**Betty's Photo Shoot**

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When I was at college, we had a magazine that was supposed to be "edgy" and dealt with lots of stuff about sex. That usually meant a couple of seniors writing sex advice columns and whatever, but sometimes they would also include pictures of sexy stuff, usually of models posing artistically and things like that. Of course, our college wasn't going to allow nudity in the magazine, so it was usually pretty tasteful.

Before the February issue came out, the magazine editor announced that it was going to have pictures of an actual student at our college. It was the first time this was going to happen, and because it was supposed to be a racy magazine rumors started flying that one girl at our college was going to be naked in it. Then rumors started flying that the girl was going to be Maggie Rogers, who was a cute girl who used to live down the hall from me in the all-girl dorm. When people asked her about it, she just smiled and said, "Maybe..."

But when the magazine finally came out, she wasn't naked. The pictures were pretty nice, though. They were mostly her wearing skimpy shirts and shorts, lying in a meadow or leaning over a railing in a log cabin. It definitely looked sexy but didn't make her out to be a sexpot or anything, just a cute girl.

I was looking at the issue while at the cafeteria with my boyfriend and some of our friends when one of the assistant editors to the magazine walked up. His name was Bobby, and it was no secret that he had a huge crush on me. He was cute in a nerdy way, but I wasn't interested, and anyway I already had a boyfriend.

"Hey, guys," he said. "Hey, Betty. You see the new issue?"

I kind of smiled. Poor Bobby was always just trying to talk to me. I said, "Yeah, I'm looking at it now. It looks really good! Maggie looks super cute."

Bobby said, "Yeah, we got a lot of interest in the issue and we're looking to build on that momentum and put out another issue with a student. You wouldn't be interested in posing, would you?"

I paused for a second and looked at my friends, who were raising their eyebrows in amusement. "Oh, I don't know, Bobby. I'm not really a model."

"Oh, I think you'd be a great model!" Bobby stammered, and then looked awkwardly at my boyfriend. "Er, okay, think about it. I'll talk to you later," and he hurried off.

Everyone at the table teased me a bit about Bobby, but then Samantha said, "You should totally do it, Betty. You've got a killer body!"

"Yeah, they take good photos. And you can totally show up Maggie," Christine said. I wouldn't mind that, I thought. I couldn't deny that I was getting a little jealous watching all the guys on campus ogle Maggie's photos.

I talked to my boyfriend about it later, and he didn't seem to mind. "Why should I care? It's not like you'll be showing anything off," he said. So I decided to do it. I called Bobby the next day and said I was in, as long as the pictures were tasteful. Bobby said they definitely would be and told me to show up at the campus studio on Wednesday and he gave a list of outfits to bring. A couple seemed a little risqué, like "tube top," but on the whole it was mostly stuff I wore during the summer anyway.

When I showed up to the studio, I met the photographer. He was a snooty "artist" who called himself Menday, which I guess was some pretentious French thing. He looked me up and down for a bit with a snobby look and then told me to get dressed.

We spent the next four hours taking shots. It was mostly the same poses that Maggie did, just in a studio space. We took breaks for me to dress in different outfits, but that was it. I had no idea how much work went into holding so many poses! By the end of the session I was exhausted. Still, I was pretty excited when Menday asked me to come back tomorrow to look at the shots. I wanted to see how they looked.

But when I showed up the next day, Menday met me at the door and said, "The session was a total failure." I was stunned and asked him what the heck he was talking about, and he took me into the photo room, where he had all my photos strewn around.

"None of those poses work for you. Do you see?" he said, pointing at my photos. I didn't know what he meant, but he was right. All of the photos looked a little weird, like I was uncomfortable or unnatural.

"But why?" I asked.

"Those idiots at your magazine wanted you to pose the way that other girl, Maggie, posed. But they only work for her because she has a cute face. They are poses for cute girls. But you are too sexy for these poses. Your poses must be more provocative. The photos must be more provocative."

I was a little flattered by what he said, but I was still upset. All that day's shooting for a total waste. I was about to say, "Oh, well," when he suddenly said, "So, let us get go, we have to do a whole new shoot in very little time."

"What?" I stammered. "I don't have time! I didn't even bring any outfits!"

