**Pose**

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**Pose Ch. 01**

"You're really good, Chloe," Matt said as he looked at my photos.

I answered with thanks, but honestly, as pretentious as it sounds... I knew I was good. Everyone in my photography class knew I was the best out of the group of thirty—all the guys agreed to that fact. I say all the guys, because out of the group of thirty students attending that college class, I was the only girl.

And honestly, I loved it. It was cool to be the only girl in a gang and also be the best photographer. All the guys looked up to me—the only girl was the gold standard of achievement, and that made me ultra-proud. Matt kept scrolling through my pictures. Every week, we had a photography project to present to the class: each student would take pictures during the week and present them on the classroom's projector screen.

The pictures could be anything, portraits, landscapes or even situations. As long as we had a style and a grasp of technique, that's all it took to get an A+, which is what I got every single time. I'm not afraid of saying it proudly: I was a good photographer, and Matt saw it once again as he scrolled through my city portraits—pictures of the city's streets I had taken.

Still, as good as I was behind the camera, I had always had a deep curiosity for being in front of the camera. All my female friends said I should pose for portraits—according to them, my long, wavy red hair and light brown eyes made me photogenic. They all said I looked pretty, but then all girl friends say that to one another. That said, a friend who owned a yoga clothing store had once asked me to model for advertisement pictures.

I had really wanted to—I jog a lot and eat healthy, being a vegetarian. As slutty as it sounds, having the opportunity to pose in shape-revealing clothing like yoga clothes had proved itself very enticing, but scheduling conflicts had ended up cancelling the whole thing.

Matt turned to his apartment's door. "They should be here any minute now," he said, mentioning his models that were scheduled to come for his own photo project. "I hope mine will be as good as yours."

"I'm sure it will," I said with an encouraging smile—and I really believed what I said. Matt's project was pretty daring, and I always liked daring.

Nudity is no stranger to a photographer's gang, and we already had a bunch of projects with nudity in it, butt Matt's was going to be different. The nudity we had seen before was the casual type where the body looks completely normal and not necessarily attractive in any sensual way. Matt however was going to do a sensual photoshoot; one whose concept was so cool that I just had to be there—hence why I was in his apartment that Sunday evening.

The doorbell rang and in came Matt's first model, a friend of his called James. He was tall and good looking with short black hair. I'd say he looked the James Bond type, which made his first name a happy coincidence. Quickly, as the other models entered, it was clear to me that he had selected all his models according to that James Bond look; all black-haired, slick and handsome men with a classy air—the sort of guys who would look good in suits. After all, that's exactly what they were going to wear. Suits.

They changed into their slick black tuxedos and sat down as we waited for the seventh model. There would be six men, and one woman; a woman we were still waiting for. We were chatting around his coffee table, and I was in a discussion with Chris, one of Matt's models.

"It's cool that you came to help him out," he said.

I nodded but tried to keep my smile at a minimum. Yes, I had come to help him with his lights or if he needed help with his camera, but... That wasn't THE reason why I had come. The reason was more... well, personal. Matt's concept unknowingly touched upon a secret scenario that I had always dreamed of. A fantasy.

"She's daring, isn't she?" Pete remarked—James Bond number 3.

"Who?"

"The model girl."

I instantly nodded, full of admiration for that unknown woman who was yet to come. She would be the only woman posing alongside guys wearing suits... and she would be completely naked. Matt's concept was incredible from a visual angle; there was something automatically enticing to a photographer like me when I imagined a bunch of guys in a suit and the contrast of a lone nude woman; there was poetry in that simple yet visually powerful contrast. Chloe the photographer was amazed by the idea, but another Chloe too was interested in it.

Chloe the young woman with secret kinks—she too, was fascinated by it. I had always wanted to be naked around a group of clothed men—part submissive and part exhibitionist is how I'd describe the nature of my kinks. There was something super-hot about the idea of being exposed to clothed guys who dominate me just by the one-sided nature of my nudity. I had come to Matt's house because I didn't want to miss his photoshoot. I wouldn't ever live that fantasy for myself, but at least I could live it vicariously through that model by looking at her.

I already imagined her taking her clothes off and being surrounded by six clothed guys in suits. It made me a little aroused already, thinking of myself in her place, but it also made me a bit sad. Sad knowing that I would never have the courage to do that myself.

Time passed as we chatted. We quickly realized it was now 6:30 PM—the photoshoot was half an hour late. The model was half an hour late. And Matt was getting concerned. He walked away from the living room and sent multiple text messages to the girl, receiving no answer. I walked up to him.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"I don't know. She's not answering."

"Problem with the subway?"

"She's coming by car. Traffic jam maybe, but then she'd be able to answer..." The project was due for tomorrow, but Matt was always the optimist. True to his nature, he shrugged lightheartedly. "I just want to know if she'll be coming or not. Not a problem if she can't, I'll just do portraits with the guys."

Ironically, his disappointment was non-existent, but mine was enormous. I lost my smile and frowned. "Fuck, that would suck... You have such a cool concept..."

He shrugged. "Life is life."

We returned to the living room and continued our conversations with the six James Bondses. They were all smiling and accepting the eventual change of plans with complete casualness, a casualness I could barely comprehend. They would have had the chance to look at a girl's naked body, and a model at that. They were guys. Why weren't they disappointed?

It didn't take much time for me to realize why. Seeing a naked girl wasn't some rare, once in a lifetime event. The models were all Pierce Brosnan looking pieces of ass—they probably saw their fare share of hot naked girls all the time, and Matt wasn't unattractive either by any stretch of the imagination.

I, meanwhile, still clung to that hope desperately. What I wanted was to live one of my deepest fantasies through a braver soul than I. I had done my fair share of looking at erotic imagery with men in suits holding naked women—I would close my eyes and masturbate while imagining myself as the girl; picturing the sexual tension and the sexiness that had to permeate a photoshoot like that. So, I chatted with the boys and waited still, but then the dreaded call finally came.

Matt picked up his phone and talked to the model. Apparently, her dog was going through a sudden allergic reaction and she could not come. He wished her good luck, said it was no problem at all, and hung up with a smile. "Too bad," he said, chuckling, and his James Bond models went to the bathroom mirror to check their hair one last time before the photoshoot began. The shoot would just be men in suits then, nothing else.

"You think she's lying?" Matt asked. I gave him a confused look. "Well you know... Maybe she wasn't comfortable with the whole concept. Being naked with guys in suits, I mean."

"She said yes to the project to start with. That means she was O.K with it."

"I did say I would pay her though. €100 isn't that much. Maybe the only reason she was willing was because of the pay. And then she decided it wasn't enough."

I shook my head. I didn't agree at all with his theory. "Why are you just taking for granted that she was uncomfortable with the concept? Maybe she wanted to do the photoshoot for that and not for the money."

He laughed and slapped his knee. "Come on, Chloe, why would a girl want to do a photoshoot like that if not for the money?"

"Because she would enjoy it? It's possible, you know?"

He gave me a dumbfounded look. Now it was his turn not to believe me at all. "Enjoy what? The guys would enjoy it, yeah, because the girl is naked. But what the does the girl get? Having guys look at her while they're clothed?"

He was talking about it as if it were a chore, I realized. "Many girls would do it just for that reason, you know?"

Again, he absolutely did not believe me. He chuckled my belief away in a rather dismissive fashion, saying, "You say that, but you'd never do it." I turned white. Here's one thing to know about me: I'll do anything not to lose an argument. I didn't want Matt to win this one, but... I couldn't confess the truth, either. "Exactly," he said in a winning tone. "Especially not for €100—I know I wouldn't do it."

He left with that confidence in his beliefs. It took me a minute to accept that the vicarious experience I had dreamed of would not be a reality. When I did, I followed Matt to his little studio where he had set up his lights and a white background. The models returned from having perfected their hair. They placed themselves in front of the white background and Matt began taking his pictures.

I sat in the back, looking at them with a pout on my lips. Holy fuck, that photoshoot was boring... It was just a bunch of portraits of guys in suits—exactly the kind you'd see in a clothing store. Matt would show me the pics on his camera, and then show them to his models. The boys smiled and laughed, drawing the exact same comparison I had, jokingly stating how hot they looked.

Honestly, I could see where Matt was coming from. The photos looked good, really good. The technique was pretty flawless, and as far as our teacher was concerned, technique was the most important part. The photos looked professional and well-lit, and Matt would certainly at least get an A for this project. The guys were having fun posing and goofing around; jokingly pretending to be actors posing for perfume advertisements.

Yeah well, fucking great. The guys were having fun, but there was a single lone girl sitting in the back, and that was me. And I wasn't having fun. I was totally bummed out. Part of me even felt a sort of artistic anger towards Matt. Why is that? Well, isn't it obvious? He had a great concept on his hands—something full of visual contrast, nudity vs clothing, feminine vs masculine, strength vs nude confidence, etc. I expected him to be angry at the loss of such artistic potential like any artist would. Instead, he was content with technique-filled pictures.

Nice pictures, yes. But they were cold and monotonous. I imagined all the life and energy that would have oozed out of them if a single naked girl was to stand among the guys in suits. I pictured the sensuality and the eroticism coming out of such visuals... I closed my eyes and pictured myself as the girl, totally naked, exposed and vulnerable to the sight of clothed, strong men. My entire nude flesh bared for the camera while theirs was covered with the prestige and authority of tuxedos.

