**Holly and National Nude Day**

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"I'm not kidding you Sarah. There is an honest to God National Nude Day. There is stuff about it on Google." Holly was killing time on the phone waiting until 7:30 when she could leave work.  
  
"And you came across this information because why?" came the response on the other end of the phone.  
  
"I told you. A bunch of our richest patrons rent out the building for a private modeling session. Gee, maybe I ought to get in the spirit of things and greet them in the nude."  
  
Shrieking laughter could be heard through the handset, "You, Miss I can't wear just a bikini until I'm on the beach for a half hour? Puh-lease; Face it, you're gutless - you could never do it."  
  
"Gee thanks for the vote of confidence. Oh crap, I have to hang up; there is a call on the other line. See you Sarah"  
  
Holly hit a couple of buttons. "Thank you for calling the Forbes Art Gallery, Holly Mason speaking."  
  
"Holly, this is Jenn. I... I just can't do it. I'm not coming in tonight. I am so sorry, bye." She hung up before Holly could get another word in.  
  
It was Wednesday night at 6:30 and Holly had just lost her life model for the night. She quickly grabbed her rolodex and by 6:50 had struck out with every other life model.  
  
Shit. This was huge money for the gallery. Not only did the patrons pay big bucks for the private use of the gallery tonight, but keeping them happy meant continued donations throughout the year. She had no idea what to do. Swallowing her pride she found a piece of paper and dialed the number on it.  
  
"Rick Anderson"  
  
"Mr. Anderson, this is Holly."  
  
"Holly what the hell are you doing calling me on my vacation. This had better be an emergency."  
  
"It is Mr. Anderson. Jenn just canceled on tonight."  
  
"Fuck. I can't leave you alone for one week without you screwing everything up," Anderson roared. "Do you have any idea how much money is riding on tonight. No don't answer that because you couldn't possibly understand. Look, if you screw tonight up you are through at the Gallery do you understand. It's not that difficult; just get one of the other models. I don't know why I keep you on, you can't do anything. Listen..."  
  
"It's alright Mr. Anderson; I'll take care of everything. Sorry to bother you," Holly quickly hung up the phone.  
  
Holly looked at the wall clock before putting her head down on her desk. 7:00. One half hour before she lost the best job she ever had.  
  
It was the best job even with working for the biggest asshole she had ever met. Rick Anderson came from money and basically skated through life schmoozing up to big money patrons while running his staff, especially Holly, ragged and acting like he was doing everything himself.  
  
Holly could hear his constant rant in her head - you are not an Administrative Assistant since you are not capable of assisting the Administrator, me; you are just a glorified secretary repeating what I say; always remember that Holly, never get ahead of yourself.  
  
When actually Rick couldn't administrate himself out of a paper bag without someone else, meaning Holly, doing everything for him.   
  
With a recent Art Management degree she found that she loved working with the artists and setting up their shows and representing them to the public. And the pay wasn't bad. Enough to get her out of her parents' place comfortably for a twenty-three year old. She was not going to lose this job due to circumstances beyond her control. No way in hell.  
  
She had twenty-five minutes to come up with someone else. Or at least she thought so until the door chime sounded.  
  
Now what?  
  
She gulped as she saw the silhouette of Edward Forbes, the son of the Gallery's founder and head of the board of directors as well as the man in charge of tonight's National Nude Day private modeling session.  
  
She unlocked the door, "Mr. Forbes, sir, you are early."  
  
"Hello, Miss Mason. Yes, I'm here early so we can start on time. My model should be here shortly." Mr. Forbes had a pleasant handshake for a forty something year old man.  
  
"Would that be Jennifer Hayes, Mr. Forbes?"  
  
"Yes, why?"  
  
"Well, I'm sorry, she called a half hour ago canceling sir. I haven't been able to find a replacement yet."  
  
For the first time that Holly could remember Mr. Forbes looked frazzled.  
  
"I really hope you can find one my dear. Some of the participants will be quite upset causing some repercussions to the gallery I wouldn't be able to prevent."  
  
