

Strip Me

A CMNM
Story

Nico
Fox



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CHAPTER 1

AFTER LANDING AT LAGUARDIA AIRPORT, I picked up my bags and headed to my new apartment. I didn't have the money to travel from Akron to New York just to check out apartments and sign a lease, so I had to choose one based on the pictures online. It would have to do, at least for my first year of living in the Big Apple. Being just out of college, I couldn't be too picky.

The taxi dropped me off at an impressive high-rise in Brooklyn Heights. I was grateful to find an affordable one-bedroom apartment near a subway stop that would zip me to work downtown in less than 30 minutes. The landlord is an art director and wanted to give me a discount since I was using my computer skills to help his friends in the art world.

I knocked on the front door, and an attractive man in his 30s answered. He was tall, built, and had large brown eyes I could drown in. He eyed me up and down and a flush of heat rolled over me.

His metallic V-neck t-shirt and purple scarf contrasted with his pale skin. His skinny jeans emphasized that he was packing heat down there.

“You must be Brandon, my new tenant. I’m Matthieu,” he said with a sexy European accent and an air of studied nonchalance. When we shook hands, a spark shot through the nerve endings of my fingers, flooding me with warmth and causing the hairs on my arms to rise. I couldn’t help but move in closer to him.

“Matthieu, what an interesting name. I don’t know anybody in Ohio with that name.” Stupid me. I always say the most unsophisticated thing.

He laughed. “It’s French. I’m Parisian, but I’ve been making a life here in the New York art scene for a good 20 years. I dabble in real estate too.”

He led me upstairs to a decent one-bedroom apartment with a view overlooking the street front. To be honest, it was much better than I expected from the pictures I saw online.

When he handed me the keys and his business card, our hands locked for a moment while he stared into my eyes.

“Let me know if you need anything. I’m in the penthouse at the top of the building.”

I stared in awe as he walked away, his designer jeans clinging to his muscular butt, and the very clear, toned shape of his torso.

On my way home from the first day on the job, the unbearable August heat augmented the crowded subway on the rush hour trip home. I couldn't wait to take a shower to wash off the stickiness before I started unpacking the rest of my boxes. Not that it would be a difficult task. I didn't own very much. Most of the apartment was furnished, which was great, because I didn't own any furniture.

I turned the shower faucet, but nothing came out. After fiddling with it for a good ten minutes, I remembered Matthieu said to call him with any issues I might have with the apartment. I called the number on his business card, but he didn't answer so I left a message.

Just as I hung up the phone, the water started pouring out of the faucet. I hopped into the shower and washed off the sweat and stickiness of the day.

After toweling myself off, I realized this was the first time I've had my own apartment. In college, I always had roommates. Feeling free, I threw the towel onto the bed and walked around naked. It was liberating to let my junk swing back and forth as I roamed around my apartment.

As I turned the corner into the kitchen, I jumped out of my skin. There was Matthieu standing there.

"I see you got the shower working," he said.

I was stark naked, and this hot guy was only two feet away from me.

"Sorry, when I called, there was no water coming out, but then after a couple of minutes it started working."

"This apartment has been vacant for a while. Maybe the

pipes needed a refresh.” He gazed into my eyes and then down my body. Speaking of pipes.”

Ice shot through my veins when I realized I had a raging hard-on right in front of Matthieu. I wasn’t even sure if he was gay or not.

“Sorry. Um. Sorry, really, I am.” I couldn’t form a full sentence. “I’m really embarrassed.” Stupid me, I didn’t think to cover myself until now.

He ogled me up and down again. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. You have a phenomenal body.” He gave me a slow smile and leaned in closer to me.

Matthieu’s phone rang. “Gotta take this.” As he walked out the door, his eyes focused on my exposed cock and balls.

The next morning, I woke up a half hour before my alarm clock was to go off for work. I couldn’t stop thinking about my encounter with my landlord. He saw me completely naked. As humiliated as I was, I kind of wish he didn’t get that important phone call.

I had just moved into that apartment and I didn’t want to make things weird between us. Or shall I say, any weirder than they are already. He was this sophisticated, confident Manhattan big-wig, while I was a silly, naïve Midwestern boy starting my first real job.

But I wouldn’t have minded it though if he fucked me right there on the dining room floor. There’s something erotic about standing naked in front of somebody while they’re clothed. When he gazed at me, it was like he was breathing my body in. Maybe I should have covered myself quick,

but then again, maybe I should've never covered myself at all.

Still in bed, I replayed the scenario over and over in my mind. My hand caressed my naked torso to reach into my underwear. I grabbed my cock, hard as it was the night before when it stood at full mast right in front of Matthieu. I stroked it up and down as if he was right there.

