**Confessions of a Teenage Slut**

by[**GregKirkland**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4495552&page=submissions)©

My name is Madeline, but everyone just calls me Maddie. Ever since I can remember I've always needed to be the center of attention. My earliest memories were of wanting to be watched or noticed. Growing up I was an only child. It was just Mom and me, but there was always some guy around. My real father, if you could call him that was never there. I'm pretty sure Mom might not even know exactly who he was. My mom had always worked in bars and restaurants as a barmaid or waitress. She always had to have a man around even though they never stayed long.  
  
Mom had an attractive body. She was a MILF before the term was even used. She had a slim figure and large breasts. She was always a stickler for having her hair done regularly. It didn't matter if we had the money or not, her hair was a first priority. She always wore low cut tops on the job. She knew her tips would be better if men got a good look at her. This is probably how she got to bring so many of these men home.  
  
For as far back as I can remember men were always there. I knew she would be happier when there was a guy around, but it always ended in a big fight.  
  
My mom's looks would always attract men, but her domineering personality would always chase them away. I'm sure if I talked to a shrink, he would tell me my need for attention had something to do with not having a stable father figure around. I never knew any different and just got used to having someone new around every couple months.  
  
I was around nineteen when I became sexually active.  
  
I was working daytime at a fast-food restaurant. I hated the manager, but loved having some spending money of my own.  
  
Mom had evening work hours, which left me at home with some of her men friends. I was always real friendly and got along really well with most. Mom was probably too trusting with a few of them. Several of these guys had been outright hitting on me while Mom wasn't there.  
  
I always seemed to have a desire to please them. I guess I thought if they liked me and Mom, then they would stick around longer. Once Mom had left for work, I spend the rest of the evening cuddled up next to one of them on the couch watching TV.  
  
There was one particular guy I really got attached to. His name was Derrick. Mom had met him at work as usual, and started bringing him home. He was good at fixing things, and since we were always in low rent apartments, there was always something that needed repairing.  
  
If I got bored with watching TV, I'd tease him about something. I'd pick a pretend fight with him, and then he and I would play wrestle on the floor of the living room. I was too old for this I know, but at the time it just seemed to be a way to blow off steam. I really wasn't into sports or anything physical. So this was my outlet for excess energy.  
  
One night very late I woke to the sounds of some of their lovemaking. Our apartment was small and my room was right along-side. I crept out in the hall and realized their door was open. I stood watching for a while and of course I could see everything they were doing.  
  
At one point Derrick sat up and knelt on the bed. Mom started sucking on his cock. While she was doing this, Derrick happened to look over towards the door and saw me standing there. He made no effort to cover-up anything, and continued thrusting at my mom's face. He sort of held her head still, and then sped up what he was doing. Mom couldn't turn or move her face and she just let him continue. Soon, Derrick went even faster. He looked right at me and let out a loud groan.  
  
The next day I said nothing about what I had seen. Then that evening after Mom left for work, Derrick and I were alone again.  
  
It was very uncomfortable being in the same room with Derrick. As it turned out it didn't matter anyway.  
  
Later that same night something happened. I was asleep when the shouting woke me up. It was very late, but Mom and Derrick were both in my room. I had never heard Mom so mad. I was lying on my side facing away from them, and I was scared to even open my eyes. I pretended to still be asleep. I didn't know exactly what had just happened, but Mom was screaming for Derrick to get out. I thought she meant just my room, but it was worse. In the morning when I woke up, Derrick was gone. I never saw him again. Mom refused to even talk about him ever again.  
  
There were other friends of my mom who came and stayed, but Mom now watched them like a hawk. If they ever started showing me any attention she'd find a reason to get rid of them. I thought she was just jealous of me.  
  
Later we moved to a nicer apartment complex. The apartment was much better too. It was an easy walk for Mom to work. The apartment was on the third floor. The stairs were really a pain after a while though. Mom made fast friends with the complex manager.  
  
His name was Mr. McMillon. He was probably in his fifties. He lived alone in one of the apartments. I don't think he owned the place. I think he just collected the rents, did minor repairs, and kept the place clean. Mom certainly knew how to catch his roving eye. Anytime he had to come to our apartment for a leaky faucet or problem with the drains, she made sure to have on a low cut top and tight jeans. I thought it was funny watching him try to concentrate on the repair job, and not trip over himself while keeping one eye on Mom's jiggling boobs.  
  
