**Awakening**

by[Hat\_Trick](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=908197&page=submissions)©

**Chapter 1**  
  
"What the hell do I think I'm doing," I asked myself as I slipped my jeans down my legs, unclasped and shrugged off my bra and added my panties to the pile of clothes on the floor.   
  
"Julie, I can't thank you enough, you're really saving my butt," my roommate, Sandy, said as she finished adjusting some lamps in the middle of our room, and started adjusting the 4x5 studio view camera she had borrowed from our college's art department. About an hour earlier, Sandy had been about to walk out the door with that same camera equipment, when the model she had found to complete her photography class assignment had called saying she had to head home to deal with a family crisis.   
  
"Shit, am I screwed," Sandy had moaned, "I have to take these shots tonight so I can process them tomorrow, and turn in the assignment on Friday. Without a model, I am totally fucked."  
  
"Well, you could forget about it, go find a guy and really get totally fucked," I teased.  
  
"Thanks, bitch," Sandy smiled, flipping me a bird, "but I can do that any night, and I really want to do well in this class." (Sandy has never suffered from excessive shyness, and after almost two years of rooming together, I was well aware of her strong sexual appetite.)  
  
"Can you do a self portrait?" I asked more seriously.   
  
"No," she answered, "we already had a self portrait assignment. Plus, I already posed for Brandon (one of the other students in her advanced photography class), and our professor doesn't want any duplicate models. That way we each show our own vision."   
  
"OK," I said, "how about someone else around here like Erica. Given how little she wears out on the sun deck, she certainly seems comfortable in her own skin."   
  
"Well, I suppose I could ask her, but she's got that whole long and lean thing going, and I was really hoping for someone with more curves and muscles ... like you ..."  
  
"Oh no you don't," I scolded, "I know you've been trying to drag me 'out of my shell' for two years now, but there is no way I am letting you show my naked body to your photo class!"   
  
I suppose this is a good place to describe myself. I am a fairly tall brunette, with a decent figure (Sandy and some past boyfriends have told me its way beyond decent, but whatever). I have fairly large breasts, and because I swim on our school's team, a fairly athletic build (broad shoulders, muscular legs, etc.) I "developed" early -- in junior high -- so I've always been self-conscious about the attention my body attracts. While I'm comfortable enough in my racing swimsuit, my other attire tends toward the conservative and baggy. That's not to say I'm a prude -- I've had several lovers of both sexes, and masturbate almost every day when I'm not getting any -- but just that I'm shy about how I look. Like I said, Sandy's been trying to get me into the skimpier clothes she prefers (they tend to the bare-midriff, micro mini, sheer, thong variety), which she assures me will get me much more cock. Well, the few times I've let her dress me so far, all I've done is spent the evening trying to hide my body, and coming home to my vibrator very frustrated. So, the idea of letting Sandy take photos of me nude to share with her whole class did not hold a lot of appeal.  
  
"Why not a guy," I asked. "From what you've said, that Brandon you posed -- and did other things -- for has muscles to spare."   
  
"No, Brandon posed for our one of our group shoots, so he's not eligible. And I don't know any other guys with that kind of build who I'd feel comfortable asking. So, Julie, its got to be you if I want to get the look I want ... please ..."  
  
"No Way!!!"  
  
"C'mon, its black and white, so I'll use lots of shadows, and I'll hide your face, so no one will even know its you! Here, let me show you the kind of thing I have in mind."  
  
Sandy flipped open her laptop, and went to a fine art photography website. There, she found some Alfred Stieglitz nudes of Georgia O'Keefe that omitted the famous painter's face, while creating abstract patterns with light and shadow on her bare body.   
  
"They're beautiful," I admitted.  
  
"And, your body's ten times better than hers," Sandy pleaded, "think if these were done with a really in shape woman like you."  
  
"Well ..." I had to confess I was intrigued. While I had never admitted it to Sandy, whenever I looked at adult websites or watched pornos (things Sandy introduced me to early in our first year as roommates), I had always wondered what it would feel like to show myself off that way. "... you promise not to show my face?"  
  
"Absolutely!"  
  
"OK. What do you want me to do?"  
  
"Oh, Julie, thank you, thank you, thank you!!!" Sandy gave me a big hug, and looked around our room. "Why don't you get undressed, while I set up the lights? Can I borrow your desk lamp?"  
  
So, here I was standing naked in front of my roommate (certainly nothing new), while she got ready to take pictures of my nude body (something VERY new). I had a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach, but my tightening nipples and a wetness between my legs told me this wasn't all bad.   
  
"First," Julie said, "let's rub some baby lotion over you. It will help eliminate the lines from your bra straps and panties, and will make you body seem to glisten in the lights." She pulled a bottle out of her toiletries bag, doled some lotion into her hand and started rubbing it into my back.  
  
"Hey, babe, relax, its just me," Sandy said when I sort of jumped at her touch. Again, her touching me wasn't anything new -- we had been "friends-with-benefits" since our first week of rooming together -- but I was tight as a cat because of these new circumstances. Gradually, however, as Sandy's hands roamed over my body, I began to relax, and when she got to my ass, and then spun me around to put lotion on my tummy and boobs, I started getting really turned on. When she finished, Sandy slid a finger through my wet slit -- sending a shudder through my body -- and licked it off.  
  
"Good," she purred, "I want you turned on. If you do a good job posing for me, I promise to give you the best head ever."  
  
I laughed. "If that's a promise, I'll do my best!"  
  
Then Sandy became all business as she pulled out a light meter, took several readings, stepped behind the camera, and inserted the first film holder. "OK. Let's start with your back. Face away from me, spread your legs a little, and give me a 'muscle man' flex."  
  
I did as I was told, and heard the shutter click for the first time. After about 20 poses (view camera photography is a slow process), Sandy was down to her last film holder. We had done a number of dorsal, and side shots -- all making it easy for me to turn my head away, or hide it with my long hair -- but Sandy wanted to do a full frontal shot at the end. With each passing pose, I had become more comfortable with the experience, and more turned on by the exhibitionism of the whole thing -- even if it was only in front of my roommate. For the final pose, Sandy decided on a straight-on approach. She had hung a dark blanket off our curtain rods as a backdrop, and asked me to stand in front of it facing her. She positioned the lights facing me straight on and aimed the camera straight at me. Unfortunately, when she got close enough to me to crop my head out of the shot, the lens distorted my arms (or so she said).   
  
"Can I please include your face in this shot, if I promise to crop it out when I print it?"  
  
"Sure, if I can have the negative, and a print with my face in it as a souvenir," I replied.   
  
Sandy smiled. "Deal."  
  
She backed the camera up to include my entire body and face. Before squeezing the shutter release, however, she walked over to me, and gave me a hard French kiss while sliding two fingers in and out of my pussy several times.   
  