In my fantasy, Matthieu is still fully clothed. Although he has a remarkable body, it's not about that. It's about vulnerability, about being the only one naked. It's about him looking me over like I was one of his art pieces he would auction off.

Images of the scenario pinged through mind. I'd invite him back and answer the door completely naked. I'd pretend I didn't realize I had clothes on, and that he saw me naked accidentally, again. The thought of masturbating while he watched me aroused me on even more.

I pumped my fist harder and harder between the sheets, closing my eyes while reminiscing about Matthieu catching me naked and standing there dumbfounded as he painstakingly studied every inch of my body.

Imagining the amused expression on his face when he first saw me naked brought me over the crest, and I exploded all over my new bed. I quickly jumped in the shower as I didn't want to be late for my second day on the job.

CHAPTER 2

WHEN I ARRIVED AT WORK, all the coworkers I met the day before were packing their stuff into boxes. They all had grim looks on their faces.

“What’s going on?” I asked my new boss.

“The company lost its funding. Its primary donor when bankrupt. We’re all out of a job.”

My heart quickened, and I started to hyperventilate.

“But I moved all the way across the country for this job,” I said out loud to anybody in the office who would listen. Nobody was.

“And we all have families, kids, mortgages. You’re young. You’ll bounce back,” he said. He picked up his box and walked out the door.

I hadn’t worked there long enough yet to have to pack anything in a box. I walked out the door and around Midtown Manhattan for a good three hours, not knowing what

else to do. This is not how I wanted to experience Manhattan for the first time.

As I walked up to the apartment building, Matthieu was standing in the lobby, waiting on his driver in a form-fitting double-breasted suit that accented all the angles of his body. He looked so relaxed, so natural in that expensive suit when he flashed me a devilish grin.

“Why the long face? Are you still embarrassed about yesterday’s mishap?” he chuckled.

“Yeah, I guess, but I’ve got bigger problems now. Two days on the job and they folded. Out of business.”

“That sucks. Don’t worry, you’ll bounce back.”

“Why do people keep saying that?”

“You’re fresh out of school. You’ll find another job. Besides, you signed a year lease buddy.” He poked me in the arm in jest. Any other time I might find his flirting charming, but now I feared running out of money.

“Yeah, I guess I can’t get out of the lease, can I?”

“Like you really want to go back to Akron. Destiny brought you to New York. There are plenty of opportunities here.”

He was right. The job got me to New York, and I was going to stay.

“I’ll start looking for new jobs tomorrow.”

“In the meantime, why don’t you take your mind off of things? I’m throwing one of my infamous parties tonight, and I’d like you to be my guest.”

I furrowed my brow. “What makes them infamous?”

A sly grin formed across Matthieu's face. "Twice of a year, I throw parties for my most valuable customers. The guests are generally between ages 30 and 50, leaning towards 50, as they are wealthy men. I hire guys in their 20s to strip for them for the party. They act as a sort of live art, or eye candy, for the most discerning art buyers."

I laughed. "I guess strippers would get my mind off of things."

"My performers aren't strippers in real life. That's part of the joy of the show, watching some nervous guy get naked in front of everybody. It's no fun if he's comfortable with it." He laughed.

The notion of witnessing a guy tortured by his own public nudity excited me.

"There are a few party rules. Absolutely no cameras allowed. Our performers agree to strip only because they know it won't end up all over the Internet. Many of them have wives, or husbands, and budding careers they don't want ruined. Also, the party guests are to remain in their seats fully dressed. The performer is to be the sole nude star."

My mind quickly revisited the afternoon when Matthieu walked in on me naked. That thrill of vulnerability while he was fully clothed made my crotch throb.

"If they don't have a G-string, where do we put the dollar bills?" I knew the instant I said it, I sounded like a naïve small-town boy with little life experience.

Matthieu gave a sympathetic look. "You're so adorable. It's like you just left Ohio yesterday."

Little did he know how right he was. I had never left the Midwest, except that trip to Disney World as a kid. I knew nothing about the world of high art, sex parties, and strippers.

“Each performer comes to the front row for my VIP guests, who will pay for a little extra performance,” Matthieu continued. “They’re allowed to do anything you want to the performer, except penetration.”

“I bet the performers make a lot of money.” I emphasized *performers* with air quotes.

Matthieu laughed. “I’ve never seen a performer go home with less than \$2000.”

I almost fell to the floor when I heard that. Two grand a night sounds like a sweet deal. “Unfortunately, now that I don’t have a job, I can’t give the performer any money. But at least I’ll get to watch.”