"I understand Mr. Forbes. Mr. Anderson has already explained that my job is on the line," Holly waited to hear Mr. Forbes tell her that he would prevent that from happening but started to get nervous when he didn't. She really loved this job. Holly looked up at Mr. Forbes.  
  
"Eh, maybe I could, you know, take Jenn's place myself." Holly couldn't believe she said that.  
  
"Miss Mason, Holly, I don't think that is a wise idea; it is just that we have a very specific agenda which is why I believe Miss Hayes canceled."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Well for the first half hour we will indeed be drawing and painting as our model poses nude for us, but the next half hour will be photography in three very specific poses."  
  
"So it is an hour of work; that is not so unusual Mr. Forbes. I think I could handle that."  
  
"Before you make that judgment let me explain the three poses," Forbes continued. "They will be with a male nude model. In the first pose both models will face each other hands clasped behind their own backs with the female on her knees..."  
  
Forbes paused looking Holly straight in the eyes before continuing "With half of the male's penis in her mouth."  
  
Holly's mouth dropped open.  
  
Forbes continued, "For the next pose the male model will be lying down on his back with the female straddling his waist facing him bent back with her hands on his knees with full penetration of the sex organs."  
  
Holly closed her mouth.  
  
"For the final pose the female will be on her hands and knees with the male behind her with his legs and waist pressed against her legs and buttocks,"  
  
Again Forbes paused staring at Holly, "with his penis fully embedded in her anus."  
  
Oh, shit thought Holly.   
  
Mr. Forbes shook his head, "I'm sorry my dear but you could not possibly do it."  
  
Holly stared at Mr. Forbes hearing voices in her head  
  
Sarah - "Face it, you're gutless, you could never do it."  
  
Anderson - "I don't know why I keep you on, you can't do anything."  
  
Forbes - "You could not possibly do it."  
  
Even her mom - "Art degree? You will never amount to anything, totally useless."  
  
Holly gritted her teeth and set her feet firm, "You know Mr. Forbes you are the third person in less than an hour to question my abilities. Unless you want to be responsible for canceling I suggest you let me do my job and make sure the event runs even if it means that I will be your model. Hey, isn't today National Nude Day anyways? As long as you understand I wasn't expecting to model so I am wearing underwear which will leave a mark on my skin. Other than that negative, I," Holly gulped, "am fully prepared to model to your group's exact specifications completely." Holly stared at Mr. Forbes defiantly.  
  
"Are you sure my dear? The group has paid very well for and is expecting no less than exactly what I described, nothing less."  
  
"I understand and will do it."  
  
"I appreciate the offer, but we'll see. Miss Mason, can you strip completely nude for me right here, right now."  
  
Holly looked out the glass entrance doors down the street. Someone walking by could easily see into the gallery and the two of them. She looked into Mr. Forbes' questioning eyes and met them with determination.  
  
Without a word, Holly reached down and pulled her right shoe off and then her left shoe and placed them under the sign-in table. She followed this with her knee high stockings. She slowly unbuttoned her crème blouse never taking her eyes off of Mr. Forbes. She shrugged the garment off and tossed it on the table before crossing her arms at her waist and pulling the light camisole over her head and on top of her discarded blouse. She left her bra alone as she snapped the button on her slacks and opened the zipper completely. She paused for a split second and hooked her fingers into her panties and pulled both her slacks and panties off together kicking them under the table with her shoes. She reached behind her back to unhook her bra which she shrugged off and, with a smirk, leaned down, picked up her panties, walked over, opened the front door, stepped outside and hung the bra on the outside right door handle then draped the panties on the left door handle before walking back inside to stand completely nude before Mr. Forbes with both hands on her hips feet spread slightly.  
  
"Welcome to The Forbes Art Gallery Special National Nude Day Exhibition; will there be anything else Mr. Forbes before your guests arrive?"  
  