"Now," she said, show me what a proud confident, horny slut you are."   
  
As she stepped behind the camera, I tossed my head back, and gave her my best "come fuck me" smile. The shutter clicked. Thinking that was all, I sat down on the couch behind me, spread my legs, and running a finger through my dripping slit looked up at Sandy expecting my reward. But, I had forgotten about the second sheet of film in the holder. Sandy had just flipped it around for a backup shot when I sat down, and before I could say anything she squeezed the shutter release.  
  
"Just a little souvenir for both of us," she giggled. "Don't worry, it won't see the light of day except in this room.  
  
With that, Sandy was on her knees in front of me, and any anger I felt quickly evaporated as her talented tongue brought me to my first orgasm of the night.

**Chapter 2**  
Most of the next day passed fairly normally, except for a gnawing sense of trepidation or anticipation about what the results of my little modeling effort the night before would bring. After my afternoon workout, I showered and returned to our room. In an unusual move for me I didn't bother to get dressed, but instead sat down to my studying in the nude. (Sandy studies nude all of the time, but I'd always stay dressed because of my self consciousness. Who knows, maybe Sandy was finally bringing me out of my shell.) After about an hour, I heard Sandy's key in the lock, and she burst into the room.  
  
"Well look at you, missy, I've been looking at your naked bod all day in the darkroom, but the real thing looks much better."  
  
"Good enough to eat?" I grinned.  
  
"Absolutely ... but not yet ... I have some really cool news. First, though, check these out."  
  
Sandy reached into her backpack and handed me a brown envelope. Inside were 8x10 proofs of all the shots Sandy had taken the night before. In addition, she had included beautiful final prints of five of the shots that she would submit as her assignment. I stared at he photos and couldn't believe it was me. The body in them was toned, feminine and sensuous. I instantly got turned on looking at them. I had no idea I could look that good. For her class submission, Sandy, as promised, had cropped the fully-frontal hands-on-hips shot to just my torso. Even I had to admit it made my body look like a sculptor's ideal. The next two prints really blew me away, though. The first was the same hands-on-hips pose, but with my face and entire body included this time, and the second was the impromptu shot when I had sat down, fingered myself, and told Sandy to come eat me. The strong, empowered, sexual woman who stared back at me was someone I hadn't known before -- but someone I definitely wanted to get to know better. I involuntarily started running my hand over my wet pussy.  
  
"Wow," I said, "I had no idea I could look like that! What a turn on!"  
  
"You like?" asked Sandy. "Good because my teacher wants me to use the full- frontal torso shot in our final show ... that's my news. Is it OK?"  
  
"I dunno," I said, "what did people in your class think?"  
  
"They all loved the prints, and all wanted to know who the model was. Don't worry I didn't tell. I could tell that Brandon was especially impressed."  
  
"Aren't you worried he's going to want me more than you?" I teased. Brandon was the hunk of Sandy's photography class. She had shown me nude photos she had taken of him when he posed for them as a group, and I must admit he had made up my fantasy in several sessions with my vibrator. Sandy had also served as Brandon's model in the assignment just completed, after which she had fucked him silly (and vice-versa).   
  
"Not to worry," she smiled, "I adore his cock -- and will take it as many times and in as many ways as I can get it -- but he's definitely not my type as a boyfriend. Fuck buddy, yes, relationship, no. Besides, even if you meet him, the way you dress he won't even know it's you in the picture. Anyway, can I use the shot in the show ... please?"  
  
As Sandy said this, she sat down next to me on the couch, and started caressing my breasts. As her hand slid down my tummy, I sighed "OK" and turned to kiss her.   
  
Afterwards, when we returned to our studying, I kept looking at the two photos showing my face. "Yes," I thought, "I really want to get to know this person better."

**Chapter 3**  
Over the next several weeks, I made several subtle but, to me, major changes in my approach to my body and sexuality. At swim team practices, I started wearing a bikini-style workout suit, rather than a one-piece; clingy tank tops and shorter shorts or miniskirts replaced my usual baggy t-shirts and cargo shorts; and I even put in a couple of appearances on our dorm's sun deck in a newly-acquired thong bikini. I must say, these changes received substantial positive reinforcement in the form of increased male attention. While I always enjoyed sex with Sandy, ever since I saw the photos of myself, and as I anticipated anyone on campus being able to see my nude body in the art show, I really needed a cock. Always before, I needed to be in a relationship before I slept with a guy; a week or after I posed for Sandy, I had my first one night stand.  
  
Sandy had talked me into going to a bar in town with her. She also persuaded me to wear a clingy midriff-baring tank top and jeans (the same outfit she was wearing). Given my newfound wardrobe and confidence from the nude pictures, I was much more comfortable walking into a bar dressed like that than I ever would have been before. Even so, when Sandy pointed out a couple of guys she knew, I was still way too shy to walk over and introduced myself. Fortunately, the guys saved us the trouble, and before I knew it, Sandy and I were back in the guys' apartment. As I undid Mike's belt, and pulled down his pants, I though how nice it was just to be able to fuck someone without worrying about all the BS of a relationship. It was a revelation to me that sex with a guy could be just that "sex," and I thoroughly enjoyed myself.  
  
About a week later the final show for Sandy's photography class opened. I went to the reception with Sandy. I wore a strapless tube dress that showed off my muscular shoulders and accentuated my cleavage. When we walked into the gallery, I was stunned to see that the centerpieces of the show were a huge blow up of Sandy's photo of my nude torso, right next to an almost identical pose of one of the most gorgeous male torsos I'd ever seen.   
  
"The guy is Brandon," Sandy explained (I had already figured that out from the photos I had seed before), "my instructor took that shot to complement mine of you."  
  
Then she laughed, "She agrees with me that the two of you look good together."   
  
I giggled as well. "I'd sure like to find out in person."  
  
"Maybe we can work something out," said an older woman who had come up behind us.  
  
"Hi, I'm Joanne, the professor for this course. You must be the model," she said nodding toward the photograph.  
  
I spun on Sandy, "You swore you wouldn't tell!"  
  
"Don't worry," said Joanne, "she didn't. Its just pretty easy to tell looking at you and comparing your shoulders and breasts to the photograph."   
  
I blushed crimson.  
  
"Believe me, dear, you have nothing to be ashamed about. I've worked with a lot of models, some of whom have made it big in the adult industry, and most of them can't hold a candle to you. Now that I can see your face, that's even more true."  
  
I blushed again and managed to stammer out "thanks."  
  
"So," Joanne asked, "how does it feel to have every pair of eyes that walk through this gallery looking at your nude body."  
  
My blush deepened, but I also felt the beginning of a tingle between my legs. "I hadn't really thought about it before," I answered, "but the more I do, the more I like it. Its quite a turn on."  
  