Matthieu laughed again. “Since you gave me a performance of your own coming out of the shower yesterday, I’m feeling generous and will cover your cost for paying the performer.” His eyes narrowed in on me. “Besides, it’d be interesting to witness what you’d do with the performer if you were free to have your way.”

His words awakened a sexual throbbing throughout my body. I wanted to strip off my clothes right there in the lobby so he could have his way with me.

His driver arrived at the building’s entrance and he held a finger in the air as if to signal he’d be a minute. “And don’t go back to your apartment and blow your load thinking about how exciting the party will be. Save your sexual energy for the tonight.” He left for his limo.

That was easier said than done. I had to find all sorts of ways to distract from thinking about tonight. I even resorted to ruminating over the fact that I lost my job after two days and had no way to pay my rent in one of the country's most expensive cities.

CHAPTER 3

THAT EVENING, I headed to Matthieu's penthouse for the party. It has its own private elevator, so I had to go all the way down to the lobby and back up. The doorman had to give me access to the special entrance.

Matthieu's penthouse looked like something from a magazine, rather than something from in the same building as my cramped apartment. There were floor-to-ceiling windows that gave a spectacular view of the Statue of Liberty and parts of Lower Manhattan.

The outdoor terrace alone was bigger than my apartment. There were a few small trees and a fountain in which guests congregated around with their wine glasses.

Inside, sleek design, rich fabrics, and expensive furniture filled every corner. The art hanging on the walls appeared to be expensive, but what the hell would I know?

"Welcome. Make yourself comfortable, Brandon." Matthieu impatiently snapped his fingers in the air. A guy around my age in a tux arrived carrying a tray of cham-

pagne glasses. “The party is this way.” He waived the waiter to follow us.

Past the living room, there was a doorway to a great room and a large crowd of men of all ages socializing with each other. There was a stage with a single microphone on it toward the front.

“How many people are here tonight,” I asked.

“I cap off my parties at 50 people. One canceled, so I gave you his spot.” He winked at me. He nodded to the waiter standing next to us. “This is Jared, he will handle our drink orders for this evening.” I smiled at Jared. “And he will also be one of the performers for the evening.”

I analyzed Jared from head to toe. His Adam’s apple moved up and down as he swallowed hard. He looked like an all-American boy from an Abercrombie and Fitch ad. He sort of resembled me, if I were to work out three times as much, and perhaps took steroids.

“So, Jared,” I couldn’t think of what to say to him, “have you ever exposed yourself for a crowd before?” Ok, so that wasn’t the worst thing I’ve ever blurted out in conversation.

Jared’s eyes widened. “No, I’ve never done anything like this.” He cleared his throat. “I kinda have no choice. I needed help to get into law school, and Matthieu made some phone calls for me. In exchange, I agreed to...” He hesitated before continuing. “Take my clothes off for a large crowd for their entertainment.”

Jared closed his eyes and clutched the drink tray so tight I thought he would break it.

“Are you nervous?”

“I’m dreading this so much that I haven’t been able to eat anything for two days. But this was the deal.” He sighed. “The upside is that I’ll also make some extra cash.” He nodded at me. “I don’t know why I’m telling you all this, but I guess I’m relieved there’s another guy my age here.

I patted his back. “You’ll do great.” Another awkward statement from the boy from Ohio. I don’t know why he was nervous. He was by far the most attractive person at the party.

“Ah-hem.” A man standing behind Jared started to listen into our conversation as he waited for Jared to serve him.

To break the silence, Jared asked, “Would you like another champagne?” The man took one and walked away.

Jared nodded toward me. “If you don’t mind, I have other guests to welcome.” With that, he walked away to serve other guests.

Matthieu introduced me to a few others, but mostly, I stood around by myself, feeling awkward. After about 15 minutes, Matthieu sat me in the front row and then walked on stage.

CHAPTER 4

“THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING. I hope you’re as excited as I am. I also hope you’ve been enjoying your champagne as well as the sexy young men that have been serving them to you. First one up is Jared from San Diego.”

All eyes turned to Jared standing next to the stage with his arms resting stiffly to the sides. His gulp was visible, even from several feet away. The audience clapped politely.

Instead of the typical stripper music I expected with a thumping beat, calming orchestral music played. Jared walked on the stage and looked at the crowd. He took several deep breaths and appeared to tremble.

He took off the tuxedo jacket and bowtie with ease but struggled to unbutton the shirt because he was shaking so hard. When his shirt finally came off, a guy in the back row whistled. Looking at his chest, I could understand why. Although I worked out and considered myself in shape, I was nowhere near as built as he was.