It was not long before a second floor apartment became available. Normally they went for more money, but somehow Mom was offered the place for exactly what we were paying for the third floor unit.  
  
A couple days after moving in I realized that Mr. McMillon's third floor unit was directly across the small courtyard from our place. Our windows all faced the courtyard. One night after taking a shower, I walked into my room. I was at my dresser getting ready for bed. In the reflection of the mirror I could see Mr. McMillon standing in the middle of his living room window. Suddenly he stepped to the side behind the curtains. I kind of chuckled because with the light on in the room behind him, his outline was still clearly visible.  
  
I had a bath towel wrapped around me. I had not seen the need to close my curtains as of yet. Being on the second floor, I had not figured anyone could see in, besides the curtains were very thin anyway. I never thought about it till later on, but Mr. McMillon had probably just installed them prior to us moving in. They seemed like brand new. Anyway, my wicked little mind quickly devised a plan.  
  
Leaving the light on, I casually walked over and locked the door to my room, then went back and stood in front of the mirror again. I rewrapped the towel again, now just around my waist. I stayed facing the mirror and pretended to be fiddling with my hair. I knew Mr. McMillon would not be able to see my boobs unless I turned around. I figured to tease him as much as I could.  
  
I stayed facing the mirror with my arms up slowly brushing my hair. I made several moves as if to turn around then stopped. Bending over, I reached into a lower drawer to get a pair of panties. I held them up to inspect them. Actually, I just wanted my watcher to think I was getting ready to put them on, and would soon drop my towel. I stayed close to the mirror and pretended to be checking my eyes. Mr. McMillon was still standing behind the curtains. His outline showed a constant movement near his waist. I knew he was jerking-off. It was thrilling to know that I was turning him on sexually.  
  
It was finally time to give him a show so I turned around putting my bare breasts in plain view. I sat down on my bed and pretended to be checking my toenails. I let the towel around my waist ride up my thighs.  
  
I was not ready to show my bush just yet. Besides, I think by this point he had already climaxed. Casually glancing at the mirror I could make out teetering silhouette of a man wobbling around. I thought to myself this might turn out to be great fun.  
  
Sometime after moving in to the new place, I met Nick. I saw Nick at a local park on the way home from school. He was a lot older than I, probably mid- twenties. He and some other guys were playing basketball, and I made it a point to walk by and be noticed. It wasn't long before I had them aware of me. I made sure to smile and flirt as Nick returned my interest.  
  
Finally we introduced ourselves. Nick offered to take me to his home to play video games. He bragged on his vast collection, and of the levels he had reached. I could really care less about the games.  
  
Nick lived with his mom and stepdad. He had a real cool set-up in the basement. His room was basically the entire basement. It was one wide open area. There was a mattress top just lying on the floor by the one wall. He had a large screen TV with an X-Box and other stuff hooked up to it. The greatest thing was the outside door. He could come and go as he pleased without going upstairs.  
  
I think it was the second or third time I had gone there, and I was bored with the video games. He was just too good at them, and I offered no competition for him. I had gotten up, and somehow ended up sitting on the mattress. He came over and started gently caressing my arm. He kissed me, and my body went electric. His touch sent shivers through me. I hadn't planned on fucking him, but it was out of my control. His moves and touch had me longing for his body. I don't think I even got completely undressed. Nick was in such a hurry to get inside me that I just stripped off my leggings and pulled my top up to my neck. When he penetrated me, he just slid right in.  
  
Nick had entered me and was steadily pumping at me. I was on my back with my legs in the air. This was truly the first time I remembered someone was fucking on me. Somewhere during this I happened to glance over to the steps upstairs. Nick's stepfather had come home and had quietly come down the stairs. He was standing there just watching us. Nick had his back to him and was rocking me with strong thrusts. I wasn't sure what his stepdad was going to do. I looked up at Nick. His face was flushed red. I knew he would cum soon. Looking back to the steps, I could see that the stepdad had moved back a little. He was now peering around the corner of the wall.  
  
I figured what the hell! If Dad likes watching I'd give him something to watch. I raised my legs and spread them even wider. I grabbed Nick by the sides of his face and pulled him down to my lips. My mouth opened and my tongue searched for his. Nick started to moan and suddenly our kiss broke. His neck stiffened and his head shot upwards. I grabbed a hold of his butt cheeks held him against me. I was sort of surprised that I could feel the cum spurting inside of me. I glanced over to the steps and his stepdad was still there. From that noticeable bulge in his crotch, I could tell he had enjoyed watching the show.  
  
