,  
  
"This is Andrea, she'll be our model for today. Just so we're clear, since there are quite a few of us, all instructions to the model will be from me. If anyone has a particular suggestion, idea or request, you need to talk to me and I'll consider it."  
  
Looking at me he added in a quieter voice, "Only take my instructions, ok? And remember, you don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with, ok?" He smiled at me with an utterly charming reassuring smile, and I felt I wanted to do my best for him.  
  
But my tummy had already started churning, and I jumped a little when Geoff said loudly, "Ok, lets start with you as you are. Behind the curtain is a mirror and small dressing table. Check your hair and make up, then go to the set, please, Andrea."  
  
Ducking behind the curtain I saw that it was a tiny changing area, not a technical space at all. I placed my bag on the table. Bending to look in the mirror, I touched up my lips, tousled my hair, changed from flats into heels and looked myself over in the mirror. The short green skirt was tidy and showed almost all of my slim toned smooth thighs; my legs looked nice, and the white bra didn't show above the low neck line of the t shirt though it was sort of visible through it. Leaving the bag behind I stepped back into the room.  
  
They were all ready, and with a hint of swing in my hips, and tummy sucked in, I sauntered to the set.  
  
The backdrop was now of sky, the floor mat was printed as sand and there was a straw shoulder bag on the mat. Geoff added, "It's a beach scene. You've just arrived. We'll take some shots of you looking out to sea, checking out the beach, enjoying the sun, stretching, relaxing, ok? We're trying to tell a story, but keep it as natural as you can. Take your time."  
  
Picking up the beach bag and slinging it over my shoulder, I did my best to seem natural but inside I couldn't help thinking about the swimwear pictures yet to come, and I had butterflies in my tummy. But why? I asked myself; its not like I was going to pose topless this time! I even half believed myself.  
  
After a good few front, back and side poses of looking around, Geoff moved things on. Through this first set the guys had come forward in small groups to get close-ups before moving aside to let the next group up, while they then contented themselves with pictures from further back and the sides of the room.  
  
"Lets try swimwear, shall we?" suggested Geoff, to general murmurs of approval.  
  
With a sense of excitement once again I slipped behind the curtain, this time to change. I made sure it was fully closed. Slipping off my t shirt and stepping out of my skirt I laid them on the chair provided, and in just bra and undies pulled the blue swimsuit from my bag. Seeing almost every detail of my fingers through the thin blue lycra, I started to get second thoughts about having taken out the linings from the top and gusset! I would be a lot more exposed under the lights than I'd thought back in my bedroom.  
  
"Fuck," I muttered to myself. Taking a deep breath to steady my nerves, I dropped my briefs and stepped out of them and into the swimsuit, pulling it quickly to my waist. Then it was off with the bra and pull the suit up over my shoulders.  
  
A quick check in the mirror and, "Here goes." Stepping back out through the curtain I had a sudden thought, and scooted in again to put the 2" black heels back on. That felt better, and naughtier.  
  
Stepping once again onto the set to audible gasps I felt very exposed, far more than I'd felt the previous night. Maybe it was something to do with wearing only one very thin, almost see-through layer under the glare of bright lights and the scrutiny of 15 pairs of men's eyes scouring my body. Delicious!  
  
In front of the beach backdrop I followed Geoff's instructions, standing with one knee bent and feet slightly apart, doing the occasional hair flick, all the while holding on my hip an inflatable beach ball that had appeared from somewhere. Again the guys came forward in groups to get up close and personal, as they say, and I could feel the intensity of their one-eyed stares. All this attention focused just on me was totally as good as I remembered from yesterday, and it was addictive. The thrill inside, the buzz, was amazing and I was starting to feel horny. I could also feel the thin lycra clinging to my pussy lips, and could only imagine how much detail they were getting. I wondered if my neatly trimmed dark triangle was showing through clearly. I wanted to say to myself that I hoped not, but I couldn't even pretend that was true.  
  
As each group of guys took turns to get close, their looks clearly told me that they'd noticed my nipples and pussy through the thin swimsuit, many of the men focusing their lenses between my legs or on my chest. I loved it... The attention and sexual tension were truly intoxicating.  
  
I was definitely getting very horny. Looking out at the assembled guys, my worshippers almost, I caught Geoff's eye and I knew he could tell how I was feeling.  
  
"How are you doing, Andrea? Feeling ok?" he asked. I nodded back, not exactly smiling; I was feeling a bit too lustful by now.  
  
"Good choice of swimsuit," he continued, "it shows off the curves and shape of your body beautifully. Most... er... explicit, I mean, expressive .." Oh fuck that turned me on! And I was sure he could tell.  
  
Now Geoff started being a little more adventurous.  
  
"Hold the ball over your head, looking up... feet apart... " he instructed. As I obeyed, stretching the suit tight between my legs, I could feel the suit pressing into my sex, arousing me more, making me want to part my legs just a little wider, and to lick my lips. So I did.  
  
Then it was, "turn around," for various bum shots, including bent slightly forward, and shots from behind looking over my shoulder, or shots from the side with my body in profile, all with the beach ball. I realised that Geoff was using it to keep my hands away from my body, not obstructing their view except occasionally when he wanted to tease.  
  
"Did you bring the bikini? Lets try that."  
  
Putting the ball down I hurried back behind the curtain and tried to still my hammering heart. So far it was everything I had hoped it would be, just as exciting as yesterday. Another naughty thought came into my head, and despite being curtained off and invisible to the men, I faced them as if they could see and sexily peeled the swimsuit straps off my shoulders to bare my breasts, and then pulled the suit all the way down. Now naked, I parted my legs and gently fingered myself for a moment, rubbing the slightly sticky dampness back into my folds. Oh that felt so good, and I giggled to myself as I imagined them watching me. If only they knew...  
  
Reluctantly I stopped masturbating and pulled the black bikini from my bag. It too was unlined now but being black was a little more discrete, except that all my tummy and most of my boobs would be on show, and my nipples were poking hard. Once it was on, my hand slid inside my bikini bottoms to again rub my pussy, mm that felt good, then I pinched my nipples fully hard before I came back out and onto the set, still in the heels.  
  
Again there were pleasing mutterings of approval and then this time more active poses; such as throwing, or as if jumping, or leaning forward. Being more active these poses challenged the security of the bikini, but I cheekily let the top move, allowing what I hoped was a hint of light pink areola.  
  
Geoff now wanted a sunbathing set, and he had me sit on a towel facing the cameras, feet apart, while I put sun oil slowly on my chest and the exposed parts of breasts, as well as my legs and tummy. There were lots of close ups, my nipples were hard, and I was sure that my lips were clearly outlined in the thin black material of my bottoms. I really was very horny, and the lights were so hot, my mind and body were beginning to run away with me.  
  
Geoff asked, "Do you have anything you'd like to do, for your portfolio? Any other pictures?"  
  
He must have known how aroused I was, how intoxicated by the attention, the sexuality of it all.  
  
"Um, maybe I could, you know, do it a bit more in glamour style?" I suggested, fingering the strap of my bikini top.  
  
"What do you mean?" Geoff asked, and yes, I knew he was deliberately making me work for this, making me humiliate myself, making me beg as if he understood that just made it hotter for me.  
  
"I could, well, maybe take the top off?"  
  
"Yes, I suppose we can," he replied a little doubtfully, "but first how about wet pictures? "  
  
I didn't know what to make of that. Was it some kind of lewd thing about my gently leaking pussy? Then I saw he had a water spray bottle. Ah!  
  
Walking up close he soaked my hair and bikini, taking his time to spray each breast and between my thighs, and leaving a thin sheen of droplets on my skin over the oil.  
  
Then stepping back again he made my poses a lot more sexual. He gave me lots of encouragement, and he had me on my hands and knees photographed from the front with great angles on my boobs hanging in the small wet top, and from behind looking over my shoulder again with knees apart. I was very horny indeed.  
  
When he had me kneeling up he said, "Ok lets try without the top." It felt like a huge relief to tug at the bikini straps and let the top fall off, freeing my breasts into the air, and into full view. And greeted with more approving murmurings. It was just what I needed, what I wanted. What I'd been craving.  
  
We did a lot more pictures of me topless, and Geoff listened to some of the guys suggestions as they had me in every pose they wanted, some repeats of earlier, others a bit more pornographic such as cupping my breasts in my hands or pinching my nipples. They also had me rubbing more sun oil into my now naked breasts.  
  
"Mm you're looking hot! Can you make the pictures any hotter, Andi?" Damn, but he was turning things up! I was so in the zone, so absorbed in the eroticism of it all, I just pulled on one lace and undid the bikini bottoms one side as I sat there facing them all, feet apart. I felt drunk, but without booze this time. I undid the other lace.  
  
I was still sitting facing the room, and without direction I leant back and pulled the bottoms lose but kept them draped between my legs, pussy still covered.  
  
Then it was hands in my hair, and sitting up holding my boobs, and leaning back on my elbows, before turning onto my knees and letting my bottoms fall... oh that felt so good!

My legs were apart and my pussy was totally on show from behind... I wanted the guys to get a good look, to treat me like their porn model, and watched over my shoulder as they hungrily gathered for the best angles... then I turned back to sit, knees apart, now totally nude... fuck it felt good... they gathered in their groups, feasting their stares on me, on my exposed body... I could feel my flower gently opening... then I was on hands and knees facing the cameras... kneeling up cupping my boobs... covering my pussy with one hand, uncovering, almost orgasming... needing more... parting my knees wider... pressing my hand to pussy... harder... over and over... oh it was close... the waves approaching... shuddering as mini orgasms rippled through...  
  
Slowly I came to my senses and recovered, blushing at how wantonly I had just behaved. Smiling a little sheepishly, I stood up leaving the bikini behind, blowing nude kisses I trotted daintily to change behind the curtain.  
  
Once back in private I almost collapsed into the chair, hardly believing what I had just done. It was so much further than I'd gone the night before, so much further than I'd intended. Wiping the oil off my skin with some tissues, I climbed back into my yellow briefs and white bra, then stepped into the short green skirt with its yellow flowers, and finally pulled the t shirt over my head. Brushing the tangles out of my hair it felt like it was another girl who'd so shamelessly exposed herself to a whole roomful of strange men.  
  
Geoff called through the curtain to see if I was ok, before asking if I did 'extras', but not understanding what he was talking about I just I said, "Sorry, no."  
  
"When we've looked through the pictures I'll be in touch with your copies, and I'll let you know if we want to invite you back for another session, with a fee this time." Geoff responded, sounding maybe a little disappointed?  
  
I felt tired, drained, so I finished dressing and came out to pick up the discarded bikini and say goodbye, walking through the roomful of men all busily putting away their cameras.  
  
Just as I reached the door Geoff called my name again.  
  
"Er, Andrea, I was, er, just wondering... there's a pub we usually go to round the corner, after we're done here... would you fancy coming along with us? It'll help you unwind?"  
  
It was suggested so casually, but there was a hint of tension in the way Geoff said it. I hesitated at the door, half in, half out, and I suppose it was because I didn't say no straight away that he added,  
  
"I think you might quite enjoy it... "  
  
I didn't know why he might think that I'd enjoy going for a drink with a bunch of guys I'd just undressed for, but the idea did seem to linger in my thoughts. I mean, these men had just seen me totally nude, naked. To mix socially with them after that would be embarrassing, humiliating, in a way. My tummy squirmed. What if they talked in the pub in front of strangers about me being naked, nude? For these men I'd never met before tonight?. Of my own free will? That really would be embarrassing! Oh fuck, but my tummy was really churning, and I felt I needed to rub my thighs together, like when I need a wee. Oh no, the thought of wetting myself as they watched... my nipples were starting to itch.  
  
Stupidly, I replied, "Ok," and came back into the room, as they all hurried to clear up faster.  
  
So off we went to the pub which was only a short stroll round the corner. Only about 8 guys came along with Geoff and me. As we walked round, I felt light-hearted again and buzzed with renewed energy. Inside, the pub was fairly quiet and non-descript. Subdued lighting, plain pale walls, typical pictures of local scenes, bench seats against the walls, small tables in front with beer coasters and little stools. It smelled of beer, and there was some kind of jar of coins on the bar with a few small colourful posters above it.  
  
While Geoff and another guy went to buy drinks, the rest of us sat round a couple of tables pushed together in a corner. They'd bought me a red wine which was nice. Almost immediately the guys started chatting about the night, their pictures, me... I just listened and relaxed as more drinks were bought and the talk got louder. I couldn't help but ask if I was ok, wanting to hear them talk more about me, like last night at the other club, wanting to hear them say how much they liked my body.  
  
And yes, at my prompting soon they were talking animatedly about me nude. On the one hand I loved it of course, having deliberately steered the conversation that way, but also I squirmed a little as other people not in our group looked over, staring at me... And yes, I loved that churning feeling inside. One older lady at a nearby table called me a tart... oh fuck that gave me a rush I can't explain. It also made me very self-conscious in my short skirt and low top.  
  
Geoff noticed my reactions and smiled to himself. I could tell he was thinking, and wondered what he was planning for club night next week.  
  
When it was time for the next round Geoff went to the bar, then came back and asked me to go with him. I supposed it was my turn to help bring drinks over. I hoped he didn't expect me to pay; I had no money really.  
  
A nice-looking fair haired guy around 30, wearing a 'Manager' badge with his name, Paul, turned to me. "Geoff here says you could help us out?"  
  
I was a bit surprised, and quite disappointed, but I tried to hide it saying, "Um, sure, if you need help,... I've worked behind a bar before."  
  
"Really, behind the bar as well? That would really make it work!" he said to Geoff.  
  
What? Did he originally want me collecting empty glasses, I wondered; but they didn't really seem busy enough to need anyone to help the two young guys who were working the bar with him.  
  
The Manager Paul lifted bar flap. "Come on through," he invited, so I did. "Ok, bottled beers and pops in these two fridges. Only those three pumps for bitters and two taps for lagers. Usual mixer for syrup sodas. Optics as you can see. Just enter the drinks in the till, prices are already in there. Any questions ask Mike and James," nodding at the two barmen, both in their early twenties, maybe students, with untidy dark hair, t shirts over jeans, and nicely muscled arms and chests.  
  
He let me do a quick circuit to get the layout in my head, then when I was again facing the customers, he called loudly for silence.  
  
"Ok everyone. You all know we're trying to beat the pub down the road in this year's charity cash collection. As you can see, our Pound Coin jar is pretty empty still, and we need to fill it up tonight. Sooooo... ," dramatic pause, "a professional model has offered us some incentive." What is he talking about. I looked around for the model, and glanced at Geoff who met my eye and grinned. I frowned... what WAS going on? What had he arranged?  
  
There was half-hearted applause.  
  
"And here she is!" pointing at me behind the bar. I was a little stunned. Me? A professional model? What was going on? I looked again at Geoff for some clue, but he just smirked and winked.  
  
Paul continued, "If we can fill this jar with Pound Coins tonight, she'll serve drinks behind the bar tonight without her t shirt and skirt! Just in her undies!"  
  
What the fuck?!  
  
Whoops and whistles, and more enthusiastic applause this time.  
  
I blushed deep red! That lady would REALLY think me a tart now! I pulled myself together. Damn! But yes, I can do this... I can be a professional model... I can serve drinks in just my bra and briefs... and heels!  
  
