**My Exhibitionist Best Friend**

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Prologue

This is the story of how my best friend discovered that she is an exhibitionist, how I found out, and how I somehow ended up with near total control over her increasingly public nudity. And it all started with just one unexpected statement over dinner.

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"We could model for each other. That could be fun."

Those were not the words I expected to hear from Emily while talking about the figure drawing class we were taking. My college industrial design class was studying abroad for a month over the summer, and we were halfway through a special weeklong figure drawing course meant to expose us to other forms of art. This was not really our kind of art and none of us had any experience with something like this. But I think we were all enjoying it, both for the artistic education and the ability to get to stare at a naked French woman for two hours at a time. That part may have just been me, but odds are that more than a few in my class were enjoying the sight.

After a long day of our various classes, my two best friends and I went to dinner like we had been doing so many nights. I, Ben, sat on one side and Emily and Laura sat opposite. We had been close friends since the start of college.

"I really didn't know what to expect with this figure drawing class, but it's been pretty fun," I said at some point in the conversation.

Laura said, "I can't believe that were already over half way through though. I feel like I'm just now figuring out how to draw people that actually look like something. I've always wanted to get good at that and this is helping a ton."

"Same, I can see so much of a difference so far. I would love to stick with this and see how much better I could get. It's fun," I said, voicing aloud just half of the reason for my desire to continue with figure drawing.

"I'd like that too. I think there are actually some classes back at college, not sure if we can get in them though since it's not for our major," replied Laura.

I began to imagine that incredible situation. Taking a semester long class of getting to look at naked people- aka appreciate the form of the human body. And the models would be fellow college students instead of an anonymous though very attractive French woman. Maybe it would be someone I knew from a different class. Maybe it would be one of the really hot cheerleader types. Anyone would be fantastic actually, just because I would know that they are just a college student like me.

I broke from my momentary fantasy when I heard Emily say, "Well if we really want to keep it up and can't find c class to take, we could model for each other. That could be fun."

We both looked back at her, maybe a little unsure of what we heard at first. Laura chuckled a little and said, "Good joke Emily. Can't imagine doing something like that." I said nothing.

"Well I was kind of serious about that. I'd really like to keep on practicing my figure drawing too, and if I couldn't find a better way to do it, I feel like us drawing each other would be an ok option," Emily said. "But I'll just try to find a class to take when we get back."

Again I said nothing. Because I didn't know how to properly respond to the variety of thoughts running though my head at the time. I was suddenly imagining seeing my friends naked standing there on the podium, letting me look over every inch of them. And then I was imagining myself standing there just as naked, watching them scan over my body. It was a lot of mental images at once. I loved it.

But then the conversation moved on. Dinner continued and then the night was over. During the remaining days of class, I kept the thought of that suggestion and that fantasy in my mind, but there was never any more mention of it with Emily and Laura.

The summer ended and we went back home, back to a normal school life where we didn't discuss being naked. Yet.

Chapter 1

After the summer, it was time to go back to school. We kept busy and we stayed close friends. Each of us lived in different dorm buildings on campus with different roommates, but our class work kept us together often. Still, Emily never mentioned her suggestion from that first dinner.

For that fall semester, we had to take an interdisciplinary design class of our choice. Emily and Laura and I decided to pick a class together and we somehow ended up in an architecture class. Emily actually suggested it and it sounded like a fun idea, so we signed up. Laura and I didn't know a ton about the class before the first day, but we trusted her recommendation.

The first week, the class were good but unremarkable. It was a mix of history and practical design exercises. Nothing very out of the ordinary for what we were used to doing, but we knew there was some kind of big project coming soon from reading the syllabus.

The second week in, we got more info about the biggest part of our grade. It was to keep a daily sketchbook for the rest of the semester. Ok, that's not hard at all, I thought. We sketch plenty for our other courses, mostly products and small objects that we are designing. I thought that we could just use those sketches and satisfy the assignment with basically no extra work. The challenge to this big project was found when we read the details on the assignment sheet together after class. We were to sketch a variety of subjects including objects, buildings, people, animals, plants, and anything else we felt like sketching. But if our book didn't have variety to it, it said our grade would reflect that.

"Ok so reading this, it looks like we are actually going to have to do some new sketches for this project if we want a good grade," I said.

"Looks like it," Laura agreed. "Did you know about this part of the class when you suggested it Emily?"

"Yeah, my roommate mentioned it, but she's in studio art, so I guess she just didn't make it sound as involved as it actually is. I mean it's not that difficult. Just have to do some sketches every day of stuff we don't normally sketch."

We did our best for the next couple weeks to sketch what we thought was variety, but to be honest, it was pretty heavy on the industrial design stuff. Its what we were already doing, so it was easy. And we were busy with other classes, so we basically had to just do what we could.

At the two-week mark, the sketch books were collected for a quick progress review. I guess unsurprisingly, all three of us got notes saying that we needed to draw other things from now on if we wanted a good grade. The note said something about us needing us to broaden our skill set. The note suggested that we start picking more organic subjects. Plants, landscapes, people. It also suggested to try some figure drawing to help us get away from sketching rigid objects.

I saw this note and immediately flashed back to the summer before, to our week of figure drawing. I guess Emily and Laura did too, because it was the first thing that they mentioned when we started talking after class.

"Did you get the same note I did, about needing to draw organic objects? Looks like I'm going to have to figure out how to draw people again. Man, I was so good before, I'm going to really have to get back in practice," Laura said first.

"Yeah that's what mine said too," I responded.

Emily followed, "Yeah same. Well we did say at the time that we enjoyed it and wanted to do it again sometime."

"Very true," I said. "Ok well I guess we need to look into where we can do that around here. Maybe there is still an art class we can get into? Or some club or something like that?"

"My roommate is around the art building a lot, I'll ask her," said Emily.

"Fantastic," said Laura. "Surely she'll have a suggestion. There has to be some way for us to draw people around here!"

Later that night, we got a text from Emily with an update.

"Talked to my roommate. The art department has figure drawing classes, but they are all full already this semester and there aren't any clubs that do live drawing. Her best suggestion is to sign up for a night course that the local museum is doing. It's $115 for 6 weeks of classes though."

"That's way more than I expected, and we don't need that long a class either," I replied first.

"I don't really have the money to do that right now. Plus we don't exactly have the time to be taking a weekly night class," Laura texted.

"Could we just not do any real figure drawing? Maybe just sketch from some pictures?" I said.

"I don't think that will work. I told my roommate that and she said that you can always tell the difference between real figure drawing and faking it. Our teacher would definitely be able to see it and might not give us the grade we want for that."

"Ok. Could you ask your roommate if there is any way to get a model to help us out outside of a class Emily? I'd hate to have to pay, but I guess we could throw some cash at someone to help us out," I replied.

"I can ask. Not sure what she will say though," Said Emily.

Laura replied, "We've got to be able to find someone that wants some extra cash."

There was a couple minute break at this point before anyone responded. The chat bubbles came up a couple times but would then disappear. Finally, a text from Emily came through.

"I'll just do it. You guys can draw me. Since its just for art and we really need a model. Strictly professional. Oh but I also need to draw one of you."

Flashbacks to that dinner and her original suggestion hit me. Did she really just say that. Could this be a serious suggestion?

Laura responded first, quickly. "Are you serious? You'd be willing to do that?"

"Yeah serious. We really need to be sketching from a live model and I'm willing, I guess. I think it's our best option right now."

"Wow, I guess that would work out pretty well," I said.

"Yeah this sounds like the best option we have!" replied Laura.

"Ok then yeah I'll do it. But like I said, I'm only half of this. I need someone to sketch too."

Neither of us replied for the next minute or two. Obviously neither of us wanted to volunteer too quickly. Part of me so wanted to say yes right then, but I think I was too in shock about what was happening to put it into words.

