**Modeling**

by[Fliccy\_sub](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3610888&page=submissions)©

Authors note:

Well this was actually quite hard to write as in a way it really happened. There are many regrets here and some real issues.

Though it's natural to enjoy the sex.

So please comment and let me know how I've done.

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**Modeling Pt. 01**

Seduction?

Felicity looked out of her window, it was a cold day and the rain pelted against the glass, blurring the view of the streets.

Everything looked wet and shiny.

Cars splashed by, kicking up streams of water as they passed.

She shivered, not because she was cold, but because she knew she would have to go out into that miserable weather.

She didn't fancy her chances of getting to the studio without getting soaked. Even with a raincoat and umbrella, she was bound to get wet.

The rain came in waves, blown sideways by the strong winds of the early autumn storm.

Felicity shook her head in annoyance, she wished she hadn't promised to pose for the club today. It wasn't as if they paid much for her time.

Picking up her phone she dialled Nathen, he answered almost immediately.

"Hello?"

"Hi Nathen, I was wondering if the weather had changed your plans?" she asked hopefully.

"Oh, hi Flick, no, the club is still meeting, though it will only be four of us." He answered cheerfully, "You ARE still coming?" he continued with what sounded like a hint of worry that she would let them down.

Inwardly she swore to herself 'FUCK', "Yeah, I'll be there. I promised I would." She said with false cheer.

Nathen sounded pleased, "Great, I knew we could count on you. See you soon."

"In a bit." She said before hanging up and swearing to herself again.

Nathen was a good friend and had helped her out a lot when she had moved here, she had started modelling for his amateur photography club last year when one of the other models had quit.

It was all very tame and easy, in fact she usually enjoyed it and it had expanded her social circle. She just didn't fancy going out today.

Every now and then, Felicity wanted to stay at home and do nothing, this was one of those days. No great drama, just a selfish desire to be alone.

She had a good book on the go and would have dearly loved to finish it today.

Still, she had made a promise and was the kind of person who hated letting people down.

With a sigh, she took one last look out of the window before going to get herself dressed and ready for the boys at the club.

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Felicity or 'Flick' as most people called her, was quite pretty, she wasn't overly confident in her appearance, but she knew that people often liked what they saw.

She was fairly short, only five foot two inches in height. Slim but not skinny, a small waist and hips allowed her to wear most tight skirts or jeans with confidence that her bum wasn't going to look fat.

Up top was a different story, she had unusually large breasts for her size. Her DD tits were a constant pain and she disliked being so busty. It's difficult to make an outfit look decent when your boobs are that big.

Nice bra's in her size were hard to find and expensive, most of the shops didn't make pretty lacy bra's in her size that offered support AND cuteness. While tops often made her cleavage obscene.

She did have a pleasant face, large bluish green eyes, pretty bow shaped lips and a straight nose. She did have to wear glasses though and that took away from her attractive face, or that's how she felt anyway.

Her hair was her favourite thing about her, it was a light reddish blonde, not quite ginger or red, more like a light gold with a rose tint. It hung straight and long before ending in slightly wavy curls near the bottom.

She had let it grow all her life, only trimming it a little so that at the age of twenty three it now went well past her bum and touched the back of her thighs.

It was incredibly heavy, yet it's weight offset the weight of her boobs at the front, in a way balancing her out.

Usually she wore it in a long single braid down her back or done to one side so that it hung over her shoulder and over her right breast.

Today she wore it up, so that it's mass and length was piled atop her head with an artful bit left dangling down the back of her head to brush her shoulder blades.

She had already been informed by Nathen they were going for a classical look in today's shoot, so she wore a full length dress that flowed over her small body in folds and wispy pleats, creating an almost ancient Greek look.

It was fairly low cut at the top, exposing her boobs in a way that left two globes of soft flesh on display, her pink nipples only a couple of inches from being shown.

Apart from the time she had posed in a bikini, this was probably the sexiest she had looked for the club.

The floaty light weight material was like gossamer along her legs and she could discern the shape of them through the material with ease, even her white thong was partially visible along with the expensive half cup bra she wore.

She smiled at her reflection, pleased with the look. It was pretty an a little bit sexy, yet not sluttish or tarty.

Yes she was showing a lot of boobage, but it went with the outfit in a way that was more innocently flirtatious than anything else.

Felicity had to admit that now she was all dressed up for the shoot she was almost looking forward to it.

She put the four inched heel strappy sandals into a bag and pulled on her brown leather boots. It wouldn't do to get her white shoes mucky on the way to the club.

It was still poring with rain, she pulled on the long trench coat and buttoned it up before doing up the belt.

As she stepped out of her flat she raised her brolly and set off at a brisk pace for the bus stop.

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As she had feared the rain coat and brolly were defeated by the lashing rain was the wind made it slash in at a sharp angle.

By the time she reached Nathen's studio she was soaked through and had to take twenty minutes to dry off.

Nathen didn't mind as she had arrived early and even if she had been late he wouldn't have said anything. He was well aware that Flick did this as a favour more than anything else.

He was twice her age, at Forty Six, he had made his fortune already and now had time to indulge his hobbies. Namely polishing up his photography skills.

Nathen had meet Flick through a friend of a friend, she had just moved into town and since he had little to do had helped her out.

They had grown close, nothing romantic, just as friends.

Two years later he had asked her to pose for him and his club, he had been pleasantly surprised at how well she took to it.

Her poses were great and she rarely balked at being asked to pose in what he thought were a slightly risqué way. Not that he had ever asked her to pose nude, though he HAD kept the shots of her in a bikini.

Felicity was that great combination of sexy and innocent. Her poses reflected that and Nathen loved that she always made her appointments.

The club would have been disbanded if she hadn't said yes. It's other members all past the point of gathering to take pictures of still life arrangements or country side walks without a model.

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Flick checked herself in the full length mirror. She wasn't perfectly happy, the dress had gotten damp and was a tad more transparent than she would have liked.

It still looked classical, but to her dismay it now clung to her body and showed more than just a hint of her thong and bra.

In hind sight she would have been better off packing the dress and wearing something else to travel in.

She was a little annoyed with herself for not thinking things through properly as she put on her high heeled sandals and wound the straps up her legs, tying them off just below each of her knees.

With a sigh and a final glance at her reflection she walked out into the studio where the guys were waiting.

Nathen beamed at her happily, "You look FANTASTIC." He enthused as he guided her in front of the waiting cameras and onto a small platform with a fake roman column next to it and a vase of flowers.

"How do you want me?" she asked.

Nathen and the three other men had a quick discussion, "Just lean on the pillar, face us and we will go from there." Said Terry once they had all agreed.

Alex moved a little closer as he focused his lens. While Terry snapped a few shots off of her as she lent on the fake column.

Nathen, Alex, Terry and William took turns directing her poses and the cameras flashed away, occasionally they would adjust their settings and the light reflectors around the room.

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Felicity reclined on the studio floor and pretended to eat grapes as they took a few more pictures.

It was William who called a halt.

"Guys, sorry, this isn't working for me." He said in a miffed tone.

Nathen looked over at Flick and said, "Grab a coffee Flick."