Paul told me to get up on the bar so they could see me better, to give them a little encouragement to dig in their pockets. James brought a step stool over from somewhere and held my hand as I clambered up. He was really quite cute, with a nice dimple in the middle of his chin and sparkly brown eyes. And pretty, long eyelashes. Then I was up on the bar. The room looked so different from up here. I could see everyone, and they could all see me. There were more whistles, and the bar got really packed as guys came closer, some trying to see up my skirt, others asking what colour knickers I was wearing. I felt almost giddy, ashamed, ecstatic. "You'll have to wait and see!" I teased them, and then Paul helped me down again behind the bar.  
  
I noticed a few people just leave. Well not everyone would approve. I understood that.  
  
James, Mark and I were soon very busy serving drinks... but there was a great atmosphere with loads of banter, all good natured and mostly a little risqué or flirty... and the Jar was steadily clinking as more coins were put in.  
  
Suddenly a small crowd of people come in, with a guy in front who I could swear had only just left. "Yep, that's her," he announced over his shoulder to the group following him. "We just need to fill the jar! Hey, darlin'!" he called to me, "Tell these boys what happens if we fill that jar with £1 coins?"  
  
Oh my! My tummy went whoosh again and my knees were weak suddenly, and holding the hand-pumps for support I admitted, "I serve drinks the rest of the night in just my underwear, my bra and briefs... and black heels!" I added as a teasing afterthought, and having to say it out loud gave me another huge buzz that made me light headed.  
  
Looking over to Paul, he smiled at me and nodded approvingly, then gestured towards the jar. They had responded... and the jar was now full.  
  
Oh fuck! That meant I really had to do it! As if there was ever an alternative. Paul didn't make me get up on the bar top to strip, but James and Mark came and stood one each side of me as I lifted the t shirt up over my head. Mark took it for me, his blue eyes looking into mine and smiling in such a nice way...  
  
"The skirt too?" suggested James from the other side, and I realised I'd sort of hesitated. Grinning self consciously I undid the skirt and stepping out of it, handed it to James. The boys held their trophies up high to many cheers, and I did a sort of stage bow and curtsey in just my soft white bra, yellow cotton briefs and 2" black heels. What a tart! I was very happy!  
  
The Pub did great business as plenty of guys queued up to gawp at me and buy anything just to get close. Mike and James were grinning and staring too, when they got the chance. It was such fun. The atmosphere had been great when I first started helping behind the bar, but it was positively fizzing now.  
  
After a while, Paul loudly banged a new jar on the bar (or had he simply emptied the old one?)  
  
Without asking me, he announced, "This jar is for £2 coins! Fill it up, and her bra comes off!"  
  
There were such loud hoots, whistles and calls at that! He looked at me eyebrows raised. This was where I protest and tell him where to go, I thought. I couldn't help myself; I nodded and felt myself grinning like a lunatic.  
  
Again we did a brisk trade, guys asking for £2 coins in their change, and pretty soon all the ones in the pub were in the jar, but it still wasn't very full.  
  
Then someone had the bright idea of seeing how full of £1 coins the original jar was, and how about we just double that in any denomination, notes included? Paul and Geoff reckoned this was a great idea.  
  
It was getting a bit out of hand I thought, like they were on a mission to get me topless, and it didn't take long for Paul to declare he had enough!  
  
Oh fuck, fuck, fuck! I thought to myself, half scared, half disgusted, totally loving it. I caught Geoff's eye, and he was just smiling, nodding in a kind of told-you-so sort of way. I stuck my tongue out at him.  
  
So with the help again of the lovely James and Mark I was up on the bar, standing in just heels, undies and bra.  
  
Facing my baying audience, I reached behind slowly, unhooking, letting the tension come off the shoulder straps, the cups sliding forward not quite revealing anything... then I turned my back on them except that I was facing the two boys... and I let the bra fall off my shoulders until it was hanging from my left hand. James and Mark got the full show and appreciated it. Wrapping my right arm over my nipples I then turned to face the room, teasing... before dropping my arm so that both hands were at my sides. I adored the cheers and whoops, and the flash of camera phones.  
  
Back down again to help James and Mark with the customers and enjoying the lovely comments about 'great tits'.  
  
It had been an amazing evening, and I didn't think I'd be able to top it for a long time to come. It was approaching the time to think about going home.  
  
Paul again called for quiet. I hoped they were just going to thank me for being a good sport and announce the total they'd raised.  
  
"Well done everyone! Now, for another £100, she'll take the knickers off, but stay behind the bar... for £500 she'll take the knickers off and collect glasses!"  
  
Oh no! Not totally nude? Not stark fucking naked in a pub full of strangers? Not stark-fucking-nude-naked-bare-arsed-pussy-and-tits-on-show, AND out there among them all where they can touch me, grope me?  
  
Oh fuck! Shit! Fuck, fuck, fuck, shitty fuck fuck bugger!  
  
More than a little unsteady, I reached out to the pump handles again for support as my mind grappled with the escalation.  
  
Catching Paul's eye I just nodded, a little dazed.  
  
After quarter of an hour, the Paul was counting the money on the bar top, surrounded by spectators.  
  
"That's £100... " pause for more counting, "£200... £3... £4... £487," he declared. "£13 short!" he looked out over the crowd as a groan went through them.  
  
"But hey, at least she gets her knickers off! And when you buy a drink you'll get a great view, won't they, Andrea?" he grinned at me. I kind of nodded back.  
  
"Oh, hang on," he added, as if he'd just thought of something. "But I haven't put anything in yet... let me see... " he got his wallet out and teased the crowd as he looked through then pulled out a note holding it high... it's a... £10...  
  
All of us knew he was teasing us, and waited for the predictable £5... and we weren't disappointed.  
  
It might have been predictable, but Paul did the whole showmanship thing well, and even I was laughing and enjoying it!  
  
Such a huge cheer.  
  
"Now behave, gentlemen... anyone who upsets her will be barred from coming in here again, and that includes her next night behind the bar!" There were plenty of meek looks and promises to be 'good'.  
  
And his suggestion that I might do this again didn't get past me. I wanted to say, no way, but look what happened last time I tried that!  
  
James came over and suggested I just slip out of my briefs behind the bar, make it easy on myself. So I did, and with Mark and James accompanying me, I strode out from behind he bar, totally bare arsed bare titted naked to collect glasses. We took our time, circling the whole room letting anyone who wanted have a good look and take a pic. It was funny, really, quite a party mood and more like harmless fun than anything bad, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.  
  
When we were back to the safety of the bar, we carried on serving drinks but it was getting late and nearly time to close up. Of course, a grinning mike or James just had to keep squeezing by... and I felt I owed it to them to let them grope my arse lots and cop the occasional feel of a boob. It was the most fun I could remember having.  
  
At closing time we quickly cleared up most of the glasses, then it was a Team photo with Paul, Mike, James and me taken by Geoff who promised us all copies. I then dressed while Paul phoned for a taxi, and paid my fare. I felt a bit bad running out on James and Mark, who must have had their balls full by now, I reckoned. But they had to finish tidying, and I had to get home... maybe next time...  
  
Once I got home, and I didn't remember much of the ride, I said Hi to Mum downstairs before hurrying up to my bedroom. I was sure that Mum knew I was nervous, excited. I wasn't sure how I felt .. It had been such awesome fun, but on the other hand Geoff knew who I was... I couldn't hide any more... and I was a bit nervous about seeing the pics... Although it was late I went back downstairs and after watching tv with mum for a bit, I kissed her goodnight and went up to bed. I reckined I'd given it enough time and checked my emails on my phone .. Nothing!!  
  
Aggh! I got ready for bed almost feeling sick ..then PING an email! It was Geoff checking that he had the address right before sending the portfolio... I replied then turned on the computer to read his email properly...  
  
Yep, here came the next one... with attachments! I kind of wanted to get Mum to look at the pictures with me, but there was no way I could share this with her!  
  
Ignoring the message I checked the attached photos... How did I feel? It was almost like looking at someone else, but at the same time it was totally me. The Swimsuit Pics showed my nipples clearly and the outline of my pussy lips, and especially showed neatly trimmed pubes. It was more than I'd expected, but no less than I'd hoped. It looked great. There was also lots of camel-toe, with the suit pulled into my crack.  
  
The bikini was still revealing but a bit more more subtle, except for the nip slips which were plentiful and started a lot earlier than I'd realised. Very sexy. I was quite proud of of my swim-wear pictures. Topless I really looked great, and the bottoms coming off were a great tease... pussy trim looked good, but a bit uneven .. I may need help there. The only downside was the underwear marks on my skin that spoiled the overall effect... but at least I knew for next time.  
  
If there was ever a next time.  
  
Then I read the text... another session!! Woo hoo! Geoff wanted me back!  
  
So I took my computer into bed with me, resting it on my tummy as I spread my legs, fingers rubbing slowly up and down my lips and circling my clit, mmm, looking through all the pics again, wondering who I'd most like to see them... remembering the guys who took the pictures staring at my naked body... all the guys in the pub... mmm... it as rising, rising, closer... Rubbing faster, dipping inside... Oh yes... Nearly... James and Mark looking, groping... OH!... Mmm... coming down... Ahhh that was better... relaxing now. Switching off the laptop and the lamp I lay down to sleep, suddenly quite tired, already dreaming of my next session.

**Andi and The Camera Club Ch. 03**

My phone was ringing ... Damn, its him!  
  
I was sitting at my dressing table, just looking out of my bedroom window at the houses opposite that were warmly illuminated in the late afternoon sunshine. It had been a turbulent few days. Emotionally turbulent. Not earth shattering. Nothing that would make headlines or change the course of history. But for me, turning my expectations on their head and showing me things about myself that until recently I had never suspected.  
  
"Hi Andrea? It's Geoff?"  
  
Of course it was the Photo club guy. The one who'd sent me the pictures I'd posed for only a few days ago.  
  
I still wasn't too sure how I felt about those pictures, about my two recent forays into modelling. I think 'very mixed emotions' was the best I could come up with, and I didn't relish dwelling on the subject!  
  
"Er, yeah, hi," I replied, too embarrassed to say much else ...  
  
There was no way I was doing it again. I knew I'd said that before, but what if Mum found out what I'd done? What if other people who knew me found out? I mean, there were already goodness knows how many photos out there of me stripping, naked, and what's worse clearly enjoying it! A slim white brunette with long hair and brown eyes and 34c 'rack', as the guys so eloquently put it. And Geoff owned the rights to those pictures! What a slut! Fuck, it was bad enough having fantasies about stripping, but to actually do it! And to have it recorded? I must have been stupid, or just incredibly horny, or both of course.  
  
But then, I had enjoyed looking through the pictures that Geoff had emailed, and had to admit that I looked pretty good in them, and thankfully Mum hadn't opened the envelope with the glossies. I'd told her it was another college prospectus that I didn't need, to discourage her from wanting to see inside.  
  
Since looking through those photos, taking my small mirror with me into the bathroom I'd managed to neaten up my dark landing strip ... Just for my own peace of mind, of course.  
  
Geoff was speaking again into my ear,  
  
"Got a favour to ask. A friend of mine is an art teacher, and she has a live drawing class last session today but her regular model can't make it ... Any chance you can help her out? She'd be really grateful, which means I'd be really grateful? Please?"  
  
"Well, I don't ..." I began but Geoff cut me off, continuing, " I knew you'd do it; you'll be great, and its no big deal, just turn up, sit quietly for a bit while the students draw you, then go; piece of cake."  
  
Without giving me a chance to really say 'no' he went on giving me directions to a college in another town nearby, one I rarely went through, though I did know where it was. And then he was gone.  
  
Bugger! Fuck! Shit! I hadn't exactly been very forceful, had I? I mean, its not like I turned him down, flat.  
  
Shit!  
  
So now that he was off the phone I did an internet search and found:  
  
Life modelling ... Nudes ... But all very tasteful and proper. And it was an Art class, which meant drawing presumably, no photographs; and by students, so hopefully they'd be so bad that no-one could possibly recognise me from their efforts. Ok, so not too bad, just a matter of being the only one naked in a room full of people all staring at me ... Mmmm, did it get better than that?  
  
No, wait, NOT mmmm, just ok, be professional, get it done, go, and next time JUST SAY NO!!  
  
The problem was, despite deciding never to pose naked again, I knew I liked it. No, rephrase that, I loved it. It made me feel so alive, so aware of my body, so connected to the lustful horny men openly ogling my nakedness. Yes, I loved it. The two sessions I'd done so far, both for amateur camera clubs, had felt utterly amazing, and yes, I wanted that experience again. And I think Geoff knew it.  
  
I only had an hour to get ready, and took a quick look through the photo sets Geoff had sent me to get myself 'in the mood'. Noticing the marks on my skin from tight underwear that showed in the pictures, the first thing was to remove all underwear and put on a not-too-tight mid thigh button-front dress with nothing beneath. Damn, but I was already feeling sexy!  
  
Since Mum wasn't using it, I took the car and drove out there, following Geoff's directions to the college once I got to the town. It was actually quite easy to find. But driving around without underwear on, knowing you're about to get naked in front of a room full of people ... Well its difficult not to get at least a little turned on!  
  
Walking from the parked car to the building I felt the light breeze ruffling my skirt and blowing a draft of cool air between my legs ... Girls, if you've never tried it you're missing out!  
  
But I was running a little late, and I had to hurry down the halls to find the right room ... Ah, here we are.  
  
Opening the door, I realised that I was even later than I'd feared, and the room was already full of easels and people of various ages, from teens to pensioners, everyone busily sorting paper and other things.  
  
"Hello, can I help you?" asked a nice trim looking lady in perhaps her mid thirties. Pretty with scruffy blonde hair stuffed into a ponytail and no make-up, she wore jeans and a loose button front blue shirt.  
  
"Er, hi ... I'm Andrea? Geoff asked me to stand in?"  
  
"Oh, Andrea! Wow!" adding the second bit after looking me over, which brought a flush of pleasure and a little heat to my cheeks. "I'm Alice ... Um look, we really need to get started ... If you could just get ready?"  
  
Despite her initial positive reaction, she seemed slightly disappointed as she took in my loose dress, but I smiled reassuringly and walked across to the small raised stage, which had what looked like a solid box elegantly draped in a white cloth, presumably for posing on.  
  
With my back to the class, I quickly undid the buttons of my dress and let it fall from my shoulders, then turned to face my audience, completely naked, my bare ass perched against the cold box with my hands beside me on its cloth-covered surface, feet together.  
  
There was a kind of eerie silence, like when you say something too loud in a crowded room just as everyone else pauses. Looking up I saw shock on the students' faces. Swallowing hard, I wondered what was wrong.  
  
Following the eyes of the students I too looked to Alice.  
  
"Er dear, its a LIVE class, with an actual model, not a LIFE class with a nude one! You're supposed to be clothed!"  
  
Oh FUCK!!  
  
The class burst out laughing, making me cringe in embarrassment and humiliation. Instinctively I wrapped an arm over my nipples and the other hand over my neatly trimmed bush.  
  
But even as I sat there mortified, half hoping for that proverbial hole in the ground to open up and swallow me ... er ... half-hoping?? the laughter and pointing did something strange to me. It was quite different from when I exposed myself for the camera club with their leering enthusiasm, but this time the humiliation itself, the 'getting it wrong' was also turning up the heat in my belly and making me glow, my nipples puckering to hard points.  
  
Oh even bigger FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! Was I a humiliation slut as well as an exhibitionist? The embarrassing admission just made me hotter. FUCK!  
  
Then a thought occurred to me ... Did Geoff mean for me to misunderstand?  
  
