The Ordinary Model - part 1

By eroticideas

Published on Lush Stories on 24 May 2012

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She was a model wife.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/the-ordinary-model-part-1.aspx

She had never done anything like this before, though she had imagined it many times. She had no choice but to admit to herself that she found the idea erotic, though she could never admit that to her husband. It might seem strange to say that she had no choice, but the inevitable arousal of her body to ideas could not be denied. She was so aroused when her husband had suggested that she model naked for a life class that she had taken the first opportunity to slip out of the room to rush to the bathroom. In its privacy, she had touched herself as only she knew how, to attain a final shuddering release.

But the sexual enjoyment it brought her was not the reason her husband had proposed the life class modelling. He had no idea that it would have such an effect. The erotic perspective was not the reason she found herself in this little room, a room that was virtually a cupboard, waiting to be summonsed for her session.

It was a case of needs must when the devil drives.

It was only possible to move a debt from credit card to credit card for a finite period. Their meagre income soon became insufficient to cover the amount needed to service the debt on the cards.

So here she was, sitting on the severity of a hard school chair, her clothes neatly stacked on the table. The purple satin robe she was wearing was a birthday present from her husband. It was deliciously comfortable after a nice warm soak in perfumed bath salts after a long day in the office. Now it was as out of place as she was. It was all that stood between her and the world. The matching purple strap of her bra was hanging out of the neat pile that was all of the clothes she had been wearing when the nice old gentleman had showed her to this room to prepare. The strap protruded from between her black skirt and white blouse like a statement, yes, it said, this woman has taken everything off, even her underwear.

Soon she would be called. She would find out if she had the courage to go through with it. She had only ever been seen naked by her husband, and now she would be seen by a group of strangers. How many would there be, she wondered. Would they be real aspiring artists or college students out for a thrill, perhaps looking for laugh? Would they have been told that the model today was a middle aged slightly chubby, droopy breasted housewife? Were they expecting a sexy model, a perfect example of the female form as it was persistently portrayed by the media?

She imagined walking into the room for the first time. Would it be a studio, with easels all around and bright shafts of sunlight streaming through roof light windows? It would be so much better if it was. She could imagine herself as an actress and the studio would be her stage. If it were like that, she could feel professional, as much an artist as the aspirational artists that would be putting down her image on their canvases. Now she felt herself relaxing, yes that was it, she was an artist and this was her first performance. It was only natural that she should feel tense and nervous at such a time.

That afternoon, she had bathed and taken the time to trim her hair. Trimming her body hair was not something she usually did, perhaps not a good idea to have tried it before her first appearance. As it happened, she felt she had made a very good job of it. She had resisted the urge to use her pink humming lady shave anywhere but under her arms and on her still elegant and very long legs. Damn, she wished she had not thought of her legs. She was not proud of them as she had been when she was younger. These days they were a little dimpled at the top end, a little heavy. Her thighs were patterned with orange peel under the buttocks, buttocks which were a little fuller than she would have liked. Now she was nervous again.

There was a knock on the door that made her jump. It opened without any delay and the old gentleman was there, smiling warmly. His hands opened and closed nervously this time.

“They are ready for you, miss.”

Miss! I suppose I am a lot younger than he is. She decided the description was understandable, though it felt uncomfortable.

She followed him slowly. His jerky gait meant she had to walk slowly to avoid catching him up. She had no desire for conversation. She was far too nervous to speak. She found herself emulating his nervous hand movements and concentrated hard to stop it. Concentrating on her hands carried her as far as the door without any thoughts of running away, but now they came flooding back at her. She could turn around, leave now. Forget the modelling and find some other way to increase their inadequate income.

Before she knew it, the door was pushed open and he was ushering her through it and into a studio. It

was a studio as she had imagined it. There was a semi-circle of people waiting, faceless to her at the moment, features unformed. She focussed on the centre piece of the room, a chair just like the one in the room she had undressed in. She was surprised at that. She had expected a chaise longue for some reason, probably evoked the memory of a painting of a nude on a wall during a trip to Pompeii some years before.

