Accident Prone Linda   
  
By the Bitchfinder General   
  
Linda the Glamour Model   
  
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Synopsis: Linda Marshall tries to get a temporary job as a model. Naturally it all goes wrong for her as usual!   
  
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Linda Marshall walked into the boutique and gazed longingly at the clothes on offer there. All her friends - not that she had many - could dress in designer gear, but of course with the attitude that her parents had towards her there was no way she would ever be able to afford to buy anything on display. Even with her part-time job she still couldn't afford those prices, she thought sadly.   
  
A card in the window caught her attention as she wandered through the store, feeling deeply dispirited. As she read it carefully, a sudden flicker of hope sprang into her heart.   
  
'Models, must be 18 years old or over, for glamour work. Pay up to £1000.00 a day.'   
  
Linda gasped in sudden excitement. Although she was only just 18 years old, she looked a lot older than she was, especially after all the pain and humiliation she had been compelled to undergo over the four years that had elapsed since her first visit to the hell-hole so laughably called St Phillippa's Academy for Young Ladies.   
  
Maybe I could do it, she thought. It wouldn't be hard work as a model and considering that men always seem to find me attractive maybe it could work out OK for me. It would make a change being able to turn my looks to my advantage instead of ending up always getting into trouble on account of them.   
  
Linda decided to give it a try. When she returned home she called the number on the card, trying to control her mounting excitement.   
  
'Good afternoon, this is Tiara modelling,' said a young male voice on the other end.   
  
'Hello there,' said Linda, nervously. 'I saw your ad about modelling. I'd like to give it a try.'   
  
'OK,' said the man. 'Come over and see me on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.'   
  
'Thank you, I'll see you then.'   
  
'I'm Nigel,' the man said. 'What's your name?'   
  
'Linda.'   
  
'OK, Linda, go to 339 High Street Aldminster on Sunday morning. Do you know where that is?'   
  
'I know where the high street is. I'll find it,' she answered quickly. .   
  
'By the way, Linda,' he said quietly. 'I assume you know that it's a glamour shoot. I want you to turn up wearing something - a little sexy, let's say. Is that a problem?'   
  
'No problem,' said Linda.   
  
'Great. Well, be seeing you.'   
  
When Sunday morning finally arrived Linda was nervous but strangely excited. She knew that men found her attractive and the money on offer seemed like a fortune to her. She did have a slight concern about what it was she would be expected to model. Maybe swimsuits, she thought. Well, if it IS lingerie I suppose I'll still do it for THAT amount of money.   
  
Linda, remembering the advice he had given her, sorted through her clothes in search of items that he might think of as sexy. She put on a short black skirt and a white see-through blouse that emphasised her firm and large 38D breasts. She put on a black bra and some white frilly lace knickers. She completed the effect with a pair of fishnet tights, 6-inch high heeled shoes and a smart red jacket. Yes, she thought, when she looked at herself in the mirror, you look pretty good. Maybe I could make it as a model after all.   
  
The short skirt was a figure-hugging item that showed off her hips and arse to perfection. The blouse also drew attention to her ample breasts and she was confident that she would pass the audition for a glamour model. For once in my life I've found a way to turn my looks to my benefit instead of getting me into trouble, she smiled happily.   
  
She took a bus to the high street and found the address that Nigel had given her. 339 High Street Aldminster. Linda looked a bit disappointed as she saw that the building appeared to be empty but a small plate on one part of the door said Tiara Modelling so she rang the door bell.   
  
'Hello, there, this is Linda,' she said. 'I spoke to Nigel on the phone and we made an appointment for me to come her and see about maybe doing some modelling for him.'   
  
'Hi Linda, Nigel here,' the voice on the entryphone answered. 'Come on up and I'll give you an audition. Have to see if you're up to scratch, don't we?'   
  
'Yes, of course,' said Linda,   
  
When the door opened she found herself walking up a staircase and towards a room at the very top of the building. A door was opened when she arrived and a young man smiled at her.   
  
'Linda, right?'   
  
'That's right,' she smiled back.   
  
'Good to see you. Come on in.'   
  
As soon as she went inside she saw that Nigel was a good-looking man around 25 years old. He got up from his chair as soon as she entered and immediately began stripping her naked with his eyes. Linda half wanted to leave there and then but she reflected that as a glamour photographer he probably saw a lot of naked women and it was probably just professional interest.   
  
