Janet's Job

by Erostyle 1995 (address withheld)

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Janet has a great job, one she really likes a lot.

She's a nude model and loved to exhibit herself for all

the world to see.

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My whole body tingled with excitement as I removed the

robe in front of the class. The eyes of twenty young

students, both male and female absorbed every inch of

my body. I searched out the ones that looked at me with

lust in their eyes. That included most of the men. A

few of the men were serious artists and they didn't see

my body as an object for their sexual desires.

This was my third session with this class. Those that

came only to see a naked woman kept staring at my pubic

mound hoping to get a glimpse of my vaginal lips, or a

clit peaking out at them.

I knew how to model without exposing the hot pink lips,

that is, until later when I would give them an

accidental view that would rush their blood into their

aroused organs. My well proportioned and shapely

breasts were another focal point where most eyes, even

the women in class. My nipples always hardened when I

modeled. There were also some that admired my long legs

and tight buttocks.

My husband is very supportive of my job. Yes, I'm

married. He gets a kick out of knowing that men view me

naked. We have lost some friends because of my job.

Those that remain though do not make it a big deal but

the husbands do secretly wish that they could also

feast on my body being willingly exposed to make a

living. No one has yet made such a bold move as

enrolling in these classes.

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I have also done private work. That was where life

became interesting. I have done things that I have not

told my husband. The money was good but most of all I

enjoyed it. I remembered one rich kid who was about 17

years old. He got my number and called me for a private

modeling.

I gave him my rates and the deal was set. I went to

his handsome home. His parents were out of town. I went

to his room and was surprised to find his two friends

there. I usually don't do private work for an audience

but I let it slide this time. I'm sure they all pitched

in for this treat.

His friends couldn't hold their excitement but the kid

was cool. The boys kept eyeing me but couldn't hold eye

contact. After receiving the money I asked them where I

could undress. It didn't surprise me that they had no

drawing paraphernalia. However I noticed the all too

familiar digital camera.

I was also not surprised that I was told to "just"

undress in their presence. The kid seemed to have had

sexual experiences before but his friends were

definitely virgins who would be the type to masturbate

several times a day over a beat up Playboy magazine

that they hid in their rooms. Even before starting,

their erections were clearly visible.

I wore a dress that day and turned my back to them and

pulled down my zipper. I'm sure their hearts were

beating fast and that excited me. The sight of my bar

strap would probably further strain their erections in

their pants.

I let the dress fall. They could see my pink cotton

panties and my white lace bra. I still wore my pumps.

When I turned around, their tongues were literally

hanging out. I don't know if they could hold their

erections in their pants any longer but I unhooked my

bra. They probably couldn't believe they were seeing a

live 27 years old naked woman. Three pairs of eyes were

glued to my mammaries. I let them sway slightly.

With my eyes glazing into their eyes I bent forward and

removed the last piece of clothing I wore. For their

pleasure, I did a turn around.

The kid picked up the camera. I told them that I

wouldn't let them keep any pictures with my face

showing. They agreed. The kid had nerve. He said,

"Spread your legs wide open."

I sat down on a chair with my legs together. He was

ready to shoot with the camera. Ever so slowly, I

lifted my knees up and spread my legs exposing my love

hole to them. He clicked his first picture. I felt

generous that day. I got my hands down there and spread

apart the vaginal lips for them. He quickly got another

picture in.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked them. The kid said

to just walk around and act natural. So I stood up and

walked around the room looking at his posters and CD

collection. I could be so comfortable in the nude with

people watching me that I put them at ease.

We started having a regular conversation and his

friends also opened up with a few sentences here and

there. I found out who was the most desired girl in

their high school and what a jerk her boyfriend was. I

found out their tastes in music and sports. We

discussed basketball. They asked me why I posed nude

and whether my husband minded.

I said, "I enjoy it and make good money. My husband

thinks it's great that people appreciate my body. We

have a pretty open relationship."

I put in a few extras and did a dance. They ogled my

swaying and bouncing breasts. I slightly brushed my ass

to each of their faces. I also took their hands and let

them feel my pubic mound. I casually mentioned that I

wouldn't mind if they wanted to relieve themselves.

After a momentary hesitation, three throbbing erections

popped out for air. Clenched fist were savagely

stroking their purple organs. I tried my best seductive

moves as they each shot their loads one after another.

With a few minutes to spare, I gave each of them a

minute to feel me up. I stood in front of the first boy

and his hands went for my breasts. He squeezed them and

caressed them, paying special attention to my hardened

nipples. He then felt my lips with his fingers getting

them hot and aroused. He got me to bend for him so that

he could get a good view of my crack. His fingers

gently caressed my butthole and I enjoyed the

sensation.

The next boy concentrated more on my pussy. He had his

finger in and out. After that he just had me spread my

legs apart to carefully absorb the sight of my love

hole. The experienced kid held me in a hug so that he

could really feel me up. His hands were everywhere.

Before long their time was up. They weren't too happy

as I put on my clothes.

The instructor put me in a pose. As I got comfortable,

he explained to the students what he wanted emphasized

in today's lesson. I put on my bored professional face.

For twenty minutes I stayed still. I don't really think

much during these times. Today I didn't get to watch

the students where I could see how the men looked at

me. My pose had me gaze at a side wall. Oh, well.

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I once had a very rich South American student in one of

the art classes I posed for. As I was getting into my

car after a session, he suddenly appeared in front of

me. He had a big smile. I thought to myself, "Oh, no!

Not another guy wanting to marry me."