"Would you like to experience it some more?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Well," Joanne explained, "tomorrow a number of us from the class are going to hike up into the mountains for a bit more free form photographic exploration of the human form in nature. Its purely for fun, and doesn't count toward the class. Brandon, whose torso is next to yours up there, is going to be our male model, and I had planned to ask Sandy to pose as well, but if you'd be available ..."  
  
She let the question hang.  
  
I thought about how much I loved the attention my photo was receiving, and how I masturbated almost every day while looking at the pictures of myself including my face. I also thought about how much I wanted the people in that room to know that picture was of me; that I was that incredibly hot, sexual, powerful woman.   
  
"I assume this would be nude."  
  
"Absolutely," Joanne replied, "and we would have to be able to shoot your face, but in terms of the poses, you'd only have to do what you're comfortable with."  
  
I turned to Sandy, "Would you be bummed if I posed?" I asked. "I wouldn't want to steal your thunder."  
  
"Not at all," Sandy replied, "as much as I like showing off, watching you come out of your shell the last coupe of weeks has been the biggest turn on for me. I'd love to see you pose for a bunch of strangers."  
  
That did it. The thought of getting naked in the great outdoors in front of a group of people I barely knew, just about made me cum on the spot. "My, how I've changed in just a couple of weeks," I thought. But, my native caution still came forward.  
  
"How would the pictures be used?" I asked.  
  
"The students could use them only for developing their own portfolios," Joanne explained. "As Sandy may have told you, I have a professional studio in town. If the pictures turn out well, I may want to use them in my commercial work, but I can't do so unless the models sign releases. I won't ask you to do that until you see the pictures, and I explain how I would like to use them, if at all. So, you see, you have complete control over your images. Also, if you decide not to go through with it, Sandy can step in for you. You're in charge."  
  
My body was all a-tingle. "OK, I'm in and I can't wait! What should I do to be ready?"  
  
"Well," Joanne said, "we're leaving tomorrow from the art building at 7:00 AM. Bring what you need for the trail, water, a light lunch, that kind of thing, but we'll have others carry it for you so you don't get backpack strap marks on you. Also, wear loose fitting clothes, preferably without underwear, so you don't get any of those strap marks on you either. Oh, yeah, some advice from my own modeling experience: don't cum tonight, I find holding off gives me a bit more sexual tension to my look."  
  
"I could cum right now just thinking about it," I admitted, "but I'll try to hold off."  
  
"You're going to do great, Julie, I can tell," Joanne said as she leaned into me and shocked me with a very nice open mouth kiss.  
  
When we got back to our room, I asked Sandy about Joanne's professional work and modeling experience. Each of the students in the class had been given access to Joanne's website, and we logged on and looked at her work. Almost all of it was nude and erotic. After we reviewed some of the solo models -- both male and female -- the former often sporting beautiful hard-ons -- we switched to the hardcore area, which showed all forms of girl/girl, boy/girl and group action. Even more interesting, were the photos of Joanne herself at various ages, and engaged in all sorts of sex acts. She was a beautiful woman, and I really admired her ability to show her own sexuality as well as highlight that of others from behind the camera. Would she ask me to pose like that? Would I do it? Tomorrow would be a very interesting day indeed.

**Chapter 4**  
The next morning dawned clear and bright, with the promise of a warm day in the mountains. Perfect, I thought, for spending the day naked outdoors. As instructed by Joanne, I dressed in my formerly-traditional baggy t-shirt, and a pair of cut off sweatpants that I tied loosely around my hips. Because of the morning chill, I also pulled on a baggy sweatshirt. Also as Joanne had advised, I did not wear any underwear -- a new experience for me. I packed my hairbrush, makeup water bottle, and some power bars in Sandy's backpack and we headed over to the art building.

In the parking lot, I those of Sandy's classmates who were joining this extracurricular field trip -- including, finally, Brandon. Even in his own baggy sweatshirt and board shorts, he was quite a specimen. I'm about 5' 8", and have a swimmer's muscular build, but I felt petite next to Brandon's 6'4" frame and broad shoulders. He told me how much he had enjoyed looking at Sandy's photos of me, and I complemented him on those I had seen of him. At that point, Joanne pulled up in a borrowed school van, and we all piled in.  
  
There were twelve of us all told: Joanne, Sandy, me and two other girls, and six guys in addition to Brandon. I wound up sitting with in the front with the other girls, while the guys all piled in the back seats and promptly sacked out. During the hour long ride, Mary and Lauren (the two women I hadn't met before) told me how beautiful they thought I was, what a great body they thought I had, and how they wished they had the guts to do what I was about to do.  
  
I replied, "I hope I have the guts. I've never done this in front of a group before, only Sandy. So if I chicken out, maybe one of you will get your chance."  
  
"That's only if I chicken out too," chimed in Sandy, "or maybe we can give the boys a treat and all get naked for them!"  
  
"Sounds good to me!" came a now wide awake male voice from the back seat.   
  
Amid the laughter, Joanne called out in an amused voice, "now, now, children, this is a professional operation. Brandon, Julie, and maybe Sandy are the models. The rest of us are here to do a job. As sexy as a shoot like this can be, it's takes a lot of concentration and work to get really good images."  
  
A short while later we reached the trail head. Everyone except Brandon and me loaded up the camera equipment, food and water, and we stared on the three mile hike to the boulder field Joanne wanted to use as a setting for the shoot. Since Brandon and I were unencumbered by backpacks and equipment, we walked ahead. Because I have large breasts, I had rarely gone braless, and I must admit I found the feeling of my breasts swinging freely, and my nipples rubbing against the soft fabric of my t-shirt, quite sexy.   
  
After we were about a mile out, the sun broke over the mountains and it started to get warm. Brandon stripped off his sweatshirt, and I was rewarded with my first in-person look at his well developed build. I took my sweatshirt off as well, and noted Brandon's slight frown of disappointment at the baggy t-shirt I had on underneath.  
  
"Don't worry," I teased, "you'll get to see soon enough. And I'll have the same privilege, stud," I said giving Brandon a playful caress on his ass. I never would have been so bold even two weeks ago, yet here I was acting like a perfect slut.  
  
"Not yet, you two, not yet!" called Joanne as she and the others caught up with us.  
  
They, too had paused to remove their heavier outer clothes now that hit had become warm. All of the guys had stripped their shirts off, and the girls were clad either in bikini tops or sports bras above their shorts. Even Joanne, was wearing a cropped semi-sheet tank top, that showed her beautiful -- if surgically enhanced -- forty-something breasts. That left me, in my shirt and shorts the most covered-up person there -- something that wouldn't have been unusual before Sandy took those photos, but was quite ironic now.   
  
As we walked the rest of the way, I asked how Brandon has got into the nude modeling gig. It turns out he had always been into art. His parents were nudists, so he had grown up without clothes a lot of the time. Once it became obvious that his naked body had a certain artistic appeal, he explained, it seemed a natural fit to start posing for art classes. It helped him pay for school, plus, he said with a gleam in his eye, it didn't hurt his sex life either.  
  