'So, Linda, you want to be a model, do you?'   
  
'Yes, sir,' she answered coyly, lowering her eyes.   
  
He laughed when she said that.   
  
'You ARE a polite one, aren't you? Just Nigel's fine.'   
  
'Sorry, Nigel.'   
  
'Well, have you got any experience of modelling?'   
  
'No, I'm afraid not.'   
  
'I don't suppose it matters that much,' he smiled. 'You're a VERY attractive girl, Linda. I bet you've got a string of boyfriends on the go.'   
  
'Not really,' she said.   
  
'Well, the blokes must be mad. From where I'm sitting you're not just well fit but downright drop dead gorgeous, to be honest.'   
  
'Thank you,' said Linda, actually blushing when he said that.   
  
Nigel laughed. She could see he was attracted to her but she did hope that she could keep the whole thing on a strictly business footing.   
  
'Well, let's take a look at you then,' he smiled. 'Just come through here into my studio,'   
  
Linda followed him meekly into the studio. She saw lots of photos all around the wall, of women in fashion outfits, lingerie, topless and a number completely nude. For a moment her nerves got the better of her but then she thought about the rate of pay he was offering. Up to £1000 a day. That was serious money especially for someone in her position.   
  
'I think it would be a good idea if you took your jacket off,' he said, in a soft and reassuring voice.   
  
Linda was still doubtful but then she thought how silly she was being. Of course he wanted to get a closer look at her figure. Well, she knew from experience that men did find her curvy form rather attractive and he was offering good money so what was the point of being shy? After all, it was her jacket he was asking her to take off, not everything, wasn't it? So Linda took off her jacket and put it on the clothes stand she saw in the corner of the room.   
  
'You look very nice,' said Nigel. 'Great figure! You SURE you haven't modelled before?'   
  
'No, I haven't,' she said quietly.   
  
'Well, you're a natural,' he laughed. 'Let's see you walk up and down. Imagine you're one of the girls on the catwalk like Naomi Campbell or one of the other top models.'   
  
Linda did exactly as she was told, trying to put a mental picture of herself walking the boards on London or Paris or New York modelling the latest haute couture fashion. Nigel snapped away as she paraded her stuff before him.   
  
'That was great!' he said excitedly. 'You really DO have the makings of a model. OK, you need a bit more training but you've got the look all right. Only trouble is, you ARE a bit - well, I'd rather say voluptuous than tubby but you're not the stick insect type that's fashionable right now, are you?'   
  
Linda had to admit that her weight was rather an issue for her but it seemed that no matter how hard she tried she just could not get herself fashionably slim. Sighing, she looked at him with the obvious signs of disappointment on her face.   
  
'That's OK, LInda, nothing wrong with YOUR figure. Personally I PREFER a REAL woman like you to the skin and bone waifs you see wearing size zero stuff. But I have to be honest with you, girl, Unless there's a change in fashion you're not going to cut it on the catwalk. On the other hand, you're absolutely perfect for glamour photography.'   
  
Once again Linda hesitated but again the thought of the money on offer made her decide to go along with his plans. She wasn't altogether sure what glamour photography was but she knew that it would mean showing off some of her bare flesh.   
  
'What do you want me to do?' she asked nervously.   
  
'If you'd just take off your blouse for me, please.'   
  
Linda, blushing furiously, unbuttoned her blouse and put it with her jacket on the clothes stand in the corner. She stood there while he snapped away, taking up various poses that he suggested to her, most of them emphasising her ample cleavage.   
  
'That was fantastic, Linda!' said Nigel excitedly. 'These are going to be GREAT shots! You have a divine figure. Your body was MADE for glamour photography!'   
  
With the combination of her embarrassment and his praise Linda blushed again which brought a smile to his face. She was beginning to relax as she felt confident that this session would go well and that even if she did end up plastered all over Page Three of 'The Sun' it wouldn't matter. After all, her body had got her into lots of trouble over the years. Wouldn't it be nice if she could make some money out of it for a change?   
  
'Now if you wouldn't mind taking your skirt off too, please.'   
  
Linda took off her skirt and let it fall on to the floor before she hung it up on the clothes stand with the jacket and blouse. She was very conscious that she was now in full view of a young man and wearing only her bra, knickers, fishnet tights and high-heeled shoes.   
  