The fact that I had turned on his stepdad too, sent a tingle of satisfaction down my spine. Suddenly my own body exploded in the most incredible orgasm I had ever had up until then. I moaned and jerked about like a wild person. My head seemed to explode as sparks of light seemed to flash around me. I can vaguely recall being pretty vocal as I flailed about in pure ecstasy.  
  
Nick had collapsed on top of me. He only started moving after I nudged him. Looking over to the steps, his stepdad was gone. Before I left, I asked to use the bathroom to clean up.  
  
I went upstairs, and was going down the hall when the stepdad practically jumped out in front of me. He had been standing just inside a bedroom door. I wasn't sure what to say. He sort of cornered me right there in the hall. He was a big man. I didn't even reach his chin in height. He got right in front of me and sort of backed me up against the wall. In a deep husky voice he asked if I would be willing to try on a "real man?"  
  
I say the most stupid things when I'm nervous.  
  
"I'm kinda full right now," I said, "But I'm glad you enjoyed the show."  
  
Finally, I looked him right in the eye and said, "I would think about it."  
  
I felt so dumb standing there with cum oozing out of my pussy.  
  
Back at our apartment I had the most fun teasing Mr. McMillon. I tried to stay on the same time schedule because I knew he would be watching for me then. One night after my shower I was feeling particularly randy and I figured to blow his mind completely.  
  
I had walked into my room wearing only a bath towel wrapped around me. I had by then discovered how to give myself an orgasm. I had a blue hair brush that had a thick round handle. It was probably about the size of a regular guy's penis. After coating it with lotion, I had discovered it fit perfectly into my cunt.  
  
I had brought the brush from the bathroom, and was stoking my hair trying to be ever so sexy. I knew Mr. McMillon was at the curtain again. I figured this would be the night to let him see it all. After making sure the door was locked, I carried the brush and lotion to my bed. My bed faced the window. I figured to frigg myself to a climax, and give Mr. McMillon a heart attack.  
  
Lying down on the bed, I shed my towel. I aimed myself right in the direction of Mr. McMillon's window and slowly started by rubbing my clit and boobs. The thrill of having a dirty old man wanking-off watching me was intense. I wet the brush handle by sliding it in and out of my mouth a few times. Still holding the brush in my mouth, I dribbled some lotion on my lower belly. Gently I drew my fingers through the puddle of lotion and began painting the lips of my pussy with it.  
  
When I felt coated enough, I took the brush from my mouth and began twisting it in the lotion left on my belly. I figured Mr. McMillon would be beside himself by now knowing what I was about to do. Slowly I pushed the rounded handle into my slit. The sensation of being filled was awesome. I brought my knees up and bottomed out the brush in my cunt. After a couple short strokes I laid out flat on my back and continued with a slow stroking rhythm.  
  
I always imagine all sorts of depravity as I bring myself off. Most times I pretended to be a slut servicing all sorts of men. Before long I had a rapid motion going. This time it took only a few minutes before I was on the edge of a great cum. I raised my head up one last time to make sure Mr. McMillon was still there. The shadow against the curtain was unmistakable. I laid my head back down into my pillow and soon my body exploded in a thrilling orgasm.  
  
I think it was sometime within a year of moving to our new place, that Mom brought home Glen. Mom had hit a home run when she latched on to him. He was the first guy that even I thought was nice looking. Glen didn't move in like the others. He had his own place and a job. Glen never really slept over either. He just hung around. He was the only one who really took Mom on dates out. I'm sure that they did any fucking at his place.  
  
I knew how to tease a guy with glimpses of my body. I would find any excuse to take another shower when Glen was around. I could time my exit from the bathroom where Glen would get an innocent eye-full of me wearing just a towel. I had to be real careful though so as not to raise any suspicion with Mom.  
  
As it turned out, Glen was a photographer. He ran a little studio downtown. He did weddings, graduations and stuff. Not long after he and Mom started dating, Mom came home with a glamour-shot type photo. It was a really professionally taken photo. Her face had been made-up by someone who really knew how to do it right. Her hair of course was flawless. You didn't have to guess, but her biggest attributes were on display also. It was actually done very well. It practically made her look at least ten years younger.  
  
I took several opportunities to complement Glen on his work. I was trying to be as subtle as possible, hoping he would do me too. I mean photo shoot, of course.  
  