She nodded and stood up, they often argued about shoots and was used to leaving them to it while they did.

The coffee was welcome and she flicked through her messages as she waited, not listening to their conversation as she then checked her emails and Facebook status.

She shot off a few quick replies to questions from her friends and sipped her coffee as Nathen talked with the few members of the club.

"OKAY...I'll ASK." Shouted Nathen in a resigned tone.

His shout made her look at them and she saw a nervous looking Nathen walking towards her.

She cocked her head quizzically as he approached, he looked nervous and out of his comfort zone. "What's gotten him into such a tizz?" she wondered.

Nathen mumbled an apology first. "I'm sorry Flick...I know this Might annoy you, but I said I would ask."

His eyes looked guilty as he wrung his hands.

Felicity got a bad feeling and glanced at the rest of the men.

"Okay, erm...so ask." She said with a hint of trepidation.

She was worried for Nathen, he looked almost scared. He was one of her best friends and whatever it was she was concerned for him.

Stammering a little he explained that the 'group' had a problem with the way that her dress looked, "You see, it's the modern looking underwear...IN EVERY picture we see it and it's ...well it's...erm that is to say." He gulped.

"Spoiling the pictures." He gulped again, "soooooo...we were hoping you might, just maybe, consider removing them and your glasses to pose in JUST the dress?"

Felicity nodded as she thought about it and looked down at her gossamer dress.

She knew that taking off her underwear would show a lot more than she had ever displayed before.

Her gazed travelled to William, she remembered all too well how close to her crotch he had gotten when she had posed in the bikini.

"Nathen, I don't know, that's a bit much." She said.

He nodded, "I know, but it is just for us, the pictures won't be seen by anyone else and it REALLY would improve them." He semi argued in justification.

She understood then that he was in agreement with the group, Nathen her trusted friend also thought that the photo's would be better if she agreed.

Felicity sighed, "FINE, but you keep William well back. I don't trust him like I do you."

Nathen nodded, his head bobbing up and down like a marionet.

"Yes, Yes, I'll make sure of it...THANKYOU." he garbled as he turned and rushed back to the impatiently waiting group of men.

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Felicity went into the changing room and stripped off, removing her bra and knickers before getting back into the fairly transparent dress again.

She walked back into the studio looking at the floor, for some reason she didn't want to look at them just yet.

She trembled slightly as she took her pose again, once more picking up the grapes and pretending to eat them as she reclined on the floor.

Alex took the first picture, quickly followed by numerous flashes that meant everyone was busy taking photos.

"Could you turn towards us and hold the grapes higher please." said Terry.

Flick turned as asked and now she was fully facing them she watched as they took up their camera's and refocused on her new pose.

Even without her glasses she could still read their expressions.

There were no lustful looks or perverted smiles. She started to relax a little as they all acted professionally and she found herself moving from pose to pose without too much worry.

At one point Alex moved forward and showed her the pictures he had taken, flicking through the images on his digital camera's display.

Felicity liked what she saw, Alex had done a good job of using the lighting to capture her. She smiled her thanks and went back to posing with more confidence as they asked her to change position numerous times.

Normally she would only pose for an hour, but today they kept going until Nathen called a halt. She had been working for nearly two hours by then and was feeling a bit tired.

It took a lot out of her to maintain the various positions they asked of her. Modelling was actually quite hard work.

Nathen and the rest of them uploaded their pictures onto the large screen. Normally this was her que to go get changed, but she wanted to see what they had done.

She headed over to Nathen, "Can I see?" she asked. More than a little curious about what they had done with her poses.

As she put her glasses back on so that she could see properly.

Nathen nodded and grinned happily, "Oh yes, these are really excellent." He said as he pulled up the images he had taken, flicking past the earlier ones and showing her and the rest of them the ones he liked best.

She was pleasantly surprised at what he had done. Showing a great deal of talent he had utilised the lighting to show off her body and dress in an almost demure way.

Her nipples and triangle of pubic hair were hardly visible. The understated camera work was beautiful and she loved the way he had managed to make her look.

Alex went next.

His pictures were a little more bold but still very nice. Like Nathen, he had tried to capture the classical ideal and had created several lovely photos that Felicity wouldn't have minded if others saw.

William uploaded his pictures and once again she was initially surprised and pleased, however he had also made a point of emphasising her nudity underneath the gossamer dress. His pictures fully displayed her areola, nipples and pubes.

Somehow they were still good pictures, he had a talent but not in a demure or innocent way, his pictures were more provocative and sexy.

Felicity was glad that no one else would see them, even while at the same time admitting that he had made her look incredibly sexy and pretty.

Terry went last, pulling up some very moody looking images that he had taken without a flash.

She liked his best of all, they were warm and hinted at sexuality while making her look totally innocent. Nothing of her nipples or vagina was captured, mere hints was all his pictures showed and she asked if he would let her keep a copy.

Terry was more than happy to oblige, handing her his memory card, "you can have them, I'm just glad you liked what I did." He said happily.

Flick thanked him with a hug, momentarily forgetting that her 'dress' was basically see through.

Terry blushed and looked away. His actions reminding her that she was swanning about in near nudity.

It was her turn to blush as she excused herself and scurried into the changing room to put on her underwear and coat. Her large breasts bounced and jiggled as she walked at a quick pace.

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The rain had increased in tempo and the wind was whistling and howling through the trees and down the street as she stepped out. The trees lashed back and forth, shedding wet leaves that the wind sent tumbling through the air in twirling insane patterns.

Felicity hunched over slightly and struggled to hold her brolly as she walked down the street towards her bus stop.

Terry chased after her while holding his bulky camera case in one hand and clutching his coat closed at the neck.

"FLICK." He shouted to be heard above the wind as he got close.

Felicity turned and gave him a smile, "Hi Terry?" she said with a questioning tone. Wondering why he had run after her and hoping he didn't want his pictures back.

"Let me give you a ride home." He panted slightly from his short run, "This is no weather for you to be walking in." he pointed to his car. Parked a few steps away.

Felicity didn't argue, just nodded in grateful relief, "Thanks Terry, that would be so nice of you."

Terry opened up her door for her and then went to the boot of the car and quickly stowed his Camera case before getting in on the driver's side with a "Phew, it's crazy today." Offering her a smile as he started the engine.

Felicity smiled back as he pulled out into the rain slicked street and drove slowly through town. He was a good and cautious driver, taking his time without dallying.

"I wanted to ask how you felt about today?" he asked by way of a conversation starter.

Like Nathen, Terry had become a friend, not quite as close as Nathen was, but they had met socially a few times and she liked the handsome married man in his early thirties.

"It was something a bit different, I felt very nervous at first." She admitted as they turned onto the main road towards her side of town.

Terry nodded, "Err, yes that's understandable." He answered as he mentally returned to the image of her posing and showing almost everything. He vividly remembered how hard he had got as he watched her move and how lovely her massive breasts had looked with their pink nipples.

"But you looked like you were relaxing after a bit." He ventured.

"Yeah, I realised you guys were just trying to get the right picture and you all seemed to be acting professional." She replied with a shrug.

