

Model Release

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

It started with the phone ringing. My sister was calling.

“Hi Jeanne, what’s up?”

“Still out of the pool, big brother?”

Jeanne is sixteen months younger, and only an inch shorter, but still calls me “big brother.” We both go to the same University. We both compete in aquatics -- I swim, and she dives.

“Yeah, coach says another week. I had the stitches taken out yesterday, but they want to be sure everything is solid before I go back in the water.”

I won’t say how it happened, but I got a cut on my right calf that required stitches. The team doctor and our coach banned me from the pool until it was completely healed. Not that they were letting me goof off -- coach had me on a weight training and stretching program that made some of our distance workouts attractive.

“Poor boy. Hey, I talked to Connie last night.”

I sighed. Even though Jeanne and I go to the same school, it’s so damn big that some weeks the only chance we get to talk is on the phone. Connie was my girlfriend for two and a half years, until she graduated and went to Grad school back East. I missed her.

“So how’s she doing in the ice and snow?” I asked.

“She misses you. Must be your sparkling eyes.”

I had to laugh. I don’t think it was my eyes.

Jeanne said, “She called because she saw your calendar picture. She’s surprised you didn’t send her an autographed one.”

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Last year we'd sold calendars to support the school aquatics program. I was April. Jeanne was August. It was a really cool calendar. Even our parents liked it. But that's because they didn't see the "limited edition" printing....

"So which months did she want autographed?" I asked.

It was Jeanne's turn to laugh. "I'm working on it. I thought we could have lunch Friday and you could autograph your page. But that's not why I'm calling."

"Oh? What can I do for you?"

"Well, she's my friend as well, and I was thinking of a birthday present for her. You could help, if you want."

That sent a twinge through me. I'd missed her birthday last year, and was surprised I was still alive to tell about it. "Sure, what?"

"Good! I'm glad you're going to help!"

I didn't like the way that sounded. "Just a minute, sis -- what did I just agree to?"

She laughed. "Nothing you won't like. Remember Sue who did the calendar photos?"

"Yeah, I do." I thought I did. Medium build, brown hair, nice smile?

"I set up an appointment for you. She's going to do some photos, and some other stuff. I'm even getting some Christmas presents for Mom and Dad taken care of."

"Okay. When, where, and how much is it costing me?"

She laughed. "It's not costing you anything. And, it's tomorrow night, three or four hours. Got something to write directions and the address?"

"What about studying?" I asked.

Now she really laughed. "When did *you* start studying?"

I laughed along with her. We're lucky -- school has been easy for us, thanks to our parents pounding on us during the early years. "Ok, I'm ready. Where am I going?"

She gave me the address, and directions. It was in a sort-of industrial area near school. It was being renovated into live-in studios, that kind of stuff.

"Oh, and wear an old pair of Speedos, but not school ones," she added at the end.

"Oh, like our limited edition calendar?"

“Something like that. Sue and Anita are pretty cool to work with. You’ll have a good time.” She laughed and we said our good-byes.

A little before six thirty the next night I showed up at the appointed spot. I had my gym bag with me, and had on one of my Speedo swim suits underneath my sweats. I rang the bell on an industrial-looking door.

“Hi, Alex?”

I didn’t remember her correctly. This gal was blonde, a little shorter than Jeanne, and nicely built.

“Yup, have we met?”

She laughed a little as she invited me in and closed the door. “Don’t think so. I’m Anita, Sue’s partner. She’s the shutterbug, and I’m the sculptor. She’s still fooling with lights. Come on back.”

The space was interesting. A large portion of it was two stories high, set up with photo backdrops. I recognized Sue moving and tweaking lights. One section of the space was divided off. We’d walked through an office space. One part of the open area was a kitchen and eating area.

Anita saw me looking around. “Our rooms are over there,” she said, pointing to the divided off space, “including our bathroom. We’ve got a changing room, storage, and other stuff over here. Most of our work goes on in the big room. What did Jeanne tell you?”