He surprised me. He came right out and asked me if I

would serve at his party topless. I asked him what it

would entail. He said it would take about 6 hours and

there would be about 15 guys and girls. I told him how

much I would charge and he agreed without hesitation. I

was waiting for him to tell me as to when this party

would take place and he seemed hesitant for a while.

Finally he blurted out, "There is something more that I

would like you to do and I would pay you for it." His

accent was kind of neat.

"Sure, what is it?" I asked.

"After the party, all the guys will pick a card. He who

gets the highest card will get to do whatever he wishes

with you." He explained.

I was quiet. Thinking that I was taking offense at what

he requested, he was apologizing profusely. Smilingly I

told him that I took no offense and I have done such

things before. I just was thinking of how much to

charge. We finally came to a figure and everything was

set.

I was ready to go home and he still seemed to have

something in his mind. It seemed that he and his

friends arranged these parties quite frequently and

topping it off with a kind of a lottery as to who would

get the girl they hired for the evening.

He confessed that he was very much attracted to me and

couldn't bear the chance of not having me first before

one of his friends. He explained that this was against

their rules. I said that I would be happy to sleep with

him before the party. We arranged the fee and a date

two days before the party.

I told my husband that I had a meeting to attend. I

didn't wear anything spectacular so that he wouldn't be

suspicious. I changed my clothes at a gas station. I

got a few whistles as I got out wearing a real sexy

black dress. I met Miguel at the restaurant and we sat

real close. He was feeling real good that all the men

were staring at me and being jealous of him. He had his

hands up my dress most of the evening. He kept rubbing

my moist pussy through my panties.

I left my car at the restaurant and we drove back in

his BMW. He put on some real mellow music and we kissed

passionately. I felt like I was in high school again.

We reached his expensive apartment and started making

out on his couch. After necking out like teenagers, I

told him to start a bath. He filled the bath with warm

relaxing water and promptly sat in the bath his

erection throbbing in the water. I switched off the

light in the bathroom and left the door open for some

light.

I undressed in the semi-darkness and I could see that

he was salivating with lust. I entered the bath and

began massaging his feet. I took control and bathed

Miguel. I gently held his erection as I soaped his

balls. It was driving him crazy. I would then slip in

my soapy finger into his anus and he would go wild. I

then let him have his way. His mouth hungrily sucked on

my nipples. His tongue was going everywhere, making me

real excited.

We made love until one o'clock that night. I then had

to get back to my husband.

Break time. I put on my robe and walked to see

everyone's piece of art. Some were very good but those

that were bad were the ones that interested me. I slyly

looked to see if they had a boner. More often than not,

they did. I also liked the way they acted, ignoring my

presence.

I arrived at Miguel's house twenty minutes before the

party started. My duties were explained to me and then

he handed me the outfit for the night. It was a real

sleazy fishnet stocking that covered my front but fully

exposed my ass. I brought my black high-heels as he

requested. As I put on the outfit, his eyes lit up. I

looked like a cheap whore in a crummy strip joint.

The guests starting arriving and everyone was

appreciative of my body. Most congratulated Miguel on

his good choice. I was groped, touched and pinched all

night. Everyone kissed my nipples as I served them a

drink or an appetizer, even the girls. It was real fun.

The men would suck hard and the girls would gently

touch with their lips. As the party reached its close,

my time had come. The boys all entered Miguel's bedroom

leaving their girlfriends outside.

I was given a stack of cards. Still in my sleazy

outfit, I offered the cards to each. They each picked a

card. Finally the moment of truth had come. Roberto had

a Jack of Hearts which was the highest card among them.

He was one of the more aggressive guys. I knew I will

be in for a ride. I sat down on the bed and watched

Roberto push out his friends. Most made a modest

attempt to stick around but finally the crowd left.

Roberto was immediately upon me before the lock even

latched. The stockings were ripped apart and he easily

turned my totally nude body around to penetrate me

doggy style. He wasn't much for foreplay as he shoved

his nine-incher into me. Luckily I was wet enough to

let it slide in. He began aggressively pumping me which

I liked.

Soon I began moaning and moving to his rhythm. This was

good old-fashioned fucking. I could feel an orgasm

coming and with his frenzied motion we came together.

He quickly removed this dick and we lay on the bed for

awhile exhausted. Cum was slowly oozing down my legs.

Since we were done so fast, I was waiting if he was

going to ride me slow this time but I was surprised

that he motioned me to leave.

My clothes were in the closet outside the bedroom. I

was looking to find something to cover my body but

Roberto insisted I leave the room and back into the

party without a stitch on. Knowing that I had no choice

I got out the way I was. Although I have exposed my

body to all these people, I felt vulnerable going out

this way. Much to my surprise, only the guys were left.

The girls had disappeared. Even worse, the were all

sitting with their pants down. I was searching for

Miguel to figure out the meaning of this. He was

nowhere to be found. Soon enough the terms were laid

out. I wouldn't be allowed to leave until I sucked

everyone off. I promptly got on my knees and started

the first guy. I wasn't going to give them the pleasure

to see me resisting. I knew I was outnumbered.

It took me close to an hour but I sucked all seven guys

including Roberto. I had to swallow all their cum.

After the last of Roberto's cum passed my throat, they

threw me my clothes. I tried my best to dress in their

presence with dignity amidst jeering and cheering.

I never saw Miguel again in my classes.

Class was over and I dressed in the changing area. I

chatted with few of the students and was soon on my way

to my car knowing that the eyes of those who knew what

I did were fixed on me. I got home and did my errands.

When my husband got home, we got ready for a night out

with our friends.

The End