**The Collector**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

Life can be complicated for a nude model  
  
Judy had a coveted internship at the Mandrakian Galley, just west of 10th Avenue in New York. She was learning on the job, and so far she was doing well, but she was not prepared for The Collector. The veterans in the gallery scene knew him well.  
  
"How was your first week with us?" Sarah Mandrakian asked Judy around 4pm on Sunday. The weekend had been especially busy, probably due to the solo show of a hot new artist.  
  
"It went fine, thank you, although there was this one guy..." Judy replied.  
  
"Yes? Pray tell?" Sarah encouraged.  
  
"He asked me about any new paintings we had of nudes," Judy answered. "I guess perverts come in all types, right?"  
  
Sarah was kind. After all, Judy was young, and new to the game. "Oh, Judy honey, he's not a pervert, he's just a collector."  
  
"But he wasn't that interested in the quality of the paintings, or even who the artist was!" Judy replied, thinking people who collect, collect paintings of a given artist, or even a given period, or a given school, such as cubism, or impressionists. She expressed this.  
  
"Yes, all that's true. However, The Collector, as he's known in the gallery district, collects paintings of nudes. And not just nudes. He collects paintings of nudes when the artist uses one particular nude in his paintings," Sarah explained. "He seems to have an obsession for one particular model."  
  
Judy looked stunned.  
  
"Did you ever collect stamps, for example?" Sarah asked.  
  
"No, but my brother did."  
  
"How did he go about it?"  
  
"What do you mean?" Judy asked.  
  
"Well, did he collect US stamps, or stamps from around the world, or stamps from a small collection of countries?" Sarah asked.  
  
"I don't know," Judy confessed.  
  
"Well, there are lots of stamps, and more made every year, of course. There are too many in the world for anyone to collect all of them. People specialize. Some people focus on one country, some people focus only on airmail stamps, others collect only stamps with steamships pictured, or railroad trains, or flags, and the like. There's even stamps with overprints on them. The British, for example, would take a British stamp and overprint it in black ink to sell in a given colony, back when they had lots of colonies. I could go on, and on, and on," Sarah said.  
  
"No need; I get it now," Judy said. "Still, I think it's strange only to want paintings made from one particular model."  
  
"I agree. There're few people stranger than collectors. The man we call The Collector is certainly strange, but he's harmless, and when he finds what he wants, we make a quick sale. Win-win," Judy said.  
  
"What's the name of the model he collects?" Judy asked.  
  
"None of us knows. It lends an air of mystery about the whole affair! We do know, however, the artists who like to use her as their model. James York, for example, uses her all the time."  
  
"James York? Why, he's a great artist!" Judy exclaimed.  
  
"Yes. Yes, he is. We make a nice commission when we sell one of his paintings. If it's a nude of Model X, as we call her, then it's an easy sale to The Collector. His other paintings are harder to move, because they're really quite pricey," Sarah remarked.  
  
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Melissa had become the go-to model for James York, especially when he wanted to paint a nude. This had served Melissa well, as other artists, lesser known but equally talented, clamored for her to model for them, as well. If she agreed, and the painting was of her nude, then the artist could use the painting to get a foot in the door at the exclusive Mondrakian Gallery, sending their career skyrocketing. Consequently, Melissa could charge a pretty penny for her modeling gigs.  
  
Whenever she sat for a painting it was a long commitment, and York was especially slow, it seemed to her. He had helped to promote her as a model, however, and he paid better than anyone else. He was a bit eccentric, but what else was new? We're talking artists. They're supposed to be eccentric.  
  
It's hard to pose naked for long periods of time. Melissa always had to be naked, even if York was working on her feet, details of her hands, or of course her hair and her face. Other artists were more flexible, and if an artist was working on her face, for example, she could at least wear panties, and sometimes even a bra and panties. But not James York. Oh no, for him, she was always naked.  
  
Melissa didn't care that much. She had grown up with three brothers, and a father of course, and being the only girl (her mother had died in childbirth with the birth of her youngest brother), she was often the object of their attention, especially when she wore a bikini to sunbathe in the back yard, or when she took a shower.  
  
She always locked the door to the bathroom when she showered, but her brothers were boys, and they were curious about girls, and she loved them all, so when they routinely unlocked the bathroom door (they had figured out a way to do that) and spied on her in the shower, she pretended not to notice.  
  
Melissa realized she was not shy, and even that she enjoyed the surreptitious looks she'd get from her brothers at her breasts, and occasionally at her entire nude body. Her brothers grew out of it once they became sexually active with their own girlfriends, and Melissa had continued on to college. She posed nude for art classes at college, from time to time, and eventually made a name for herself as a model. Once James York discovered her, she had it made.  
  
Now he was asking her for too much. She finally said no to him. She agreed his new project was spectacular, and would be ground breaking, shaking up the art world, but she couldn't do it. He'd have to find a replacement. York asked her to help him to find a replacement, and she said she'd ask around.  
  
Melissa called her old art professors from when she was in college, and they recommended a recent graduate who was recklessly ambitious, as she was trying to break into the field, and was currently working as an unpaid intern in an art gallery, just west of 10th Avenue. It was the Mandrakian Gallery.  
  
What luck! Melissa knew the gallery well. It had an exclusivity contract with James York himself. She gave Sarah Mandrakian a call, explaining who she was. She and Sarah hit it off instantly. Sarah was glad to help, and Melissa soon had a lunch date with a somewhat bewildered young lovely named Judy Jones. They met at an upscale, yet casual, eatery not too far from the gallery.  
  
They made small talk, Judy constantly bewildered about why a star model like Melissa Johansen wanted to meet her for lunch. She knew, however, not to push things, and she just let the conversation flow. Eventually Melissa would get to the point, or so she hoped. It came over coffee.  
  
"I've done a little research on you," Melissa said.  
  
"You have?" a suddenly very nervous Judy replied. She immediately thought of those horrific pictures of her Mike Scelerat had posted on an Internet porn site, that she had been unable to have removed. She blushed.  
  
"Of course, I have. Your former professors Dr. Alderschmidt and Dr. Hungerford gave you rave recommendations for your modeling ability. Apparently, you take direction well, and are also fearless. Those are excellent qualities," Melissa said.  
  
I should, I'm such a fucking submissive, Judy thought, still nervous about the pictures and especially the video of her being a bad girl, which was up on the Internet. "Thank you, Melissa. That was right nice of them," she said.  
  
"Well, I'll get to the point of this lunch, and why I wanted to meet with you," Melissa said.  
  
I was hoping you would! Judy thought, silently. She waited for Melissa to continue.  
  
Melissa took a slow sip of her coffee, exacerbating the tension. Judy was dying, nervously sitting across from her.  
  
"As you may know, I'm Mr. York's go-to model, especially when he paints nudes. His new project, however, is just not for me. It's the first time I've refused him," Melissa said. Judy's eyes got wide. "As a favor to James, I agreed to recruit a new model to take my place. I've already interviewed three possibilities, but there are problems in each case. May I be blunt?"  
  
"Yes, please, of course," Judy said.  
  
"This particular gig with James will involve more than nudity. He envisions a trilogy of three paintings, and with a progression that I felt was outside of my bailiwick. You, however, are young and ambitious. Plus, Mr. Hungerford assured me you are a submissive, from a sexual standpoint," Melissa said, studying the reaction to her words in Judy's expressions.  
  
"Excuse me? Mr. Hungerford claims to know that I'm a sexual submissive, and he told you that? " Judy replied.  
  
"Is it not true? I assume he had a basis for such a description. You did sleep with him, didn't you? And you did whatever he asked, including," and Melissa paused, searching for the right words, "Some unusual things?"  
  
Judy shrunk in her chair. "Uh, yes, all that's true, I guess. You might as well know, since anyway you already seem to. Sexually speaking, I tend to do whatever a man wants. I'm just surprised, and frankly, rather dismayed, that Mr. Hungerford told you that!"  
  
