**The Model**
by Isabella

With work being the way it was I tended to work for six months and then spend three months on unemployment. Johnny, my husband was more fortunate, he had a very low paid job but at least he had been working in the same place for over six years. I took any kind of work I could get and had never earned more than six thousand pounds in a year before stoppages.

I had been unemployed for three months yet again but this time the interviews were far fewer than ever before so it looked like I was going to remain unemployed for some time to come and I was beginning to get depressed about the whole thing. Johnny, bless him, was trying everything to cheer me up, every time he heard that someone was leaving a company, whatever the position he brought me the details so that I could get my CV and covering letter in before they even advertised the post.

One day when I was particularly down, Johnny sat spinning a card in his fingers for an hour, trying to work up the courage to show me the card. Eventually he plucked up the courage and handed me the card saying, "The guys down the club recon that you would be ace at this job, they all fancy you like crazy as it is!" I took the card; it was a model agency's business card. "They have just started up in Northampton, brand new and looking for women to offer to clients.

I was a little shocked at Johnny suggesting to me that I go into modelling and he could see it from the look on my face. "Look, whenever we go out, when you dress up, do your hair and put a little make-up on, not one of my friends can take his eyes off of you, they even get into trouble from their own wives and girlfriends!"

I actually spent a week trying to put the whole idea out of my head but every time I looked for jobs online my eyes kept heading for that card by the Monday of the following week I was phoning the contact number, "No, we don't need a CV, just come in tomorrow between ten and twelve, just come as you are, don't dress up or anything, we're very informal here!"

I told Johnny that I had phoned and that they had told me to go in on Tuesday, he kissed me and told me that he had a good feeling about it, he was totally up-beat, totally positive, he ran up to the back bedroom and came down with an expensive camera, "I borrowed this from Dave, thought that the model agency might need some photographs of you to show to clients!" "I'm sure that they will have their own photographers if they need pictures of me, wait a minute, Dave, you mean Dodgy Dave?" Johnny nodded his head, "The camera is straight, I'm sure it is!"

I left it at that, I didn't really want to dig too deeply under that rock! When we went to bed Johnny was all over me, like a new puppy wanting to explore his new surroundings. I couldn't remember the last time Johnny was 'excited' about fucking me, it's difficult to explain that statement, he enjoyed fucking me, we both got a lot of pleasure from doing it but we only usually fucked on a Friday night, every Friday when I was in work, not so often when I was unemployed. And that sex was kind of comfortable sex, we both knew we were going to do it, so there was little foreplay, just sex.

As I was showering myself in the morning I had to wonder to myself, 'How the fuck do you get semen in your ear?' I shook that thought from my head and finished my shower; I did my hair as I usually would, nothing special, nothing different. I did take a little more care with my makeup than I usually would but I dressed exactly the way I usually would, just white t-shirt and jeans. I didn't however put my usual trainers on; I wore stocking socks and four inch heel, black patent leather shoes. I paced up and down the living room for over an hour before I left the house to catch the bus into Northampton.

I had to laugh when I got to the Modelling agency's office, I had been there before, in fact the last time I walked through that door way was just four months earlier when I collected my cards from my previous employer. They had obviously sold the building, after they closed down, to the agency. Two men greeted me, Martin Cooper and Edward Fuller, they were both dressed casually just as I was, both wore jeans, Martin, the taller of the two had an open neck shirt on and Edward wore a T-shirt like mine.

I was taken into a comfortable office that had once been my personnel manager's office, they offered me a tea or coffee which I declined and then they said, "Right, let's get right down to business! We're new in the area, the only agency in Northampton at the moment and we're trying to build up a client base from the local area. We could just sign up every girl that walks through the doors at the moment but we're trying to build up confidence in our models and give them confidence in us!" I was doing everything I had been taught to do at an interview, I was 'actively listening' nodding my head a lot, looking from one man to the other, trying to show a keen interest in what they were saying, then they got to the meat of the issue.

"...and what you think of as 'glamour modelling' and what we mean are usually two very different things, so, to avoid any confusion and so that you know exactly what kind of work we are offering we have made up this binder for you to look through!"

