

Ms. DeVries, Bohemian Photographer

By Big Brother Alan - BigBrother-Alan@earthlink.net

David finds his first modeling assignment to be a lot of work

I was excited about my first real modeling gig. I had done plenty of freebies - runway modeling at charity events - and I had gone to several auditions that didn't result in anything, but this was my first paid shoot. Most male models either have a chiseled face or they are totally buff. My body makes it hard for me to get paying jobs. I'm tall and lean. Don't get me wrong, I'm in great shape, but because I'm well over six feet tall no matter how much I work out or lift weights my arms and legs have a lean look to them.

But that could be my asset too. At least, that's what my agent keeps telling me. "You just need to find the clients who need really tall, sinewy models." Yeah, but who might they be? I was deemed too tall for runway modeling - the clothes usually don't fit me well and I tend to look lanky and awkward with my long stride. I was too tall for television advertising - I don't fit into the frame with the usually diminutive people you find on television.

I was limited to print modeling. This usually means modeling clothes for advertising in newspaper inserts and flyers. Sometimes it's for mail order catalogs. But even here, I ran into the problem of finding clothes that fit. The people putting the catalog together only bring so many clothes and if they don't have the clothes in my size, they can't use me.

But I finally found a paying job that seemed perfect for me. The client was a photographer putting together an exhibit. Her particular kind of photography was the human form. She was already quite well known for a series of black and white photos showing a tangle of human bodies. It was amazing because she managed to photograph groups of twenty and thirty nude bodies all tangled together without showing a single face. Her exhibition got rave reviews and she was very successful.

My agent set up the initial interview with Ms. DeVries and gave me the details. Ms. DeVries had chosen me from my agency's book. She saw my head shot of course but she was intrigued more by my height and my sinewy body. I am muscular but I have a low body fat - about nine percent. She told my agent that I looked like a high jumper or a

basketball player. Personally, I always thought I looked more like a swimmer, but that was my own bias, since I really did swim to stay in shape.

My interview went well. Ms. DeVries had not yet decided what she wanted to do in her photographs. She said she was waiting to meet me before deciding. As we talked and she got to know me, ideas started rolling off her. She thought that anything stretching my body out would be good. She thought about having me hang by a rope or a vine. She thought some variant of an Atlas pose might work - the one where he has the world on his shoulders and his arms are stretched upwards to balance it. She toyed with the idea of putting me in business clothes and having me chop firewood or do some other kind of manual labor.

In short, she was pleased with her choice of me as her model and she asked me to come back to her studio a week later. She wanted me to bring a variety of clothes from business to casual to work. She wanted me to bring a variety of swimsuits and any work paraphernalia that I had. I thought it was overkill but I filled my car with all manner of tools from my father's garage.

Ms. DeVries was an odd woman. She was probably in her early thirties but she fancied herself a Bohemian so she dressed in a kind of dowdy, 1930s European immigrant fashion; lots of dark wool and colorless scarves. She purposely chose clothes that flattened her chest. She almost seemed to be hiding her breasts, which I later discovered were quite full and bouncy and feminine.

Her hair was flat and plain and she colored it in one of those fake redhead tones that don't exist in the real world. Her hair was so flat to her head I thought she just never washed it, but I found out later that she had it treated a special way to make it lie so limp and lifeless. She wore reading glasses on the tip of her nose that I don't think did anything. The glasses had a string that kept them around her neck when they fell. They were one of her many affectations.

Another was a long, old-fashioned cigarette holder that she kept with her always. It had an unlit, half smoked cigarette in it. She either kept the cigarette holder between her clenched teeth or on the top of her ear. She would not set it down. It was a kind of pacifier for her and she had chewed the end of it until it was scarred and deformed. I

never once saw her light the cigarette and she didn't smell like cigarettes. Like I said, it was an affectation.

Ms. DeVries had a long aquiline face. Her eyes slanted and her nose came to a point. When she looked straight at me I felt like she would swoop down and snatch me from the ground with her sharp talons. But that was only when she looked me straight in the eye. In profile, she was regal looking, which spoiled the Bohemian look she tried so hard to cultivate. Her skin was her best feature. It was pale but flawless and if she would fix her hair and lose the glasses and the cigarette holder and put on some flattering clothes, she would be quite beautiful.