"I can understand that; I would be, too, in your place. The point is, however, someone like you is exactly what James York is looking for, assuming you are also a good model. From what Dr. Alderschmidt told me, modelling is your primary talent, and you are exceptional."  
  
"Thank you. That was nice of Dr. Alderschmidt," Judy, said, fighting back tears from her embarrassment.  
  
"She was just being honest. Mr. Hungerford confirmed your talent. Confirmation is important," Melissa said, and she fell silent.  
  
Judy tried to outwait her during the long silence, but lost. "I'd be very interested in modeling for an artist like James York. It's fascinating to meet you in person, Melissa; I've seen you on canvas so many times."  
  
Melissa smiled happily. She could never seem to collect enough compliments, and she relished each and every one. "Don't agree too fast, my dear," Melissa cautioned. "Let me tell you some of the things Mr. York will expect you to do, as his model for his new trilogy. I'll tell you what's probably involved, as I understand it, and then let's see if you're still interested, okay? The other three models turned him down when they learned the details of what he is expecting from his nude model. So too did I. Nevertheless, I think you may be the savior for his project."  
  
The two women talked in low voices for the next two hours. Melissa ordered cognacs for them, and seeing the surprise in Judy's face, evolving into shock, she ordered a second round of cognacs and chocolates, and then a third round.  
  
"Think about it overnight, Judy. If I may ask, do you currently have a boyfriend?" Melissa asked.  
  
"No," Judy replied. "I broke up with Gary three months ago. Some men have trouble having a girlfriend who models nude. It's ridiculous." Judy had trouble hiding the touch of bitterness that crept into her voice.  
  
"Tell me about it! The stories I could tell you, oh my goodness," Melissa replied. Then she added, "Since the break-up, have you been dating?"  
  
"Yes. Being a nude model seems to attract men. They come out of the woodwork, but once we uh, become, uh, intimate, we usually call it quits. Maybe they just want the experience of doing it with a nude model? For some reason, most of them want to fuck outdoors. I've found a good place in one of the parks on the island," Judy said, giggling nervously in her embarrassment to be discussing such activities. "To be honest, I haven't really liked any of the men that much," Judy added.  
  
"And yet you slept with them? And outdoors, too?" Melissa followed up.  
  
"Yeah. Remember, as you said, I'm a bit on the submissive end of the spectrum." Judy bridled at Melissa's implicit moral judgment. She knew people just like her. They would condemn her as a slut. "Grow up, Melissa. It's 2020. The Puritan influence on our society is on the wane. Big time," Judy replied, not even trying to hide her annoyance. She said this even though Judy was 23, and Melissa was 34. "This line of questioning is inappropriate," Judy finally said, ending their conversation.  
  
What Judy would never admit, even to herself, was that having sex outdoors, where there was always the chance of being discovered and watched, was the greatest turn-on she had ever experienced. She didn't just submissively agree to sex in the great outdoors; she would manipulate the men into pressuring her to do it, and then she would 'reluctantly' agree; she would 'submit.'  
  
That night Judy called Dr. Alderschmidt to ask her for advice. They had a long talk (two hours) on the telephone. She also spoke with her boss at the gallery, Sara Mondrakian. She called her old boyfriend Gary to get the male perspective from someone who knew her inside and out. She giggled again at the thought of just how much Gary knew her insides, as well as her outsides.  
  
Finally, she broached the subject with her mother. She would never discuss such things with her father! She strongly suspected her disgusting father routinely jerked himself off to pictures of her in the nude paintings. So too did her brother (she once had even caught him at it!). Speaking to her Mom about it was one of the scariest things she had ever done, especially given what Melissa had told her. Her Mom took it well, though, and gave her some truly wise advice. She began to realize that Dr. Alderschimdt was vicariously ambitious for her, while Sara just wanted her to help the gallery make some money, Gary just wanted to imagine her nude and compromised, and it was only her mother who really cared about her in all the right ways.  
  
"I'm in. I'll do it, assuming I pass Mr. York's audition," Judy told Melissa, when the latter called her in the morrow. Melissa was thrilled, and told her she would never regret it. Judy, though, was not so sure!  
  
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Judy passed the audition with Mr. York easily. He went through the motions, already convinced that if Melissa had said Judy was perfect for what he wanted, then she was. Papers were signed, and Mr. York surprised Judy when he said, "There's the dressing room. Why don't you change and we'll get started?"  
  
"You mean, now? Today?" Judy said, she was taken aback, thinking this was an interview and she'd hear back in a week or so.  
  
Judy didn't ask what he wanted her to wear. She just stripped, and put on the modesty robe hanging in the changing room. The 'robe' was like a beach coverup, and partially transparent. Any modesty it provided was symbolic, at best. She emerged, and York didn't even look at her. He told her to take an odalisque pose on the divan. She took the position of Ingres' Grande Odalisque, showing off her ass and back, with her head turned, and looking at the artist.  
  
"Nice. Now let's see a full frontal, please. Legs closed for modesty. Good! Hold the pose, please."  
  
Judy was lying on the divan, on her back, her head propped up with a pillow, her large breasts falling to the sides, and her nipples pointing straight up to the ceiling. York quickly sketched her in pencil. In only ten minutes he had a sketch of her body which was the best anyone had ever done! She was in the presence of real talent, and it got Judy truly excited.  
  
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As York continued to sketch Judy in pencil is various poses, Judy let her mind wander. Posing nude in front of a man always seemed sexual to her, and her thoughts naturally dwelled on some of her sexual history. Considering she was only 23, she had been an active girl. There were two men who stood out for her in her history. One of the two men was the one man she had ever really loved, and in fact still did love.  
  
That man was Martin. They were both eight when they first met, and they became instant friends. Martin was unusual because he was smart, intellectual, and gregarious. He and Judy could converse nonstop for hours. All of her girlfriends had BFFs with whom they could talk ad infinitum , but for Judy, she had her Martin.  
  
When the whole boy-girl thing emerged at around age 16 for Judy, and age 17 for Martin, Judy was able to discuss which boys she had crushes on with Martin, and he would give her advice. Martin never reciprocated, and Judy was always in the dark about his sex life, or even if he had one. Everything changed, though, when Martin was applying for college admission. You see, Martin considered himself to be an artist. He had never, however, let Judy see one of his paintings.  
  
"Judy, I need your help," Martin said. It was the first time he had ever asked Judy for help. She, on the other hand, had often asked Martin for help with her math and physics homework assignments.  
  
"Sure, Martin. You know I'll do anything for you. What do you need?"  
  
"I need a girl to model nude, completely nude, for a painting. I want to include a nude in my college application," he said.  
  
"Can't you just copy a nude of a famous artist?" I asked.  
  
"No, it doesn't work that way. It has to be mine, and completely original," he said.  
  
"Why don't you ask your girlfriend?" I teased. I was sure Martin did not have one, and had never had one!  
  
"I did. She refused, and we had a big fight about it. I don't understand, actually, because it's easy enough to get her naked, and we have sex all the time as if we were rabbits, but a painting of her gorgeous body? No way, no how," Martin said, clearly getting upset at putting this all in his mind again.  
  
Judy was flabbergasted. Martin was having sex with a girl and he never told her? More to the point, nobody had ever told her? This was intolerable.  
  
"Well, I don't see what the big deal is. Artists always paint nudes, and there's obviously always a model involved as well. It's a noble profession, being a model. A lot of the models of today often appear half naked in ladies' fashion magazines," Judy said, having just scored the French edition of Vogue and seen exactly that. The American version was sanitized from even partial nudity. Americans are such prudes, Judy thought.  
  
"You said earlier you'd do anything I needed, Judy, right?" Martin asked.  
  