The binder was opened and turned so that I could see it, the first page had a tall, leggy blond woman, she had her hair done just so, perfect makeup, beautiful necklace and a really posh frock on. She was standing with her right leg slightly forward, her right hand on her right hip. "Most women in Northampton would call this glamour modelling, this is clothes modelling!"

I read the text on the opposite page, twenty pounds an hour, likelihood of work, four to five hours a week for up to six months of the year. "We're trying to be honest in the figures, we don't want anyone to think they could make a living in this area by modelling clothes, in London, you probably could but only if you're in the top ten, if you know what I mean!"

The page was turned, same model, same pose, same hair and makeup but this time she was dressed in just a bikini. "This isn't glamour modelling either, this is swimsuit modelling!" I again read the text that went with the picture, thirty to thirty-five pounds an hour, four to six hours a week, up to six months of the year.

The third page was again the same model, everything the same but this time in bra and knickers. "This is almost glamour work but this is underwear modelling!" The text read, forty to fifty pounds an hour, six to ten hours a week, up to six month a year.

The page turned again, everything the same, down to the pose, this time the woman was topless, "This is the beginning of the glamour modelling world, topless modelling!" The text read forty-five to fifty pounds an hour, up to fifteen hours a week, up to nine months of the year.

The next page, again, everything the same but the model was totally naked, "This is definitely glamour modelling, nude work!" The text read, up to one hundred pounds an hour, up to fifteen hours a week, up to nine months of the year.

"So, what do you think?" I was silent; I was just looking at the totally naked woman in the picture. I pointed out that there were at least two more pages. "We only offer married women work up to this stage; husbands tend to get upset if we offer their wives the other kind of work!"

There was a very long pause, a pregnant silence before, "Well, here is our card, our mobile phone numbers are on this one, we usually give potential models a few days to think about things, if you want to come back and sign a contract with us, just give us a ring on one of the mobile numbers!"

I was given ten pounds for out of pocket expenses, that actually cheered me up, so many of these companies were just scam artists, they charge women for portfolio pictures. 'Just five hundred up front darling and you'll be rolling in money in no time!' The fact that they had given me money for my expenses told me a lot about the men and their company, I'd had an interview, it was quite positive in a way, even though I probably had no intention of ringing the number on the card in my handbag.

I told Johnny about the work, the folder and the money, then I told him about the pages that they didn't show to married women; Johnny smiled at the thought of work that they would give to married women. "So, I wouldn't be able to earn a living from modelling unless I was willing to do glamour modelling, pity though, they looked like nice guys to work for!"

Johnny and I 'danced' around the issue of modelling or not all evening, just before we went to bed he said, "I'll go into work at six o'clock in the morning, rush through my morning round and meet you at the agency office about eleven o'clock, then we can talk to them together and, well, hopefully you'll see that I don't mind you modelling, I won't be the slightest bit jealous.

I had to ring Martin and Edward early on and see if I could go in with Johnny at eleven o'clock. I met Johnny at the studio and I spotted that he had Dodgy Dave's camera with him. We both got the coffee and tea offer, from Martin; we went through the folder again. When the first page opened, Martin pointed out that most clothes supplied for clothes modelling was size eight, he also pointed out that I was no size eight which would mean that I would only be eligible for one tenth of the work in that area.

We went through the bikini, the underwear and on to the nude pictures , Johnny said, "God, that's not too bad, you could see pictures like that in news papers almost every day!"

Johnny asked about the next page in the folder, "We don't usually offer that kind of work to married women, their husband's often get very upset at us just offering the work, it's far safer just to keep things simple!" "Do I look like the kind of man who would get upset?" Martin looked at Edward, they nodded at each other and the page was turned over.

The page had the blond model, she was still naked, she was sitting on the floor with her knees pulled up and her feet flat on the floor, she had her hands on her ankles and had pulled her legs wide apart, the pay scale was one hundred to one hundred and twenty pounds an hour, up to fifteen hours a week and with a potential for nine month work in a year.

Johnny said, "That looks OK to me!" Then the page was turned to the last sheet, the blond model was on her back with a naked man between her legs, that work was worth one hundred to two hundred pounds an hour with up to ten months availability each year. Johnny had the visible signs of excitement but this time Johnny didn't say a word about the picture, he just looked at his watch, "Can we pop out for lunch, have a chat and come back to let you know what we are thinking about going for.