"Where do you want to go with this?" I asked.  
  
"Well," he replied, "painting is really my thing -- I'm a visual arts major -- so I'll only do this as long as it pays the bills. Also, I don't want to be known as a pretty body who paints, so I'll quit if this seems to be getting in the way of my career as an artist. How about you?"  
  
"I haven't really thought about it," I answered truthfully, "mainly because I haven't experienced it yet. Hell, I don't even know how I'll feel posing for all of you. I'm a history major, and I'm not sure where that will take me, so I guess I'm open to anything."  
  
We reached the boulder field Joanne had described and sat down to wait.   
  
"What types of poses do you think Joanne is expecting today?" I asked. "I mean this isn't part of the class, and I've seen her work on line ..."  
  
"I don't think she expecting anything beyond us getting naked and doing solo poses," Brandon answered, "but I think she would like it if we were willing to go a bit farther ..."  
  
"How far are you willing to go?"  
  
Brandon said, "Joanne is such an incredible erotic artist, that when I got the chance to work with and learn from her, I decided to do whatever she wanted. In addition to posing for the class, I've done a couple of solo shoots with her -- shots like they have in "Playgirl Magazine," that kind of thing. Last week, she and I also did a hardcore MILF video scene together for someone she works with. So, for me its pretty much no holds barred. The real question today is how far are YOU willing to go?"  
  
"I really don't know," I answered, "this whole thing is so new to me. Until Sandy took those pictures of me, I was so shy about my body. I'd never even had a one-night-stand until a week ago, so even though I think you're incredibly hot, and I've been fantasizing about what we might happen today ever since Joanne asked me to pose, I just don't know how I'll feel when it actually happens."  
  
"That's cool," Brandon reassured me. "Just for the record though, I think you're incredibly hot too, and I really hope you get into this."  
  
I blushed at the compliment, and stared at my feet, even as I felt my nipples tighten. He started to step toward me, but right then the others burst into the boulder field, which was probably just as well for the day's work, because I most likely would have fucked Brandon on the spot.  
  
As the other's set up tripods and pulled out portable light reflectors, Joanne explained how the day would work.  
  
"As I've told you all, today is fairly free form. Basically, Brandon and Julie will be available as our models. Sandy has volunteered to act as a backup. They will be fully nude when posing. We'll take turns asking for poses. If either of them isn't comfortable with what's requested, they can say 'no' and that's that. There will be no pressure on either of them."  
  
"Are there any restrictions on the poses we can ask for?" queried Lauren.  
  
"None at all answered Joanne. However, since its only a couple hours before lunch, lets let them get comfortable by posing solo only until then. If everybody's ready, Brandon, why don't you go first?"  
  
"Sure." Brandon had been gathering his own photo equipment -- he was a student in the class, after all -- but he put it down under a tree, took a swig from a bottle of water, and dropped his loose fitting shorts. I gasped when I finally saw the full package in person. Brandon was built like a classical Greek statue, except with a much larger penis. His torso was shaved completely bare, except for his armpits, and a small tuft of pubic hair above his cock. That beautiful instrument hung down almost straight in front of his large balls. It seemed to be about 7" flaccid, perfectly proportioned, in my eyes, to his muscular frame. While artists usually aren't my type, I had no problem with the idea of playing with this body.  
  
As Brandon walked over to the one of the rocks for his first pose (he wore his hiking shoes until he got there, then took them off and stood on a hidden pad that Joanne had brought -- something I needed to remember when my turn came), I started unconsciously rubbing myself through my clothes. I walked over to the photographers and stood just behind Sandy and Joanne.   
  
"Gorgeous, isn't he?" murmured Sandy, "and he more that lives up to his looks when its time for action."  
  
"Mmmm, hmmm" agreed Joanne emphatically.  
  
The two photographers exchanged lascivious smiles.  
  
I stood quietly behind the photographers while they put Brandon through his paces. I just couldn't believe how hot he was. At first, the poses were pretty innocuous: asking him to flex in different positions and that kind of thing. Given his rock-hard body, the boulder field served as a perfect backdrop. Sandy, as was her won't was shooting in black and white using a medium format camera. When her turn came, she asked Brandon to kneel down in front of a fairly rectangular rock, and place his hands behind his head. This had the effect of accentuating his cock as it hung between his legs.   
  
"Nice pose," commented Mary.  
  
"I agree," said Joanne, whose turn was next. "Brandon, could you please give yourself a couple of strokes to make you cock a little longer?"  
  
I was amazed -- as were the other girls -- when Brandon complied without a word. As I watched the now somewhat-engorged member, I got more and more turned on.  
  
It was now Bob's turn. He said, "Look, all of us are straight, and you women know what looks good to you with a male model, so we'll just follow your lead until its Julie's turn."  
  
"That's fine," said Joanne, "it can be hard -- pardon the pun -- for a guy to shoot erotic photos of another guy. OK, girls, its up to us."  
  
Mary was up: "Brandon, there's a flat rock over there in front of that vertical one. Could you please lie on that and, if its OK, get a hard on?" As soon as this was out of her mouth, she blushed and looked away.  
  
Brandon was quick to reassure her. "Hey no problem Mary, I'd be happy to. Joanne, did you bring any lube?"  
  
"Yep," she replied. "Julie, its in my backpack. Could you please take it to Brandon?"  
  
"Happily," I answered. I rooted through Joanne's backpack -- noting a box of condoms as I did -- found the tube of lubricant, and walked over to where Brandon was reclining against the rock idly stroking his cock.  
  
"You like?" he asked as I handed him the tube.  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
I stood in front of him watching as he dolled some of the lubricant into his palm, and began sliding his hand up and down the full length of his shaft.   
  
"Does watching turn you on?"  
  
"Absolutely," I answered again.  
  
"Well that's some inspiration," he grinned. "How about a little flash to really get me going?"  
  
I laughed. "You're just going to have to use your imagination, big boy ... for now." I turned my back to Brandon, then half turned back, gave him a coquettish wink, and mooned him. With that I walked back to my watching post swaying my hips as best I could.  
  
Whether it was a glimpse of my ass, my walk, or some fantasy in his mind, by the time I turned back around, Brandon was sporting an astounding erection. It had to be 10" long and very thick. As I stared, the clicks of shutters reminded me that this wasn't just for my show.  
  
Lauren used her turn to have Brandon pump his cock with both fists. She was followed by Sandy, who had him leaning back on his knees with his erection pointing to the sky. As I watched these different poses, my hand slid inside my shorts, and I slid two fingers inside my soaking hole. I noticed that the other women were doing the same. But Joanne stopped me.  
  
"Not yet, Julie." she said over he shoulder. "Save that energy and channel it into your own poses."  
  