Edward Forbes laughed, "No my dear, I think we are quite prepared for the evening now. Thank you so much; I am sorry I questioned your capabilities"  
  
Holly hooked her arm through Forbes' and led him toward the back of the gallery leaving her clothes where they were, "Don't worry about it Mr. Forbes, I seem to get that a lot."  
  
"So what do you need help setting up?"  
  
"I am going to set up a buffet table for light refreshments. Can you set a pan of water boiling in the staff kitchen?"  
  
"Pan or kettle, Mr. Forbes." Holly finally caught his eyes wandering over her curves; she was beginning to wonder at his lack of reaction to her nudity. His eyes lingered at the clean shaven area between her legs with the top of her lips just showing.  
  
"Actually it is to warm a bottle of baby oil that you are going to cover yourself with. It creates a very nice glossy shine for the cameras," Forbes said bringing his eyes back up over Holly's prominent chest and then to her face.  
  
"Wow, you guys think of everything don't you. Speaking of which, I can vouch for my health but I assume your male model is disease-free."   
  
It was surprisingly natural to have a conversation while getting dishes together in a kitchen while completely nude with a fully clothed older male.  
  
"Results all documented my dear. Excuse me while I get the rest from the car."  
  
Holly stood alone in the kitchen. They did have a robe in the spare closet for models to wear during breaks and Holly was contemplating getting it before the other guests arrived.   
  
Screw it. In about an hour they would not only be watching but filming her having every kind of sex imaginable. Suddenly it began to dawn on Holly just what tonight had in store for her. First time nude in front of others; first time photographed nude; first time having sex with a complete stranger, first time having sex in front of others, and the first time ever having anal sex. Thank God for the baby oil. Holly would like to see Sarah get through this night in her shoes. Strike that - no shoes, bare feet.  
  
Holly could hear voices coming down the hall; maybe the robe would have been a good idea after all. Holly quickly ducked into the closet and was stepping out while belting the silk robe when Forbes entered the large studio with a middle-aged couple.  
  
"Mr. and Mrs. Grant, how nice to see you," it dawned on Holly that every one in attendance tonight would know who she was as her job dealt with all of them regularly.  
  
Amanda Grant smiled "Actually I understand that it will be nice to see you my dear."  
  
They all laughed as Holly colored slightly.  
  
"Well after tonight, you won't be able to say that I am not willing to give the shirt off of my back for the Gallery."  
  
Amanda continued, "I am so sorry that you have to go through with this. There really is no other model available?"  
  
"None at such short notice; besides the more I think about it, honestly, the more excited I am getting. This will be a night of many firsts for me. Can you think of a better way to celebrate National Nude Day?" Holly tried hard to keep an air of confidence.  
  
Forbes handed her a bottle. "Here is the oil my dear."  
  
Holly took it into the kitchen and dropped it in the pot of boiling water, removing the pot from the stove. She glanced at the clock - twenty minutes until the unveiling. She could feel her breasts swing freely in the robe, the satin scraping against her nipples tingling her insides. It felt so unusual to have these feelings in public with others around.  
  
The next twenty minutes passed quickly bringing more people in until the studio had fourteen men and women seating up easels and preparing supplies. Watching them, Holly came to realize that these people were not as amateurish as she thought they would be. They clearly knew what they were doing and had the money to buy the best of everything.   
  
She watched Forbes take a call and walk out of the room. In a minute he returned with a tall, extremely dark black man dressed very casually. He had the darkest skin Holly had ever seen; it truly was pitch black. She watched him stand in the corner and pull a robe out of a gym bag.  
  
Oh shit; this was the male model. This was the penis that was going to enter every one of her orifices. He had to be at least six-foot-four to her five-foot-two. She glanced at the clock again - five minutes to the hour. She grabbed the still warm oil and started to walk toward the bathroom when Amanda caught up to her.  
  
"Let me help you get your back."  
  
In the bathroom, Amanda put her hands on Holly's shoulders and looked her in the eyes, "Are you sure you are up to this my dear?"  
  