Finally, one evening while Mom was preparing something in the kitchen, I sat on the couch next to Glen. I had been doing some pretty obvious things trying to catch his eye. I really was trying to get his attention, but Mom was especially possessive of him. In a quiet voice he asked me if I had ever considered modeling. I was flattered of course. I leaned close and whispered that Mom would never allow that.  
  
"Oh," he said.  
  
"I meant strictly legit stuff," he continued.  
  
"Sometimes I get local stores shopping ads to do," he offered," And I'm always in need of a model to display clothing or jewelry or such."  
  
I was so totally into this, and told him so.  
  
"But, again Mom won't be having any of that," I whispered.  
  
He sort of smiled quickly and then said, "Well then we just won't tell her right away ok."  
  
Just then Mom came in, and of course had to know what we were discussing.  
  
"Stuff," I said off-handedly.  
  
We had a nice dinner and Glen left with Mom for a late movie.  
  
Wow, me a model. Just the thought played right into my greatest fantasies. I could just imagine all the girls in school sneering in jealous envy at my career as a big time celebrity. Standing in front of the full length mirror in Mom's room, I tried to picture myself as a real model. I thought my legs were my best looking feature. I was still skinny by most standards but, I thought I could catch a second glance from most guys if I had on the right clothes.  
  
Glen didn't bring the subject up again for several weeks. I was starting to believe he might have just been leading me on. I took it upon myself to inquire on several occasions  
  
"How's business?" I would ask. Hoping he would take the hint.  
  
Something happened one day that really pushed me to make a move. There was this real cute guy I was interested in, and another girl hooked up with him. I was furious because I had been making all sorts of subtle moves trying to gain his attention. I figured I needed to get this modeling thing going. I knew the other girls would be jealous, and it would give me an edge with the better looking guys.  
  
Finally, I had to almost invite myself to stop by to see Glen's studio. One evening when Mom was in the other room I told Glen I wanted to see his studio. I planned to come by to see his shop.  
  
I knew this was kind of forward, but I wanted it real bad. He seemed ok with it, so I told him I'd be by sometime around one o'clock. The next day I walked a couple blocks to a bus stop and caught the downtown route.  
  
I knew about where the shop was, but the neighborhood was pretty rough. As I stood to get off the bus, the bus driver didn't open the door at first.  
  
"Honey, are you sure you know where you are going?" he asked.  
  
I kind of looked puzzled for a second and tried to be cool.  
  
"Yes, of course. We just moved here recently," I said.  
  
"Ok," he said, "Just be careful around here."  
  
I hopped down the steps and turned and walked as confidently as I could. Of course I was lost immediately and had to ask for directions from some creepy looking guy. Finally I got to Glen's shop.  
  
It wasn't exactly what I had imagined. Yeah, it was a photography shop, but it was not exactly the type of place a young couple might come to for wedding photos. It looked more like a place to get ID's and passport photos and such. Anyway, I walked in. Glen was alone.  
  
The inside was a lot nicer than the outside. The front was kind of a waiting room and the walls covered with nicely framed portraits of people and couples. Glen seemed happy to see me. He said business had been slow today. He asked if I wanted the tour of the place.  
  
"Sure," I responded, "I came all this way."  
  
The rear part of the shop was through a door and hallway. There were two "Studio rooms." Each had a full lighting set for portraits. There were props all over the walls on two sides. Stacked along the walls were various chairs, stands and even a small dark loveseat. The racks contained all sorts of shawls, hats, scarves and such. It was a little like some high school theater room.

The camera equipment fascinated me. Glen knew all about the lens and the lighting sets. I was making small talk and trying to sound flattering, but what I really wanted was to do a real photo shoot.  
  
I told Glen, "I guess in my mind I pictured all sorts of people fussing around the place, a stylist, a make-up person, some assistant's maybe," Glen just chuckled.  
  
"I'm not that famous just yet," he laughed.  
  
The second room was about the same, maybe a bit more for professional shots, less clutter on the walls and more furniture. There was a white, high-back wicker chair positioned in the middle of the room as if it had just been used. I boldly sat down and with flair tried to act sophisticated. I pulled my hair back on one side and pretended to pose for a shot.  
  
"Do you really think I'm nice looking?" I asked.  
  
"Honey, you got all you need to have," Glen said smiling.  
  
I was just a little over five feet tall and weighed maybe a hundred-nine pounds. I was proudly wearing my size 32 B bra back then. My brown hair was just at my shoulders, and long enough to tie in a tail. I had my Moms brown eyes. My best feature until my boobs would fill- in, were my skinny legs. I must have had a dozen pairs of leggings, and I wore them all the time.  
  
