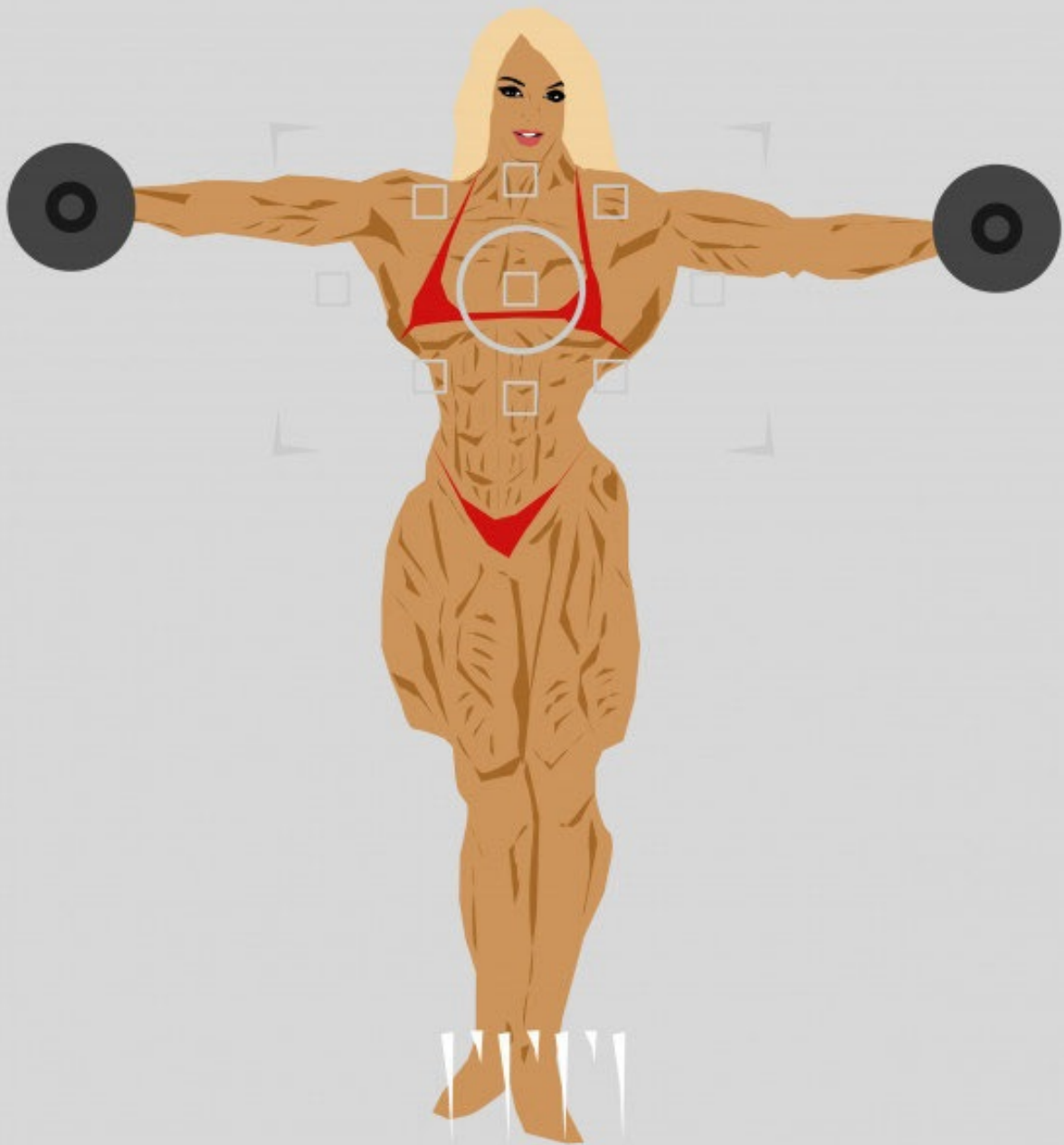


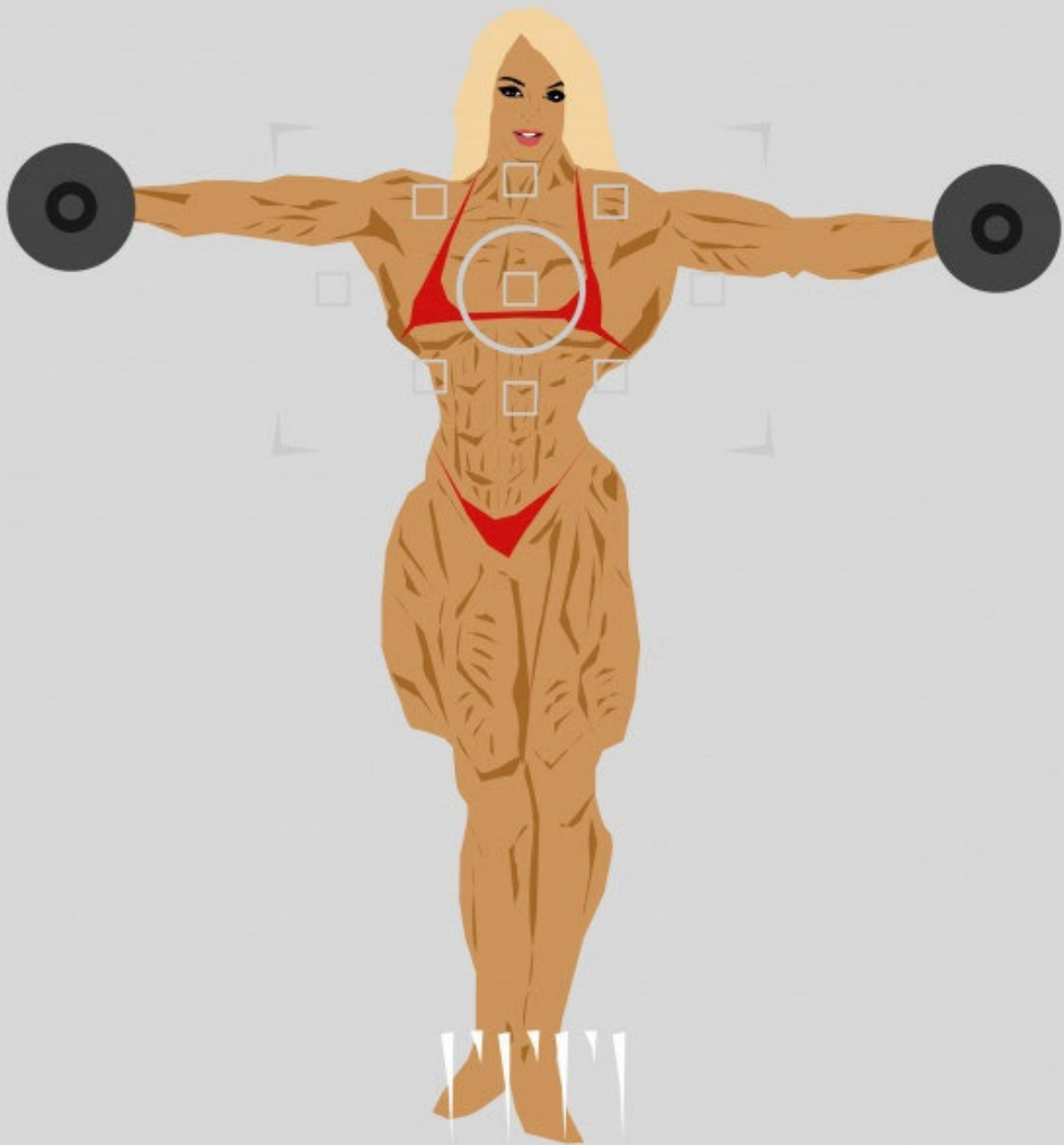
# THE MODEL

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Kim walked on the roof, wearing her skimpiest bikini and smiling at her hubby. Louis was fiddling with his tripod, trying to set it to the right height. It was still new and he was struggling with all the screws. She came very close and asked:

“Need some help, dear?”