I didn't have time to think it through; Alice was still talking as I just stood there naked, immobilised by surprise and indecision, my hands still over my tits and pussy in front of the class  
  
"But since you're already naked, and prepared to pose like that ..." and then she addressed the class.  
  
"Now everyone, we weren't going to have a life model in this class, no nude drawings, but since we've got her, and a rather delightful model too, we might as well make the most of her," and Alice grinned at me, a little mischievously, I thought!  
  
Alice continued, "Now remember that this is an Art class, not a peep show, and certainly not pornography!" And here she looked some of the teenage boys in the eye, much to their discomfort, I noted. However I also noticed that most of the older men were staring at me hungrily! The dirty old pervs, I thought approvingly!  
  
The women in the room were harder to read, in a way, but I could persuade myself it was a mix of jealousy, judgement, and acceptance.  
  
Still covering myself I waited while Alice gave her class a new set of instructions. Apparently drawing the nude body is subtly different from drawing a clothed body, though I couldn't understand why; something to do with not concentrating on the genitalia and primary sexual features and hence distorting the balance ... I tuned out, then was brought abruptly back as Alice told me how she wanted me to pose, which was more or less as I'd started.  
  
"No pornography or gynaecology, please, so knees together, hands by your sides on the mount, let the light fall on your breasts ... Yes like that, so that your nipples cast a slight shadow ... Nice ... Chin up ... There!"  
  
And with a triumphant smile she withdrew to the side so that the class could see me again in all my glorious nakedness.  
  
A sudden flush rushed through my already sensitive body, as well as that feeling of vitality that had brought me back for more.  
  
Unlike for the Camera Clubs, I had to stay still and just hold this position, but it was equally arousing as I let my eyes scan the room, seeing so many people just staring at my nude body. And there were no cameras for them to hide behind, so I got to see the look in their eyes ... Concentration, some smirking and giggles from the boys who were clearly focusing on my tits and pubes, also appreciation, and in some cases delicious lust.  
  
The weirdest thing was the way that only Alice seemed to look me in the eye ... As if eye contact was too personal, perhaps too human; I was only an object to draw, after all.  
  
My musing was interrupted part way into class when a man came in, announcing quietly to Alice. "We had agreed to let my class ... " suddenly he stopped as he saw me. " Oh my!"  
  
"I know, sorry about this," said Alice, "yes she is supposed to have clothes on, but Geoff arranged for her to stand in for Cynthia, and she just, well, decided to pose naked for us ... Do you think your class might be offended?"  
  
"Well no, probably not, but we weren't meant to be observing a nude drawing class. I haven't prepared them, and when you explained to them the other day what to expect to see in an Art Live Drawing class, it wasn't this." He sounded more confused and distracted than angry or excited, and I felt a little cross and offended that he could be disappointed at having a naked 'me' available. What could be a nicer surprise?  
  
They carried on talking, noting that this was the only chance his class were going to get to record an Art class in progress and still complete their assignment on time.  
  
"I could ask her to cover up, but then it'll completely disrupt my class ... The pose and light will change, we'll lose everything my students have already accomplished today just for the sake of your class?"  
  
"You can't do that on my account, its already a big ask to allow my photographers in here .."  
  
He paused to give it some final thought, but in my head I was shouting, Photographers?!  
  
Not again, not so soon? I was only doing this as a favour because there were NO photographers. It was a drawing class, for goodness sake. While I had my eyes down trying to understand my feelings I was interrupted by the sudden bustling activity. All at once they were in, the teachers giving guidance about not getting in the way of the Artists or concentrating on the model, but recording the work of the students.  
  
The photography tutor, it seemed his name was Mr Philips, had taken his group aside, about ten of them, again of mixed age like the Drawing Class, and while he was explaining things their attention kept wandering back to me rather than their Tutor. He looked very professional, mid weight and height and fit looking, probably mid thirties I guessed, with dark blond hair.  
  
He was telling them,  
  
"... we aren't allowed to let you photograph nude models ... " and while I felt that confusing mix of relief and disappointment, it was clearly deep disappointment I could see in the group's faces.  
  
Mr Philips continued, "... so any pictures that show the model as naked can't be used in the exhibition ."  
  
And suddenly I got it. I'd been set up. There were no coincidences here. Somehow Geoff had orchestrated the whole thing. I didn't know whether to be delighted at the thrill or angry at being so easily manipulated. But maybe I liked being manipulated? And it gave me an excuse that it wasn't all my fault? I could pretend to myself that I'm not a total exhibitionist submissive humiliation slut! Actually, I rather liked the sound of that!  
  
Not surprisingly soon most pictures were being taken with me clearly in shot, from the front, of course! Some of it was at least half-legitimate, a photographer capturing the student's drawing with the subject, me, the other side of the easel. Other photographers seemed to be taking requests from some of the students and were blatantly capturing my nude body, even concentrating on my genitalia and primary sexual features. It was in danger of turning into a porn shoot.  
  
The teachers were discussing what to do with their classes' work, and were too distracted to do anything about it.  
  
" So we'll mount the exhibition of both classes side by side ..."  
  
Exhibition?  
  
This was just getting worse and worse, but I could feel the now familiar stirrings inside my tummy at the attention, the desire among the students, and the thrilling excitement of my nakedness being exhibited, of being on display.  
  
Just then Alice seemed to have another brilliant idea ... Body paint! She was giving a course next term and needed advertising material and willing models, apparently, and it seemed that younger attractive female nude models were in short supply. And Mr Philips unsurprisingly volunteered one of his photo classes to record the transformation, while Alice seemed to assume I'd be up for it. Again I felt conflicted between excitement and fear, dread.  
  
But that was all for another day.  
  
I could now hear Alice on the phone to Geoff, thanking him for arranging 'this model', adding that Mark's class seemed to appreciate 'the girl's' talents ... "yes, she just stripped naked with no warning, so we simply went with it ... yes, that's right, her boobs and pubes in full view of everyone right from the start, not exactly a hardship for us to look at, ha ha ..."  
  
It was weird hearing myself discussed like this. While a little humiliated at being discussed as a 'thing' I was also predictably turned on, and wished I could hear more.  
  
And then the class was wrapping up. Alice thanked me with a brilliant smile and gave instructions to her class for storing their drawings ready for finishing off, and Mark was trying to corral his photographers.  
  
I turned to pick up my dress and heard a polite 'ahem' behind me. Turning, I saw a pretty young dark-haired woman dressed casually in jeans and t shirt. She was holding her mobile phone in front of her, and asked, "would you mind if we, er, a quick selfie?"  
  
At first I didn't know what she wanted, but then suddenly understood she wanted us side by side before I put my dress back on.  
  
By now I figured I had nothing to lose, so just smiled at her and relaxed, letting the dress hang uselessly from my right hand. The girl quickly scooted to my left side and took the picture, showing me a nice photo of the two of us smiling into her camera, my naked boobs clearly showing.  
  
And that started a flood of requests which I obliged, although they quickly became full body photos of a naked me with each student, the pictures taken by the next in line. It was different, but still exciting and arousing in a subdued way. Not so much sexual as nudist, exhibitionist. But it's very satisfying to be wanted, and there's something almost intoxicating in being the only one naked.  
  
Alice and Mark soon took charge again, stopping the show and getting cleared away, though I did do a final pair of 'selfies' between the two tutors, taken by one of Mark's students on both Mark's and then Alice's phones.  
  
Finally, when I was dressed again, Alice walked me to my car.  
  
"I have a special Art class that you'll be perfect for my dear ... I'll be in touch. What's your number? And email?" Stupidly, I just gave them. In return she pressed an envelope into my hand. "Cynthia's usual fee ... I hope that's ok?"  
  
On the drive home, naked under the dress, my mind was awhirl with the usual mixture of arousal, excitement, pride, guilt and worry.  
  
Once home, I said a quick passing 'hello' to Mum and went straight up to the shower, quickly stripping out of the dress in my bedroom and padding naked up the landing to the bathroom. I wanted to try that as a new routine, to be naked at home at least for a little bit?  
  
Once the hot water was cascading over my body I started caressing my sensitive skin, using shower cream to lubricate my hands, and was soon masturbating, fingers stroking my hot folds at the top of my thighs, other hand pulling and twisting engorged nipples as I replayed in my mind all the attention my nudity had rewarded me with. After a succession of delicious rippling gentle cums, I dried myself and in just a wrap around towel went down to Mum. How much should I tell her?  
  
Just then the door bell went.  
  
"That'll be your cousin Sarah ... Your Aunt Jane asked if she could stay for a few days, so I said she could share with you ... You don't mind?"  
  
It was more a statement than a question, though I detected a hint of uncertainty. Mum knew we didn't get on, but as usual she was hoping that this time we might be at least friendly with each other.  
  
That threw any chance I might have had of talking with Mum. It also threw me into a sudden panic! Sarah might be only a year younger than me but we had nothing in common. Where I'm dark haired, she's fair, I'm 34c, she's more 32b and shorter than me, so we couldn't share clothes, which was a pity because she had good taste and a generous allowance. We didn't seem to share any interests although neither of us had a boyfriend at the moment. Come to think of it, I didn't remember her ever having a boyfriend; but she was doing well in school.  
  
So here I was in just a towel and she'll be dressed perfectly with not a hair out of place! Great!  
  
Then another panic hit me. How was I going to get any privacy or get back to Alice or Geoff? Even if I wanted to?  
  
"I'll just go get dressed, Mum," I said quickly, and hurried back upstairs.  
  
Well this seemed to be deciding things for me. I'd have to put a stop to this naked posing. No more. I'll turn Geoff down if he asks, and Alice. Yes. I wouldn't get any privacy since we were to share my room, and there was no way I could stop Sarah using my computer, Mum would get too suspicious of what I could possibly have to hide.  
  
So while supposedly getting dressed, I threw off the towel just for the thrill of being naked again, and password protected the file where I saved the pictures Geoff sent, and then hid the glossies under a loose corner of the bedroom carpet and put a chair on it. And of course I'd only use my phone for email! Brilliant!  
  
Quickly throwing on clean underwear, green t shirt and black leggings, I returned downstairs just after Aunt Jane had gone.  
  
"Hi Sarah!" I greeted my cousin, trying to look pleased.  
  
"Oh, hi Andi," the younger girl replied somewhat unenthusiastically, her fair hair elegantly gathered on top of her head, thin frame in designer stretch jeans and blue baggy cotton sweater. She looked stunning. This 'vacation' was going to suck.

We spent the next half hour getting Sarah settled in. Mum got me to drag the spare mattress into my room which I put on the floor between my bed and computer since Mum insisted I give up my bed for my guest. Except she was no guest of mine, and with bad grace took my bedclothes off the bed and made up the mattress before getting clean things for precious Sarah. That done, I couldn't wait to get some space so went down to the sitting room while Sarah unpacked.  
  
Settling into the squishy armchair I checked my phone, and saw an email from Geoff. What new trouble did he want to get me into, I wondered?  
  
Hm, could I model on Saturday, tomorrow? It seemed Geoff's club wanted to take advantage of the good weather forecast and do an outdoor shoot in the morning and needed a model, all very decent because it was outdoors, so don't worry!  
  
Full of new resolve, I replied, "Sorry, no."  
  
There! I did it! I said 'no'! I felt so proud of myself, like a druggie turning down a fix. I was so relieved. Now I was safe: no more photoshoots, computer clean, in the clear.  
  
Mum came in just then having put dinner in the oven, and we spent a pleasant hour or so just being family.  
  
By the time we all sat down to dinner, Sarah was actually being friendly and the three of us had quite a nice time simply chatting and catching up on family gossip.  
  
Which was when Sarah said she knew some gossip about emails.  
  
"I love getting them," she said, including Mum and me as if she was about to let us in on some deliciously dark family secret. "But if you don't password protect them you're asking for trouble!"  
  
"I'm guessing someone didn't?" replied Mum.  
  
"You're so right! I came across an interesting one today from a man called Geoff."  
  
Surely it was too much of a coincidence? A sick horror filled my stomach, and I quickly changed the subject. But for the rest of the meal, although Sarah seemed cheerful and pleasant I thought I detected a smugness that didn't look good for me. My appetite had shrunk out of sight.  
  
I had to wait through the after-dinner tidy and dishwasher-stack before getting Sarah alone up in my room.  
  
She went straight over to my computer and opened 'Those Photos'.  
  
Speechless, I felt tears smart my eyes as Sarah scrolled through photo after photo of me, naked, posing pornographically for Geoff's camera club, and possibly worse, naked in the pub afterwards. She opened them in order, each picture progressively worse, not saying a word. She kept looking from the screen to me and back, rubbing in that she knew my dirty secret. I could feel my colour rising from my neck to my hairline, and in my embarrassment my nipples tingled and the heat grew between my thighs. I thought I might pee myself.  
  
"Andrea you are such a slut," and she drew out the word 'slut', "posing for Geoff, for photos like these. And they weren't hard to find."  
  
"But I password protected the file where they're saved!"  
  
"But you didn't delete the email where Geoff sent them!"  
  
"But my emails are on my phone!"  
  
"And on your computer, they go there too, didn't you realise? And your email on your computer is always open, and I was curious about who this Geoff is that you were talking to, since you got an email alert from him while I was using it this afternoon. Now him I'd love to meet!"  
  
While cringing in shame and humiliation, I noticed that Sarah hadn't said anything about telling Mum, and I hoped for a moment that she'd just let it go.  
  
"My brothers would kill to see these photos ..."  
  
Oh SHIT! Blackmail ... here it comes.  
  
But then she surprised me, " ... unless you let me watch you at your next photoshoot. Otherwise I send the pictures to my brothers. You'll also let me have total access to all your emails sent and received, and all files, or I send the pictures to my brothers."  
  
"But I'm not doing it anymore!"  
  
"Oh yes you are, or the pictures go to the boys! You'll accept that assignment you got offered next! The one tomorrow."  
  
I didn't know what to say. I'd already said 'no'. On the other hand, I seemed to be getting off light. I tried another protest.  
  
"But I've already said 'no'?"  
  
"That's ok, I saw that and sent another straight after, look."  
  
Sarah called up a sent email on my account. Sure enough 'I' had told Geoff that actually I might be able to do it after all, I'd get back to him tonight.  
  
Shit!  
  
"And here's the next one you're sending."  
  
Sarah opened a draft email.  
  
'Hi Geoff. Good news, I can do Saturday after all. My cousin Sarah is coming too just to see what goes on, hope that's ok. What time Saturday, where, and what kind of outfits?'  
  
Sarah's finger hovered over the SEND, and she looked at me with eyebrow raised.  
  
Sighing, I nodded.  
  
"No, Andrea, you say, 'Yes please Sarah, send the email, and you may have total access to all my emails, sent and received'."  
  
Taking a breath, I repeated her words, "Yes please Sarah, send the mail, and you may have total access to all my emails, sent and received."  
  
"Well done, Andrea, very responsive. Now, you will also accept that I am in charge of you, that you will do what I tell you. Understand?"  
  
"No, Sarah, you can't .."  
  
"Oh but I can, Andrea, or my brothers get the photos! You will now say, 'Yes, Sarah, I will do what you tell me from now on'."  
  
She looked at me, expectantly. I glared back, but could feel my defiance melt away. I knew she'd carry out the threat, and even as I watched she started drafting an email to her three brothers, putting them all in the 'To' field. She then started attaching some photos, a sequence that had me stripping out of my bikini. I watched horrified but enthralled, and a part of me wanted her to send them. But I couldn't go through with that, I wasn't ready. Ready? Shit, I was confused!  
  