Glen walked over to a large camera on a tripod and pressed a button. The camera started making a whine noise. Reaching above me he adjusted a large white light shade. Without warning the camera flashed and clicked. He had a small remote in his hand. I guess when he saw what he wanted he clicked it.  
  
"I wasn't ready," I complained.  
  
"Sorry, I was just checking the lighting level," he said.  
  
He flashed a couple more times and then walked up to me. He gently raised my chin and angled my face to one side. He adjusted my posture and stepped away. Two quick flashes followed.  
  
"Maddie, I want to be honest with you, I don't have any work right now that I think you would be interested in," he said.  
  
"Besides, most models start with a portfolio to get their face out there," he said, "And those can be expensive to assemble," he added.  
  
"I don't have anyone for make-up or hair scheduled to be in today, so maybe we could just do some candid shots and see what works huh."  
  
I was beside myself. Visions of fame and success bounced around inside my head.  
  
"Sure," I said, "Whatever you want to do."  
  
"Well if you're up for it, how about some typical girl shots?"  
  
"Could you try on some outfits for me?" he asked.  
  
He left and came back in carrying a box with assorted articles of clothing in it.  
  
He asked if I would put some on. He closed the door and, and left to go up front. I quickly changed to what looked like a girls' jumper. The size was way too small. I hollered out, if he had something larger. Glen came back and cracked the door open.  
  
"Honey, don't worry about that. Just make it work," he said.  
  
I set about trying to get in to the outfit. The skirt was ridiculously short and the blouse would hardly button. I managed to get them on, but I felt foolish. The white knee socks worked, but the shoes I just left off.  
  
"Ready," I hollered.  
  
Glen was very professional when he came back in. He didn't stare or make me uncomfortable. He went about adjusting the set and moved the wicker chair farther back from the camera. He finally asked me to be seated. Again with the chin adjust and adjusted the angle of my shoulders. He put his hand on my back and pushed out my chest. He stepped away for a moment and then "flash-flash."  
  
I thought I was on my way. Having millions of people seeing me on an ad was something I had always dreamt of. He kept on adjusting me and shot from several different angles. He had me lean forward and act coy, lay back and be sophisticated, I even stood and posed. All the time he was telling me how well I was doing.  
  
"I had a great time doing this," I told Glen as I left, "But I really don't want Mom finding out that I came here. Could we keep this quiet for a while?" I asked.  
  
Glen agreed.  
  
I was really afraid my mom would be jealous and put a stop to anymore. Glen told me he would show my test shots around some, and see if there was any immediate interest. He promised to let me know.  
  
I didn't want to bug him, so I let it go for at least a week. Of course that was like an eternity to me. Finally, I brought up the subject when we were alone. He didn't say anything definitely one way or another. He asked if I would be willing to do another shoot. He said he would try to have a stylist there to help with things. I was thrilled.  
  
"Yes, of course," I said.  
  
The next day I took the bus to his shop. Sure enough there was someone else there with him. I figured it would be a woman, but it was a guy about Glen's age. He was very good looking, and very well dressed. I could picture him being into make-up and style. He introduced himself as Chris. Sure enough, he had with him a stylist kit and went right to work making me beautiful.  
  
He knew colors and tones to highlight my features. I had never had this kind of attention. When he finished and held up a mirror, I was astounded. I looked and felt so glamorous. They took me to the back studio. My heart was racing as I felt this would be the true beginning of my career. The room was set up with an old wood-style beach chair and several plastic potted plants were along-side. The backdrop screen was that of a very modern beach house. Very high fashion I thought.  
  
Glen brought out some various swimsuits, mostly two-pieces. Chris and Glen both left the room to allow me change. When I was ready, they both complemented me on my body. Chris seemed to be the type who would have a fashion sense and know about style, and I ate it up. I did some normal type poses either standing by or reclining back on the beach chair.  
  
Both men constantly complimented my appearance. It seemed to go well again and with each suit change I grew more confident. Soon I was swishing my hair and posing as I had seen models on TV do. Towards the end I noticed Chris whispering to Glen. I wasn't sure if it was about something I was, or wasn't doing.  
  
Chris had left the room for a couple minutes and finally I asked what was going on? Glen seemed hesitant at first, but eventually explained that Chris thought that "I was great, but a little bit prudish." Glen said, Chris told him he thought he could find a buyer if I would be willing to show more skin and style.  
  