I pictured myself posing in front of the camera, fearless and proud, arching my back and showing off my tits while they stood behind me in their suits. I imagined pictures with me showing off my bare ass while not a single part of their bodies could be seen. Not only was the image utterly sensual, the scene made me feel so humiliated and dominated. The men being not only clothed but in suits while I, the only girl was naked, was an idea so unfair that it was full of power dynamics.

There was something naughty about it. The images in my mind were not outright saying that the girl is dominated by the men, but that feeling was inescapable from the one-sided nudity. Such images felt like they were implying BDSM without outright saying it, and that somehow made the BDSM aspect stronger. I even imagined myself in more submissive poses, kneeling for example...

I realized I had turned myself on just by closing my eyes and imagining all that. I opened my eyes and saw that the guys were still having fun, posing and goofing around. Annoyed, I left the little studio and went for the bathroom where I locked the door. I looked at myself in the mirror. My friends were right—my red hair and brown eyes made for a photogenic combination but... that wouldn't be the focus of somebody watching pictures where I would be naked.

My body wasn't bad... It wasn't bad at all, in fact. Wasn't it a bit arrogant to believe that I could be acceptable in a photoshoot such as the one Matt had intended? Maybe it was, but I didn't care. Sure, maybe it was arrogant of me to think it, but I genuinely thought I would have looked good in Matt's original vision.

I sat on the toilet and scrolled through Instagram and Facebook, waiting for my arousal to pass. It finally did, and once I felt normal again, I returned to the studio. Matt was just announcing a ten-minute pause, after which the shoot would resume for an additional thirty minutes.

Thirty minutes... In less than an hour, the models would leave, killing that incredible vision forever. I tried telling myself that the vision was already dead—it had been since the model had seen her dog reacting to allergies. But... was it truly dead yet?

I won't lie, there was a genuine pit in my stomach. The kind where you absolutely want to do something, and you know that if you don't take the chance now, that chance will go forever. My heart was beating faster.

Matt's original vision for the photoshoot... It was something I had always dreamed to experience, even if only vicariously. Just put yourself in my shoes for a second: you've always had a fantasy in your mind, an extremely specific fantasy. And now, you meet someone who has that exact vision in their mind. Sure, to him, it was a photo project, not a fantasy. But still... It was the exact same vision that I had masturbated to for years since my younger years.

And in less than an hour... poof. The chance would go. The pit in my stomach was unbearable, and I was growing restless inside. I looked at the James Bond looking hunks around me. They were so manly and hot in their suits... I imagined them holding me against their clothed chests, their hands on my hips; and me completely naked, vulnerable and protected by them...

I couldn't take it... I don't know what happened at that moment. I'm not sure I was in control of myself, but I walked over to Matt who was proudly looking at his dull, testosterone filled, monotone pictures. No contrast in them, no opposition, no twist or turn... What a twist a lone, nude girl in the midst would make...

"Hey," I said. He looked up at me with a relaxed smile. He had absolutely no idea where this convo was going, did he? "You know, earlier... You said I'd never do it. Not for €100."

He raised an eyebrow and threw me a dubious look. "Yeah...?"

I couldn't possibly be doing this. I couldn't possibly be doing this for real... "I'd fucking do it for free."

He gave me a silent, slightly awkward look for a moment. Clearly, he didn't know where this was going; what I meant, what I wanted... Sighing, I took his hand and dragged him to the hallway behind the bathroom where no one would see us. Matt noticed my pout and my unease. My cheeks had gone red, I was frowning and looking away from him. A blind person could have told something was nagging me.

"You alright?" he asked, concerned.

I nodded, but my face said the complete opposite. "Listen, I..." I took a deep breath and felt my cheeks going even more red. "I'm gonna be real honest with you. I... The photoshoot you wanted to make..."

He waited for a while. "Yes?"

"It's... Something I always wanted to do..." I looked him right in the eyes.

To my surprise, he shrugged with a smile. "Oh, I get it! Hey, don't sweat it, I don't own the concept. You can do that with one of your photoshoots, don't worry about it."

It took me a moment to understand what he meant. "My photosh... No, no." I chuckled. "Matt, I'm not talking about being behind the camera. I'm talking as a model." This time, he went silent. Awkwardly, he struggled to find anything to say. "I've always wanted to be in a shoot like that... as the model. The girl model."

"Oh..." That's all he said. He was being very, very confused about it. Matt blinked a few times before looking at me again; it was like he wanted to make sure it was actually Chloe talking to him. Classmate Chloe; the friend he hung out with alongside all the other guys. "Why? Why do you... want that?"

"Because it's... it's a kink, I guess. A fetish, a... desire, I don't know. It turns me on. I like the idea. Being naked around clothed guys, especially..." A sudden wave of arousal washed over me and made shake like a chilly wind would. "...especially guys in suits. You know, they're manly, they're strong... I get to be ultra-feminine, vulnerable..."

There were starting to be hints of understanding on his face. "Oh, ok... Is that like... The whole submissive and dominant thing?"

I nodded the shit out of my head. "Yeah, totally. I guess it's that and an exhibitionism thing. They come together. This is... this the perfect mix. Call it a dream come true."

I noticed his eyes doing something they had never, ever done before. They looked not at my face... But at my body. His eyes literally scanned my body and looked at my tits and legs. "And you said... you'd do it?"

When his eyes looked at my face again, I blushed and giggled with embarrassment. Without a thought from my brain, my teeth went for my lower lip, biting it. All the sudden, my body was light, not rigid. All of me was suddenly filled with sensuality, and I was looking at Matt... hungrily. I was looking at him flirtatiously. Seductively. Matt hadn't ever been attractive to me; he was just a classmate and a good friend. But now, at the simple thought of letting him see me naked... I felt like I wanted to flirt with him. To tease him.

I imagined being naked in front of him. Totally naked and exposed, bared and objectified. I imagined the total vulnerability I'd suddenly feel, the embarrassment and shame. I thought of how his eyes would enjoy me in complete unfairness—him clothed and me nude, and I was totally turned on. It was more than clear to me: I really, genuinely wanted it.

I took his hand again and brought him back to the studio. The models were in the living room, and I could see a bit of them from behind one of the walls. They looked so hot, manly and strong. I imagined being nude in front of them... Then I realized something: had the model come for the shoot, she would not have been the only female present.

Right now, I was the only girl in that entire space. If I were to be naked... I would be the only girl, surrounded by seven clothed men. The entire male attention would be mine. I wouldn't have to share it—I could have it all for myself. It would make me feel SO much more feminine and SO much more dominated...

I turned to Matt after taking a deep breath. I couldn't hide the smile on my face. "Yeah. I'd do it. I really wanna do it."

He didn't answer—the poor guy was at a total loss for words. "Uhm... I..."

"I know you wanted a model. A hot body. I'm... I'm not that bad myself, you know?"

"I... never thought the opposite."

It was a small compliment, but it was enough to make me smile. "I can just show you. And if I look... the part... then we can do it. What do you say?"

First, he needed to blink a few times as if to make sure he wasn't dreaming. When he was sure, he chuckled while looking at my breasts. "Yeah. I'm in."

It made me giggle. I loved how he was so blatantly looking at my tits. In any other context, it would have been incredibly disrespectful, but now, it was hot. I called the models in the living room and told them to come. All seven men were now before me—six of them still didn't know what was about to happen.

I placed myself before them, in front of the white background. I looked at the models. They were SO hot... Manly men in the classic sense, with that Giorgio Armani perfume, Sean Connery-esque charm.

"So..." I said. "I, uh... I'm about to do something... Something I can't believe I'm about to do." I cleared my throat. "Matt's original photoshoot idea might not be dead in the water, because... Because I'm up for it." I could tell the boys hid their happy satisfactions out of respect, but boy can I tell you—they eyes lit up when I was finished saying that sentence. "If you're up for it, I... I'd love to be the naked girl next to you."

They were already nodding and encouraging me. "Are you kidding?" Chris said.

"Of course we're up for it."

Their genuine encouragement made me feel SO good about myself. I had never felt so desired and empowered before. "Ok..." I whispered.

I untied my hair. I took off my shoes and socks, took off my jeans and my shirt... The underwear phase was pretty embarrassing already, and I could feel my entire body tingling with arousal. That phase was soon gone, though, because a moment later, I had taken off my bra and panties. And there I was. The only girl among seven clothed guys... and I was completely naked.

Biting my lip, I giggled and shook my tits for them. They responded with "wow" and "beautiful." I slowly gyrated my hips and rubbed my breasts, slowly and gently like I had seen porn stars do in so many videos. I brought my hands to my hips and brought them back up to my breasts, repeating the sensual gestures many times. Then I turned around and looked behind me, at them. I arched my back and brought my ass out. I gave them an innocent look, "hope you like it" style.

"Perfect ass, Chloe," Pete said.

Hearing that made my arousal four times stronger. I was never much of a lubricator—being dry had often caused me uncomfortable penetrations, and I used far more lube than most women would like to admit, but I wouldn't have been surprised to be much wetter this time around.

"So, Mr. Photographer," I said, turning to Matt. "Do I look good enough?"

He gave me a cheeky smile. "Why don't you show me those tits again? I need to make sure."

My first reaction was for my mouth to drop wide open in mock shock. I sent him a look full of playful anger, as if I was offended by his language. Still, my entire body felt the intrinsic need to obey. I turned back around, placed my hands behind my back and proudly arched my back to present my breasts. I was like an obedient slave showing herself off to her masters. I couldn't feel any other way—I was nude and they were clothed. Matt nodded and smiled.

"You're perfect."