We sat down at a table and Anita slid a clipboard over to me with a form titled “Model Release” on it. I signed and dated the bottom without reading it.

“She didn’t tell me much, other than bring Speedos without the school logo, and you’d be doing stuff for Connie and Mom and Dad. What’s the plan?”

Sue walked over. I did remember her from the calendar shoot. We shook hands.

“Glad you could make it. This is going to be fun. Bring your suit?”

I nodded. “I’m wearing it. What are we going to do?”

Anita stood up and I followed, walking over to the photo area. They had a backdrop set up, dropping down from high up and curving to the floor. The lighting was really smooth. “I bet that backdrop vanishes pretty well,” I told them.

Sue nodded. “That’s the idea. We can edit it out, and put you anywhere we want -- as long as your suit isn’t the same color. It isn’t, is it?”

The backdrop was sort of a teal color. “Nope,” I said, peeling off my sweatshirt, then slipping off my shoes and then my sweat pants.

“Oh yeah!” said Anita. Sue laughed, and I did as well. I held my arms out and turned around for them. I swim butterfly and relays, and my shoulders and stomach show it. The last two weeks of hell have helped a bit too.

We did some pretty much standard shots in front of the backdrop. It was funny -- I thought Anita was going to start drooling. She kept making suggestions to Sue. Soon, I took out a moment to do some push-ups to peak up my muscles a bit, and we did some more shots.

“Okay, break time while I download these. Anita, you want to get the sprayer?” Sue called out.

Anita was already heading for the kitchen area. “You bet!” she hollered to us.

“Download?” I asked, stepping closer to the camera. It looked like a normal Nikon.

“Yep, mega-digital back on this thing,” Sue told me as she walked over to a Power Mac and clicked a few times. “That will take about five minutes.”

“All right, big boy, stand up and turn around for me,” Anita said as she walked up with a little sprayer.

“What’s that?” I asked as I stood.

“Olive oil, to put some sheen on your skin. I’ll help.”

Help she did. She did my back first, spraying and spreading the oil, top to bottom. Then she started on my front. I could see her nipples standing out straight. Parts of me were starting to pay attention as well. She steered clear of my trunks though.

The next set of pics were more interesting. We did a set with my back to the camera, standing up on my toes, and my arms lifted up and out, showing off all the muscles. After a couple of shots, Anita stepped up and pulled the back of my trunks into my crack, showing off more of my ass. She stepped back with a cry of “Much better!” After one shot though, she spritzed some more oil on my exposed glutes and spread it around, with both hands. I concentrated on keeping on my toes to keep that from really turning me on.

We did some more back shots, some with me jumping, then side and front shots, including some close-ups of different muscle groups.

Then Sue called out, “Okay, I’m done! Ready, Anita?”

Anita went back to the kitchen area. “In about three minutes. Get him set up.”

I walked with Sue to one of the storage areas and helped her get out an old beat-up hospital gurney. It had paint and plaster on the sides of it. We put it in the middle of an open section of floor, near one of the work tables, and under some good lights. Before I could ask, Sue skipped off to their living area.

She returned with some beach towels. They were stained as well -- paint, plaster, that kind of stuff. She spread two towels on the gurney, locked the wheels, and patted it.

“Okay big boy, on your back.”

I shrugged and got on the gurney, putting my head where indicated at the cushioned end.

She put one of the other towels over my chest and legs, then picked up a container.

“What’s that? What’s happening next?”

She smiled. I heard what sounded like an electric drill, and turned my head. Anita was mixing something in a bowl using an electric drill.

Sue turned my head back and started smearing something on my skin. “This is petroleum jelly. Next, we’re going to make a life mask. Jeanne is doing these as Christmas presents for your parents. First we put this all over your face, so you don’t lose your eyebrows, eyelashes -- good, close your eyes now -- or skin. I’m glad you don’t have a moustache. Anita will start putting strips of cloth with plaster on them on your face. We’ll put two large straws up your nose so you can breathe. The mask process is involved and time consuming, but all you have to do is stay still while it sets.”