"Ok, stop! Yes, Sarah, I will do whatever you tell me from now on."  
  
"Good girl! Or should I say good slut? Andrea, you will say, 'My name is Andrea and I'm a slut'."  
  
Sighing, I repeated, "My name is Andrea and I'm a slut."  
  
Sarah grinned, clearly enjoying this. "Now say, 'I'm Andrea, Sarah's obedient slut'."  
  
Again I repeated, "I'm Andrea, Sarah's obedient slut."  
  
"Oh, I have a better idea, hang on," and Sarah took her mobile phone from her pocket, holding it up towards me. "I'm going to video you saying it ... go on!"  
  
Looking into the phone, I obediently stated, "I'm Andrea, Sarah's obedient slut."  
  
"Good slut. I think I'll call you, Asos, 'Andrea, Sarah's obedient slut'. Ha ha, that sounds like 'ass-os', which is funny cos your ass is mine, slut!"  
  
I just stood there and took it, not having much choice, but my nipples were tingling and I was burning between my thighs.  
  
"Ok, now say, 'my name is Andrea Kay, I'm 18 years old, and I'm such a dirty slut I posed naked for a camera club full of horny guys'."  
  
Fuck, this was getting worse. What would she do with this video evidence? More blackmail?  
  
At my hesitation Sarah turned back to her email draft, eyebrows raised questioningly toward me.  
  
Sighing I repeated back, "hi, I'm Miss Andrea Kay, 18, and I'm a dirty slut who posed for naked photographs with a camera club of horny men." I told myself I just had to hide from her how much this was turning me on.  
  
Sarah nodded and grinned, then looked at me a bit funny. "I'm sure I've heard about this ..." and turning again to my computer she opened the browser and searched for 'Domme' without even going private!  
  
"Sarah, you're not hiding the search!" I exclaimed.  
  
"No," she replied, "You're not hiding the search ... its your computer!" and she laughed.  
  
She made me stand over her shoulder and look too as she scrolled through the images, soon refining her search to 'Femdom'.  
  
It wasn't long before she commented, "Slut, you should be kneeling next to me, hands on your head!" and of course I obeyed as I'd promised.  
  
After looking and reading a bit more she again looked at me funny, and asked, "Do you like this? Are you a," and she turned back to read the screen, "a submissive?"  
  
"Of course not, Sarah!" I replied, afraid of where this was leading.  
  
"I'm not so sure," she replied, "you're obeying very easily. Stand up, slut, pull your leggings and knickers down ... lets see if you're even a little bit moist?"  
  
I didn't really have a choice. I stood and dropping my hands off my head rolled down my leggings and knickers as ordered. Sarah's hand went straight between my thighs.  
  
"Knees apart, slut," which I did. "Ha ha you're more than just moist! My perfect older cousin Andrea is a submissive slut! This is priceless! And put your hands back on your head."  
  
Sarah's fingers slowly stroked forwards and backwards over my slick outer folds, spreading the seeping dampness, while I stood there naked from tummy button to mid thigh. My hands were obediently and submissively on my head, and I was allowing my younger cousin to finger my exposed pussy which had already been wet but which now was gently leaking in a continuous sticky flow.  
  
Sarah held her phone up again; "Tell me that you are a submissive slut, Ass-os."  
  
Groaning, hands on head, I replied for her video, "I'm a submissive slut, Sarah."  
  
She laughed, adding, "We need to get you a collar and leash, it seems," gesturing to some of the pictures her searches had produced.  
  
Just then, an email alert came in. Geoff. While our attention went back to the computer, Sarah continued to massage me, a finger slipping between my folds every second or third pass, and I kept my hands on my head and tried not to whimper in pleasure.  
  
'Hey Andrea. Can you manage 8am, at the West entrance to Riley Woods, the car park? The light is good at that time. Wear your smallest shorts and a t shirt, nothing underneath, and sandals. Hair in a ponytail. Light makeup. We don't want panty or bra lines please. We should finish about midday. Let me know if this is ok.  
  
Geoff'  
  
It was so weird reading an email from Geoff while being masturbated by my cousin Sarah, but the weirdness made it hotter, and I finally parted my knees a bit more to give better access. Her left hand was between my thighs, thumb uppermost and pressing gently at the top of my slit, fingers flat against each other with her first finger now steadily sliding back and forwards between my outer lips. I rocked my hips slowly in time with her, my breath reduced to short gasps, and I watched her type a one handed reply,  
  
'No problem, see you there, A'  
  
Once that was sent she turned back to me, asking in a perfectly normal way as if I wasn't panting, breasts heaving, jaw working, nostrils flaring, hips grinding my pussy against her hand, "I assume you have some suitable slutty shorts, Ass-os?"  
  
"Sarah," I managed to stammer as I felt my orgasm rising.  
  
She looked closely at my face, judging the moment, and abruptly stopped.  
  
"Nooo!" I cried, and she flashed a triumphant grin.  
  
"Get out all your smallest, most revealing shorts and thinnest tightest t shirts, Ass-os."  
  
Much later, after going downstairs to say goodnight to Mum, who was clearly relieved that we now seemed to be getting on better, we returned to get ready for bed. Of course, Sarah had first use of the bathroom, coming back looking clean, fresh and pretty in her white and blue floral pjs. When I grabbed mine, she gave a stern, "No! As my submissive obedient slut, you sleep naked! So strip, go use the bathroom, and when you come back kneel at the foot of my bed, hands on your head."  
  
Doing as she said was no hardship, especially since I wanted to be naked in my bedroom, and between there and the bathroom. And having someone to see me just made it more rewarding, especially as I was still frustrated from my denied orgasm of earlier. It wasn't the same doing myself in the bathroom, so I stopped after a trial stroke or two.  
  
On my return she was already sitting up in my bed, the duvet over her raised knees. Obediently I knelt on the floor facing her, naked with my hands on my head. I was loving the interaction.  
  
"Slut, when its just us, you'll refer to yourself as 'Sarah's slut' like its your name, and you call me 'Princess', which is what my name means anyway. Now, ask my permission to go to bed."  
  
Slightly amused, I said, "Sarah's slut asks permission to go to bed, my Princess."  
  
"Ooh, MY Princess! I that's good, slut. You like this, don't you?" she grinned, enjoying herself too.  
  
"Yes, my Princess, Sarah's slut is enjoying it so far."  
  
"Ok, slut, go to bed. And don't masturbate! If you please me I might give you an orgasm tomorrow. In the morning I expect a cup of coffee brought to me by my naked slut. If we're going to be at the woods for 8, when do we need to leave?"  
  
I got into my bed, the mattress on the floor, and we worked out when we needed to be up in order to be showered and breakfasted in time. It was funny, but despite the weirdness of our new relationship, or maybe because of it, we were actually getting on more like friends than we ever had before. And with that happy thought, I drifted off to sleep, hands between my knees but nowhere near my still warm pussy.  
  
The morning dawned bright, clear and dry, though a little chilly. I rose first, as required, and after using the bathroom got Sarah's permission to put on a dressing gown to go downstairs and make her coffee. By the time we were having breakfast, both showered, hair washed, and dressed for the outing though I had a long baggy grey cardigan over my shorts and t shirt, Mum came downstairs and asked why we were up so early.  
  
"Oh, I wanted to go out for a morning walk, and Assos wanted to come too, didn't you?" Sarah said it lightly, and of course I just nodded, smiling as if that was exactly what was going on. Sarah looked the part in her clean jeans, tailored blue shirt and sensible shoes.  
  
"Assos?" asked Mum.  
  
Sarah replied, "It's a form of 'Andrea', kind of like my special name for her?" and she looked at me to back her up.  
  
"Don't you mind it, Andrea?" Mum asked, and I answered without hesitation, "I like it, Mum, it sort of fits me?" looking back at Sarah for her approval, pleased to get her gentle nod.  
  
"Oh well, at least you girls are getting on better. Its nice that you're going out together. Will you be back for lunch? I was thinking of having lunch out. Would you like to come too?"  
  
"That sounds great, Mum. I reckon we'll be back by midday?" again looking to Sarah for her agreement.  
  
"Yeah, we should be back by then. But Assos can always text you if we're gonna be late," Sarah added.  
  
The three of us had a pleasant few minutes together before Sarah and I had to go and catch a bus from around the corner that dropped us right at the West car park to the popular Riley Woods.  
  
As soon as we got through the Entrance we could see the little group of club members. I counted 16 of them including Geoff himself, and as soon as we reached them I introduced Sarah to Geoff, middle height, nice looking and mid thirties, tidy short brown hair, in long sleeved shirt and jeans. She held out her hand to shake but he gallantly stooped and kissed it, which made her smile and even give a little nod of approval. She was taking to this Domme thing far too easily!  
  
"Show Geoff your outfit, Assos," she commanded, and he raised his eyebrow in unspoken question at her tone. I opened the long loose grey cardigan to show him the cut-off denim shorts that had once been low slung jeans and the old faded thin red t shirt that stretched tight across my chest and stopped a few centimetres above my tummy button which was nicely framed above and below.  
  
"Ha ha, that should raise the temperature this morning!" he commented, and turned to his group to start organising things.  
  
Sarah had savaged the old jeans last night using my sewing shears to remove the legs and fray the edges until they were barely more than minimal briefs, showing a good portion of my ass cheeks at the back. At the moment that view was still covered by the cardigan which I again wrapped round myself until we were on-set.  
  
With Sarah and me tagging along at the back, we all trooped off along one of the well trodden paths for a minute or two before Geoff led us away to the left for a hundred metres or so, to a small secluded glade dappled in the green filtered rays of a fairly low sun. It was very pretty with grass, ferns, fallen boughs and lush vegetation; quite suitable.  
  
Turning to Sarah, Geoff asked, "Did you want to be in the photographs, too? You have the look, and your fair slenderness would make a lovely contrast with Andrea's dark beauty."  
  
Sarah hesitated, complicated machinations clearly tumbling through her imagination, then went off with Geoff away from everyone else, the two of them deep in private conversation.  
  
After a moment Geoff returned to take charge.  
  
"Ok, so Andrea, I thought we'd start with you leaning against various trees or fallen boughs looking natural. Don't smile, just relax your face and feel inwardly happy, at peace with yourself and the woodland. Ok? Right everyone, lets get ready. Do your light meter readings now, and we'll re-do them again in about fifteen minutes, ok? Andrea, would you stand over there so we can all check the light on you?"  
  
Obediently I went and stood next to a grand old tree with gnarled bark, full of character. It felt like its great age contrasted with my youth and smooth skin, but maybe I was trying to be too artistic and I felt a little foolish and pretentious. Despite that, I decided to go for a look of young blank innocence, a page as yet unwritten in the book of life. Listen to me, I thought, amused at myself.  
  
And so we started. This was my first attempt at real modelling. The other experiences had just been exhibitionism in front of a camera, or lots of cameras, but this felt rewarding in a different way. It was fun, and I happily went along with all the requests of the group, leaning back with my arms behind me, or over my head, turning this and that, feet together, feet apart, knee bent with foot against the trunk. I was pretty sure that the cool air pinching my nipples was making them stick out against the thin top that Sarah had approved, but it felt just natural, not naughty. Geoff and Sarah had soon become absorbed again in their own discussion. What on earth could they have to talk about?  
  
It wasn't long before it was time for the first break and more light readings, and Sarah returned to stand as close to me as she could without getting in the pictures. Once we started again I could tell that she was more than just fascinated; she needed to be a part of what was going on.  
  
"Turn round so your facing the tree, your head to the left, hands above your head caressing the bark," she instructed. I glanced at Geoff for his agreement, but it seemed he was comfortable with Sarah giving directions, and the club members just let her take the lead.  
  
I turned, and heard the murmurs of approval at how much bare ass I was showing.  
  
"Keep your hands there, but move your feet back, leaning forward a little ... yes, like that ... feet apart. Good girl."  
  
She soon had me leaning right over, legs apart but straight and body horizontal, the t shirt too tight to reveal anything as it gaped at the hem. The group didn't mind the view of my bum, though.  
  
"Move over to that log there, the fallen trunk." I moved to where she indicated, to a big log about half a metre across lying on the soft earth.  
  
"Sit on it, knees together, hands either side." I did, though the bark was a bit prickly against my bare bum. "Now throw your right leg over the trunk so your sitting astride it. Yes, that's right, leaning on your hands in front of you. Look up. Nice. Now lie back, hands falling either side of you." This position seemed to point my pubic mound towards the sky, and I wondered if they could see anything up the leg holes of my tiny frayed denims. "Now hands above your head. Perfect!"  
  
I felt very exposed like this, as if my whole body was pointing to my pussy which I guessed was what Sarah wanted, and yet I knew she wasn't satisfied. She needed to go further but fortunately was only beginning to find her way; this was a whole new experience for her.

But at that point Geoff wrapped up the session, and everyone relaxed, getting out thermos flasks and snacks. One guy offered his hand to help me sit up, and another gave me a coffee. Inside I felt relaxed, happy that I'd come through without disgracing myself as a model or as a person, and started looking forward to lunch with Mum. Sipping my coffee I looked around, seeing the guys gathering in small groups, comparing the shots they'd got, talking photo technical jargon and generally enjoying themselves. Beyond the sound of the group chatter I could hear walkers having their own conversations not so far away, though I couldn't see anyone. I was left alone, which was fine, and even Sarah abandoned me to chat with her new friend, Geoff.  
  
I expected everyone to start packing up, but I was wrong. Geoff called everyone to listen, and then Sarah asked fairly quietly but with confidence if anyone was interested in a second session.  
  
There was a moments quiet while the guys thought about it, and Sarah added,  
  
"Its still early, and Andrea is available for a bit longer. She's ready to try some more adventurous pictures."  
  
Again there was a pause while all pairs of eyes swivelled my way for a moment until someone asked, "How adventurous?" while I sat there in silence, knowing what might be expected especially after the blatant posing I'd done for them last time. Did I mind? Not really. I was sort of resigned now to keeping this nude posing thing going since Sarah was so fascinated by it. It was a bit scary knowing that we were in a public place even if secluded. But we could be discovered at any time, and yes, that made it a bit more exciting.  
  
Sarah, with a knowing glance at Geoff, answered, "Andrea could get very adventurous, if the club will help cover expenses ... " and she left that suggestion hanging in the air.  
  
Geoff responded on behalf of the club, suggesting, "How about, guys, we pay an extra £10 each to cover the model's costs. Sarah that's your fee; the more guys stay, the more you get," and he looked round the group to see how they took to his idea. There were lots of nods and quiet 'ok's, and Geoff continued, "Anyone not wanting to stay you have, lets say, five minutes to pack up?" It seemed fair, and no-one complained, so I guessed I'd been volunteered to keep going. Thanks, Sarah, I thought. She hadn't even consulted me. Nor had Geoff.  
  
That being decided, Sarah sidled over to me and explained that she'd negotiated a fee for me this time.  
  
"Don't thank me!" she added, seeing my lack of enthusiasm. "All fees will be split 3 ways: one third to me as agent for negotiating, one third to you as model, one third for us to use for expenses like clothing, props, travel if we can't get the punters to pay for those."  
  
"But Sarah, you make it sound like we're doing this again, like we're in business?"  
  
"Oh, but we are, my favourite slut, and from now on we're not giving away your goodies for nothing. You're so naïve for a slut! But don't worry, now that I'm managing things we'll make some money. Oh, and don't forget who you are and what you are. Let me hear you say it."  
  