I couldn't help but blow him a kiss. Matt was just a casual friend, a classmate and a buddy. But now, naked like I was, it felt only natural to blow him a kiss sensually.

"Well then," I said, "let's begin."

Matt nodded and picked up his camera. The models joined me in front of the white background. Matt pointed his camera at us, but then he hesitated. "Remember," he said. "We'll be showing this to the entire classroom, tomorrow."

My heart skipped a beat. Every single classmate of mine — all guys — would not only see my naked body in full megapixel quality projected on a screen; they would also know how much of a slut I was. A slut who would strut naked around guys in suits and pose for her classmate. "I'm not sure about it yet... But you be willing to censor? Add black bars on my private parts and on my face so they never know it's me. I know it would kind of ruin the image, but..."

He winked at me. "Don't sweat it. You're showing off those perfect tits to me. I owe you that much."

I thanked him by jiggling my tits. I couldn't believe my classmate was talking to me like this. I couldn't believe I was naked and flirting with him. I couldn't believe any of it. He told to strike a pose, and I did. The guys behind me stood rigidly and crossed their arms. I, on the other hand placed my hands on my hips and arched my back, throwing up one eyebrow in a sort of "yeah, I'm naked and there's guys in suits around me, what of it?" attitude. We did a few pics like that, with me striking certain poses and mostly mimicking the sexy ones I could remember from magazines or music videos.

My face was ultra slutty; I kept my lips apart and my eyes looking hungry. For one of the pics, I stood in profile to the camera while the guys were behind me. My arousal and excitement made me sweat, and that sweat dripped from my breasts and made them glisten provocatively. It was so beautiful that Matt came closer and took a shot of my tits alone next to a clothed chest.

I couldn't stop looking at the models; I loved how masculine they looked and just how feminine they made me feel. Being naked is one thing—being naked around guys in suits made me feel even MORE naked. Their chests were fully covered with a suit and tie, mine was bare breasts bouncing around and glistening with copious sweat. Their shoes were black and classy, my feet were bare and cold. I was the only girl, and also the only one naked. It somehow made me feel even more feminine—I had never felt so girly in my entire life.

I was totally surrounded by testosterone, strong and dominant and rigid. Meanwhile, I was the only presence of the feminine, naked and exposed and vulnerable—yet so strong and confident at the same time. I had never felt more beautiful in my life. Between every picture, I kept noticing the model's eyes ogling my bare body. We'd make eye contact, both sides knowing I was being leered at lecherously—totally sexualized and objectified by the men, who were overwhelmingly in a position of more prestige and power through their clothes. I'd wink at them and blow them kisses, as if to say "I know you're looking. Keep doing it."

After ten minutes of posing in different ways with the guys surrounding me, I had enough. I needed to feel closer to them. I needed them to have even more control over my bare body. I asked Matt if we could do a series of pics where each of the boys held me, and he told me to go for it. We started with Chris. I placed myself against him with my back to the camera. My bare ass was completely exposed to it now. He placed one hand in his pocket and the other on my back, right above my ass. I threw my arms around his neck and pressed myself against him—he could feel my entire naked body against him, and I felt his hard-on behind his pants; the bulge rubbed the texture of the cloth against my now much wetter pussy.

"Are you O.K with this pose?" I whispered with my lips super close to his.

"Of course," he said. "You?"

"I love it."

"What do you like about it?"

"I don't know... Feeling girly. It's like I'm a damsel in distress." I giggled and started acting scared and vulnerable, like one of those female love interests in older superhero movies. "Will you protect me?"

He winked and nodded with the smoothness you'd expect from a James Bond. Matt called to me. I looked behind me and into the camera. I took on a concerned, helpless look and rose on the tip of my toes to bring my ass out even more. I could already imagine how perfect the picture was: a confident, strong man in a tuxedo holding a totally naked, barefoot woman seeking protection from his clothed, protective hold.

She looks helpless and vulnerable; she's exposed and nude, but she has the protection of a strong man, and his clothed figure makes her nakedness more naked, her sensuality more sensual and her womanhood more feminine.

We repeated the exact same picture with all six guys. When put together, they would tell an even more humiliating story: not only is this naked girl helpless and dominated, she's also a slut; a slut shared by six men. I could never describe to you how turned on I was.

We did another series of similar poses with the guys holding me. This time, it was even more intimate and sensual—they held me tightly against them. I had one arm around their neck, the other around their waist. Their arms were wrapped around my back as they held me against their clothed bodies, one hand right above my ass and the other on my upper back. Matt told them to open their hands wide and to truly hold my back—their fingers were pushing into my bare flesh because of how tightly they held it. Our faces were pressed against one another and we were in profile before the camera, looking into the lens like lovers caught in a passionate embrace and looking at the camera as if it was an intruder—it reminded me of the Twilight New Moon poster, but in this version, Bella is completely naked while vampire boy wears a suit. What I'm basically trying to say is that our version was better.

I was not only totally protected by the men holding me aggressively, I was also owned by them, taken and conquered by them. My entire naked body was theirs and they held it with absolute authority and dominance. Our faces were so close that I could feel their breaths on my face. Their hard cocks were completely pressed against my groin, and often, the zipper would rub against my pussy and send unimaginable arousal through my body. When I was doing that pose with Pete, Matt told us not to move while he was adjusting his camera, but I couldn't help but slightly move my hips and rub my cunt against his clothed erection. He felt me subtly gyrating against his hard-on and looked at me with surprise. I answered with a flirtatious look and a biting of my lower lip as I kept rubbing my groin on his clothed cock. He seemed to like it, and so did I.

"You know..." I whispered. "You can bring your hand lower."

"You don't mind?"

"Go for it."

So Pete lowered his hand, and it caressed the upper curve of my ass as it went down and settled on my right buttock. His hand was now on my ass, and it felt so good. The ass is a much more private part of the body. By allowing the boys to touch my ass, I had given them even more authority over my naked body. When Matt finished adjusting his camera, he noticed the much more intimate pose — Pete's hand on my ass — and smiled.

"Hold it tighter," he said. Pete did exactly that, but Matt gestured for him to continue. "Tighter, squeeze it tighter."

Pete squeezed my ass so tight that the pain made me rise on the tip of my toes. The pain grew, continually turning into arousal, and it made me press myself even tighter against Pete's body and rub my pussy against his hard-on even more.

"Am I hurting you?" Pete asked, concerned.

"Yes you are," I answered with an aroused sigh. "Keep squeezing." Matt took a few photos, but before he could call for another pose, I turned to Pete. "Mind if... you give me a kiss? I think it would look good in a pic."

Pete smiled. "Sure."

His was a gentle, romantic kiss, but with the next one and the five other ones, the kisses quickly turned into making-out. I let the boys passionately taste my lips as they held me tightly, rubbing my back and my ass with their hands, holding my waist and caressing my neck and shoulders. The kisses were loud and passionate, and they even started kissing me on the neck. Matt kept taking pictures—we were giving him the most incredible images ever. I loved how much they were squeezing my ass, they kept groping it and fondling it while kissing me on the lips and all over the neck. By that point, I was totally aroused, and that meant one thing.

All logic had left my body. Now I was just raw carnal instinct. "Touch me," I begged, whispering not only to the model making out with me, but also to the others. "Touch me, touch me everywhere." I extended my hands towards them, and they quickly accepted my offer. All six men converged on me and I closed my eyes as the chaos of six pairs of hands and six lips took over me. The six pairs of hands groped and fondled everywhere; they squeezed my ass and my breasts, they felt me up and kept coming back to my tits. It was the best feeling ever: to have six hands feeling up my tits and all the rest of my body. I felt their lips too, and they were kissing my neck, my mouth and my breasts—I couldn't count how many times each of them kissed my bare breasts. I had completely given them my bare body, and they were fondling and groping me as they pleased. All I had to do was close my eyes and sigh with ecstasy.

I kept blindly grasping at any tuxedos in front of me; whenever I found one, I would hold it, pull myself towards it and gyrate my groin against the erection; I was in a dance, a dance where I rotated my hips and body while six men felt me up and made out with me. My sighs were growing louder.

"Squeeze harder," I begged.

They did, and my ass and tits hurt. They saw how much I enjoyed the pain, and so they grabbed my hair and pulled it. Each of them kept pulling my hair so hard that it made me whimper every time. Other hands at the same time were slapping my ass and spanking it so hard that I jumped every time—and every time I jumped, they pulled me back down instantly by the hair. It was a complete, blind chaos of total domination, six clothed men groping me, fondling me, caressing me, spanking me, pulling my hair and making out with me all at the same time.

Enough time passed that we were all content moving to another... pose, if we could even call them that now. "Any ideas?" Matt asked.

"Yeah," I said.

My head was going in circles with arousal and I could feel how red my cheeks were. With that feeling governing me, I knelt on the ground, meek and ready to be controlled. The boys quickly took the initiative—they took turns holding me by the hair and pulling it while I knelt. They looked like proud owners presenting their prized bitch, and instead of a leash, they held my hair. They stood around and above me, clothed and dominant, and I knelt, naked and obedient.

"You're so hot, Chloe," Matt said.

"Thank you..." I whispered, unable to stop my eyes from closing because of how much arousal I was feeling. I was absolutely in paradise. I opened my eyes and noticed their groins around my face and the raging hard-ons forming bulges beneath their pants. "It would be cool, if..." I looked over at Matt and gestured towards the erections. He liked the idea and turned to the models to ask for their opinion. They liked it even more.