Emily ended up replying first. "You two can decide later since neither of you seem too enthused. Should we do it this weekend? We need to have a couple sketches before the next progress review. We could do it once this weekend and then again the next weekend maybe?"

We both responded that we could make the weekend work.

It was happening. I was going to get to see Emily naked next weekend. And there was a good chance that I would be just as naked in front of my two best friends. I was ecstatic. And terrified.

Surprisingly, we didn't talk about the subject at all for the next couple days. It was as if we never texted. Classes as normal.

Then Thursday night, Emily texted. "Ok so we can do our sketching in my dorm room this weekend. Have you two talked about who else will be posing?"

"No we haven't. Maybe we could just decide when we get there?" I replied.

"Ok, well since you can't decide, I have decided that I get to pick who joins me. Since I was the brave one to volunteer first. I'll tell you this weekend."

"Wait what?" immediately replied Laura.

"Yeah I think I have the right to pick my posing partner for this week. So that's what I'm going to do."

"That's making me a little nervous, but ok I guess," I texted.

"How do you think I feel! I'm the one that volunteered to pose in front of my two best friends! I've been nervous all week since suggesting it. I was afraid I would back out if I didn't text you two about it tonight."

"Ha ok well sorry, and thank you. This weekend sounds good for me. Saturday afternoon at 2:00?" I said.

"Good for me," said Laura.

"Perfect for me. See you both on Saturday," finished Emily.

Gulp. This is happening.

Saturday morning. I wake up and immediately begin to think about what is going to happen today. I've got just a couple hours to fully prepare mentally and physically for the sketching session.

I've really always wanted to see Emily naked. Laura too, but mostly Emily. As a college age male, I guess it is pretty standard to wonder what your female friends look like undressed. Emily is 5'7" or so. Thin and athletic. A cup, but enough there. Fully my type. Laura is a little taller and more average build, probably B cup. Definitely still attractive, but not my first choice. There was a solid chance that I would be seeing both of them naked today. It was a little overwhelming.

I decided that I needed to pre-masturbate before heading to Emily's dorm. I also spent a good couple minutes checking myself out naked in the mirror, to see what they might be seeing soon. I procrastinated getting ready to leave a little more than I should have. Even though I was excited for what would be happening, it was still a little bit surreally impossible, like I would get there and it would have all been a joke. So I procrastinated having to face the reality of this actually or not actually happening. But finally, it was 1:45. I had to leave to walk across campus to her dorm room.

I arrived at the front door and Emily met me there to let me in just a couple minutes before 2:00. Laura was already in the room, apparently she got there very early. We all sat in the living room and looked at each other, knowing what was going to happen soon. But actually, we started talking about classes and other things. Basically anything except modeling, sketching, or what we knew was coming.

Next thing we knew, it was almost 2:45 and no movements had been made towards beginning our sketch session. But then Laura looked at her phone and said, "Hey guys, I have dinner plans with my roommates tonight, so if we are going to do this, we really need to start soon."

"I don't have a ton of time either," I said, looking over to Emily. "Ready to start?"

Emily looked back at us, took a deep breath, and said, "Yes let's do this. Now I've thought a lot about how this is going to go. I asked my roommate for some tips about how we should do this."

"Wait she knows about this? I assumed this was going to be a secret," Laura said quickly.

"Well after all my questions about joining a class, my roommate knew about our issue, and asked what we decided to do. I felt like I had to tell her. I trust her."

"Ok. Well no one else," replied Laura with some nervousness.

"Ok so the plan. I am going to model first. We're going to do 3 or 4 10-minute poses with short break between. I think that's a good introduction for our first session. And then after I pose, one of you does the same. If one of you doesn't volunteer, I get to pick. Sounds good?"

"Sounds as good as it's going to be. I'm ready to get going," I said. It was time.

"I'm going to get ready in my room. Get your drawing stuff out, I'll be here in just a second," Emily said as she walked out of the room and closed her door.

Laura and I didn't really talk while getting ready. In my mind, I knew that I wanted to volunteer to pose second, but I also was afraid of being too enthusiastic about it, and I knew that I would actually be terrified in the moment. I decided to not volunteer and take my chances. Emily then walked out from her room, wearing just a towel wrapped around her, like fresh out of a shower. She walked to the center of the living room, right in front of the TV and across from the sofa we were on.

"Models normally wear a robe, but I don't have one of those, so this is the best you get. Ready to start?"

We both nodded. Emily made eye contact with both of us, started a timer on her phone, and then ceremoniously pulled the towel away from her body and tossed it to the sofa to reveal herself to us. She was fully and completely naked and it was a glorious sight that I never thought I would see. She posed, putting her weight on one leg, one arm on her side, one on her leg. It was all visible, just like the view I had in that first figure drawing class. Her breasts were fuller than expected with tiny pink nipples. She was fully shaved and the slit of her vulva was clear. She looked immaculate. She blushed immediately and avoided eye contact. I could tell this was a lot for her.

I realized that I was still staring at had not yet drawing. To be fair, neither had Laura. I guess having your best friend stand naked in front of you is a little distracting for everyone. I started sketching, and surprisingly, it started coming back to me. Guess I hadn't forgotten everything from the class the year before. I kept getting in the zone of the sketch and forgetting that it was Emily I was drawing. And then it would hit me again and I would have to take an extended look at her body in disbelief. Luckily, figure drawing is a fantastic excuse for staring for longer than socially acceptable. Especially when it is tits that you are staring at.

Suddenly, the phone timer went off and it was over. Emily broke her pose and quickly reached over for the towel, wrapping herself up. No one said a word at first. Too awkward. She sat beside us with some reservation.

"So... How do your drawings look?" asked Emily to break the tension.

"Want to look?" I said, passing the sketchbook over to her. She looked intently and her eyes were wide, as if she finally realized the result of what she was doing.

"Wow. Looks really great. I'm impressed. Yours looks great too Laura. I didn't know that pose was going to look like that." After a pause, she said, "I'm feeling very exposed right now. Obviously. But this is what I volunteered for. Ok I think I am ready for the next pose. Do either of you have any requests?" she said as she stood back up.

"Uh no, however you want to pose is great for me," I said, hoping to not betray my enthusiasm too much.

"Ok, I'll just see what happens."

She returned to her position in front of us, and yet again swiftly pulled the towel away and tossed it. This time she stood with her legs slightly apart and rested her arms on her head, subtly pushing her torso and breasts out further than normal. As great as the previous pose was, this was a major improvement. It suited her frame and accentuated her assets wonderfully. I again stared a little too long before starting. This time, I think she noticed because she actually looked at us.

The sketching moved quickly this time and the timer rang sooner than expected. She grabbed the towel again and sat down next to us, looking over our work.

"I felt much better than time," she started. "I think this is something I've just got to get used to."

"That makes sense. Being naked around other people isn't exactly the most normal thing to be doing," replied Laura. She then looked down, realizing what might be coming soon for her.

After a couple more minutes and a bathroom break, Emily returned for the third pose. This time, she decided to lay down, with one leg bent up and her hands clasped on her stomach. It was definitely a different view. Her vagina was covered so it was all boobs, but still a wonderful view for me. This one again moved quickly. The timer went off and something different happened. Emily stood up, walked over, and sat down next to us still completely naked. No towel involved.

"I've decided that I need to get more comfortable with this, so I'm going to skip the towel this time. You two ok with that?"

We both stared and silently nodded. Somehow it was so very different to have a naked friend standing in a pose in front of you and that same naked friend sitting next to you as if it was nothing unusual. I felt like I no longer had the right to stare, even though I wanted to so badly. I painfully kept eye contact the whole time. And I think she noticed. We made small talk for a couple minutes, longer than normal. It was almost like she was enjoying the nakedness and the affect it had on us. Eventually, she stood and said she wanted to do one more pose before we switched models. Laura and I looked at each other nervously.

This time, Emily pulled a chair from the dining area over to the posing area. "I think I want to try a sitting pose this time." There was a bit of a smile when she said that.