“Uh, I’m managing, I guess. Those things are really tight, though.”

“Let me.”

She took the plastic in her hand and careful applied some pressure. She didn’t want to break Louis’ new toy. Photography was his new hobby, and now, he finally had the opportunity to blow as much money on his pastime as she did.

The screw loosened and she said:

“There you are.”

“Thank you.”

He smiled at her and took her all in. She was incredible. Kim was a tall, leggy blonde, and she was outrageously muscular. She worked out religiously every day, she ate five to seven meals a day and she was on a strict regimen of supplements that not only made her huge, but also kept her tight and shredded. There wasn’t a bit of fat on her that didn’t make her look better.

Louis took a deep breath and did his best to keep his horniness under control. She was incredible. That bikini was just three tiny scraps of fabric placed strategically to barely make her outfit legal and he could see every little vein and muscle fiber under her tanned skin.

“Alright. Damn, Kim, you look amazing.”

“Thank you. Sooo, where should I stand?”

“Just there, in front of the screen.”

He pointed at the large white stand that softened the light around her.

“Take the dumbbells and then do a cross pose. I want to get a good look at your muscles and make sure I get the shadows right.”

“Sure. No problem.”

She took up position, lifted up the weights and chuckled:

“Don’t you want me to take some heavier ones? Those are just twenty pounds. They don’t look like anything.”

“Uh, I dunno. Let’s just try it like that, okay?”

“Hey, it’s your call.”

With a smug expression, she lifted her arms, feeling the heaviness of her lats against her biceps as she got ready. Kim smiled at the camera and asked:

“Is that the pose? It’s not very interesting.”

“No, no, it’s perfect. Now please hold it while I get everything ready.”

“Sure.”

Kim watched as Louis looked through the camera, turned some little wheels and then fidgeted with the rings of the objective. This would be over soon, she guessed.

There was a click and she relaxed, untensing her arms. Instantly, she heard Louis call out.

“No! Please don’t. Keep everything flexed. I was just doing a test.”

“Oh. Okay.”

She tightened her arms again, then smiled again.

He started again, adjusting the camera some more.

“Hmm ... Okay, that’s not ...”

Another click.

She tensed her arms a bit to find a better position.

“Hey! I ... Please, dear, I love you, but stop fidgeting.”

“I’m not fidgeting. I thought you were done.”

“I’m not. Listen, I’ll tell you when I’m done. Just hold the pose, I have to figure something out.”

“Can I help you?”

“No, no, I got this. Just hold the pose and let me try. It’s not a big problem.”

She barely stopped herself from rolling her eyes, then spread her arms and got back into the position as wanted. Louis suddenly laughed out loud.

“Oh, okay. Found it. I have to turn off the automatic function. Now it’ll work.”

There was another click and he said:

“Okay. That’s okay, but I think I’ll have to try the other objective.”

The young man unscrewed it and carefully stowed it into its case, then picked out another, much longer one.

“That should be it.”

Kim still stood there, her arms spread. She held up the weight easily. It really wasn’t that heavy compared with what she usually moved. She just focused on holding her arms straight. She had to admit, though, that her muscles were beginning to strain. Nothing bad, but she needed a little effort.

Louis was ready again and said:

“Alright. Smile. Smile, please.”

She did, shooting him a warm smile full of enthusiasm and power.

“Perfect.”

Click.

“Nope. That looks crap. I’ll try the other one. Wait a minute. Where did I put it?”

He removed the objective, put that one away too, then got a third one out of another box. This one was even thicker and heavier and he worked very slowly and carefully. Once it was there, he said:

“Okay, once more and ...”

Click.

“Nah. Sorry, but that looks stupid.”

Kim was getting a little annoyed. Doing her best to stay friendly, she asked:

“Is something wrong?”

“No, no, it’s fine. It just packs on the pounds, but in the wrong places. I’ll switch back to the previous one.”