Without hesitation Holly unbelted her robe and pulled it off. She watched as Amanda's eyes gazed over every exposed inch of Holly, pausing to stare at the clean shaven juncture between her legs. She took the oil and squirted a glob onto Amanda's hands. She turned around giving Amanda her back while she poured oil onto her chest. It was warm and the most sensual feeling Holly had ever experienced. She reached the bottle over her shoulder and squirted a jet down her back before putting the bottle on the sink. As she brought her hands to her breasts her breath caught as she felt Amanda's hands spread out across her back slowly dropping toward her ass. Four hands rubbed the moist, warm oil into her skin covering every inch of her body. Holly felt her face getting flushed and her breathing caused her breasts to shake strongly.   
  
Holly turned back to Amanda. Amanda's eyes were glazed with an undeniable look of lust. "You are positively glowing my dear." She said as she handed Holly the robe. Holly didn't bother to belt it as she reached for the door. She led the way back into the studio.  
  
Holly noticed that the room silenced as Amanda walked over to her easel and Holly walked up to the model's pedestal. She looked around the room at every one before locking her eyes with the equally robed still anonymous male model in the corner. Still watching him Holly grabbed the opening of the robe and pulled it off of her body revealing her glistening body to the entire studio. She smiled as she watched his eyes light up with the same look of lust she had just seen from Amanda. She knew that he was imagining the poses he would soon be doing with her. Her eyes were drawn to the sudden motion of tenting at the groin of his robe. Oh shit, he was going to be huge. Holly bent one leg forward putting her opposite hand on her waist and the other arm in the air hand spread open and froze.  
  
The silence was broken with the scratching of fourteen pens, pencils, and brushes as the artists found their inspiration. The warm oil kept Holly's nipples from hardening too much but the cool air still kept her in a constant state of erotic high.  
  
Before she knew it the sounds gradually slowed to a stop as the artists finished. Holly shifted her head slightly to look at the clock. She couldn't believe that forty minutes had passed already. The room gradually filled with the sounds of voices as the artists finished and compared work.  
  
Forbes walked over and handed Holly her robe.  
  
"You were wonderful my dear. Why don't you take a break for fifteen minutes before we begin the second part?"  
  
Holly put the robe on but left it unbelted as she walked around looking at the artistic images of herself. She liked how eyes kept glancing as her robe opened to reveal her womanly charms. Impressed with all the work Holly walked into the kitchen to get a drink. She turned from the sink to find herself staring into a broad silk covered chest. She looked up to see the male model smiling a smile filled with white teeth against the incredibly dark skin, eyes positively glowing.  
  
His deep voice boomed in the small room, "I just wanted to introduce myself before we begin. I am..."  
  
Holly put her finger on his lips while saying "shhhh. Let's keep it mysterious until after the next session is over. After this," Holly reached down to press against the man's groin, "has been introduced to my entire body then we will exchange names." Holly leaned up on her tip toes and gave him a quick kiss on the lips then walked out toward the bathroom amazed at her own new found confidence. She smiled as she saw Amanda standing by the door swinging the bottle of baby oil. "Ready to oil me up for round two Mrs. Grant?"  
  
Again Holly squirted oil into Amanda's hands as well as her chest and back. This time however, Holly gasped as Amanda pushed on Holly's shoulder blades making her lean over the sink. She watched as Amanda grabbed the bottle and pull it behind her. She felt a warm glob of oil hit her ass and the sound of the bottle being dropped to the floor. Amanda's hands rubbed harder into the flesh of Holly's ass, spreading her cheeks and rubbing down the center. She gasped again as she felt a finger push against her anus. The finger pushed until it popped into her ass. Holly's hands clutched the sides of the porcelain sink as she spread her legs wider. She looked down to see the bottle lift off of the floor and then in the next instance she felt a warm glob hit her right on the hole and invading finger. The finger was joined by another which sawed the oil back and forth into her ass. With a pop the fingers left and Holly stood up turning. Amanda's eyes were glazed again as she leaned over and kissed Holly on the lips.  
  