She sat and slouched back, with her back just slightly arched and one arm over her head. Her legs had a slight spread to them, but not too much. It was all I was looking at. They were about a quarter spread, but it was enough to see what she had between them. I had not broken eye contact with her vagina the entire time. Once she was set, I looked up and saw that she was starting directly at us, watching our reaction. She knew what she was doing.

The sketching began, but this seemed to be the most challenging pose to focus on. I just kept wanting to stare at the pussy in front of me. I struggled through and managed a half decent sketch. The timer went off and I realized it was over. Emily stood up and walked back in to her room, saying she would be back in a minute. A couple minutes passed as Laura and I filled time before what we knew was next. Then Emily walked back out, now fully dressed as if she wasn't just naked and spread in front of us.

"So how are your sketches looking?" she asked as she sat back down. We passed over all 4 and she inspected them for a minute. "Wow, ok, that last pose was a little more.... explicit than I thought it would be. It felt natural at the time."

"It's ok, it made a really good drawing," Laura replied while slightly blushing.

"Ok well I think it's time to move on to the second half of todays events. Have you two made a decision yet?" Emily stated.

"About that, don't you think we've done enough for today?" said Laura.

"No because I don't have any sketches yet. I can't draw myself, can I. So I need one of you. It's ok, I survived."

In my mind I wanted to stand up and volunteer, but I couldn't get the words to come out. I wanted it, but my body wouldn't let me. The choice was quickly taken away from me.

"Only fair to do both sexes today, so Ben, you are up. Naked time for you."

Shit. Naked time for me.

"Ok Ben, I'm sure you remember the instructions, but I'll go over them anyway" Emily said. "Four 10 minute poses with breaks in between. Go for a variety of positions and poses. And make sure to stay still during each pose. No moving or else we'll have to start again so we can get 4 good sketches."

"I can do that" I said, with a little tremble in my voice. After she picked me, I was able to go get undressed in her room and have a moment to myself. What was I about to do? Emily just did this and it went ok, so no reason to panic at this point. Still, this was one of those nervous moments that went on forever. Being honest with myself, I was excited about the idea of being naked in front of my friends. I had an ok body that was worth showing off. This was the ideal situation to do it. The biggest fear that kept me nervous all week was the idea that I might get an erection at some point. I knew that since this idea sexually excited me in some way, it might be hard to contain it. I had to hope that the embarrassment and adrenaline of the moment would keep it under control.

So it was time to start. I took my place at the center of the room. It seemed as if I was moving in slow motion as my hands reached down to pull off the towel. I clasped the fabric and pulled it away and off my body, tossing it to the sofa in one move. I turned and faced the sofa with my full nakedness, making a pose that clearly showed off my front. Emily and Laura of course acted professional. No comments, just looking and early sketches. I decided that I needed to not look at them and try to let my mind wander to get through this without too much direct embarrassment.

The timer quickly went off to mark the end of the first pose. Shockingly, it went by way faster than expected. Laura tossed me the towel and I covered up. Like the first set, there was not a lot of talk at first, and I was ok with that. It was awkward of course, but felt good in a way. I was hoping that Emily and Laura enjoyed looking at my cock and I was temped to take a look at their sketches and see how much detail they ended up with, but decided to wait to look at the very end to keep the mystery up.

The second pose began. I was starting to get used to the feeling after a couple minutes of my second pose. Or as used to the feeling you can be when you know your two best friends are staring at your dick. Moments after this pose ended and I sat down, I heard a sound that nearly gave me a panic attack. The door opened. Thank god that I was covered up.

Zoe, Emily's roommate, entered. Of course, she would be the only other person to come in. As the door closed, she said "Hey Emily, hope I'm not interrupting. My meeting ended early. How's the figure drawing going?"

"Your fine, were taking a break right now. It's been good so far. We're about half way through. Ben is modeling right now."

I shyly waved, saying hi and feeling weird to be there greeting Zoe in just a towel. Zoe was a cool girl. A hot girl. She was an artist type, naturally and effortlessly attractive. I didn't really know her that well but was occasionally friendly with her when hanging out with Emily. She would easily be near the top of my list for fantasy girls. I instantly felt a little embarrassed to be sitting here in a towel in front of her.

There was some awkward introductions and greetings and a brief discussion about how Zoe has a lot more practice with drawing from a model. As an art student, she obviously had a lot of experience with it. I perked up when she mentioned that she had a lot of experience modeling too.

"Yeah, when you are an artist, you always need new models, so everyone around the studio ends up doing it at some point. I like it actually. It's really relaxing, and builds some good self-confidence. Plus if you model for the college classes, it usually pays pretty great. I do it for a couple classes this semester."

Oh how amazing would it be to be in one of those classes, I thought. But that would be a mental image for later, not now, when I am about to pose naked again.

Then Emily added, "Hey could you actually look over our sketches and tell us what you think so far? You may be able to show us some good tips."

"Oh yeah I'd really appreciate that," added Laura.

We all look and talked for a couple minute, going over the Emily sketches and the ones of me so far. But then Zoe suggested that she would really be able to best help while they were starting on a new pose. Oh no.

"Ben, would you be ok with Zoe being here for the next pose to help us out? It's totally fine if you aren't ok with it," said Emily.

I almost felt like I didn't have a choice here, even though of course I did. But I wanted to cooperate and sheepishly told her no problem as coolly as I could while standing up and getting into position. Zoe grabbed her sketchbook from her room and set up right in front of me. No turning back now.

I don't even remember what kind of pose I ended up with that time, because I was so focused on not ending up with an erection in front of this new and unexpected girl in the room. She gave them a lot of good advice as far as I could tell. They were so intently discussing their drawings that they didn't even notice at first when the alarm went off and I quickly covered up. The sketches from that round really were a big improvement I had to admit. Zoe knew what she was doing and she continued teaching for a couple minutes.

Emily then said that it was time for the last pose. I stood back in place, but before beginning, Zoe said "Hey wait just a second." She stood up, put all her drawing things on the kitchen counter, and walked over by me. "I think it would help you two if you tried those tips with a female model too."

I admit that I did not understand what she really meant until the clothes started coming off.

Though I had seen a naked girl for a while earlier today, I realized that I hadn't seen her strip to get that that naked point. There is something unbelievably sexier about watching the clothes come off in front of you.

Zoe smoothly lifted off her shirt and slid off her jeans in just a couple seconds. She was wearing matching teal blue underwear. I would have been incredibly happy just to see this, but it continued. She showed no hesitation to pull of her bra and then step out of her panties, leaving her as the only one naked in the room since I was still wearing the towel. God was she hot. Similar body type to Emily, but slightly bigger breasts. Toned legs lead to a pussy adorned with a neat black landing strip. She made a cute, show-offy pose towards the two girls and then turned to me and said "Hope you don't mind. Thought it might be fun to do a partners pose and it'll help them too. Let's start!"

Gulp, I thought. So here I am, supposed to be naked right next to a fantastically hot naked girl, in front of my two best friends, and I have to act like it is completely normal. And try to not get an erection. Ok. Wow. All that raced through my head.

Zoe moved me into our pose. It was a pretty basic pose, but I'm sure that with two people, it was much more interesting to draw. The good news is that I was positioned so that I couldn't see Zoe. I was facing sideways to the sofa, and Zoe was behind me, almost leaning on my back. The touch of naked skin was going to make this pose a challenge, but at least there was no visual component as well. This was the longest feeling pose yet, obviously. It was becoming very difficult to completely ignore the situation, and I could feel the blood start moving. Not exactly an erection yet, but the process had begun. I ended up starting to get enlarged by the time we ended, but not really erect. So that was a win, but I was still embarrassed and wondered if they had all noticed.

As I pulled the towel on, we all realized that there were now two naked people and only one thing to cover with. Realizing the situation, Zoe immediately said "You take the towel, I'm fine to hang out like this for a minute."

