**Modeling in France**

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**Modeling in France Ch. 01**

The weekend after the party (see Vespa) I spent finishing off my dissertation to e-mail back to a friend in Toronto for proof-reading. The weather was great, and I spent the whole time naked, mostly by the pool.   
  
I must admit that I also did a lot of thinking about the party and how it had really brought out my exhibitionist tendencies. The whole weekend I kept thinking how much fun it would be to go shopping naked at the little grocery store by the beach, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. It didn't seem like much in comparison to what I had done Friday night, but without the party atmosphere it was really different. I also realised that I had been pretty drunk when we went out into the streets.   
  
Aside from receiving a few deliveries at the front door, the most daring thing I managed to do was to get the mail on Saturday morning. A hedge surrounded the front yard of the villa, shielding most of it from view. After coming out from behind the hedge I only had to walk about ten metres along the sidewalk to get to it. What could be easier?   
  
I got to the box, and there was no one around, which was encouraging because I hadn't been caught, but discouraging because I hadn't been seen. Yes, that's a contradiction, which I can't really explain.   
  
As I was pulling out the accumulation of letters and advertisements, I heard someone coming. It scared me, but I resisted the temptation to run, forcing myself to act natural and taking the risk that it could be someone who wouldn't appreciate my little show. It turned out to be an older gentleman out for a walk. He greeted me very naturally, and stopped to introduce himself, Paolo from Milan, who was renting a villa not far away. I introduced myself and explained that I was house sitting. Then he took my hand, which somehow seemed completely natural, and told me that I was beautiful. I invited him for coffee, which I brought out to the table in the front yard. We had a lovely conversation for about two hours. (No, I didn't get dressed.) He said he understood my exhibitionism -- "a body like yours must be seen." When he left he invited me out to dinner that night. (I wore a really short mini-dress, which almost got us kicked out of the restaurant.)   
  
After dinner he spent the night, starting an affair (non-exclusive on both sides) which lasted for a couple of years despite a 25-year age difference.   
  
Monday I was scheduled to start my modelling with Marc at his villa right behind "mine." He had told me to come over for breakfast and that we would spend the morning with photo shoots and the afternoon with drawing. The next day he had me scheduled for two of his classes at the university. That was a lot, but I could sure use the money. Villa sitting was only free rent.   
  
We girls always ask the same thing. What should I wear? I had hung out at Marc's place au naturel all afternoon Friday with his friends, wore nothing at his party Friday night, and was going there to pose nude. I only had to walk through our adjoining back gates to get there. The simplest would be to go the way I had been born, but somehow it didn't seem original enough. Then I discovered that Paolo had left his undershirt, one of those ugly tank top things that men wear. I tried it on, and I thought it looked great on me. Paolo is a bit taller than I am, so it was long enough to cover the essentials, but not too well. It smelled lightly of him, enough for me to enjoy, but not enough for anyone else to notice.   
  
So I arrived in Marc's back yard in nothing but Paolo's undershirt and a pair of sandals. Breakfast was in full swing on the back terrace with about 10 people -- Marc always had an entourage. My outfit was a big hit. One of the women said that you had to have a perfect body to get away with wearing something as ugly as that. Sitting down it didn't cover my pussy very well, but then that was part of the fun.   
  
After breakfast we moved into Marc's studio, and he decided to start off with me in the undershirt. He had an assistant plus a lighting guy, but anyone was welcome to observe his photo shots, and usually there were at least 5-6 people there, mostly guys. This would be a tough job for a shy girl, but I was quickly getting beyond that. He had me lean back, lean forward, lean sideways, do exercises, run on a treadmill, pose in the "wind" from a big fan, etc. All of these of course exposed me in one way or another.   
  
