

I loved being naked in front of women

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Summer of sexual debauchery for exhibitionist

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During my job as a nude male model for an art class at the local college, I realized I loved being naked in front of women. After each class, I would race home and jack off. As I stroked my cock, I would think off the many eyes that had devoured my naked body during the two hours I posed nude. I'm sure some women, judging by the way they had looked at me, would go home, think of me, and masturbate, or fuck their boyfriend or husband with me in mind. The idea that they were getting off while visualizing me in their imagination drove me wild. It wouldn't take long before I'd shoot a large load of cum across my bedroom floor. If you have read Autograph, the first story in this series, you'll know I sometimes allowed my cock to become erect in order to liven up the class. The first few times I did this, the art teacher was not happy, and would stop the class until I lost my erection. But as the semester progressed, she became open minded and allowed me to pose with a hardon. She, like me, got a kick out of watching people squirm in their seats, either because they were uncomfortable with my aroused state, or because they were horny from viewing my manhood. Sometimes after class, when everyone was gone, the art teacher would give me a handjob, and once a few coeds helped her. I autographed their art work with my cum. But we had to be very discrete. If anyone had informed the college administration what was going on, she would be fired. As a result these episodes were infrequent, and never went beyond me getting a handjob, much to my regret. However things were about to change. It was at the end of the semester when the art teacher approached me with a job offer. She was holding private art classes in her studio, at her home. She asked if I would work for her during the summer. I readily agreed because I needed an outlet for my need to exhibit myself to women. It became a driving force at this stage in my life, and posing naked for a group of want-to-be artists would be perfect. During the day I would work as a landscaper, two evenings a week I'd pose in her class. The art teacher's name by the way, is Ms. Purdy. She is about thirty years old. She is a vivacious, short, slim, small busted brunette. Her students love her because she had the knack at putting everyone at ease, and teaches art with verve and wit. Her art studio was located at the back of her house, overlooking the pool in the backyard. It was spacious, well lighted and had the smell of oil paints and crayons. I arrived for the first class wearing only a t-shirt, jeans, no underwear, and runners. There were eight students, all women. They varied in age from twenty to forty-five. Most of them seemed nervous that a man was going to pose nude for them. Since it was a very intimate

setting, I joked around, made small talk with them, and put them at ease as best I could. They responded by laughing readily, and joking with me. Out of the blue, I peeled off my t-shirt, stepped out of my runners, and dropped my faded blue jeans to the floor. Ms. Purdy slapped her hands together loudly and said, "Begin drawing ladies." The women stepped behind their easels and began to work. It was a very informal class. Ms. Purdy chatted with everyone as if they were old friends. As they drew, the more outgoing women would talk to me, ask me questions about myself and suggest poses. During my breaks, I would circulate among the women, naked of course, and look at their work. Many of them were uncomfortable when I did this, but by the end of the evening I had put them all at ease. They didn't mind standing within inches of a totally naked man. Everyone was on a first name basis, and quickly becoming friends. After the last student left, Ms. Purdy opened her purse and paid me the money I was owed. I picked up my jeans and slipped the money into the pocket. I was about to put them on but she stopped me. "You were a very good boy tonight, " she said. "You put my students at ease, and more importantly, you didn't develop an erection and embarrass them. Thank you." She rose onto her toes and pecked me on the cheek. "Does this mean you don't want me to get an erection in any future classes?" "I didn't say that, " she purred. "As everyone becomes more relaxed and familiar with each other, developing an erection will be fun for us all." I smiled. "In fact, if you develop one right now, I won't find that upsetting at all." About ten seconds after she said that, my cock was swollen and standing erect. Ms. Purdy pulled a chair in front of me, sat on it and sucked on my cock until I blew a load of cum down her throat. She wiped her lips with her fingers and said, "That my dear boy, was a bonus for your outstanding work tonight. Keep it up, and there will be more. Class dismissed." I got dressed and left. As soon as I got home I pulled off my clothes and jerked off again. I arrived for the next class, at Ms. Purdy's suggestion, at the half way point. The first part of the class was devoted to studying the nude female body, while the second half would be devoted to the male body. I walked into the studio to find Ms. Purdy standing on the small stage in front of the room, naked. My jaw dropped and my cock stirred. She saw me at the back and waved at me. The ladies said hello and continued to draw. I stood at the back and devoured Ms. Purdy's body with my eyes. After a few minutes, Ms. Purdy put on her robe and yelled, "Break time." I chatted with a few of the ladies for a few minutes, then walked over to the stage where Ms. Purdy was seated. She was looking at drawings and giving her students advice. She explained to me that the model she had hired to pose nude for the class had cancelled at the last minute so she had to fill in. The robe she wore was short and barely covered her closely cropped pussy. I disrobed and stood there talking to Ms. Purdy and the ladies with my cock at half mast. They all noticed. The room echoed with giggles. I knew I was not going to be able to control my cock tonight. After seeing Ms. Purdy nude, it was beyond my control. The class resumed and I began to pose. Ms. Purdy circulated throughout the room, still wearing her robe. At one point, she stood at the back of the class, behind everyone so they could not see her. She opened her robe, exposing her pussy and breasts to me. My cock immediately expanded to its full length and hardness. A few women gasped. Ms. Purdy tied her robe back up and yelled, "Oh my God." She rushed up to me and threw a towel over my erection. "Ladies, I am sorry this has happened. The models I hire know they are not supposed to get erections." She scowled at