"More skin. You mean like topless?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, and maybe a little more sexy-like," said Glen, "But only if you want to."  
  
I wasn't really shocked, and I certainly wasn't a prude. Hell, I had balled Nic in front of his stepdad, and I had been screwing with Mr. McMillon's head for months.  
  
When Chris returned I was getting ready for another set. I had on a skimpy two-piece red suit. As Chris stood next to the camera watching the monitor with Glen, I reached back and unhooked my top, and let it fall. I brought my arms together to create more cleavage. Leaning forward they got all the boobs I could muster. I smiled wickedly and blew a kiss towards them.  
  
Instantly the camera, "flashed, flashed, and flashed again. "  
  
"Yeah baby, that's it!" clapped Chris.  
  
Glen lowered the light setting and had me turn sideways. I instinctively put my finger in my mouth and pouted. "flash, flash, flash" again. They were eating this up.  
  
"More, more!" Chris taunted.  
  
I wasn't sure exactly what he wanted, but what the heck. I slipped my thumbs under the top edge of my bottoms and wiggled my butt. The bottoms slid down more and more with each move. The camera continued to click away. "Flash, flash, flash" I was living my fantasy.  
  
I continued pushing my bottoms downward farther and farther. Both men stood motionless, and their mouths hung open. I guess they were wondering how far I would go. This was even better than screwing with Mr. McMillon.  
  
The session ended with me twirling my bottoms on one finger. Glen had taken the camera from the tripod and was getting up real close. The more he clicked the more I teased.  
  
Afterwards, Chris came up and handed me five, twenty dollar bills.  
  
"A hundred bucks, really!" I was stunned.  
  
"For me?" I asked.  
  
"Really, great job," said Chris.  
  
I was in another world all the way home. Of course I hid the money. I knew for sure Mom would throw Glen out if she ever knew.  
  
Glen came over a couple days later and just smiled when our eyes met. I whispered to him "what a great time I had."  
  
"Good," he smiled.  
  
We had a home cooked dinner that night. While Mom was cleaning up afterwards, I asked Glen quietly asked if we could do it again sometime.  
  
"For sure, you bet," he said.  
  
It was late the next week before I was back at the studio. When I arrived there were a couple guys out in the front area. I thought they were customers waiting for Glen. I thought maybe it was a bad day and it would all be cancelled. Then finally Chris showed up. My heart raced thinking about another possible hundred bucks.  
  
"Hi, Maddie," said Chris, "Seen Glen yet?"  
  
"Nope, just got here," I replied.  
  
Just then Glen came out from the back of the shop. He looked rather serious.  
  
"Smile all," I cheerfully piped.  
  
Glen smiled slightly, and then had a private conversation with Chris. The two young men didn't seem to mind waiting. They both smiled politely at me when our eyes met. It was kind of awkward silence after Chris and Glen went into the back. After a couple minutes Glen came out and put his arm around my shoulder and motioned me to the back hall. We got back to the studio room and after closing the door, Glen said he had a situation.  
  
Chris had without his approval hired two male models to work with me this time. He said he had not known anything about this before now. Chris was sort of the distributor of the pictures, and he wanted more nude shots of me. He said they would have to pay the guys even if I refused to work with them. It was entirely up to me.  
  
I was sort of nervous and asked Glen if I had to fuck them or what? Glen said it was entirely my decision, but the pay would be two hundred dollars if I went on with the shoot.  
  
"You are on the pill right?" Glen asked.  
  
"Oh yes," I said. "Moms had me on birth control from my first period. She didn't want to deal with that problem," I laughed nervously.  
  
"Well then, it's up to you," he said.  
  
"Two hundred dollars for just me?" I questioned again.  
  
"Oh yes," said Glen, "The guys would be paid separately."  
  
"You walk away with two hundred bucks for one session," repeated Glen.  
  
"Ok then," I said rather nervously.  
  
"Great," smiled Glen, patting me on the shoulder.  
  
"Go see Chris and get fixed up," he said.  
  
The shoot started out slow, Mostly shots of me partially dressed and eventually nude. Chris took over directing poses. Glen just worked the camera part. After about ten minutes or so the two guys came into the room. I was a little nervous and it showed. There weren't any introductions or names used. I just assumed maybe that was how it was done. Chris slid the wicker chair aside and pulled a small dark colored loveseat out from along the wall. He positioned it in the center of the room.  
  