After an hour or so, things started getting even hotter. It began with shots of me from behind bent over looking right through my legs at the camera. The cool air on the underside of my pussy and between my buttocks told me what I was showing. I was glad that I had shaved my body this morning. I like my thick black bush, and I shave it to a nice triangle, so that it doesn't hang out of a thong or string bikini. That includes everything between my buttocks, which is damn hard to get at.   
  
Then he had me sit on a chair and did some shots from the front with my legs spread open --moving to a whole new level.  
  
We took a break in the photo shooting around 1030 for coffee. I was tired of Paolo's undershirt and took it off, although I had nothing else to wear. At 11AM Marc had a client coming for shots to promote their line of men's belts. The plan was to shoot me wearing nothing but belts. The client hadn't seen any pictures of me, but had asked for someone tall with thick black hair, so Marc figured they'd be pleased. He was indeed, and they had me start right away, posing with various belts in about two dozen different positions.   
  
After lunch I told Marc I was tired, and wanted to quit for the day, but he said I could pose lying down for the drawings. We went out into the back yard for the natural light, where he wanted to do what he called vagina portraits. He put a pillow on the table for my head, and I lay on my back with my feet on the table and my knees apart. He asked me to brush back my pubic hair a bit and had me change position for different drawings, but mainly I just relaxed while he drew my pussy. As always with Marc there was an ever-changing group of observers, all of whom had to get a close-up peek. Since some of the positions were lying face down or on my side, and I was able to enjoy the drinks which my audience brought me.   
  
Just a few days before, I had been disturbed when I saw his explicit drawings, but now I was really enjoying having Marc and his friend look between my legs. Yes, it was a turn-on, and I had to dry myself off a few times. Marc made the remark that he was happy I was enjoying myself, just to let me know that he had noticed my wetness.   
  
Afterwards I hung around naked and talked to Marc's friends for a while. When I went home I took Paolo's undershirt, but didn't put it on. I just had to go through the two back gates, so there was nothing daring about that.  
  
The next morning Marc and I were to drive to the University in the city for life drawing classes. I joked about having to put on clothes for the trip. Marc said that the classroom had an entrance right next to the parking lot, so I wouldn't have very far to streak. He kept coming up with arguments why I should go the whole way naked - such as making it more convenient to stop for photos along the way - but he was joking and didn't really believe I would do it.   
  
That night I thought about the risk of taking a car trip nude. All kinds of things could happen, flat tire, car trouble, accident. The risk was sort of exciting, so that's what I did. I'm not crazy - I did take a little dress in my cosmetics bag for an emergency.   
  
The drive was about an hour, and sure enough when we got there the parking lot was closed, and we had to walk around the building. Marc's easy-going, take-it-off attitude had suddenly changed. He was obviously afraid of offending someone at the university, but I kept telling him I didn't want to get dressed, just to tease him. I had no intention of walking through a crowd of horny students in the buff.   
  
I put on the dress and went to the classroom, then retired to the model's bathroom to freshen up and left the dress there. I was sitting up front in the altogether talking to Marc when the class started coming in.   
  
You could tell that the students were surprised to see the model already naked. I knew that I was supposed to wear a robe until the absolute last possible second, but to me that gives a message that you are ashamed of your body. I walked right up to the students and introduced myself, so they could see I was at ease.   
  
Marc gave me an easy but daring pose, sitting on a chair facing the class with my knees 30-40cm apart. During breaks I walked around to view the students' work and to give each of them a personal close-up view, too. One boy who sat right in front of me had not gotten much further than my pussy, but had done a really thorough job of drawing my big clit peeking out through the rough. One girl asked me why I didn't cover up between sessions, so I asked her why I should.   
  
Things went on like this for the next couple of weeks. I was at Marc's house every week day, usually modelling for him or for one of his friends, always nude or with some piece of clothing for a prop. In between I never got dressed.   
  
Marc got several more assignments - referred by the belt maker - to take pictures of me with products such as motorcycle helmets, neckties, or golf clubs. Apparently all of these were destined for foreign men's magazines, but I never saw any of the ads or found out where they were published, if at all. Never even saw any on the internet.  
  