"It is not a matter of outfits, silly girl!" he rolled his eyes at me. "It is how you pose in them! What you are wearing will be fine!"

I didn't think that was right, I was just wearing a thick sweater and some jeans. But before I could say anything he was already pushing me toward the studio room.

I walked in front of the camera and waited for him to direct me. He looked into the camera for a few seconds and then said, "What are you doing? Take that sweater off, you look terrible!"

How rude! I wanted to tell him off, but I knew he was right. The sweater was old and definitely not a sexy one. I gave him a nasty look and pulled it off. I was wearing a t-shirt underneath it, which he looked at skeptically and said, "Okay, let's go."

He started directing poses for me. Some of them were a little provocative and I wasn't sure I was too comfortable with it, but I wanted to have good pictures. I wouldn't have minded so much, but while I was posing with my chest thrust out and my back arched, the door suddenly opened and Bobby walked in. We both glanced at each other in surprise.

"Oh no, I thought the shoot was yesterday! We need the shots in an hour!" Bobby said.

Menday waved him away. "We have to redo the shoot. It is digital, so just sit down and wait for us to finish. Girl, take the shirt off."

I don't know whose mouth opened wider, mine or Bobby's. "But – but – I don't think –" I tried to get out.

"I am VERY BUSY today!" Menday almost shouted. I didn't know what to do. I was so shocked by his attitude, but I didn't want to appear like a prude, so I just kind of mumbled, "God, whatever," and pulled my shirt off.

I was glad that I had chosen today to wear my special sexy purple bra, which is lacy and I think really shows off my breasts, and it would look good in a photo. On the other hand, now I was wearing just a bra and jeans in front of a professional photographer who was taking high-def photos of me. Not to mention Bobby, who had a huge grin on his face as he got to see me in just a bra.

I swallowed my frustration and continued to pose as Menday ordered. Occasionally he would shout more insults at me, like "Try to be prettier!" or "Do you even know how to give a sexy look?!" Bobby chimed in once, saying, "I think you look really great, Betty!" but he shut up when I stared daggers at him.

Things got even worse during one pose when I was sitting down in a black chair with my legs spread wide, and Menday ordered me to shake my head so that my hair would fall around my shoulders in a sexy way. The shaking caused a bra strap to slip off my shoulder, exposing almost half of my left boob and almost the nipple. I moved to put it back on, but Menday cut me off. "Keep it off!"

"But –" I glanced helplessly at Bobby, who was just openly staring straight at my tits, squinting really hard to see my nipple. No way he was going to help me. I sighed and went back to posing. As I moved left and right, the other bra strap slid off, which just made matters worse. Now both my boobs were almost half-exposed, and you could even see the top of my nipples beginning to peek out of the cup. Could they really even use these photos in a college magazine?

But nothing prepared me for Menday's next order. "Alright, take off the bra and turn around," he said.

I was definitely going to draw the line there. I pulled my straps back up and stood up. "I am NOT going to show my breasts on camera!" I shouted at Menday, and then looked to Bobby. He looked very guilty, and kind of sad, like he realized that was going to be all he would get. Bobby opened his mouth to say something, but before he could say anything, Menday practically exploded in anger.

"Girl, I am NOT GOING TO TAKE any such photos! I was told there was no nudity in these photographs, so there will not be any nudity! You would understand that I am a professional and you would also behave like a professional, if you were anything besides a stupid silly girl!"

I was fuming at this asshole talking to me that way. But now I was so angry, I wasn't going to let him have the satisfaction of winning. I stared at him furiously for a few seconds, and then reached behind my back and unclasped my bra. I angrily pulled it off my breasts and threw it away. Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw Bobby's face go slack-jawed with awe as he now had a perfect look at my naked tits. I let him look for a brief second before I turned around like Menday wanted.

Menday didn't appear at all fazed. "Finally!" he said. "Now, grasp your breasts and turn your head back toward the camera."

He took a bunch of shots of my naked back, my head turned and staring angrily at him. He had me vary the pose a bit, and then told me to turn back around.

At this point it was sinking in that I was really topless right in front of a total stranger and a nerdy guy who had a total crush on me. But since they both had already seen my boobs, what did it matter? As long as no photos were taken, I thought, and turned around.