"Are you not uncomfortable being naked?" Laura immediately asked.

"Oh no it's not really a problem for me. Like I said, the art thing has gotten me to the point that nakedness doesn't seem that special. I was like this for an hour for class on Friday. Emily and I are naked around the dorm a lot too. This is a clothing optional dorm room," she said as she laughed. Emily looked a little embarrassed for that fact to be out there. "It started when our AC stopped working for like a while last spring, so we kind of just adopted a minimal clothes strategy until it was fixed, and it stuck."

Well Emily definitely never told us that story. But it started to explain a lot, but added even more questions at the same time.

"Interesting. Not quite the solution I would have gone with, but I get it," said Laura.

"Best option we had. Really got to the point that it just felt normal to hang around with not much on" Emily said. "We started calling ourselves part time nudists."

We both went back to the bedrooms and got dressed. There was a quick bit of discussion about the quality of the drawings when we were back before the conversation took an unexpected turn.

"Told you I was a good model Emily!" said Zoe. "I had offered to model when I heard about your situation," she said to all of us as an aside, "but Emily was afraid my poses would be too advanced for beginner sketching. I think my pose turned out perfect for what you need!"

So Emily had lied about not being able to get a model for us. Interesting.

Laura voiced my confusion for me. "Oh I thought that you couldn't find anyone for us Emily? That's why you had to do it?"

A little bit of awkward stares all around but Emily covered it. "Oh well it was complicated; I wasn't sure when Zoe would be available and it just seemed easier for me to do it. Plus I felt like we would have needed to pay Zoe, so this saved us money. I didn't mind. Like I said, a little fun anyway."

Satisfied at the answer, we soon left, leaving Emily and Zoe to their room. By this point, my feelings of what I had just done had mostly faded, but I knew that this would be an experience I would remember for a while. But what I most thought about was that conversation at the end and Emily's actions of the day. Based on Emily's initial suggestion that summer, her willingness to do it, the way she acted while naked, and the reveal that she lied to us about getting a model, I had a theory.

The next afternoon, I decided that I needed to talk to her about it. So I sent a text, to just her.

"So some experience yesterday..."

"Ha yeah. Well we got good sketches. Thanks for being cool with doing it too. I'm sure a lot of other guys would have freaked out" she replied quickly.

"No problem. Though it sounds like I didn't really need to do it after all since Zoe was willing. What happened with that?" I said. I was probing the situation.

"Oh yeah, well like I said, I just thought it would be way simpler for just us to do it. Keep it in the group. Plus to be honest, I just wanted to try it. To see if I could. And I did. I liked doing it."

"It did seem that you liked doing it. Quite a lot actually" I replied.

"lol" was all that she replied. Time to go for it.

"Emily, I have to ask. You are an exhibitionist, aren't you? You like being naked in front of people, right? That's what it seemed like yesterday. It seemed like you really enjoyed showing yourself off like that."

No response for a couple minutes. I was afraid I offended her. A couple of typing bubbles appeared and disappeared. Then she finally replied. "Oh god, is it that obvious?"

I knew it.

She continued, "Oh no, I'm embarrassed now. Look, I don't know if I'm am that, but I just like to be naked around people, and this seemed like a good opportunity. But I thought that if I had a reason besides just that I like being naked, it would be less embarrassing. Shit, I guess I took it too far. Sorry."

Wow, so now I know that my attractive best friend enjoys being naked around people. Dream scenario, I thought. My mind began racing about what to do with this info. So many directions I could take this.

But she first replied "Can you not tell anyone about this? Not Laura. Not about any of this. We can just pretend this didn't happen and stop doing this sketching thing if this is a problem."

"Absolutely, I'll not tell anyone about yesterday. But I don't think that this needs to end. You want to be naked. Let's keep getting you naked. I'm not going to complain," I quickly texted back, planning out our next moves.

I continued, "How about we meet up this afternoon for coffee. I want to talk about this. I think we could have some real fun with this, exhibitionist Emily."

Chapter 2

Emily did agree to meet me that afternoon to talk. But she refused to actually do the talking part in public. Too much risk of being overheard and being embarrassed again, which was a little ironic since the secret is that she wanted everyone there to see her naked. We grabbed coffee at the student center and then went back to her room since Zoe was out all day at the library.

We sat and for a moment, neither knew how to start.

So I began. "So Emily. Why exactly do you want to be naked in front of your friends?"

Reminding her that I knew made her blush and look down for a moment. "Well, uh. It's been a thing for a while I guess, but really in the last couple years," she began.

"I guess I should just tell you the truth since you called me out about it. There's a lot of story here," she said as she readjusted her position on the couch. "I guess I always enjoyed being naked in the normal kind of way growing up. You know what I mean. It was freeing and I didn't know better.But the, well exhibitionist thoughts didn't really start until recently."

"I think the real start came the summer after I graduated from high school, when I worked as a lifeguard at a pool in town. It was a good job. Got to hang out at the pool and relax for most of the summer. Of course, I had a uniform, that classic red one-piece lifeguard look. Nothing revealing obviously. But I could feel the looks when I was sitting up there on that perch and when I would walk around the pool. Maybe it was really an authority thing, but I just felt like everyone was staring at me. As if trying to see through the suit. I felt so on display. It did something to me. Oh god I can't believe I'm telling you this."

"Please, keep going, I already know where this story ends! And I mean I did see your vagina yesterday, so no need to be embarrassed just by talking," I said.

The blush was back, stronger than ever. But it was true, and she knew it.

"Ok so the suit was part of it, but not the main thing. So the pool I worked at had showers in the women's room for us to use before and after our shifts. I never had showers in school growing up, my school just wasn't set up like that, so this was new. They were basically open plan showers, no curtains, no privacy, nothing. The first couple days, I showered in my suit, like all of the other lifeguards. It was odd to shower with something on, and I really was tempted to go for it naked, but it just didn't seem right since it appeared that the standard was to just wear the suit."

"But then after a week, a couple new girls started working. The three of them worked the previous summer and just got back into town from college. They were tight friends and acted like they already knew what they were doing, well, because they did. And on the very first day, at the end of their shift, they did it. All three, showering naked together in the middle of the room, not a care at all about who saw them. I was getting ready for my shift at the time and watched them out of the corner of my eye."

"It was all I could think about that day. They didn't look embarrassed. They didn't act like they had something to hide. So I decided that now that they had done it, I could do it and it wouldn't be as weird. So after my shift the next day, I did it. I was alone at the time in the showers, which was perfect because I'm not sure I would have done it if it was full. I pulled off the suit and took a naked shower. I know, really not that scandalous. But it felt freeing, like I felt when I was naked growing up. It felt good and normal, but actually not as exciting as I had thought it would be. After a minute though, the door opened and I heard someone walking my way. I considered covering or running for a split second, but realized that I wasn't doing anything wrong, so why care."

"Two other lifeguards walked into the showers and joined me as I was finishing up. Neither undressed, and none of us spoke. And I avoided eye contact. I left after a couple moments to go get dressed, but I wished I could have stayed naked there forever. It was like a high to be naked there, around other people who weren't naked with you. I realized in that moment that the other people around made the difference for me. Oh I'm sure I sound insane to you."

"No I get it!" I interjected. "There's something so natural about being naked, so I get it. And it sounds like you really really like it. I've got to say, I'm impressed with how nervous you acted about being naked yesterday. Good acting."

"No I actually was nervous! I mean you two are my best friends. It's a nerve-racking situation, even if I like it. It's definitely been a fantasy for a while to be naked around my friends," she replied while looking away. "Oh now I'm embarrassed again. I'm really not sure I should keep going."

"No I feel like there's more to this story. Please keep going," I said. "I do have one question though."

"What? I'm sure you could have a ton of questions here," she answered, slightly laughing.

"So, if you enjoy being naked, and specifically naked in front of other people, why aren't you naked right now?"

