**Modelling**, Part I

Posted by Christine Dubois

The weekend after the party (Vespa ride) 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.

As I was pulling out the accumulated letters, I heard someone coming. It scared me, but I resisted the temptation to run, taking the chance it would be some cranky lady 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 to dinner that night. (I wore a really short 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. 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. 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 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 only 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. I had moved to a whole new level.

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