Johnny was shown the changing room, the makeup room, the photography studios, he took out Dodgy Dave's camera and compared it to the one sitting on the tripod in the middle of studio, Martin looked at the camera in Johnny's hands, "Very nice amateur camera, one lens on the studio camera would cost double what that whole outfit cost, our cameras body would probably cost the same as your car if it's relatively new one!" We went to the pub at the end of the road; it felt strange going back into that pub after so long. We all ate lunch there when I worked in the factory and at lunch time the pub always had around forty people in it, thirty two from my building and just eight others.

The bar was almost empty, just the eight people that I remembered from when I was a regular. The dining room was closed and they had stopped doing plated meals, just meat pies and cheese cobs. I picked the chicken and mushroom pie and Vodka and orange, Johnny had the stake pie and a bottle of lager. It was nice that the barman remembered me, he also remembered Johnny, as he often joined me at lunch time if he was in the area.

We sat and talked through the whole modelling thing, Johnny was spinning the camera between his fingers absentmindedly as we talked. Johnny was telling me that he couldn't see anything wrong with any of the different modelling types, he'd be happy for me to do any of them, "That would be alright until the first time that Red Robbo flashed a picture of me with my thrupenny-bits out in front of your other mates at the rugby club, you'd go mad!" "If there were any pictures of you like that, I'd be the one flashing them around at the rugby club!"

Johnny got serious suddenly, "I think that you'd really love nude modelling if you let yourself go and stopped worrying what your mother's priest would say!" Johnny finished his beer and went to the bar, he talked to the barman, I saw them both looking towards the closed dining area, then as Johnny walked back to me with his beer and another Vodka for me, I watched the barman unlock the dining room door and go from one customer to the other around the bar whispering something before moving on to the next.

"OK Victoria, it's time for us to see one way or the other, Phil, the barman, said we can use the dining room to see just how far you're willing go in front of strangers, I was thinking of you doing a little striptease while I took photographs of you and a few of the other customers will make up the audience!" I looked around the bar, Johnny and I were alone, then I spotted Phil at the front door, he was dropping the latch and throwing the bolt.

"All you have to do is dance around for a bit, take a few clothes off and when you feel too embarrassed you stop, Phil had told the guys that you might not go too far because we are just trying things out for the first time!"

"It's going to be a very short striptease; All I have on are t-shirt, bra, knickers, jeans and knee length pop socks. That won't make for much of a show will it?" "Well, the show will be down to you, I think if you let yourself go, none of the guys will complain!"

I swallowed the Vodka down in one gulp, Johnny took ages to prise me out of my seat but I followed him through to the dining room. Phil had put the music on in the dining room, music I had eaten to for nine months so at least I knew it very well. The men had set up nine seats in a semicircle; they were all reasonably spread out with a table close behind each seat to stand their drinks on. As we walked into the room Phil took his seat on the end of the ark closest to the music player. I noticed that each man had a fresh pint and that one of the larger tables had been placed at the focal point of the audience with a bottle of lager and double Vodka on it.

Johnny pulled me up to the table, "Just relax, listen to the music, close your eyes and imagine that it is just you and me here in the room and you want to excite me with your body, OK?" I nodded my head weakly. I took a swallow of the Vodka and took a deep breath, the alcohol was now buzzing in my head, I knew that the tune was coming to an end so I waited; the room was totally silent apart from the sound of Johnny taking a picture of me.

On the last beat of the dying tune I stepped forward, as the new tune started I began to rock from side to side in time with the music. I had to open my eyes, there was no way I could dance with them closed but I tried to focus my eyes well above the heads of the men sitting watching, I increased the animation of my dance, I was fully aware of all the eyes watching me.

As I put more energy into my dance the friction of course denim between my legs did quite a lot to excite me on top of the simple feeling of twenty eyes fixed on my body. I allowed a full tune to run through before I started to do any teasing,. The third tune started and I made the decision 'I'm going to go for it!' I began to pull my t-shirt out of my jeans, I did it slowly as I danced around, I began to dance closer to the audience and I began to move around the ark.