I showed up for our first session and she decided she wanted me to wear one of my swimsuits. Since I swam a lot, I had several. My favorite was a long-legged black Speedo. It was slick and tight around my upper thighs, which allowed me to glide through the water quicker. But she wanted to see more skin. I put on a neon blue Speedo that had the more traditional cut. She didn't like the color but since she was shooting in black and white she decided it would do.

In her studio she had a large globe. It was at least six feet in diameter and even though it was papier mache it weighed about forty pounds. She posed me holding it on my shoulder and balancing it with my arms outstretched. She wanted me to stand with one leg about two feet in front of the other and with both knees slightly bent like I was straining to hold it. In truth, I was straining because after about ten minutes my arms were feeling the burn.

She walked around me to see me from all sides. She messed with my hair and she repositioned my hands. She wanted my right hand to cover South Africa in just the right way. Whether she was making a belated political statement I don't know. Maybe it was meaningless.

She looked through her camera and then said, "David, you look great. I like the way the tendons in your shoulders stand out and I like the bulging blood vessels in your forearms and even your forehead. But you need to do something about your pecker."

My 'pecker?' I couldn't believe this famous New York photographer with the suffering Bohemian sensibilities would call my penis a pecker. I almost dropped the world I was

giggling so much. But she wiped the giggle right off my face when she walked behind me and reached into my Speedo. "Don't move. Your arms and upper body are perfect. I'll just fix you up a bit here." She repositioned my penis, lifting it up from its tucked position. She left me kind of crunched forward in my bathing suit, pointing neither up nor down. She moved around to my front and satisfied, snapped a few shots.

She got a spray bottle and misted me to give me a sweaty look. Then she fluffed me again from outside my bathing suit. "I think I want you to have a bigger package, so get kind of hard if you can." She was doing all this in a most businesslike way. I never once got the impression she was coming on to me. Her hand lingering on my cock a second time caused me to get somewhat stiff and since I was all crunched up in my bathing suit it looked a bit obscene. But she seemed to like it and she took more shots.

I've got to say here that I was not attracted to her in the slightest. But she was the only real client I had and I was not about to get all huffy about her touching me. Honestly, I didn't know if this was just part of the business or if she was crossing a line. I know that if I were a girl and she were a man I wouldn't tolerate her behavior and I'd tell her or storm out. But I'm a guy and I'm not about to get indignant about a woman who wants to put her hands on my body.

For her next shots, she pulled my bathing suit down. It still covered me but she wanted my pubic hair to show. She put her hand in my bathing suit again and positioned me into a bunched up package just below the lowered waistline of my Speedo. She pulled the draw strings out and draped them haphazardly forward onto my rapidly stiffening penis. From behind, she bunched my Speedo up between my butt cheeks a bit. She took many shots from all angles.

I was getting seriously tired holding the world on my shoulders and I asked her how much longer she thought we would be in this series of shots. She said she had two more sets she wanted to do. For the first, she wanted to lower my Speedo so much that it only covered the very end of my cock. I wasn't too comfortable with this. I didn't take this job expecting nudity but in the back of my head, I could hear myself trying to tell my agent I walked away from my first paying job.

She wanted my penis to be long and to hang straight down. She stooped in front of me and lowered my Speedo as I continued to struggle with the globe. She messed with the

fabric and repositioned it several times. Then she pulled my dick out with her hand and stroked me in one long, slow, pull. She tucked me into my lowered Speedo just barely hiding the end of my penis. She misted me quickly and then took several rolls of film. My dick was pudgy but I didn't have an erection. That was exactly how she wanted me.

For the last series she pulled my Speedo completely off and I stepped out of it. She took various shots but after four or five she would stroke my penis vigorously and take more shots. She took some shots from behind and I felt her hand reach between my legs from behind. She said, "Try to squat down a bit more so that your wiener dangles. My 'wiener?' Whatever. I did and she took more shots.

She got on her back and pointed her camera up from between my spread legs. But before she took the shots, she reached up and stroked me to a full erection. "That's good, but straighten your upper torso. Arch your back and puff out your chest." I did and her camera snapped in a fast series of clicks. That cannot be a flattering shot of me and I wondered where on the globe my dick was pointing.

Then, without a word, she dropped her camera and sat up on her butt. Her face was inches from my erect penis. She put her cigarette holder on her ear and her glasses on her head. She took my penis in her hands and said, "Bend your knees more." I did and she took my penis into her mouth and began sucking me in a ravishing manner. I held no illusion that she wanted to fuck me. She wanted me to cum in her mouth and she wanted it now. I was seriously straining to hold the globe as one of her hands slid back to fondle my balls.