No immediate response. She looked at me slightly shocked that I would say that, but also completely understanding what I meant. I could see her thinking as she looked away.

"On the one hand, that just seems weird and inappropriate. On the other hand, I flashed you for an hour yesterday and just confessed to being an exhibitionist to you," she finally replied.

She then stood up from the sofa, saying, "So I think you are completely right." She then pulled her shirt over her head in a quick motion and slid down her shorts, leaving her in her underwear. Strangely, since I didn't see her in this state yesterday, it was especially hot to me. But it didn't last long because then her bra and panties were off just as quick. Naked Emily was back, basically 24 hours after her first appearance and I was so happy to have seen her both times.

She returned to her seat and acted like it was back to normal. I, like yesterday, tried to be professional at first and keep eye contact, but Emily quickly said, "Hey Ben, you can look you know. That's kind of the point. It feels weirder to me if I'm naked and you don't even acknowledge it. So stare away!" She lifted her arms and somewhat posed while saying that, pushing out her perky tits for a fantastic view.

I let my eyes fall all over her and didn't look away for what felt like a minute. Her skin looked so smooth and tight, with perfect athletic curves that accentuate what she was working with. Small breasts, just enough to fit in your hand. Perky nipples that were already starting to stand up. A slim waist leading down to a set of killer hips and a toned ass. Long, slender legs. Even her feet were attractive. She hid quite a hot body away under that normal girl style she put on. The way she was sitting, I could just get a peak at the top of her slit, but I knew that I'd find a way to see more of that again soon.

I eventually looked back up, causing her to smile and laugh again. She had been watching my eyes cover her. "Ok back to the story," I said.

"Ok! I do feel much more comfortable now, so thank you for the suggestion. So anyway, after trying out showering naked at work, that became my new routine. Every shift, I was naked before and after. Undress at my locker, hang around for a couple extra moments to extend the nudity, then walk to the showers and shower as slowly as possible. Sometimes there were others in there, sometimes not, but I always enjoyed it in some way. I would then get dressed back at my locker and go back to my non-nude life. I even started coming to the pool on off days so I could shower more, since it was the same setup in the public locker room. And those days, I was able to wear a much skimpier bikini that I really loved. And everyone loved seeing me in it based on the stares. I really was only naked in front of 2 or 3 people at a time and no one really looked at me, but it was enough."

"That was as far as I took it over that summer though. There wasn't really opportunities for more adventures at home where I was surrounded by family. I didn't feel like an exhibitionist, I just felt like a girl that liked to be naked in the locker room. I felt less weird by thinking of it like that. Then it was time for college. I had thought of college as my time to really break out of my normal and try things that I'd always wanted to do. And that extended to the nudity I suppose."

"I signed up for a random roommate that year. My plan was to just introduce some casual nudity into the room to get more comfortable with it. Undress with her in the room, sleep naked, towel off after a shower in front of her, stuff like that. I did all of that, and I loved it, but it wasn't enough really. Just one person and it was so normal and boring. I was going to the school gym a lot too, and showering there just like at the pool. I think I once spent about 30 minutes naked in the locker room, just pretending to be doing something. That was a little better, but now I frequently wasn't the only one naked and it just didn't do it for me like it used to."

"That was the point that I learned something else about my exhibitionism need. If I wasn't supposed to be naked, or if it was out of the ordinary to be naked, it became way more exciting for me. This is super embarrassing, but um, that's the point that the nakedness turned from being about feeling free to, um well, the sexual thrill." She looked away, and followed "I am absolutely crazy to have just told you that."

"You are sitting here naked, so its not really the craziest part of this situation," I told her. As I said this, I looked over her body again, and noticed that she had started to slouch to a position that her pussy was starting to get much more visible. Could that be on purpose?

"Oh good point," she laughed, oblivious to my discovery. "It just feels so much better to be naked when you are not expected to be. Like sitting next to your best friend on your sofa!"

"Can't say I'd complain," I replied.

"So here's the big climax to my exhibitionist story. Get ready, a lot is about to happen. So my normal room and gym routine wasn't enough for me at that point. So, um I decided to do something crazy. This was about 3 months into freshman year and the urges were too much. I'd been having fantasies about how I could be naked. But of all of them, I kept coming back to one, the classic streak. It's such a college thing to do, so it felt right."

"You went streaking!" I exclaimed. I was actually shocked. I would never have expected Emily to do something like that. I also would not have expected to be sitting with her naked right now, so what do I know.

"I did! But there's more to this story," she said.

"Ok so I planned for a couple days and decided to do it late at night on a Tuesday, assuming the least amount of people out. I mean I wanted to be seen in some way, but not really by many people and not for very long. I also needed to not get caught and ruin my reputation, so I bought a ski mask to wear. Yes, me, streaking with just a ski mask and tennis shoes. The plan was to take a walk at about 11:30pm, fully dressed of course. I acted like I was going to the library to study, but headed over to the engineering side of campus, where it was always a little quieter at night. I had scoped out the area a couple nights before and had a route."

"Around midnight I took my place over by the side door alcove of the main building. I had circled the building and didn't see much activity at all, so it looked like I was going to be safe to do it as planned. It took me forever standing there in the darkness to fully work up the courage for what I was about to do. I mean with my previous exhibitionist activities, I was in private. But here I was about to streak the college campus that I just started at 3 months ago. Finally, I slipped the mask on then my clothes off, and neatly folded them up in the darkness of the bushes by the door."

"I watched and listened for another minute or two before beginning. My plan was to make a quick circle around the smaller building next door and then loop back to the clothes. That would involve running down one of the main pedestrian paths and across a courtyard, but at a light jogging pace, it would only take about 2 minutes. I wanted something easy. I started out walking though, both to savor the moment and to continue watching my surroundings. I kept out of lights until I hit that main pathway, where the streak really started."

"I looked and listened. A couple cars passing by nearby, the slam of a car door in the distance, two people on the pedestrian path a hundred yards away going the opposite direction. It looked safe, so I went for it. I started running down the path, the same path that a thousand students walk on every day, except I was naked. After just a moment, it was time to turn left and start around the far side of the building. No problems on the side either and I began to make my way back in the direction of my clothes, which would take me across a little courtyard that all the buildings look down on."

"My ideal fantasy of how this would go would be that maybe a couple people in a window above would have seen me as I ran, maybe even one or two people on the path as I raced by, and then I'd back to the clothes and gone to safety within 2 or 3 minutes. I'd even have been happy if no one at all saw me, just so that I could be out in the night air naked. It didn't exactly go that way."

"Ok so I slowed to look across the courtyard and it looked fine, so I kept going, right through the middle. Halfway across though, I hear a door open and people talking. I nearly had a panic attack right then. Even though I wanted to be seen, it was still instinct to freak out a little. I had to keep on running since I'm wasn't sure where they were but then I hear something like 'Holy shit, a naked girl' and a bunch of laughter. I'd definitely been seen and it sounded like a bunch of people. I'm right at the edge of the courtyard when one of them then says 'She's streaking. Let's follow her!"

"Oh no," I said.

"Yes that's about what I felt too. So I was streaking and was about to have followers. The problem was that I was just about 100 feet from my clothes, but if I was being followed, the people would have found me when I was getting dressed and I'd have been caught. I couldn't let that happen so I did something stupid and kept running, right past my clothes. My plan was to find somewhere to hide and wait it out."

"But wait, why didn't you just grab your clothes and keep running and get dressed somewhere else?" I asked, confused at the situation.

"That would have been the logical thing to do, but when you are streaking, apparently there is no logic," she laughed.

"So I did quickly find a big bushy area to hide in that wasn't very well lit, so I felt good about my hiding spot. After just a second, I saw 3 guys and a girl coming around the building, looking for me of course. Luckily for me, it seemed that they decided to give up just as soon as they saw I was gone, thank god. But then they just stood around and started talking! Right where my clothes were!" she said in a frustrated tone.