He fumbled about, getting the longer one back up and installing it. Kim was now starting to feel the strain. Lifting heavy weights was one thing, but just standing there immobile was annoying.

“Err ... Louis?”

“Yes, dear?”

“Is it okay now?”

“Let me check. Hmm ...”

The camera clicked again and Louis groaned.

“Fuck.”

“What is it?”

Kim was starting to feel her arm muscles turn sore. There was a film of sweat forming all over her body. She focused on maintaining the pose, forcing her muscles to remain in position.

“The light is crap. Just give me a moment. I’m going to need a reflector.”

“A reflector?”

“A screen to direct the light.”

“Okay. Whatever.”

He looked at her, trying to figure out what was going on, but she just flashed him her most photogenic smile. He nodded, smiled too and said:

“Please just hold the pose. I don’t want to screw this up. We’d have to start all over again.”

Kim didn’t bat an eye and tensed her muscles to keep the pose. Humming to himself, her boyfriend started assembling another tripod. She allowed her face to relax for a moment. The rather forced smile was getting on her nerves. Kim was starting to feel the tension in her arms and her hands begun to feel heavy. Nothing she couldn’t manage, but still.

“Alright ... This should ... work. Yes. Hold still. I’m almost there. Aalmost.”

He screwed a reflector on the stand and started adjusting it. Then he disappeared behind the camera again. Kim suppressed a tremor in her hands.

He twisted a knob and grumbled.

“Okay ... Sooo ... Like this? Yeah. Looks about right. Hold it ... Hold iiiit ...”

The camera clicked. Kim did her best to keep her smile.

“Wait ... Yeah. That looks like crap. I’ll have to ... Give me a moment.”

He walked to the reflector and turned it a little bit, then went back to the camera, checked something else again, sighed, got back to the tripod and moved it some more.

Kim was holding tight, forcing her arms to stay straight as requested. It was getting quite intense. She was used to moving big weights, but just standing still like this and holding her muscles in position indefinitely ... It was not something she was used to. And it was getting on her nerves.

“Is there a problem, Louis? Do you need me to hold anything?”

“Yeah. Just hold the pose. I’m almost done. I just want the light to be less sharp. The skin should be smoother, you see. But I want the definition to be visible as well!”

“Uh ... Okay. I mean, I could try with some make-up, if you want. Like for a professional ...”

He cut her off:

“No. It’s fine. I almost got this. Just stay like this and let me work, okay?”

She rolled her eyes.

“Okay.”

Louis was back at the camera, then snapped another picture. He looked at the screen and said:

“Nah. I can’t tell with the little screen. I’m ... I’ll just get the bigger one. Hold the pose, you’re perfect.”

He stormed down to their apartment, leaving Kim standing there like a frustrated muscle Jesus. She knew she could theoretically lower her arms now and maybe annoy him, but now, it was a matter of pride for her. So she kept them straight.

She focused on her breathing, carefully maintaining her position and forcing herself to manage the pain that was growing in her arms. With a groan, she suppressed a twitch in her muscles. In a way, this made her proud. She had herself under control here.

Louis returned after a bit, looking a little scruffy.

“Sorry it took so long, but I had to find the tablet and ... Anyway.”

He set it up next to the camera and started it up. Then he took some time to connect the two devices, grumbling something about Bluetooth. Kim asked:

“Is it working?”

He snapped back at her without warning:

“It would if I wasn’t getting interrupted all the time!”

Then he caught himself again. He saw her scowling at him, her arms still straight. By now, there was a faint tremor to them and her muscles looked way more tense than before. It did make them look more ripped, though.

“Louis, if you want me to keep doing this, you better ...”

“Sorry! Sorry. I’m just ... sorry. I’ll make it work right away.”

She harrumphed, and indeed, after a bit more time, he was ready again.

“Okay, I think I got it.”

He snapped another picture, then checked on the screen.

“Looks ... okay, I guess? I just think I’ll need a projector.”

Kim groaned.