I took a whole tune to just expose my midriff area to the men, at the back of my mind I thought that the men would probably be very bored by the time it was taking me but in the dying chords of the tune I allowed the bottom of my bra to flash into view before quickly covering it again and the room erupted into cheering and clapping from the nine men with hands free to clap.

I looked towards the sound of the cameras clicking; Johnny had a huge smile on his face. The next tune was one that I liked quite a lot so while that tune played out I removed my t-shirt completely, the men all loved that and were keen to let me know just how much they liked it. 'What do I take off next?' Jumped into my head, I had expected my inner voice to be saying 'You can't do this!' So I was really surprised with myself.

I took a quick drink from my Vodka and let myself just enjoy the next tune dancing around the room, the next tune, I started to unfasten my belt, by the end of that tune I had opened the fastener and had pulled the zipper all the way down to expose the top of my bikini panties. Again I danced around the room in that state, this time dancing very close to the men to give them a good, close up look at my flat stomach, well, that and my pretty red panties as well.

I moved back to my table, turned my back on the men, started to pull my jeans down, I took a whole tune just to pull them to my ankles, bending over and showing my bottom to all points of the semicircle. During the silent space between the tunes, 'ha!' silent space, I couldn't hear the music for the cheering, whistling, clapping and stamping of feet, but in that space I quickly stepped out of my shoes, out of my jeans and put my shoes on again.

I danced a whole tune with my back to the men before turning in the dead space again and again the room erupted in noise. I spent the next tune dancing right up to each man in the room, so close that my legs touched theirs, just a brush but touching all the same. My new more personal contact meant that I couldn't focus above their heads now, and I was actually looking at each of their faces.

During the next tune I danced away from the men again and in the middle of the room I started to ease first one of my bra straps over my shoulders and then the next. I turned my back again and reached up behind myself as if I was going to unfasten my bra but I didn't, the noise the men were making was driving me on, Johnny thought that was my 'chicken' point, he thought that I was going to stop but I didn't, I froze momentarily but then danced along the line of men until I reached Phil.

The tune was coming to its end when I turned my back on Phil and sat on his knee, nine men were encouraging Phil to open my bra, including my husband, I was looking at Johnny, he was shouting at the top of his voice just like the rest even though the camera was still in front of his face.

I was ready and as soon as Phil unclipped my bra clasp I quickly caught my bra cups in my hands and held them over my breasts, I looked over my shoulder at Phil's face, it was beaming out at me, I leaned back and pecked him on the lips quickly. As soon as I had kissed Phil I got worried, I looked back to Johnny quickly, he was whistling loudly and whooping, I got the feeling that he didn't mind that I had just kissed Phil.

I danced back to the middle of the room, as the next tune started I threw my bra onto the floor on t op of my t-shirt and jeans, I danced with my back to the men for another tune and then I turned to face them between tracks with my arms in the air, striking a pose. Johnny took several photographs of me in my frozen pose before coming up and whispering in my ear, "Is that it?" "Do you want me to stop now?" "No, I just thought because you had stopped for so long that you had finished!" "No! Are you enjoying it?" "Loving it!" "You want me to keep going?" "Definitely!" "How far?" "All the way!"

I pushed Johnny away and began to dance around again, I had spotted one man with a bald head so I danced over to him, his pint was still full, well, everyone's pints were still full, everyone had been watching my performance so intently that I had been the only one to actually take a sip of my drink.

I bent over his table and let my left breast dip into his drink, then my right breast before turning and letting both of my breasts press against the top of his bald head, from the noise you'd think that there were two hundred men not just ten men in the room as I rubbed my titties over the top of his head.

I danced up and down for a few moments and then returned, I sat on a different man's lap, put my arm around his neck and kissed him on his cheek as he put his hand on top of my thigh and rubbed it up and down, he rubbed up to my knickers and back down a few times before I jumped off and danced away from him.

I moved in on a third man, this time I straddled his lap this time, I lifter my left breast and pressed my nipple against his lips, he kissed my nipple first and then he sucked it into his mouth. I looked at Johnny and smiled for the camera as he took several pictures of the guy chewing on my nipple. Johnny seemed to still be enjoying himself so I jumped off and danced a little more.