Terry flashed her a smile as he glanced at her. "you were great, I've never done any erotica photography before."

"Was it erotica?" she asked, surprised that he had used that word to describe it and wondering if he had found it erotic.

"Well, NO, I guess it was more Glamour, but since I have no reference point, I'm a bit stumped as how to describe it." He lied.

As far as he and the others were concerned it had been highly erotic, if she had been wearing her glasses she would have noticed the bulges in their pants as they took her picture.

It didn't take long to get to her flat and being a nice person, she offered him a coffee and towel to dry off a bit before heading home.

Terry accepted her kindness and followed her inside.

"So glad to get home." She sighed as she put on the kettle and then unzipped her boots and kicked them off into the corner of the kitchen.

"towels are in the bathroom, help yourself." She said as she pulled out two cups from the cupboard.

"Thanks Flick." He replied as he went and grabbed a towel and proceeded to dry his hair with it.

She giggled when she turned around holding two steaming cups of coffee, Terry's normally neat hair was a mess and he looked quite funny.

He accepted his coffee and sat down as she placed hers on the table and moved past him towards her bedroom. "I'll be right back, turn on the telly if you want."

In her room she took off her coat and dress in quick efficient motions, she pulled the pins out of her hair and shook it out, letting it cascade down her back before quickly running a brush through it.

Once done she picked up a long T-Shirt type dress made from warm thick cotton and pulled it on over her bra and knickers. It's hem going well past her bum to just above her knees.

It wasn't a sexy or pretty dress, just something comfortable that was warm and handy.

She padded barefoot back into her small living room where Terry was running through the TV channels.

They soon settled into a pleasant conversation about the day and how well her poses had gone over, he made a point of complimenting her and saying how very professional she had looked and conducted herself.

Felicity wasn't immune to flattery, in fact she was highly susceptible to it.

So when he got around to the subject of her posing just for him she was happy to consider it.

He was charming and suave, he knew she was hesitant to pose naked so had pitched the concept of using her hair as the main feature, saying how he envisioned her nudity covered by her lustrous long tresses and that at no point would the pictures be indecent.

To prove his point he asked her to turn on her computer and pull up the files of his earlier pictures.

Felicity was already half way convinced, when she looked at the images he had created, once more she was struck by how demure he had made her look and that he had artfully used the shadows and light to minimise the sight of her pubic hair and breasts.

Still, aside from boyfriends, she had never been naked in front of anyone.

"Can't I wear a thong or something?" she asked already having agreed to the concept to some degree.

"I guess you could to start with, though I don't think the photo's would be as good and perhaps once you see what I'm doing you might consider taking it off?" he said by way of getting her to go along, fairly sure she would fully strip once he had her relaxed and more confident.

"erm, Okay...I think I can do that." She finally agreed. "when and where?"

"how about here and now?" he said with a smooth smile, "I have a reflector and lamps in my car, we can set up right here."

"OHH." Her face was a picture of surprise and sudden uncertainty.

"Its private, you'll be at home and if you don't like the first few pictures we can stop and you will already be at home." He said with an easy and confident tone. Pitched with just a hint of authority.

Felicity chewed her lower lip and nodded, "I guess so." She said a little nervously.

Terry nodded happily, "why don't you go get ready, find a thong you like and brush out your hair some more. I'll go get the gear from my car."

She had already agreed to the idea and didn't want to look like an idiot. So with a nod she headed for her bedroom as he walked out to his car. What she didn't see was the dirty smile he had on his face as he left.

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It was getting dark outside by the time she was done, Felicity wore a small black G-string. Thinking that because it left her buttocks bare and only just covered her tiny neatly trimmed pubic hair, he wouldn't ask her to remove it.

She peeked into the living room where Terry was busy setting up. He already had two powerful lamps working and the reflector positioned on the floor.

"Terry?" she said nervously as she hid her body behind the door.

"Almost ready." He answered and glanced over at her, "let's take a look at you." He said in a professional sounding manner.

Felicity held her hands over her bare breasts, they were large and she only covered them partially with her small delicate hands as she stepped out.

"This okay?" she asked while butterflies did loop the loops in her tummy.

Terry deliberately only glanced at her as her fiddled with one of his three camera's. "Yeah, but wear a nice pair of heels too." He said casually as if she wasn't naked.

His casual attitude and the lack of staring made her feel a bit more confident that this was just another type of modelling. "Okay." She replied and went to her shoe rack and picked out the pink high heels that she had bought but never had occasion to wear.

Once more she stepped out, hands over her generous breasts. "How's this?" her voice trembled slightly from nerves and she wished she was a more confident person.

He smiled, taking in her four inch heels and the way she shyly tried to cover her tits. "Perfect. Stand here with your back to me." He said as he pointed to a spot in front of her sofa.

Felicity shuffled forward and did as directed, immediately she felt a little better. With her back to him and her long hair covering most of her bum and upper thighs she knew he wasn't seeing much.

"Great, now just relax, shake your hands out and just let me take a few quick test shots."

She did as asked, hearing the camera click as she shook her hands out to the sides and clicked her neck from side to side in an effort to relax.

Terry handed her one of her own towels from the bathroom.

"here, take a look at the test shots." He told her as she held the towel over her naked tits and bent to look at the few quick pictures he had taken.

They were good. Her hair looked incredibly shiny and with the lights focused on it her obviously bare body looked nice yet understated.

"Oh wow." She exclaimed happily.

Terry laughed, "test shots, wait till you see what I can do when we adjust the lighting and you take off that G-string."

Felicity was happy with what he had done, yet the suggestion she take off her panties straight away hit her like a slap.

"What now?"

"yes now, look..." he pointed at the test shots, "you can clearly see it." He said by way of argument.

"I'm NOT a perve Flick. I just want the best picture I can get." He lied to her face.

"Is Lydia going to see these?" she asked. Knowing that Terry's wife Lydia would have a few choice words for her if she thought Flick was doing anything sexual with her husband.

Flick had met Lydia several times, she was an attractive woman who was possessive of her husband.

Terry shrugged, "I don't see why not, she will approve, this is ART and it's not like you will actually be showing anything." He lied his ass off as convincingly as he could.

"Terry...if you ...you know. DO take a picture of my bits by accident." She said

He rushed to reassure her, "absolutely not going to happen, if I do I'll tell you, show you AND delete it."

"well Okay then." She said softly as she turned away from him and slid off her G-string.

Felicity wasn't one hundred percent sure she trusted him, there was something about the way he was being so nice and smooth.

Still she had no real reason to think he would abuse her trust and since she was confident that Lydia would kill him if he went too far she dropped them to one side and resumed her pose.

Terry clicked away for a bit and then changed the lighting.

"Try waving your head, make your hair sway." He said at one point.

The reflector, lamps and her own lights were changed out several times.

Dimming or full on, depending on what he was going for.

Felicity went into an almost zombie state, moving as directed, her long hair was her shield and she posed for nearly an hour.

He switched out camera's constantly. "bend over." Then "Hands over your head."

He rarely used the flash. "show me your legs." ..."keep your back straight."