I spent weekends and almost every night with Paolo. We checked out all of the local nude beaches, where we would both get naked, as well as regular beaches, where I would get naked anyway. We both really got a kick out of me being naked on a regular beach. Although at least some women were topless at all of them, taking off that bottom is a quantum leap, which really gets some people upset. Still I made a point of walking around naked.

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At the end of the month everything changed, my house sitting job came to an end, and Paolo went back home. I moved into Marc's villa since he needed my help on a major show which would open in three weeks. It looked like about half of the show would be pictures of me and drawings of my pussy, and he kept thinking of new photos and drawings he wanted to add. I was also helping him with organization.  
  
During this time at Marc's villa I was constantly horny. Showing off my body is sexually arousing for me, and I was naked there all the time in groups of people, ¾ of them guys. After Paolo left I had no sex partner. Two of Marc's friends came on to me, but they weren't my type, and I blew them off. Some of the guys seemed to think I was inaccessible. Others were gay. Also, if I had slept with one or two of them it would have been complicated, since I didn't want either to be seen as common property or to start any rivalries. Anyway it never worked out, and I had to take care of things myself.   
  
One day I was sitting in the big studio watching some videos which one of the girls in the group had made of guys playing volleyball on the beach in California. It was sexually-charged and a merciless turn-on, and I began absent-mindedly fingering my clit. Once I realized what I was doing, I didn't really want to quit. I looked around, and there were about ten guys behind me putting together a stand for the show. They weren't paying any attention to me, so I proceeded quietly.   
  
The beauty and the problem with masturbation is that you can lose track of everything else, and I quit paying attention to the others in the room. When I looked up and saw a guy standing in front of me watching, I pulled my hand back. He told me it was OK to keep going, but he'd love to watch if I didn't mind. "Masturbation is wonderful," he said. I figured I'd already been caught, why not go on.   
  
I started from the beginning with the full version, rubbing my thighs, circling my labia with one finger, then two, fingering the inside edge of my vagina, then the top and sides of the hood. I looked up to see an audience of at least a dozen, all male, which really got me going. So much for the preliminaries. I put my feet up on the chair, opening me up wide, and finally started with my finger on the sensitive underside of my clit, keeping an eye now on my audience to make sure that they were taking it all in.   
  
I had assumed that I would not be able to make myself cum in front of an audience, but I soon reached my point of no return where I knew it was inevitable. I slowed down to savour it and used the other hand to find that elusive but sweet spot a little ways inside my vagina. I found the right place and then managed to get another finger inside without letting go of that lovely spot. My audience was staring in silence -- I remember wondering what had happened to the volleyball video. I reached the plateau where I began my slide into the first wave, and I slowed down again. I couldn't help but moan, so I just let it wash over me.   
  
The first orgasm was big, and I was getting noisy. This was followed by an even bigger one, and then a smaller last one. I withdrew my fingers, but stayed where I was enjoying the silent attention and my post-orgasm glow. Someone gave me a towel, but no one said anything for a while. Finally the one who started it all said, "That was amazing, Christine." I guess I should have been embarrassed and ashamed, but I must admit that I wasn't. It's not something I ever thought I'd do, but the time and the audience were right, and I really enjoyed it, which is all that counts.   
  
As the day of the show approached, Marc decided that he wanted me to attend the grand opening party.   
  
It was in a large city almost a day's drive from us, so everything was loaded in a truck. Marc went with the truck, and the rest of us took the train the next day and arrived about 3 days before the show to get set up.   
  