I had spotted the guy wearing the football shorts, hairy legs sticking out and wide open, I knew that I wanted to do something to him but couldn't make up my mind what it was. I picked out the oldest guy in the room, I really needed to be fare to everyone so I had to try and think up something to do with or too all of them. I straddled the old guy's lap, I couldn't feed him my titties, been there and done that already. I decided to hump his lap a little, so I simulated sex with him for a whole record.

I think he may have actually cum while I was rubbing my panty covered crotch against his hard cock. I danced away, the football shorts were calling me so I danced over to him, I had planned to kneel on the floor and rub my breasts up and down his hairy thighs but when I got on my knees I found myself rubbing my hands up and down his thigh. At first I was stopping at the leg hole of his shorts but then I went a step further and slipped my hand up inside the hole. I had intended to stop when I reached the 'tea-bag' inner shorts that were stitched into all football shorts in place of under pants.

When the man jumped I realised that he had cut the inner lining out of his shorts and my fingers were actually touching his balls. I froze slightly, I looked over too Johnny, he was on his knees too, he was photographing my hand up inside the guy's shorts, he mouthed, 'Carry on higher!' at me and my hand went a little higher, my fingers curled around his very stiff cock and I made a big thing of exaggerating my hand movements for the rest of the room. I didn't have to guess if this guy climaxed or not, I knew full well that he did.

I danced into the middle of the room again, Johnny came over to me and handed me a bar towel to wipe my hand on, he really had a good view of what I was doing up the guy's shorts, I wiped the spunk off of my hand and threw the bar towel onto the floor I turned my back on the men and hooked my thumbs into my knickers. I spent the whole of the next tune with my back to the men, pulling my panties down a little, wiggling my bottom and pulling them back up again, each rotation I pulled my panties down a little further.

At the end of the tune I pulled my knickers all the way down, keeping my legs straight and my body bent at the waist, with one hand on each of my ankles. I stepped out of my knickers, turned to the men and was just about to wave goodbye, turn and collect my clothes before running into the toilets but Johnny was mouthing the word 'More!' At me over and over again.

I was at a loss; I was naked, what more was there to do? I tossed my panties on top of the rest of my clothes on the floor and finished my drink off, I put my glass on the floor and then Johnny's bottle too, then I climbed on top of the table and did floor exercises on the table top, lots of squalling, sitting and thrusting my hips up and down. I lay face down and humped up and down as if I was having sex, then I rolled onto my back, feet flat on the floor and started thrusting my bum up and down.

Johnny was taking pictures from just a few inches away, close up pictures of me humping up into the air, then he picked up his lager and finished it off, he touched the bottle against my hip, I took it from him, noticed there was still a little lager in it so I tipped it up over my ginger pussy bush and rubbed it in with my free hand.

The men in the room were encouraging me on more and more, I took the bottle and touched the side of it against my pussy lips, then I rubbed it up and down, more cheering, I touched the mouth of the bottle against my cunt and then sat up quickly, I kissed the mouth of the bottle and then put it in my mouth, sucking the neck of the bottle as if it were a man's cock.

Again the volume from my audience went up a notch, I placed the bottle on the table between my legs, hiding my vagina from the men in the room, I humped up and down again a few times, then I lifted myself up, stood above the bottle and squatted down until my pussy touched the top of the bottle then stood up again. I did that a few times before the men encouraged me to go down further, I allowed the top of the bottle to go in me just a fraction of an inch before standing up again, then I repeated that a few times, then, again due to encouragement from the men and from Johnny, I went down an inch further, an inch of the bottle up inside of me.

I repeated the movement until the bottle was in as far as the shoulders of the bottle, that point where the bottle suddenly widens out from the neck, this time I didn't stand all the way up, just until the bottle top almost reappeared, then I went down again.

After ten repetitions I dropped all the way down until my bottom touched the table top and the bottle was all the way up my cunt. I clenched my pussy muscles and lifted my bottom, the bottle stopped deep inside and the noise increased again.

Flushed with my success, I eased myself off of the table and walked carefully to the man on the far left of the group, I stopped a few inches away, turned and spread my legs and bent at the waist with my legs straight to show him the bottom of the bottle far up inside of me.

I repeated the act for each man in the ark and after showing Phil i stood up again and took his hand, I placed it on top of his thigh, palm upwards and then I squatted on top of his hand, relaxed my hold on the bottle and stood up again, leaving the bottle behind on Phil's hand.