His surfer boy's golden-bronze smooth skin shined over the mountains of muscles that covered his torso. He could have been a model. The bulges of his pecs were impressive, but more stunning was the magnificent V-shape of his torso that cut deep into his abs leading you further and further down to anticipate what could be down there. Everyone in the audience stared at him with lustful eyes.

Jared couldn't stop making eye contact with me. Could it be that having confided his fears with me made it more comfortable to lock eyes with me more than the other guys gawking at him? Not that I didn't envision him as a juicy piece of meat, as much as any other guy there.

While Jared continued to undress, I looked over at Matthieu who sat next to me and remembered coming out of the shower, and how it felt being the only one naked. Now I was on the other side, staring at Jared's body. One could only imagine the sheer mortification Jared was experiencing right now. Just glad it wasn't me.

Jared turned around to drop his pants so that his plump ass was facing us first. Oh, the glory. That is the ass of someone who does 100 squats every day. He stood there for a bit, and I got the impression that he hesitated to turn around.

He threw off the rest of his underwear and took a deep breath. The trembling in his hands was visible from over ten feet away. He slowly turned around and exposed everything he had to everyone in the room. He was more perfect than I imagined.

His dick was thick and at least 6 inches flaccid capped by a glorious mushroom head. Most of all, it was hanging right in front of us, visually all there for the taking. It took a

moment for me to realize that I was staring at it for a long time before locking my eyes with him again.

I expected the guests to hoot and holler, but this multi-millionaire crowd was dead silent. Jared's naked body was a piece of art exclusively for our viewing pleasure. Jared was reluctant to get undressed, but now, he was fully exposed and had no choice but to be our object.

Matthieu gave the come-hither gesture to Jared, and he reluctantly came off the stage toward the first row. The two guys the side of Matthieu scooted their chairs closer to us to create a small circle.

Matthieu got out a box where these two gentlemen threw in stacks of hundreds. It's like they didn't even count the money. They just tossed it in like they were throwing away a paper towel that had no value to them. There was more money in that box than in my bank account.

Jared trembled uncontrollably now as he stood near the circle of four men, including me. The first guy, a decent-looking silver daddy wearing a red metallic blazer and a white bow tie put his hands around Jared's hips while Jared closed his eyes. He ran his hands down his chest.

The other guy, a slightly larger gentleman wearing a suit jacket made of leather and metal spikes, ran his hands around the orbs of Jared's ass cheeks. As he ran his hand toward the inside of the cheeks, Jared clenched up and the Matthieu swapped his hand away, reminding him of the rules of no penetration.

The other guy grasped his dick which, despite Jared's obvious rigid posture and unease, was getting hard. He pressed his lips to the rim of Jared's cock head.

“Go ahead,” Matthieu said to me.

I looked at the box where the two other guys threw their wads of cash and back at Matthieu as if to remind him that I was broke. Jared must have felt humiliated by being naked in front of everyone, but I felt small because I was the only one in the room without a million dollars, except for Jared and the other performer whom I hadn't yet seen.

Matthieu pulled out his wallet and threw in an even larger wad of cash. “This is for Brandon,” he said to Jared. In essence, Matthieu purchased Jared for me. He wasn't a person, but a sexual object that exists only for my amusement.

I cupped my hand around Jared's juicy balls and the silver daddy moved his head back from Jared's now hard cock. He turned Jared's rigid body around to face me. He leaned into my ear and whispered, “I want to watch you suck him off.”

I ran my hands over his taut abs in awe of his body. My hands moved up his pecs and squeezed one nipple and then back down his monster biceps.

Jared seemed to relax a bit in my hands, and his dick got even harder. I looked into his eyes, which I could now tell were green, and we made a connection. I kept eye contact for longer than I was comfortable with, but I wanted Jared to feel at ease around me.

My fingers tickled through his pubic hair as heat emanated from his crotch. I moved my face in closer to his cock and smelled the cologne and the sweat of a pure man. It was like a drug.

By now, everyone else in the crowd had gathered around our small circle of chairs to get a load of me and Jared. Their stares were unnerving and exhilarating at the same time.

Finally, Matthieu pulled me back. “Save some for later.”

What did he mean by later? Was he going to make Jared come? Did Matthieu want to have sex with me too? I hoped so.

With that, Matthieu grabbed a robe from a chair next to the stage and put it over Jared before walking on stage again.

“Give a round of applause for beautiful Jared. Sometimes Mother Nature is the best artist out there. Don’t worry folks. There’s one more.” Matthieu gestured toward another guy in his 20s.