"Me?!!? You want me to model nude for you?" Judy exclaimed. That would be so sexy, Judy thought. She had never been nude for a boy; the farthest they had got was to get her down to her panties (that was Eric) and he fingered her. She was still a virgin. Now to have someone paint her nude body? And not just someone, but Martin? And it was for a good cause, right? I mean, I would be helping him get into the college of his choice, wouldn't I, after all! Judy thought, silently.  
  
"Well, yes. You'd be perfect, if you're willing. I warn you, though, that lots of people may eventually see the painting; at least I hope that's the case!" Martin said. He knew that Judy had exhibitionist tendencies, and just the idea of lots of people seeing a rendering of her nude body would probably turn her on.  
  
Indeed, Judy was getting wet at the idea. She hoped Martin was as good an artist as he was supposed to be. She wished she could see some of his work; he was so damn secretive!  
  
"Want to see some sketches I made of my girlfriend?" Martin offered, practically having read Judy's mind.  
  
So, Martin was bopping Alexis? Judy never would have guessed. The drawings, pencil on paper, were stunningly good. "I thought Alexis refused to pose nude for you?"  
  
"Oh, I drew these from memory, Judy. Alexis doesn't even know they exist, and she would kill me if she ever found out. I'd get home from a date, and then draw the delights I had experienced from my time with her," Martin replied.  
  
"Uh, Martin...." Judy said.  
  
"Yes?" Martin smiled. He knew what Judy was going to ask.

"Lots of artists end up laying their models, you know? Degas, Delacroix, and Ingres, for example. Raphael, Rembrandt, Modigliani, and Picasso even ended up marrying their models," Judy said, and her lower lip trembled, a sure sign she was nervous. Martin found that tic to be hopelessly fetching.  
  
"This isn't a ploy to have sex with you, much as I'd love to. I just want you to model nude for me for my chef d'oeuvre in my college portfolio, okay?" Martin said.  
  
All Judy heard was that Martin would "love" to have sex with her. Finally! He had said it. Teasing him with her nude body was going to be fun. The drawings of Alexis nude, from memory he had said, blew Judy's mind. Martin really did have talent!  
  
"Okay," Judy said.  
  
"Really? Okay, as in you'll be my model?" Martin asked, afraid that he might have heard wrong.  
  
"Well, you know I've done a bit of modeling. I've posed for the senior art class several times, and once in a bikini," Judy said.  
  
"I know. Every guy in the room was hard, including me. I was practically bursting with desire! You'll really pose for me nude, then? Really?" Martin had asked. Judy smiled at the memory. She had been thrilled to hear all the guys had an erection just from drawing her in a bikini. Boys are so easy!  
  
"Yeah, I'll do this for you. Stark nude, top and bottom, the whole enchilada. You'll owe me, though. Big time!" Judy said, basking in the thought of all the future sexual teasing of Martin she would be doing, driving him crazy with lust, and not letting him even touch her, until...well, who knows if she'll ever let him touch her naked body? This was going to be such fun, she remembered she thought at the time.  
  
"We'll start on Monday, okay?" They arranged a time, when both of Martin's parents would be at work. His older brother was already away at college, and his younger sister would be in school. They had arranged to leave school early, one of the perks of being seniors.  
  
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"How are you holding up?" James York asked her, waking her up from her day dreaming, as she wandered down memory lane.  
  
"It was a long time to hold the pose," she said. "I'll have a good soak in a hot bath tonight and I'll be fine tomorrow. When do we resume?"  
  
"Can you be here at 10AM? I should be awake and properly caffeinated by then," York said.  
  
Judy went over to the gallery, before it closed for the day. She had a long talk with Sarah Mandrakian. Apparently, word had already hit the district that James York had a new model. The whole district was abuzz! Sarah asked her who before had painted her nude? She was going to organize a little show of already existing nude portraits of Judy.  
  
"Most of the paintings are not very good, except for the one by Martin Rosenberg, who painted one of me in high school," Judy said. She had also posed nude for the high school seniors after school ended, once the art teacher, Mr. Hemmings, had seen Martin's painting of her. He thought it was remarkable, and asked if she would pose for a summer class he was giving.  
  
When Judy agreed to pose for the class, it filled up overnight, mostly with boys, and they thoroughly enjoyed painting nude portraits of the little sexpot they had spent their high school years daydreaming about fucking silly. Judy had a lot of dates that summer! She never had let Martin deflower her, but the summer before college? She didn't want to enter college still a virgin. Instead, she entered college as a bit of a slut! The paintings from the class were, however, rather pathetic, except for one: Jorge Rodriguez painted a damn good nude portrait of her. She told Sarah about Jorge.  
  
There were seven art students in college who had painted nudes of her, too, and she gave Sarah their names, figuring she'd let Sarah judge the quality of the paintings. Altogether she had slept with one of her high school friends from Mr. Hemmings' art class, and two of the college boys, Mike and Zeke. Mr. Hemmings had asked her to pose privately for him, and he painted a magnificent nude of her, almost as good as Martin's, and he taught her a lot about sex, too. She didn't mention his nude of her to Sarah, though. She was ashamed of some of the things she did with Mr. Hemmings. Mr. Hemmings was into kink, and his nude in the show would bring it all back.  
  
Judy was invited to the opening of the show, and in a fit of bravery she came. All of the guys who had painted nudes of her and whom Sarah had approved of, were there, too, all thrilled to be included in a show at the renowned Mandrakian Gallery! Each guy thought that this was going to be a big boost to his career. Judy was shocked, however, when she saw Mr. Hemmings' nude of her. She turned a lovely shade of red.  
  
Mr. Hemmings' nude was different from all the others. It was the only lewd nude painting. Judy had her legs open, and the viewer's eye was drawn directly to her pussy. His was in the style of Egon Schiele, and it stood out like a sore thumb.  
  
For Judy, she suddenly realized she was in a gallery showroom with six men who had carnal knowledge of her. It was totally freaky to be in a room with all six of them! Plus, the walls were lined with different interpretations of her nude body, with varying degrees of quality to the paintings. She wondered why Sarah had organized this show, but it became clear a little later.  
  
As she was drinking the complimentary champagne customarily served at art show openings, she saw Martin himself silently enter. He didn't even look at the show, he just came directly to her and gave her a hug. Her six former lovers were all watching with barely concealed envy.  
  
A tall, distinguished man walked in, wearing a suit and tie, and Judy could tell by the way Sarah was treating the man that he was special. She belatedly recognized him: He was The Collector. Sarah and The Collector talked for a while, and then Sarah went around the gallery and put red dots on three of the paintings, one of them being Mr. Hemmings' painting, and a second one being Martin's. The third was by one of her collegiate lovers. The Collector nodded greetings to Judy, never spoke a word except whispers to Sarah, and left with a sweeping flourish. Sarah had organized the show just to please The Collector. Judy realized that it had to be because she was now the nude model for James York.  
  
Martin took her to dinner that night, and Judy had a wonderful time. She began to wish she had let him make love to her, but you can't change the past. He told her Alexis and he broke up when she learned of the painting he had done of Judy, but before Judy could speak, he hushed her.  
  
"She called me up three years later, explaining she had been jealous, and a juvenile fool. She asked if I'd still like her to be a nude model for me," Martin said.  
  
"What did you say?" Judy asked.  
  
"I said yes. You know, I offered the painting of Alexis to Ms. Mandrakian for this show, but she said it was only for paintings of you! You must be pretty special, somehow. Of course, I've always known you were special."  
  
"You have a wedding ring on," Judy said.  
  
"Yeah, I hate rings. I think all artists do. But my wife insists. You know, Judy, I love you; I've always loved you, and painting the nude of you was really just a stupid high school ploy to spend time with you, and hopefully take things farther," he said.  
  
"I thought it was for your college portfolio?" Judy said.  
  
Before Martin could even answer, Judy added, "I've always loved you, too. We were young and foolish back then. During the summer after graduation I went overboard in the other direction," Judy said.  
  