She went with it and lost herself in the work.

They took a break and he handed her the towel again. Uploaded one of his memory sticks to her computer. "take a look." He said as he went to the bathroom.

Flick put on her glasses and went through the images.

He had emphasised her hair, capturing it wonderfully and her naked body was displayed in a slightly sexy way but not overly so.

No views of her vagina or nipples were evident and she smiled.

These were fab pictures and she felt happy that she had posed for them.

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In the bathroom Terry took a quick look at the few pictures he had uploaded to his cloud account. Using his phone he stared at the images of Felicity stark naked with her bum and pussy lips clearly displayed.

She had thought her hair was in the way. But with a few words he had made her flick it from her bum and then turn around.

His main camera had clicked away and caught not only her bare cunt but also a perfect full frontal of her large tits and pussy as she had changed position.

Terry grinned as he stroked his cock through his pants and wondered if he could get an even dirtier picture of the young girl.

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Felicity sat with her legs crossed and holding the towel over her tits as he came back.

"those are really good Terry." She said when he entered.

He nodded. "Yeah, I'm pleased with most of them. Though I'm hoping you will be okay with doing another set?"

She smiled happily, "Yeah sure." She pointed to the picture still on screen. "As long as they are like this."

He sighed almost regretfully and waved at the laptop, "that's nothing, I can do better if you will trust me." He said.

She bit her lower lip and looked at his earnest and honest looking face, "what do you mean?"

Acting a bit morose, he sat next to her and took her hand. "Flick, you are amazingly beautiful. If I had the time, I could show you the most intimate and perfect picture that would capture that."

She latched onto the word 'intimate'.

His hand felt warm and nice, she had often thought about how very good looking he was, but denied and squashed those thought because he was married to Lydia.

"Terry...I don't think I could pose for 'INTIMATE' pictures." She said as her tummy flipped over at the thought of him kissing her.

He was so very close, even if he was older than her, she felt attracted to him.

She was increasingly aware of her nakedness as he squeezed her hand gently.

"I merely meant a picture that captures the real YOU." He said softly as she nervously looked him in the eyes.

He knew right then he could push forward and kiss her. He doubted that she would resist.

She gazed into his eyes and gulped. So close.

He was so very close and she had fancied him for nearly a year.

She knew it was wrong, she knew and liked Lydia.

Still she moved closer and her lips brushed his in a chaste kiss.

He needed no second invitation. Pulling her into his arms and kissing her deeply.

Her head swam as his lips crushed against hers and she found herself falling backwards on the sofa as he kissed her passionately and discarded her towel.

Willingly she let him part her legs and she helped him undo his belt with heated and lustful gasps.

He was rock hard and his tip parted her labia with ease, her wet and expectant hole welcomed him inside her as he pushed forward.

Felicity moaned in pleasure as she felt him fill her. She ignored her feeling of guilt as he fucked her into the sofa with hard thrusts.

Bucking her hips up to meet each of his thrusts she felt herself go blank with ecstasy. It had been over six months since she had had a boyfriend, so she was needy an lustful as they did t.

She didn't care anymore that he was married, didn't care that it was so very wrong or that it was probably the only time they would fuck.

His rampantly hard cock smashed into her in the most delicious way and she squealed out her pleasure as her nails scratched his back and her head lolled back.

"YES, OH YES." She shouted as he fucked her into oblivion.

His mouth sucked and bit her large tits, his hands gripped her hips tightly and his fingers would leave bruises on them.

He ground into her as she climaxed and he grunted as he pounded in and out of her as she rode her ecstasy.

Terry didn't know if she was on the pill, he pulled out as he began to spurt and sprayed his cum over her tummy.

He hadn't meant to go this far.

He sighed as he kissed her neck and she stroked his spine.

She was glad he hadn't cum inside her. After dumping her ex, she had stopped taking the pill.

They lay there for a moment before he stood up and pulled up his trousers.

"I'm sorry." She said guiltily.

He nodded with a frown. "Flick, this never happened." He panted out, "Lydia can't know."

Feeling incredibly guilty and ashamed for what she had just done she let out a sob and fled to her bedroom.

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Terry shook his head as he packed away his gear, 'what a slut' he thought to himself with a wicked grin.

He knocked on her bedroom door. "I'm leaving. Are you okay?" His voice deliberately sounding as if he cared.

Felicity stared at her closed door. "I'm OKAY, BYE." She said loudly as she wished she could take back what they had just done.

She listened intently to the sounds of him leaving.

When she heard her flat door close she let out a sigh and collapsed backwards onto her bed.

"You stupid, stupid girl." She said out loud to herself.

**Modeling Pt. 02**

It was a wet Monday morning, the weekends stormy weather had given way to a fine yet constant drizzle.

It was unusual for the club to meet on a Monday, but it was a bank holiday and most of its members had nothing better to do.

As for Felicity, she too had an extra day off and had readily agreed to Nathen's request for her to model for them.

Her forays into modelling for Nathen and his amateur photography club were something of a departure from her normal life and she usually enjoyed it. She had also been surprised to find a slightly sexy side to herself that she liked.

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The walk from the bus stop to the studio was pleasant enough and she strode along happily, the large bag with her spare clothes and shoes, slung over her shoulder by its long strap.

As she approached the studio she saw Terry hauling his bulky camera case out of his car.

Shyly and with a little trepidation she greeted him with a small wave and uncertain smile. "Hello Terry."

He smiled back warmly, "Hi Flick, we're all really pleased you have decided to pose again." He said without any hint of what had happened between them.

Felicity had wondered how it would be between them when next they met.

It seemed he wanted to act like it had never happened and she felt a bit relived yet at the same time saddened.

Just that morning she had looked over the pictures he had taken of her in nothing but a pair of pink high heels.

Each of the pictures had artfully hidden her breasts, bum and vagina with her mass of incredibly long hair. He was a talented photographer and had made her look sexy yet innocent while being totally naked.

Terry patted his camera case, "I hope you are willing to show more than usual this time." He said with a friendly smile.

He might have gotten her to pose nude for him, but he was well aware how shy she was normally and that so far she had always worn clothes for the club's shoots.

"Terry, you know I don't get paid much for this or feel comfortable displaying myself." She said with a slight frown of annoyance.

Terry shook his head sadly, "I know it's not about money Flick, but let's be honest. Those pictures we took of you on Saturday were the best anyone here has ever taken...seems a shame to not let the others have a chance to do the same."

He moved closer and took her hand, looking into her eyes intently. "They are a good bunch, you are friends with most of them, do you HONESTLY think they would think less of you if you posed nude?"

His closeness and pleasantly warm grip on her hand made her weaken, he was so very handsome and so very talented.

His eyes seemed so warm and full of kindness and she felt herself giving in. Terry had something about him that made her want to make him happy and to prove she wasn't just a silly little girl.

"I...I...I guess not." She stammered out.

His smile made her heart melt.

"So let's not be silly, you have a wonderful body and those people will be really pleased to try and capture your beauty." He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it affectionately in a fatherly way.

He smoothly took her arm and led her inside, "So we are agreed? You WILL give everyone a chance to improve their skills?" he said.

