The Good Guy’s Guide to Getting Girls

A novel of approximately 100,000 words

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A novel
Chapter 1 - Jojo

Not that long ago.

There are three things to remember when photographing naked women.

Firstly, naked doesn’t equate to stupid.

Take, for instance, the lovely Jojo. She’s your typical glamour model: long blonde hair, silicon enhanced breasts, and a smile so wide it’s a wonder the top of her head stays on. She stands six foot in her chunky stripper heels, laughs in a way that makes you wonder whether you’re funnier than you realised, and has a degree in civil engineering.

She’s prompt, professional, and about to get into my shower in nothing but a pair of knickers, and a t-shirt that’s way too small for her.

For a lot of men this would come under the heading of ‘pure fantasy’ - something that, if they’re really, really lucky, might happen once in a lifetime. But to Jojo and me, this is the life of a glamour photographer and model. This is how we spend our days - some of them anyway - creating images of ridiculously sexy situations, which men and women alike will pay good money to see and, in their minds at least, become a part of.
Which brings me to the second important point.

It’s all make believe.

The truth is, there’s very little difference between the set of a glamour photoshoot and your modern day office. It’s still just a job, the girls still have boyfriends, and the lack of clothing doesn’t change anything.

So Jojo might say: “This is quite sexy, isn’t it.” But I know what she means.

“You look great,” I say, shuffling around on the floor. Shower sets are always a challenge. It’s hard to find interesting angles without getting splashed. “This is going to be a good set.”

“Maybe, Jason,” says Jojo, “you should put that camera down and join me.” Her smile widens another inch, and she reaches forward to grab my shirt.

“Stop messing about,” I say, batting away her hand. “We’ve got three more sets to shoot and we’re running out of light!”

And, just like that, the smile fades, and what was a great set becomes an ok set, and the sexy girl in front of me - who could have been so much more - becomes just another model. Beautiful, smart, but unobtainable.

Which brings me to the third and final rule: If a beautiful woman asks you to stop taking pictures and join
her in the shower, then for the love of all that’s holy – put the camera down, take your clothes off, and get in the bloody shower!

This isn’t glib advice. Whether you earn your living taking photos, writing computer code or building kitchens, there’s always ‘a tomorrow’ – there’s always customers to satisfy, bills to be paid and work to be done. But when it comes to affairs of the heart all journeys start with a single opportunity, and for most guys – good guys anyway – those opportunities are like rare exotic butterflies. You can’t wait for them to appear. You need to hunt them down, find a way to coax them into the open and, perhaps hardest of all, you need to know when they’re right in front of you, staring you in the face.

I should know. It’s the very reason I’m lying on my bathroom floor, camera in hand, whilst Jojo steps over me and grabs a towel from the rail.

But I’m getting ahead of myself. Jojo isn’t the issue here. She’s just a girl, one amongst many, who came into my life and shaped it into what you see today. For this to make any kind of sense we need to go back a little further, to the days before I owned a camera, let alone pointed it at anyone. Let me tell you about Liz.