It was complicated getting everything into place. The show was in a gallery in a building in the old part of town. The streets in that area are really narrow, and most of it is a pedestrian zone. Only commercial vehicles could drive to the gallery, if they were narrow enough, and then only at certain times. We had to hire some local guys to get the stuff to the gallery, and the rest of us worked on set-up. The local guys really liked my slutty work clothes -- at first a tight T-shirt with an old pair of jeans cut off to within 3 cm of the zipper. (I've had panties which covered more.) By noon of the first day, the T-shirt was gone -- it had gotten so sweaty that you could see my tits anyway. By mid-afternoon I was down to my thong. One of the workmen jokingly offered to buy my thong, so I gave it to him along with a kiss on the cheek. The next two days I felt that I could forego the preliminaries, since we were all acquainted, so I discarded whatever I was wearing as soon as I walked in. The guys were really sweet, and I had a great time showing off for this new audience.   
  
On the day before the show the one with the thong took me in his van to pick up flowers. My thong was dangling from the rear-view mirror of his van. When we got to the loading dock at the wholesaler, I jumped out with him to load the flowers into the back. A bunch of guys stood on the loading dock cheering me on. It was pretty chilly, but all the exercise jumping onto the loading dock and back down kept me warm.   
  
Marc wanted me at the party naked -- no surprise there. It's what I wanted, too, but he also wanted a grand nude entrance. The streets were blocked to all vehicles in the evening, so he suggested that I arrive at a limo on the nearest open street and then walk to the gallery nude, which involved three different streets and a total distance of about 100 metres.   
  
Why couldn't I just wear a dress to within a few metres of the entrance, strip in a quiet corner and then walk in? Wouldn't get as much attention, he answered. You can't argue with that -- naked women do get attention.   
  
I got talked into it, as usual with things that I really want to do. Still, I was a little concerned. My only experience naked on the streets had been running around the little village in a scooter at night when I was drunk. The center of a big city on a busy weekend night was different.   
  
The limo picked me up at the back of the hotel, but still quite a few people saw me. The driver hadn't known in advance and had a very hard time containing himself. A couple of times I told him to either watch where we were going or stop and let me out. It would have been interesting if I had had to make good on that threat.   
  
I was let off next to my safety escort of 6 big guys, all of whom I knew. One of them was wearing a sandwich sign announcing Marc's show. The others kept their distance, so as not to be obvious. I definitely got attention, but nothing went wrong, and it was lots of fun. Really, the sky does not fall in if people see you naked. I walked by sidewalk cafes full of people, many of whom cheered. I felt like a star arriving at the Academy Awards. All I needed was a red carpet on the street. It worked out so well that I took an extra detour before getting to the gallery.   
  
I spent about three or four hours at the party, talking to people and posing for amateur photographers. Some of them wanted to take really explicit pictures, which I probably would have liked to do, but Marc had set strict ground rules for the photographers. They had to stay a certain distance away, could only take one shot, and were limited to a choice of one of three poses. He had someone watching them carefully. We had an exclusive contract, which was very profitable for me, so I did exactly what he said.   
  
Marc's photos and drawings sold like crazy, and I got a percentage, so I made quite a bit of money. We agreed we would do more pictures at some point in the future.   
  
I left the same way I had arrived, but with only one escort, a big, muscular, but very nice guy, totally queer. I didn't feel the need, but he insisted, and he was right. A naked girl has to worry about her safety. I can defend myself pretty well, but you can't be too careful. I would not be able to fight off more than one guy at a time. Also, I had drunk a lot.   
  
I left my escort at the street and hopped a regular taxi. It's not customary to hail taxis on the street in France, but naked ladies do get some perks. Still it took a few minutes, and a small, friendly crowd had gathered by the time a taxi went by. I created quite a stir when I arrived back at the hotel, this time at the front entrance. I acted like there was nothing unusual. That's a lot of fun when you're out and about in the raw, but it takes practice and attitude adjustment to be able to pull it off.   
  
The next day I took the train to Italy to spend a few weeks with Paolo. I took a night train and got a "couchette." There were three guys in my compartment who seemed most intrigued with the absolute simplicity of my sleeping apparel and undressing arrangements.