"Thank you my dear, maybe sometime I could arrange a private session with you" Amanda said and left the room. Holly's legs were wobbly as she looked down at the robe on the toilet. Screw it she thought, isn't this what nude day was all about anyways and walked naked into the studio. She saw that all of the easels had been pushed into an empty side of the studio and tables and tripods with all manner of electronic gear replaced the more traditional artist equipment.   
  
She smiled as she watched her model partner lean against the pedestal in the center of the room twirling the belt of his robe. She walked over to him and stood and watched as the fourteen artists prepared their equipment. Slowly all movement stopped and all eyes stared at Holly.  
  
Holly looked at every one then nodded and reached over and pulled open and down the model's robe as she dropped to her knees before him. She came face to face with the biggest and darkest cock she had ever seen in her life. It was almost as long as her forearm.   
  
"Oh. My. God."   
  
She looked around the room at all the faces eagerly staring at her. She watched as the man reached his arms behind his back and interlocked his fingers while pushing his chest upward. She reached behind, clasped her hands together down by her ass and pushed her chest up. With a burning glow in her cheeks she opened her mouth, leaned forward and engulfed the stiff penis in front of her. She felt him shake and heard his groan as she licked around and pushed her mouth further down the stem taking in at least four inches. She could hear numerous clicking sounds and flashes as the moment was captured on film. She held still for a moment, her nostrils flaring as she breathed. She bathed the cock with her tongue and pushed forward again gagging as she felt the head hit the back of her throat. She swallowed and pushed more feeling the cock slide into her throat. She held still. This was as close to half as she could get. She thought she had between six or seven inches of his flesh in her mouth. She could barely move her tongue.

"Pose one," she mumbled the best she could knowing that no one could understand her.  
  
She held perfectly still as the clicks and flashes continued. She could see droplets of sweat drip down the man's heaving chest. His face was pointed up so she couldn't see his eyes. A wicked thought entered her mind and she wiggled her tongue back scraping on the underside of the engulfed penis. A loud groan escaped from his lips, his penis twitched in her mouth but he kept the rest of himself perfectly still. Every so often for the next few minutes Holly would again wiggle her tongue; each time being rewarded with a groan and twitch from her partner.  
  
She came to notice the flashes and clicks stop and heard Mr. Forbes say "That's a wrap."  
  
Holly bit down lightly and dragged her teeth along the length of the wet cock that slowly slithered out of her mouth.  
  
"Damn girl, are you trying to drive me insane," the man whispered down at her. Holly just smiled up at him. She put her arms on his strong thighs and pushed herself back on her feet.  
  
Holly raised her hands and laid them flat on the man's broad chest.  
  
"Pose two" she said as she pushed him back onto the linen draped block set up for the event behind where they were just posing.  
  
The man slid over to lay on the block lengthwise as Holly swung her right leg over his waist. She brought one hand down to grasp his still erect soaked penis and aimed it up at her pussy as she dropped down on him. In a quick thrust the entire member rammed up into her as she fell forward onto his chest.  
  
Both groaned as cameras flashed.  
  
"Wait, this isn't the right pose," Holly chided. She bent her knees forward and arched her back up and threw her arms around to bring her hands on the man's knees.  
  
"Ugh, pose two," groaned Holly as she froze in place her shoulder length blonde hair swirling behind her before settling down. Again there was the flash of lights as fourteen cameras filmed the scene. Holly looked up at the lights. Her breasts pushed up into the air, nipples hardening into stones. The lights shone off the oil on her body giving her a dazzling appearance as her white skin paled all the more against the man's pitch black skin. He was a great choice to bring out her features she realized.  
  
She had never felt so full in her life. She could feel every inch of him inside her. It felt like the man was trembling below her. Again a wicked thought crept in her head, and she clenched her muscles surrounding his penis. She smirked at the groan that came from below her. Several times during the pose she flexed her muscles getting the same groaning response each time. She could hear several of the photographers chuckle as they became aware of what she was doing.  
  
