

Fetish Photo Shoot

By: Alexis Alexandra

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Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.



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Chapter 1: Comfort Shots

As she has done every day for the last two months twenty-seven year old Maggie Vaughn sat at the kitchen table searching the want ads for a new job. She lost her previous job as a sales rep when the company she worked for closed its doors after nearly eighty years in business.

“Ugghh,” she sighed. “There’s nothing here I’m qualified for.” There were ads for warehouse and factory work, fast food, and other menial labor but nothing in sales. She was getting depressed. Her savings was running low and if she didn’t find a job fast she would be in trouble soon.

An ad caught her eye. It was an ad for a photo shoot. It read:

MODEL WANTED for photo shoot.
No experience necessary!
Model must be willing to do artistic nudity.

“There’s always a catch,” Maggie sighed. “I suppose it couldn’t hurt to make an inquiry.” Maggie wasn’t a supermodel, but she was not ugly either. She was girl-next-door cute with shoulder length black hair and green eyes. She stood 5 feet 7 inches and weighed 130 pounds. Her breasts were firm and perky, her hips round, and her legs long and toned. She wore glasses that she thought made her look geeky, but others thought looked cute on her. She wasn’t a prude by any means, but she wasn’t too sure about having nude photos of herself plastered all over the place.

She circled the ad and put it to the side. For the next two weeks she repeated her routine of sitting at her kitchen table looking for a job. Every day she circled that same ad. Finally tired of looking, Maggie gave in and called the number. She had an appointment set for Friday at noon.

Friday arrived and Maggie left for her appointment. She arrived at a small office building and entered the front door. It was not what she expected. There was a woman sitting behind a desk. She looked to be in her mid-thirties with sandy blonde hair and light brown eyes. She was sharply dressed in a blue skirt suit. A name tag read: Lisa. Along the opposite wall were about a dozen comfortable looking chairs. All but three were occupied.

“May I help you,” Lisa asked Maggie.

“Um, yeah,” Maggie stammered still looking around the room “I have an appointment.”

“What is your name?”

“Maggie Vaughn, I have an appointment for noon.”

Lisa typed some things into the computer. “Ah yes here you are. I’m sorry we are running a little behind schedule. We received much more applicants than expected. Please take a seat and we will get to you as soon as possible.”

“Thanks,” Maggie said somewhat irritated. She had an appointment and expected to be seen on time. However, as the old saying goes, beggars can’t be choosers. She took a seat between a buxom blonde and a rail-thin brunette.

Maggie was finally called in for her appointment at 3:20. She was the last of the hopefuls. She walked through the door behind Lisa and into another small office. This one was occupied

by a large man dressed in a tailored suite sitting behind a desk. He was in his early forties with short brown hair and hazel eyes. His tailored suit hid a muscular body.

“You must be Maggie Vaughn,” the man said jovially. “I’m Andy Blake.” He extended his hand. Maggie accepted and shook it before sitting down. “I have a few questions before we proceed.”

They spent the next twenty minutes going over Maggie’s work history and taking her vital statistics. “Well Maggie,” Andy said “I think you are perfect for what we are looking for.”

“But I’m not a model,” Maggie said “Those other women were so much prettier than me.”

“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder Maggie and I think you are the most beautiful woman to apply.”

“Thank you,” she said shyly. “So what kind of pictures do you take here Mr. Blake?”

“Please, call me Andy. We do every kind of photo shoot you can think of Maggie. And probably a few you couldn’t.”

“What kind of shoot do you want me to do?”

“I think we should start off with what we like to call ‘comfort shots’. That is, we will take shots of you fully clothed in several standard positions. This gives those not use to being photographed a chance to get use to the camera.”

“That sounds OK. What about after that?”

“Well, as the ad said it does require some nude photography. We do artistic nude shoots for various art magazines around the world.”

“I have never taken nude pictures before,” Maggie said nervously. “I don’t know if I can do it.”

“That’s ok,” Andy said reassuringly “That’s what the comfort shoot is for. We will take it slowly. You will start fully clothed and by the time we are done you will be fully nude before you know it. Are you ready to get started?”

“I guess so. Can I ask what happened to the other women?”

“They were not what we were looking for.” He pointed to a side door. They went out through there. He pointed to another door. “We will be going through there.”

They entered a large room with racks of costumes and a green screen. “We will have you posing in several different outfits in front of the green screen,” Andy said. “With it we can place you anywhere in the world.” He picked up a remote off of a table and hit a button. The green screen changed into an image of Paris. “Have you ever been to Paris, Maggie?”

“No,” Maggie replied.

He hit the button several more times. Each time another popular world destination popped up on the green screen. He cycled through them and stopped at Paris, the Eiffel Tower looming in the background. “We will start with what you are currently wearing,” Andy said. “That dress looks very nice on you. Just do whatever feels right in front of the screen. These first shots are just to get you warmed up.”

Maggie was nervous. All she could think about was the possibility of going fully nude in front of this strange man. She tried to mimic some of the poses she saw in magazines and on TV.

She must have gotten something right as Andy seemed pleased. “That’s it, Maggie,” He exclaimed. “Perfect... Stunning... You’re a natural up there.” His praises were having the desired effect. Maggie was starting to let loose more.