Once more deliberately making her feel almost obligated to pose the way she had for him alone.

Felicity nodded in agreement, he was right, it wouldn't be right to deny the group a chance to do something they would probably never get to do unless she did this.

"Yes, okay Terry." She said with wide eyes that drank him in as her head swam.

Before she knew it they were in the changing room and he was helping her undress.

He didn't stare at her nudity as she laced up the strappy high heels she had worn the last time she had been in the studio.

His professional and kind attitude kept her almost entranced as he led her out to stand in front of everyone.

As before she kept her eyes on the ground, even with Terry's 'help', she still felt embarrassed to be naked in front of people.

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Nathen and the group stopped their chatter as Terry led her onto the platform with its plain white backdrop and a single chair as a prop.

You could have heard a pin drop as Felicity sat down with her back to them, straddling the chair with her long hair dangling down to nearly touch the floor. It effectively hid most of her back and bare buttocks.

Terry gave her a reassuring smile and whispered in her ear, "just like you did for me, nothing rude will be captured." He lied, knowing that he had taken some highly explicit pictures without her knowledge and had every intention of doing so again.

He patted her shoulder and walked towards the group of surprised but very pleased photographers.

Nathen lent in close to Terry, "Fuck me, how the hell did you get her to do that?" he said in a pleased whisper.

Terry just grinned at him and said loudly. "Okay everyone, Flick has agreed to pose for us in the nude as long as we keep it professional and decent. So I don't want to see anyone trying to get a cheap shot in."

Nathen looked at his club members with a stern eye, "Exactly. Felicity is a friend and models for us as a favour more than anything else. So BE RESPECTFUL." He reinforced Terry's words.

The gathered men nodded and murmured sounds of agreement while falling over themselves to reassure Terry and Nathen that they would be respectful.

Felicity's tummy was full of butterflies as she heard the first few clicks and the odd bright flash from the camera's.

Usually they would have frequently asked her to change position, but none of them dared to this time, too frightened of exposing her too much and unsure of how to broach such a request anyway.

For most of them this was just a hobby, only Alex, William, Terry and Nathen were close to being professionally talented. So the group of Seven happy amateurs waited for one of those more qualified and experienced to take the lead.

Nathen was the closest to her as a friend and also the founding member of the club. It was his studio and he had been the one to get her to start modelling for them.

It was he who asked her to change position first.

"Flick, could you give me a profile shot, just turn your head slightly to the right."...CLICK, CLICK..."Nice, thanks."

Terry moved forward, "Your glasses spoiled that one, mind if I take them for you?" he said with a friendly smile as he reached out and removed them before she had even agreed.

Felicity blinked a couple of times and watched him place her glasses in his top pocket before going back to his tripod.

She disliked not wearing them as she was very short sighted and couldn't see well without them. It was habit to reach for her glasses first thing in the morning and not take them off until after she had turned the lights out to go to sleep last thing at night.

"Much better Flick." Said Nathen and Alex at the same time.

Alex moved to the right with his camera, "Could you look over your shoulder, give me just a hint of a smile." He requested and was pleased with the movement of her head as her long hair swayed to the side to give a good view of her bare right buttock.

His face was partially obscured by his camera and combined with the loss of her glasses it was impossible for her to notice the dirty grin on his face as he took a few more pictures.

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Terry took over with the directions, getting her to hold her hair up a little and look over her shoulder at the camera's, all of his requests sounded innocent enough to her and she was starting to relax a little as she shifted her body, face and arms the way he directed her to.

The group took more and more pictures, she thought it was her mind playing tricks that the tempo of clicks had increased.

It wasn't her imagination, Terry had skilfully gotten her to turn at the waist so that her right breast and nipple showed in profile, while her long hair was no longer hiding her bum.

With a few small instructions he had her positioned in a way that had her buttocks over the edge of the chairs seat so that they all got to take some very lewd looking pictures of her exposed rear and pussy lips.

Charlie was well into his sixties, initially had been keen to take advantage of a nude model. He only knew Felicity through the club and had always thought her a shy little thing.

He clicked away with the rest of them, but felt a bit guilty about it, he knew she wasn't aware of how much she was showing and that Terry was abusing her trust.

By not saying anything he was too and Charlie stopped taking pictures as the tiny young girl lent forward and fully showed her pussy to the group while flicking her long hair from left to right. The fact that he had snapped a few of her bared vagina was just too much of guilt trip for him.

With her back to them she had no clue how much she was displaying and Charlie looked around at the others. They all had lecherous smiles and some even gave Terry a thumbs up.

He shook his head in anger, she was about his granddaughters age. Having never asked her age he saw her with an older man's eyes and wrongly estimated her at around nineteen when in fact she was twenty two.

Charlie put down his camera and started to walk towards Felicity with the intent of telling her to go put some clothes on.

He got about five strides towards her when Terry grabbed his arm.

Terry had noticed the way Charlie's face had clouded over and rightly assumed he was going to try and stop things.

"LET GO." Hissed out Charlie in a soft but determined voice.

Terry smiled as he gripped the old man's arm, "Now. Now, don't go spoiling everyone's fun Charlie." He whispered quietly. "Imagine what your wife would say if she saw those pictures you just took."

Charlie stared up into Terry's smiling visage and knew that the evil shit would make good on his threat.

He visibly deflated as Terry continued to smile and walk him towards the exit, only pausing to pick up Charlies camera.

Charlie hated himself and felt ashamed that he wasn't going to do anything to help Felicity.

Outside he took his camera from Terry after it's memory card had been safely removed and placed in Terry's top pocket, ironically joining Felicity's glasses.

"I won't be back, what you are doing is wrong." He said in disgust...it was the best he could do. He walked away down the street and swore for the first time in years. "Evil fucking git."

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Terry grinned to himself as he hurried back inside, problem solved, he was eager to see how far he could push Felicity.

Inside he noticed immediately that the group had stalled, even Alex wasn't sure what else to ask Felicity without letting her know how much she had been showing.

Nathen was happily adjusting the lighting to a lower setting and creating a dark sombre effect that would ruin the so far perfectly exposed shots of her.

Terry took it in his stride, he couldn't ask Nathen to change the lighting back as that would make Flick suspicious.

Instead he clapped his hands, "let's take a break." He said as he strode up to Felicity and took off his jacket.

"Here, pop this on and grab a coffee while we decide on your next set." His smile and attitude designed to make her feel comfortable.

Felicity smiled back and gratefully accepted his jacket. At five foot two, she was small and it swamped her.

Buttoned up, his jacket covered her up well, only the large V in the front was of any concern as her large boobs showed generously.

But she wasn't naked and felt confident and happy as he handed over her glasses and placed a hand at the small of her back.

Guiding her back to the changing room. "Relax and I'll come fetch you when Nathen and I finish with the lighting for the next set." His tone confident and pitched to reassure her that everything was perfectly normal.

He left her alone in the changing room and went to re-join the others, he was building a plan of action as he walked towards Damian and Nathen.

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Felicity sat at the well-lighted makeup cubical. Nathen's studio had everything a professional studio had and he even rented it out occasionally.