"Yes, I heard. Well, you still look ravishing. I wish I weren't married!" Martin said.  
  
"Who's the lucky girl? Do I know her? Why wasn't I invited to the wedding?"  
  
"She's Alexis, of course. Alexis is still jealous of you, Judy. She shouldn't be. I love her with all my heart, and I always have. She doesn't believe a man can love two women. It's a pity," Martin said. "How about you? Any man getting lucky with you these days?"  
  
Judy smiled. "No. Unless you want to apply? I'm modeling nude for James York, you know," Judy said.  
  
"So that's it! That explains everything! The Collector is buying up all the good paintings of you nude. I should paint another one! Oh yeah, never mind; Alexis would kill me," Martin said.  
  
Judy got Martin to show her a photo of his nude of Alexis, which he had on his phone. Judy was twice stunned, first, at how pretty Alexis was naked, and second, at how spectacular Martin's painting of her was.  
  
After the dinner, Martin took Judy home to her apartment. She shared it with a delightful woman, Rebecca, but she decided to make a play for Martin anyway, roommate or not, married or not. They made out ferociously, and little by little, Martin got Judy naked.  
  
Judy then became the aggressor, and she undressed Martin, and the two old friends, artist and his model, were finally both naked and alone in Judy's bedroom. Martin played with Judy's pussy, fingering her gently and lovingly, and relentlessly, until she climaxed. Judy had always found orgasms easy to get, and especially so in the loving hands of Martin. Now she wanted, finally, to have the fuck of her lifetime with Martin! She had dreamed of this moment for so long!  
  
It was not to be. Martin refused to fuck her, citing his wife Alexis.  
  
"You're already cheating with me, Martin. I've been wanting you to fuck me since we were both sixteen. Alexis never has to know!"  
  
To encourage Martin, she slowly stroked his cock, enjoying feeling every little square millimeter. She began to give him a hand job, talking sexy to him, about how her pussy was a vacuum without his cock, and everyone knows that nature hates a vacuum. "Basic physics demands that you fuck me, now, Martin. I'm producing a river of love juice in anticipation of giving your cock the welcome of your lifetime," she said, alas to no avail.  
  
Judy cried in frustration, but Martin would not budge. Judy had always liked Alexis, but now, she began to hate her. She finally realized her powers of seduction were simply not up to the task of breaking Martin's will of steel. Seeking some sort of conclusion, she began to lick Martin's cock, as if it were a lollipop. She licked it up and down, swirling her tongue on the purple head, and kissing it.  
  
Judy began to French kiss Martin's cock, and her French kisses morphed into a full-fledged blowjob. Judy asked if he wanted to paint her boobs with his cum, and he said yes, very much. It was the first time she had ever even seen Martin's cock. She could tell Martin was sorely tempted to fuck her, but ultimately, it didn't work out. Judy hated it, but she had to respect that.  
  
By the end of the week, all of the paintings in what was informally called "The Judy Show," were sold, and they were all sold at their asking prices. Judy was stunned and even Sarah Mandrakian was surprised. Judy had fun at the gallery; when she was there, people would enter, look at the paintings, and then look at Judy, and then do double takes of both Judy and the paintings. Judy enjoyed it all, immensely.  
  
About a week later, she got an envelope in the mail. Inside it were a dozen sketches Martin had made of Judy from his memory of their time together that night. The one of her naked body with his cum decorating her boobs was once again magnificent. She decided to ask Sarah if she could use the Gallery's framer to have it framed. Sarah's eyebrows rose when she saw the sketch. She said only one word: "Martin?" Judy nodded, impressed about how Sarah never missed a trick. Sarah added, in her laconic way, "It's a good sketch."  
  
Judy was a bit anxious about the show of nudes of her being up for so long. Lots of people visited the Mandrakian Gallery; it was a 'must see' on the gallery circuit. The Mandrakian Gallery was famous for being at the cutting edge, and it was Sarah Mandrakian herself who first discovered James York. Sarah had organized 'The Judy Show' on a lark, and she was tickled pink at how well it had worked out.  
  
Judy confessed she was a bit freaked out about how many people were seeing her nude, and Sarah looked at her. It was that look people give when someone acts as if they come from Mars. It was as if Judy had said some incomprehensible cosmic transmission. Finally, in a moment of pity, Sarah said, always laconic, "Talk to Melissa."  
  
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It took a long time for James York to finish the first piece of his trilogy. He wouldn't show it to Judy, but he did say he was happy with it. Judy was exhausted, but exhilarated in the realization that there was now a James York masterpiece, and she had been the model! As a reward, she received a one-month rest and reprieve, and she returned to the Mandrakian Gallery, and her internship.  
  
At the Gallery, Sarah Mandrakian told Judy she was organizing a performing art piece for Tuesday, July 14, 2020, which was National Nude Day. She would have the best nudes from still living artists decorating the gallery's walls, and there would also be a performance art piece. She wanted Judy to help organize the art on the walls, and to participate in the performance art feature of the event.  
  
Judy was a bit taken aback by the performance art aspect, once Sarah had fully described it to her. "Do you really think you'll get the models to do that?" Judy asked.  
  
"You've heard the phrase starving artists?" Sarah asked.  
  
"Of course," Judy replied.  
  
"Don't you think the phrase, . Even more starving models might apply equally as well?"  
  
"So, you think we models will do it for the money?" Judy asked, a bit miffed; insulted on behalf of her peer group.  
  
"No, I think you'll all do it to be part of a performing art piece that will make the news, and probably become legendary," Sarah replied. "The thousand dollars will help you to rationalize why you're doing it."  
  
"We'll each get a thousand dollars?" Judy asked, a bit incredulous, and now quite enthusiastic.  
  
"Yes, and the Gallery will get hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of free publicity," Sarah said, obviously quite pleased with her own idea.  
  
Judy turned out to be stellar at organizing the event, and in the end, there were nine models, one of whom was Judy, who reluctantly agreed to be part of the performance art. She agreed to do it mostly to help Sarah, whom she both liked and admired, to promote herself as a model, and, most of all, for the $1,000. A grand was a large chunk of change. True, it didn't go far in New York, but if you think about working at $15/hour, then you can appreciate its magnitude!  
  
Sarah had asked The Collector if he could allow the Gallery to show some of his nudes for the event, and of course he graciously agreed to lend some of his best nude paintings, several of which had Judy's new friend Melissa featured in them. The work of James York was always creative, imaginative, beautiful, surprising, and, basically, spectacular. Having a beauty like Melissa featured in the paintings of nudes, just made them that much better!  
  
Judy had tried to get Martin to submit one of his nudes of Alexis, but Alexis adamantly refused to let him. Alexis was not a professional model. She had a job in IT for a large company, and she felt that the last thing she needed was to have images of her naked floating around all over the place. She had a point, Judy reluctantly agreed.  
  
To keep the crowds down, Sarah decided to charge an entrance fee. The fee was $25, which in New York is a tiny amount, but enough to keep out the casual onlooker. The event began with all of us models in a small room at the back, which was the break room for people who worked at the gallery. It had a microwave, a small fridge, and a table with chairs. We were all given beautifully colored purple satin robes, with a snap at the waist, and also a belt. Under them, we were naked.  
  
Sarah came out first and greeted the crowd. The event began at 8PM, and the press wasn't invited until 10PM.This gave us two hours of sanity. It was quite a crowd! The mayor was there, with his wife, as were members of the City Council, some high-ups from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and from MOMA, and -- of course -- from the Museum of Sex. Some of the crowd were artists, while others were models, boyfriends and husbands, and most of the rest were lecherous young men. It was a packed house! Masks were required attire.  
  