“What’s a projector?” Then she thought for a moment. “Nah, don’t tell me. Just get it and let’s get to the end of it, okay?”

“Are you annoyed?”

She took a deep breath, the pain in her arms abruptly increasing. She switched to her nicest smile, but there were a little more teeth than usual.

“No. No, no, no, I’m not annoyed. I’m just ... get the projector. Please.”

He took out what turned out to be a small lamp and placed it close to her, shining it at the deflector. Then he moved the sail some more until he was satisfied.

“You holding up there, dear?”

She snorted, deigning not to comment. Instead, she turned her wrists a bit to limber them up and got back in position. Somehow, her arms were now feeling both painful and numb. It was a very strange sensation. They were pretty defined now, though. She wondered how that happened and if they weren't quite as painful and twitchy, it was actually a good look.

Click!

“Alright! That looks ... okay.”

“Are we done?”

“No, sorry. I just got the basic set up ready. Now I can really get to work.”

She rolled her eyes, fighting back the need to lower her arms. Somehow, this was now a point of professional pride for her. With a tightening of her strong biceps, she suppressed the growing twitching.

This was painful, but in a weird way, she was starting to move through the pain. It was becoming somewhat abstract.

Louis snapped away now, happily trying different angles and changing positions ever so slightly. It wouldn't be long now, she was certain.

He pressed the shutter button again and again, checking the results on the tablet.

“This is starting to look really fine. Thank you for ...”

He was cut off when he pressed the button again and the camera did nothing.

“Oh crap.”

Barely suppressing the urge to scream at him, Kim asked with an absurdly calm voice:

“What happened? Camera’s broken?”

“No, it’s fine. It’s just the battery is empty. I’ll just have to insert a new one. But I’m almost done. You’ll see. It’ll look amazing. Just keep the pose for now, okay?”

“I am, I am. Now get it fixed. Please. This is starting to hurt.”

“I got it, I got it.”

He got the thing ready again and said:

“Okay. That should work now. Hold still ...”

“I am holding still.”

“Sure, sure, but, you know, concentrate and ... smile!”

She smiled, but it was a bit of a grin really. And not a happy one.

“Please, a little softer!”

Kim suppressed her urge to snap back. Her arms felt as if they weighed a ton. Her fingers were cramped around the dumbbell bars. The formerly tiny weight was now pulling mercilessly at her hands. She was glistening with sweat and she really had to fight back the brutal pain that was coursing through her body.

With supreme self-control, she forced her face into a sweet smile.

The camera snapped and Louis nodded at the picture.

“Yes ... That’s it, I guess.”

“Is it good?”

“Kinda. It just ... you see, the light changed.”

“The light? What do you mean? How did it change? I’ve been standing here forever, just like that.”

“Yes, and that’s the problem.”

“The problem?”

That last reply was almost cutting. Louis took a step back, unsure of what would happen next. The musclemethod took a deep breath and maintained the pose.

“The problem is that the light has changed. It’s now less, you know, brilliant than before.”

She shook her head a bit, the tension in her arms having spread to her shoulders and neck and cramping her body up terribly.

“Can you fix it?”

“Uh ... I dunno. Maybe? I guess I can do it in post.”

“Okay? Then, do that and ...”

“I’ll just have to take a couple more pictures to make sure I ...”

She growled at him:

“Then do it. This is starting to get really ... boring.”

She suppressed a shake spreading through her arms, but she felt that it was spreading to her shoulders and her back now. Her muscles were definitely getting overstrained by this, and not in a good, musclebuilding way. She had spent the last years sculpting this magnificent physique, she was used to pain and soreness.

But this was starting to mess with her.

She focused on Louis, doing her best to ignore the mountain of pain she was feeling. He snapped happily on, occasionally adjusting his camera and trying out different options.

Then he stopped.

Kim growled:

“Are we finally done? Is it enough? Do you have the picture you wanted?”

Louis seemed to shrink as he tried to find his words. At last, he mumbled:

“You’re getting too sweaty.”