She needed no guidance to walk across the room. She sat down, pulling the purple satin over her knees; the robe had slipped either side of them as she sat. She looked around at the easels and the faces alongside them. Not everyone was visible, partially obscured by their canvasses.

*That's goo*d! If only they would all hide behind them then they would not see her. Ah, she realised why the faces that *were* looking were wearing such confused expressions. She was not naked. She hesitated. Should she just stand up and take the robe off? Where would she put it? Across the back of the chair? Over the chair would be better for comfort. But then how should she sit? Whilst these thoughts fell over each other in her mind, a young man had entered the studio and walked across to her.

"Hi, Mrs…?"

"Emma."

She did not tell him her second name, for some reason she reverted to on line behaviour, forgetting that she was known. She had to be known by the college or they would not know who to pay her fees to.

"Emma, hi, I'm David. This is my art class."

"Hello, David."

"Have you modelled before? I'm guessing not," he nodded at her robe.

"Ah, no, I haven't. I didn't know what to do."

"That's fine, Emma," he smiled and she felt suddenly relaxed. He is an artist and to him I am just a piece of art. The thought that this young man would think of her as art was inspiring. Suddenly, she wanted to take off the robe and allow him to enjoy her nakedness. At the thought, she looked down with embarrassment, she felt as if she had flushed and he would see.

"Allow me," he said, opening his hands toward her. She took his meaning and suddenly completely

comfortable and without thinking about the others, she stood and slipped open the belt of her robe. It fell open. She turned her back toward him, allowing it to slip from her shoulders into his waiting hands. He laid it over the back of the chair. She turned back to face him, immediately remembering the others. In a rush, her nerves returned. The thought went through her mind. *Iam naked in front of complete strangers, next to an attractive tousle haired man young enough to be my son.*

“Would you mind taking off your shoes, when you sit down?” he said, interrupting her thoughts.

She looked down past breasts, belly, to her feet. Shining black shoes peeked out below her nakedness; they somehow emphasised it.

“Oh, no, sorry. I forgot.”

“If you sit," he said," I’ll slip those off and help you pose.” He smiled.

Damn, don’t smile.

Completely out of her control, her body had responded, her nipples stiffened. She knew they would be so obvious and did not know where to look. She found herself looking right into his eyes.

She sat down.

He knelt at her feet, looking up at her he said, “Cross your legs, I’ll slip off the shoe.”

She did. He slipped it off. Without being told to, she uncrossed and re-crossed the other way around. The image of Sharon Stone doing just that entered her head. She wondered if he had made that connection. If he had, he gave no indication of it. She had forgotten they were not alone. She watched him at her feet as if he were her lover. He slipped off the other shoe and placed them both neatly alongside each other, on the floor by the side of the chair. He stood up and gazed at her thoughtfully for a moment. She soaked up his gaze, finding herself warmed by it. She searched his face for any sign that he liked, or even disliked, what he saw.

“Would you uncross your legs?” he asked, as if it were the most natural request in the world, “and put your hands palm down just before your knees.” It was an instruction and not a request and it caused a wave of palpable heat to wash through her body. She felt it flush from her toes to her face.

She did as he instructed.

“That’s good. Now if you can sit as still as is comfortable, you don’t need to be a statue,” he chuckled.

He’s trying to relax me.

She was sure he had glanced between her legs before he turned away. She basked in enjoyment of the idea of it. He joined his students. He had succeeded in relaxing her enough to forget they were there. She would not have thought it possible yet here she was and there they were. She counted fifteen, most were women, but there were five men, not including the artist. Yes, she thought, the artist. It was better to think of him like that rather than the teacher.

Of the five men, four were young students, looking just as she expected art students to look. But the fifth did not look like a student at all. She was stunned and stared in almost open mouthed disbelief.

He was fifty, if he was a day, balding, stocky, but it was not that which took her breath away.

She knew him.

Suddenly she was not only naked, but she *felt* naked. His eyes were crawling all over her like ants. She wanted to scream, to hide. She wanted to get out of this appalling position as quickly as she could.