Sarah gave a little speech. She sketched out a history of nude modeling in painting, focusing on Edouard Manet's Olympia, and then continuing up to the present day. The part that stuck with Judy was when she spoke of a recent French poll, which said that 3% of French women went without a bra before Covid-19, but after the confinement period now 8% of French women routinely went without a bra, and for the 18-24 years old age group, it was 20%! It was a tectonic change. Judy could feel the excitement of the lecherous men listening to Sarah.  
  
Sarah then went on to discuss bras in general. They were invented in 1889 by a woman, Herminie Cadolle, who worked in a corset factory. The bras of Cadolle liberated French women from the tyranny of corsets. Now, a century and half later, even the bra has become a symbol of oppression. She then went on to say how pleased she was to present a collection of star models who model nude for artists interested in the beauty of the female body. She then called upon us, one by one, and we were each expected to walk down the Catwalk, the installation of which Judy herself had overseen.  
  
Judy was terrified. Sure, she had posed nude for a number of artists, and sure, quite a few people of all kinds had seen those same artists' renderings of her naked body, but being naked in the flesh in front of such a large crowd of (mostly) men, some of them quite distinguished politicians and patrons of the arts, she found to be terrifying. Judy's fears were widely shared, none more so than by Melissa, who was, ironically, quite a shy woman. Luckily, one of the nude models, Lucy, had worked her way through college as a stripper, so she had no fears whatsoever, and all the models leaned on her knowledge and temerity.  
  
Lucy had earned a Master of Arts degree, and when she got the degree, the strip joint advertised her in lights, calling her "Luscious Lucy, Master of Fine Arts." Lucy was quite a character. Judy was dying to ask her if she had turned tricks, too, but it was just not possible to ask such an indiscreet question. Judy just assumed that she had. She had that kind of attitude, that kind of aura about her.  
  
Sarah, being no fool, called on Lucy first. As Lucy emerged, in her purple, satin robe, Sarah gave a running commentary on who she was, for which artists she had modeled, and indicated the paintings of her that were displayed on the walls. She kept the banter going as Lucy strutted her way down the catwalk. At the end of the catwalk, she unsnapped the satin robe, opened it to expose her delightful naked body, turned around and strutted back, amid vigorous applause. At the end of the catwalk, Lucy flamboyantly dropped the robe to the floor, giving a radiant smile to the audience, and took her place on the horizontal stage at the back of the room. It was a class act, and would be a hard one to emulate.  
  
Sarah took over as emcee again, and one by one she introduced the women, each and every one of whom tried to do exactly what Lucy had done, with varying degrees of success. The closest any of them came to emulating Lucy's perfection, was Judy. Melissa stumbled, and was less graceful with her robe, but she was Melissa, so it didn't matter.  
  
"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Let's give a round of applause to all the models. They will now circulate amongst you, and when the press is allowed in, at 10PM, they will lose their robes for the rest of the evening," Sarah said. The response was deafening.

The models all stood shoulder to shoulder, all naked, and on cue they all bent down and picked up a robe from the floor, letting their breasts dangle, and exposing their pussies and their anuses as they bent over, albeit only briefly. The robes were all the same, so it was little matter which one they chose.  
  
All smiles, the models descended into the crowd. Each and every model was quickly surrounded by admirers. Lucy had earlier advised them to allow gentle touches, but if anyone tried to touch their private areas, to gently remove the offending hands. Most of all, do not embarrass anyone, for example by loudly protesting, or dramatically slapping a man.  
  
"What if someone asks to kiss me?" Desiré asked.  
  
"There's nothing wrong with kissing, if you return the desire. You do not need, however, to kiss to be polite," Judy replied. "Be careful though: Kissing can be an entry drug to more serious molestation."  
  
"Should we keep our robes snapped and closed?" Dakota asked.  
  
"That's a personal choice. It may depend on how interested you are in the man speaking with you. Their intentions might not be honorable," Lucy replied.  
  
"I certainly hope they're not!" Samantha said, and she shook her ass a little, inciting a massive round of giggling.  
  
That was earlier. Now, however, it was showtime. Judy was so scared she felt as if she were going to pee in her panties, except, of course, she had no panties on! Like all the other girls, Judy was quickly surrounded by admiring men. Judy was particularly adept at always having a flash of headlights smile, even if she were dying inside. Through a Herculean effort, she managed to keep up a constant stream of banal chatter while standing there in her thin, satin robe, while everyone around her knew she was naked underneath it.  
  
One man, who introduced himself as John-Paul, like the former Pope, engaged her in conversation, asking her all about what it was like to model nude for an artist.  
  
"Is it awkward to be naked in front of a male artist?" he asked.  
  
"Yes, at first, but you quickly get used to it, and it begins to feel normal to be naked in front of him," she replied.  
  
"Does it bother you to have a nude rendering on the wall, that anyone, friends and family, can look at to their heart's content?" he asked.  
  
"Yes, a little, especially when my family sees the painting, like my father and my brother. But again, you get used to it. What's really scary is events like tonight, where I am naked in front of a large crowd of people, mostly men, to boot," Judy said.  
  
"I hope you don't mind all these questions; may I ask another one?"  
  
Judy figured he was about to ask the question he really wanted to ask. She braced herself, and said, "Sure. Go ahead."  
  
"Do the artists ever come on to you, while you're posing naked in front of them?" he asked.  
  
Judy smiled. She had a devastating answer. Thinking of her times posing nude for Martin, she said, "Yes, but not as often as I'd like."  
  
They both laughed. "May I kiss you, Judy?"  
  
Judy had noticed that several girls were kissing men, including Desiré, Dakota, and Samantha, the ones who had seemed the most nervous! Lucy was already naked and kind of going at it with two men at once! Given all that, Jean-Paul's question seemed reasonable.  
  
"Yes," Judy said. John-Paul pulled her close, unsnapped her robe, undid the belt, and let it open. Then he kissed her. Men do three things primarily, when it comes to sex. The first involves a girl's mouth, via kissing, the second her boobs, via caresses, and with the third being the area between her legs, and that can involve all sorts of things, the ultimate being, of course, intercourse.  
  
John-Paul could have received a Master of Fine Arts just for his kissing technique, which was so erotic it made Judy almost dizzy with endorphins. She felt his hands enter the robe and travel around her to her ass as they kissed. Soon his hands were caressing her ass, and Judy was getting turned on, rather seriously. His hands moved around and began to caress her boobs, gently tweaking her nipples. Judy softly moaned. This was too much eros for such a public setting! She didn't even know Jean-Paul!  
  
She guessed he was around 30. He had sandy blonde hair, and cloudy, blue eyes. He had the kind of French handsome face that would not age well. Right then, however, Judy felt it might even be possible to climax just by looking at him. So it was with mixed emotions when his fingers wandered around to find her pussy. She knew her pussy was nice and moist, and now John-Paul knew it, too. Damn.  
  
Judy so wanted to let John-Paul finger her into oblivion. It was such a huge turn-on for her perverted mind to be fingered with so many people watching. Her mouth began to itch; she knew from lots of experience that her mouth wanted to consume Jean-Paul's cock. Would his cum be salty? What would the flavor be? How would his groin smell? She wanted it all, but obviously that was not going to happen!  
  
With great reluctance, Judy gently removed his right hand, even while he was already finger fucking her, right there at the Gallery reception. Moreover, to make her humiliation worse, she apologized!  
  
"I'm sorry, John-Paul. That felt magically wonderful, but we can't do that here, of all places. I hope you understand," Judy said.  
  
"Of course," John-Paul replied, as he discreetly smelled his fingers, although this was not lost on Judy. "I love your smell," he added.  
  
Not knowing what to do or to say (where was Lucy when she needed her?) Judy just said, "Thank you."  
  
Trying to make conversation, she said, "John-Paul is an unusual name," she said, kicking herself for making such a lame remark.  
  