I laughed out loud. This really was quite the story.

"So I had to wait for a while. I hid in that bush for probably half an hour. They were only there for about 15 minutes, talking, but I was too paranoid to head back to my clothes. Eventually, I bolted back to the hiding spot, scooped the clothes, and then sprinted back to the safety of the bush to get dressed. I walked back to my dorm at that point, nearly 1 AM, slightly delirious about what I just had done and then I passed out. I only found all the bush scratches all over me the next day in the shower."

"After that disaster of an attempt, I swore off the exhibitionist stuff, at least the actually public stuff that could lead to trouble. It's just too dangerous. I still got what I needed at the gym, but the fear of getting really caught kept me from elevating it. The next year, I met Zoe, and became friends with her. I found out about nude modeling from her, and was initially shocked that she did that without any issues, but then realized that it might be a good way for me to be naked too. Fast forward to last summer, and that figure drawing class, and I took it as a sign that I needed to make it happen somehow. I was too nervous to try it for a real class, so I decided to try a smaller group. And from there, you know the rest of the story. Oh and yes,I knew about the sketchbook project and yes I suggested the class just so that this situation might happen. Congratulations, you are now the only person that fully knows about my exhibitionism! I will literally kill you if you tell anyone."

"Wow. Not sure what else to say. I definitely never would have expected this from you. I thought you were the classic good girl, and now I hear that you like to streak? Shocking!" I said. I looked over her again, marveling at the body in front of me. Even more relaxed now.

"Well with my experience, I'm not going to say that I like to streak," she replied with some sarcasm.

"Fair point. Your plan was the problem, too easy to mess it up with something unexpected. I think it would have gone a lot better if you just had some help," I told her. "If you had someone with you holding the clothes, all your problems would be solved. I could do that."

"Oh Ben, no I'm not interested in finding a better way to streak. I keep my exhibitionism to safe moments now. Like figure modeling. I really think I might like to keep doing it. Even if it's just around here. It's enough, I promise. Thank you though," she replied.

I honestly didn't believe her. It was pretty clear that she wanted more than that, but I wasn't going to push it for now.

"Ok, ok I get it. Well I'm glad to be able to help with your exhibitionist release in some way. Always, literally always, willing to let you be naked around me," I joked. She laughed, obviously continuing to enjoy the situation. So I decided to try to push it in a different direction.

"I have another question. Like the last one actually. So you are enjoying being naked right now and showing yourself off to me. Would you enjoy it more if you showed off a little more?"

"Um what do you mean?" she asked, not sure where this was going.

"Well I've seen your tits. I've seen your ass. And you teased a bit of your vagina too. So now I think you should really let me see it. Show me the rest of you down there. I think you want that," I said confidently, hoping that this would work.

Like last time, a look of shock at first but no response. She then stood up and walked to her room, softly closing the door. Fuck, I pushed too far, I must have made her decide to go get dressed. I was preparing myself to just be happy with what I got to see and how to apologize to her.

But then she walked back out, still naked.

"Ok. I'll do it for you. Your reward for being a good listener, and you are right, I'll probably enjoy it even more. It's been a while since I really did this for someone. I had a boyfriend at the end of freshman year, but not really much action since then."

She grabbed a chair and sat it in front of the sofa. "For you, I'd rather be on the sofa," she said, pointing me towards it.

I moved, still silent. She sat, also silent. There was an air of awkward energy now. Emily began to slouch and part her legs, like yesterday, but she didn't stop until they were as wide as possible. She lifted her heels up on the sofa edge, showing all of herself to me. I was absolutely hard at this point, but really that had been building all afternoon.

"So is this what you wanted to see Ben?" she asked, making eye contact. I was right, she was loving this. I could tell from her tone and from the glossy texture on her enlarging pussy lips. Holy shit. I could see the edge of her asshole too.

"Actually, I think your still hiding something from me. I think you need to let me see inside. You want to show me everything. Open up," I said with all seriousness.

She blushed and laughed and did exactly what I said without delay. I could tell that she liked being told what to do as well. This was good to know for the future.

She slid down even more, so that now I could see her tight pink asshole, and reached down towards her pussy. With one hand on either side, she pulled apart her labia so I could see her bright pink insides. "Better," I said.

"So does this do it for you?" I asked. "Do you feel like even more of an exhibitionist now that you are showing off everything? Hiding absolutely nothing?"

"I feel like I'm about to pass out of embarrassment, but yes Ben, this is doing it for me. This feels incredible. Definitely going to inspire some new fantasies." She let go and sat up just a little bit, but still with legs spread open.

"You know I'm glad this happened Ben. I needed to tell someone about this. I'm not going to take up your offer for help doing something crazy, but I'll definitely do this with you. Anytime you want. Well not anytime. I have some limits."

In my mind, all I could think was holy fuck I can get Emily naked whenever I want, and also I think I can find a way to break those limits.

Emily looked up past me and suddenly noticed the time, forcing her to jump up and say "Oh god, Zoe is going to be back soon, I need to get dressed and you should go."

"Aren't you naked a lot around here?" I questioned.

"Well yes, casual nudity, but not spreading my legs on the sofa for my best friend kind of nudity. I can't let her know about this," she replied as she walked in her room and started getting dressed.

"Well I am sad to see exhibitionist Emily gone, but I think I'll see her soon. Oh and next time, you are going to tell me about some of those fantasies," I told her.

She laughed and denied it, but didn't push back. Now clothed, she walked over and gave me a hug before pushing me towards the door and saying goodbye. I walked back to my dorm over the moon about what happened. And then promptly jacked off. I really was serious, there was going to be a next time soon and she was going to tell me more. I could tell that there was a desire to do what she was told tied into the exhibitionism and I intended to find a way to use that. I had ideas. But for now, I was just grateful for the day. Naked Emily for an afternoon was quite an experience.

**Chapter 3**

Two weeks later and I had seen Emily naked 3 more times. Good average. We had sketch sessions both Saturdays where Emily and Zoe and I posed. And we had naked Emily hangout sessions one Sunday, where we just hung out and talked about anything we could. I had made no progress getting her to open up more about the exhibitionism. She had obviously decided to not share anymore and that the being naked around us was enough to satisfy her. That was frustrating after hearing so much, but I understood it. I needed to find a way to push her back into it.

That week, out sketchbooks were collected again for midterm review. Aside from the figure drawing, we all had worked hard on drawing more. So unsurprisingly, we all got good marks when we got the books back. I'll admit, we had gotten pretty ok at drawing people.

We had another sketching session on Saturday. This had really just become a standing appointment, because I knew Emily wanted to be naked and seen, and I wanted to see. Laura and Zoe were always there and hadn't yet started to question why we were doing this so often. The grade pressure was a good reason. I wondered if they needed to know the truth soon though.

Laura and I arrived at the dorm front door just as someone was leaving, so no need to call Emily to come get us. We made it to her door and knocked, yelling "It's us."

To our surprise, the door was cracked opened and Emily's head popped out to quickly scan the hallway. Then she opened it wider and we were met by the sight of a naked Emily, acting as if there was nothing out of the ordinary at all. She ushered us in, ignoring our surprised faces and closed the door quickly.

"So getting a little more comfortable with the nudity then I see," started Laura.

As she finished, Zoe walked into the living room. She was also fully naked.

"We are having a nudist apartment weekend!" Zoe said energetically to answer the question.

Emily then explained "We got to talking recently about how much more comfortable we've been getting with our bodies after all this sketching, and about how we had that week last year with the AC issues and how fun that was, and I guess somehow after talking for a while, we decided we wanted to try out a weekend without clothes and see how it goes. So we started once we got back from our classes yesterday afternoon, and are going to try to make it until Monday morning."

"Sounds like fun" I said first. With my extra knowledge of the situation, I had no doubt that Emily was the one to come up with this idea. "But how were you planning on letting us into the building then?" I asked.