Glen got busy adjusting lights and the backdrop screen. Chris positioned me on the couch lying on my side, with my legs slightly apart. I became embarrassed when my nipples became erect. The room suddenly felt chilly and I couldn't help it. Chris assured me that it was ok, and he thought it added a nice touch.  
  
The two guys were each wearing robes. I guessed they had done this many times before. When Chris said he was ready for them they slid the robes off. I was like "Oh my god," they were gorgeous.  
  
Both guys were extremely well built. They were both maybe late-twenties and had the bodies of Greek gods. Six pack abs, muscled arms, and very well equipped, if you know what I mean. Their bodies were completely shaven which further accentuated their, uh "equipment."  
  
The first guy was asked to stand alongside me near my head. The other Chris directed to sit down next to me on the couch.  
  
Neither was really "hard" just yet. I guessed it was my job to do something about that. Chris placed us in various poses. Me with my hands on both cocks, others with my mouth open pretending to be ready to suck. We were only a little into this and both guys were soon hard as hell. Their cocks were now jutting outward and straining for relief.  
  
Chris had me stand with a guy to each side just behind me to contrast my size difference. After a couple shots, I was directed to bring their cocks alongside my hips and grip them. Chris then asked me to bend them around bring them together in front of me, if possible. Luckily for them my waist was so small. Believe it or not I was able to bend their cocks around me and aim them both down at my pussy. I hoped I hadn't hurt either guy in doing this. They were really too hard to be bending them at this point, but they both remained so professional throughout.  
  
While holding them, I noticed one guy had already started leaking precum.  
  
I was past any inhibitions at this stage, and assumed I was supposed to do something about this. In my mind, I could not help but to begin to think about all the horny men who would be jerking- off to these pictures of me pleasuring these two guys. Without Chris even asking I got down on my knees between the guys and brought their cocks tip to tip. I worked their meat-sticks like a pro. My tongue fluttered around each tip. I made passes up and down each shaft. My spit and slobber dripped from both shafts. Glen's camera flashed again and again.  
  
Still acting on my own instincts, I raise the cocks upward and worked the ball sacks of each. I just couldn't keep my hands from running up and down their abs. I had never seen guys so ripped. They were rock solid.  
  
After a bit my knees began to hurt, so I got up and sat back down on the couch. I tugged at the one guy's cock leading him towards my cunt. I was horny as hell at this point, and would have fucked them both for no pay. I tried to pull that guy's cock right into me, but it required him to align it himself.  
  
Chris remained silent, allowing us to go on our own. The guy knelt down on one knee before me. He managed to guide a couple inches into me. He was big enough though to leave a lot still showing. I leaned back and caught the other guy still standing at the end of the couch. I sucked his cock into my mouth as far as it would go. Glen's camera continued to click away.  
  
Until then I had never tasted a guy's cum. Both of these guys were so damn gorgeous looking and virile. I figured I might as well get my first taste now. I thought if it tastes as good as these two guys looked, I was in for a treat. I sucked greedily at the cock in my mouth. The standing guy didn't last but a couple minutes.  
  
I was holding him by his balls. Then, in the middle of a series of thrusts I felt three or four strong spurts of warm cum shoot in my mouth. It wasn't a bad taste, more like a warm chicken gravy. It had a very masculine taste. The hottest thing was just knowing what "it" was. I knew Chris wanted to see it, so I let the guy finish in my mouth then opened just a little bit to show what I had.  
  
The guy in my pussy was just holding a pose with his cock inside me. He knew not to be shaking me while Glen was busy snapping close-ups of my face and the cum in my mouth. These guys were real professionals.  
  
The stud that had just filled my mouth, walked around behind me. The back of the couch was low so his cock still stayed in the frames as backdrop. Even spent, his cock was impressive. Chris wanted him hanging it right alongside my face.  
  
Glen seemed to have gotten enough facial shots. So I sort of took it upon myself to get the other guy going. I gave a couple sharp hip thrusts against his cock and he took the hint. Once he started stroking, I knew he didn't want to stop. I just kind of laid back and let him continue. I was still holding the other guys cum load in my mouth.  
  
I was trying to go for a real slutty look, so I partially opened my mouth and let some of the cum dribble out at the corners of my mouth. I felt it working its way down to my chin then down my neck. I just left it there. When the guy fucking my cunt saw me do this, he was a goner. He sort of squinted at first, and then his neck flushed a pink color. He then rocked me with a couple strong thrusts and groaned softly. I felt his load shooting up inside of me.  
  