CHAPTER 5

TALL, dark, hot as fuck, but he was shaking even more than Jared was before he took off his clothes. I didn't get a chance to talk to him, so I didn't know his motivations for doing this.

"Patrick is a farm boy from Nebraska," Matthieu said before oohs and aahs came from the audience. "And he's straight." Then the guests cheered.

Patrick looked like a deer caught in the headlights, not even acknowledging the audience. When Matthieu invited him up, he took off his shirt and tightened his hands into fists and chewed on his lips. He was nervous as fuck and the crowd ate it up.

A few people in the crowd gasped as he dropped his pants, exposing a jock strap that left little to the imagination. Then his body froze like a statue. Gritting his teeth, he hesitated to pull the strap down to expose himself fully.

After a few minutes of anticipation, Matthieu intervened.

He stepped closer to the stage and whispered, “You have to take it all off. That was the deal.”

Patrick looked from side to side, as if to plan an escape route from his complete humiliation. He gave a tight-lipped smile and beads of sweat fell from his forehead. He shuffled his feet back and forth twice while covering his hands over his crotch, as if we weren’t just about to examine every inch of his body.

I sympathized with him, but at the same time, observing his embarrassment was turning me on. The nerve endings in my dick throbbed as hard as Patrick quivered. I guiltily enjoyed his degradation.

Someone in the row behind me started chanting, “Take them off, take them off.” And the rest of the guests joined in. I debated whether I should chant too. Patrick’s face drained of color.

Just as Matthieu called out to him again, Patrick kneeled down to pick up the clothes off the stage and bolted out of the room.

The guests looked around at each other, some disappointed, others looking fully satisfied. It was as if his humiliation was more sexually arousing than observing him fully naked would be. At that point, I felt terrible for Patrick, and just plain rotten for my indulgence in it.

Matthieu walked back on stage, trying to contain laughter. “Well gentlemen, as you know, sometime that happens. Not all our boys are strong enough to handle such humiliation. But it’s fun either way, so let’s give a round of applause to Patrick, even though he can’t hear it.” Matthieu laughed. “Patrick is probably halfway to Central Park by now.”

Matthieu sat next to me. “What is it with you Americans and their fear of nudity?” The remaining guests left their chairs for more drinks, snacks, and gossiping.

I smirked at him in half-amusement. Now that the distraction was over, I had to face the reality of having no job, no savings. Surely, the other guys in this room couldn’t identify with this problem.

“What’s wrong, Brandon? Didn’t Jared and Patrick make your evening?” Matthieu gave me a mock frown face.

“Thanks for the money to let me touch Jared, but I still can’t pay the rent.” I looked down in disappointment and sighed.

Matthieu put his finger on my chin and lifted my head up. “Well, isn’t today a lucky day for cute young Americans?” He raised his eyebrows as if he wanted an answer to his rhetorical question. “How would you like to get a free month of rent?”

His question left me dumbstruck.

“I wasn’t always a rich art dealer. I came from the French countryside to Paris, then New York. And it wasn’t easy. I had to do things...well, let’s just say I had to do things.” He laughed. “I could help you out if you don’t mind helping me out. “Patrick’s early departure from the stage left a hole in my entertainment for the evening. My guests demand an evening to remember.”

I gulped, but couldn’t summon any words.

“I’ll give you a free month of rent if you take Patrick’s place tonight.” He pointed to the stage. “You get on there now, take off all your clothes, and you don’t have to worry about making rent on the first of the month.”

I hesitated. “I don’t know if I could get up there and be naked, with all those eyes scrutinizing me.”

“You seemed to like it the other day,” Matthieu said, referring to the day he caught me naked when I couldn’t get the shower running.

“But that was just you, and to be honest, I didn’t mind getting caught by you.” I was embarrassed that I admitted that to him and looked away. “But all these people?” I gestured my hand to the 50 people at the party. “Besides, I may have some muscle tone, but I don’t have the huge muscles that Jared and Patrick have.”

“Are you kidding, you have a fantastic body. I haven’t stopped thinking about it. And the crowd will like that big dick of yours.”

I still couldn’t decide. My heart was popping out of my chest.

“I’ll sweeten the deal. Two months of free rent. You can take your time finding the right job for you rather than taking the first one that comes up because you’re worried about paying the rent.”

He was right. I was reluctant to be humiliated before a crowd of rich guys, but I was also desperate for money. But on the other hand, I didn’t know any of those people, and probably wouldn’t see any of them ever again.