"Good point. I guess I was going to have to just text someone else around here to go let you in. Claim I was sick or something," Emily replied.

"I told her that she should just streak down there naked and let you in herself" joked Zoe, causing everyone to laugh and Emily and I to make knowing eye contact. If only she would actually do that.

After some more talking, the sketching began as normal. Both Emily and Zoe posed for us, since they were the nude ones. We'd gotten fairly professional and routine with this at this point, so there wasn't much talking going on. We had fallen into a routine of traditional poses as well, except for Emily who always seemed to find new ways to shape and twist her body, frequently in ways that showed off as much as possible. There were at least one or two poses that provided a full pussy view for all.

When finishing and packing up, an interesting conversation started. Laura asked about how Emily was coming up with such unique poses and the explanation soon led us to Zoe saying that she had been trying to convince Emily to get a job posing for the art department.

"I don't know, I'm just worried that would be such a big step up from posing for just a couple close friends. I'd be too nervous I think," Emily said, acting timid. Ha, sure, I thought. Emily would love that, but she's trying so hard to not seem too excited by the idea.

"You really are good at it! And it's good money and such a low pressure situation," replied Zoe. "It's perfect for you. I just need to take you to a class one day and let you see how it works."

"I'll think about, ok. I'm sure that once I was doing it, I would be fine and like it just as much as this, but I'm just having trouble getting myself to actually do it. For now, I'm just happy with doing this, ok?" she said back. That sounds familiar. It appears that this budding exhibitionist is content as an apartment nudist for now.

After a couple more minutes of socializing, it was time for us to leave.

That night, I texted Emily, "You really should try out that modeling thing. I know you would love it. Think about how many people would see you naked if you did it for a whole year!" I thought that I would be able to talk her into it with talk like that.

But she really did resist at the idea. "No I really do think I'd be too nervous about it. It'd be just too many people. I mean, the most I've been around at once has been 3 or 4 people maybe. This would be a whole class. I don't know if I'm prepared to do that."

I didn't push it anymore and actually didn't speak to her again for a couple days. No Sunday naked hangout because she wanted to spend some nudist time with Zoe.

A big event in the turning of Emily's exhibitionism happened on Monday. After our class together, I happened to run into our teacher on the way out of the building.

"Hey Ben, glad I ran into you, do you have a quick minute? I've been meaning to talk to you about something," he said to me when we saw each other. We stepped over to the side of the sidewalk to talk and I definitely was wondering where this was going to go.

"I'll be quick. I had a question about the great figure drawing studies you and your friends have been doing for the sketch book. Are you using photos from online or did you get an actual model from the art department? I've noticed that the majority of the students this year that have been trying to do figure studies have been having a lot of trouble, except for your group, so I was wondering what you were doing right."

Hmm. What should I tell him. Not the truth obviously. "Oh well we've done some of both. We actually did have a model for some of it, one of our roommates is in the art department and was able to help find us a model. A live model really made it a lot easier," I replied, deciding that was close enough to the truth without incriminating our actions.

"I assumed so. I would bet that most everyone else is drawing from a picture and struggling. One other question then: I've been thinking about hosting a sketching session with a model one day after class to help everyone else out. Could you possibly get me in contact with that model you've been using? I tried through the art department, but because of something with their pay system, I have to find and hire the model myself."

"Oh, yeah the model we used. Um I can see if I can get her info and see if she's interested," I answered, not really sure what to say.

"Great, that'd be very helpful. It'd be paid of course and we have a flexible schedule, so whenever she is available. Thanks Ben," he said as he started to walk away.

I think I just signed up an imaginary art model for our class.

I guess I could just tell him that the model we used wasn't interested in posing for the sketch session. That would be kind of strange though to refuse to do what you normally do for the art department. Could I convince Zoe to do it? Possibly, she said she had done it before. Then the most obvious and appealing situation crossed my mind. Emily should do it. She knows what to do, she is good at it, and she would absolutely enjoy it. I could only imagine the pleasure she would get out of being naked in front of our whole class and everyone studying every detail of her body.

How would I go about doing that though? There was very little chance that I was going to be able to talk her into it. No, this was my chance to push her a little bit, so she definitely can't know. But like I noticed that first Sunday, I think she is susceptible to being told what to do if in the right situation. I can make this happen.

Soon, I sat down to write an email to our teacher to respond to his request. I had figured out my plan. My email outlined that the regular model we used was going to be unavailable for the next couple weeks, but that we had an alternative for him. During our sketching sessions, Emily had gotten interested in potentially becoming a model for the art department and had practiced posing for us once or twice. After some thought, she decided that she would be willing to pose for the class to get some real experience. She suggested Monday afternoon next week if possible, but her schedule was flexible. I had cc'd her on the email, letting him know to get in contact with her for the specifics. Of course, that was not actually her email. Yes, I made a new fake email account so I could set this all up for her. A little lie, but on the way to getting Emily the exposure that I know she wanted.

Our class was on Monday's and Wednesday's, so I waited to send the email until Wednesday afternoon so that he couldn't talk to her about it in person. After a little bit of second thought, I sent the email. It was happening. He quickly replied, first to both of us on the first email and to 'Emily' separately to talk details. The good news was that Monday was going to work. He was able to book our normal classroom for 5:00pm, after the end of all the normal classes for the day. He would send out an email to the class to advertise the optional session, but would not mention who would be the model at my/Emily's request, saying that I was nervous about anyone knowing ahead of time. That was key so that this could remain a surprise. And best of all, Emily was going to get paid and get extra points on an assignment for this.

On Thursday, the email for the event went out to the class. It outlined that many students had not had the opportunity to sketch from a live model, so this was a chance to try it out and improve their sketches. Unsurprisingly, I heard from Emily fairly quickly, though there was no suspicion yet.

"You see the email about the sketching session next week?" she texted. "Funny, I guess no one else decided to just draw each other."

"Ha yeah I saw it. It's a good idea," I replied. "I think I'll go, always could use more practice."

She texted back "Wonder if it'll be a guy or a girl? I assume he got a model from art."

I laughed to myself before replying "Good question. Guess we will find out Monday." I then changed the subject, and we didn't talk about it again until the weekend.

We decided to skip sketching for the weekend, since we would be able to do it on Monday. I avoided talking about anything related to modeling or exhibitionism with Emily to make sure I didn't accidently make her suspicious about something. It worked, and suddenly it was Monday, the very eventful day. I had been debating with myself about how I was going to tell her, but eventually decided to do it just about as late as possible, meaning right before our teacher would be able to talk to her in person. I was sure that he would want to speak with her after class to go over what was happening. So I decided to let her know literally right in the middle of class.

Our class was at 10:30-11:30. It began with a reminder about the event that afternoon and a show of hands suggested that about 15-20 people would be there, or about half the class. Pretty good numbers I guess. At about 11:15, I sneakily sent a text to Emily that I had previously drafted. I nudged at her to check the message. It read:

"Emily. There is something important you need to know about the sketching session this afternoon: You are going to be the model. I helped set it up and volunteered you to do this. I know you want to do this and I want you to do this. Our teacher thinks that you willingly volunteered. Play along. And try to have some fun with it. Sorry, but I decided I needed to make this a surprise so you couldn't back out."

I watched her face as she read, and saw the sheer panic set in as she went. This was a much more intense version of the face as the one I saw that weekend when I told her what to do. This was a face where I was less sure she would go through with it. Once she was clearly finished reading, I saw her close her eyes and take a couple deep breaths. I also saw her follow that up with a death glare at me. But then not much else, so I could not get a final reading on what would happen.

As expected, at the end of class, Emily was stopped to talk to our teacher. I held up in the hallway to wait for her. When she finally came out nearly 20 minutes later, she walked right by me, but then stopped to allow me to catch up.

Her first words were "I really don't know what to say to you right now. But that's because I really don't know how I feel about what just happened right now. Did I actually just talk to our teacher about being a nude model for him?"