They made a circle around me. One by one, I opened their zippers and fumbled through the hole until I grasped each dick and pulled it out. Now there were six hard cocks standing at attention out of the men's pants. Matt knelt with the camera in hand and gave us directions. One by one, the boys stood in front of me. We started with Pete. He slid his cock into my mouth and Matt told me to stay still so the image wouldn't be blurry. So I didn't suck, I just knelt, immobile, with a cock filling my mouth. I looked up at Pete and sent him love with my eyes. I was feeling totally dominated and that's all that mattered; I didn't care one bit that I was now hosting a stranger's cock in my slut's mouth. Matt was adjusting his camera settings, and it did take some time—too much, in fact. So much that I needed to take a breath, but as soon as I moved my head to remove the cock from my mouth, Matt desperately told not to move at the last moment, and asked Pete to hold me in place.

The latter grabbed my hair and kept me on his cock. I gagged and moaned, trying instinctively to move my head so I could breathe, but his strong grip kept me in my place. Matt took his precious time taking the photos, and I was gagging and suffocating with my eyes watering. Thankfully, Matt was done and Pete released his grip. I gasped for air and coughed as if I had just been choked.

"You fucking asshole," I chuckled, looking up at Pete.

"You know you liked it." I giggled and nodded, giving his cock one wet suck as if to confirm. "So what do you say when you liked it?"

"Thank you."

"Good girl."

I turned to the other boys. "More..." They were quick to give me what I wanted. One by one, they put their cocks in my mouth and did the same thing, holding my hair and choking me until my eyes were crying.

After we were done with this "pose," Matt said "How about we finish with some candid shots? You suck them off at your leisure and I'll take pics; no need to worry about me. You just do your thing."

I nodded with a desperate look on my face, and thankfully, the boys were up for it too. Chris made me rise and pulled me by the hair to the living room. He threw me on my knees and joined the others in relaxing and watching TV. They didn't even interact with me anymore—they watched TV and I crawled over to each of them to suck, suck, suck and suck. I sucked in groups of two, kneeling in front of them and taking their dicks in my mouth while they chatted and watched TV. Don't ask me why I was suddenly so compelled to suck their cocks—I was the only girl, naked, in a group of clothed boys. It was just the natural conclusion of things that I should suck their cocks; it was my way of taking my submission to its absolute degree. It felt self explanatory to me.

Matt kept taking pics of me, and it motivated me to suck as well as I could. I wanted to do it perfectly. I didn't suck only out of meek submissiveness, I sucked with the passion and motivation of someone dedicated to their craft, and at that moment, my craft, my entire being and soul was about being the most perfect submissive who ever existed. I saw Matt approach to take closer pictures, and in one of them, he placed his hand on my head, which turned me on even more. Everywhere I looked, I was dominated.

Eventually, they unloaded themselves into my mouth and I swallowed all six shots. By the time I was done, it was pretty late already. The models said their goodbyes and told me it was a pleasure to have met me—of course it was. Soon, I was alone with Matt in the apartment again. The arousal was a total high, and I excused myself and used Matt's bathroom to take a shower.

I both masturbated and showered in there. I thought of everything that had just happened and imagined the boys still fondling and kissing me. My arousal grew and grew, but my fear did too—I was afraid that as soon as the climax would hit, the high would give way to a realization of shame. Would I regret what I had done? What if being horny had clouded my judgement like alcohol would, and I would regret everything once sobriety returned?

The orgasm came, and as it washed away the sexual energy from me like the water washed away my sweat, it gave way to... joy. I was so relieved. Not shame, not regret. Joy. I had lived one of my biggest fantasies, and I didn't regret it one bit. Sure, it was strange to realise how slutty I truly was. The sluttiest thing I had ever done before was kiss two guys during the same drunken party, back when I was in high school. This was something else completely.

I had stripped naked before a friend and strangers, made out with those strangers, offered my body to their touch and to their constant gaze, and ended the evening by blowing them. And all I felt was pride. Pride from knowing that I hadn't left inhibitions born from a judgemental society hold me back. I had lived a fantasy and I had no reason to feel bad for it.

I dried myself with the towel inside the bathroom and returned to the living room where Matt was making himself a coffee. With my arousal gone, it properly dawned on me that I was completely naked in front of a guy buddy—it made no sense and it was the hottest thing ever. The most incredible part was that it wasn't something limited to the moment: Matt knew what my naked body looked like now and nothing would ever change that; it would always be that way forever, and I just loved that idea.

"Hey," he said.

I walked up to him and hugged him. He held my naked body and I looked at him with a teasing smile. "You can touch if you want," I said.

He gladly felt me up, touching my ass and tits and squeezing them; it was only fair. I had let six other guys do it, it would have been shitty to refuse it to an actual friend. "You know... I can't believe we're doing this," he said.

"I know, right?"

We were just classmates who hung out sometimes, and now I was submissively offering my bare body to his view and touch. That made it so much hotter. I wasn't even getting aroused at that moment—the thought itself, divorced from any physical feeling, was enough to please me on an intellectual level. I liked being the slutty naked girl to the photographer. It was a part I truly liked to play. I even gave him a little peck on the mouth, just for fun. Why? Because it made me feel slutty, and for some reason I just enjoyed that.

"Listen," he said, "the project is due in like nine hours. I need to adjust the pics on my laptop."

I nodded and sat on his lap as we looked at the pictures. One of his hands used the mouse to adjust the pictures' lighting while the other played with my bare tits. The pictures were not only artistically beautiful, they were incredibly sexy. I looked incredibly sexy.

"So," he said, "want me to censor them?"

I thought about it for a second, and then remembered something. Jim, our teacher, had said he would be absent that day. We were to show our projects to one another and share constructive criticism like always, but the class would end right after that. I was more open to the idea now that our teacher wouldn't be there but... still...

"If we don't censor," I said, "they're all going to see me. Max, and Dylan and Adam..." A chill went through my body. I was shaking with that prospect—shaking with arousal. I turned to Matt. "Am I really that much of a slut?" I asked him. He shrugged, unsure. I remembered everything I had done during the evening and smiled. "Yeah. Fuck it. We'll show them everything."

He chuckled. "So you ARE that much of a slut."

I raised an eyebrow and rose only to kneel in front of him. I opened his zipper and brought his cock out. "Can I?" I asked. "I'm a slut, but I'm a polite slut. It would be a bitch move if I sucked all those guys but not you."

"Go ahead."

I giggled and took him in my mouth. He kept working on the pictures while I knelt and sucked his cock slowly. His fingers grabbed my hair and I thanked him for it.

"You're really good, Chloe."

I thanked him. And as pretentious as it sounds... I knew I was that good. I enjoyed the feel of his hard cock in my mouth and closed my eyes.

In a few hours, all my classmates would see me totally naked.

**Pose Ch. 02**

We gathered in the classroom. We were sixteen students in total, and all of us were present, even though Jim, our teacher, could not be. We would still proceed with the weekly presentation of our respective photo projects and offer our bits and pieces of constructive criticism to each other. I sat in the back of the class as if to hide from everyone—everyone being guys. I had always been the only girl in the class, but no one had ever made a thing out of it. It had never really mattered until now.

Being seen completely naked by sixteen people was one thing, but these were my classmates I saw every day in college. Boys I talked to every day. I thought of how, in not long, they would see my naked body, not just in a casual, nudist kind of way, but completely sexualized. I had posed sensually like models in erotic magazines, and for the first time, my friends would suddenly see me differently. For months, all I had been to them was just another classmate among others. In less than an hour, they would see me in a totally different way and in a totally different light.

Julian shut the lights and turned on the projector. He was the first to present his project: portraits of random people he met on the streets—you know the type. People from all age groups and identities smiling at the lens meeting them. Next was Sam, who had gone camping with his family and taken pics of the trip with nice landscapes. He ended his presentation and while Noah was putting his USB in the monitor's computer to open his pictures, Henry turned to me—he had short brown hair and always wore brown shirts.

"Ready to blow us out of the water again?"

"Huh?" I stared at him with my eyes wide open. "Can you repeat that?"

"Blow us out of the water..." he repeated, a bit confused. "You always have the best projects."

"Oh... Yeah, sure..."

The phrase I heard the first time around was "ready to blow us." I couldn't help but giggle with a weird mix of glee and disbelief. My actions from last night were still fresh in my mind. I had stripped completely naked in front of seven guys and blown all of them. Good thing I had been chewing gum all morning before coming to class, because I doubted even the smell of the coffee I had drank could have covered that of the blowbang.

I looked at Noah from the corner of my eye. He was just like all my other classmates: a buddy and nothing more. There wasn't anything particularly unattractive about him - I could see why a girl would like him — but I certainly saw nothing particularly attractive about him either. Here's the thing though: I had never felt any physical attraction to Matt either, yet I had stripped naked for him, enjoyed letting him feel me up, and especially enjoyed blowing him. I had even slept with him (as in literally sleeping). By the time Matt had finished adjusting the pics, it was too late for me to return home, so I slept in his bed, completely naked, while he held me.

Would I be fine doing that with Noah too? Or with any of the boys? I didn't see why not—I had turned into a totally submissive cocksucker just because of arousal. I imagined myself nude in front of all the boys, and I liked the image. Not because I was attracted to any of them: but because it was in line with my submissive/exhibitionist fantasy.

You know that scene in Titanic? When Rose asks Jack to paint her in the nude? It was one of the first things I ever masturbated to. It always turned me on, and I always wanted to be Rose in that situation. I don't know; I always had this fantasy of being a Marilyn Monroe/Brigitte Bardot type of character. It called to me and felt like a hidden part of me that I was afraid to express.