Brandon had had a hard-on for almost half an hour, and Joanne now decided it was time to give him some relief.  
  
"OK, babe, she said. Lean against that tree trunk over there and jack yourself to completion. Just let me know when you're about to cum so I can get the action shots."  
  
"Sure thing," he said as he changed positions. We all watched awestruck -- even the guys -- as Brandon leaned back and stroked his engorged member at an ever quickening pace. He closed his eyes and said, "now."  
  
As motor drives whirred away, Brandon's butt tightened, he moaned, and shot huge gobs of cum into the air and onto his chest.   
  
"How was that?" he smiled at the group of photographers.   
  
"Perfect" said Joanne and Sandy together.  
  
"Well, I, for one am very turned on," said Lauren.  
  
"As am I," I echoed.  
  
"Good," Brandon said smiling at me, "because I was trying to imagine the show you're about to put on to make myself cum."  
  
Oh shit. The show I was about to put on. As much as I loved being this hunk's fantasy, his finish meant it was now my turn to pose, and that made me a little queasy. On the other hand, I had been eagerly anticipating this moment ever since the reception the night before, and if I was honest with myself, I had been fantasizing about it ever since I saw Sandy's photos of me.   
  
"Julie, are you ready to go?" asked Joanne, as Brandon slipped on his shoes and went over to the nearby stream to clean himself off.  
  
"Just let me brush my hair," I stalled, rooting through Sandy's backpack for my hairbrush.  
  
As I started brushing, trying to calm my nerves, Joanne called over in very business like tone, "July, after your finished, why don't you bring the brush over with you; we may want you to change your hair for different poses."  
  
Those instructions snapped me out of my nervous reverie. Yes, this was all very erotic and completely new to me, but these people were also artists, and I was there to be a model. So, I needed to get the job done. That idea has always been a motivator for me -- which probably explains my success in swimming and my 4.0 GPA -- so I finished brushing my hair, tossed it back, took two deep breaths, and facing away from the others stripped off my t-shirt. The fresh air washing over my breasts (I had never been topless outside before) felt wonderful, and reminded me if my sexually-actuated motivation for doing this. I quickly united the drawstring on my cutoff sweatpants, dropped them to the ground, and slid them over my hiking shoes.   
  
"OK, babe," I said to myself, "let's really do this. Let's go be a sex goddess."  
  
With a half-smile on my face from the idea of the shy old me wanting this type of attention, I turned around, and walked naked over to the assembled photographers.

**Chapter 5**  
My knees felt like they would collapse with every step I took, but the feel of the air on my bare body gave me an ongoing surge of sexual energy that overcame my nervousness.   
  
As I approached the large boulder that would serve as a backdrop for my first pose, Sandy exclaimed, "Julie, you look absolutely awesome."  
  
"You go girl." agreed Lauren. I also heard a couple of muffled whistles from the guys -- none of which hurt my confidence.  
  
Even so, my stomach was still doing somersaults when I took my place in front of the boulder, took off my hiking shoes, and stepped on the pad Joanne had brought. Now I was as naked as the day I was born, in front of a group of people I barely knew who were about to take my picture. Wow!   
  
Joanne could probably see my nerves were overtaking me, and she was at once encouraging and professional: "Julie, you look fantastic, and I think you will do great, but let's keep things simple at first. Stan, with that in mind, its your turn to name the first pose."  
  
"Actually, Julie," Stan said picking up on Joanne's businesslike tone, "would you mind putting your hair up in a bun so we can do some pure physique shots?"  
  
Sandy handed me my brush, and I curled my long hair -- it normally comes down to the middle of my back -- on top of my head. Stan had me turn around facing the boulder and do a typical muscle man flex. Even though I couldn't see the cameras, the first click of the shutters was like an electric shock through my body. I can't explain the exact change, but looking back, I know that from that moment on I was hooked.  
  
The other guys went in turns next, sticking with the theme of accentuating my muscular build. The shots were mostly dorsal and side; nothing full-frontal. When Mary's turn came, she suggested what turned out to be one of my favorite poses of that first session. Rather than use the boulders as background, Mary had me kneel in a small meadow nearby. My knees were pressed demurely together, and my arched back accentuated the swell of my breasts.   
  
"OK, Julie," Mary said, "raise one palm flat and pretend you are kissing a butterfly. I'll add a butterfly to the image digitally later."   
  
I did as I was told, getting into the whole wood nymph fantasy.  
  
"OK, Brandon, its your turn." Joanne instructed. I hadn't notice Brandon return from cleaning-up, and had almost forgotten he was one of the photography students. When I looked over, I was pleasantly surprised to see that, other than his shoes, he hadn't bothered to put on any clothes.  
  
"Well, what I'd like to see," he intoned, "is you on top of that flat rock over there in that pose you did for Sandy in the photo next to mine in the show."  
  
"Well, how can I say 'no" to a man dressed as well as you," I teased, "and climbed up on the rock. Once on top, I spread my legs to shoulder width, placed my hands on my hips, and looked Brandon straight in the eye. Then I let my eyes drop to his cock, and smiled. The shutters went of in quick succession. Lauren had me do the same pose, but with my head tossed back. Then it was Sandy's turn.  
  
"OK," she said, "Julie, why don't you sit on the edge of that rock, and spread your legs."  
  
I assumed the pose my roommate requested.  
  
"Good, now point you toes, and lean your left elbow on your left knee."  
  
Again, I complied.  
  
"Now, give me a look that tells me what you really want right now."  
  
Of course, that was sex, and I deployed my idea of a "come here and fuck me now expression."  
  
It seemed to please my audience, as the click and whir of shutters continued for several moments.  
  
"How are you doing, Julie?" inquired Joanne.  
  
"Loving every minute of it," I replied truthfully.  
  
"Are you willing to be a bit more explicit?"  
  
"Sure. I guess."  
  
"OK, then, for my turn, I want you to sit up straight facing us, spread your legs wide, keep your toes pointed, and reach down and pull your pussy lips apart."  
  
I'm sure Joanne could see the shudder of pleasure ripple through my body as I complied with her request. As I looked at my audience, I could see that the guys' shorts were becoming tighter, and also noticed a very pleasant increase in the size of Brandon's bare penis.  
  
We went through another round of poses. It was funny, all of the guys except Brandon seemed to be too intimidated to ask me to ratchet things up to the next stage, so I did mostly split-beaver shots for them. Brandon, on the other hand, was ready to kick it up a notch, and had me fondle one nipple, while I pushed two fingers on the other hand into my cunt -- something that was fairly easy because I was totally soaked. Mary picked up on this theme, and had me lick the pussy juice from my fingers. Lauren got a little more creative, and asked if I could lick my own nipples. I can, and I did, increasingly turned on my all of the eyes -- mechanical and human -- watching me.  
  