Ok well this could have started worse I guess. I was hoping for a positive reaction.

"I really don't know if I should be furious with you or thank you for that. And I'm not going to know for a while I think. Seriously, I can't believe you did that Ben. This is an insane situation. I should never talk to you again for that. But after sitting and thinking for a few minutes, I think you are right with the part about me wanting to do this. I hate that I just said that. But I think it is true. Oh god what am I doing."

Ok so a lot of mixed emotions right now. That's what I expected. I hoped for a super positive acceptance, but knew that this was the realistic response.

"Emily, I'm sorry for going around you like this, but I wanted to do this for you and knew you wouldn't allow yourself to do it. I had to do it after hearing your stories. You're going to love this," I told her.

She looked like she knew I was right but wouldn't admit it yet.

"I... need to go I think," she responded. "I need to prepare for this."

We then parted. I was glad to hear her not rejecting the idea. I guess she could have theoretically talked her way out of it with our teacher. To hear her say she needed to get ready made me know she was going to do it. I had classes the rest of the afternoon, distracting me from thinking more about it. I assume thought that she couldn't think about anything else.

I arrived at the classroom half an hour early, surprised to be the first there. Our teacher arrived soon after to set up chairs and a stand, and then a couple students started drifting in about 15 minutes before. No Emily yet. I was surprised to see Zoe show up even though this wasn't her class. She must have been told about the situation, making me a little nervous that she would confront me about it. But she didn't approach to talk, she just sat and prepared. Then 10 minutes before, Emily arrived. Whew. She was wearing a silk robe and socks and I assumed nothing else. Apparently, she had actually been here already and just getting prepared in another room. That makes sense. She also never came over to talk to me, but other students in the room did notice her state of dress and start to chatter. The room was set up with chairs in a 270 degree semicircle around a small stand at the center. A typical drawing setup.

At 5:00pm, our teacher called for attention and started talking about the sketchbook project and why sketching is so valuable. The same sort of stuff the semester started with, but now he was able to directly talk about the value of figure drawing from a live model. After going on for a little too long, he asked if we were all ready to begin. He went over the time rules, similar to what we had been doing. At that point, I counted 16 people in the room, or 11 people that had not previously seen Emily naked. This was going to set a record.

He announced that we had a gracious volunteer from our class to do the modeling today, and that it was Emily, confirming the suspicions of those in the room that guessed it when she walked in. Some chatter, but not much. She walked up to the stand at the center of the room and climbed up. I saw her look all around the room and take a couple deep breaths, just like she did that first day. It was happening. Even though I had seen her naked a couple times by now, the setting made this all the more thrilling to see.

One last breath and she pulled away the robe, dropped it, and stood up in a pose. Emily was now naked in a room full of people. And there was absolutely nothing wrong with it. Her pose was traditional and conservative for her taste. Her pose also directed her to look directly at me, making eye contact immediately. I admired her body for a moment, but then returned the eye contact, almost in a way communicating with her about all the emotions I was sure she was feeling. The first sketch lasted 5 minutes. She never broke the eye contact.

When time was called, it was right into the next pose. No breaks like we do. She was to do four 5 minutes poses to start the session, then a break, then two 10 minute poses, and then a 15 to end the event. Time moved quickly though all these poses. She was obviously able to wrap up in the robe during the breaks and sit down, but she never came over to talk.

Since I didn't need the sketch practice as much as most, I used my time to study her body and see other's reactions to the situation. She was as stunning as always, with her perky tits pointing proud and her freshly shaved vagina. It even looked like she was wearing a little makeup and had worked on her hair. I guess she decided she wanted to look good if she was doing this. Most everyone else was fairly focused on the sketching. Plenty of people were taking long breaks to study and admire, but that was obviously necessary to the process. No one looked unhappy though.

Before we knew it, the buzzer went off for the end of the last pose. Emily pulled on her robe and swiftly exited the room, I assume to go get dressed. As we were cleaning up, I bumped into Zoe. "Hey, funny to see you here," I started, hoping this would go well.

"Oh yeah, well Emily told me this afternoon that she had volunteered for this, and wanted some support, so here I am!" she replied, showing no sign of anything being wrong. "I'm proud that she was able to do this" she continued. "Like I'd been telling her, she's pretty good at it."

Interesting. So Emily had played along, even to her. That was a good sign. Eventually I left and went back to my dorm, having never actually seen Emily. I ate dinner, I worked on a project, I put the day's events out of my mind.

At nearly 10pm however, I got a text. From Emily. "Can we talk? In person?"

Hmmm. "Yeah absolutely. Now? Do you want me to come to you?" I texted back quickly.

"No, it's too late for you to get in my building. Can you meet me at the benches by the student center? Should be quiet there right now."

"Ok, I'll be there in 10 minutes" I sent back. No response. I was optimistic that she wasn't mad at me, but a little unsure. Her lack of hints scared me. I could be walking into an attack, but I'd have to get there to find out.

But when I arrived just about 5 minutes later, she was already there and stood to greet me. Before I could say anything, she gave me a big hug, holding on. Then I heard her softly say "Thank you Ben."

When we separated and sat down, she continued "Ben, I have a lot of thoughts going through my head right now. But I'm going to start by saying that you were right. Tonight was the most terrifying and most incredible moment of my life. I was naked in front of my classmates and it was ok and I survived! I mean, that's the kind of thing that only happens in nightmares, but it happened to me tonight and I loved it and I felt invincible. And you did that for me."

"Oh Emily, I'm so glad to hear that. After your reaction, I was afraid I went way too far and fucked up," I said.

"No no Ben, don't worry. Well you did go way too far but it was what I wanted and would never have let myself do, so it's ok."

We laughed. This was going well.

"I really can't describe to you how it felt up there. Up until even right before, I wasn't sure if I was going to go through with it, I thought about just faking sick and running away. But then I started and it felt just as right as it is when we do it in my apartment. I knew I could get through it and would be glad I did it. It obviously satisfied some build up exhibitionism that I'd been avoiding. That was the most amount of people I've been naked in front of, and instead of feeling ashamed and scared about it, I just want to do it again and again. So anyway, I'm just trying to say thank you for doing that."

"That's fantastic, I really did think you would love it once you were in the moment. I'll be honest, I felt a little bad about how I got you in that position though. But now that you've gotten what you wanted, no need for me to do anything like that again I guess. So you don't have to worry about another surprise." I said this assuming that was what she wanted to hear.

"Um well Ben, that gets to the other thing I wanted to talk to you about," she replied nervously. "So um, when we talked a couple weeks ago, you said something that has stuck with me all this time. You offered your help if I wanted to do something like this. I said that was crazy at the time." She paused.

"After the experience today, I've think I have decided to accept. Today didn't satisfy the crazy fantasies I have, it reignited them stronger than ever. I don't think I can avoid it now. And if this is a thing I'm going to be doing, I want and need your help with it. So you might be needed to get me into some of these situations again, if you are willing of course. So what do you say, want to help me be an exhibitionist?"

I almost didn't believe what I was hearing, and paused probably too long before answering. But I finally said something. "Absolutely, I can help you do whatever you need. No complaints here with you being naked whenever you want. I'll be happy to be there."

"Good, I assumed you would be willing. Thank you, seriously," she answered, giving me another hug. "Here's your first thanks," she said as she quickly lifted up her shirt to flash me her tits. "You got a good look at these earlier today, but I think you're going to be seeing a lot more of them soon," she joked while I stared, literally unable to comprehend the situation I just fell into.

"Ok, well that covers everything I needed to talk to you about," she said as she pulled back down her shirt. "Walk me back to my building?" she said.

We strolled back, not really talking anymore about the exhibitionism after deciding that I should come by her room tomorrow afternoon to talk about it more. I left her at her building and wandered for a couple more minutes to process what happened. It truly was a day I had never expected. There were to be many more to come.