It was complementary to a simple pride for my body, and a BDSM desire for feeling submissive. I thought of posing nude for Noah too, and Julian, and Sam and all the others. I liked the idea. Being their fellow photographer but also their naked babe was a fun notion. Being slutty and easy around them was an arousing one.

I wasn't turned on because I was attracted to them—as mean as it sounds, I didn't care about them.

I was turned because I wanted to play that "slut" role. The boys were just tools to allow me to play that role, nothing more. The only reason I liked the idea of being their slut wasn't because of them and their personalities per-se, but more because the idea of being seen naked by classmates was "sluttier" than being seen naked by a boyfriend. I liked the idea of being slutty like that.

It was now my turn to present my project. I went to the projector screen and showed them my street landscape pics. Once again, and yes, I know it sounds pretentious for me to say it, my project was the best one yet. The framing was better than anyone else's and the lighting too. I was by far the one with the best technique, and the boys once again just sank in their seats, smiling defeatedly at how much better I was. It sure was a great ego booster. However, I don't think I was a discouragement to them—they looked up to me as the best photographer in the group, and it motivated them to be better.

That said... for the first time, my photo-project wouldn't be THE special, head turning one. That honor would go to Matt... and me, but not as photographer. Everyone complimented my work as they always did, and I sat back down. One by one, the other boys showed their projects. We followed the alphabetic list of the class, so at some point, it was Matt's turn. He asked to be the last one to pass, and I told the guys to agree.

"Trust me," I said. "It'll be worth it."

So we passed Matt and looked at the collection of photo projects; none of them being particularly interesting or original. It dawned on me just how much Matt and I had created something special; truly special. The fact that the nude model is one of the classmates and the only female one would almost elevate it to something like performance art. I couldn't wait. Thankfully, Matt's turn as the last one finally came, and he placed himself in front of the class.

"You wanna join me, Chloe?" he asked. Part of me wanted to hide in the back of the class, but I couldn't miss the thrill of being in front of it while my nude pictures were going to be shown, so I joined Matt. It was like a little tradition to do a short presentation of what our project was about. He looked at me and chuckled. "How do you wanna present this?" he asked.

I chuckled back. "Um... Listen guys... We collaborated on this. I helped him out, but not like with the lighting or anything... I helped him out as a model. And before you see this... Just know that everyone has multiple facets. I'm happy to show you guys one of mine today."

I joined Matt in the corner of the class where the computer was, and almost hid behind him. He opened his USB drive on the computer and brought the mouse pointer to the folder "Chloe Photoshoot." I took a deep breath. The dreaded and desired moment was here.

As soon as he opened the first picture, the class went dead silent—you couldn't hear a single guy mumbling thoughts to another guy. There I was, totally naked, not a stitch of clothing on me, five times my size on a projector screen with HD quality pixels baring every detail of my nudity to the fifteen pairs of eyes.

I've always hated seeing myself in photos—and the worst was with beach photos where I was wearing bikinis. Seeing myself, especially wearing little, was always a cringeworthy moment, and I don't think most people love seeing themselves. But for the first time in my life, I saw myself wearing NOTHING on a screen, and I felt good about myself. No, fuck that. I felt GREAT about myself.

I couldn't believe how hot I looked. Yes, I know— "oh, look at Chloe; she's so pretentious, she's so full of herself..." I don't care what you think; I looked good and it had never felt so great. Oh trust me, I was very much aware of my blemishes and they were totally on display because of my nakedness, but no one focused on them—at least I certainly didn't, because my beautiful parts stole all the attention. I looked like some sort of horny, sweaty sex goddess.

Matt scrolled through the pictures one by one. Soon, my classmates' awe doubled as they noticed I was posing next to guys in suits. And then these men in suits were holding me. Then they were touching my ass. At that point, I heard a few whispers and mumbles.

By the time that we reached the pics where the guys were making out with me and fondling me, I heard "wows" and "damns." Make no mistake about it, the pics were artistically and technically beautiful, but they were totally erotic and borderline pornographic. That border line pretty much vanished by the last pictures, where I was sucking six cocks. It's one thing to show nude pictures of you to others; but these had me totally aroused and horny. You couldn't have more intimate pictures if you tried—my face was red, you could see how aroused I was, and you could almost hear my cocksucking moans from the pictures.

The presentation ended. Matt turned on the lights. All the guys were looking at me -the actual flesh and blood me— dumbfoundedly. Matt turned to me. "It's YOUR photoshoot, really. You should explain it."

Matt was right. I had ultimately been the main person behind that shoot, and so I stopped hiding from behind him and placed myself in front of the projector screen and before the whole class. I couldn't help but chortle. "Yeah, I know..." I said.

I heard a few more "wows." Greg said, "That was amazing, Chloe."

"Thanks... So, the photoshoot..." I explained everything; how the original model had cancelled at the last minute and how I had asked Matt if I could replace her.

"YOU asked him?" Ethan asked.

"Yeah, I did." Everyone looked totally surprised, which is honestly a sentiment I had difficulty comprehending. It seemed like everyone I ever met took for granted that only the spectators have fun, not the model. No one seemed able to wrap their minds around the idea that the nude one—the model, might be the one to get the most out of it. "I asked him because... it's always been a fantasy for me. I like being naked around clothed guys. It's a submission kind of thing."

"So you liked it when they were pulling your hair and everything?" Noah asked.

"What did it look like?" I asked chuckling. My faces on the photos were self-evident.

"And the... uhm..." Sam mumbled, trying to find a polite way to talk about it. "The oral sex part. Was that also you?"

"Totally," I said, biting my lips. It was SO embarrassing; they had all seen me suck cock...

"What was the... uh... artistic intent, there?" Joel asked.

I laughed. "The artistic message behind me giving oral sex... is that I wanted to suck their cocks because I like sucking cocks." The boys chuckled. "I'm not gonna bullshit you guys; this wasn't me pretending to be some great artist or anything. I wanted to do it because it turned me on. That's it."

"More power to you," Liam said.

There were no more questions coming from the boys, so it was my turn to speak. "So... uhm... any comments?"

Most of the guys just shrugged. "Lighting and everything was great. Good photos, Matt."

"Fuck him," I laughed, jokingly waving him away. "I mean comments about ME. You guys haven't said a single thing."

"We... don't wanna be disrespectful."

"I'm not gonna call you sexists, calm down. I showed you those pics for a reason. Come on."

They thankfully started talking honestly about me. "Great tits," "perfect ass," "beautiful," etc. Everyone likes compliments, me included. It was great to receive theirs. You know, it was crazy. We have social norms, and I was throwing all of them out the window. It made NO sense that my classmates would all see me naked and then compliment me openly like that. It made no sense that this was all happening. But it WAS happening, and I loved it.

I was now the talk of the town —the town being our group of 16 classmates—, and very much its center of attention, and as we left the classroom, they wouldn't stop asking me questions. We walked out of the classroom and back to the dorm where most of us lived. Out of the 16 of us, exactly half lived in the dorm during the year; we had arranged to all get rooms in the same dormitory so that our gang dynamic would be maintained. I was one of the dorm's denizens, unlike Matt, for example, who rented a flat not far from the college. I woke up everyday alongside my classmates, ate breakfast with them, hung out with them, etc.

As we walked back to the dorm, we met Jim, our teacher, who had come back from his dentist appointment or whatever it was that had made him unable to attend the class—thankfully. He stopped us, and it was clear that he had something major to tell us.

"A photography competition in the city," he said. "They want groups to submit a shared photography project that multiple photographers worked on. The winners even get a monetary prize."

All my classmates turned to me. Why? Because I was the de facto leader of the gang. Whenever we had to decide where to hang out during the weekend, where to eat, what to do after classes; whatever the gang wanted to do, it was me who always took the decisions and led the gang. I was the best photographer and that had naturally given me authority. It was for me to decide whether we would join the competition or not.

"We're doing it for sure!" I said. I knew I was a good photographer, and I was out for glory. I had won competitions in nature magazines, for portraits, on internet blogs and all other sorts of places. Under my guidance, my team and I could create something truly wonderful.

"Remember," Jim told us. "Strong theme, good technique, a bit of poetry, and you have a winning combination on your hands. I'm sure you can win it, especially with Chloe by your side. Speaking of you; how were the projects today? I bet you amazed them all again, didn't you?"

I gave the boys a knowing look and grinned. "I don't know. Did I, boys?"

They nodded as fast as their heads could allow them. "You bet!"

"Send me the projects, I do wanna see them. Alright, got to go!"

We continued walking back to our dorm. Unfortunately for him, Jim wouldn't be able to see ALL the projects—not that it was creepy; he was a young teacher and only five years older than us. We were practically from the same age group/generation, but the fact that he was my teacher wasn't the most comfortable thing for me, and so I told Matt to keep our project silent when it came to Jim. At worse, he could send him totally censored versions with my face blurred.

We returned to the dorm and decided to just sit in the living room and relax. The entire gang was here for now—it was always like that after class; all sixteen of us would hang out at the dormitory, then the eight who lived outside the college would leave around six. Tradition was that they'd debate for ten minutes about what to watch on Netflix, and then they'd always end up asking me to decide. But this time around, things went differently. Liam looked at me with a little smile.

"Hey, uh..." He mumbled. "We were talking and... Matt's pics are really nice, and we kind of scrolled through them quickly. Mind if we... look at them some more here?"