"I'm your obedient submissive slut, my Princess," I answered quietly so that no-one else might hear. Sarah smiled, patted me on the head, and suggested I get myself ready.  
  
Getting up from the log I gave my coffee cup back to its owner, smiling my thanks, and returned to the big old tree. The guys were all getting cameras ready again, starting light meter readings, and I couldn't see that anyone had left. Geoff was going round with a camera bag collecting £10 notes. Once everyone seemed ready, he called the session and we were back in business, literally in business since I was now a Professional Model with a Manager.  
  
It made my heart race knowing that, like there was now some transformation. It was no longer me doing them a favour, helping them out. I was now their employed model, and I had to give them their money's worth, I had to do a good job. Taking a steadying breath, I leaned back against the big tree again, ready to begin.  
  
"Ok," Sarah began, "we'll start with similar poses to before, but first I want you to slowly undo your shorts. Nice and slow so the guys can capture it."  
  
My hands went to the button on my waistband and popped it, but my eyes were on Sarah. She was staring at me, alternating between my eyes and my hands, and her own eyes were bright with excitement. She was loving this, excited by it, probably turned on by it, and catching her mood I felt myself responding, doing it now for her. Using the tips of my fingers I dragged the zipper down, centimetre by centimetre, seeing the approval in her face. Once lowered fully, I peeled the top flaps of the shorts aside so that a hint of my dark bush would show.  
  
"Put your hand inside," she commanded, her voice husky, and I obeyed, my fingers wrapping under the curve of my body to cup my rapidly heating sex, pressing it, rubbing it in gentle movements, loving myself for Sarah, my Princess.  
  
"Left hand to your breast." Up it went, pinching and pulling the nipple through the thin red top. "Under the top." Skin to skin I repeated the teasing, my top now riding up to uncover my tummy and the lower slope of my left breast. "Show me, show everyone." I pulled the top up and out of the way, my left tit uncovered, and twisted the nipple without covering it, so everyone could see. The photographers were recording everything but this wasn't about them anymore. It was between me and Sarah.  
  
"Take your top off," she commanded. Crossing my hands over I grasped the hem and peeled the red t shirt up to my neck, then over my head, then off and let it hang from my right hand.  
  
She then had me lean back against the tree again, hands behind me but this time topless, then again leaning against the tree, bare boobs now hanging down. I held this position for a while so that everyone could find a new angle to get the pictures they wanted.  
  
"Now back to the log," she told me, and again I sat with hands either side, but this time knees wide apart, the sides of my pussy probably visible up the legs of the cut off shorts. Sarah was loving it, which made me proud, happy and excited.  
  
"Legs either side like before ... And lie back." I did, taking my time, boobs nicely exposed before I was lying back, again my pussy emphasised and pointing skywards.  
  
"Now, inch the shorts down as far as they can go." Oh, this was nice. I looked lovingly at Sarah and silently thanked her for letting me expose myself for her, especially in front of others. With my legs either side of the log, the shorts couldn't come down very far, but I could bunch them so that almost all my bush was fully displayed. I didn't think we could do more.  
  
"Take them off, then back in that position." Sarah's fierce whisper filled the glade, and there were gasps of anticipation from some of the guys. Raising my knees high I slid the shorts from under me and up my legs and off, then spread my knees to expose my self totally. Sarah was almost glowing, and I felt a surge of pride at pleasing her. My right hand crept to my belly and caressed the soft dark hairs of my bush. I silently asked my Princess for permission, and she nodded, encouraging me to continue. Finger nails grazed through my pubes and stroked the swollen damp folds beneath, which parted at the lightest touch.  
  
"Um, er, that's all f-folks," stammered Geoff, his voice strained, and I broke out of my almost hypnotic trance. With a shrug, raised eyebrow and half smile at Sarah, I struggled back into a sitting position and with great care got up off the log, trying not to injure my soft skin on the rough surface. Picking up the discarded shorts I went to retrieve the top, too, while Geoff had an intense conversation with Sarah who was calmly holding her own, I was pleased to see.  
  
The guys weren't disappointed at the abrupt end, and some even threw a tip into the camera bag, grinning at me in the nicest possible way. By the time I was dressed again Geoff and Sarah came over, Geoff saying he would drive us back home.  
  
Everyone was now packing away, and the three of us collected the fees and started back to the car park, walking in companionable silence. The drive home was also fairly quiet, though Geoff did say that he was pleased with the morning's shoot and would email and post the usual copies of the day's fruits. At the promise to post copies, Sarah gave me a quizzical look, and I knew I'd have to show her the glossies from before. Since Geoff already had my home address on file I didn't mind giving directions to the house, though we did ask him to drop us round the corner.  
  
We thanked him for the lift and got home around midday. Sarah kept mum talking while I went straight upstairs to change into underwear, jeans and a pale blue sweater. When I came back down Sarah was telling Mum how she'd enjoyed the walk but couldn't exactly explain where we'd gone. A change of subject seemed in order.  
  
"So where did you want to go for lunch, Mum?" I asked, and that nicely steered the conversation to safer ground which saw us through the drive to a nice café in town, parking the car, and perusal of the menu. Discussion of Sarah's clothes and schoolwork did the rest, and by mid afternoon Sarah and I were back in our room after spending an hour or two window shopping in town.  
  
I switched my phone back on, having been too distracted until then, and saw that I had an email. Sarah turned on the computer. It was from Alice. She was asking if I would be available for the body-paint workshop promotion at 7pm on Tuesday at the College, So I had to explain the Art Class situation to her, and while I was at it went over to the chair, and moving it retrieved the glossies from under the carpet, handing them to her.  
  
"Good slut!" Sarah beamed at me, and I felt a rush of pleasure. "These look great! I hope today's turn out as good."  
  
Then turning back to the email she replied to Alice, signing herself as 'Sarah, on behalf of my cousin Andrea'.  
  
We then counted up our fee from the day's work, and Sarah decided we had £60 to spend on props. I could see her mind scheming again, and wondered what new escapade she had in mind. After all, Alice's session didn't require anything of us except turning up whenever she got the thing going.  
  
Sarah was just getting started though, and first she set up an electronic payment account in my name, then started browsing fetish clothing sites as if she'd been doing it longer than just a day. She already knew our sizes and chose some purchases for each of us. It was pretty obvious she already had a plan, and sure enough she emailed Geoff as me, suggesting Wednesday for the Special shoot as they had discussed, and saying the fee was to be £20 each photographer, again signing herself as 'Sarah, on behalf of my cousin Andrea'. I remembered that their club night was Thursday, so it sounded like this was to be an exclusive, but every time I asked Sarah what she'd agreed with Geoff she just said to wait and see, and do as I was told like a good slut.  
  
Neither of us mentioned the special intimacy we'd experienced during the morning's shoot, and I wondered if Sarah was a little embarrassed at how involved she'd got. I didn't push it, and we spent the rest of the afternoon downstairs watching a couple of films while Mum knitted.  
  
Halfway through the second film I got an email alert on my phone; it was Geoff. Although it was my email, it was addressed to Sarah, so I handed the phone over. She read it and grinned, then handed it back to me. He had agreed to her suggestions, Wednesday was fine and £20 seemed reasonable, and by the way he was covering a stage show next week for a magazine, would we let him get us both tickets, his treat for being such great sports?  
  
After dinner, when Sarah and I were upstairs, she sent Geoff another email saying yes to the tickets, thanks.  
  
We went back downstairs and spent the evening with Mum watching sitcoms on TV before returning upstairs. We kept to the same bed time routine as the night before, although Sarah seemed a little subdued, not even calling me her slut. I wondered if something were wrong.  
  
"I've been thinking," she said. We were both in bed, she in the pretty pjs of last night in my bed, me naked on the mattress on the floor with the duvet pulled up to my armpits. "That photo session today. Is that what it was like when you did those other pictures?"  
  
"Well, not really. Last time I never intended to get naked, it just kind of happened as I got caught up in the atmosphere. It's pretty intoxicating, you know?"  
  
"Oh, I know!" she replied, not denying that she too had been caught up in the atmosphere of the event that morning. "I think I understand better, now. I won't send my brothers those photos. I can't hold that over you. If you want us to go back to the way things were before, that's ok."  
  
I looked up at her, and things had changed. She wasn't being a bitch. She was now ok with me like never before. I guessed that now she knew my darkest secret she wasn't, I don't know, in competition with me? Or something like that.  
  
"I don't want to go back to how things were; we didn't get on. You've been nicer to be with these last two days, and despite my horror at first, you know, when you found those pictures and stuff, I've actually enjoyed being with you. Its been kind of fun."  
  
"I've enjoyed it too. You haven't been all superior. You're quite fun yourself, especially when you do as you're told!" and she grinned at me as she said this. "Tell me honestly. Do you really enjoy it, being submissive and stuff? Doing as you're told?"  
  
I stopped to think for a moment. Then again looked up at Sarah. "Actually, yes I do. Truthfully, I enjoyed the way you treated me. And if we're telling truths now, I half wanted you to send those pictures to your brothers. It excited me, a lot. Humiliating, of course. Unwise, from my point of view, possibly even stupid. But incredibly arousing to think of them looking at the pictures." I hugged my knees and stared at the floor.  
  
"So how is it arousing, knowing the boys are looking at nude photos of you?"  
  
"Its something to do with knowing I'm turning guys on, making their penises hard, having them want me, desire me?"  
  
"Do you actually like penises?"  
  
"Well I've not seen many, but yes, I do. It's just such a pity that you find them on boys! I mean, what a waste!"  
  
Sarah laughed. "I know! I can't think of any boys I know whose dick I would let anywhere near me!"  
  
"What about your new friend, Geoff? You seemed to get on with him?"  
  
"Ew, Andrea! He's, like old!"  
  
"I don't see that's such a big deal? All the boys our age seem such assholes. And I'm not suggesting you marry him!"  
  
"Would you, you know, do him? Fuck him? Even though he's so much older?"  
  
I laughed at her question. I hadn't thought of actually doing anything with any of the photo club guys. But its not that I wouldn't, just that I'd never even considered it. I told Sarah so. "And there are other things besides letting them fuck you. I mean, there's jerking them off, or even sucking them?"  
  
"Yeah, some of the pictures I seen showed that. The girls looked like they actually were enjoying it?"  
  
"I'd like to do it," I said.  
  
"What, let a guy put his penis inside your mouth? That he's wee'd through? Ew!"  
  
"Yes, I would, despite that!"  
  
At that, Sarah was silent, thinking.  
  
"And you really liked me masturbating you before, didn't you?" I nodded.  
  
"Um, Andrea?" Sarah paused, hesitated, as if unsure whether to continue. I just hugged my knees, looking down and keeping quiet. She continued, "Would you, of your own free will, I mean, do you want to, you know, be, um, my submissive slut?"  
  
Glancing up at her I saw her own insecurity, like she was having to come to terms with her own weakness, her own version of addictive behaviour. Was this her equivalent of me being an exhibitionist? I felt a burst of affection for my cousin. This was a big step for both of us. She was admitting her own vulnerability, and kind of giving approval to mine. And it was a kind of commitment, too. Did I want to go through with it? Did we both want to?  
  
"How about we do it for the rest of your stay here? Then see how we feel after that?" I could see the relief in her face, and knew I'd made the right decision. "Sarah, my Princess, please accept me as your obedient submissive exhibitionist humiliation slut. Andrea, Sarah's Submissive Obedient Slut; Assos."  
  
Sarah grinned happily. "Ok, slut, go get me a drink of water, from the kitchen. And don't put any clothes on to do it!"  
  
Shit! Mum was still downstairs watching some TV Drama. "Yes, my Princess!"  
  
Getting out from under my duvet, I padded naked to the door of our bedroom and peeped out along the landing. All clear. Tiptoeing to the top of the stairs I listened for the sound of the TV and for any hint of Mum moving about. Nothing to give alarm. Creeping down the stairs I kept low to see through the banister in case Mum wasn't in the sitting room. All clear still. Keeping close to the hall wall I made it to the open sitting room doorway and flitted quickly across the gap to the kitchen.  
  
My heart was racing. So far so good. As quietly as I could I got out a clean glass and ran the water for a moment before filling it. I couldn't run back past the open doorway carrying water, but I scooted as fast as I could and made it to the bottom of the stairs. Suddenly I heard the floor creaking and water or no water I almost sprinted up the stairs before Mum might see me, not stopping until I was back in our room with the door closed behind me. I could feel the hammer going in my chest, but I was flushed and excited as I put the still fairly full glass on Sarah's night stand and then hurried back to bed sitting up under my duvet.  
  
"Thank you, slut." And Sarah put the light out.  
  
We all woke late the next morning, Sunday, and met for breakfast together in the kitchen. Sarah and I were again dressed in jeans and sweaters, though hers were far more elegant than mine. By the time we'd cleared away I had another email alert on my phone. Geoff for Sarah. I looked at the message after she'd read it and handed the phone back: Geoff would try to get us two tickets for the Friday show. We headed back up to the computer for Sarah to send Geoff a thank you.  
  
Mum cooked a great Sunday lunch, and we then went out for the afternoon while she napped, returning for tea, and decided to stay in for the evening.  
  
The next morning, Monday, we were woken by a knock on the door. Mum answered it and called me down, and with Sarah's permission I threw a white towel dressing gown over my nakedness and hurried downstairs, Sarah not far behind me.  
  
There was a delivery guy at the door with a big parcel addressed to me.  
  
"Did you order something from mail order, Andrea?" Mum asked me, and I suddenly remembered the fetish gear Sarah had ordered in my name. Blushing, I told Mum, yes, and that I'd sign for it, and she returned upstairs to bed as I took her place at the front door, Sarah hovering over my shoulder.  
  
The parcel was discrete at least, no 'FETISHES R US' pasted all over it or anything, and taking it from the delivery guy I checked the address label. Yep, it was ours. While he was sorting his little computer thingy for me to sign, and while my hands were full, I felt Sarah from behind me gently loosen the belt of my towel robe. I shrugged my shoulders trying to stop her but she kept going, and as the guy handed me the gadget to sign and I balanced the parcel in my left hand, Sarah made sure my robe parted to uncover my right boob.  
  
"Oh shit! Sorry!" I mumbled, trying to move my boob back under cover while signing and trying to not drop the delivery. He didn't seem to mind, but I did, and had to drop the parcel to free my left hand to pull the dressing gown together. Unfortunately, it had been the parcel that was keeping the gown together over my lower half, and as soon as I dropped it the gown parted completely exposing me from right tit to pubes and legs.

"Fuck!" I muttered, trying to give him back the machine with my right hand and use my left to gather the robe together, which seemed to flutter out of my grasp every time I thought I had it. Finally he took the signing thing back and with both hands I covered myself. "Sorry, I don't know what happened!" I said, but he just replied, grinning, "Its ok, happens all the time! Good day, Miss, and Miss!" and turned and left. I closed the door with a grateful sigh and span round to scream at Sarah who just smiled at me and said, "Good slut," before I could get a word out. We both just burst out laughing.  
  
"Now we're in the mood," she said, "Let's try this stuff on!"

**Andi and The Camera Club Ch. 04**

"Ooh look!" said Sarah suddenly as the computer pinged, "another email from Geoff!"  
  