She looked at her reflection with mixed emotions.

She hadn't been completely unaware of how much she had shown, she knew they had probably got a few sights of her bare bum and some side boob.

However she still didn't know that her vaginal lips had been displayed from behind or her anus or her nipples.

She was feeling quite good about herself, in a way she was impressed and just a little proud that she hadn't run away from this.

Terry's pictures of her fully naked had inspired her a bit. While they hadn't shown any of her bits, they had been sexy and shown her ability to be sexy.

Felicity still felt nervous but at the same time just that bit more confident, she wondered how the photo's would turn out and was hoping that at least some of them would be like the ones Terry had taken.

Logically she knew that all the photo club members would have taken a different view, changed exposure and lighting, adjusting things to their own personal liking.

Since starting to model for them she had seen wildly different effects from the exact same pose, all achieved by each different persons perspective.

Her pale skin and slim body lent itself well to photography, unfortunately she was too busty and short to be a truly great model and she did worry that some of those side boob pictures would look a bit obscene.

Felicity wished she had a better body.

She knew she was attractive and that quite a few people liked her shape. She however had never been totally happy with what she had.

Her reflection showed a petite young woman in her very early twenties, with a pale complexion. Bright blue eyes, a small nose above cute bow shaped lips. Her face framed by rosy gold hair that was so long that when standing it hung down her back and reached past her bum to brush the backs of her thighs.

She unbuttoned the borrowed Jacket and parted it, standing up to observe herself.

She had very large natural breasts that were still pert and didn't drop much more than an inch or two when braless. Her nipples were a darker pink with medium sized areolas that were distinct from the two globes of soft flesh.

Her tummy was nearly flat and led down to her soft reddish gold pubic hair, trimmed to a perfect triangle that ended at the start of her waxed slit. Her vaginal lips bare of any hair the way she always kept them.

Slim shapely legs and a small bum gave her a pronounced thigh gap.

Her small feet still encased in the strappy four inch high heels.

Turning, she looked over her shoulder at her back and bum, on an impulse she bent forward slightly and briefly wondered if anyone had been able to see her shaved pussy lips.

She shook her head, positive that Terry or Nathen would have said something if she had accidently shown her most private parts.

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Terry kept the conversation low, the studio might be large, but it wasn't sound proof. Felicity might hear what they were discussing so they all lowered their voices as they talked.

"Terry, I don't think we can ask her to do much more." Said Nathen.

Nathen was a bit torn, while he had always wanted to see Felicity pose nude, he did still consider her a friend.

So far it wasn't as if she had done anything full frontal, so he deceived himself that the few 'accidentally exposed' poses weren't a direct betrayal of her trust.

Terry was smooth and smart.

"Nathen, Damien, Alex. We have never had a nude model. Felicity has so far been great and is FINE with the pictures."

He looked around the gathered group and cast his smooth talking bullshit.

It didn't take long to convince them that it was their right and privilege to take what he was offering.

Perhaps a fool would think he was being truthful, yet they all knew they were letting him persuade them into doing what they wanted to.

They told themselves it was all okay, doing mental gymnastics to convince themselves that whatever Terry got Felicity to do was consensual and if she didn't realise exactly how much she was showing it wasn't anyone's fault.

Terry had Alex and Damien adjust the reflectors, while Nathen and Harold put up some backlights.

He hoped she would go with his suggestions as the chair she had sat on was removed and a small square modelling block was put in its place.

Once satisfied, Terry had a quick chat with Nathen. Making sure to reinforce the concept that this was all perfectly harmless and they shouldn't waste such a good opportunity to work with a nude model.

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Felicity Jumped slightly at the sound of the polite knock, she pulled the Jacket closed and holding it shut answered the door.

She peered out and up into Terry's strong jawed handsome face. He smiled warmly and asked if he could come in for a quick chat before she posed again.

She nodded and gave him a slightly shy smile as she opened the door fully and let him in. He confidently walked to the table and lent against it, turning to face her.

It didn't take long to explain what he was hoping for and she was inclined to refuse as he was asking her to pose facing them.

His visage was soft and caring as he asked her to give him a chance to explain.

Felicity let him remove the Jacket he had lent her and stood in front of him with one arm and hand covering her bare breasts and the other down below cupping and hiding her neat triangle of pubic hair.

Terry moved her before the mirror and had her stand looking at herself as he gently positioned her long hair.

It now cascaded down her front, effectively covering her breasts and with a few strokes from a brush, it fanned out at the bottom to cover her pubic area.

"There we go." He said triumphantly, "As you can see, your modesty is protected yet the pictures will be beautiful and slightly sexy."

He rummaged through her costume bag and handed her a pair of open toed bright yellow sling backed stilettos with a three inch heel.

"I think these will go better for the next round." Terry acted as if her nudity was nothing and his calculated blasé attitude worked well.

Felicity might have been nervous and unsure, but the way he had approached it all had her changed into the Yellow heels and standing on the small modelling block before she could really think about it properly.

As the group took their positions, most of them using a tripod. She looked down at herself to make sure her hair was indeed covering her tits and pubic mound.

Slightly reassured but blushing furiously she stood still for the first few shots.

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Terry was the only one to position her, the rest kept quiet and let him direct her and do the talking.

As sexy as the first pose was they were sure that Terry would soon get her to show more.

To start with, Felicity just stood on the block, she was very nervous and continued to blush lightly as she turned a bit to the left and then to the right.

Like before, Terry had removed her glasses, so she couldn't properly see their expressions or the raging bulges in some of the men's pants.

He asked her to smile, then pout, stick out her tongue like she was being mean and various other facial expressions. Doing those relaxed her a bit and she got into it.

Hardly blinking an eye when he asked her to put her hands on her head and go through some more facial expressions.

She looked down at herself a couple of times and was reassured each time to see her long tresses continued to protect her modesty.

They changed the lighting to throw her form into silhouette. Terry took a few shots and moved forward to show her what he had got.

She was pleased to see that only her outline showed, the picture was very sexy yet nothing but her outlined shape could be seen.

The powerful back lights shone through her hair and she looked like she had a reddish gold halo in some of the pictures.

Her confidence in Terry's ability to take naked pictures of her without compromising her natural modesty and shyness went up several notches.

When he asked her to stand with her hands on her head and open her legs to make an A line pose, she did so without question, forgetting just how powerful those back lights were.

The strong lighting shone through her hair, easily showing everyone the stark outline of her parted legs, vaginal lips and thigh gap.

To her, a quick downward glance showed her pussy still covered by her long hair.

Terry and the others happily snapped away, getting some very distinct full body shots and a few close up pictures of her silhouetted pussy lips.

"close your legs and stand with one slightly in front of the other." He called out and snapped off a quick couple of shots, unlike the rest he wasn't using a tripod, moving around the room freely.

"Great, now I want you to create a larger gold halo with your hair, Fan it out over your head and hold it out to hang down around your outer body."

By this time she was feeling very confident, she knew doing as he asked would take her hair away from her breasts and pubic area, but she also knew that with her legs closed the silhouette would just show a standing figure with her golden hair fanned around it.