My mouth dropped and a shocked mile formed on my face. I looked at the fifteen boys around me, stupefied. "You just wanna see my naked body, you perverts!"

They chuckled. "No, no... Really, it's just for the... technical... aspect..."

I raised an eyebrow suspiciously. "Really?"

"Really."

I looked once again at the boys and faked a frown. "In that case..." Acting angry, I rose and walked towards the door. The boys were confused as to why I was suddenly leaving in anger. They called me, and I turned, crossing my arms and pouting. "How do you think I feel, right now? You're telling me my naked body is not the reason you wanna see pictures of me naked. I'm supposed to take it?"

Liam chuckled. "All right, we admit."

"We wanna look at you, obviously," Sam added.

I raised an eyebrow again, although it was hard to hide my smile. "Why?"

"Because you look hot naked." Noah said.

Finally, I released my smile and walked up to Noah, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks."

I sat back down as Matt had the pics projected on the living room TV. Once again, all my classmates and I looked at my naked body on a big screen. This time, they weren't afraid to be more vocal—knowing this was what I wanted.

"Your tits are amazing," Noah said, sitting right next to me.

"Beautiful ass," Liam added.

"You look so hot..."

"And you pose so well!"

"Yeah, you look like a model who's been doing it for years."

I guess I already had some experience from having taken so many pics myself, even though none of my models had ever been nude. It was unbelievable to have my classmates and friends just talk about my body so freely—but then again, that's what I asked them to do.

"Question for you guys; I want an honest answer," I said, sitting on the middle couch, surrounded directly by four guys on both sides, six sitting on the ground in front of me, and the rest on the other sofas.

"Go for it."

"You masturbate to pics of naked women, right? Like, Playboy and everything."

"Sure."

"Yeah, so... Let's say you..." I cleared my throat. "Say you found those pics on the Internet and you didn't know me. Would you... you know? I look good enough? Show of hands, who'd do it."

At first, they hesitated for a bit, but I knew it was because of how strange the situation was to them. I was their buddy, friend and classmate. Now, all the sudden, I was this slut with her tits out on the TV screen. Finally, they all raised their hands. I giggled and covered my face with embarrassment, but ultimately looked and them again and blew them all kisses.

"I love you guys."

We kept looking at the pics of me, but then it dawned on me... What the fuck were we doing? They were watching naked pics of a girl... Who was right there, sitting among them. I rose and grabbed the controller from Matt's hands. I shut the screen off and placed myself in front of the TV. They looked at me confusedly.

"I'm right here, guys. You'd rather watch pixel me than actual me?" What I was saying dawned on them. I turned to Matt, who was already smiling—he knew how slutty I was; he knew I was gonna do it. "Eyes on me," I ordered everyone.

I took off all my clothes and stood naked in front of all my sixteen classmates, totally naked from head to toe. I arched my back and brought out my tits, seeing as they loved them so much. I did the sensual-dance thing where I had my hands slowly slide across all my bare body. My nipples were already hard, and arousal quickly came as I enjoyed the sixteen gazes fondling my body.

It's one of those things where you ask yourself "has this LITERALLY ever happened before?" The only girl in gang of sixteen stripping naked for her male friends, not lovers or crushes. I know it makes almost no sense, but my arousal would have been smaller had I been stripping for a boyfriend. There's nothing naughty about stripping in front of a boyfriend—you're supposed to see each other naked.

This turned me on because it wasn't supposed to happen. My male buddies weren't supposed to ever see me naked. I wasn't supposed to strip and please myself with their eyes. We were supposed to be watching some Netflix show right now, and I would have just sat there like any of the boys. Otherwise, I would have been telling the gang what to do for the evening and where to go eat—ordering them around and being the de facto leader. Instead, I was standing totally naked in a dorm, surrounded by sixteen clothed men—my friends and classmates.

"You keep real good care of your body, babe."

Babe... They had never called me anything remotely similar. I loved it. "Thanks," I said, turning around and showing my ass off.

"You'd make just as good a model, Chloe."

"You should do it more often."

I looked at the sea of eyes and felt a shudder of arousal traverse my entire body. "I could do it now. You all have your cameras, don't you?"

They nodded and got up to get their cameras from their rooms. A moment later, I was facing sixteen boys with three gazes to make my body feel desired: their two eyes, and their lenses. I walked over to the wall and leaned against it with my back arched; my ass was totally given to their cameras, all round and firm; I was presenting it like it was a deluxe item in a shop—but this one was totally free. The entire room turned white with the flashes of the cameras, and when I turned my head to look into the cameras, it was hard not to blink because of how many flashes there were.

I turned around and leaned my back against the wall—now my tits where the subject of attention, and I proudly brought them towards the cameras. I put one foot against the wall, repeated the process with my hands, and looked away: it was a dramatic, sexy pose like those you see in magazines. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, the sound of the cameras was oppressively loud, but in a good way.

Every click and flash made me feel more owned by them. With every flash, I felt like I was sharing my body more with them; with every click, I felt like I was sharing myself. I could almost feel the clicks and flashes fondling my body—they were like hands running all over it and feeling it up.

Then I walked over to the couch and knelt on it with my back to the cameras. I opened my legs wide, made sure not to slouch, and turned around to look at them. Again, the entire room went CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, and all I could see for short milliseconds were clothed silhouettes before everything turned white. After the couch, I told them to follow me to the bathroom. I stepped into the bathtub, turned the shower on and started moving sensually and rubbing myself as the water turned my bare body wet and glistening.

I adjusted the faucet so the temperature would be perfect. With my hair wet and all over my face, I knew I looked wild. I turned the sluttiness to the maximum degree; I was feeling myself up, touching my breasts and smiling at the cameras with the sort of smiles that could only mean "I'll suck your cock." I loved just how many the flashes were. It reminded me of those red-carpet events, where you see a star walk down the carpet, and there's hundreds of camera flashes every second. I felt exactly like that, a sex-symbol star being worshipped by men. I was living my dream of being a Marilyn Monroe. It was so much more than just an arousing experience—it was an emotionally fulfilling one.

After the shower pics, we took some more pictures all around the apartment. I was crawling around, kneeling, laying down, showing off my tits, my ass, my legs, absolutely everything. At first, they had seemed to be keeping their distances, but now they dared approach me and get closer. Before long, I was completely encircled by them. Everywhere I turned, there was army of lenses leering at my body and immortalizing its naked sight forever. Thank god I wasn't epileptic.

The doorbell rang and we all turned to it. Ethan raised his hand. "That's me, sorry. I asked Ryan to bring me something."

I knew Ryan, he was cool—some friend from Ethan's other classes. He hung out often at the dorm. I laughed and walked to my room. "I'll hide, tell me when he leaves," I said. However, as I was walking past Matt, he grabbed my wrist and stopped me.

It was unexpected, but honestly kind of hot. The way he just grabbed my wrist and stopped me was definitely dominating. He knew I liked that more than the other guys; I had sucked his cock, after all. "I dare you to open the door," he said with a grin.

"Are you crazy?! He'll see me naked in front of all of you. He'll think I'm a slut!"

"And you're not?" Julian asked.

I gasped—it was half genuine and half forced for effect. I went to punch his shoulder, but he seemed to have gotten the memo too, and he grabbed my wrist and stopped me. I tried punching him with my other wrist, but Sam grabbed that one, and now two of the boys were literally holding my arms and not letting me move. I really, REALLY tried to act angry and offended, but I couldn't hide my smile, and they saw it.

"Let me go!" I said, trying to sound full of rage, but instead I giggled like a little girl, so for the next one, I tried pleading instead. "Let me go, pleaaase..."

My smile and giggles gave them the assurance that they could indeed be rough with me—I wanted it. I tried kicking and tearing myself out of their hold, but I was never a strong girl, and they barely needed to put any effort in holding me. All I did was making my tits bounce and put on a show for them. I had never thought that one day, I would be the only girl in a group of sixteen guys, all clothed while I was completely naked; held by them like an animal getting tamed. I was their leader who bossed them around, but now, all the sudden, I was just a weak, naked girl they had total control over, and it was amazing.

Matt, who was not afraid of pulling me by the hair — since he had done so when I sucked him off — pulled my head back while the two others held my arms. I stopped moving and closed my eyes to take in the sudden rise in arousal.

"She wants to be told, not asked, I saw it yesterday. Right, Chloe?"

I nodded. The men let go of my hand and pointed me to the door. I took a deep breath for courage and walked to it. When I opened the door, I saw Ryan's blue eyes making a dumbfounded face.

"Chloe?"

I dragged him into the dorm and closed the door before anyone in the hall could see me. Ryan first eyed me up and down, and then he noticed the absolute army of clothed men with cameras in their hands—the men he knew were my buddies. That inexplicable submissive instinct made me want to hug him; I wanted to feel his clothed, manly hold over my nakedness. I felt wet down there, even though all my body was still wet from the shower, and I looked at him and thought that I would drop to my knees in a second if he asked... no, TOLD me to suck his cock—that's how easy I suddenly became with that horny madness in me. I turned into a total, untamed slut.

"Yes, I know, it looks weird," I said, chuckling. "Long story short, turns out I'm a fucking slut. I always wanted to pose nude, last night I sucked seven cocks including Matt's, and now I'm baring myself for the guys I see everyday in school; it's as strange as it looks."

Confused, he turned to his friend Ethan. "I just wanted to bring you the hard drive..."