I still hadn't swallowed anything just yet. So I used my tongue to gather up a puddle in my mouth and extended my tongue straight out. I just let the whole mess just roll off my tongue and right down my chin. I watched the guy in me still shuttering in his orgasm. His spunk continued splattering my insides.  
  
Glen had practically climbed on top of us to get the angles he wanted. Chris was describing things and Glen was trying to follow though. These last photos almost made it look like the guy in my pussy had blown his stuff right up through me, and I was "burping'" it out of my mouth.  
  
As the guy in me was finishing, I couldn't resist the urge to touch his face. These guys were the best looking men I would ever have the chance to fuck. I gently held out my hand, touched his cheek and trailed my finger down to his quivering chin. When he was finally done he looked up to me, and then to Chris as if waiting for direction. Should he pull out or not?  
  
He waited until after Glen got some more close-ups, and then slowly drew back. As the shaft popped out a glob of white followed. Without thinking too much about it, I drug my fingers over my cunt and caught a decent size portion of cum on my fingertips. I raised my hand and without any coaching or direction just decided to pour it all into my mouth. As Glen's camera recorded it, I dumped in the juice in, mixing it in with what was left from the first guy. I swished it around some.  
  
At Chris's prompting I opened my mouth to show a frothy mix of white coating on my tongue. The guy who had filled my cunt just left his cock lying on my stomach. As his cock withered, he left a trail of leftover cum smeared on my belly. Glen snapped more pictures. I felt it was time to down the juice in my mouth, which I did. The session end just like that.  
  
The two model guys thanked me, and then slipped back into their robes. They followed Chris into the hallway. Glen stayed and was finishing up with some camera work. He seemed to be reviewing some of the shots. I was still sitting on the couch, a cum covered mess. Glen looked over and asked if I needed to use the restroom to clean up. I didn't answer just right off. A strong impulse just suddenly came over me. I got up, walked over to Glen and in my best baby-doll voice, I asked.  
  
"So, how did I do?"  
  
"Great!" was Glen's response without looking up.  
  
"Did you like what I did?" I asked again.  
  
Finally, Glen looked up from the viewfinder and noticed how close I was. I was still nude with two loads of cum splattered down my front. I placed my hand on his chest and slowly started sliding it down until I got to his belt. He looked at me and smiled. I told him what a great time I had, and that I wanted to thank him. Glen started to speak as I slid my hand down and caught his belt.  
  
"Uh, Maddie, I really liked the way..." Glen started.  
  
I put my finger to my lips and said, "Shush."  
  
I unzipped his fly and undid his belt. I had never seen Glen's package and I was just too damn horny to quit just yet, and I told him so. I tugged open the front and brought his pants down some. He was wearing boxers. I thought them so sexy. I drew them down and was thrilled to see that he was already semi-hard. My studio work must have gotten to him. He stopped any resistance. I dropped to my knees and drew his cock into my mouth and started bobbing away on it.

Chris was in the hallway and I assumed he was paying the two guys. I had Glen going pretty damn good when Chris walked back in. Chris stopped short not knowing what to do. I popped Glen's cock out of my mouth and pointed a finger at Chris. I curled my index finger in a come-here fashion. Chris was a little slow to move at first. So I put Glen's cock back in my mouth and popped it back out again.  
  
Chris had seen enough, and started undoing his pants. By the time he reached me his cock was out and ready. Still holding Glen's I caught hold of Chris and started alternating back and forth between them. While my tongue was still dragging along one of them, I tried to explain that I was so "turned-on." I wanted to finish any man around. I also wanted them to know just what "hot" cock-sucker I was. I stood up and pulled them both by their cocks to the couch and sat down in front of them. My first taste of cum was awesome and I wanted more right now.  
  
My original plan of modeling clothing had certainly been swept aside. Now, I know you are thinking that these people took advantage of a girl.  
  
You know what, I'm not that stupid. I sensed from the very first visit, and that ridiculously small jumper, what this all might lead to. And believe it or not, it played into my wildest fantasies. I was a show off. I wanted the attention from men. For as far back as I could remember, this was the exact thing I needed to do to fulfill my needs.  
  
True, they were all older and responsible for what they were doing. But you know I think they got what they wanted, and I got what I needed. I would have probably gone on to do something like this on my own eventually. To think, I could have created so many hard-on's was totally awesome. My only regret is that I wished I had some way of knowing just how many orgasms I have been responsible for causing over the years.