It was Monday morning, and we cousins were up in my room rooting through the mail-order box. We'd barely got the lid off, and were still giggling together over my supposedly accidental flashing of the delivery guy, so obviously orchestrated by my younger blond cousin, Sarah. Thanks to her he got a good view of most of my slim figure, especially the left of my 34c tits including the pink nipple and even my dark trimmed bush. Boy was she getting to know what turned me on.  
  
Sarah went to sit at my desk opening my emails on the computer, still in her white and blue floral pjs having only just got out of bed to sign for the package, while I sat on my bed in just a white towel dressing gown, now surrounded by the debris from unpacking our box of delightful naughties.  
  
"What trouble are you two cooking up now?" I asked, sorting the clothing into hers and mine, which was quite easy because she was shorter and a size smaller than me, a 32b on top, and anyway we'd ordered quite different things.  
  
"Some of this email is to both of us. Geoff says the event he's covering on Friday is sold out. But he could maybe persuade Alice to let us join her. He really wants to treat us, to say thanks. I don't see why not, do you?"  
  
"Sounds like it might be fun. Alice is nice, you'll like her, and we can talk to her about it when we see her tomorrow?"  
  
"OK," agreed Sarah, "there's also something here from Geoff about a chat room?" Sarah looked over her right shoulder at me. "Did he say anything about this?"  
  
"No, not at all. What's it about?"  
  
"He says, 'Andrea, you might consider signing up to a chat room I use sometimes to find photographic models. It's a place where you can talk about your exhibitionist desires with others who enjoy similar things. The site is FreeNeasyChat, simple to register, and I recommend the room Exibitionist/Voyeur. I always sign in as AdultPhotographer.' Sounds fun."  
  
I didn't reply but could see Sarah searching for the site, and starting to fill in the Registration.  
  
"I'm putting your email address, Andrea, age 18, female, what else, oh location UK, we'll leave profile statement and interests for another day. Hm, avatar or photo? Shall we put a nice head and shoulders photo of you?"  
  
"Are you sure that's a good idea?" I asked, a little unsure of the wisdom of this.  
  
"I can edit one of Geoff's photos so people can see how pretty you are but not use it to identify you."  
  
"You mustn't use my real name or give my email out, Sarah?"  
  
"Don't worry, it says the email is never displayed, and we haven't yet chosen your screen name. I want to do that last. There! A nice pretty face for your Avatar. So what shall we call you? AnExhibitionistSubmissiveHumiliationSlut?"  
  
"Sarah!" I exclaimed, half embarrassed, half excited at her declaring publicly my fetishes.  
  
"We don't want to broadcast Exhibitionist or you'll be swamped with requests for pictures or camming."  
  
"How do you know all this stuff?"  
  
"Andrea, I have two older brothers and a twin brother," she said as if that explained everything. "A name. We need a name. Something simple, attractive, expressive of who you are, mysterious, early in the alphabet. Lets see."  
  
We were both silent a while as we thought.  
  
"How about AteenModel?" Sarah suggested.  
  
"Sure," I agreed. I didn't think I'd ever use it. "Why not?"  
  
Sarah tapped away thoughtfully for a bit, then announced, "Done! As soon as we get the confirmation email we can jump in."  
  
Within seconds the email came and Sarah opened the chat room.  
  
We spent the next hour browsing the site, ignoring the chat requests that came in every couple of seconds, scanning the conversation in Geoff's favourite room, giggling at what we read and generally getting turned on at the deliciously outrageous naughtiness. Sarah also emailed Geoff giving him my screen name, and saying she'd register herself as AteenDomme.  
  
Later in the day we met Geoff in the chat room, me using my phone, sat next to Sarah on the computer. Geoff left us both welcome messages on our profile pages, making it obvious that he actually knew us in person, and Sarah and I did the same for him and each other. It was actually quite fun, and we got involved in some very naughty conversation on the main chat page. It was pretty obvious that Sarah Dommed me, and we had so many requests from men on that subject. A lot of older men wanted to be Dommed by Sarah, too.  
  
By now she was dressed in designer fitted jeans and a black polo shirt, her hair in a ponytail, while I was in the open white towel robe over a plain white soft bra and cream bikini cut cotton briefs, feeling very sexy. Every so often Sarah would reach over with her left hand and stroke my right thigh, or my tummy, or even slip her fingers inside the waistband and stroke them through my bush. Whenever she did that I would lean over and kiss her cheek, each time getting closer to the corner of her mouth. Then she did it one more time and my lips brushed the left corner of hers as she turned to face me, our lips together in our first tentative kiss, mouths slightly open. It was soft, warm, loving, tender, sensual and erotic. Our tongues danced hesitantly, flickering and exploring, and I felt Sarah's fingers slip lower to cup my pussy where it was already getting moist. Rocking my hips to rub my wetness against her hand I kissed more passionately, my own hands on the back of Sarah's neck, kissing her hungrily, wanting her tongue to fuck my mouth.  
  
Finally we broke apart, and Sarah leaned in to give me another quick soft kiss on my lips before turning back to the computer. She typed a question into the general chat.  
  
"Which do other girls prefer for lesbian sex, a strap-on or a vibrator?"  
  
That sparked lots of activity and delighted Geoff who was showing a distinctly ungentlemanly dirty kinky side. Meanwhile, Sarah's hand was still inside my briefs against my hot pussy, her middle finger now curled inside me as I rocked and humped against her hand, soaking it and my briefs.  
  
"I think I'm gonna cum!" I gasped, "Sarah, my Princess, do I have your permission to orgasm in your hand?"  
  
In answer Sarah turned her face to me and locked her lips on mine, gently fucking my mouth with her tongue and my pussy with her finger as I came in a series of rippling convulsions, my mewls swallowed by my Mistress.  
  
My hips stilled, heaving chest relaxed, and our lips parted, but Sarah's hand remained passively in my pussy, comforting.  
  
"When may I do that for you?" I asked.  
  
"I'll let you know, slut," she grinned.  
  
"Thank you, my Princess!" I smiled back.  
  
Soon Geoff had to go and signed off with a 'see you on Wednesday', and Sarah and I chatted in private with a few guys and girls, then we too signed off.  
  
On Tuesday morning I got an email from Alice asking me to bring brown heels to our 7pm appointment at the College where she was Head of Art.  
  
"Because the girl has her pubic hair in a trimmed landing strip I'll need to incorporate her bush into the design .. There isn't time to shave her pudenda for a suitable skin surface, even if I had the shaving things ..."  
  
I didn't think Alice was aware just how much it turned me on being discussed as if I couldn't hear, being objectified. A quick glance over to Sarah confirmed that she, on the other hand, did.  
  
We were in Alice's studio classroom at the college, preparing marketing material for her future Body Painting class, and the College Photography teacher, Mr Philips was both recording the transformation and taking the pictures that would be used in the posters and flyers.  
  
Being allowed to strip naked in front of the three of them had already warmed me up, and the soft caress of the paintbrush against my skin, and the feel of three pairs of eyes scrutinising my nakedness added to the heat. The humiliation of being talked about was enough to turn heat into moisture.  
  
The gentle blowing of the aerosol paint on my left shin was both soothing and a kind of promise of things to come as I stood on the table, left foot forward, while Alice painted my lower leg to form a brown boot. She changed to yellow around my knee and then used a brush to add the edges, with suitable shading to give the impression of creased leather. I noticed that Mr Philips was less interested in the forming boot than in my naked bush which about his eye level, and another glance at my fair cousin showed she too saw where he was looking. The welcome attention just added to my arousal.  
  
"You know, Sarah, its going to be difficult to paint the girl's briefs with her turned on like this. Her pussy is oozing and I haven't even touched her tits, arse or cunt," Alice commented.  
  
"Yeah, I know, but it's a cute pussy, and her oozes taste great" Sarah replied straight faced.  
  
"Yes, it is a cute pussy, and I like how she has her pubic hair. Do you prefer girls to have a bush or not, Sarah?"  
  
"I think mostly I like some hair, though the fashion does seem to be for a smooth bald cunt."  
  
"I think variety is quite refreshing. What do you think, Mr Philips?"  
  
"I think this girl's pussy is very pretty and looks sexy in photographs. Of course, a hairless cunt lets the photographer capture all the folds and textures of a girls labia, but a trimmed dark bush like this holds the drops of cum nectar which can glisten like jewels in the right light, just like now," and Mr Philips leaned in to get some close up pictures.  
  
"which do you prefer, Alice? Smooth or a bush?" asked Sarah.  
  
As Alice finished the second leg she glanced over, "On you, Sarah my dear, I think a light down above your pussy but clean and bald below, probably waxed so as not to hurt my tongue. Do you cum a lot of juice, my dear? I should warn you I get very moist!"  
  
I was a bit put out at not being the centre of attention. I mean, there I was, totally naked, the only naked person in the room, and they were having a conversation among themselves that wasn't about me!  
  
On the other hand, it was kind of fun being there while my pretty blonde cousin was being chatted up by Alice.  
  
"Can you squirt when you cum, Alice?" asked Sarah, "I've not been able to do it. I want to know what its like."  
  
"Mr Phillips, close your ears, this is girl talk! None of this leaves this room! Or do I need to send you away to go us coffee?"  
  
"Don't worry about me, Alice, I'm just doing the visuals. My ears are closed, lips sealed. Pretend I'm not here," though he had an obvious boner snaking down his trouser leg. Sarah glanced at it dramatically and grinned at me.  
  
"Andrea doesn't squirt, do you, slut? I should probably set you a masturbation homework task. What dya think, Alice? How often shall I have my slut cousin masturbate?"  
  
Alice stopped painting for a moment and looked directly at my pussy. Mr Philips tok a few pictures of her like that.  
  
"It is a very pretty pussy, Sarah. I assume you own it? Yes, I thought as much. It does need to be exercised. I would suggest a minimum of once every day, probably twice, but I'm sure the slut can manage more often than that. Have you been denying her orgasms? Oh, and I think it best if her masturbation doesn't penetrate, lets keep her nice and tight."  
  
Sarah nodded at Alice's wisdom.  
  
I was ecstatic; being talked about, even praised. My tummy was warming and I could feel the wetness at the top of my thighs.  
  
Alice carried on painting and soon both boots were done. She sprayed a minimal G string effect over my bush edged with a brush, but nothing behind, then a dark red basque with a wide expanse of bare midriff, the top edge detailed in a yellow 'W' barely covering my nipples, a yellow 'W' headband on my forehead and tallow forearms.  
  
While all that dried she took a very small band of blue cloth and measured and trimmed, then fitted it round my hips as a low slung tiny wrap over skirt.  
  
"Wonder Woman!" Alice announced, pleased with herself.  
  
"Very nice!" said Mr Phillips, getting shots from every angle. "How about some pictures of her in a public place?"  
  
"Mm, yes, we could, maybe an older formal building to go with the character? Sarah?"  
  
"Great idea, but do you think we could let Geoff in on it? You know him, right?"  
  
Alice looked at Sarah and smiled, nodding.  
  
Wiping her hands and picking up her mobile, "Hey, it's me. Bring your camera. I have a surprise. Ten minutes? Great!"  
  
So we spent the next hour getting some shots in front of a limestone building in the park, the Museum and Gallery, surrounded by trees and lawns. Nobody watching us seemed to realise that almost all my clothing was just paint. It was fun.  
  
As we were packing away Alice asked Sarah,  
  
"What would you think about Andrea posing for a special drawing session for select clients? Maybe erotic nudes?"  
  
"Oh, no problem, we already do camera club erotica for Geoff, don't we?"  
  
"Our first session is tomorrow, Alice," added Geoff, much to my delight.  
  
When Sarah and I got home we had to sneak past Mum before she noticed the state I was in. I needed a shower to clean of the paint, and of course my dress needed washing before Mum saw it and asked awkward questions about paint in the inside of it. But for now I just left it on the bathroom floor while I enjoyed a long hot shower.  
  
The door to the camera club was unlocked, but bore a notice declaring 'Wednesday Private Session - Invitation Only.' I was excited as I opened the door and went through, the surroundings familiar and recalling the heart swelling arousal of the my last visit. I could feel my pulse thumping, and took Sarah's hand, hoping she would catch some of my sense of anticipation and expectation.  
  
Geoff met us in the large club room that was softly lit for the most part, but with the stage area surrounded by as yet dark umbrella lights. His grin was wide and eyes sparkling as they took in our long coats and high heels, and we dropped our capacious shoulder bags to the floor and went forward to greet him.  
  
"Sarah, my dear," he said softly and took her hands in his, kissing her cheek while looking straight into my eyes. I watched his left hand leave hers and move to the small of her back and slip down to her bum over her coat. I was surprised at how forward he was, but even more surprised that Sarah allowed it. Then he let go of her and reached for my hands, his warm thumbs softly caressing the back of my own hands, his kiss on my cheek gentle but lingering, his breath warm against my face.  
  
"Andrea," he breathed, and I felt him stroke my own bum through my coat.  
  
I felt a little flushed at his greeting and glancing at my fair cousin could tell that she was affected too. This was promising to be an exceptional evening.  
  
Gesturing to a couple of cushioned chairs and small table to the left of the stage area Geoff suggested, "Why don't you sort yourselves out and get comfy; the guys will be here fairly soon. I should tell you there's been a lot of excitement about this session, and when I said the numbers were limited guys kept offering more money to be a part of it. Which means your fee is higher than we discussed, but also the expectations are high!"  
  
"And so they should be!" quipped Sarah, "They're getting a closed session with a beautiful teen model with few inhibitions! Just make sure they behave!" My heart fluttered at the 'few inhibitions' wondering what Sarah had planned.  
  
Geoff just smiled. "Don't worry, Sarah honey, they all know you're in charge. In fact they rather like it."  
  
The room was nice and warm, and I took my coat off, draping it on the back of one of the chairs, then sat to adjust my stockings. I'd gone for dark, seamed hold-ups with black patent three inch stiletto heels which set off my slender shapely legs quite nicely, and contrasted with the pale skin tone of my soft thighs. The black cotton micro-skirt just covered my bum cheeks when standing, which was just as well since the black lacy thong did not. My black sheer full sleeved button front collared blouse was left un-tucked, the black lacy bra showing through and matching the unseen thong. My hair was in a ponytail, and I had black stud earrings and a matching black stone pendant dangling between my breasts, drawing the eye to my cleavage.  
  
"Wow! You make me feel scruffy!" remarked Geoff, indicating his own jeans and blue t-shirt.  
  
"You should see Sarah!" I quipped, grinning up at him.  
  
Both our eyes swivelled to her, and responding she undid her coat, letting it fall to the floor. Glancing over I saw Geoff's jaw drop. He'd never seen Sarah like this.  
  
She was in a PVC outfit: Black shiny basque trimmed in red piping with red laces at the sides and back showing pale skin, a tiny black shiny skirt, black shiny stockings from mid-thigh to black shiny heels. She also had detached sleeves to just above the elbow in black shiny pvc laced in red from the wrist up, with a loop over her middle finger. From her bag she retrieved a black riding crop with red trim.  
  
"Whoa!" was all he said.  
  
Sarah then took from her bag a black one inch wide collar with a row of chrome studs and rings, and she put it on me with the chrome buckle behind my neck.  
  
"I think we're ready," she announced, which was good timing because the door opened and a group of three guys of about thirty walked in each laden with camera bags and in the usual attire of jeans and t shirts. The just stopped when they saw us, then grinned, then went over to the easy chairs to set down their gear, continually glancing back at us.  
  
And that's how it continued until Geoff said everyone had arrived and it was time to start.  
  