I looked at Johnny to see if he was finally happy, he was very happy but he still wanted more. This time I couldn't think what he might want me to do so I decided to ask him. So, totally naked and with nine pairs of eyes watching, I stood in conversation with my husband. "Well, you've given two a 'happy ending', what about the other nine?" I went back to dancing in the middle of the room, trying to work out how I could give seven men a happy ending.

I went to the man who was furthest to the left, I had thought to just rub my crotch against his cock through his trousers like I had done to the oldest man earlier but as I straddled his leg I realised that without my knickers covering my sopping wet cunt I would really mess up his trousers, so I had to think of another way to help him cum.

I pulled the top of his trousers forward and pushed my hand down the front, I used my right hand to rub him off while I gently massaged my own clitoris with my left index finger. It took just a minute for him to blow and I jumped up quickly, Johnny had the bar towel I had used earlier and passed it to me so that I could wipe my hand.

From that first man I had my plan and executed it around the ark of men, I skipped over the old man and the guy in shorts, four men were wanked off as a carbon copy of that first, the fifth man changed the pattern in only one way, he pulled my head to his and kissed me passionately as I gave him hand relief. And after he climaxed I couldn't just jump off because he was still holding me tightly in the kiss.

Phil was 'last man standing' so to say, as I approached him he pulled his trousers open, I stopped in my tracks and looked for Johnny, he was on the other side of Phil, his camera in position, aimed at Phil's cock. I remembered the picture on the last page of the agency's folder, the blond model getting fucked and I saw the same look on Johnny's face mow as I saw when he was looking at that photograph. I knew instantly that he wanted me to sit on top of Phil's cock.

I had taken myself close to a climax as I masturbated each of the six previous happy endings but now, I was going to get my own climax on Phil's cock. I eased myself down onto Phil's cock slowly and then I went wild and fucked Phil's brains out. After Phil shot off inside me I stood up, semen literally cascading from my body as my husband took dozens of pictures of my cunt.

I walked to my clothes and picked them up before heading off to the ladies toilet. I did my best at cleaning myself up, there was little I could do without a shower but I washed and cleaned my pussy out before dressing and running a brush through my hair.

When I walked out into the bar again there was another round of applause for me that caused me to blush. I was too embarrassed to even look at Johnny but he forced me to, then he kissed me and thanked me for giving him the best three hours of his life. I had thought that once the excitement of photographing things had ended, Johnny would have had second thoughts about me fucking Phil the barman but as we were leaving Johnny gave Phil a slip of paper with our phone number on it, "Give us a call in a couple of weeks, We'll see if we can have a little fun together over at our house!"

We walked to the agency office, Johnny asked Martin to sign me up on their books, "My wife is available for all of the categories you can offer her. We've had a good long talk and my wife thinks it would be fun to work with you guys!" By way of proof, Johnny handed Martin his camera to look through the thousand or so pictures that Johnny had taken.

Johnny spent several days just looking at the pictures on the back of the camera, he loved watching me performing for and with the nine men in the pub even though it was on such a small screen then one day he dropped a tiny bombshell, "I'm going to have to take Dave his camera back, he's offered to make the pictures into a slideshow on a DVD for me so I can watch them on the TV!"

"But that means he'll see the pictures!" Well, I was hoping you'd let me show my friends the pictures, I'd get a kick out of seeing their faces when you let Phil fuck you!" I felt my face blush at the mention of the final scene in my little impromptu strip tease. I blushed even more when Johnny told me that Dave would be bringing his laptop over later that day to download the pictures. I had expected Johnny to take the camera over to Dave's house, not for Dave to come to us with his computer.

I was on edge all afternoon waiting for Dodgy Dave to turn up, well; it was more like I was turned on all afternoon. After the striptease Johnny and I had been fucking every moment we were together and now, just a week later, Johnny had invited his best friend to look at my pictures, well, on the pretext of downloading the camera so that he could give it back but I had a feeling that there might just be a little more to it.

I kept jumping up to look out of the window every time I heard a car pass the house, eventually one of the cars was actually Dave but as I saw Dave getting out of his car I also saw Robbo walking down the street, they chatted for five minutes in the street before Johnny spotted them and told them both to come in...........