**Andi and The Camera Club**

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**Chapter 1**  
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.