'Turn around and face me, please.'   
  
Linda faced him, noticing that he was getting a good look at her body and she felt suddenly that he was not doing so in an entirely professional way. She knew that he found her attractive and once again that frisson of fear ran through her before she relaxed again.   
  
'You are BEAUTIFUL, Linda,' he said, a huge smile coming over his face. 'You were MADE to be a glamour model. Now let's just take a few pix, shall we? Good girl.'   
  
Linda posed for him as he put her into more and more revealing positions, snapping away with his camera as he did so. She was beginning to relax as she could see that Nigel really did have a lot of skill as a photographer and she tried to enjoy the unfamiliar feeling of displaying her body for a man but without coercion for once.   
  
'You are a VERY beautiful lady,' said Nigel. 'Now if you'd like to take off your shoes and tights I'll take a few more lingerie shots.'   
  
Linda did as she was told and his camera clicked merrily away yet again for another few minutes.   
  
'Thanks, Linda,' he said finally. 'What a GREAT body you have. Now if you feel up to it I'd like to take a few more - revealing shots of you. Would you have a problem about posing topless?'   
  
Linda saw at once that he was staring in fascination at her large breasts. She was proud of her 38D figure and she had half-expected that she might have to do this. With an unaccustomed sense of daring, she shook her head.   
  
'No, of course not,' she said.   
  
'Fantastic, well, let's see you take your bra off and I'll take some shots of your tits'   
  
Linda unfastened the clip of her bra and took it off. She walked across to the clothes stand and put it with the rest of her clothes. Linda was now standing before the young man with her breasts completely bare.   
  
'Put your arms by your sides, please,' he told her.   
  
Linda did as she was told. He then took various shots of her frontage from all kinds of angles and eventually, while Linda was holding her wrists behind her neck, walked straight up to her and to her astonishment began fondling her breasts. She was about to protest but he held up his hand for silence and she was too stunned to do anything but obey him.   
  
After a couple of minutes he stopped feeling her up and then looked suggestively at the white lace knickers she was wearing.   
  
'Well, Linda, let's see what you look like without these on,' he said.   
  
She was about to protest at that but he whisked them off her in a single swift movement and pulled them around her ankles. He then took them in his hand and placed them with the rest of her stuff on the clothes stand in the corner.   
  
Nigel then got her to pose for the most revealing shots so far. She was made to spread her legs, to pose with her face away from the camera so that he got great close-ups of her cunt and arse, to lie on the floor with her legs waving in the air, and even to finger her cunt while he snapped away merrily with his camera.   
  
'That was brilliant, Linda, you are so fucking GORGEOUS!' said Nigel. 'I'm SO pleased with the shots I've got of you. You really are one well fit girl.'   
  
'Thank you, Nigel,' said Linda.   
  
'Now if you'll just go and wait a few minutes in the lounge over there while I take my pix into the dark room to develop them, please.'   
  
'Yes, of course,' said Linda.   
  
What the young girl hadn't realised was that he'd been using a digital camera so in fact there WAS no need to 'develop' the prints. She heard him disappear and a door closing behind him but assumed that he was in his studio and would return shortly with her photographs.   
  
After around five minutes Linda began to become slightly uneasy but she consoled herself with the thought that maybe it would take a while for all the photos he'd taken of her to be processed. After around fifteen minutes she began to get nervous and by the time half an hour had passed she was positively frightened.   
  
'Nigel?' she called out. 'Where are you?'   
  
No answer came to her enquiry. Linda stepped out of the lounge and saw no sign of him anywhere. What was even more worrying, all her clothes appeared to have gone. She was standing in his studio in the middle of the room completely starkers and there was no obvious place where her clothes might have gone.   
  
On a table she saw a note and picked it up. She read with mounting horror the words Nigel had written upon it.   
  
'I'm not really a photographer,' he said, 'but I do like taking pictures. This place belongs to a friend of my Dad's who's gone away on holiday for a week. I decided to take your clothes for souvenirs as well as the great pictures I've got of you. Thanks for being such a good sport. You really would make a great glamour model but I'm afraid you'll have to try another agency. Good luck and hope you get home all right. Regards, Nigel.'   
  
Realising the situation she was in, stuck in the middle of Aldminster town centre without a stitch of clothing on, Linda screamed in panic.