“Seriously? Seriously? What do you expect? Hello? How am I supposed to not be sweaty?”

The last words were almost shouted now. She kept the position, but she was getting furious now. He stuttered:

“You see, the sweat, it’s glistening and it’s producing reflections that spoil the picture.”

“Well, maybe you shouldn’t have taken this long to ...” She took a deep breath, struggling against the pain that ground into her pecs. “Okay, whatever. Let’s just get this done, okay? Wipe off the sweat and take your pictures, but please, please, be quick with it!”

“Sure! Right away!”

He grabbed a towel and carefully dabbed away the little pools of sweat on her muscles. As he worked, she couldn't help herself grinning. Sure, this was painful and annoying, but she was proud she was still managing this. It had to be some kind of world record by now, no?

With supreme effort, she stabilized her muscles once again and held tough.

The photographer nodded to himself.

“Alright. I think I got it now. You're doing fine, Kim. Just a little longer ...”

She rolled her eyes, but immediately returned to her smile. It was looking rather forced now, but that was to be expected.

“Hey, Louis, at that point, I really don't care anymore. Just get it over with. Please.”

“Yes, yes.”

He snapped another picture. Then another one. Then he checked on the tablet. Kim saw his worried face. Barely suppressing her annoyance now, she asked:

“What is it? Come on, tell me now. This is no fun anymore.”

“Okay ... The thing is ...”

Her voice wasn't aggressive or anything. It was just calm and flat. But she still managed to make it clear that he was pushing all her buttons right now.

“Out with it.”

“I used the wrong format.”

“So?”

“The previous pictures are all pre-compressed.”

“Is that important?”

“They're all already converted into jpeg. But if I want to do some editing, I'll need the raw image data. Otherwise, I have compression ...”

She cut him off sharply.

“Then please, please, pretty please, stop talking and switch that format or whatever, take your picture and let me be done with this!”

“Sorry, dear! I’m fixing it right away!”

She gave off a low growl and he fumbled with his camera. She focused on her arms, which were feeling completely numb by now. The weights seemed as if they were weighing tons, inexorably pulling her hands down. She could feel every groove of the steel handles. The tension in her body and the pain had spread all the way to her abs. Just standing like this for such a long time, completely immobile, was making her stiff. She longed for a break, but the idea of doing this again ... Better power through it and be done with it.

To deal with the pain, she started counting internally, only occasionally moving her lips when it got too bad.

“Ookay ... That looks good. So, smile. Please. Once more!”

“With feeling, I know.”

She forced herself to smile as sweetly as she could. She just hoped it would finally be over.

“Wow, dear, you look gorgeous!”

Louis seemed quite enthralled with her as he hit the shutter button again and again.

Suddenly, Kim felt a twitch spread through her body. It started in her pec, sending a shiver to her shoulder. She struggled to keep it under control, but it was clear that her muscles were now way beyond their capacity.

She forced herself to smile and to stop the movement in her side. Her eyes bulged for a moment and Louis blabbed out:

“Could you not do that?”

In that moment, he wanted to stuff the words back into his mouth. Kim’s mouth was still smiling, but her eyes shot daggers at him. Between gritted teeth, she hissed:

“Finish this!”

The poor guy nodded, wondering what she would do to him.

“I am, I am!”

That’s when the camera’s memory card got full. She could immediately tell something was wrong. Somehow, the incredible exhaustion in her had made her very sensitive to his tells.

“What? What is it?”

Her voice sounded like a bark. She wanted to scream in pain and frustration, she longed for this to end, and he still wouldn't release her!

“Memory card is full.”

His voice was very, very low. He seemed to shrink right before her eyes.

“Then fucking get another one and finally get to the end of this! Fuck!”

The tension in her muscles was spreading to her thighs now, her stance was getting wobbly for a moment. The dumbbells in her hands felt like steel chains that slowly dragged her down.

Louis opened the camera's little hatch and struggled to pull the tiny card out with trembling fingers. Her outburst downright scared him. He caught the little sliver of plastic, put it down next to the tablet and put his hands to his head.