She did as asked and he took the picture. Once more he moved forward and showed her the result. As she had thought, it showed her as a dark shadow with her hair making a flaming reddish gold halo around her upper body and hips.

It was a truly beautiful picture and when he requested she stay like that while they changed the lighting effects a bit she happily held her pose.

Damien lowered the strength of the back lights and upped the side and front ones.

The result stunned them all and they raised their camera's a little shakily at first.

Felicity stood with her arms outstretched above her head, holding her long hair up to dangle down either side of her fully naked and exposed body. The new lighting showed every curve of her and they captured her in detailed full frontal nudity.

Her large breasts moved with her breathing and her trimmed triangle of light rosy blonde hair showed clearly.

"Great, keep your hair like that and take the A line pose again please." he said excitedly, Terry knew his voice was a bit eager and hoped she wouldn't catch on.

Without thinking about it, she took the new pose, opening her legs and shifting her feet to stand with her bare pussy lips displayed for all.

"Perfect, Hands on head again and squat down with your knees as wide apart as you can." He asked.

Once more she did as asked, not even thinking about it as she still thought she was silhouetted.

The resulting pose was pure pornography for the hungry cameras. Her outer vaginal lips parted slightly with her legs spread so widely, her pink tinged inner lips now partially on display as Damien upped the frontal lighting a bit more.

Felicity glanced down and immediately saw how well-lit her tits and vagina were. With a gasp she clamped shut her legs with a sharp snap and clapped her hands over her bare tits.

She scowled at Terry and threw an accusing glare at Nathen.

Terry had expected it and was ready, he rushed forward with fake concern. "Are you okay? You look upset." He said as if there couldn't possibly be anything wrong.

"YOU can SEE everything." She hissed out quietly in an embarrassed tone.

He shook his head, "Yes a bit, but not like YOU think. HERE." He said as he passed her his camera with a carefully chosen shot he had just taken displayed on its digital back screen. "The Camera doesn't lie, take a look."

Felicity hunched over to hide her body as she took it and looked at the picture. Sure enough the picture wasn't anything like she had expected, her elbows cast a shadow over most of her breasts, hiding her nipples to the point they were only hinted at and her Vagina was in dark shadow to the point it couldn't be seen.

"OHH." She said feeling a bit silly and embarrassed with herself for not trusting him.

"I'm sorry." She whispered out looking at the floor in shame.

He cupped her chin in his hand and gently forced her to look him in the eyes. "I understand, it's pretty much your first time posing naked." His voice was kind and reassuring.

His smile warmed her and she felt bad for not trusting him, "I'll try harder." She said. Felicity had modelled enough to know that photographers like Terry, Alex and Nathen hated unscheduled interruptions.

"Great, and maybe just TRUST me a little bit more." He sightly admonished her as he thought this might work out to his advantage.

She nodded and smiled, "Yes, Yes of course I will." She said as she accepted his hand and let him help her to her feet to once more stand naked in front of everyone. Feeling like she had been silly for almost ruining everything.

Terry soon had her back the way she had been, squatting down with her legs open and her hands behind her head, the pose was lewd in its openness and the men clicked away, capturing it for themselves in whatever way they liked.

"That's great, now sit on the block and lean back a bit, legs nice and wide to create those lovely lines." Instructed Terry, using words that made her think he was wanting 'outline' pictures.

She did as he asked and even though she felt very open and exposed, she felt more confident that they were just getting better pictures and she hoped she was doing it right.

"Not bad, can you lift up your legs, straight up and together, make a straight line with them and point your toes." Said Terry with a wink to Nathen.

Nathen was hard as a rock, but despite his hard-on, he was starting to have second thoughts, Felicity wasn't just posing naked and accidently showing a few things, she was now taking almost pornographic poses that left nothing to the imagination.

"Perfect, now spread them wide and look at the camera from between them, bite your lower lip... NICE, grip your ankles, tongue out... lick your lips." Terry went through the poses he wanted and carried on taking pictures along with the rest of the now grinning photographers.

Nathen put his camera down and walked forward, feeling annoyed with himself for letting things go this far.

Felicity's naked body was being displayed like she was some kind of slut and she no longer looked like the sweet innocent girl he had come to like. The lights were by now, turned up high, a 'spotlight' was on her pussy and face, making her look cheap and filthy.

"I think that's enough Flick." Announced Nathen as he stepped up to her and handed her his own jacket.

She took it gratefully with a warm smile.

"Thanks Nate, did I do okay?" she asked innocently, totally unaware of exactly how filthy and graphicly she had show them all her vagina and breasts.

He coughed into his hand and swallowed, tempted to tell her how they had deceived her.

"Yes... Yes... you did great, thank you... Terry, pass me her glasses." He said instead, not quite having the nerve to tell the truth and hoping she would never know or see the results of her poses.

Terry wasn't pleased, but it was Nathen's club and his studio, so he handed over Flick's glasses and said nothing as she put them on and Nathen walked her back to the changing room.

"I'll just pop on some clothes and then come see the pictures, I hope they are good." she said as she stepped into the changing room.

Nathen nodded and gave her the best smile he could manage right then.

"Sure... erm, don't rush.. it might take a bit of time to sort out the good ones, most of the guys ARE amateurs Flick." He said, hoping to buy some time to fiddle with and choose some decent looking photo's.

Once the door closed, Nathen rushed back to his group and told them she wanted to see what they had taken, he hadn't thought about it at the time, but she often liked to see the results and he should have expected this.

Terry shrugged.

"No problem, I already have a selection to show her, the rest of you just load up some decent pic's on the laptop... use the photo edit software if you have to... I'll keep her busy for a bit." Terry told them with easy confidence.

Nathen watched as Terry walked confidently towards the changing room, full of concern and annoyed with how blasé Terry was.

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Felicity had just put on her bra and knickers when she heard the knock.

"Flick... it's me, can I come in?" she heard Terry ask.

Even though she had just been posing naked and had had sex with him not so long ago, she still grabbed at Nathans Jacket and slung it on before saying yes.

Terry smiled at her as he walked in and sat down with a sad sigh.

"Flick.. I'm sorry, I have a confession to make and you won't like it." He said with a sad look at her.

"Oh?" she said as she sat down too, scared he was going to say she had showed off far too much, even after trusting him, she was a bit worried about some of the poses. She knew she had opened her legs and that at times the lights had seemed a bit bright.

He looked nervous and took out a memory stick from his top pocket, it was the kind that fitted a camera and she eyed it with trepidation, unsure what he was going to say next or show her.

"I had to ask Charlie to leave." He said sadly.

"He took some pictures of you that I didn't like and if you remember I asked you to shift position?... erm... well, I'm sorry, it wasn't a good pose and before I could get you to move again... Charlie took these." He said it all as if he regretted it and was truly sorry as he pushed the card into her laptop and loaded the pictures.

She put a hand to her mouth as he showed her a picture of her bare bum, she could clearly see her vagina and anus.

"Ohhh GOD." She moaned in dismay.