"My mother is French and a devout Catholic. I'm the fifth of eight children. She popped out one per year. I'm named after the pope who took that name, John Paul II. My father, though, is Bavarian German. It's a mixed marriage, or it was for as long as it lasted," he said.  
  
"What do you mean, as long as it lasted?" Judy asked.  
  
"There was some dispute about who sired some of the children. My mother claimed it was always my father, but my father had his doubts. Apparently, my father amassed a lot of evidence. In my case, I refused the DNA tests, even though I was only seven. I was always ion my mother's side. I even hoped I wasn't my father's son; the man was such a bastard."  
  
"He was a bastard? Why the past tense?" Judy asked. Her robe was now wide open, and John-Paul frequently dropped his gaze from her eyes to charms located below her neck. Judy didn't mind, that what's this was all about, wasn't it? Besides, given the way the man kissed, she was ready to give him free reign!  
  
"Oh, he's dead now. Someone brought a gun to a bar he was frequenting. You know how it goes," John-Paul said.  
  
Judy didn't know 'how it goes,' but she smartly did not pursue the subject.  
  
"Want to show me the paintings on the walls here where you're the model?" John-Paul asked.  
  
Grateful for the distraction, Judy, her charms on full display, led John-Paul to one of the two nudes of her on the wall. John-Paul really like the painting Martin had done. When he saw the one by one of my college lovers, namely Zeke, he said, "You slept with the artist for this one. The painting reeks of lust."  
  
"What about the other one?" Judy asked, meaning Martin's painting.  
  
"For that one, the artist wanted to lay you, no question. The rendition of you is filled with desire, but not with realized lust. You never did it with him, much to his frustration," he said.  
  
"How on Earth can you tell that?"  
  
"I can't, really. I'm just bullshitting. I'm a friend of Martin Rosenberg, and he coached me on picking you up," John-Paul confessed, framing the confession with a dazzling smile.  
  
"That's disgusting. I'm not a piece of meat one selects in a grocery store," Judy said, and she turned her back, still covered in purple silk, to John-Paul and walked away. Judy was visibly upset Martin would do such a thing. Judy circulated, often being stopped by men to make banal small talk, while they stared at her tits. Ten o'clock finally rolled around, and Sarah rang the large gong she had secured for the occasion.  
  
Judy and the other girls, some retrieving their purple, satin robes, quickly hurried to the back room. The mayor and his wife, and most of the politicians had already left, not wanting to be there when the press was allowed in. Sarah had us line up on the stage in the way she had prearranged, according to height, with the tallest (Melissa) in the center, and the two shortest girls on the two ends. Judy was standing in between Lucy and Dakota.  
  
Sarah introduced the girls one at a time, to tons of flash bulbs, with the introduced girl stepping forward and dropping her purple robe, revealing her nude body, represented in some of the paintings on the walls of the gallery. After all the introductions, the girls, remaining naked, descended from the stage and mingled with the press corps.  
  
Not being able to print pictures of naked women in newspapers, nor in most magazines, the press photographers walked around taking clever photos, showing naked backsides, or naked profiles with the girl's nipples hidden by a stray arm raised in a gesticulation, or whatever. The journalists asked all sorts of questions, and one, from the New York Times, asked some quite interesting questions.  
  
The evening ended, and Judy managed to get through it with only the one molestation, by John-Paul. She got her clothes, and was leaving when John-Paul stopped her. "Could I buy you a drink, and apologize?" he asked. "Martin raved about you. Sometimes I think he wished he had married you, instead of Alexis."  
  
"How is Martin?" Judy heard herself saying. "I'd been hoping he'd have been here tonight. One of his nudes is hanging, on loan from The Collector." They began walking together, talking constantly, and before long John-Paul had led Judy into a restaurant with a beautiful, long, mahogany bar. They sat on stools at the bar and talked into the wee hours, and last call, at 2AM.  
  
"Can I walk you home?" John-Paul asked.  
  
"It's a long walk. I live in Brooklyn. If you want to be gallant, you can treat a starving artists' model to a taxi ride?" Judy replied.  
  
The two exchanged life stories in the bar and then the taxi. Arriving home with the hopelessly charming John-Paul, Judy lost her usual caution and invited him in for a drink. Judy knew it was a dangerous move, and John-Paul, already familiar with the sight of Judy's wonderful naked body, spent little time removing her clothes as he kissed her body from head to toe. Judy enjoyed it all, but did nothing to reciprocate. Eventually, John-Paul had to undress himself.  
  
Judy's talented fingers played with John-Paul's cock while they kissed, and in return, John-Paul's fingers revealed their own talent with Judy's pussy. Both Judy and John-Paul climaxed, Judy quietly, giving only a subtle clue that she had cum. John-Paul, of course, was more dramatic, squirting his prodigious load all over Judy's boobs, causing her to giggle in delight.  
  
Judy told J-P, as she now called him, that it was time to go, and he said no, he wanted to "make tender love" with her. Judy told him no. "Besides, I'm a rough sex kind of girl," she said, and she saw J-P's eyes light up in delighted surprise. "However," Judy added, "I met you only today, and I never fuck within hours of meeting a man. Also, I'm still much too angry with Martin for suggesting you could seduce me and lay me. So, for two good reasons, it's just not going to happen."  
  
J-P finally left, happy but just a bit frustrated. He continued to date the lovely woman Judy, but for some reason, she never let him fuck her. She would give him hand jobs and blowjobs, and -- as it turned out -- that was enough to keep the romance going. J-P and Judy were gradually, over time, becoming close.  
  
The problem was that J-P's connection with Martin constantly reminded Judy of how much she loved Martin. She was glad Martin was happy with Alexis, but being a bit selfish, she wanted Martin for herself. She knew it was never going to happen, but if she let J-P ravish her, somehow that would destroy any future prospect of a life with Martin. It looked like J-P was doomed to a life of frustration, as long as he stayed fixated on Judy.  
  
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Judy's respite/vacation was over, and it was time for the third installment of Mr. York's triptych of her nude body. She knew the first two parts, due to her posing. She had first posed for him reclining on a divan, similar to the pose of Manet's Olympia. That painting had created an uproar when it was first shown in 1865, because not only was it a full frontal of a nude woman, but at the time, Olympia meant prostitute in slang, and in fact, Manet's beautiful model was indeed a whore. As if to underline the sexual content, Olympia has a black cat arching its back near her feet. Cats, and especially black cats were associated at the time with sex workers.  
  
Paintings of nudes were common in the 19th century, but usually they were of goddesses or odalisques, and not of sex workers. It was a shock to the art community, and it had been intended to be one. It was also a masterpiece.  
  
In the second pose, she had been standing, naked, of course, with her backside to Mr. York, and her head turned so that he had a one quarter view of her naked front and side body, including one breast and nipple, and a sultry face, which she had to practice for a long time. Posing for the second painting had been exhausting.  
  
Now came the third part. She had known up front what was involved, but she had never really believed it. She arrived, stripped off her clothes, and put on her gown before entering York's studio. He was ready, having already set up the bondage materials.  
  
"Are you ready for this?" he asked.  
  
"No, but I'm as ready as I'll ever be. Are you still planning the 'full treatment,'?" Judy asked.  
  
Not answering, he said, "Today I'm only planning to do some sketches. How is your love life, Judy?"  
  
"I'm sorry?" Judy said, a bit taken aback as she lay on the mattress placed on a table.  
  
"Do you have a boyfriend, currently?" he said, and suddenly Judy saw the purpose of his questions.  
  
"Well, it's none of your business, but yes, I'm dating a guy," she said.  
  
"Are you having sex with him?" he asked.  
  
Judy blushed. She saw where this was going, and she answered truthfully, "We're having soft sex, but no intercourse."  
  
"Why not?" York asked.  
  
Judy lost it at this point. "Because I don't want to, that's why not!" she yelled at him. She was now all strapped in, naked and spread eagle on the mattress. The whip nearby had not escaped her notice.  
  