I heard some other things being set on the table, some sounded larger and heavier than others. Anita said, “Where’s my extension cord?” Sue answered, “Over there.” My eyes were still closed, so I didn’t know where that was.

Anita asked, “Comfortable, sweetie?” as she massaged my face a bit.

“Okay. Don’t know how long I’ll be able to keep still though.”

Both women laughed. “Oh, don’t worry about that,” Anita said.

She put two large straws up my nose. “Breathe through your nose for me so we can be sure this works. We want it to be a life mask, after all.”

I laughed a bit at that, but kept my mouth closed. I nodded my head -- I could breathe fine.

I felt a finger on my lips, moving softly. “Oh honey, this is going to be good,” Anita said. The combination of her touch and her voice made me glad I had a towel over me.

“Alex, you need to not move your head or mouth, especially your jaw, until I tell you, or you’ll ruin the mask. Okay?”

I nodded my head. She patted my shoulder and said, “Good, we’ll get started.” Did I feel something on one of my legs?

The plaster-coated cloth felt cool to the touch. Anita talked as she worked, explaining how important it was to get a thorough but very thin film on my skin, and to use a slow-setting plaster that conformed really well to the skin. I thought I felt things going on around me, on my arms and legs, but I didn’t pay much attention to it.

Pretty soon my face was completely covered.

“Right,” Anita said. “We let that set up for a moment, before we add the backing layer. Ready?”

Ready for what? I heard Sue say something, and all of a sudden the towel on top of me disappeared. I felt straps tightening around my arms and legs, and one on my chest. I moved a little, but I was well tied -- it felt as if I had straps on my thighs as well as lower legs, and then on my upper and lower arms, with one around the chest for good measure.

Both women laughed, and I stopped struggling. “Good!” Anita called out. She patted my shoulder. “Don’t you worry, Alex. This is going to be a fun birthday present, I promise.”

Birthday present? There wasn’t much I could do about it.

Anita said, “Why don’t you start the next layer while I prep down here.”

Down here? I know I tensed up -- I heard more laughter. I felt a hand on my stomach, then fingers extending sensuously in and down to my crotch. I took a deeper breath. Then the fingers slipped inside the side of my Speedos and I heard scissors. That side of my suit popped free. That’s why Jeanne said to wear an old suit. She was in on this.

The other side was snipped away, and the remains of my old suit were pulled off.

“Oh my, my, my! Would you look at this!” Anita called out.

My balls were trying to climb into my throat, unsure as to what was going on.

Sue said, “I think we may have a best seller here.” I could feel her gently patting more stuff into place on my face.

“We just need some encouragement,” Anita said softly.

Then I felt hands on my balls and my cock. They were soft, warm, and knew exactly what they were doing. I couldn't do much, or move much, other than enjoy the attention.

I felt lips and a mouth on me. I tried to moan but couldn't open my mouth. I could arch my back a bit, and I did. I also wanted to get my legs wider, to give that soft hand better access.

Hands pressed on my shoulders, and Sue said, "Relax -- don't tighten up. Let us do the work. Enjoy it."

It was hard -- I was hard, but I tried to relax, at least my back, legs, and stomach.

Then I heard that drill mixer going again, and Sue call out, "How many cups will you need?"

Anita stopped sucking on me and said, "Oh, better make up six." She laughed.

Then I felt something cold being spread on my abdomen, crotch, balls, and the base of my cock.

"I'm putting more petroleum jelly on you to keep things from sticking. I wish you'd shaved -- we could have gotten a much more complete impression. We'll see."

It was very hard for me to keep still, especially when her hands were on my balls and belly, and my cock was in her mouth.

Sue said, "Just about ready. Looks like he is too!"

Anita popped up and said, "Mmmm... Want a taste? He's yummy!"

I felt another mouth on me, and teeth giving me a little nip. That was followed by laughter, and Sue saying, "Very nice. Barrier?"