Sandy, who was next, took mercy on me: "Julie, you look like you're ready to cum," she stated.  
  
I nodded emphatically.  
  
Joanne chimed in: "that's fine with me, Julie, if you're comfortable with it, why don't you lie down on that ground cloth, and we'll gather round and shoot while you bring yourself off."  
  
At this point, I was well beyond caring who saw me or what they saw. I just needed release. So I did as Joanne suggested, lay down in the middle of a circle of photographers, and started plunging three fingers of one hand in and out of my hole, while the other hand frigged my clit. After about three minutes, I felt my muscles start to tighten, "oh my God, I'm cummmming," I moaned. As the orgasm rocketed through my body, I arched my back in a way that Joanne, who had lain down at ground level, captured perfectly on her camera's memory card.

As my orgasm subsided, I became aware of the still-clicking shutters. Still caressing myself lightly, I opened my eyes and smiled up at the circle of lenses. I especially noticed Brandon's cock, which was once-again rock hard.  
  
"Thank you for the compliment," I purred looking him straight in the eye.  
  
"Thank you for the show," he answered without breaking the gaze.  
  
As Sandy helped me to my feet, Joanne said, "Julie that was incredible. Ever since I saw Sandy's pictures of you, I knew you'd be good at this. How do you feel about it now that you've cum?"  
  
"Like I want more," I replied. "That was the most erotic feeling I've ever had in my life."  
  
With that, I took a towel, slipped on my shoes, and walked down to the stream to clean off.  
  
When I got back from the stream, the group had gathered in a circle for lunch. Following Brandon's example, I didn't bother with any clothes, but simply sat down between Sandy and Joanne. While the sexual tension had diminished somewhat in the interim after my performance, it still underlay most of the conversation as the students quizzed Joanne about her work in the adult industry.  
  
Not wanting to get bloated with food before the afternoon modeling session, I ate a power bar, drank some water, and wandered off a few yards to stretch out in the sun. Brandon also at a light lunch, and came over to lie beside me. We lay on our stomachs, just chatting about art, our backgrounds, beliefs, and anything at all -- except sex. While we clearly weren't meant for each other, I knew I could trust Brandon, and that made me comfortable as I anticipated what the afternoon might bring.  
  
"OK, you two, time to get back to work!" called Joanne.  
  
"Why don't we get a group shot before we start?" asked Mary. So, she set up her camera on a tripod, and activated the self timer. The result, while not a work of true art, is one of my favorite mementos of that first experience. There Brandon and I are, fully nude, in the middle of a group of clothed people. Every time I look at it, I just love the exhibitionistic thrill it gives me.  
  
"Do you guys feel comfortable posing together?" inquired Joanne.  
  
"I suppose I could suffer through it," I replied, smiling at Brandon.  
  
"I'm game," he said.  
  
"OK then," instructed Joanne, "let's keep it tame at first, so no touching poses for the first couple of rounds."  
  
In compliance, the photographers stuck with physique poses. At first, these had us standing apart, mirroring each other's poses. When it was Sandy's turn, she had us stand in front of each other to juxtapose our bodies, and the others picked up on that theme. I really enjoyed being able to watch Brandon's body at such close range, and was surprise that I felt no self-consciousness knowing that he was watching me, too. My favorite shot from this sequence was one of Sandy's where she had Brandon face the camera making a typical muscle man flex. I stood directly in front of him, facing him and mirroring the pose. The contrast between our sizes, his fair hair, and my dark, his well-developed chest, and my muscular back is a real work of art. Little did Sandy know that, in order for me to stand close enough to Brandon, my nipples were brushing his chest -- something that certainly helped put me in the mood for what was coming.  
  
"Can we ask them to touch, now?" inquired Mark, who was next up.  
  
After verifying that we -- especially me -- were comfortable with that, Joanne gave her permission, but with the admonition that nothing be too overtly sexual, yet. So we did a number of poses with me curled over Brandon's back as he knelt, or standing back to back. I loved the feeling of our body's touching, and was becoming increasingly turned on by the sensation. Sandy, as usual, was a bit bolder than the others -- probably because she knew us both intimately. She had Brandon put his arms around my waste and pull me close, while I put my arms around his neck and we gazed into each others eyes. The result was a complete profile shot of both of us, but not showing anything because out bodies were mashed together. As we held each other, I could feel Brandon's cock start to stir, even as my own body responded. I continued to marvel at my comfort level with all of this.  
  
I think Joanne could sense I was ready to take it all the way, so for her turn, she had me stand in front of Brandon and reach back to place my arms around his neck.   
  
"Julie, is it OK if Brandon touches your Breasts," she asked.  
  
I had a brief moment of nervousness, but nodded.  
  
"OK, Brandon, reach around and cup on breast in each hand. Good"  
  
Brandon's touch sent electric shockwaves through my body and I pushed my ass back to feel his still-flaccid cock between my cheeks. I looked over at the photographers, felt myself light up with sexual energy as the shutter started clicking. I was loving this.  
  
Joanne could see I was ready. "Are you guys ready to give us free rein?" She asked.  
  
I held the pose and ground my ass into Brandon's cock. "I'm game if you are," I purred.  
  
"Ready." He said.  
  
As I stepped away from Brandon, it was obvious that my grinding was having an effect.  
  
"Before Brandon gets too hard," chimed in Sandy, I have an Idea for a shot.   
  
Joanne said it was alright for her to go out of turn. Sandy had Brandon sit on one rock that was immediately in front of another vertical rock.   
  
"Julie," Sandy directed, "Stand over him and lean against the rock with your arms. Good. OK, Brandon, lean back on your arms, and start to lick her."  
  
Sandy knows how much I like oral, and I briefly turned around to give her a "thank you smile." Then I felt Brandon's tongue hit my clit. He lapped expertly for a while, and I quite got lost in the moment.  
  
"Julie, throw your head back."  
  
That brought me back to the fact that I had a job to do and an audience to do it for, but somehow, that added to the excitement. I managed to do as I was told, though it was hard to concentrate.   
  
Brandon continued to flick his tongue over my clit until Sandy Called out, "Brandon, put your tongue flat over he clit and hold it there; Julie, really arch your back and flex."  
  
Again, I did as I was told, and heard the shutters click. (I would learn as the afternoon progressed that still work involves a lot of starting and stopping.) Then Brandon resumed is wonderful attentions until the next call for a freeze. Much to the disappointment of my pussy, which was thoroughly enjoying itself, Joanne shortly informed us that it was time for the next pose.  
  
Mary went next because she, too, wanted some shots while Brandon's cock was still soft -- a state he was having an ever more difficult time maintaining. We walked hand in hand back to the flat rock where Mary had me pretend to kiss a butterfly during the morning. She had me assume the same pose, except that Brandon was standing in front of and facing me.  
  