My desperate need for money wasn’t the only factor. Watching Jared and Patrick be humiliated was a turn-on like no other. I loved thinking about when Matthieu caught me naked and I was embarrassed. And now, the idea of being naked and humiliated in front of all these people was like an aphrodisiac.

They would scrutinize my whole body. They would stare directly at my dick and love it. Maybe they would tip me like they did Jared so they could fondle me. I loved the idea of being a play toy.

As I sat and pondered my choice, Matthieu took that choice away from me. He jumped on stage and yelled into the microphone, “Who wants to witness our fresh-faced Midwestern boy get naked?”

As Matthieu pointed his arm toward me, the crowd of guests turned around to look at me. My heart skipped a beat and my face became hot. I shook my head repeatedly, but they cheered me on, and there was no turning back.

Matthieu got back on stage as Jared put on a robe and stood to the side. “I have good news. Our new friend, Brandon, has agreed to make his New York debut tonight on stage.”

The crowd started clapping and stared me down. My stomach stirred with unease and the room was spinning.

“Everybody be nice to Brandon. He wasn’t expecting to get naked tonight. It takes a lot of moxie to expose yourself in front of a huge crowd like this, and we don’t want him to run off like Patrick did.” He laughed with the crowd. “Welcome all the way from Akron, Ohio, Brandon.”

Matthieu turned and looked at me. I wasn’t sure if that was my cue to get on stage and start stripping. He didn’t give me any direction. Was I supposed to go on stage right away and take it all of slowly like Jared did? Was I supposed to do a seductive dance like a stripper would? Should I let the other guys grope me the way Jared did?

CHAPTER 6

I ALMOST FELL on my face climbing the three steps to get on the stage. When I took a speech class in college, I had such stage fright giving a persuasive speech about education reform. I tried to calm myself down for that speech by picturing everyone in the audience naked. But now I was the one who would be naked, and the audience would be completely clothed. In just a few moments, my cock would be swinging before greedy eyes.

Just as Matthieu was about to leave the stage, he whispered in my ear, “Many of our guests have told me they’d rather see you naked than Patrick or Jared.” I’m not sure if that was comforting or if it made me more nervous.

I was shaking in my black leather square-toed shoes. I stood on stage looking at the crowd. Everyone scooted to the edge of their seats, more attentive than they were for Jared.

Thank god Matthieu told me not to jerk-off before going

to the party. Last thing I needed was my cock to shrivel up, humiliating me even more than I was about to be.

The music was soft and relaxing, but the situation wasn't. My heart was beating so hard I thought it would jump out of my chest. I started to do some diaphragmatic breathing, something our speech teacher taught us.

There were 100 eyes focused on me. Every single one of them was about to see me naked. I held my hands to my sides, frozen, unsure of what to do.

My speech teacher told us to hold our hands in gesture to emphasize the important points of our speech. But the only important part of this presentation would be my naked body. My mouth was dry, but I didn't need to worry about my voice cracking up, because I wouldn't be speaking.

I couldn't just stand there; I had to do something. Matthieu kept nodding his head for me to continue. I took off my tie and looked around where I should throw it. Eventually, I decided just to drop it behind me on the floor.

Like Jared, I fumbled with the buttons on my shirt, but once I unbuttoned the last one, I hesitated to take it off. Instead, I crouched down to take off my shoes and socks. I went back to my shirt and took it off, leaving me in a plain white undershirt.

I pulled the undershirt over my head and my chest was exposed to wandering eyes. In a vain attempt to conceal my jitters, I puffed out my chest. A guy in the front row gave me a knowing look. Who was I fooling?

These were my most expensive dress clothes, so I hesitated to throw them on the floor. I meticulously folded the shirt

and set it gently on the floor. Who was I kidding? It wasn't the shirt that worried me; I was buying time to hatch an escape plan.

Next came my belt, snug against my 30-inch waist. I undid it and threw it on the floor next to the others. I was patting myself on the back for spending the whole summer working out and getting into the best shape of my life. My pecs were hard and so were my nipples.

I unclasped the metal tab and slowly dropped the zipper. With that, the thin fabric of my light dress pants fell to my ankles. Just in case, I tugged on my dick a few times to make sure it wasn't limp before it was visible to the world.

That wouldn't be a problem. The outline of my semi-hard cock was undeniably visible to everyone in my bright red Calvin Klein's. In a matter of minutes, I will be in full view for everybody to behold.

Although my body trembled, I started to appreciate the sensation. These people craved my exposure. They coveted my body. Especially Matthieu, who gave a quick shout-out to encourage me to continue.