He'd set out refreshments on a table at the back; red wine, juices, coffee and tea and a big thermos of water, but nothing edible that might get the cameras dirty or leave crumbs on the subject.  
  
"Okay folks, lets get on with it," announced Geoff loudly, "Girls, if you please?" gesturing to the stage and flipping a switch to turn on the bright lights. "Now remember guys, the girls get copies of every picture; no obscuring each other, no touching the model, and Sarah, that's the blonde, she's in charge of what happens. Be polite, be professional, and I'm sure everyone will get his money's worth. Any questions or requests direct them to me or Sarah, but otherwise, let the Games begin!"  
  
"Geoff, can we have one of those plain, kitchen type wooden chairs on the stage?" He nodded to one of the guys who did as Sarah asked, and she then ordered me to get up there.  
  
We started the shoot with me facing the room but sitting on the reversed chair, my arms folded across the top of the chair back, stockinged legs spread either side, chin cupped in my hands. The small cotton skirt naturally covered between my legs, an area partly obscured by the vertical slats of the chair back, but it seemed to be a sexy enough pose to get the guys excited, which of course excited me. Looking briefly at my cousin I could tell that she was into it too.  
  
"Hands on the chair back and lean backwards," Sarah instructed, and as I obeyed I knew that the black studded collar would be very noticeable.  
  
"Stand up!"  
  
Her tone was delicious, and the way she barked the order had a few guys glancing over at her, obviously liking what was happening. I obeyed quickly, that lovely feeling building in my belly, my hands still on the chair back.  
  
"Right foot on the chair seat!" Up went my foot.  
  
"Move the chair to your right!" I did, dragging it while keeping my right foot on the seat and right hand on the chair back. My left hand went up into my hair.  
  
"Lean over onto your right knee!" This raised the back of my skirt exposing my bum cheeks, bare in the thong. The guys changed position to get some good pictures from behind and below. I loved it.  
  
"Put the chair behind you, turn towards it and drape yourself over its back!" Keeping my feet outside the chair legs with seat pointing away from me I bent forward so my skirt rode up even more, my bare bum now totally exposed, the cheeks separated by the black lace of my thong. The sounds of camera shutters got even faster than before.

"Turn the chair round, sit on it, and undo your blouse!" I sat with my knees wide apart and slowly, deliberately undid each button from the top all the way down, then slipped the sheer black blouse off and draped it over the chair back. The guys were capturing every move. It was sexy sitting there in my black lace bra and tiny skirt, thong, stockings and heels, but I wanted more, or I should say, less. So did the photographers. Sarah knew it.  
  
"Hm, bra or skirt?" wondered Sarah aloud. "Bra, I think, we need to see your tits, girl. Get them out for everyone!"  
  
Oh how I loved my cousin! Obeying slowly, letting the photographers capture my movements, I reached behind, unhooked, and let the bra fall forwards off my arms before cupping my 34c's tipped with their puckered pointy nipples and light pink one-inch surrounds. The cameras were going like crazy!  
  
"Ok folks, break for refreshments and to load your photos to your laptops," Geoff announced, camera in hand, as he continued to capture the wider scene of both photographers and model.  
  
I got off the stage and joined the guys at the refreshment table, still topless and enjoying it, chatting with the photographers who spent as much time looking at my boobs as my eyes. It was lovely. I got Sarah and me a drink each and joined her.  
  
"You're having fun, huh?" she asked, eyes dancing.  
  
"Oh yeah!"  
  
"How far can I go?"  
  
"Far as you like, enjoy yourself, I trust you," I replied, looking in those beautiful eyes, the pretty face framed in soft golden hair.  
  
"Back to work, people!" prompted Geoff.  
  
Sarah took from her bag a black pvc mask and fitted it over her face, covering from mid forehead to just above her nostrils, but with her pretty eyes looking out, and I returned to the chair and the lights.  
  
Sarah joined me.  
  
There were gasps of surprise and delight. And lots of camera clicking.  
  
"On your knees, slut!"  
  
I knelt in front of her, heart racing.  
  
"Make like a puppy, begging!"  
  
My paws went up in front of me and I draped my tongue out like I was panting.  
  
Sarah lifted my chin with the tip of her riding crop.  
  
"Stand up, place your hands on the chair seat, legs straight!"  
  
I turned away from the guys to face the chair and bent over, my feet wide apart, and felt Sarah use the crop to lift the skirt up, before caressing my bum cheeks with it, and moving it slowly, suggestively over my hot mound. I just knew that she was making sure the guys got a good view.  
  
The crop was teasing my covered pussy lips, and my breathing became soft gasps.  
  
She slipped the crop inside the back of my lace thong, and started working the tiny garment down until she had enough slack to pull it aside and bare my hot puffy lips. The air was cool on my damp folds, despite the hot lights. The crop explored between my lips, parting them, and I could sense the guys getting closer to catch every detail. It felt wonderful.  
  
The crop withdrew.  
  
"Stand up ... face me ... take off your thong ... kneel ... drape your thong on the riding crop!"  
  
I obeyed, hanging the damp scrap over the crop which she held out horizontally from her belly, both of us sideways on to the room, my left side towards the guys.  
  
"Stand up, face the room, hands on head, feet apart!"  
  
As soon as I was in position Sarah rubbed the top of the crop over my belly and up to my breasts, flicking my nipples, then down again to lift the front of my skirt, showing everyone my neatly trimmed dark pubic bush and clean shaved swollen labia.  
  
"Drop the skirt!"  
  
Sarah left the stage area while I undid the skirt and let it fall to the floor, now basically naked apart from the collar, stockings and heels.  
  
"Good slut!" she said as she returned clutching something.  
  
"Hands on head!"  
  
While I obeyed I felt her attach a clamp to my right nipple and tighten it enough to be exquisite, then do the same on the left. Looking down I saw they were silver chrome, joined by a light silver chain. It made me smile.  
  
"Bend over the chair again, facing away, slut!"  
  
She went off again and came back immediately, and bent over as I was I felt a cold wet finger insert itself in my bum hole. It pushed in and out a few times, then a bigger insertion replaced it. Between my legs I saw a tail. A black tail butt plug!  
  
Sarah moved it to one side so the photographers could get a clear view of my aroused pussy from behind, which Sarah again teased with the riding crop, pressing between the puffy wet lips and rubbing up and down.  
  
"Sit on the chair, legs wide!"  
  
I quickly changed position while she attached a red leather leash to a ring on my collar.  
  
"You may masturbate, slut, in front of all these men!"  
  
So help me I couldn't start soon enough.  
  
Holding my outer lips apart from above with two fingers of my left hand, I rubbed circles with my right from the side, making sure not to obscure the guys' view. I felt so aroused and horny I wanted to orgasm right there and then in front of everyone.  
  
"If any guys wanna get their dick out, maybe jerk off, form a line," suggested Sarah.  
  
I didn't think any one would, but after looking at Geoff to see if it was ok a few guys lined up the other side of the lights. Some of them tied handkerchiefs over their noses to hide their identity and there were still plenty of photographers continuing to capture the developing scene, and I noticed that Geoff was covering both us and the club members with his own camera. His would undoubtedly be the most interesting and exciting shots.  
  
While the line was forming most of the photographers used the temporary break to again empty their pictures to their computers, but soon Sarah was getting her volunteers organised.  
  
While I still sat in the chair, legs apart, facing the room, she had the guys line up behind me and to my left with her standing on my right, using the riding crop like a conductors baton to control the proceedings. All the men around me now had their dicks out, and I noticed the change in smell. It wasn't unpleasant, which I'd expected, but kind of earthy and raw, and very sexy. I looked at the three penises to my left, all of them uncut and about five or six inches long, inch or inch and a half wide, but suddenly looking most attractive while their owners stroked them. Still running little circles round my clitoris with my right fingers, I reached out with my left hand to feel the nearest cock. It was warm, almost hot, hard yet soft to the touch, and so alive. I glanced up at Sarah who just nodded, encouraging me to play.  
  
I could tell that the men behind me were also playing with their dicks, and every so often felt what must have been penises plopping on top of my head. Just as I looked back at the cock in my left hand the man to his right suddenly grunted and gasped, pushing his hips towards me. While I turned to look a little spurt of thick white fluid spat out of the hole in his fat cock head, followed by a huge string that flew in slow motion to hit my left cheek with a hot wet splat.  
  
Instinctively I jerked back and heard Sarah cry out, "No! Hold her head still!"  
  
Hands from behind gripped the sides of my head as the cummer spewed rope after rope of heavy thick cum over my left cheek and nose and lips, the new smell filling my nostrils, almost intoxicating. My insides spasmed and I enjoyed the rush of my own small rippling orgasm.  
  
It must have set the others off because the owner of the cock in my hand took control, covering my hand in his, and erupted his own contribution of sperm onto my nose and lips, wetter and spashier but just as hot against my face.  
  
"Open your mouth, slut!" commanded my cousin, the crop under my chin.  
  
As soon as I obeyed the ejaculator rested his tip on my lower teeth and emptied what was left in his balls right onto my tongue.  
  
The third man on my left moved in and dripped a long stream of sperm onto my lips, and the men behind me tilted my head back so he could fill my open mouth. He must have had very large balls because he seemed to keep going for ages, the combined semen overflowing out the right corner of my mouth to drip onto my naked tits.  
  
"Do you spit or swallow?" asked a deep voice behind me, and I closed my mouth to swallow the textured load, feeling it slide down my throat maybe like raw egg. It was nicer than I imagined. I realised that all the while Sarah had been muttering, "fuck, fuck, fuck," over and over.  
  
The hands let go of my head and I felt splashes on my hair that could only mean the guys behind me were jerking themselves again and cumming on me. Little streams of it ran down my forehead to eventually drip off my chin or cheeks to my tits and tummy.  
  
When they had all emptied themselves Sarah moved in front of me and gently kissed my soiled lips, slowly, lingering, sensuous.  
  
The place reeked of sex.  
  
"Very nice, girls, great show!" said Geoff to much agreement. "Time to clean up."  
  
Sarah and I went to our table and used a towel, though there wasn't much I could do about the sperm drying in my hair, and the nipple clamps came off. The photographers packed their kit away, laughing and joking and calling out nice things to us, and soon it was just Geoff, Sarah and me.  
  
"That was great, even better than I expected, to be honest. Here's your fee. A few of the guys chipped in extra as a tip, so you've done really well out of this. You both deserve it."  
  
Sarah took the envelope and while she looked at our earnings his left hand once more went to the small of her back, quickly descending to rest on her bum again, over her pvc skirt. Sarah just carried on ruffling through the money and Geoff reached out his right hand to casually cup my left breast. Following Sarah's lead I pretended to ignore it, even when his thumb started flicking my nipple, making my insides do nice things again.  
  
"You know, Sarah, we could do a great shoot of you in this lovely get-up you have on ...?" Geoff half asked, half suggested while his left hand slipped under her skirt to stroke her bum through just the pvc briefs, his right hand openly pinching and gently twisting my engorged and slightly sore left nipple.  
  
"Oh, I don't know, " she replied and mirrored on my right nipple what Geoff was doing to left. His left was roaming freely across her bum over her briefs. "Do you particularly like this costume?" she asked him, looking him in the eye while both of them were twisting my nipples.  
  
"Yes, I do. I like how you have such a lovely expanse of creamy thigh showing from the leggings to the skirt, " his fingers stroking her bare right thigh, "and I like the contrasting colours, the red and black, and how your beautiful pale skin shows between the lacings, here," his left hand fingers now tracing the lacing from her right hip to the top of the basque. "The red piping on the cups here outline your breasts nicely," tracing the edges around her right boob, "though if it was more sheer we would get a hint of the nipple beneath?" and he pressed and circled where her nipple must be under the pvc.  
  
"That would be too obvious," she replied.  
  
"Whereas," said Geoff as his fingers trailed from her breast to her waist, "the skirt teasingly hides the knickers beneath," and he lifted the front of her skirt, "which cover the treasure between your thighs," his little finger holding the skirt up, his thumb rubbing up and down her mound, "cover the treasure too well for my taste?"  
  
"You like to taste?" Sarah replied, provocatively.  
  
"I'm a connoisseur, " and his right hand left my nipple to dip two fingers between my sodden labia, extracting a sticky gob of fluid which he brought to his tongue, "Andrea is delicious; slightly sweet with a hint of tang."  
  
"Yes, I know," said Sarah, copying and sucking her fingers clean.  
  
"And you, my dear Sarah," here Geoff's right hand gently pulled the top of her pvc knickers away from her belly so that his left hand could slip inside and curve under her body, "are very aroused too, nicely wet, and," he withdrew wet fingers which went to his lips, "mm sweet and full flavoured."  
  
Geoff put his right hand in this time to retrieve more honey which he generously offered to me.  
  
I hungrily slurped up my first taste of my cousin, sighing contentedly through my nose.  
  
Geoff's left hand returned inside Sarah's briefs and it was clear that he was masturbating her.  
  
I reached over to rub his obvious erection, but he stopped me with, "Not until I get to fuck you both," and at that Sarah quivered with an orgasm.  
  
Geoff pulled his hand free and sucked the fingers clean.  
  
Slightly dazed we went to finish getting ready to go and said our thanks. We'd both enjoyed an amazing evening. We were dressed and in coats, packed and ready to go.  
  
"Andrea, if you need to talk to someone about how you're feeling about all of this, being photographed naked and doing pornography, there's a woman in that chat room, user name 'MomOfTeenDau' who might be helpful."  
  
We again said thanks and left, not talking much on the way home. It was quite a big high to come down from.  
  
Once we got home we called out 'hi' to mum who was in the sitting room with the TV on, and headed upstairs. Sarah showered first and changed into pjs. After my shower I slipped on a towel robe and sat at the computer, opening up the chat room, but MomOfTeenDau wasn't on line. Instead we decided to shop on-line for more sexy gear. We did get an email from Geoff saying the pictures had come out really well, and he was setting up an album on line so we could see them and save them.  
  
"Sarah, Princess, I thought you reckoned Geoff was old and gross?"  
  
Sarah just laughed, and bought some more toys on the internet.  
  
We got to the venue in plenty of time on Friday and gave our names at the Club Reception; there were tickets set aside for us.  
  
"Ah, you're with the Hen Party!" remarked the pretty red haired girl. "we really are sold out tonight. I hear the Main Act is really good, he's very popular and has been offered his own TV series. I think you'll have a fun evening." And then she was giving her attention to the next people behind us.  
  
"What's this about a Hen Do?" I asked Sarah, since she and Geoff had arranged everything.  
  
"I don't know, Geoff just said that Alice had some friends coming and we could join them, maybe that's it?" She seemed as bewildered as I was.  
  
We made our way over to the doors that lead into the auditorium. It seemed more like a theatre than a club, but once past the guys checking tickets we saw that instead of theatre seats in rows, there were lots of tables of various sizes set with white linen and red velvet cushioned chairs around, like a restaurant but arranged to focus on the stage which at the moment was obscured by a heavy red velvet curtain. It felt very posh and I was glad that we'd dressed up.  
  
Sarah looked gorgeous with her golden hair pinned up, a black silk buttoned long sleeve blouse open to just above her bra and short black leather skirt, dark stockings and patent leather black heels, a gold pendant in the middle of her chest and gold drop earrings. I'd opted for a pink silk choker and pink knitted dress, rather like a sweater that came to mid thigh, clingy and showing off my body shape rather well, and the scarlet silk bra and thong set could be made out through it, picking up the colour of my heels. I felt smart but sexy, teasing but classy. Like Sarah I had spent some of our most recent earnings the day before on clothes and jewellery, in my case ruby and gold ear studs.  
  