"OK, Julie," Mary directed, "reach up both hands and cradle Brandon's cock and balls."  
  
Here it was, the moment of truth. To this point, I had not done anything overtly sexual (with Brandon) with my face showing. I could still plausibly deny that I had not done any hardcore poses, and there was no pictorial record to the contrary. If I went ahead and started playing with this guy's dick, these people would take pictures of it, and I had to assume that, despite Joanne's protections, they would get out. Most likely, my reputation would be changed forever by this one act. I thought back to my traditional shyness; always playing it safe and not calling attention to myself. Then I thought about how empowered I felt looking at my photos in the student exhibit, and how glorious it felt masturbating in front of the group that morning. I decided that this is what I wanted; in addition to my other qualities, I was a sexual being and proud of it. Moreover, I knew now, I was an exhibitionist who reveled in this kind of attention. Smiling up at Brandon, I cupped his balls in one hand, and held his beautiful cock in the palm of the other.  
  
Click, went the cameras.  
  
"Now, do the same butterfly kiss, only this time kiss the tip of his cock." Mary was still directing.  
  
I leaned forward, and gave it the sweetest kiss I could muster. As I did so, I could feel Brandon's manhood start to fill with blood in my palm.  
  
He turned to the group and sad, "I'm not going to be able to ignore this much longer.  
  
"Alright," said Mark, "Julie, why don't you stay in that position and do whatever you like to make Brandon hard. We'll just take action shots."  
  
"Yes, sir," I smiled. Then, as I started to pump my hand up and down Brandon's shaft, I smiled up at him and asked, "That OK with you?"  
  
He just returned my smile and nodded.  
  
Holding his gaze, I started slowly pumping my hand up and down the length of his growing penis. As it became semi hard, I held it up and ran my tongue from his balls all the way up to the tip, before engulfing the head in my mouth. Brandon's cock was the biggest I had ever encountered (to that point) in person, but somehow I managed to relax, and let it slide down my throat (deep throating has always come naturally to me). Brandon gasped with pleasure, and I heard one of the guy photographers say "Holy shit."  
  
I slid Brandon's now very hard dick out of my mouth and gave the group a wicked smile that said, "I am loving this." Then, I returned to my ministrations.  
  
Rob was next and posed us using the mountains as a backdrop. In these photos, Brandon is lying back, and I am kneeling between his legs giving him head. My sloped back and scissored legs mimic the mountain skyline, and the images are very artistic. We did several more poses with various forms of oral sex, 69 position, etc. We even did some where Brandon held me up in his powerful arms while we engaged in a standing 69!  
  
I was more turned on than I had ever been in my life. It wasn't just the sex -- because, as hot as Brandon was, it was sort of herky-jerky what with all of the changing poses and pausing for stops and starts -- but, rather, it was the exhibitionism. I really got off on the fact that I was doing this in front of an audience, and that audience was interacting with Brandon and me as we got increasingly intimate with each other. I felt totally alive.  
  
I was also totally ready to get Brandon's cock into my pussy. Thankfully, Joanne took mercy on me and said, "Well, I know what I'd like to do with Brandon right now, and judging from the front of the guys' shorts, I know what they'd like to do to you, Julie, but since it would be unprofessional for us to do that (mock groans from the others), let's watch the two of you do it!" With that, Joanne tossed me a condom from her bag.  
  
I batted my eyelashes at Brandon as I unrolled it onto his cock. "Why, sir, I don't know what she could mean," I purred in my best southern accent.  
  
Brandon picked up the idea, and gave me his most formal bow (something quite comical given that his huge erection was sticking out in front of him). "Ma'am, may I have the honor of this -- ahem -- dance?"  
  
"I would be truly honored, sir," I replied, demurely taking his hand.  
  
Following Joanne's instructions, Brandon led me over to a nearby tree. I grabbed the trunk, spread my legs and presented my shapely ass to him. Standing behind me, we did several shots with Brandon's cock just at the entrance to my pussy. I thought I would scream I wanted him to ram it home so bad. Finally, the photographers relented, and Brandon slowly slid his member into me. I was so wet, it slipped in easily, and I pushed back against Brandon in order to take it all. I had never had a cock that big, but it felt exquisite. As we fucked, Brandon would take several strokes and pause to allow those with slower cameras to get their shots. Each time, I got close to cumming, but didn't get there before the pause. As a result, I was having trouble concentrating on the poses requested by our audience. Joanne asked if I was alright.  
  
"Yeah" I panted, "I ... just ... really ... need ... to ... cum ..."  
  
Joanne smiled. "I understand entirely, guys we're going to do some action shots until Julie resolves her little problem. Then, we'll return to more structured poses."  
  
With that Joanne nodded toward us, and Brandon started really fucking me hard. As he did, I fucked right back letting out low animal grunts until ...  
  
"Yessssssssssss." One of the best orgasms of my life washed over me. As the spasms wracked my body, Brandon's grip tightened on my hips, holding them still.  
  
"You nearly brought me with you," he whispered. "I've never seen -- or felt -- a woman cum like that in one of these shoots. That was incredibly hot!"  
  
"Thanks," I panted, as we stood still, me catching my breath, and Brandon trying to regain control of himself.  
  
"Julie, that was really something. Would you like to take a break?" Joanne inquired.  
  
"No, no," I replied, still panting. "If Brandon's OK with it, I'd love to keep going, just give me a minute to calm down."  
  
Slowly, I regained my composure, still fully enjoying the feeling of Brandon's cock in my pussy. After a few minutes, I turned and smiled back at him.  
  
"Ready?"  
  
"Ready."  
  
"OK," said Joanne. "Let's do a few more shots like this, and then we can try some other positions."  
  
And try other positions we did. In fact you name it, we did it. One image that really sticks out to me shows me on top with the mountains in the background. I was sitting up while Brandon reclined on a rock, and the looks on our faces make it look like a nice comfortable lovemaking session in the great outdoors. Another favorite, a black and white by Sandy, has Brandon standing and holding me up. I am clinging to him, with my arms wrapped around his neck, and we are passionately kissing. You can see the curve of his cock as it slides in and out of my pussy. Sandy used the light and the black and white medium to emphasize both of our muscular physiques, so it looks like a pair of bronze Greek statues having sex. My absolute favorite, though and, for me, the symbol of the day, is a pose that was captured in different ways by all of the photographers. I am riding Brandon in a reverse-cowgirl position. You can clearly see Brandon's cock about three-fourths of the way into my pussy. I have my hands behind my head, and am looking straight at the camera (in Sandy and Joanne's shots). I have a half smile on my face, and my confident look says: "I am an exhibitionist slut, and I love it." Yes, this was the new me.  
  
Finally, Brandon said, "Joanne, I can't hold out much longer. How do you want to do the pop?"  
  