When I felt my orgasm coming on I tried to hurry it but the more tired I got and the more I tried to hurry it, the longer it took. But when I thought I was finally at the end of my strength and when my orgasm had been balanced on the edge for a teasingly long time, I finally burst into Ms. DeVries' mouth in several powerful pulsing shudders. She continued to suck me until I was soft and her tongue became almost uncomfortable as it roved over the tip of my penis looking for more.

My legs and arms were burning and I finally had to interrupt her. "Ms. DeVries, I'm going to drop this if I don't put it down soon."

"Call me Mona," she said as she got to her feet and put her cigarette holder back in her mouth. She stepped away and I clumsily put the globe down. I collapsed on the floor. My body was so weak I just lay there panting and sweaty.

But Ms. DeVries was only just getting warmed up. She stepped out of her flats and removed her stuffy long wool skirt. Underneath she was wearing a lavender string bikini bottom that I honestly didn't expect. Her legs and ass were stunning. She unbuttoned her tight wool vest. When she did, her chest seemed to puff out. Her white, long sleeved cotton blouse had a man's collar. In fact, it looked like a man's shirt since it had a pocket over her right breast. She began to unbutton her shirt, starting with the cuffs. When she had it completely undone, I saw that she had a matching silky lavender camisole underneath.

She let her overlarge man's shirt fall to the floor and I realized that she had very luscious ample breasts. The contrast was amazing. After shedding her cocoon of colorless, oversized men's clothes she became very feminine. Her breasts strained against the sheer fabric of her camisole and her nipples stood up proudly under the silk. The thin spaghetti straps of her top had drooped over her shoulders but her breasts kept the camisole firmly in place.

I was mesmerized watching her undress. My arms and legs were still begging for more oxygen as Ms. DeVries stood over me. She straddled my midsection and peeled her camisole up over her head. As the silky fabric rose up, her breasts lifted with it and when the camisole finally cleared, her breasts fell back down with a delectable bounce. For a quick moment, I was able to look at her breasts and nipples while her face was still covered with her camisole. Her areolas were slightly oblong and her nipples were tight and erect. Their slightly dark color contrasted sensuously with her pale skin.

All over her skin was simply stunning. She had not a freckle or a blemish or a mole or a scar anywhere I could see. The texture of her skin was smooth and satiny. She finished removing her camisole without dislodging her cigarette holder or the glasses still perched on her head. I watched entranced as she reached her arms up to her head while she tied her hair into a ponytail. Reaching up like that lifted her breasts and they jiggled seductively. She put her glasses back on the tip of her nose and her cigarette holder went back into her mouth.

Ms. DeVries slid higher up my chest until her silky string bikini was fairly in my face. Her pussy was two or three inches away from my mouth when she untied the string on her left, letting it and a corner of the bikini fall to my face. She untied the right side and the thin lavender fabric fell over my face and eyes. The bottom of her bikini fell to my chest. Unseeing, I felt her pussy pressing the thin fabric into me. I opened my mouth and felt the contours of her labia on my lips separated only by the sheer lavender silk.

I bunched the fabric and her labia between my lips and felt her wetness seeping through. Then she lifted off me an inch or so and took her bikini in both hands, front and back. She raised the soft bunched material up into her pussy and ran it back and forth slowly and gently between her legs. Her eyes were closed and her face was raised as I saw upwards along her slit partially engulfing the pastel silk, to her abdomen where her hand held the end of the bikini tightly up against her, to her soft pendulous breasts rising and lowering with her rhythmic breathing. Her lips parted slightly and I saw her cigarette holder bounce downward when it happened.

She lowered the wet silk of her bikini into my mouth and I took it in hungrily. I could taste her on it and it excited me. She tied the silk around my face as a kind of blindfold and I felt the sweet wetness of her bikini on my eyes. She lowered herself onto my waiting tongue. She was delicious and I explored her folds as deeply and thoroughly as I could, looking for her favorite places as I felt the sumptuous skin of her legs and ass with my roving hands.

Ms. DeVries enjoyed my tongue and face as if I weren't there. She used my face like a vibrator, eventually working herself into such a frenzy that she could only mash her clit into my nose and lips and tongue in a panicked and frantic way. She slowed and stopped moving when her orgasm took hold of her loins and gripped her with an intensity that she then transferred to me. She held me immobile as her juices flowed like an ejaculation onto my face. She hunched over me and I could feel her pulse through my still extended tongue and lips.