Yet at the same time she realised that she was aroused more than she would have believed possible. Her nipples had already been stiff, but now she was stiff elsewhere. Incredibly, she felt her clitoris throbbing, swelling, pressing against her hood. She felt wet, not just damp but wet, running wet. She looked down and to her horror saw that she was literally running wet, her legs were wet, the chair was wet and her wetness was dripping onto the floor.

Now she really did have to get out of this situation. She twisted in the seat and dragged her robe from the back of the chair, she stood and quickly slipped it over her shoulders. Making for the door, pulling the robe together and tying the belt as she went, she heard a voice call, “Emma!” She ignored it, focussing solely on the door.

Reaching it, she pushed through and was back in the passageway.

Suddenly she realised she had not the faintest idea which way the little room was.

“Hello, miss, are you alright?”

She jumped, it was the caretaker.

“I didn’t see you there,” she said, admonishing him.

“I’m sorry, miss,’ he said, “I was behind the door.”

“Why?” She knew why almost as soon as she had uttered the words.

“I’m sorry, miss.” He did not look very sorry. He was washing his hands under invisible taps, a picture of inappropriate lasciviousness.

“I need you to take me back to the room where I left my clothes.”

“Of course, miss, follow me.” Without waiting to see if she followed, he started off down the corridor with his peculiar and distinctive gait.

He pushed open the door and she slipped past him, much happier to be there than she had been when she had first arrived. But something was wrong. Where were her clothes? Then she realised he was in the room, too. He had not waited outside.

“What are you doing? Where are my clothes?”

The old man looked around the tiny room.

“I’m sorry, miss. They were here.”

“I know that,” she snapped, angrily, feeling panic, “So where the hell are they now?”

“I’m sorry, miss. I really don’t know.”

“Was the door locked?”

“Err…no miss, I didn’t think…”

“You didn’t think to look after my possessions. Well, thank you very much!”

He looked cowed, shifting his weight from foot to foot.

“You saw,” she said accusingly, “Didn’t you?”

“Saw, miss?”

“Yes, you were watching, at the door.”

“Yes, miss,” he looked down at his feet, “I saw.”

She felt sorry for him, against her instincts. He was a dirty old man, but she wanted to hear what he had seen, wanted him to tell her what he had seen.

“Did you like it?”

“Yes ,miss, very much indeed. I have not seen a woman for many years. I just couldn’t resist the opportunity. I’m very sorry, I know I shouldn’t have.” Now he was wringing his hands, he did seem genuinely sorry. *For god’s sake he is a man!*

“You aren’t really sorry are you? You’d do the same again, wouldn’t you?”

He looked at her with an uncertain sheepish grin.

“I probably would,” he said. She suddenly saw him as a naughty schoolboy and her heart melted a little. Something inside her was stirring, some subconscious urge pushing her.

“I suppose you would have liked a closer look?” She remembered the eyes of the artist.

She told herself afterwards that what she did next was because she felt sorry for him, that she pitied him, it was for him and him alone. She told herself it did nothing for her.

But of course it was a lie.

Staring at him, she slowly undid the belt of the robe, let it fall open. His eyes widened as he drank her body in after his long drought. He made no effort to look away and made no secret of where he was looking. She shrugged and the robe slipped from her shoulders, dropped from her arms and fell to the floor.

He licked his lips, his tongue a pink wet disgusting thing with a life of its own. She was disgusted at the sight of it, with him, with herself. Mixed in with that disgust she felt humiliation and, she could not deny it, raw bestial lust.

‘I suppose you want to touch,’ she said, her voice slightly trembling, excited, she should have said, and then she did say it, "I want you to touch."

Without hesitation, he grabbed her left breast with fingers that were rough calloused and surprisingly strong. He pressed his fingertips into her flesh, making her yelp like a puppy.

The fingers of his left hand closed around her right nipple, pinched and pulled. As the sensation of pain and pleasure surged through her, she felt her knees actually tremble and was forced to grab the back of the chair to stay upright.

The door opened and the artist entered the small room. ‘Emma, what’s wrong? Oh!”

She stared at him in horror, unable to move.

The old gentleman did not seem to have realised they were no longer alone, continuing to pinch pull and fondle her.

End of Part 1