My fingers clung to the side of the red boxer briefs, unwilling to pull them down and complete the task. It was like they had a mind of their own, like I was not even in control of my body.

Matthieu started clapping rhythmically and encouraging the rest of the crowd to clap and chant to egg me on. It was humiliating that I was shaking so hard that I couldn't pull them down.

The worst part was that I was trembling just as bad as

Patrick was, so everybody could tell just how nervous I was. I wanted to cower away in a corner forever.

Finally, the chants became too loud to ignore my impending doom, so I pulled down the underwear and stepped out of them. I kicked them to the side with my other clothes and stood fully exposed in front of everybody. I closed my eyes for a moment to allow their stares to penetrate my body from afar.

The overhead lights beamed directly on me at the center of the stage. They were so hot that beads of sweat started to form on my forehead. A sense of being completely exposed washed over my body as their eyes probed my skin.

When I opened my eyes, the chanting stopped, and the room became quiet, except for the relaxing orchestral music. All eyes traveled from the base of my cock up to my face and back. It was obvious they appreciated my exposed state.

Or were they amused at my humiliation? Was it the fact that they knew I was nervous and embarrassed that was even more of a turn-on for them than my actual body was? I don't know about them, but for me, the humiliation aspect of it heightened my arousal. My cock hardened as it was put on full display.

I'd never felt so vulnerable in my life. It was so humiliating, yet so thrilling at the same time. I could feel their eyes on me. Part of me wanted to grab my clothes and run out of there like Patrick did.

My face was on fire and my heart was racing. I was at the mercy of everybody in the room. Not only were they clothed, but they were in their fancy Armani and Versace

suits, only to emphasize my nudity even more. I did my best to avoid eye contact with the guests, but it was impossible.

Matthieu called out, “Turn around,” and I looked at him. It was even more embarrassing for him to witness my humiliation. I briefly considered moving back to Ohio. He twirled his finger in the air to get me to show my ass to the adoring crowd.

I did as he said. I had already been utterly humiliated. Now they have seen every inch of me. Some of the guests nodded their heads in approval. Their expression ranged from that of amusement, to hunger, to satisfaction.

Matthieu joined me on stage with the microphone. “Let’s hear it for this hot young man.” The room clapped and cheered. “Who wants to see more?”

I struggled to breathe. What was he talking about? Did he want me to go into the crowd like Jared did? This was way out of my comfort zone. Not only would I be naked and close up to them, but my hard-on so visible and exposed was even more humiliating. Or would I like it?

CHAPTER 7

MATTHIEU CAME on stage and whispered in my ear while I stood next to him naked. “My buyers love seeing you up here. They want more. I will let you live in the apartment rent free for a year if you let Jared, shall I say, expend himself on you on stage.” He hesitated and put his hand on my inner thigh. “Then you will blow your own load for us.”

Wasn't I already humiliated enough? Being naked on stage was one thing, but to be debased with semen like a whore was another thing all together.

Jared was fucking hot, and I would have had sex with him any time, no questions asked. But in front of everyone? And then they will watch every intricate detail of my body as I orgasm?

There was no choice. I had to do as told. I was desperate for money and this crowd would not let me go without a show.

The prospect of shooting my load for this crowd's voyeurism compelled my dick to convulse in anticipation.

Matthieu squeeze my dick in his hands and released it, letting it bob up and down. All I could do was stand there. Matthieu beckoned Jared to come back on the stage.

Jared dropped his robe and stood next to me. He was so fucking hot that I felt insecure standing next to him.

“Who wants more action from these two?” A few people cheered.

Matthieu brought me a chair. “Go for it, boys,” he said into the microphone and left the stage.

Jared's hulking body towered over me. He grinned as he looked down at my naked body. His cock filled out, bobbing in my face, just daring me to take it in my mouth.

I leaned back in the chair and Jared stepped closer, interlocking his legs with mine. With my head tilted back, I took his head in my mouth while there were a few shouts from the front row. These people were going to know exactly how much I can take down my throat.

A hunch told me that Jared was more confident now that he wasn't the only person naked on stage. Or, it could have been because he was this muscle stud and I was, well, ok, not even half as sexy as he was. He took charge and started fucking my face, much to the amusement of the crowd.

I looked over to observe their eyes moving all over Jared and my bodies. Matthieu sat there with a wicked grin. When our eyes locked, he licked his lips as if to say, “I own you.”

All I could do was lean back and rub my hand over his lower abs, enjoying the hours of work he no doubt put into them.

Jared started to moan and buck as his cock swelled in my mouth. I thought he would explode right then.