I took the hard drive and gave it to one of the boys behind me, I didn't even look who it was. "Wanna take some pics with me?" I asked, biting my lips.

I didn't even let him answer, I just took his hand, brought him to the sofa and pushed him. He fell and sat. A second later, I climbed on him and straddled him with my eyes looking into his. The photographers were quick to position themselves and start taking pics.

"You drunk?" he asked.

"Not one bit," I giggled. "Makes it worse, doesn't it? Makes me so much more of a slut."

He was confused, but he definitely wasn't having a bad time either—a completely naked girl was straddling him and gyrating on his clothed erection. Ryan shrugged and put his hand on my hips. The camera flashes multiplied, and I gyrated faster, feeling the fabric of his jeans against my pussy.

"Put your hands on her back," I heard Liam say. He did, caressing my back and holding it while I gyrated faster. I was breathing hard, by that point.

"Squeeze my ass," I said.

He did, and it felt great. It was like a milestone achievement: get my ass touched by Ryan, check. Then it was: get my boobs fondled by him, check. I turned around and looked at the camera with a hungry smile, "look how lucky I am" style. After a minute or two, he said that he "really had to go and had a class to attend." Pouting and sad, I got up and let him walk back to the door, but not before grabbing his shirt's collar and pulling him in for a hungry, passionate kiss on the lips.

"You're wild, Chloe," he chuckled as he left the dorm, still in total disbelief and not sure what had just happened.

I closed the door and turned to my friends, and we all laughed together. "He's gonna be so confused!" I said.

I asked Ethan to text him and tell him what was going on: I was just having fun slutting around. The more platonic my friendship with the guy, the sluttier I was for being naked around them and letting them touch me; which meant more satisfaction and arousal for me. I had been submissive with my ex-boyfriends before—I had always loved to be naked while they were clothed, to let them take control of me and treat me rough. But this was so much more fun. The lack of active physical attraction towards any of the guys was compensated with the intense rush of adrenaline from being naked around a multitude of guy friends.

It made me proud, in a way.

I wasn't doing this out of attraction to any of the guys—I was doing this purely from an inner drive and feeling that came from me and only me. I wasn't yearning to kiss them because THEY made me want to kiss them; I was yearning to kiss them because I kept telling myself that if I did, I would be degrading and humiliating myself as a lowdown slut who is easy even towards platonic guy friends. It was my own inner psychological process that did all the job, not any attractiveness the guys could credit themselves for. It was 100% my sexuality at work, not theirs. I was using them, there really were no two ways about it. I was using them for my pleasure, but their end of the exchange wasn't bad either.

And it could even get better for both parties, I thought as I remembered how I had sucked Matt's cock with total joy. Could I really see myself doing this? Sucking the other guys? These casual friends and classmates? The ones I did photo projects with, the ones I hung out with? I pictured myself on my knees and sucking their cocks instead of being their equal and one of them. It turned me on and filled me with an instant hunger. I looked at the bulges in their pants and my mouth watered.

"Say..." Julian mumbled. "When you were talking to Ryan. You said you sucked Matt off?"

I winked at him and he winked back. I turned back to Julian. "Yep," I said, proud. "I had sucked all the models off. I don't know, it would have been mean not to suck Matt too."

"Was it great?"

"Fuck yeah, it was amazing!"

The guys laughed. "Chloe," Liam said, "we were asking Matt."

I chuckled. "Oh, right. Well, I fucking loved it. How about you, Matt?"

"You're the best cocksucker I've ever known," he said.

The compliment felt SO nice to hear. Crazy as it sounds, it made me feel proud. I blew him a kiss with my hand. They kept asking the two of us questions: how I did it, how slow, etc. I stopped them when I realized something.

"You know what?" I said. "Give me a second." I ran to my room and came back with a dildo in my hand.

"You have a dildo?" Noah asked.

"What? You think you're the only ones who masturbate?"

There was an ottoman in the corner of the living room. I brought it to the center, right in front of the TV, and told the men to sit on the sofas. "I'll show you how I suck."

They were more than happy to sit down for the show I was going to give them. I placed the dildo upright on the ottoman and knelt right in front of it. "Can we take pictures?" one of them asked.

"Go for it."

I started sucking in perfect profile view for them. There I was, the only girl from the dorm, sucking a dildo in total nudity while all my clothed guy friends watched. If humiliation could have a visual definition, it was this one. I worked the fake cock with all the passion and talent I had given Matt's.

"See... mmm... I went slow... mmm... Matt was... mmm... mmm... adjusting the pics... mmm... didn't want to distract him... hmm..."

"What about when you were blowing the guys with the suits?"

"Right." I got up, brought my second dildo, placed it on the ottoman and knelt again. Now I was sucking the two cocks and alternating between them. I showed them the slow speed and "loving" sort of way I had sucked. Most of them were still taking pictures of me; capturing every detail of how I was sucking those fake cocks. It was genuinely fun to suck dildos for an audience. I could show off my technique and skill in a clear and visual way.

"Did you swallow?"

"Mmm... All of them. Mmm..."

I heard many of them call me "good girl," and it made me giggle and salivate all over the dildo in my mouth. I closed my eyes to lose myself in the feeling. Julian said something. "How would you look tied up?" he asked.

I stopped sucking and looked up at him. A flutter appeared in my stomach. "Well I can't pretend to be tied up," I said suggestively. "If you want to know... tie me up for real."

My smile was already beaming, and it beamed even more when Julian rose and took off his belt. He walked over to me, and I had to look up at him. He was towering over me, fully clothed, and I, completely naked and exposed. I put my hands behind my back like an obedient girl, and closed my eyes as I felt the leather belt wrap itself around my wrists and tighten. He tied it in a knot so tight that it hurt a little bit, but I liked that. When he was done, I couldn't help but share a stupefied giggle with him.

"Thank you... Sir..." My use of the term was partly ironic... But also partly true.

My classmate was tying my hands behind my back while I knelt naked in front of him. You get why I was so turned on? It was like a double turn on—there was the basic layer any submissive could relate to: being dominated by a dom, but then I was feeling a second, supplementary layer of arousal: being dominated by someone who had no business dominating me. I was turned on precisely because this was my classmate, not despite that fact.

My stomach was fluttering to the point where I had to breathe so I could calm down. I was the gang's best photographer and leader. Now I was a naked, submissive girl with her hands tied while they sat in front of me, clothed and powerful. I leaned forward to take the dildos in my mouth again. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the moment. I wasn't the gang's leader, anymore. I wasn't the best photographer they looked up to. I was the gang's only girl, totally naked, sucking fake cocks in front of them. The belt's leather felt great against my wrist, and I could feel their gazes caressing my body as I sucked.

"It's cool how you moan so much," Brian said.

"It's because I love it so much," I said before stuffing my mouth with the silicone shaft again.

"Try sloppy."

I looked up at him and raised an eyebrow. "Are you asking me?"

"I'm telling you."

I smiled. "Yes Sir."

I slammed the back of my throat against the dildos and sucked them as fast as I could. I kept hitting my gag reflex, and loads of saliva fell down my throat, dripping all over the silicone cocks like they were statues I was worshipping with my mouth. My hands weren't available to me, so I had to put all my effort and skill in how I used my lips. I was suddenly aware of every muscle in my mouth now, and I had to put them all to good use.

"Deep throat one of them for as long as you can," Liam ordered.

I brought my head down on one of the shafts and sent it as far I could into the back of my throat. I held it there. Some of my female friends claimed to have almost no gag reflex at all while others had too much of it. I was right in the middle; I could control it if I put effort in it, which I did. I gagged a number of times on the dildo, but I just controlled the innate reflex to take it out and stayed on it. It was difficult without being able to hold the ottoman with my hands, but I liked the challenge. I just breathed through my nose and focused.

I finally couldn't take it anymore and took the dildo out of my mouth. My saliva drooled and dripped all over my exposed breasts.

"Longer, come on," Sam said.

"I'll need help for that..." I gave them a wink-wink look. "Someone has to... push me to do it longer."

Noah rose and walked over to me—not a big surprise. He would describe me his sex life with his ex, and they were into the dom/sub stuff. Noah was a switch; he knew how to act on both sides, and now, he was giving me the dom. He grabbed my hair into his fist; the pulling hurt. I looked up at him, nude and sweating, breathing hard with my mouth wide open, with saliva drooling down my chin, my neck and on my breasts.

"You good?" he asked.

I nodded. He was experienced when it came to BDSM, so I felt safe with him. I did three consecutive moans with a discernible pattern like a musical rhythm. "If you hear that, stop."

"Got it," he said.

He pushed my head down into the first dildo. It slammed into the back of my throat and made me gag violently—multiple times in the span of only seconds. I shook myself and moved around, but Noah kept my head firmly onto the dildo and didn't let go. I was moaning loudly, and my moan was muffled by the thick shaft filling my mouth completely. Gallons of saliva poured out of my mouth and down on the dildo. My eyes watered completely, and I heard the cameras clicking and flashing by the dozen. I moaned and moaned as if begging him to let me go, but he just pushed me down into the shaft.

He pulled my hair back and I gasped for breath. Tears fell down my face. My mouth went wide open, but before I could even fully inhale, he pushed my head down on the second dildo and repeated the process. "Look up, bitch, they're taking pictures," I heard him say in the cacophony of the clicking cameras. I obeyed and looked up, staring into the lenses with my teary eyes as the dildo filled my mouth and made me gag and gurgle; all the while trying to free myself from Noah's hold with the satisfying knowledge that I couldn't, because he was that much stronger than me.