"Ah, the two sexiest girls in the whole club!" That was Geoff who was suddenly standing between us, kissing Sarah's cheek to his left, and then mine to his right. I felt his hand softly explore my bum and had no doubt he was doing the same with my cousin.  
  
"I'm working tonight," and he gestured to the camera hanging from his shoulder, "so Alice will look after you. She's got that table of eight second row from the stage," and looking where he nodded I could see her with a group of women in short black dresses apart from one in white with a silver tiara on her dark hair. I guessed she must be the bride.  
  
With a smack on the bum to send us in the right direction we went over join them, and Alice greeted us warmly before making introductions of first names. Their ages ranged from one around mine and Sarah's age to thirties, so mostly mid twenties. They had already started drinking and were in good spirits. I expected to have a fun evening.  
  
Since we weren't actually in the hen party Sarah and I were at the end of the table, on the left as we faced the stage, and waiters brought bottles of red and white wine with glasses to the tables shortly before the curtain went up. That's when I realised it was going to a cabaret kind of show and sat back to enjoy it, holding Sarah's left hand in my right and sipping red wine. What a lovely treat this was.  
  
A middle aged comedian came on stage to polite applause and started telling some very naughty jokes which had the girls of the hen party in stitches; they were even doing a bit of heckling. The house lights had gone down but looking round I could see that it was a grown-ups only evening which was fine with me. I'd been feeling very 'adult' recently. Geoff was busy getting shots of the comedian from the floor and also the audience reaction.  
  
The act finished with a flourish and extremely rude joke that sent him off stage with much louder applause than when he'd come on, and he got three curtain calls.  
  
Next were some dancing girls in minimal costumes who were fun and lively and very pretty to watch, and they too got a great reception and an encore. It was a great evening's entertainment. Then the Main Act was announced, 'Mesmerising Mike', a hypnotist.  
  
Oh, what a shame. It had been building so nicely but I couldn't help feel disappointed, and scoffed a bit too loud that hypnosis was a load of rubbish, just when there was a quiet lull. Oops.  
  
On came Mike making his not very believable claims that, "what you are about to see tonight is real hypnosis, not faked, and the volunteers from the audience have to be prepared to accept the consequences. I can't make anyone do anything against their will but I can suggest an alternative reality that with the right subjects will be totally convincing to them ... so with that warning, do I have some volunteers? To the stage, please!"  
  
There was a kind of interval while he sorted out his accomplices who'd obviously been planted in the audience, then the lights dimmed again and he began.  
  
I had to admit it was actually very entertaining. He had a older woman who thought she was a cat and could only meow, a guy who thought everyone else's hands were really dirty and wouldn't shake hands with anyone, another guy who thought all the other volunteers were talking trees, another sitting in a chair thinking he's driving his car and all the others are driving really badly. It was fun but obviously just good acting and improvising. I wasn't the only sceptical one; the bride went off to the toilets, plonking her tiara on my head since I was at the end of the table.  
  
"That's the end of Part One, folks. After the break we'll have just one volunteer and try to help them overcome their inhibitions, so ...?"  
  
The lights went down, and soon a spotlight was sweeping the floor while dramatic music rang out, and in a booming voice Mike announced from the stage, "Who will be our volunteer, the Star of the Show?"  
  
Everyone was following the Spot and I gasped as it swept over me and a cheer went up. Apparently it really caught the tiara I was still wearing. The beam moved on but a chant was growing around me .. "Bride! Bride! Bride!" They obviously mistook me for her. The Spot returned and fixed me in its unwavering stare.  
  
"Will the beautiful bride come on up?" boomed Mike looking at me from centre stage.  
  
I smiled and shook my head, but Sarah kept shoving me and the cries of "Bride! Bride!" got louder.

Reluctantly I stood up and heard the cheers, and felt that familiar rush inside at being the centre of attention. Grinning I went towards the stage and an usher guided me to the steps. Before I really thought about what I was doing I was up there next to Mike, bright lights in my eyes, and a microphone pointing at me. My tummy was doing somersaults but I felt a rising excitement.  
  
"Thank you, thank you! And what's your name, beautiful?"  
  
Mike had nice brown eyes, I noticed. "Andrea."  
  
"Welcome Andrea, and thanks for being a sport." He put his left arm round my shoulders and hugged me to him as he addressed the audience.  
  
"I'm going spend a few minutes finding if young Andrea here ... you are over eighteen aren't you?" he asked me and I just nodded, not wanting to be boring by saying I was eighteen, not over eighteen. "Finding if young Andrea here is suitable for being hypnotised .. "  
  
"You won't be able to hypnotise me," I told him, wanting to spare both of us an embarrassing failure.  
  
"Let me be the judge of that," he smiled back at me. "Its very warm here, under the lights, isn't it?"  
  
"Yes, very," I replied, looking into those lovely brown eyes.  
  
"Yes, Andrea, its very warm, you're feeling warm and relaxed, quite relaxed. Feel the warm glow of the stage lights, how relaxed they make you feel, listening to my voice, feeling relaxed under the warmth of the lights, very relaxed, getting sleepy ..."  
  
It was all rather boring and I tuned out fairly quickly.  
  
The next thing I remember is "Wide awake!" and suddenly raising my head. I'd been asleep standing up.  
  
"Sorry, I think I drifted off, its so warm and relaxing up here!"  
  
It seems that after the break the lights had again dimmed and the stage lit up with me asleep on my feet, and Mike had introduced me again before saying,  
  
"When I wake you Andrea, you will believe everything I tell you and will want to please, to gain my approval; you are desperate for my approval. Anything I say after the word 'silence' you won't be able to hear until I use the word 'hearing' .... so ... Wide awake!"  
  
My head came up and I blinked as if waking.  
  
"So Andrea my dear, you've been telling me quite a bit about your hopes for the future, and you also said there were some things you'd really like to do but haven't told anyone, maybe because you're too embarrassed?"  
  
I looked at him a little horrified and blushed.  
  
"Yes," continued Mike, "Those things. Silence!" Then to the audience apparently he added, "Ok folks lets see what kind of stuff this sweet young thing would like to do ... Hearing!"  
  
... singing audition  
  
Mike continued, "OK, since its just you and me up here, why don't you tell me something you've always wanted to do, but never admitted to anyone, maybe a secret fantasy?" and with that Mike winked very obviously to the audience.  
  
"Weeeell," I started, drawing out the word, "there is something from a couple of years ago?"  
  
"Good girl, now's a great time to let it out, get it off your chest," and Mike's eyes slid down to my scarlet bra showing so clearly through the knitted pink short clingy sweater-dress. "Go on."  
  
"OK, well I was on holiday and at the next hotel along they were having a Talent Show, like 'Hotel's got Talent', you know? So anyway I was gonna go in for it, singing a song? It was cool cos there weren't exactly auditions, you just had to fill in a form and the audition and performance thing were one chance on stage in the evening fairly late. I think they had a panel of judges with buzzers but I reckoned a lot hung on the audience. Anyway, I chickened out, partly cos I didn't have a backing track to sing to, but I expect they could have sorted something if I really wanted. Anyway that night I couldn't help thinking how I might have gone ...?"  
  
I looked up at Mike, and it was obvious to everyone that I wanted his approval to keep going.  
  
"That's very interesting, Andrea, I'm glad your getting this off your chest. And I'm sure you're right, it might have er, very well hung, on the audience, " and Mike grinned to his audience who were totally with him, enjoying the innuendo. "You want to tell me how far do you go in your fantasy? "  
  
"Um, sure, so er, I sign up to sing 'Purple Rain', cos it was popular again, and when its my turn I go up on stage, and the music starts, and I move a little, and start singing, but even in my imagination I know I don't really sing very well, ha ha," looking to Mike for understanding.  
  
"Hm, I see, er how did the audience take it? Did they swallow it? Its good for you to get this off your chest, let it all out," and again Mike glanced at my bra and then theatrically to his own audience.  
  
"Oh not that well, ha ha, I'm really not a singer," I explained, but it was like I was making it up as I talked, trying to please, following Mike's hints, "so to kinda win them back over I concentrated more on dancing, which seemed to improve things?"  
  
"Go on, you should go all the way,"  
  
"Well someone in the audience shouts 'get em off!' and like everyone kinda laughs and more people shout it out?" looking to see how Mike took this, would he approve? He nodded in wise understanding.  
  
"Really? Hm, I can see that going down well, getting lots of approval," and Mike grinned again to his audience, and someone whistled. "And you'd like to uncover your talents? Would you like to show your assets to the audience?" Mike grinning again.  
  
I smiled and nodded, relieved that Mike approved.  
  
"And you've never acted out this fantasy, this desire? ...Yet?"  
  
"Well no, course not! ... not yet?"  
  
"OK , good girl for telling me, its important to release the tension in you which is building to a climax," Mike shared the joke with his audience, "we don't have 'Purple Rain' but we do have my intro music ... so ... SLEEP! When I wake you, the backing track to your song is halfway through, you've stopped singing and are dancing, exactly like in the fantasy you just told. It's important to you to win over the audience and me the deciding judge, you are desperate for our approval. "Silence!" and to the audience, "Ok so if you wanna play along with this, see where it goes, don't give her any encouragement unless she starts to show a little flesh, ok?" then to his crew off-stage, "Start my music and keep it going till I say stop."  
  
Mike's own intro music began, and he said, "Hearing! .... Wide awake!"  
  
And there I was, on stage in front of what seemed a big audience though with the lights shining into my eyes it was difficult to see clearly. My music was still playing but I knew my singing hadn't impressed, not that it was a surprise. I didn't have long before the track ran out so I put a little extra into my dancing. Where before I'd just been swaying to the music as I sang, I now put more energy into my moves, using my hips and shoulders and even my hair. Pulling it out of the ponytail and letting my dark locks hang loose I gave it a shake and got a little clap and hoot, which made me look out over the audience and brought a smile to my face. Maybe all was not lost?  
  
Glancing over to the Head Judge I saw he was still watching me, and I thought he maybe gave me a little nod of encouragement? It was what I needed, and with what I took as his permission I moved a bit more raunchily, running my hands up my sides, over my hips and thighs, but didn't get another audience response until I turned my back and wiggled my bum, watching them over my shoulder. That got another little clap and cheer. But the Head Judge was yawning and looking away.  
  
Shit!  
  
The words, 'get it off your chest' kept running through my head, though I didn't know why, but it gave me an idea, and spinning to face the audience again I made a big show of sliding off the left shoulder strap of my pink knitted dress down to my elbow, exposing the scarlet bra strap. That got a little hoot, and the Head Judge was watching again. Someone shouted "KEEP GOING!" which got more applause than I'd yet received, and again I seemed to get another little nod from the Judge.  
  
Sliding my dress off my right shoulder I got a definite cheer, two voices maybe, and rotating my hips in a big circle I tugged the dress to my waist, showing off the thin silk scarlet bra.  
  
That got an even better reaction, and glancing over I saw that the Judge was watching and nodding though with a serious look on his face. Clearly I still had a way to go.  
  
It was obvious what my next move should be, but I decided to try to get the audience to play along with me.  
  
Hooking my thumbs into the dress I started to slide it down my hips but stopped after a moment, still rotating my hips, and cupped my right hand to my ear, looking questioningly at my audience.  
  
Should I or shouldn't I? I was asking them, and got a lovely chant of "Off! Off! Off!"  
  
I made a show of looking over to the Judge for his decision, and got a mildly bored nod.  
  
Hm, ok, maybe this wasn't going to be enough, but with dramatic gestures I slipped the dress down my thighs to the floor and stepped out of it, kicking it to one side.  
  
The Judge might not have been impressed but the audience liked it, and I got big cheers and hoots, which I rewarded by spinning slowly on the spot, wiggling my almost naked bum, bared in the scarlet thong, even bending forward a bit, then turning to face them again.  
  
I figured that would do it as a finale.  
  
But the music kept playing. The Judge was motioning to the Sound Guy to keep it playing, then he looked at me and gestured to the stage for me to keep going.  
  
The audience saw this and clapped.  
  
Ok.  
  
Well now it was like a bikini contest.  
  
From what Sarah told me afterwards, it seemed at this point that everyone thought Mike expected me to do a bit of sexy dancing in my underwear before finishing the Act, since he was saying something to his crew off stage and then gathering his microphone and getting ready to take over again.  
  
It didn't quite go like that.  
  
I was in 'Bikini Contest Fantasy' mode and I had an enthusiastic audience in front of me who had approved of me stripping out of my dress to minimal underwear, their chants of 'Off! Off! Off!' still reverberating through my mind, a delicious, intoxicating chant, pure sweet music.  
  
With a dramatic sweep of my arms I brought my hands to the front clasp of the bra, and with a flourish undid it, whipping it off and throwing it behind me.  
  
There were shocked gasps, but I heard 'approval', and with hardly a moment's break hooked my thumbs in the thong and pushed it down, stepping out and flicking it behind me with a kick.  
  
I stood on stage, naked, full frontal nude, before a packed audience, and did my 'ta-da' pose, left knee bent, feet apart, arms wide.  
  
The sudden noise was deafening and I knew I'd won, and turned my head to grin at the rapidly approaching Judge.  
  
"Well done! Well done, Andrea, you are tonight's winner!" he declared, draping an arm round my bare shoulder, before being handed my dress by a stage hand. Mike let me take a bow, then called, "Sleep!" sharing his success with the audience.  
  
"You will put your dress back on but think that you're still wearing underwear, and all this will be like a fantasy you imagined. Put on your dress, Andrea."  
  
I slipped the pink sweater dress over my head and pulled it into place.  
  
"Awake! Well done Andrea, you were fantastic as a volunteer," he congratulated me.  
  
Leaning into the microphone I replied, "But we haven't done anything yet? Just talked? I told you I can't be hypnotised!"  
  
"Well, never mind. As a hypnotist I can't win them all, but at least you played along!"  
  
And to far more applause than I thought I deserved for just being interviewed, I was escorted off stage and back to my seat, where the other girls patted my arm and said well done and smiled like I'd livened the whole party.  
  
On Saturday morning Sarah and I were settling in for a relaxed lazy start when she got a message from her older brother.  
  
"Shit, Andi, I have to go home. James is gonna drive over to pick me up. Shit we don't have much time. Help me pack huh?"  
  
"Course, no worries. You better shower while I get your clothes together." James was Sarah's middle brother, 21. Her youngest brother Michael was her twin, and the oldest Peter at 25, lived away from their home with his girlfriend.  
  
As Sarah disappeared to the bathroom in her pjs, carrying the jeans, blouse and undies she'd set out the night before, I put the rest of her stuff neatly on the bed ready to pack away. I reckoned that way she could see what was there and know if we'd forgotten anything.  
  
I popped downstairs to Mum in just my dressing gown and asked if I could go stay with Sarah for a few days, if it was ok with Auntie.  
  
Getting the permission I hoped for I rushed back upstairs, threw the minimum of stuff in my own bag, and waited impatiently for Sarah to let me have my turn in the shower.  
  
We did a quick swap over and just made it downstairs in time for James to arrive. Sarah had phoned her Mum and yes, of course I could stay if James didn't mind driving me home in a few days. He didn't mind.  
  
As we drove away it occurred to me that in our hurry, we may not have closed down my room thoroughly...