I had been marveling at Brandon's stamina. At several points we had needed to pause so he could calm down after getting close, but he always rallied and kept going. (I later found out, this is the mark of a real pro.) Joanne turned the decision over to the group, and they agreed that I should kneel in front of Brandon and such and jerk him off until he came on my face and tits. That's exactly what we did, and when Brandon came, there was lots of it. I have two favorite shots from this sequence: one shows me kneeling at Brandon's feet, his cock in one hand, my face and chest covered by big spurts of jism, and beaming up at him as if I was the happiest girl in the world -- which I was. The other is a close up of my face, still covered in goo, with the tip of Brandon's cock in my mouth, and a hint of a smile playing about its corners.  
  
After Brandon came, the photographers applauded and thanked us enthusiastically. Brandon helped me to my feet, and we bowed. We grabbed our shoes, and wandered hand-in-hand down to the stream to get cleaned up. We helped rinse each other in the cold water and lay down on our towels to let the late-afternoon sun dry us.   
  
"Julie, you are incredible," Brandon said. "I've never seen anyone who enjoyed the exhibitionism of that kind of shoot the way you do. I mean I'm basically doing this to further my art career, but you're really into this."  
  
"Yeah, I am," I replied. "A few weeks ago, I never thought about doing anything like this, and the thought would have mortified me if I had. But, now, I feel like I've really discovered something about myself, and can't imagine not doing it." I propped myself on my elbow and looked at his body lying next to me. Teasingly, I started to trace his cock with my fingertips.  
  
"But when you say I'm really into this, that implies your not -- even with me?" I mock-pouted.  
  
Brandon smiled. "Not at all," he said, and pulled me toward him for a kiss. As we started getting more into things, we both heard noises from up the hill. I broke away.  
  
"Are they calling us?"  
  
"They're probably ready to head back," Brandon responded, "so we better head back. Maybe we can continue this tonight at my place?"  
  
"I'd like that."  
  
We wandered back up the hill -- still nude but for our shoes. When we go back to the others, we both started laughing.  
  
"Well, I guess we didn't need to hurry after all." Brandon smiled.  
  
"Looks like we had quite an effect on them," I replied.  
  
What met our eyes looked like a Roman orgy. No one had a stich of clothing on. Lauren was over on "our" rock riding one of the guys (who turned out to be her boyfriend) for all she was worth. Sandy and Joanne were next to each other in identical poses: each on her hands and knees being rammed from behind while sucking another cock. They seemed to by trying to match each other stroke for stroke. The most surprising, though, was Mary, who had seemed the shyest of the girls. She was engaged in a full blow DP! She was sitting on Mike's lap with his cock crammed up her ass, while Stan stood between both of their legs fucking away at her wet little pussy.   
  
As we looked around, I idly reached back and started stroking Brandon's fast-growing cock again.  
  
"Well," I smiled, "where were we?" And I dropped to my knees and took that marvelous instrument back into my mouth.

**Chapter 6**  
Several weeks after the shoot, I attended the grand opening of an exhibit of the photos resulting from our day in the mountains.   
  
Joanne had called me in after everyone had time to process their images to ask if I would consent to their being shown and/or sold -- consent that I readily gave when I saw how spectacular I looked with Brandon. Just looking at the pictures go me all turned on again.  
  
"You know, Julie," Joanne said in her most professional tone, "you're one of the most talented exhibitionists I've ever met. I mean, you really light up in front of the camera, and the more explicit the shot, the more you seem to like it. With that attitude and your looks, you could have a real future in this industry."  
  
Wow! A month or so ago, I wouldn't even show my midriff at swim practice, now here a renowned erotic photographer was suggesting I be a porn star. The most amazing thing was that I loved the idea. But even so, I hesitated.  
  
"Joanne, I'm so flattered that you think that. And right now, I really want to say yes, but I'm also really horny, so I want to go home, cum, and make sure my head and my pussy agree that this is a good idea."  
  
"It's a big step," Joanne agreed. "If you take this course, it will impact whatever you do the rest of your life. I definitely think you should sleep on it. Now, about your other problem, I'd love to help you with that ..."  
  
With that Joanne, came up behind me and started kissing my neck and rubbing my breasts. I certainly didn't have any problem with that! Within minutes we were happily lapping at each other's pussies in a lovely 69.  
  
Now, here Sandy and I were at the premier party looking, along with around 150 other people -- including several luminaries from the adult industry -- at pictures of Brandon and me in various solo and hardcore poses. For the event, I had worn one of my baggy old dresses over leggings and a floppy hat that partially covered my face.   
  
"Why are you wearing that?" Mary sidled up to us. "Its not like anyone here can't tell what your body looks like."

I laughed. "I know. I just wanted to be incognito a bit so that I could here people's reactions without them knowing I'm the model. Its really cool hearing strangers talk about how hot they think you are and how turned on they get by your pictures. I've even heard a couple of porn studs whose movies I've seen say how much they want to fuck me. That's a real turn on. By the way, I here you've found a summer job."  
  
"Indeed," replied Mary, who was anything but demure in a micro-mini dress with a neckline that plunged below her navel. "That day taking pictures of you and Brandon inspired me to try my hand at porn -- from the production end. Joanne was kind enough to give me a summer opportunity in her video operation. I'm surprised she didn't offer you a job."  
  
"Who says she didn't?" I smiled. I was about to elaborate on my decision when Joanne stepped to the front of the room and called for everyone's attention.  
  
"Good evening everyone," she began. "I want to thank you all for coming to this event. I hope these images will help you cum in other ways as well!" She went on to introduce all of the photography class members so they could be acknowledged for their work. She saved Sandy and Mary for last.  
  
"I'm please to announce," Joanne continued, "that two of the photographers here tonight will be joining my studio as summer interns this year. As is my usual practice, they will also model for me at least once so they get the feel of being in front of the camera."  
  
"Why, you little slut." I teased Mary as she stepped forward to be introduced. (I already knew that Sandy would be modeling as well as working as a still photographer.)  
  
"Like I said, you inspired me." A very poised Mary said over her shoulder as she walked to the front of the room to applause and wolf whistles.  
  
Joanne went on. "I have one more introduction to make, and a special announcement. Unfortunately, the male model you see in these images was unable to attend tonight, but I would like to introduce, Julie, the female model."   
  
I stepped forward and stood facing Sandy and Mary with my back to the applauding crowd.  
  
"And I'm very pleased to announce," Joanne concluded, "that Julie has agreed to be the first contract girl for my studio."  
  
With that, as Joanne, Sandy and I had rehearsed, I removed my hat and tossed my hair free. Then, I grabbed the hem of my form-hiding dress and slowly peeled it over my head to reveal the sheer black leggings that stopped just below the top of my butt crack and the gold lame string bikini top I wore underneath. I turned and beamed at the cheering crowd. Yes, this shy little girl was going to be a porn star, and I couldn't wait to get started.