Once again the flashes and clicks stopped as Mr. Forbes announced the end of the second pose.  
  
Holly brought her arms up and around but before she could push herself off her partner he grabbed her arms and pulled her down crushing her lips against his.  
  
Letting her go he whispered, "that is for giving me the most tormenting and exciting night of my life."  
  
Holly smiled, "It's not over yet lover, we still have pose three at least."  
  
"At least?"  
  
Holly just smirked and pushed herself off and up and staggered until she could find her legging. She looked over to her right looking for Amanda.  
  
Holly waved and said "I believe I need a relubing before the last round, Amanda."  
  
Seconds later everyone in the studio became aware of moans coming from the bathroom.  
  
Moments later a grinning Amanda and flushed, still naked Holly came back into the room. Holly walked carefully, wiggling her ass, over to the draped platform and climbed on top. She crawled to the middle and waited on her hands and knees, legs spread slightly and head up looking at the wall ahead of her. She felt a weight on the platform behind her and then the press of a hand on her back. Her fingers clenched on the folds of the drapes under her as she dropped her head down, her blonde hair swirling around again. She gritted her teeth as she felt a slight pressure on her anus. She felt a shift of weight and more pressure before a smooth pop pushed the penis' head into her.  
  
"Unh" escaped from her lips as she froze.  
  
The entire room was dead still and silent.  
  
Slowly, she felt the sliding motion of more of the man entering her. More moans left her as her fist started to pound the platform. He was so huge she could feel every ridge and bump of his cock through her walls as it smushed into her to fit. He seemed to slide in forever. She felt both his hands grasp her hip joints at the bend of her body at her waist. He seemed to pull back slightly before his hands grabbed and pulled her back as he thrust forward hard.  
  
"AAAAHHHHHHH," loudly screamed from her as her head snapped back and her hands splayed open on the platform.  
  
She felt his legs pressed against hers as her head came down.  
  
She actually saw stars.  
  
"Oh my sweet Lord; it's all in. I feel so full." She squared her shoulders and looked forward. She couldn't stop the heaving of her chest as her breaths came out in pants.  
  
She heard her partner's deep voice say "Pose three."  
  
After an instant the silence was broken as clicks and flashes recorded the moment. Holly thought back to the phone call with Sarah and imagined Sarah seeing her now with the biggest cock either of them ever imagined buried completely in her ass while fourteen people walked around her taking pictures. She felt like she could do anything.  
  
Holly became aware of a form in front of her and looked up into Edward Forbes eyes.  
  
"We are done, my dear. Would you like us to leave you two alone for a while?"  
  
Holly pushed herself forward staring straight into Forbes' eyes before ramming back grunting "You know, Mr. Forbes, I've come to appreciate an audience - enjoy the show. Happy National Nude Day everyone!"  
  
Holly dropped her arms down and rested her head on her elbows never taking her eyes off of Forbes as she continued to pound her ass back at her partner who was matching her pace thrusting forward.  
  
The grunts and slapping sound of their flesh hitting sped up and up until finally his hands tightened on her waist and Holly pushed back up into the air on her arms and screamed again into the air. She could feel every spurt of his cum as it painted the inside of her ass.  
  
Holly fell forward feeling half of his penis slide out as she hit the platform before it all slid back in as he fell on top of her pushing a loud exhale from her. She could feel that they were both drenched in sweat.  
  
A loud roar and round of applause sounded through the studio.  
  
She weakly raised a hand in a wave.  
  
She felt the man on top of her kiss her cheek his cock still throbbing in her ass. She clenched her butt muscles and released.  
  
She looked up at him through a hair covered eye smiling "I'm Holly Mason, pleased to meet you."  
  
He gave a deep throated chuckle and returned "Chad Hamilton and the pleasure is all mine."  
  
"After we clean up would you like to come to my place so we can get better acquainted?"  
  
Again Chad laughed, "Definitely, I have got to see what you mean by better acquainted."  
  
Holly had a feeling that National Nude Day was quickly going to become her favorite holiday.