I was completely at their mercy. The discomfort was almost unbearable—almost, it was right in that perfect spot of being intense enough to cause arousal without it being too much. I kept breathing through my nose to get some air, but otherwise, I was pretty much choking. "Want a spank?" he whispered next to my ear. I giggled, delighted by his proposition, and nodded on the dildo choking me. He gave me a good, hard slap on the ass, then pulled my hair back.

I gasped and felt the tears rolling down my face. "Can all the others please spank me?" I asked between two breaths. "Please?"

"Sure thing, bitch." He pushed my mouth to the dildo again and held my head there. "Chloe wants to get spanked by everyone, guys! She doesn't get to breathe until everyone's given her one spank each!"

I closed my eyes, arched my back, and presented my ass. I heard the boys gather around me. There were still some pictures being taken, but the next strong sound came with a sharp pain. SPANK! Another, SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! Some of them were less experienced and didn't know how to deliver the slap perfectly, but some really went at it perfectly. I heard the camera click, and by imagining the picture, it dawned on me how amazing the situation was.

A week ago, you would have seen me as part of the gang—even slightly above it, with how I took all the decisions and led the boys. You would have seen me clothed, and clothed no differently from the boys at that. You would probably not even have noticed me; I would have been an identical part of a whole. Maybe you'd notice me and realize there was only one girl there.

And now, you would see that same lone girl completely naked, tied up, and getting spanked by clothed men while made to choke on a dildo. All sixteen finished spanked me, and Noah finally gave me my freedom. "Good girl," he said while I gasped for air.

"Good girl."

"Good girl." A bunch of them called me that.

"Thank you..." I managed to mutter between breaths. I noticed how they were all looking at my tits. They were all plump and glistening wet with my saliva... ready to be taken. "You like my tits?" I asked, biting my lip.

"They're beautiful."

"They're perfect."

"Amazing."

I giggled and jiggled my boobs for them. I especially liked how none of them was even thinking of untying me. "You like me tied up?" I whispered seductively.

They agreed and told me how hot I looked restrained. I couldn't stop myself from groaning with arousal. They all surrounded me, clothed and strong, and they all looked so manly in contrast to me, and I felt so feminine and fragile... They could just slap me and throw me around and spank me and I'd love it.

Matt grabbed me by the hair. "I don't think we should untie her," he said. "She looks fine this way."

"Yeah, fuck that. Let's keep her tied," Adam said.

"Fuck the clothes too. Let's keep her naked."

A delighted laughter erupted from my fluttering stomach. "You can't just decide that for me!"

Noah slapped my ass. "Yes, we can."

"Don't you slap my ass! I'm not some bitch!"

If there's one thing you should know about me, it's that I'm a horrible actress. I didn't manage to hide my smile and happiness even a little bit. Noah slapped my ass again, and he invited the other boys to do the same. They all took turns slapping my ass like I was some whore to be shared. Matt pulled my hair even more.

"What are you?" he asked me.

I tried to form a pout, partly to hide my smile and partly to stop the words from getting out. They slapped my ass some more though, and I just couldn't stop it. "I'm just some bitch."

"Good girl. You're staying naked and tied up, got it?"

"Yes Sir."

I think we were all exhausted at this point by the sudden craziness we had collectively partaken in. We sat back on the sofas and watched some TV—I sat on the couch with two guys on both sides of me, still naked, still tied up, my breasts still wet with my own spit. They barely even watched the screen; half the time they were just ogling my breasts, and I loved it. Half the guys left the dorm around 6, and by then, the rest finally untied me.

"You can wear your clothes if you want," Noah said.

I shook my head. "I don't want to."

So I stayed naked all evening while we watched TV. They kept leering at me, and I kept teasing them by caressing my breasts slowly, sending them suggestive looks and stretching my arms from time to time in ways that kept revealing my body to them. I finally took a shower at 8 and went to sleep an hour later, but not before shutting my room's door and making good use of my dildos so I could finally come.

Next morning was delightfully absurd. I woke up, went to the kitchen in my pajamas and just ate breakfast alongside my roommates like I always did. No one mentioned what had happened the day before—it was fun acting like everything was normal. I was clothed, equal, and just one of them again. But from time to time, they would all look at me a certain way as it to remind me they had seen me totally naked. At a certain point, I just couldn't help but blow them a kiss.

After breakfast, we gathered with the rest of the gang in the classroom—or should I say, it was me who gathered them. There was no time to lose: there would be a photo competition in our city, and I was more than intent on winning it. I had given the gang my approval that we would participate, and now I was giving them my vision for the project.

"We'll do a mosaic," I explained. "It's gonna be hundreds of photos that we'll all take, and when we put them all together in a certain pattern, it'll make one larger photo. The smaller pics will be pics of the city; streets, buildings, whatever. But when we put them together, it'll look like a nature landscape: hills against a blue sky."

I didn't even ask them if and whether they agreed to the project—they knew that I knew what I was doing, and they would follow their leader where she went. "Here's how we're going to plan this out: we'll make teams of three, and I'll delegate specific photos and cityscapes that I want each group to take. You go out there, you take the photos and you show them to me. Keep in mind I might refuse them and send you out there again. I'll oversee grouping everything together to get the bigger picture, literally."

I opened a quick question and answer session where they asked me any questions they had, and after that, the meeting was over. "We have one month to deliver the project. I'll get to work on the planning and send you your instructions when they're ready. One last thing, I want each of you to meet me one on one to talk. Each of you have some dent in your technique, guys, I don't wanna be mean, but you know you do. We're gonna work on these: I'll spend some hours with each of you in this classroom and help you refine the technique where it's lacking."

The boys were happy to hear that. I was lucky not to have any dumb macho men in the gang. I had often met male photographers who would just start giving me tips and teaching me basic stuff out of nowhere—as if I had asked. They didn't even ask me what level of knowledge I had or how much I knew; they would just start babbling at my face, telling me how to do things. Trust me, I went through that A LOT. These men just took for granted that it was their place to teach me, and if I need to tell you why they thought that, here's a hint: they never acted similarly with guys my age. Only me.

Thankfully though, my talent as a photographer had curbed my classmates' masculine arrogance; they had been humbled from the first projects I had shown. I had spent far more time doing photography than any of them ever had—I used to take polaroid pictures as a kid. I won't apologize for knowing how good I am because I had trained to get there for years. And anyway, whenever a guy acts all confident, people respect him, but when a girl does, she's an arrogant bitch. No thank you.

I had great, supportive classmates who were humble enough to listen to me. They recognized my skill level, and that meant they would let me lead them so we could get something amazing done. We finished the briefing, but I didn't leave. I asked Matt, Noah, Julian, Brian and Adam to come talk to me while the others left.

"What is it?" they asked.

"It's not about the photo project." Those words and my smile let them guess quickly what I was going to talk about. I sat on the table behind me and looked at them with loving smiles. "Guys... yesterday was... amazing. I've rarely ever felt so good."

"That's because YOU were amazing, Chloe," Adam said—he always knew how to compliment girls.

"Listen... I... I wanted to ask you guys something." I took a deep breath. "I think everyone liked it, yesterday. Not everyone's necessarily into the domination thing, but they don't mind it, and they all get to see me naked, and I think you're all into that."

"We are," Brian said with a smile.

I giggled. "Yesterday, when you said you'd keep me naked and tied up... When you said it was just the way it would be, and that I didn't have a choice... And when you slapped my ass... I really liked that. I fucking loved it. So I wanted it to ask if..." Once again, deep breath. "I wanted to know what you thought of... if we make it a thing. Like... an actual thing."

"Can you be more precise?" Julian said. "Don't be shy, we're not gonna judge you, baby."

I liked how he called me baby; it was sweet. My nicknames used to be bro and dude. "O.K, so here's my idea. Or my desire, rather. I... I wanna be the gang's slave."

I looked at the boys for comfort, and they gave me supportive looks. "Go on, Chloe," Matt said.

"I'd like to be your slave when we're in the dorm. Like... the moment we enter and close the door, I'm suddenly your slut. Not all the time, obviously, that would be exhausting for me. I was thinking to make it day-based. Monday evenings, I'm too tired, so that day wouldn't be a slave day, and Tuesday either. Wednesdays, we finish class at 12, and that would be fun; I could be serving you for the rest of the day. Thursday evenings would be slave-day too. Forget Friday because we're always hanging out in town in the evening, but then we'd have the weekend, and I could be your slave for the entire weekend."

I looked at the boys, and they were more than in. They agreed. "You call the shots, Chloe," Brian said. "You always have. If that's what you want, we're doing it."

"Well... that's the point, isn't it? I want to NOT call the shots, for once. I'd like that." I sighed a sigh of relief. "I called you guys since I know you're familiar with domination. If you could explain it to the others with all the basics: safewords, roleplaying, that would be great. Just so they know what it's all about."

It might have seemed risky on the surface, but these sixteen boys were sweet, good friends I knew and trusted, and those standing in front of me right now were experienced when it came to BDSM. I was in good hands. I had always dreamt of being a group sub—not owned by one master, but something like shared property. Now this dream could finally come true.

"I wrote you something, this morning," I said, handing them a paper. "It's a list of the stuff I like and the stuff I don't like. You can base it off that."

"Base what?" Julian asked.

I bit my lip. "I want you guys to come up with rules for me. Take charge of me. I'll call the shots when we're outside the dorm. But when we're in the dorm, Wednesday, Tuesday and the weekend... I'm your bitch."