me. I knew it was all an act for her students benefit. "We will halt the class until he regains control of himself. If this happens again, I will find another model to take his place." A woman from the back of the class piped up and said, "No, no, you can't do that. He's a nice guy, we'd miss him." The ladies agreed with her. Another one said, "As for his erection, we don't mind; things like this happen." They all murmured in agreement. Someone said, "It's no big deal, we're all adults here. If he happens to get a hardon, so what? No harm done." Ms. Purdy looked at the students and said, "He can stay, only if you all agree." They all agreed. Ms. Purdy turned around and grinned at me in a very saucy manner. The ladies resumed drawing, I took the towel off my prick and resumed posing. On my breaks, I would mingle with the ladies, looking at their work, as I did last class. Only this time I had a nine inch erection. The ladies did their best to try and ignore it and I did my best to try not to touch them with it. The situation was very awkward, but no one was complaining. However, at one point, I was distracted and accidentally poked the youngest of the ladies in the rear end with my prick. She looked to me to be about twenty years old. She jumped a mile. I blushed and apologized, but she said, "Don't worry about it, it was my pleasure." Everyone broke up laughing. Slyly, without anyone seeing, she gave my prick a quick stroke, and grinned devilishly. I posed for the rest of the evening with a raging hardon. It took a while for Ms. Purdy to clear the class at the end of evening because the ladies were reluctant to leave. After the last woman left, which happened to be the twenty year old, Ms. Purdy dropped her robe, kneeled in front of me and gave me a blow job. At the window were peeping eyes. The twenty year old I had accidentally poked in the rear watched Ms. Purdy swirl her tongue over my cock and balls, then deep throat me. I came down her throat. The peeping Jane disappeared from the window when Ms. Purdy got up off the floor and put her robe on. "Another bonus eh." I chuckled. "Yes. If you keep up the good work, you'll be getting an even bigger bonus." She ran her fingers up and down her pussy and smirked. I laughed. Before I left, I told Ms. Purdy about our peeper. She laughed and said, "I'll get even with her next class." I wondered what she had in mind but didn't ask. As you can imagine, I felt like I was in heaven. I was being paid to expose myself to a room full of women, and got a blow job after each class to boot, with promises of better things to come. If that's not heaven, what is it? I was horny all the time and jacked off each night pretending I was masturbating in front of the class. At the request of Ms. Purdy, I arrived early at the next class. She was in an especially horny mood and wanted to suck me off before class began. This time instead of swallowing my cum, she had me ejaculate on a picture our peeping Jane had drawn. Ms. Purdy yelled, "Autograph her picture stud." I pumped my cock and squirted all over the charcoal drawing. Ms. Purdy sopped up the gobs of cum as best she could. When our peeping Jane arrived for class, Ms. Purdy invited her into her office, handed her the drawing and apologized for ruining her work. The distinct smell of cum permeated the small room. Ms. Purdy told me afterwards, our peeping Jane knew exactly what the smell was. During the first half of the class, I posed without an erection, simply because Ms. Purdy had temporarily drained me dry. I suspect some of the ladies were disappointed. At the break, Ms. Purdy went into her office and used the phone. When she came out, she was angry. The female model she had hired to pose for the second half of the class had once again cancelled at the last moment. She asked for a volunteer to pose nude for the class. Some were