I had never experienced so powerful an orgasm in a woman and never from this vantage point. She savored every last drop of it. I sensed she was finally recovered and reached my hands up to cup her breasts. When I pinched her nipples in the 'V' between the index and middle finger of each hand she gasped and straightened out her legs. She raised

herself into a pushup with her sweet wet cunt still on my lips, spread wide as her legs spread out at my shoulders.

She slowly rocked back and forth and dragged her clitoris against my tongue as I pinched and pulled at her sensitive nipples. Ms. DeVries was able to enjoy her second orgasm slowly and deliberately. When her glasses slipped off her face and dangled to the end of the string holding them around her neck I felt them swinging back and forth, hitting my hands as I teased her nipples. The bumping of her glasses on my hands aroused me for some reason and I felt the hardness return between my legs.

She stood up leaving her bikini blindfold in place over my eyes. I heard her move about and then I heard the rapid clicking of her camera. She sat between my spread legs near my feet. With her camera clicking she took my erect penis between the bottoms of her feet. She slowly stroked up and down. Even the skin on her feet was soft and sweet. She took many pictures of her feet and toes massaging my penis, only asking me to sometimes change the way I held my arms or turned my head.

I couldn't believe it but she gave me a hand job with her feet. Maybe it was the rapidly clicking camera but her soft feet stroking me firmly and smoothly brought me to a pleasurable orgasm. She was amazingly dexterous and it must have taken some very patient training to be able to raise and lower both her feet so smoothly and gently and for so long. My cum coated her feet and toes and as I raised my head and lifted my blindfold I saw her licking my wetness off her feet. She was one of those women who could put her ankle behind her neck if she wanted.

After making each of us a very strong coffee, which we sipped nakedly as we stood around her bar, she talked of ideas for her next session. She was not one to talk about her love-making. To her, we had just completed a long photo shoot and were planning the next - no more to it than that. Besides the fact that we were both totally nude anyone else present would have assumed the same. No kissing or touching or little signs of affection from Ms. DeVries.

She sent me away and I looked forward to our next session with schoolboy eagerness. When my agent, Brooke, asked me the next day how it went I told her about the poses and I since it would be pointless to deny, I told her that Ms. DeVries took quite a few nude shots. "Oh, really? And did that bother you?" she asked.

"No. It just surprised me. I didn't go in thinking we would do nudity. But after the initial surprise I got used to it." I hadn't thought about it but my agency would certainly see the shots and they would want to put some of them into my portfolio. Brooke, my agent, was a forty-ish woman who used to be a model. She was still stunning but she had never married. I always assumed she was a lesbian but instantly I detected a small tone on her voice, a slight look on her face that made me think she was eager to see my nude shots - eager to see them for more than just professional reasons.

It also gave me a slight buzz when I thought of all the models thumbing through the agency book and seeing my nude shots. The office was always busy with beautiful girls either coming from or going to assignments or new models working with the agency's trainers to perfect their walk or their poise. A favorite activity of all the models was to sit looking through all the photos of all the models in the book. Suddenly my past shyness with all these girls seemed out of place and awkward. But maybe I was jumping to conclusions. I wasn't even sure Ms. DeVries would give the agency any of the photos she took.

Brooke asked me how many hours should be billed to Ms. DeVries but I deferred the question. "Maybe you'd better ask her. It seemed like we wasted a lot of time setting up and chatting afterwards." This was a weak answer. The general rule was that the billing starts the minute a model walks in the door and ends the minute the model walks out. To Brooke, it was a simple matter of computing the hours and minutes. But I didn't care. I didn't want Ms. DeVries to receive a bill for the time I spent with my face between her legs. I'd rather she chose the billable hours.

I went to our second session with a mounting sense of eagerness and anticipation. When I got there Ms. DeVries was dressed in her usual drab manner. She didn't greet me with a smile or any sign of familiarity or affection. It was as if she'd just hired me last time for a photo shoot and some raw lusty sex. She didn't want to know me or socialize with me.

A few minutes later a girl rang the buzzer and was let in. She was short with long, straight shoulder-length hair and she looked like a gymnast. She wore no makeup but her face was fresh and young and she didn't need any. Her name was Dale. I always thought of Dale as a man's name but it seemed to fit her well. Ms. DeVries said simply, "Remove all your clothes." She said it to both of us. Dale must have been hired knowing she was

going to do nude shots because she didn't hesitate. I quickly caught up with her and we were both standing naked before Ms. DeVries.