"So, the man wants to?"  
  
"Yes, I'd say he wants to quite a lot," she said.  
  
"When you jack him off, or blow him, does he produce a lot of cum?" York asked.  
  
"Jesus," Judy said, in exasperation. She began to squirm against her bonds but they were professional grade, and she didn't stand a chance.  
  
"You know why I'm asking," York said.  
  
"No, but I can guess," Judy replied.  
  
"I want the two of you to fuck, right here, with him emptying himself inside you, and then he leaves, I enter, and I paint you right after being ravished by him," York said. "I guess it would be simpler if you were already being intimate with him."  
  
"Not really," Judy said. "He might not agree to this ridiculous plan of yours, and I wouldn't blame him. Now, however, he's so desperate to fuck me, he might agree to anything to get a reward like that," she said.  
  
"Oh! So, you've been quite clever to deny him, my girl. Quite clever indeed," York said.  
  
"Not really," Judy replied. "The fact remains I don't want to fuck him."  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"I just don't! Women are like that, Mr. York, we don't necessarily want to fuck everything that moves, like some men do!" Judy was kind of outraged.  
  
"Well, we need someone to fuck you for the third part of the triptych. Would you like me to ask a man I know? I guess he'd be a stranger to you. He's fucked models for me before, and they always seemed pleased," York said.  
  
"You've done this before?" Judy asked, genuinely surprised.  
  
"No, nothing like what I've planned for you. I had models fucked because it changes how their skin looks right after orgasm, you see," York said.  
  
"Did Melissa agree to something like that?" Judy asked.  
  
"I'm not at liberty to discuss such things. Privacy concerns, you know. Anyway, think about what you want. Today we'll just do some innocent sketching. Ready?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Assume the expression, and try to get your nipples hard, Judy," York said.  
  
"Yes, master," Judy muttered sarcastically, under her breath.  
  
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"Thanks for meeting me at such short notice, Melissa," Judy said.  
  
"Not a problem. We models need to stick together. Especially those of us who model nude. What's up, sweetheart?"  
  
"Oh, I just wanted to touch base with you about Mr. York. Did he ever discuss with you exactly what he was planning for the triptych?" Judy asked.  
  
"No, not the explicit details; he's rather secretive, as I'm sure you know by now. He did say, however, that sex would be involved, and that's when I bailed. How or what he planned he never told me, however. Is it bad?" Melissa said.  
  
"In a word, yes." Judy replied.  
  
"Mr. York is beginning the third installment of his triptych, right? And you're freaked, right? I did warn you, you know," Melissa said. Judy hated "I told you so" remarks.  
  
Yes," Judy said.  
  
"Tell me about it," Melissa said.  
  
Judy told Melissa. Melissa was tempted to interrupt with questions, but she didn't. She listened patiently. Judy finished with, "Did York ever ask you to have sex, to give you an after-sex glow?"  
  
"Did he tell you that?!?" Melissa almost screamed, but since they were in a café at the last minute she just whisper-screamed.  
  
"No, he just said, vaguely, that some of his models did that. But you've been his only model for the last four years, so naturally, I thought..." Judy said.  
  
"What an asshole. What a flaming asshole," Melissa said, under her breath.  
  
"Who did he use for the sex, Melissa?" Judy asked.  
  
Melissa looked surprised. She just stared at Judy. Finally, she said, calmly and quietly, "You don't know?"  
  
"No," Judy said.  
  
"Really? You can't figure it out?" Melissa asked.  
  
Judy looked puzzled. Sher had no idea why Melissa thought she should know.  
  
Melissa smiled. It was an evil smile. "I think you know who it was, Judy. Look, we're modeling nude. Modesty aside, we're both pretty and sexy, right? We're right there. We're naked, and in front of the artist for eight hours a day. Hasn't an artist ever jumped your bones, my innocent?"  
  
Judy flashed back to Joe, and especially, her high school art teacher, Mr. Hemmings.  
  
"You don't have to answer," Melissa said. "I can see the answer in your face."  
  
"Okay, I get the picture. Let me tell you about John-Paul and Martin, if you don't mind?" Judy asked.  
  
"I've got the whole afternoon. Let me guess; you haven't fucked either one yet, but you're on the verge, possibly with both of them?" Melissa said.  
  
"Not exactly," Judy replied.  
  
Two hours later, Melissa had the whole sordid story of Martin and John-Paul. "I guess you don't have the time to find Mr. Right to fuck you at the beginning of each modeling session with James; there's nobody on the horizon?" Melissa asked.  
  
"Right. There's nobody. J-P would do most anything to get into my panties at this point. He's on a hair trigger. Martin never will; he's disgustingly loyal to his wife. I can't handle fucking Mr. York, either. What do I do?" Judy asked, as tears formed in her eyes.  
  
"Well, never say never. People can surprise you. Remember, you're participating in a breakthrough work of art, as I understand it. It's worth a small sacrifice. Listen, my boyfriend has some friends. Why not go out with us tonight; it'll be a foursome. Drinks and dancing?" Melissa suggested.

"You mean, like a blind date?" Judy asked.  
  
"Yeah, I guess so. Ever done that before?" Melissa replied.  
  
"No, I haven't. But what's the point? I have to have my guy for Mr. York in four days. Even if my blind date and I click right away, I'm not the kind of girl who has sex within four days of meeting a guy," Judy said.  
  
"Not what I mean. Going out with another guy may help you get in touch with how you really feel about this John-Paul guy. Strange name by the way; is he planning to become a Pope?" Melissa remarked. "Look, it can't hurt, and maybe it will even be fun?"  
  
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Melissa and the two men came to pick up Judy at her apartment. Judy was still amazed she was going on a blind date. She was always much too pretty and sexy to have to resort to blind dates, but part of the attraction was that she was getting to spend an evening with her idol, Melissa Johansen, and to see her interact with friends in a normal, totally human way.  
  
One man had his arm around Melissa, so Judy knew right away that the other man was her date. The two men were Svante and Tom. Tom was her date. Judy turned on her electric smile and aimed it squarely at Tom; Tom melted, instantly. She invited them in, but there wasn't time: They had to make their reservation at one of New York's hot restaurants, and if one was more than fifteen minutes late, the restaurant would give away the table.  
  
Such restaurant behavior was unknown at Chipotle, Judy's usual fare. Well, when in Rome...Judy worried she was underdressed; why didn't Melissa warn her? She asked them to wait, ran to her room and switched outfits in only two minutes. She liked the look of Tom; he was fair haired, with blue eyes, tall, and broad shouldered. Best of all, there was no discernible paunch. Let's hope he can talk in complete sentences, Judy thought to herself.  
  
Judy's new outfit was hopelessly sexy. She hoped she wasn't overdoing it? Should she really be wearing a skull necklace, and handcuff bracelets? Perhaps the most provocative was going without a bra, and the low cut of her dress. To make things worse, the river of flesh beginning at her neck and descending a bit too far towards her navel, she accented with a gold, Maltese cross.  
  
When she re-emerged, her electric smile plastered all over her face, to hide her anxiety, Tom gave her a slow whistle. Svante told her she looked great, and Melissa smiled and gave her a quick wink. Off the four beautiful people went to the upscale restaurant on Manhattan's Lower East Side, the new trendy area for fine dining.  
  
The food was great, the wine flowed easily and plentifully, and to her shock, both men were great conversationalists. The 150 minutes they spent in the restaurant seemed to fly by. Best of all, Svante and Tom picked up the entire bill, putting it on plastic. The four of them all adjourned to Tom's place, where they talked and danced into the wee hours. Both Svante and Tom danced with Judy.  
  
In the slow dances, Judy ended up kissing both Svante and Tom, as did Melissa. As it turned out, Tom was a young artist. His day job was on Wall Street, and he sketched, drew, and painted to relax. It was Svante who dropped the bomb that both Melissa and Judy were known in the art world as nude models. He told Tom of the Mandrakian Gallery performance art piece. Tom had heard of it, but he hadn't been able to go.  
  