For the next half hour, Menday had me pose in a bunch of different ways, either with my top half exposed and me holding my hands over my breasts, or with my top half hidden underneath a block or something. I tried my best to keep my tits out of Bobby's view, but a bunch of times I had to shift position or my hands would slip and one or both boobs would pop out, to Bobby's obvious delight.

Finally Menday said, "Okay, we are just about done," and I gave a sigh of relief, until he continued, "let's just do a few more without the jeans and we'll be done."

Bobby perked up all over again, at the thought of seeing me in my panties, but I had a much bigger problem. "Um," I said, clutching my arms over my chest, suddenly feeling very self-conscious, "I can't. I'm not, uh, wearing any underwear."

It was true. I almost always wear underwear, but the panties that matched my bra were in the laundry, and since I was going to go to my boyfriend's dorm after class and get naked anyway, I figured it wouldn't hurt to just go commando. Of course, I didn't think I would end up here!

I thought Bobby was going to faint, and even Menday looked interested now. "Well," he said, "I did not think you were that kind of femme. But that is your fault, not mine. Take them off."

I don't know why I complied. I guess at that point I was just worn down. I meekly took my arms off my chest and unbuttoned my jeans. Trying to get it over with as quickly as possible, I yanked them down and tossed them off.

I couldn't believe how I had reached this point. I was standing completely naked, with my boobs and bush on full display, in front of a total stranger with a camera and a guy who had a crush on me for years. And now he was getting to see me totally nude.

Menday told me to lie down and cross my legs to hide my pussy, and to lean on one arm and hold my tits with the other. He ran me through some similar poses, all of which thankfully kept my private parts covered, even though while I was shifting I was constantly uncovering and exposing everything all over again. The whole time Bobby looked like he was in heaven.

Finally, Menday said, "Okay, one last pose and we are done. Get up and turn around, we will do the same pose as before."

Wait, did he mean the one where I was turned around and my whole body was showing? I stood up, covering my boobs with one arm and my bush with the other, and blurted out, "but this time I'm not wearing jeans! There isn't supposed to be nudity!"

Menday rolled his eyes and sighed deeply. "Are you twelve, Girl? Your behind is not nudity!"

Totally humiliated, I gave an helpless glance at Bobby and turned around, giving both of them a clear look at my naked rear. Menday had me put my hands in my hair and turn toward the camera again while arching my back. It must have looked good, I guess, because even Menday seemed impressed. "Very nice," he murmured, almost like he hated to say it.

As soon as Menday said we were done, I quickly put on my jeans and sweater and fled the room without looking at Bobby. I was so deeply embarrassed I never wanted to think about the experience ever again.

But it wasn't until a few weeks later, the morning the issue came out that I felt the most embarrassed. As soon as I walked out of the dorm, I started getting wolf whistles and howls from all sorts of guys. I didn't know what was happening until I saw a copy of the issue on the main lawn. My heart sank as soon as I saw the cover: it was one of me sitting down in my bra and jeans, with my bra strap slipped down off my shoulder.

The photos inside were only worse. All the shots were the most provocative ones, with me either topless or naked, with only my arms and legs covering up my modesty.

After I got to the next-to-last one, I thought to myself that it wasn't TOO bad, since at least I hadn't exposed anything a bikini would cover. But then I saw the double-page photo at the end. It was the one of me totally naked, facing away from the camera, with my head turned and giving a smoldering look at the camera, my hair tumbling everywhere and my rear totally exposed. And that wasn't even the worst part. I guess I must have turned too much toward the camera, because you could see the whole side of my left breast, including the nipple!

The rest of the semester I had to walk around campus every day knowing that all the guys knew exactly what my naked rear looked like, and had a pretty good idea about my tits. Of course my boyfriend freaked out when he saw the pictures and we broke up shortly after that. I wasn't too upset about that, though, because he was a jerk anyway. And to be fair, a lot of hot guys did ask me out after that. I guess knowing I'm the kind of girl who poses nude turns guys on.

What really upsets me, though, is that I heard later that Bobby paid Menday a huge amount of money to get all the "unused" shots he took, which I'm sure include ones of me with my boobs and bush accidentally exposed. I hope the little creep enjoys them.