She had set up a large white cloth backdrop with lights shining on it. In front of the backdrop was a plain upholstered couch. Ms. DeVries posed Dale in front of the couch on her back. She asked Dale to do a bridge. That is where you arch your back and lift your body up on your hands and feet but facing upwards. It is not easy and it takes a flexible body to do it with graceful curves rather than bent elbows and knees. It also takes a lot of strength to hold the position for very long.

"Quickly now David. Get into position over her. We don't have much time before you'll both need to rest." Ms. DeVries wanted me to spread myself over Dale but not put my weight on her. She wouldn't be able to hold my weight up. I was embarrassed at this but Dale seemed to take it in stride. My feet were beside Dale's hands and my hands were beside Dale's feet. Ms. DeVries wanted me to tuck my face right between Dale's spread legs. My penis was crunched against Dale's face because she wanted Dale's head to tuck right between my legs.

She repositioned us until my back was as flat as I could make it. Ms. DeVries positioned a large coffee table book on my back as well as some cups and saucers and teaspoons. She had made us into a human coffee table. She snapped a bunch of photos. Then she wanted us to try to hold each other's ankles so that the coffee table was only standing on our four feet. But my feet were too far back for Dale to reach and when I brought them forward it humped my back too much. I was glad we couldn't do it because it would have hurt Dale as my weight shifted to my hands around her ankles.

This whole time my face was buried in her crotch and I could sense her straining muscles. This position was much harder for her than for me and I could feel her labored breath on my penis. "Dale, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. But your breath between my legs is giving me an erection. I can't help it."

She was a good sport. Between labored breaths she said, "It's okay... It gives me... something to do... and besides... your breath... is doing the same... to me." I never thought that she would be sexually excited in this position and as soon as she said it I felt my cock stiffen against her face. The camera was clicking madly. Ms. DeVries kept moving the objects around on my back and ass. Finally she said she'd do one more quick

series and then we'd be done. She cleared my back and by herself managed to hoist a thick oval glass table top to my back. She had me bend my knees slightly to lower my ass and level the glass top. Then she put more stuff on the table and shot more film.

When she finally let us untangle, Dale and I were drenched in sweat. I couldn't believe what a workout this was. I collapsed onto my back but Dale was on her ass leaning forward hugging her bent knees. I sat up next to her and gave her a quick tight hug. "You are one strong girl." I didn't want her to think I presumed a familiarity between us just because we had spent ten or twelve minutes with our faces in each other's crotches but Dale didn't seem to mind and she reached between my legs and playfully grabbed my still erect penis. "You had a good time but by the looks of it, my time was better spent."

I was surprised and pleased by her friendly playfulness but I was also confused. Was she implying that she had an orgasm while we were in that position? "Wait a minute. Are you saying? ... that you? ... that you had an orgasm? ... While we were straining in that position?"

She put on a sly grin. "Oh, God, yes. A whole string of them. That's the only reason I was able to hold on for so long." This girl was full of surprises. "What really got me was when Ms. DeVries had you lower your head to put it in line with your back. Your hot breath blew right into me and sent electricity through my entire body. And when your cock got big and pushed against my face I wanted to just eat you. But I was afraid you'd collapse if I took a bite." She kind of winked at me and I noticed a twinkle in her eye that seemed to be reserved for people with whom she felt intimate.

Ms. DeVries posed us into an armchair where my back was the seat as I crouched on my hands and knees and Dale's back formed the back of the chair as she sat on my upper shoulders. Her elbows bent behind her to form the armrests as she held my hips in her hands.

We were floor lamps and bedside tables and even a bookshelf. I was on my hands and knees on the floor and Dale was on her hands and knees on my back. Her knees were on my shoulders and her hands were on my ass. Ms. DeVries put planks on the floor under my belly and on the backs of my calves. She had another on my back beneath Dale, one on Dale's outstretched calves, and another on her back. On these planks she arranged a variety of books and knick knacks.

I was afraid it would all come tumbling down if she didn't hurry, but she got her shots. I would have felt stupid and weak if I had let everything fall after Dale had shown so much strength in our coffee table poses.