I felt something going over my cock, and then being smoothed over my belly and between my legs. Anita said, "We've put a sheet of plastic wrap with a hole in it over you, and now I'm smoothing it into place, keeping your attention up, and now...."

Her mouth was on me for a moment, and then off me, and I felt the unmistakable sensation of a condom being rolled on. She rolled the top part on quickly, but took her time with the lower part, smoothing it, tugging on it, and coating it with something, pumping me with her hand.

"We want this to fit really well, so we get a good impression. Oh, that looks really good."

Sue said, "You can see the vein stand out along this side. Here."

I felt something like a tube or a cylinder come down on me, against the plastic film. Anita said, "Hold it and keep his attention while I get a glove on."

As I heard the drill go again, I felt fingers caressing my balls, and a finger working to my asshole. Those fingers were very talented. A shiver went through me as I breathed really deeply.

"Here we go," I heard Anita say. Then I felt something being poured around my cock. It was a little warm, and felt heavy and thick. I felt fingers holding the tip of my cock, holding it in the middle of the form or something. The fingers on my balls were joined by a hand on my belly, urging my hips in slow rhythmic motion. The fingers had left my cock, and I felt enclosed by this warm, heavy material.

"Alex, you're doing just great. We're almost there," Anita said. "We've got one final step, and that's to help get rid of air bubbles. This material sets a lot faster than the plaster we use on your face, so we have to do something extra to be sure we don't have bubbles. Relax and enjoy."

Sue, I guess, was guiding the motion of my hips. I could keep that up for a while. I guess that was the idea -- to keep it up for a while. Over time one part would get harder, and the other part softer, and they'd have a mold.

I heard a buzzing noise. It sounded somewhat familiar, but I couldn't place it. Anita said, louder over the noise, "Okay Alex, here we go, getting rid of those nasty bubbles."

I found out what the buzzing noise was. It was a vibrator, more like a vibrating sander. She must have been holding it up against the form. It was intense. Between that, the hand on my balls and on my belly, and then the lubricated finger slipping in my back door, I couldn't hold it for long. I think Sue said something as I came -- things were spinning. Eventually the vibration stopped, and I lay there panting.

Sue and Anita laughed. Anita said, "Wonderful timing! I think that's set up rather well. We'll give it another minute or two, pull that one off, and then the mask."

About the time my breath got almost back to normal, I felt hands around my balls again. Anita said, "Sue is trying to grab the end of the condom so it stays with you and gets pulled out of the mold. Good. Here goes!"

I was fairly limp, but recovering as I felt the mold being pulled off me, twisting a little and moving slowly. The plastic sheet was pulled off, and the condom, and I felt a towel on me. At the same time, I felt fingers working the outside edges of the mask on my face.

"Oh, that was fast!" Anita said. The toweling off was reviving me very quickly.

The mask pulled off, and it felt as if it took some of my left eyelashes with it.

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“Keep your eyes closed while I clean your face,” Anita said.

As Anita washed my face, I felt the straps on my legs loosen. I spread them and wiggled them around a little. I looked forward to the same with my arms, but was surprised to feel hands on my cock again, and a warm mouth. Now I could moan. My legs spread open on their own.

Anita said, “Now now -- we agreed to share, didn’t we? And I won the toss.”

The mouth left me, and Sue laughed. “Okay. Shall we let him up, or keep him like this for a while?”

I could laugh now, and open my eyes. The lights were bright.

“Just what else did you have in mind?” I asked.

I looked to Anita, raising my head as much as I could. She was on my right side, and Sue was on my left. Anita started stroking me gently. “I think I know why someone misses you. If that mold has flaws in it,” she said, “We’ll just have to make another one. We wouldn’t want someone’s very special birthday present to have flaws in it, would we?”

I laughed and let my head drop back. “I think I can live with that. You going to let me up?”

I felt another condom going on me, and looked up to see Anita peeling off her clothes. She climbed up on the gurney, and smiling down to me, said, “We’ll see.”

FIN

Rev 2011/01/07

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