Then Matthieu intervened. “Take it out and shoot it on Brandon.” It was as if Matthieu wanted to remind us both that this sex wasn’t for our pleasure, but for his art buyer’s gratification.

Jared pulled out his dick and stepped back a half a foot. He thrust his head back, and he moaned as he pleased himself before me. His chest heaved up and down to the point of no return.

His rushed and heavy panting was turning me on so much that I couldn’t help but stroke my own cock.

With a single fierce grunt, Jared spewed his load all over my face and chest. His nectar fell in puddles on my lap. It covered me.

Jared nearly collapsed onto me, holding himself up with one hand on my shoulder. He struggled to catch his breath.

For a second there, the sexual euphoria overtook me and I forgot that we had an audience. They had left their seats to stand next to the stage for a closer look. They stood in rows, shoulder to shoulder, doing to their best to get a close view of my semen-covered naked body.

Matthieu brought the robe to cover Jared again and turned my chair to face the audience. He wanted me to come while looking this crowd of 50 people in the eyes. He would be in directly in front, of course.

I sensed their eyes over me. Thinking how dirty I looked with semen all over my face. They stared at my cock as I stroked it harder and harder. I used Jared's still-wet come on my chest as a lubricant for my cock. My balls tightened and contracted.

My back arched thrusting my pelvis even closer to my audience. I bit my lip to prevent myself from screaming in delirium. My eyes moved back and forth between everyone that was staring at me in my moment of ecstasy, but they always returned to Matthieu, who couldn't take his eyes off mine.

Matthieu was sweating almost as much as I was. He kept pulling at his dress shirt as if to let air in because of the heat.

My body flushed with warmth and ached with pleasure. I was shaking again, not from nerves or humiliation, but from the pleasure throbbing from my shaft. My eyes rolled back into my head and I let out a final deep-pitched moan.

Thick spunk spurted out in waves, landing a few inches from Matthieu, who looked self-satisfied. My own wet nectar covered me, and the dried-up goo leftover from Jared, and everybody standing in front witnessed it. I had been used.

I rubbed my cock a few more times as my orgasm diminished, and I was nothing but a naked mess in public. A few of the guys leaned over to rub the semen on my body.

I reverted to vulnerability again as the climax faded away. One by one, the guys went back to their seats or grabbed their drinks as their entertainment was over.

But I was still naked. Waves of humiliation, embarrassment, and satisfaction rolled over me. I wanted to jump up and get dressed as soon as possible, but then Matthieu came around with a robe for me.

After a couple of minutes, it was just Matthieu, and I left on the stage.

“Seeing you exposed and helpless again was worth the year’s rent. I would do it again in a heartbeat.”

Oh yeah, the rent. In my post-orgasm bliss, money would no longer be a headache. This is what it must be like to be one of these multi-millionaire art buyers,

“This was the experience of a lifetime,” I said.

Matthieu leaned over to whisper in my ear. “Did you enjoy being naked in front of everyone? Did you like the humiliation?”

My mouth was so dry, so when I tried to answer nothing came out, but I’m pretty sure he could tell the answer was yes. He put his hand on my forearm and I melted like butter.

“There’s always an opportunity to make more money, if you have trouble finding work that’s as satisfying as this.”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hi, I'm Nico. I love to write gay stories about public sex, cruising, bathhouses, anything taboo and a little bit dirty.

When I'm not writing, I love hanging out at the bars and binge-watching Netflix alike.

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See you next time

-Nico

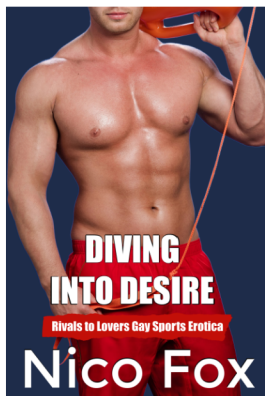
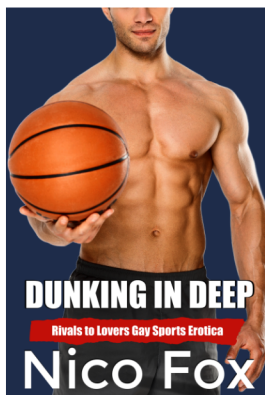
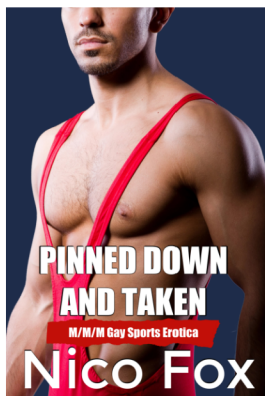
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