aghast at the suggestion, others laughed. They asked Ms. Purdy to pose again. She explained she had done her duty last time and that she couldn't pose and properly teach at the same time. She again asked for a volunteer. Our peeping Jane timidly raised her hand. She said she would pose in her undies, but not nude. I don't recall her real name, I have a bad memory when it comes to names, so I'll call her Jane. Jane flipped off her sandals, took off her t-shirt and lowered her jeans. Underneath she was wearing a black lace bra and black thong panties. She was a tall lanky blonde, had a slim figure, and small ass. Her breasts were huge. As Jane posed for the class, I got a sketch pad and a pen and began to draw. Ms. Purdy graciously gave me pointers. The ladies commented on my work as well. They encouraged me and said I had some promise. I felt proud of myself. On a break, Jane came over and looked at my work. I was seated. She ran her breasts across my back as she looked over my shoulder at my drawings. She whispered in my ear, "After class tonight, I want to suck you off like Ms. Purdy did." "That can be arranged," I stammered. She giggled. My cock began to rise. I stood up and whispered in her ear, "In return, I want you to pose nude for the class." Without giving her time to say yes or no, I unhooked her bra, letting her huge tits fall free. Then in a split second, I hooked my thumbs in her panties and pulled them down her legs. "Look everyone," I said loudly, "Jane has agreed to pose nude for us." Jane blushed a deep red but it was too late to say no. She walked up onto the stage and began to pose. I couldn't concentrate to draw. Jane's tits, though huge, didn't sag and her pink nipples were swollen and puffy. Her pussy had a slight dusting of blonde hair above it. Ms. Purdy suggested Jane and I pose together. I leaped at the chance. Being so close to a beautiful, naked woman, naturally made my cock rise to its full potential. No one said anything, but there were quite a few giggles and murmurs in the room. Our poses had not brought us into physical contact with one another until Ms. Purdy had us hug. My hard cock was squeezed against Jane's tummy, her breasts were snuggled against my chest. We held the pose for about five minutes but it seemed like five hours. Jane began to breathe heavily, and I felt her pussy, which she held against my thigh, dampen. I don't think any of this was obvious to anyone else in the class. They all seemed intent on their work. When Ms. Purdy yelled "Break time," we broke our pose and fell back into chairs. My cock was sticking straight up, and harder than the marble in Michelangelo's David. Jane's pussy lips were open and glistening. She tried to conceal it with her hands. If I was going to fulfill my fantasy of masturbating in front of a room full of women, this was the time to do it. I grabbed my cock and slowly stroked up and down on it as I leered at Jane's breasts. I heard a few pencils drop. I looked up and saw a couple of ladies staring at me in shock. One of them ran outside and told the women who were enjoying the cool evening air what I was doing. They rushed back in and watched me. Not one of them protested or tried to stop me. Not one! Ms. Purdy pulled up a chair close to me, unbuttoned her pants, and slipped her hand beneath her panties. Jane lost any inhibitions she may have had. She spread her legs wide and massaged her pussy with her hands and fingers. I increased the speed of my hand on my cock. Precum dripped out and coated my cock, giving it a nice shine. To give the ladies a better view, I moved the chair into a position that faced them all. My cock shaft was now bright pink, my cockhead a deep purple shade. I massaged my balls with one hand and used the other to play with my prick. I looked into the eyes of each and

every woman. Their eyes were aflame with lust, lust for me! It's a mind blowing experience, let me tell you. My head was swimming. Ms Purdy's fingers were working her snatch at feverish pace. Jane withdrew the fingers she had pushed into her twat, hurried over to me, kneeled, and sucked on my prick. The women went wild. They began to chant, "Suck . . .suck . . .suck." The sound was deafening. Jane sucked on my cock like it was her last meal. She cupped her breasts together and I fucked her tits. My cockhead would peak out the end of her breast valley and she would lap at it with her tongue. Ms. Purdy screamed in pleasurable agony. She had just cum. The groin of her panties was soaked. Now the ladies changed their chant. They began to yell, "Cum . . cum . . .cum." I stood up. In a frenzy, Jane worked her mouth up and down my cock. I moaned loudly, pulled my cock from her mouth and ejaculated all over her breasts and face. When I had finished squirting, Jane wrapped her lips around my cockhead and licked off the remaining cum. The women began to clap and hoot. Obviously they had enjoyed the show. Someone threw Jane a towel and she cleaned my cum off her body. I fell back into my chair. I was exhausted. That, my dear reader, was the beginning of my summer of sexual debauchery. Halfway through writing this story, I took off all my clothes and occasionally stroked my cock as I wrote. Reliving these memories has made me hornier than ever. After I finish this paragraph, I intend to relieve my pent up sexual energy. I hope your orgasm will be as intense as the one I am about to have.