We took a break and Ms. DeVries disappeared for a bit. When she returned she was as naked as Dale and me. She set up several cameras on tripods shooting from various angles and heights. She set them to snap automatically every few seconds. I guess they were digital because she didn't need to worry about changing film. "David, how strong are you? Can you hold the two of us in your arms?"

I wasn't sure how she meant so I said I'd certainly try. She disappeared into her back room again and when she reappeared she didn't have her glasses or her cigarette holder. She had me crouch to one knee and hold Dale in my arms. One arm was directly under her shoulders and my other arm was directly under her ass. Ms. DeVries wanted Dale to bend her knees and hold her ankles tightly against the backs of her legs. When Dale was ready Ms. DeVries climbed on top of Dale and put her head between Dale's legs. This put Dale's face between Ms. DeVries' legs. Both girls bent their knees and held each other's ankles in their hands.

The cameras were snapping and Ms. DeVries asked me if I could stand up. It was not easy for me. I was already on one knee and together the girls had to weigh almost two hundred fifty pounds. My arms were tired and slick and my bent leg was straining to straighten itself out but I shakily managed to get to my feet. She wanted me to turn circles and move up and down as much as I could while the two girls stayed tightly embraced. I was just about out of energy when I noticed that both girls were making slurping noises. They were both licking and sucking and tonguing each other and despite my almost unbearable soreness and the burning in my arms I held on.

I'm sure the look on my face was one of extreme fatigue. At one point my head fell back and I opened my mouth wide sucking in great breaths of air. My eyes were closed as I listened intently to the sounds of the girls' arousal and excitement.

Later, after they had each enjoyed long moments of sexual pleasure, Ms. DeVries told me to let them down. I lowered a bit and Ms. DeVries gingerly stepped off and I rotated Dale into a standing position. My arms just drooped, numb, and I fell to my back on the plush rug in front of the sofa. I heard Dale and Ms. DeVries talking as they looked over some of

the photos. They were commenting on the various shots and I heard Dale mention that I looked really good in one particular shot. She was looking at one where my head was tilted back and my mouth was open. They both said something about my state of arousal in the pictures. I had not even noticed that I had a raging erection. I had it still.

My eyes were still closed and I was still on my back on the floor when I felt one of the girls lean low over me and take my cock into her mouth. I derived a jolt of pleasure not knowing which girl it was so I didn't open my eyes. My pleasure increased further when the second girl dropped over my face and pulled me between her legs. My arms were deadened and it took more energy to move them than I wanted to expend. So I lay there tasting the wetness of the one girl's cunt while the other girl sucked and coaxed my erect shaft. I soon felt the mouth slide off my cock and the girl at my waist positioned herself over my penis. She took me in both hands and guided herself onto me, plunging deeply. Her warm tightness around my erection brought me to a quick orgasm and I concentrated on the orgasm beginning to erupt onto my lips and tongue.

The girls left me on the floor and moved to the bar as I lay with my still weak body recovering and my hungry lungs still sucking greedily for air. I relished my memories and the thought that I didn't know which girl had fucked me and which girl I had pleased with my tongue. I wanted to believe that I fucked Ms. DeVries and that I had my mouth in Dale's pussy. But I also liked the idea that Dale had sucked and fucked me while I devoured Ms. DeVries. If I had reached up and touched the breasts of the girl on my face I would have known. If I had opened my eyes I would have known. I liked not knowing.

As we left to find our separate cars I traded numbers with Dale. Neither one of us knew if we'd be here together again. I went home and the next day I talked to my agent on the phone. Brooke said she had seen the photos and was trying to decide which ones would look best in the book. I was blushing with embarrassment, glad to be on the phone instead of standing in front of her. "Brooke, I haven't seen any of them and I don't know if I can help you decide. I'll just trust you to use the photos that make the agency look good and that aren't too embarrassing for me."

She assured me she would not use any shots that showed me with an erection since many clients might find them inappropriate. But that left open the possibility that she might still use my other fully nude shots. I decided to just proceed with as much grace as

I could muster since protesting or acting embarrassed would only make my situation worse.

I was afraid to look through the book the next time I was in the office but I had an idea what kinds of photos Brooke had chosen. I felt the eyes of many of the agency's girls on me as I walked around and talked to Brooke. I may have been imagining it but I was pretty sure the models all knew me better that day than they did before. But my embarrassment had its rewards. I found it much easier to talk to several of the models after that. I also had an upcoming date with Dale and my next session with Ms. DeVries was just around the corner. Modeling is a tough job, but someone has to do it.