“What!”

This was no longer a question. It was a bellowed scream which allowed Kim to relieve herself of a bit of the agony that was spreading through her body.

“I don’t know where I put the other one ...”

Suddenly, all the pain fell from Kim’s body.

“This is a joke, right? This is some candid camera shit, isn’t it? You’re making fun of me, aren’t you?”

“No, no, I ... I never thought it would take this long and I ...”

“Think, Louis, think. I won’t eat you. I couldn’t eat you right now. I can’t move my fucking arms! Where is that stupid card?”

“It’s ... it’s ... Oh! It’s in the laptop!”

“Then get it. Get it now!”

He almost fell over his feet as he ran back down into the apartment, and returned mere moments later, scrambling back on the roof on all fours.

He slotted the card in, got everything ready and said:

“Okay. Ooookay. This is it, okay? I’m gonna take one more set of pictures and it’s gonna work, alright?”

She stared at him imploringly. Everything was pain now. The extreme strain had turned her muscles into raw, ultra-hard packs of intense power. She was burning in agony, but her body looked as if it had been sculpted in marble. Every little striation, every vein, every shred of muscularity had been etched into perfection.

He snapped away, his eyes darting back and forth between the finder and her marvelous physique. When she saw his face pop up, he had this hunted expression of a panicking deer.

The shutter clicked, the lights glowed and Kim fought her last stand, forcing her body to hold up for the final sprint to end this.

The blood was pounding behind her temples and she sensed that her vision was going dark. Her hands started opening, her fingers trying to hold the bars of the dumbbells.

Panicking, she smiled idiotically, doing her best to produce a look of complete beatitude. If she could handle this, she could handle anything!

Suddenly, Louis stopped.

A feeling of dread washed over Kim.

What? What? What now?

Was he smiling? Was this good? Was he happy now?

She didn't want to ruin this now. She had a good run. She could win. She could make it! She had it under control!

He was nodding. He was nodding!

A sudden feeling of incredible relief washed over her. She felt that she wanted to throw up. Her left hand gave up, her fingers parting. She wanted to turn to see what was happening, but her mind was still so fixated on the camera that she smiled instead.

The dumbbell landed on the concrete floor with a bang. Instantly, her arm started moving upwards while exploding into a shiver. Destabilized, she dropped the other dumbbell too, then her legs started giving way. She stumbled, the twitching of her muscles preventing her from catching herself. Louis ran to her, almost, almost knocking over the camera tripod.

It wobbled, but it didn't fall.

He caught her awkwardly and slowly guided her down to the floor. There, she rested for a bit, her muscles still shaking. Louis quickly got her some electrolytes and did his best to keep her warm and safe.

Louis sat down next to her and held her hand as she recovered.

Eventually, she was able to sit up again. She was still shaky, but the worst was over. He kissed her and couldn't help admiring her tremendous physique.

“Wow ... Kim, that was ... incredible.”

“Yeah. It kinda was, but also ... really bad.”

“I know, I know, I'm sorry. I'll be better prepared next time! I ... I didn't think it would ...”

“Shhh ...”

She put a finger on his lips. Her voice was low and soothing.

“I made it. I got through this challenge. I hope the pictures are worth it.”

“Well, as far as I could tell ...”

“They'll be fine. They have to.”

“Yes, yes, they're great. You're going to love them!”

Kim sighed.

“Oof. Imagine how angry I could have been if you somehow forgot to take off the lens cap or something ...”

“Nah. That’s no longer a thing. It’s perfect, it really is.”

She sat there for a moment, some kind of feeling slowly returning to her overstrained muscles. Then she grinned and said:

“Okay, what do you say, should we try it again tomorrow? I’m gonna need a whole portfolio, after all.”

“Uh ... I’ll have to prepare ...”

“Yeah. You definitely have to.”

She kissed him and mussed his hair.

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at [El\\_Roy\\_1999@gmx.de](mailto:El_Roy_1999@gmx.de). Rates upon request.