"I'm SO sorry Flick... I'm just glad I realised what he was doing and managed to take his copy... He won't be back... I PROMISE, as always... I'll protect you." Said Terry sincerely.

Felicity was shocked, she had always quite liked the old man, he had seemed nice and she had never thought he would take advantage like this.

She gulped and shook her head.

"Did... Did anyone else?" she couldn't quite say it.

Terry shook his head.

"No... of course not, we all agreed to be respectful." He assured her as he laid a hand over hers.

She nodded and let out a sad sigh.

Her eyes met his and he could see the relief and gratitude in them.

"thanks Terry, I can't tell you how grateful I am you have looked after me." She said with a soft smile, seeing him as her protector and feeling a great deal of warmth towards him.

He cupped her face and lent in, kissing her lips softly.

"You can always trust me." He said gently as he pulled her closer and started to kiss her a bit more deeply.

Felicity knew it was wrong to feel this way, he was married and far too old for her really, still she melted into that kiss and enjoyed it, much like when they had had sex the last time, she was overcome and was willing as he opened her borrowed jacket and his hand cupped her breast.

Losing herself in his kisses and caresses, she was soon naked and opening her legs for him, needfully she wrapped her legs around his hips and pulled him in as he sat her on the dresser table and pushed his cock into her wet entrance.

"Unnggg." She gasped as she felt him enter her, she didn't care or think about the people in the studio as she willingly took him in.

His cock stretched and filled her perfectly and she ground her hips to his as she devoured his mouth with hers, kissing him passionately as they started to fuck.

Her makeup bag clattered to the floor as her hands scrabbled for a good position, his thrusts becoming as urgent as hers.

"shuushhh." He giggled out softly as he went all the way into her.

She bit her lower lip and nodded, staring into his dark and lust filled eyes as she tried to be quite.

"Ung... uhh, uh, uh." She gasped out as quietly as she could with each thrust.

The feeling of his hard body against her soft and welcoming one was overwhelming and she was dizzy with pleasure as he took her.

She was soon close, but she still had enough sense to feel a bit of guilt.

"Your wife?" she gasped out the question, needing to know.

"Over, it's been over a long time." He grunted out reassuringly as he fucked her tight pussy urgently.

She smiled and let herself go, his words were enough and she concentrated on the wonderful feeling of being filled by him.

"Unnngggg... Ah,ah ahhhh." She gasped out as she came, her orgasm rolled over her and her brain momentarily melted.

His cock twitched and pulsed inside her as he grunted.

"Fuuuucckkkkkk." He groaned out as he spurted hot semen inside her.

He kissed her neck and nuzzled it as he pumped more cum inside her, breathing hard.

She held him close, her legs tightly wrapped around him and her nails digging into his back softly as she felt him unload.

They rested like that for a few moments, his cock still inside her as she came down from her orgasm and stoked the back of his head affectionately.

"lets go back to mine." She whispered softly.

He pulled out with a wet slurp and nodded.

"Okay... but don't you want to see your pictures?" he asked as he pulled up his boxers and jeans.

She shook her head and eyed him lustfully.

"No.. I'm sure you looked after me, I can see them later." She said with an affectionate smile, trusting in him fully and wanting to take him to her bed properly.

Her fingers brushed at his sweaty hair as she looked at him, sure of herself for the first time in a while and wanting to touch him.

"Okay, better put something on then." He grinned back at her, looking her up and down and enjoying the sight of her in just a pair of heels and his cum starting to ooze out of her pussy.

She giggled and turned a bit shy again, closing her legs and covering her tits with her hands.

"give me a minute... I'll be out soon." She said as she waited for him to be a gentleman and let her get dressed in privacy.

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Terry ginned to himself as he closed the door behind him and walked towards where Nathen and the rest were still franticly trying to edit some pictures to show Felicity.

"Take it easy, Save them and email me the ones you think will do, I'll show them to her later." He said with a smile.

Nathen looked at him suspiciously.

"I thought she wanted to see them now?"

Terry shook his head.

"No, I've convinced her to look at them later, I'm going to give her a lift home and show her mine... I TOLD you to trust me... I have this under control." He said glibly with a slight shrug.

Nathen frowned and stepped forward, taking Terry by the arm and guiding him to one side.

"You better not be fucking her Terry, you are married and Felicity is a nice girl... Don't be messing her around." He hissed between his teeth. Even if he had taken advantage himself, he still felt wrong about it and she was his friend.

Terry gave Nathen a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

"As if I would, come on man... You know I would never cheat on my wife." He lied easily.

Mollified. Nathen nodded and asked what Terry had told her about the session.

"Don't worry, I told her we were respectful and that the pictures were tasteful... Email me the ones you like and when she sees them she will be FINE." Terry assured him.

Nathen frowned and wondered how Terry had managed it all, still, he was pleased that Felicity wasn't fully aware of what they had taken and turned to smile at her as she came out of the changing room with her bags.

She smiled back and said her goodbyes to them.

"I've got to go... erm.. bit tired and want to rest, soooooo... can you send me the pictures later?" she said as an excuse, wanting to be in bed with Terry and thinking she didn't want anyone knowing she was going to be having sex with a married man. Her earlier worries momentarily forgotten.

Nathen, Damien, Alex and the rest assured her they would and thanked her for posing as Nathen handed her an envelope of cash.

She knew it wasn't much, she didn't really do it for the money and stuffed the envelop into her bag.

"Bye." She said as Terry held open the studio door for her and she left to various goodbyes.

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Back at her small flat...

Terry fucked her hard and fast, on the stairs, on the floor of her living room and then in her bed. She gave herself over to it all and enjoyed every minute of having him inside her.

She even let him take a few pictures of her with his cock inside her as he showed her others of herself on her laptop.

Tasteful pictures that only made her look sexy and didn't show much more than a hint of what she had displayed.

She scrolled threw them as he took her from behind on her bed. She felt incredibly sexy as she looked at the artful pictures and let him fuck her anally, something she liked but rarely admitted to.

Terry grunted in pleasure as he clicked off a few explicit photos of his cock in her ass. She was proving to be quite the little slut now that she thought he was hers.

"Cum on my back." She gasped out as he got close.

He grinned and did as she asked, spurting a few drops onto her arched back and bum, already mostly spent and empty.

Felicity sighed happily as she let herself go limp and lie on the bed.

"Ummmm... That was NICE." She whispered out lazily as she pushed her teddy to the floor and wriggled around to be on the bed properly.

Terry smiled to himself as he lay next to her.

"yeah... My wife hates anal." He sighed out.

She turned her head to look at him quizzically.

"You said it was over with her... Do you still have sex?" she asked with a sudden shift and jealousy.

"Noo...well not often... I won't ever lie to you, so while it IS over, I can't leave her yet, not until my kids have left home." He said softly as he caressed Felicity's thigh.

She sighed a bit unhappily and snuggled closer.

"But it's you and me...right?" she said.

He stroked her cheek and smiled.

"For sure... you and me." He lied with ease. As he thought of all the things he could get her to do.

She snuggled I close and kissed his chest thinking how nice he was and how caring he had been.

Yet at the back of her mind she had doubts and wondered if she was being foolish.