It's was all a bit of a haze in Judy's mind, when she tried to reconstruct it the next morning, but at one point the two men convinced Melissa and Judy to model, nude, jointly for Tom, who would have twenty minutes to sketch their pose. Svante chose the pose, and it was, well there's no way around this, quite sexually suggestive. Tom sketched frantically as Svante timed him, and after twenty minutes, he showed the other three his sketch. To Judy's surprise, it wasn't only good, it was superb.  
  
The two women remained naked, and the dancing resumed. It was perhaps inevitable, given their state of undress, that the men would attempt to take some liberties. After a bit, Svante and Melissa were making out. They were kissing, and Svante's hands were all over Melissa's luscious body. Tom looked deep into Judy's eyes.  
  
"You're a submissive?" Tom asked.  
  
Flabbergasted at such a question, Judy just stared at Tom. Tom simply picked up Judy as if she were a child's toy, carried her into his bedroom, lay her on his bed, and -- while he was still fully clothed -- began to make out with her in earnest. Judy was blessed, in that she always orgasmed quickly and easily, and that night was no exception. Tom's talented fingers brought her to a climax in only minutes.  
  
Tom rose from the bed and undressed, while Judy just lay on it, watching him, in a state of surreality. Before she knew it, Tom was gently spreading her legs, and whatever propriety about never fucking on the first date Judy had went right out the window. Tom was a great fuck, and he proved that to Judy in no time. He entered her gently, as she moaned in appreciation. Soon she was bucking away under him as he pumped his heart out in her velvet pussy. Judy's moans became louder and louder.  
  
Tom played with Judy boobs as he fucked her, and she wrapped her legs around him, possessively claiming him while trying to force him deeper inside her. Then to Judy's shock, Tom pulled out. He positioned Judy on her hands and knees, grabbed her hips, and thrust into her, doggy style, with all the force he had. Judy gave an earthy groan of pleasure. She was loving this! Where did this Casanova come from? She felt remarkably lucky.  
  
Two more orgasms later, Judy lay on Tom's bed, in a euphoric daze, Tom's cum dribbling slightly from her swollen pussy lips. Tom rose from the bed, and went to get Judy and himself another glass of wine. That's when Melissa and Svante entered the bedroom. Judy didn't move, but she blushed furiously.  
  
"Tom's good, isn't he?" Melissa asked.  
  
"You've gotten it on with him, too?" Judy asked, incredulous, not even realizing she was asking Melissa in front of her boyfriend, Svante.  
  
"It's okay, Judy. Svante is not possessive. Neither am I. In fact, Svante would like to enjoy sloppy seconds. What do you think?" Melissa asked.  
  
"Tom is more than enough for me, Melissa, but thanks for the offer," Judy said.  
  
"Good answer," Tom said, smiling as he joined the party in his bedroom.  
  
Judy was freaked out. She'd never known people like Tom, Svante, and Melissa. For them, sex seemed to be casual. Normally, if she and a guy had fucked like she and Tom just had, it would have meant something momentous. Now she felt, with her new friends, the sex was only for fun; a nice end to a lovely evening. She hoped she'd be more memorable to Tom than his meal was!  
  
"Listen, Tom, I'm currently modeling nude for the artist James York," Judy said.  
  
"So Melissa told me," Tom replied.  
  
"Well, this is embarrassing, and dammit, I can't even bring myself to ask you. Melissa would you ask Tom for me, please?" Judy entreated.  
  
The three of them went to the living room of Tom's spacious apartment and had a discussion. Melissa came back alone. "We all agreed that both Tom and Svante can help you out," she said.  
  
"I don't understand," Judy said.  
  
"Tom will fill you with his cum on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Svante will cover Tuesdays and Thursdays," Melissa explained. "It's too much for Tom to fuck you every single day of the week. He has a demanding job, you know. And as for Svante filling in on Tuesdays and Thursdays, don't worry, I'm okay with that."  
  
Judy just stared. Was all this really happening?  
  
"Maybe you should try out Svante, after all. Make sure you're compatible, you know?" Melissa said.  
  
Judy just stared.  
  
"Should I invite him in?"  
  
Judy didn't know what to do! She'd never fucked two men, back-to-back before. Melissa saw the confusion and indecision on Judy's face. She realized the poor girl was probably in shock.  
  
"Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll seduce Tom and keep him busy while you enjoy Svante. Trust me, too: You will definitely enjoy Svante. I've never had a better lover," Melissa said. "Now, should I send Svante in?"  
  
"Is Tom okay with this?" Judy weakly asked.  
  
Melissa smiled. "Of course, sweetie. I'll go get Svante."  
  
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James York was pleased that Judy had found two lovers to fill her with cum for the rendering of her, bound and spread eagle, with an inflamed, cum-filled pussy. He took his time, but, of course, he finally finished. Judy had seen some the preliminary sketches, and studies, but she hadn't been allowed to see any of the finished paintings. They were, all three, shrouded.  
  
All Judy knew was that York had painted them in the hyperrealist style. She had seen paintings in that style before by Omar Ortiz, Philipp Weber, Reisha Perlmutter, and even Mike Dargas, but she could not imagine what York had done with it. She was also sure the third painting, with her bound, spread eagle, and leaking cum, was going to be the talk of the art world.  
  
The reveal of the triptych was scheduled as a big event at the Mandrakian Gallery. Everyone who was anyone was there. In particular, Tom and Svante of course came, as well as Melissa, but also John-Paul, and to Judy's chagrin, her erstwhile true love Martin came as well. He had Alexis on his arm, this time. James York was not present, being true to his reclusive nature. Finally, as should have been obvious, The Collector was there, ready to pounce and to buy the triptych, sight unseen, at whatever the asking price was.  
  
Obviously, the art press was there in force, cameras at the ready.  
  
Sarah Mandrakian gave her customary speech, keeping it, thankfully, relatively short. She then dramatically lowered the three coverings simultaneously. The reaction of everyone there was total silence, which, as like a cancer, silently grew, until the shock wore off and the room erupted in a deafening applause. Judy exhaled, and her face lit up in an electric smile. James York wasn't there, so everyone congratulated Judy, as if it were she who had been the genius behind the triptych of paintings.  
  
The Collector came over to Judy. "Well done, Ms. Jones," he said. "It's not easy to pose for James York. He's very demanding. This is his masterpiece and it's destined to hang in a museum. People will gaze upon it, and therefore upon you, for a long, long time. There is much of you in the painting. Congratulations." The Collector shook Judy's hand, and in it, he palmed a note. Then he left Judy, to go to speak at length with Sarah Mandrakian.  
  
Jean-Paul and Martin (to Alexis' obvious disapproval) were vying for Judy's attention, but Tom hung back. He knew, when all the noise and commotion died down, that Judy was his. She really had no choice; they were meant for each other. Judy couldn't agree more. When it was over, Tom and Judy joined Melissa and Svante, and the four of them went out for late night pizza and beer, and then dancing at Tom's lovely apartment. Judy had finally found her place in the new, crazy, modern world. Tom had finally found his true love, even if, from time to time, he shared her with Svante.  
  
Later, when she was alone, and back at home after her wild night, Judy opened the note from The Collector. It was short, carefully printed by a man who knew Japanese calligraphy. Luckily, Judy could read Japanese. She wondered how in the world The Collector could have known that? She translated the note into English, read it around fifty times, and she smiled to herself every single time she read his note.  
  
The note said, わたしは、あなたを愛しています。私はあなたが欲しいです  
  
The Collector had written, Watashi wa, anata o aishiteimasu. Watashi wa anata ga hoshīdesu, which translated, said, I love you. I want you. Judy burst into laughter.