

A model's woe

by Peter Rowlands

In hindsight I suppose I was a bit naive in not spotting the signs.

For the last 18 months I had been modeling for 'Alexis' (I've changed his name from Alex Mustard to protect his privacy). Everything seemed to be going so well. Shots of me were regularly published in books and magazines but then things seemed to change and I was a fool not to notice.

Firstly I was used in silhouette as a 'large object' (see UwP25) to help sun ray shots and then, only a couple of months ago, I caught him oggling the centrefold in 'Wetsuits Monthly'. Sure it was the same black number which has kept him so happy for the last 18 months but this one was different - it had flashy yellow panels and leg stripes. I should have taken more notice right then but what with producing UwP and a recent house move I just let it slip by. Foolish me.



It was only on a recent trip to the Red Sea that the truth finally sank in. Alexis wanted a cover shot for an upcoming book on the Red Sea so naturally I kitted up and made my way to the location. Imagine my horror when I saw 'Denise' (AKA Denis Antipas for privacy reasons) in my spot and Alexis seemingly taking shots.

In my innocence I thought there must have been a mistake so went to take up my position obscuring Denise (see photo top left) only to be waved away by Alexis. Well the shame of it.

I swam off in shock. My modeling career seemingly in tatters, my mind in turmoil. Who?

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When? How? Why?

Without realising it I swam round in circles for several minutes and as I came round a small coral head I saw 'them' again - and they were still at it.

I'm not proud of what happened next. I think most of you would have reacted the same as me. Denise gave me two fingers and I replied with a defiant middle one. Then I just flipped and wanted to punch 'her' lights out. Trouble is with a specific



All photos by Alexis Mustard with his D2x thingy

gravity of around 1 there's virtually no surprise element so I resorted to what every girl would and pulled the bitch's hair.

Boy did that make me feel good but in the end it achieved nothing. Her shot looks destined for the Red Sea front cover and my modeling career is over.

Let this be a lesson to all you would be models.

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